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MARCH 1904

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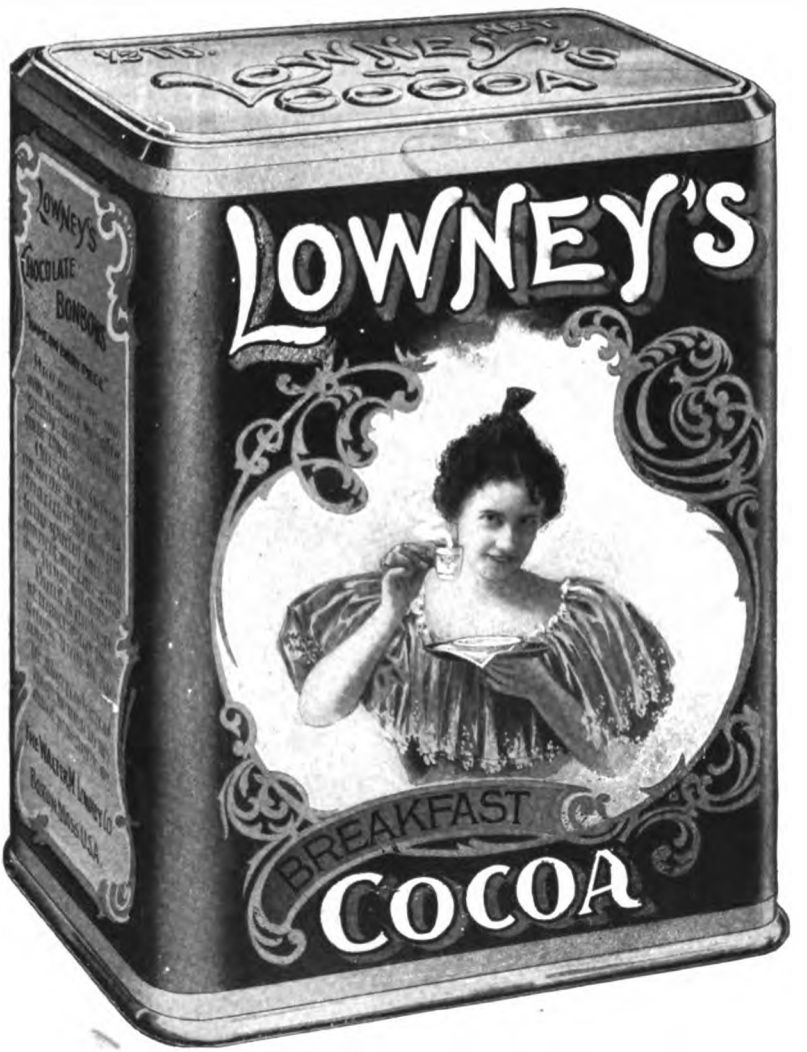

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The Metropolitan Magazine

R. H. Russell, Publisher, New York

Contents for March, 1904

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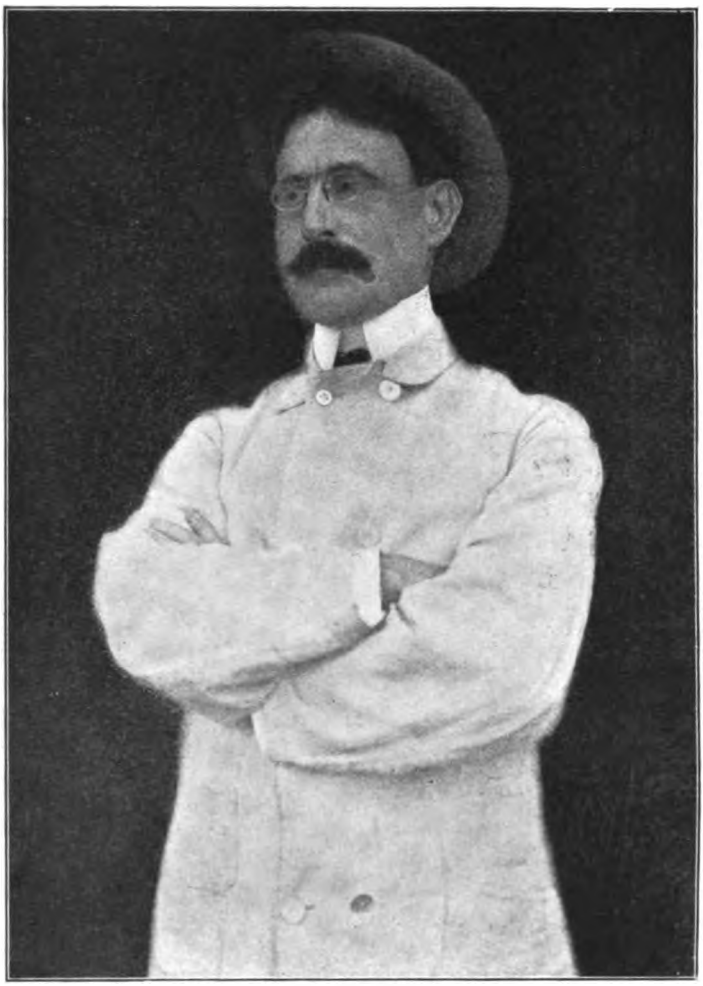

JOHN LUTHER LONG

Author of "Madame Butterfly"

CONTRIBUTES THE LEADING STORY

TO THE

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A STORY of exquisite literary qualities and tender sentiment from the pen of the author of "Madame Butterfly" is one of the fictional features of the April number of THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. This issue will be far and away the finest single number of

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OTHER stories by LLOYD OSBOURNE, ARTHUR STRINGER, W. A. FRASER, ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, MAURICE HEWLETT and GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS will appear in the April METROPOLITAN. There will be twenty-five separate titles in this number.

AMONG the artists who will beautify this unusually charming issue are: GEORGE GIBBS, WILLIAM GLACKENS, ARTHUR HEMING, J. N. MARCHAND, MALCOLM STRAUSS, FREDERIC R. GRUGER, FRANK PARKER, BLENDON CAMPBELL, F. STROTHMANN, F. T. RICHARDS, G. A. SHIPLEY and several others of established note and ability. Pictorially the April METROPOLITAN will be of extraordinary interest.

ILLUSTRATION FROM A CAPITAL SHORT STORY BY LLOYD OSBOURNE IN THE APRIL NUMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

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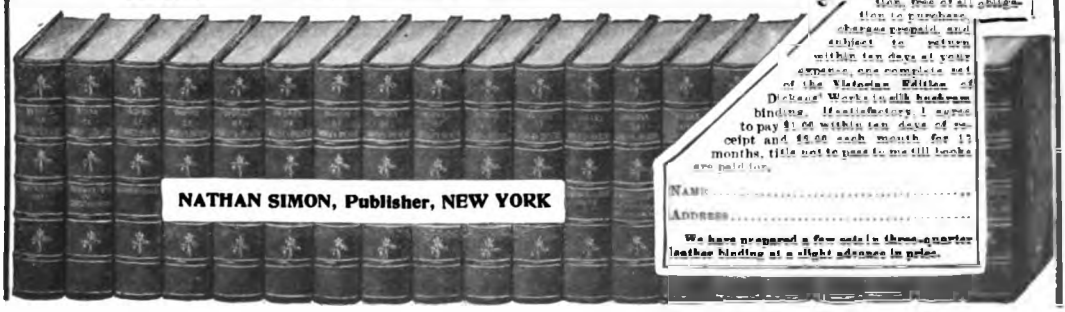

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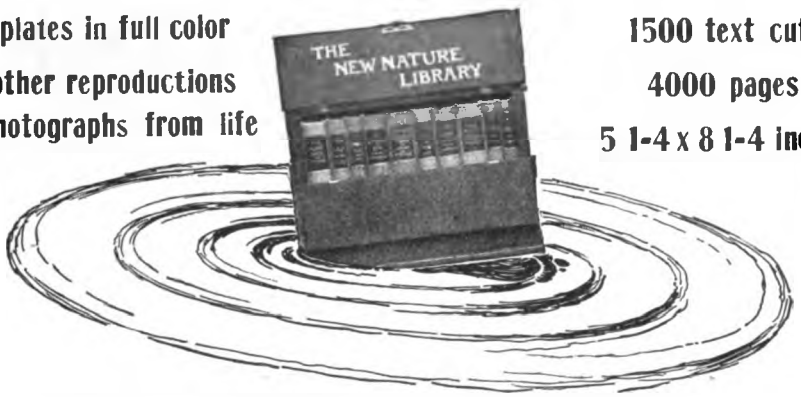

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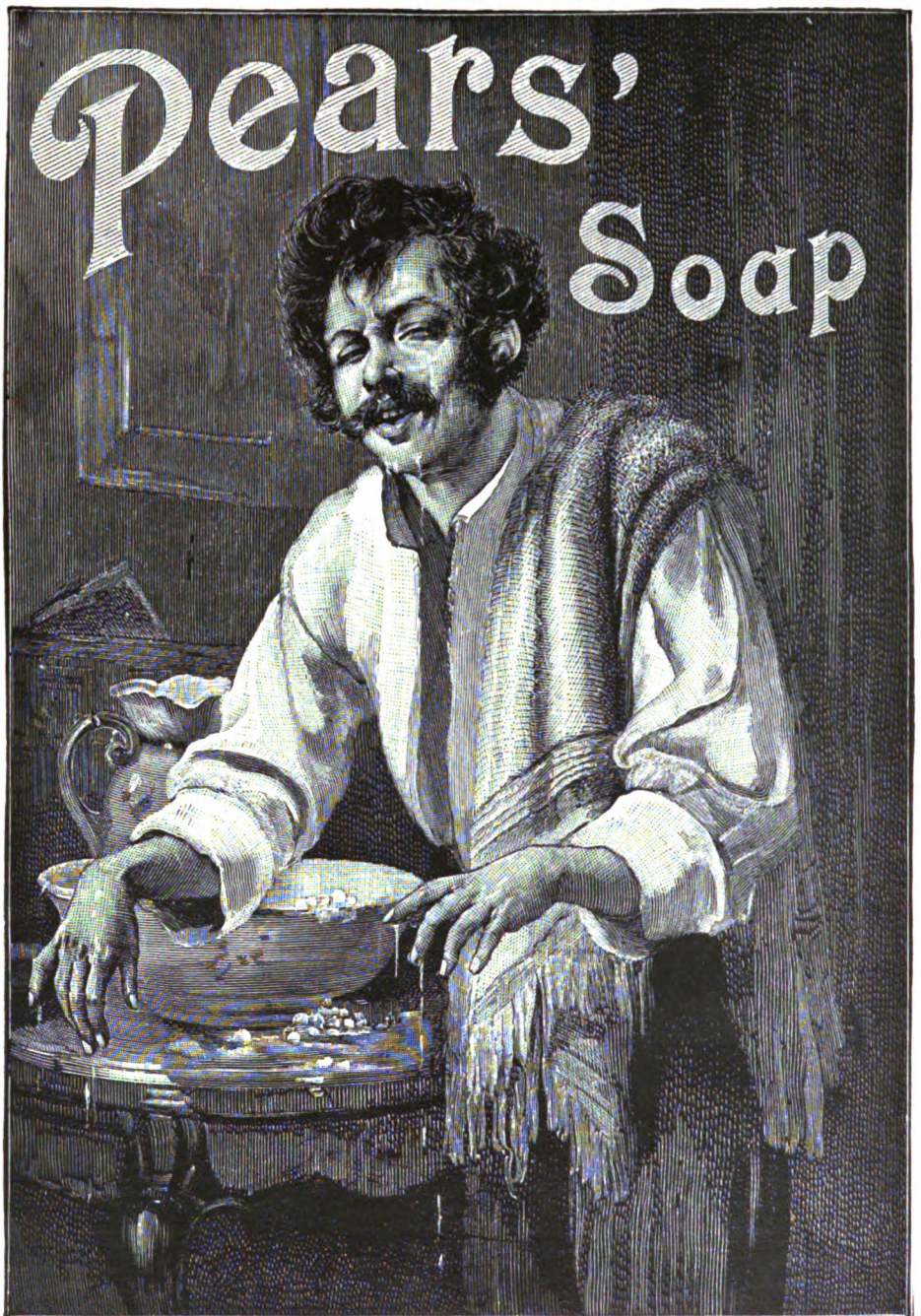

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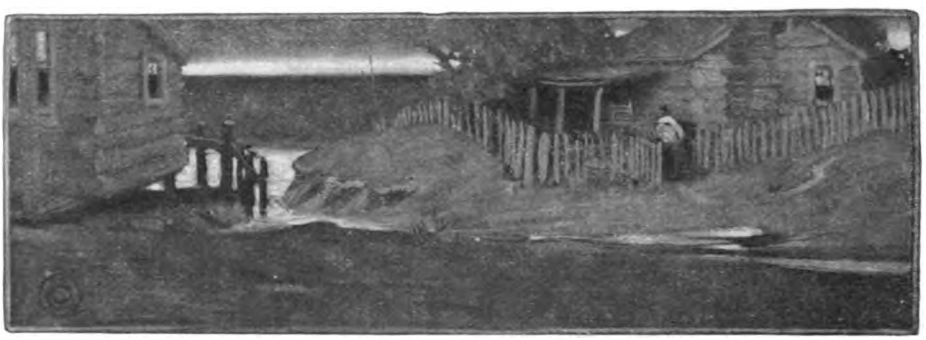
THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XIX MARCH, 1904 NUMBER VI



THERE WAS A FLOOD THAT MORNING.

THE PARDON OF BECKY DAY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

THE missionary was young and she was from the North. Her brows were straight, her nose was rather high and her eyes were clear and gray. The upper lip of her little mouth was so short that the teeth just under it were never quite concealed. It was the mouth of a child and it gave the face, with all its strength and high purpose, a peculiar pathos that no soul in that little mountain town had the power to see or feel. A yellow mule was hitched to the rickety fence in front of her and she stood on the stoop of a little white frame house with an elm switch between her teeth, and gloves on her hands, which were white and looked strong. The mule wore a man's saddle, but no matter—the streets were full of yellow pools, the mud was ankle-deep, and she was on her way to the sick-bed of Becky Day.

There was a flood that morning. All the preceding day the rains had drenched the high slopes unceasingly. That night, the rain-clear forks of the Kentucky got yellow and rose high, and now they crashed together around the town and, after a heaving conflict, started the river on one quivering, majestic sweep to the sea.

Nobody gave heed that the girl rode a mule or that the saddle was not her own, and both facts she herself quickly forgot. This half-log, half-frame house on a corner had stood a siege once. She could yet see bullet holes about the door. Through this window, a revenue officer from the Bluegrass had got a bullet in the shoulder from a garden in the rear. Standing in the post-office door only just one month before, she herself had seen children scurrying like rabbits through the back-yard fences, men running silently here and there, men dodging into door-ways, fire flashing in the street and from every house—and not a sound but the crack of pistol and Winchester; for the mountain men deal death in all the terrible silence of death. And now a preacher with a long scar across his forehead had come to the one little church in the place and the fervor of religion was struggling with feudal hate for possession of the town. To the girl, who saw a symbol in every mood of the earth, the passions of these primitive people were like the treacherous streams of the uplands—now quiet as sunny skies and now clashing together with but little less fury and with much more noise. And the roar of the flood above the wind that late afternoon was the wrath of the Father, that with the peace of the Son so long on earth, such things still could be. Once more trouble was threatening and that day even, she knew that trouble might come, but she rode without fear, for she went when and where she pleased as any woman can, throughout the Cumberland, without insult or harm.

At the end of the street were two houses that seemed to front each other with unmistakable enmity. In them were two men who had wounded each other only the day before, and who that day would lead the factions, if the old feud broke loose again. One house was close to the frothing hem of the flood—a log hut with a shed of rough boards for a kitchen—the home of Becky Day.

The other was across the way and was framed and smartly painted. On the steps sat a woman with her head bare and her hands under her apron—widow of the Marcum whose death from a bullet one month before had broken the long truce of the feud. A groaning curse was growled from the window as the girl drew near, and she knew it came from a wounded Marcum who had lately come back from the West to avenge his brother's death.

"Why don't you go over to see your neighbor?" The girl's clear eyes gave no hint that she knew—as she well did—the trouble between the houses, and the widow stared in sheer amazement, for mountaineers do not talk with strangers of the quarrels between them.

"I have nothin' to do with such as her," she said, sullenly; "she ain't the kind——"

"Don't!" said the girl, with a flush, "she's dying."

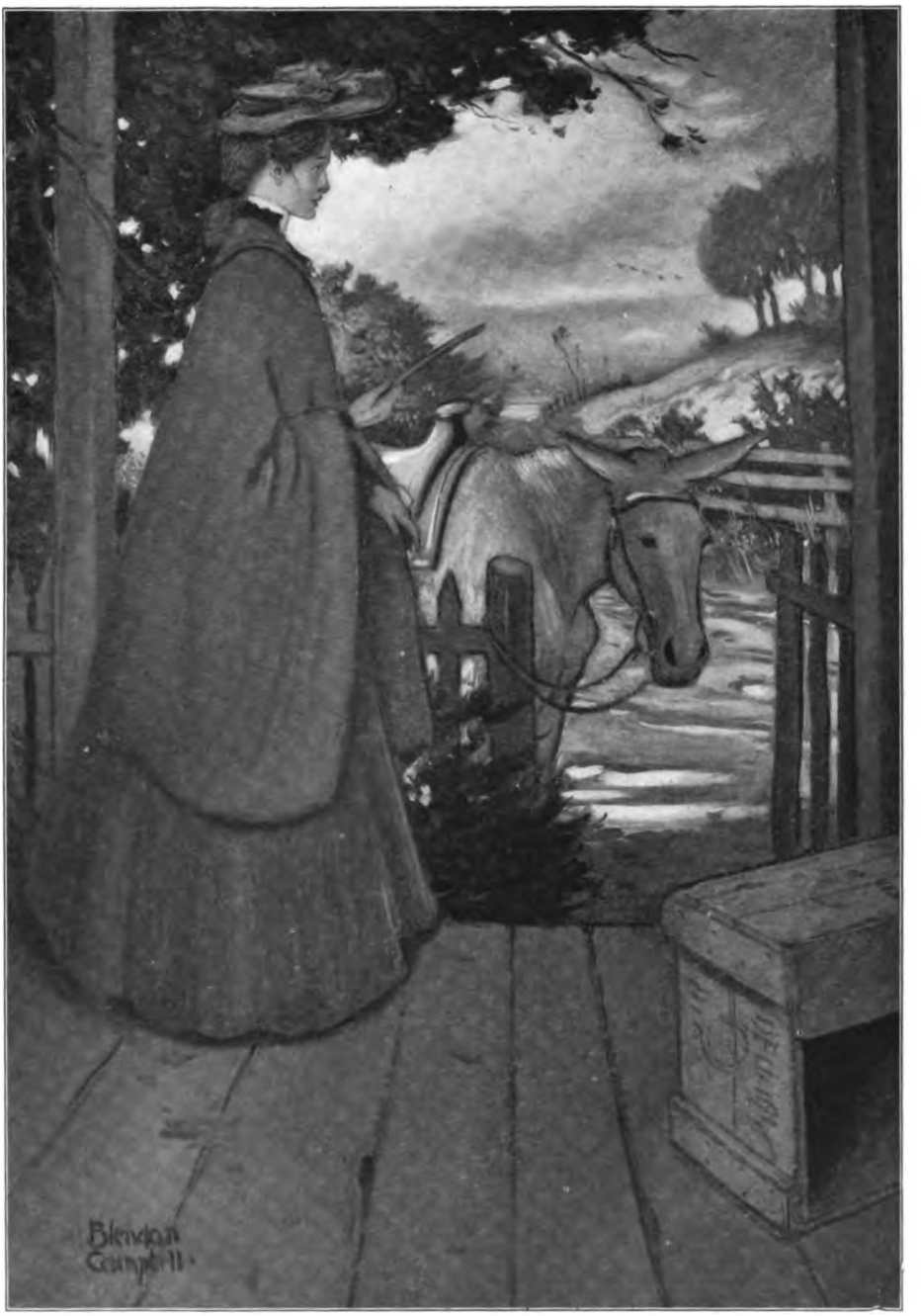
"*Dyin'?*"

"Yes." With the word the girl sprang from the mule and threw the reins over a pale of the fence in front of the log hut across the way. In the doorway she turned as though she would speak to the woman on the steps again, but a tall man with a black beard appeared in the low door of the kitchen-shed.

"How is your—how is Mrs. Day?"

"Mighty puny this mornin'—Becky is."

The girl slipped into the dark room. On a disordered, pillowless bed lay a white face with eyes closed and mouth slightly open. Near the bed was a low wood fire. On the hearth were several thick cups filled with herbs and heavy fluids and covered with tarpaulin, for Becky's "man" was a teamster. With a few touches of the girl's quick hands, the covers of the bed were smooth, and the woman's eyes rested on the girl's own cloak. With her own handkerchief she brushed the death-damp from the forehead that already seemed growing cold. At her first touch, the woman's eyelids opened and dropped together again. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them.



Drawn by Blendon Campbell.

A YELLOW MULE WAS HITCHED TO THE RICKETY FENCE IN FRONT OF HER.

In a moment the ashes disappeared, the hearth was clean and the fire was blazing. Every time the girl passed the window she saw the widow across the way, staring hard at the hut. When she took the ashes into the street, the woman spoke to her.

"I can't go to see Becky—she hates me."

"With good reason."

The answer came with a clear sharpness that made the widow start and redden angrily; but the girl walked straight to the gate, her eyes ablaze with all the courage that the mountain woman knew and yet with another courage to which the primitive creature was a stranger—a courage that made the widow lower her own eyes and twist her hands under her apron.

"I want you to come and ask Becky to forgive you."

The woman stared and laughed.

"Forgive me? Becky forgive me? She wouldn't — an' I don't want her——" She could not look up into the girl's eyes; but she pulled a pipe from under the apron, laid it down with a trembling hand and began to rock slightly.

The girl leaned across the gate.

"Look at me!" she said, sharply. The woman raised her eyes, swerved them once, and then in spite of herself, held them steady.

"Listen! Do you want a dying woman's curse?"

It was a straight thrust to the core of a superstitious heart and a spasm of terror crossed the woman's face. She began to wring her hands.

"Come on!" said the girl, sternly, and turned, without looking back, until she reached the door of the hut, where she beckoned and stood waiting, while the woman started slowly and helplessly from the steps, still wringing her hands. Inside, behind her, the wounded Marcum, who had been listening, raised himself on one elbow and looked after her through the window.

"She can't come in—not while I'm in here."

The girl turned quickly. It was Dave Day, the teamster, in the kitchen door, and his face looked blacker than his beard.

"Oh!" she said, simply, as though hurt, and then with a dignity that surprised her, the teamster turned and strode towards the back door.

"But I can git out, I reckon," he said, and he never looked at the widow who had stopped, frightened, at the gate.

"Oh, I can't—I *can't!*" she said, and her voice broke; but the girl gently pushed her to the door where she stopped again, leaning against the lintel. Across the way, the wounded Marcum, with a scowl of wonder, crawled out of his bed and started painfully to the door. The girl saw him and her heart beat fast.

Inside, Becky lay with closed eyes. She stirred uneasily, as though she felt some hated presence, but her eyes stayed fast, for the presence of Death in the room was stronger still.

"Becky!" At the broken cry, Becky's eyes flashed wide and fire broke through the haze that had gathered in them.

"I want ye ter fergive me, Becky."

The eyes burned steadily for a long time. For two days she had not spoken, but her voice came now, as though from the grave.

"You!" she said, and, again, with torturing scorn, "You!" And then she smiled, for she knew why her enemy was there, and her hour of triumph was come. The girl moved swiftly to the window—she could see the wounded Marcum slowly crossing the street, pistol in hand.

"What'd I ever do to you?"

"Nothin', Becky, nothin'."

Becky laughed harshly. "You can tell the truth—can't ye—to a dyin' woman?"

"Fergive me, Becky!"

A scowling face, tortured with pain, was thrust into the window.

"Sh-h!" whispered the girl, imperiously, and the man lifted his heavy eyes, dropped one elbow on the window sill and waited.

"LISTEN! DO YOU WANT A DYING WOMAN'S CURSE?"

"You tuk Jim from me!"

The widow covered her face with her hands, and the Marcum at the window—brother to Jim, who was dead—lowered at her, listening keenly.

"An' you got him by lyin' 'bout me. You tuk him by lyin' 'bout me—didn't ye? Didn't ye?" she repeated, fiercely, and her voice would have wrung the truth from a stone.

"Yes—Becky—yes!"

"You hear?" cried Becky, turning her eyes to the girl.

"You made him believe an' made ever'body, you could, believe that I was—was *bad.*" Her breath got short but the terrible arraignment went on.

"You started this war. My brother wouldn't 'a' shot Jim Marcum if it hadn't been fer you. You killed Jim—your own husband—an' you killed *me.* An' now you want me to fergive you—you!" She raised her right hand as though with it she would hurl the curse behind her lips, and the widow, with a cry, sprang for the bony

TURNING, THE GIRL SAW DAVE'S BUSHY, BLACK HEAD —HE, TOO, WITH ONE ELBOW ON THE SILL.

fingers, catching them in her own hand and falling over on her knees at the bedside.

"Don't, Becky, don't — don't — *don't!*"

There was a slight rustle at the back window. At the other, a pistol flashed into sight and dropped again below the sill. Turning, the girl saw Dave's bushy black head—he, too, with one elbow on the sill and the other hand out of sight.

"Shame!" she said, looking from one to the other of the two men, who had learned, at last, the bottom truth of the feud; and then she caught the sick woman's other hand and spoke quickly:

"Hush, Becky," she said; and at the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice, Becky looked confusedly at her and let her upraised hand sink back to the bed. The widow stared swiftly from Jim's brother, at one window, to Dave Day at the other, and hid her face on her arms.

"Remember, Becky—how can you expect forgiveness in another world, unless you forgive in this?"

The woman's brow knitted and she lay quiet. Like the widow who held her hand, the dying woman believed, with never the shadow of a doubt, that somewhere above the stars, a living God reigned in a heaven of never-ending happiness; that somewhere beneath the earth a personal Devil gloated over souls in eternal torture; that whether she went above, or below, hung solely on her last hour of contrition; and that in Heaven or Hell she would know those whom she might meet as surely as she had known them on earth. By and by her face softened and she drew a long breath.

"Jim was a good man," she said. And then after a moment:

"An' I was a good woman"—she turned her eyes toward the girl—"until Jim married *her*. I didn't keer after that." Then she got calm, and while she spoke to the widow, she looked at the girl.

"Will you git up in church an' say before ever'body that you knew I was *good* when you said I was bad—that you lied about me?"

"Yes—yes." Still Becky looked at the girl, who stooped again.

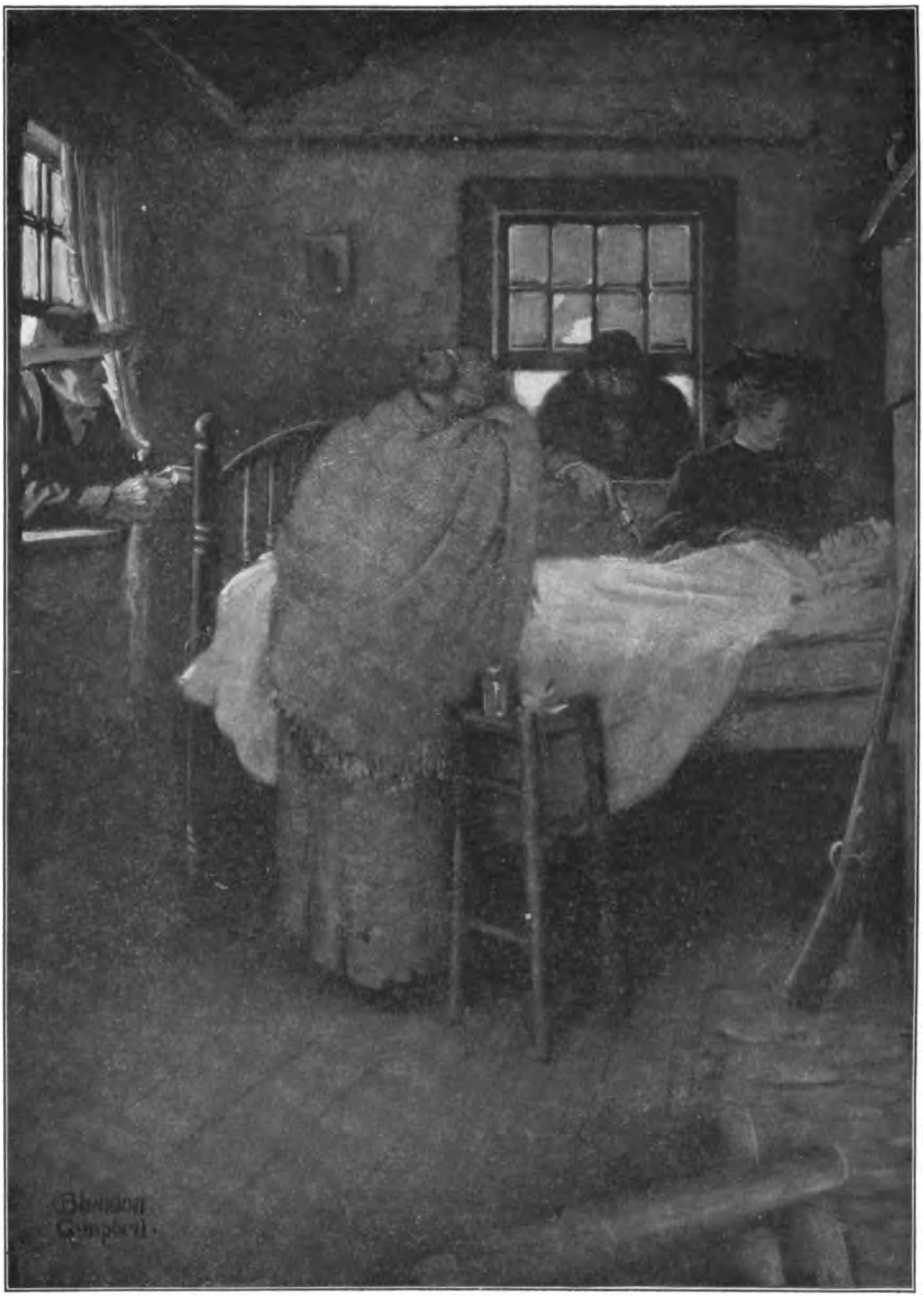
"She will, Becky, I know she will. Won't you forgive her and leave peace behind you? Dave and Jim's brother are here—make them shake hands. Won't you—won't you?" she asked, turning from one to the other.

Both men were silent.

"Won't you?" she repeated, looking at Jim's brother.

"I've got nothin' agin Dave. I always thought that she"—he did not call his brother's wife by name—"caused all this trouble. I've nothin agin Dave."

A SCOWLING FACE, TORTURED WITH PAIN, WAS THRUST INTO THE WINDOW.



Drawn by Blendon Campbell.

"YES, I FERGIVE HER, AN' I WANT 'EM TO SHAKE HANDS."

The girl turned. "Won't you, Dave?"

"I'm waitin' to hear whut Becky says."

Becky was listening, though her eyes were closed. Her brows knitted painfully. It was a hard compromise that she was asked to make between mortal hate and a love that was more than mortal, but the Plea that has stood between them for nearly twenty centuries prevailed, and the girl knew that the end of the feud was nigh.

Becky nodded.

"Yes, I fergive her, an' I want 'em to shake hands."

But not once did she turn her eyes to the woman whom she forgave, and the hand that the widow held gave back no answering pressure. The faces at the windows disappeared, and she motioned for the girl to take her weeping enemy away.

She did not open her eyes when the girl came back, but her lips moved and the girl bent above her.

"I know whar Jim is."

From somewhere outside came Dave's cough, and the dying woman turned her head as though she were reminded of something she had quite forgot. Then, straightway, she forgot again.

The voice of the flood had deepened. A smile came to Becky's lips—a faint, terrible smile of triumph. The girl bent low and, with a startled face, shrank back.

"An' I'll—git—thar—first."

With that whisper went Becky's last breath, but the smile was there, even when her lips were cold.

THE NIGHT OF THE MONKEYS

BY W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR HEMING

SUCH a row there had been all day in Animal Town.

Sa'-zada, the Keeper, had told Magh, the Orang-outang, that the Monkeys were to tell stories that night at the usual meeting. That was the cause of the excitement.

All day the Monkeys, living in a row of cages like dwellers in tenement houses, had chattered to each other through the bars, and admonished one another to think of just the cleverest things any of their family or ancestors had ever done.

"We are like the Men-kind," Magh kept repeating; "we are the Bandar-log, the Jungle People.

"Listen, comrades, what is my name even? Orang-outang, which means Chief of the Jungle People.

"See, even I have my Dog, as do the men-kind," and she held up Blitz, the fox terrier pup, by the ear until he squealed and bit her in the arm. "See, he has bitten me even as he would a man," she cried, triumphantly.

Two doors down were three little brown Monkeys caged with an Armadillo who looked like a toy, iron-plated gun boat.

"Oh, we are people who think," cried one of these, pouncing down on the Armadillo. The little gun boat drew his armor plate down about him like a Mud-turtle. The Monkey caught the side of it with his hand, lifted it up, bit the Armadillo in the soft flesh, and raced up on his shelf where he chattered: "Oh, we are the people who think. That is not instinct—my father was never caged with an Armadillo."

At last night came, and Sa'-zada, throwing down bars and opening cages, had gathered as usual his animal friends in front of Tiger's cage.

"SEE, EVEN I HAVE MY DOG, AS DO THE MEN-KIND."

"Ho, Little Brother," began Black Panther, speaking to Sa'-zada, "why should we who are great in our own jungles listen to these empty-headed Bandar-log. Was there ever any good at their hands?"

"Oo-oo! A-huk, a-huk!" cried Hanuman, "you of all the thieving slayers should know of that matter. How many times have you been saved from danger because of our watchfulness—and also Bagh the Killer? Many a hard drive, the hunt drive of the Men-kind has come to nothing because of us—because we never sleep. When your stomach is full you sleep soundly, trusting to a warning from us, the Bandar-log. Nothing can be done in the jungles that we do not know. And do we steal silently away as is your method? Not a bit of it. By the safety of Jungle-dwellers! we give the cry of beware! Listen——

"A-huk, a-huk! Chee-chee-chee! Waugh, waugh, a-huk!" and the voice of the gray-whiskered, black-faced ape reverberated on the dead night air through the houses of Animal Town like the clangor of a cracked bell.

"That is quite true," declared Mor, the Peacock; "I also am one of the Jungle Watchers—though I get little credit for it. None of the Dwellers thank us; and sometimes in their anger the Sahibs who are making the drive shoot us for our trouble, saying that we have spoiled sport. Many a jungle life have I saved with my cry of 'Miaou! Miaou!'"

"Disturbers of sleep!" sneered Black Panther; "there is little to choose between you—you're a noisy lot of beggars."

"You are hardly fair, Pardus," remonstrated Sa'-zada. "I quite believe what Hanuman says, for it is well known that some of the Monkey-tribe saved Gibralter to the British by their watchfulness, and the men are more grateful than you, for to this day Monkeys are protected and made much of there."

"It was my people did that," cried Magot, the Rock Ape, blinking his deep, narrow-set eyes. "We have lived there for a long time."

"And in Benares, where I lived once, we are people of great honor," added a white-whiskered Monkey. "I should like to see Black Pardus harm one of us there."

The speaker was Entellus, the sacred Hanuman Monkey, whose rights of protection in the City of Temples, Benares, was almost greater than that of the human dwellers.

"You can't twiddle your thumbs! You can't twiddle your thumbs!" cried Cockatoo, mockingly.

"But I can see my under lip," retorted Magh, angrily, sticking it out and looking down at it, "and that's more than you can do, with your lobster's claw of a nose."

Cockatoo had hit the truth about the thumbs, for no ape can make them go around, only in and out straight to the palm. This matter of thumbs is the great line of defence between man and his disputed Simian ancestor.

"Our manner of life," began Hanuman, in the little silence that ensued, "is to live in the tree-tops. Our families are raised there, and we are seldom on the ground."

"No, the ground is a dangerous place," concurred Chimpanzee; "Leopards, and snakes, and Men, and evil things of that sort about all the time. I, too, build a little house in the strong branches of a tree, and live there until the fruit gets scarce; then, of course, I have to go to a new part and build another."

"IT WAS MY PEOPLE DID THAT!" CRIED MAGOT.

"I thought I was the only animal that had sense enough to build a house," grunted Wild Boar.

"Perhaps you are," said Chimpanzee; "I'm no animal."

"You are a Monkey——" began Boar, apologetically.

"I'm not a Monkey," insisted the other, very haughtily; "they go in droves. But we, who are the Jungle People, build houses and have a wife and family just like the Men."

"You can't twiddle your thumbs!" shrieked Cockatoo; but Hathi reached up with his trunk and tweaked the bird's nose before he could repeat the taunt.

"Once upon a time," began Hooluk, solemnly, "there was a great Raja sore troubled because those of my kind, the Apes, ate all the grain and fruit in his country. To be sure it was a year of much starvation. And the King commanded that all the Bandar-log should be killed.

"Then Hanuman, the wise Ape, who was our cousin, asked of my people what might be done; but we, being tender-hearted, and not knowing how to pacify the King, hung with our heads down and wept in misery.

"Now this gave Hanuman, who is most wise, an idea. He ordered all the other Bandar-log to go far into the jungles and hide, while we were to remain and lament, and declare that our friends were dead. The Raja, hearing our sad cry, relented, and commanded that the killing should cease. And since that time we have always cried thus, and our faces have been black, and all because of the dark sins of the other Bandar-log."

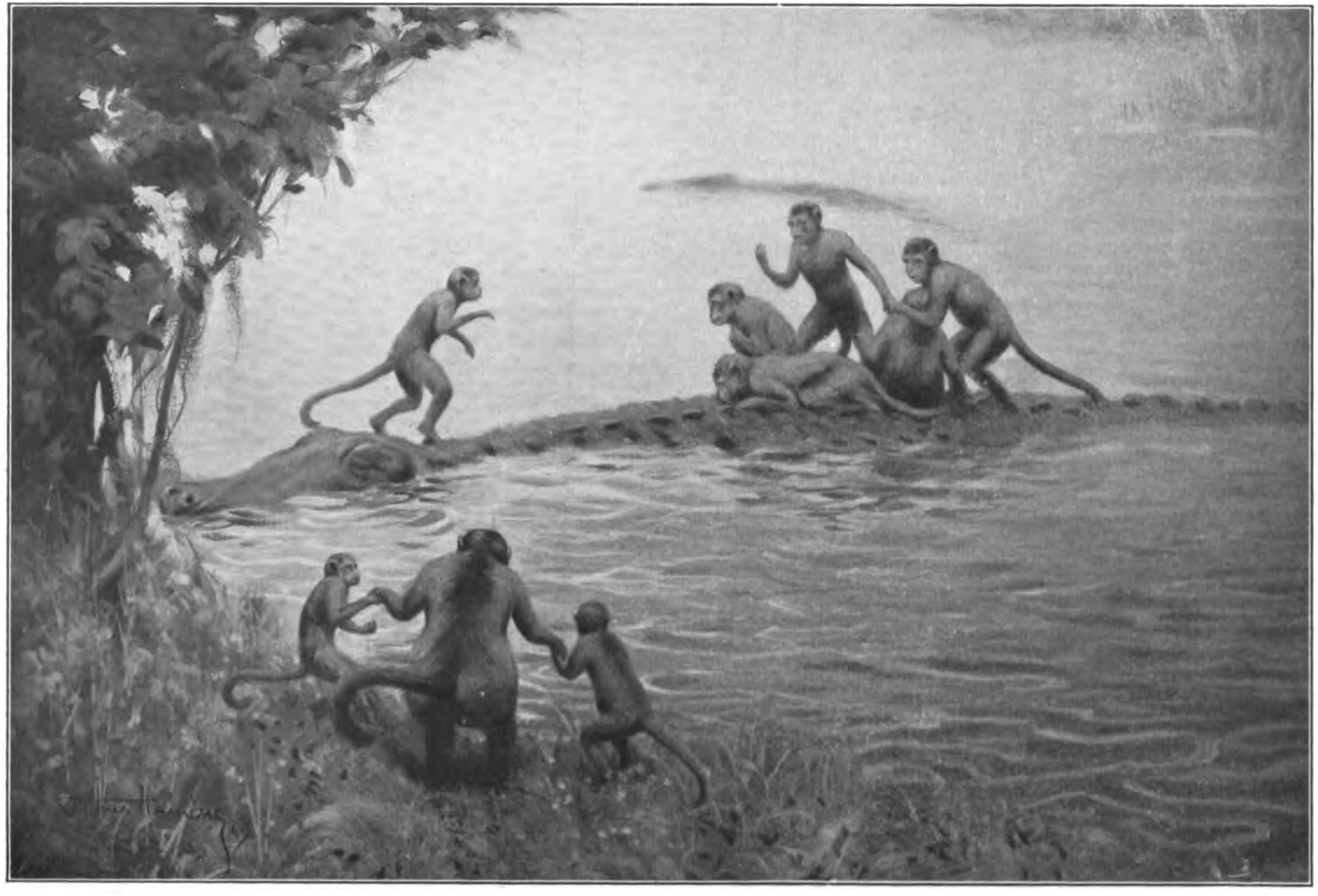
"Was there ever such a lie——" began Pardus; but Jackal interrupted him, declaring that he, too, cried at night because of the wickedness of other Jungle Dwellers.

"By my lonesome life!" muttered Mooswa. "I have heard the Loon cry on Slave Lake, but for a real, depressing night noise commend me to Hooluk. I have no doubt his tale is quite true, a cry such as he has could not have been given him for amusement."

"Scratch my head!" cried Cockatoo; "I think Hooluk's tale is quite true, for even I, who am only appreciated because of my beauty——"

"Hide your nose," croaked Kauwa, the Crow.

"Because of my beauty," resumed Cockatoo, "I once saved the life of



"'OH, HO!' CRIED THE LEADER. 'GET ABOARD, CHILDREN, QUICK.' AND THEY ALL CLAMBERED ON TO MY BACK."

all my Master's family. The bungalow was on fire and they were asleep. 'Scree-ya ah-ah!' I cried; then 'Quick, Pootai, bring the water——'"

"To be famous one must needs know a great lie and tell it," snarled Pardus, disagreeably. "The way of all Jungle Dwellers is to kill something; but here are pot-bellied, empty-headed Apes, and Birds of little sense, all boasting of saving lives."

"Let me talk," cried Water Monkey, scratching his ribs with industry. "If I tell not true tales then call Hornbill, and Jackal, and King Cobra to stand against me, for we are all of the same land. We were a big family, a full hundred of us at least, and every way was our way—water, and land, and tree top. We ate fruits, and nuts, and grains, and things that are cast up by the waters. Talking of fishing, you should have seen my mother. When the sea had gone back from the shore, we would all troop down. When the Crabs saw us coming they would scuttle into holes and under rocks, and we'd catch every Crab on the shore. It was my mother taught me the trick—wise old lady; I'd shove my tail under the rock, the Crab would lay hold of it, and then out he'd come.

"Oh, there was much good eating on those shores. Fat Oysters the size of a banana. It was mother showed me how to take a stone in my hand, and break them off the rocks. And, as Magh has said, we are much like the men, for not one of our family would eat an Oyster until he had washed it in the water.

"But we poor people had lots of trials." Crossing the streams was worst of all. If we made the Monkey's bridge from tree to tree, like as not Python would be lying in wait to pick off one of our number. And if we walked across on the bottom——"

"Walked on the bottom!" cried Sa'-zada, in astonishment.

"Yes, we never swim; we always walk across on the bottom; though sometimes, of course, we floated over on logs; but that was very dangerous because of Magar the Crocodile."

"Ghurrgle-ugle-ugle, uh-hu!" said Sher-Abi, "the long-tailed one is right. I could tell a true story touching that matter. Whuff-f-f! but it was a hot day. I was lying with my wife in the water near the bank. I was hungry—I am always hungry; and getting food in a small way is wearisome to one of my heavy habit. I was resting, and Black-head the Magar Bird was running about inside of my jaws catching Flies for his dinner. And, while I think of it, though I am by no means vain of my sweet nature, I claim it was most good of me to hold my heavy lips open for him. Suddenly Black-head gave his little cry of warning to me and flew up in the air. 'Something is coming,' I whispered to Abni, my wife; and, sure enough, it was the Bandar-log, the Water Monkeys, chattering and yelling, and knocking down fruit from the trees as though the whole jungle belonged to them.

"'The old trick,' I whispered to Abni; 'float across like a log.' You know I can look wondrous like a log when I try; and a dinner of the Bandar-log, even, was not to be despised in a time of great hunger.

"'Chee-chee, a-houp-a-houp, chickety-chee-chee!' You'd have thought their throats would split with the uproar when they saw one log floating across, and another just starting.

"'Oh, ho!' cried the leader, swinging by his tail from a limb of the Mangrove tree, and peering down at me; 'the wind is driving all the dead trees from this side to the other. Get aboard, children, quick.' And they all clambered on to my back, shoving and pushing just like a lot of Jackal pups——"

"Have I not said it," cried Gidar the Jackal, "that Sher-Abi is a devourer of our young. Jackal pups—murderer!"

"Half way across," resumed Sher-Abi, "I opened an eye to take a squint at the general condition of these Bandar-log, as to which might be fat and which might be lean, and, would you believe it, the leader of these fool people saw me looking, and screamed

with fright. I closed all the valves of nostrils and eyes, and sank in the water. The Bandar-log were so excited that more than half of them jumped into my jaws, and Abni, who came back, hearing the noise, took care of the others. Eh-hu! Gluck! Monkeys are stupid, but not bad eating."

"Listen to that, comrades," cried Water Monkey. "Sher-Abi the Poacher boasts of killing my people. Have I not said that our life is one of danger? He and Python are as bad as Men. My mother was killed by a Man, and all for the sake of a few mangoes.

"But how were we to know that Mango-tree was not as others in the Jungle?" pleaded Oungea. "True it grew close to a bungalow, but what of that? Close to the Jungle, trees and bungalows are so mixed up that nobody knows which is free land, and which is bond land. Have I not seen even the Men-kind frightened over such matters, and killing each other. But, as I have said, this Man, who was a Sahib, shot my mother as she was in a tree. She clung to a limb, and, young as I was, I helped her, holding on to her arms. All day she cried, and cried, and cried, just as you have heard the young of the Men-kind; and all night she cried, too. In the morning the Sahib came out, and I heard him say that he hadn't slept all night because of the wailing that was like a babe's. When he looked up at my mother, she became so afraid that she fell dead at his feet. Peeping down through the leaves I saw the fear look that Hathi has spoken of come into the Man's eyes, only they did not look evil as they had when he pointed the fire-stick at us. I swung down from branch to branch to my mother, and sitting beside her cried also, being but a little chap, and all alone in the Jungle. Then the Man took me up in his arms and said: 'Poor little Oungea. It was a shame to kill the old girl; I feel like a murderer——'

"He took me into the bungalow and I had a fine life of it, though he taught me many things that were evil."

"I don't believe that," sneered Pardus.

"Impossible! Caw-w!" laughed Kauwa.

"What evil tricks are there left to teach the Bandar-log?" queried Hathi.

"He taught me to drink gin," answered Oungea; "at first a little gin and much sugar, and after a time I could take it without sugar."

"This rather bears out Magh's claim that you Jungle People are like the Men," said Sa'-zada.

"Still it was not good for one, this gin," continued Oungea; "leaving one's head full of much soreness in the morning. But, of course, being young, I was possessed of much mischief that was not of the Sahib's teaching."

"He-he! no doubt, no doubt," cried Hornbill, "it was those of your kind, both young and old, who plucked the feathers from my children once upon a time. Plaintain-at-a-gulp! but their appearance was unseemly. You can imagine what I should look like with my prominent nose and no feathers."

"My Master carried in his pocket something that was forever crying 'tick, tick, tick.' I felt sure there must be Lizards or Spiders, or other sweet ones of a small kind within; but one day when I had a fair opportunity and pulled it apart, cracking it with a stone as I had the Oysters, I got no eating at all, but in the end a sound beating.

"Once I ate the little berries that grow on the sticks that cause the fire——"

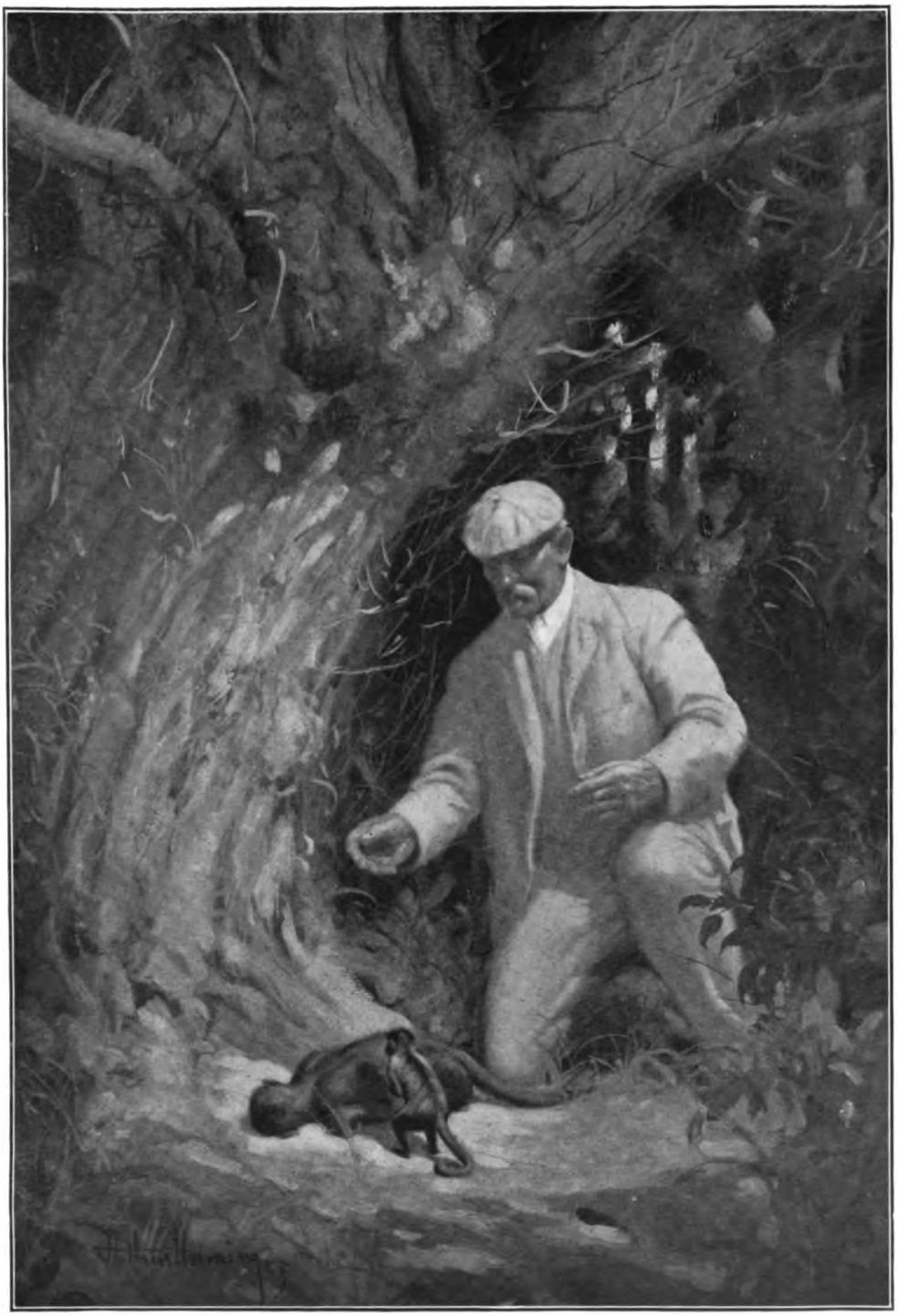
"Matches," suggested Sa'-zada.

"Perhaps; I thought they were berries. Many pains! but I was sick, and my kind Master saved my life with cocoanut oil."

"Magh knows something of that matter," declared Sa'-zada; "when she first came here she ate her straw bedding and it nearly killed her."

"A fine record these Jungle People have," sneered Pardus. "I, who claim not to be wise like the Men, have sense enough to stick to my meat."

"But Magh was wise," asserted



Drawn by Arthur Heming.

"I SWUNG DOWN....TO MY MOTHER, AND SITTING BESIDE HER CRIED ALSO, BEING BUT A LITTLE CHAP AND ALL ALONE IN THE JUNGLE."

—*"The Night of the Monkeys."*

Sa'-zada, "for if she had not helped us in every way when we were trying to save her life she would surely have died."

"In my Master's house," said Oungea, "was one of their young, a Babe; and whenever I got loose, for they took to tying me up, I made straight for his bed, borrowed his bottle of milk—there surely was no harm in that, for we were babes together—and scuttled up a tree where I could drink the milk in peace. When I dropped the bottle down so that they might get it, it always broke, and I think it was because of this mischief that they whipped me."

"Well," said Sa'-zada, "we were to have learned to-night why the Bandar-log were Men of the Jungle, first cousins to the Men-kind; but all I remember is that they ate matches and straw and got very sick. For my part I am very sleepy."

"If you are tired, I will carry you, Hanuman," lisped Python, shoving his ugly flat head forward.

"Even I, who find it a labor to walk on the land, will give any Monkey who seeks it a ride," sighed Sher-Abi. "This talking of eating has made me hung—— I mean ready to put myself out for my friends."

"Take your friends in, you mean," snarled Gidar, jumping back as the heavy jaws of the Crocodile snapped to within an inch of his nose.

"I think each one will look after himself," declared Sa'-zada; "it will be safer. All to your cages."

"THERE'S A GENTLEMAN IN THE ELEVATOR——"

ATHERTON'S DÉBUT

BY MARY B. MULLETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

THERE was a knock at the door and Atherton guiltily slipped a photograph under a pile of papers.

Then he said "Damn!" quite low, and "Come in!" very loud.

Of course it was the elevator boy. It always was. In the bachelor apartment house where Atherton lived, visitors were not allowed to get beyond the public reception-room until the hallboy had sent Ganymede-of-the-elevator aloft to reconnoitre.

Possibly the hallboy and Ganymede had heard the sad tale of the woman who would insist upon saying she was somewhere when she was somewhere else. For their part, they managed it so that the Royton bachelors had the chance to say they were somewhere else even if they were really somewhere. They held up all comers; and they did it with an inflexible front suggestive of hints about dead bodies.

This particular visitor, however, had been blind to the hint. Or perhaps he did not mind dead bodies. Apparently he did not mind anything. First he bowled over the hallboy's protest. Then he assailed Ganymede in his lair and it was a defeated elevator boy that opened Atherton's door. Sticking out his chin with a final flicker of spirit, he said:

"I'm sorry, sir; but there's a gentleman in the elevator——"

"Oh, no, there isn't!" said a voice over his shoulder.

"Buckley!" cried Atherton, jumping up. "By all the gods, it's Buckley! It really *is* you, isn't it?" pulling him into the room. "When did you come?

And where was it from? You said you were never coming back."

"Did I? Must have had a lucid interval."

"You're not sorry you've come?"

"Well, I'm not sorry to be seeing you. We'll let it go at that."

"I'll let anything go but you. Where are your traps? We'll have them brought up here and——"

"Sorry to differ with you; but the traps and I are going somewhere else. If you want to see me in a new rôle the pleasure is yours. I'm a butterfly. I'm in the act of flitting from flower to flower." He waved his hand airily. "I am literally here today, and, just as literally I shall be gone to-morrow. And with a right good will I'll be going, too," he added, in an undertone.

"Back to the ranch?" said Atherton.

"Yes, in short order! Fact is, this sort of life is worse than I thought it was; and heaven knows—or at least you know—that I thought uncommonly ill of it. No, my dear boy, I prefer a country where men and women have the courage to be either good or bad and are not everlastingly teetering and tiptoeing along on a fence."

"Oh, come now!" protested Atherton. "You're the same old pessimist on the same old subject. It's not so bad as all that. Try it a while and see if you don't change your mind."

"No, thank you, I don't like the brand." He sniffed reflectively. "Speaking of brand," he said, "you've changed yours."

"Oh, yes—here, try some and see how you like it. Look at that, will you? Very same old pipe I cut my teeth on out there in the cabin, where you taught me a thing or two worth knowing."

"You've strayed pretty far from any teaching of mine," said Buckley, rather grimly; and he looked around the luxuriously furnished room.

"I hope not." Atherton straightened himself with a quick touch of pride.

Buckley looked at him searchingly. Then his eyes softened and he gave a half sigh of relief.

"No matter about the teaching," he said. "You're yourself still——"

He stopped abruptly as his hand rested on a pile of invitations. He picked them up gingerly, one by one, studying the addresses as if they were pictures in which he saw many things. Atherton smilingly watched him through the smoke of their pipes.

"How did you do it?" said Buckley, finally.

"Do what?"

"Oh, you know. Break into society. As I remember it, one could get in only by fasting and prayer and the peerage — preferably the peerage. How did you make your entrance?"

"Mine wasn't an entrance," laughed Atherton; "it was an invasion."

"You seem to have landed on your feet."

Atherton looked up with quick suspicion; but he apparently found it groundless.

"That is just where I didn't land," he said. "You know how the old barbarians used to swoop down on Rome, make bonfires out of the palaces and knock all the bric-a-brac to smithereens? Well, that's the way I invaded society. Rather strenuous, but it's the spirit of the age."

"How was that?"

"I don't think even you would mind going into society if you could do it as I did."

"Going in with fire and sword does appeal to me. How did you manage it?"

"Seriously, Buckley," said Atherton, "I'd like to tell you all about it."

"Fire away, then, why don't you? You say that's your method."

"It was in this case, at least. But, see here," he blurted out, with an uncomfortable laugh, "I've got to mention afternoon tea and——"

Buckley stared. Then he laughed.

"I'll bear up," he said.

"But will you take the thing seriously and——"

"Can't think of anything I'd take more seriously than an afternoon tea."

Drawn by F. Strothmann.

"THE CONFOUNDED PORTIERES BROKE LOOSE FROM THEIR MOORINGS."

"The reality, perhaps; but not the mention of one—not that it's the tea that I want you to take seriously;" and Atherton suddenly began to laugh himself. "At any rate, not the one where I made my début. That was the time I did my little fire and sword act. Do you remember Sanford?" he suddenly asked. "John C. Sanford—a mine owner up in the Burnt Canyon district? He stayed over a couple of nights with us when he was out there looking over his claims and stopping leaks in the way the thing was run. Oldish sort of man from New York, with white hair and a black mustache, who asked us why we were going to the devil out there. And you said it was because it seemed the likeliest way of getting away from him. The devil, not Mr. Sanford."

"Yes, think I do remember him."

"Well, as soon as I got here I went down to the bank with my letters and so on, and the first man I met was our friend Sanford."

"You told me that in your letter; your one letter which didn't seem able to raise any epistolary children."

"I know, I know. You'll understand when I tell you what I'm going to. Did that letter mention that Mr. Sanford took me over to his club for luncheon? Yes? Well, a week or so after that, he came up here one day and smoked my tobacco and somehow made me talk a straight hour about you and our life on the ranch. Then he asked me to drop in at his house some Friday afternoon. Said his wife and daughter would be glad to meet me and——"

"I see. Here enters the afternoon tea. You went, of course."

"Yes; but not right away," protested Atherton, with an ingenuous air of not wanting it thought that he snatched at the invitation. "I really forgot about it except at intervals."

"And the intervals never came on Friday?"

"Exactly. Finally one of them made a mistake and got here late one Friday afternoon, just in time to call a cab——"

"Call a cab," dreamily murmured Buckley, his eyes half closed. He opened them again with a start and said: "Well?"

"Well—when I got to the house it was already dusk. In the corner of the hall there was a dull light sifting through one of these hanging Persian lamps. A man took my coat and then led the way to the corner where the lamp was. There was a doorway there and a rather narrow, arched passage leading into a jolly, big library, full of books and big chairs and the flicker of a wood fire. Just inside the room at the end of the passage was a young lady sitting at a tea-table. There was a lot of glass and china. At least it seemed a lot afterwards."

"Did you take in all those details at first sight? You're an undeveloped Sherlock Holmes."

"N-no, I don't know. At any rate they were there. And, oh, yes! I forgot to say that there were curtains hanging at each end of the passageway and the devil's own invention was on the floor."

"The devil's?"

"Yes, sir! the devil's. Don't you believe any tommyrot about hell being paved with good intentions, Buckley. I tell you it's paved with Oriental rugs laid loose on a glassy, hardwood floor. As for the skating down there—well, I know all about it. When my foot struck the hither end of the rug in that passageway, I learned what skating was. I had been advancing with the light and airy grace peculiar to me, but when I set foot on that rug I turned into a cannon-ball express.

"I think my right foot got into the library first. It must have been about the height of your head. But it didn't have much the start of the rest of me. As I went through the door I instinctively clutched the portieres. Even a man in his senses would have done that. I don't claim to have been in my senses; so, of course, I grabbed the curtains as I went by.

"Talk about broken reeds, Buckley. I don't know the first thing about reeds, but I've a liberal education in

the meannesses of portieres. The blamed things ought to have stopped me in my mad career, you know, but not they! They seemed to think I was on my way to a picnic and they promptly went along.

"Say, Buckley," said Atherton, leaning forward and shaking his head impressively, "it *was* a picnic, now I just tell you! The confounded portieres broke loose from their moorings and if we didn't everlastingly smash things up! We landed on the tea-table. I think my right foot went clear across it. I haven't more than a vague, nightmarish idea of that stage of the game. The old curtains were over my head and I couldn't see. I could just hear an awful hullaballoo; things smashing and people screaming. Especially somebody yelling 'Fire!'"

"There's always some fool that does it," said Buckley, "no matter what happens; a cloudburst or a cat having a fit."

"But this time there really was a fire," explained Atherton. "At least it was an incipient case. You see, when I struck the tea-table and scattered things like a lot of dead leaves before a jigamaree wind, the candlesticks"—he threw up his hands—"well they also ran. They landed, I am told, in the lap of—of the young lady I had seen sitting at the tea-table. She had on these fluffy, lacy things that women wear, you know, and the damned candles set them on fire."

"Gee!" said Buckley.

"Yes," Atherton went on; "wasn't that the—well, to get on with my story. I tore at those confounded portieres until I got my head out. It couldn't have been more than a few seconds (though it seemed an hour), for the girl was standing right beside me, awfully white, but trying to beat out with her hands a pretty good-sized flame here." Atherton laid his hand on his breast.

"What did you do?" asked Buckley, rather sternly.

"Why, I had the curtains all muddled around me, and I couldn't wait to get them off to put them around her, so I took her right into my arms. That smothered the flames and I put out the sparks with my hands."

Buckley merely grunted and turned in his chair. Atherton went on.

"Wasn't that the devil of a row to kick up?" he said. "You never saw such a scene of rack and ruin. We all—there were some other people there—stood kind of dumb for a minute after I'd put out the fire in the dress—they call 'em gowns now, Buckley—then the girl held out her hand to me and began to thank me."

"Humph!" murmured Buckley.

"Wasn't it white of her?" said Atherton.

"Training! Habit! Form!" grunted Buckley.

Atherton flushed up; but he bit his lip.

"Well, training, or habit, or form, or all of them together, weren't enough to make the rest of them equally white, even though it wasn't their china I'd smashed or their gowns I'd set on fire. Miss Sanford gathered us around the fireplace, with our backs to the débris. I suppose she hoped that that out of sight would be out of mind. But one of the young ladies—they're young women now, Buckley—wasn't going to let me off so easily. She found out in two questions that Idaho and a ranch were somewhere behind my New York début, and that was enough. She began to guy me about the sportive ways of cowboys. Said she supposed I had acquired a taste for broken glass by shooting the gas-globes and bar fixtures to bits when my temper was ruffled. Maybe I didn't get ruffled then! I never knew anyone more expert in rubbing it the wrong way."

Atherton spoke so hotly that Buckley smiled.

"There seems to be a feather or two still out of place," he said.

"Perhaps there is. You see, it was bad enough to have made the break——"

Atherton broke off with a laugh.

"Good Lord!" he said. "For months nobody could use that expression without getting a howl of unholy

glee and advice to 'see Atherton.' I was recommended as an authority on breaks. 'When Atherton makes a break,' they'd say, 'there's nothing for the rest of us to do but pick up the fragments and there are generally twelve baskets full.'"

Buckley chuckled.

"Oh, go ahead!" said Atherton, resignedly. "Don't mind me. I'm used to it. But—I want to tell you the rest. You see—that day—I stayed after the others had gone."

His boyishness had disappeared now, except for the ready color which flushed his cheeks.

"I suppose," he said—"I suppose I've loved her ever since."

Buckley did not move except to lower his eyelids until Atherton could see only a narrow glint of light between them.

"She was so straight and square and kind, God bless her! From the very start, she somehow identified herself with my side of the exploit. I don't know how. I only know that after a little while she was as much a target for the chaffing as I was. When people guyed me, she diverted part of it to herself by making irresistibly funny exaggerations of what she had said and done. She actually deceived my own common sense—for a while. I was so confounded busy listening to her and laughing at her that I didn't see she was taking a big share of the ridicule—good-natured ridicule, I'll admit—all of which should have been directed at my devoted head. When the truth came to me, Buckley, I—hated myself and," his voice dropped, "I worshiped the little girl."

He looked up almost defiantly; but his lip was unsteady.

"She 's square, I tell you, Buckley; dead square."

The older man said nothing. He had been watching Atherton through his narrowed eyelids, but now he raised them and looked out of the window at the soft gleam of the cathedral spires against the blue sky.

"It was early last spring," laughed Atherton, "that I made my début. I don't know whether I've made myself conspicuous, this summer, by my presence wherever the Sanfords have been; but I've been present all right. They came back to town a few weeks ago and I came, too."

Atherton stopped as if the long lack of response oppressed him. After a moment Buckley turned.

"And you hadn't said——" he began.

"No," said Atherton, whom the half-expressed question started off once more. "I was afraid to. It was only yesterday that I realized how she had stood by me. That made me hope a little and it made me determined to have her, too, even if I had to move heaven and earth and the other place. So, last night I told her and—and——"

"And it's all right now, eh?" with a quizzical little laugh.

"Yes," admitted Atherton, trying not to look absurdly proud and by no means succeeding.

He went to the desk, drew the photograph from its hiding place and handed it, without a word, to Buckley. The latter put down his pipe and studied the picture silently. After what seemed a long time, he handed it back. His face looked somehow older and his eyes more wistful.

"Well?" said Atherton.

"If it were anybody but you," said Buckley, "I should be tempted to knock him down."

"But—why—what——" stammered Atherton.

"I should think he deserved it for his presumption in wanting to marry a girl like that," said Buckley, with a half-serious laugh.

"Then you——" began Atherton, eagerly.

"My dear boy," said Buckley, getting up and putting his arm around the young man's shoulders; "you know now why you were made with knees. Give thanks on them every day of your life."

"You never gave me better advice," said Atherton, with an awkward

squeeze of the hand on his shoulder. "And that's saying a good deal. But, I say," he added, "now you'll let me send for your traps, won't you?"

Buckley shook his head.

"But why?"

"Can't!" shortly. "You're going to dine with me, aren't you? I've a berth on the nine o'clock train for the West."

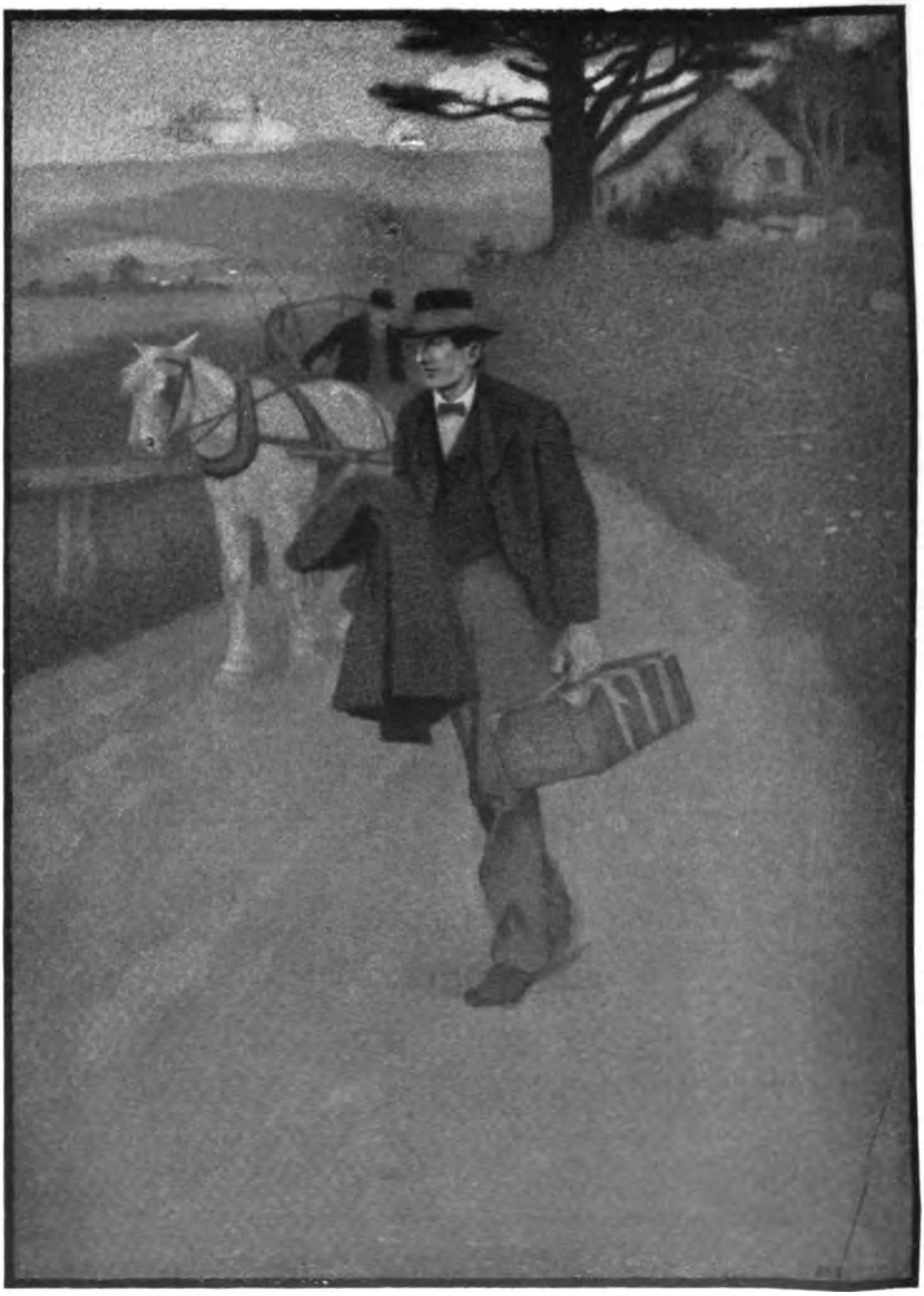
"We'll dine together, of course. But see here! I can't let you go. Why won't you stay?"

"Why——" Buckley hesitated. "Why, I had other reasons, of course, but I appear to have added another which," he smiled ironically, "seems to make me out a good deal of a cad. And yet, the poor devil with the crumbs, you know—well, I expect even those crumbs would have tasted better on his own table than under that other table with its feast and all that. No, my boy, you've got what you deserve and I'm bully glad. But it makes me want what I unfortunately do not deserve and cannot possibly have. The sensation," with a solemn shake of the head, "is very unpleasant."

"Nonsense! what makes you say that you can't——"

"There, there!" interrupted Buckley. "There'll never be two débuts like yours, Atherton. Where shall we dine?"

"I TOOK HER RIGHT INTO MY ARMS."



Drawn by Charles D. Hubbard.

A RATTLE OF WHEELS BEHIND HIM CAME TO A STOP.

A SON OF THE SOIL

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES D. HUBBARD

IF he had been an Italian all the women in the car would have thought, "Poor fellow! How unhappy he looks!" As he was a Vermonter they glanced at his impassive face and thought nothing at all about him. If he had been an Italian he would have been thinking that his heart must break within him. Being a Vermonter, he was dimly conscious of an ache that was almost physical and of a sick repugnance to the scene about him, but set his teeth grimly and tried to think of something else. For one thing, there was nothing new in either the scene or the repugnance. He had been coming down on those cars at that time of the morning all winter long, and had hated it the first time as he did now. There was no reason in the sudden fury of unhappiness that swept over him; and so, being a Vermonter, he braced himself against all the hateful noises and ugly sights and disagreeable smells, and prosaically laid the intensity of his feeling to a late supper. Moreover, he reasoned, there could be nothing intolerable in what he saw—an ordinary surface car full of ordinary people going to work, the whole against a sliding background seen in glimpses through the windows of ordinary shops on lower Sixth Avenue. As the elevated crashed and ground its way to a standstill over his head every nerve in Silas' country-bred body quivered in protest; but his hard-headed reason insisted, "All these people don't mind it. They've lived here all their lives and stood it and I guess it's nothing so dreadful!"

Then he looked about him at the people in the car and hated them as he had hated the noise outside. Their stony indifference to him and to each other seemed inveterately hostile to eyes used to the universal country greeting proffered to all humanity. The glassy, unseeing stare with which they regarded the vista of sordid buildings whirling by, the fixed pre-occupation of every one with his own affairs, seemed to make them an assembly of strange semi-conscious creatures, anything but human, impossible to move by any appeal. In contrast to their immobility and apparent unconsciousness of their surroundings he felt himself quiveringly open to all impressions—struck in the face by every sound of the gong, and blinded by the huge grotesque advertisements of the shops. He tried to divert his mind and succeeded only in attaining a dull endurance which lasted until his corner arrived, and he left the slight shelter of the car and plunged head over ears into the tumult of the street. He had hated it every morning, but to-day it seemed suddenly that it was too much for him. He had never thought of rebelling against his dead father's wishes, and he did not think of doing so now. He had been a docile boy and the habit was strong within him now that he was a man. His father had wished him to come to the city, and that was the thing to do. It was a debt he owed the elder man to make up for what he had missed.

Ever since Silas could remember there had been periods of fierce bitterness when in a few intense words

his father had rebelled against the fate that kept him on the farm, always ending with, "Silas shall have the chance! By gad, Silas shall have the chance!" It had always been an accepted matter that Silas should take up his father's life where he had been forced to lay it down, and be the successful business man his father had always felt it in him to be; as he grudgingly devoted his keen mind to the rotation of crops and applied to the economical construction of a silo, energy which he felt instinctively was destined for the management of great affairs. It was characteristic of his surroundings and training that Silas had never thought consciously of the greatness of the sacrifice his father had made in leaving the business life where he had begun so brilliant a race towards success, and coming back to the hillside to take care of his invalid parents. They were too weak to run the old farm themselves, but clung passionately with every fibre to the soil. It would have been worse than death to take them away into an alien atmosphere.

Silas had always taken it for granted that when a man's duty was as plain as that, it was a matter of course that he should do it; but to-day, as he threaded his way through the huge packing boxes on the sidewalk in the lifeless, dun-colored air of one of the big wholesale streets, he had a sudden sense of what a lifetime spent in uncongenial surroundings meant. He wondered with a quick rush of sympathy if his father had hated the farm as much as he hated this, and he thought of the stern, bitter line of the mouth with a new comprehension of the revolt and rebellion which had burned beneath it. Into this unhappy and turbulent brooding, there suddenly came something that made him gasp and stand still. He did not know for an instant what it was, and then he recognized, with a mounting wave of emotion, the smell of arbutus. It made him faint for a moment and relaxed all his joints as though he were inhaling chloroform. He leaned against the wall and watched the florists' wagons go by, coming from some ferry landing. For a fraction of time it really seemed to him that he lost consciousness.

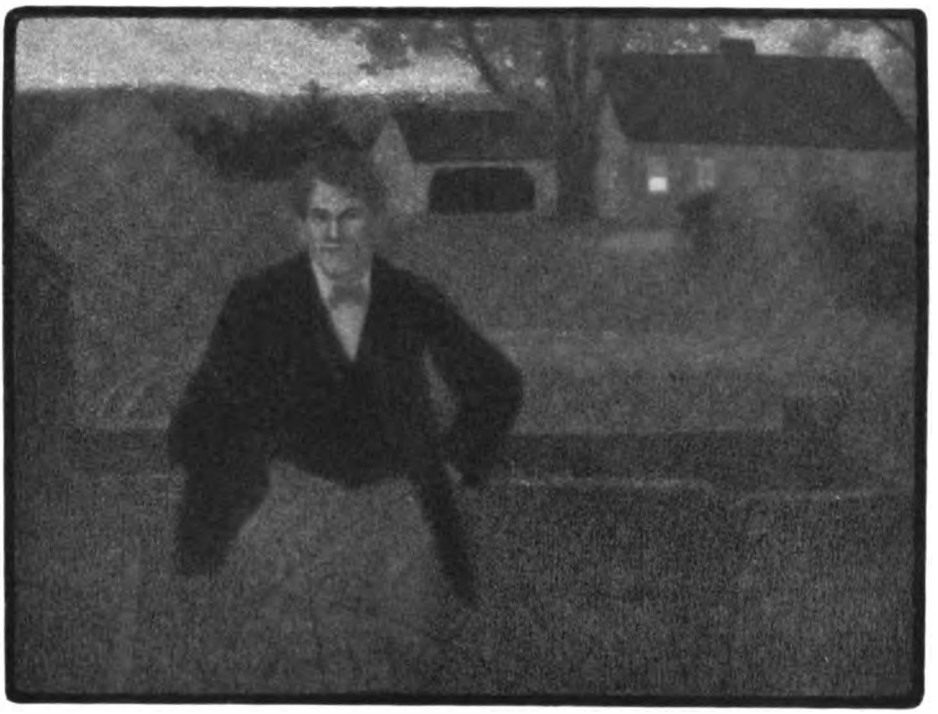
When he came to himself and walked on, he felt singularly calmed and lighthearted. He tried to reason himself out of this mood as he had out of the other; but reason as he might, he felt a great serenity as though he had taken a new decision, which was to assure his happiness.

As he worked at his invoicing during the morning this feeling grew, although with it came back his sick distaste for the gloom of the warehouse, the hurry and clatter about him, and the hard, pale, eager faces coming and going feverishly. The head of his department came by and looked at him curiously.

"You look pale, Clinton," he said. "What's up?"

The words were kind but the brusque, impersonal manner prevented Silas from making more than a perfunctory answer. The chief went on, but as the hour came for closing (it was Saturday and everyone had a half holiday) he came again to Silas and proposed, in the same dry and curt manner, that he take a week's vacation. "It's a slack time now till that cargo of stuff comes in, and I'd rather have you away now than later." He was already turning away as Silas thanked him in tones he tried to make as curt as the other's. But in spite of himself something caught in his throat and he felt a stinging in his eyes.

It was all a dream to him from the time he left the warehouse till he found himself in the Grand Central Station—a dream of noise and hurry and feverish unrest of which the scene in the depot was the climax—the rushing in and out of trains, the clatter of opening and closing gates, and above all the grotesque and ant-like activity of the crowds. They seemed to his overstrained eyes to be running in and out and back and forth in the same meaningless, foolish fever shown by bees about to swarm.



TILL DUSK HAD QUITE FALLEN AND THE LARGEST STARS WERE OUT.

On the train he fell asleep, much to his surprise, and only woke up as a familiar name of a town near his own was called. He sat up and looked out of the window eagerly. A man was ploughing in a field near the station. He had stopped to watch the train come in, but in a moment spoke to his horses and started on again. Silas had a strangely vivid hallucination of feeling the plow-handles tug and twist in his own hands and the reins tighten back of him as the horses bent to their work. He closed his eyes again and waited in tense expectation till his own village was called.

As the train rattled away from the station he stood still on the platform, waiting for the stillness he knew would come. Several of the village loafers were sitting on the steps just as he had left them the fall before, when he had gone away. They nodded to him, the grave, unhurried nod of the rustic, and one of them called, "Hello, there, Si! Come back for good?" Silas nodded back and said, "No, just here on a vacation." He was startled at the sudden gladness that had filled him when Bill Warner had spoken to him. The rough, nasal voice had set him thrilling like a harp.

He walked briskly down the road, noting the dust and instinctively making a calculation as to the length of the drought. It must be of only a few days, he thought, as he came upon a vividly green field of rye showing almost yellow against the dark pines of the mountain above it. The white birch was just out, he noticed, as his eye followed up the slope of the mountain—as familiar to him as his own hand. The sun disappeared behind the high-hung skyline as he looked, and the evening chill falling suddenly on him made him shiver. He stood still and looked about him. What he said to himself was, "Winter wheat is doing fine and *I* should put in millet about now." But soon unrecognized emotion shook him hard as he looked

at the violet shadows filling all the hollows and at the luminous haze covering the mountains on the other side of the valley.

A rattle of wheels behind him came to a stop and one of his former neighbors called to offer him a lift. He was a man of sixty, with smooth-shaven lips and a shrewd eye. He looked keenly at the young face next to him, and after a few words about crops and weather inquired, casually: "There ain't nothin' the matter, be they? Ye ain't hum to stay?" Silas answered as he had the men at the station, "Oh, no, just back on a vacation."

"Yer ma'll be real glad to see ye. She's been pretty lonesome this winter. That hired man—he's a smart hand to work, but he's a Canuck, an' he ain't no gret for company."

The old man fell into a ruminative silence, twitching the reins and clucking to the horse from time to time, but not otherwise disturbing Silas, who sat tensely waiting for the turn in the road which should show him his own home. When this came he drew a long breath and leaned back in the seat very quietly.

The horse jogged on. Silas did not wait for it to stop before jumping out and running up the walk to the side door. This was open to the mild early-spring air, but the room inside was empty. Silas dropped his bag and overcoat here, and went rapidly through the dining-room to the kitchen. No one was there, but a voice from the pantry called, "That you, Jombaptiste?" The young man went quietly and stood in the door without speaking. His mother was skimming the milk and did not change her position till she had finished the pan and set it carefully back on the shelf. Then she wiped her hands on her apron and turned about slowly.

"Why, Silas!" she said; "Why, my son!"

They kissed each other soberly, and before his mother could inquire, Silas said again for the third time, "Nothing is the matter, Mother. I'm getting along fine. Just back on a vacation."

"Oh, Silas," exclaimed his mother, "I *am* so glad to see you! Are you well? You look so pale!"

They went into the sitting-room and Silas' mother began asking eager questions about city life and interrupting herself to complain that Jombaptiste was careless in feeding the horses.

After tea Silas set out to make a tour of the farm buildings. In the cow-barn he frowned at evidences of Jombaptiste's shiftlessness, but his eyes lighted up at the sight of three fine new calves disporting themselves with their usual graceful angularity, and staring at him with luminous eyes out of the dusk. Among the horses he lingered long. Old Daniel's split hoof needed more treatment, he decided, and found the vaseline on the same shelf he had always seen it since he was a boy. Jenny was in prime condition—his mother was mistaken about Jombaptiste's not giving enough hay—but the two bay colts needed exercise. They should be doing the harrowing.

He walked about, touching everything, examining the harness and looking to see how much hay was left from the winter's feeding. A new vigor filled him; a rush of keen interest and zest in life came over him. He stood in the doorway and planned how he should arrange the crops, if he had it to do. He thought of his grandfather's pride in the "Great Meadows," as they had always been called, and meditated ways to improve them. It came to him suddenly and as a new shock that he would be invoicing goods and that it would be Jombaptiste who would cut the hay this year.

A moment later he wondered if Jombaptiste gave the pigs enough to eat. Going down to the pig-pen he leaned over and scratched one of them with a long stick. The first time he had ever done it came into his mind—once as a little boy, when his father had lifted him up. The satisfied grunt of the animal sounded exactly the same to him as it had that first time.

He stood by the pig-pen a long time, till dusk had quite fallen and the

largest stars were out. Then he went into the house and went to bed. He discovered that he was very sleepy. Although his mother came by his door only a few minutes later, he was already in a doze as she said good-night and a moment later had slipped quickly into a sound, dreamless sleep.

He woke as suddenly—quite wide-awake, and lay still for a moment trying to remember where he was. The room was full of the soft diffused glow of mountain starlight, and he recognized all the familiar furnishings at once. He sat up in bed, his heart beating furiously. It was as though someone had called to him. He felt suffocated and went hastily to the open window, leaning half out of it. It was a quiet night, so still that the murmur of the river far down in the valley could be distinctly heard, the only sound in the breathless silence. The whole valley lay before him, so familiar that every turn and curve of it was a part of his consciousness.

For a long time he knelt by the window in a tumult of emotion. A hard, unyielding barrier seemed to have broken within him, swept away by a warm rush of some new feeling, inexpressibly grateful and welcome.

The old cat that had been his grandfather's favorite suddenly jumped in at the other window and coming over to the boy rubbed himself against his bare feet. At the touch of the soft, warm fur, Silas gave a half sob, and catching up the cat, held it to his face.

"Tommy," he said, in an unsteady voice, "oh, Tommy! It's not a vacation! I've come home to stay!"

CONSUMMATION

BY E. B.

LOOK in mine eyes, Beloved! Is it true
That you and I have found each other now?
And when I smooth the dear hair from your brow,
Do I touch you and not the shadow of you
That I have known in dreams the slow years through?
My soul made long ago its maiden vow
Before no other than its mate to bow
In spiritual submission; for it knew—
Beloved Brother of the Inner Shrine!—
That in the long procession of the years,
Slow with the weight of destiny's arrears,
One laurel-crowned would bring me what was mine.
So I will offer incense to the spheres,
And drink with you Love's sweet and bitter wine.

"'CHILD OF THE DEAD,' SHE CROAKED."

THE OTHER DEATH

BY ALBERT KINROSS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

THEY had left us alone together in the dining-room, me and Colin Fonnereau. He was to be married the next day, while I was to be best man. He had written to me a month or so ago asking me to come down and assist, and I had consented, a trifle surprised, a trifle curious; for I had seen next to nothing of Colin Fonnereau since the old days in St. John's Wood, and, as for his people—I knew hardly anything about his people, but I had often wondered.

We had been at school together, and then I had missed him, till he turned up at St. John's Wood. I discovered him one morning in the barrack-yard—my bedroom window overlooks it. I knew his walk and that he was soldiering. "Of course that fellow over there is Colin Fonnereau!" said I. The club *Army List* confirmed this verdict; so I went over to Ordnance Road next morning, and we fell round each other's necks.

For three years afterwards V Battery was stationed near my rooms. The whole turnout passed my windows every other morning; Colin, a useful-looking subaltern, bobbing in his saddle beside the lumbering guns; on Sundays, with a plume a foot long in his busby, and a chest gorgeous with gold braid, he would often go by leading his men to church.

During those three years Colin and I saw much of one another, nearly as much as at school. I liked him. I never quite understood him, I admit; but we were very friendly all the same. He was one of those men whose people only exist on paper. He had a father and a mother; their place, Fonnereau Hall, was somewhere in Hampshire. He used to go down there occasionally, but he never spoke about the place, and only very seldom about his people. I took him to see my own; he used to dine at Manchester Square with us once or twice a week. I knew all there was to know of him in town, but outside—well, outside, Colin Fonnereau did not exist; and I never asked questions. Once he did say just before leaving: "I'm going

down to my people's; I'd ask you as well, but it isn't any fun—none at all." And then the peculiar look in his eyes, that peculiar look which we could never account for, deepened. He seemed distressed; so I changed the subject at the double; but, all the same, he might have spoken out. He had known me long enough and well enough. Again I caught his eyes, and I felt sorry for him.

Colin had always had those eyes even at school. We never quite agreed about them. The boys used to call him Stowaway—there was a picture of one in a book, with eyes something like—till he made ninety-four against Repton. Then we called him Slogaway; but Colin didn't seem to care. He had other peculiarities as well. Looking-glasses appeared to worry him; the one in his study was never hung, and only used when really necessary.

V Battery had at last gone abroad to Umballa, and for years I had seen nothing of Colin Fonnereau. We had exchanged a letter or two, and my people got cards at Christmas. That was all, till a note arrived telling me that he was shortly to be married, that he regarded me as his oldest and most intimate friend, and would I therefore hie me to Fonnereau Hall for the wedding, and assist thereat as groomsman? Of course I accepted.

By special request I set out some days in advance of the actual ceremony. Colin met me at the station and drove me over. His greeting was of the warmest, his spirits high.

"I am awfully glad you could manage it," he said, as we stepped into the cart. "I've been slack about writing—a soldier's life's rather unsettled," he explained.

I replied that my present dignities were proof sufficient that he had not forgotten me.

"Madge is to dine with us to-night. You'll like her," he said, alluding to his fiancée.

She was uppermost in what followed. His eyes were quite clear, no trace whatever of the old trouble in them as he rattled on about the future—light-heartedly, hopefully, just as any other man of his years and prospects might have done. Colin Fonnereau, like the rest of them, had become commonplace, monotonously happy.

Four miles of country road and bare lanes under a pale January sky, and we reached the Hall—a grey old house standing in a deal of ground and built round the four sides of an inner court. The main entry to this formidable pile was reached through an arched gateway surmounted by an ivy-covered clock-tower. The place was Tudor-Gothic and heartily picturesque.

"You don't know my people," said Colin, sobering, as the wheels ground over the graveled quadrangle. We pulled up, and he jumped out and passed the reins on to a groom.

I was presented to his mother. Mrs. Fonnereau, a stately and handsome woman well into the fifties, welcomed me as an old and valued friend; and tempering her cordiality was a certain high-bred grace of courtesy, that, besides putting me completely at my ease, instantly won for her my whole-hearted devotion.

Old Fonnereau, my host, came in later with Madge Harewood. He was very much like Colin; tall, well set up, and dark complexioned; but quite grey; and his eyes—well, Colin's had a peculiar look in them, but, compared with his father's, they were ordinary—almost ordinary. Old Fonnereau's eyes were strange, disquietingly so. During those first days I often tried to hit upon their exact expression, but never quite succeeded. When he looked at you it seemed as though something were dangling between, and that he was looking at it and not at you. It wasn't quite that; but, just then, I could get no nearer.

Madge Harewood was fond of Colin; anybody could see it; and he was devoted—too devoted, I thought.

"Was the girl good enough?" and I looked the future Mrs. Colin over

somewhat doubtfully. Her eyes met mine, and she seemed to read the question and answer it with a defiant "Yes!"

We reached my room, and Colin sat on the bed and smoked a cigarette while I dressed. He, too, seemed pleased to have me there. The old look had come back again; even when we were downstairs chatting I had noticed it.

The room we dined in was not the dining-hall proper, and it was this especial chamber that Madge Harewood wished to see. Colin humored her, and after dinner we passed through the long corridors, endless in the candle-light. A few paces further, and Colin halted, throwing open the door of a large and formal apartment. This hall was hung with family portraits, and was mainly remarkable for its size. Madge Harewood slipped a hand through Colin's arm, and he smiled. He had not smiled before.

There were quite a dozen Fonnereaus on the walls and over the gallery at the end, and all were pleasant enough fellows till we came to the more recent ones; and here we paused. Madge Harewood paused, and I paused, and Colin faced them—and in his eyes! I understood. All those men in bygone fashions had the same look, the same premature grey hair, and their eyes were worse, infinitely worse, than old Fonnereau's—filled with the same nerveless dread of some spectral object dangling in mid-air.

"You'd better go," said Colin. "You are tired, little girl, and you had best say 'good-night,' I think. There are important things to be done to-morrow, you know. And, besides, we two fellows are apt to smoke you out with our smelly pipes, even if we don't bore you to death with our shop-talk."

He smiled at her almost appealingly and his mouth wreathed upward at the corners, though his eyes bore a solemn look.

Madge glanced at him quickly and saw that he genuinely desired to be alone with me.

"Very well, sir," she replied, "if you have grown tired of me already——"

"Madge!" exclaimed Colin, an aggrieved expression clouding his face.

She pretended to pout for an instant and then breaking into one of her liquid ripplings of laughter, exclaimed:

"You silly old goose. I had no idea of remaining to be 'smoked out,'" and cheerily bidding us "good-night," she tripped lightly toward the half opened door and was gone.

"She's an angel, old chap," sighed Colin, and I noted the familiar, indefinable expression creeping back into his eyes as the girl's footfalls died away in the corridor.

"Can you listen to the story of these portraits?" he resumed.

I nodded.

We were seated in that splendid room, the old portraits looking doubly sober in their brilliant setting, and, if the story he now unfolded was wild and horrible, a thing to shudder at, it must have been the lights, the security born of so much radiance, that nerved me through the terrors of those hours.

"I must go back," Colin began, "to him"—he pointed to the first of the later Fonnereaus as he spoke. "He is bad enough, and he is only the son! The other is not here; he was never painted. Downstairs there is a miniature of him, as a young man, done before he went away—good-looking he must have been, and there's a touch of the dare-devil in his dark face. He was a soldier in the East India Company's Service, and exceptionally able, I believe; was at Plassey with Clive, at Wandewash with Coote, and when there was no fighting to be had, he would get leave and work for the Company outside their territories, disappearing into Berar or Oude, and coming back with valuable information. The French and the native Princes feared him; but, knowing many languages and possessing a genius for disguise, he came through unhurt. An account of three of these excursions may yet be read among

Drawn by Orson Lowell.

"'WE REACHED THE FLANK OF GOPHAR-LA, THE MIGHTY PEAK THAT OVERLOOKS THE SACRED CITY OF LHASA.'"

the Company's reports. His last journey was to the North into the strange countries that enclose the Himalayas, and when they found him again, he was like that"—again Colin pointed to the stricken man's son. "He was like that—only worse—far worse! He had set out young, vigorous, alert; he came back bowed as if with age, his hair white, his face sunken and furrowed, his mind disordered, and peculiarly horrible must have been the expression of his eyes. For the lids had been slit across the middle, and were now but half-healed. He is said to have tottered into the station without knowing it for what it was; as though he had been led to a point in the road and left to take his chance. Thus he returned again, and no one knew where he had been or what great trials had so changed him; for he had no answer to the questions they put, and he was alone; he knew nothing, his memory and with it his whole past seemed lost to him, nor did he even recognize the friends into whose care he had come. They sent him home after a while, to this house; and here he was won back to some semblance of life by the devoted woman, whom, later on, he married—the mother of his son. He lived here quietly for a number of years, he and his wife and the boy, and then one night he blew his brains out.

"He had remembered. He left papers behind him, the ink almost wet on the last sheets; and then those others knew his story—our story—the nightmare that has made us what we are. He had lived in a merciful darkness for ten years, and suddenly his memory had come back to him. But this is what he wrote——"

Colin had sprung from my side to the tiny escritoire that stood, almost lost, in a corner of the dining-hall. He had the key by him. I followed close; watched him unlock the panel that dropped forward, then saw him grope for the spring that opened the secret drawer beyond. At last he found it; and now the pair of us were stooping over a bundle of papers, time-stained and worn with use. He brought these back with him, loosened the ribbons that held them together, and began his pitiful story afresh, reading aloud from the faded manuscript on his knee.

"'I was looking into our boy's face that is so like your own, my poor wife, my dearest; that has your tender eyes, and the sweet air I love so well.

"'I was looking into our boy's face; he had come into the dining-hall with the mirrors. For a moment he stopped short, gleefully regarding himself the while; and then he cried for you and dropped to the ground in a swoon. You know so much; but not the reason of his terror. Only I—it is only I who know that. I was looking into his face, I marked how his eyes changed, growing wide and fearful with apprehension—there was something familiar in this discovery, in the cause of it as well. I wondered, I tried to recall, tried with all my might—and then the mists, the mists that these many years have barred me out from life, melted away and I remembered. I, too, was looking into a mirror—endless mirrors that would not leave me—not here in the white light of day, but in the red light of hell! The boy swooned, and you came to him. I watched you bathe his face, and, when he opened his eyes, saw how he drew back and fled the room. "I will not stay here with these," he cried: "I will not see myself—never—never!" And after that all the mirrors were curtained.

"'They were curtained; but no one knew why this was done, why the boy had fallen to the ground, and why now had come into his eyes the strange look that all feared. None knew but I, who had been dead these many years, and who am once more living—I, who have cheated Death! For did I not die that far-away day when they, the red lamas, led me through their hideous temples, through their thrice-cursed city that they call holy, led me up to the temple-palace of

Potala that is hewn out of the live rock and stands high above the city. They led me to the gilded roof with the giant Buddha, so that they might fling me into the pit where I died slowly. My eyelids were slit and nailed back so that I should see all. It was like a dream, but it was no dream; for my eyelids are scarred, and I have been dead for ten years, and I am bowed and old and white.

"'But this is what I remember. We had gone north from Patna into the mountains of Bhutan; and yet further north into the bleak and arctic country of the lamas. I had heard much of their temples and mysterious wonders of their sacred city and was eager to learn more. At first we came to monasteries, I and my servants; and there they prayed us to return, urging that the country was bare and difficult, and full of dangers from roving bands of armed outlaws. But the more they prayed, the greater waxed my curiosity, and, feeling that I could fare no worse than I had already fared in their inclement country, I thanked them for their warnings, yet pressed onwards. We passed the great lake which they call Yandok-Chu, and came afterwards to the town of Chetang, where I crossed a broad river. Here my Indian servants, more prudent than myself turned back, and neither threats nor silver could move them to continue. For the people we sojourned amongst no longer prayed us to return, but threatened all manner of punishment should we persist in our ends.

"'Left to myself, I asked assistance of two pilgrim priests who, likewise, were faring to the holy city. These were well versed in Sanskrit, a tongue I, too, was familiar with, and, by their aid I procured fresh servants, long-haired yaks for my baggage, and was soon on the road again. The one priest had hastened on ahead, impatient to reach the end of his pilgrimage, but the other was more phlegmatic; a jolly fellow to all seeming, who had noted my stock of provisions, and who laughingly declared that where I went there, too, would he go, for with me he would run no risk of famine. He cheerily led the way as our small party progressed slowly through the mountains, where at last we reached the flank of Gokhar-La, the mighty peak that overlooks the sacred city of Lhasa. I was for pressing forward, but the priest demurred. "The night is falling," said he, "and the distance is far greater than it seems. We will sleep first," and he gave orders for a halt. "At sunrise we will descend," said he, "and to-night we will have pleasant dreams; for to-morrow will be a festival." Smilingly he made this answer, and smilingly he brewed the tea for our meal—curses on his false face! And the rest that is shaped like a dream, but is no dream, must now be written.

"'When I awoke, I was no longer on the mountain side with my servants and the priest, but down below in the city of the lamas. I rubbed my eyes and fancied that I still slept; and even now it seems as though what passed was a dream; but when I think and reason with myself, my doubts are gone, and my bitterness wells up twofolded.

"'I was below in the city, and the hour was close to noon. The air of the temple was heavy; I looked about me, at the stone pillars that were clad with garments topped by hideous masks, at the grinning faces that were suspended from the rafters, at the silks covered with strange paintings that hung on the walls. Silent figures were moving to and fro, and when they saw me stir they came forward and made me welcome. I rose, and the lamas followed me into the small courtyard outside. The sun was high in the sky, and therefore I knew that it must be mid-day; also by my hunger I could tell that it was later far than my usual hour of waking. They brought me meat and drink with much show of civility, giving a courteous answer to my many questions, and asking in their turn whence I came and the nature of my journey. They were of the red brotherhood of which

I had already heard so much, uncomely and cunning in appearance, with their yellow skins, small eyes, and sparse beards; but so eager did they seem and generous in their hospitality that I lost my natural feelings of distrust, and secretly wondered how I had come there, and why I was so honored.

"'I asked for Sherab Gyatso, the priest with whom I had lain down to rest the night before; and at this they wagged their heads and questioned one another. They did not know of such an one, they said. Then I asked how I had come into the temple, seeing that I was many miles distant at nightfall, and, so far as I knew, had not left my camp. Again they consulted together, agreeing at last that they had certainly found me slumbering in their temple that morning, nor had any one of them seen me enter; all of which caused me great astonishment. But as I was in the sacred city, the goal of my wanderings, and about to penetrate its many mysteries, I had small concern. Here, at last, were rest and ease after my long weeks of hardship, and I had eaten and drunk in plenty. The world seemed very good. For certain my servants and baggage were wanting, and for these I made inquiry. But here again the red lamas failed me. They knew nothing, and had seen nothing save what had already passed. Then I told them that I had lain down to sleep on the roadside, below the crest of Gokhar-La; I, with the priest Sherab Gyatso, my beasts and servants, and that I had awakened to find myself in their midst, and without my companions.

"'They listened to my strange story with incredulous gestures, but promised that they would send men down the road in search of my party. This offer quieted my misgivings and I sipped my tea, the group squatting round me, each a cup before him. Occasionally one would mumble his devotions, or break off to swing his praying-wheel, or to tell the beads on his rosary.

"'The news of my waking spread, and soon more lamas came into the courtyard, which now grew crowded. I recalled the promise that had been made to me, and two men were dispatched in search of my baggage and servants. For the present, therefore, I was free to wander round the sacred city as I listed.

"'To me this place rather than holy seemed a fine medley of filth and devil-worship. The temples were numerous, and with no great difference between any one and any other of them. Each enclosed some Buddhist shrine, round which moved the many pilgrims who had come from far and near bearing their offerings. Yet to none of these was shown the same deference as to myself, an unbeliever and empty-handed. The red lamas conducted me from place to place, each one with an improving story on his lips; yet everywhere I saw the same tawdry ornament and rude carving, the same monotonous inscriptions, the same greed for tribute, the same mocking lip-service of an unworthy priesthood. And everywhere was filth and the unclean odor of garbage. In the narrow streets the people came and went, and chiefly conspicuous were the soldiery, carrying matchlocks for weapons with forked rests of wood bound to them, as did our arquebusiers of old. They were a motley crew, with pebbles in their pouches for bullets, and black powder from China.

"'It was thus that I visited the holy city, lacking neither in guidance nor company; yet, anon, I tired of its sameness, albeit too politic to let those others know of my weariness. A poor reward, after the many hardships I had suffered, seemed what they had shown me; and heartily glad was I when the first part of my pilgrimage was ended. There remained yet the famous temple-palace of Potala, which is hewn out of the live rock whereon it stands; and here I was told the Grand Lama himself awaited me and would give me audience. They spoke much of the splendors of this palace,

Drawn by Orson Lowell.

"'I SIPPED MY TEA, THE GROUP SQUATTING ROUND ME, EACH A CUP BEFORE HIM.'"

and, indeed, they had been lavish in their praise of all I had already seen; for these people regarded their poor buildings as of an extreme grandeur, nor was it fitting that I should undeceive them, though sorely tempted.

"'We now left the heart of the city and reached the foot of that rocky eminence, whose crown is the stone temple of the Dalai Lama. The narrow pathway was worn smooth by the feet of the many pilgrims who make this journey. One behind the other we ascended till we were joined by a party from above, who, after the proper salutations, returned to the great gateway that opens on to an inner court. More like a small city than aught else is the temple of the Grand Lama. He himself stood there to receive me, in robes of yellow silk, richly jeweled and embroidered, and, amidst the crowd of many-colored lamas that was about him, I fancied I saw the grinning face of Sherab Gyatso, and the face of that other priest who had hurried forward from Chetang. But for these I had no eyes, seeing that the great man whose life has no end was before me, the Pope of this heathen race. He was very old in appearance, yet erect in despite of his years, and taller by a head than any around him, his loose robes making of him a majestic figure. Yet was he not so tall as I.

"'The Dalai Lama's greeting was of a dignity in keeping with his great station. He himself led the way to an apartment where tea was served to us, and where discordant music was made. There he asked me many questions, displaying a great subtlety in the wording, and drew from me a confession of the wanton curiosity that had guided me to his holy city, where the white man was unknown. Nor was this all; for he asked much of the English and the French, of our battles, and of the Company's spoliation of the Indian princes. He listened, his face heavy with thought, as, half consenting, half betrayed by the cunning form of his inquiries, I told him what I knew. His private information, however, must have exceeded the few sources to which I had access, for often he pressed me on matters that I had never approached, nor hitherto regarded as harboring the lightest political significance. At his instigation, I was forced to admit that the Company traded largely, yet plundered even more, that it scrupled little so long as the directors and stockholders divided large profits. "And you are one of its servants?" he asked at last. "A very humble one," I replied. Then he left me.

"'There was little in that vast palace, few of its many courts and shrines that I did not visit; wandering for several hours with my guides, the red lamas, among those massive images in bronze, the rude carvings and gaudy decorations of this city within a city. Yet what interested me more than all else was the skill, the Titanic labor, which had cut these walls, these terraces, chambers and courts; these roofs and pillars and smooth floors out of the solid stone. There was no doubting this origin. Often the waters of some deep-set spring had forced their way through the discolored rock, and worn a shallow channel for themselves to the artificial loop-hole by which they escaped; often I found myself wondering at the carved pillars that seemed to have grown up out of the soil, and were again rooted in the mother-stone overhead; or, again, at the metallic glitter of some block of ore or crystal, that, harder than its fellows, had resisted the cunning of these mighty burrowers. This palace was indeed a monument, and vaster even than those ruins of Greece and Syria that I had lingered amidst on my journeyings of long ago. I followed its windings with nothing but amazement, and never for a moment was I filled with the weariness that had assailed me during the earlier half of this tour.

"'As a last surprise they had reserved for me the gilded roof of the innermost temple with its gigantic image of Buddha, and the wide outlook over the city and the plain below.

There I was again to meet the Grand Lama and his train, tender him my thanks and make my farewells. I reached the roof and he was before me, surrounded by his sword-bearers. These carried long blades of Chinese steel, and short knives of the same fine metal. The spectacle, as the sunlight shone on the golden floor, on the dull bronze of the image, on the naked weapons of the body guard, was barbaric and memorable beyond telling. Far below lay the city and the bare plain that stretches to the foot of Gokhar-La, the mountain on whose rugged flank I had lain down to rest the night before with Sherab Gyatso, the priest, my servants, and baggage-yaks, and where perchance I still lay; for, try as I might, I yet had some doubt as to whether or no I were dreaming, and the Dalai Lama, Lhasa, the palace itself, part of my dream. But too solid for any dream, and too perfect in its order, was this spectacle, the last my eyes were ever to dwell on save with terror and the glaze of Death. For now as I stood smiling in the face of the Grand Lama, the soldiers closed round me of a sudden and bound me with leathern thongs.

"'I asked for an explanation of this violence, and the Grand Lama answered me. He was no longer the suave prelate, but dark and threatening as he replied: "You have come to report on my land and its riches; you have come here with no pious purpose; you, the servant of the *Chelingi-pa*, of a brigand Company, boundless in its greed, and knowing neither law nor pity. You have seen all; we have been generous, granting your desires down to the most holy places of my sacred palace. These, too, we have shown you; but what you have seen and learnt shall be lost to you, for presently you will die. And listen, it was Sherab Gyatso, who is now here, and Phuntshog, the red lama that was with him, and whom you also met on the road, that told me of your coming—and now you are trapped. Say, are we not as cunning as the *Chelingipa*?"

"'I listened with what courage I could as he pronounced this sentence, and, as his words fell, I knew for certain that the day's work was no dream, but the end of a well-laid plot. For I understood now the haste of Phuntshog, that other priest who had hurried forward from Chetang to give notice of my coming; I understood now why my false friend, Sherab Gyatso, had ordered a rest last night instead of pressing forward; saw how he had brewed and handed to me the tea that was drugged, and how, while I slept deep, he and my men had carried me to the temple below wherein I had awakened. I knew now that those other priests had fooled me with their pretended ignorance, and an empty promise to send messengers down the road in search of my recreant servants. I knew all this; saw it clear and full. And there was I, bound, and before me the yellow faces of the two pilgrim priests who had led me into this trap. For they had lost their backwardness, and now stood hugely content in the forefront of my captors.

"'The hatred that filled me as I marked them gave me new strength. I held my head proudly, and looked fair into the eyes of the Dalai Lama, crying, "You will do as you will. But if it becomes known that I have suffered—for the one man you have slain, there will come ten thousand." "Aye, and glad of the pretext," he answered, mockingly. And then he raised his voice: "They will not know," said he, "for you will die alone, and in a far-off land, and with no witness but yourself — yourself who will perforce keep silent. You will die the Other Death, which is two deaths, the death of the soul and the death of the body; and the one you will see with your eyes, and the other will have no meaning." He turned from me, and, as I stood wondering at his strange words, two of his officers stepped out with drawn knives. I was bound and defenceless, and they slit my eyelids through the middle and pinned the four curtains back against

the flesh of my brow; and then one came to me with a hot iron and a cloth, so that there was little blood. He it also was that cut my bonds. I would have sprung forward then with clenched fists, but the ground under my feet fell away, and, they forcing me, I dropped downwards, clutching wildly at the air at the brink of this sudden pit into which I had been thrust. Too late! Pain and surprise had delayed my nimbleness, and though my hands were flung wide about me, they but met the dank, relentless stone by which I was encircled.

"'Past walls, now chill, now the more cruel for slime, I fell; with here and there a projection of hard rock to beat at with my feet, to strain at with my hands, and then this place narrowed. I could once more think. There had been flashing pictures before, of life, of death, of battle, of England my home. Now there was hope. This chimney narrowed, my descent grew slower. More than once my feet had rested for a moment on some outstanding lump of stone, my torn fingers closed over some rasping stay; and then the weight of my body had dragged me on and on, yet ever slackening, till at last I stopped short, breathless, my heartbeats shaking me, as with arms and legs thrust out I held my place. How long—how long could I fight thus? I looked up. Far above, in the disc of light overhead, were dim faces. God, how cruel they seemed! And for this punishment I had to thank the Company and its repute! Would none rescue me? My strength was little enough—I could stay here, how long—how long? Presently my thoughts grew less wild. I might descend; aye, use what force remained to me for this purpose. It was better than dropping—whither? Into death and darkness. I shook the cold terror of such an end from me. I would act. While this prison of mine was narrow and of rough stone, it was not difficult to move foot by foot lower and lower. And so I descended. But soon my progress became more difficult; the chimney widened and again I came to a standstill pressing outward with all my strength. Not for long, however, could I remain in such a position; for my body grew leaden, dragging me away at last, and I began to slip—to slip slowly as I still struggled. "Whither—whither," I cried. Hands and feet did their best, but they could do little. "Heaven help me," I prayed, as the walls went by. But now their nature changed; they were no longer of hard stone, but of some other substance, smooth and polished and flat, so that I slid now rather than dropped. Thus I went onward, my face cold and dewed with fear and terror, till at last my one hand lit on a ring, a thick ring and heavy, that hung from the wall and which I eagerly clasped, stopping stock-still and marveling at its presence.

"Again I rested and looked back. Above, where the trap through which I had fallen was still open giving a small circle of light, I fancied that I yet discerned the heads of those that were watching my distress; and below them were the moist walls of stone against which my limbs had beaten, and these merged into a semi-darkness that grew dim and more dim; yet there was still enough light to see that where I hung by my supporting ring was no stone, but, let into the wall and square with it, some polished surface of reddish metal.

"'I looked downwards now, and the distance seemed endless and pitchy black but for a point of light that shone white and clear below. "If I could reach that!" thought I; and, no sooner had the words passed me, than the trap above closed, and the point below vanished. I was in the dark, an inky darkness, clutching at my ring, and wondering how long—how long could I hold without dropping! And again the cold terror of my plight seized on me.

"'But I was not long to shiver through this awful solitude, for presently came light—light from below,

Drawn by Orson Lowell.

"'I REACHED THE ROOF AND THE GRAND LAMA WAS BEFORE ME, SURROUNDED BY HIS SWORD-BEARERS.'"

light from above—how thrown I could not tell. Reddish it burnt, yet very steadily; and then I saw where I was. This pit might be some natural chimney leading downward from the temple roof to the foot of the eminence upon which stood the Dalai Lama's palace. It might be natural, but so diabolic were the contrivances that had been added, that soon I understood how exquisite an instrument of torture now had me for its victim. I could see the slimy space above, the cold rock cut and fashioned so that those bosses and lumps projected which had gradually stayed me as I fell, its widths and narrowings. There was nothing that could support one for any length of time, but just a succession of uncertain protrusions that did their work of arresting the descent of whosoever fought for his life against them, so that by degrees he would come to where I now rested; to those polished walls that fourfolded my disfigured face, and from whence depended rings like the one that I now gripped with both my hands, seeing myself the whole while with my large eyes that I could not close, the wherewithal to close them being lacking.

"'Yes, the four walls of my cage were of copper, and so rarely burnished as to be like mirrors; and there was I, regarding myself whatever way I turned, and powerless to look elsewhere or to escape the sight of my own face. As I marked this, making my discoveries in the red light which the copper mirrors made more red—as I looked about me in this hellish light, I say, I knew at last the full purport of all these preparations. I was to die here miserably, and, perforce, was to see myself die; I was to watch

I could not but watch with my uncovered eyes—and wheresoever I looked would be that other self. And below me was Death—Death that I shrunk from, though, heaven knows, it had been wiser to have met it straightway; aye, and a milder ending than the one prepared for me.

"'I looked about me more carefully. There were rings like my own in plenty on the near walls, but anon they ceased, and the naked copper reached down endlessly. I might have lowered myself by several ells, but why waste my strength with this bottomless pit as sole outlet? I would be able to hold on where I now hung for long minutes—a few long minutes—till I grew faint and fainter; and all the while my own face would be looking into mine, would be watching me, would confront me—all the while. I could not escape from it. And at the last, my eyes and those eyes would call to one another; my eyes and those eyes would fail and grow dim together, would together grow void and lifeless. He—this other man—and I would do everything together—he and I, for he was I, and I he—and we were both of us dying the self-same death.

"'The longer I clung there, the more this other self possessed me, till at last I was no self of my own, but stayed, intent, wrapt up in him, marking his every movement, wondering what next he would do, and what were the words on his twitching lips—reading the terror, the pitiful terror and agony that filled him. His face grew into a book that was written with my heart's blood—it had no secrets from me—it was bare, bare as the soul that looked out from it! I knew each line, and every quiver and tightening of its flesh was some new page that he read loud to me; and when he fell, and struggled and fought madly with the smooth walls—when, open-mouthed and frantic, he cried to me as he gained another resting-place—and fell again, I saw it all with my wide-open eyes till my brain failed me.'"

Colin was speaking in quick gasps. "Enough—enough!" I had cried when he stopped short; and now he held his breath, his head bent forward on his shaking hands.

Thus we sat mutely for a while.

"He remembered," said Colin, at last, breaking in on our silence, and calm once more with thought of the morrow. "He remembered, and blew

his brains out—and those"—his movement embraced the portraits that began with the suicide's son—"all those others died by their own hand—my father's father, and his father, and again this one and the son. Now do you understand why my mother watches and waits, why her life has so far been one long martyrdom, is one of apprehension—and hope!"

"But Madge," I asked, keeping him to his point, "where does she come in?"

Colin moved closer. "You'll see presently," he explained. "I had often suspected something of the sort, brooding as I did. We all had, but when I was out in India I made sure. You remember, the battery was stationed at Umballa? Sometimes I got leave and went up there. I could not help it. The old ground drew me—Nepaul and British Sikkhim — the frontiers of Lamaism, that's all I saw of it. I learnt the language; I could even read some of the sacred books. But little resulted from my pains, till the day I came to Ghoom. I had been over the monastery, had explored the temple—the place, as you may imagine, interested me. However, these are details. It was on my way back to Darjeeling, and outside the village, that I came across a very old woman who is spoken of by the Europeans of the district as the Witch of Ghoom. I had often heard of her, for she seems to have been planted there for time immemorial, but this was our first meeting.

"It was one of my bad days. I was tired and depressed; the monastery, with its all too-familiar images, masks and tinsel, had reopened the old sore. They were still there, no penny the worse, while I——! The witch had come out to me with her usual cry of 'Salaam Sahib, backsheesh?' but when she caught my face, her whole manner changed. She spoke a dozen words, and I saw that she knew me, knew who it was that was riding by so sick and desperate. 'Child of the dead,' she called after me. 'Child of the dead,' she croaked. 'Spirit more sad than the eagle, more sad than the white mountains!' these Buddhists are fond of hyperbole.

"I dismounted and offered her money, which she refused. 'From the dead I ask nothing,' she said. And then she ran on, never turning from my face. 'It was long ago, and the Sahib died. He fell, and where he fell was water, though that he did not know; and then he was dead. His soul was dead, only his body was alive; for he had died the Other Death. His body they brought back here, his silent body they led back to his friends. It is the custom of the holy city, for they would guard their secrets. But the Sahib did not die. He had a son, and you are of his race. Do I not speak the truth?'

"So she began, and," continued Colin, "she knew the story word for word; how, instead of going to his death, my ancestor's fall had been broken, and how he had come back, not alive, but only animate. I told her how he had been tended. 'The love of a woman,' she said; 'it is that alone can give life again to such as you—the love of a woman!'

"I had often thought as much; I had often noted how the faces here changed. My great grandfather married without love and his son suffered as he did, they say—till near his wedding day. The son was wiser; and, my father, you know. Each wife that has come to our house with love in her breast has taken one-half of the burden from us; has helped build up the soul that we have lost with her soul—till now we are whole again. The witch was right: 'Let them marry where they desire,' were her words, 'and each time their pain will be less. And you that are nearly as other men, if you take a wife whose heart is your heart, no longer will you be sad, and your children will be as the children of other men.' And that," concluded Colin, "is why we are near the end, and why it is Madge, Madge alone, who has given us our freedom!"

The candles were burning low now.

One flamed in its socket and expired. Another guttered and mumbled. Colin folded the faded papers on his knee, and, candlestick in hand, went over to the empty grate. The ashes drove up the chimney or fell powdered between the bars. The story I had listened to would never be told again —never as I had heard it that winter's night, in all its naked horror.

"'HE BREWED THE TEA FOR OUR MEAL.'"

CIRCE

BY LEE WILSON DODD

ALL men have sung of Circe; most have seen
Her cruel, sensitive lips, her eyes half green,
Half gold, with feline pupils; most have heard
Her sibilant, sly tongue hissing a secret word.
I, too, have spied her where a marble shell
Spilled turquoise water shimmering as it fell
Into a placid pool with lilies strown;
And I have felt the unsyllabled soft moan
Of wooing doves steal on my senses where
She lay in treacherous beauty, naked and brown and lithe
As the lean, lovely serpents she let writhe
Under her breasts and through her splendid hair.
No hogs saw I low wallowing in the mire:—
Only the sluggish snakes about her zone,
And near that forest where the doves intone,
Voluptuous leopards yawning with desire.

THE SONG OF THE STORM!

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON

ILLUSTRATION BY D. C. HUTCHISON

A SONG of the Storm-spirit given,—
The Tempest's all-masterful cry:
"Ye rear your proud Babels to heaven
And swing your strange stars on the sky,—
Yet tell whether architects' fashion,
Or say if their myrmidons form
A Thing with the primeval passion
To challenge the wrath of the Storm?

"O forth, in your lustihood faring,
To shoulder a struggle with me!
And learn my impetuous daring,
New-born of the Mountain and Sea,—
For he shall be stronger than seven
Who ventures my power to out-vie!"
A song of the Storm-spirit given,—
The Tempest's all-masterful cry!

Drawn by Rufus F. Zogbaum.

"'SIR,' HE SAYS, 'I DONE IT!....I'M THE GUILTY ONE!'"

—*"The Foster-Fathers of C Troop."*

THE FOSTER-FATHERS OF C TROOP

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THERE was plenty of game in the country, but we had not met with much luck, Sergeant Taylor and I, so following the wide trail, the soft soil scarred and seared by hundreds of hoof-marks and the deep ruts of the wagon train where our column had marched a few days before, we rode leisurely back towards camp, smoking our pipes, and chatting on one theme and another until we came to where the river wound its sluggish course, and paused here to let our horses drink as they stood, knee deep, in the slow-swirling water of the ford.

"Mr. Kent," said the Sergeant, throwing one leg over the pommel of his saddle, and sitting sideways on his horse as he knocked the ashes from his pipe on the butt of his carbine, and put out his hand for the bag of tobacco I held towards him, "I suppose the Major was tellin' you about the fight we had once right here? No?" as I shook my head negatively, looking at him over my hollowed hands shielding the burning match—matches were scarce in that country—as I puffed away at my newly filled pipe, and then passed the light to my companion.

Taylor lighted his pipe and carefully blew out the flame before throwing the match aside.

"Well, sir," he resumed, "it wa'n't much of a fight as fights go, but the consequences was interestin'. Lord bless me, that was nigh on to twenty year ago, and I got this then, or rather in what followed," shoving back his soft hat, and putting his finger on an old welt of a scar where it ran in a little ridge back from his forehead in the thick thatch of iron-gray hair that covered his head; then looking up and down the banks of the stream with peering, half-closed eyes—"The regiment moved North that summer, and I ain't been in this territory since, but I believe I could find them graves now if there's any trace of 'em left."

"Graves?" said I. "What graves? Did you lose many men?"

"No, sir. None of our own outfit. It was a man and a woman we buried there."

The Sergeant settled himself back in his saddle, and with a gentle twitch of the bridle lifted his horse's head, and we splashed on through the ford, Taylor's eyes roaming over the opposite bank, evidently busy, aided by the keen sense of locality born of years of experience on the frontier, in recalling to his mind the details of the scene of the adventure he had alluded to, until, floundering and slipping in the soft clay, our horses climbed the steep bank, and we pulled up once more on top of the bluff overhanging the river.

"Yes, sir, I got it now," said Taylor, half to himself, and with a comprehensive sweep of his arm. "I r'member that flat there where the point makes out from, because that's where we camped that night, and we buried 'em there somewhere right under the bluff. I don't think we got the time just now, sir; but mebbe you'd like to ride out here to-morrow?"

"I DON'T THINK THEY HEARD US COMIN' TILL WE WAS RIGHT ON TOP OF 'EM."

I nodded my head in ready acquiescence. I scented a story, for the Sergeant was evidently in a reminiscent and talkative mood, and I knew his peculiarities too well to bother him with questions, so we rode along together in silence for a minute or two, my companion chuckling to himself at intervals, and twisting the ends of his heavy mustache, deep in the thoughts called up in our passage through the ford.

"Yes, sir," he said, finally, "it's funny, though, the Major never told you about it. He was a lieutenant then, and a fresh caught one, too, and for the matter of that I wa'n't no vet'ran neither. Lord! we was just two kids then, me and the Major. In them days the army—leastways the cav'lry—had its hands full. You seen a little what it was like that time you was with us up North. R'member that mornin' on the Sweetwater when the camp was fired into? Queer, wa'n't it, how them fellahs disappeared! Rec'lect how we hunted all over the country and never found hide or hair of 'em? Well, sir, the time I'm tellin' about was just before we changed stations with the Sixth and went North. There'd been consider'ble of a lull; the Injuns had been pretty quiet, and we was gettin' ready for our big move, when one night word comes to the post that there'd been a row over near the Agency, and that a band of young bucks had broken away, and at last accounts was makin' their way South. B troop from the Agency was in pursuit, and orders came to us to head 'em off, and turn 'em back. Well, it was boots and saddles on the jump, and in no time C troop was trottin' out from the post. We was divided into two parties, one, under the Captain, startin' east for the Upper Crossin', and the Major—Lieutenant he was then, you know—with twenty of us goin' south, following the Big Bend, with orders to keep clost to the river. If the Injuns had got across we was to pursue; if not, we was to lay for 'em there.

"It was just in the gray before sun-up when we parted company. You know the shivery kind of feel you have, sir, when you turn out onexpected from your warm bed before daylight. Well, we all had it, and the men's faces looked pale and kinder drawn up in the growin' light, and Billy Donaldson, my bunkie, rode alongside of me all huddled up in the saddle, tremblin' and shakin' with the cold.

"Billy was as good a fellow as ever lived, Mr. Kent, but he would drink, and drink hard. Now I never seen any harm come to a man from takin' a drink now and then, provided he stopped when he had enough, but poor Billy was one of them kind of fellows that never did know when to quit onct he'd started in. He'd go for months without never touchin' a drop, and then somethin' or other'd start him, and onct started he was like a horse with the staggers—no holdin' him in.

"We was ridin' along, column of two's, the Major leadin', and I could see, right up through the middle of the column, his broad, straight back swingin' easy to the trot of his horse. You know how the Major sits a horse, sir, but you should 've seen him in them days when he hadn't no waist to speak of, and them long legs of hisn would wrap 'round the worst bucker in the redgment till they squeezed the livin' breath out of him. I don't think the horse was ever raised could throw the Major in them days, and damned if I think one could, even now. Well, as I was sayin', we rode along for some time when I noticed Billy kind er leanin' down behind his file-leader, keepin' out of sight of the Major and fumblin' inside his blouse, when what do you think he produced but a glass bottle—one of them ordinary black beer bottles—and started tuggin' at the cork with his teeth. Now I knowed blame well there wa'n't no watter in that bottle; no, nor no beer, neither, and I didn't take time to think what I was doin' before I had shoved my hand right across his bridle arm—I was ridin' on his left—and yanked that bottle away from him before he could say Jack Robinson. Lord! but Billy was mad. He made a sort of dive at me, but I ducked, and just then we heard the Major's voice. Now, even if he was a kid lieutenant, there was somethin' about the Major's way of speakin' that made you feel he meant business, and that the monkey with the buzz-saw wouldn't be in it with him, onct you got him real riled up. We of C troop knowed him, and me and Billy quit right there. I didn't dare to throw the bottle away lest the Major'd hear the noise, and I was so scart to have him catch on to what Billy was up to that I just slipped the bottle into my pants' pocket to get it anywhere out of his sight. He looked back hard at us for a moment, but said nothin' more, and we rode on meek as two lambs, though I could see that Billy was boilin' inside to near the bustin' point.

"It was a pretty tough ride. We kept it up all day, trot and walk, walk and trot, haltin' for five minutes or so every hour to shift our saddles, and every time we'd dismount that darned bottle'd clink against somethin', and I'd keep that side of me turned towards my horse lest the Major'd see the bulge in my pocket. The blame thing was rubbin' my leg sore, but I daren't get rid of it. Billy sulked awhile, but he was too good a fellow for his grouch to last long, and bimeby out comes his hand, and we have a good grip. 'You're right, Dan,' he says, 'you're the best friend I've got in the troop. Keep it from me, and don't let me even get a sight of it,' he says. So that was all right and I felt better, though I knowed all along Billy'd come 'round in course of time.

"It was just about sun-down, and the horses was all pretty well tuckered out, to say nothin' of the men. We hadn't struck a sign all day—we hadn't expected to find any much before comin' near to where we was then—but now we moved very cautious, keepin' well down between the hills, and old Sergeant Hitchcock'd gone on ahead to reconnoiter, for we was

gettin' pretty close to the crossin'. All of a suddent the Major throwed up his hand, and we come to a halt, and then I see the Sergeant, mebbe two, three hundred yard ahead, keepin' close in under a bunch of pecans, circlin' his horse, and wavin' his hat, and pointin' over to the timber by the river. Signin' to the detachment to stay where we was, the Major spurred up and rode out to old Hitchcock, and we see 'em dismount, and go nosin' round in the grass like a couple of huntin' dogs, the Sergeant pointin' here and pointin' there on the ground until the Major, jumpin' on his horse, signalled to us, movin' his arm in long sweeps to right and left. We knowed what he meant; I never see a squad deploy quicker, and the horses, dead beat as they was, seemed to know, too, what was wanted of 'em, and away we went in a waggin' sort of line, thumpin' across the prairie for all we was worth.

"I never could quite recollect how we struck 'em, Mr. Kent. The Major was leadin', of course; he pulled off his ga'ntlet, and was holdin' it in his teeth, and he had his revolver in his bare hand; old Hitchcock was right up alongside him, and me and Billy come tumblin' in close behind. They was only a small party, five or six bucks, and was so taken up with their devil's work, yellin' and whoopin', that I don't think they heard us comin' till we was right on top of 'em, so we got 'em all."

The Sergeant paused, cleared his throat, and spat stiffly over his bended bridle arm. I unhooked my big felt-covered canteen which Taylor took, and parting his mustache with one hand, raised it to his lips with the other; then, after a long pull, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand:

"Talkin's dry work, Mr. Kent. Mebbe I'm tirin' you, sir," he said.

"Go on! Go on!" I protested. "I'm greatly interested. I'm curious to hear what those Indians were up to when you struck them." I knew the old boy was only coquetting with me, and that he had more "up his sleeve," and that it needed but a word or two of encouragement to start him off again.

"Well, all right, if you say so, sir." Taylor laid his hand impressively on my knee and looked earnestly into my eyes. "Mebbe it was because I was young then that it took hold of me so, but of all the tough sights I've seen in my time that was the toughest. We never knowed who they was, nor where they came from. Settlers gave this part of the country a wide berth in them days, keepin' clost to the railroad they was buildin' two hundred miles south of the post, and what these two poor things was doin' way up here I dunno. Anyway, they'd gone into camp by the crossin'; they had a waggin and a team of mules, and the woman was prob'ly cookin' supper when the Injuns jumped 'em, because there was a spider, with some fish and bacon in it, and a kittle boilin' on the fire. The redskins had set fire to the waggin, and it was roarin' away full blast. There was a pile of beddin' and blankets on one side, and bits of harness and clothin' and such laid all 'round where the Injuns had scattered 'em. We found the body of the man lying clost to the watter. He was stuck full of arrows as a pincushion of pins. The brutes had scalped him, and he was stretched out there, dead as dead, but with a sorter surprised look on his face. The woman had fallen down between the fire and the bundle of beddin'. She had her arms stretched out, and one hand had a-hold of the end of one of the blankets, so tight that when old Hitchcock tried to onbend her fingers, he had to use consider'ble strength. She wa'n't scalped. She had long bright red hair all spread out, and I never see such white skin. Whether she'd been hit at the same time with the man, or whether one of the devils laid her out as we come in on 'em, I dunno, but she had a great hole in her head, and when we turned her over she gave a kind of sob, and was dead. From all appearances they was just plain people, just the kind you see comin' prospectin' in a new country, but it seemed

kinder sad and sorrowful-like, that there wa'n't no marks, nowhere that we could find, to tell who they was nor where they come from.

"Well, sir, by that time it was dark, and as we had come near on to fifty mile that day, and what with marchin' and fightin' and excitement the whole outfit was just about wore out, the Major decided to camp just where we was. We straightened things up a little, looked after the horses, and had a bite, and then we made the two poor corpses as decent as we could. The moon'd been up long before sun-down so we had light enough to scrape out a couple of holes under the bluff a hundred yards or so back of where we was camped—somewhere near where I showed you just now, you mind, sir—and we buried 'em right there. As to the dead redskins, we just chucked 'em into the river any old way. So far's I'm concerned, I ain't got no use for Injuns, dead or alive.

"I dunno how long I'd been asleep; it didn't seem no time at all; but anyway, somehow 'r other I kind er come out of a deep sleep in a half wakin' sort er way, dreamin' I was a kid, and the cat was mewin' for her supper. I thought first mebbe there was a mountain lion prowlin' 'round camp —you've heard 'em, sir—and rolled over again; but a queer kind of noise —da, da, da, da, quick like, and endin' with a little whine—kep' growin' on me till I pulled the blanket from my head and listened, still kind er stupid like. 'Da, da, da, da, ai—ai—ai—ai—' there it went again, and I roused up and looked about me. The fire was burnin' low, and the moon was right up above, and it was near as light as day. All 'round the men's heads was stickin' up out of their blankets, and I see the man on guard by the horses movin' about oneasy, with his carbine poked out; the Major was sittin' bolt upright, restin' on his two hands, his hair all tousled on his forehead, and his eyes blinkin' in the firelight. 'Da, da, da, da, wah—ah—ah——' just as if it come out of the ground right amongst us, and—'What in thunder's that?' says the Major, jumpin' to his feet, and old Hitchcock, scramblin' on all fours, stiff-like, out of his blankets, 'If I ain't drunk nor dreamin', it's a *babby*, sir,' says he.

"'Wha-a-t!' sings out the Major, lookin' dazed, and with that there was another yell—no 'da, da, da,' this time, but a tearin', ear-splittin' screech that brung every mother's son of us up, all standin', out of the blankets. As to the Major, he jumped like a horse struck with the spur, and with two stretches of his long shanks he was up to the pile of beddin'—which all this time'd been layin' to one side, no one payin' no notice to it since we'd picked up the young woman—and begun pullin' away at the blankets and quilts and such, old Hitchcock helpin' until way down in a sort er holler, they came to a squirmin', red-faced baby, all done up in a white bundle, layin' there lookin' up at 'em, solemn as a goat.

"Queer, wa'n't it, Mr. Kent, how in all that shootin' and noise and tromplin' about that bundle of beddin' wa'n't touched? You'd think somebody couldn't help but tumble over it, or step on it, or kick it about; but no, that there darned baby slep' on, onconcerned, hid away and never givin' no sign till he was good and ready. I never knowed much about 'em—never been in the way of bein' a fam'ly man, so to speak—but I think there's somethin' soopernateral about babies; yes, sir.

"It was the only time I ever see the Major fazed; but there them two stood, him and old Hitchcock, lookin' at each other with their mouths open and their hands hangin' down kind er helpless like, too astonished to say a word. But the baby helped 'em out. 'Goo, goo!' says he, and 'Good Lord!' says the Major. Then he bends down and stickin' out his finger pokes it, gentle-like, at the bundle, as if to find out where the wrappin's ended and the child begun. The baby give a little squirm, and back come the Major's hand, quick as if he'd touched a red-hot iron; but the baby cracks

a wide-open grin, and as I'm a livin' sinner, I never knowed before then that babies was born without teeth! 'Goo, goo!' it says again, and 'Good Lord,' answers the Major, and this time he shoves his hand under the bundle and raisin' up and holdin' the baby out careful as if he was afraid of breakin' it, steppin' out soft as if he was walkin' on eggs, carries it over by the fire, and sets down.

"Then it was that baby got his work in on us. Mebbe it was because he was frightened at all of us standin' 'round and lookin' so astonished like; mebbe it didn't like the way the Major was holdin' on to it. Anyhow, it puckered up the red face of it, give a kick, and let out a yell that started even the horses to stompin' and pawin'. But that was only by way of beginnin'. Jammin' its face into the Major's blouse and scrapin' its flat little nose against the buttons, first there come a lot of little chokes and gasps and cackles until he got well wound up, and then it broke loose. Lord, sir, you never heard such a racket in your life. It'd give a string of yells, fast, one after another, and then it'd stiffen out and hold on without a sound, mouth wide open, gatherin' wind, and then out'd come a screech! And the poor Major! You'd ought er 've seen his face, sir. He'd rock and dandle that baby up and down and across and back, and git up, and walk around, and say 'Shoo! shoo!' the sweat pourin' down his face, and then he'd drop down by the fire and—well, you know the Major ain't a swearin' man, sir—but he certainly outdid the stable-sergeant after a muddy drill on that occasion.

"Meanwhile, old Hitchcock was prancin' 'round, first on one foot, then on the other, and workin' his fingers nervous-like, and finally he up and says, 'Beggin' the leftenant's pardon, but I'm a married man, myself, and I know what's wrong with it. That babby's hungry, sir,' he says.

"With that Dutchy Steinhardt, the cook, who'd been lookin' on not knowin' what to do, like the rest of us, breaks away, and scrabblin' among his blankets, comes trottin' back with a fryin' pan in one hand and a hunk of bacon and some hardtack in the other.

"'I fix him in two minids,' he says, in his German way, and claps the fryin' pan on the fire.

"'Y' blame idiot!' yells old Hitchcock, 'how's it goin' to chew it? It's only milk a babby can eat, and where we're goin' to git any——'

"'Milk?' sings out the Major. 'Lord! why didn't I think of that before! Here, Taylor,' catchin' my eye—'run and fetch my saddle bags! Sergeant, you hold the baby.' And he passes the wrigglin' bundle over to Hitchcock and divin' into the bags I brung up, he pulls out one of them dinky little tin cans of condensed milk, and whippin' out his pocket knife starts to cuttin' off the cover.

"Well, sir, no sooner'd the Major handed the baby over, when it quit yellin'! Hitchcock got hold of it in a kind er way it seemed to know—sort er gettin' one hand under its legs and the other 'round its back so its head was in the holler of the arm, I dunno, but you could see the old man'd held babies before—and it begun that queer kind of performance again of buttin' his face into the Sergeant's clothes, and snortin' and chokin', but it wa'n't quiet more'n a minute before it was kickin' up the devil's own row again. How the Major got the can open without cuttin' his fingers—he was that nervous and rattled his hand was shakin'—was a wonder; but he done it, and there he stood, puttin' his finger into the can and stickin' it into the baby's mouth. It appeared to work all right for a minute, and the baby spluttered and swallowed and grunted, but the stuff seemed to sort er stick, got up its nose and in its eyes and plastered all over it, and the little thing'd swallow and yell in a pitiful way that was worse'n ever.

"Old Hitchcock shakes his head.

"'I dunno what to do,' he says, 'the stuff's too thick and gummy; it ought er be mixed with watter, sir. Ef I

only had a bottle mebbe I could make it work.'

"When I heard them words they just jarred me. If there was one thing the Major wouldn't forgive—exceptin' lyin' and desertin'—it was for a man to take with him on a campaign the means of gettin' drunk. I knowed I was in for it, but I couldn't stand there listenin' to that baby cryin', so up I steps, and takin' Billy's bottle out of my pocket, I takes out the cork, pours the whiskey on the ground, and 'Here's a bottle,' I says, and drops back, and stands at 'tention, waiting for what was to come.

"Old Hitchcock grabbed the bottle and chucks it to Dutchy.

"'Here,' he says, 'wash it out and warm some watter, quick! Gimme that cork! Anybody got a toothpick in his clo'es? Will you take the babby, sir?' he says, handin' it back to the Major.

"And then the old boy gets down in the grass, and takin' the Major's knife starts to bore a hole through the cork and to fittin' in a quill toothpick some one'd produced. Up comes Dutchy with the fryin' pan full of warm watter and the bottle.

"'Mix in some of that milk,' says Hitchcock. 'So, that's enough. Now pour it in the bottle and shake it.'

"When the bottle was ready it was for all the world like one of them ketchup bottles you see on rest-rant tables, only it was full of milk 'stead of ketchup or pepper-sauce.

"'Set down now, sir, please,' says Hitchcock, gettin' on his knees, crookin' out his elbow and holdin' on to the bottle like a barber when he's goin' to shampoo you. 'Lay it on its back and hold its hands, sir. Never mind its hollerin'!' And watchin' his chance when the baby opened its mouth for one of them long yells, down comes the bottle, and out squirts the milk plumb down the little cuss's throat.

"Well, sir, that baby seemed kind er surprised. At first it'd choke and splutter, but it wa'n't but a moment or two before it quit cryin' altogether, and soon its little round cheeks and pretty red mouth was workin' away to beat the band. Hitchcock was getting used to his job, too, and he'd squirt away as gentle and just at the right time, as if he'd been doin' nothin' else all his life. Sometimes the baby'd kind er choke a little, the milk'd run out of the corners of its mouth, and it'd look as if it was goin' to spill over, but the Major'd wipe it away with his han'kercher as gentle as if he was handlin' dynamite or gun-cotton, and old Hitchcock said it was a way some babies had. We knowed he was the only experienced one in the outfit, so we took him at his word and had nothin' to say. Pretty soon the baby's eyes begun to blink; sometimes it'd shut 'em, and then some fellow'd move or a horse'd stomp, and it'd open one eye and kind er look at you in a comfortable way, but it wa'n't long before the Major could put it down in its nest in the beddin', and there it laid with its little fists curled up, breathin' soft and sound asleep.

"'Well, so far so good,' says the Major, shakin' himself like a horse when unsaddled after a hard ride. 'But now, what's to be done? I can't take it along with us, and I can't abandon it here to die. Besides, I haven't another can of milk. If there was only some way of gettin' the poor little devil back to the wimmin at the post,' he says, standin' there pullin' at his mustache and thinkin' hard.

"'Beggin' the leftenant's pardon,' says Hitchcock, 'that's where the babby belongs, sir. We could stitch a bag together out er them blankets and one of us——'

"'Yes,' says the Major, interruptin' him, 'I'm afraid that's the only thing to do. And yet like as not there's more of them red devils cavortin' about between here and the post, and I don't like to order——'

"With that—I dunno what got into me, but I couldn't help it—I steps out a pace, and was just goin' to speak up when the Major puts up his hand, and lookin' at me, black-like, shakes his head, and I knowed that damned

bottle of whiskey was workin' in his mind.

"'No, not you,' he says; 'half an hour ago there was no man in the troop I'd greater faith in, but now—as it is, you can consider yourself lucky that that bottle was put to better use than you intended.'

"I got hot all over. I knowed he was right, and I knowed he was wrong; I was so 'shamed, sir, I felt the sweat break out and my knees shake; but for the life of me I couldn't take my eyes off his'n. Then I felt somethin' brush against me, and a kind er thump on the ground as Billy Donaldson brought his heels together with a snap, and stood at 'tention at my side, tall and straight and slim, as fine a soldier as ever throwed leg 'cross a horse's back. Up goes his hand to his hat in salute, and out comes his voice, shakin' some, but clear and strong.

"'Sir,' he says, 'I done it. I brung that whiskey along. Dan took it from me by force to keep me from disgracin' myself. You know his record, sir, and you know mine. You know he's a good soldier, sir, and I know he's the best friend a man cud have. I'm the guilty one,' he says.

"The Major stood very quiet, his legs spread apart, and his hands behind his back, and looked with them bright eyes first at Billy and then at me. I see the nasty black look kind er clearin' away and the corners of his mouth twitchin' under his mustache, whether to keep from laughin' or somethin' else, I dunno; but at last he spoke up, talkin' very slow and plain.

"'So that's how the matter stands!' he says. 'Taylor, I'm sorry for what I said to you. You shall go. No, don't thank me; it's your right since you were the first to volunteer. And —er—Donaldson,' he says, drawlin' in that high-class way he has, and lookin' at Billy as if he could see straight through him, 'I'll give you a chanst, my man. You shall go with Taylor!'

"You cud er knocked Billy down with a straw, he was so flabbergasted; he kind er swallowed and tried to say somethin', but he couldn't get a word out, so he only saluted, faced right about, and walked off towards the horses. The Major just set down again, and pullin' out his note-book, tore out some leaves and fell to writin' by the fire-light.

"'Get things ready, Sergeant,' he says, 'and don't lose no time. Taylor, Barnaby looks a little played out' —that was my mount, sir, a good horse, but gettin' on in years—'you'd better take Dandy.'

"Old Hitchcock and one or two others fell to work cuttin' up a blanket, gettin' out needle and thread, and in no time the Sergeant was sewin' away makin' a kind of sack, sim'lar to them cradles the squaws carries the papooses in. Me and Billy sails in to prepare for our ride, everybody got busy about the baby, helpin' the best they knowed how, and by the time the bag was done and the baby, filled up chockablock with all the milk it cud carry, packed in tight and warm and snug with nothin' but its little head—somebody had even wrapped a handkercher 'round that—stickin' out, we was ready to start. Dandy was the Major's horse, a fine big three-quarter bred, a wonder for stayin', full of spirit, but gentle as a lamb with them he knowed. He knowed me well, for 'twas me that groomed and fed him, and always took care of him since we'd been in the troop together. So when I led him out and rubbed him down again, and saddled and bridled him, all he done was to look at me kind er patient and wonderin' like, as if to say, 'Well, I ain't had more'n three hours' rest, and it's kind er tough to take a feller out again after such a rough day, but if you can stand it, I guess I can.'

"Billy's horse was one of the toughest and strongest in the troop, not a circumstance to Dandy, y' know, but a good all 'round an'mal, and as we was to ride light—no pack, nothin' but a canteen each and our arms and am'nition—we hadn't much consarn but he'd pull through all right.

They'd fixed up the baby's bag with strips of blanket sewed on good and strong, somethin' like the straps on a doughboy's knapsack, and they tied it up snug on my back, so's it'd ride 's easy 's possible and not shake up the baby more'n could be helped.

"The Major came up to where we was standin' to-horse ready to mount and handin' each of us a paper, he says:

" 'Men, here's letters to the Commandin' Officer, one for each of you in case of accidents. You're in command, Taylor. March easy and keep the horses 's fresh 's you can in case you have to make a run for it. I hope you won't strike no more of them red devils, but keep your eyes peeled. Don't follow the Big Bend the way we come, but go straight across country by way of the Three Buttes; that'll save a good eighteen mile, and if you use good judgment you'd ought er fetch the Crossin' by sun-up. Once across the river you're safe enough. Good-bye and good luck to you.' And he give us each a good shake of the hand, and we mounted and rode out.

"Old Hitchcock came runnin' after me, and says, whisperin': 'Here's the babby's bottle and all the milk that's left.'

" 'Gee whiz,' I says; 'I got a hole wore in my leg now where I been carryin' it all day.'

" 'Put it in the other pocket, then. Ef the babby squawks do like you seen me doin'. Like enough it'll have a belly ache before you git in,' he says, grinnin', 'but I can't tell you what to do then, except to git it to the wimmin quick 's you can.' And with them comfortin' words he left us.

"I think I said already it was a very bright night, and we moved very cautious, keepin' in the shadows of the hollers as much as we could. We didn't get along though as fast as we'd er liked. Every time we'd try to move at a trot, the baby'd object, and start in to wind up like it done in camp. It spilled over, too, once or twice, and I had to dismount, onstrap it and fill it up again. So it was still a matter er four or five mile from the Crossin' when day begun to break, and the most exposed part of the march still to make, for if you r'member it, sir, the country ain't so broken, and the prairie stretches out pretty flat till you come to the coulée runnin' down to the river at the Crossin'.

"The sun was comin' up fast, and it was gittin' lighter 'n' lighter every minute, so there wa'n't nothin' to do but to keep a-goin', and trust to luck. We got along all right to about a mile from the Crossin', and was already growin' kind er careless-like, thinkin' only of gittin' in, for we was that dead beat we could hardly keep our eyes open. Billy was ridin' mebbe four or five yard ahead of me, his horse stumblin' along half asleep, when the baby started in hollerin' again. Billy begun cussin' under his breath—which wa'n't surprisin', for that young un's yells was terrible tryin' to a tired man's nerves—and looked back, scowlin' at us over his shoulder; I was just about cussin' back at him, when I see his face change, wakin' up all of a sudden, and he yells out:

" 'Fer God's sake, Dan, look behind you!'

"One glance back was enough, sir. There, not half a mile away, came a string of painted bucks makin' straight for us, their feathers and toggery wavin' and their ponies comin' along on the keen jump.

" 'Ride like hell for the Crossin',' I sings out as I urges poor Dandy forward, and Billy claps spurs to his horse. We didn't waste no more words; both of us knowed it'd be all day with us if we couldn't git across the river before the Injuns ketched up with us. Once over we had a good chanst of standin' 'em off, for the ford was too narrer to ride more'n single file across, and they was high bluffs up and down the river fer miles with no way of clim'in' out, even if you swum it, except just at the Crossin'. The Injuns knowed this, too, and the minute they see we found they was after us, they let out a lot of whoops

and begun urgin' on their ponies to the top of their speed. Our poor, played-out nags was doin' their best, but it was only a question of a very short time when Billy's horse, at any rate, would have to go under.

"We reached the edge of the coulée, and slid down the sides, I lookin' to see Billy turn over every second; but his horse was game, and though he went down on his knees at the bottom, he scrambled painfully up again, and kep' on. Now we could see the river shinin' through the brush. I looked back and see the Injuns slippin' into the coulée; some was already down and was gainin' on us terrible fast. Then Dandy's hoofs squashed in the soft mud where the trail entered the river, and I felt the cool watter slushin' against my legs as we splashed and plunged out towards the opposite bank. I knowed Billy was clost behind for I heard the hard breathin' of his horse; but just as Dandy stepped out of the watter, and I threw myself from the saddle, Billy's horse gave a big leap and come down, his back broken by a shot, all of a heap, with his nose just touchin' the shore, throwin' Billy clean over his head, and landin' him plumb at my feet on the bank.

"The two leadin' Injuns was already in the watter, the first one mebbe a third of the way over, and the rest of the devils come swarmin' down the trail, makin' for the river, howlin', yellin' and shootin'.

"There wa'n't no time to take cover, for I see Billy was a little stunned like, and I couldn't leave him lyin' there helpless. The blood was runnin' down my face from a cut in my hair where an arrow had grazed me, but it didn't 'mount to nothin' yet, so slippin' Dandy's bridle over my arm I steps out, and coverin' the leadin' devil with my carbine, pumps a bullet clean through him. I see him drop, and his pony plungin' in the watter, and the other Injun turned back, but not before I'd shipped another cartridge into my Springfield, and got him, too, and with that every cowardly son of a gun on the opposite bank takes to cover like so many rats. It was high time for us to think of doin' that same thing. Billy was already crawlin' behind some logs and timber by the trail, and I run Dandy in among the cottonwoods quick's I could git him there, for the devils opposite was drivin' lead and arrows over towards us like mad, and then I drops down beside Billy in the brush behind the logs.

"'Are you hurted, Billy?' says I.

"'I think they got me in the leg, Dan,' says he, still kind er dazed. 'How about the baby?'

"I swear, Mr. Kent, for the last few minutes the thought of the little cuss had gone clean out of my head, and when Billy spoke, the heart in me give a big jump, and knocked agin my ribs that hard it made me gasp, and I had the sack onstrapped and pulled 'round in front of me in a jiffy. Yes, sir, thank the Lord, it was all right and snug as a bug in a rug; it had got one hand out of the bag somehow or other, and had its little fist jammed down its throat, mumblin' away at it as contented and happy as you please. Now you tell me there ain't nothin' soopernat'ral about babies! If that little kid'd been hurt in any way, I'd sooner had a ball through my own head than meet the Major; yes, sir.

"Well, sir, there ain't much more to tell, and mebbe you're glad of it; when I get started this way I don't know when to stop. Well, I tied up Billy's leg—the ball had gone clean through the big muscle above the knee—and he tied up my head, and we laid there for a few minutes, sendin' a shot 'cross the stream every time we see the bushes move, to remind our friends it'd be onhealthy to try any monkey business about comin' over to see us. We was anxious lest the baby'd be gettin' hungry again, for the milk was all gone, and though I didn't like leavin' Billy, even if I knowed there wa'n't no great chanst of the Injuns troublin' him much before sun-down—and long before that time help'd come

from the post which wa'n't more'n four, five miles away—we made up our minds I'd have to go.

"'Orders is orders,' says Billy. 'You know him, Dan, what the leftenant said 'bout case of accidents; there ain't nothin' else for you to do, and besides, wot'd become of the baby? Leave your belt and carbine,' he says; 'I can take care of any gent what wants trouble, till you send help.'

"So I slung the baby on my back again, and we shook hands, and I started. The thing was to get out of the timber without bein' seen. The trees and brush was pretty thick, and Dandy was too dead beat to put out more'n one foot after the other and follow along quiet, so we succeeded in gettin' away behind a bend in the coulée onperceived. When we got out on the prairie I climbed into the saddle somehow or other, and let Dandy have his head. I dunno how we ever made that four or five mile, Mr. Kent. My cut was commencin' to burn like fire, and my head'd swim so's I could hardly keep from fallin' off my horse. I think I must have dropped asleep or somethin', for the first thing I knowed I was ridin' past the guard house at the post, and the sentry was runnin' up to me with his carbine advanced sayin' somethin', I didn't hear what, but all I says was:

"'Dispatches for the Commandin' Off'cer!' and I rides right on in a dream like 'cross the parade, and kind er lurches out er the saddle in front of the Old Man's quarters. I dunno how I got up them little steps onto the piazzy—I couldn't feel my feet when they struck the ground—but I had sense enough left to onsling the baby, to stick the Major's letter into the bag, and to give a knock at the door. The Old Man's hired girl opens the door and sets up a screech, and runs back into the hall yellin' murder and suddent death. I don't wonder she was scart, for they told me afterwards I was a sight to frighten anyone out of a year's growth. I hadn't no hat, nothin' but a bloody rag on my head, and the blood'd run down and dried on my face in dirty streaks; my clo'es was all tore and I was mud from head to foot, and I stood swayin' and staggerin' holdin' on to the doorjamb and mumblin' to myself like a man with the jim-jams. I guess the Old Man must 'a' been takin' his breakfast, for I see him in a kind er haze, comin' through the dinin' room door into the hall, and Madam clost behind him. I kind er pulled myself together when I see the shine of the Old Man's shoulder straps, and salutin' the best I could, and holdin' out the bag with the baby and the letter, I says:

"'Lieutenant Haliburton's compliments to the Commandin' Officer, and here's the baby, sir.'

"'Baby!' sings out the Old Man, 'whose baby?'

"'Lieutenant Haliburton's baby,' says I.

"'Gracious! is the man crazy?' screeches Madam.

"'Yes, ma'am,' says I, and then my knees wobbled under me and everything got black."

The Sergeant ceased talking and commenced whistling softly. We were nearing camp, and from the surrounding hills the horse-herds were moving in clouds of yellow dust down to the picket lines. Below us, the streets of the camp, the white tents shining in the slanting rays of the sun, were drawn in mathematical accuracy of line on the smooth floor of the valley.

"And what became of Donaldson, Sergeant?" I asked.

"Oh, he came out all right, sir. A party was sent to bring him in, and we had a comfortable time in hospital together for some time afterwards. Better be trottin' out now, Mr. Kent; must be clost on to stable call."

As we rounded a little mound, an officer, a tall, handsome man, mounted on a big Kentucky bred bay, came cantering toward us, followed by a dapper young soldier on a clean-limbed gray, and I recognized my friend and host, Major Haliburton. Taylor stiffened in the saddle, shoul-

ders squared, eyes straight to the front, and raised his hand in precise military salute. As the officer, returning the salute, and with a friendly wave of his hand towards me, galloped past us, the orderly clattering at his heels, Taylor turned slowly towards me, and with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, said:

"That's him, sir."

Then, in reply to my glance of inquiry:

"Yes, sir! that's him," a smile breaking over his rugged features and gleaming kindly from the clear gray eyes, "that orn'ry, red-headed, freckle-faced trumpeter of C troop—that's our baby, sir."

THE LURE

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

WHITE lamps along th' uneasy rim
Of some far ocean—God's sure stars.
Against the white Cross, black and slim
The swinging measure of our spars.
Red lamps along the foreign quays;
Strange voices hailing in the dark;
Hot winds across th' expectant trees.
So deeds weave dreamings to endure.
Adventure lights his pilot lamps,
And every landfall lifts a lure.

A TIME-YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPH AT WHICH HE LOOKED LONG AND MUSINGLY

WHEN "PICKLES" CAME BACK

BY SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY MALCOLM A. STRAUSS

TO have put the nineteen-cent ribbed blacks in with the thirty-six-cent lisle threads, that was bad enough. But in addition, to have mixed the worsted skeins and thrown the gingham bolt on the silkoline shelf, why, it was enough to provoke a saint.

Elodia Bolthope made no claim to saintship. She said so. But she did think that Nicholas ought to be more careful. What was he mooning about, anyway? Why, he had hardly treated customers decently the whole day. He hadn't asked Mrs. Bristler about her niece, who was in the hospital. He hadn't even expressed sympathy with Mrs. Scrimgeour over the loss of her pet spaniel—and Mrs. Scrimgeour bought all her toweling and print goods there! It was little things like that which kept the trade. He knew it. She had told him so a thousand times.

And so she had, fully a thousand. And here she was telling him again. Yet Nicholas Bolthope stood with his back to her—stood in heedless defiance and drummed his long fingers on the rail of the little show-window while he gazed unseeingly between festoons of figured cotton goods out into Main Street. Elodia's voice was shrill and aggressive. Its very accent was accusing.

clear eyes and complexion which he had at twenty, and with the gray hairs that should have arrived at sixty. Also he found himself still tied to the little store with the wooden shutters and his name on the sign which read:

N. & E. BOLTHOPE
DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

He found himself playing the organ and teaching a boys' Sunday-school class in the First Baptist Church. He found himself secretary of the Hayden Musical Society, president of a debating club, member of the Board of Trade. He found himself possessing shares in the Building and Loan Association and paying instalments on a twenty year endowment policy.

Not that Nick did not value these symbols of settled respectability and thrift. He knew their worth. He knew, too, that each was a check on his restlessness. For the heart of Nick was still young. Never had his eyes forsaken the broad path. He had wanted to join the rush to the Black Hills gold fields, to try his luck with a Florida orange grove, to hunt for diamonds in South Africa, to join an Arctic exploring expedition, to do a dozen things which other men had done and about which the world talked

On none of these ventures had he ever started. Always something had happened to keep him behind the counter in the little store. Generally the something had to do with the welfare of his sister Elodia. Yet each fall when they selected the holiday goods Nick said to himself: "It is the last time." Wherever on the world's wide plain activities were at their height, there dwelt the hope and interest of Nicholas Bolthope.

Yet never did he put his hopes into words. Even Elodia did not know of them, and year by year her respect for him dwindled. Once he had been her ideal of what a man should be. She had expected such great things of him; but she had ceased to look for them. He had become a person to be scolded and nagged into docile obedience. She had come to feel that he stood for no more than an initial on the sign. This attitude she had assumed gradually. It was the development of years. As for Nick, he never rebelled; and Elodia never guessed how many sacrifices he made for her sake.

On this May afternoon, however, as he stood there at the little shop window drumming his long fingers on the rail, his spirit was nearer revolt than it had ever been before. Looking up through the young-leaved elm branches which arched Main Street, he saw the soft blue of the spring sky, he breathed the scents of spring through the open door, and there awoke within him the old desire to tread the broad path.

Upstairs in the little rooms over the store he heard Elodia moving about. He knew exactly what she was doing. She had lighted the oil stove and had put on the tea kettle. Now she was in his room laying out clean linen for him to wear at the choir practice. Soon she would be cutting bread and putting the tea things on the table. When everything was ready she would call down to him. Then he would arrange the spring bell over the front door and go up for a hasty meal.

"Oh, what's the use! What's the use!" It was neither groan nor complaint. It was just the wording of a sigh, a sigh that came from deep down in the soul of Nicholas Bolthope. Having uttered it, he came out from behind the counter and began pacing up and down.

So absorbed was he in this contest with himself, this old fight which he had fought out so many, many times, that he failed to heed what was going on out of doors. Folks were running down Main Street toward the railroad station. They were shouting at each other across the street. Dogs were barking. Carriages were being driven rapidly by.

Now all of these things were unusual, especially just at supper time. Something must have happened; yet

THEY DRANK THE OLD TOAST, LOOKING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES.

Nick's thoughts stopped his ears. He heard nothing. He saw nothing. He was not even conscious that some one had entered the store until, in his pacing, he found himself face to face with an apparition. It was as if she had been materialized out of nothing at all, so abrupt and unexpected was her appearance before him.

But she was decidedly substantial; one of those big, fair, well-matured, richly colored women who remind one of a ripe September pear that, having known much sunshine and much dew, has reached its utmost perfection. Perhaps the most striking thing about her, aside from the large, wide-set, brilliantly bold eyes, was the skillfulness with which she was gowned. Long, unbroken curves were her outlines, yet one instinctively knew that she was really stouter than she looked. A bungling modiste would have left her ponderous. But no bungler had fashioned that gown. It had the cling, the sweep and those other subtle qualities so obvious to the feminine, so mysterious to the masculine mind. At once Nicholas knew that she was a personage; also he vaguely realized that she was looking curiously at him.

"I beg pardon," she said, and, somehow, her voice seemed to be in harmony with everything else about her, "but could you direct me to a hotel? They said I would find one up the street. There's been an accident, you know—rails spread—line blocked—and our express may not go through until late to-night."

"Accident — express delayed — hotel?" Nicholas echoed the words, rather than repeated them. His senses had been completely scattered.

Promptly the skillfully gowned personage laughed; a loud, hearty, ringing laugh; next she grabbed the astonished Nick by both elbows and shook him.

"Why, Nick Bolthope! It's you, is it? Gray as a rat and keeping a shop! And you don't remember me? Oh, Nick! To forget Pickles, Front Row Pickles, of old Niblo's!"

Slowly the look of amazement cleared from Nick's face. His eyes brightened; his lips took on a boyish smile.

"Pickles! I forget Pickles? No, no!"

He grasped her hands and swung them from side to side, joyously. With a quick movement, something very like a hop and a skip, he turned her about so that she faced the light.

"But you're not Pickles?" this banteringly.

"Yes, I am, Nick; the same old Pickles."

"If you're Pickles, then, the real Pickles," here Nick held her at arm's length and looked into her eyes with a whimsical expression of distrust, "you know how to dance the Dolly Varden. Do you?"

"You bet, Nick; try me." With a hand on Nick's shoulder and her head resting on his necktie, she began to hum the old polka tune.

"Now," said Nick, tapping the toe of his shoe on the floor, "one—two—and a one, two, three!"

Away they went, up to the front door, down to the back window. There was a great swishing of silk-lined skirts, a fine creaking of floor boards — for at least one of the dancers was no lightweight—and a merry jingling of cups and vases on the five-and-ten-cent counter. Up and down they went, back and forth, a dozen times until, with a panting rush of breath, she exclaimed:

"There! Am—I—not Pickles? Oh! Oh! Oh!" and again she laughed.

Nick, still holding her hands, his face flushed, threw back his head and laughed, too. And when they stopped for breath they looked at each other for a moment only to begin the laughing all over again. It was a most absurd performance, to be sure.

At last, very red of face and breathing deeply from the exertion, the personage who had proved herself to be none other than Pickles, announced: "We'll make an evening of it, Nick. We'll have a regular old-time racket. Shall we?"

"Done, Pickles! I'll get my hat."

With as much eager abandon as a schoolboy quitting the woodpile for a game of marbles, he took her arm and they sallied out on the sidewalk, leaving the store to look after itself, leaving also the unsuspecting Elodia preparing tea in the little back kitchen upstairs.

"We want some good horses, Nick," said the impulsive Pickles. "You know I like to move fast when I drive. Get the liveliest pair in town."

"I know; right up the street."

"Can you still drive with one hand, Nick? You remember—up through the Park and out Kingsbridge way?" She nudged him with her elbow.

"Don't I? But there are just as good roads about here, too."

"Bully! We'll show 'em speed. And, Nick, can we find some Bock beer anywhere?"

"Why, of course; we'll go to Billy Martin's, four miles down the New York road."

"Hooray! And some rye bread and Sweitzerkase; eh, Nick?"

"To be sure, Pickles."

And that was the way they did it. Talk! How they did talk! It was all of the old days, when Pickles led the Black Crook chorus at Niblo's, and Nick, in the full magnificence of flowered silk vest, peg-top trousers and varnished boots, sat in the front row and threw paper-frilled bouquets across the footlights to her. For Nick had sown a discreet crop of wild oats in those days, and, like most of the young fellows about town, he went to the city to do the planting.

At first it was Pickles whose memory seemed the keener, whose tongue was most active. Nick's attention was largely occupied with the half-forgotten task of handling the spirited horses. It was so good to feel the thrill of the taut lines between his fingers, to listen to the rythmical beat of hoofs on the hard macadam. The very presence beside him of the substantial personage who would insist on being no other than the Pickles of old was intoxicating to his thirsty senses. As one enjoys a pleasant dream he listened, turning every little while to more fully appreciate some burst of vivaciousness.

Reaching Billy Martin's they took a little table in the corner of the honeysuckle-screened veranda and called for the Bock and the Swiss cheese sandwiches.

"You've forgotten your cigars, Nick," suggested Pickles.

So Nick found himself with a brimming stone stein in one hand and a cigar between the fingers of the other. A cigar! Why, he had not smoked for fifteen years. And Bock beer! He had forgotten the taste; but it all came back. He found that he could even blow rings.

"Then there was that big spread we had down at Pfaffs', eh, Pickles?" Nick was recalling things now. "Wasn't that a rouser, though? You know they made us get up on the table and sing 'Nellie Gray'."

"Let's sing it again, Nick."

Nick moved his chair around beside her, leaned an elbow on the table and, with their heads close together, they did sing "Nellie Gray," to the surprise of some two dozen bicyclists who were drinking ginger ale at the other end of the veranda. The head waiter promptly started their way, bent on reproach, but Billy Martin himself stayed the reproof.

"Let 'em alone," he commanded. "I haven't heard that song for twenty years and it sounds good. Let 'em do anything they please."

They sang "Charlie Boy, Charlie Boy," "The Low-Backed Car," and a half a dozen other good old tunes, sang them with such feeling and wealth of melody that the chatter of the bicyclists was stilled. And well it might have been, for the voice of the self-confessed Pickles was one which men paid a price to hear. Although in "Aïda" and "Carmen" it had been most highly praised, never was it richer in expression or sweeter in tone than there on the veranda at Billy Martin's.

As for Billy Martin, he modestly sent out a bottle of his best champagne, "with the compliments of the house," whereat Nick and Pickles filled long-stemmed glasses and drank to Billy Martin. Then they drank to the memory of old Peter Mac, who used to guard the stage door at Niblo's.

"There were a lot of good fellows and nice girls in the old crowd," said Pickles, "but I've forgotten most of them. I don't know why I've never forgotten you, unless it was because you were my first beau. Yes, I did think a lot of you, Nick. Do you know, you almost persuaded me to leave the stage and be Mrs. Nicholas Bolthope. I suppose I should be helping you keep a shop now, if I had."

"But what did become of you, Pickles? Who are you, and where do you live?"

"I? Why—oh, pshaw, Nick! I'm just Pickles. At least, I'm going to be Pickles again, just for to-night, and you're going to be Nick. We've just come from Niblo's, you know, and pretty soon we're going to drive up to Harlem and back. A stirrup cup before we go. Come!

"Here's to one that I love
And here's to one who loves me,
And here's to all true lovers
Wherever they may be."

They touched glasses as they drank the old toast, looking into each other's eyes, which is the way, of course, the lovers' toast should always be drunk.

It may all have been quite scandalous, and from any standpoint but theirs it was sure absurd, but not to them. The charm of it lasted through the drive back to town — for Nick drove with one hand, just to show that he had not forgotten how. The other hand—well, Pickles held that pressed against her waist, and once in a while she patted it. As a reminiscence, that homeward drive was, you see, somewhat realistic. For a moment they were both securely back in their early twenties.

The choir members of the First Baptist Church, as they filed out of the building after an unfruitful period of waiting for their organist, had no such hallucinations. Warned by a sharp clatter of hoofs they looked up to see,

whirled under the all-revealing rays of an arc lamp, a pair of lather-flecked horses drawing an open carriage in which were two persons. One of the persons was a stout, strikingly dressed woman with bold, brilliant eyes. The other, who wore his hat tipped at a raking angle over his gray hair, who gripped a cigar between his teeth and who handled reins and whip over the prancing horses in that reckless manner sometimes affected by expert horsemen, they recognized as Nicholas Bolthope, the truant organist.

Sensation? Yes, double distilled. The Soprano gasped; the Tenor whistled; the Alto seized the Basso by the arm and pointed. In an instant the astonishing revelation had vanished in a cloud of dust.

Half an hour later Nick was handing the stout personage into a parlor car. The spread rails had been repaired, the engine was being coupled on.

"No, Nick," she was saying. "No, no! I've tried it—not once, but three times, and two of them are still alive, knocking about the world somewhere. You wouldn't want to be number four; that would spoil everything for us both. Let's just say good-bye—no, never mind my name. Just remember me as Pickles, and you—well, you may kiss me just once, in memory of her. Once, I said, Nick! There, good-bye!"

The negro car porter grinned expansively as he saw it, that service to the memory of Pickles. Good-bye it was, too, for that was the last Nick ever saw or heard of her, although next evening, as usual, she was seen and heard of thousands. The world is big for some of us.

And Nick? Well, headaches do not last forever, nor do heartaches. Reputation, though, and most particularly in a country town, is a perishable possession. For a few days Nick endured the half-condemning, half-approving glances of the village gossips. Then, cutting and slashing the ties that bound him, he put his feet in motion on the broad path which he had eyed so long and so earnestly.

The infrequent letters which came to Elodia from him bore the strange imprint of foreign post marks. From France, from Russia, from China and from Japan they came. Then they began arriving from Melbourne. They have been coming from there, at least once in three months, ever since. Elodia is glad to get them, too, for they usually contain, besides news of Nick and his family, drafts of foreign exchange which Elodia deposits to the credit of her account at the First National Bank.

"Some kind of mining business, Nick's in," says Elodia, "and he's doing real well at it. Yes, he married some one he met out there."

No, it was not Pickles. Pickles existed only for one year, when Nick was three and twenty, and for one evening, when Nick was forty. The faded photograph of her, with her bold eyes and with her hair in a net, Elodia found among the things Nick left when his feet sought the broad path. But the memory of Pickles—do you suppose Nick left that behind, too? Who can say?

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARK TWAIN

BY CLARA MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH A NEW PORTRAIT BY EDMUND FREDERICK

SO erratic a thing is memory, with a great cat-like spring it overleaps the years, and lo! I am here in Wallack's Theatre, in a mournful, basement dressing-room, whose doorway frames a sage-like presence, and a voice is saying: "Mr. er—er—Clemens—or—that is, Mr. Mark Twain."

"Ah, that is well," thought I. "Mr. —er—er—Clemens is doubtless a law-abiding payer of taxes—he may even be 'Vox Populi' and send up doleful cries through the newspapers for cleaner streets; but we know him not, our pulses are not disturbed by the deacon-like sound of the name; but when you say Twain—Mark Twain—that tabasco-dash of American literature, that unregenerate and sinful maker of fun, who has induced thousands of care-ridden men to let the other fellow do the worrying for a bit, while they laugh care away and incidentally many buttons—Mr. Mark Twain—why, that's different."

I advanced. I have not a doubt that I grinned unreservedly, as one who would be prepared and ready for laughter. I took his hand and—I think the smile must have faded a bit; such a slender, nervous hand, and the work—Great Heaven, the work it had done!—well-kept, ivory-tinted, heavily veined, tired looking it was, but its grasp—there was power for half a dozen new books in its strength and tenacity.

It is one of Mark Twain's jokes to make himself look like some learned recluse sage, or perhaps his gray leonine mane may suggest the German composer of music. When I mentioned this, he said calmly: "Well, my looks may possibly belie me, but no one can ever accuse me personally of—er—of intentional falsehood."

"Mr. Twain," I asked, sternly, "have you ever been accused of anything else?"

He crossed his legs comfortably and examined the toe of a very neat shoe. "Sir," I continued, in accusing tones, "I once heard a countryman speaking of you; it was in a train running westward. He had thrown down a comic paper disgustedly, and said he: 'If a man can't lie good, I'd ruther he'd tell the truth, gol-durn it! Say, now, I heerd that man Twain oncet, and he can stand and lie till he's black in the face, and all the time you'd be willing to swear he was jest chokin' on a chicken bone.'"

"The world is very cruel," he murmured; but I saw neither indignation nor contrition on his countenance.

"Sir," I went on, "I am not a woman of many accomplishments, but I am a woman of many advantages. For instance, I have been honored with the acquaintance of two Mark Twains."

"Ah-a-h!" He drawled the exclamation in quite the tone of a man who had been there before.

"Yes," I answered. "One of you is known of all men and will be ever remembered. The other is remembered now by me alone, since the

deep in his pockets and with mournful emphasis, remarked: "Well, not much it wasn't—end nothing! Why, that double of mine has chased half over Europe after me!" And then Mr. Twain proceeded to tell me of a series of such brazenly bold personations as no novelist would dare offer in a work of fiction. Much vain chasing and cabling, and wiring, had finally worn out the patience of the real Twain, and he dropped out and left his friends to do the worrying and chasing. But once he had actually stumbled upon his double—in Ireland, I think it was—and he'd gone in and heard a portion of his own lecture, impudently delivered by a bogus Mark Twain.

"I don't see," I cried, "how you ever endured it!"

"Oh," he answered, with a cheerful perversion of my meaning, "it wasn't such a bad lecture. It was a nice, clean steal, and fairly well delivered by the bogus scalawag."

"Mr. Twain," I interrupted, "that was a very injurious remark. I would not hear your enemy use it. You carelessly called that speaker a bogus scalawag, which certainly implies that the original Twain was the real scalawag."

"Ah, there you go!" he answered, sadly. "A man can never talk in a comfortable, down-at-the-heel, half-asleep manner with a woman! She's always watching for some little opening like that where she can plant a blow on his short ribs."

"You are unjust," I declared. "No woman, recalling that first of all surgical operation in Eden, would ever be ungrateful enough to attack a man's ribs. But you have attained a philosophic calm beyond my comprehension, when you can let a thieving wretch like that go without retaliation of any kind. There are not many so well-stocked mentally, with imagination so exuberant, with such a surfeit and plethora of material that they can cheerfully welcome the impenitent thief of their brain work."

"H-hum! been having troubles of your own, I reckon!" He looked several miles away into the corner over my head, and softly asked: "Ever have a story returned 'Very well written, but not quite suited to our publication, etc.,' and some time after seen it printed without authorization and without payment?"

"Have I?" I cried. "Have I seen my work printed only to learn that the old firm had gone out, and that the new firm was not responsible, because it had just come in. But there," I added, resignedly, "I'm only by way of beginning—I haven't got licked into shape yet."

"Why, see here," he said, kindly, "you're away past that. Don't you know when you're worth stealing, you've arrived?"

Of course, it was only a joke, yet because it was spoken by a mighty wielder of the pen, I knew myself to be turning a fine lobster red, and I think I swelled "wisibly."

Suddenly I broke out—"I don't believe you are at this moment burning with the desire to hear my opinion of your literary work, but I am burning with desire to tell you, Mr. Twain, that of all your books, the one before which I take off my bonnet and go down on both knees—the one I thank you for from the very bottom of my heart, is your 'Jeanne d'Arc.'"

His hands stopped playing with the coins in his pocket: "The place, the people," I rushed on, "they are so true, so real. The leaves carry the scent of the earth! And the kine—the flowers—and incense, why, there are whole clouds of it! And those poor peasants—stolid, patient as the brutes they tend, how their reverent faith in the lovely legend of the 'vision of the tree' makes one's throat ache! You see, Mr. Twain, you have been an inveterate fun-maker for so long, that nothing on earth and very little in Heaven has escaped the tricksy spirit that would find the ludicrous in great Gabriel's horn, if you could handle it a moment. If your satire bites deep, you apply the balm of hearty laughter. You take a dry bone of a subject as dead as Herod, and solemnly turn it

this way and that for a moment, and lo! it begins to spit, to sputter and to coruscate with wit, with fun and laughter. And so it has come about that like another famous being you have created a Frankenstein, an awful monster, that must always laugh; that resents a serious word or tender memory in you; that would chuckle with glee at your reading of a list of dutiable articles, and roar with Homeric laughter over the Sermon on the Mount. This monster showed itself quite plainly when you began to tell, to beautifully tell, the life story of the little maid beloved of the world! First it denied it was your work at all —for were you not a humorist? How should you know aught of the dignity, the tragedy, the pathos of those far-off days and lands? Then unwillingly convinced, this Frankenstein laughed at the quaint, old-time wisdom; tore up poetic fancies, seeking a jest at their roots—then finding no fun in the gentle peasant with the inspired eyes, the great thing fell away and disappeared; and other readers watched the onward movement of the high-hearted child from peasant home, across battle-fields, through camp and court, to prison and the stake—and the wonder of your work seems to me, sir, that where other people had made of her a purely religious figure, a very saint or an absolutely stolid peasant, or again a theatric sort of warrior-maid—all artificial and unconvincing, your Joan is human to the core! (He nodded his head.) Innocent—pure—brave — home-sick little maid, her 'voices' seem as real as herself." ("They were," he remarked, briefly.) "But, oh!" I cried, "the labor—what searching of archives—what dusty delving! It must have taken years to get all that material together! (He nodded, rapid, emphatic nods.) And, Mr. Twain, what is your very own personal opinion—your true feeling for Joan of Arc?"

He sat up very straight—he looked at me very straight: "Miss Morris—in that book you have my opinion; and, so far as I can express, it is my true feeling for the wonderful Maid of Domremy."

"Thank you," I said, and just because I was an actress and he was a humorist, I dared not kiss his hand in honest homage.

Then the door opened. I gave one glance at him who stood there and cried: "Oh, what is it?" I was to give a "talk" from the stage that night, and lo! he who was to have presented me to the audience had not arrived—but instead here was a bit of yellow paper which briefly stated "Missed train—awfully sorry."

I lost color; my eyes went wide with nervous fright.

Mr. Twain looked disturbed. "A-a-anything gone wrong?" he ventured.

"Wrong!" I cried. "The gentleman who was to introduce me is—is—oh, in a submarine boat for all I know—anyway he's not here! How can I go creeping on the stage by my lone self —I shall feel more forlorn than a whole asylum of orphans!" To tell the truth I was dangerously near to tears.

He cocked his head to one side, and with a quizzical look, he held out one hand deprecatingly, and with his drawl in full force, he asked: "Well—do—you—think—I—will—do—instead?"

Oh! the genial hypocrite! Would he do? Figuratively I could have thrown myself upon his immaculate white bosom for very gratitude.

"But you are good!" I said instead, and beamed on him with a thousand candle power! Just then I was called. He sprang nimbly to his feet—took my hand, and we went forth, and fell together up a single step outside.

To fall down-stairs suggests accident and sympathy—to fall up-stairs suggests idiocy and unfeeling laughter. Who so placeth a dressing-room one step below the floor level, is a criminal and should perish at the sword's edge. But it must be confessed that one gains a clearer knowledge of an author by falling up-stairs with him, than by the closest reading of his books. There is a spontaneity—a warm sincerity in his remarks, that

reveals the real character, stripped of all conventional fripperies.

When I rose from the palms of my hands, Mr. Twain offered his arm and I clung desperately to it—shaking in the inevitable, unconquerable nervous fright that is my bane.

Thus we made our entrance upon the stage, where someone had carefully placed a table where it would be most in the way, and on it a tremendous big pitcher, with a very little water in it—as if water were some rare and precious fluid. The applause was hearty and prolonged. I thought it was for him, and made no acknowledgement—he thought it was for me and waited unresponsive. We looked reproachfully at each other—then we both bowed. The audience understood and laughed happily—and I collapsed in a chair; while that blessed man, who had thrown himself into the breach without a moment's time for preparation, simply to spare me an uncomfortable and embarrassed moment, stood there looking scientific and solemn, but saying things that would have made an old-fashioned slate tombstone laugh; and I forgot my own nervous terrors in my delight in him, and was sorry when he ceased and left me to my fate. But before he retired to his box, he paused and all innocently refreshed himself with a glass of that scant and precious fluid—thus leaving me to face a talk of an hour and a half, with but half a glass of water for my comfort.

As the talk proceeded, the sad part being safely passed, some nonsense or some story tickled the fancy of my hearers, and as the laugh died down, I started on again, but was interrupted with a new outburst, louder than the first. Surprised, I followed the gaze of the audience and saw Mr. Twain in his box shaking with laughter, and I understood. Feeling that he had placed the seal of his approval upon their laughter, they straightway did it all over again; and all the rest of the evening the people took their cue from Mr. Twain's expression of face.

Then when all was over and I had gratefully acknowledged my recalls, I received a final compliment—the most gracious a man can pay to a woman in public life—an introduction to his wife and daughters.

As I looked into the bright dark eyes, and listened to the gentle low-voiced courtesies, broken with merry laughter, I cried to myself: "Ah, I have the heart of your mystery, now, Sir Galahad of Commercial Honor!" Many a time had I wondered where the splendid courage came from that made it possible for Mr. Twain to personally shoulder that awful firm debt, to deliberately court the discomfort of years of travel and constant lecturing—lecturing, and all, as old-fashioned people still say "to pay for a dead horse." How could he, indeed! Here in this dark-eyed brood I found the answer. The love and reverence of these tender souls might well sustain a man through such a struggle for honor's sake!

Few men are more envied than Mark Twain. He is envied for his popularity as man, as author, as public speaker—but he might better be envied for the tender watchfulness, the loving pride and admiration of these fair women.

So, with many kind words and much laughter over my warnings of the upward step, Mr. Mark Twain and his charming little flock, whose reliance upon him is his strength, withdrew and left me with another memory of a dressing-room reception.

DISCUSSING WHATEVER IS UP FOR CONVERSATION IN THE PLACES WHERE MEN DO MOST CONGREGATE

A LEAF IN THE CURRENT

SOME ROMANTIC PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY

BY JANE WADE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC W. GRUGER

VI.

March 8th.

MR. SHAW is emulating the illustrious example of "B'rer Rabbit" these days; he "jes' lays low, an' don' say nuffin'." He has all the manner of *"Yesterday, I was Minister to France!"* and accepts with proper humility the fact that he has become a person of so little consequence that the reporters, who once besieged our doors, hurry by now with scarcely a curious glance at those who may pass in or out. I notice also that the smaller fry of financiers, once so obsequious in their manner, greet him with a sort of patronizing familiarity. I sometimes wonder if it is safe to patronize even a dead tiger. Peradventure, he only sleepeth.

I do not pretend to understand his attitude. It is impossible for me to believe that he is of the stuff to submit tamely to financial oblivion; and yet all the signs seem to point in that direction.

Nevertheless, Napoleon at Elba, and Washington at Valley Forge are parallels which forcibly obtrude upon one's speculations.

He sits, they say, night after night at his special table at the Waldorf, sipping Scotch high-balls, and blandly discussing whatever is up for conversation in the places where men do most congregate; yet it is, I imagine, with the same impersonal assumption that he displays in his colloquies with business men at his offices—the appreciative, indifferent interest of one who is no longer in the game.

There are occasions when I go so far as to suspect him of practising his rôle upon me. For instance, yesterday, after luncheon, when he was, as I happened to know, vastly satisfied with the aspect of the world in gen-

eral, he leaned back in his chair, and pensively stroked his cheek.

"Do you know, Miss Wade," he said at last, "I am dead tired of all this fret, and struggle, and worry? It is purposeless, and unavailing. At least, it has been so to me. Indeed, I am earnestly considering the advisability of cutting it all. What I would like to do, is to take a real holiday, putting the *Egeria* into commission for a long, dreamy cruise through the Mediterranean and to the Orient."

Perhaps so; but it was an idea that I instinctively felt he would never entertain seriously for a moment. Drowsy cruises to the Orient were the last things to commend themselves to this ice-covered volcano in the fulness of his powers. No long holidays are among the projects being revolved in that fertile brain.

Else, why is he so keen in the diplomatic advances he is making to Haberkorn and the Bradys? In the past, the transactions of these firms were matters of entire indifference to him; now, he keeps a constant scrutiny on every interest which touches them ever so slightly.

Surely it is not for lack of congenial associations that he has joined the Tammany Club of his district, nor do I think he has personal political ambitions. Indeed, I was at a loss to discover any motive, until I chanced to read in the paper this morning that young Elmer Brady is being mentioned as a candidate for assemblyman from that bailiwick.

To the Brady influence I also attribute Shaw's recent purchases in Weehawken Rapid Transit; and perhaps the paragraph in last Sunday's society news to the effect that Mrs. Louis Haberkorn and Miss Haberkorn occupied Mr. Cornelius Shaw's box at *Aïda* on Friday night is not entirely free from the same hint of commercialism.

I am thinking, as the Irish say, that it will require a cool head and a steady hand to drive those two ancient rivals, Haberkorn and Brady, in double harness, with Shaw cracking the whip; but, unless I mistake my guess, that is the spectacle Wall Street is destined to behold. A Roman standing race on a bull and a bear is not impossible, provided the beasts are made amenable by the promise of food; and it must be admitted that financial support, social advancement, and political preferment is very tempting provender.

Yes, for all his air of abstraction, Mr. Shaw is to me at least singularly unconvincing in his present attitude of indifference to the "world and its works." It may be merely my own fancy; but I cannot help feeling that he is watching the various steps in the launching of the American Cotton-Milling Co. with a lively and absorbing interest.

One might imagine from all this that I am an extremely curious and prying person, indulging in unwarrantable speculations about the private affairs of my employer. Perhaps that is so; but it is not because I am naturally over-inquisitive, but because my life has so few interests that my brain is forced to work on the mental problems directly beneath my eyes.

There is, too, I must confess, a singular fascination for me in the study of this man's character, as I see it unfolded in his manipulations—manipulations which are as meaningless as a cryptogram until one possesses the key; and then they stand out in regular, orderly sequence, manifestations of a well-defined and pre-determined plan.

He is so absolutely assured, his operations seem like those of a great piece of modern machinery, every little cog slipping into its place at just the right instant, the different arms, and levers, and pistons shooting out in a hundred directions, but all working with exact precision, and in unvarying obedience to a fixed master purpose.

I sometimes speak frivolously of Cornelius Shaw, as one may of Niagara Falls, or the Rocky Mountains; but, when I consider him as he is, I am compelled to admiration and wonder.

I test him by the standard of other

men—Brander, for instance; but, no, I will not compare them. It is unjust to Brander. He is too fine. It is a comparison between the delicate interlacing of cloissoné and the massive framework of a steel structure.

Yet, the weak heel of this Achilles is his arrogance. He is likely to forget in a moment of surprise or anger the uncharacteristic self-effacement he has chosen as his present *metier.*

The other afternoon he was discussing in a general way with John Sharp some of the plans under consideration for the new corporation, listening absent-mindedly to the propositions the other was putting forward.

"We have thought it wise," remarked Mr. Sharp, a trifle consequentially, "to recognize the labor organizations in all the plants. Of course, at present only the Centaur Mills and the Bradys' are unionized; but——"

Shaw's indifferent pose dropped from him like a cloak. He sat up straight and stiff in his chair. His eyes flashed, and a dull red flush centered in the puckered frown between his brows.

"What's that?" he broke in, hotly. "Unionize my mills? You'll do nothing of the kind. I never have submitted to the dictation of my employees, and I don't intend to begin now." His tone rang sharp, dominant; his manner was one of uncompromising dissent.

Mr. Sharp gave him a quick, suspicious glance out of his shrewd, old eyes. "You forget, Shaw," he said, coldly, "that they are no longer 'your mills,' except in a restricted sense. You will certainly not attempt to thwart the Executive Committee on such an important measure of policy as this? Remember, we are an unpopular sort of a corporation to start with; a little sop to public prejudices will do us no harm."

The tenor of his words was amiable enough, nor was his tone particularly menacing; but I think Mr. Shaw understood that interference from him in any of Sharp's arrangements was not to be brooked. The elder man sat gazing at the younger, and after he had finished speaking nodded his head once or twice as if to emphasize his remarks. John Sharp realizes, if none of his associates do, the power and ambition of this Jinn they have bottled up. I do not believe he has ever forgiven himself for failing to crush his wily opponent when he had the chance.

Shaw bit his lip vexedly a second, then caught himself together. "I agree," he admitted, shifting easily from the dictatorial into the argumentative strain, "that it is a matter entirely within the province of the Executive Committee. Still, Sharp, I must persist in considering it a deplorable mistake. I have been through this labor business forward and back, you know; and I tell you," slapping his hand down upon the desk, "it is suicidal folly ever to yield a single inch.

"Look at our experience on the D. N. & Q., for instance. We have yielded, there, and compromised, and compromised and yielded, until now we hardly dare call our souls our own. Engine-drivers, firemen, brakemen and telegraphers, they are all banded together; and, what they want they get. The owners of the property are the last people to be considered.

"No, sir; I have kept the unions out of my mills, and I tell you it is the only way to get along. Once give them a foothold, and they'll own you body and soul."

"On the other hand," interposed Sharp, "if you don't recognize them, it's a strike or a threat to strike from one year's end to the other. Look, how the Centaur people held out against them. What did they gain?"

"The Centaur!" sneered the other. "Don't bring that up, Sharp, for heaven's sake! Why, if Martin hadn't been so infernally weak-kneed, that strike would have been over in five days' time. It was he that kept them out, running after them all the time with concessions, and offers to arbitrate, and Lord knows what not. Why didn't he come right out at first,

I WORE MY LONG BLACK CRÉPE GOWN, AND THE GIRLS LOOKED ME OVER WITH APPROVAL.

and say: 'We've got nothing to concede and nothing to arbitrate. You can stay out as long as you damn please; but, when you do work for us, it'll be on our terms, and not on yours!' No: he simply let Ralph Grier wrap him around his little finger."

"Well, it's Martin that's insisting on recognition, now," confessed Sharp. "He says that Grier has been working like a beaver lately, and has pushed his organization into every mill in the combination. In fact, he asserts that, unless we give them recognition, we shall have a general strike on our hands, just as soon as we announce our company. That would be a nice boom for our stock, wouldn't it?" sarcastically.

"I don't believe it," muttered Shaw, doggedly. "Martin can always be relied on to conjure up a scare of some sort."

"But, suppose it is true?" urged Sharp. "Grier is just cute enough to realize his advantage, and to play it for all he is worth. What can we do, if the union *should* start after us at that time?"

"Fight 'em as long as we can; then circumvent them," rejoined Shaw, with emphasis. "I'll back my wits against those of any labor leader that ever was born, when it comes to a question of whipping the devil around a stump. I'll tell you, Sharp; you fellows leave the labor question to me, and I'll guarantee that I'll keep your mills open, and won't have to ask permission of any union to do it, either."

"Well," replied Sharp, hesitatingly, "as I said, it's a matter for the Committee to settle, and hasn't been definitely decided yet. Since you feel so strongly about it, you'd better talk to some of the rest of the boys. As far as I am concerned, I don't care a rap how it is arranged, so long as there is a reasonable prospect of the mills staying open."

That ended the discussion for the time being; but I saw Shaw's eyelids begin to droop, and his voice take on

the purring note, which to me were unfailing indications of trouble ahead for some one.

"Fight 'em as long as I can; then, circumvent them!" I wonder if that is not the way Cornelius Shaw plans all of his campaigns.

VII.

March 23rd.

I haven't written anything for weeks. It is almost April now, the Spring is coming up this way, and I find myself stirred with home-sick longings for the country. Oh, Spring comes to town, of course; but in a tantalizing, elusive mood. She insists that we recognize her presence, and yet seeks to evade us. We follow, follow hard upon her heels expecting to catch her just around the corner, and she meets us with a puff of cold wind in the face, and mocks us with a vista of bleak streets.

I saw yesterday that she was greening the graves in old Trinity, and to-day, while on the Avenue, I noticed that the trees in the Park are no longer a purple cloud on the horizon, but a soft, green mist. Oh, yes, Spring is here; but encompassed, environed, dominated by the town.

But my heart sighs for Spring in the real country—the broad, careless, unconscious country. I do not want to cherish my little patch of blue sky, and find my sole type of the resurrection in the unfolding leaves of the tree without my window. My eyes ache to lose themselves in wastes of unfathomed blue, and to sink into deeps and deeps — exhaustless deeps — of green. Let those who will find pleasure in watching a spray of peach buds struggling to unfold in a patch of garden. I want to gloat over the rosy bloom of wide orchards.

I shall never be content with small means. Nothing less than the opulence which shall enable me to make my dreams come true will satisfy me. Is the desire for wealth really as fundamentally vulgar and ignoble as we are taught? Is there nothing more in it than is expressed in the cant phrase, "the lust of gold?" May it not be some law of the soul seeking expression—the desire to dream true?

Daily, I am convinced that there is nothing in the world so soul-stunting, so spirit-abasing as poverty. What an affectation is all this talk of its spiritual compensations? All the preachments about the satiety of wealth may be true, of course, if one has the nature of a swine, or the imagination of a peasant; but, given a normal, healthy nature, plenty of imagination, and cultivation — and wealth is necessary, eternally good.

When passing the flower stores in the morning, I photograph their contents on my brain that I may carry the picture with me through the day. But what a paltry substitute for the real thing! What joy to buy those heavy-headed roses, to scatter them broadcast, or to fill my own house with them, and be made glad by their beauty and fragrance! What rapture to possess beautiful pictures, and throw open my galleries to the world; to feel the vibrations of music draw my soul to that far ocean of "melody born of melody which melts the world into a sea!"

I never see one of those degraded street beggars that I do not long to press a bill into his hand, and say: "In pity's name, go and spend it—spend it as if you had a million more, and let me see that miserable, hang-dog look, that expression as if you apologized for living, vanish, if only temporarily, from your face."

I hate to confess it, even to myself; but Brander constantly refers to his poverty, as if he expected always to be poor. I cannot understand that, especially since I have come to New York. A knowledge of the business world of to-day is enough to stimulate the most phlegmatic; and it thrills, vivifies me. What power-loving emperors, what freebooting conquerors of the past ever dreamed such dreams of globe-circling dominion as our great business organizers realize to-day? What magnificence

of conception, what keen interplay of interests can compare with that displayed in the commercial world?

How marvelous, too, has been its subservience of science. Students experiment in their laboratories for years —presently the searchlight of business spies them out; and, behold, an invention which revolutionizes the established order of things! There are no longer kingdoms to be wrested from rulers, nor cities to be used as pawns in that game of chess which went on from age to age, and served to transform the warrior to the diplomat; but men still dream of temporal power, and business offers the best channel for their ambitions. In some future age, when we look back and see this one in the hazy perspective of romance, the great epic of business will be written; its Columbus, its Richlieu, its Hawke and Drake will be sung. To-day's commonplace is a drama for to-morrow.

Too much do I moralize; but it is a recreation to moralize sometimes, when you want to get away from yourself — outside yourself, so to speak.

The routine of life for me has been broken lately by the arrival of friends from the West—Julia Fairfax and Susanne St. Quentin, and their mothers. For months life outside my office work has run along in such a monotonous stream with so little agitation of the current, that I did not realize the banks were changing, and the scenes were all new.

It has rather bewildered me. Once, Susanne's and Julia's interests were mine—a girl's *real* interests in young men, clothes and amusements, her *pretended* enthusiasms for music, art, charities, the last new novel; but I find that I am now far away from them, as remote as if the spaces of the sky divided us. The old life has become dim and foreign, and only one figure stands out clear and distinct—Brander.

I strive to feel the old thrill of interest, when Susanne and Julia describe in detail the new gowns the girls are getting for Mrs. Burton's annual ball, or when they breathlessly relate the exciting fact that "Jinny" Mason has really married "Bob" Reynolds, after years of indecision and flirtation; but my thoughts wander. It is really gone, so much of the old feeling; and I did not want it to go. I wanted always to feel the same to the old place and the old people. I hate myself that I cannot; and yet I cannot.

Sometimes I feel as though I were just a leaf in the current, swept on resistlessly—where? Oh, not out to sea; not out to the wide, open sea! No; some kind eddy in the stream will cast me up on the quiet, sheltered shore, and there I shall wait until Brander comes for me.

I have been very gay; oh, very gay for me. Julia and Susanne refuse to go anywhere without me; and in the evening the private secretary sheds the sombre chrysalis of her work-a-day attire, and becomes a butterfly, fluttering in that world of bright illusion, the theatres, the hotels, the big, brilliant restaurants. It is the life of the surface again, and I enjoy it. All women are butterflies at heart.

Last night we dined at Sherry's; then went on to the play. I wore my long black crépe gown, and the girls looked me over with approval. The town was never made to be lived in during the day. In the day hours, one wants the sun and breeze, the trees, hills and meadows; but at night, the city enchants. She juggles her magic lights, and woos one with a thousand pleasures. I was excited and—no, not happy. Must there always be a fly in the ointment? Why doesn't Brander write to me? Why doesn't he write?

Something odd strikes me in the girls' manner, whenever they speak of Brander, and it keeps recurring to my memory. If I mention his name, I can instantly feel on their part a hasty, embarrassed mental withdrawal from the subject.

During the course of the dinner, Susanne was telling me of a Miss

Mowbray who has recently come to live in Springfield. She is, it seems, very rich, very plain, but agreeable and amusing. Susanne rattled off into a description of some occurrence which involved this Miss Mowbray and Brander, when she was skilfully, but unmistakably interrupted by Julia, who, leaning over me, touched her lightly and significantly on the arm, exclaiming: "Susanne, do you realize that Jane is the most distinguished looking woman in the room? You never appeared so well in your life, my dear; you tall, haughty thing, with your black crépe gown, and your black velvet hair!"

I felt a sudden hot impulse of anger, and could cheerfully have pinched her. Why should they presume to spare my feelings? Do they fancy that trifling, surmountable circumstances have parted Brander and myself? That a beggarly matter of money could do what the disruption of worlds would fail to accomplish?

In an effort to control myself, I glanced about me; and to my surprise, saw Mr. Shaw at a distant table with Mrs. and Miss Haberkorn, exquisitely gowned, ugly women.

"Another stroke in his game of 'circumvention,'" I reflected as I noted the empressée bearing of this man of assured position toward the two climbers, who, for all their wealth and display, had hitherto found the social ramparts impregnable.

What a picture was our whole environment, glittering with light, brilliant with color, heavy with perfume, as animated, and vivacious, and artificial as the scene of a Marie Antoinette fan!

I wish I would hear from Brander. He has been very busy, I know; but I miss his letters terribly, miserably, more than I can say. I wait and watch for the postman, and, when he brings no letter, there comes a dull, sagging feeling of unhappiness at my heart, that lasts and lasts for hours—days now.

VIII.

March 28th.

Our religious pendulum, Mrs. Ames, seeing that I have been frivolously worldly, has been recently offering me antidotes in the way of ecclesiastical teas. Yesterday afternoon, with reverential impressiveness, she invited me to accompany her to a very especially unorthodox reception.

Knowing that it would be the sort of thing that one cannot see outside of New York or Boston, I begged an invitation for Susanne, who is interested in things uncanny. Permission to bring her was graciously accorded, and as the affair was at a very smart house we girls looked forward to the afternoon with some excitement.

Mrs. Ames led us with the assured air of one versed in mysteries beyond our undeveloped ken. One must be something of a mental acrobat to achieve the proper accordance with Mrs. Ames's spiritual moods. Sometimes she seeks repose in the orthodox creeds, and we meet a "dear Bishop"; again, she feels that the needs of her higher nature demand something more esoteric, and the object of homage will probably be a Buddhist priest.

A solemn butler admitted us into a hall as dark as Erebus, which smelled like a foreign cathedral, so heavy was the odor of incense. We stumbled blindly into a drawing-room, faintly lit by a few shaded lamps, whose dim light was almost obscured by the clouds of smoke wavering from the smouldering censers. As through a glass, darkly, we saw many women—*grand dames* and freaks catholically mingled—and a few men.

Our hostess was tall and pale, ascetically elegant, infinitely composed, the diplomatic chaperone of the last new things in religions, determined that her débutantes should be well placed. Shrewd, far-seeing eyes, a spiritual, ecstatic mouth. For a moment, the long, pointed white fingers of the psychic toyed with a diamond cross on the bosom of a faultless, black velvet gown, and disclosed the cushioned, fleshy palm of the lover of luxury.

"I AM GOING TO MARRY MISS MOWBRAY." THEY WERE PLAYING IT STILL, THE SAME WALTZ TUNE:

"My dear Mrs. Ames," composedly, remotely. "Miss Wade. Miss St. Quentin. I want you to meet my dear Swami——." She pronounced a name with a "banana" in it; and we were bowing to a tall Hindu in a white turban, and a dull red robe.

Mrs. Ames, with the fluent vociferousness of the American woman, immediately began talking to him in a rapid jargon that sounded as if she had filched it from "Kim." But this dignified, impassive Hindu made no grimacing pretense of interest. He merely listened with unmatched and impersonal courtesy.

"Professor Singerauf," said our hostess, gently. Singerauf was sallow and lean with protruding, bottle-green eyes, and long, dry, dead hair. He gave me a bony hand-clasp, and our knuckles clashed together.

"I have been waiting for you a long time; but I felt sure that you would come to-day," he said, in a voice of peculiarly sweet timbre.

I glanced appealingly at Mrs. Ames; but she was beaming at me, and ruffling her feathers with the air of a hen pleased to discover that one of her chicks has turned out to be a gosling.

"You see," continued Singerauf to the women, who had crowded about us, "I knew her long, long ago in Babylon. I was a priest in the temple, and she was a princess of the blood. Ah, how plainly I see her colors——"

"Her colors?" exclaimed Susanne, with involuntary loudness. "Why, she is in mourning."

The Professor smiled in faint, abstracted, lofty amusement. "The hues of your *aura*," he explained to me,

"are absolutely distinct to the clearer vision. And so, you have not learned your lesson, yet!" he added, sharply. His compelling green eyes looked deep into mine, his strange voice thrilled to some unsounded depths in my nature, and for a moment I seemed to stand on the edge of an abyss of pain. "Suffering must still continue its purifying work," he went on. "And now—now is the hour!" He lifted one menacing forefinger, and his words fell on my heart like hail.

I stood dumb, confused an instant: then I laughed in defiant, embarrassed bravado.

"You will have an opportunity of hearing something more about colors," broke in the cool, calm voice of our hostess. "The Swami is going to speak."

The women subsided into seats with the usual flutter and rustle, and with burning cheeks, and anything but the mien of a Princess of Babylon, I hid myself in an obscure corner. The brief lecture which followed was one of a series, and treated of Occultism beyond my comprehension; but had the Swami spoken with the tongues of men and of angels, I should probably have failed to grasp his message, for in my ear was constantly sounding Professor Singerauf's oracular "the Ides of March are come."

Presently, obeying some quick impulse, I lifted my eyes from my black-gloved hands to find fixed upon me the gaze of a man, whom I had noticed casually when we entered the room. I felt the sudden shock we experience when some new planet swims into our ken. Life seems momentarily arrested, and we feel the earth pause, and the firmament breathe. We men and women are as alike as peas in a pod; but once in a while, once in a great while, we meet some one who is eternally different. I felt as if at last I had seen an individual.

My recollection of him is somewhat vague, as my mind seemed to receive an impression of his characteristics, his atmosphere, rather than his appearance. Perhaps, out in the broad sunshine he would be a very commonplace sort of a person; but, seen through those clouds of drifting incense, enveloped in its wavering illusion, he was imperturbable, majestic—like a rock in this ocean of seeking, avid femininity.

IX.

April 1, 1903.

When I came home from the office last night, I found my letter, my long-watched-for letter. The evenings are long now, and it was still light. Under the influence of the sunshine, and the soft Spring rains, the young leaves had budded on the one tree without my window; a little crescent moon swung far up in the pale sky. In the street was one of those big piano organs. It played an old waltz tune, and the children danced about it in little groups.

Among those who had paused to watch them I recognized, standing on the opposite side of the street, the same man who had caught my attention at the religious reception. There he stood, tall and massive, as individual and impressive as he had seemed through the haze of incense. He did not look up, nor see me; but again the curious sense of expectancy swept over me, again I waited—waited for what? I do not know.

Smiling with content, I stood for a moment watching the scene, and held my letter to my heart before unsealing it. I thrilled to see the Spring and to love; and then I pulled it open. *"I am going to marry Miss Mowbray!"*

Oh! They were playing it still, the same waltz tune—la-la-la, la-la-la.

The sky grew duller, and the moon brighter; but the beat of those measures still continues, either in the street, or in my head.

I suppose to most women it would seem a fool thing to do, to sit down and write when your heart, or head—I do not know which—is breaking; but I have no one—no mother, sister, brother, or friend—to whom I can

talk. What relief, what solace is left me but pen and paper? For, I suppose, all emotions must have their expression.

I wonder if every one that ever lived, and loved, and suffered, has felt the hurt of the splendid mockery of the dawn. I suppose I slept some during the night, because I suddenly became conscious of the cold, that penetrating, spring chill, and my head felt indescribably heavy. I looked about me puzzled, for I was still kneeling by the window, my head on my out-thrown arms. The dark was beginning to palpitate with pale, mysterious light, mystical and unreal. The houses opposite looked cold and strange.

The light grew so slowly that it was more a suggestion than an actuality which pervaded the atmosphere; but at last the real dawn slipped over the house-tops, joyous, triumphant, flashing its magnificent command: "Lift up your gates and sing!"

I am crushed beneath my gates, and I can hear only one tune. It is a clap-trap, old-fashioned waltz, and the words set to it are, "I am going to marry Miss Mowbray."

I wish that tiresome thing would stop ringing in my head—la-la-la, la-la-la. I wish I could go to bed, and sleep all day. I wish I did not have to go to the office. La-la—oh, stop!—"I am going to marry Miss Mowbray."

(*To be continued.*)

ALERT, STURDY, CAPABLE, SELF-CONFIDENT, PATRIOTIC, LOYAL TO HIS EMPEROR AND PLEASED TO LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR "GREAT JAPAN."

A PLAIN STATEMENT ABOUT RUSSIA AND JAPAN

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

ON April 8, 1902, a solemn agreement was signed between the Wai Wu Pu or Chinese Foreign Office and the Russian minister in Peking, which provided for the evacuation of Manchuria. According to this agreement, which is called the Manchurian Convention, the evacuation was to be accomplished by Russia in three steps as follows: the region south and west of the Liao River was to be evacuated at the end of six months from date, the region from the Liao to the Amur provinces at the end of twelve months, and the northern country back to the Siberian boundary at the end of eighteen months.

The statement that these conditions were fixed between Russia and China in solemn agreement does not imply that they were any more solemn than the agreements of Russia and China have ever been, which are, perhaps, but little less solemn than agreements between many Occidental nations. But they were given to the powers and accepted by them notwithstanding the preposterous assumption of superior domain which they contained, and those powers were fully persuaded to insist upon their execution.

It was as an observer and student of Eastern politics that I made it a point to be at the Wai Wu Pu at the conclusion of the final conference, and when the Russian minister, M. Paul Lessar, came out accompanied by Lien Fang, one of Prince Ching's vice-presidents, and closely followed by the aged Chinese statesman, Wang Wen Shao, I met him beside his sedan chair and asked him if he would not waive his original resolution to answer no questions from the press and answer one I should ask.

"Yes," said he, "it is signed," without waiting for the question. When I offered him my congratulations at having successfully concluded a vexed and distressing business—it had been hanging fire for a year—he offered me his hand and thanked me. He had a right to feel glad at thinking he had done with it—though no one else thought so—and to feel that he had helped his country toward an adequate though tardy settlement with China in accordance with plans which had been carried out by every other nation which had acquired identical rights in the Boxer war. His sincerity seems the more genuine because his people vilified him as a traitor afterward when they found his convention to be a nuisance.

The evacuation of the first section of Manchuria fixed for October 8, 1902, was accomplished without excitement, and with reasonable promptitude, and was admitted by the unprejudiced to have fulfilled all the requirements of the agreement. Rapid Russian immigration to all parts adjoining the Manchurian railway then followed, together with a growth of commercial enterprises intended to conquer as much of the industrial and commercial field as possible, against the time when complete and despotic control might be divided with its rightful Celestial autocrats—as well as the rapid maturity of the fiat city of Dalny in leased territory, from which the entire interior commerce was to be administered.

The Manchurian Convention was not concluded without sinister alarms. And although nothing of importance was to be surrendered to China at the expiration of the first date for evacuation—there being no large cities and no Russian works in Sheng King Province west of the Liao—the same rumors of war—war that every writer on the political East has prophesied as inevitable between Japan and Russia these last ten years—asserted themselves. Having their day, they rested until the date for the evacuation of the second section when, in a period of suspense immediately following, the whole world, in fact, was suddenly scandalized by the announcement of seven revolutionary demands presented to Prince Ching in Lessar's absence by the Russian Charge d'Affaires, amounting to a declaration of proprietorship of the whole of Manchuria, a repudiation of the Manchurian Convention, and an open challenge to three powers.

The problem of the present moment is one with that, and with the several preceding years of inching away not only the sovereign domain of the unworthy Manchus, but the feeding ground and natural outlet of Japan. From the beginning it is the same. And no mere devices of diplomacy or fashion of the press, no ingenuity of time or trick of accident is able to disguise its true aim or surprise what passes for the "manifest destiny" and "providential right" of this powerful and unscrupulous state out of the struggle for its quarry. The situation is a simple one which all may understand without "diplomatic astuteness" or even an historical chart.

An arbitrary boundary fixed on maps by geographers shows with pardonable error the division of China and Siberia. To speak simply and to the point, it has been a decade, at least, since this line told the truth, if it ever did. Within that time, but more particularly within the last three years, or four, the line of actual division has been borne down by war, and the machinations of Russian agents and Chinese traitors at the eastern end of the vicinity of where the Great Wall meets the sea, and moving west strikes through middle Mongolia and approaches the route indicated in the printed line of demarcation only in the remote interior, where no one cares to inquire and where only an occasional traveler from the West has the disposition to penetrate.

The fact now is that the military party headed at Port Arthur by Admiral Alexieff, Viceroy or King of not only the Amur and Liao Tung,

but all possible rights, held by Russia to have been acquired in Manchuria—a vague, illimitable patent—as well as the element of the Russian government assigned to commercial duties in banks, railway and other industrial enterprises, have found the idea of evacuation preposterous and intolerable, and have secretly repudiated Lessar's Convention and determined to extend the Czar's dominion beyond the Yalu, a bold, picturesque and engaging scheme. Events have abundantly shown that this plan was determined upon finally at Port Arthur by the council of Russia's highest war officials in July last. But although it constitutes, *de facto*, a virile and determined challenge to war on the part of Russia, and, has, in part, been already put into execution, we have nothing to show that Japan has accepted war as a matter of course, as those who claim to know Japan best have affirmed she would.

A few statements of history may be made to show more clearly the attitude and position of Russia in Manchuria. After the evacuation of that part of Sheng King west of the Liao, the scheme of the Russia military moguls to cover what they chose to regard as the errors of Lessar and his party, was doubtless the disguise of their armies in railway guards' uniforms, and the pay of the Department of Finance—separating them in this respect from the Board of War—and the placing of them within a few hours' march of all the important posts which they had held. This plan, which was explained to the public in more detail than elsewhere by the *Times'* correspondent, has never been carried out. Evacuation ceased when the end of the railway was reached and only an illusionary movement of troops instituted. There were, of course *bona fide* departures. "P. p. c." cards published in the Russian newspaper at Port Arthur doubtless registered the genuine farewells of hundreds of officers who went back across the geography line and the Amur. But there was no published account of those who replaced them or those who returned. A resident of Mukden testifies that a brigade moved out of that place bag and baggage, cook-pans, ovens, tent-pegs—leaving no more signs of returning than a bare and blackened waste where their camp had been—only to march in by another gate four days after! The number of troops in Manchuria is stated to have been from forty-five thousand to eighty thousand during the occupation, now increasing, with a mobilization taking place on the northern border and in Liao Tung, which had no less than thirty thousand troops October 1st.

An independent and interested spectator of this movement by Russia for three years, from the vantage ground of the Chinese capital, I have seen the succeeding issues of evacuation argufied, and one by one put to sleep without solution, by diplomacy. Japan has now protested and now cajoled both in Peking and in Seoul, and wilfully, or under stress of British persuasion, has thrown away rightful chances to make war. In the demands made by Russia on September 6th last, which are regarded as more audacious and more dangerous than their predecessors, she is offered what appears a final challenge beyond which, short of indefensible violence, Russia, it would seem, can do no more to provoke her. Hesitating not a moment, Russia has not only perfected her occupation of Manchuria and fortified it, she has crossed the Yalu with military telegraphs and communications under guise, and is preparing for the emergency of fortifying the passes on the Korean border. In view of the present stage of the situation then, as advanced from the conditions laid down by the best writers of the last ten years, it seems not impertinent to consider some of the characteristics of these men whom fate has made the creatures of an apparently insoluble contention. I take it that most of the civilized world treasures a natural sympathy for the little island empire of Japan, and that in laying down in print for all to see

what appears to be the responsibilities devolving upon Japan, we do not confer burdens which it is the duty of other powers to bear—England is alone, perhaps, in insisting upon the responsibility of all, or, at least, several other great powers. Japan knows she has no one upon whom she can rely.

To take the Russian: It is scarcely necessary to emphasize the inherent military qualifications of the Cossack. Schooled to the pony's back, the carbine and the frontier campaign, he corresponds in hardihood and handiness very closely to our own western Indian fighters, and springs at his country's call from a region larger than the United States. It is said that when the Japanese shall have whipped the Russian out of Manchuria, the Cossack will still flow down upon them like an unending tide.

Besides these wild and undisciplined scouts, there is the regular army of a quarter of a million men, with years of service, many of whom, in desert sun and arctic snows, in a rugged and interminable land, are the veterans of campaigns that have no history outside the silent archives of St. Petersburg.

The opponent of the Russian, on the other hand, is the natural and practical soldier. He is the legatee of the oldest civilized warrior race in existence, tracing his proud militant heritage to the kings and clans of prehistoric times. He is a man pleased with his new modern military diversions, apt, eager and enthusiastic, and he has already proved to a great extent his efficiency by his achievements in Formosa and during the Boxer war in China. Alert, sturdy, capable, self-confident, patriotic, loval to his Emperor and pleased to lay down his life for "Great Japan," his army organized and on a war footing, he is without doubt not the man whom the Russian military profess at this time to so much despise. And in addition, against the loyal Russians in the East holding themselves at the service of the "Great White Czar," may be confidently set the thousands of individual Japanese who honeycomb Korea and Manchuria, hundreds of whom, not fancifully as some have affirmed in derision, but in reality are spies and patriots pursuing substantial as well as itinerant occupations, knowing everything about them, informing their officials, and competent to destroy the Russian railway in a hundred places, losing their lives in the achievement or saving them, at the command of their superiors. They have done such things. On the Pei Ho, in 1900, after the capture of Tien-tsin, a native city, it was observed that almost every body of a foreigner floating in the stream was a Japanese—a powerful commentary on their fearlessness to those who understand the operations in that historic action. They force themselves into our reckoning, they compete for the fortunes of war which are as likely to rest upon their ægis as upon that of the Muscovite.

We may speak, too, admiringly, of the individual Russian so far as his diligence and loyalty in the conquest of the East concerns us. Like the Japanese, by silent and determined ways he has pursued his aims. The love of empire is a passion without the pale of the mind of common man as he lives and thinks in a country like the United States. In Japan there is less than and perhaps more expansion per capita. But in Russia, bordered by eight thousand miles, more or less, of impecunious and inconsequent states, there are many men fired with the mental vista of interminable dependencies, tributary centrifugal kingdoms and unchecked dominion. Alexieff, himself, who, a few years ago, was the commander of a small war vessel, is now the king of an empire with a navy almost equal to the fighting strength of Japan's navy, and an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men, holding in his grasp the alternatives of peace and war! He is inspired by the same motives that inspired the conqueror of the Amur and those who preceded him.

The Russian diplomats and the long-haired priests who walk the streets of Peking and Seoul, are one and the same with those who trod these highways of the capital with Kublai Khan and the Mings. The point is that limitless empire, undisputed and undivided sovereignty, feudal honors of high station are the incentive of the empire builders who now infest the northern borders of China and not the convenient "struggle for an open port" or "breathing space on the Pacific."

One day several years ago the man who is now Baron von Grote, one of the most mysterious and competent Russians in the East, unexpectedly walked into the office of the Inspector-General of Customs in Peking—he was then in the Imperial Chinese Customs—and coming to attention precisely as would a soldier, with his feet together and his body erect, said in short, terse English: "I wish to resign my position." Not a word more did he utter, but stood waiting for a reply.

The Inspector-General was nonplussed for a moment and then asked him what the matter was. Was he dissatisfied with the treatment, the work, or the remuneration—why did he wish to leave?

"It is my duty," said he, and nothing more could be got out of him. He held himself at the service of his government and something was required of him which he could not promote while in the employ of the Customs service. This man is now at Urga with almost complete power over the administration of Mongolia.

Take Alexieff, a man of such indomitable temper and fierceness that, if the unfortunate man's friends are to be believed, one of his lieutenants killed himself rather than serve under him. No Chinese can overmatch his determination and violence, and not all China can be half so powerful. The rage of a Li Hung Chang or an Empress dowager is as nothing, while his genius is equal to any device for the subjugation and acquisition of states. The Russian genius is at home and revels in all the labyrinths of Chinese prevarications and diplomatic futilities. The acquisition of Manchuria and Korea is a natural achievement of the Russian. He is on his own ground in such enterprises, and the importance of the Russian who is forming the Pacific branch of the Muscovy empire therefore is quite clear. And it is equally clear that neither our sympathy with the so-called Russian desire for an eastern vantage, nor the pro-Russian shibboleth of an "ice-free port on the Pacific," nor the sentimental and ambiguous claim by journalists of Russia's fateful contention with the elements and the various dark forces of fate and nature should obscure the real nature of the Russian motive. The men who have always managed the expansion of Russia have struck out vast boundaries from ambitions arbitrary and complete. They aim now, as then, at every contiguous state, especially every Oriental state. And the least with which they are at present content is the acquisition of North China, if not all of Korea. Russia has not only sunk her beak to the depth of a thousand millions of roubles which De Witte says has been spent on Dalny and the railway—enough as far as political reasons go for holding the country—but she has fixed her ravenous talons in the mediæval purpose to crush or disable the only power that may threaten her Pacific dominion, dividing the sovereignty of the Pacific with America alone.

It is not to be expected that the influences which brought the gigantic Siberian railway into being and has since organized dependent enterprises in all parts of Manchuria and even in Korea, should consent to the abandonment of its quarry. And all this element adds its protest to that of the great integral military which nurses with jealous care the least promise of a war issue. We cannot conceive Russia or any great power giving way in a scheme so vast and so important.

Russia is a barbaric body morbid with the ichor of a religious superstition and ponderous with future great-

ness. The great Unknown is just appearing vast upon the horizon, looming uncertain and fearful, and these operations with which she is to subdue it are the manifestations of a great apprehension. They are also, so far as those on the outside immediately concerned with the present situation see, only the extension and encroachment in a natural way, of despotism, and a blind and unworthy stab at one of the most valuable contributions to human civilization — Japan. Manchuria is stated to be vital to Japan. It supplies her not only with food, but it furnishes the bean-cake fertilizer which enables her to produce an own share of her food-stuffs, besides being the convenient market for her manufactures, and with Korea, is the only region for that expansion in which as a growing empire she is in need.

The gravity of the present situation in the north is not to us, as Americans, selfish to a degree of our little trade, but to Japan whose safety is jeopardized. It does us little credit to connive on a "practical basis" with St. Petersburg for the protection of ourselves and to let the Japanese go where they will for assistance, although we certainly are not called into this distant quarter to make trouble. It is China who appears especially contemptible and decrepit, a mendicant fawning, begging and blubbering as occasion requires.

It had not been my purpose to touch upon the probabilities of alliance in war had not persons who ought to know, some of them Chinese, brought the subject to the attention of the public in other places. But in doing so and to avoid mere speculation which seems particularly inane in face of such a despicable mess as the present complications present, I will speak of Cathay alone.

It is probable that no one would venture seriously to bring forward the possibilities of Korea as an ally to Japan, potentially or really. But on the other hand, China has actually been held up as a possible belligerent, if not a powerful one. The best army and the only one available for defense in the north is the Pei Yang army of Yuan Shih Kai, the viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chihli. And let it be understood that the reason this army might be available for defense on the north would be the voluntary protection of the capital and the throne by the neutral powers having military representation at Peking. But Yuan Shih Kai's army does not consist of forty thousand men, but of thirty thousand, ten thousand of whom are adequately equipped and might make a stand against western troops. As for the other twenty thousand, they are not qualified for the arena, even for speculation. The potential military usefulness of China may be set down at about the real military strength and no more. No foreigner qualified to reckon the case would concede more than this.

We see then that China is of no greater use to Japan than Korea, which, unlike China, is deeply and with some intelligence mourning her forlorn condition without a solitary means of defense or self-help. Japan has confessedly failed to persuade her natural ally, China, to join her against the Muscovite, and is therefore thrown back upon her sole resources.

It may not be irrelevant to state that the naval authorities do not agree on the relative strength of the Russian and Japanese fleets. While the American admiral lately in the Gulf of Chihli reckons by professional and technical guidance the inferiority of the Japanese, the British admiral in the East places the Japanese considerably ahead of the Russian in fighting ability and seamanship. Other American authorities differ from the admiral mentioned, while many English critics apprehend disaster to the Japanese if a naval engagement takes place. So we may conclude that on sea as on land the fortunes of war may fall arbitrarily upon one or the other.

In concluding, it is well to point out that it is always difficult to identify exact history. And there is probably no place in the world where such a

conspiracy against the truth exists as in Peking. Nevertheless, the above statements may be accepted as the warp and woof of the present situation. Simple and natural reasons are not the less to be identified on that account with the true facts.

Russia has had two admirable ice-free ports in Port Arthur and Dalny for the past seven years. Her railway is secure and no man has raised a hand against her, while her interests in China are bound to prosper under the common regime. It is ridiculous, therefore, to characterize the present contention as a fight for the open sea, or for vested interests—which only deceive the ignorant—or to imagine such giants of their country as Alexieff, von Grote, Pokotilow and Kouropatkin, to be toiling through deserts for an "ice-free port," or that those who tower above even they are animated in this business by the fear of Russia's suffocating air, or horror at the cramped, arid, mean confines of their native heritage. By the efflux of time—Manchuria not having been evacuated on October 8th, and there being no apparent intention of doing so—Russia has practically abrogated the Manchurian Convention, and we may with good reason conclude that they are now reaching out for empires.

It would also be false and pointless to suppose that other resources and other expedients than those indicated here have not waited upon the Russian genius. Original plans have gone awry, and the government, and the agents of the government here on the spot have been blown hither and thither in their course. But they are surely and more swiftly than we would have supposed in the beginning, making the harbor of their original and permanent intention.

TO TAKE THE RUSSIAN....HE CORRESPONDS IN HARDIHOOD AND HANDINESS VERY CLOSELY TO OUR OWN WESTERN INDIAN FIGHTERS.

ONE COULD PROVIDE HIM, IN NEW YORK, A NICE, IF SOMEWHAT LENGTHY, WALK.

DIOGENES: THE ECONOMIST

BY COL. D. STREAMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

HE stepped inside a tub, from choice,
But otherwise was well-conducted,
Altho' he raised a rasping voice
To persons who his view obstructed,
And threw a boot at anyone
Who robbed him of his patch of sun.

And thus he lived without expense,
Arrayed in somewhat scant apparel,
His customary residence
The limits of an empty barrel;
(His spirits would perforce be good,
Maturing slowly "in the wood".)

With lamp alight he sought at night
For honest men, his ruling passion;
But either he was short of sight,
Or honest men were out of fashion;
He never found one, so he said;
They probably were all in bed.

At last, when he was very old,
He got abducted by a pirate,
And to a man of Corinth sold
At an exorbitantly high rate;
His owner called him "Sunny Jim",
And made an indoor pet of him.

And soon as we may well suppose,
He learnt the very choicest manners,
Could balance sugar on his nose,
Or sit right up and smoke Havanas,
Or swim into the pond for sticks,—
There were no limit to his tricks.

He never tasted wine nor meat,
But ate, in full and plenteous measure,
Grape-Nuts and Force and Shredded Wheat,
Pretending that they gave him pleasure.
At length, at eighty-nine, he died,
Of a too strenuous inside.

Or if his ghost once more began,
With lighted lamp, his ancient mission,
And searched the city for a man
Whose honesty outsoared suspicion,
One could provide him, in New York,
A nice, if somewhat lengthy, walk.

Had but this worthy cynic been
A member of *our* favored nation,
Niagara he might have seen,
And realized a new sensation,
If he had set himself the task
To brave the Rapids in his cask.

Tho' thumping tubs is easy work,
With which no critic cares to quarrel,
There may be charms about a Turk,
Policemen even may be moral;
And, tho' they never get found out,
There are *some* honest men about.

ALTHO' HE RAISED A RASPING VOICE TO PERSONS WHO HIS VIEW OBSTRUCTED.

THE LYNX CAME UPON A STRANGE TRAIL, AND STOPPED SHORT, CROUCHING.

THE RIVALS OF RINGWAAK

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

I.

A WHITE flood, still and wonderful, the moonlight lay on the naked rampikes and dense thickets of Ringwaak Hill. Beneath its magic the very rocks, harsh bulks of granite, seemed almost afloat; and every branch, spray and leaf swam liquidly. The rampikes, towering trunks of pine, fire-blasted and time-bleached, lifted lonely spires of silver over the enchanted solitude.

Apparently, there was neither sound nor motion over all Ringwaak, or over the wide wilderness spread out below its ken. But along the secret trails, threading the thicket and skirting the granite boulders, life went on with an intensity all the deeper and more stringent for the seal of silence laid upon it. The small, fugitive kindreds moved noiselessly about their affairs, foraging, mating, sometimes even playing, but ever watchful, a sleepless vigilance the price of each hour's breath; while, even more furtive, but more intermittent in their watchfulness, the hunting and blood-loving kindreds followed the trails.

Gliding swiftly from bush to rock, from rock to thicket, now for an instant clear and terrible in a patch of moonlight, now ghost-grey and still more terrible in the sharp-cut shadows, came a round-eyed, crouching shape. It was somewhere about the size of a large spaniel, but shorter in the body and longer in the legs; and its hind legs, in particular, though kept partly gathered beneath the body in readiness for a lightning spring, were so

disproportionately long as to give a high, humped-up, rabbity look to his powerful hind-quarters. This combined suggestion of the rabbit and the tiger was peculiarly daunting in its effect. The strange beast's head was round and cat-like, but with high, tufted ears, and a curious, back-brushed muffle of whiskers under the throat. It eyes, wide and pale, shone with a cold ferocity and unconquerable wildness. Its legs, singularly large for the bulk of its body, and ending in broad, razor-clawed, furry pads of feet, would have seemed clumsy but for the impression of tense steel springs and limitless power which they gave in every movement. In weight this stealthy and terrifying figure would have gone perhaps forty pounds—but forty pounds of destroying energy and tireless swiftness.

As he crept through a spruce thicket, his savage eyes turning from side to side, the lynx came upon a strange trail, and stopped short, crouching. His stub of a tail twitched, his ears flattened back angrily, his long, white fangs bared themselves in a soundless snarl. A green flame seemed to flicker in his eyes, as he subjected every bush, every stone, every stump within his view to the most piercing scrutiny. Detecting no hostile presence, he bent his attention to the strange trail, sniffing at it with minute consideration.

The scent of the trail was that of a wildcat; but its size was too great for that of any wildcat this big lynx had ever known. Wildcats he viewed with utter scorn. For three years he had ruled all Ringwaak Hill; and no wildcat, in those three years, had dared to hunt upon his range. But this newcomer with the wildcat smell seemed about as big as three wildcats. The impression of its foot on a patch of moist mould was almost as large as that of the lynx himself—and the lynx well knew that the wildcats were a small-footed tribe. Like most of the hunting beasts he was well schooled in the lore of the trails and all the signs were to him a clear speech. From the depth and definiteness of that foot-print he felt that both weight and strength had stamped it. His long claws protruded from their hidden sheaths as he pondered the significance of this message from the unknown. Was the stranger a deliberate invader of his range, or a mere ignorant trespasser? And would he fight, or would he run? The angry lynx was determined to put these questions to the test with the least possible delay.

The trail was comparatively fresh, and the lynx began to follow it, forgetful of his hunger and of the hunt on which he had set out. He moved now more warily than ever, crouching flat, gliding smoothly as a snake, and hoping to score the first point against his rival by catching him unawares. So noiselessly did he go, indeed, that a weasel, running hard upon the trail of a rabbit, actually brushed against him, to bound away in a paroxysm of fear and rush off in another direction, wondering how he had escaped those lightning claws. In fact, the lynx, intent only upon the hunting of his unknown foe, was almost as astonished as the weasel, and quite unprepared to seize the sudden opportunity for a meal. He eyed the vanishing weasel malignly for a moment, then resumed his stealthy advance. A white-footed mouse, sitting up daintily at the door of her burrow, fell over backwards and nearly died of fright as the ghost-grey shape of doom sped up and passed. But the lynx had just then no mind for mice, and never saw her.

The strange trail, for some hundreds of yards, kept carefully to the thickets and the shadows. In one place the marks of a scuffle, with a heap of speckled feathers and a pair of slim claws, showed that the intruder had captured and devoured an unwary partridge, mothering her brood. At this evidence of poaching on his preserves the big lynx's anger swelled hotly. He paused to sniff at the remnants, and then stole on with added caution. The blood of the victim was

not yet dry, or even clotted, on the leaves.

A little further on, the trail touched the foot of a clean-stemmed young maple. Here the trespasser had paused to stretch himself, setting his claws deep into the bark. These claw-marks the lynx appeared to take as a challenge or a defiance. Rearing himself against the tree he stretched himself to his utmost. But his highest scratch was two inches below the mark of the stranger. This still further enraged him. Possibly, it might also have daunted him a little but for the fact that his own claw-marks were both deeper and wider apart than those of his rival.

From the clawed tree the trail now led to the very edge of the open, and thence to the top of an overhanging rock, white and sharply chiseled in the moonlight. The lynx was just about to climb the rock, where there beneath it, in the revealing radiance, he saw a sight which flattened him in his tracks. The torn carcass of a young doe lay a few feet from the base of the rock; and on top of the prey, glaring savage challenge, crouched such a wildcat as the lynx had never even dreamed of

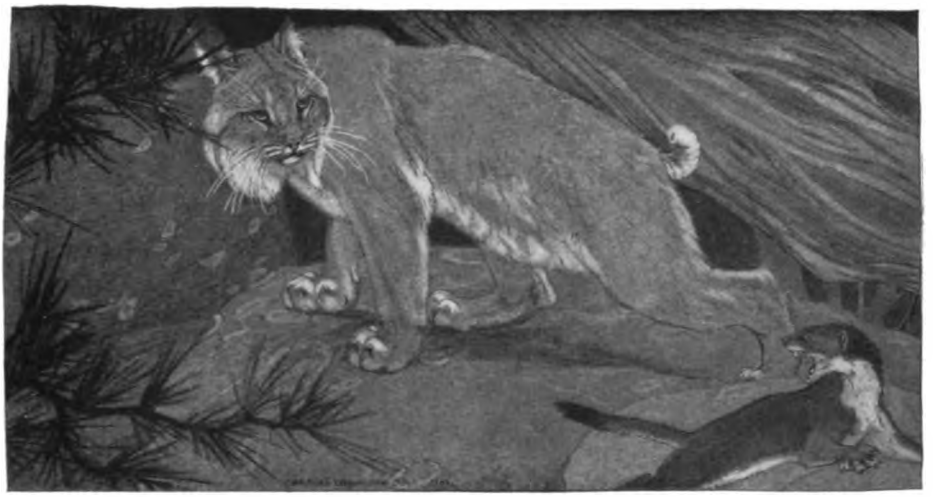
II.

A few days before this night of the white full moon, a gigantic wildcat living some fifteen miles from Ringwaak had decided to change his hunting grounds. His range, over which he had ruled for years, was a dark, thick-wooded slope overlooking the brown pools and loud chutes of the Guimic stream. Here he had prospered, hunted with continual success, and enjoying life as only the few overlords among the wild kindreds can hope to enjoy it. He had nothing to fear, as long as he avoided quarrel with a bear or a bull moose. And a narrow escape when young had taught him to shun trap and snare, and everything that savored of the hated works of man.

Now, the lumbermen had found their way to his shadowy domain. Loud axe-strokes, the crash of falling trees, the hard clank of ox-chains, jarred the solemn stillness. But far more intolerable to the great cat's ears was the noise of laughter and shouting, the masterful insolence of the human voice unabashed in the face of the solitude. The men had built a camp near each end of his range. No retreat was safe from their incursions. And they had cut down the great pine tree whose base shielded the entrance of his favorite lair. All through the winter the angry cat had spent the greater portion of his time slinking aside from these boisterous invaders or glaring fierce hate upon them from his densest coverts. Thus occupied, he had too little time for his hunting, and, moreover, the troubled game had become shy. His temper grew worse and worse as his ribs grew more and more obvious under his brownish, speckled fur. Nevertheless, for all his swelling indignation, he had as yet no thought of forsaking his range. He kept expecting that the men would go away.

When spring came, and the Guimic roared white between its tortuous shores, some of the loud-mouthed men did go away. Nevertheless, the big cat's rage waxed hotter than ever. Far worse than the men who went were three portable steam saw mills which came in their place. At three separate points these mills were set up—and straightway the long, intolerable shriek of the circulars was ripping the air. In spite of himself, the amazed cat screeched in unison when that sound first smote his ears. He slunk away and hid for hours in his remotest lair, wondering if it would follow him. When, in the course of weeks, he grew so far accustomed to the fiendish sound that he could go about his hunting within half a mile of it, he found that the saws had worked him an unspeakable injury. They had fouled his beloved fishing-pools with sawdust.

It was the big cat's favored custom to spend hours at a time crouched



A WEASEL. . . .ACTUALLY BRUSHED AGAINST HIM, TO BOUND AWAY IN A PAROXYSM OF FEAR.

over one or another of these pools, waiting for a chance to catch a trout. Where an overhanging rock or a jutting root came out into deep water, he would lie as motionless as the rock or log itself, his round face bent close down to the glassy surface, his bright eyes intently following the movements of the big, lazy trout in their safe deeps. Once in a long while, often enough to keep his interest keen, a May-fly or a fat worm would drop close past his nose and lie kicking on top of the water. Up would sail a big trout, open-jawed to engulf the morsel. At that instant the clutching paw of the watcher would strike down and around more swiftly than eye could follow—and the next instant the fish would be flopping violently among the underbrush up the bank, with leaves and twigs clinging to its fat, silvery, dappled sides. The sport was one which gave the big wildcat never-failing delight: and, moreover, there was no other food in all the wilderness quite so exquisite to his palate as a plump trout from the ice-cool waters of the Guimic. When, therefore, he found his pools covered, all day long, with the whitey-yellow grains of sawdust, which prevented the trout feeding at the surface or drove them in disgust from their wonted haunts, he realized that his range was ruined. The men and the mills were the conquerors, and he must let himself be driven from his well-beloved Guimic slopes. But, first, he would have revenge. His caution somewhat undermined by his rage, he crept much nearer to the main camp than he had hitherto dared to go, and hid himself in a low tree to see what opportunity fate might fling to him.

Belonging to the camp was a brindled dog, a sturdy and noisy mongrel whose barking was particularly obnoxious to the wildcat. Of a surly yet restless temper, the mongrel was in reality by no means popular in the camp, and would not have been tolerated there but for the fact that he belonged to the Boss. In the wildcat's eyes, however, as in the eyes of all the wild kindreds, he seemed a treasured possession of the mankind, and a specially objectionable expression of all their most objectionable characteristics. Moreover, being four-footed and furred, he was plainly more kin to the wild creatures than to man—and therefore, to the wild creatures, obviously a traitor and a renegade. There was not one of them but would have taken more satisfaction in avenging its wrongs upon the loud-mouthed mongrel than upon one of the mon-

grel's masters; not one but would have counted that the sweetest and completest form of vengeance.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the big cat quivered with eager hate when he saw the dog come lazily out of the cook-house and wander toward the spring—which lay just beyond the thick tree! His eyes blazed green, his fur rose slightly, and he set his claws into the bark to gain firm foothold.

Confident and secure the dog approached the tree. On the way he jumped savagely at a chipmunk, which dodged in time and whisked into its hole. For a minute or two the dog pawed and scratched at the hole, trying to dig the little fugitive out. Then he gave up the vain task, and moved on toward the spring.

The wildcat gave one quick glance on every side. There was not a man in sight. The cook was in the cook-house, rattling tins. Then the dog came beneath the tree—and stopped to sniff at the wildcat's track.

There was a sharp scratch in the tree above—and in the next instant a brown furry shape dropped upon him noiselessly, bearing him to the ground. This thing was a mass of teeth and claws and terrific muscles. It gave one sharp screech as the dog's yelping howl arose, then made no sound but a spitting growl as it bit and ripped. From the first the brindled mongrel had no ghost of a chance; and the struggle was over in three minutes. As the cook, astonished by the sudden uproar, came rushing axe in hand from his shanty, the wildcat sprang away with a snarl and bounded into the cover of the nearest spruce bushes. He was none the worse save for a deep and bleeding gash down his foreshoulder, where his victim had gained a moment's grip. But the dog was so cruelly mauled that the woodsman could do nothing but compassionately knock him on the head with the axe which he had brought to the rescue.

Savage from the struggle, and elated from his vengeance, the wildcat, with no further hesitation, turned his back upon his old haunts, crossed the Guimic by great leaps from rock to rock, and set southward toward the wooded slopes and valleys overlooked by the ragged crest of Ringwaak.

The indignant exile, journeying so boldly to confront a peril of which he had no suspicion or forewarning, belonged to a species confined to the forests of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia or the neighborhood of their boundaries. He was a giant cousin of the common wildcat, and known to the few naturalists who had succeeded in differentiating and classifying his species as *Lynx Gigas*. In weight and stature he was, if anything, more than the peer of his other and more distant cousin, the savage Canada lynx. The cook of the camp, in telling his comrades about the fate of the dog, spoke of the great wildcat as a "catamount," to distinguish him from the common cat of the woods. These same woodsmen, had they seen the lynx who ruled on Ringwaak Hill, would have called him a "lucerfee," while any Madawaska Frenchman in their company would have dubbed him *loup cervier*. Either catamount or lucerfee was respectfully regarded by the woodsmen.

For an hour the great cat journeyed on, wary and stealthy from habit rather than intention, as he was neither hunting for prey nor avoiding enemies. But when he found himself in strange woods — a gloomy cedar swamp, dotted with dry hardwood knolls like islands—with true cat instinct he delayed his journey to look about him and investigate. Prowling from side to side, and sniffing and peering, he presently found something that he was not looking for. In a hollow beneath a granite boulder, behind the roots of two gnarled old cedars, he came upon two glossy black bear cubs, fast asleep. The mother was nowhere in sight, but the intruder shrank back with an abashed and guilty air and ran up the nearest tree. Thence he made his way from branch to branch, and did not return to the ground till he had put three or four

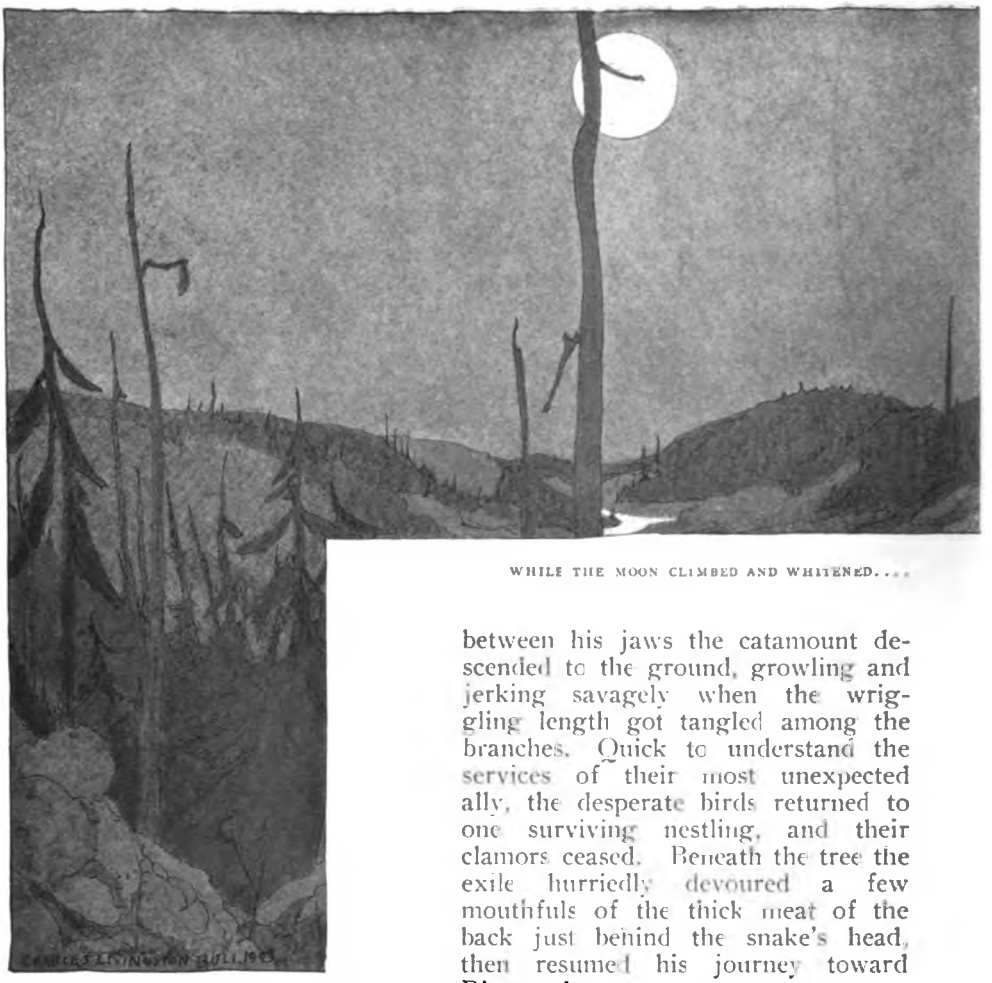
hundred yards between him and the den. He had no mind to bring relentless doom upon his trail.

Not till he was well clear of the cedar swamp did the catamount remember that he was hungry. The idea of being suspected of an interest in young bear's meat had taken away his appetite. Now, however, coming to a series of wild meadows, he lingered to hunt meadow-mice. Among the roots of the long grass the mice had innumerable covered runways, through which they could travel without danger from the hawks and owls. Crouching close to one of these runways, the big cat would listen till a squeak or a faint scurrying noise would reveal the passing of a mouse. Then a lightning pounce, with paws much wider apart than in his ordinary hunting, would tear away the frail covering of the runway, and usually show the victim clutched beneath one paw or the other. This was much quicker as well as craftier hunting than the more common wildcat method of lying in wait for an hour at the door of a runway. Three of these plump meadow-mice made the traveler a comfortable meal. Forgetting his wrongs, he stretched himself in the full sun, under the shelter of a fallen tree, and slept soundly for an hour. Once only he awoke, when his ears caught the beat of a hawk's wings winnowing low over his retreat. He opened wide, fiercely bright eyes, completely alert on the instant; but seeing the source of the sound he was asleep again before the hawk had crossed the little meadow.

His siesta over, the exile mounted the fallen tree, dug his claws deep into the bark, stretched himself again and again, yawned prodigiously, and ended the exercise with a big, rasping miaow. At the sound there was a sudden rustling in the bushes behind the windfall. Instantly the catamount sprang, taking the risk of catching a porcupine or a skunk. But whatever it was that made the noise, it had vanished in time; and the rash hunter returned to his perch with a shamefaced air.

From this post of vantage on the edge of the meadows he could see the crest of old Ringwaak dominating the forests to the south; and the sight, for some unknown reason, drew him. Among those bleak rampikes and rocks and dark coverts he might find a range to his liking. He resumed

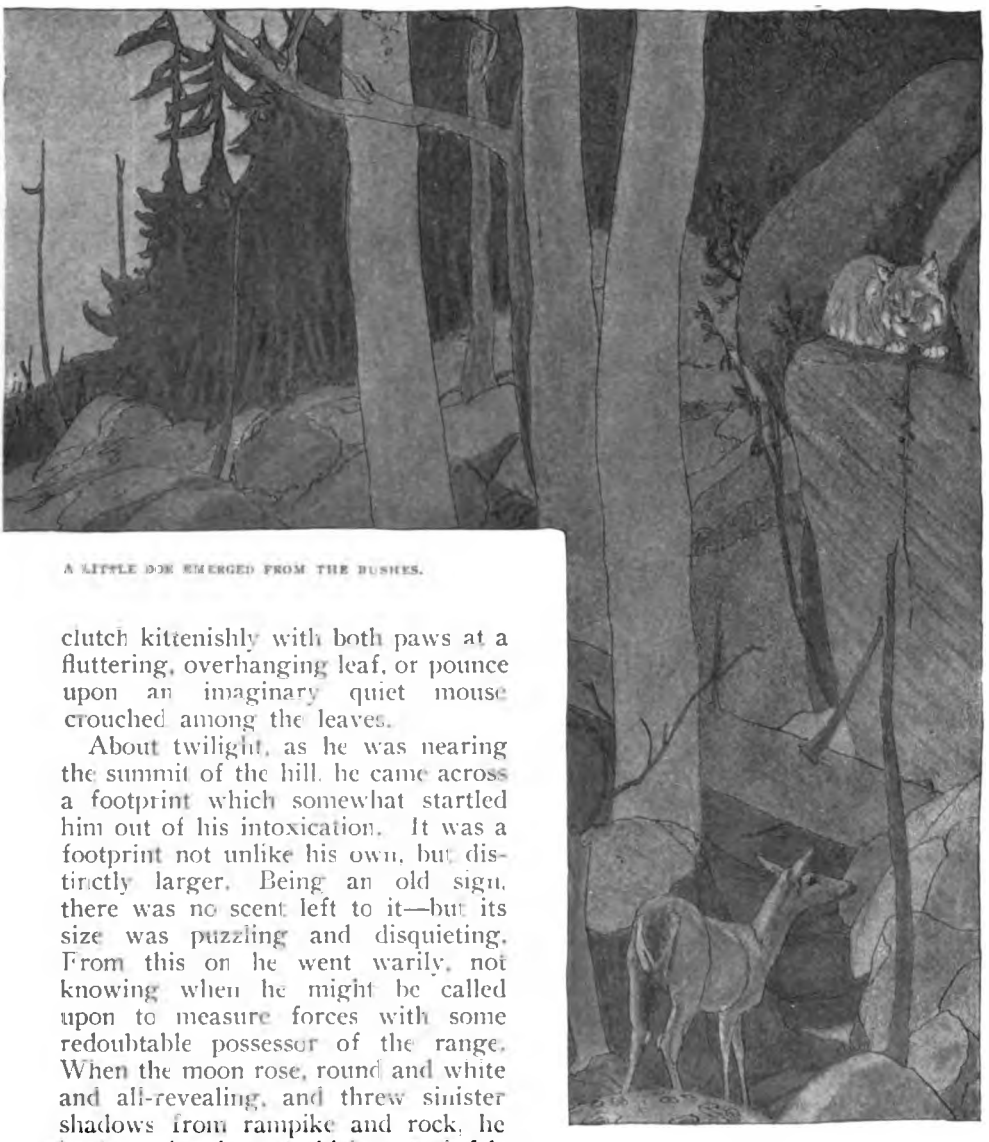
IN THE NEXT INSTANT A BROWN, FURRY SHAPE DROPPED UPON HIM NOISELESSLY, BEARING HIM TO THE GROUND.



WHILE THE MOON CLIMBED AND WHITENED. . . .

his journey with a definiteness of purpose which kept him from squandering time on the chase. Only once he halted, and that was when the cries and flutterings of a pair of excited thrushes caught his attention. He saw their nest in a low tree—and he saw a black snake, coiled in the branches, greedily swallowing the half-fledged nestlings. This was an opportunity which he could not afford to lose. He ran expertly up the tree, pounced upon the snake, and bit through its back bone just behind the head. The strong black coils straightened out limply. Carrying his prize between his jaws the catamount descended to the ground, growling and jerking savagely when the wriggling length got tangled among the branches. Quick to understand the services of their most unexpected ally, the desperate birds returned to one surviving nestling, and their clamors ceased. Beneath the tree the exile hurriedly devoured a few mouthfuls of the thick meat of the back just behind the snake's head, then resumed his journey toward Ringwaak.

It was close upon sunset when he reached the first fringes of the northward slope of the mountain. Here his reception was benign. On the banks of a tiny brook, rosy-gold in the flooding afternoon light, he found a bed of wild catnip. Here for a few minutes he rolled in ecstasy, chewing and clawing at the aromatic leaves, all four paws in air, and hoarsely purring his delight. When, at last, he went on up the slope, he carried with him through the gathering shadows the pungent, sweet aroma of the herb. In a fierce gayety of spirit he would now and then leap into the air to strike idly at some bird flitting high above his reach. Or he would jump and



A LITTLE DOE EMERGED FROM THE BUSHES.

clutch kittenishly with both paws at a fluttering, overhanging leaf, or pounce upon an imaginary quiet mouse crouched among the leaves.

About twilight, as he was nearing the summit of the hill, he came across a footprint which somewhat startled him out of his intoxication. It was a footprint not unlike his own, but distinctly larger. Being an old sign, there was no scent left to it—but its size was puzzling and disquieting. From this on he went warily, not knowing when he might be called upon to measure forces with some redoubtable possessor of the range. When the moon rose, round and white and all-revealing, and threw sinister shadows from rampike and rock, he kept to the densest thickets and felt oppressed with strangeness. But when he succeeded in surprising a hen partridge hovering over her brood, with the blood warm in his mouth he began to feel at home. This fine range should be his, whoever might contest the sovereignty. Coming across a deer trail leading beneath an overhanging rock, he climbed the rock and crouched in ambush, waiting to see what might come by.

For an hour he crouched there, motionless as the eternal granite itself, while the moon climbed and whitened, and the shadows of the rampikes changed, and the breathless enchantment deepened over Ringwaak. At long intervals there would be a faint rustling in some nearby clump of juniper, or a squeak and a brief scuffle in the thickets; or, on wings as soundless as sleep, a great owl would pass

by, to drop sharply behind a rock, or sail away like a ghost among the rampikes. But to none of these furtive happenings did the watcher on the rock pay any heed. He was waiting for what might come upon the trail.

At last, it came. Stepping daintily on her small, fine hoofs, her large eyes glancing timorously in every direction, a little yearling doe emerged from the bushes and started to cross the patch of brilliant light. The strange, upright pupils of the catamount's eyes narrowed and dilated at the sight, and his muscles quivered to sudden tension. The young doe came beneath the rock. The cat sprang, unerring, irresistible; and the next moment she lay kicking helplessly beneath him, his fangs buried in her velvet throat.

This was noble prey; and the giant cat, his misgivings all forgotten, drank till his long thirst was satiated. His jaws dripping, he lifted his round, fierce face, and gazed out and away across the moonlit slopes below him toward his ancient range beyond the Guimic. While he gazed, triumphing, something made him turn his head quickly and eye the spruce thicket behind him.

III.

It was at this moment that the old lynx, master of Ringwaak, coming suddenly out into the moonlight, saw the grim apparition beneath the rock, and flattened to the ground.

Through long, momentous, pregnant seconds the two formidable and matched antagonists scrutinized each other, the lynx close crouched, ready to launch himself like a thunderbolt, the catamount half risen, his back bowed, one paw of obstinate possession clutching the head of his prey. In the eyes of each, as they measured each other's powers and sought for an advantage, flamed hate, defiance, courage, and savage question.

Seen thus near together, catamount by lucerfee, they were obviously akin, yet markedly different. The cat was heavier in the body, outweighing his rival by perhaps not far from ten pounds, but with shorter and more gracefully shaped legs, and smaller feet. His head was more arched, seeming to indicate a greater intelligence, and his flaming eyes were set wider apart; but his mouth was smaller, his fangs less long and punishing. His fur was of a browner, warmer hue than that of the lynx, whose grey had a half-invisible ghostliness in the moonlight. The tails of both were ridiculously short, not six inches in length, but that of the catamount was straight and stiff, while that of the lucerfee had a curious upward twist that somehow mocked the contortions of his huge and overlong hind legs. The eyes of the lynx, under his flatter forehead, were the more piercing, the less blazing. Altogether, the great wildcat was the more beautiful of the two beasts, the more intelligent, the more adaptable and resourceful. But the lynx, with his big, uncouth hindquarters, and great legs gathered under him, and exaggerated paws, looked to be the more formidable fighting machine.

Thus, unstirring, they eyed each other. Then with a strident screech that seemed to tear the spell of the night to tatters, the grey body of the lynx shot through the air. It landed, not upon the catamount, but squarely upon the carcass of the doe, where, a fraction of a second before, the catamount had stood. The wary intruder had not waited to endure the full shock of that charge, but lightly as a puff of down had leaped aside. The next instant he had pounced, with a yowl of defiance, straight for the lynx's neck.

Lightning quick though he was, the lynx recovered in time to meet the attack with deadly counter-stroke of bared claws, parrying like a skilled boxer. In this forearm work the catamount, lighter of paw and talon, suffered the more; and being quick to perceive his adversary's advantage, he sought to force a close grapple. This the lynx at first avoided, rending and

punishing frightfully as he gave ground; while the solemn height of old Ringwaak was shocked by a clamor of spitting and raucous yowling that sent every sleepy bird fluttering in terror from its nest.

Suddenly, perceiving that the lynx was backing dangerously close to the face of the rock, the great cat sprang, took a frightful, ripping buffet across the face, broke down his foe's guard and bore him to the ground by sheer weight. Here, in this close embrace, the hinder claws of both came into play with hideous effect. The clamor died down to a tense, desperate, gasping snarl; for now the verdict of life or death was a matter of moments. But in this fearful and final test, when there was no more room for fencing, no more time for strategy, the more powerful hind legs and longer, more eviscerating claws of the lynx had the decisive advantage. Though borne down, and apparently getting the worst of the fight, the master of Ringwaak was in reality ripping his enemy to pieces from beneath. All at once the latter sprang away with a scream, stood for a second erect and rigid, then sank limp beside the torn carcass of the doe.

The lynx, badly torn and bitten, but with no fatal injury, pounced upon the unresisting body of the catamount and mauled it till well assured of the completeness of his victory. Then, heedless of his wounds, he mounted the carcass of the doe, lifted his head high, and screeched his challenge across the night. No answer coming, he tore a mouthful of the meat to emphasize possession, stepped down, and crept off to nurse his hurts in some dark retreat; for not easy had been the task of defending his lordship. When all was still once more on Ringwaak, presently descended again the enchantment of the mystic light. And under its transforming touch even the torn bodies lying before the bright face of the rock lost their hideousness, becoming remote, and unsubstantial and visionary.

HEEDLESS OF HIS WOUNDS, HE....SCREECHED HIS CHALLENGE ACROSS THE NIGHT.

MME. NORDICA AS BRUNNHILDE.

—"*The Story of Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelung'.*"

THE STORY OF WAGNER'S "RING OF THE NIBELUNG"

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ

THEY tell a story at the Metropolitan Opera House of a woman who bought tickets for four consecutive performances of "Parsifal," under the impression that, as it was a Wagner work, it was like "The Ring of the Nibelung," and that it was necessary to hear it four nights before you had heard it all.

There are some strange delusions regarding Wagner, and none stranger that those about his plots. I have had people who have seen "The Ring of the Nibelung" half a dozen times ask me questions about the story which showed that they know as little about it as they do about the plot of "Il Trovatore"—and no one ever has been able to understand that. I know there are some verses ending with the lines,

"Such is the story
Of Il Trovatore."

Nevertheless "Trovatore" still remains the prize puzzle of Grand Opera, with, it must be confessed, "The Ring" a close second. It is the power, richness and sensuous beauty of the music in the "Nibelung" scores that have given the trilogy, or, more properly, the tetralogy its hold upon the public. But how much stronger that hold would be, were the story intelligible to all.

I account for the general ignorance regarding the story of "The Ring of the Nibelung" by the theory that Wagner's translators were his worst enemies. They put his poems on the translator's block and chopped them into English—or what passes for it. I wish some truly inspired poet could be moved to do them over again. But as the literary millenium, in which only such an object would be attainable, still seems far off, I will here endeavor to give a clear account of the story Wagner has told in "Rheingold," "Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung."

First of all it is interesting to note that Wagner literally wrote these four dramas backwards. In 1850, twenty-six years before the "Nibelung" cycle was produced at Bayreuth, he had completed a drama for musical setting and entitled it "Siegfried's Death." He was about to sketch the music for it, when he concluded that too many of the events supposed to have occurred before the rising of the curtain were left to narration or taken for granted. Wagner took nothing for granted, except a fathomless ignorance on the part of the public. Accordingly he thought it necessary to lead up to "Siegfried's Death" with another drama, which he called "Young Siegfried." Not satisfied that, even then, he had made the "Nibelung" story sufficiently clear, he subsequently wrote "Die Walküre," and, as a prelude to the trilogy of dramas, "Das Rheingold." "Young Siegfried" and "Siegfried's Death" subsequently became "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung."

Wagner wrote all his dramas in the seventh dimension. His dread of the public's ignorance led him to go into the greatest detail. This accounts for the oppressive length of his works,

which, unless they are given with long intermissions to enable the listeners to gasp for breath and to recuperate physically as at Bayreuth, gain greatly in effectiveness by intelligent "cuts."

If I were an impressario and were planning a production of the "Nibelung" cycle, I would proceed ruthlessly against Wotan. Wagner's desire to make everything clear has led him in the second act of "Die Walküre" to cause Wotan to relate to Brünnhilde the whole story of "Rheingold." Brünnhilde, being an intelligent person, might be supposed, even if she did not read Hans von Wolzogen's "Leitfaden" at school, to know something of her father's rather variegated past. She and the audience might well be spared the condensed novel, which, in the form of an Apologia pro Vita Mea, Wotan recites. I would suggest that the "Narrative" be omitted and the following notice be printed on the program: "Between the first and second acts there will be an intermission of two hours. While the audience is at dinner, Wotan will tell his story behind the scenes."

Again, in the first act of "Siegfried," the so-called Räthselspiel (riddle play) between Wotan and Mime is little else but a rehearsal of the events in "Rheingold" and "Walküre." In fact so prolix is Wotan, that an audience begins to look upon him as a bearded phonograph with too many cylinders and to shudder whenever it sees the red light, which invariably precedes his entrance, shoot down from the flies.

The fact is that Wagner thought it necessary to explain too much. If he had omitted all narration, the invocations of Erda, and the rope jumping of the three Norns, and left the perfectly palpable action of the dramas to explain itself, what transpires on the stage would be much clearer. There was no need of having Wotan give a minute synopsis of "Rheingold" in "Die Walküre." On the stage one sentence can be made to cover a decade, a line on the program an epoch. Wagner wofully underestimated the intelligence of audiences the world over when he piled detail upon detail in unfolding his dramas.

FINALE OF GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG.

When "Das Rheingold" opens, the three Rhinehaughters are seen gracefully circling around the rock on which they guard the precious Rhinegold. Amid their innocent gambols the ancient river flows peacefully on.

But soon a disturbing element enters upon this cheerful scene. It comes in the person of Alberich, one of

the Nibelungs, a race of gnomes, who live and delve and mine in the bowels of the earth. Alberich is the first representative of the lust for wealth and power to take part in the action of the drama. At first only his sensuous nature is aroused at sight of the graceful Rhinedaughters. He tries to seize one after the other, only to have them mockingly elude his grasp.

Soon, however, his attention is drawn from the graceful creatures to the glowing gold. As they circle around the rock, he gathers from their prattle that a ring made of this gold will give unlimited power to its possessor, yet that they do have no fear it will be taken from them, because of the terrible condition that will attend the rape. For he who would seize it, must first renounce love. They cannot imagine anyone so permeated with evil that he would forego love, the holiest of emotions.

OPENING SCENE IN "RHEINGOLD."

But they have reckoned without the wicked Nibelung. What to the crabbed, mis-shapen Alberich, whom they have been mocking so merrily, is love compared with the lust for wealth and power? With a mighty effort he clambers to the summit of the rock, seizes the gold, and dives with it into the depths.

The innocent song of the Rhinedaughters changes to shouts of terror. They dart away. The scene vanishes, and its place is taken by a landscape, on a distant height of which a stately castle rears its parapets and towers. In the foreground Wotan, the chief of the gods, is peacefully sleeping. Fricka, his spouse, who has awakened and has seen the castle, rouses him and both gaze upon the stately structure. It is Walhalla and has been erected for Wotan as an abiding place for the gods, by the giants Fafner and Fasolt.

But the cost to Wotan is a fearful one. He has promised the giants as a reward, to bestow upon them Freia, the goddess of youth and beauty, who has the golden apples which keep the gods eternally young. Already the crafty Wotan is scheming how to cheat the giants and preserve Freia to the gods.

But Fafner and Fasolt come to demand their reward. In vain Freia's brothers, Donner and Froh, seek to save her. The giants remind Wotan of his pledge. He sees no way out of his bargain, when, at an opportune moment, Loge, the volatile god of fire, arrives upon the scene. Purposely, so that the giants may overhear him and their greed be whetted, he tells Wotan

of the Ring of Rhinegold and its wondrous power and of its rape by Alberich.

The giants, their lust for wealth and power awakened, now offer to give up Freia if Wotan will descend to Nibelheim, the home of the Nibelungs, wrest the Ring from Alberich and give it to them. At first he is unwilling, but pallor begins to settle upon the features of the gods, who already too long have been deprived of Freia's golden apples, and, led by Loge, the chief of the gods descends to Nibelheim, seizes Alberich and brings him aloft with the Ring and the Tarnhelmet which, also fashioned of Rhinegold, gives its wearer power to assume any shape.

The giants measure off a space the height and breadth of Freia. It must be heaped up with treasure before they will give her up. At Wotan's behest the wretched Alberich summons his Nibelungs to bring up his hoard. But even when the Tarnhelmet is laid upon it, the space measured off by the giants is not quite filled. There still remains a chink just the size of the Ring. But this Wotan does not wish to give up, until Erda, the goddess of wisdom, rises in a bluish vapor out of the earth, and counsels him not to retain it. Then, wresting it from the writhing Alberich, he throws it upon the hoard and the giants release Freia.

Now comes a significant episode. Alberich, before vanishing back to Nibelheim, curses the Ring and all into whose possession it may come. It is this curse that henceforth casts its shadow over the whole "Nibelung" story and which relentlessly hurries all concerned in it to their doom. From here on Wotan and his descendants are engaged in a hopeless struggle against fate. They are fighting the foreordained. The curse of Alberich rests upon them all. Its sinister power asserts itself at once. Fafner and Fasolt fall to quarreling over the distribution of their spoils and Fafner slays his brother.

During the preceding events, so filled with doubt, a mist has gathered over the scene and hidden Walhalla

SIEGMUND AND SIEGLINDE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "DIE WALKÜRE."

THE INVOCATION OF ERDA IN "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

from view. Now Donner, ascending a rock, strikes it with his hammer. The mists vanish and the castle in all its glory is disclosed. A rainbow bridge spans the chasm between the rock and the height on which the structure stands; and over this glowing arch Wotan leads his spouse and the other gods.

But through the stately music which accompanies the gods' entrance into Walhalla, are heard the despairing cries of the Rhinedaughters. For Wotan, instead of restoring the Ring to them, its rightful owners, gave it to the giants, in lieu of redeeming his original promise. It is this wrong as well as Alberich's curse, which pursues Wotan and his race and eventuates in their destruction.

Thus "The Ring of the Nibelung" is a cycle of dramas with a moral meaning; for it illustrates the inevitable consequences of wrongdoing, no matter how craftily or even bravely the wrongdoer and his race may strive to avert their fate. "Das Rheingold" enfolds the story of the crime. The three dramas that follow show its consequences even unto the third generation and the twilight of the gods.

Wotan in his efforts to avert the fate he fears begets the Valkyrs, wild horsewomen of the air who bear the bodies of slain heroes to Walhalla, where they revive and become part of the host with whose aid the chief of the gods hopes to regain the Ring from Fafner and restore it to the Rhinedaughters. For Fafner has retired to a cave in a dense forest, and having, by means of the Tarnhelmet, changed himself into a dragon, there guards the Ring and treasure.

To further aid him in his struggle, Wotan has created the race of the Wälsungs to which Siegmund and Sieglinde belong. But evil fate pursues them. Sieglinde is abducted by the robber Hunding and forced to become his wife. Siegmund wanders through the forest, often pursued by enemies and never finding a safe abode.

The first act of "Die Walküre" shows the interior of Hunding's hut,

THE FINALE OF "RHEINGOLD."

which is built around a huge ash tree. A storm is just dying away without. The door is opened and Siegmund staggers in. Enemies are on his track; he has been wounded, is weaponless, and here he seeks shelter, whosoever the dwellers may be. He sinks down beside the hearth. Sieglinde, having heard some one come in, enters from an adjoining room. Seeing the stranger's plight she revives him with a draught of water.

Although they do not recognize each other, a strange feeling of affinity at once possesses them. They are strongly drawn to each other, but Siegmund, exclaiming that evil fortune follows him where'er he goes and that he will only bring sorrow to her if he remains, prepares to leave.

With the outcry, "Thou can'st not bring sorrow to the house where sorrow already dwells," Sieglinde places herself between him and the door, and Siegmund, deeply affected, determines to await Hunding.

The latter, on his return, listens with dark, ill-omened visage to his unwelcome guest's story. His kinsmen were the enemies before whom Siegmund (whose identity Hunding suspects) was fleeing. He himself had been summoned to aid in the fierce man hunt. The laws of hospitality entail upon him the entertainment of the fugitive for the night. On the morrow the weaponless man must continue his flight or fall a victim to Hunding's spear.

But during the night Sieglinde, in whose breast a far deeper feeling than pity has sprung up for the hunted stranger, awakens Siegmund and tells him that she put a sleeping potion in her dreaded husband's night draught and that she will aid him to escape and show him a weapon wherewith he may defend himself.

There is a gust of wind. The doors are blown open disclosing a lovely, moonlit landscape. In passionate accents (the famous Love Song) Siegmund pours forth his love for the woman who has befriended him, and she ecstatically replies. She tells him the story of the sword, whose hilt he already has seen glowing in the ash tree. At her forced marriage to Hunding, a stranger, whom she recognized as her father, entered and thrust the sword up to the hilt into the tree. To him who could draw it out the sword should belong. All tried. None succeeded. Then the wanderer went his way.

A strangely familiar light, a scarcely divined familiarity in Siegmund's features, which he, too, is beginning to divine in hers, lead them to question each other, and, when at last, they

discover that both are of the same ill-fated race of Wälsungs, their passionate joy, their sensuous rapture know no bounds. With a leap Siegmund is upon the heavy table by the tree. His hand is on the sword hilt. A mighty tug, and he has wrenched it from its sheath of living wood, and together they escape in the night, Siegmund and Sieglinde—Sieglinde, "sister and bride," the woman destined to be the mother of Siegfried, Siegmund's son.

The second act of "Die Walküre" shows a rocky landscape. Wotan, who knows that Hunding is in fast pursuit of Siegmund and Sieglinde, summons Brünnhilde, who appears upon the scene with the wild Walküre shout. He charges her that in the coming combat she give victory to the Wälsung.

But Alberich's curse and the wrong Wotan committed in not restoring the Ring to the Rhinedaughters are about to claim their second victim. Fricka, who is the guardian goddess of the nuptial vow, protests to Wotan that it has been violated by Siegmund and Sieglinde, and that, unless her name is to become a byword of scorn in Walhalla, victory must be given to Hunding. Though in despair at being forced to decree the death of his own offspring, Wotan is obliged to accede to Fricka's demand, and now charges Brünnhilde to compass Siegmund's death.

The two Wälsungs, Sieglinde fainting from fatigue, enter in flight before Hunding. To Siegmund, while he holds the unconscious Sieglinde in his arms, comes Brünnhilde and foretells his death; yet so moved is she by his noble bearing and by his devotion to the woman who has cast her fortunes with him that she announces her intention of disobeying Wotan's behest. But at the moment when, in the combat, she is intervening for Siegmund, Wotan appears, shatters the Wälsung's sword and Siegmund is slain.

Brünnhilde snatches the fragments of the sword, swings Sieglinde upon her saddle, and, fearing Wotan's wrath, hastens in headlong flight to the Walküre rock where her sister Valkyrs await her. At Wotan's approach she bids Sieglinde take the sword and seek refuge in the dense forest. In the famous "Wotan's Farewell from Brünnhilde," Wotan causes the noble Valkyr to sink into a deep sleep, from which she can be awakened and claimed as bride by any one brave enough to penetrate the circle of flames with which he surrounds the rock on which she lies. This is her punishment for disobedience to the chief of the gods.

The story of "Siegfried" is most simple. This young hero is the son

SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINEDAUGHTERS IN THE THIRD ACT OF "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG."

of Siegmund and Sieglinde. From his dying mother's arms he was taken by the Nibelung, Mime, and has been reared by him in the very forest where Fafner, in dragon's guise, guards the Ring and treasure. Mime has tried, but in vain, to weld the fragments of Siegmund's sword for Siegfried, until Siegfried, impatient of further delay, himself seizes the fragments and, in the great scene that ends the first act of "Siegfried," welds them himself at Mime's forge.

Mime then leads the lusty young hero, who is eager to fight the dragon, to the monster's lair. The crafty Nibelung hopes, when the dragon has been killed, to put Siegfried out of the way and then gain possession of the Ring himself. But when Siegfried has slain the dragon, some of the blood on his fingers comes in contact with his lips, and he is enabled to understand the birds and thus to learn of Mime's treachery through a little feathery songster. He slays Mime and then, led by the bird, he penetrates the fire that encircles the Brünnhilde rock, awakens the Valkyr, and she, the virgin pride of the goddess yielding to the love of the woman, gives herself up to him.

But, alas, it is with the curse-laden Ring which he has wrested from the dragon, Fafner, that Siegfried plights his troth. When in "Götterdämmerung," he wanders forth in quest of adventure, fate leads him to the hall of the Gibichungs, where dwell Gunther, his sister Gutrune and their half brother Hagen, who is the son of Alberich, the very Nibelung who cursed the Ring. Thus Siegfried unwittingly goes from Brünnhilde's arms straight to his doom.

A love potion administered to him by Gutrune at Hagen's instigation, causes him to forget Brünnhilde and to desire Gutrune as wife. On the other hand Gunther, who knows nothing of Siegfried's relations with Brünnhilde, has been incited by Hagen to desire the Valkyr for wife. Siegfried having through the potion forgotten Brünnhilde, consents to disguise himself as Gunther (by means of the Tarnhelmet, which, too, he has taken from the dragon) penetrate the fiery circle and bear the Valkyr to Gutrune's brother. He does so. But Brünnhilde, seeing the Ring on Siegfried's finger, knows it is he, not Gunther, who really has conquered her, and, infuriated at his supposed treachery, she informs Gunther that she has been Siegfried's bride. She and Gunther and Hagen now plan Siegfried's death, and, during a hunting party, Hagen kills him by a spear thrust.

Meanwhile Brünnhilde has learned through the Rhinedaughters of the treachery of which she and Siegfried have been the victims. Her once jealous hatred of Siegfried turns to a passionate yearning to join him in death.

As he lies upon the pyre she draws the accursed Ring from his finger and casts it back into the Rhine to its rightful owners. Hagen, plunging after it, is drawn down to his death by the Rhinedaughters.

Brünnhilde fires Siegfried's pyre and then, mounting her Valkyr steed, herself plunges into the flames. In the distance Walhalla is seen burning and crumbling away. This is the "Twilight of the Gods." Through love, the very emotion Alberich cursed, through Brünnhilde's righting of a foul wrong, and through her self-immolation on Siegfried's pyre, the reign of the gods passes away and the human era dawns upon earth. In other words, through an unselfish act, through the Valkyr's "negation of the will to live" (to quote from the philosophy of Shopenhauer, by whom Wagner was greatly influenced) the world is brought a step nearer perfection. It required a woman, a noble woman, a Brünnhilde, to make the sacrifice. In fact the "Nibelung" dramas are Wagner's tribute to the crowning glories of woman—her perfect love, and the spirit of self-sacrifice that seems part of her nature.

MARCH

BY OLIVER HERFORD

ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR

"YOUR Hat's not empty yet, it's clear!"
Cried Time; "just look at that, Sir—
A mad March Hare, as mad, I fear,
As he who made your Hat, Sir—
And still they come! Behold how great
A conjuror I am, Sir!
Pray take your choice, don't hesitate;
A Lion or a Lamb, Sir?"

Drawn by Hermann C. Wall.

"SHE KNEW ME, EFFENDI, AND SHE PASSED ME BY WITH A WORD—'TRAITOR'!"

—*"By Advice of Nouri."*

BY ADVICE OF NOURI

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

ILLUSTRATION BY HERMANN C. WALL

IT was rather a warm day in the spring of the year. Washington Street, New York, was dressed in its best in spite of the muddy streets and the brimming gutters; every Syrian in the little colony that lies along Washington between Rector Street and Battery Place had his doors wide open. The fresh air that swept up from the redolent bay puffed through the narrow, dark, little alleys that ran back from the street into the interior of the coffin-like houses, and purged them like a breath from the East. All day long the members of the colony had worn an expectant look, for a large French steamer was coming in with a new batch of immigrants from Araby the blest. Up to noon the leviathan had not docked, but about four o'clock the barge office said that she would be at her pier in twenty minutes. All Washington Street immediately poured up toward the great pier in a chattering, jovial crowd to meet its countrymen.

One man alone, of those who had leisure, did not move. He sat quietly in the door of the bright and clean little coffee house of his friend Melcon, watching, with a knowing smile, the egress of his compatriots, nodding at their excited gestures and actions and talk. Curious as to why he did not join the others, I asked him, as one friend addresses another, on a delicate matter, what was his reason for refusing to participate in the general rejoicing.

For answer the old man grandly waved me to a seat with the gentle courtesy and gracious manner of his whole race, and told me once again the old story of the good *tenjereh*. To those who have not heard it the tale is interesting. It runs thus: Once upon a time, many long years ago, old Nasr-ed-Din Hojah wished to cook some *pilaf*, but he had no vessel in his kitchen that he could use. Going out into the street, he met his good friend, Hussein Pasha, and said to him: "Brother, I desire to cook some *pilaf* and *kabak*, but I have no dish. Lend me a good *tenjereh* (saucepan)." Hussein Pasha loaned him the saucepan, and after some weeks the Hojah returned it, and inside its capacious rim another, smaller one. "Bismallah!" shouted Hussein. "What does this mean? I loaned you one *tenjereh* and you return me two after two months. How is it?"

"Peace be unto thee, brother," replied the Hojah, solemnly. "Take them both and go thy way in peace, for the young was born while I yet had the old, the mother."

Nothing loath, Hussein took them and went away rejoicing, being a simple man, thanking Allah for his manifold mercies. And it so came about that Nasr-ed-Din, some time later, wished again to borrow Hussein's pans, which the good man was very ready to have taken by the old priest, seeing three in the near future.

Months passed, and as the old doctor of the law did not return either the old *tenjereh* or any new ones, Hussein sought him out on the street, and when the two met, cried vehemently: "Ho! you bearded rascal; what have you done with my lovely *tenjereh* and her

young, you white-bearded scamp! Would you rob me, scoundrel?"

"Allah forbid!" replied the Hojah, devoutly, bowing his regrets. "I can neither rob nor despoil you—both the *tenjerehs* died some time ago." And both men wept sore, says the legend.

Just what the application of the old man's story was to the occasion was not entirely clear to me, and I asked him if I might know why it referred to the walk the people were taking to the pier.

"Effendi," answered the dignified Saleem—his full name was Saleem Esa Dadirrian—"you have not in you the soul of the street. But you may know why I do not go. Listen."

Saleem was speaking in his own tongue, with an occasional lapse into musical Greek, so that dialect was not thought of, though he had the most beautiful and swift flow of broken English man ever heard. His Arabic was also swift and beautiful, and the gutteral, soft tongue poured out a bewildering flow of rippling words, smooth and sibilant.

"Years ago I came here to New York, the city of the big rush," began Saleem, "and escaped, so I thought, the troubles and persecutions that had killed my father and made my poor mother a cripple for life." A bitter anathema on the red story of the hideous rule of the Turk over the Christians of his native hills of the Syrian mountain districts followed the words, so swift, so biting, so stern that it made one's blood curdle to hear the dreadful words that rolled forth in deep and sonorous mordancy from the lips that had hardened into a thin, cold line at the mere thought of the weary and pain-racked years at home.

"I knew I could help the mother more by staying here and sending her money to come also than by staying with her. But my heart was left behind, with the most beautiful maiden in the Empire. Fairer was she than the dawn on the desert, more lovely than the flowers of paradise, and as wise as Moses. Ah, effendi, she was a treasure such as you have never seen, unless Allah has granted you the privilege of seeing the daughters of Arabia.

"Four years passed, and I had money saved. Allah was good to me here in your land of cold and heat and supreme dust. But I worked harder than I had known how to work in my Syria. It is not to waste time here in your New York; it is to slave like as if the *ferrash* waited in the hand of Azrael to smite him who toiled not by night and by day. But I sent money to the mother, and besought her to bring me my beautiful Mary Ahmada to New York, to the home of freedom, where a man may speak above whispers, where he need not stalk by night to plot. She was to be my chosen one, the pomegranate blossom of my old age, blooming from the days of my youth until the night. She came, but ah! the dog of a sultan! Two days before the ship got in I was arrested for treason by a spy and taken—shshsh! I went away. Then the spy got ten of us into a fight, and your own police came up and arrested us again; we all went to jail. Speak of it never, effendi," murmured the old man, looking about as he spoke the words softly, "or worse things may happen here.

"When I got out of jail, full of grief and anxiety, I looked for my beloved, the daughter of a sheik, and in the line of *Khaled*. Nowhere was she. My heart bled. Who had taken my pomegranate blossom, my evening star, my houri? None knew. Ah, effendi, those were days when I knew no man, and when I no more said *kaloximéroma* or *kalyníktasas*. (Goodnight—a good re-awakening.)

"But Allah never forgets the faithful, and one day I met her on the street, just at the setting of the sun in the great waters. My heart stood still; I could not speak for my joy. I gazed upon her, enraptured, and she knew me. *She knew me, effendi, and she passed me by with a word—'Traitor!'* Bismallah! Saleem stood, and she passed, and the street knew her no more. But in that black night these hairs turned like the snow before the horses have trampled it, and

the bitter weight of my heart broke down through me so that my body was as water; and I was faint all the night and all the day long for the crying of my sick heart. I was as water in the hot dust, quickly spent, and vanished."

The old man paused. He was getting excited as he told his story and lived the old heartache all over again. I listened and waited silently, looking out into the street dreamily, wondering what would be the end of his tale. Presently Melcon brought fresh coffee and more tobacco, with *narghilehs*, and when the glowing coal had touched the fragrant Turkish leaf, and the rosewater in the bowls of the long-necked pipes was gurgling aromatically, he began again, in a more moderate tone, Melcon sitting beside him and nodding at every word, with the solemn gravity an interested Armenian invariably betrays when listening to his betters.

"Ah! but that was a bitter re-awakening, that next morning! I knew not who I was, nor what, nor where; my flesh was as fire, and ice was my heart. My nights long ached for the day to come, that I might not have to toss upon my horrible couch; and all my days wished for the nights that I might not sit and think of what might have been. Then I discovered what had wrought this dreadful change in my queen of bliss, my moonstar. It was Esa, Esa Khouri. Truly was he Esa (a leader, Joshua), for he led her from me, and estranged her tender heart that she knew me not, so that the light of my eyes was obscured from her that she could not see their radiance on her path of darkness. But that Esa—he had done her no harm; only had he led her away from me. She knew not that she had been deceived. That was enough harm for me.

"Many days sat I with a sharp *yataghan*, thinking. But my good friend, Nouri, said not to kill. His counsel was for a different thing——

"Peace and a delicious bed for thee, Assad!" nodded the Syrian to a passer who reverently saluted his white locks and beard, with added good wishes.

"Yes, he said not to kill; he said other things." Saleem paused again, musing once more over the old days, now long gone, and his *narghileh* sent up circling wreaths of fragrant blue into the air as he idly dangled the long, flexible stem about his finger.

"And I did not kill, effendi," he went on after a moment, though still with perceptible effort. The old fellow's face took on a singularly pure and noble expression as he spoke, and he regarded me with a piercingly sharp and penetrating glance. "I took Nouri's advice, and did what he asked. Nouri, you must know, effendi, is what you call rebel; he left the creeds of his father and became a Christian. I do not believe this young religion is good, but for him, for Nouri, it was good. It gave him even more wisdom than he had when he was still a Muhammadan. He was better than any other Christian I have seen in this dreadful city, and—wouldst thou see what I did?" he asked, suddenly, dropping into the statelier form of address.

I silently nodded assent, and Saleem gathered the folds of his capacious dark burnoose about his lean figure, for the afternoon air was still sharp and keen in spite of the sunshine, and led the way out into the narrow, dark street, where it was already half-dusk, though the sun was two hours high from his setting. As we passed down the dingy thoroughfare toward the bay we were saluted respectfully by everyone we passed, all of them numbered among the faithful. All of them knew Saleem; most of them knew me; but their salutations were for his white hair, and, by courtesy, for the "infidel" he had seen fit to honor with his company.

At last the way led into a dank and rickety house of wood, three stories high, and as dark as a wolf's throat. Through the alley from the street, that led to the rear, we passed, to toil up the six flights of stairs, Saleem in front, muttering a prayer at every flight.

At last we stood before a door, whereon was written, in Arabic, the inscription: "Here rests the peace of

God." With a peculiar, shrill exclamation of greeting, Saleem opened it and shut me out in the dark for a moment. In a few seconds he returned and threw it wide, bidding me enter, a smile of satisfaction upon his scarred and lined face.

Across the room sat a woman still strikingly handsome, and still in the bloom of middle life. Not all the pangs of childbearing and poverty could rob her of her olive and rose complexion, her fresh and sparkling eyes, her glorious cloud of silky, night-black hair, that floated above her head like a crown. On the floor played three little ones, and on her lap, as she wove one of those beautiful Syrian scarves for the head, lay a baby, cooing.

We stood in silence. Saleem gazed at the little group with tears in his eyes, tears of joy, and his dim old vision was misty quite as he looked; I was stilled with admiration for his rugged old character. I needed not his word of explanation—"They are Esa's"—to understand, nor yet the pretty, shy greeting of the wife.

And this was what Nouri had advised. Truly was it "a good re-awakening" for both man and girl.

LYRIC

BY JOHN KEMBLE

OH, whither are you going—
Soft light flakes of Winter's snow,
To the pine-clad hills above
Or to fields that sweep below?

And where began your coming—
Star-like bits of Summer's shroud,
In far Northwestern forests,
Or in yonder misty cloud?

Oh, whither are you blowing,
And why and whence and where,
Like ghostly dreamspun, drifting
Souls whitened by despair?

THE QUEEN'S QUAIR

THE VERACIOUS AND HIGHLY ENTERTAINING LOVE STORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

BY MAURICE HEWLETT*

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

AFTER an unhappy period of mourning at the Court of Catherine de Medici, Mary Queen of Scots, a widow at nineteen, goes to Scotland, accompanied by her court and her brother, Lord James Stuart. Received there by her Scottish subjects, without affection on account of her Catholic religion, she looks with disfavor on the suit of George Gordon, whose father, Lord Huntly, presents himself with George, John and Adam. At Edinburgh John Knox comes into her life and dubs her "The Honeypot." A quarrel arises between the clans of Gordon and Hamilton in which Lord James Stuart interposes, imprisoning John and Adam Gordon; the former finally kills his guard and escapes. A reconciliation takes place between the two clans and George takes a Hamilton to wife. Both clans are pursued to their strongholds, and Lord Huntly and John are killed in the engagement, and through Lord James, their bodies are subjected to much indignity. Lady Huntly and her daughter Jean are approached by Queen Mary; the former becomes an ardent follower. Jean, however, furious at her wrongs, rejects all overtures. Adam is retained by the Queen as page.

The Earl of Bothwell comes from France. He persuades Lord Arran, a son of the Duke of Châtelherault, to attempt to force the Queen into marriage, but Arran confesses the plot and Bothwell is imprisoned. Mary, brooding over Bothwell's part in the affair, sees in his action only affection for herself. Des-Essars, a page given to the Queen by Bothwell, conveys a letter and glove from her to the imprisoned Earl, who escapes to France.

At the suggestion of Queen Elizabeth of England, Lord Henry Darnley comes to Scotland to pay court to Queen Mary. She, nothing loth, accepts his homage and love, and falls completely under his influence. Lord James approves the proposed union, and the Queen consents to a hastily arranged secret marriage. Elizabeth, now objecting to an alliance between Queen Mary and Darnley, recalls him and his father, the Earl of Lenox. They decline to return. Lord James, now Earl of Moray, seeing Elizabeth's sanction withdrawn, denies knowledge of the secret marriage and is expelled from the Council. He flees to Argyll. The public marriage takes place and Henry is proclaimed King. He reluctantly accompanies Mary into battle against the Earl of Moray and the clans of the West. Mary triumphs over her brother.

Bothwell and George Gordon, now Lord Huntly, are pardoned and placed in important positions of trust. The King, objecting to the reinstatement of the two latter, withdraws angry and suspicious from the court to lead a life of dissipation at Inchkeith. This disturbs the Queen, but she allows herself to be

comforted by the ministrations of Signior David, the Italian secretary. Unfavorable comment is rife at court by her attitude towards him, and at last counsellors persuade the King and Queen to meet at Linlithgow at Christmas. There she announces her prospective motherhood. The February following, through the influence of the Queen, Jean Gordon is married to Bothwell.

The sympathizers of the King plot with him against the life of Signior David, and on the 9th of March, the Italian is dragged from the Queen's cabinet by Archie Douglas and Lord Ruthven in the presence of the King and Lady Argyll. The Queen is practically a prisoner in the castle. Huntly and Bothwell, also guarded, escape, by the advice of Des-Essars, by a window.

On the morning following the murder of the Italian, the Queen sends Des-Essars to find where the body is laid. With the aid of Adam Gordon, the stone over the grave is lifted and the King's dagger removed from the body and taken by Des-Essars to the Queen.

In an interview with the Queen, confronted by his dagger red with the Italian's blood, King Henry confesses to Mary the names of the murderers. She commands Sir James Melvill to go to the Provost, have the town convened to come to her rescue. Through strategy he leaves the castle. The town aroused, he rides to meet the Earl of Moray, who, while approving the murder of Signior David, has craftily protected himself. Melvill relates to my Lord of Moray all that has taken place, and when they ride into Edinburgh, the Queen's guards are once more at the castle gates. She welcomes her dear brother, while the Earl of Morton, Archie Douglas and their brother conspirators are astounded at the attitude of the Earl of Moray towards his sister.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTERTASTE.

THE Queen woke at eight o'clock in the morning and called for a cup of cold water. She sat up to drink, and was told that Antony Standen had been at the door at half-past six, the King himself at seven. Listening to this news with her lips in the water, her eyes grew bitter bright. "He shall have old waiting at my chamber door," she said, "before he wins it." Then she began to weep and fling herself about, to bite the coverlet and to gloom among the pillows. "If I forget this past night may my God forget me." Mary Seton sat by the bed, cool and discreet.

The minutes passed, she enduring, until at last, unable to bear the tripping of them, she started up so violently that a great pillow rolled on to the floor. "I could kill myself, Seton," she said, grinding her little teeth together, "I could kill myself for this late piece of work. And all of you there, whispering by the door, wagering, nudging one another—'He'll never come—never. Not he!' Oh, Jesu Christ!" she cried, straining up her bare arms, "let this wound of mine keep green until the time!"

"Hush, dear Madam, oh, hush!" says Seton, flushing to hear her; but the Queen turned a white, hardy face.

"Why should I be hushed? Let me cry out my shame to all the world, that am the scorn of men and wedded women. Who heeds? What matter what I say? Leave me alone—I'll not be hushed down."

Seton was undismayed. "No wedded woman am I. I love you, Madam, and therefore I shall speak with you. I say that, as he has proved his unworthiness, so you must prove your pride. I say——"

There was hasty knocking at the door; the maid ran: "Who is it knocks?"

"The King's valet is without. The King asks if her Majesty is awake."

"Let him ask," said the Queen; "I will never see him again. Say that I am at prayers."

Seton called, "Reply that her Majesty is unable to see the King at this time. Her Majesty awoke early, and is now at prayers." She returned to the bed, where the Queen lay on her elbow, picking her handkerchief to pieces with her teeth.

"Sweet Madam," she said, "bethink you now of what must be done this day. You wish to be avenged of your enemies. . . ."

The Queen looked keenly up.

"Well, well, of all your enemies. But for this you must first be free. And it grows late."

The Queen put her hair from her face and looked at the light coming in. She sat up briskly. "You are right, *ma mie*. Come and kiss me. I have been playing baby until my head aches."

"You will play differently now, I see," said Seton, "and other heads may wish they had a chance to ache."

The Queen took her maid's face in her dry hands. "Oh, Seton," she said, "you are a cordial to me. They have taken my poor David; but have left you me."

"Nay, Madam," says Seton; "they might take me, too, and you need none of my strong waters. There is wine enough in your honey for all your occasions."

A shadow of her late gloom crossed over her. "My honey has been racked with galls. 'Tis you that have cleared it. Give me my nightgown, and send for Father Roche. I will say my prayers."

With a spirit so responsive as hers, the will to move was a signal for scheming to begin. Up and down her mind went the bobbing looms, across and across the humming shuttles, spinning the fine threads together into a fabric whose warp was vengeance and the woof escape from self-scorn. She must be free from prison this coming night; but that was not the half: she intended to leave her captors in the bonds she quitted. So high-mettled was she that I doubt whether she would have accepted the first at the price of giving up the second. Those being the ends of her purpose, all her planning was to adjust the means; and the first thing that she saw (and, with great courage, faced) was that the King—this mutilated god, this botch, this travesty of lover and lord—must come with her. Long before demure Father Roche could answer his summons she had admitted that, and strung herself to accept it. She must drag him after her—a hobble on a donkey's leg—because she dared not leave him behind. He had betrayed his friends to her—true; but if she forsook him he would run to them again and twice betray her. She shrugged him out of mind. Bah! if she must take him she would take him. 'Twas to be hoped he would get pleasure of it—and so much for that. But whom dared she leave? She could think of no one as yet but her brother Moray. Overnight she had separated him from the others, and she judged that he would remain separate. Her thought was this—He is a rogue among rogues, I grant. But if you trust one rogue in a pack, all the others will distrust him. Therefore he, being shunned by them, will cleave to me; and they, not knowing how far I trust him, will falter and look doubtfully at one another; and some of them will come over to him, and then the others will be stranded. Superficial reasoning, rough-and-ready inference, all this. She knew it quite well, but judged that it would meet the case of Scotland. It was only, as it were, the scum of the vats she had seen brewing in France . . . But I keep Father Roche from his prayers.

Affairs in the palace and precincts kept their outward calm in the face of the buzzing town. Train-bands paraded the street, the Castle was for her Majesty, the gates were faithful. In the presence of such monitors as these the burgesses and their wives kept their mouths shut as they stood

at shop-doors, and when they greeted at the close-ends they looked, but did not ask, for news. But the Earl of Morton's men still held the palace, and he himself inspected the guard. There were no attempts to dispute his hold, so far as he could learn, no blood-sheddings above the ordinary, no libels on the Cross, no voices lifted against him in the night. He held a morning audience in the Little Throne-room, with his cousin Douglas for Chief Secretary; and to his suitors, speaking him fair, gave fair replies. But it may be admitted he was very uneasy.

That had not been a pleasant view for him overnight, when the great Earl of Moray, newly returned, walked the hall with the Queen upon his arm. His jaw had dropped to see it. Here was a turn given to our affairs! Dreams troubled him, wakefulness and flying fancies, which to pursue was torment and not to pursue certain ruin. He slept late and rose late. At a sort of levee, which he held as he dressed, he was peevish, snapped at the faithful Archie, and almost quarrelled with Ruthven.

"Do you bite, my lord?" had said that savage. "If I am to lose my head it shall be in kinder company. I salute your lordship." And so he slammed out.

Morton knew that he must smooth him down before the day was over, but just now there were more pressing needs. He told his cousin that he must see the King at the earliest.

Archie wagged his silvery head, looking as wise as an old stork. "Why, that is very well," says he; "but how if he will not see you?"

"What do you mean, man?" cried the Earl, upon him.

"Why, this, cousin," said Archie: "that the King is out of all hand the morn. I went to his door betimes and listened for him, but could hear nothing forby the snivelling of his boy; therefore made so bold as to open. There I found the minion Forrest crying his heart out over the bed, and could hear our kinsman within howling blasphemy in English."

"Pooh, man, 'tis his way of a morning," said Morton, heartening himself. "What did you then?"

Archie screwed his lips to the whistle, and cocked one eyebrow at the expense of the other.

"What did I? I did the foolishest thing of all my days, when I sent in my name by the boy. Strutting moor-cock, call me, that hadna seen him all the day before! Oh, cousin Morton, out comes our King like a blustering gale o' March, and takes me by the twa lugs, and wrenches at me thereby, and shakes me to and fro as if I were a sieve for seeds. 'Ye black-hearted, poisonous beast!' he roars; 'ye damned, nest-fouling chick of a drab and a preacher!' says he—ah, and worse nor that, cousin, if I could lay my tongue to sic filthy conversation. 'I'll teach ye,' says he, thunderous, 'I'll teach ye to play your games with your King!' He was fumbling for his dagger the while, and would have stabbed me through and through but for them that stood by and got him off me. Cousin, I fairly ran."

The Earl looked sternly at him. "Tell me the truth, you Archie. What devil's trick had you played him?"

He looked so blankly, swore so earnestly, nothing upon his honor, that he had to be believed.

"Well, then," said Morton, "what may this betide?"

"Woe can tell, your lordship! Little good to you and me belike."

Lord Morton said, "I doubt he'll play us false. I doubt the knave was working the courage into him."

And there you see why he was uneasy in his ruling of the palace. Heavy, ox-like, slow-footed man, thick-blooded, fond of thick pleasures, slow to see, slow to follow, slow to give up—he felt now, without more rhyme or reason to support him, that his peril was great. The King was about to betray him. A hot mist of rage flooded his eyes at the thought; and then his heart gave a surge upwards and he felt the thick water on his tongue. "If he betray me, may God help him if He cares!"

After his duties in the Little Throne-room, in this grave conjecture, it seemed good to him to get speech with Mr. Maitland, who had been let out of the house, but had let himself in again when his master, my lord of Moray, came home.

"Pray, Mr. Secretary," says he, "have you any tidings of my lord of Moray?"

Mr. Maitland became dry. "I had proposed to meet my lord, as your lordship may recollect. It seemed good to your lordship that I should not go, but that Sir James Melvill should—with results which I need not particularize. I have not been sent for by my lord of Moray since his home-coming; therefore I know no more of his lordship than your lordship's self knows."

The Earl of Morton rumbled his lips. "Prutt! Prutt! I wonder now if . . . " He began to feel sick of his authority.

"The King, Mr. Maitland," he began again, "is in some distemperament at this present. I am in doubt—it is not yet plain to me—I regret the fact, I say."

"One should see his Majesty," says

"By my soul, man," said Mr. Archibald here——"

"By my soul, man," said Mr. Archibald, with fervor, "I don't go near him again for a thousand pound—English."

"No, no, Mr. Maitland," says my lord; "but consider whether yourself should not adventure my lord of Moray."

"My lord——"

Morton lifted his hand. "Man," he said, "you *must* do it. I tell you, the sooner the better." The hand fell upon the table with a thud. Maitland started, then left the room without a word.

Very little was said between the two gentlemen at this moment in charge of Holyrood until the Secretary's return. The Master of Lindsay intruded upon them to report that the Earl of Lenox had left the palace, had left Edinburgh, and had ridden hard to the west. Lord Morton nodded to signify that his ears could do their duty.

"Like son, like father," said Archie, when the Master had gone.

Soon afterwards Maitland knocked at the door, entered, advanced to the table, and stood there, looking at the ink-horn, which he moved gently about.

"Well, sir! We are here to listen," cried Morton, in a fever.

Maitland was slow to answer even then.

"I have been admitted to my lord of Moray—so there is much to say. He had his reader with him, but came out to me. When I began to speak he regretted at once that he could not hear me at any length. He showed me his table encumbered with business, and declined at the present to add any more to the litter. I urged your lordship's desire to have speech with him as soon as might be; he replied that his own desire was always, in all things, to serve your lordship. I said, 'Serve his lordship then in this'; upon the which he owned that he failed of strength. 'I have a traveler's ache in my bones,' saith he. 'Let my lord Morton have patience.' "

He stopped there.

Lord Morton took a turn about the room. "No more than that said he, Maitland? No more than that?"

"His lordship said no more, my lord. And therefore, seeing that he plainly wished it, I took my leave."

The Earl looked at Archie Douglas: some secret intelligence passed between them in which the Secretary had no share.

"I am going to speak with my lord of Ruthven in his chamber," then said he. "And, cousin, do you come also."

The guard presented arms to the great man as he went down the hall, and a few underlings—women of the house, grooms of the closet and coffer—ran after him with petitions; but he waved away all and sundry. They fell back, herded into groups and whispered together. The Secretary came out alone and paced the hall deep in thought. One or two eyed him anx-

iously. How did he stand now? It was a parlous time for Scotland when nobody knew to whom to cringe for a favor.

Then—two hours after dinner—word was brought down into the hall that the Queen would receive the Earl of Morton and certain other named persons in the Throne-room. Great debate over this. Lord Ruthven was for declining to go. "We are masters here. 'Tis for us to receive."

But Lord Lindsay shook his ragged head. "No, no, Ruthven," he says, "take counsel, my fine man. It is ill to go, but worse to stay away."

"How's that, then?" cries Ruthven, white and fierce.

"Why, thus," the elder replied. "If you go, you show that you are master. If you go not, you betray that you doubt it."

"I see it precisely contrary," says Ruthven.

"Then," he was told, "you have a short vision. It is the strong man can afford to unbar the door."

The Earl of Morton was clearly for going. "I take it, my lord of Moray is behind this message. Let us see what he will do. He is bound to us as fast as man can be."

They sent up Maitland, who came back with the answer that my Lord of Moray had been summoned in likewise, and would not fail of attendance upon her Majesty. This settled the masters of Holyrood. "Where he goes there must we needs be also."

Archie Douglas and Maitland had not been required by the Queen; but when Archie was for rubbing his hands over that, the other advised him to take his time.

"You are not the less surely hanged because they let you see you are not worth hanging," said the Secretary.

Archie damned him for a black Genevan.

At the time set the Earls of Morton, Argyll, and Glencairn, the Lords Ruthven, Rothes, and Lindsay, and some few more, went upstairs with what state they could muster.

They found the Queen on the throne, pale, stiff in the set of her head, but perfectly self-possessed. Three of her maids and Lady Argyll were behind the throne. Upon her right hand stood the King in a long ermine cloak, upon her left the Earl of Moray in black velvet. Lord John Stuart and a sprinkling of young men held the inner door, and a secretary, in poor Davy's shoes, sat at a little table in the window. The six lords filed in according to their degrees of ranking. Ruthven, behind Lindsay, jogged his elbow: "See the pair of them there. Betrayed, man, betrayed!"

None of them was pleased to see that Moray had been admitted first, and yet none of them in his heart had expected anything else. It was the King who drew all their reproaches: in some sense or another Moray was chartered in villainy.

The Queen, looking straight before her, moistened her lips twice, and spoke in a low voice, very slowly and distinctly.

"I have sent for you, my lords, that I may hear in the presence of the King, my consort, and of these my kindred and friends, what your wisdoms may have to declare concerning some late doings of yours. As I ask without heat, so I shall expect to be answered." Pausing here, she looked down at her hands placid in her lap. So unconscious did she seem of anything but her own dignity and sweet estate, you might have taken her for a girl at her first Communion.

The Earl of Morton moved out a step, and made the best speech he could of it. He had the gift, permitted to slow-witted men, of appearing more honest than he was; for tardiness of utterance is easily mistaken for gravity, and gravity (in due season) for uprightness. One has got into the habit of connecting roguery with fluency. But it must be allowed to Morton that he did not attempt to disavow his colleagues. If he urged his own great wrongs as an excuse for violence, he claimed that the wrongs

of Scotland had cried to him louder still. He now held the palace, he said, for the prevention of mischief, and should be glad to be relieved of the heavy duty. Then he talked roundabout—of requitals in general—how violent griefs provoked violent medicines—how men will fight tooth and nail for their consciences. Lastly he made bolder. "If I fear not, Madam, to invoke the holy eyes of God upon my doings, it would not become me to quail under your Majesty's. And if that which I hold dearest is enchained, I should be a recreant knight indeed if I failed of a rescue." He glanced toward the King at this point; but the young man might have been a carven effigy. His end therefore —for he knew now that he had been betrayed—was a lame one: a plea for mutual recovery of esteem, an act of oblivion, articles to be drawn up and signed, *et cætera*. The Queen, placidly regarding her fingers, drew the others after him, one by one.

The Earl of Glencairn had nothing to say, as he proved by every word he uttered; the Earl of Argyll began a speech, but caught his wife's eye and never finished it. Lord Lindsay, an honest, hot-gospel, rough sort of man —who might have been a Knox in his way—said a great deal. But he was long over it, and slow, and prolix; and the Queen none too patient. At "Secondly, Madam, you shall mark ——" she began to tap with her toe; and then one yet more impatient broke in, feeling that he must shriek under his irritation unless he could relieve it by speech. This was Lord Ruthven, a monomaniac, with one cry for the world, and one upon whom to cry it. If he spoke his rages to the Queen in form he aimed them at the King in substance, and never once looked elsewhere, or threatened with his finger any other than that stock-headed starer out of strained eyes. He thrust away Lindsay with a pawing hand, and—"Oh, Madam, will you listen to me now?" says he. "We speak our pieces before ye like bairns on a bench, who have acted not long since like men, and men wronged. And who are we, when all's said, to justify ourselves? Who was the most aggrieved among us? Let that man speak. Who had most cause to cry out, Down with the thief of my honor? Let him say it now. What was our injury compared to that man's? If we played in his scene, who gave out the parts? If we laid hands upon our Queen, by whose command did we so? And into whose hands did we commit her royal person? Let him answer, and beat us down with his words, if to any hands but his own." Wrought up by his own eloquence, driving home his terrible questions, he had advanced unaware close to the man he threatened. The King jumped back with a short cry; but the Queen, who had been straining forward to listen, like a racer at his mark, interposed.

"I am listening," she said: "continue, Ruthven."

Ruthven, at this check, began to cast about for his words. He had lost his flow. "As for yon Davy, Madam, I'll not deny airt or pairt in his taking——"

"Why, how should you indeed?" says the Queen, smiling, rather sharply.

"I say I will not, Madam," says Ruthven, flurried; then with a savage snarl he turned short on the King and fleshed his tooth there.

"And you!" he raved at him: "deny it you, if you dare."

The King went white as a sheet.

"Man," said the Earl of Morton, finely, "hold your peace. I lead this company."

Lord Ruthven said no more, and Morton took up anew his parable. What he did was well done: he did not give ground, yet was conciliatory. It was a case for terms, he said. Let articles be drawn up, lands be restored, offices stand as before the slaughter, the old forfeiture be overlooked, religion on either side be as it had been: in fact, let that come which all hoped for, the Golden Age of Peace.

The Queen consulted with her brother, ignored her husband, then accepted. Maitland was to draw up articles and submit them. For Peace's sake, if it were possible, she would sign them. Rising from her throne, she dismissed her jailors. She took Moray's arm, just touched the King's with two fingers, and walked through the lines made by her friends, a page going before to clear her way. The moment she was in her room she sent Des-Essars out with a letter, which she had ready-written, for the Earl of Bothwell.

Left with his fellow-tragedians, Ruthven for a time was ungovernable, with no words but "black traitor—false, perjuring beast of a thief"—and the like. Morton, to the full as bartered as himself, did not try to hold him. He, too, was working into a steady resentment, and kindling a grudge which would smoulder the longer but burn the more fiercely than the madman's spluttering bonfire. And he was against all sudden follies. When Ruthven, foaming, howled that he would stab the King in the back, Morton grumbled, "Too quick a death for him"; and Lindsay said, drily, "No death at all. Yon lad is wiser than Davy—wears a shirt that would turn any blade." "Then I'll have at him in his bed," says Ruthven. And Lindsay, to clinch the matter, scoffs at him with, "Pooh, man, the Queen is his shirt of mail. Are you blind?"

Into this yeasty flood, with courage truly remarkable, the Earl of Moray steered his barque, coming sedately back from his escort of the Queen. At first they were so curious about his visit that they forgot the vehement suspicion there was of treachery from him also. The precision of his steering was admirable, but he ran too close to the rocks when he spoke of the Queen as "a young lady in delicate health, for whom, considering her eager temper and frail body, the worst might have been feared in the late violent doings."

Here Morton cut in. "I call God to witness, my lord, and you, too, Ruthven, shall answer for me, whether or not I forbade the slaughter of that fellow before her face. For I feared, my lord, that very health of hers."

"And you did well to fear it, my lord," said the Earl of Moray; and that was the turn too much.

Said Ruthven to him, dangerously, "You make me sick of my work." He peered with grinning malice into the inscrutable face. "Tell me, you, my lord of Moray, what did *you* look for in the business? What thought *you* would come of murder at the feet of a woman big? God in heaven, sir, what is it you look for? What is it you think of day after day?"

Lord Moray blinked—but no more. "Hush, hush, Lord Ruthven, lest you utter what would grieve all who love Scotland."

Ruthven howled. "Man, do you talk of Scotland? Are we friends here? Are we in the kirk? If we are in council, for God's sake talk your mind. Ah!—talk of that, my good lord——" he pointed to the empty throne. "Man, man, man! there's your kirk and your altar—you prater about Scotland's love." For a moment he fairly withered the man; but then, as drowning in a flood-tide of despair, he lifted up his hand and covered his tormented eyes. "Oh, I am sick just," he said, "sick of your lying—sick, I tell you, sick—sick to death!"

The Earl of Moray made a little sign with his eyebrows and closed eyes; and they left him alone with Ruthven. It has never been denied of this man that he had the courage of his father's race.

The "Articles of Peace and Oblivion" were drawn up, tendered on knees, and overlooked by her Majesty.

"I see your name here, Mr. Maitland, as in need of mercy," she said, with a finger on the place. Of course she had known that he was up to the chin in the plot, but she could rarely resist making the sensitive man wriggle.

He murmured something unusually fatuous.

"Oh, sir," she said, "if you seek for my pardon you shall have it. I am contented with a few things. But go you now and sue for it in the maids' closet. You will find Fleming there. I cannot answer for her word, I warn you; for if you say to a maid, 'Love me, love my dog,' it is possible she may rejoin, 'Serve me, serve my mistress.' That, at least, is the old-fashioned pleading in the courts of love."

He was greatly confused, the obsequious, fertile man, and she greatly entertained.

"Go, Mr. Maitland, and pray you find some phrases as you go. Tongues ring sharply in the closet." She signed the Articles, and he was backing himself out when she stopped him with a seemingly careless word. "Ah, I had almost forgot. These Articles breathe peace." She took them from him and read the words. "'Peace, mutual forbearance and good-will': very fair words, upon which we must hope for fair performance. The guard at the doors and gates is removed, no doubt? See to that, Mr. Maitland, before you can hope for pardon in the maids' closet. Your lady will not love you the more because you keep her in a cage."

This was kittle work, as they say. Unless the guard were off she could never get out. Maitland, however, took the hint, acted upon his own responsibility, and found none to stop him. The lords—masters of Holyrood—were otherwise employed. Lord Ruthven spoke of hanging himself; the Earl of Morton was inclining to think that Articles might, for this once, make all safe. Alone, the Earl of Moray admonished his servant, not for removing the guard, but for not having done so earlier. What peace he made afterwards in the maids' closet hath never been revealed.

The Queen went to bed very early, and slept like a child in arms.

At two o'clock in the morning the King was called, but answered the summons himself, fully dressed, armed and cloaked.

"I am ready," he said, before the messenger could speak. "Fetch Standen. I go to the Queen."

He crept along the passage to the dimly lighted cabinet, where he had of late seen murder, and had to wait there as best he could. He spent the time in walking up and down—an exercise whereby a man, in fear already, gains terror with every pace: so agitated was he that when, after an age of squittering misery, the Queen came in deeply hooded, he forgot everything and burst out with "Oh, God, Madam, make haste!"

She gave him no answer, but poured herself some wine, added water, and drank. It was terrible to him to see how much at her ease she was, sipping her drink, looking about the cabinet, recalling critically (if the truth is to be told) the stasimons of the late tragic scene.

Mary Seton came in, and Des-Essars, laboring with a portmantle and some pistols.

"Drink, my children," she bade them in French, and they obeyed, taking stay and leisure from her.

The King bit his nails, fretted and fumed—had not had the nerve to drink, even if he had had the invitation.

Standen stood by the wall, stolid as his habit was—the flaxen, solemn English youth, with but one cherubic face for a rape, a funeral, a battle, a christening, or the sacrament.

The Queen drew Seton's attention to him in a whisper, and made the girl laugh.

Presently they heard a step, and then Stewart of Traquair was to be seen, stalwart and watchful, in the doorway.

"Ready, Traquair?"—the Queen's voice.

"All's ready, Ma'am."

She fastened her hood, patting the bows flat. "Come, Seton; come Baptist," she said, and gave her hand into Traquair's.

He kissed it before he led her away.

Des-Essars went first with a shaded lantern.

The great dark house was perfectly quiet as they went downstairs and through the chapel by the tombs of the kings. Just here, however, the Queen stopped and called back Des-Essars. "Where does he lie?" she asked him; and he pointed out the stone—she was standing almost upon it—and for many a day remembered the curious regard she had for it: how she hovered, as it were, over the place, looking at it, smiling quietly towards it, as if it afforded her some quaint thought. Words have been put into her mouth which, according to him, she never said—melodramatic words they are, rough makeshifts of some kind of art embodying what was to come. According to Des-Essars, she said nothing, neither resolved, nor promised, nor predicted; nothing broke her smiling, considering silence over this new grave.

"To see her there," he says, "in the lantern-light, so easy, so absorbed, so *amused*, was terrible to more witnesses than one. It opened to me secret doors never yet suspected. Was murder only curious to her? Was horror a kind of joy?"

But it frightened Mary Seton out of her courage. "Oh, what do you see in there, Madam?" she whispered. "What moves your mirth in a grave?"

The Queen turned her head as if shaken out of a stare. She met Mary Seton's eyes in the lantern-light, and laughed.

"Come away, Madam, come away. Look no more. There's a taint."

"Yes, yes," says the Queen; "I am ready. Where is the King?"

"The King is gone, Madam," said Stewart of Traquair; "and I think your Majesty will do well to be after him."

This was true. Arthur Erskine, holding the horses outside the town wall, told her that the King had ridden forward at once, at a gallop, with his man Standen. She was therefore left with but two—himself and Traquair—for escort; but he assured her that every step had been taken, she would be in no sort of danger.

"Danger!" she said, laughing lightly. "No, no, Erskine, I do not fear it. Ruthven's dagger seeks not my back."

They lifted her up, the rest mounted after her; they walked their horses clear of the suburb. After some half mile or more of steady trotting the Queen reined up and stopped the party. She listened; they all did. Far away you could hear the regular galloping of a horse, pulsing in the dark like some muffled pendulum. Now and again another's broke into it and confused the rhythm.

"There rides in haste our sovereign lord," said the Queen. "Come, we must follow him."

By Niddry House—under the lee of the wall—she found the Earls of Huntly and Bothwell, Lord Seton, and a company of twenty horsemen waiting. The hour had gone five.

"God save Scotland!" had called Traquair, and Bothwell's strident voice had countercried, "God save the Queen of Scotland!"

"That voice hath blithe assurance," said she, when she heard it. She joyed in adventure and adventurers.

She asked for news of the King. "Where is my consort, Lord Bothwell? Rode he this way?"

"Madam, he did, and had a most mischievous scare of us. We knew him by the way he damned us all. But he's well away by now. You may hear him yet."

She gloomed at that. "Ay," said she, "I have heard him. I shall always hear him, I think." Then she shivered. "Let us ride on, sirs; the night is chill."

Nobody spoke much. Lord Bothwell kept close to her right hand, Lord Huntly to her left. They would change horses at Gladsmuir.

The tide was breaking over wet rocks, one pale streak of light bur-

nished the rim of the sea, as Lord Bothwell lifted down his Queen. Astounding to feel how fresh and feat she was! The dark hull of a castle could just be seen, suspended as it seemed above a cloud-bank, with sea-birds looming suddenly large and small as they swept in and out of the fog. Little tired waves broke and recoiled near by upon the weedy stones.

"Dunbar, Madam," says Bothwell, his hands still holding her—"and the good grey guard of the water."

The King, they told her, had arrived some three hours before and was now in bed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SONG OF THE WANDERING WOMAN

BY ELSA BARKER

THOU hast broken my soul on the wheel,
Thou hast drunk of my sorrow as wine,
Thou hast branded my brow with thy seal
And my faith thou hast hung for a sign.

Thou hast spilled all my dreams on the ground
And broken the strings of my lyre;
And the chords of my being are bound
By memories that mock at desire.

Thou hast taught me the knowledge of years
In a day, of despair I am wise;
Thou hast moistened thy bread with my tears—
Aye, bathed in the tears of mine eyes.

O Beloved, whose breath is my pain!
Thy shadow has darkened the world;
For thy spirit is thunder and rain
And thy love is a meteor hurled.

But thy darkness is dearer than light;
So I die, and my cry to be free
Is my song of redemption to God in the night
For the sins of the world and of me.

Drawn by Howard McCormick.

"HER SHOULDERS GLOWED LIKE POLISHED GOLD, AND OVER ALL THERE FELL TO HER HEELS THE GLISTENING GLORY OF HER BLACK HAIR."

—*"The Malongete."*

THE MALANGETE*

BY JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD MC CORMICK

FAR down the palm-lined road they appeared, nearing with perplexing rapidity. The head of my companion snapped forward and his eyes flamed. They came in a file down the road, between the palm trees, in the glowing tropic light, swinging along with smooth, resistless progress. They seemed to glide; the bamboo poles, balanced on their shoulders, slid as if on invisible tracks laid above the ground, and the tuba buckets at the ends were steady as if floating in the air. Soon they were near. The play of their great thigh muscles became visible. They turned the corner of the plaza with a new burst of speed, and then they passed us in magnificent action. Down their naked heels came in turn, pounding the ground; in one long, smooth sweep from waist to toe the legs flashed back in a quivering of ropy sinew. Their naked bronze busts glistened with sweat and the supple back muscles, giving at each step beneath the bamboo poles, undulated liquidly beneath the golden skin. Through the palm leaves covering the buckets a slight froth played like silver lace. They passed us in a flash of gleaming bronze; the creak of the bamboo poles shrieked in our ears; the pungent, sulphurous odor of the tuba stung our nostrils, and then they vanished in the kaleidoscopic color play of the market.

My eyes fell upon my companion. He was leaning forward, his shriveled legs collapsed beneath the trunk, his whole weight upon his hands, his head straining ahead like that of a bird in flight, and in his eyes something strange and moving—a soft, regretful gleam, yes — God bless me, how strange it seemed in that sullen, stolid cripple!—a look of longing, longing infinite.

From this day I watched him, watched him as the tuba-carriers flashed into the pueblo, at high noon.

He was about forty years old, and above the waist he was beautiful. From the belt the body shot upward, broadening like a Greek urn into a deep chest, and wide, massive shoulders. Beneath the gleaming terra-cotta skin the muscle played in elastic bundles of power. His face was hatchet-carved, with a relentless jaw and eagle nose, and his straight black hair was ennobled by a sprinkle of gray.

But below the waist was ruin. He had been hamstrung. His legs were folded flaccidly beneath the trunk, the calf against the thigh — powerless things which, as he dragged himself on his hands, trailed limply behind as if some ignoble, useless attachment of the great body above.

It was not often that he courted this humiliation. Usually he was in his nipa hut in the coconuts, silent and alone. But regularly, a little before noon, he dragged himself to his station in front of the store of Gong Ah Deam, merchant and usurer, and there, leaning against the wall, he watched and waited for the coming

**Malangete is a Negros Visayan dialect word, denominating the men who gather tuba. Tuba is the fermented sap of the coconut palm, obtained by incisions made at the top of the tree.*

of the malangetes. There was something tragic about the man, a singular dignity of woe, and as he crouched there, that quality made him appear as tall as those about him. He never spoke and an awe—partly superstitious, I think—kept a vacant circle around him.

One day that man told me his story. He told it to me in hoarse whispers, impelled by some torturing desire to unburden himself, in front of the store of Gong Ah Deam, there awaiting the coming of the tuba-carriers.

"I was one of them, señor," he said, pointing with his chin toward the far vista where the tuba-men would presently appear; "I was a malangete; yes, the strongest and fleetest of them. For five years I was the leader of the file. They would challenge me often. At first, as we strained toward the far pueblo, in turn each would move up and try to pass me, but I only quickened a little as the man tugged at my side, his breath whistling like the wind through the coco trees, his legs stiffening till they cracked, till finally he dropped back, gasping, to the foot of the line, the tuba running down the sides of his bucket while another spurted up to wrest from me the honor. After two years they ceased to challenge me—all except one. I was their acknowledged king—except by one. His name was Herrera. He was small and light and stringy. He had no chance against me. I could laugh and sing as he walked at my elbow, agonizing with the effort. Day after day, as I raced proudly along, the long line behind me, the bamboo pole springing lightly on my shoulder, the tuba frothing in the buckets, I felt him start out of his place; soon his hot breath was on my neck, and out of the corner of my eye I saw his evil, yellow face. I hummed and sang and cracked my muscle with walking. And he hung on, I don't know how, señor, he hung on mile after mile, till I thought he would die. Then suddenly he reeled and sobbed, and inch by inch I passed him, proudly smiling, while his heart burst with bitterness. We rushed into the pueblo, and as I, raising my head, spurted with new speed, and each man, his eyes glued upon the back ahead, strained to keep up, I knew that he was last in the line, staggering blindly, his tuba spilling at every step, a disgraceful spectacle. And to my ears came the laughter of the women, pointing their fingers at him.

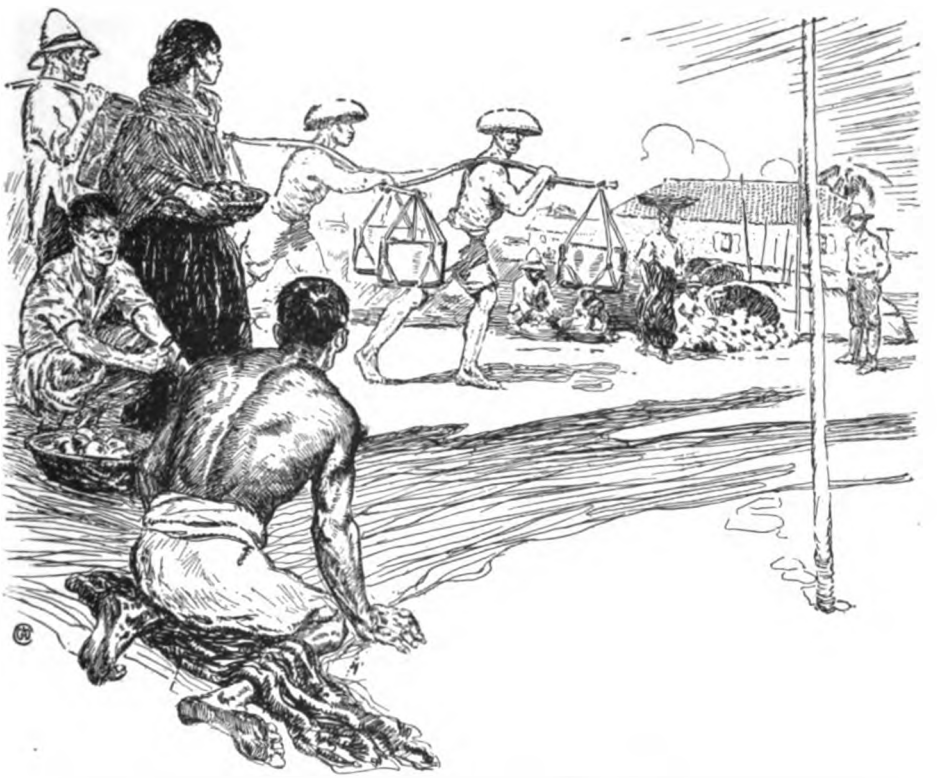
"They looked at me with longing eyes; they laughed at him. For I was strong and beautiful, señor. Look at these arms—they were a third bigger then. And my thighs — they are shriveled and soft now, like meat that has hung in the market too long—but they were like the trunk of the iron tree, strong as the caribao's, fleet as the mountain deer's. And he was small and dried, and his legs were bowed.

"Señor, I knew why he challenged me thus day after day. He loved Constancia Torres. And I loved her, too.

"We had played together when children; we were youths and did not know it; one day I saw her come out of the bath and suddenly I was a man. Her dripping padadyung, wrapped high beneath her arm-pits, followed the curves of her body like a long caress; above, her shoulders glowed like polished gold, and over all there fell to her heels the glistening glory of her black hair. And her eyes were deep as the pools of the Cabancalan, and her voice was soft as the sigh of the breeze through the sugar cane at sundown, and I loved her, señor.

"Of course I won her. I went to her father one evening and asked for her and got her. She stood aside while I spoke; a corner of her camisa had slipped down from her left shoulder and the light shone on the golden skin. She did not smile when her father assented. Next day we were married by Padre Marcellano, and she did not smile.

"But I did not care, señor. It seemed such a little thing, her indifference, near my love. Señor, you



I WATCHED HIM, WATCHED HIM AS THE TUBA-CARRIERS FLASHED INTO THE PUEBLO, AT HIGH NOON.

have seen the hot breath of the monsoon pass over the land, day after day, month after month, till the palms and the bamboo and the sugar cane all bend its self-willed way. My love was the hot monsoon and she was the bamboo wisp.

"I took her away to my new nipa-hut, under the coconut palms. And I trembled to my own happiness as the violin vibrates to its own music.

"I could not sleep those days, señor, I was so happy. At sundown I climbed the tall coconut trees, my bolo between my teeth. I hacked at the shoots above and hung my buckets, and then slid down and found her. We stood long at the window, señor, in the night. The wind blew softly through the trees. Beneath the leaves the stars shone upon our love, and when the breeze ceased, so quiet was it, señor, that we could hear the gentle dripping of the tuba in the buckets, above us in the sky. And we would stay thus many hours of the night, señor, my arms about her, her soft body against mine, and it was only later that I remembered that all the caresses came from me.

"Señor, I was so happy, that I forgot to hate. The day after my marriage I let Herrera lead into the pueblo. The next day he was not in line, nor ever after. Señor, the man who forgets to hate is a fool.

"All about me there was a rippling of evil laughter, and winkings and signs and tappings of fingers on foreheads. And I was blind.

"One afternoon, late, as I was coming back to my hut, my empty buckets swinging idly on the pole, my eyes fixed upon the little nipa-roof already showing through the trees, and hunger of love in my heart, I tripped against a liana across the path. There was a whirr of pliable bamboo and something sharp whistled through the air and struck me there, behind

the knee, with the sound of the butcher's cleaver cutting meat. I fell, and my legs were as they are now. Señor, you have fought in the war; you know the bamboo-trap. A bamboo-trap had been laid for me.

"My legs were gone, but something terrible whispered in my heart that I should be home. And I was there almost as quick as if I had been still a man, and not a worm.

"Señor, the house was deserted. As I crawled about like a dog smelling tracks, there was not a trace of the woman I loved.

"Then all that my eyes had refused to see, all that my ears had refused to hear poured into me in a black tide. I knew why the pueblo had laughed. And throwing myself on my back I shivered all night with pain and rage."

"SOMETHING SHARP WHISTLED THROUGH THE AIR AND STRUCK ME THERE, BEHIND THE KNEE."

The man suddenly leaned forward and his eyes flamed. The malangetes were rushing into the town. Smoothly they glided around the plaza, and then they passed us in a flash of gleaming bronze. The creaking of the bamboo poles shrieked in our ears, the pungent sulphurous odor of the tuba bit our nostrils, and long with a wistful look the cripple followed them till they were lost in the palpitating color play of the market.

Four miles from Cabancalan there is a lonely pile of rocks of evil repute. Heavy, cannon-like reports come from it at times, and a sickening smell of sulphur pinches the nostrils a quarter of a mile away.

I was passing the place at noon one day when I saw a man crawling queerly among the rocks. His movements were so suspicious that I dismounted and followed him.

I gained fast and finally a full look as he passed around a big boulder intensified my surprise. It was the cripple of the pueblo, the old malangete.

He was laboring heavily, dragging himself on his hands, his big chest wet with perspiration, and a glint of baneful determination in his eye. After a dolorous scramble through putrescent vegetation and leprous rocks, he slid down a little ravine into a cup-like depression bare of plant life except at the farther end where a gigantic banyan embraced the earth with its huge tentacle roots.

He crawled to the middle of the clearing, and then he stopped, on his hands and knees, looking at something on the ground which I could not see. I waited for half an hour, but he remained thus in this strange posture and I silently crawled back and away.

The next morning, early, I was back at the place. I slid down the little ravine into the cup-like depression. It was deserted. A white object on the ground caught my eye. It was a human skull.

It was a human skull, white and polished with age. And its lower jaw was twisted in a most abominable grin.

I touched the thing to roll it over. It was fast. I felt beneath. The sharp, saw-like edge of vertebræ rasped my fingers. I dug the earth

beneath. The vertebræ extended downward for a few inches and then the smooth collar-bones crossed them at right angles.

I understood. An entire skeleton was there, buried upright to the neck. I thought I understood also the abominable grin.

I did not want to see any more; but as I turned away a whiteness among the octopus-like tentacles of the banyan compelled me.

I took a few steps and stood before a skeleton. It was tied upright to the banyan roots by an iron chain, corroded with rust. There was no flesh on the thing, but a stream of heavy black hair cascaded down from the skull to the heels, undulating in and out of the fleshless ribs.

One more thing I noticed. The hollow eyes of the skeleton among the banyan roots were focused upon the centre of the clearing. In the centre of the clearing was the skull of the horrible grin, and its staring orbits were turned upon the roots of the banyan tree.

For a moment I was too cold to climb out of the place. Yet when I succeeded my body was wet with perspiration.

A MIS-STEP

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK

ACROSS the little brass crib the mother and the physician faced each other.

"Will he die?" her eyes asked.

His lips answered their mute appeal. "The danger is over, Margaret; he will get well."

She put up her hand quickly in a vain attempt to push back the crowding tears. "Thank God!" she whispered, brokenly; "thank God!"

The boy stirred and the doctor laid his finger on the delicate wrist. "The medicine has got him," he said, as he closed his watch; "it will hold him for hours. Margaret," in a lower tone, "I think you might thank *me* a little."

She looked up. He was smiling at her across the crib. She smiled back with eyes still wet. "I do thank you, Paul, you know that. I believe Harry would have died but for you. Oh, it was horrible," she went on, with a shudder, "horrible—when he sprang up so suddenly, choking and gasping for breath. I can never tell you how frightened I was. And you came so quickly and you have done so much—when I write to Ned——"

The doctor turned abruptly and walked to the door leading into the hall. Through the broad east window a gray ghost of dawn was creeping. In its pallid glimmer the massive furniture took strange shapes like uncouth, crouching forms. A heavy dark rug at the doctor's feet repulsed the feeble daylight and showed against the polished floor like an open grave. The wide stairway wound downward blackly. She had followed him to the door.

"Are you going, Paul?" she asked, anxiously. "You are sure Harry will be all right?"

"Indeed I would not go, Margaret, if there was the least thing more I could do; but Harry is getting on as finely as possible. He will probably sleep till nine o'clock. I shall have the nurse here before he wakes. And I'll come in myself about noon. Margaret," turning toward her, "you must go to bed at once or you will be ill yourself. Tell Katie to sit by Harry, and promise me that you will go to sleep directly I have gone."

"Oh, I sha'n't really go to bed," she replied, "but I will lie down on the couch and Katie will call me if he stirs. Why, Paul, it is morning already. How dark the stairs are. Wait. I will get a candle to light you down."

She entered the room again and taking a tall candle in a silver holder from her dressing-table lighted it at the low-turned gas-burner. As she passed the little crib she paused beside it, looking down at the sleeping boy. She lifted her hand to shade the flame. Her loose sleeve fell back and all the soft outline of her arm was disclosed. A strand of her brown hair had escaped from its low coil and lay half curling on her shoulder. Her hand, curved about the candle flame, was tinted like a rosy shell. From the dim hall the doctor watched her.

"He is sleeping so well," she said brightly, as she followed him slowly down the stairs. "Oh, Paul, you have been so good."

At the bottom of the flight he turned and leaned against the newel post, looking up. She was still some

steps above him; an alluring picture against the gloom. Her trailing gown whispered silkenly along the polished oak.

"I will lock the door after you," she said. She had reached the broad landing at the foot of the stairs from which but one shallow step led to the floor of the hall. She placed the candle upon a table. Its flame, wavering in the draught, flung a grotesque shadow of the doctor upon the wall behind him.

"The dawn always makes me nervous," she said, with a little low laugh as they crossed the landing. "It is such a creepy time of night, or day—which is it?—and I have been so frightened about Harry."

She glanced half-fearfully over her shoulder at the wall where the doctor's shadow swooped down and cowered like a demon. At the step she stumbled—did she forget it, or did her foot slip? He threw out his hand to save her. She missed it and swayed against him. He flung his arms around her.

Outside upon the steps he waited to hear the grating of the key in the lock. It would mean that she had risen from the low chair into which she had fallen when he released her.

He was shaking from head to foot. The dawn clutched him with icy fingers. Beyond the street the frozen river held the growing daylight like dull glass. A low pall of fog oppressed the hills.

He stood shivering, waiting desperately for the sound of the turning key. It came at last, a slow, metallic click. He turned and went uncertainly down the steps.

The sun was going down in a passionate west. The windows of the stately houses along the river blazed with the fires of his departure. Upon the frozen stream the thick, scattered squares left by the ice-cutters gleamed like blocks of pearl. The frosty air was jubilant with bells as the smart sleighs slid along the snowy street.

"Hullo, doctor!" hailed a child's voice from one of them as the tall form of Paul Trent turned the corner. "Where's your sleigh? We'll beat you in a race up the road."

"All right, Jamesie; I'm your man, to-morrow, though. I'm busy now," called the doctor, and waved his hand at the passing sleigh.

All day long he had worked with his accustomed energy; meeting each hour's imperative demands with alert response. In his busy office he had accomplished a vast amount of routine labor. He had performed more than one delicate operation with the steady nerve and clean precision that made the work a marvel. In terse, direct sentences he had delivered his weekly lecture before the students at the medical college. With stern resolve he had forced himself not to think beyond the passing moment. Only once his thoughts had leaped ahead — when her brief summons reached him—the half dozen words which had bade him come to her at this hour. He had sent his assistant at noon to see Harry, and now as he ascended the steps and rang the bell the interval between dawn and sunset stretched in his mind like a blank of years.

He crossed the spacious hall and entered the sombre library. A fire of logs held back the shadows. The red light of the dying sun pierced the wide window-panes with level rays, and the rich uniforms of the book multitude responded with glints and gleams of gold. A splendid tiger skin spread before the hearth took the firelight with the gloss of tawny satin.

She entered the room. He advanced a pace or two to meet her. In the glowing circle before the fire the man and the woman faced each other.

For hours the dread of this meeting had been resolutely thrust back in his brain. He had instinctively nerved himself as for an ordeal, and now that the moment had come he was conscious only of a puzzled embarrassment. This was surely not the

woman he had expected to meet—this smiling Margaret confronting him in the firelight with the gracious aspect of every-day. He noticed her gown. It was white and thick and soft with a bordering of rich dark fur at hem and wrist. He had told her once that it suited her. He felt vaguely vexed with her for wearing it now. Had he dreamed it then?—that mad moment in the dawn when her touch against him had dashed down the barriers of his self-control. But, no—the thrill of that brief second was with him still. The wild joy of that instant when her lips lay warm on his was branded on his brain forever.

"You did not come at noon as you promised, Paul," she said, with no hint of displeasure in her charming voice, "so I sent for you. Shall I ring for lamps or do you like the firelight? *I* do. I rather like to fancy myself as making a sunshine in a shady place; there's a bait for you, Paul, but you don't rise. Where are your manners, man? Make me a compliment at once, if you please. Doctors should be adepts at flattery. Oh, Paul, I feel so gay to-night. Harry is almost all right again; the nurse says he may get up to-morrow. Have you been sleighing?" as a rapturous clash of ringing silver filled the room and passed.

"Margaret," he cried, half roughly, "why do you go on like this? I would not have come—I did not want to come—I meant to write to you to-night, but your note——" He stopped abruptly and covered his face with his hands.

She did not speak and he went brokenly on. "I love you, Margaret. I have loved you always, since we were children. It's all the excuse I have. I have worked like a horse since — since I missed you. Your friendship was the best thing in my life. I thought—it was — enough. Such a life as mine does not nourish sentiment, and I never had imagination. I don't ask you to forgive me, Margaret——"

The room was very still. Only the fire in its red cavern rustled and chattered and wound lithe fingers about the lichened logs. Presently she spoke, hurriedly, as if goaded by some pressing purpose.

"Paul—no, don't look at me. I can't tell you if you look at me. You never suspected, did you, Paul, that I was a wicked woman, a flirt—a *poseur?* Oh, really downright *bad*, Paul; but I *am*, and after to-night, you will not love me any more; for I am going to cure you, do you hear? I'm the physician to-night, and you are going to be a credit to my skill. It was all my fault, last night; it was a deliberate effect—a pose. For a long time I have suspected that you cared for me and I was amused—excited by the idea. It flattered my vanity. You never thought I was vain, did you? But you were always so reserved, so self-contained, so different from other men that I often felt tempted to lead you on—to make you *show* me that you cared. And last night, even through my anxiety about Harry, I felt the possibilities of the situation and I—I made the most of them. When you said the danger was over and the tears came to my eyes I only pretended to wipe them away: I *meant* you to see them. I have been told they were becoming——"

"Margaret," he interrupted, throwing out his hands with a gesture of protest, "you shall not say such things."

She went on determinedly. "I needn't have gone down stairs at all last night. Katie could have locked the door—and you didn't need a candle—I could have lighted the gas, but I knew the candle would be becoming, too. And when I raised my hand to shade the light I pushed back my sleeve on purpose—on *purpose*, Paul. And I followed you down the stairs very slowly, so that you would turn at the foot and see me—coming with the light. And, oh, Paul, you thought my foot slipped at the step. It didn't—it *didn't;* I tripped on purpose. I planned it all as I came down behind you. I *meant* you to catch me. I *intended* you to kiss——"

A smothered sound, curse or sob, broke from the man's lips. He strode past her toward the door. She ran to him and caught his arm.

"Wait, Paul, wait; there is one thing more," her voice fell lower. "I have often—laughed—with Ned—over your—absurd infatuation."

He turned upon her a face gray with the torture of insulted pride, and, brushing her hand from his arm, went out of the room without a word.

Outside in the street the last of the daylight lingered. The sleighs were fewer. People had gone home to dine. Overhead the sky looked cold, remote. Low down near the horizon burned a star.

As the street door closed behind him a boy in the uniform of a telegraph messenger ran whistling up the steps.

The envelope was thin and foreign and bore the Roman postmark.

Paul Trent started as he lifted it from the pile of mail upon his office desk. He knew the handwriting—hers, though she had died in Rome a month before. The news of her death had dealt him a pang more of reviving anger than of grief. The seared wound had bled but for a moment; quickly it had been cauterized anew. And now had come her letter—for, dead or living, the letter was from her. He glanced hurriedly over the mass of correspondence and laid it aside to wait for the arrival of his secretary. The foreign letter he carried into his private consulting room and shut the door.

He sat down in his revolving chair and tore open the envelope. His hand shook as he removed the closely written sheets. The letter ran:

"Dear Paul:

"Three years ago I lied to you, and now that I am ill, and, I think, going to die, I must write you the truth at last. I don't in the least mind dying except for leaving Harry; he will go home with Ned's sister, who is with us here, and live with her in Boston. This letter will be sent to you afterward.

"I must hurry. Oh, Paul, I have borne for three years the knowledge that you hated me living; but I cannot bear that you should hate me dead, for I loved you, Paul, always, always; but you went away, so far, and stayed so long—everyone said you were not coming back, that you meant to practice medicine in Berlin. And then Ned came—and our people all wanted it, and I thought you did not care, so I married him. I don't think I was unhappy; Ned was very good to me; and Harry—well, Harry was *divine!* My life ran on calmly, evenly, until you came home after five years of absence. And then I knew—knew that all along I had been dull, apathetic, asleep. Well, I did not put on a rueful countenance or go about making moans. I just went on as before; but in reality I lived only for you. I used to wonder if you cared. Sometimes I thought you did, but never until that morning in the dawn when you turned and looked at me as I came down the stairs was I *sure.* I saw it then, in your eyes, and I feared and trembled with the joy of it. No wonder I forgot the step. Oh, Paul, *I did forget it. I did not stumble purposely.* I never played a part with you in my life—never but once—the next evening in the library when I lied to save us both. I thought I *had* to lie. It seemed the only way, for after that moment on the landing nothing could ever be the same again. I knew we must not go on meeting, for I was awake at last—awake and afraid. I thought I must make you hate me—despise me so thoroughly that you would never willingly come near me afterward.

"You see I knew you so well, Paul. I remembered that when we were children it used to anger you to be duped—tricked in any way even in play. You were always so proudly honest. After we grew up insincerity was always the quality you hated most.

"I did not think at the time that I was doing a brave thing; but as I

look back upon it I think it *was* brave, in a sense, a sort of heroic cowardice, like suicide—for I deliberately killed your ideal of me because I was afraid to let it live. But, oh, Paul, when you turned at the door and I saw the contempt in your face I was *sorry*—but even then I made myself say the dreadful thing that hurt you most, about laughing at your love; oh, I wonder that I could do it; but I *was* sorry. I called to you to come back, but you were gone, and then the bell rang. It was the messenger with the telegram that told me of the accident to Ned in Boston. In an hour there came another message that he was dead.

"I need not write of the dreadful weeks that came after. By and by Ned's sister urged me to take Harry and go abroad for a year or two, and I consented.

"And now, Paul, it is all said—everything, and I do not know whether or not I have made you understand; but I am just a lonely woman, sick in a foreign land, and I do know that when you read this you will not hate me any more.

"I hear the nurse coming up the stairs with Harry and the room is swinging queerly. Good-by, Paul."

In the outer office the telephone bell rang sharply; but Paul Trent paid no heed. He sat staring with miserable eyes at the last faintly written words of the letter.

Someone knocked. He lifted a haggard face. "What is it, James?" he forced himself to ask.

"The carriage has been waiting some time, sir," replied the well-bred voice of James, "and you are wanted at Mrs. Hartley's immediately. The cook has sprained her ankle."

THAT FAMOUS POLITICAL BATTLEGROUND THAT LIES TO THE EAST OF THE BOWERY.

THE PASSING OF THE "DISTRICT BOSS"

BY JAMES L. FORD

WHEN the grave closed over Paddy Divver, the long reign of the New York east side saloon politician came to an end, and it is a fact worthy of note that ten thousand men, women and children of the Second Assembly District marched behind the coffin of the one-time liquor dealer, judge and "boss" who was the last of the dynasty.

A dozen years ago the political leader of the kind that lived over his own saloon and stood in the relation of guide, friend and first aid in time of need to the people of his district—every one of whom he knew by sight and name—was one of the strongest factors in the politics of the town, and one whose influence was felt even in the highest councils at the national capital. He has disappeared now, pushed aside by the new conditions which prevail in metropolitan life, and in his place has come a statesman of a totally different stripe.

Divver will live in history as one of a rather remarkable group of political leaders, every one of whom has died within the past few years. The most noteworthy of these men, in my opinion, was John Y. McKane, the Irish-American builder and contractor who placed himself at the head of affairs in the town of Gravesend, Long Island, about twenty years ago, and ruled there with the absolutism of a feudal lord until he was sent to Sing Sing for tampering with the ballot box. The town of Gravesend is an old Dutch settlement that long antedates the Revolution, as is evidenced by the fact that the old road that runs through it still bears the name that was given to it during the reign of

one of the George's, "King's Highway." The old village itself is a community of but small influence, despite its great age. If it were not for the fact that it includes within its limits the famous, noisy and ever-beloved watering place, Coney Island, it would never have been heard of in political history, and John Y. McKane would not have been lured by the opportunities which it offered, from peaceful and honest pursuits to the striped clothes and gray walls of State's prison.

Now the population of Coney Island is very small in winter, very much greater in summer, and augmented, during the latter season, by an enormous number of transient visitors whose stay varies from an afternoon or evening to two or three months. Some of these visitors go down to the city-by-the-sea to work, others to amuse themselves, and a very few because of the sea air and salt water bathing. As far back as the days of Mike Norton's rule in the sixties and seventies, there has always been intimate personal intercourse between Coney Island and that famous political battleground that lies to the east of the Bowery, known as "De Ate."

John J. O'Brien, in his day the Republican leader of this district, had his summer home in Gravesend. So did Moritz Herzberg, who owned certain profitable five-cent liquor stores on the Bowery, and succeeded Paul Bauer in the management of that pioneer's huge seaside pavilion, bringing with him to the island a score of his own henchmen. There were dozens of well-to-do eastsiders who had business interest in Coney Island during the summer, and who were, of course, followed from one place to another by hundreds of employes and hangers-on. For this reason, the John Y. McKane picnic in August — Coney Island's Patriarch's Ball—was attended by very much the same crowd that made merry at the grand annual ball of the John J. O'Brien Association, held at Pythagoras Hall, in Canal Street, Manhattan, in January.

It was this interchangeability of population that gave McKane the idea from which his power grew. If a man lived on Coney Island for a few weeks during the summer, he became a citizen of the place, in the eyes of McKane and his followers, and entitled to a vote there on election day. If he happened to be working in New York in the fall, that was merely a temporary absence, and there was nothing to prevent his running down to the seaside to register and vote. In fact, for the convenience of those who might have occasion to vote elsewhere in the afternoon, special trains were always run at frequent intervals between New York and the Island on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. McKane's scheme, therefore, while it increased the number of his own voters to a prodigious extent, did not rob any of his neighboring potentates of theirs, and so the best of feeling continued to prevail between his bailiwick and the territory east of the New York Bowery.

So skilfully did this man exercise his power and so strong was the hold that he obtained on his followers, that at a political meeting, which I attended myself, a committee was appointed to visit McKane in his office at police headquarters and ask him how he would like to have the citizens vote; and the answer which this committee brought back to the crowded and expectant assemblage was that he would let them know the day before election. And this announcement was received with a storm of cheers. But McKane, whose rule was to a certain extent a just one, although notoriously illegal, carried his feudalism too far, with the result that I have already named. He came out of prison to find his old faithful band of followers dispersed, his territory annexed to New York, and his power gone forever. Broken in spirit and shattered in health, he tried to return to his old business, but he died soon after his release.

John J. O'Brien died while McKane was at the height of his power and the leadership of his district—the Eighth

—fell into the hands of two men of unusual force and ability, whose political intimacy illustrates the fact, well known to every well-informed New Yorker, that there is a remarkably close affiliation in the town in social, business and political matters of the Irish and Jewish peoples. One of these new leaders, Barney Rourke, was an Irishman; the other, Charles, better known as "Silver Dollar," Smith, was a Jew. Both were liquor dealers and each one kept a saloon whose fame extended far beyond the confines of the city. Rourke was short, sturdy and taciturn, and seldom mingled with the crowds that used to throng the front part of his place of business in Beach Street. Politicians who had business to transact with him were received in a small office at the rear of his bar-room, and it was to this little room that a President of the United States came one Sunday morning many years ago, making the journey from Washington expressly to straighten out a disturbance that was seriously affecting the harmony of the district and seemed likely to affect the Republican vote at the next election. Rourke's bar-room was a grimy and uninviting place and contained little in the way of furniture save the bar, with its array of bottles, glasses and beer-spigots, and a long line of dusty liquor casks. Its profits, however, were large enough to enable Rourke to leave a handsome fortune at the time of his death.

Smith, the other leader of the district, was a man of distinctly social temperament, who owed his nickname to the fact that he had ornamented the floor of his bar-room by imbedding in it a thousand silver dollars, each one secured in its place by an indestructible cement, and having in their centre a gold double eagle, presented for the purpose by a fellow politician.

The fame of this extravagant scheme of decoration spread so far and so quickly that during the first two days' business of the saloon, fifteen hundred dollars were taken in at the bar, the voluntary contributions of men who had journeyed a block or a mile or ten miles, as the case might be, to see the fool who had thrown away so much money. Smith could be found in his saloon almost any afternoon or evening, and despite many published accounts of his ferocity as an "eye-gouger," he was a pleasant spoken man, with large, mild eyes and a face of the rather refined Hebraic type. To him came the residents of the district—many of whom were Jews of the poorest class—whenever they were in trouble. If a peddler was arrested for selling without a license or a laborer fined for drunkenness, the wife or mother came with a shawl over her head to the Silver Dollar Saloon to beg Smith to use his influence in behalf of the erring one. If there was a christening, wedding, wake or funeral in the neighborhood he was always in attendance. His influence was great in the police courts as well as in the councils of his party, and his following in the district proportionately large.

Another politician whose sphere of influence was smaller than that of any of the men that I have named, was Mike Callahan, whom I first knew when he occupied the important post of conservator of good order, or "bouncer" at Koster & Bial's Music Hall, where I was merely one of the stock dramatists. In spite of this difference in station, Mr. Callahan treated me with friendly courtesy until the day of his death. A powerful man of stocky build, and hair of a color that suggests a quick Irish temper, Callahan's experience at Koster & Bial's stood him in good stead when he began to sell liquor to the turbulent population of Chatham Square and vicinity. In the days of his "bouncerhood" he divided honors pretty equally with Billy Edwards, of the Hoffman House, in point of efficiency, though each man worked according to his own peculiar and characteristic lights. Indeed, they may be said to have divided the famous Latin phrase, Edwards taking for his share *"suaviter in modo"* and Callahan *"fortiter in re."* Ed-

wards used to coax and soothe quarrelsome patrons while he led them gently through the Twenty-fourth Street door and down the steps to the sidewalk. A prizefighter by profession, he never used his fists when talking would suffice, and the period of his rule in the Hoffman House bar was long and peaceful. Callahan, who had a tougher element to deal with, never permitted a bouncing seance to degenerate into a mere conversazione. He prided himself on his skill in seizing his prey from behind and—the waiters having hastily made clear the path—rushing him swiftly down the middle aisle and through the front door to the sidewalk.

The fame therefore of his prowess was well established when he went down-town and entered politics. He became a member of the Assembly, and was the proprietor of several saloons, of which the most notable was the one that he conducted until his death, last winter. It was situated at the corner of Chatham Square and Doyers Street, and the block on which it stood and of which he was the district captain, contained within its limits the Chinese theatre and a population of many nationalities. Callahan ruled his district with firmness and justice, as such qualities go around Chatham Square, and his death was the cause of general lamentation on the part of both Mongolians and Caucasians. Like McKane, he held himself as a feudal baron, his idea of feudalism being to keep his saloon open on Sundays and during the hours proscribed by law. This brought him into collision with Theodore Roosevelt, when the latter was chief of police, and at Callahan's trial, a woman missionary came forward and testified to the fact, well known to almost everybody except the reformers, that his saloon was an orderly and decent place of its kind.

Paddy Divver was a man of serious purpose, great political influence and enormous personal following, who began life as a mechanic, became a successful politician and a prosperous saloon keeper, and finally won the leadership of his populous and important down-town district. He always heartily disliked the business of liquor selling, and was glad enough when the time came to give it up.

That Paddy Divver was from the very beginning a well known and highly esteemed personage in the Second Assembly District, where he had his home, is fully evidenced by the fact that in his very first candidacy, when he ran for alderman in 1884, he received his nomination just before election day, and in three days made such a thorough canvass of the district that he was defeated by that almost invincible politician, Thomas P. Walsh, popularly known as "Fatty," by a scant one hundred and fifty votes out of seven thousand five hundred. At the next election he defeated Walsh by a much larger majority.

The honor that Paddy Divver prized above all others in his life was his appointment as a police court justice, which carried with it the title of "Judge," dear to his heart so long as breath remained in his body. It should be said of him that he made an excellent judge and handed down many decisions which, although faulty in English, were models in the way of justice.

The old-fashioned saloon-keeping politician has indeed passed away, together with all the other old-time types who counted for success on their own personality. The old-fashioned newspaper editor, whose personal opinions were anxiously looked for by a host of subscribers, has been replaced by the modern newspaper proprietor, who is simply a money-getter; the old-fashioned landlord, who knew his guests personally and could greet them by name, has been superseded by a soulless corporation which knows nothing but numbers, and now the old-fashioned politician has been replaced by one who looks to a corporation rather than to the people for his rewards.

Few men have received more abuse at the hands of the press and the

reformers than those whom I have sketched here; but now that they are gone, we find that there are thousands who cherish their memory tenderly as men who at least knew the needs of their own followers and tried to get as much as they could for them in the way of jobs of work or legislative enactments. They owed their extraordinary power, not to their selling of liquor, but to the fact that all the party patronage, which includes jobs in all sorts of municipal work, passed through their hands. In other words, it was to the district leader that the poor voter—frequently an alien unable to speak our tongue—was wont to look, not only for aid in the hour of trouble, but for the job of work that enabled him to buy bread for his family. And for this kindness and sympathy he was glad enough to pay on election day with his vote.

Of the type that succeeds the Smiths and Divvers and is likely to remain in power for many years to come, it is not easy to speak freely or plainly. It will not be long, however, before his methods and the influences which lie behind his work will become known to us all. He is one of the legitimate fruits of the remarkable commercial happenings of the past decade—one of the men who believe that there is more to be obtained from a corporation than from the people. This new politician has arisen in obedience to the call from the half-dozen or more enormous corporations that are now fighting for supremacy in the rich metropolitan field. Sometimes he wears the dress of the ordinary citizen, keeps a saloon and pretends to be the friend of everybody in the district—and so he is until some one asks a favor of him. More frequently, however, he affects the garb and manner of the political reformer and talks of many things. It is quite possible now for a so-called "district leader" to hold his leadership without even taking the trouble to make his home in the district that he represents.

Of course those who have been taught to regard the machine or saloon-keeping politician of New York as an unmitigated evil will rejoice at his disappearance from the field in which his influence was once so great; but the people in those squalid downtown districts who used to rally about him in his political fights are not the gainers by the change. At least it will be very difficult to convince them that the new-fangled politician who lives in a hotel somewhere up-town and is never to be found when wanted, is any improvement on the old-fashioned leader who always tried to get as much for his followers in the way of jobs, legislative enactments and police protection as he possibly could.

Another politician of a modern type is the one who, having been turned down by his leaders, bolts the party, hires a press agent, and sets up in business for himself as a "picturesque figure in the campaign." The press agent writes speeches full of terse platitudes rendered in uncouth and faulty English and the wise men nod their heads approvingly, saying: "There's a lot of truth in what that man has to say. Anyhow, he's making a picturesque campaign, and I guess I'll vote for him."

THE OPTIMIST

BY J. A. EDGERTON

ALL things are sweet when Love has made them so.
All things are fair, when seen with open vision.
The fields of earth, when we awake to know
Their inmost life, are bright as fields Elysian.
There is naught common, naught to be despised.
Each grass blade has a truth for our divining.
Each human soul, when it is recognized,
Reveals the life of God within it shining.
A beauty, ever strange and ever new,
Lies open for us in a drop of dew.

The vagabond, rejected by the race,
I look within his soul and find my brother;
I see the Master's features in his face,
And know him as divine as any other.
The man, for trespass banished from his kind,
I go to visit him within his prison,
And, looking on the mind within his mind,
I find an angel at my summons risen.
Within the Magdalen I see the good,
The majesty and grace of womanhood.

Dear earth, each spot of thine is bright to me.
Each mood of thine is woven through my dreaming.
At times within thy very soul I see
A consciousness that lies beneath the seeming.
I know that we are one, that all is one;
That naught my life from any life can sever;
That atom, mind and essence, soul and sun
Are all in God forever and forever.
There is no being alien unto me,
When I have found the universal key.

And this is heaven. Naught can I desire
That holds for me more gladness and more glory.
The Cosmic Soul is burning like a fire
In mine. I hear Life's new and old sweet story.
I touch the mind and heart of all that is
And I am conscious of the thought that fills it.
How can my soul hold any more of bliss,
When all the joy of being ever thrills it?
I lose my life, to merge it in the whole,
And find it in the Universal Soul.

Sixteen Portraits

of Players

OLIVE FREMSTAD, WHO PLAYS "FRICKA," "VENUS" AND "BRANGÆNE" IN THE SERIES OF WAGNERIAN OPERA REVIVALS IN NEW YORK.

LOUISE HERNER, WHO IS APPEARING IN A NUMBER OF ROLES IN THE NEW YORK REVIVAL OF WAGNERIAN OPERA.

From the Painting by Jan Van Beers.

ELSIE DE WOLFE, WHO IS APPEARING IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' COMEDY, "THE OTHER GIRL."

Photograph by Livingston Platt.

EVA KELLEY AS A DUTCH GIRL IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

LILLIAN HEIDELBACH, ONE OF THE FLOWER MAIDENS IN THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL."

ELLEN FOMSEN, ONE OF THE FLOWER MAIDENS IN THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL."

Photo by Baker's Art Gallery.

BLANCHE WALSH, WHO WILL SOON APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY BY EUGENE PRESBREY.

Photo by Sands & Brady.

JULIA MARLOWE, WHO, WITH E. H. SOTHERN, WILL APPEAR NEXT SEASON IN A SERIES OF UNIQUE SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVALS.

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.

MIRIAM NESBITT, AS "LUCY RIGBY," IN GEORGE ADE'S PLAY, "THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN."

Photo by Sarony.

MINNIE ASHLEY (MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER), WHO HAS RETIRED FROM THE STAGE.

Photo by Burr McIntosh.

ADELE RITCHIE, APPEARING IN THE NEW PLAY, "GLITTERING GLORIA."

Photo by Pach.

MAUDE ADAMS, WHO IS TOURING THE COUNTRY IN HER NEW PLAY, "THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSÉ."

Photo by Marceau.

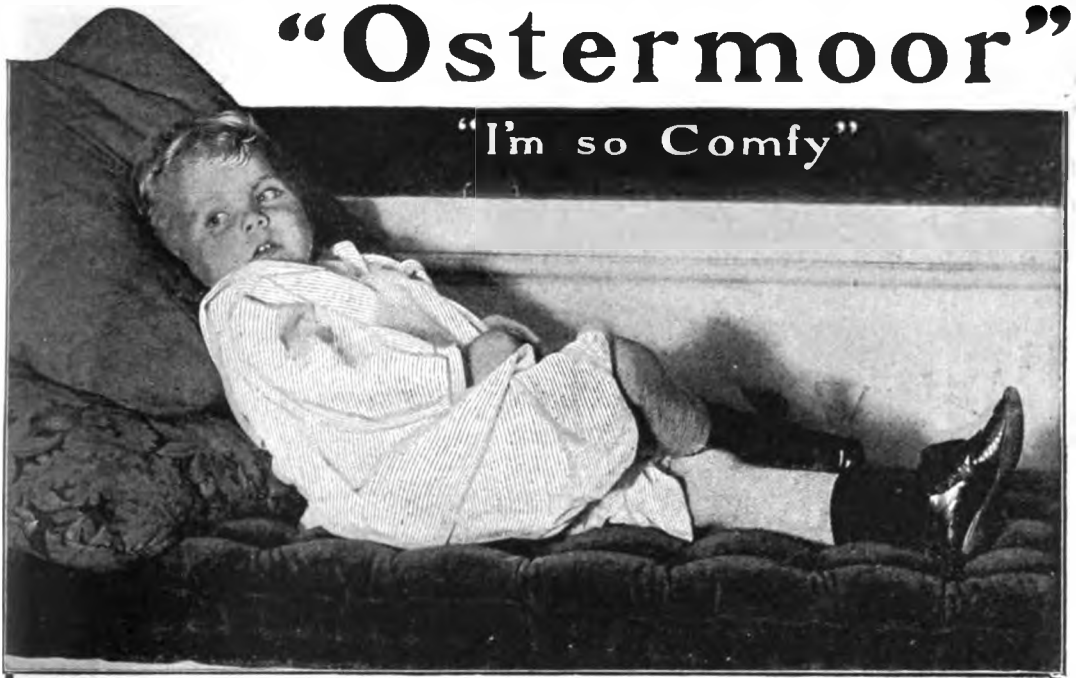
MARY MANNERING, APPEARING IN HER NEW PLAY, "HARRIET'S HONEYMOON."

Copyright by Fredericks.

AMELIA BINGHAM, APPEARING IN HER NEW PLAY, "OLYMPE."

DOROTHY DONNELLY, WHO IS PLAYING THE TITLE ROLE IN BERNARD SHAW'S NEW COMEDY, "CANDIDA."

"Ostermoor"



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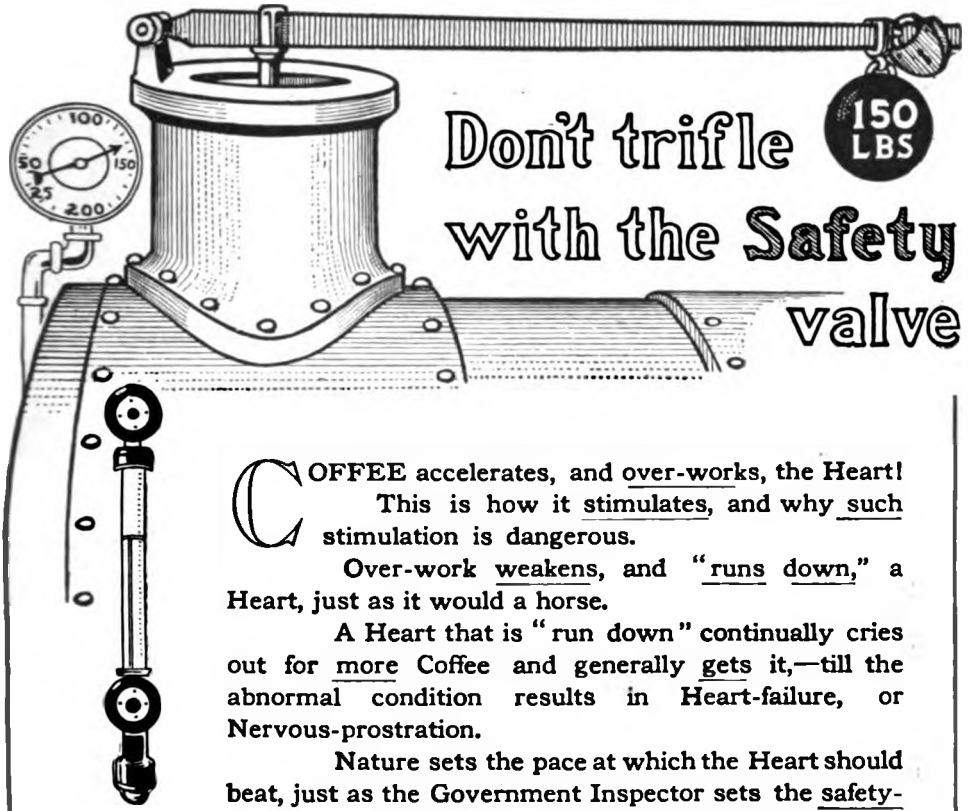

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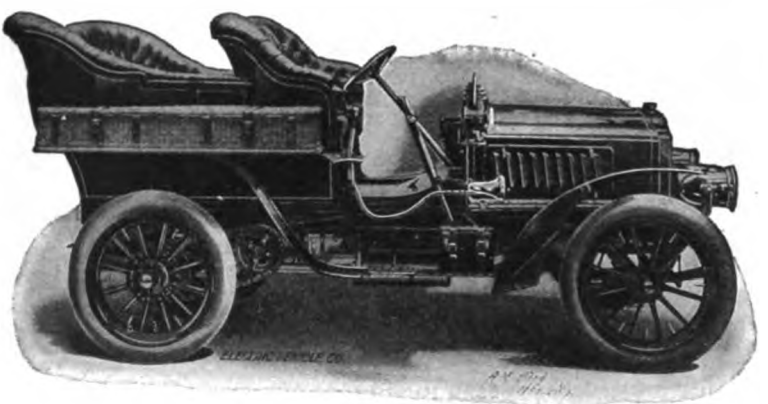

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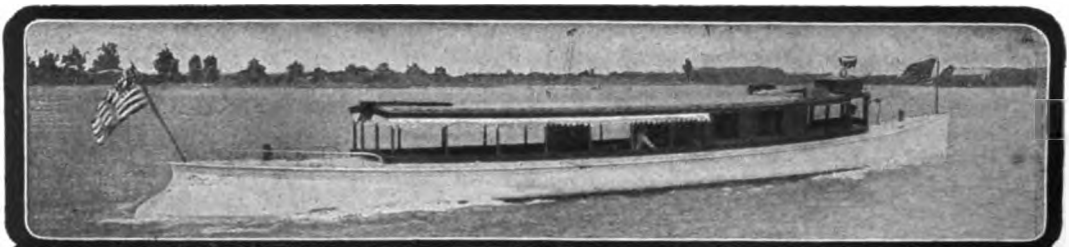

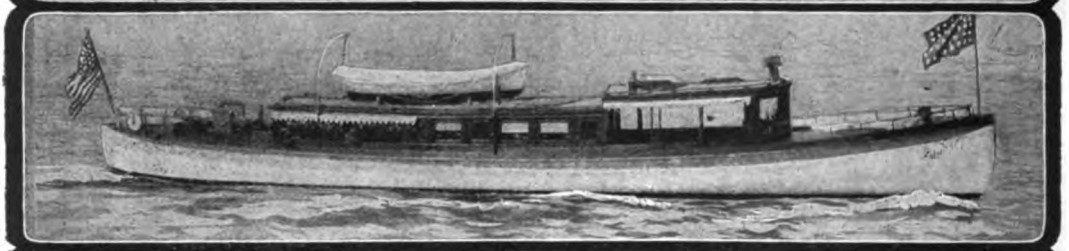

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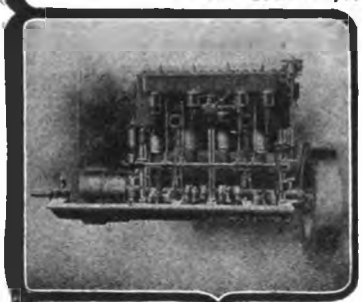

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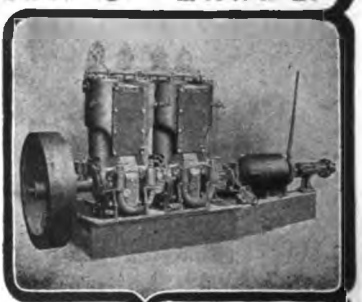

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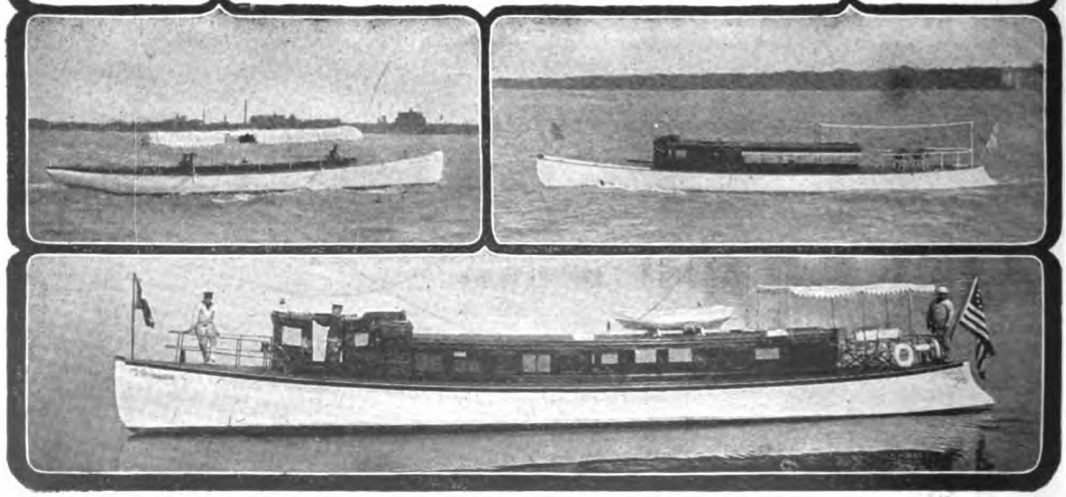

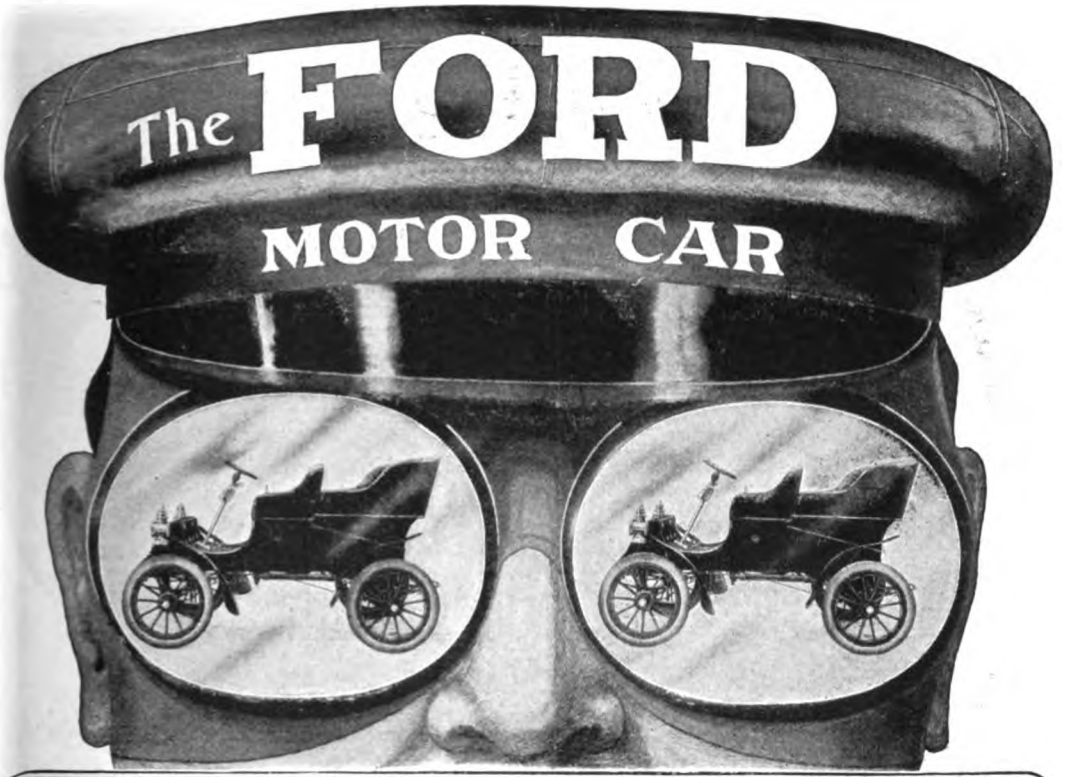

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Without any money in advance we will ship freight prepaid any Cornish Piano or Organ you may select and guarantee safe delivery. Test it for 30 DAYS, and if it is not exactly as we represent it, or if you are not fully satisfied and do not believe it equal to any you can buy of local dealers for one-third to one-half more money, return it at our expense. If you buy, payment may be made in cash or easy instalments, as you prefer. Furthermore, we agree to refund the full amount paid us with 6 per cent. interest added if the instrument is not entirely satisfactory AFTER A YEAR'S USE in your own home.

If Cornish Pianos and Organs were not thoroughly good and reliable, would we dare bind ourselves to this contract *as we do?*

The Cornish Organs

are known the world over for their wonderfully fine tonal qualities. The orchestral toned reeds and our special system of tuning and voicing, produce an effect so rich in melody and volume as to practically equal the pipe organ.

Cornish Organs are made in every convenient size and in handsomely carved and ornamented cases of richest woods. Like the Cornish Piano, these organs are sent on a year's free trial, sold at factory prices and guaranteed 25 years.

The Cornish Catalogue describes all styles of Cornish Pianos and Organs.

If You Cannot Play

and live in a locality where a music teacher cannot be employed, we will present to you free (if you request it when ordering piano or organ) a paid-up scholarship in a leading correspondence school, good for a complete course in music lessons by mail. By this plan a family music class can be arranged in the home with great pleasure and profit. Where a member of the family already understands music, he or she can be a guide to the others. Any one can understand the lessons. The only expense is for postage. Students buy music of the school at half rates.

Full particulars sent with the catalogue. By all means write us to-day.

THE CORNISH COMPANY, 31 Main Street, Washington, New Jersey.

In writing to advertisers on any subject kindly mention "The Metropolitan Magazine"

Messrs. J. & G. COX, Ltd.

Gorgie Mills, Edinburgh, Scotland, manufacturers of Cox's "Checker-board" packet Gelatine, offer to send, not as a premium, but to encourage the use of gelatine and gelatine preparations in the making of desserts, fifty Mission Hall Clocks, as illustrated, in antique oak, bronze figures, *all charges paid to destination.*

The clocks will be shipped on July 15, 1904, to the fifty parties sending to

The John M. Chapman Company,
260 West Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

the greater number of the checkered wrappers covering **Cox's** Gelatine, of the size usually sold at *15 cents per package.*

The wrappers must be securely fastened, marked, and forwarded by mail or express to the John M. Chapman Company accompanied by a letter stating mark and the number of wrappers sent and giving post office address and (if different) freight station.

There are no conditions as to quantity to be sent—the fifty parties sending the greater number will receive the clocks, which will be free of advertisement of any nature, and ornamental in any house. The works are of *first quality*, strike hour and half-hour. Height of clock about six feet.

While no conditions are named, Messrs Cox would be pleased to receive any formulas for original or novel desserts. Be sure to receive and use

COX'S CHECKERBOARD PACKET.

Upon counting by disinterested parties, a certificate as to count will be sent to everyone who forwards wrappers, *i. e.*, the pasteboard box.

685 N St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Easter Spoon

Cut two-thirds size.

Sterling silver, of special Easter design, sent in a dainty Easter box, by mail, on receipt of 25c in coin or stamps. Our beautiful catalogue, containing thousands of Easter gifts, silver novelties, jewelry, fine leather goods, silverware, etc., sent free on receipt of postal. THE WARREN MANSFIELD CO., GOLD & SILVERSMITHS, 251 Middle St., Portland, Maine.

Gold Plated Photo Brooch

copied from any picture.

ONLY 50 CENTS.

Made in SOLID GOLD and in ROLLED GOLD. Special low price to introduce this beautiful work. Send for trial order. 35 photos copied from any picture for 50c. Crayon portraits, 16x20, $1.25. Pictures returned uninjured. Illustrated catalogue and sample photo FREE. Agents Wanted.

STAR PHOTO CO.,
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HOW TO CONVERSE
TAUGHT BY MAIL

BY OUR METHOD WE HAVE TAUGHT HUNDREDS OF STUDENTS

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS
HOW TO OBTAIN AND HOLD A BETTER POSITION
HOW AND WHEN AND WHERE TO TALK FOR PROFIT

SALESMEN AGENTS SOLICITORS

You can double your salary this year by doubling your earning capacity.

The amount of money you make depends not upon favoritism or opportunity, but on the number and amount of your sales. No other business offers such **sure and quick returns** for labor expended. Nine-tenths of the Art of Selling consists in the ability to **Talk to Advantage.**

We teach, **by individual instruction,** the Art of Talking for Business, including the

Science of Salesmanship and the Art of Selling

Each student receives exercises and instruction suited to his peculiar need. Our descriptive matter, sent in reply to a postal from you, will tell you just what you lack and how we can help you to acquire it.

MANAGERS CLERKS PROFESSIONAL MEN

and all classes of business men and women need our Course of Study—How to Talk for Business.

We train your powers of observation, classification, analysis, intuition, perception, memory, reason, judgment. Your personality becomes more attractive and impelling. You will be able to command attention, to hold your listener's interest, to present a subject clearly, logically, tactfully and convincingly. We teach you to read character, to know how to appeal to each different customer, to say the right thing to the right man.

You may study our course in your spare moments. A few dollars for instruction and training may bring you thousands of dollars in your business. **Let us tell you more definitely about our course and what it can do for you.**

We teach—**The Art of Selling, Talking for Business, Talking in Society, Bodily Culture and Charm of Manner.**

Write for Information and Blanks.

A. P. GARDINER, Pres't
20th CENTURY INSTRUCTION CO.

Box 8, Central Bank Building, **NEW YORK**

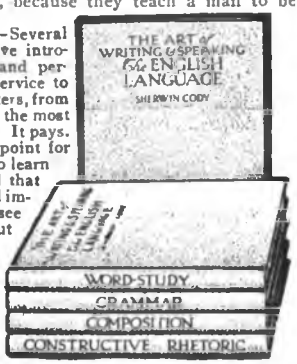
Good English Pays

Do you know that Marshall Field & Co. pay their employes $1 for every error in English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house? Nowadays nothing hurts a man's **prestige** with the educated like careless English. Moreover, the best correspondents are no longer willing to write their letters in the **time-worn commercial jargon** of half-intelligible commercial phrases. A good letter, business or social, should be simple, smooth, easy, winning, like the voice of a good salesman.

The man who will help you is Sherwin Cody. He has an international reputation as an expert on English for business men, and now has put his private lessons into four handy little volumes (time-saving size)—seven complete courses. Word Study, Grammar, Punctuation, Composition, Business Letter Writing, Story Writing, Creative Composition, hitherto sold in typewritten form for $15 to $25 for each separate course. These books contain everything that will help you, nothing that is mere lumber. Better than a dictionary, because they teach a man to be his own dictionary.

Business Managers.—Several large wholesale houses have introduced Mr. Cody's books and personal criticism of English service to all their clerks who write letters, from the merest stenographer to the most experienced correspondent. It pays.

Credit Men.—Here is a point for you. You are not too old to learn yourself, and you will find that the credit of your house will improve wonderfully if you see that every letter that goes out is the best.



Young Business Men.—If you want the touch, the snap, the tone of "words that win" in the business world, go to the man who is both a scholar and a master of straight-from-the-shoulder business English. His little books should be your daily companions.

Advertisement Writers.—You can't afford to let mistakes creep into your work. The only way to avoid errors is to have a good reference work constantly at hand.

Correspondents.—Don't write the time-worn commercial jargon, but get out of your rut by getting the knack of writers who are masters. Mr. Cody has a simple, easy method in his "Composition" book.

Stenographers.—The only way to get a better salary is to improve your English. Keep Mr. Cody's books at your elbow and in six months you will be worth twice what you are now, and you will get it, too.

$5.00 for $3.00

This set of four books, containing seven complete home-study courses, costs $3.00.

SYSTEM, the magazine, $2.00 per year.

Both—the books and the magazine—will be sent, prepaid, for $3.00 if your order is sent on the white space below—$5 if not.

System is essential to business success. And so is SYSTEM, the magazine. It tells every month all the new business tricks that save time—all the little office wrinkles that save worry. Through SYSTEM you can learn all that any one can possibly tell you about system and business methods. Ninety-six or more pages monthly crammed full of business ideas for YOU. The regular reading of SYSTEM will solve your business perplexities—but if it does not, SYSTEM has a staff of experts—practical business men who will answer your questions free. Subscriptions $2.00 per year.

Tear off and mail with $3.00 at our risk to

Write your Name and Address here.

SYSTEM, 910 First Nat. Bank Building, CHICAGO
The Monthly Magazine for the Man of Affairs.

HOW CHARLES STEWART ACHIEVED FORTUNE

An Interesting Story of How A Young Man Succeeded in Business. A chance for others to do so too.

2236 Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: I have completed your course in book-keeping, and am well pleased with it. When I first wrote you, I knew nothing about book-keeping, but after reading what others had accomplished, I decided to take it up. I had no difficulty at all in learning book-keeping, you made everything so plain to me. I could never have gone to a business college to learn it, as I was then working in a factory every day, but your mail course enabled me to learn it in a very short time, devoting my spare minutes to study.

When I had completed the course, I was surprised to learn that you had a position for me within such a short time after I had graduated from your school, with one of the largest and best known expert accountant companies of the country. If I had not taken your course, I would never have been capable of filling the position which I now hold, and I want to thank you for the way you have treated me. I wish your school success. It has been the means of opening up to me a new field of effort. If any one has any doubt of your ability to teach him book-keeping, I shall be glad if you will refer him to me.

Wishing you continued success, I am, yours respectfully,

CHARLES STEWART.

You can now take the course taken by Mr. Stewart, free of all cost for tuition, until after you have graduated and have been placed in a profitable position.

If you would like to have other particulars, write for our free book "How To Succeed in Business." One thousand of these books will be given away, and if you want one you should write to-day. Commercial Correspondence Schools, 95E. Schools Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Twenty Years from Now

the living members of the

Century Life-Insurance Club

will be counting the dollars comprising the snug little fortune which they built gradually and easily through the membership in the CENTURY CLUB. There should be *several* of these memberships in each home. Enthusiastic members in every state and territory express their delight and gratitude.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW

IF YOU ONLY KNEW just what the Century Club *really is*:
IF YOU ONLY KNEW the *easy* way in which Club members secure the best life-insurance from one of the strong and dependable old-line Companies, on small monthly instalments, with all the worry of burdensome premiums left out:
IF YOU ONLY KNEW how many dollars the CLUB'S wonderful NEIGHBORHOOD PLAN puts into the pocket of every loyal member:
IF YOU ONLY KNEW all this (and some other things about the CLUB which every reader of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE ought to know) the Secretary guesses you would clap your hands or toss your hat to the ceiling, or do what is *even more joyous*—JOIN THE CLUB AND COMMENCE TO SEE BETTER TIMES.

The CLUB is out for thrift and helpfulness and financial success for all who are eligible to membership.

Send for further particulars and see if it isn't so. The Secretary will mail you a formal invitation and a blank application for membership which, if your judgment approves, you can fill right out and soon be in "good and regular standing" with a weekly or monthly income through the NEIGHBORHOOD PLAN.
Thus you may KNOW; and as to *know* will only cost you one or two cents, and *not* to know may cost you *thousands of dollars*, why—*don't you think you'd better* KNOW?

HOW TO JOIN

Write at once for particulars, which will be promptly *mailed* you. In order that you may receive complete and personal information concerning the exceptional advantages afforded by the CLUB plan, please *do not fail to answer* the two following questions *in your first letter*.

1st. What is your occupation? **2d. What is the exact date of your birth?**

This will enable the CLUB to make you a very definite proposition. Otherwise it can't.
Address

CENTURY LIFE-INSURANCE CLUB, Section F
5, 7 and 9 East 42nd Street, New York,
RICHARD WIGHTMAN, Secretary

Every Member a Partner

All readers of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, Housewives, Students, Teachers, Farmers, Merchants, Doctors, Clergymen, Stenographers, Nurses, etc., are invited to promptly answer this announcement, and become not only members, but *actual partners* in the Century Club, and *begin to share immediately in the cash profits of the enterprise.*

CASH
For Your Property

We sell properties and business no matter where they are—how much or how little they are worth. We find **CASH** buyers and quickly. We cannot afford to list your property and let it remain on our books indefinitely. We **must** sell or go out of business. We take charge of your proposition in a live up-to-date way and we don't let it rest until you get spot cash for it. Our business covers the country.

We have branch offices in 18 principal cities and an army of representatives to help us to find buyers. Write us a description of what you have to sell, state your price and we will send you—free—a detailed, complete and efficient plan for finding you a buyer. Write now.

If you want to buy a property or business of any kind—anywhere—let us know your requirements. We have, or will find you, what you are looking for.

$1,000,000 TO LOAN ON GOOD MORTGAGES AT 4½ PER CENT. AND 5 PER CENT.—ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE WANT MORE LIVE REPRESENTATIVES—hustlers—men who can sell property, find desirable openings for investment and in other ways help us to further develop this business. Write for our proposition.

A. A. ROTTNER & CO.

305 Real Estate Trust Building Established 1893. **PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.**

Publishers of **ROTTNER'S REAL ESTATE REGISTER**, a monthly journal containing a full list of properties and businesses for sale everywhere. Mailed free.

CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE
of the STANDARD LIBRARY and ENCYCLOPEDIA of MUSIC

WE HAVE 25 sets of the Standard Library of Music (The Best Music Library in the World) pledged to us on a loan which is past due and unpaid. To satisfy this debt we shall sell these sets for what they will bring. We are not interested in the cost of manufacturing these books, we simply want the money back we loaned on them. You can get them for less money than they cost the publisher to manufacture.

There are sixteen volumes in the set sheet music size. We'll send you full particulars if you'll write before the sets are all sold. We will allow purchasers of these sets to pay for them on the monthly payment plan if they prefer.

This Library of Music has been endorsed by Emma Eames Story, David Bispham, Frank Damrosch, Paderewski, Rafael Joseffy, and many other eminent musicians.

IF YOU HAVE A PIANO you will find this collection of music invaluable. It contains about 500 instrumental selections by the best composers, including popular, operatic and up-to-date melodies and dances, funeral marches, classic and romantic piano music. Such composers are represented as Paderewski, Mascagni, Gounod, Sullivan, Wagner, Mozart, Liszt, Balfe, and many others.

IF YOU ARE A BEGINNER of music you will find this library of music will be of the greatest assistance to your musical education. Most of the selections can be easily mastered by pupils of a year or two's experience. For young musicians the work is invaluable.

Send Coupon for full particulars.

IF YOU ARE FOND OF MUSIC, but do not play yourself, you cannot make a better present to your wife and family than a set of this musical library. The text volumes contain all you want to know about the history of music itself—the complete stories of all the great composers, their public lives and careers. They form a complete encyclopedia of all musical knowledge.

IF YOU ARE A VOCALIST this great Musical Library will enlarge your repertoire. It gives you 500 of the best old songs, duets, trios, quartettes, arranged for all voices and for piano accompaniments, the old popular melodies of your childhood, and the latest popular melodies of the past few years.

M.M. March

Knickerbocker Mortgage Loan Co., 504 Townsend Bldg., New York.

Without cost to me send me illustrated sample page book giving terms and price of your Music Library.

Name.....

Address.....

KNICKERBOCKER MORTGAGE LOAN CO.,
Room 504, Townsend Building, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

It Does Pay

No longer does the wide-awake business man doubt the value of judicious advertising. That's very evident in the facts presented recently by that authority, the New York Times. Big advertisers of a few years ago are still more liberal purchasers of publicity today. New advertisers in large numbers are in the field seeking business by this comparatively new force—advertising. It is said that

About $80,000,000 a Month

is spent for advertising in this country by the thousands of enterprising manufacturers and retailers. These monied men seek the services of experts on the subject. There's a keen demand today, and it's constantly increasing, for men and women who know how to write effective ads., how to set them and to place them—how to produce the best results.

My graduates are men and women who know how to advertise. They're practical, thorough, many-sided. They're in positions that pay them well, because their work pays their employers well. Here are just a few of the many who have been successful through my help:

Elmer Helms, Instructor who invites his pupils to ask questions, with the assurance that they will be clearly answered.

E. G. Harrison, Merchant, Barnesville, O., says: "I never told you, directly, how very well pleased I am with your Advertising Course. Since my study was completed I have put the knowledge gained from you into practical use. I can say now, unreservedly, that you can teach ad-writing thoroughly in every way. It would give me a great deal of pleasure to write to people who are in doubt as to the merits of your course. A satisfied student surely could satisfy a doubting person, so refer any one to me."

Caroline E. Field, Ad-writer, Asbury Park, N.J., says: "I regard your system of teaching advertising as thorough and comprehensive as could be desired.

"The course was a constant pleasure to me. Errors were shown in such a way that a repetition was not likely.

"It gives me great pleasure to recommend this course to any person who is considering the advisability of a course in advertisement writing."

C. Edward O'Neill, Adv. Mgr. Snook & Co., Wheeling, W. Va., says: "I am acquainted with the methods of instruction employed by several schools, as I carried work in other schools while enrolled with you. The superiority of your course was readily apparent. Your instructions tend to develop an original style. Use me as a reference at any time. I am never too busy to answer all inquiries concerning your course. The position I now occupy was obtained solely upon the recommendation I received from you."

Harold Wright, Ad-writer, 144 High St., Dayton, O., says: "I am glad to state that the advertising instruction I received under Mr. Helms has been thorough and valuable. My dealings with him have always been pleasant and helpful to me. His ad. course is simple, yet to the point, and each step in the work was developed with a clearness that left no shaky points. The position I secured through Mr. Helms is profitable and is such that I have had no trouble in filling it satisfactorily."

Another interesting and important fact is that:

My school never lost a student because of dissatisfaction with its system of instruction. *I have enrolled many who have experimented with other courses.*

My booklet tells of my superior system of teaching this profitable profession. My instruction is by correspondence, but it's just as direct as if the pupil were seated by my side. Personal letters that suggest, advise and explain are sent with each lesson. Almost any one with just a common school education can be successful under my guidance, if they're willing to give me just fair co-operation.

About thirty pupils will graduate during the next two or three weeks. I seek by this announcement to enroll that many to take the places of those who have completed their course. Do you wish to begin now, and try to fit yourself for a good position? Four months will do it if you are willing to be reasonably diligent.

Write to me for booklet that tells all about my proposition.

ELMER HELMS, Formerly Ad-Writer for John Wanamaker
ROOM 86, 11 EAST 16th STREET, NEW YORK

OUR CHAIN OF OFFICES

HON. CHAS. NOYES PRES.

Five times Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and an honored member of the Judiciary

CINCINNATI

TORONTO

CASH FOR REAL ESTATE

If you want cash for your real estate, we can get it — no matter where your property is located or what it is worth.

The magnitude of our business is your best guarantee that we can make a prompt and satisfactory sale of your property. Our chain of offices link together the important cities of the United States and Canada. Our organization is as broad as the continent. **We buy and sell real estate.**

PHILADELPHIA

HARTFORD

United States Real Estate & Security Co.

We sell any kind of real property for cash. You fix your own price. We'll send you a plan to find a cash buyer. It will cost you nothing to learn about our plan for selling your property. Isn't it worth your while to know about this? The plan itself will be valuable to you. We sell farms in Michigan to customers in New England and houses in Connecticut to customers in California.

Send for our booklet "How to Sell Real Estate."

IT IS RESULTS THAT COUNT,

that is why we have a larger clientage than any other concern in America. Stop and consider—We are the only Real Estate Company that use the Daily Newspapers to any extent. This is where the people who want to buy or sell Properties look. It is expensive to advertise in Newspapers, but we give our customers the best service without regard to cost. Our list includes besides Magazines the New York Herald, World, Journal, and Staats Zeitung; Philadelphia Press, No. American, Inquirer, Bulletin, Telegraph, Record; Boston Globe, Herald, Post, Journal and Transcript; Cincinnati Enquirer, Times, Star; Louisville Courier Journal; Chicago Tribune, American, Record Herald, Inter-Ocean, Chronicle; Kansas City Star; Montreal Star and over thirty other Canadian papers. An advertisement of fair size, appearing in this list would cost at least $5000.00. We advertise every week. You book your properties with us and you get quick sales and honest service.

BOSTON

CHICAGO

OUR OFFICES:

Boston—938-939 Old South Bldg.
Cincinnati — 1431 Union Trust Building.
Chicago — 623 Stock Exchange Building.
Philadelphia — 1410 Real Estate Building.
Springfield, Mass. — Phœnix Building.
Hartford, Conn. — Ballerstein Building.

Special representatives everywhere

We Buy Endowment Insurance Policies for cash, and pay more than the companies that issued them.

"Security"

SPRINGFIELD

$5000 for a Short Story

WITH a view to secure not only the ripest work of already famous story-tellers, but to encourage and develop younger writers in the field of fiction, Collier's Weekly offers the following prizes for original short stories by American writers:

A FIRST PRIZE OF
$5000

A SECOND PRIZE OF
$2000

A THIRD PRIZE OF
$1000

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

¶ There are no restrictions as to style or treatment of stories. Every manuscript will be judged upon its individual merits. The stories may be of love, adventure, business success; they may be humorous or pathetic. The chief requirements are plot, style, character, atmosphere. Stories of the various phases of American life are desirable.

I. The author must be an American.

II. There is no limit to the number of stories any writer may submit.

III. Stories may be of any length whatever, up to 10,000 words—but the preferable length is from 5,000 to 7,000 words.

IV. All competing MSS. must be typewritten and unsigned, but accompanied by a plain sealed envelope inscribed with the title of the story and containing the writer's full name and address. Under no circumstances must there be any word or indication on the manuscript that would divulge its authorship. No one will know who are the authors of the prize-winning stories until the judges have selected the three best manuscripts. The envelopes with the corresponding titles will then be opened, but not until then.

V. As the object of this competition is to secure as many short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase as many of the unsuccessful MSS. as seem suitable for publication. All such accepted stories will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word.

VI. The copyright of prize-winning and accepted stories is to vest absolutely in Collier's Weekly.

VII. All MSS. must be mailed on or before June 1, 1904.

THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN HAVE CONSENTED TO ACT AS JUDGES:

Henry Cabot Lodge
United States Senator from Massachusetts

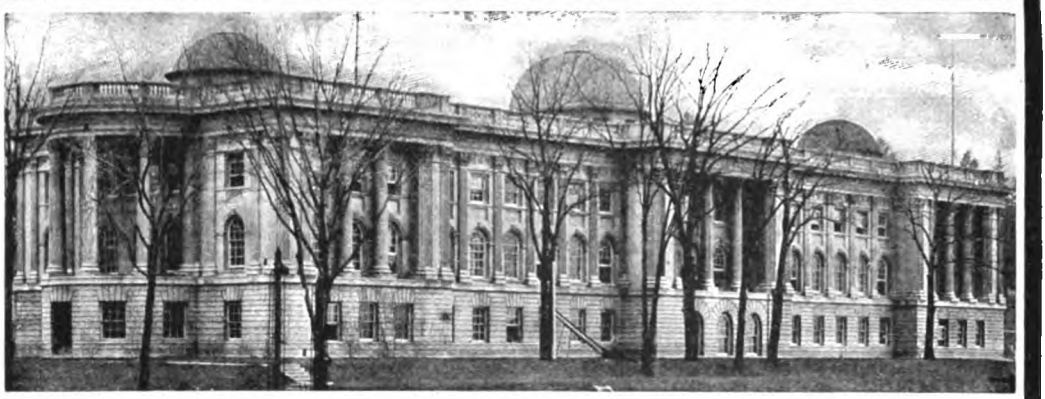
William Allen White
Author and Journalist

Walter Page
Editor "World's Work"

ALL MSS. SHOULD BE ADDRESSED

SHORT STORY CONTEST, COLLIER'S, 416 W. 13th St., New York

Postage for their return should be inclosed in the envelope containing the author's name.



THE HOME OF THE COSMOPOLITAN AND THE "TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME," IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

Orders from the American News Co. on the second day after publication for additional copies of the new periodical

The "Twentieth Century Home"

have caused the publishers to increase the first issue from 111,000 to

141,000 Copies

The "Twentieth Century Home" has received a welcome such as has never before been extended to any new periodical.

The "Twentieth Century Home" is an attempt to present for the first time in any publication the whole world of living and household work from a standpoint that will be strictly accurate and scientific in every respect. **The exact truth in everything applied to life** – that is what the publishers of The "Twentieth Century Home" are aiming to give, and to accomplish this, they have secured the services of the ablest thinkers in every branch of household work and methods of living. Not tradition, not old nurse-stories, not imaginary good, but **How to do, according to the best lights of modern science**—that is what The "Twentieth Century Home" will aim to teach.

PRICE, 10 CENTS

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER, PRESIDENT, JAMES RANDOLPH WALKER, EDITOR

WALKING RIGHT ALONG

MARCH

OUTING

edited by **CASPAR WHITNEY**

The Outdoor Magazine of Human Interest

"ATHLETICS IN THE ARMY"

by Lieut.-General Adna R. Chaffee

Chief of Staff, Commanding U. S. Army

LIVING PHOTOGRAPHS

HUMAN-INTEREST STORIES

by **Stewart Edward White** **Vance Thompson**
Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. **Robert Dunn**

NOT LIKE ANY OTHER MAGAZINE YOU EVER SAW

Send for Special Subscription Offer to
OUTING PUBLISHING CO., 239 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Honest Dealing.

There is not a dishonest advertisement in this magazine.

We exercise the greatest possible vigilance to prevent the publication of any such advertising.

Every month we decline numbers of advertisements which to the practised eye are not entirely genuine.

We realize our moral responsibility in what we place before our readers, and rather than take any chances we reject all advertisements in which sincerity and reliability are not entirely self-evident.

Should any of our readers ever have the slightest cause for complaint we earnestly request that word be sent to our Advertising Manager.

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

We Double the Cost of Our Brewing to Give You Pure Beer

We spend fortunes on cleanliness.

For instance, we wash every bottle four times, when one washing—done, as it is, by machinery—seems more than sufficient.

We clean every tub, every boiling vat, tank or barrel, every pipe and pump, every time we use it.

We bore wells down 1400 feet to rock for pure water.

We cool the beer in filtered air.

We filter the beer by machinery.

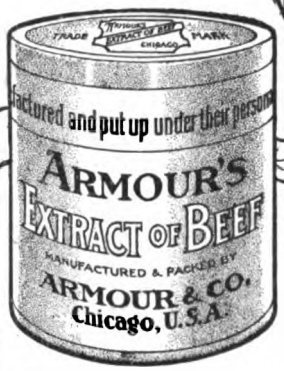
We store Schlitz beer for months in refrigerating rooms until it is well fermented—until it cannot cause biliousness.

We sterilize every bottle after it is sealed.

All this doubles our necessary cost—an enormous item on our output—over one million barrels annually. Yet we pay it all—just to have Schlitz beer pure—just to have it healthful for you. Those who enjoy it pay none of this extra cost, for the price is the same as standard beers anywhere.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



THE "SOUL" OF A
SHIN OF BEEF

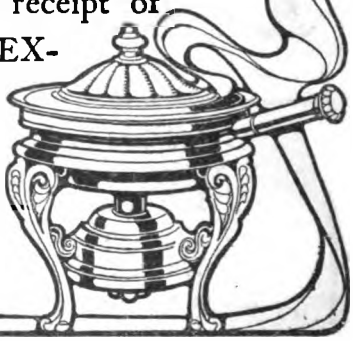
ARMOUR'S Extract of Beef

For Chafing-Dish Cookery

A convenient and economical way of entertaining.

It's the seasoning and rapid cooking that make the dishes taste so much better when done in a chafing dish, and nearly all the dainty and toothsome dishes for which it is noted will be improved by the addition of a small quantity of Armour's Extract of Beef.

"CULINARY WRINKLES" tells all about how to use the chafing dish. Sent postpaid on receipt of metal cap from jar of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.



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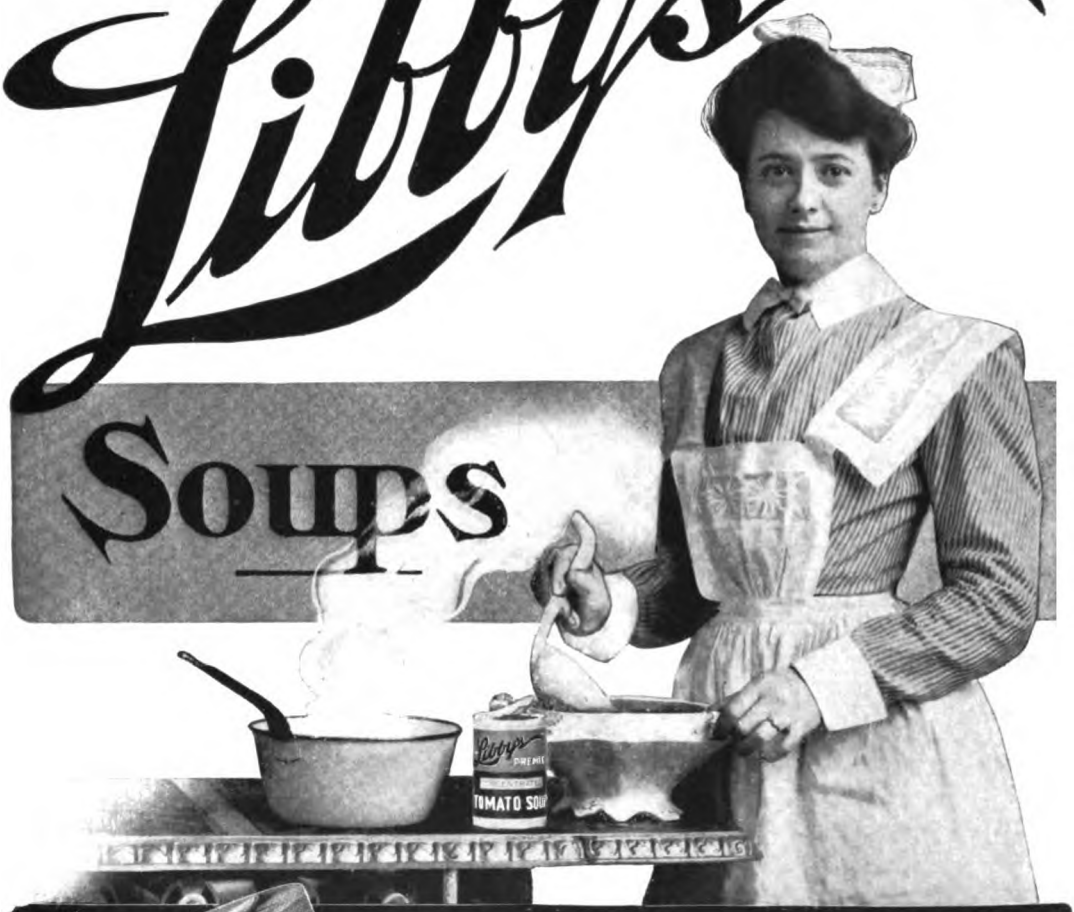
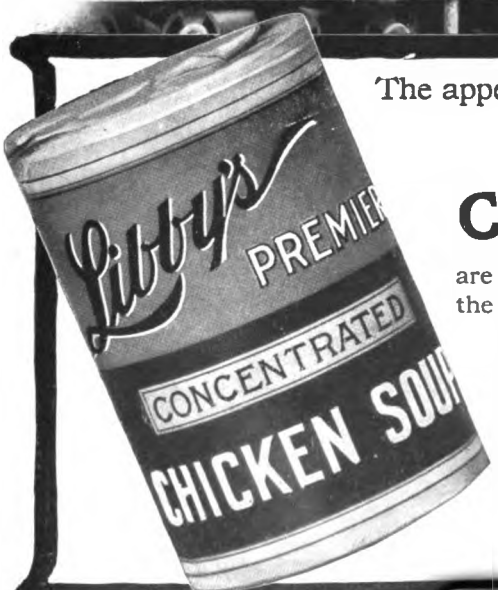
Libby's

Soups





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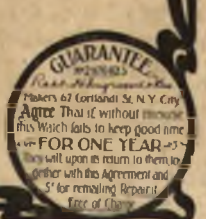

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