VOL. XI, No. 2. NOVEMBER, 1901. 10 CENTS.

THE JUNIOR MUNSEY

And THE PURITAN

89 Pages of
Fiction

87 Pages of
Special Articles

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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The Junior Munsey

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1901.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, $1.00 in advance. Single copies, ten cents.

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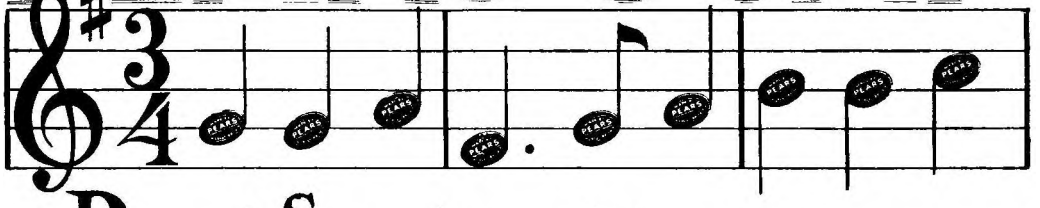
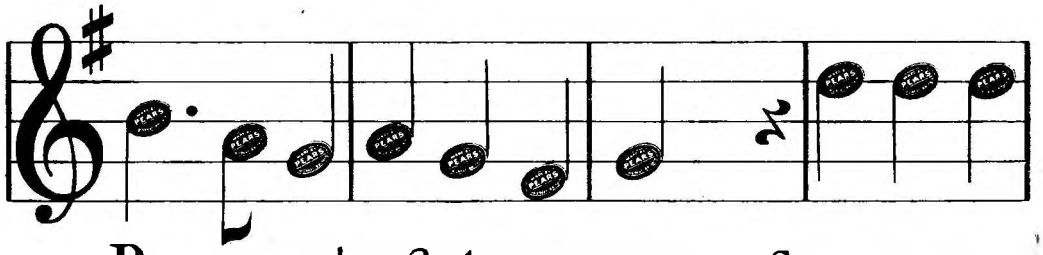
ONE SPEECH
ONE AIR
ONE SOAP

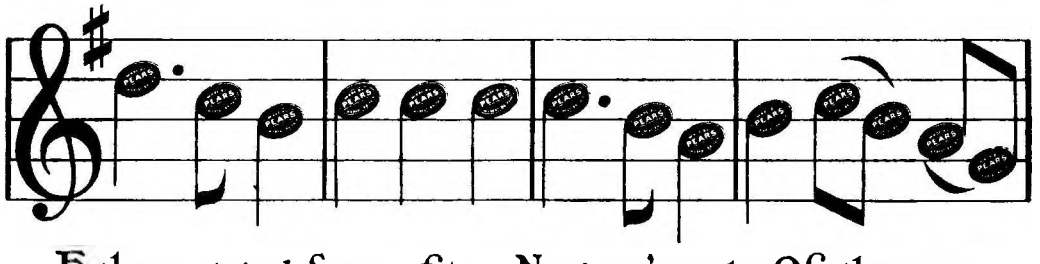
PEARS' SOAP



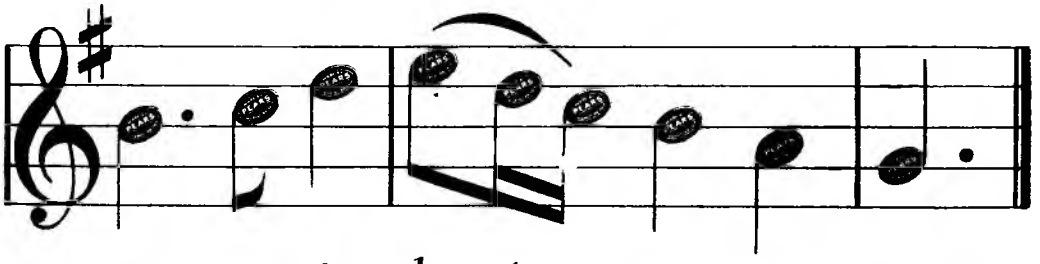
Pears' Soap! 'tis of thee, Sweet queen of



Pu - ri - ty! Of thee I sing; Soap by our



Fathers tried, Soap of two Nations' pride, Of thee on



every side, loud praises ring.

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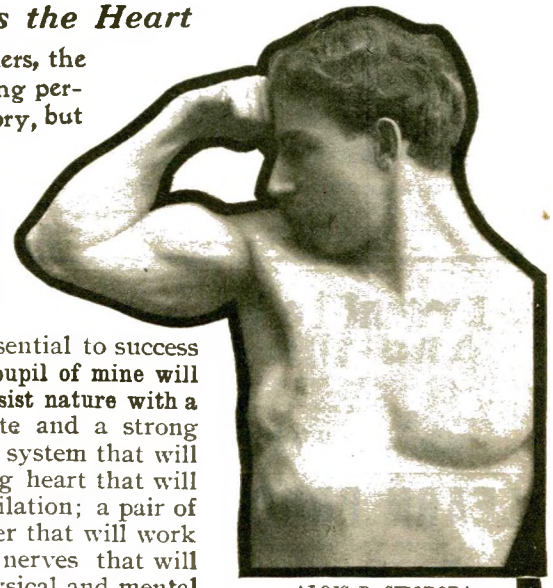

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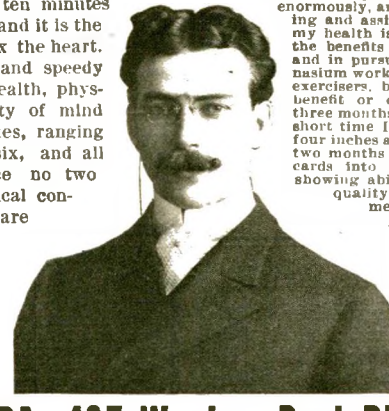

HUGH R. LOUDON,
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Yours very sincerely

H. R. LOUDON.

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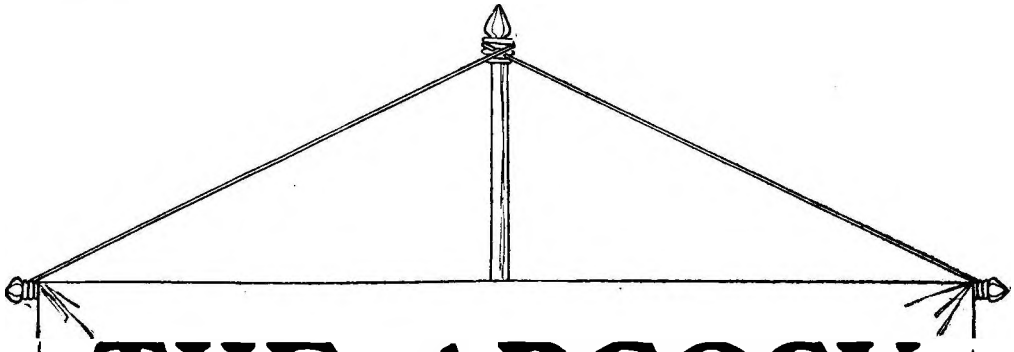

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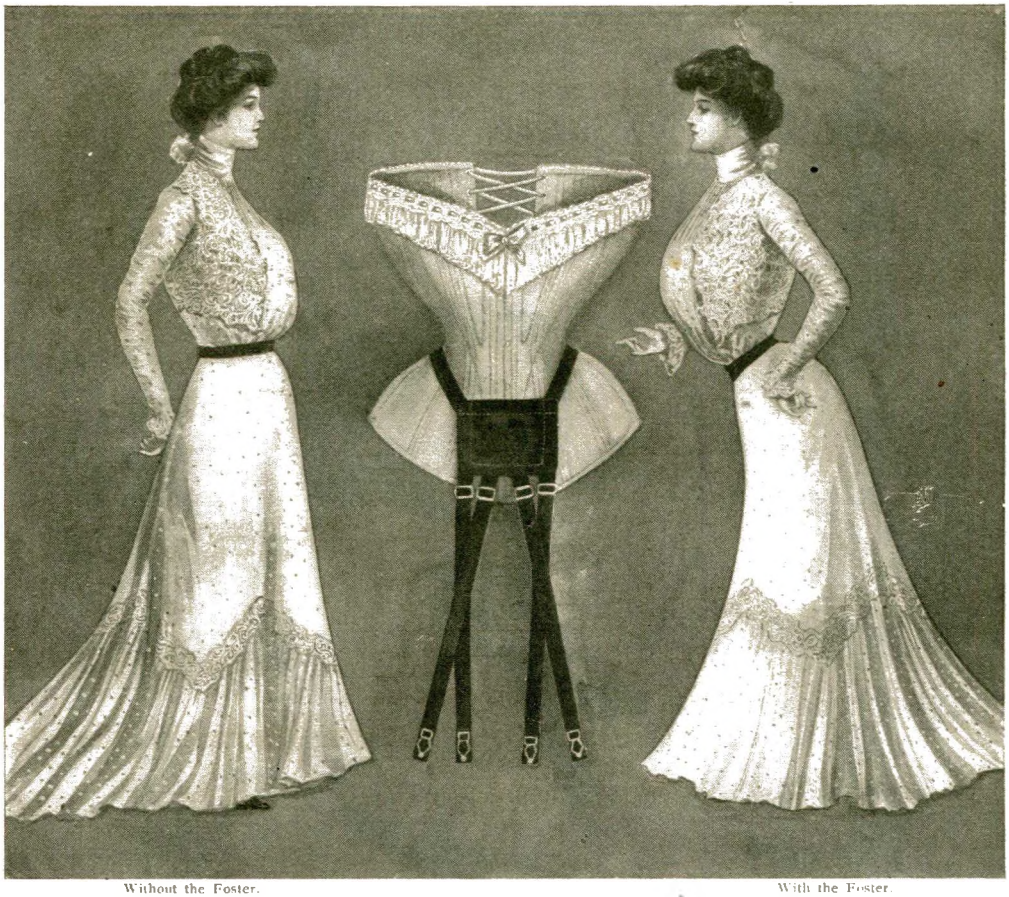

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THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

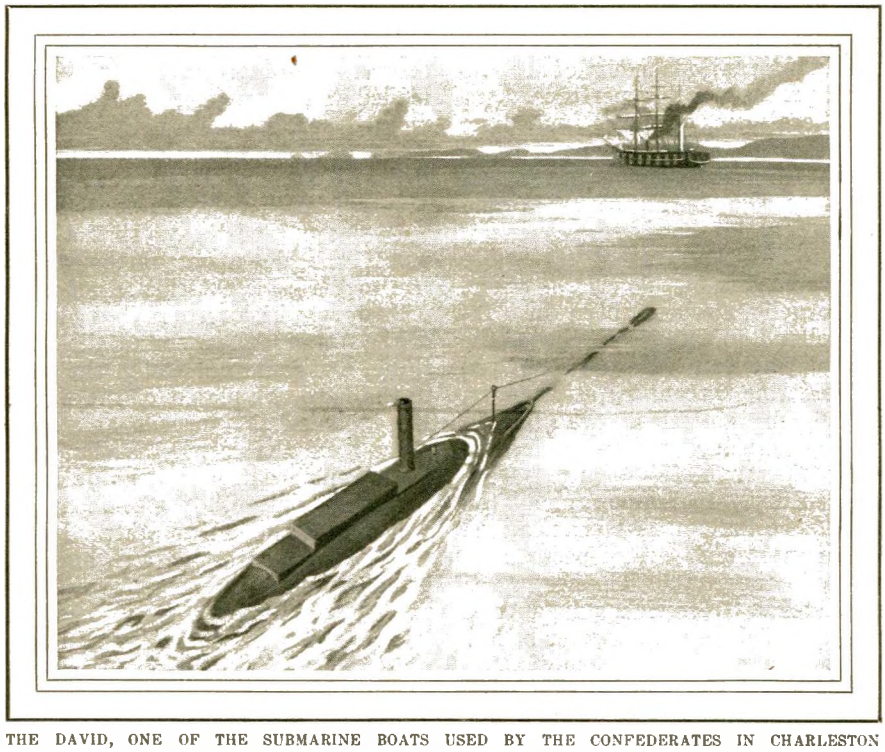
VOL. XI. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 2.

THE SUBMARINE WAR SHIP.

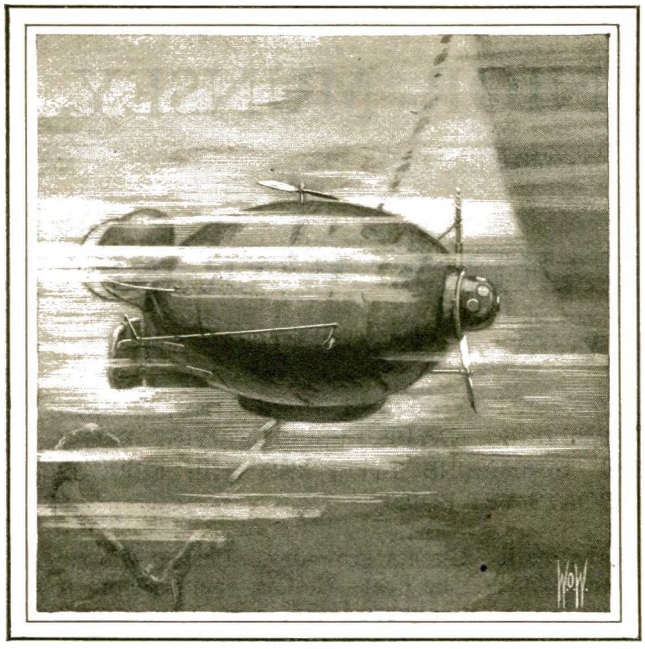
BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

THE TINY BUT DEADLY CRAFT WHICH, IF PERFECTED, WOULD MAKE THE MOST POWERFUL NAVIES USELESS—THE SLOW DEVELOPMENT OF THE SUBMARINE TYPE, AND THE SERIOUS DEFECTS OF ALL THE BOATS YET BUILT.

THE courage of the men of the sea is magnificent beyond description; and yet, if it be proved to them that a tiny boat is to come, like the deadly germ or the hidden serpent, to strike them unseen, their faces whiten and their throats grow dry. Perfect the submarine boat—that is, remove from it the weaknesses that now seem necessarily inherent in all vessels of the class—and the greatest revolution known to naval history will be accomplished. Then



THE DAVID, ONE OF THE SUBMARINE BOATS USED BY THE CONFEDERATES IN CHARLESTON HARBOR TO ATTACK THE FEDERAL BLOCKADING SQUADRON—THEY BLEW UP ONE SHIP, THE HOUSATONIC, BUT FORTY MEN ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN LOST IN THEM.



BUSHNELL'S SUBMARINE BOAT, WITH WHICH THE INVENTOR TRIED TO BLOW UP A BRITISH VESSEL IN NEW YORK HARBOR DURING THE REVOLUTION.

neither battleships nor cruisers will be of much further use, and the organization of an international court of arbitration will probably follow perforce.

But there seems to be no immediate danger of this. In no branch of naval construction has such slow progress been made as in the design of submarine ships, and the love of humanity is not unlikely to end the trade of war before the perfected ship of this class is afloat.

To Cornelis Drebbel, born in Alkmaar, Holland, in 1572, is attributed the first submarine boat. He was a philosopher, scientific inventor, astronomer, naturalist, and statesman, who had to flee to England during the troublesome years at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In London, about the year 1621, he built a boat that carried twelve oarsmen and several passengers, submerged under the Thames, from Westminster to Greenwich, a distance of four miles. This boat had water ballast tanks that were filled and emptied by pumps. She carried a liquid that purified and regenerated the vitiated air. King James I was so greatly interested that only the strongest persuasion of his courtiers prevented his taking a cruise in her.

BUSHNELL'S AND FULTON'S BOATS.

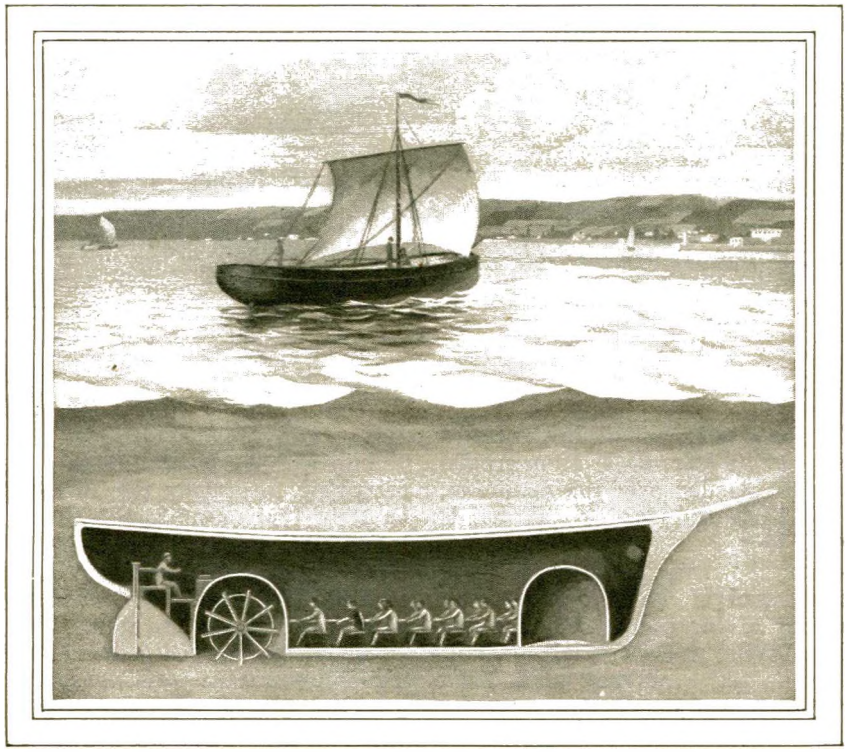
More than a hundred and fifty years passed before there is any record of another practical submarine boat. The next attempt was called forth by the American Revolution, and was the work of a highly educated Connecticut Yankee of unusual inventive genius and good fortune, who came to live on the banks of the Hudson. David Bushnell, as he was named, undertook to construct a submarine boat to blow up the war ships of the British, who then held New York. His craft, more like a barrel than a rowboat in shape, was propelled by two oars working through a ball and socket joint—or, according to another account, by a two bladed screw propeller—and it was submerged and brought to the surface by means of tanks that were filled and emptied with a pump. The torpedo was a cask of powder with a clockwork attachment.

Common report says that a British vessel was blown out of the water by Bushnell's boat, but this is not verified by history, which records that a sergeant of the American army went afloat in the thing, but could not fasten the torpedo to the hard oak planks of the war ship. He exploded the torpedo at some distance from the vessel, thereby creating much consternation, but no damage.

Robert Fulton, of steamboat fame, also built a submarine craft. In shape it was like a common yawl, and it was fitted with sails and spars for use on the surface, while oars drove it ahead when submerged. It could remain under water long enough to travel two miles. Fulton's experiments in connection with his boat proved that the cannon of that day could be projected through the side of a ship below the water line, and fired

with deadly effect if close to the enemy. He could have built a submarine vessel with cannon as well as torpedoes had he received any encouragement. But this was denied him, which is rather remarkable when one considers that Fulton's submarine boat was built in France, and at a time when Napoleon was terribly

It was a boiler iron shell, thirty feet long, four feet wide, six feet deep, and shaped something like a cigar. There were two manholes in the top, covered with heavy hinged caps, in which were glass windows, giving the pilot a view all around. The vessel was submerged by filling its water tanks, and a pro-



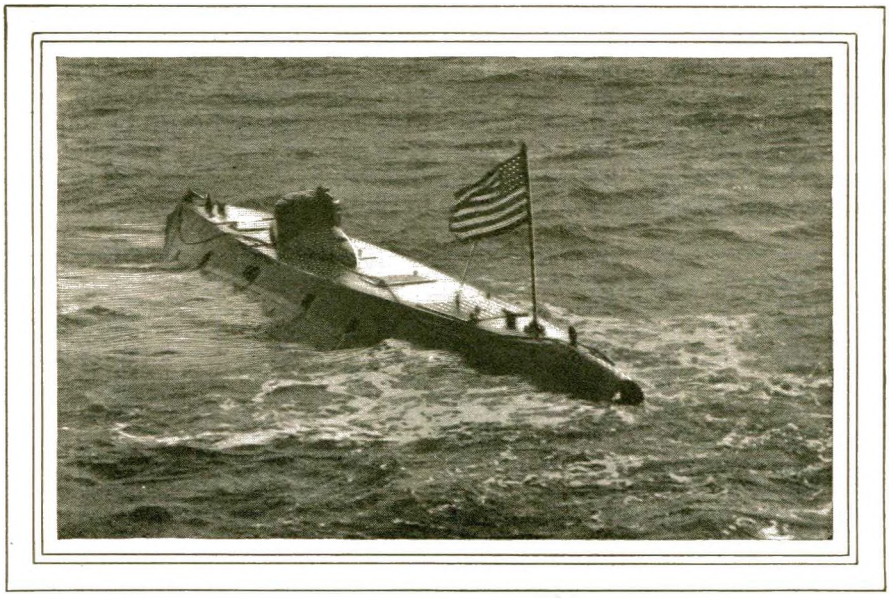
THE SUBMARINE BOAT WHICH FULTON BUILT IN FRANCE—THE ENGRAVING SHOWS THE PECULIAR CRAFT BOTH FLOATING AND SUBMERGED. IT WAS NEVER TRIED IN WARFARE.

hampered by the ceaseless blockade of his ports by the British navy.

THE HEROES OF THE DAVID.

From Fulton's time until our Civil War nothing worth mentioning was done in developing navigation under the water. Then, like Napoleon, the Confederates were in desperate straits because of a blockade, and all their cities on navigable waters were in constant danger of attack by Federal war ships. For defense they planted fixed torpedoes, and from these to a submarine torpedo boat was a short step quickly taken. The first one, built at Mobile in 1863, was sent to Charleston by rail.

peller turned by the crew drove it ahead. There was a rudder to steer it, and horizontal vanes, forward and aft, that could be adjusted to make it plunge or rise when under the surface, a tube of mercury registering the depth. This craft was called the David, because it was hoped that it would overcome the giants of the Federal navy. The inventor intended it to pass under some one of the blockading vessels, towing a torpedo, which would explode when brought up against the enemy's hull; but this proved impracticable because of the shoal water off Charleston. So it was decided to fix a torpedo at the end of a spar, and drive this against the ship



THE SUBMARINE BOAT HOLLAND AT SEA, FLOATING HALF SUBMERGED.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

selected for attack; but while the David was lying at its pier, waves from a passing steamer flooded over the manholes, sank the boat, and drowned all hands aboard of her.

The story of the subsequent career of this boat is one of the most pathetic in the history of the sea. After she was raised and refitted, there was no lack of volunteers. A second crew went down for a trial trip, and never came up again. The craft was raised a second time and emptied of her dead, for men were still ready to fight with her. Cheerfully, even eagerly, they faced almost certain death for the Southern cause.

This time the David reached the Housatonic and sank her, but the tiny craft perished with the giant.

There were at least three of these Davids in Charleston harbor during the Civil War, and one Confederate officer told me he believed there were five, and that more than forty men lost their lives in the fearsome work of experimenting with them.

HOLLAND AND HIS SUBMARINE BOATS.

After the war, little was heard about submarine boats until somewhere near the year 1880. At that time one John Holland was experimenting in New Jersey, and the fool reporter got hold of him and wrote of him as a Fenian preparing to destroy the British navy. In 1882 I was sent to see Holland. I found him a most earnest and sincere man, full of enthusiasm, naturally, but with all that a man who would hesitate at no labor and at no risk. He had a fat little cigar shaped boat with a single manhole—a mere working model of a practical submarine fighting ship; but it was a real working model. Holland could and did make voyages in it beneath the surface of the harbor. It was with difficulty that I persuaded him to show me how it was operated, for his experience with the fool reporter had been heartbreaking.

After the serious publication of Holland's story came reports of similar experiments in England and France. Holland depended on water ballast tanks and planes to send and keep his boat down. An inventor in England made a boat with a wing propeller on each side that would press the hull under the water or bring her to the surface as the wings were whirled in one direction or the other; and that seems to have been the first departure from the use of the tanks and planes invented by Cornelis Drebbel. But the venture failed be-

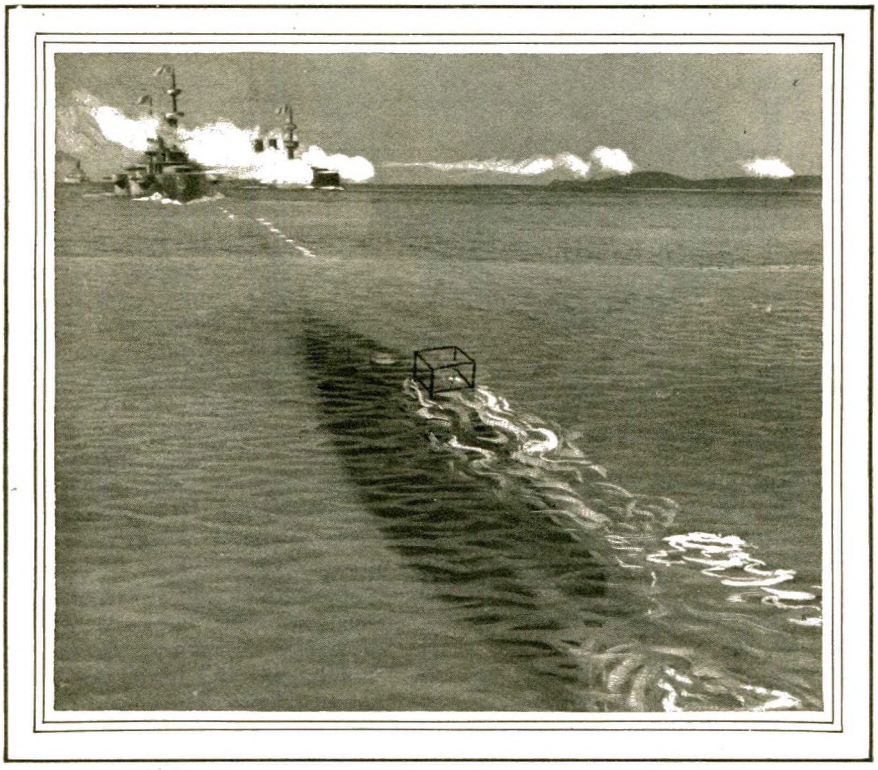
cause the side propellers were too great a drag when the boat was to be driven forward on her course. Naval authorities in Russia, Portugal, Italy, and Spain were also making experiments; each of the last two countries has a submarine torpedo boat on its official list of war ships.

In 1895 Holland persuaded Congress to appropriate money to build a submarine boat which was to be of 168 tons displacement, 83 feet 3 inches long, and 11 feet 6 inches in diameter. She was to be cigar shaped, and it was hoped that she would attain a speed of sixteen knots. She never worked out satisfactorily.

In the mean time, those who had faith in the idea furnished money for another boat, the Holland, a vessel fifty five feet long and ten feet in diameter, which was built, and was eventually purchased for use in the United States navy. Last summer she was sent out from Newport almost daily, and she was to be seen rising, plunging, or floating, either just awash or with only the tube of her camera obscura projecting above the water.

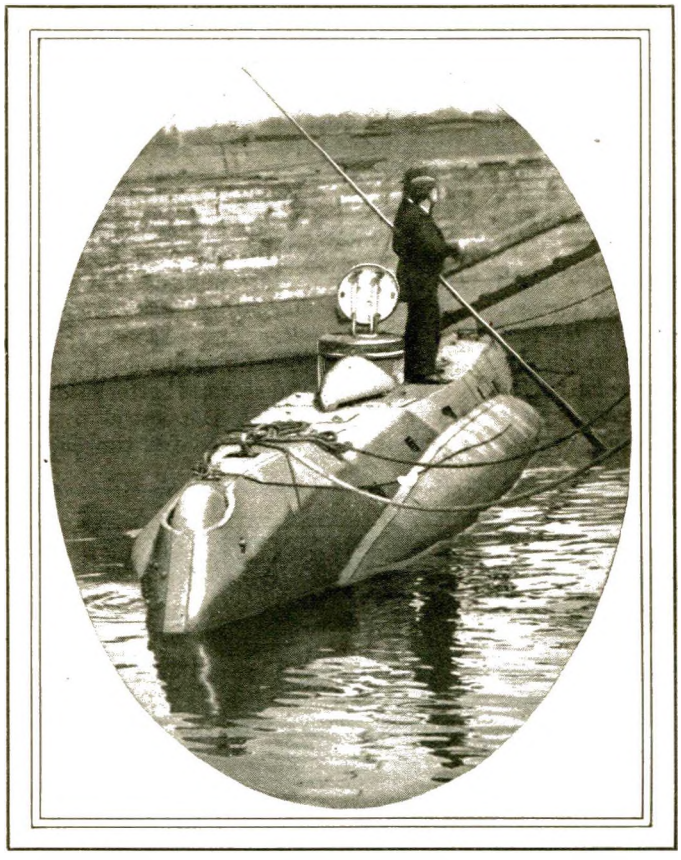
In the early submarine boats it was almost impossible to keep an even keel when weights were shifted. If a man left his place, the line of flotation changed. The compass was utterly useless. Neither steam nor gasoline engines were practicable beneath the surface. Illuminating the interior of the boat with lamps was unsatisfactory, and all attempts to penetrate the darkness of the water, even for a few yards, failed utterly. The best that was hoped for Holland's first craft was that she might approach a blockading force with her "finder" exposed but unseen, and so deliver the deadly Whitehead torpedo.

In the Holland storage batteries drive the propeller when the vessel is submerged, while improved and thoroughly



THE GUSTAVE ZÉDÉ, THE FRENCH SUBMARINE BOAT WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE DONE GOOD SERVICE IN LAST SUMMER'S NAVAL MANEUVERS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—THE ENGRAVING SHOWS THE ZÉDÉ STEAMING WITH ONLY HER "FINDER" ABOVE THE WATER.

practical gasoline engines are used on the surface. A speed of eight knots is obtained. Incandescent electric lamps illuminate the hull, and, within short limits, the sea. The Holland is not only fitted for firing a Whitehead torpedo, such as is used by the surface torpedo boats, but she can throw an aërial torpedo with an air gun, something after the manner of our Vesuvius, to a range of a mile or so.



THE HOLLAND AS SHE APPEARS WHEN FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

So great was the confidence of some of our naval officers in the powers of this boat that three years ago they urged the government to send her to Santiago to blow the bottled up Spanish fleet out of the water. For such an adventure the submarine boat, as now built, seems well adapted. It appears, too, that if a port is to be bombarded under conditions like those at Havana during our war with Spain, submarine boats throwing torpedoes through the air might be of great value. The fort gun, with its stable platform, can beat off the heaviest battleship, while how to reach the interior of a well built fort with a rifle shell is still an unsolved problem of naval warfare. A submarine boat could travel underwater until within easy range, and, with its popgun, drop a hundred pounds of guncotton within the breastworks, sinking out of sight at once. It could repeat this until the fort was destroyed. Of course we know that all the guncotton shells would not be effective, but some would surely destroy the enemy's guns.

So convinced are sober minded, experienced naval officers of the value of the Holland boats that six more are under construction for our navy, each of a hundred and twenty tons displacement.

More interesting is the position of the submarine boat in Great Britain. The Admiralty once refused to consider Fulton's plans because, if submarine boats were effective, they would make useless the great British fleets. That opinion was hugged for nearly a century; but in 1900 even the hide bound conservatism of the British Admiralty yielded to the submarine boat, and five of the Holland type were ordered and are now building.

THE FRENCH SUBMARINE BOAT.

In France the submarine war ship has been studied with an enthusiastic persistence equal to John Holland's.

The smoke of the British Channel fleet is ever in the nostrils of the French seamen; the story of British superiority in the days of sails is never for one moment forgotten. Failing in the line of battle, the French have ever striven to gain supremacy by cunning inventions, and since 1886 the periodicals of the world have told from time to time how maritime warfare was at last revolutionized by this or that boat just completed and tried by the naval experts at Toulon or Brest or Cherbourg.

At this writing, the latest of these paper revolutions has just been announced. The Gustave Zédé, a submarine boat a hundred and forty eight feet long, nearly eleven in diameter, and of 260 tons displacement, has been traveling about the Mediterranean, covering distances as long as from Ajaccio to Marseilles, two hundred and twenty five miles, and arriving among maneuvering squadrons unseen, to select and torpedo, with a dummy, the most powerful of the battleships. Later, she gave an exhibition of her powers which greatly impressed M. de Lanessan, the French minister of marine, who saw her dive and strike the battleship Charles Martel with a dummy torpedo.

If one may believe the despatches, plans for battleships have been laid aside, forty new Gustave Zédés have been ordered, and the French vocabulary has been exhausted in the search for words of wonder, praise, and exultation. For it is believed that these boats could, in war time, cross the British Channel and destroy the fleet at Portsmouth! But when the facts are considered soberly, it will be seen that the submarine boat is as yet very far from perfection. The Zédé did go two hundred and twenty five miles over the sea, but a large and comfortable cruiser was kept alongside for use in case of accidents, and the journey, save for a mile or so at the end, was made on the surface. She can, indeed, travel many miles under fairly smooth water with her "finder" up, and she has a sufficient range when wholly submerged, provided there are no rocks to obstruct her path, and provided, too, that the enemy's war ships do not, by unexpected shifts of position, get in the way; for a collision

THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE HOLLAND BOATS BEFORE HER FITTINGS WERE IN PLACE.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

under water would instantly drown all hands on the Zédé. But when that is said, the limit of her usefulness is portrayed. She has no device for throwing aërial torpedoes. She is designed only to hunt enemies afloat, and could do nothing against shore fortifications.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE SUBMARINE BOAT.

There are serious objections to the use of all the submarine boats thus far planned. A glance at a fore and aft section reveals their worst defect. There are absolutely no accommodations for the crew.

It is said that men can be found who will ask for no accommodations, and that is true. But even patriots must eat, drink, and rest, or they can't fight. Under service conditions, no cooking worth mention can be done, drinking water is as warm as tea, and neither bunks nor hammocks are to be thought of in the present submarine boats. Without serious distress among her crew, the Holland or the Zédé might go under water from the Sandy Hook light ship to Barnegat Bay, and perhaps she could also return; but when she did a shift of crew would be imperatively demanded. To keep her men fit for a fight, a tender for a base of supplies and rest is absolutely necessary to a submarine boat.

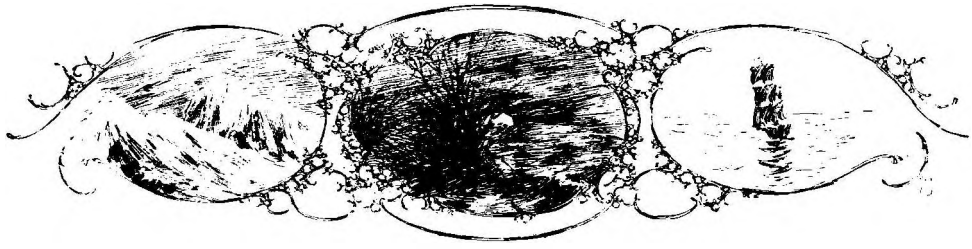
And this is to say that, in spite of long journeys accomplished, the submarine boat is practically limited today to harbor and coast defense. It is further certain that no submarine boat designed to plunge or settle quickly under the water can be made habitable for any considerable period of time, because a large hull

cannot be submerged quickly. A ship of five thousand tons, or three times that size, might be made to settle under water, or to fight with a turret just above the water, but none will be made. We tried out that idea in the monitors and abandoned it definitely at last, because life was a burden on them, and because they were not stable gun platforms.

Still worse than the life on the monitor is that on even the largest of the surface torpedo boats. In the Spanish war our torpedo boat crews were often without any sleep or rest for forty eight hours at a stretch. If such conditions prevailed on a four hundred ton boat, what would happen on one of a hundred and twenty tons, loaded to the hatches with the extra machinery needed on a boat of that type?

In all, forty nine submarine boats are named in the official naval lists of the world for 1901. The French list announces that twenty others have been provided for, and will be constructed at once. To this number we may add, perhaps, the forty which the French minister hopes to build soon, so that in 1902 the world may count a submarine fleet of a hundred vessels.

Plainly, the submarine war ship is a factor of sea power that must be considered; but it has not yet revolutionized naval warfare. The maxim that the way to protect your own coast is to attack the enemy's coast, will not soon be replaced by any other maxim. Supremacy in sea power will never be obtained by harbor battles or the work of any defense craft. The honor and the security of the American flag must, and shall, rest for many years in the care of the man behind the gun.



AN AUTUMN SONG.

How the wind is keening through the coppice,
  Crying, child-like, through the stooks of corn!
In the wheat no more the scarlet poppies
  Tangle like the scattered shreds of morn.

Sough the pine tops, and the sound is eerie
  As the sunset sobbing of the sea;
Dusks the far horizon chill and dreary,
  While above the banded song birds flee.

Toward us hastens one, no vernal comer,
  Who will silence all the meadow mirth,
Till the memory of the vanished summer
  Will seem like a paradise on earth.

But with your companionship for guerdon,
  (Eyes and lips remembrancing the flowers!)
Without murmur will I bear the burden
  Of the fetters of the icy hours.

For your smile will be perennial token
  Of the gladness that the days will bring
When the long white quietude is broken
  By the marvelous magicry of spring.

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Palatial American Homes.

BY KATHERINE HOFFMAN.

TWELVE HOUSES THAT HAVE BEEN SELECTED AS THE FINEST AND MOST SPLENDIDLY DECORATED IN THE UNITED STATES—PATTERNED CHIEFLY ON FOREIGN MODELS. THEY ARE WONDERFULLY GORGEOUS AND COSTLY, BUT NOT ALWAYS ENTIRELY HARMONIOUS.

IT would be discouraging to national pride, if America considered originality in architectural and decorative matters of moment, to realize how complete is our dependence upon the old world whenever we wish to make a brave show or to erect a worthy and enduring building. It is better, of course, to copy the good than to achieve originality only through atrocities; but there are times when one not necessarily a jingo could wish to hear that Mr. Crœsus was putting up an American house instead of reproducing a Venetian palace; or that some decorative artist had made a mantel so beautiful and so perfect that it was not necessary for the latest millionaire to ransack an old French château to discover something to his liking.

But this time seems as far off as ever, possibly because there have been no master builders whose commanding designs could force admiration, but more probably because the millionaires, properly distrustful of their own taste,

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY'S HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK—THE DININGROOM.

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would be also distrustful of that which had not the seal of many generations' approval upon it. So the millions continue to be spent in rummaging the old world for models, with results that first glance highly ornate insane asylums, assuredly the only buildings of such vast proportions appropriate to such places.

On a Chicago corner, with square

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY'S NEW YORK HOUSE—THE MAIN HALL AND STAIRWAY.

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are sometimes grotesque and generally discouraging.

OUR LACK OF ARCHITECTURAL HARMONY.

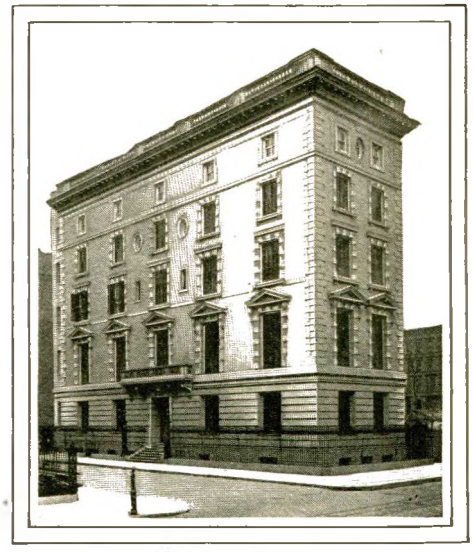
We have French châteaus, intended for ample spaces, crowded between two houses on narrow Fifth Avenue lots. Palaces of the Venetian doges run up, Aladdin-like, miles from the suggestion of water, their canal arches and water gates ludicrously opening upon a brick paved street. Old English country houses, demanding, for their setting, park grounds and terraced gardens, courts and pleasances, are reproduced between two brownstone fronts. Palaces which the French kings thought well adapted to royal town life rear themselves upon remote hillsides in such incongruity that the uninitiated may be forgiven for thinking them at chimneys belching smoke and smut all around, and flat plains stretching limitlessly out, is an apotheosis of a Scotch manse—a heavy stone edifice copied after some simple dwelling among the hills and the heather. There are no bounds to the absurdities which a man arrived at sufficient fortune for building will commit.

There is the greatest possible difference between the American and the English notion of a home, and the English notion seems the better. There houses grow, and their belongings with them. Homeliness is rather a virtue, and dinginess is not a crime. The idea of constructing a dwelling from the foundation to the curtains at the windows and the tapestries on the walls at one fell swoop would be inconceivable to the English. In this country houses are

built and furnished so quickly that one almost expects to read in the advertisements of the enterprising department stores: "Friday, Bargain Day in Homes Perfectly Equipped and Ready for Use." The shine of new varnish is over everything, even when actual varnish is tabooed.

The homes of the millionaires of America, as one reads of them, provoke the inquiry, "But where do these people live?" Surely they do not loaf and invite their souls in the midst of the curios gathered from all quarters of the globe; they do not lounge in the state apartments furnished after the Marie Antoinette manner; they do not take their shirt sleeved ease, or whatever may correspond with that in their circle of society, among the catalogable treasures of their private museums. Nothing could make a man of simple tastes and modest means more contented with his lot than to read the list of the unhomelike splendors with which the millionaire surrounds himself.

Even in the best conceived houses the effect must be that of a sublimated patchwork quilt. It is as much as even conscientious architects and decorators can do to keep single rooms free from incongruities, to avoid having Watteau shepherdesses on panels above a wainscoting of old English oak, or Louis Quinze furniture pirouetting around a room hung with Colonial wall paper. Even so small an amount of harmony requires the greatest self restraint. To carry this principle throughout an entire house is more than can be expected.



STUYVESANT FISH'S NEW YORK HOUSE, AT MADISON AVENUE AND SEVENTY EIGHTH STREET.

From a photograph by Underhill, New York.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY'S NEW YORK HOUSE—THE EXTERIOR IS COMPARATIVELY PLAIN, THE INTERIOR IS LAVISHLY ORNATE.

From a photograph by Underhill, New York.

A millionaire awakes in the simplicity of a Colonial bedroom. His eyes rest upon its cool blue and white paper, and take cognizance of the polished mahogany of his pineapple posted chests and bed. He takes his bath in France, with foolish and inquisitive angels or cupids peering at him through wreaths of roses. He snatches his roll and coffee, perhaps, in a baronial English hall, and as he passes out of the house he looks into a drawingroom that might have been that of the frivolous Marie Antoinette. He goes down town in an American

THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S NEW YORK HOUSE, AT FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY EIGHTH STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Photographic Company.

automobile, and on the fourteenth floor of an office building finds himself for the first time that day face to face with the true expression of the American architectural genius.

It is in public and semi public buildings that we excel. When foreign architects wish to praise us, they do not speak primarily of our churches or of our homes, but of our hotels, our newspaper buildings, and our capitols. One of them, Horace Townsend, gives us the most ungrudging commendation in regard to these. He says: "Nothing akin to Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's scholarly Hotel Imperial or that opulently conceived reedification of Mauresque magnificence, the Ponce de Leon Hotel in Florida, has yet appeared within our own metropolis [London]."

There are, however, twelve houses in America which have been selected by architectural critics as the most magnificent of their kind. It would be unfair to say of them that their splendors are of the hodgepodge description; but it is equally true that they are not comfortably "grown into" homes, that their rarities are not the result of slow and casual collection. But their magnificence is never vulgar—which is more than may be said of certain others.

TWELVE TYPICAL AMERICAN PALACES.

These twelve are the houses of William C. Whitney, the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. D. Sloane, Stuyvesant Fish, John Jacob Astor, John D. Rockefeller, Louis Stern, and Louis Tiffany of New York; of Mrs. "Jack" Gardiner, of Boston; of George Streator, of Chicago; of Joseph Winterbottom, of San Francisco; and the Breakers, the Vanderbilt house at Newport. Probably Mr. Whitney's house, Mrs. Gardiner's, which is still in process of construction, and Mrs. Fish's, which was opened with great éclat last year, are the most remarkable of these.

Mrs. Fish's house, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Seventy Eighth Street, is as perfect a reproduction of a Venetian palace as is possible on a dignified, but not over picturesque, New York street. The tall gate that screens the entrance is of Venetian bent iron, and from the very threshold one is car-

ried straight into the realm of the doges, though, except for this gate, the granite exterior promises nothing remarkable.

On the first floor, when one has passed the iron portals, one sees a drawingroom, and on the opposite side the diningroom. This latter is a faithful copy of the banqueting hall of one of

THE VANDERBILT HOUSES ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, AT FIFTY FIRST AND FIFTY SECOND STREETS—THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT IS GEORGE VANDERBILT'S; THEN WILLIAM D. SLOANE'S, AND BEYOND FIFTY SECOND STREET WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT'S.

the nobles of Venice when Venice ruled the seas. The lower panels are of dull walnut. Above them hang wonderful old tapestries of red and yellow. A dull red marble mantel glows darkly above a fireplace where a brighter color flashes. It is a most imposing room, and it seems to require a regiment of powdered and liveried menials to wait upon a concourse of glittering dames and gallant gentlemen. It would seem a profanity for a solitary diner, for instance, to munch a simple chop in its sumptuous atmosphere. The drawingroom, across the hall, is distinctly a room for beauty. Its most conspicuous feature is a mirrored door. It is carpeted in red velvet, and its walls and ceiling are a pale bluish green, while all its furnishings are of the rococo style in yellow.

On the second floor is the ballroom, the largest private dancing room in America, it is said. Like the drawingroom, it has mirrored doors. The walls are of a pale bluish tone, and all the molding is in pale colored clay. The family coat of arms is wrought above the white marble mantel at the head of the room. The salon is also on this floor. In it the ruddy tints which predominated down stairs return to use. It is hung in red tapestry. The woodwork is dull oak, the windows are small paned affairs, and there is a great mirror framed in dull brass.

On the third floor are the sleeping

THE BREAKERS, THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S HOUSE AT NEWPORT—THE ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRWAY.

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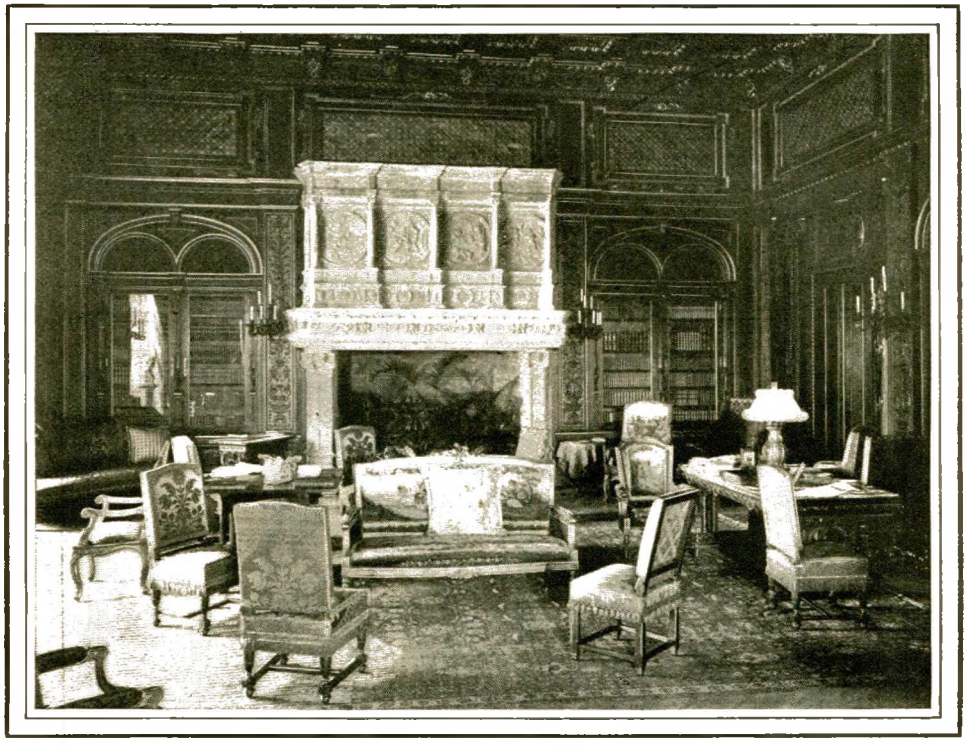


THE BREAKERS—THE LIBRARY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Child, Newport.

rooms of the family. Mrs. Fish's boudoir is a dream of pale pink loveliness; Mr. Fish's room is a Colonial chamber in blue and white. The house contains, as all lovers of cleanliness should rejoice to learn, six bathrooms.

MR. WHITNEY'S NEW YORK HOUSE.

Mr. Whitney's house is one of those where the principle of strict fidelity to the epoch reproduced in each room is seen at its best. As a whole, the decoration is heterogeneous, but each room in it is a perfect and self contained example of its own period and kind of decoration.

It is said that the Colonial room on one of the upper floors of Mr. Whitney's house is the finest example of that school of decoration to be found in the country, and for no other reason than his rigorous forbearance to introduce inept trifles into its austerity. Other men have had Colonial rooms, and vastly dear Colonial rooms, but the temptation to bring into them something which no colonist, either grim Puritan or lordly planter, ever used, has proved their artistic destruction.

Sometimes the zeal of decorators has caused them to introduce into certain rooms articles which belonged to the period, but were still out of place. For instance, there were certain things which, in Colonial times, belonged to the kitchen, the sitting room, or the drawingroom. A reckless Colonial mad decorator jumbles them all together, indifferent to the fact that a pewter pie plate was not used as a wall ornament by our unesthetic ancestors, and that warming pans were never displayed in the drawingroom. Still worse errors have been perpetrated in the name of decoration; and it speaks volumes on the state of this art in America that Mr. Whitney has gained distinction because he has brought no Colonial kitchen furniture into his Colonial bedroom.

Mr. Whitney was prodigal when he decorated his house. He wanted a mantel for his hall on the ground floor, and he wanted the design to be that of

the old French château period. He ransacked the stores of dealers in this country, and then he went abroad. He had agents scattered broadcast through the world to aid him in running to earth the particular mantel he wanted. Finally he bought it in two parts—the top from a ruined château in France, the pilasters from a house in London.

in the most conscientious reproduction of the Florentine mosaics.

"SHOW" HOUSES OF VARIOUS CITIES.

Mrs. "Jack" Gardiner's house is still building in Boston. It overlooks the Fens, and it is a careful reproduction of an old Italian palace—a style of architecture peculiarly appropriate to

THE TIFFANY HOUSE AT MADISON AVENUE AND SEVENTY SECOND STREET, A VERY FINE SPECIMEN OF AMERICAN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION.

From a photograph by Underhill, New York.

For his picture gallery he sought out the hiding places of old black Spanish velvet, against whose lusterless, plushy surface rare pictures look rarer still. He purchased all that was to be bought from the European dealers in such costly fabrics. Then he set the textile artists to work, and enough more was made to line the gallery walls.

The same zeal for exactness, the same scorn of sordid monetary considerations, have been shown throughout the establishment. His tapestries are the best to be had, of their periods. Even his bathrooms have not escaped the rage for perfection. They are tiled

the city of east winds. Its progress towards completion is retarded now and then by some untoward strike of the workmen. One may not reproduce even a palace or a museum for storing priceless art treasures without reckoning with unartistic labor unions, though it is said that Mrs. Gardiner's builders tried to do so.

The plans of her new house and the work, so far as it has progressed, show it to be of wonderful beauty, and thrifty Boston is reported to be hoping that she will some day bestow it upon the city as a museum. In addition to the beauty of the edifice itself, Mrs. Gard-

iner's art collections are very valuable and interesting.

The Cornelius Vanderbilt house at Fifth Avenue and Fifty Seventh Street, New York, is modeled upon the famous Château of Blois, in France. It is of pressed brick, with trimmings of light stone, and it is surrounded by a high fence of wrought iron, through the interstices of which one sees a neatly shorn and trimmed bit of lawn. Scoffers who have not known of the Château of Blois have sometimes failed to admire this palace as it should be admired, and have declared its style particularly institutional. But this is likely to be the effect of introducing any noticeable and distinctly foreign sort of building into a restricted space. The interior of the house is Empire throughout.

Competent judges declare that the same fault, that of restricted space, has more or less spoiled the Breakers, the Cornelius Vanderbilt place at Newport. It is a villa in the Italian style, and in itself is very beautiful. Each of the principal fronts has a leading motive which differentiates it from the other, yet the unity of the two has been preserved. The diningroom and the great hall are splendid—artistic, simple, and massive.

The Louis Tiffany house at Seventy Second Street and Madison Avenue, New York, is an exquisite example of what may be done by an artist in the line of decoration. It is not constructed according to any hard and fast rule of art, and it is not bound to any one epoch or era. Magnificently and charmingly decorated, it is an encouraging example of what originality within artistic bounds may accomplish.

Of the others in the decorator's red book, or blue book, or book of whatever hue architects may use to denote unquestionable standing, the Rockefeller, the John Jacob Astor, and the Sloane houses are of mixed periods; so is the Winterbottom house in San Francisco. The Louis Stern house in New York is rococo, and the George Streator house in Chicago revolts against its Western surroundings by being Persian in the main and at least oriental throughout.

Up to 1855 there had not been any very strenuous efforts on the part of even rich Americans to achieve grandeur in architecture or design for their homes. They came to New York when their "piles" were made, meekly accepted the brownstone dispensations of the contractors, and filled these with the furniture horrors of the middle Victorian period. At about the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, an American architect, imbued with the spirit of European designing, returned to this country. He was Richard Holman Hunt, and the influence which he exercised upon the building art of America from that time was marked. The Breakers, the John Jacob Astor town house, the Cornelius Vanderbilt town house, the magnificent Biltmore in North Carolina, the Marble House at Newport—all these and many more were the products of his genius.

Of the later school of architecture, the most famous exponents are McKim, Mead & White, Thomas Hastings, and Mr. Post. Most of the houses in the list of the best conceived ones in this country are the work of some of these.

How much of the interior decorator's work is merely prohibitive, it is hard to guess. In the case of all the houses in this list there has probably not been much to combat on the part of the owners; but good taste does not always keep pace with good fortune, and there are cases on record where the decorators have had to fight grotesque fancies on the part of their owners. The story of the worthy manufacturer who wished his cornices and buttresses adorned with the trade mark which had made him famous is well known. He was first balked by the authorities of a cemetery where the monument to his merits was not permitted to be erected until that badge had been erased from it. And in a certain Western city a "show" house, owned by a millionaire maker of agricultural implements, has —or had not long ago—a diningroom frieze where the goddess Ceres on one side is faced on the other by a plow or a mowing machine of the owner's manufacture.

A Matter of Gratitude.

WHAT JOHN HARNESS, GOLD HUNTER, FOUND IN THE ARIZONA DESERT.

BY H. H. BENNETT.

THE moving specks resolved themselves into two men. Harness watched them as they came plodding across the crusted sand and bare rock surfaces of the desert. One walked doggedly, the other sat in a crumpled heap on the back of a weary bronco. Ahead of them their shadows reeled and staggered, magnifying each uncertain step. They were still a long way off, but in the thin Arizona air they seemed nearer than they really were. The man who watched slipped behind the ragged boulder, peering around its edge at the slowly approaching figures. Suspicion and hostility were in his eyes.

John Harness had thought that he was the only man who knew that there was free gold in this part of the range. Old Knowlton had given him the rough map just before he died.

"There wasn't but one other paper," he had said, "an' that was Pete Anderson's—One Eyed Pete, you know. He was with me when we found it; but he's dead—shot in Globe City—so I reckon I'm the only one that knows it."

Then the old prospector had died; and Harness had him buried decently, partly for the sake of old acquaintance, partly from the feeling that it was his duty, since he was the inheritor of all that Knowlton had to leave—the rough little map, with holes worn in it at the folds, a fading red cross to mark where the gold lay, and another to show where the dripping from the canyon side gathered in the hidden rock basin.

Three nights' march it was from the town, by the map's shorter route; longer if one followed the western trail and then struck north, along two sides of a triangle. Harness had moved straight along the line of the hypotenuse, and had skirted up the base of the range until he came to the mouth of the canyon. There were stunted bushes and scattering bunch grass for his pack mule, dwarfed juniper and pines higher up to serve as a scant supply of fuel for a cooking fire, and, in the hollowed rock, a pool of tepid water, enough for him and his beast, but which, he knew, would dry up later in the year when the drip from the rocky wall ceased. Not a pleasant place, nor comfortable, but there was gold there, easily to be had with slight labor; and Harness was the only man who knew of it.

For a month he had worked away, seeing no one; but he was familiar with solitude, and silence had grown a habit. He spoke to his mule when he gave it water twice a day. Otherwise, he swung the pick, rested in the shade of the canyon, ate his scant meals, and slept beneath the stars; day and night succeeding day and night, with no change, no variation, except that the canvas bag grew heavier day by day, and brought nearer the time when he could leave this desolation for a new start elsewhere, helped by the gold he would take with him.

Harness' fortunes had been at lowest ebb when he had run across old Knowlton and had nursed him in the last illness. Since coming West, after his graduation and his one attempt at business in the East, his fortunes were always at flood or ebb; sometimes rich, oftener poor. He was always on the point of making the strike which would end the necessity for hard labor, but as yet he had not made it. At last a chance had been offered him—a chance which needed only a few thousand dollars, two or three would do, but these thousands were lacking. Then the map came to him and the story of the gold. The chance brightened; his friend would hold it open; and Harness vanished into the desert.

Now he hid behind a jagged boulder and watched the two whom the desert gave up. The fat man urged on the

staggering bronco with kicks and blows, and the bloodshot eyes of both men looked eagerly along the slope whereon Harness crouched. He could hear the rider cursing his beast with the thick utterance of thirst, and see him clutching with one hand at the lump in his throat. The other man was taller, and spare, almost dried up, with a lean face and red, wolfish eyes. As they came to a halt, the taller turned and swore at his companion, who cursed him in his turn.

Harness fumbled beside him, on the rock, until his fingers closed around the grip of his Winchester. His eyes never left the two below him. There was no sign of his presence, he knew—no smoke, no tracks; his mule was inside the little cove at the canyon's mouth, and his camp was further up the cleft in the mountains. What was there to prevent his dropping the two where they stood? If they did not already know of the gold, they could not fail to run across it now. More probably, they were in direct search of it, and Knowlton had been wrong when he said that no one knew of it.

The thought flashed across his mind that One Eyed Pete had known of it—had had a map. That was it. These men had come across that map; to gain it had probably killed the owner, who babbled when drunk. Pete was shot at Globe City. These men had shot him. It would be no more than retributive justice to visit punishment upon them now—and then the gold would still be his, all his!

The rifle seemed almost to move itself. The two men were only a hundred yards away. The fat man was clambering off the pony. Now he stood beside the taller and waved his arms. The big one first; then one pump at the lever and another shot before the second man could move. The Winchester lifted itself to his shoulder; the hammer was back; the sight covered the heart of the tall man. Harness suddenly came to himself, to find his finger crooked upon the trigger.

He placed the rifle beside him against the rock. What need to shoot them? The desert would finish what the desert had begun. There was no water to the south, nor to the north—nowhere except in the hidden pool, for leagues on leagues of bare, baking earth and rock. What did he care? The short man was clutching at his throat again. Thirst had him in its grip. Let them go. He was not their keeper. Unconsciously he muttered to himself, "Am I my brother's——" He broke off, shivering, and glanced around as though feeling reproachful eyes upon him. He drew the back of his hand across his dripping brow. Suddenly he rose to his feet.

"Hello!" he called, and, picking up his rifle, started down the slope.

The two below started and looked up. The tall man stood still, his hand instinctively going to the butt of his revolver, but the other ran with uncertain steps towards Harness.

"Water!" he cried thickly. "Water!"

"This way."

Harness moved off towards the mouth of the canyon, and the fat man panted at his side. After them came the other, and the bronco followed at his heels.

Up the steep rock slopes the fat man climbed heavily, clinging with hands and feet, squirming upward, prone on the rock, like a huge, unpleasant reptile. By the pool Harness offered him a tin cup, but he did not wait for it. He threw himself down by the tepid water, his body sloping with the side of the basin, and, plunging head and arms into the pool, lay there wallowing. On the other side his silent companion drank more restrainedly. The fat man lifted his face from the water and grunted, like an animal, then fell to drinking again. Harness grasped him by the collar and pulled him away.

"Get up, man; you'll kill yourself," he said, but the fat man only muttered inarticulately and struggled to get to the water again.

"Get up," Harness commanded. "Get up and water your horse."

"Damn the horse!"

Harness loosed his hold and looked disgustedly at the wallower. Then he lifted the pan from which he watered his own beast, and carried drink to the bronco, standing patiently at the foot of the rocky steps.

"There's decency in you," Harness said. "You're a beast, but that fellow up there is only a brute."

The pony tipped the pan sidewise and licked out the last drops, and Harness brought it more. While he was doing this he thought over his course of action. He felt that the two above him had come on the track of gold. Any attempt to mislead them as to the object of his being there would be futile. Not only would they know that no man would be in such a place for pleasure, but they could not fail to find his workings if they went up the canyon. There was plenty for the three of them, or for more; and he had taken out nearly enough to satisfy him, enough to give him the new start he needed—a start which meant more to him than merely money, which would make him free to ask for what was more to him than fortune, yet which, he felt, he could not ask for without fortune. Let the men stay; a few days more and he would leave it all to them. At best, the place was habitable only for a short time each year; lack of water prevented any extended work, and it would not be long now until the pool was dry. Harness smiled a little to himself as his meditations reached this point.

"Virtue of necessity," he said half aloud, and clambered back to the higher level of the pool.

The two men were still by the water, the short one sipping from Harness' tin cup, the other sitting on the rim of the basin, his shifty eyes glancing here and there about him.

"Hello!" the fat man said, as Harness came up to the edge of the basin. "Tight squeak we had, eh? 'Nother day would about finished things, I guess. That's what comes of goin' out with a man that loses both of us."

"Who's lost?" his companion asked surlily, glancing up at Harness.

"We was," retorted the other; "lost as lost, an' you know it." He glanced significantly across the pool as he spoke.

"I reckon we was," the tall man assented.

"My name's Thompson, Jim Thompson," the fat man volunteered, "an' my pardner's is Bill Simmons."

"Mine's Harness."

"John Harness?" asked Thompson. "The Harness that sold the Lost Mary?"

Harness nodded.

"I've heard of you; so's Simmons. Ain't you, Bill?"

Simmons nodded silently.

"Up here for your health?" Thompson continued.

"Shut up," growled Simmons. "'Tain't polite to ask sech questions. None o' your business what he's here for."

Harness laughed shortly. "I'm up here working a claim," he said, "up the canyon."

Simmons nodded again, and Thompson opened his mouth to ask another question, but let it remain unasked at a look from his companion. Harness sat down and began talking. When he had ended Simmons nodded once more, and Thompson spoke.

"That's fair," he said. "Couldn't be fairer. Plenty of men would have dropped us on sight, an' we wouldn't ever have found this water without bein' told. I reckon we can get on all right. Eh, Simmons?" And the silent Simmons nodded acquiescence.

A week went by. Thompson and Simmons had each staked out a claim, but outside of the three claims all of the men worked where they pleased, following up the drift along the canyon, or perhaps digging haphazard for possible pockets. Once or twice, when Harness made a lucky strike outside of his claim, Thompson seemed inclined to come and work alongside, but Harness' cold, straight glance held a gleam which was a sufficient deterrent, or Simmons recalled his partner with a surly growl. At meal times, night and morning, they cooked in common, and Harness shared a part of his provisions with the two; for he had more than was needed to carry him back to the town, while the others were but scantily supplied.

The only approach to a clash was on the second night, when Thompson, with the assurance possessed by a certain class of men, had grown familiar, and had been sternly silenced by Harness. Again, recovering from this, he indulged in a flow of grossly indecent stories, until Harness spoke again, bidding him be silent or leave the camp.

At last came the day when Harness knew that his store of gold was suffi-

cient, that the hidden sack of nuggets and coarse dust held enough to gain his end. The three were eating their noonday dinner when he announced his intention.

"I'm going to pull out this evening," he said.

"Got all you want, eh?" spoke up Thompson. "Leave the rest for us, will you? There's something else I wish you'd leave."

"What's that?"

"All the grub you can spare. We're short. We'll pay you for it, if you say so."

"You may have it for nothing," answered Harness. "I shall take only enough to see me through. I'm going along up to the claim, now, for my last work."

"Guess we'll smoke a while. It's purty hot, an' I don't care if I don't work any this afternoon. Goin'? See you when you come back."

When the westering sun fell into the canyon, Harness stopped work. He swung his tools to his shoulder and strode down the canyon, whistling; it was the first time he had felt like whistling for months. As he passed the little cove where the mule and the bronco usually found their scanty grazing, he noticed, idly, that they were not there; there was nothing strange in this; they often strayed around the edge of the canyon, but never went far from the watering place. He tramped on into camp and threw down his tools with a clatter. Simmons and Thompson were not there. There was something strange about the place, and Harness swept a glance around. It looked like an old, deserted camp, with the dead ashes of the fire and the untidy débris of past occupancy. It was deserted. The truth flashed upon him. The beasts were gone; the blankets and the food were gone; the men were gone; the gold—it had been in his pack, and it was gone, too. There was nothing left, nothing but the dead ashes of the fire.

He sat down on a boulder and faced the situation. Thompson and Simmons must have begun their work as soon as he was out of sight and hearing up the canyon, and they had done it thoroughly. He was alone, on foot, three nights from the nearest mining town, with no arms except the revolver at his hip; no food, no way of carrying water. To stay was impossible, without food and with the pool drying up; to go was equally desperate—three days and nights across the desert without water. At the thought of water he climbed to the basin. The pool was nearly empty; they had taken the water also.

Harness wandered back to the camp; he knew that he would make the effort to cross the desert, to follow the two, but he hung about the camp as though loath to leave it for the plunge into the desert. A gleam among the rocks caught his eye; it was a bottle—a flat, pint bottle, with a lingering odor of whisky about it; he remembered when Thompson had found it in the pack and had sworn because it was empty. Harness picked it up and began a search about the camp. An empty tin rewarded him, and an old sack with a handful of flour at the bottom.

It was growing dusk when he set out, marching doggedly eastward, by the brightening stars, the full bottle in his pocket, the precious tin of water in his hand, the opening stopped as best he could. In another pocket was the little lump of hard baked dough.

All night he tramped on, and far into the morning, before he threw himself down in the scant shadow of a rock. He awoke with the sun burning his face, and arose to resume his desperate march. He lifted the tin; it was strangely light, although he had taken but one small swallow of the water before going to sleep. He pulled out the rude plug which partly stopped the opening.

"I might as well have it as to let it all evaporate," he said aloud, and drained the last drop.

Of the rest of his fight with the desert Harness never remembered details. He walked on and on, and the sun grew hotter and hotter. Then his water bottle was empty, and he threw it at a vulture sailing high overhead, which yet seemed strangely near, following above him with an ominous persistence. Night came, and the cool of it refreshed him, though he shivered as he went ahead.

The sun came up, and yet he pushed on. His mouth grew dry and hot, and

the tension in his throat made him try to swallow, involuntarily. There was a hammering pain at the back of his head, and his skin was parched and dry with fever. On and on he went, pushing on almost fiercely, though the agony in his head grew worse, and thrills of pain shot through his body; his hand clutched at his throat to loosen the lump in it, and his lips refused to moisten when he passed his tongue over them.

He felt an unreasoning resentment against himself, against the dead Knowlton for giving him the map which had brought him to this. He reviled himself for not shooting down the two men who had come across the sand. Now and again he broke out into muttered words, or shouted hoarsely in the attempt to frighten away the vulture overhead. The fever in his veins grew hotter. His sight alternately blurred and then became unnaturally clear, so that he seemed to see houses and trees and water far ahead; and noises sounded in his ears. From time to time he stopped and pulled himself together, with an effort, bringing his mind back to the task of following the faint signs of the trail. Then he went on again, for hours and hours—almost, it seemed, for days and days.

Suddenly he stopped and stared ahead. There was something familiar in the outline of a low ridge before him, with a strangely heaped pile of boulders on its slope. He knew that; it was not far from the town. Or were his eyes deceiving him again? Something moved between him and the ridge. It looked like a horseman. He tried to shout, but only a husky murmur answered his will. He ran forward a few steps, staggering as he went. The horseman was going away, leaving him in the desert.

A spasm of furious anger shook Harness from head to feet; he jerked his revolver from his hip and fired, once, twice. The rider stopped, and was coming towards him. Harness waved his arms and tried to run to meet him. His sight grew blurred again, and there came about him a sudden darkness, shot through with gleams of angry red. He heard a voice he knew, a soft voice, cry from far away:

"Mr. Harness! Jack—oh, Jack!"

When the earth stopped whirling him over and over, and the red gleams ceased, Harness opened his eyes. The sky seemed white and very near, and the sand was strangely smooth and soft. He turned his head to look for the one who had called "Jack!" Then he knew that he was in a bed, and that the sky was a white ceiling. Some one gave him a drink out of a cool glass, and he shut his eyes once more. When he awoke again Ashton was bending over him, Ashton the big mine owner.

"Keep still, Jack," he said; "it's all right."

"Where am I?"

"In my house, Jack. Mary brought you here."

"But I——"

"Don't talk. I'll do all the talking that's permitted. You've been ill for a fortnight, ever since Mary found you trying to reach town. You don't remember, do you? I reckon you had fever then. Well, Mary found you; for some reason or other, she had taken to riding out to the west those last few days." Ashton smiled down at Harness as he spoke.

"When you dropped she got you on her pony, somehow, and brought you here. She and her mother have been nursing you. And, Jack, your gold, or most of it, is in my safe. You know, you told a good many things in your delirium, and I told the boys. One of your men, the fat one, had come in just two days before you did, and had been throwing dust around pretty freely. Never thought you'd get here, I guess.

"He came in here with a bronco and a mule. No; the other man was not with him. Thompson, the fat man, left him out in the sand—dead. He told about it when the boys got him. You see, they found your name in the bottom of the sack when they investigated, and that settled it. The villain weakened and told all about it when they gave him the regulation ten minutes. And that's about all, except that you are to get well as fast as you can."

"But Mary—Miss Ashton—where is she? I want to see her—to tell her——"

"I think you have told her pretty much everything already, Jack; but if you want to see her——"

"Father," said the soft voice Harness had heard on the desert—"father, you must not talk so much to Mr. Harness."

Harness turned his head on the pillow to look at the girl, who came across the room from the open door. Their eyes met, and the girl smiled—a soft little smile. Then she bent above the sick man.

Ashton moved to the door. "Well," he said, "I reckon it does make a difference who does the talking." Then he closed the door after him.

"Mary——" began Harness.

"Hush. You must not talk—you need not talk."

The girl fell on her knees beside the bed. His hand was in hers.

"You have told me everything, Jack. And, Jack, you might have told me before you tried the desert. Oh, Jack, how could you!" Her head dropped on the pillow beside his own. When she raised it again her eyes were moist, but she was smiling.

"Jack," she said, "that's the first time I ever was courted with a six shooter!"

UNDER THE WINTER SKY.

In winter, when the day is done,
And Luna, like a blighted sun,
By Jove's dread anger seared and bowed,
Goes staggering on from cloud to cloud;
When earth and all the starry deep

Lie folded in undreaming sleep,
And thro' the elm trees, stark and free,
I gaze upon that shoreless sea
Where vast Orion nightly dips,
And suns speed on like golden ships;

Then seem I like some wretch afloat
Within a frail and oarless boat,
Predestined soon, mid grief and pain,
To sink into the soundless main.

Alas! from yonder glorious fleet
Will never barge come forth to greet
The aching hearts that crowd the deck
Of earth's forlorn and fleeting wreck?

No winged bark with beamy sails,
Joy wafted on supernal gales,
With singing cordage overrun
With sailors from beyond the sun?

No guide to lead from star to star,
Thro' all those dazzling worlds afar,
And prove, beyond all doubt and strife,
That death is but the door to life?

Is man the insect of a leaf,
With life as idle as 'tis brief;
That wakes beneath the morning skies,
At noon is old, at evening dies?

Or is the soul indeed divine,
Full panoplied 'gainst death and time,
To live, and love, and to adore
When suns and moons shall be no more?

If so, who would not burst this clay,
And like a condor soar away?

Augustus Watters.

Tithes of Mint and Cumin.

THE TALE OF A CAPTAIN'S LOVE AND A WIDOW'S MOURNING.

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP.

THE tortuous channel, the stained walls of El Morro, the blue background of mountains, meant that the transport was nearing—Rosalys.

Captain Hazen was accustomed to obedience, but his memory dared prove insubordinate and insistently bring forward the picture of a slender, bowed figure that he had last seen at Arlington, when taps sounded over his comrade. Resolutely he turned his thoughts to Haliburton, the sunny face, the cheery voice that the death rattle could rob of strength, but not of courage.

Gaston Hazen's captaincy had sent him into the Fourth, stationed in Cuba. Mrs. Haliburton was wintering there with her parents. Her father was officially colonel of the Fourth, though Mrs. Armand was the colonel's commanding officer.

Hazen had never returned the affectionate friendliness with which Mrs. Armand had overwhelmed him in those brief days in which Rosalys was his fiancée. He had met Rosalys while on duty at West Point. She had come up for one of the hops, and his first glimpse of her was an indelible memory. In her white gown, with her exquisitely delicate coloring, she looked like a tall lily that had sprung up by chance in a garden of dahlias and hollyhocks.

He followed her to the Adirondacks that summer, and when he returned to the Point no cadet in his first calf love was happier than he, for Rosalys had promised to be his wife.

The following winter his romance ended abruptly. A letter came, imploring his forgiveness, but that "she was so young she did not know her own heart until she met"—Haliburton, his chum through all their cadet days, the friend whom he had planned should be "best man" when he married Rosalys Armand. She besought him not to tell Haliburton of the past; "knowing his chivalrous devotion to you, I feel that he would never take me from *you*," the letter continued.

The next mail brought a hurried epistle from Mrs. Armand—a girl's freak, the merest caprice, he must get a leave and come at once and all would be well. Between the lines he read that Haliburton had but his salary, and he—Hazen—was that *rara avis* among army officers, a man of independent fortune.

He did not answer Mrs. Armand's letter, but wrote with all the tenderness he could command to Rosalys, and thanked her for the best happiness of his life.

She had been married two years when war was declared and Haliburton's regiment was ordered to Cuba.

Hazen did not see Mrs. Haliburton when he made his first official call on Colonel Armand. A few days later he went again, and sent cards to her mother and herself. He had faced many dangers fearlessly—his comrades told of two lives he had saved at the risk of his own in the treacherous waters of the Little Big Horn—but he had never dreaded anything as much as the sight of Rosalys with the joy blotted from her face. He heard a light, remembered step, and she ran in with outstretched hands: "My dear, dear friend!"

He looked at her with grave, kind affection, and shook hands silently. The talk turned into commonplace channels—the climate, the garrison, the recent promotions. Something he said amused her, and he was startled as her laugh rippled out, the same laugh, the thoughtless, silvery cadence that is rarely heard save

> When the soul of all delight
> Fills a child's clear laughter.

He asked to see her boy, and Mrs.

Armand brought him in, a magnificent, rosy fellow whom Hazen took into his arms with a wave of sorrowful tenderness that swept away all the petty constraint that had hampered him.

"He is so like his father! How proud Hal would be of him!"

"Hal wished you to be his godfather, but he was baptized in such a hurry when the orders came that we had no time to write you," said Rosalys.

"Yes, he told me. You know we were on the same transport. Bless your heart!" This was to the baby, who was patting the bronzed cheek with his plump hand.

"You must let me see a lot of the little chap," went on Hazen. "We must be great chums, for his father's sake."

"And for mine, too, I hope," said Rosalys gently.

The striker entered with an enormous basket of roses, and handed a salver with a note. "Mr. Trevoil's man is waiting for the answer," he announced.

Hazen said good by, and went away with a strange sense of unrest; he hardly knew why.

The next afternoon he caught a glimpse of Rosalys across the Plaza, and he hurried his steps to overtake her.

"When can I see you alone?" he asked abruptly. "I have something to tell you that you wish to hear."

Her blue eyes sought his laughingly.

"You're sure?" she said.

He knew so well that little flash of coquetry, the slight lift of her chin, the challenge in her eyes. Good God! Could women go through wifehood, motherhood, widowhood, and none of these light things be disturbed? Could the coquetry that was an unconscious charm of the girl be so part of the warp and woof of her nature that it could not be killed by killing things?

"It was about Hal," he said stiffly.

"Oh, Captain Hazen, we were so happy!" she exclaimed, her blue eyes suffusing with tears. "We had such beautiful times at Fort Sill! Why did it have to be this way?"

His voice changed sympathetically.

"We cannot know," he said; "but you have had a great deal to make you happy in the entire devotion of a man like Hal."

They crossed the drawbridge of the old Spanish fortress where Colonel Armand was quartered. "I have long wanted to talk to you. I couldn't write it at first—I could have struck you with my bare hand as easily," Hazen went on. "After we gained the summit of the hill, one of the men of H troop came to me and said, 'Lieutenant Haliburton is badly wounded, just below the trench, sir.' Hal was fearfully shot—you know how. But there was just the same old cheery smile, the whimsical laugh I've heard him give when our side was knocked up at polo. 'We've won, old man, but I'm out of it. Turn me so I can see the colors on the hill.' He tried to speak again: 'The boy—look after him, and tell—my darling—wife——'

"He could not finish, but your name was the last word on his lips. A manlier, nobler spirit did not meet his God that day."

Rosalys was sobbing, and Mrs. Armand came out, looking from one to the other in evident displeasure.

"Rosalys, the baby needs you." As soon as they were alone, Mrs. Armand said, "Captain Hazen, I must ask you not to agitate my poor child."

Hazen rose. "We were speaking of Hal. I thought his wife would wish to know all that I could tell."

"Don't be vexed, dear friend, but permit a mother to judge. Rosalys is young; I cannot bear that her life should be entirely overshadowed by this tragedy. She grieved so! Nothing would satisfy her but the heaviest crêpe over her face; she saw no one; she immolated herself! I had to force her to rouse up and find some brightness in life."

The clear, silvery laugh rippled out from the *patio* beyond. "Catch the sugar, Truffles! Look at him, baby! Look at him!"

Not long afterwards Captain Hazen received his appointment as regimental adjutant.

"You must stand in with Mrs. Ar-

mand," said Billings. "She always makes the staff appointments."

This position naturally threw him a great deal in the Armand household. Mrs. Armand annoyed him by her constant appeals.

"Can't you persuade Rosalys just to look on at the hop tonight? Not dance, you know; but with such a small garrison, every one should do her part towards making it pleasant here."

"I think Mrs. Haliburton's feelings should dictate to her in these matters," he responded coldly.

"Oh, she would love to go. She is a perfect child in her fondness of a dance, but she is so fearful of being misunderstood."

In truth, Hazen could not distinguish between the dances and formal functions which Mrs. Haliburton did not attend and the frequent informal affairs at which she was the center of attraction. Billings was openly in love with her; Mr. Trevoil, a New Yorker who had come to Cuba for a brief outing, remained on indefinitely, presumably because he had found other attractions besides the climate.

Mrs. Haliburton always wore severe black gowns on the street, but Hazen, who was keenly alive to every trifle concerning her, noticed that the uplifting of her skirt showed the swish of a purple silk petticoat.

"Does mourning moderate from within?" he asked himself. "Then it must be that the heart itself takes off mourning first."

A note of hers asking him to "a very informal family dinner" caused him to lay side by side the three notes he had received from her since Hal's death. The first was a brief, sad one, in answer to his letter of condolence, with the heaviest black border and seal. The next, eight months later, thanking him for some Christmas toys he had sent her boy, was edged with a narrow line of black. The note before him was written on ivory white paper, but the interlaced monogram was black.

"Next it will be pale gray, and then a delicate heliotrope, and by that time she can return to her favorite robin's egg blue," he thought bitterly. "Oh, Hal, that this is all she can give your memory! Tithes of mint, anise, and cumin! But the weightier matters—the devotion, the faith, the constancy, you gave her—these she can give to no man!"

Yet Hazen never spent an hour with her that he did not thrill with the spell of her beauty and a subtle, appealing fascination.

"She has ruined me for any other woman," he told himself.

His happiest hours that winter were those he passed with little Hal. The baby's fat arms would stretch out and his face beam with delight whenever he saw "Hazy" coming. Hazen would ride for hours carrying the little cavalryman in front of his saddle, until the curly head would droop against his arm.

"Not a feature like his mother," he thought with strange satisfaction, "or that grandmother of his, thank God!"

One afternoon he was riding with Mrs. Haliburton, assisting her in the search for curios.

"You would take away every Spanish firearm and even the mosaic courts, if you could find room for them in your Saratogas," he said, laughing.

"My purse doesn't admit of such dissipations," she answered, smiling. "I must be content with *malaguas* and old candlesticks."

He remembered that during their brief engagement she had said, "I love pretty things so! Will you give me a great many, Gaston, when I belong to you?" and she had lifted her lips with pretty, childish coaxing.

"What are you dreaming of?" she asked now.

"I was thinking of a day when we were in the Adirondacks," he answered, and wished the words recalled as soon as he had spoken.

"Have you—do you—I have often wished to ask you if you have forgiven me," she said in a low voice.

"There was never anything to forgive. You loved a better man, Rosalys, and I was not a cur to begrudge happiness to the man and the woman I loved best on earth."

A perilous silence fell between them.

After a minute or two he ended it with an effort.

"Is little Hal well? The heat yesterday seemed to make him listless."

"Yes, he seems well enough," she answered carelessly. "I had not noticed that anything was the matter."

He was glad the words jarred him, checking the treacherous tenderness that was stealing over him.

That night Mrs. Armand challenged her daughter with elephantine playfulness: "Haven't you anything to tell me about that long ride?"

Rosalys shook her bright head, smiling.

"Hazen is dead in love with you," said her mother bluntly, but Rosalys was accustomed to such plain speaking. "I hope you won't refuse him a second time, Rosy."

"He's nice," said Rosalys meditatively, "but he seems graver than he used to be."

"Naturally, he doesn't quite trust you, Rosy. You might say a kind word or two; you know how well enough. And wear something white, for heaven's sake! That black is so trying on a man's nerves."

Rosalys looked at herself in the tall pier glass, and smiled into the reflected eyes, "colored like a water flower."

"I don't know how it tries a man's nerves," she said contentedly, "but I know black suits my complexion."

Nevertheless, her mother's words had their weight. Colonel Armand had the pressure of old debts; his second daughter would leave school in June. From every point of view it was desirable that Rosalys should be "settled in life," as Mrs. Armand phrased it.

As if anything is as unsettled as life! After the independence of her own home, Rosalys was conscious of the clipped wings of being again under her mother's dominion.

When she saw Captain Hazen approaching the next day, she pinned on a great bunch of jasmine and put a spray in her hair.

"Your sitting room is the first cool place I've struck," said he, "and you with your flowers look like the spirit of April."

"All smiles and tears?" she asked. "Keep the smiles for yours."

"I came to see the colonel," he said.

"It's always the colonel, Sir Adjutant," she pouted. "He's not at home. Shall I leave you and call mamma, the nurse, and the baby?"

She made a feint of rising. He put out his hand to detain her: it touched her own, and she let it slip into his for half a moment.

"Actually, are you satisfied with me—just me?" she asked, and then the slim hand withdrew itself from his, leaving his own with an aching sense of emptiness.

"I am always too well satisfied with 'just you,' Rosalys." He controlled his voice, and said steadily, "That is why I am going away."

"Where?" she asked, with a little cry.

"To the Philippines. I have just been offered a volunteer commission as lieutenant colonel of the Eighty Eighth."

"But you said you would never serve except with your own regiment."

He looked straight into the upturned blue eyes. "'There are battles in life, God help us, from which the bravest of us had better run away!'"

Her hand fell on his knee, her bright hair touched his arm. "Don't run away!" she whispered. "I want you to stay. I hear the others coming. Won't you promise me not to go to those terrible Philippines, Gaston?"

He lifted her hand and kissed it. "Whatever I decide, I will be governed solely by my love for you," he said.

That night Gaston Hazen fought his battle until the stars slipped away to the island of sleep.

He knew the love he gave Rosalys was not the first ideal devotion, the reverence of her innocent girlhood: that was a homage any woman might proudly accept. Her faithlessness to him had shaken that; her faithlessness to Haliburton had destroyed it. Less than two years ago, in this very month of April, she had parted from Hal, on his way to Chickamauga, and now she was ready to give herself in wifehood to him.

That she had given Hal the best, the only unselfish affection of which she was capable, he also knew. She would care for him as one loves a familiar comfort, as the butterfly cares for the flower whose heart feeds it.

Yet the thought intoxicated him. "My wife!" he thought triumphantly. "My wife at last!"

"My darling wife!" his heart echoed, from lips that bubbled in blood.

He was chill and shivering, but he did not feel it.

"I will not do it! I cannot give her the faith, the love, you gave her, Hal. You would not let me make her my wife when my manhood withholds so much! You are between us—and my lost ideal!"

It was four o'clock when Gaston Hazen wrote his official acceptance of the lieutenant colonelcy in the Eighty Eighth Volunteers.

But God disposes. When the striker came in at seven, he found his captain babbling strange, disconnected sentences, his eyes bloodshot, his skin burning. The surgeon quickly pronounced it yellow fever; there had been sporadic cases for a month.

It was a matter of surprise, as well as the most genuine regret, in army circles, that a man of Captain Hazen's splendid physique should succumb so rapidly and hopelessly to the fever.

In gratification of one of his last wishes, his body was sent to rest by his friend, in the quiet of Arlington.

"Daughter," exclaimed Mrs. Armand excitedly, "Hazen's will leaves every penny to your boy! Your father thinks it strange that he isn't named as a trustee. Hal's brothers have it in charge, and they are to see to little Hal's education and all that."

"Oh, how generous, how noble!" Rosalys sought for her handkerchief, but, not finding it, her blue eyes remained dry. "Do I have any use of it?"

"No, except for the baby."

"I suppose he feared it would make talk," said Rosalys, whose complacency was not easily disturbed. "Poor, good Gaston!"

"The lawyer comes tomorrow. Now go dress for Mr. Trevoil. I wonder why he's here again? You had best wear that soft black; it might look better since this will, you know."

Presently Mrs. Armand called up the stairs, "Rosy, now I think of it, he might think there was something between you and Hazen. Put on your white organdie, and put one of his roses in your hair."

Thus it happened that Rosalys Haliburton wore simple, virginal white when she blushingly consented to make Trevoil "the happiest of men."

GOLDEN SILENCE.

I TOLD her I loved her and begged but a word,
One dear little word, that would be
For me by all odds the most sweet ever heard,
But never a word said she!

I raged at her then, and I said she was cold;
I swore she was nothing to me;
I prayed her the cause of her silence unfold,
But never a word said she!

I covered with kisses her delicate hand,
But she only glanced down where the sea
Low murmured in ripples of love on the sand,
And never a word said she!

I cast her hand from me with rage unsuppressed,
And she turned her blue eyes up to me
And smiled as she laid her fair head on my breast:
"What need of a word?" asked she.

Ellis Parker Butler.

At Marymere Ranch.

THE STORY OF A BIG RAILROAD DEAL AND A LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR.

BY RICHARD SARGENT.

"PERCY HYATT, by all that's great!"

Hyatt slid stiffly from the back of his jaded bronco, and grasped the hand extended by the superintendent of Marymere ranch.

Dunlap turned his guest's horse over to one of the cowboys, and drew Hyatt into the great square room which served as office for the superintendent, and lounging room for the guests who came in search of the game for which Marymere was famous.

The two men grinned at each other silently for a few seconds, then shook hands again.

"Three years, Hyatt! I'd about made up my mind, by Jove, you were never coming back, and here you drop in without a word of warning! A nice note if I'd been out on the range!"

"Oh, but I knew you wouldn't—under the cir——"

Hyatt paused awkwardly. His face flushed, and he saw with relief that Dunlap had not noticed the slip. The latter was tossing various articles of raiment out of the most comfortable chair, to offer it to his friend.

"The mater would have a fit if she knew you were here. I sent her down to Cheyenne for a week or two. Fact is——" It was Dunlap's turn to pause and look embarrassed. "I say, old man, I'm jolly glad to see you, but I'd give a bunch of yearlings if you weren't a newspaper man."

"The leopard cannot change his spots, even to oblige his friends. Are newspaper men under the ban at Marymere?" A note of anxiety underlay the banter in Hyatt's voice.

Dunlap stretched his long legs and stared down at his friend.

"To tell the truth, just now—yes. Robert G. Shaw, president of the L. & G., is coming down here for a shoot, and a newspaper man is about the last person he'll want to see. Fact is, he's running away from you fellows."

Hyatt's eyes narrowed to a mere slit. He was not sure which card to play.

"Robert Shaw—oh, yes, he's the fellow that's trying to engineer the consolidation between the L. & G. and the D. & F. Great scheme! Would give him direct communication between New York and Puget Sound. Close mouthed chap! We had a man on his trail last week in Chicago, but didn't get a thing. What brings him to Marymere?"

"I told you—game, recreation, and freedom from just such fellows as you."

"Thanks awfully! But there's no need of his knowing me as a newspaper man off on a much needed vacation. Can't I join the ranks of your riders?"

Dunlap studied the lithe, almost delicate physique of the Chicago man, and shook his head.

"You don't fill the part."

"Well, say, I'm not going to run away from a measly railroad president after coming a thousand miles to see the only man worth such a journey. I'll turn in and act as your secretary." Hyatt glanced at Dunlap's disorderly desk and laughed. "I think you need one."

"That's the very thing. Personally, I don't give a rap about Shaw, but I'd hate to have him think that a newspaper man was here spying on his movements. You make yourself comfortable, and I'll have Pete fix up an extra bunk in my room. Shaw's party will need three rooms, and you know this is no palace."

The hospitable Dunlap hurried off. Hyatt absently picked up the tongs and turned the log which blazed year in and year out at Marymere. The newspaper man felt uncomfortable. He had not been in the business long enough to sacrifice friendship to the juggernaut of journalistic enterprise.

"Spying on his movements!" Hyatt realized his true position.

His friendship with Dunlap was responsible for his having been sent out by the managing editor of the *Globe* to follow President Shaw. The managing editor had told him it was the chance of his life. He was to watch every letter, every message, received by the railroad operator, and the arrival of any other capitalists on the scene would be the signal for a sensational story.

No man was attracting more general attention in the railroad world at this moment than Robert G. Shaw. Reporters from other papers would follow him, but they would get no further than the railroad terminus, Jackson's Hole, while a friendship founded and cemented in college days was the open sesame of Percy Hyatt and the *Globe* to Marymere ranch. It might mean a gigantic scoop for the *Globe*, and yet—no thorough going reporter should flinch before the prospect of a broken friendship. Hyatt rose abruptly and sought consolation in his pipe.

The next afternoon, President Shaw's party arrived by stage from Jackson's Hole. Hyatt was at Dunlap's side to receive them.

His keen reportorial instinct summed up the two men at a single glance. Shaw was a Westerner, country bred, of moderate height, with square shoulders, a clean shaven face save for a stubby mustache, a mouth rather large but firm, keen, alert eyes, and a high forehead—a man who would unconcernedly wear a high hat with a sack suit, and drive his guests about Denver in a hired victoria, with an unliveried coachman. Such was the railroad manipulator who had given Eastern capitalists a severe shock.

Ford, his secretary, was a dapper little fellow, well groomed and immaculately dressed—a man who would place beyond his religious views the custom of cold bathing and ten minutes' exercise with dumb bells and clubs. He looked forty five, but probably was nearer fifty. Keen, alert, like his employer, he appeared the ideal secretary for a man of affairs.

But Hyatt, looking past the men to the girl who was gracefully acknowledging Dunlap's rather heavy greeting, forgot railroads and their presidents, newspapers and their assignments. He saw only a slender, youthful figure, clad in a smart gray traveling gown; a small oval face, with deep, wistful brown eyes; hair almost red gold, topped by a coquettish mountain hat. Trim and neat, self possessed and gracious, she formed a striking contrast to her slovenly, brusk parent.

"The devil!" groaned Dunlap when he had a moment alone with his "secretary." "If I'd known the girl was coming, I'd never let the mater go to Cheyenne."

Hyatt's eyes were twinkling.

"She doesn't seem the least embarrassed. I don't believe she's the sort of girl who needs a chaperon."

"I guess you're right. She will be worth her millions some day, to say nothing of having been abroad two seasons and being up in all the fads of the day. As for us fellows, we'll be dust under her feet, that's all."

But in spite of Dunlap's uncomplimentary prophecy, Miss Anita Shaw seemed to take more than passing notice of the "dust under her feet." She fraternized cordially with every one about the ranch, from the superintendent himself to Ah Lung, who washed for "the gang" and did general chores.

Dunlap marveled at her adaptability, but, being engaged to a sweet little girl in Cheyenne, he wisely refrained from extending even his finger tips towards the fire. After selecting the safest horse on the ranch for Miss Shaw to ride, and ordering Ah Lung to keep her room immaculate on the penalty of death and burial on these heathen shores, he left the task of entertainment to Hyatt.

The newspaper man accepted this added burden to his nominal duties as "secretary" with praiseworthy complacency. While Shaw and *his* secretary, Ford, went on long tramps after big game and the wily mountain trout, Hyatt initiated Miss Shaw into the mysteries of the rough mountain life, the wild trails up mountainsides, the intricacies of fly fishing, and the whole hearted existence of the cowboys.

Shaw had evidently lost interest in railroad amalgamations. Hyatt noted

his indifference to business affairs with a great and holy joy. The burden of guilt rolled from his mind. He was at peace with the world.

There was absolutely nothing to wire to the *Globe*, and little he cared that the managing editor was fuming over the lack of news from Marymere.

Life gradually took on a rose colored hue more suggestive of the Italy of which Miss Anita Shaw loved to talk and dream than of the rough Western ranch among towering peaks and icy streams, where these two young people had blindly walked into a love story of their own. Two weeks of constant and unconventional comradeship had done their work, and there came a night when Hyatt and Miss Shaw, sitting alone in the angle of Marymere's broad porch, turned strangely silent.

The nights at Marymere are always chilly, and Anita, swathed in a rich fur cape, looked unusually delicate and girlish as the moonlight fell upon her motionless figure. Hyatt had been smoking steadily as he gazed at the lake. Suddenly he tossed his cigar, like a tiny rocket, towards the lapping waters, and swung round to face the girl.

Ford, Shaw, Dunlap, and one of the men were playing poker in the office. Anita, waking to a sense of their utter isolation, made a desperate effort to break the pregnant silence.

"Did you hear about Mr. Ford's telegram?"

"No; anything important?" replied Hyatt, wishing the untimely and unpropitious topic of conversation was at the bottom of the lake.

"Yes, rather. It means we can start for home tomorrow." Hyatt's throat turned dry. His lips set more firmly. "Everything is settled," she continued.

Hyatt suddenly felt as if everything had been hurled into chaos. The significance of her last words was lost upon him. He could think of but one thing. Tomorrow "they" were going home.

When should he see her again? The distance between Denver and Chicago was bad enough, but the chasm which yawned between their stations, socially and financially, was even greater.

What Dunlap had said about her prospective millions rang in his ears. And yet her father might fail, and then——

Hyatt rose nervously and strove to shake off the temptation, but the girl raised her eyes to his, and he threw discretion to the winds. The words of love rushed to his lips and went straight to the heart of Anita.

He had meant to say many things—to make clear his utter unworthiness, the barrier of wealth and social standing which stood between them—but the tender face of the girl, so temptingly close to his own, the light in her eyes, the naïve yielding of her slender figure to his first embrace, drove all such thoughts from his mind.

There remained but one fact. She loved him.

They crossed to the rough hewn railing. His arm was still about her, his hand held hers, and her voice fell softly on his ear.

"I have never cared for Denver, and I almost believe I could be happier here with you than in any big city."

Hyatt moved uneasily. She was bringing him back to stern realities. She thought he belonged here—was a part of this broad, primeval life.

"But we may have to go to New York now. You see, everything is settled."

Dunlap started at the reiteration.

"What is settled, dearest?"

"The deal with the D. & F. You see, Mr. Ford is not really papa's secretary. He is H. J. Fordham, president of the D. & F." Dunlap gasped. "Yes, isn't it funny? He traveled out here incog., so he and papa could discuss the consolidation in peace and quiet. It has worked like a charm. Everything's straightened out. Oh, it's been a great two weeks for dear old daddy!"

A great light entered Hyatt's mind. He had been blind for two long weeks, but the reportorial instinct was alive within him now.

The "scoop" for which he had been sent to Marymere was within his grasp, yet he dared not close his hand upon it. Something held him back—the light of a woman's eyes, the love of a woman's pure soul.

If he failed to telegraph the great news to the *Globe*, he would break faith

with his employer. If he did send it, he would betray the woman who had just promised to be his wife.

Restlessly he paced the porch. His face no longer bore the sign of love's triumph, but gleamed white and set in the cold moonlight. The reporter and the lover were having it out between them.

Mentally, he figured on the time necessary to reach Jackson's Hole, the chances of outwitting the few reporters who still hung round the railroad terminus. Then he turned and saw the girl's wondering face as she leaned a trifle unsteadily against the railing. Once more he drew her to his breast.

"Nita," he whispered, unconsciously adopting the diminutive her father used, "I cannot go to your father until I've told you the truth about myself. I'm not a secretary either, but a cad, an impostor. I am a reporter on the Chicago *Globe*, sent out here to follow your father's every move."

Anita shivered slightly, and would have drawn away from him, but he clasped her closer.

"No, I've never sent a line to the paper, and I never will. There are other reporters down at the Hole, but every last one of them may scoop me, and then I'll send in my resignation to the *Globe*. Perhaps you don't understand what that means for—us. I'll be voted a wretched newspaper man. I had big hopes in that direction. Can you wait until I've made a start at something else?"

What Anita said was drowned in a chuckle which sounded at Hyatt's elbow. The two young people started apart guiltily. Engrossed in their own happiness, they had not observed that the poker party had broken up. Mr. Shaw, cigar in hand, stood watching them, the amused look on his face gradually changing to something more serious, almost tender.

"I hate to spoil your heroics, Hyatt, but there's really no necessity for further secrecy. There is no stock gambling back of this deal, and the only question is, will you take the forty mile ride to Ringer's Gulch, and wire your paper from there? If you do, you can scoop every one of those chaps lounging round Jackson's Hole."

"Will I?" echoed Hyatt.

His voice quivered with excitement. He could hardly wait to saddle a horse. Shaw laid a friendly hand on the young man's arm.

"Wait a moment, my lad. I think you owe me another explanation before you leave us."

Hyatt turned and took Anita's hand in his.

"I hope you won't think us hasty or foolish, Mr. Shaw. We've known each other such a short time, but this secluded corner is different from the big outside world——"

"Yes, the air is more rare," drily interrupted Mr. Shaw. "It sometimes goes to people's heads."

"I know it was a tremendously cheeky thing for me to do, but I'm young yet, and with such a start as this, and Anita's love, I'm sure to rise."

Shaw's hand shook a trifle as he flecked the ashes from his cigar.

"Anita has her father well trained, you see, and I don't mind saying, after your manly confession regarding the consolidation, that I'm more than satisfied to let my little girl have her own way. And now that I've lost Ford as my secretary"—there was a kindly twinkle in the railroad operator's eyes—"I need a new one. If I give you the job, perhaps we can manage to keep further information of importance in the family. At least, I'll feel safer than with you on the *Globe*."

"One thing more, Mr. Shaw: my friend Dunlap knew nothing of my mission here. He's square and aboveboard always."

Mr. Shaw nodded his head and lighted a fresh cigar. Ten minutes later, father and daughter stood arm in arm, watching Hyatt riding away in the moonlight towards Ringer's Gulch.

The president of the new consolidated line from New York to Puget Sound seemed lost in thought. Suddenly he bent over and kissed his daughter.

"Square and aboveboard! That fits the lad himself, only he doesn't seem to realize it. Nita, my girl, I'm glad we came to Marymere."

New York as a Literary Center.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

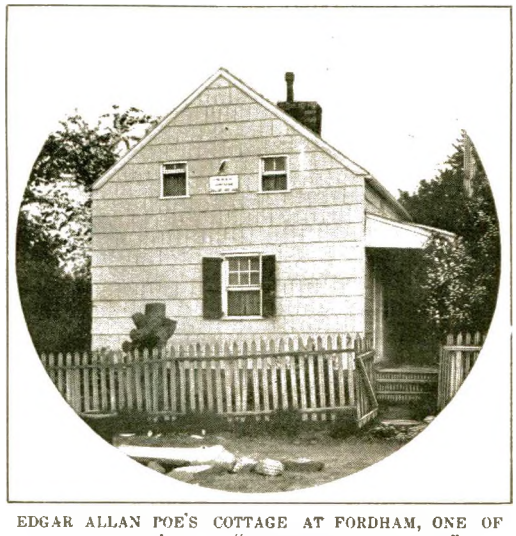
NEW YORK'S PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LETTERS—THE METROPOLIS HAS PRODUCED VERY FEW FAMOUS AUTHORS, THOUGH MANY HAVE COME TO IT TO MARKET THEIR WARES.

Our fourteen wards
Contain some thirty seven bards.

SO wrote Fitz-Greene Halleck when the century was young. In this jeering, poetico-arithmetical statement is New York's first recorded bid for the position of America's literary center. It is one which the passing years have scarcely bettered. The insistence upon the literary supremacy of New York has always rested largely upon numerical grounds. Only as Washington Market may announce itself the food center of the new world, may New York claim to be the literary center. It is the place of the most active literary barter, but not the soil most fertile in literary genius. Hither come the makers of prose and verse to sell their wares, as the truck farmers drive in their wagons laden with cucumbers and lettuce. But the literary producers bring themselves as well as their goods. Men whose talent has been the gift of another ancestry than that of the metropolis, whose growth has been that of another soil and atmosphere, drift to the place where talent may be exchanged for currency.

The great publishing houses — commercial and not artistic enterprises, naturally situated in the commercial center of the country—are the magnet. It is due to them that the bards have multiplied, that novelists have joined them almost in mobs, and that critics, essayists, and even semi occasional historians have drifted in.

Thus with multitudinous force New York proclaims herself the Empire City of letters as of commerce. Rittenhouse Square may arch supercilious eyebrows and recall Philadelphia's priority in the field; Beacon Hill may flash disdain behind its glasses and mention New England's classic superiority of output; Chicago may shriek of fresher vitality; East Aurora may pose upon "discernment" and daring; California larks may carol a young challenge, and Bangor may send out clear burning little tapers lit at great lamps of learning and poesy. But New York, which out of her own soil has produced not many great literary men, is still deaf to the chorusing protests of the outsiders. For sooner or later the aliens become citizens, and the protestants come into the fold and subscribe to the great doctrine that New York is America's literary center.



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, ONE OF NEW YORK'S FEW "LITERARY LANDMARKS."

One of the things which we are not allowed to forget in this day and generation is that Benjamin Franklin

THE HOUSE AT SEVENTEENTH STREET AND IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK, WHICH WAS WASHINGTON IRVING'S CITY HOUSE BEFORE HIS APPOINTMENT AS MINISTER TO SPAIN.

established a paper in Philadelphia at a very early period in our history. The *Saturday Evening Post* began when we were still colonists, antedating the *Evening Post* of New York, started in 1801, by seventy three years. Your true Philadelphian, computing the worth of things by the date of their origin, finds in this fact almost sufficient ground for still calling the Quaker City the literary center of the new world.

But Philadelphia had other claims. The first brave, almost foolhardy, soul in America to try to earn his living by letters alone, with no staff in the shape of a law practice or a connection with a banking house to help him, was Charles Brockden Brown, a Philadelphian.

The *Portfolio*, the earliest precursor in this country of the magazines which load every news stand, was begun in 1801 in Philadelphia by Joseph Dennie. And although even at that early date New York began to display the acquisitive quality to which its literary preeminence is mainly due, yet for half a century Philadelphia's periodicals were of distinct literary importance.

LITERARY NEW YORK A CENTURY AGO.

Charles Brockden Brown was probably the first of the brothers of the pen who, born in another town, drifted to New York. Soon after his coming, though possibly not because of it, there was established in the city a literary coterie of which Washington Irving was the most distinguished member.

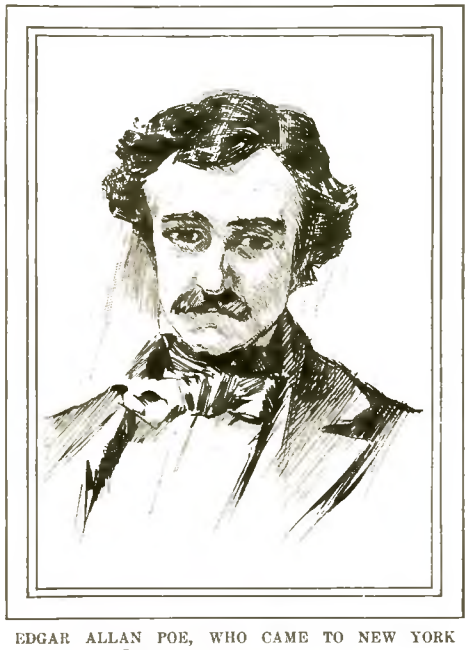
In those days the region around the Battery, now given over to skyscrapers and the elevated termini, was the abode of most that was dignified and imposing in New York society. On State Street lived William Irving, Washington's brother, the *Pindar Cockloft* of "Salmagundi."

In the same neighborhood lived James K. Paulding, William Irving's brother in law. Gouverneur Kemble, the *Patroon of Cockloft*, had a place a few doors away, and another of the Irving brothers, Eben, dwelt around the corner on Bridge Street. In Ann Street, now the

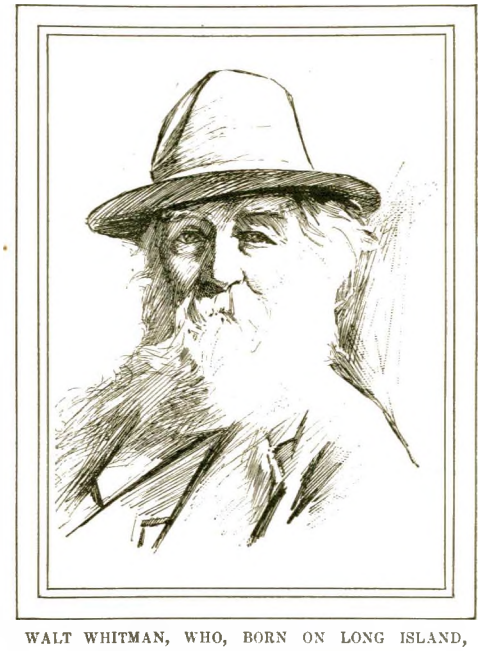
WASHINGTON IRVING, THE ONLY AMERICAN AUTHOR OF THE FIRST RANK WHO WAS BORN IN NEW YORK AND THOROUGHLY IDENTIFIED WITH THE METROPOLIS.

gray abode of second hand bookshops, dingy restaurants, and "fakir" supply offices, lived the very Mr. Cockloft whose name Irving borrowed.

Brown found such of the little circle as was already established congenial. For a while he lived on Pine Street at the home of his friend, Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith. Here he wrote "Wieland," "Ormond," and other tales whose very names are unknown to a generation which has much ado to keep up with its own literary productions. Shelley, by the way, had the highest opinion of the work of this first American novelist.



EDGAR ALLAN POE, WHO CAME TO NEW YORK IN 1844 AS ASSISTANT EDITOR OF THE "MIRROR."



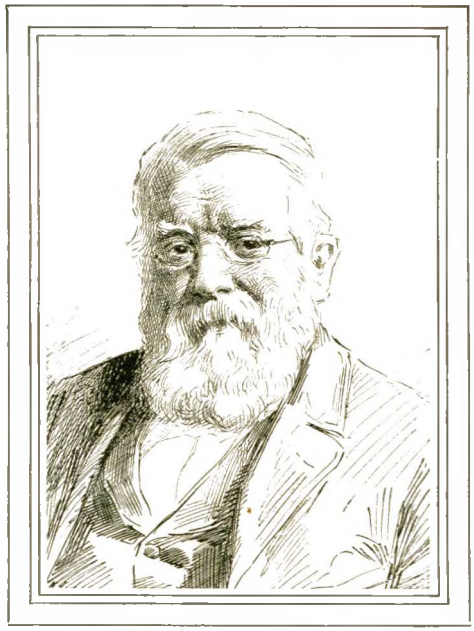
WALT WHITMAN, WHO, BORN ON LONG ISLAND, SPENT MUCH OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Apropos of Charles Brockden Brown's forsaking of Philadelphia, some recent remarks of another Philadelphian, Owen Wister, may be quoted. The first American novelist left the place of his birth because literature as a profession was looked upon askance in that conservative town. His friends discouraged him, and it was on this account that he gave the first material for New York's literary magnet boast by going to the metropolis.

According to Mr. Wister, the discouraging custom continues in Philadelphia, and it is owing to this frowning, or at least indifferent, attitude that the claims of that city as a literary center are not more vaunted. With Dr. Weir Mitchell, Miss Repplier, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Owen Wister himself, to say nothing of others, its dignified standing would be easily assured; but, says Mr. Wister, "when a Bostonian is told that another Bostonian has distinguished himself, he replies, 'Quite natural.' When a Philadelphian is told that another Philadelphian has distinguished himself, he replies, 'Quite impossible.'"

Charles Brockden Brown died in 1810, at about the time when the group which had given him the encouragement his own townsmen failed to give was getting ready to be prominent on its own account. It contained, as has been said, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake, who was associated with Halleck in writing the "Croaker and Co." poems which convulsed the readers of the *Evening Post* about 1816; James K. Paulding, and others of less renown.

Drake died in 1820, when he was but twenty five years old. His chief claim to fame rests upon his exquisite poem "The Culprit Fay." Halleck lived until 1867, and the reading books of a later generation preserved his memory by printing his "Marco Bozzaris." Paulding, whose house was known as "the resort of the wits," is almost forgotten. He is, however, still quoted, for his is that classic test of distinctness in enunciation, beginning "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."



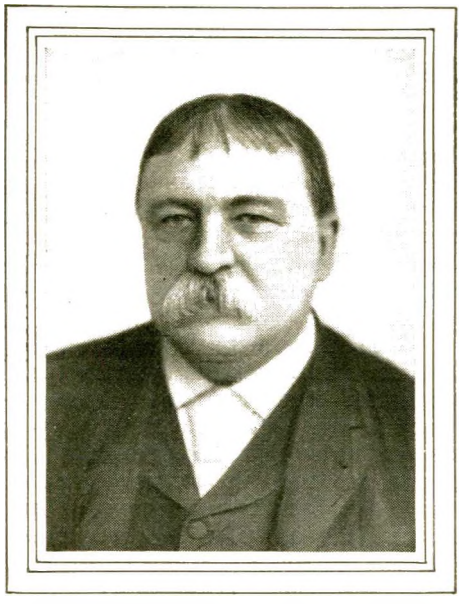
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, WHO, BORN IN MASSACHUSETTS, HAS LIVED IN NEW YORK FOR HALF A CENTURY.

Drawn from the portrait by T. W. Wood.

THE MAGNET OF THE METROPOLIS.

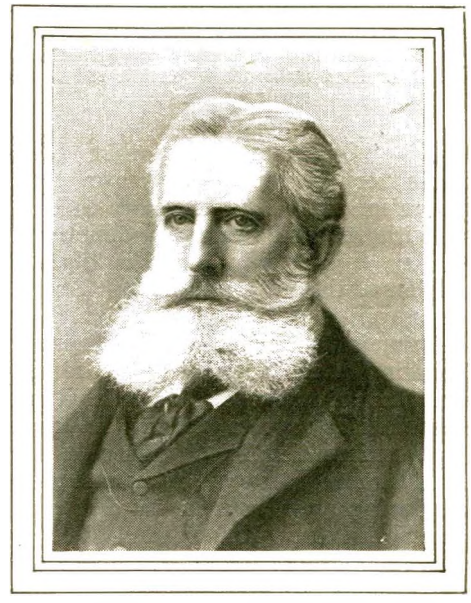
Even from that early time New York seemed to exert some peculiar magnetism upon the outlying writers. Bryant felt it. "Thanatopsis" was submitted before its publication to the criticism of Richard Henry Dana, in a little room over the bookshop of one Wiley in Ann Street. That room, christened "The Den" by James Fenimore Cooper, was a sort of literary court in the first quarter of the century, and the poem of the young New England genius was not the only work which was commended or condemned there.

Bryant came from Massachusetts and was absorbed by New York, working on the *Post* from 1826 practically until



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, BORN IN OHIO, AND FORMERLY IDENTIFIED WITH BOSTON, BUT NOW A NEW YORKER BY ADOPTION.

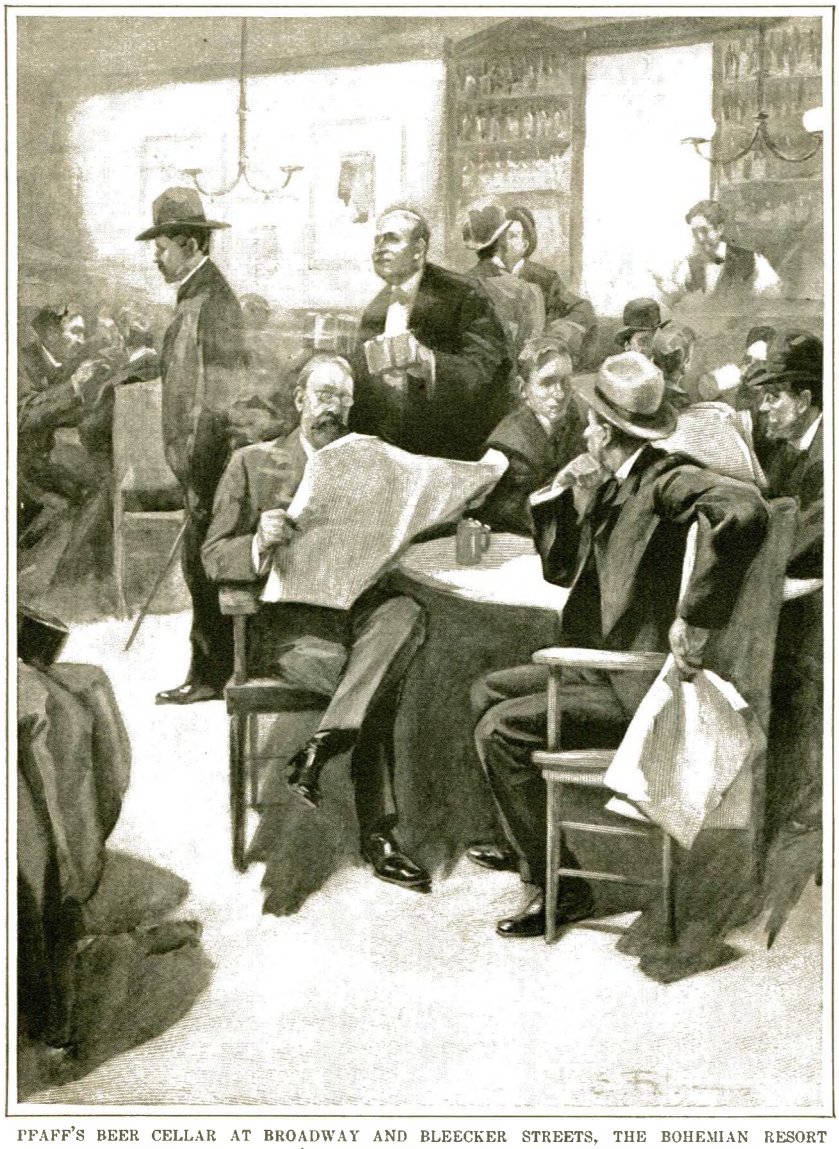
From a photograph by Cox, New York.



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, BORN IN CONNECTICUT, BUT FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS A NEW YORK BROKER, POET, AND CRITIC.

From a photograph by Alman, New York.

his death. Nathaniel Parker Willis came from Maine not many years later, and became a son of the great city, working on its papers, either as correspondent or editor, for nearly twenty years; then settled near it, on the Hudson.



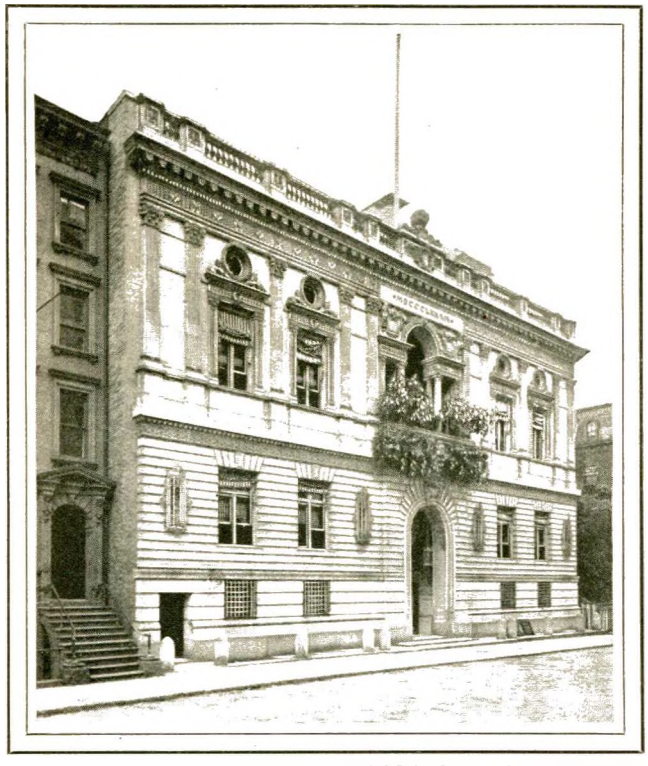
PFAFF'S BEER CELLAR AT BROADWAY AND BLEECKER STREETS, THE BOHEMIAN RESORT IN WHICH NEW YORK'S LITERARY MEN USED TO FOREGATHER IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR.

It was a Bostonian by birth, a Southerner by education, and the most resplendent genius of all whose names are connected with the literary history of New York, whom Willis associated with him on the *Mirror* in 1844. In that paper, in 1845, "The Raven" was published, and the most successful period of Poe's life began. How pitifully far from prosperity that success was is abundantly witnessed by the little cottage still standing in Fordham, where he lived with his wife and her mother. It is some consolation to think that this, one of New York's few literary land-

marks, is to be preserved as a memorial of its famous tenant.

NEW ENGLAND'S LITERARY SONS.

But at the time when Irving and his colleagues, both native born and imported, were establishing a Knickerbocker school in American letters, there were coming into the world, up in New England, men for whom New York held no charm, and whose glory was to dim that of the Knickerbockers.



THE FINE MODERN HOUSE OF THE CENTURY CLUB, ON WEST FORTY THIRD STREET—THIS IS THE OLDEST AND MOST PROMINENT LITERARY CLUB IN THE METROPOLIS.

From a photograph by Underhill, New York.

Emerson was born in 1803, Hawthorne in 1804, Longfellow and Whittier in 1807, Lowell in 1819. Boston was preparing for its own hall of fame: and the niches were to be filled, not by imported celebrities, but by the very sons of the soil.

The Puritans, in a more marked degree than any of the other colonists, were men of intellect. It was primarily because they were thinking men, men of opinions, convictions, and purpose, and not primarily because they demanded a fresh field for making money, that they became colonists. And, far as their asceticism seems, at first glance, removed from esthetics, there was an element of the severely esthetic in their revolt against the excesses of the Stuart reigns.

In the descendants of these Puritans were the same austere taste, the same intellectual force. When the early problems had been solved, when the stubborn soil had been forced to yield a living, when the government riddle was safely settled, then the natural bent of the sons of the Pilgrims began to appear. In the eager intellectual life of that period children were born in an atmosphere that almost inevitably dedicated them to the production of a literature sincere and characteristic. The men who made the period notable were the flowering of something having its roots far back in time, and grown in peculiar circumstances. Therefore, in a sense in which no other American writers yet have been distinctive and national, the writers of the transcendental days were so. And in that the region was, in a sense, the inspiration and the very cause of their literary development, New England was a literary center as New York has not yet been.

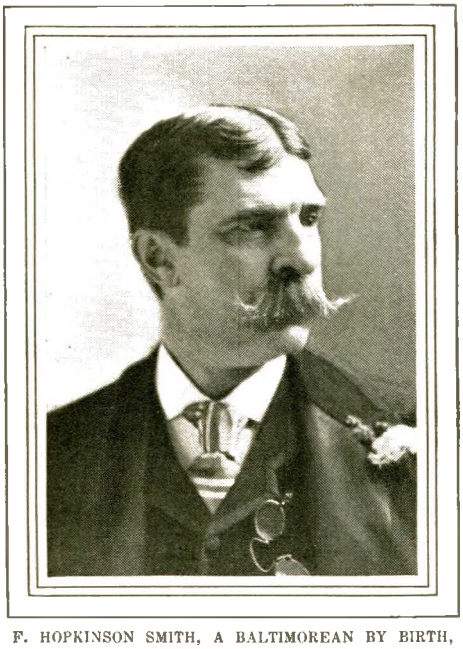
NEW YORK AS HOWELLS FIRST SAW IT.

What New York, during the period of the New England supremacy in letters, seemed to one imbued and informed by the spirit of devotion to that supremacy, is indicated in Mr. Howells' "Literary Friends and Acquaintance." He came to New York, after a worshipful

pilgrimage in New England, in August of 1860. He sought the office of the *Saturday Press* "with much the same feeling he had in going to the office of the *Atlantic Monthly* in Boston. But," he says, "I came away with a very different feeling. I had found there a bitterness against Boston as great as the bitterness against respectability."

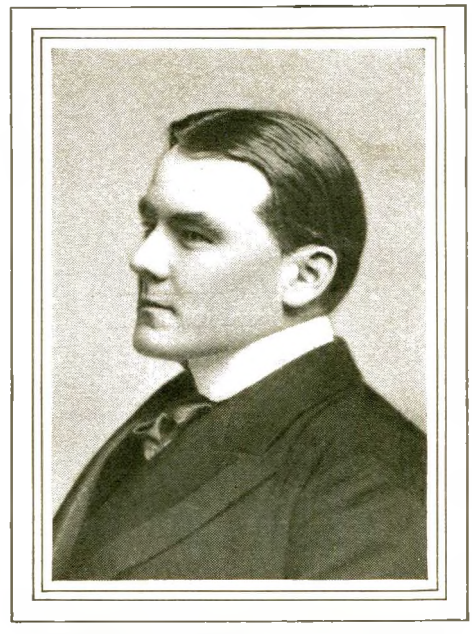
The literary center of New York had moved northward by this time, and was situated, by Mr. Howells' findings, in a beer cellar at Broadway and Bleecker Street, known as Pfaff's. It was a long way both in fact and in sentiment from that old "resort of the wits," Paulding's amply gardened house, of which the owner wrote to Irving: "Here have I set up my tent, and if living in a great house constitutes a great man, a great man am I, at your service." In Pfaff's, however, the New York wits of this later day assembled. Howells visited the place.

"I felt," he says, "that as a contributor and at least a brevet Bohemian, I ought not to go home without visiting the famous cellar, and witnessing, if I could not share, the revels of my companions. . . . My part in the carousal was limited to a German pancake and to listening to the whirling words of my commensals at the long board spread for the Bohemians in a cavernous space under the pavement. . . . Nothing of their talk remains with me, but the impression remains that it was not so good talk as I had heard in Boston. . . . I stayed vainly hoping for worse things till eleven o'clock, and then I rose and took my leave of a literary condition that had distinctly disappointed me."



F. HOPKINSON SMITH, A BALTIMOREAN BY BIRTH, BUT WELL KNOWN AS A NEW YORK ENGINEER, ARTIST, AND AUTHOR.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, BORN IN PHILADELPHIA, BUT NOW A RESIDENT OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

Yet, though the subterranean haunt of the Bohemians was not altogether to the liking of the young admirer of the elmy streets of Cambridge and of the Boston academicians, there were notables in New York whom he came, either then or later, to know and to honor. He met Walt Whitman at Pfaff's, and so met one native New Yorker in whom a genius entirely American burned. If he had gone again he might have met Artemus Ward, another whose work was as distinctively, if not as solemnly, American as that of the men whom the young Westerner delighted to revere. Aldrich

BRANDER MATTHEWS, PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE AT COLUMBIA, BORN IN NEW ORLEANS, BUT FOR THIRTY YEARS A RESIDENT OF NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

was a frequent visitor here; so were Fitzjames O'Brien, brilliant and erratic, and George Arnold, over whose "Have you sent her back her letters, have you given back the ring?" the sentimentalists of a generation ago used to grow red eyed. Bayard Taylor, who was one of Howells' admirations, also came occasionally to Pfaff's, and so did Richard Henry Stoddard, who, with Mrs. Stoddard, somewhat reconciled the young visitor to the social tone of the literary craft in the metropolis.

LITERATURE MOVES UP TOWN.

What the region around the Battery was to the men who inaugurated the literary life of New York, Washington Square and old Greenwich Village seemed to become to those of a somewhat later day. The writers lived in the neighborhood themselves, and they placed their characters in houses and rooms thereabouts.

H. C. Bunner, while living himself on the square, laid the scenes of "The Midge" there. Thomas Janvier, when in New York, used to live in the Greenwich Village region where so many of his stories are laid. Edgar Fawcett has tenanted houses on Washington Square with his characters. *Caleb West's* creator lodged there. Richard Harding Davis' versatile heroes lunch and dine at the more eminent of the restaurants below Fourteenth Street, and the characters of less determinedly correct story writers eat in the less heralded Italian, French, and Spanish cafés of the quarter.

But, with the churches and the rest of New York, most of the novelists and their characters are moving up town. The prosperous writers dwell in the colorless dignity of the cross streets on either side of Fifth Avenue, or in the spacious apartment houses along the south side of Central Park. Their clubs have crept northward, too; the Authors, which began only a square or two above Fourteenth Street, now has its habitat in the Carnegie Building near Central Park. The Century, which stands quite as well intellectually and higher socially, is on West Forty Third Street. Its fine modern club house suggests an interesting contrast with Pfaff's beer cellar, and shows that

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON (MRS. BURTON HARRISON), A VIRGINIAN BY BIRTH, A NEW YORKER BY RESIDENCE.

From a photograph by Merritt, Washington.

during the last two generations the literary profession has risen in dignity and prosperity.

NEW YORK NOT A BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.

The most amazing thing in the review of New York as a literary center is the smallness of the number of great writers whom New York has produced. She has absorbed many, but the names characteristic of American literary genius have seldom been those of New Yorkers. Washington Irving was a son of the city; Cooper is identified with the State; but of Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, and Whitman, the quartet to whom foreign critics award the highest meed of praise, only Whitman was in any sense a New Yorker. He was born on Long Island, and lived in the regions roundabout during much of his life.

CLYDE FITCH, THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF OUR YOUNGER PLAYWRIGHTS, A NEW YORKER BY BIRTH AND RESIDENCE.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

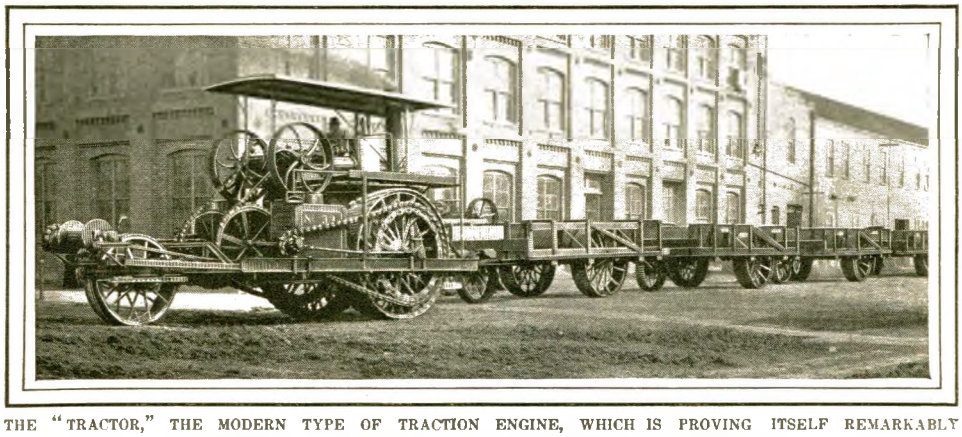
Since their day almost every writer who has risen above a graceful mediocrity has owed his beginning, and generally his development, to another section of the country. Mark Twain was a Missourian; Bret Harte was born in Albany, but his imagination was purely a Western product; Edmund Clarence Stedman was born in Connecticut and educated there and in New Jersey; Henry James, though born in New York, was educated largely in Europe; Frank Stockton was born and educated in Philadelphia; Edward Eggleston is of Virginia ancestry and was born in Indiana; Joaquin Miller, also born in Indiana, grew up in Oregon; George W. Cable was born in New Orleans; Marion Crawford, though the son of New York parents, was born in Italy and was educated there, in New England, and in old England; Thomas Nelson Page is a Virginian; Joel Chandler Harris is a Georgian; so was Sidney Lanier. Eugene Field hailed from Missouri.

And so the list goes painfully on—almost none of the great and few of the little great have any affiliation, save that of exchange, with the literary center of America. Even of those living in New York, writing in New York and about New York, comparatively few are New Yorkers.

First and foremost there is Mr. Howells — Western by birth, New England by admiration and early affiliation. There is Hopkinson Smith, from Maryland; Richard Harding Davis, from Philadelphia; Kate Douglas Wiggin, of Puritan ancestry, Philadelphia birth, and California training; Mrs. Burton Harrison, from Virginia; and so on through a list of lights gradually diminishing in brilliance. Brander Matthews is a New Yorker, though even he happened to be born in New Orleans. Lawrence Hutton is another New Yorker, and William Allen Butler another.

Among the New York editors and publishers, Richard Watson Gilder would be called a New Yorker, although he was born in New Jersey; Mr. Burlingame is a Massachusetts man; Mr. Henry Alden comes from Vermont.

It is therefore on commercial and numerical grounds alone that the "mast hemmed city" can base a claim to supremacy in letters.



THE "TRACTOR," THE MODERN TYPE OF TRACTION ENGINE, WHICH IS PROVING ITSELF REMARKABLY SERVICEABLE FOR ROAD HAULING AND FARM WORK IN THE WEST.

The Tractable "Tractor."

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

A STEAM ENGINE THAT PLOWS, PLANTS, HARVESTS, AND THRESHES ON A WHOLESALE PLAN—IT HAULS ENORMOUS LOADS ALONG ROADS, UP MOUNTAINS, AND THROUGH FORESTS, AND WORKS VERY CHEAPLY.

THE automobile has made more of a reputation for itself as a gymnastic performer than as an ordinary vehicle. When the *chauffeurs* became so expert that they could seesaw their machines on a balancing board, play hide and seek with boxes and barrels in obstacle races, and crack egg shells without smashing the eggs, they won the medal of public popularity. Mile a minute engines handling the "limiteds" on the great American railways were forgotten in the interest over the power developed from a few quarts of gasoline or bottled up electricity.

But now comes a giant out of the West which threatens to deprive the automobile of some of its laurels. It is a steam Hercules, whose steel muscles are as supple as they are strong. Controlled by a twist of a wheel or the pull of a lever, it becomes a mechanical athlete doing "stunts" that would seem incredible if not verified by the camera.

The "tractor," as the people on the Pacific coast have dubbed it, is short for traction engine, but it is widely different from the puffing, squeaking mechanism that drags the thresher slowly along the highways in the Eastern States. The old fashioned machine is merely a boiler set on a truck with a rope or chain to haul its load. From twenty five to thirty miles a day is a fair rate of speed, even on a macadam roadbed. On a dirt road, horses are frequently needed to aid steam in forcing the weight over lumps and through the ruts.

It may have been the difficulties experienced by one of these traction engines in California's red clay that suggested to the inventors of the tractor a way to overcome the trouble. Whatever the suggestion, they designed a machine that serves instead of teams of horses or oxen on the farm and in the lumber camp; that works as a freight locomotive, but on a railless road; that climbs hills which would stall the most powerful railway motor;

that runs around in circles as easily as the lightest automobile, and that travels across country regardless of roads, pulling its load even through plowed fields and underbrush.

THE TRACTOR'S POWER AND SIZE.

It is a big thing, this tractor. The driving wheels first attract attention because of their enormous tires. Those of the ordinary farm wagon measure four inches across; some—and these are responsible for the deep ruts in the average country thoroughfare—are but two inches wide. The rims of the tractor wheels are from twenty inches to five feet in width.

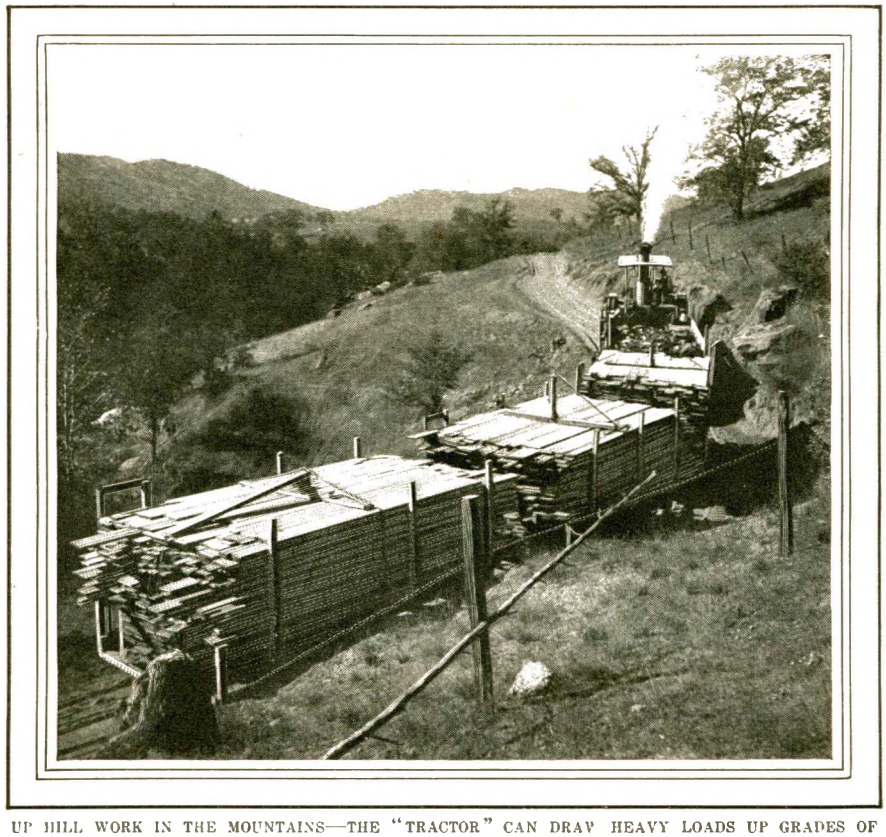
The next thing you notice is its height. A man of ordinary stature standing beside one of the larger wheels could not reach the rim with his finger tips. The engineer sits on his little seat ten feet above the ground, and has to climb a ladder to reach his position.

As the eye takes in the arrangements of the wheels and chains, the whole affair gives the impression of an enormous tricycle—and this is about what it is, except that the main wheels have steel instead of rubber tires, and that the power is communicated by a series of cog wheels instead of one or two. A roller and link chain connects the fly wheels with the drivers and guide wheel in front. It is very much like the bicycle chain, but each of its links is a foot long and is made of steel three quarters of an inch thick. It would require a blow equal to twenty six tons of weight to break one of the pins that hold the links together. The chains fit into teeth in the same manner as on the bicycle, and when the two big wheels on the top, and just in front of the engineer, begin to revolve, around go the chains with such a power as to move not only the engine itself but also a hundred or a hundred and fifty tons of weight along a level road, where two horses would draw four or five tons.

It is all simple enough, despite the mass of wheels and bars and chain and valves and levers. When the engineer

A "TRACTOR" HARNESSED TO A TRAIN OF LUMBER TRUCKS — HALF A DOZEN HEAVY CARS ARE READILY HAULED IN THIS WAY EVEN ALONG TRAILS THAT ARE LITTLE BETTER THAN MOUNTAIN PATHS.

pulls one of the levers beside his seat just an inch or two, steam rushes into cylinders connected with the top or fly wheels. Around they move, and as the axle connecting them turns, the chain extending from it around the two cog wheels below pulls them around also. Their axle supports what bicyclists would call the sprocket wheel, and turns the chains extending from this to the oats or corn, he doesn't tell the hired man to "hook up" the plow team, but says to his engineer: "George, I think we'll begin on that hundred acre lot tomorrow. Suppose you look over the engine and get ready." George puts in the rest of the day in the engine shed, lubricating the bearings, tightening the nuts, and driving home a loose rivet here and there. The fireman fills



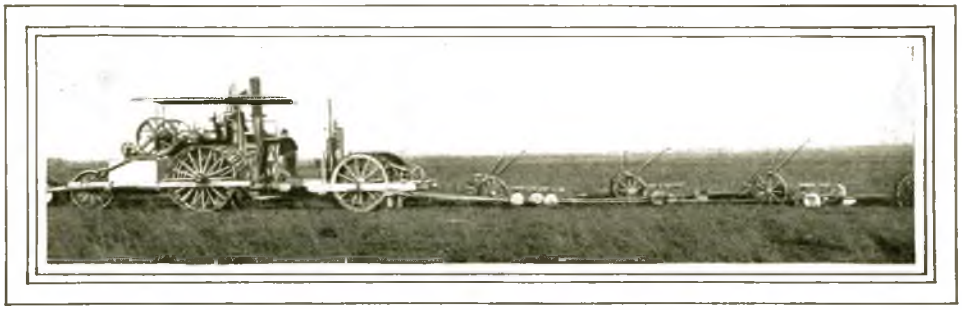
UP HILL WORK IN THE MOUNTAINS—THE "TRACTOR" CAN DRAW HEAVY LOADS UP GRADES OF TEN OR FIFTEEN PER CENT, AND CAN OVERCOME STILL STEEPER SLOPES BY HAULING THE TRUCKS WITH A ROPE WINDING ON A DRUM.

drivers. It is merely the combination pulley system, almost as old as the world, but steam is used for motive force, and, instead of one or two pulleys, the fly wheels, cog wheels, and axles form a series that distribute the power equally and reinforce the steam.

PLOWING FIFTY ACRES IN A DAY.

When the owner of a big California grain farm decides that it is time to prepare the ground for the wheat or the fuel box with a ton of coal, or with a cord and a half of oak or hickory. The water tank is also pumped full, for this engine uses fifty hogsheads a day.

At daylight the next morning, engine and crew start away for the hundred acre patch, and there the coupling ropes are attached to a row of twelve or fifteen or perhaps twenty plows. Each share turns the ground over to a depth of fourteen inches and a width of two feet from top to top of ridges.



A "TRACTOR" AT WORK ON A CALIFORNIA FARM—IT IS CALCULATED THAT THESE MACHINES CAN PLOW, HARROW, AND OPERATE HARVESTING MACHINES AT ONE SIXTH THE COST OF MAN AND HORSE POWER.

Possibly you have seen three horses try to pull a single gang plow through a pasture lot where the clay soil is covered with closely matted sod and roots. With every muscle standing out on their bodies, the animals tug and strain at the harness, making the furrow foot by foot. If it is the usual farm day, from sunrise to sunset, with a long "nooning," the plowman is proud if he has turned up an acre, and the week will probably elapse before he has finished the five acres.

When the tractor begins operations, there is no "clucking" nor cracks of the whip. The engineer merely pulls his lever, and then, with both hands to the wheel, increases or decreases the steam pressure. Very slowly the great driving wheels revolve at first, until the motorman gets an idea of the resistance from the stiffness of the soil. If he puts on too much steam, he may jerk the plows out of the ground and drag them along the surface. As it is, the big chunks of steel are thrown several feet into the air if they happen to get into a bed of loose earth or sand that the engineer did not notice.

So by degrees the whole surface is turned. Faster and faster the plow points move through the earth and stubble, each implement cutting a straight furrow. A strip from twenty to thirty feet wide is plowed as the tractor moves across the field. There may be obstacles in the way—hummocks and stumps and stone piles, perhaps the bed of a creek. The steersman guides the big front wheel around them. Steam steering gear, somewhat similar to that which controls the rudder of an ocean steamship, makes his task an easy one. Of course the plows cannot be steered, so, when one reaches the stump or stone pile, the tractor stops until the implement is lifted around it.

When a creek is reached, motion ceases while the crew calculate the grade down the side of the banks, and see if the bed of the stream is hard enough to sustain the weight. If they think it is, the engine is detached from the plows and started slowly down the bank, across the bed, and up the opposite side. By means of another lever, power is cut off from the motor mechanism, and is used to pull the plows across by ropes, like a stationary engine.

The man with three horses was glad to dig up three quarters of an acre in an average day. The farmer with a tractor thinks it is slow work if he does fewer than fifty acres. So a hundred acre field is ready for seeding in two days. But the tractor's work does not stop here. Plowing is easy compared to harrowing. Think of a weight of fifteen to twenty tons being rolled over soft, freshly turned earth at a rate of two hundred and fifty acres in a day!

HARROWING AND HARVESTING BY STEAM POWER.

The modern locomotive weighs from sixty to eighty tons. It can haul two thousand tons besides its own weight at the rate of a mile a minute on a level track. Sometimes it is derailed at this speed, "jumps the track." If it

strikes a highway, or is thrown into a field, it seldom goes more than a hundred feet before it comes to a full stop. It is a fact that a "light" engine has never been known to get more than three hundred feet from the rails in an accident, in spite of its enormous power. This is proved by records of such disasters. Yet the tractor rolls over ground so soft that the men walking beside it sink above their ankles in the loam or mud. The harrows it pulls are made especially for it. They are usually fifty feet square, ten times the ordinary horse size, and two or three are operated at a time, each covering two hundred and fifty square feet of ground, into which their teeth go to a depth of six inches. Yet they are dragged over twenty and twenty five acres in an hour. Seed drills may be attached to the harrows, so that at one process the hundred acre lot is planted and cultivated.

When harvest time is at hand, the tractor again steams into the field, dragging machines that cut the grain, extract the kernels from the sheaves, bind the straw in bundles, and pour the wheat into bags. All of this is performed right on the spot and by the same power. Apart from running the engine, no human assistants are needed except a man to hold the bags as the grain is poured into them, and two to sew their mouths and pile them up. In twelve hours a hundred and fifty acres of wheat or oats are stripped of every sheaf and left a stubble field. In the old days, using the scythe, it required a score of men to cut and bind ten acres of grain, to say nothing of the extra labor of cleaning, threshing, and storing.

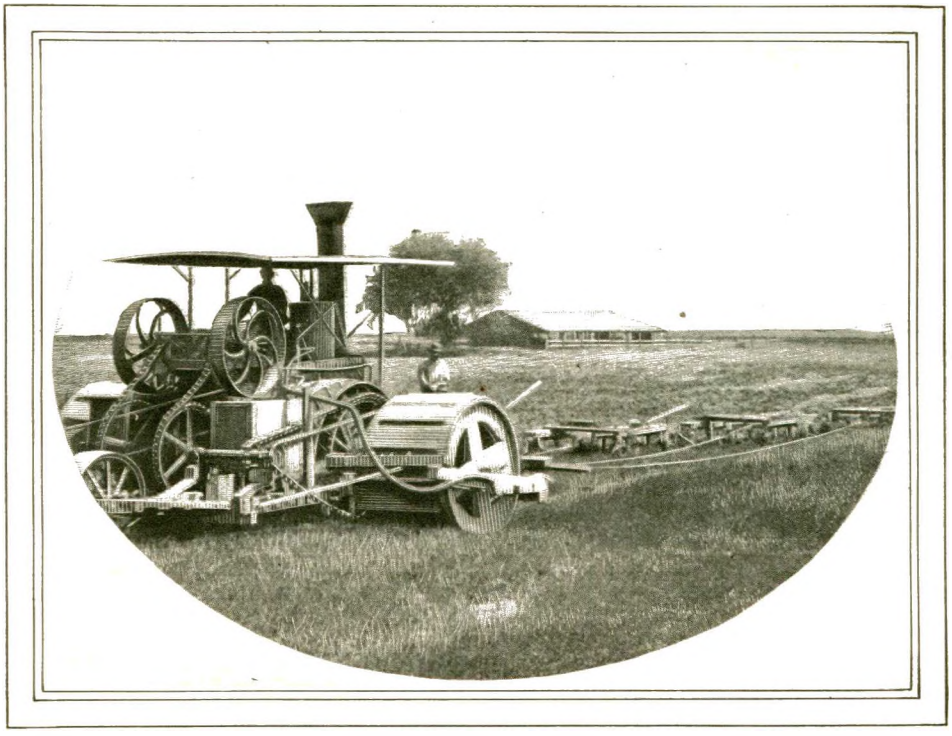
THE TRACTOR FOR ROAD HAULING.

Some of the roads on the Pacific slope have a grade of ten or even fifteen per cent—so steep that a strong horse can pull a light buggy to the top only when the driver walks to lighten the load. As a hill climber, the tractor has perhaps beaten its record on the farm. With its great tires gripping the roadbed, it pulls itself up and down what are little better than mountain paths, hauling behind it half a dozen trucks, or more, loaded with logs or lumber. Many of the so called highways in the lumber districts have be-

ANOTHER MODERN FORM OF THE TRACTION ENGINE—AN ENGLISH MILITARY MACHINE USED IN SOUTH AFRICA FOR MOVING ARMY SUPPLIES.

come routes for carrying timber to the nearest railroad, and some of these routes are fifty and sixty miles long. The road may be dug out of the side of a hill, and just wide enough to allow passage of the engine and freight. Such a thing as paving is, of course, unknown. The ordinary lumber "string" of eight, ten, and twelve animals could not pull a single log along some of these routes, yet the tractor hauls from twenty five thousand to forty thousand feet of lumber at a speed of three to five miles an hour.

In some places where companies have built saw mills in the pine country, the tractor is used to "snake" logs to the mill. Two or three or four trunks, each fifty or more feet long, are chained together, fastened to the engine, and dragged across the country by the nearest available route. The lumbermen do not stop to build skid roads or tramways, or even to cut a passage in the undergrowth, but go over the ground just as nature made it. Underbrush and even young trees five and six feet high make no difference to them; the tractor forces its way through or over, finding a path in the forest by twisting here and there among the trees. Sometimes the logs are hauled twenty miles by a route which would be impassable with any other motive power.



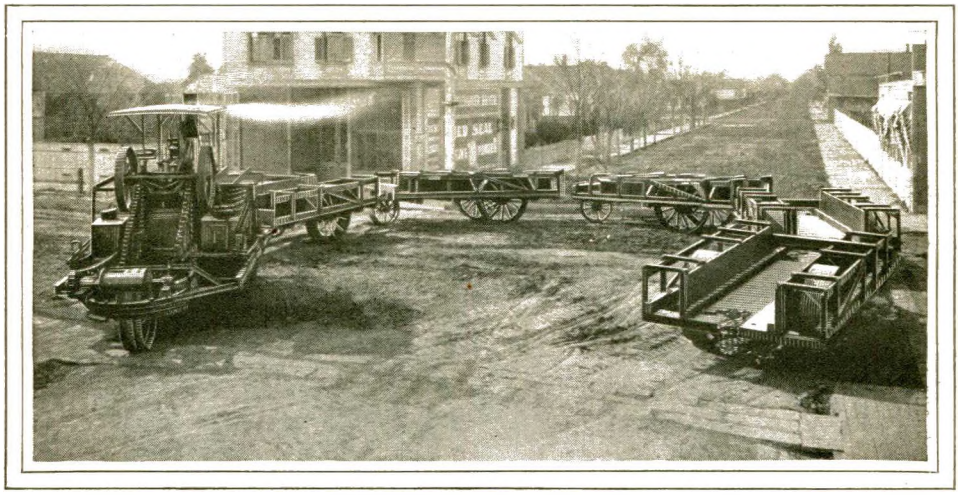
A "TRACTOR" AT WORK ON A CALIFORNIA FARM—BY MEANS OF LARGE HARROWS, WITH SEED DRILLS ATTACHED, FROM TWENTY TO TWENTY FIVE ACRES MAY BE CULTIVATED AND PLANTED IN AN HOUR.

Of course places are reached where it would be impossible to haul the load in the ordinary way if the tractor were of a thousand horse power instead of sixty, the usual size. A hill on the road may be so steep that only the engine can force its way up. Then it is detached from the lumber trucks and even the water tank car, and worked to the top of the hill. Here it is changed from a movable to a stationary engine merely by operating a lever that directs the power to a windlass or drum. The cars or logs are conducted to the drum by a rope, the engineer turns on

steam, and as the drum revolves up come the trucks. In this way all the power can be used in hauling the load, as none is required for moving the engine. The trucks can be pulled up an ascent four hundred feet long at one haul, if necessary.

of the tire is ridged or "grousedd," so that it cannot slip.

The tractor does farm work at about one sixth of the cost of man and horse power, and transports lumber and other freight at a third of the cost. These estimates are the results of calculations



THE MOBILITY OF A "TRACTOR"—SWINGING A TRAIN OF TRUCKS AROUND A CIRCLE IN THE STREETS OF A WESTERN TOWN.

One of the secrets of the tractor's strength lies in the width of its wheels. When the rims cover five feet of ground, they have a foundation which keeps the great weight from sinking into the earth. In lumbering, the tires are from twenty inches to two feet wide, and they give the engine the grip of a giant on the ground. The surface

made in California by ranch owners and lumber men, with whom the machine has become so popular that it is a common sight to meet a "freighting outfit," as it is called, on a California road, and to pass ranch after ranch where the steam tractor has succeeded the farm horse for every operation that requires a strong pull in it.

THROUGH THE MIST.

WHETHER it be the misting rain
Has woven a veil o'er the marshland drear,
Or a mist in the eyes, that's akin to pain,
Has dimmed the vision I see from here—
I only know that a gloomy gray,
As I idly gaze, has filled my view,
And this day is lost in that sad last day,
And again in my heart I speak to you.

Was it that something was left unsaid?
Or had it been better if lips were dumb?
Or was it that fate had snapped the thread
Where a tangled skein in life had come?
Oh, could the moorlands give some sign,
And let their mists for a moment rise,
To show me in vision your face benign,
And read me the answer from out your eyes!

James King Duffy.

A SKY QUEEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE PARACHUTE AND THE PULPIT.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.

FROM earliest childhood, to dare danger was a kind of passion with her, and to the day of that final tragedy on Blackhawk's Tower to outrun peril was to her something fine and intoxicating. She always bore undisguised envy of the creatures that dive and soar in the blue seas of ether that billow above the solid world.

She held no inward understanding of the cause of her wish to fly, of the desire that often thrilled her when a child to leap upward and run along the top of the clear rivers of wind that poured across the rigid hills. All up there in the heavens was velvety and soft and crystalline, rocking and swaying and charmingly dangerous!

Her breath used to come in gasps of delight when she saw a hawk or crane away on high, wheeling and rising, and wheeling and rising again, as it mounted above a storm wind.

What daring! What freedom! How different in spirit and result from the black terror which transformed Granny Mutrose into something very like idiocy at the word "cyclone"—Granny Mutrose who, with the coming of every high wind, seized her, when she was little, and rushed into the cellar!

Perhaps the engendering cause of her passion for motion and danger was prenatal, for her mother had lived the exciting life of a bareback rider in the circus arena, and had come to her death at last by a fall from the flying rings as she swung in the dizzying heat under the sun smitten peak of a great tent.

To little Myrtle Mutrose—she became Mlle. Rosemount afterwards, when an aëronaut—the source of her life and her mother's history were things of which she never spoke with shame. Indeed, to Jerold Hughes, the slim, pale boy who used to steal down from the big house on the hill to "play circus" with her, the sprite-like child was wont to brag almost offensively of the honors which had clustered thick upon her mother's life and the glory of its ending.

Jerold's father was only a college president, and his mother no more than the chief patroness of music and literature in Edgerly. The boy could barely look little Myrtle in the face out of chagrin for the lowliness of his origin.

True, the father of Myrtle was but a myth, but that, to the two children, only added a nimbus of mystery, while the truth that she was the child of the great Mlle. Mutrose, who had ridden standing on the back of running horses and had swung in the high and flying rings while multitudes gaped and applauded, remained a dazzling and undisputed fact.

Being a girl, and of something even more resplendent than royal birth, she "bossed" Jerold with the rigor of a princess.

But those were delicious days, full of fancied wonders and glorious make believe. Sometimes they stole out by the back gate and up the swarded shoulder of a hill to a grove of poplars that flickered whitely about a single vast basswood. To the adventurers it seemed that one might step from the tip of the basswood's towering spire directly into the sky.

At first they only climbed the poplars, where Jerold was content to sit secure in a solid fork and chatter of great feats to be done, while Myrtle went upward until the boughs were thin and limber, and frightened him with their show of peril. But one day, when time was older by a year or two, the rider's child, by a daring run and leap, gained the down drooping tips of one of the great lower boughs of the basswood, and, swinging herself up among the fronds, climbed along the bough to

the tree's trunk and went upward like a squirrel.

Jerold shouted for her to return, but the tree, dotted with wax-like blossoms and smelling as of heaven, for the day was at the warm end of May, was a fragrant stair, leading to danger and the upper world, and the mad little fool never paused until she emerged from the towering spire of leaves and, swaying, clung to the slender topmost shoot. Jerold threw himself upon the ground and hid his eyes.

Nearly a hundred feet above the earth she teetered and swung, crowing and calling shrilly, her blue eyes glistening and all her tangled mop of reddish curls snarled with bits of bark and blowing wildly.

The world looked very open and large from that giddy height, and she gloated wide eyed upon its far reaching bulk, screaming for Jerold to come up and see. But Jerold only clung to the grass and shuddered, frozen with terror at her plight.

When she came down she bossed him, not quite as a princess might, but like a queen.

But one thing—nay, many—Jerold could do that she could not. He could read wonderful stories out of books, and he knew much about heaven and the angels that dwell in it, and he could sing songs that were beautiful and strange to Myrtle, for Jerold went to Sunday school.

Always fascinated as he was by physical spirit and daring, he was yet essentially a mystic, dreaming strange things that were done in the heavens and concocting childish horrors involving the fate of the souls of men that went to the under world from a life of wrong.

In a way, his mind was diseased by sermons unfit for the ears of imaginative children. Myrtle hated his fancies touching the lost, but the pictures he drew of the felicity of souls that were redeemed enchanted her.

One June afternoon they played on the hillside until the sun had fallen; then they lay on the grass in a blue dusk, watching the stars come out.

"All those are worlds," said Jerold oracularly, as the soft blossoms of fire thickened in the abyss above them, "and when people die and get to be angels they go from one world to another just to suit themselves."

He had a big brown head covered with curls, and he turned it and looked at Myrtle with eyes that awed her.

"How do they get across? Just jump over from one world to another? It doesn't look very far," said the restless sprite at his side.

"Oh, pshaw! It's thousands and thousands of miles between 'em," said Jerold. "The people have wings, and they just fly across when they feel like it. Sometimes they go on horses, the beautifulest white horses; and the horses have wings, too—great white wings of light, and the folks sit on the horses between the wings or stand up and hold to reins of white ribbon while the horses fly over the clouds and sail away to any star the folks may want to visit."

The equestrienne's child clapped her hands in ecstasy at the picture.

"My, how mamma would like that!" she cried. She suddenly sat up and looked at Jerold wonderingly. "Do you suppose she is up there?" she asked in an eager half whisper.

The boy looked away, then back at Myrtle with a cast of doubt in his eyes.

"I—don't—know," he began; then, seeing a cloud forming on the child's face, he finished quickly, "Yes, no doubt she's up there." He never could bear to hurt anything.

The child clapped her hands together again and gave a little shriek of sheer pleasure.

"And the people," Jerold went on, "all dress in silver cloth, thin and glistening, and the stars are covered solid with flowers instead of common grass, and the air is just like gold in color, and the houses—oh, the wonderfulest big houses!—are cut out of single immense diamonds, and instead of rocks and clods that hurt one's feet, there are pearls and opals and things like that everywhere, and——"

The sprite's breath came in little gasps. "And the angels wear them?" she asked.

"I don't think so," said Jerold. "They have jewels made of light, just the won-

derfulest colors, too, and no heavier than flakes of snow, and there's no darkness there to scare one, and the people talk in music—their voices are just music—and there is the softest, sweetest kind of melody everywhere."

The sprite smote her hands together and screamed with joy.

"We'll go there when we die, won't we, Jerold?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, certainly; if we're—good," he replied.

"Oh, I'll be good," said the sprite with careless inconsequence, jumping up and dancing to and fro. Suddenly she caught her breath. "My, but granny will skin me alive for staying out so late! She said for me to come home before dark!" and she flew down the grassy slope homeward as fast as her springing feet would take her.

Jerold sat up and looked about. The solemn stars and the dim bluish night put a sudden fear in him, and he rose and fled homeward with something indescribable clutching at his heels.

As time fell away, adding year to year, the sprite herself went to school, but not for long, and always in wayward, resisting fashion. Action, to her, was far more alluring than ideas. The first was the flushed and regal body of life, the last very like dry bones.

In the schoolroom she failed, chiefly because she hated books, but upon the playground there lingered no question of her primacy. There she was an infectious marvel, setting the whole school to playing circus, rope walking, jumping through hoops, and the like.

Jerold, several years older than she, though scarcely as large in body, and far ahead of her in the classes, remained her unfailing satellite. The abounding splendor of her physical spirit and the swift current of her courage fascinated him. It was that spell which reckless bravery casts upon the imaginative coward, for Jerold, as befitted his big head, cared vastly for the safety of his slim, tender body. Perhaps he was only normal, for human flesh shrinks from promised harm just to the degree that indwelling consciousness feels its earthly envelope valuable, and Jerold felt his flesh precious.

Myrtle, being hardly normal, was interesting. Jerold wrote poetry of her, boyish rhapsodies that the girl thought monstrous fine, but could not understand. By times they stole away after school and climbed the long slope back of Granny Mutrose's cottage, as in the more childish days, and lay on the grass and watched the sun burn itself out and the stars break into blossom.

For one thing Myrtle always watched in those hours—the flight of night hawks that often rose from the wooded hills about Edgerly, and went up and up in the twilight air, to drop headlong towards the earth with a booming "Zu-r-r-r," only to rise again and coast down the graying ether in daring play. It put all circus feats to shame.

She would like to go up in a balloon, she said, and jump out, if there was only some means of keeping from being killed by the fall. Then Jerold told her of the parachute and its use, and long afterwards he had cause to remember how her eyes danced with his words, and how the night hawks rose and plunged downward over the hills of Edgerly.

When Myrtle was barely fifteen death did its cold deed in the Mutrose cottage, and the gray mistress of the place slumbered lastingly. Then the girl disappeared. There being no one of kin to care, she went her way and was forgotten, save by Jerold.

In his life her loss was like a great blot of black which slowly spread and grew thin and evaporated, and finally seemed as if it was not. With his mounting years came mutations: college days, graduation, the ministry, and early marriage—a wife like a small white flower, who passed and left him a little boy with a big head, as full of dreams as a morning nap—then again Myrtle.

It fell within the third step of his ministerial career; when he had passed from theological college to a pastorate in a small town, and, outgrowing that, had been called to larger work in St. Luke's, at Rockland.

The town lay at the bottom of the greatest valley of the continent, its western skirt brushed by the second mightiest river in the world. In the river lay an island, heavily wooded and half

hiding the vast buildings of a government arsenal; beyond the river a still larger town than Rockland whitened the green bluffs that bordered Iowa.

In the season of mild airs it was a picnic realm, a region of boating, long winding drives, and heights that looked down on pleasant things. Here Jerold Hughes, pastor, busy with mingled toil and recreations, felt himself a measurably happy man. Then Myrtle Mutrose came.

Four miles beyond the shady streets of Rockland a lordly river rolls into the lordlier Mississippi. Where the bluffs stand apart to let the lesser flood into the mightier one, a huge hill outtops all others. That is Blackhawk's Tower, once the watch hill and altar for signal fires of Blackhawk, king of the red tribes of Western Illinois.

Time was when these valleys were plumed with rifle smoke puffs and the years were hateful for wars; but Blackhawk and his angry tribes passed, and cities came, and ships on the sea-like river, and great, breezy structures, finally, on the looming bulk of the Indian's sacred hill, with swings, merry go rounds, chutes down its side to the river, and all contrivances with which summering white tribes befool themselves.

To this quarter of clear air and merrymaking a trolley line, winding among the fields and hills, carried the citizenry of Rockland and the larger town beyond the river, debouching noisy crowds upon the height, the selfsame spot from which Blackhawk often looked down in silent bitterness on his great land, watching the white topped wagons of the white plague trickle into it.

To this mount of merriment Jerold sometimes came, fetching his pale little boy, that he might roll on the grass or ride the rocking horses of the steam carousel, and fill his small lungs with the good air of the clear upper winds.

On one of these outings, a certain memorable day in July, they found a new and great toy at the hill, a big balloon tugging at its leashes, impatient to rush into the sky. The crown of the height swarmed with people, all gazing expectantly at the mighty, wavering bubble above them.

Jerold and the child pushed inward until they stood almost beneath the monster bulb of net covered silk. A square shouldered man with a black dyed mustache was making an announcement in stentorian tones.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "Mlle. Rosemount, the peerless queen of the aëronauts, will now ascend one thousand feet into the heavens, and, by the aid of her parachute, leap to earth again. This regal lady, a veritable princess of the air, has made over twelve hundred ascensions during the last five years, both in Europe and America. Gems and priceless gifts without number have been showered upon her by the royalty and nobility of the old world, and the rich and the great in our own land have been unanimous in paying her homage. No other woman ever born upon this planet has equaled her in daring; her achievements are without a parallel. This incomparable aëronaut will ascend at three o'clock P. M. from these grounds each day during the next two weeks, and from the dizzy altitude of one thousand feet she will make her terrible and astounding leap to earth again. On the last afternoon of her engagement Mlle. Rosemount will contest with Signor Campobello in a balloon race, a thrilling and wonderful exhibition. Signor Campobello, one of the greatest of aëronauts, I am glad to say, will succeed Mlle. Rosemount in making aërial voyages from these grounds, Mlle. Rosemount proceeding directly to Denver to make ascensions from Pike's Peak. The peerless sky queen, who will penetrate the heavens for your amusement today, wears over fifty valuable medals won in racing contests with the principal aëronauts of the world. As her manager, I confidently predict that she will win a victory over Signor Campobello in the magnificent contest which is to crown her performance at these grounds two weeks from today. Ladies and gentlemen, Mlle. Rosemount, queen of the air, will now ascend!"

He clapped his hands loudly, a small cannon thundered, and out of a dressing booth near by issued a young woman cloaked in scarlet.

"Stand back, ladies and gentlemen,

and permit mademoiselle to reach the trapeze!" shouted the manager.

The girl rushed through the crowd, handed her tinseled cloak and red plumed hat to an attendant, and leaped to the bar of a trapeze hanging below the balloon. Suddenly she stood upon the swaying bar and kissed her fingers to the multitude.

"Myrtle!" gasped the slim preacher, and something like a wave of heat went downward through his veins to his very feet, and again "Myrtle!" in a wondering whisper.

She stood on the bar with the grace and careless ease of a bird on a swaying twig. A great mass of bronze red hair hung down her back, clasped at the nape of her neck with a jeweled band. She was dressed in white tights and blue trunks, and looked tall and shapely beyond words.

Jerold thrilled as he looked at her, and the old years with their abundant memories rushed upon him. He forgot the little boy at his side; his lips opened as if he would cry out to her; then suddenly the balloon was rushing upward, and Mlle. Rosemount was performing on the trapeze far above the earth.

It was a dizzying sort of thing to witness, and the old terror and admiration of her beauty and hardihood came upon him like a familiar dream. As the silken bubble neared the limit of its skyward flight—that perilous moment when the restraining line would suddenly check its speed—she gripped the side ropes of the trapeze firmly and sat rigid on the bar.

When the power of the solid earth came up through the quivering line and the exulting runaway rested at the end of its tether, still straining in its harness of creaking cords, she stood up and kissed her hand to the world below.

For the first time the silence was broken. From the hill, paved with thousands of upturned faces, a roar of applause came up to her.

She sat down on the trapeze bar and rested a few moments, looking abroad on the face of the landscape, the stupendous picture hanging in the round frame of the horizon's purple ring.

Through its center ran the Mississippi, a gleaming silver belt that lay broadly across the world's green breast, with creeks and rivers streaming right and left like wind blown ribbons; the swaying hills of Illinois flowing eastward in an infinite waste of towns and groves and cornfields; the prairies of Iowa lifting westward and rolling into the far sky under the declining sun. The picture was worth almost any peril to see.

The girl looked down at the gaping multitude below. Surely, as compared with her own, their lives were not worth living! Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes swam in a kind of fiery light. Now for the supreme pleasure, the leap to earth again!

A parachute hung from the balloon's side on her right, fastened to the giant sack by a steel ring and sliding clip; below and fastened to the great folded umbrella dangled a kind of leather corset. This she drew to her, buckling it solidly around her shapely waist; then she looked down to the pavement of faces far below, and gave a sharp, exulting cry.

The next moment she caught a dangling rope and leaped outward. As she straightened in the leather jacket below the parachute, she jerked the clip rope, and the folded umbrella parted from the balloon and she shot downward like a falling rocket. For several hundred feet she sped earthward with the parachute closed.

It had a deadly look. Jerold thought of the night hawks falling over the hills of Edgerly, and caught his breath in horror.

Couldn't she open the parachute? Was she going to plunge down among them? Suddenly she pulled a rope, and the big umbrella opened with a gushing hiss, and she floated softly downward.

Jerold found himself stumbling towards her, only dimly aware that a crying child was tugging at his hand. A moment later he met her face to face as she pushed towards the dressing booth.

"Myrtle!" he said, and put out his hand, his fine eyes all aglow.

"Why—this—is—Jeddie!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful! Oh, I'm so glad!" She caught his extended

hand in both of hers and clung to it, talking volubly, her whole being seemingly exhaling delight. "Why, who is this?" she said, catching sight of the child clinging to the little preacher's coat. "Yours?" She turned her bright eyes on Jerold.

"Mine," he replied smilingly.

She caught the little boy up in her strong arms and kissed him. "Where is your mamma, little man?" she queried. The child wriggled and tried to get to the ground.

"He hasn't any mamma—now," said Jerold in half confused, half sad fashion.

"Oh," she said in a slow, hushed way.

She turned her eyes on Jerold for an instant oddly, noting his pale face, his slightly stooped shoulders, and the few gray hairs that sprang about his finely rounded temples.

"You must come and see me," she said quite gently. "I stay at the hotel, down in the village there. The people annoy me up here. They look upon me as a sort of monstrosity, you know."

Jerold thanked her, and an hour later he found her sitting on the porch of the little tavern in Minden, a village that clustered about a big flouring mill on the river a half mile from the tower. There they talked of childhood times, then of later days, filled with a kind of soft amazement, seeing with what relentless precision their separate ways of life had been molded by the most dominant youthful trait of each.

As of old, too, though without any open intellectual recognition of the fact, each drew towards the other thirstily, the one with his physical lack and the other with a spiritual dearth instinctively seeking supply.

She told him of her triumphs as a rider in the circus arena, and how that palled at last, and she had taken to the more daring life of the aëronaut.

"You remember that I always wanted to fly," she said, "and I've been very nearly gratified. Ballooning is just splendid."

The little preacher smiled appreciatively.

"It looks frightful. Still, it must be wonderful," he said. "The air must be very pure up there."

"On the contrary, it is very nasty sometimes. It all depends on what sort of a current one gets into," she replied. "Sometimes I can scarcely breathe, and sometimes it is delightful. The parachute leap is the best, though. The sensation of falling, after one gets used to it, is just exquisite. Often it is hot and stifling up there, but when I jump the rush of the air is like a cold bath: then when I open the parachute and stop—my, how hot it seems!"

Jerold shuddered, but looked at her admiringly.

"What do things look like when you are falling?" he asked.

"When I first jump things turn perfectly black, only the darkness is full of flying streaks: then it turns rose colored or green. If I look upward or directly downward I can see pretty clearly, but when I look outward everything just whirls and glimmers."

"How awful!" Jerold exclaimed, stirring restlessly. "I wish you wouldn't do it, Myrtle. You'll lose your life some time."

The preacher's child sat in the young woman's lap looking up in her face with an awed, fond expression. She had won his little heart quite unawares. She hugged him against her and laughed.

"Oh, it's the greatest fun," she went on. "I enjoy the falling race the most, though. Then I keep my parachute shut until I fall nearly to the ground: then open it just in time to keep from being killed. That is the way I beat them all. They are afraid to hold the parachute closed as long as I do."

Jerold leaned towards her, fascinated, half disgusted: it seemed such a marvel of courage, yet so senseless.

"I'll show you my medals," she said, and put down the child and went in.

When she returned she spread a dozen or more gold and silver trophies on her lap. The child and man looked at them with lively interest. She told them of the perils and triumphs linked with the winning of these shining baubles, and ended by stirring the trinkets about in her lap in a dissatisfied way.

"They are not very much," she sighed, "and yet they are about all

I've saved from my years of work. Sometimes I wish, Jeddie, that I was a better woman." She looked at him wistfully.

"I wish your work were different," he said. "It is not like a woman to do these things."

"I am not like other women; that is the explanation," she replied.

He sighed, knowing it well. The child climbed up in her lap and squeezed her about the neck.

"I wish you'd be my mamma," he lisped. "What lots of fun we'd have playing circus an' ever'thing!"

She pressed her face against the child's curls and laughed uneasily. Jerold looked away. The cheeks of both the man and the woman were red.

The little preacher came often to see her after that, but always to the tavern in the village and of evenings, for it unnerved him to see her do that terrible feat on the hill. Sometimes he brought the child, sometimes he came alone, and Myrtle and he walked in the dusk by the river or sat on the porch and talked of many things.

The pastor of St. Luke's was a disturbed man; in his study or going about his duties he felt the spell of a sweet but appalling dream hovering over him. He strove to beat it back, but it breathed itself upon him with the irresponsible persistence of a warming, fragrant wind that could not be shut out or turned aside.

In wakeful hours at night, when the import of a man's relations loom the clearest, he was most alarmed. A minister and a female balloonist! What would the world say? He would not go to see her again.

But he did. And that last day, the day of her race with Signor Campobello, he went to the hill and took his little son with him.

The little boy wanted to see the beautiful lady and the great bubble and the astonishing umbrella; and the man—his heart was full of anxiety and sweet fever.

They found Blackhawk's signal tower a human ant hill, and near the crown of the height two balloons straining at their tether ropes. A hot south wind was blowing, and the great sacks of hydrogen swayed in it like the soap bubbles that roll as they pull away from the pipe.

There was a wide babble of voices and the pushing to and fro of a great and heated throng. In the south rose a towering crag of fleece, overhead a broken continent of white clouds moved slowly across a measureless abyss of blue sky.

The people craned their necks and pushed towards the balloons. Jerold and the little boy wormed a way inward, and at length were close upon the ropes that held one of the straining monsters. Campobello, garbed in pink tights, sat on the trapeze bar below the bellying sack, and, fifty feet away, Jerold caught a momentary glimpse of Myrtle Mutrose sitting on the trapeze bar of the other balloon.

He lifted his son to his shoulder, and the child cried shrilly and waved his hand to the young woman. The next moment the manager was announcing from the platform the conditions of the race: the contestant who ascended to the altitude of one thousand feet and, by the parachute's aid, jumped to earth again in the fewest minutes would receive a medal of gold and a purse of money.

There was a hush while the announcement was made, then a loud call of "Time!" by the manager, followed by swearing and shouting and the jerking loose of ropes from stakes, and a sudden surging forward of the excited throng. In the midst of it Jerold felt himself thrown down, and heard the sudden hiss and rip of ascending ropes about him, and the next instant saw his child rushing upward with a rope end looped about his foot.

A strangled, raucous kind of yell, mingling fear and horror, broke from the crowd, ending in a clutching of the breath and a wild seething to and fro of uplifted hands and faces. The splendid spectacle of the racing balloons was swallowed up in the peril of that single little life.

Jerold, shouting with white lips, saw only the white face of his child straining towards him with bulging eyes, and

flung his hands towards it with wildly working fingers. Campobello hung over the bar, seemingly transfixed as he gazed down upon the bit of humanity dangling at the end of the rope.

As the balloons swept upward, Mlle. Rosemount jumped to her feet on the trapeze bar and leaned outward towards the child. Her face was dead white. In the strong wind the balloons rolled half over, swaying towards the north. She jerked the leather jacket about her waist and buckled it; the next moment the swaying monsters rolled almost together. The child was whirling like a top: evidently the coiled and tangled rope was untwisting, and in a moment the boy might be released and drop downward to his death. The girl did not wait, but pulled the parachute rope and leaped out into the air.

Far below lay the swaying mass of ashy faces; a gasping sob came up to her from thousands of dry throats. Her leap outward carried her almost to the whirling child, and as she shot by him she tried to grasp him, but missed him by an arm's length. The next instant he fell. Then the greatness of Mlle. Rosemount flashed like a star.

She did not open the parachute, for the helpless boy would inevitably fall upon it and slide off out of her reach and be lost. Downward she rushed, gazing upward at the tumbling form and waiting her moment. The parachute, though folded, slightly impeded her descent. An icy air hissed in her ears, and she saw the muffled figure above her falling through a green twilight roofed with white clouds.

She seemed within a hundred feet of the earth when the falling child overtook her. Instantly she reached out and snatched him to her, and, fumbling an instant, opened the giant umbrella. With a whistling gush of wind they smote the earth.

Women fell fainting, men blared hoarsely like demented animals. Jerold fought his way towards the fallen pair like a fiend. They lifted her up and drew the child out of her arms; she was unconscious and seemed to be mortally hurt.

The child, dazed but uninjured, clasped his father about the neck and sobbed. That was all.

The pastor of St. Luke's ceased to be a coward, moral or physical, then. He took charge of Mlle. Rosemount as one who had rights which no man dared dispute. He cared not one whit what men or women said. She had been his dearest playmate in youth, she was his friend and the savior of his child. Now he had the opportunity to show that he was capable of unselfish gratitude, and that he could and would make some return to her for what she had done for him. No power should say him nay.

An ambulance came out from the hospital at Rockland, but it did not return to the hospital with the injured "queen of the air," but to the parsonage of St. Luke's. There, with physicians and a trained nurse, the pastor watched through anxious days and nights while the bruised and broken "queen" drifted in that vapory, uncertain zone which borders death.

Her delirious babbling was something to hear; always of flying and soaring and leaping through the air, and often of swooping from star to star on winged white horses or floating in music above worlds which were solid flowers, and all that strange fabric of visions with which Jerold had enchanted her when a child. In such moments Jerold thought her surely dying, and hid his face in the bed clothes and prayed.

But she came back to life at last, and finally there came a time when she walked, with the pastor's help, in the flower garden back of the house; and in one of those hours he asked her if she would stay always with him.

"Maybe," she said, "but not yet. I shall not go back to the old life. I cannot do that again. I would not. I think, were I fit for it. I am going away for a while—for a good while, maybe—to a sisters' school. When I feel that I am worthy of a place here beside you, when your life and work will not be injured by me, I will come."

And after a time the little preacher walked in the garden alone, but he walked erect, with a pleased light in his eyes, and tenderly smiled. He was thinking happily of the coming days.

COLLECTING AS A FAD.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

THE STRANGE MANIA THAT LEADS MEN AND WOMEN TO LAVISH THEIR TIME AND MONEY, TO ANNOY THEIR FRIENDS AND ENDANGER THEIR MORAL PRINCIPLES, IN ORDER TO AMASS ALL SORTS OF USELESS OBJECTS.

THE world of collectors, like all Gaul of dog's eared memory, is divided into three parts. There are the men who collect for the joy of collecting, the women who collect for the joy of remembering, and the scientists, mature and embryonic, who collect for the joy of investigation and in the holy cause of erudition.

This last class soon degenerates into a tribe by itself, quite distinct from the collecting tribe. For it is likely to lose at any moment the distinguishing characteristic of that body. This is the entire absence of usefulness. The late Mr. Barnum might have held honored rank in the world of collectors, had he not shown a thrifty inclination to use the specimens he gathered so painstakingly for something besides his own amusement and the instruction of the race. But, exhibiting that inclination, he shut himself out of the magic circle.

Of course there are those who claim for the collecting habit the highest possible usefulness. They contend that their son, passionately demanding the stamps of all nations from all who fall in his path, is absorbing geographical knowledge, theories of government, and an understanding of the postal systems.

They joyously point to the millionaire, willing his collection of Gainsboroughs to the art museum of his native city, as an example of the collector's value to the community. "Think," they cry, "of all the tall, slim young lady art students who will copy them on week days! Think of the working population which will sit before them in rapt content on Sunday afternoons!"

But if the collector of Gainsboroughs had had the art museum on his mind while his agents were buying the pictures, he would have been a commonplace benefactor of his kind, not a collector. And if the Gainsboroughs had had any earthly use to him beyond ministering to that rage for collecting, that passion for acquiring the non useful, he would have been an art dealer and not a collector.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF THE COLLECTOR.

Not only is the usefulness of the thing collected a matter of deep indifference to the collector, but even his tastes and personal habits are not to be gaged by his assortment of curios. Men whose artistic yearnings are completely satisfied when in their offices they look at the engraving on an insurance company's calendar send agents scurrying to Spain when they hear that a Velasquez is on the market. Women who shun tea as the creator of nerves and wrinkles lose sleep in order to be early on hand at a sale of a collection of tea pots.

To see the collections of pipes in some young men's rooms, one would judge that they must curtail even rest in order to smoke. There are hookas and dudeens, the pipe of the opium joint, the meerschaum, the long pipe of the German philosopher, and the short one of the college sophomore. And, ten to one, the young men smoke merely an occasional cigar.

Small boys, among whom the collecting habit is strong, have often gained unenviable reputations among the careful mothers of a neighborhood by the strong odor of tobacco they carried about with them. Surely never did innocence wear a guiltier aroma. And yet

neither the cigarette nor the cigar habit, but the collecting habit, was to blame.

Pockets stuffed full of red and yellow cigar ribbons, begged from one's father, one's uncles, the more than casual callers on one's young lady sister, the friendly clerk at the corner drug store—such pockets bring one into sad disrepute! And it is very difficult for the careful mother of another boy to realize that a cigarette would make little Bob Overtheway very sick, when she sees him boastfully displaying a collection of cigarette pictures half a hundred strong.

The mildest and kindest of men show their assortment of barbaric weapons with pride; women who would not exchange their steam heated flats for the widest fireplaced old house that ever existed are mad on the subject of andirons. There are persons who cannot play a chord on any musical instrument, and whose voices, if lifted in song, would affright the dawn, and these are not safe if left alone with an ancient spinet or a tremulous harpsichord.

In many a house where the glare of electric light brings to view all those blemishes of person which one would like to keep a secret between oneself and one's masseuse, there are collections of candlesticks. There are brass and glass and china ones; some came from dismantled churches and some lighted Hebrew feasts and some are heirlooms —some one's heirlooms. But the electricity beats down as pitilessly as if there were no candlestick in the whole house.

NO AGE EXEMPT FROM THE MANIA.

The wide divergence between the individual taste or need and the collecting mania is early manifest. "What on earth does Mary want of all those buttons?" Mary's aunt asks of Mary's mother. Mary has manifestly no love of fastenings, as her shoes and frocks testify. "Why, auntie, I'm *collecting* them," interposes Mary in an aggrieved voice, swinging a dingy cord on which are strung buttons of various degrees of hideousness and beauty.

There is no age free from the clutches of the mania. Mary's incomprehensible string of buttons is begun as soon as her fingers can thread them. Bobby's cigarette pictures begin to accumulate as soon as he can clearly make his wish for them known. John's assortment of tadpoles—kept in a rusty pail, to the voluble disgust of the domestic force—is almost simultaneous with his entrance into the habiliments of his superior sex. The stamp book is in Bessy's hands as soon as they may be trusted with a mucilage pot; and Gertrude is making a collection of the monograms and crests of her mother's acquaintances and her father's hostelries before she knows what they mean.

Similarly, there is none too old to feel the collector's thrill of joy in acquisition, his gloom in losing. Go to a sale of rare books—which the owners do not read—and see "crabbed age and youth" struggle for the possession of an Elzevir. Gentlemen who should be confining their literary purchases to Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying," to judge from their decrepitude, grow flushed and angry over the escape from their clutches of a first edition of Byron or a Boccaccio, or what not in mere worldly reading. And there are grandmothers, stately dames of white hair and sober garb, who go on collecting fans as though they were the fanning señoritas of Spain.

The places into which the zeal for collecting may lead the collector are those unfamiliar enough to their ordinary walks of life. Women of the most accurately balanced account books may be seen entering pawn shops. Men with important business to transact down town will pause at a second hand book store and waste a precious half hour over the rough and tumble assortment in a stall.

In the cities large enough to boast foreign quarters, these are the scenes of pious pilgrimages on the part of the collector. The foreign curios are dear to his heart, and more especially to hers. You will find her poking her way through the dingy, crowded Ghetto in the hope of stumbling upon an antique samovar or a seven branched candlestick for a song.

You will find her in the Armenian quarter looking doubtfully at Turkish coffee pots which seem scarcely genuine,

and inquiring the price of brass repoussé bowls that have an oddly familiar look—which is not surprising, since the big oriental houses import them by the thousand and sell them cheaper.

THE AUTOGRAPH FIEND.

The autograph collector is still extant, despite the discouragement which has been so liberally dealt out to him. He begs the autographs of celebrities and of some who are astonished to find themselves celebrities. The murderer who has made enough mystery of his crime to gain liberal advertisement is besought for his signature, as well as the man who captured a rebel leader, or the writer of the latest historical novel.

Sometimes the request is disguised—thinly. A letter full of warm admiration, or of pity, or whatever best suits the situation, is sent; a question is skilfully inserted, and perhaps the autograph is captured.

Of all the strange crazes, after the mad passion for a string of buttons, this autograph craze seems the strangest—unless one happens to be in the handwriting expert business. It cannot appeal, like the cigarette pictures, the Gainsboroughs, and the yellow and red cigar ribbons, to any dim sense of beauty or love of color. It is a sort of pitiful attempt to lay actual hands on greatness—no matter of what sort—to establish a bond with the mighty; but so slight is the connection, so little interesting the collection that results, that, of all forms of the mania, this seems to have the least to recommend it.

ENVY AND MALICE AMONG COLLECTORS.

When a man is a great collector—when he inflates his chest with the glorious knowledge that his collection of native minerals, Latin Bibles, medieval tapestries, Chinese ivories, Russian coppers, or what not, is the most complete in the world—the bitterness with which he regards his brother collectors is a sight to stir the laughter of the gods.

It is not enough for him that his collection is complete. He promptly desires it to be unique as well. When he hears that in some old European family's library, for instance, has been discovered another copy of the edition which he believed he alone possessed, he is a creature of rage and guile. He tries to buy it. If he succeeds, well and good. But if he fails, then he casts doubt upon the authenticity of the new discovery. He suggests flaws in it. Such and such pages must be missing; such and such are not perfect, but merely mended. And sometimes he has been known in disgust to sell or give away the treasure he had so long called the only one of its kind in the world.

There is a story told of a New York collector of—say, ancient Japanese pottery. He acquired, from a dealer known to the elect and having no attraction for the unelect, a certain beautiful vase. It was, so far as he could learn, the only one of its kind in the country, and he guarded it tenderly. By and by a rumor reached him of a similar vase, bestowed upon a bride by an old friend of her father's, an oriental traveler.

The collector knew no peace of mind. He tried to solace himself with the reflection that there were often striking resemblances in vases, and that the one of which he heard might not be really a duplicate of his. But he was not content until he sent an emissary, who happened to know the bride, into her house to bring back an exact description of it. It was the counterpart of his own.

For a season he despaired. Then he took heart of grace and a sheet of note paper, and wrote the bride, asking her to set a price upon her gift. He naively explained his reason. He did not wish a duplicate of his piece of pottery to exist in the city. But he could not get the vase from the bride. She was merely a dilettante in collection, having a half hearted interest in Indian basketry, and she could not appreciate the passionate zeal of the man vowed and dedicated to collecting before all else. She had an uneducated idea that she would like to keep her wedding presents.

Some there are who cannot resist old furniture—that is, furniture old enough to be antique. They haunt the shops where mahogany shines, or warming pans gleam in the sunlight, or "State House" plates hang in dignified blue rows. When they are away in the coun-

try they assume the most cordial tone towards all the natives.

They learn where the pewter porringers are, and who throughout the county has the pitcher with the "Barbary horsemen" prancing madly over it. They pet the children and talk the medicinal quality of herbs with the grandmother; they pretend an interest in the milking, and insist that they are going to send the Sunday newspapers down all next winter. And the truth is not in them, for children, herbs, and milking bore them, and they forget all about the Sunday newspapers. They are intriguing for the two millennium plates the housewife uses to bake pie.

Collectors, from the greatest to the least, from the men who have made great Shakspere libraries to the women who have gone in for Indian blankets, have had a great effect upon industry. At their command the factories for the steady production of antiques have arisen. At their command the needlewomen of Europe have been taught to imitate the drawn work which the sun loving Mexican has cared less and less to do: and the European work is sold throughout the Southwest. It is their work that Germantown wool, aniline dyes, and good American "hustle" now go to the making of so called Navajo blankets. And doubtless it was to supply their demands that so many "old masters" have been discovered.

THE COLLECTOR OF SOUVENIRS.

All this is of those who collect for the joy of collecting: but there is that other class, that of the lady who likes to remember. Apparently she has no very memorable experiences, for she has to adopt strange preventives against forgetfulness.

Her collections are curious in the extreme. There are the sacred withered flowers: there are the soiled gloves: there are pebbles, a sea shell or two. It doesn't have to be a *gloria maris* to have an honored place in her cabinet. The dwelling of a deceased clam will do if she can conjure up a bit of sentimental memory by its aid.

There is a fan, which is under no suspicion of ever having belonged to Marie Antoinette. There is a brooch, a bunch of letters, a lock of hair—and there are photographs. Probably no more effective help to the souvenir collection habit was ever invented than the camera.

One of the most striking features about the collections of this sort is their profound egoism. There is something impersonal in the treasures of the man or woman who collects for the fun of collecting; but not about your sentimentalist's memory assortment. She has not saved a piece of the gown she wore the night when her cousin Betty was voted the prettiest girl in the room. The pebbles do not mark the sweet, sad day when her sister was obliged—oh, with so much pain!—to reject the interesting young clergyman. The straw wound chianti bottle does not celebrate the good time that her friend from Boston had the night they all went dining in Bohemia.

Sometimes the souvenir collector becomes slightly demented in her pursuit of "remembrancers." Then she takes restaurant spoons or hotel towels, or pieces of glassware with the name of the hostelry blown into them. There was a time, a few years ago, when this habit was common among persons in whom their friends had detected no previous indications of kleptomania.

Of course it is only in the rarest instances that collections can be sold for what they have cost their makers; but from Mary's string of buttons and Bobby's stamps, through the Indian basketry and blankets, the candlesticks, the Colonial china, and the ivories, up to the region of uncut gems, old paintings, and illuminated manuscripts, they are all valuable. Fads have a saving grace, and none more so than this magpie passion of humans for acquiring things they do not need and cannot use. In the joy of a new button, in the rapture of a new stamp, how the memory of yesterday's punishment and today's misunderstanding grows dim! And in the pursuit of these, how the weariness that attends the dull pursuit of learning slips away!

So it is amid the troubles of after life. The joy of collecting is still a tonic, still a balm.

Costigan and the Forty Thieves.

WHY THERE WAS NOT ONE MORE DESERTER FROM TROOP D, NINETEENTH CAVALRY, UNITED STATES ARMY.

BY J. FREDERIC THORNE.

THE Forty Thieves, officially known as Troop D, Nineteenth Cavalry, United States Army, were in a state of mild excitement over the advent of a new batch of "rookies."

For a reason not known at headquarters, however well understood at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, D Troop of the Nineteenth was periodically in need of a much larger draft of recruits than the other companies stationed at the post. Explanatory in a way, yet apparently without especial reason, was the fact that each new draft assigned to this troop was followed, within thirty days or less, by a high percentage of desertions, in numbers not to be explained by the proximity of the gold fields of the Black Hills or other ordinary causes.

With rare exceptions, these desertions were confined to the new recruits. If Lieutenant Denton, in command of Troop D, shared the ignorance of headquarters, he was either wilfully blind or lacking in the curiosity and perspicacity natural to man.

Indeed, there were those outside of the Forty who thought him neither one nor the other. What the Forty thought—but, then, private soldiers are supposed not to think, or if they do, to keep their thoughts to themselves. The Forty understood this, and other things.

A man might pass the rigorous examination of the most particular recruiting officer in the service, and yet fail in that presided over by Brown, "top sergeant" of the Forty Thieves. The latter event was uniformly followed by the delinquent's name being forwarded to Washington with "Deserter" attached. And, oddly enough, no one of the many from D Troop who earned this unenviable distinction was ever apprehended.

It was with a full understanding of this, supplemented by a knowledge of the cause, that the entire brotherhood of the Forty Thieves were engaged in critically overlooking the eighteen recruits who had arrived at Fort Niobrara that morning.

A forlorn looking lot they were. Drawn from city, country, mountain, and plain; ex laborers, ex farmers, ex sailors, ex gentlemen, ex all walks of life, representing no one knew what romances or hitherto colorless lives—nondescript fish caught by Uncle Sam's gaudily colored flies. Some had sought the soldier's life for the sake of the excitement they hoped to find in it; others were drawn to it in the quest of oblivion. There were stolid looking Germans, lithe and muscular Irishmen, lank mountaineers, uncouth farm boys, swarthy Latins, white faced metropolitans, standing in an awkward double file, ready to be licked into shape by the mill which, like that of the gods, grinds slowly, but grinds exceeding fine. The fact that uniforms had been issued to them at the Eastern station failed, as clothes by themselves must always fail in making the man, to give them a military appearance.

A civilian may put on regimentals and be clothed, but only a soldier can *wear* a uniform. Especial emphasis of this was given when Sergeant Brown, glancing up from the list in his hand, and with an intonation which is peculiar to regular army sergeants, ejaculated, "Costigan!"

The response came from the far end of the rear rank in a mild voice, almost apologetic in tone, as if the owner of the name, while acknowledging possession, took no great pride in his identity. It would have taken a man of much greater self assertion than Costigan was master of to desire any attention, however slight, being called to a figure that, for

all its covering of blue, was as unsoldierly as only a new recruit can be when the quartermaster's clerk has issued uniforms according to supply rather than to the physical requirements of the men who are to inhabit them. Just why quartermasters' clerks should be universally devoid of all idea of sartorial fitness or the relation of men to clothes is one of the unsolved mysteries of the service.

Costigan, who could not have weighed over one hundred and twenty five pounds, and measured a scant five feet seven, was draped in a No. 4 blouse that hung limply from its only points of contact, the shoulders; his legs were swathed in trousers of the same number, that would have had to button on opposite hips were it not for a strap that was cinched about the numerous pleats and folds around the man's waist, while shoes, leggins, and cap were of like disproportionate dimensions, the lower edge of the latter standing out about Costigan's thin and pale face like the rim of a candle snuffer. It was only saved from extinguishing his eyes by several editions of Chicago newspapers folded within the sweat band.

Most forlorn of that forlorn aggregation, both face and attitude speaking of dejection and humility, he was as unpromising material from which to construct a soldier as could possibly be imagined. Why, thought Sergeant Brown, glancing contemptuously at the recruit, even a "doughboy" company would have looked askance at such a member, let alone a cavalry troop, and, above all, such a cavalry troop as D held itself to be.

It was an affront, but the sergeant found consolation in the thought that the man would not last long when he came to pass the peculiar examination of the Forty Thieves.

The roll call finished, Lieutenant Denton strolled back to his quarters, swearing to himself at the unknown recruiting officer who had inflicted these eighteen "raws" upon him, profanely wondering if each new draft would continue to be worse than its predecessors, and wishing that he, instead of his captain, had the influence necessary to secure and hold a comfortable Washington detail.

Relieved of the restraint of the officer's presence, the Forty Thieves, surrounding the eighteen unfortunates, proceeded, to the best of their ability, to make them regret not only that they had enlisted in Uncle Sam's army, but that they had ever been born, and, above all, being born and enlisted, that they had been assigned to Troop D, Nineteenth United States Cavalry.

There are different opinions as to what constitutes wit, but the Forty Thieves were not restrained by any academical definitions or limitations of the term. Untrammeled by the conventions of either language or social comity, gifted in imagination, with a vocabulary enriched by long service on the frontier, and made expert by practice, they opened a fire, "at will," of comment, criticism, cynicism, vilification, sarcasm —all so caustic and soul searching that men of even tougher moral fiber than the eighteen would have writhed in shame and anger.

As may be supposed, the grotesque figure of Costigan in his ill fitting clothes was an opportunity not to be neglected, and furnished a prolific source of amusement long after the points of ridicule supplied by the others had been exhausted.

Some of the recruits had suffered in sullen silence, others had attempted reprisals in kind, a few showed a disposition to resent the attack with their fists, one was reduced to tears, but Costigan maintained an equable reserve, smiling in an abashed and apologetic fashion over each new sally at his expense, but otherwise unaffected by either sneer or laugh.

The Forty Thieves had earned their title during a practice march, when, with two other troops, they had been caught at night in a terrific hailstorm, during which the horses stampeded. By active rustling, D had captured their full quota of mounts, without reference to marked hoofs, and ridden back to the fort, leaving their less active and more conscientious comrades to imitate the despised infantry and walk.

While not ashamed of this exploit nor

of the title it earned them, given more in admiration than censure, their chief pride lay in the traditional fact that the man who continued to wear the D with crossed sabers must prove himself a fighter, according to the rules of the prize ring as well as those of organized warfare. And fighters they were. The recruit did not lack opportunity to test his mettle; it was, in fact, spread lavishly before him at every turn, forced upon him with all the hospitality of free handed men.

But the man who would not and could not be made to resent insult and attack with his fists, to fight at the slightest provocation, was handled in a manner and according to a well recognized code which had proved most efficacious in weeding out undesirable members of the redoubtable Forty.

Awakened about midnight of the day the fiat of dismissal had gone forth, he was forced into a cheap civilian suit, received a gunny sack containing three days' rations, was presented with a small sum of money, furnished an escort to the railway station, and put upon the "owl" train, with a ticket to some point likely to elude pursuit.

All refusals, expostulations, entreaties, threats, fell on deaf ears, and "Git, an' don't come back," was all the explanation vouchsafed. The following morning the man would be posted as a deserter, and another vacancy in Troop D, Nineteenth United States Cavalry, awaited the next batch of recruits.

A sweetly simple method, but one that had never failed.

By a thorough and painstaking application of this system, the eighteen recruits of the last batch were speedily reduced to an even dozen. Of the remaining twelve, eleven had qualified, and one was still to be tested. This one was Costigan.

Animated by a spirit of fairness never absent from his decisions, Sergeant Brown had said: "Go easy on the kid. Give him a show to pick up. He looks as if he'd been on the sick list. Plenty of time to try him when we've finished the rest. He ain't likely to last any way."

So Costigan lived a month that was, by comparison, one of peace and quiet. Not that either of these two terms could ordinarily have been applied to his existence, since the bed of the most favored recruit is not one of roses, but all trials of his mettle were individual, and not those of the official Forty.

But to these, as to his first reception, he had replied with his quiet smile and apologetic manner.

Did he find his bed and kit disarranged when the inspecting officer's footfalls were already nearing the room, he smiled. Was his carbine choked with sand, he smiled. Were the straps of his saddle unbuckled and scattered, he smiled. Was the edge of his razor nicked like a saw, still he smiled as he honed it into shape again.

When a man lurched against him and upset the water he was carrying, Costigan apologized and smiled. Sent to Brown with a request for some "saber ammunition," he listened respectfully to the sergeant's revilings, apologized, and smiled.

Smiles and apologies seemed his only method of defense, and he made no attacks. But finally the day came when it was decided that Costigan should have his chance to redeem himself before being furnished with the gunny sack and escort. The patience of the Forty was pretty nearly exhausted by his weak good humor.

Some three miles from the fort was a combined store, saloon, and dance hall, run by a man named Murphy, and much frequented by the garrison, especially on the night of pay day. This was chosen as the place of Costigan's trial because the trip was necessary any way, the troops having been paid that day, and partly, perhaps, because of a short conversation that took place that afternoon between Lieutenant Denton and his first sergeant.

Whether by accident or not, it happened that on this same night the lieutenant occupied one of the boxes forming a gallery around the main room of Murphy's. Denton pulled the screen across the front of his box, locked the door after the retreating proprietor, and, after a preliminary sip from his glass, glanced at the motley crowd of

soldiers, cowboys, and other citizens that thronged about the bar.

He saw that the entire Forty, save those left on guard at the post, were present, and conspicuous among them, by reason of his grotesque outfit, was Costigan.

Corporal Lefevre, a French Canadian more ready with his fists than able to use them, had been selected, with the same spirit of fairness which had prompted the delay, to officiate as executioner of Costigan's military ambitions, the corporal being more nearly of the latter's weight than any other man in the troop and less of an unequal match in pugilistic prowess.

Lefevre had ordered a round of drinks, and, with a generosity not usual with him, had included in the invitation all within hearing distance.

There was no shrinking modesty about the frequenters of Murphy's. Those who had failed to hear the "Effery body have someseing" hastened to rectify their inattention by a quick perception of the meaning of the rush for the bar. No one was willing to disappoint Lefevre's desire to redeem his past lack of hospitality, or give him time to reconsider.

When the glasses were filled, the men, like nature, hating a vacuum, especially in glassware, Lefevre lifted his, and, turning towards Costigan, said, with a meaning smile: "I spik for Meester Costigain, who wis'es to celebrate thees, hees birt'day. *A votre santé!*"

The arms of most of the men had grown tired holding their glasses during this unnecessarily long speech, and they were wiping their mustaches when Lefevre and two or three of the Forty saluted Costigan with mock respect before acting on St. Paul's advice as to the care of the digestion.

As the corporal replaced his glass on the bar he indicated Costigan with a flourish of his free hand, and simultaneously said to Murphy:

"Thees ees on Meester Costigain. He pay."

Costigan, whose lips had barely touched the rim of his glass, smiled weakly in response, and, with many apologies, confessed his inability to settle the score, explaining with much embarrassment and detail his utter lack of money, disclaiming all responsibility for the general invitation, begging them to believe that he would be glad to entertain them when he was able, and denying, with profuse apologies, the corporal's assertion that it was his birthday.

With a well simulated appearance of wounded honor and outraged feelings, Lefevre knocked the unemptied glass from Costigan's hand, and exclaiming, "Wat! You call me liar? Take dat!" aimed a blow at the startled recruit's head.

Whether his foot slipped on the wet floor or the crowd was too close, the blow did not land, and in lurching forward the corporal's side struck Costigan's elbow. With a half sorrowful, half quizzical expression about his mouth, Costigan helped the corporal to his feet, apologizing for his own awkwardness as he did so.

The Forty looked disgusted, impatient. Such a milksop a trooper of D? Bah!

Sergeant Brown turned away his head in supreme disdain, and thereby missed being able to judge of the second accident.

Lefevre, with genuine anger this time, again lunged viciously at Costigan. The latter threw up his left arm to ward off the blow, but in doing so, some way his half closed hand came in violent contact with the corporal's chin.

While two or three of his companions picked up the unconscious man, and, carrying him to a bench, strove to revive him, Costigan found himself at one end of a cleared space, fenced by the crowd, and opposite him Sanderson, another trooper, who left no doubt of his intentions, though he did not take the trouble to remove his blouse for such a despicable opponent as the undersized recruit. The preceding accidents were mere fool's luck.

This time Costigan made a feeble show of holding up his hands, while attempting an apology that was cut short by a swinging lead from Sanderson's right fist.

The floor was really too wet to be used

as a ring. In dodging, Costigan slipped, only saving himself from falling by, so it seemed, clutching wildly at the left side of his opponent's blouse. But his fist was closed as it struck the other man.

The recruiting officer who enlisted Sanderson should have made a more careful examination of the man's heart, for he had to be assisted to a chair, and had great difficulty in recovering his breath.

When the third man who faced Costigan likewise developed hitherto unsuspected valvular trouble of the heart, the lieutenant, watching from the box above, frowned—probably at such lax medical inspection.

Costigan was still smiling as he strove to make his blouse, which had become slightly disarranged about the shoulders, hang in its usual classic folds, while the first sergeant was eying the recruit in a way that betokened gradual enlightenment. There appeared to be the possibility of a mistake in judgment having been made.

The next fifteen minutes resolved the possibility into a certainty. In thirty, when all the members of Troop D, except Sergeant Brown, had successively lost all personal interest in the initiation and were nursing a choice collection of damaged hearts, blackened eyes, broken noses, cut lips, and other souvenirs of their attempts to teach the recruit the qualifications befitting a trooper of D, the mistake was seen to be a serious one.

It was no longer a matter of testing the recruit. It had become a question involving the honor and reputation of the Forty Thieves. Nor was its seriousness lessened by the fact that among the spectators were both "doughboys" and civilians, who were already smiling broadly and offering sarcastic advice to the cavalrymen.

It would never do to have it said that the immortal Forty had been vanquished, in toto, by a "rookie," and, above all, by a "rookie" who appeared hardly strong enough to carry his carbine and roll.

Slowly Sergeant Brown stepped into the ring. In his heart there was a genuine feeling of admiration for his opponent, and regret that, after such a plucky stand, he should have to be taught his place and the respect due his superiors.

There had been few men, old soldiers or recruits, who had ever cared to dispute Brown's supremacy, and those few but added to the sergeant's reputation as a man by whom it was no disgrace to be defeated.

Still more slowly the big sergeant removed his blouse, and this time Costigan returned the compliment by freeing his upper body of its drapery.

He still smiled, but with no trace of his old apologetic spirit. He smiled as a man who knew himself and approved of the acquaintance.

The fight that followed would have caused lovers of the "manly art of self defense" to groan with regret, could they have realized what they missed. The mystery of the disappearance of a promising "featherweight" from pugilistic circles in the East might also have been solved had the witnesses included one who had known him.

Lieutenant Denton, forgetting everything save what was inclosed in that ring of tense humanity and lighted by the flickering lamps that swung and swayed as the building shook under the feet of the contestants, leaned far out of his box, absorbed as only the primal instincts can absorb a man—body, brain, and soul. Those of the Forty who had recovered sufficiently to stand, felt recompensed for the part they had taken in working up to such a climax, even those who caught glimpses of it through swollen and half closed eyelids.

Brown weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds, was taller than Costigan by three inches, with supple, seasoned muscles, taking "punishment" lightly, and hitting with the force and aim that befitted a first sergeant and the ruler of the Forty Thieves. Yet, drive as he might, his blows were avoided with an ease and skill that amazed the onlookers, prepared though they had been by the previous performances, while all his experience did not save him from the lightning quickness of Costigan's attack.

Acting solely on the defensive at first, the latter gradually began to force the fighting, making it slow and cautious or fast and furious at will, now landing a blow on the sergeant's ribs that sounded like a drum beat, again planting one squarely between the eyes, next simply parrying his opponent's sledge hammer blows, until even Brown realized that he was being played with.

He, first sergeant of Troop D, dictator of the Forty Thieves, being played with by a raw recruit whom he had despised for his white face, slight body, and apologetic good humor!

As the realization slowly filtered into his brain, hammered into it by Costigan's fists, he resolved to risk all on one cast.

Relinquishing any attempt at defense, half blind with rage and blood, ready to take what punishment came, but resolved to put the man out with one skull cracking blow of his huge fist, Brown flung himself like a battering ram across the ring.

Costigan's arms had been hanging easily, apparently carelessly, by his side. The sergeant rushed. The recruit smiled, stepped quickly to one side, his arm shot up and out, and——

* * * * *

As luck would have it, Major General French had selected the following morning to inspect the garrison of Fort Niobrara.

The general had been raised in the cavalry, and took especial pride in that branch of the service—a pride that did not redound to the comfort of those cavalry regiments that came under his inspection.

Passing slowly down the line, he returned Lieutenant Denton's salute, and then halted directly in front of Sergeant Brown.

The lieutenant looked uneasy. So did the first sergeant.

Now, a broken nose, however skilfully repaired, does not add to the correct martial appearance of even a first sergeant, especially when it is flanked by eyes more than normally black and there is added thereto a jaw that shows unreasonable conspicuousness in size and color.

General French adjusted his glasses a bit higher on his nose, until they were almost hidden beneath the peak of his cap, and scrutinized the sergeant critically.

Brown wished fervently that *his* cap had equal powers of concealment.

"H'm! Sergeant, what is the matter with your nose?"

"Broken, sir," replied Brown, flushing painfully as he saluted.

"Broken, eh? How?"

"Fighting, sir."

"H'm! Looks it. With whom?"

"Private Costigan, sir."

The general glanced down the line as if looking for Costigan, but his gaze traveled no further than the man next to Brown, whose eyes bore eloquent testimony to their owner's feelings.

"Your name Costigan?" asked the general.

"No, sir."

"Your eyes are in bad shape."

"Yes, sir."

"Who did it?"

"Private Costigan, sir."

Again the general's eyes wandered, to be stopped by the next man's cut and swollen lip, which was past all concealment of a mustache.

"Your name, my man?" asked the general, with evident expectation that this must be Costigan.

"Jackson, sir."

"Have you been fighting, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom with?"

"Private Costigan, sir."

The general looked around at Lieutenant Denton as if to make some inquiry or remark, but instead asked the wearer of a badly damaged ear:

"And you?"

"Fighting with Private Costigan, sir."

"H'm!" Whatever the translation of this may have been, the general kept it to himself, as, passing down the line, he repeated his inquiries to each man, and from each received the same monotonous reply:

"Private Costigan, sir."

Lower and lower crept the brim of the general's cap, higher and higher climbed his glasses, greater and more

profound became his curiosity to see this mighty gladiator whose trophies were borne by his victims.

Arrived at the end of the file of troopers, he passed around behind the rear rank, with Lieutenant Denton a step behind.

"What—what is that?" and General French turned to Denton as he pointed at a trooper whose blouse hung in folds from his shoulders, the trousers swathed in many pleats and creases about his waist, and whose cap stood out about a thin, white face like the rim of a candle snuffer. The general noticed that the man bore no mark of disfigurement or other sign of having met "Private Costigan," while the expression on his face was mild and inoffensive to the point of apology.

Thinking that he had misunderstood the lieutenant's reply, the general repeated his question.

Sounding almost parrot-like came the answer again:

"Private Costigan, sir."

"Well, I'll be—forced to look into this," ejaculated the general. "By the way, Denton, I want an orderly."

"Yes, sir."

"You might——"

"Yes, sir."

"Give me"—the general coughed—"Private Costigan."

THE OLD DAYS.

OLD friends, old comrades, here's a health,
A cup of greeting to you all,
Where'er the evening shades of life
Around your faithful spirits fall.
A hand to you, a health to you,
And golden memory's wealth to you,
For the old days,
For the old, care free days.

I scarce can think those days are gone—
And yet, like dreams, they are no more,
And one by one your faces, friends,
Are turning toward the other shore.
Then hail to you, and farewell to you!
And the cups shall clink a knell to you
For the old days,
For the old, care free days.

How few of us will ever meet
Again this side the narrow stream!
And even if our hands could touch,
We'd seem like figures in a dream.
It's youth, sweet youth, good by to you!
And we are ghosts that cry to you
For the old days,
For the old, care free days.

Sit quiet, friends, and think it o'er,
Aye, think how sweet the old days were!
Seek not, weep not; take memory:
Let's have a loving cup with her—
A cup with her, and a song with her,
And a sitting still and long with her,
For the old days,
For the old, care free days!

James Buckham.

The Ethics of Robert Louis Stevenson.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

"BE HAPPY, AND YOU WILL BE VIRTUOUS," WAS THE KEYNOTE OF THE KINDLY AND CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY THAT THE FAMOUS NOVELIST PREACHED AND PRACTISED.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

IN that morning prayer for the family at Vailima, Stevenson has summed up the ideal of life that runs through all his personal writings. To be good and happy and to work hard—it is not unlike the petition an unprompted child will put up in sleepy sincerity. And indeed, the further one goes in intimacy with this prince and magician in the realm of letters, the more one is reminded of Thackeray's benediction over *Colonel Newcome*, "whose heart was as that of a little child." With this went a complex brain cognizant of all the heart's feelings and doings, quick to appreciate the value of its impulses, and resolute in fostering and expressing them. What the heart prompted, the brain seized and developed and proclaimed as a law. Gathering these laws out of the letters and essays, a code is built up whereby the world might be made whole—if only the world were capable of "the educated heart."

THE BEAUTY AND THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS.

The tenet on which Stevenson insisted most strenuously was the duty of happiness, the value and righteousness of pleasure. "Be happy, and you will be good," would have been his version. "By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits," he has said; and again, "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. . . Their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. . . They practically demonstrate the great theorem of the liveableness of life." "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy." The pious man "is he who has a military joy in duty—not he who weeps over the wounded." The pleasures of life, simple, bodily pleasures, he believed in so thoroughly that he could say, "No woman should marry a teetotaler, or a man who does not smoke"—a half humorous expression of his antagonism to the denial of small joys.

In "The Amateur Emigrant" he sets boldly forth his belief that happiness "is the whole of culture, and perhaps two thirds of morality. Can it be that the Puritan school," he added, "by divorcing a man from nature, by thinning out his instincts, and setting a stamp of its disapproval on whole fields of human activity and interest, leads at last directly to material greed?"—a suggestive question, which he does not attempt to answer.

There might be a certain danger in taking his sayings without their context, and without a wide appreciation of the man's uprightness and restraint. One could not pin on the wall of every nursery such alluring statements as this: "Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and are twice blessed;" or as this: "Nature is a good guide through life, and the love of simple pleasures next, if not superior, to virtue." These can be trusted only to him who has learned to separate true pleasures from false, who can decipher nature's fingerposts more accurately than hot headed youth is apt to. When a youth is old enough to read these letters and essays, he may take any law they offer him and be the better for it; and meanwhile for the nursery wall

there is the little song of joy and gratitude:

> The world is so full of a number of things,
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!

At sea on a tramp ship, Stevenson resolves the ideal state into two elements: happiness and the full mind—"full of external and physical things, not full of cares and labors and rot about a fellow's behavior. My heart literally sang; I truly care for nothing so much as for that." Perhaps his best expression of the position he gave happiness over other qualities lies in his description of a fellow traveler on the emigrant ship: "He could see nothing in the world but money and steam engines. He did not know what you meant by the word happiness. . . He believed in production, that useful figment of economy, as if it had been real like laughter."

GLAD TO LIVE, UNAFRAID OF DEATH.

Real like laughter! Was ever a more illuminating idea spread out before a blindly grubbing world? One cannot read it without feeling one's scale of worldly values shaken to its foundations. What if we have been chasing half gods, while the real gods waited unnoticed at our elbow? We are accustomed to think of the joy of living as a phrase of youth, but Stevenson spread it over all life—and even over death:

> Glad did I live, and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.

A certain austerity and religious gloominess in his father was the subject of earnest protest in many of Stevenson's letters, for to the son there was no true piety without cheerfulness. "To fret and fume is undignified, suicidally foolish, and theologically unpardonable," he writes. "To do our best is one part, but to wash our hands smilingly of the consequence is the next part, of any sensible virtue. There is no doubt as to your duty—to take things easy and be as happy as you can. I do not call that by the name of religion which fills a man with bile." He would have no "bed of resignation" in his garden; "in its place put Laughter and a Good Conceit (that capital home evergreen), and a bush of Flowering Piety—but see it be the flowering sort; the other species is no ornament to any gentleman's back garden."

He prescribed this cheerfulness for books as well as for people: "As I live, I feel more and more that literature should be cheerful and brave spirited, even if it cannot be made beautiful and pious and heroic. The Bible, in most parts, is a cheerful book: it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowie." And all this was not the easy overflow of health and animal spirits, bidding other people be gay because the mantle of gaiety clung without effort to his own shoulders. It was the sturdy creed of a harassed, suffering invalid, with death constantly at his elbow; a body hampered and restricted, denied what it most coveted, kept in a subjection that at moments bent the spirit, but never broke it. No one ever had more obstacles between him and his ideal, or brought a more unfaltering courage to surmount them; or could say with a greater sincerity, "Sick or well, I have had a splendid life of it, grudge nothing, regret very little."

STEVENSON'S DOCTRINE OF KINDNESS.

Next to happiness in the Stevensonian code comes kindness—"not only in act, in speech also, that so much more important part." He was one of those spirits born to be daily lacerated by sympathy for beggars and forlorn women and sick men, for children and animals. With the good sense that dominated all his ways, he realized that there was danger of morbidness here. "We must not be too scrupulous of others, or we shall die," he says, when some one has rifled a little plover's nest that he has been watching over with warm interest. What such a nature must have suffered visiting Molokai, the island of lepers, is beyond the measure of the less sensitive—who, nevertheless, would endure many things rather than spend a week in that abode of horrors. But Stevenson's sympathy was of the kind that took him straight to the sufferer. As he himself says, "I have always been a great visitor of the sick." And of Molokai, he could write, "The sight of so much courage, cheerfulness, and devotion strung me

too high to mind the infinite pity and horror of the sights."

There is something very stimulating in this active kindness of his. To read his letter to James Payn, on receiving news of his friend's growing deafness, is not only to be deeply moved for the man so afflicted, but to be stirred to go out and help all who are in trouble with the intangible gift of self—so much the hardest to give. Sometimes his kindness is that of a good child, as when he resolves to devote the coming day to making his mother as happy as he can, and doing that which he knows she likes. Again, it is that of a philosopher, finding in it "the whole necessary morality." But it was always active, always sincere, and always a strong stimulus to the impulses of others. The virtues of some are antagonizing, but Stevenson's were contagious.

TRUTH IN WORD AND IN WORK.

Stevenson's love of truth was not the conventional preference for avoiding lies. It was a deep intention to know and express things as they are, which frequently brought him into difficult places. In literature, love, politics, religion, every branch of life, he flung impatiently aside the catchwords that contented less inquiring spirits, found his own true belief, and held to it—frequently to the dismay of his fellows. In the essay on "The Morality of the Profession of Letters" he lays special stress on the necessity of expressing one's true self in one's writings, "for to do anything else is to do a far more perilous thing than to risk being immoral: it is to be sure of being untrue. To conceal a sentiment, if you are sure you hold it, is to take a liberty with truth. It is this nearness of examination necessary for any true and kind writing that makes the practice of the art a prolonged and noble education for the writer."

Naturally, the carrying out of this principle occasionally drew upon him the slings and arrows of the conventional—especially when it was a question of man and woman. The shocked protests that greeted "The Beach of Falesà," one of the loveliest stories ever written, hurt as well as amazed him. "I am afraid my touch is a little broad in a love story," he said after this experience; "I cannot mean one thing and write another." And again, speaking of *David Balfour*, "Will it do for the young person? I don't know; since 'The Beach,' I know nothing except that men are fools and hypocrites, and I know less of them than I was fond enough to fancy."

His understanding of truth telling as "not to state the true facts, but to convey a true impression," imposed on him obligations that mankind is apt to avoid. He believed, for instance, that it was a duty to truth to be articulate in emotions, to put into words the warmth of our gratitude, our affections, and our sympathies, in spite of the false shame that prompts concealment. And it was largely this that made his friendship such a wonderful experience; this, and the fact that his generous nature had double and treble that of others to express. In everything about himself he was unsparingly honest, scorning above all weaklings a self excuser. After a piece of financial carelessness that would have caused most men to fill the air with explanations and excuses, he could write from his abasement, "It is hard to be told you are a liar, and have to hold your peace, and think, 'Yes, by God, and a thief too!'" The form of untruth that we call affectation he held in pity as much as in scorn. The greatest of all unfortunates, he declares, "is he who has forfeited his birthright of expression, who has cultivated artful intonations, who has taught his face tricks, like a pet monkey, and on every side perverted or cut off his means of communication with his fellow men." That would not be a bad text to put over a girls' boarding school.

IN SAMOA AND AT MOLOKAI.

This truth worship, tending inevitably to a great love of fairness, drew him, more or less reluctantly, into Samoan politics during the life at Vailima, when he saw matters going, as he believed, irretrievably wrong; and did not make his course easier, when once in. With him the instinct was a compelling one, requiring personal activity where most men of letters would have been content with words. But he was not of the stuff that composes politicians, as he himself

acknowledged: "I do not quite like politics. I am too aristocratic, I fear, for that. God knows I don't care whom I chum with; perhaps like sailors best; but to go round and sue and sneak to keep a crowd together—never!" This was the only view possible to a man who was so closely bound to what he calls "the little laws of honor"—the fine scruples of the sensitive.

It was this imperative quality in his beliefs that made him spring forward to defend the memory of the priest who had given his life for the Molokai lepers, and had been sneered at by a Honolulu missionary. The open letter in behalf of Father Damien is perhaps the greatest sermon on values ever written. He makes no attempt to refute the charges against the priest. Coarse, dirty, bigoted, perhaps Damien was; but these things shrink to pettiness beside the clear showing of the man's worth, the selfless devotion of his life, and the greatness of his work. Besides vindicating the priest, the letter has another —and unconscious—mission, as an antidote to narrow mindedness and prejudice. Indeed, Stevenson's whole life might be called such an antidote. One cannot come in contact with it without gaining new appreciations, new tolerances, new sympathies.

"WITH CHARITY TOWARD ALL."

The tolerance that means valuing the good that is in people rather than gloating over the bad shines through many of his writings—through none more impressively than the essay "Old Mortality," where he tells of the young man whose brilliant and promising life came to great disaster. In the man's downfall, Stevenson found his real success. "In his youth he took thought for no one but himself; when he came ashore again, his whole armada lost, he seemed to think of none but others. Such was his tenderness for others, such his instinct of fine courtesy and pride, that of that impure passion of remorse he never breathed a syllable." To us who think bewailing our errors a sign of grace, this last sentence brings amazement: and, close on that, a new conviction and a new duty.

This unfortunate was the man pointed out as a terrible example: "And to see him there, so gentle, patient, brave, and pious, oppressed but not cast down, sorrow was so swallowed up in admiration that we could not dare to pity him. Even if the old fault flashed out again, it but awoke our wonder that, in the lost battle, he should still have the energy to fight. Most men, finding themselves the authors of their own disgrace, rail the louder against God and destiny. Most men, when they repent, oblige their friends to share the bitterness of that repentance. But he had condemned himself to smiling silence. He had given trouble enough. . . . For this proud man was one of those who prospered in the valley of humiliation." There we have the man, the worst not condoned, but the best appreciated; with none of the rancor of righteousness to set a barrier between us and him. Surely that is the way Christ would have judged him.

A little sermon on this same generous tolerance is in the letter to a prospective missionary; and if all missionaries could take this with them into heathen lands, we should have fewer complications and atrocities to lament. "You cannot change ancestral feelings of right and wrong without what is practically soul murder. Barbarous as the customs may seem, always hear them with patience, always judge them with gentleness, always find in them some seed of good; see that you always develop them; remember that all you can do is to civilize the man in the line of his own civilization. And never expect, never believe in, thaumaturgic conversions. What you have to do is to teach the parents in the interests of their great grandchildren."

For all his wide charity, especially towards the follies of youth, Stevenson was not indulgent of weakness. "The weak brother is the worst of mankind," he has said; and he meets this unfortunate with stringent counsel: "You cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand? A sea voyage will not give a man the nerve to put aside cheap pleasure; an aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is

not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself."

WISDOM IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

Behind all the qualities of romancer and poet that have made Stevenson famous, one finds with boundless satisfaction the ultimate sanity that made him great. With his vivid temperament and his ideals, he never loses his grasp on the normal, healthy point of view; and this in an artist of the first rank is something for which a much tried world cannot be too grateful. One reads with joy of his answer to a certain memorial committee, offering to subscribe a pound if the fund is to be applied to "statues or other trash," but twenty pounds if it is for the widow and children. The same common sense illuminates his speech to the Samoans, who had built for him the Road of Gratitude, and who were then brooding over visions of war and glory: "Who is the true champion of Samoa? It is the man who makes roads, who plants food trees, who gathers harvests, and is a profitable servant before the Lord." The little fable of "The Penitent" is such a valuable sermon on practical wisdom that it is worth quoting bodily:

A man met a lad weeping. "What do you weep for?" he asked.

"I am weeping for my sins," said the lad.

"You must have little to do," said the man.

The next day they met again. Once more the lad was weeping. "Why do you weep now?" asked the man.

"I am weeping because I have nothing to eat," said the lad.

"I thought it would come to that," said the man.

There shows, too, the great belief that he had in *doing*, the stress he laid on life, its importance and pleasure. He had little sympathy for the person who belittles this world in the vision of a next, or for the average sermon, "disporting itself in the eternity of which we know, and need to know, so little; avoiding the bright, crowded, and momentous fields of life where destiny awaits us." His religion was not the fixed creed of his fathers. Perhaps it might be summed up as a sense of God, a firm faith that whatever is, is best, and an unwavering allegiance to conscience—to his own perception of what was fine and high. And for his ideal of right living, one has only to turn to the well known paragraph from "A Christmas Sermon":

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends and these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

SURRENDER.

"Ah, sweet, sweet heart, pray give me a rose
To carry with me today,
A white, white rose, like your own pure heart,
A talisman in the fray."

"I give you a red, red rose, dear heart,
For my heart's true love, deep red;
Not the white rose for surrender, dear;
Farewell!" she softly said.

On a bloody battlefield he lies
With his face turned to his foes,
And the withered rose is stained and dark
Where the life blood ebbs and flows.

And a maiden murmurs sad and lone
Where the summer roses bloom,
Filling the air with the spicy scent
Of their subtle, sweet perfume:

"The red rose blooms for the noble heart,
Pulseless beneath the sod,
But the white is mine for surrender
Of him I loved best to God!"

Mary F. Nixon.

PLAIN TRAVISS.

A TALE OF THE ROCKING CHAIR PERIOD OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY HENRY MYERS BELLINGER, JR.

"THIS looks like business, fellows; listen to what the *Journal* says: 'Peace ends and war begins—Woodford and Bernabe get their passports—Flying Squadron ready for sea!' And look at this despatch from Madrid: 'The ultimatum of the United States was received early this morning. The Spanish government immediately broke off diplomatic relations, and notified the United States minister to this effect before he was able to present any note.'"

When "Shorty" Wentworth began reading, the half dozen members of the Delta Kappa Pi fraternity were lounging in comfortable positions on the divans and easy chairs of their handsomely furnished house. When he ceased, six recumbent figures had straightened as by magic and were leaning forward in alert, eager pose; six pipes of various makes, designs, and degrees of ugliness were temporarily out of commission, clinched between the fingers of the listeners, while a chorus of voices broke out in a confused babel of exclamations.

"If there's fighting, I'm going to see some of it," remarked Jack Davy, with a fierce scowl.

"Oh, come off, Jack! You get tired walking from here to the campus," was the cold water rejoinder of his roommate.

"Marching is a good sight different from walking," retorted Jack.

"Jack would enjoy fighting," chimed in little Billy, the freshman, "if he could be carried out to the firing line in an automobile, have beer and sandwiches between rounds, and a freshman to load his rifle. I——"

But a deftly aimed sofa pillow smothered the further speech of the audacious youngster, and when he emerged from the burden of the one hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois which followed the pillow, he was too breathless to conclude the sentence and subsided.

The squelching of Billy was too frequent an occurrence to ruffle the surface of events in Delta Kappa Pi lodge, and the talk that followed was low toned and serious.

These were impulsive American college men, with a depth of feeling that most of them tried to conceal, and a patriotic sentiment that nothing before in all their lives had so kindled into flame.

It was the early spring of '98, and although for months past the possibility of war with Spain had been discussed, its probability was doubted; but now at sign of its approach, the war fever was making swift inroads upon every part of the American body politic.

As in the world without, so in college, men faced the situation differently. There were the jingoes, like Jack Davy, who talked war and loved strife and scented the battle from afar—the type of college man at the bottom of every clash between the under classes. There was the Quaker type, who dreaded trouble of the mildest sort and who were temperamentally foreordained to paths of peace. There were the quiet fellows, who were inclined to weigh things in the balance, and when the question of volunteering came home to them, realized the cost, but who deep down in their hearts knew they would put every such consideration aside if there were need for their services.

Montgomery Traviss was a curious combination of the first and last type. He had no need of his athletic training on the team to cultivate his pugnacity, but he lacked the self assertive boastfulness of the born jingo.

As a freshman, he had been a trifle

unruly, and inclined to stand upon his rights as he saw them. Luckily for all concerned, he had not been "swung" into Delta Kappa Pi fraternity until the last of his first year, but the few weeks that remained of that were full of turmoil.

He did not take kindly to the gentle coërcion or moral suasion of his elders, and consequently became an unpopular man among the upper classmen, who voted him surly and disobliging. In his sophomore year, however, he treated the freshmen with all the consideration implied in the practical operation of the golden rule—thereby becoming their idol, and gaining the respect of the seniors, who saw that with him, at least, it was all a matter of principle, or, rather, of constitutional inclination.

As freshman and sophomore, he had participated in every rush of his class with conscientious regularity. Even after he assumed the dignity of junior year there were rumors that he was on the inside of the plotting which at intervals brought the under classes together in hostile array.

He was a good student when he wished to be, but he took an occasional failure with the equanimity with which he took a tumble on the athletic field—it was all part of the game. A lad of twenty one, alone in the world, save for a father buried in business affairs, whose chief paternal duty seemed fulfilled by the despatch of his monthly check, and a little sister, whom he idolized, Traviss had grown into young manhood with the help of a strict military school discipline, and with little home training.

Naturally headstrong and self willed, of no particular religious convictions, with a love for social gaiety and the *bon camaraderie* of a certain phase of college life, he drifted into a "sporty" set, and more than once had been unloaded at the door of Delta Kappa Pi by an obliging hackman, who never failed to receive his reward later on.

On the last occasion, Bob Howard, a steady going senior who had the respect and liking of the whole fraternity, had taken Traviss kindly to task.

"Mont," he remarked soberly, "I'm not given to preaching, and I believe in letting a man run himself, but honestly, old fellow, as man to man, I want to ask you if you are proud of last night."

Mont laughed uneasily, but when he met the other's steady gaze he stopped and blurted out, "Well, Bob, as man to man, I can't say I am."

"Well, my boy, it's time for you to call a halt. I'm too good a friend of yours to see you go straight to the devil without a protest;" and Mont's hand hurt for an hour afterwards with the grip it got, and then Bob abruptly left the room, but not until Mont had seen the troubled look in the older man's eyes.

Neither of them referred to the moment again—as is the way of men.

But the spirit of evil was in the lad. He grew careless about his work; more and more he frequented the fastest set of fellows in the university; once coach Smith reprimanded him for not observing more strictly the rules of training; more and more a little coolness crept into his relations with his own fraternity brothers, and his obstinacy made him reckless of all consequences.

He and Bob were careful never to be left together alone. They talked at each other now—not with each other, as in other days; and Traviss thought he did not care, though he felt badly in an indefinite, intangible way when once or twice he caught the sorrowing look in dear old Bob's true eyes.

Then came the memorable day in which things seemed to culminate. Professor Edwards told him in the morning section that his work in Math. was "exceedingly unsatisfactory," and that from Professor Edwards three weeks before examination meant but one thing; and if he were plucked in Math. it meant being dropped from the university, as he was carrying a minimum number of hours.

The night before, he ran into coach Smith right at the door of a saloon, and that afternoon he was excused from further practice with the squad. The two o'clock delivery brought a curt and formal request from the president to visit him at his office the next morning.

"That means own up about last week's rush and get fired, or lie out of

it and get fired all the same, because of my innate inability to lie smoothly and artistically," he soliloquized.

So it was in no pleasant frame of mind that Traviss had dropped into the library on this particular Wednesday afternoon.

He was following Jack Davy's standard bit of advice, "When in trouble go to sleep," when Shorty Wentworth's exclamation aroused him, and when he had finished reading the startling bit of news Mont's blood went bounding through his veins with an exasperating tingle. Just then it was compounded of the spirit of adventure, desperation, and daredeviltry rather than of patriotism, but he did not know it.

He said little, but late that evening he paced his study floor, and far into the night tossed from side to side and thought it over. He felt sick at heart; he was a failure in studies, athletics, and everything—an all round failure.

Disgrace and expulsion stared him in the face, and then the fraternity—what would the fellows say? He choked a little, for he was a sensitive lad, and he loved the university and old Delta Kappa Pi with all his heart. To enlist was his one chance.

If luck came his way, the fellows he loved best and respected most might be proud of him yet: if it didn't, why it was the best way to end it all, anyhow; and then the other side of the picture appealed to him—"the shock, the groan, the shout of war"—the old Berserker rage and lust for battle that was his Anglo Saxon heritage rose within him, and before he closed his eyes he had turned one corner in life's journey.

Next morning he was awakened by a stamping and singing in the hall below—cheers and college yells, then cheers again—and, hurrying into bath robe and slippers, he ran down stairs and found a score of his fraternity brothers in various stages of undress uniform parading the house in single file, and lifting a mighty, sonorous chorus:

"We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too!"

Without more ado, Mont seized his class cane and fell in line with the rest.

"What's up, Bill?" he shrieked above the din to the man in front.

"War—just declared—Spain," ejaculated that worthy. "Whoop! Hot time—old town—tonight!"

* * * * *

A melting, sizzling June day; heat rising in little waves from the ground as though there was a fiery furnace beneath; long, narrow streets of blistering sand stretching between rows upon rows of tents composing this white city of the gulf—Tampa, Florida.

The avenues of the tented town were almost deserted on this particular afternoon, and the rank and file off duty were under any shelter offering some degree of shade and comfort. Up at headquarters the flag hung listlessly from the staff, and the solitary sentinel mopped his brow and swore gently at the delay of the relief squad.

It was "the rocking chair period of the war," and the army of invasion (or "evasion," as one wit termed it who had been marched upon a transport three times under orders for Cuba and then marched off again) was waiting for something to do.

Down at the end of A Company street, behind one of the tent flaps, a group of men were watching an exciting poker game. One would have had to look twice to recognize in the lean, lank, brown faced dealer, Montgomery Traviss. Three months of soldiering, drilling, hiking, indefinite loafing, and some dissipation had left their marks on mind and body.

His eyes lit up as he glanced at his hand, and soon the little pile of chips grew larger. He had been losing steadily—in fact, every penny was gone—but, dreading to quit a losing game for fear of the ridicule of his comrades, he hung desperately on for a change in luck. At last it had come, and his eyes glittered with the gambler's fire as they flashed from his four aces to the impassive face of his opponent. This was Jack Mulligan, the most daring, reckless sport in the regiment, who made more money in this way than by honestly serving his Uncle Sam.

The betting was reckless, and when

"called" Traviss' teeth set as Mulligan threw down his straight flush with an exultant cry. "Well, Mulligan," he said, "I'll give you my I. O. U. for my next month's pay; it's the best I can do."

"Cheer up, my lad; better luck next time," said kind hearted Dennis McLoud. "Have a drop of the cratur—it'll do ye good;" and Traviss drank.

That night he spent in the guard house, and within the week he was reduced to the ranks; and with the loss of his corporal's stripes he felt that he had drained the cup of humiliation and gave up caring.

Soon after the regiment's arrival at camp, Traviss, one day stopping for a drink of water at a pleasant Southern home on the outskirts of the great camp, had found, to his surprise and gratification, that it was the residence of Mr. Elliott, a college chum of his father. The Elliotts, father, mother, and a little daughter of some seven years, had made his stay very pleasant.

Several times a week he had called, and Marion, the little girl, had taken the greatest fancy to him, and he to her, because she looked like the wee sister he had left in the North.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott always addressed him as "Corporal" or "Mr. Traviss," but the child, with the freemasonry of youth, insisted that he was just "Plain Traviss," and "Plain Traviss" she always called him, and the nickname stuck.

After his reduction to the ranks, it was some days before he saw the Elliotts again. Shame kept him away, but, quite by accident, one afternoon he met Marion and her mother.

"You must come and take me walking tomorrow, won't you, Plain Traviss?" was Marion's good by.

"Corporal Traviss, dear," was her mother's gentle correction.

"What she says is true, Mrs. Elliott; I'm just Plain Traviss," blurted out Mont. "I've been reduced to the ranks;" and, raising his hat with an almost defiant air, he left them standing there.

"Poor boy!" thought the kind hearted woman, and she pondered all the way home how she could help him.

Next day the regiment was ordered to Tampa Heights for drill, and Traviss, much to his disappointment, but not to his surprise, was left behind to do guard duty, and went on post at ten o'clock.

The night was hot and close and still. From over in the direction of brigade headquarters sounded a bugle, the notes long drawn out, like the cry of a tired child. One by one the stars disappeared, as though a heavy shroud had been drawn across the heavens.

A feeling of loneliness and desolation weighed upon the spirits of the young soldier on post number five. A great grief had come to him that day, for a telegram told of the sudden death of his little sister. Nowhere in the rough companionship of the camp could he find the sympathy his heart craved.

Up and down, back and forth, he paced, his beat lying along the roadway that divided the deserted "dog" tents of the absent regiment from the great corral that sheltered hundreds of horses. Only the afternoon before, a new batch had been turned loose within its gate, cavalry chargers, fleet and sure footed; mules, patient beasts of burden, but demurely vicious; great artillery draft horses, fit for hauling the huge field guns that made such a wicked looking park over yonder.

Indiscriminately herded, many of them excitable and nervous after long railroad journeys, they had moved restlessly about all day. The herders in charge were keeping an anxious eye on their unruly steeds; they glanced at the sky more often towards evening, and scowled when the clouds began to smother the stars one by one. Then came the heavy rumble of thunder, and Traviss felt a raindrop on his uplifted face.

He glanced down the road, and under the glare of the lightning saw Mr. and Mrs. Elliott and Marion, escorted by some officers, hurrying home before the storm should overtake them. In the same moment, Marion recognized him and ran on ahead of the rest calling, "Plain Traviss, Plain Traviss, I see you—you'll get wet," at the top of her voice.

She was almost in the arms which

Traviss held outstretched to her, in defiance of all military regulations, when a sudden crash and a vivid, blinding glare made things swim around him. On the instant, the heavens opened their reservoirs, and the tropic storm broke with pent up fury.

The lightning bolt had struck a tree not far away and close to the corral. There was a shuddering moment of suspense, and then from within the great fenced in inclosure a chorus of whinneyings and frightened neighings arose, and the next moment the thunder of four thousand hoofs echoed the thunder of the skies, and the terror stricken animals were circling the corral with terrific speed.

In vain the herders tried to quiet them; it was a genuine stampede. Two or three times they tore around the inclosure, and then straight for the frail six foot fence they made, led by a splendid artillery stallion. The wooden structure went down like paper before their rush, and like water pouring through a broken dam they came on in a galloping flood.

Then the heart of Traviss seemed to stop beating, for, circling a trifle to the right, the giant leader, with a six foot stave sticking in his breast, led the charge in blind fury straight towards post number five.

Marion, too frightened to cry, crouched behind Mont. His first impulse was to grasp the child and run, but even as the thought flashed through his mind the opportunity was gone, for the running horses spread out on either side like a fan.

Perhaps it was pure instinct, perhaps it was a fleeting recollection of wild Western stories; Traviss dropped on one knee in front of Marion and leveled his rifle at the breast of the leader. It was a hasty shot, but it went true and the horse fell and rolled almost at his feet.

Again and again the repeater spoke, and the other animals, frightened at the flashes in their faces and stumbling over their leader, divided to the right and left and thundered past.

Through the camp they went, smashing tents, knocking down guns and a few men in their way. They finally broke up into detached batches, and started off in different directions at the slightest excuse; but behind on post number five they left unharmed a little girl who was bending over the prostrate form of her protector, crying in a frightened, helpless way.

Traviss, very pale and helpless, lay at the roadside, an ugly cut in his head from the hoof of one of the horses flying by. He had saved her, but by a hair's breadth, and at what cost she could not know or realize. The Elliotts had stopped just outside the path of the stampede and were unharmed.

Mrs. Elliott clasped her child in her arms and chokingly sobbed a prayer of thanksgiving, and her father held her to him with crushing force. And then they turned to see Traviss—lying still, with no sign of life.

At this moment Captain Douglass came up with several men, and they started to carry him away. Mrs. Elliott begged that he be taken into their own house, and Mr. Elliott joined earnestly in the request. They were inside the lines, they would give him the best of care, the regimental surgeon could see him every day, and if Colonel Renner refused to let him stay when he returned they would not keep him longer.

One by one they bowled over Captain Douglass' military objections to treating his men outside the camp hospital; but perhaps it was not so much their logic as the bit of human nature that makes all the world kin which touched the captain's heart and finally induced him to consent.

And so Traviss found himself anchored in a haven of refuge when he recovered consciousness. He looked around the clean, bright room in a puzzled way, but the look changed to one of relief as Mrs. Elliott's hand smoothed away the hair over the wounded brow and Marion scrambled up beside the bed and cried, "Do you know me now, Plain Traviss? Thank you so much for what you did!"

It was three weeks before Traviss reported fit for duty, and in that time a marvelous change came over the lad. Whether it was the gentle influence of a home whose atmosphere was purity and love and peace; whether it was the

blessed chance to rest and think and get away from the roughness and recklessness of the camp; whether it was the soberness which comes upon one who is snatched from sudden death, or a combination of them all—certain it is that Traviss went back to the regiment a changed man.

So it happened that the firm friendship which had sprung up between Marion and Traviss was cemented, and when the time to go back North arrived two regrets clouded Traviss' horizon—he had not so much as seen a Spaniard and he had to leave the child.

* * * * *

It was commencement day at the university. The members of the graduating class were approaching the culminating moment of their lives. Within the huge gymnasium building an immense concourse of friends and relatives was assembled.

Soon the music of the band was heard, and in a moment the venerable heads of the faculty appeared, followed by the large class in the plain garb of candidates for the bachelor's degree. Near the head of the latter group, marching along with the swing that marked his soldierly training, strode a well set up, bronze faced youth with a scar across his forehead which his mortar board just failed to conceal.

All the way down the campus his mind had been occupied with thoughts of the last two years. The old discouraged, reckless days seemed far behind. True to the resolutions he had formed in those days of recovery at Tampa, he had lived up to his highest. He had regained the lost corporal's stripes and added another with a diamond in the center before he returned north—First sergeant of Company A. Straight back to college he went, and with dogged persistency had taken up the broken threads of his work, and today the pattern was completed.

Only the night before the fellows had cheered for Captain Traviss of the team, or Plain Traviss, as they loved to call him—for the old army nickname still stuck.

Only that morning old Professor Edwards had grasped his hand and said, "I congratulate you, sir, with all my heart, upon today's possibilities." Only that hour a Western Union messenger boy loitering along the campus had intercepted him with a telegram, which simply read:

Good work, old man. BOB.

Surely this was triumph enough for one young American, but there was a little sadness that tinged the joy. No one was there for *him*. Mother and sister dead, and father in California on business. Traviss choked a bit, and then swallowed hard and smiled like the man he was at Billy Slocum's side remark, "I tell you this is a great day—my mother and best girl are both in this crowd somewhere."

The program dragged out its tiresome length. The prayer, the music, the address, were over, and one by one the class began to file across the platform to receive their diplomas. Some were applauded; others walked across the long stage alone and in silence.

It was Traviss' turn, and he started with much the feeling that it was a duty to be done and over with. But no sooner was he fairly started than there was a sudden stir in one section of the great audience, and Marion, passing beyond all control, stood upon her chair, and, waving her hand, cried out with all the power of her fresh young voice, "Plain Traviss, Plain Traviss, here we are! Don't you see us?"

First came a peal of laughter from the tired audience; then, catching the look of surprise and pleasure as Traviss involuntarily raised his mortar board in salute to the little girl leaning eagerly forward, the people went wild; cheer upon cheer shook the great building, and "Plain Traviss, Plain Traviss!" was the slogan taken up and echoed from side to side.

Mont went on as in a dream—the thundering applause became the sound of many hoof beats in maddening gallop, and the scar on his forehead burned and burned, and his name seemed to be called in terror by a child in desperate danger. Then, as the vision faded and things came to him more clearly out of the mist, he took his diploma and passed down to greet his friends—the hero of the day.

American Organs and Organists.

BY FREDERIC DEAN.

THE GRANDEST OF ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, AND ITS TWO CENTURIES OF HISTORY IN THIS COUNTRY—OUR LEADING ORGAN PLAYERS OF TODAY, AND THE MOVEMENT NOW ON FOOT FOR BETTER CHURCH MUSIC.

DESPITE the pagan legend that the organ was born when the god Pan bound together five reedy pipes of varying lengths, and drew sweet music from them for the jollification of nymphs and satyrs, to the modern mind the instrument is inseparably connected with the idea of worship. Since its introduction into the service in the latter part of the seventh century, the organ has had no rival in the church. It has been so improved and developed that all the sounds of the modern orchestra, the strings, the woods, and even the brasses, are cunningly imitated. Intricate pneumatic or electric mechanism places the mighty forces at the disposition of a single player, who may at will unloosen the thunders of the tempest, or play upon the human heart with the sweetest and softest tones.

The modern organ is as interesting to the student of mechanics as to the musician. The great variety of tones, the thousand and one appliances for increasing or diminishing a certain sound or changing its color, the shifting of the manual, coupling and uncoupling, harnessing sets of pipes to each other—all these appeal to one as much as to the other. The player has before him three or four banks of keys, each within easy reach; about and between them are little rows of innocent looking ivory levers. The pressing of one of these, ever so slightly, makes twenty stops change position, some retiring, others coming forth to do their duty. An instant later the pressing of this same button in exactly the same way will cause the same stops to move in an entirely different manner. There are some twenty or more pistons and combination pedals, any one of which may be instantly adjusted to "draw on," or "throw off," or leave unaffected any stop, or any number of stops, to which it applies. Move one of these a quarter of an inch, and you set a certain combination, which is made effective by pressing a certain button. The number of these combinations is almost endless. Apparently there is nothing a skilful organist cannot do with the modern instrument.

THE FIRST ORGANS IN AMERICA.

It is a far cry in music from the first organ that was seen in this country, the one that Thomas Brattle imported from England in 1713, and presented to Queen's Chapel, Boston. Something more than thirty years passed before we made an organ of our own. Edward Bramfield, Jr., constructed one in 1745, and five years later Thomas Johnston made one for Christ Church in Boston. Johnston's second organ, built in 1754, was regarded as a great improvement. It had one manual and six stops, but it was a tiny affair compared with the great organs of today.

There were large organs in America before the Revolution. Trinity Church, in New York, had one that come from England. When it was burned, together with the church, its successor was also imported. Of course there was not a very active demand for organs in those days, and after the Revolution such luxuries as music were not popular.

By the time the effects of the next war had worn off, Yankee builders were ready to enter the field against foreign makers. One built for St. George's

Church, in New York, was installed in 1821, and it was admittedly "the largest and most complete instrument in the State." From this time on American makers turned out organs that have compared favorably with those made elsewhere, and we claim the reputation of possessing a larger number of good organs and good organists than any other country in the world. It is always pleasant to know of things to boast about.

Having pretty thoroughly supplied the home market, of course American builders have sent their wares abroad, chiefly to South America, and even to Asia; but the export trade is principally in reed organs, a very different instrument from the pipe organ. American players have also ventured outside this country and have won success. William C. Carl is nearly as well known in Paris as he is in New York; and Clarence Eddy tours Europe almost as often and as successfully as he travels through America.

SOME FINE MODERN INSTRUMENTS.

It will be a shock to some earnest, patriotic souls to learn that the largest organ in the world is not in the United States. It is not in Europe, either, which may afford them some consolation. The biggest organ is in a country still newer than ours—Australia. It was built in London for Centennial Hall, in Sydney, New South Wales. The electric organ in the Chicago Auditorium, installed eleven years ago, has an equal number of stops and combinations, and from its seemingly endless rows of pipes come a variety and a range of sound effects unequaled by any other instrument on the continent.

The organ in the Cincinnati Music Hall is one of the largest in the country, and, although it was built twenty years ago, it has no superiors in tonal quality. If one wants the newest in organ construction, that in the new Symphony Hall in Boston is an illustration. It is fifty feet wide, thirty six feet high, twelve feet deep, and weighs thirty tons. It contains twenty five miles of wire, sixty five hundred pneumatic bellows, and thirty four hundred and ninety two pipes, ranging in length from three quarters of an inch to thirty two feet. The biggest pipes weigh a thousand pounds each. When the hall was opened, a year ago, one of the musical critics declared that for the first time Boston had heard a chorus and orchestra supported by a thoroughly fine organ. The instrument in the old hall had long ceased to be of value.

Another new and fine organ is that in the Temple of Music at the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo. It has been thoroughly tested by many prominent players. It, too, has many new wrinkles. Each of the five departments has its own wind supply, independent of the others; and the touch on all the four keyboards is uniform, whether one stop is in use or the full organ with all its couplings.

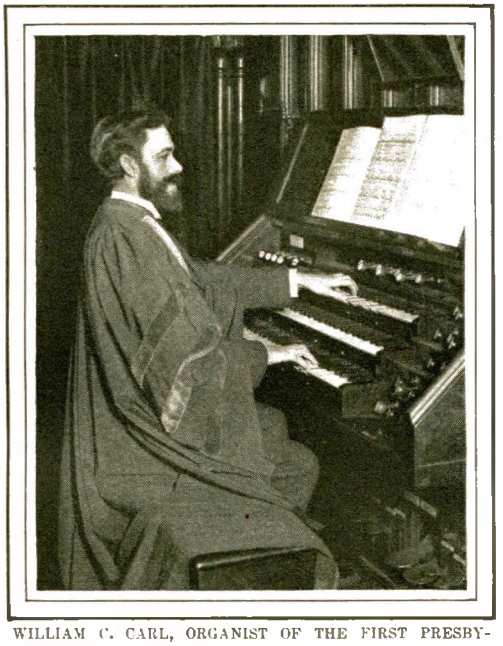
Perhaps more famous organists have played on the instrument in Chickering Hall, New York, than any other in this country. George Morgan played on it for years, and towards the close of his long and busy life he used it for annual lenten recitals, assisted by his daughter, Maud Morgan, the harpist. Alexandre Guilmant, of Paris, sometimes called the greatest of all organists, has tried it, and Frederic Archer, the famous English organist, gave recitals upon it in 1881. S. P. Warren, William C. Carl, Miner Baldwin, Frank Taft, Dr. Hanckett, John White, Clarence Eddy, and many other celebrated American players have all used the Chickering Hall organ, at one time or another, to exploit their individual ideas.

NEW YORK'S ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

Whenever the subject of organ music is mentioned, a New Yorker whose memory goes far back thinks of the instrument in the Orchard Street Universalist Church, for it was long noted for its power and sweetness. It was unique in that it had three banks of keys and no pedals. Now the place where the old church stood is in the heart of the Ghetto.

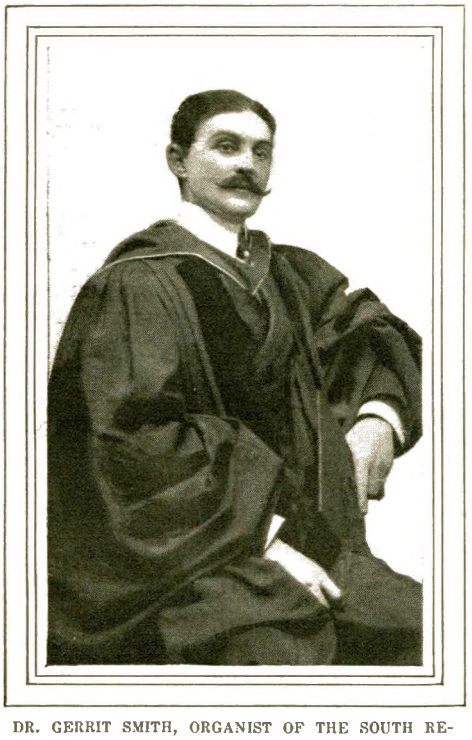
One of the finest organs in New York, although it is nearly twenty years old, is in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in West Sixteenth Street. No expense was spared in the construction

of the instrument, and at the time when it was built it was the largest in the metropolis. It is in charge of the youngest organist of an important church in the city. When Gaston Dethier came to New York from Paris, six years ago, he was recommended by Guilmant, and that carried weight; but he was only eighteen, and looked still younger, so there were many misgivings until he began to play. Now he is a leader among the organists of the Catholic churches in America.



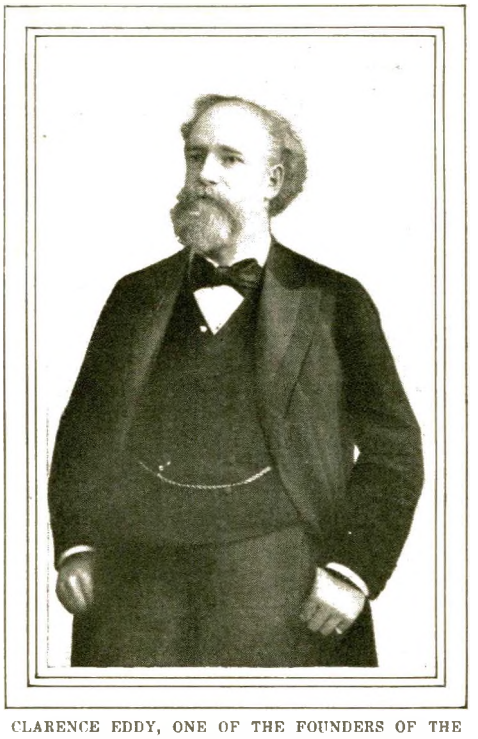
WILLIAM C. CARL, ORGANIST OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK, AND ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

There is a mammoth organ at St. Bartholomew's, which is known in New York as the Vanderbilt church, although many other rich and famous families are included among its parishioners. The instrument is operated throughout by electricity, which is applied to the entire keyboard, pedal, and stop action. The mechanism is the pride of Organist Richard Henry



DR. GERRIT SMITH, ORGANIST OF THE SOUTH REFORMED CHURCH, NEW YORK, AND PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

From a photograph by Marion, New York.



CLARENCE EDDY, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE GUILD, AND THE MOST WIDELY KNOWN OF AMERICAN ORGANISTS.

From a photograph by Marceau, Los Angeles.

W. C. MACFARLANE, ORGANIST OF ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, NEW YORK.

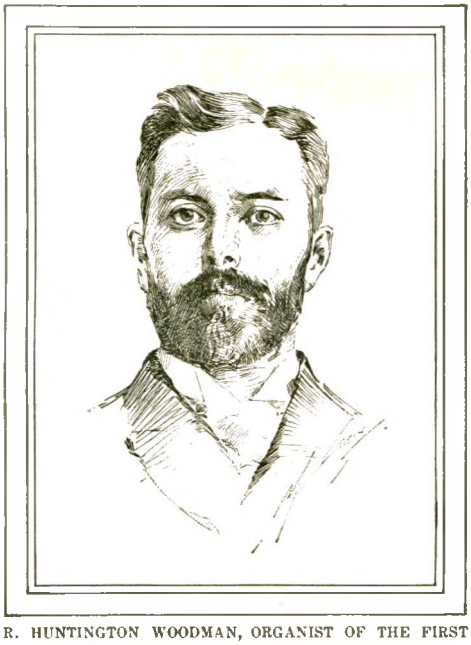
Drawn from a photograph by Young, New York.

GASTON MARIE DETHIER, ORGANIST OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Drawn from a photograph by Werner, New York.

Warren, who supervised the installation, covering a period of fifteen months of careful work. The organ, which is in three sections, has fifty five hundred and fifty pipes and a hundred and fifty two stops. Its orchestral effects are remarkable.

The First Presbyterian Church, at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, has a magnificent instrument presided over by W. C. Carl, and crowds are attracted by his free recitals in the spring and autumn. The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church also has a remarkably fine organ. John D. Rockefeller grew dissatisfied with the old one a few years ago, and drew a check to pay for the best substitute that could be erected, so that it is in keeping with the elaborate musical services for which the church is famous.



R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN, ORGANIST OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, AND WARDEN OF THE AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

Drawn from a photograph by Schwarzer, New York.

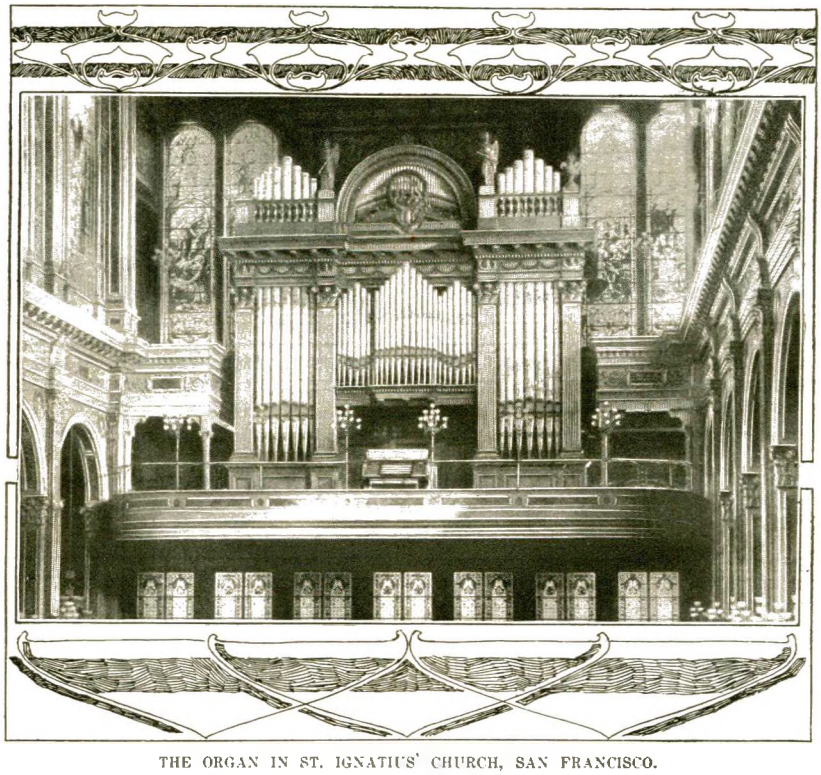
One would expect that the most important Catholic church in New York would have a fine organ, but the instrument in St. Patrick's Cathedral is very old and not worthy of the place it occupies. The Church of the Incarnation has a notable organ that was installed four years ago, but only completed last summer; and there are at least half a dozen others in New York and Brook-

lyn churches noted for their brilliancy and tone.

OTHER AMERICAN ORGAN EXPERTS.

Boston has many accomplished organists who preside over well known instruments. Frank J. Donohue, for several years organist of the Boston Oratorio Society, delighted the worshipers of the Boston Cathedral with his tasteful playing for more than a quarter of a century. J. H. Willcox, who attracted attention through his work in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, held an enviable reputation as a solo player. Benjamin Lang, for thirty years conductor of the Apollo Club, still occupies the organ bench in the old King's Chapel. The organ at Holy Trinity has recently passed into new hands, those of Dr. H. J. Stewart, of San Francisco. Horatio Parker, professor of music at Yale, having obtained leave of absence for a year.

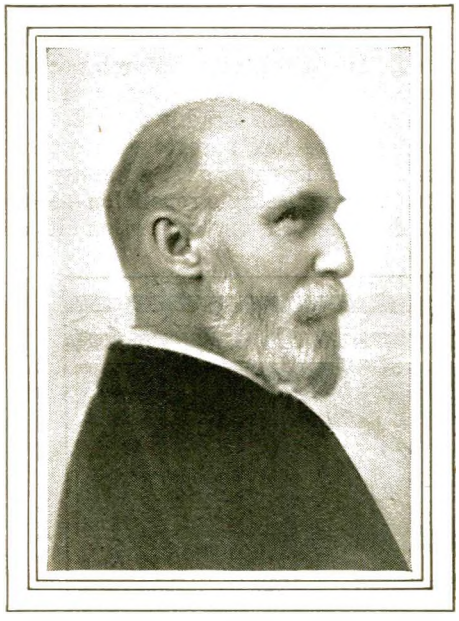
The most famous American organist is Clarence Eddy, who now devotes all his time to American and European tours. He held his first church position when he was only seventeen, and from that time he has steadily forged ahead until now he has a world wide reputation. In Chicago he gave a hundred recitals without a single repetition—a feat which deserved the attention it attracted. He played at the Vienna Exposition in 1873, the Centennial in 1876, the Paris Exposition of 1889, the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, the National Export Show in Philadelphia in 1899, and the Pan American at Buffalo last summer.



THE ORGAN IN ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

Published by courtesy of the Votey Organ Company.

During the past twenty five years fully a score of American women have attained high rank as organists. One of the earliest ones to gain fame was Mrs. Christopher, who was in charge of the music in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, a quarter of a century ago. Kate S. Chittenden has served nearly twenty five years in Cal-



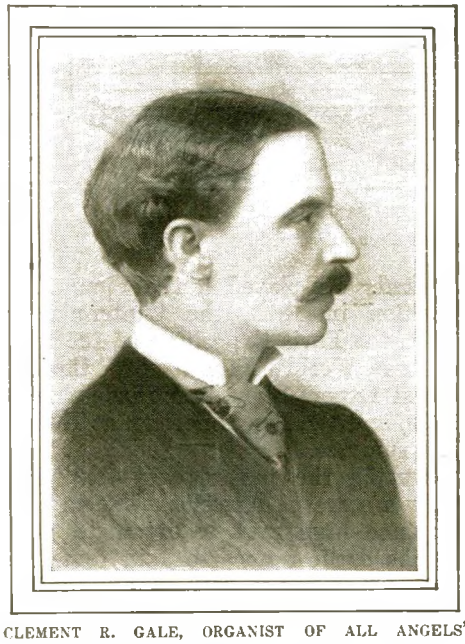
BENJAMIN J. LANG, FOR THIRTY YEARS CONDUCTOR OF THE APOLLO CLUB OF BOSTON, AND ORGANIST OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

From a photograph by Hardy, Boston.

CHARLES H. MORSE, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AT DARTMOUTH, AND FORMERLY ORGANIST OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

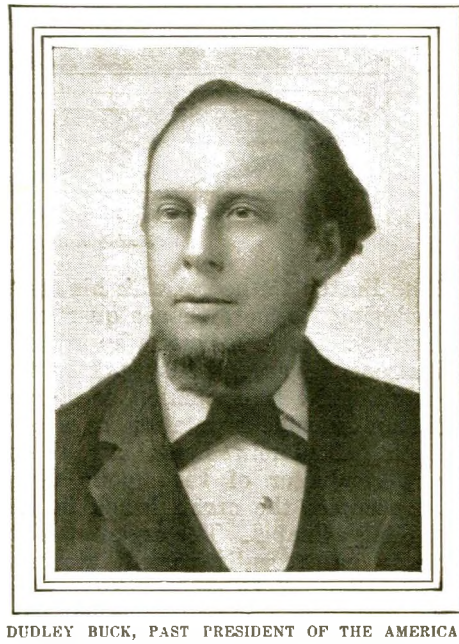
From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

vary Baptist Church, and she is recognized as one of the most thoroughly equipped organists in the country. Kate Stella Burr, Fanny M. Spencer, and



CLEMENT R. GALE, ORGANIST OF ALL ANGELS' CHURCH, NEW YORK, AND ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

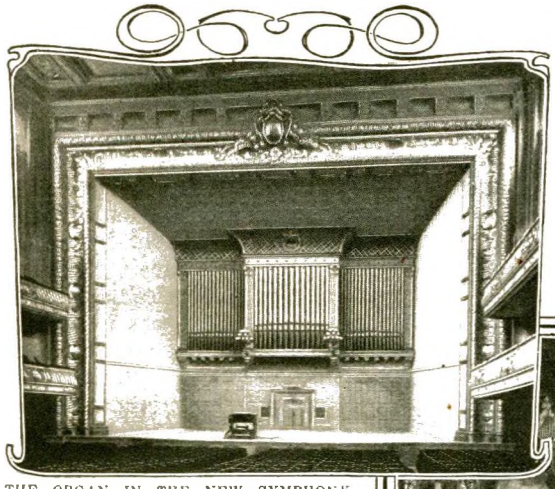
From a photograph by Moffat, Edinburgh.



DUDLEY BUCK, PAST PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS, AND ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN MUSICIANS IN THE COUNTRY.

From a photograph by Falk, New York.

Mrs. Saenger are also well known names in the organ fraternity. Mrs. Mary Chappell Fisher, of Rochester, who was so successful in Paris two years ago, was one of the few to receive special commendation for their work at the Pan American this summer.

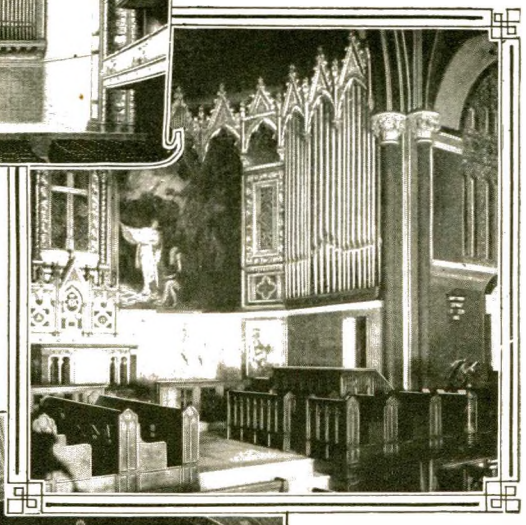


THE ORGAN IN THE NEW SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON.

Published by courtesy of the Hutchings Organ Company.

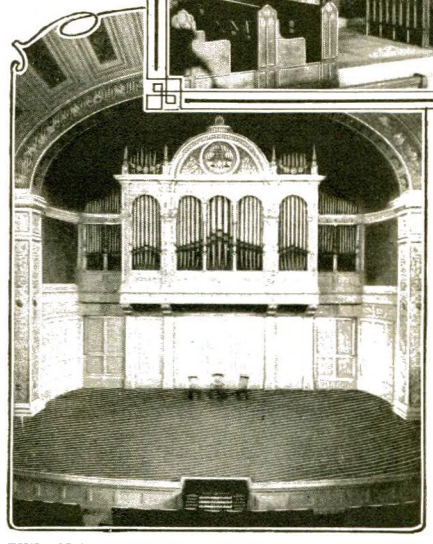
THE AMERICAN GUILD OF ORGANISTS.

Half a dozen years ago there was founded a society that has already had a most beneficial effect upon the organists' profession in the United States, and has done much to improve the music in our churches. And yet the work of this organization is just begun. It has become national in its scope by taking in many small local societies. It is not a wholly new idea, for more than a century ago the organists of Paris met one Sunday afternoon in the choir room of Nôtre Dame and made a solemn pact to purge their masses of the echoes from the *cafés chantants*, and to hold to the more dignified and decorous music of the early church. To awaken popular interest in good music, it was arranged to hold recitals, concerts, and "other public performances of music." There exists in France today the Société Internationale des Organistes et Maîtres de Chapelle, a lineal descendant of the original body. In England the College of Organists and the Guild of



THE ORGAN IN THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, NEW YORK.

Published by courtesy of the Votey Organ Company.

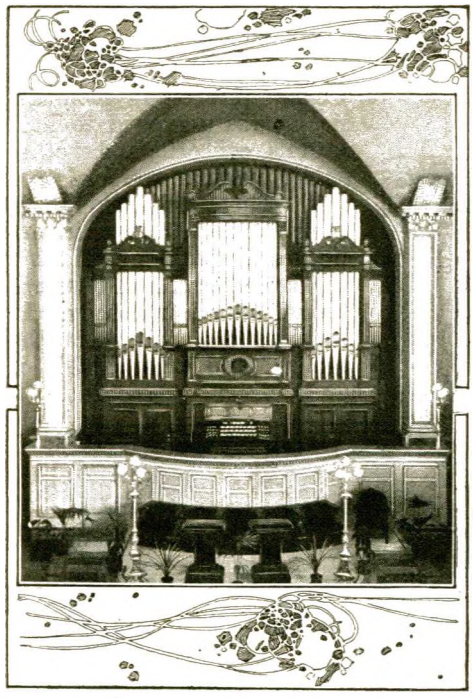


THE ORGAN IN THE CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, PITTSBURG.

Published by courtesy of the Votey Organ Company.

Organists were established to protect and further the cause of church music and of organ playing.

The American Guild of Organists now has two hundred and fifty members, including the leading players of the country. It is recognized by the universities that have chairs of music. Clergymen of all denominations have been elected associate members, and



THE ORGAN IN THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST (SCIENTIST), BOSTON.

Published by courtesy of the Votey Organ Company.

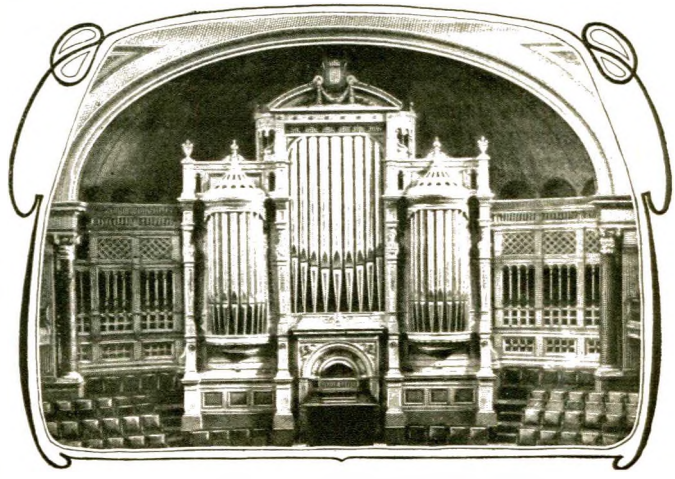
they have taken as deep an interest in the guild as the organists themselves. Bishop Potter, the Rev. Dr. Greer, Charles Cuthbert Hall, who is its chaplain, and many others, have worked heart and soul for it. Nearly all creeds and denominations are represented—Catholics, Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Jews, both orthodox and liberal; Universalists, Unitarians, and even the Mormons of Salt Lake City. Organists and clergymen from all these churches meet on common ground when the object is to improve the music of their services.

WHAT THE GUILD HAS DONE.

The league has helped to bring organ loft and pulpit into closer relation. In fact, they have joined hands in this good cause, and are working harmoniously and enthusiastically; and those familiar with the differences which have so often existed between the minister and the organist will realize how much that means. Perhaps the greatest improvement has been in the music itself. Flippant jingles that did duty a few years ago have given place to more dignified, more worshipful music. The former deadly "arrangements" of popular melodies to the old hymns have been banished, and music written for the church and its service has been substituted. Much that was thought imperative a few years ago in the average choir is now no longer tolerated. Everything is making for higher, more ennobling music in the sanctuary. Therefore it will be seen that the guild is beginning to accomplish the objects for which it was organized.

To show how earnest were its projectors, and how high the goal which they set for themselves, it may be well to quote from the constitution the statement of the society's objects:

> To advance the cause of worthy church music; to elevate the status of church organists; to increase their appreciation of their responsibilities, duties, and opportunities as conductors of worship; and to obtain acknowledgment of their position from the authorities of the church.
>
> To raise the general efficiency of organists by a system of examinations and certificates, and by the fostering of solo organ playing.



THE ORGAN IN THE TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON.

Published by courtesy of the Hook & Hastings Organ Company.

To provide opportunities for intercourse among organists; for the discussion of questions of interest connected with their work, and for hearing model performances of sacred compositions.

To provide a central organization with a permanent home in the metropolis for the benefit of organists throughout the country.

To do all such lawful things as are incidental to the advancement of these objects, or any of them.

The organization has gained one of its desired ends, for its certificate is recognized as an absolute guarantee of competency.

The guild has adopted a robe to be worn by its members. It is of the usual bachelor of arts form, with different col-

MARY CHAPPELL FISHER, ORGANIST OF ST. PETER'S, ROCHESTER.

KATE S. CHITTENDEN, ORGANIST OF CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

TWO PROMINENT AMERICAN WOMEN ORGANISTS.

From photographs by Hoyt, Rochester, and Rockwood, New York.

Among the most effective stimulants for the betterment of organ playing have been the special public services held in New York and other cities. In order that these may furnish the best effects, the choirs of several churches are combined for the occasion. The majesty of the chorales, the brilliant passages of the anthems, and the dignity of the organ playing have aroused the ambition of visiting organists and created a demand for better music in our American churches.

One of the safeguards of the guild is the severity of the examination prescribed by those who would attain the distinction of being "Fellows." It means something to gain that honor.

ored hoods, and is to be worn in church and at the public services. Organists have adopted it in many churches where vestments were unknown, and in some instances members of the choir have followed the example. In the South Reformed Church, New York, of which Dr. Gerrit Smith is organist and choir master, the ladies wear purple capes and copes. The men are not robed.

Dr. Smith, the founder of the guild, is still its president and most active member. He looks upon the success it has attained in the half dozen years of its existence as the crowning achievement of his career, as indeed do his fellow organists.

The Grandest of Waterfalls.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

THE MOST SPECTACULAR AND TREMENDOUS OF ALL THE INCARNATIONS OF THE FORCE OF NATURE, AND THE GREAT AND USEFUL WORK THAT A SMALL FRACTION OF ITS POWER HAS BEEN SET TO DO.

WHEN visitors to the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo are told that the power which turns every wheel on the grounds, which furnishes all the electric brilliancy and makes the City of Living Light, comes from the great cataract twenty five miles away; and when they go there and learn that all this force comes from a single dynamo—that is, one of the ten inverted purring tops—they gain an impression of the real meaning of the phrase "the harnessing of Niagara."

This realization gathers form and volume, like the rolling snowball, when they understand that every street car that moves in Buffalo, Tonawanda, Lockport, Niagara, and St. Catherine's on the Canadian side, and between them; every light illumining the streets of those places, and a majority of the buildings besides; and, more than all, the great manufacturing plants of Niagara Falls—when they realize that all these are operated by the ten whirring cones, then do they begin to grasp what the harnessing means to the world.

And such a little part of the swift running flood does this work! With a dignity that cannot stoop to notice petty things, the majestic river passes on to the troubled rapids, and plunges over the brink, as it has done for thousands of years. The cataract roars its mighty monody, that song in which the Indians heard the voice of God. The mist in which they believed He lived rises to make the rainbow. Dazed and bewildered by their frightful fall, the waters flutter about helplessly, while a puffing, impertinent little steamboat, taking advantage of their hesitant condition, splutters about, as if confident that its strength was greater than theirs.

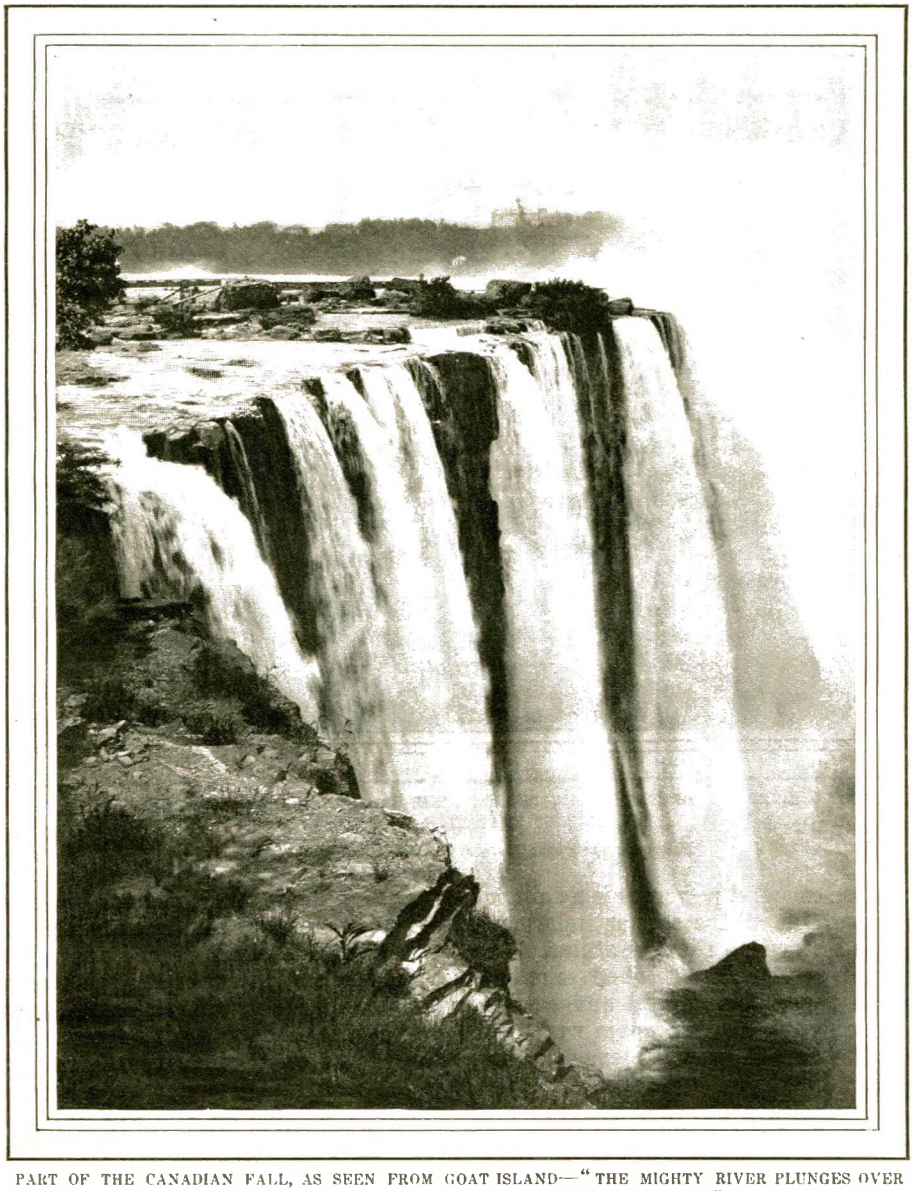
Then the green current gathers itself and sweeps onward. The little part of the stream that has done its work gushes from an opening in the cliff, bursting from a tunnel through which it has been speeding at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and it shoots almost to the Canadian side, so great is its momentum. The reunited flood rushes onward to the horrible torment of the whirlpool, the purgatory of Niagara, where the very soul of the waters is ripped and torn and shredded.

No, the majestic river and the cataract take no account of the waters that work; such a trifle is not worth consideration by the giant "that falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch as the universe does not afford its parallel," as good Father Hennepin described it more than two hundred years ago. The priest was to adventure many miles westward, there to discover another waterfall that is also famous the world over, chiefly because it was early set to work grinding wheat into flour for the nations of the earth. But the Falls of St. Anthony are a puny, fretful thing compared with Niagara, which waited so many years for man to make it do his labor for him.

WILL THE FALLS LOSE THEIR GRANDEUR?

Thus far, not more than seventy thousand horse power has been wrested from Niagara. Government officials have placed their gages, scrutinized the records with sharp, half shut eyes, worked out the problem with elaborate computation, and announced that Niagara possesses theoretically about seven million horse power. Other experts have added a million more. The latent force of all the coal mined annually in

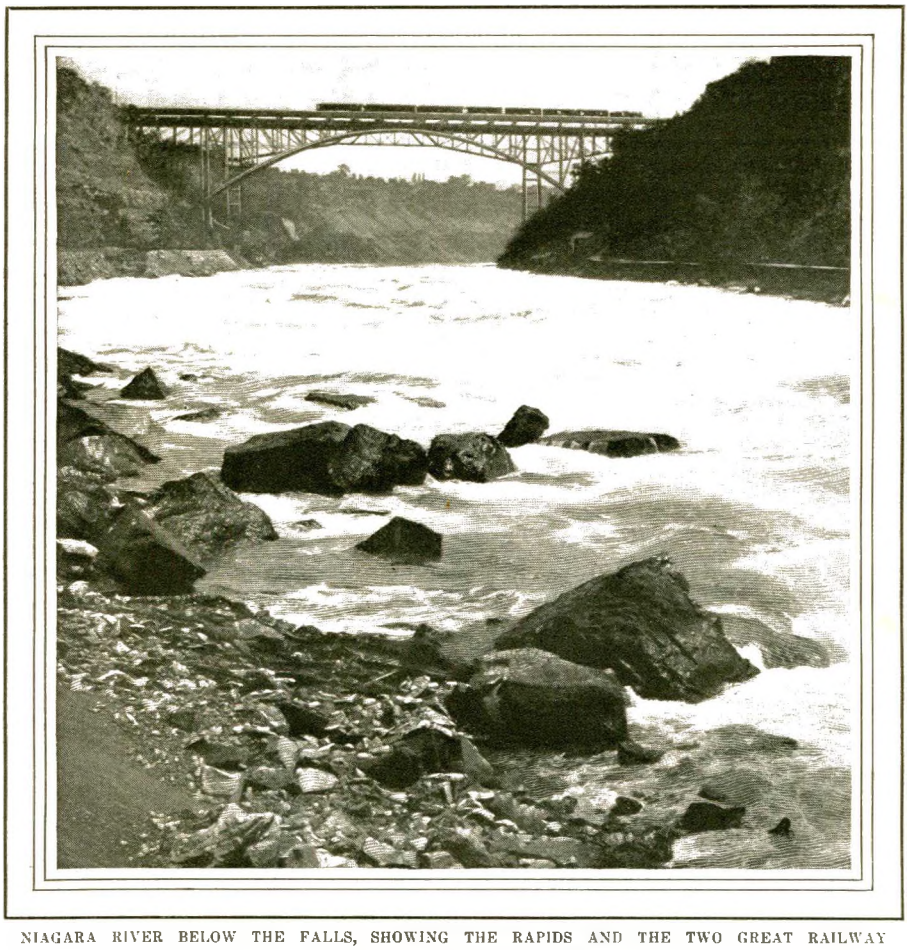
the world could not produce so much. If the total power of the falls could be applied, it would turn every wheel in every factory and every wheel on every railroad over the broad earth. When five hundred thousand horse power is taken from Niagara, and that is about the limit as fixed by existing charters, the flow of the river may be lessened eight or ten per cent—a change so slight that even the experienced eye could not detect the difference. Therefore, let those who are troubled with the fear that the noble cataract is in danger of being sacrificed to industry poultice their fears with plasters of statistics and scientific assurances.



PART OF THE CANADIAN FALL, AS SEEN FROM GOAT ISLAND—"THE MIGHTY RIVER PLUNGES OVER THE BRINK, AS IT HAS DONE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS."

From a copyrighted photograph by Underhill, New York.

When one looks upon Niagara, he feels



NIAGARA RIVER BELOW THE FALLS, SHOWING THE RAPIDS AND THE TWO GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGES THAT SPAN THE GORGE.

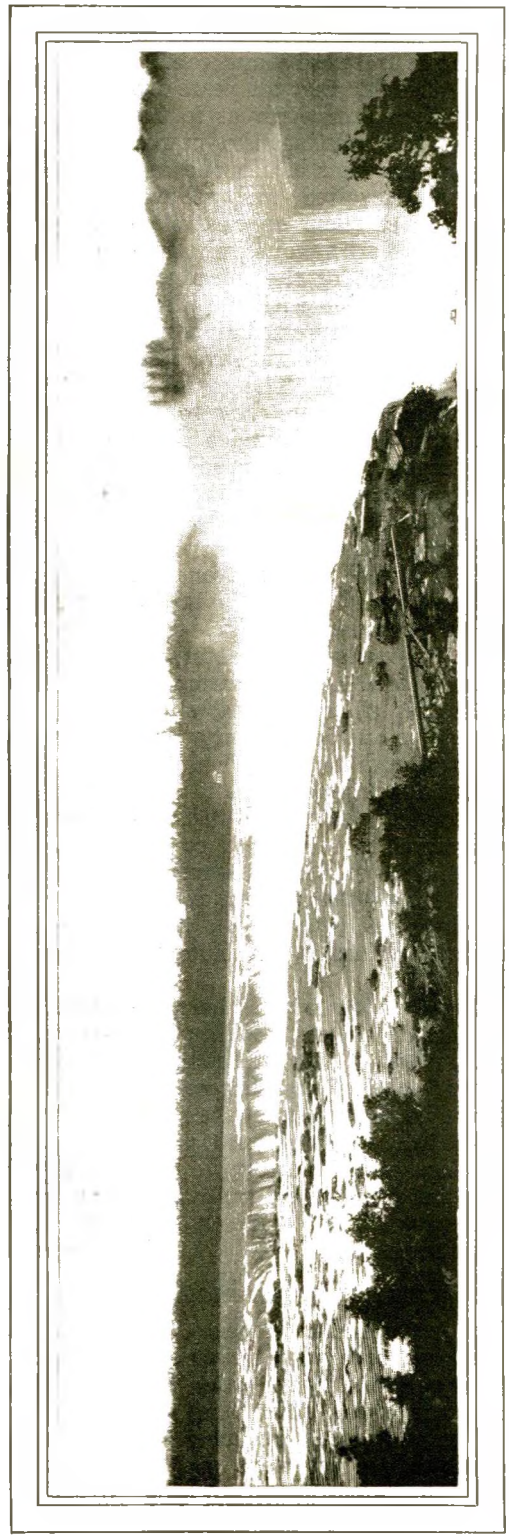
From a copyrighted photograph by Underhill, New York.

the sense of awful power; it is a thing as immeasurable as the sea, as indeterminate as a storm in the mountains. The cataract overwhelms. When scientists explain that two hundred and seventy thousand cubic feet of water rush over the falls every second, it means nothing to us. There are few people in this world who have any definite, concrete conception of units above twenty thousand, whether it be men, money, or what not; and seven million horse power means as much to us as a kilowatt does to a brahma hen with ruffled legs and three chickens. There are times when the two legged creatures, feathered and unfeathered, approach an equality. But when one learns that of the two hundred and seventy thousand cubic feet of water that rush down the Niagara River every second, about four hundred and thirty—less than one sixth of one per cent—furnishes all the power for the machinery and the lights of the Pan American, one begins to have a basis for comparison. And when one descends into the wheel pit of the power house, a hundred and eighty feet deep, and sees the shield in which the water from the penstock—a steel cylinder like a smoke stack, only it carries water downward instead of smoke upward—keeps the twin turbines whirling, not only making wheel, shaft, and dynamo revolve, but supporting them as well; and when one grasps the fact that the twin water wheels, producing five thousand horse power, which is carried twenty five miles to run the

exposition machinery and two hundred and fifty thousand electric lights, are only six feet in diameter—then one begins to gain a practical realization of the might of Niagara. It is a demonstration that one can grasp. It becomes appalling.

There are ten of these water wheels and dynamos now in operation, so it would be possible to supply power for ten expositions, and to illumine them with a supernal radiance. Another power house is building on the other side of the canal that supplies the present one, and it will have eleven dynamos. On the Canadian side a third power house and a second tunnel are under construction, so that within a very short time there will be in operation at Niagara Falls water wheels and dynamos that will develop more than a hundred and fifty thousand horse power. This can be increased to two hundred thousand by building a second power house on the Canadian side, the tunnel having been designed with that end in view. Outside of Niagara, the total developed horse power in the whole United States is about a million and a quarter. When the demand warrants it, there can be taken from the American side two hundred thousand and from the Canadian side three hundred thousand horse power.

We accept this enterprise familiarly as an old and established thing. It is true that for many years a canal running through the neighboring town has operated great mills on the banks of the gorge, but the wonder part has to do with the power house on the banks of the river above the cataract. It is just eleven years since the ground



THE CANADIAN OR HORSESHOE FALL, FROM GOAT ISLAND—THE CANADIAN BRANCH IS THE MAIN CHANNEL OF THE NIAGARA RIVER, THE FALL BEING ABOUT TWO THOUSAND FEET WIDE AND A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET HIGH.

From a copyrighted photograph by Underhill, New York.

was broken for the tunnel, and six years since the electrical power developed by the turbines was first used commercially. It is scarce believable that ten years ago there was active controversy as to the best way of transmitting the power. The foremost scientists in Europe and America were consulted, and, painful to relate, most of them opposed electricity. George Westinghouse, who furnished a large part of the machinery now used in connection with the plant, then believed that compressed air would have to be employed. He was sure electricity was not practical. The genius of Nicola Tesla and of others came to the rescue. Electric science bounded along with seven league boots. So prodigious have been its accomplishments that our ignorance at the beginning of the past decade is scarce credible today.

Now the electrical current from the ten dynamos is carried across the intake canal in a little covered bridge. The cables, some two inches in diameter, are on racks on either side. They seem very few, and at first glance suggest steam pipes such as one sees in a factory. The gentle heat that radiates from them further supports this impression. And these few cables, so still, so harmless—in themselves so many strands of dead copper wire bound around with tape and rubber—transmit fifty thousand horse power. It takes faith for the lay mind to believe that, for one's reason is not educated up to it.

The cables lead to a room where are many cylindrical objects, looking like heaters for houses. These are the transformers, which change the character of the current as a performer on the stage changes his face with wigs and paint. It is a big place, and still as death. Now and then a man wanders solemnly from one black, shiny thing to another, inspecting the registers.

THE WORK THAT NIAGARA DOES.

Manifold is the service done by this wonder working force. The power that drives street cars and lights cities, that crushes wood into pulp, that takes aluminium from clay, that produces the calcium carbide for acetylene gas, all comes from the same source. A nineteenth century alchemist, seeking to make artificial diamonds, stumbled upon an abrasive next to the diamond in hardness and of infinitely more value to the world, which is manufactured successfully because the electric current can give a heat of five thousand degrees—an intensity far beyond our ken; and that same current is so tamed that it bakes bread. Think of a heat greater than ever before secured and a home cooking, bread baking temperature coming from the same source!

If I should enumerate the different uses to which the power of Niagara is put, the list would be like a catalogue. It has developed many absolutely new industries. Take aluminum, for instance. It used to be classed with the precious metals, so expensive was it; now it is almost as common as copper. This is in keeping with the whole general scheme. Pretty much everything connected with it was without precedent, and hydraulic as well as electrical machinery had to be invented to meet the conditions.

It cost many millions to install the power house by the Niagara River—fifteen or twenty, perhaps; and what the total investment will be when the projected scheme is completed is known only to the officers of the company. But results have warranted the outlay thus far. It is very, very cheap power for such concerns as require a deal of it, and which operate night and day—for continuous power only is sold. The preliminary estimates made by experts showed that water power could be furnished at a cost to the consumer less than the expense of maintaining a steam plant if coal were delivered to him free. The cheapest steam power costs about thirty dollars a horse power, and a fair average would be forty dollars. Niagara power in electric form is delivered at twenty dollars, and it is at the consumer's disposal day and night every day in the year.

I have spoken of the quiet of the deserted transforming room. In the power house the only noise is that of the humming dynamos, but three or four men are always seen about, carefully inspecting and oiling the machinery. So perfect is its automatic action that the plant would run for days, possibly for

THE AMERICAN FALL, FROM GOAT ISLAND, AND THE ROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE GORGE—THE AMERICAN FALL IS ELEVEN HUNDRED FEET WIDE AND A HUNDRED AND SIXTY FOUR FEET HIGH.

From a copyrighted photograph by Underhill, New York.

weeks, if every human being should leave it. This power house where fifty thousand horse power is developed is operated by eleven men. An ocean liner, like the Deutschland, whose engines have an indicated horse power of thirty three thousand, requires two hundred and thirty men in the engineering and stoking departments to keep them going night and day. The liner burns more than six hundred tons of coal every twenty four hours. The ten turbines in the Niagara stone power house use about three hundred and seventy million gallons of water an hour. The coal costs probably a dollar and a half a ton; the water costs nothing at all.

While the plant was building, there was much discussion as to the distance to which the power could be transmitted. Nine miles was generally regarded as about the utmost practicable limit. When Tesla announced that he could take a hundred thousand horse power on a wire and deliver it in New York at a profit, it was looked upon as the idle prophecy of a visionary. But Tesla was probably right, although it is not likely that his statement will ever be tested, because there promises to be a market within a radius of a hundred miles of Niagara for all the force taken from the cataract.

For a long time power has been transmitted more than thirty miles, that being the distance of the farthest station in Buffalo, and the loss is said to be "less than twenty per cent." As a matter of fact, it is nearer fifteen than twenty. Something like fifteen thousand electric horse power at eleven thousand volts is transmitted to Buffalo, Lockport, and Depew. The power house on the Canadian side is building principally to provide electric power for Toronto, ninety miles away by land.

NIAGARA RIVER, LOOKING DOWN THE GORGE, SHOWING THE TWO RAILWAY BRIDGES, THE LOWER OF WHICH IS NOTABLE AS THE LARGEST STEEL ARCH IN THE WORLD.

From a copyrighted photograph by Underhill, New York.

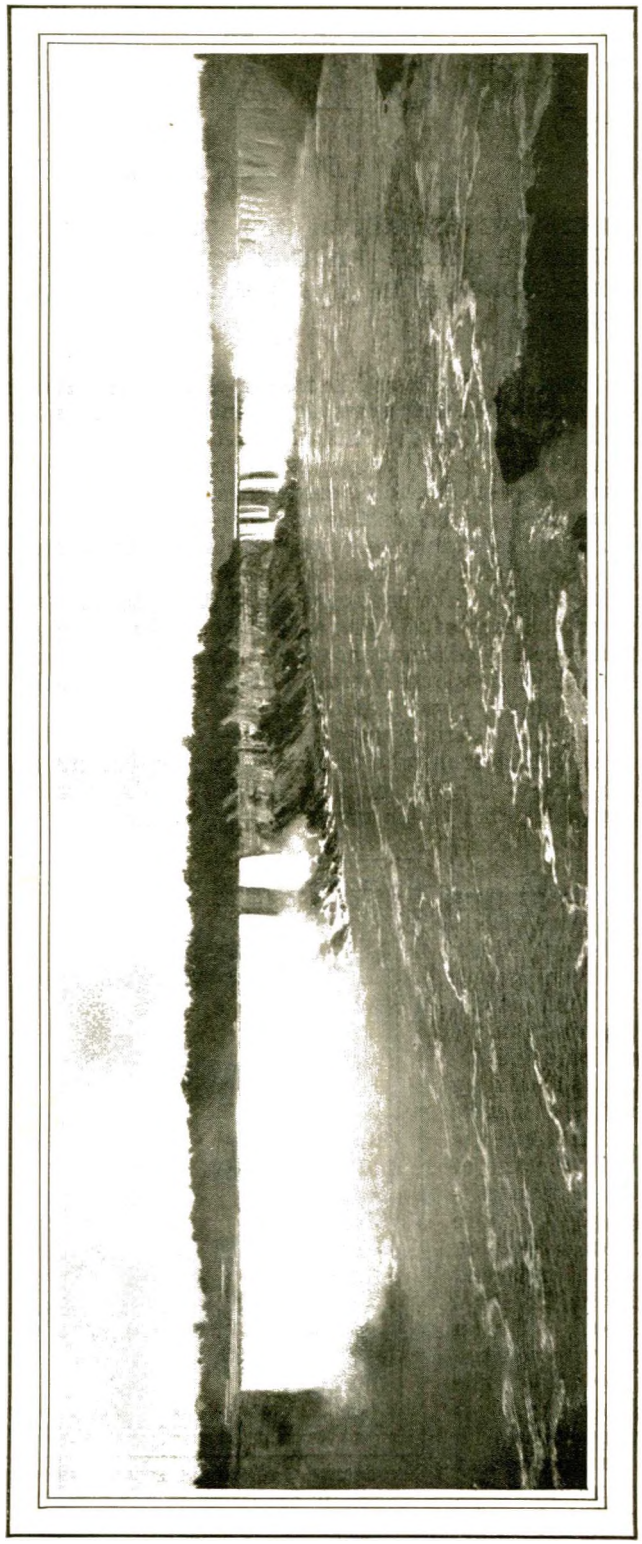
THE MIGHTY POWER OF NIAGARA.

No matter from what viewpoint one looks upon Niagara, it seems to grow in magnitude. Behind it are six thousand cubic miles of water, pouring down from the four unsalted seas whose reservoir area exceeds ninety thousand square miles.

In summer and in winter, by day and by night, in storm and in calm, in flood and in drought, the green waters from

the four great lakes sweep through the Niagara River. All their overflow must pass between its banks scarce a mile apart. "Nothing is constant but change," said the German Börne, and this ever changing, onward flow is as constant as the tides of the ocean. The sun draws the vapor from the sea and stream miles higher than any cataract, and in each drop that falls as rain to nourish the earth is stored an energy that makes the grandest accomplishments of man poor, feeble imitations.

The coal mines of the world become little things compared with these drops of water. Strikes and fires do not affect them; men with the power of millions may not say how much or how little shall be supplied, nor may they fix a price upon them. Wherever the raised up waters rush towards the sea, man may make use of their force for his needs. The water wheel is the oldest engine. None has developed more slowly, and, until within a very few years, the real possibilities of its power were but little understood; now, however, Niagara has shown a way that will be followed everywhere.



A GENERAL VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS, SHOWING THE AMERICAN FALL (ON THE LEFT), GOAT ISLAND, AND THE CANADIAN FALL.
From a copyrighted photograph by Underhill, New York.

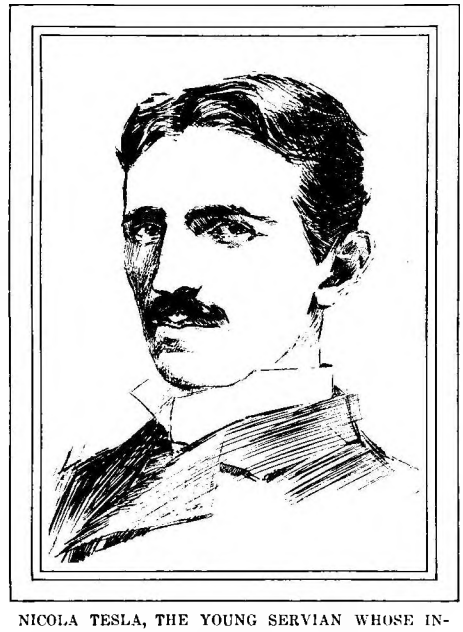
NICOLA TESLA.

BY ELIOT LORD.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF A STRANGE GENIUS WHO LIVES IN A STRANGE WORLD—HIS CAREFUL SCIENTIFIC TRAINING, SOME OF THE WONDERS HE HAS WROUGHT, AND HIS DREAMS OF THE FUTURE.

NICOLA TESLA and his associates are now building great signal and receiving stations on the Atlantic coast, in this country and Europe, with the declared purpose of sending commercial wireless messages across the ocean before the end of the present year. This is only the preface, in Tesla's view, to the despatch of like messages to any point on the face of the globe, and the possible opening of communication with the nearer planets, like Venus or Mars.

Many ordinary persons and some staid men of science are disposed to class Tesla with Phaethon, who tried to drive the chariot of the sun, or with Icarus, who was so proud of his wings that he flew up into the sky until the wax melted, and he dropped like a spent rocket into the sea. If the Servian genius should fall short, at the outset, in the execution of his design of sending electric signals across the Atlantic without the use of cables or transmitting wires, there will be a shaking of sage heads and testifying "We told you so." Then many will venture to say that the vaulting Tesla is intoxicated with the exuberance of his own conceits, or that he is actually disturbed in brain by the electric atmosphere in which he has enveloped himself, or by the stupendous bolts which he has so boldly shot through his body.



NICOLA TESLA, THE YOUNG SERVIAN WHOSE INVENTIONS AND EXPERIMENTS IN ELECTRICITY HAVE MADE HIM FAMOUS.

Tesla knows this very well, but the thought of what people may say of him or his ventures has never been jarring to his nerves. He is not without sensitiveness. On the contrary, he is deeply touched by cordial appreciation; but he holds that what most people call impossibilities are largely bugbears born of ignorance. When he is once convinced of the feasibility of what he has in hand, no battery of doubts would make him desist from carrying it into effect. This does not mean that he is obstinate against reason. But he is so persistent and resourceful that he has often overcome seemingly insuperable obstacles. In his present undertaking, he has already a practical demonstration of success in sending a wireless message over a stretch of six hundred miles. After this determination of the correctness of the principles in the construction of his signaling system, the extension of distance is with him a matter of detail — the perfecting of the correspondence and sen-

sitiveness of recording instruments. Personally, he has absolutely no fear of failure.

Whatever the issue of his present venture may be, he is entitled to a suspension of judgment until success or failure is proven. No living man has shown any deeper insight into the unfathomed nature and adaptabilities of electricity. No man of his years, probably, has devoted so many hours to the study of electricity as a science in all its varied applications, and few can rival his quickness of apprehension. If he is cocksure of any conclusion in this field, he has certainly an array of reason and evidence in support of his judgment. Moreover, he is not given to vain pretense. No investigator is more modest in his bearing, and no one has been more frank and honest in acknowledging his indebtedness to comrades in the same field or in defining the limits of his attainments. He has never knowingly sought credit for what he has not done.

Undoubtedly he has suffered in reputation from his own offhand speaking and writing. He has not always troubled himself to define precisely what he means in his ready flow of words. Time with him is an infinite stretch, and his anticipation of what men may do is not a prediction of what they will do tomorrow, or next year, or even in the next century. In writing of the probable development of the use of aluminum, for example, he used the word "soon" in a sense so differing from the ordinary that his statement was ridiculed by a leading technical journal. Tesla didn't care enough about the matter to explain his real meaning in any answer. He never denies anything, no matter how absurd, that is written about him. Some irresponsible writers have taken advantage of this, and placed in his mouth outrageously absurd statements which he never uttered; and the alleged interviews that appear constantly in newspapers have done more harm to his standing before the lay world than anything else. They have led many people to look upon Tesla as a *poseur*—a seeker after notoriety. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He does not know of one tenth that is written about him outside of the technical journals.

He has little apparent sensitiveness to attack or ridicule—largely, perhaps, because of his strong vein of humor, as well as the observant sense which led Dr. Johnson to remark that "no man was ever written down except by himself." His temper is naturally buoyant, and, though he can assume marked reserve and dignity when he chooses, he is always quite simple and unaffected in manner.

For a better understanding of what he is now proposing to do and what other aims he has, it is essential to recall who he is and how he has worked.

TESLA'S INHERITANCE OF GENIUS.

Nicola Tesla was born in Smiljau, a town of Lika, a district of southern Austria, near Fiume. He likes to mark the provincial distinction. "I am a Likan by birth," he says. "A Servian? Yes, roundly speaking, as Montenegrins are Servians. Our type is marked like those mountaineers, tall, lean, sinewy, strong—the transmission of the old Slavic physique."

Of this type he might stand as a model. His face is oval, his forehead high and full, and his features generally shapely, though his prominent cheek bones and hollow cheeks are racial. His eyes are dark hazel, not large, but brilliant, and somewhat deeply set. He speaks with animation when he is interested, and his face is then very expressive; but when he is bored all expression vanishes, and while his eyes are open, their sense seems to be shut. The flashing change from immobility to life is peculiar.

For generations the Teslas have been men of mark in their province. Nicola's grandfather fought under Napoleon. His son, Milutin, father of Nicola, was a popular poet before entering the church, in which he rose to the foremost distinction. His varied learning and his proficiency as a linguist were a marvel even to the Likans, who think little of speaking and writing three or four languages. As a Greek scholar, he was second only to Abraham Santa Clara, the most famous preacher of Hungary. His memory was extraordinary. "My father," says Tesla, "knew all our national poetry by heart."

Nicola may trace to his father's impress his own poetic expression and facile mastery of languages, but it is his mother whom he more nearly resembles. Her maiden name was Georgina Mandic. Her family is of the oldest in Hungary, and was long of mark in the church, in which her brother was a bishop. Her father also was a priest, of high standing and of remarkably advanced ideas—a scientific student and inventor, strongly bent on improving the habits of life of his poorer parishioners. He taught them the value of sanitation, and risked his life fearlessly in fighting the spread of disease.

His daughter was no less ardent in sympathy and service. She was only seventeen when the black plague ravaged the country, but she was already an expert and fearless nurse. When a neighbor's family was prostrated by the epidemic, and all the servants fled, she went into the house alone, soothed the last hours of the dying, and when father, mother, and children died, she prepared them for burial. Like her father, she was fond of scientific inquiry, and naturally inventive. Her talent had a practical bent, and she designed a weaving machine for use in her own house. Her eye was so keen and her hands so deft that almost any kind of mechanical work was easy for her. She did in sport feats that would baffle most jugglers. When she was sixty five years old, her son says, she would pluck out an eyelash and tie three knots in it. No woman, he thinks, was ever more surely a helpmate to a husband, and no mother was more devoted to her children.

THE BOYHOOD OF NICOLA TESLA.

Nicola was the second son, one of eight children, of whom six were girls. His elder brother was a lad of extraordinary promise. When he had finished his course in the lyceum, the rector and the full staff of professors accompanied him home, as a mark of the highest honor in their power to show. But a brilliant career was cut short, when he was barely eighteen, by a fall from his horse. Nicola was only a boy of four at the time, but he remembers the scene with the utmost vividness—the dash of the frightened horse and its return, and his mother running over the field and bearing home his brother, mortally hurt.

In the years that followed, the father and mother saw the younger son fulfilling the promise of the older, but everything of note the child did brought tears to their eyes in recalling his dead brother.

From babyhood Nicola Tesla has been abnormally sensitive to impressions. His earliest recollection is of some one shaking keys before his eyes, while, at the same time, a bell was ringing. To this day whenever there is a rattle of keys near him, he hears the sound of a bell. Up to his twentieth year the sight of anything round and polished was nauseating, and he is still unpleasantly affected by the sight of smooth, round objects. If he takes a goblet of water, he prefers cut glass to molded or blown glass.

He was further troubled by a strange affection of the eye, causing the rising of images so persistent that they marred the vision of real objects, and disturbed his mind. Whenever an object was named to him, its image would appear, at once, so vividly before his eyes that he often believed it real. This illusion caused him such discomfort, that he tried his best to break it, but did not succeed until he was twelve years old. Then, for a time, he was able to banish the images, but they have since returned, though less persistently. His later observations have convinced him that these images are really the recalling of former visual impressions, consciously or unconsciously received.

He learned to count almost as soon as he could walk, and has been strangely impelled to keep count of his steps; so the stretches covered in his rambles come up in his mind as chains of steps. His measure of the Brooklyn Bridge is twenty seven hundred steps. He will count, too, any other repeated motion that he makes. He even numbers his bites in eating, and whatever he counts he is impelled to divide by three, or the square or cube of three, if possible. Whatever meets his eye, a house, a ship, a cloud, a mountain, impels him to a mental calculation of its cubic contents.

He constructs in his mind whatever he designs, even to the minutest detail,

but his hand is not ready in committing his designs to paper. He has an ideal, and is impatient of any deviation from it, even if it is merely the slope of a letter. So he may begin to write and tear up fifty sheets of note paper, if the slope of a line is vexing.

Going to school when he was five, he was quick to learn in any study attractive to him. In the schools of Austria Hungary, the first place is given to mathematics, supplemented in the more advanced schools by physics. Languages, history, bookkeeping, and drawing are the other leading features of the school course. Mathematics was of absorbing interest to Nicola, and he applied himself with energy to all other branches of study except drawing, which he disliked. When he was graduated from the lyceum at Carlstadt, the head master told him that he would have broken the record if he had been a good draftsman.

AT THE GRATZ POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

Just as he was leaving school there was an epidemic of cholera, and he was taken sick as he went up the steps to his home. Dropsy developed from this attack. The attending physician would give his parents no hope, but, in the intervals of his fainting from weakness, the boy told his father that he would get well if he could have the hope of going to the Polytechnic School at Gratz instead of preparing to enter the service of the church—the career designed for him. When this promise was made, he began to recover, to the surprise of every one except himself, and, before long, he was able to enter the school of his choice, one of the oldest technical schools in Europe.

Here, in lines of study appealing to his taste, there was no check to his application. He rose at three o'clock in the morning to begin his work, and did not go to bed till nearly midnight. In one year he ran through the courses of five years. No student before him had ever gone so fast. His professors admired his spirit, but tried to hold it in check. When the certificates of his progress were sent to his father, accompanying letters announced that the lad was killing himself by overwork. So his father never expressed any satisfaction with his son's progress, but wrote to him discouragingly, and insisted on his remaining in school for the full five years of the course. The first year's work left so little to be mastered in the regular course of study that for the next three years Tesla was delving in the libraries and undertaking special lines of research.

THE BEGINNING OF TESLA'S CAREER.

The study of electricity attracted him greatly, and he availed himself eagerly of the instruction of Professor Poeschl and other leading physicists. From Gratz he went to Prague to continue his studies for two years longer. "I was eighteen years at school," he says. The patient perseverance shown in laying such a foundation for his practical undertakings is characteristic. So, too, was his first occupation after leaving school.

The first opening offered him was that of a draftsman in the government railway service at Budapest. "This seemed to me," he says, "the irony of fate, a chance to put my worse foot forward; but I wanted work whether I liked it or not." After showing his proficiency in varied telegraphic work, his first signal opportunity came in the call to install one of the largest telephone stations in Europe at Budapest. Then the range of his proficiency was further shown in his engagement to put an electric lighting plant and stations in Strasburg, one of the most elaborate in the world at that time. Shortly after this successful installation he went to Paris, and made such important improvements in dynamos for the Edison Company that he was engaged to continue his work in this country, and crossed the Atlantic in 1884.

Outside of his accomplishments in the advance of electric lighting, he was particularly devoted to the investigation of the problem of the transmission of power by electric agencies. This had been pressing on his mind from the day when the working of the Gramme machine was first demonstrated to him by Professor Poeschl at Gratz. When he saw the production of a magnetic pole by the revolving of a cumbrous, wire wound

wheel or ring, the thought came to him: "Why should it not be possible to produce a magnetic whirl instead of an inert, static thing?" Would it not be far better, in other words, if one could make the magnetic force go round instead of the ponderous ring? Surely, but how? It is much simpler to conceive a grand transformation than to effect one. But Tesla was not deterred by the perplexities of the task. Year by year he advanced nearer to its attainment, and in 1883 he constructed the first working model of his perfected design, technically known as the Tesla rotating field.

One of the most amusing sights in his laboratory today is the demonstration of this conversion. Older children than *Toddy* would be puzzled to find out what makes the things go round when Tesla sets spindles and tops and balls revolving and circling about within the invisible ring of his rotating magnetism. "See my parody of the earth and the planets," says Tesla, dropping globes of various sizes into the ring. "Now you may see the spinning reversed;" and he sets spindles outside the ring that begin to revolve in the opposite direction. "Columbus, you know, made an egg stand on end by breaking the shell. Now, I can make eggs stand on end without breaking shells, as you see this one spinning off on its point." So he juggles in boyish spirit with his discovery, but it is none the less one of the prime factors in the present successful conversion and transmission of energy. More than any other invention, it rendered practicable the harnessing of the falls of Niagara, and the utilization of their power in electric service many miles away.

THE PURPOSES OF TESLA'S WORK.

In the perfecting of this device and other adaptations for the electric transmission of power, Tesla was largely engrossed until 1887, when his patents were purchased by the Westinghouse Company. His contribution to the perfecting of electric converters and transmitters was soon universally recognized to be of the foremost importance. If his bent had been towards money making, he might have piled up a fortune; but, while he was not indifferent to the winning of money, he had higher ambitions, and money is never likely to be more to him than the means that must be used to reach the ends that he aims at.

"I have no time to make money," said Agassiz with noble sincerity. It cannot be justly doubted that Tesla, without any pretense of unselfishness, has been possessed by a like spirit. To work is with him an impulse of conscience. In his view, the betterment of the conditions of living, and the advance of humanity, depend on the increase of human energy. "Persistent effort, useful and accumulative, with periods of rest and recuperation aiming at higher efficiency," is the way he sums up his rule of living, but the periods of rest are very short and very few.

Broadly speaking, there are three main requisites, in his mind, for the increase of energy—food, peace, work. It has been his constant study to promote these essentials. From his point of view, the slaughter of animals is commonly wanton and cruel, for the use of meat is economically wasteful, if its nutriment is compared with some plant foods. He thinks that oatmeal is superior to meat, weight for weight, in flesh, bone, and brain building, while it has the obvious advantage in cheapness. So he is an ardent advocate of vegetarianism, and goes so far as to attribute animal instincts and appetites, which are drag weights upon mental and moral progress, to the consumption of animal food. Thus one of his prescriptions for human progress is a radical reform in the character of food.

THE CHEAP PRODUCTION OF NITROGEN.

He thinks that with this economic and helpful change there would be a material advance; but the advance may be immensely extended by increasing the productivity of the soil. While recognizing the high importance of irrigation, the preservation of forests, and other aids to this end, the prime requisite, in his judgment, is artificial fertilization, especially by the cheap production of the compounds of nitrogen. He looks to the atmosphere as the chief available source of nitrogen in practically inexhaustible amounts. How to

extract and fix the nitrogen is a problem, therefore, which he has long labored to solve.

There is great difficulty in it, for this element is so extraordinarily inert that it will not combine even with oxygen under normal conditions. But Tesla has demonstrated that electricity is so stimulating to dormant affinities that nitrogen electrically excited will burn. In 1891 he showed the feasibility of the oxidation of nitrogen in a small way by the production of a novel form of electric flame, named "St. Elmo's hot fire." The electric discharge of flame produced was only three or four inches in length, and the combustion was comparatively trivial and wasteful. It was necessary to extend it greatly to make the utilization of nitrogen of any practical service.

This extension Tesla has succeeded in effecting, greatly stimulating the chemical activity of the electric brush discharge by using electric currents of extremely high frequency or rate of vibration. Without following the technical steps of his advance, it is sufficient to note that he has succeeded in developing the insignificant brush discharge, a few inches long, into "a marvelous electrical phenomenon—a roaring blaze, devouring the nitrogen of the atmosphere and spanning a distance of seventy feet."

He has now made it practicable, as he says, to oxidize the atmospheric nitrogen in practically unlimited quantities by the use of cheap mechanical power and simple electrical apparatus. In this way many compounds of nitrogen may be manufactured all over the world, and by means of these compounds the soil may be fertilized and its productiveness indefinitely increased, assuring an abundance of cheap and helpful food. If future developments sustain his claim, this service alone should bring to him imperishable honor.

OTHER IRONS IN TESLA'S FIRE.

His undertaking for the promotion of peace may be no less notable. It was his idea to produce an arm for attack, adaptable to submarine and aërial warfare, so formidable that its development will ultimately make war a mere contest of machines—a condition that must be reached, to his mind, before permanent peace can be secured. He has been constructing automatic machines in the form of a torpedo to be completely controlled by the impress of electric vibrations. The possible variations and stretch of this design, in Tesla's view, are so far reaching that all fighting on sea and land may be carried on by these electrified automata. To the ordinary reader all this seems more incredible than any conceit of the romancers, but who dares say that it may not again be demonstrated that truth is stranger than fiction?

In the extension of wireless telegraphy there is to be a demonstration of the novel force which Tesla has been adapting to the production of nitrogen compounds and automatic engines of war. Twelve years ago he began the experiments which have led to his present undertaking, by studying the possibilities offered by extremely rapid electrical oscillation, and undertaking the construction of special machines for this investigation. One of his first observations was the effect of rapid electric oscillations on the human body. In his own person he demonstrated repeatedly that powerful electrical discharges of several hundred thousand volts, which were then considered absolutely deadly, could be passed through a man's body without any injury. He has produced oscillations of such intensity that while circulating through his arms and chest they have melted wires that joined his hands. Now he says that he would not hesitate to transmit through his body with such very rapidly vibrating electric currents the entire electrical energy of the dynamos now working at Niagara. The results of this application are now utilized in medical service, and promise to be of much importance.

The production of light by means of these electric oscillations was another signal advance which promises to lead to an ideal system of electric illumination by vacuum tubes, dispensing with the renewal of lamps or incandescent filaments. Already, as Tesla says, he has succeeded in lighting in this manner from four to five hundred lamps at once, and could light as many more. The efficiency of the light increases in propor-

tion to the rate of the oscillations, and its commercial success is therefore dependent on the economical production of high electrical vibrations. This production Tesla is confident of effecting.

A NEW FORM OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

In line with these advances was the adaptation of electric oscillation to wireless telegraphy. In its basic principle the system devised by Tesla is very simple. Imagine two tuning forks set up on opposite sides of a large room. To the lower prong of each of these forks a piston is attached, fitting in a cylinder. Both cylinders communicate with a reservoir with elastic walls—closed at the top and filled with a light and incompressible fluid. If a prong of one of these tuning forks is struck repeatedly, the small connected piston will be vibrated and the vibrations transmitted through the fluid in the reservoir to the opposite fork, which is "tuned" precisely alike. This vibration can readily be utilized to make an electric record of a message.

Now suppose, in place of common tuning forks with piston attachments, that vertical wires are substituted. Let the earth take the place of the closed reservoir with elastic walls, and let electricity be the light and incompressible fluid. Then, instead of striking the forks, if electrical oscillations are produced in one vertical wire, used as a transmitter, they will spread through the ground and reach the distant vertical receiving wire, setting a sensitive device in action to record messages. By a simple provision, each of the two wires can be used in turn to send and receive the messages. By employing relay stations with "tuned" circuits, it will be practicable, as Tesla holds, to transmit signals to any point of the globe.

For practical service it was necessary to design and complete an efficient apparatus for the production of very powerful electrical oscillations. This was effected by a novel combination of an electric condenser with a transformer or induction coil. The electrical oscillator thus made is of tremendous power and still greater possibilities. By its means an electric discharge or flash more than one hundred feet long has been made, and Tesla anticipates the production of flashes one hundred times as great. With its aid he has produced electrical movement at the rate of one hundred thousand horse power, and he says that rates of ten million horse power are easily practicable. By this agency not only can telegraphic messages be transmitted across the ocean without cables, as he claims and proposes to demonstrate, but the transmission of thousands of horse power of electric energy may be made through the atmosphere over hundreds and even thousands of miles.

It is certain that the world will watch intently the first public trials of this marvelous system for developing wireless telegraphy.

WHEN TWILIGHT COMES.

When twilight comes across the snows,
And dreamily the far heaven glows
  With memories of the blushing west
  Upon its star scrolled palimpsest,
The breath of winter softer grows.

Across the stark and withered close
A phantom whisper comes and goes—
  The soul of spring in mournful quest—
    When twilight comes.

A dreamy stillness lulls the woes
That earth in dreary winter knows;
  As to the lone and weary breast
  The deepening shadows breathe of rest,
And hush the soul in death's repose
    When twilight comes.

Clifford Howard.

A STROKE OF KINGCRAFT.*

BY W. BERT FOSTER.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

OWING to the sudden death of King Henry of Lichtenburg, his kinsman, Curt von Wolfüngen, is summoned home from the United States, where he has been sojourning with his secretary, Justin Ehrhardt, to ascend the throne. He goes reluctantly and only from a sense of duty, for he well knows that his new dignities must separate him forever from Ruth Winston, a young American girl with whom he has fallen in love. Ruth has no suspicion of her lover's rank, for he has been traveling incognito, and when he takes sudden and formal leave of her she is sad at heart. At this juncture her father appears and announces that he has discovered an oil well on their farm and that their days of poverty are over.

V.

OVERLOOKING an inner court with a severe bed of ornamental plants in its center, the high studded, grim appearing room—half library, half cabinet—was not the most attractive apartment in the Bourassa Palace. Once it had been an annex to the great portrait gallery which occupied most of this wing of the rambling structure; but the canvases in their heavy frames had been removed, and the walls were now unadorned except by the marks of the pictures' former presence.

There were several beautifully furnished suites of apartments in the palace; but the furniture was all under formless linen draperies, and the contents of the cabinets, and other fragile ornaments, were packed away in the great vaults beneath the older portion of the structure.

The time of mourning for Henry II was not yet passed, and despite the chafing of certain of the gayer set about the court, the king gave no thought to the lighter duties of his office. The pillared hall where he was crowned had been the scene of no second brilliant assembly. If one would have audience with the reigning monarch of Lichtenburg he needs must find him in this almost bare and certainly grim apartment, which savored more of a workshop than the council chamber of a prince.

The deep, leather seated armchair was well worn, not to say shabby. The writing table, strewn with books and parchments, was certainly the desk of a busy man—a man who had no time for the frivolities of life, and whose mind was altogether given up to the cares of state. In the very plainness of the furnishings of room and desk seemed stamped the character of the man who dominated them.

And that the king dominated and proposed to dominate in every department, from the greatest to the least, few of the more thoughtful of the court doubted. Some looked back with regret at the easy going Henry's policy; but the more advanced and progressive men, and those who really had the welfare of the state at heart, rejoiced that a *man* had come to the throne.

The sad end of Henry II had thrown the whole country into chaos. The warring political factions—the student element, the military party, and the personal followers of "Henry the Peaceful"—scarce knew where they stood until the new king should have taken up the scepter and formulated his policy.

That time of waiting while ocean steamship and flying railway train were bearing the new king to Bourassa gave all three factions opportunity to reflect.

Affairs were governed by a council, of which Baron von Werderitz was the dominant member. The baron, with the army at his back, looked upon the new king as a possible leader who should sweep down the opposition of all other parties, and Curt II was enthroned with much rejoicing of the military party.

But with the changing months the impression had gradually grown among all those nearest the king that he was the leader of no party; Curt von Wolfüngen was no man's man!

If he had formulated his policy, nobody—unless it was his close confidant and secretary, Justin Ehrhardt—knew what it was. On Ehrhardt's influence with the king, the student, or reform, element had based great hopes. Yet matters moved exceedingly slowly in the

* *This story began in the October number of* THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

court of Lichtenburg. No great things were done, nor promised.

One important change only had been made from the policy of the former reign. The present king insisted upon examining personally all petitions or addresses to the throne, and supervised every edict or act of importance.

Few laws promulgated by the council seemed of too slight importance for his interest to be manifested. And many a councillor had gone into that grim workshop of the king tremblingly, to try to explain the exact meaning and intention of some pet act of legislation.

It took a man with stomach to stand before the keen, penetrating blue eyes of the monarch and explain away discrepancies either in statement or in the reading of any bill. A command to an audience with the king began to be looked upon in certain quarters as something to shun.

And yet Curt II was, to a certain extent, popular. His personal interest in all which affected the common people pacified the reform party; and when he appeared in uniform at the head of the guard the troops were wildly enthusiastic. Through two reigns there had been no really military figure upon the throne of Lichtenburg.

As for the third element in the politics of the state—the personal following of the dead king—circumstances had made *them* Curt's enemies, and there seemed no hope of placating them.

As yet this disturbing element seemed of small moment; nevertheless, the cloud was growing, and the king was not the last to hear the mutterings of the storm.

Upon the day Curt II was crowned king there was a demonstration before the palace and in front of the cathedral, and a cheer was raised for "Henry III of Lichtenburg." And that cry, heard by the new king in royal robe, was the first intimation he had had of the storm which was sure, at some future date, to break in fury upon him.

Yet he gave no sign, and Von Werderitz, who rode that day upon his right hand from palace to cathedral and back again, glancing at him sharply as the discordant note in the huzzas of the throng was thus sounded, saw a sudden change of expression flash across the king's features. The change had been for an instant only; yet the baron remembered it and was worried.

The deep toned clock in a carven case over the high mantel tolled the hour of ten. A man at one of the heavily latticed windows, a man in the fatigue uniform of the guard, wheeled about at the sound and strode the length of the apartment to where a door led into the corridor of the palace wing.

He was a man of strong military appearance in both feature and carriage. His sharply pointed mustache and heavy mane of hair were streaked with gray, and his eyes looked out from beneath overhanging brows with hawk-like penetration.

He paced the room slowly while the sullen throb of the clock's pendulum counted the passing moments. He stopped finally at the table, picking up first one desk tool and then another, putting each back after holding it an instant, while a grim smile curled a little the corners of his lips.

"Nothing namby pamby about those things," he muttered at length. "They're tools for a man to use, and—thank Heaven!—a man uses them. It is the old Wolf blood come to the surface again—the house never dies! These lap dogs, though their names might be Von Wolfüngen, have had little of the old fighting blood. Thank the gods for one of the old breed at last!" Then he laughed deep in his throat. "Even Von Werderitz, I fancy, finds his majesty more than he can manage."

A light tap upon the corridor door interrupted his soliloquy at this point.

"Come in!" roared the guardsman.

Instantly there entered a liveried servant, who, holding the door ajar, bowed to the single occupant of the king's cabinet and announced:

"Baron von Werderitz, captain."

The man whose approach was thus proclaimed pushed into the room with an air of authority, and with a wave of his hand dismissed the domestic. The guardsman smiled grimly beneath his mustache and said, while the visitor crossed the long room:

"I see I shall have to place a sentinel at that door, general. You acknowledge no rule but that of military regulations."

He saluted with precision while he spoke, but the baron acknowledged his punctiliousness with a careless motion of his gloved hand only.

Von Werderitz was a tall man, of bony frame and rugged visage. There was not one softening line in his features, and his expression was grim to sourness all the time. When he tried to smile it was like an arctic sun shining upon the frosty face of an iceberg.

"I've little time for the niceties of etiquette, Captain Schlüter," he re-

sponded sharply. "I leave that to my subordinates."

"I don't expect my men to be more exact than myself," the guardsman returned.

The fact that the king's guard was practically a free command, not under the direct supervision of the commander in chief, was ever a cause of irritation to the baron.

"His majesty has not yet appeared?" demanded the visitor, with a glance at the face of the huge clock.

"Not yet; but it is near his hour for giving public audience. Were there many in the corridor as you came in?"

"Many!" exclaimed the baron sharply. "Half the riffraff of Bourassa, to say nothing of hinds from the country, are waiting there in line like patients in the shop of a quack doctor!"

Captain Schlüter smiled more broadly.

"You do not approve of his majesty's policy in personally seeing these folk?" he said.

"Approve! I am tired of it—tired of it, I tell you!" returned Von Werderitz. "That rabble should be whipped from the palace gates. Of what use is the attention he pays to every old woman's story, or the begging petitions which these vagabonds bring him? The very tailors will be carrying him their bills yet, and praying him to give orders on the exchequer for the payment of the accounts of half the rascally young rakes in the army!"

"If he made some of them pay their bills it wouldn't be a bad idea," muttered Schlüter.

The baron paced the room a moment with plain irritability. "And I suppose he is closeted now with his only 'privy councillor,'" he snarled. "This Ehrhardt—this tradesman's son, whose views and opinions are hopelessly socialistic—has more influence with the king than anybody else."

The old guardsman chuckled at that.

"I have yet to observe any man influence his majesty to any grave extent."

"But he *must* be influenced," the baron declared haughtily. "His stubbornness must yield to the advice of those whose experience gives them precedence over a callow youth with his head full of romance!"

"That is, he must be advised by General the Baron von Werderitz, eh?" drawled the captain.

The baron stopped directly in front of the guardsman and shook one long finger before his face.

"You have said rightly, sir. There are some things upon which his majesty, Curt II of Lichtenburg, *must* be advised by me, or his reign will be quickly over."

"As abruptly ended as was that of his predecessor?" interposed the other, looking keenly into his companion's face.

The color rose slowly beneath the parchment-like skin drawn tightly over the baron's high cheek bones.

"Explain your meaning, captain!" he commanded haughtily.

"Is it not plain?" queried the officer of the guard. "Henry II—the gods rest him!—would not be advised by you, and——"

"Well, and what, sir?"

"And he was running decidedly contrary to your advice when the unfortunate accident occurred which took him from us. It really seems, baron, as though Providence bore your wishes well in mind on that occasion."

For an instant the baron looked as though his temper would get the better of him; but at last, with an expression of disgust, he turned abruptly away.

"You are nothing but a soldier, Schlüter," he declared; "there's nothing diplomatic about you. Did I not know your blunt ways so well, I'd have called you out years ago."

"Is that the only reason?"

The baron smiled mirthlessly.

"Aye, I know you're the best swordsman in the army. But you and I are too old for such play. There are things of greater moment——"

"The governing of kings, eh?" the captain remarked drily.

But the baron seemed determined to accept all such thrusts as pleasantries.

"They have to be governed by somebody, when they are not capable of governing themselves," he made answer.

The captain turned his back upon him and paced slowly towards the window.

"Providence," he said thoughtfully, "deemed it wise to remove from the throne the monarch who preceded his majesty, perhaps because Henry II refused to be guided by the advice of older and wiser heads than his own; it may be, baron, that the Almighty will intervene again to the same end."

VI.

An arched door, whose panels showed dull traces of German art, opened almost noiselessly at the further side of the cabinet. Captain Schlüter came to "atten-

tion" instantly, and if Von Werderitz was minded to make rejoinder to the guardsman's last remark, the words died upon his lips.

There were heavy tapestries behind this door, and as they were pushed aside one might have caught a glimpse of the room beyond, which, in its furnishings, was but little less plain than the larger apartment.

It was Justin Ehrhardt's hand that put aside the draperies, and he held them open while his companion passed through.

The ten months which had elapsed since Curt von Wolfüngen had sat at the foot of the rocking stone upon Bald Cap Mountain had left their impress deeply graven upon his features. The gravity of his face now appeared an unchangeable mask, and the keen blue eyes had gained a directness in their gaze which seemed to search heart and soul of the object under their scrutiny.

He came now into the audience room, dressed in the shabby uniform of a lieutenant of the guard—his old rank while his cousin occupied the throne. Captain Schlüter, who had been first his drill master and then his commanding officer, he saluted with heels together and thumb at the stripe of his fatigue trousers; but when he wheeled to confront the baron his manner changed.

"Good morning, general," he said, smiling. "You honor us with an early visit today. What is it now?" Then, to the captain: "Do not allow us to be interrupted while the baron is here."

"Very well, your majesty."

"And, captain——"

The guardsman halted in his stride towards the outer door and faced about.

"Are there many waiting for audience this morning?"

"Half the riffraff of Bourassa, your majesty—according to the report of Baron von Werderitz," was the reply, uttered without a smile.

For an instant the gravity of the king's countenance was broken; but he only said, "Order the horses an hour later than usual then, captain," and dismissed him.

Justin was already arranging papers and pens upon the table, but had not seated himself.

"Stand upon no ceremony, gentlemen," the king said, waving his hand. "Be seated, baron. You have our attention."

Von Werderitz dropped into one of the shabby chairs, his sword clanking upon the oaken floor. His face seemed grimmer than usual, for he had not yet recovered from his passage at arms with the guardsman.

"I have come thus early, your majesty, because of a matter which I am told is to be brought to your notice today."

"And that is——?"

"A petition presented, it is claimed, in behalf of the Princess Isolde of Berichtshofen."

The king turned inquiringly to Justin.

"It has already reached us, has it not?" he asked calmly.

"Yes, your majesty; but you have not examined it."

"So I thought."

The baron hitched his chair nearer the table, and the hand which held his gloves shook a little.

"You do not intend, your majesty, to notice that matter? Surely there is reason enough for the person who dared present the paper to be apprehended under the act of treason? A more daring impertinence could not be offered your majesty!"

"Harsh judgment, baron," the king said, smiling again for a moment.

"No, sir, *just* judgment," declared the baron wrathfully. "Justice should not be tempered with mercy in this case. That abandoned woman should be sent out of Lichtenburg altogether. Your own safety, the safety and stability of your throne, demand it."

"Those are serious words, sir."

"Indeed they are, and it will be well if your majesty considers them. It is no time for half measures. This matter—would you rest in peace—must be quenched instantly. The support of this preposterous conspiracy grows daily—even here in Bourassa. One of the liberal journals has even dared hint of it. The very shamelessness of the jade in flaunting her condition abroad——"

The king raised his hand quickly.

"This is no place for such language, baron," he said coldly. "The Princess of Berichtshofen has yet to be heard in her own behalf before she can be judged either guilty or innocent."

Von Werderitz rose noisily. His face was flushed, and he leaned forward with eyes which sparkled angrily under their overhanging brows.

"It is not possible, your majesty, that you would give audience to this—this woman?"

"I shall at least take time to examine the petition before I form any judgment," the king said calmly.

"But that will be giving countenance

to the actual undermining of your own throne!"

The king looked at him quietly.

"Tell me," he said, in a low voice, "is the throne of Lichtenburg founded upon the desires of men, or upon the will of God? Is my position so insecure that I dare not meet opposition as openly as opposition will meet me?

"Think you, Baron von Werderitz, it would establish my occupancy of the throne more securely did I throttle—or strive to throttle—this thing without giving the matter a fair consideration? It would be then a smothered fire, ready to break out at the first favorable moment. God knows there are enough such dangers in Lichtenburg! Let us not add to them."

"But this claim is preposterous, your majesty! The woman has no legal support for her demand. And, too, it is a calumny aimed at the memory of Henry II."

"I have the memory of my poor cousin quite as much at heart as you can have, baron," the king returned, "but, sir, I consider it my duty to give to all petitioners a hearing and an assurance that, no matter what their plea, they shall find justice—in so far as the Almighty gives me perception—in my decision upon each and every case. I cannot deny Isolde of Berichtshofen the right of petition any more than I do any other subject in my kingdom."

He dropped his earnest tone here and returned to the studied lightness with which he had opened the conversation.

"Rest assured, baron, you have our permission to bring forward such arguments as you may consider wise in rebuttal of the petition—but after we have examined it."

The baron, however, was by no means appeased.

"May I ask, your majesty," he said, with something very like a sneer, "if we—your councillors—are to understand that *our* advice is displeasing to you, and that we——"

The king held up his hand again, and the blue eyes flashed.

"Speak for yourself alone, baron—unless you are appointed by others to speak for them."

The old politician stammered, but controlled himself.

"Let me speak for myself then, your majesty," he said.

"We are always glad to listen to the counsel of a friend," the king rejoined suavely.

The baron bit his lip, anger still glowing in his eyes.

"Briefly, your majesty, the ease with which any and all classes of your subjects may obtain audience with you is neither dignified nor wise."

"Hereafter we will have your coming announced through the proper channels, baron," the king answered good humoredly.

But Von Werderitz was not to be swayed from his purpose.

"This allowing of tradespeople and common citizens a place in your majesty's audience chamber is, beyond question, unwise. It looks as though your majesty pandered to them and was bidding for popularity——"

The king laughed outright at that.

"Your penetration is to be commended, baron," he said. "That *is* what we are doing. Popularity, in a state torn by conflicting parties, is a jewel greatly to be desired. And if personally listening to the prayers of our subjects will bring popularity, it is cheaply bought."

"But to receive every petition, and give audience to all who throng the gates of the palace——"

"One is as good as another—let all have equal treatment at our hands," the king said briefly, and showing that he was tired of the subject.

"Then, if you would receive all, I presume your majesty would even give audience to Conrad of Schlossberg."

At this the monarch's face flushed and again the danger flash came into his eye.

"Do not overstep the bounds of our good nature, baron," he said warningly. "The Hohenstaufens have been our enemies through three reigns, and I have learned naught of Count Conrad to convince me that he is not like all his breed—treacherous and vindictive.

"It ill becomes you, baron, to mention his name here. And yet—and yet—he is a subject of the crown and has his rights, like all men. If we hear the claims of one, why not of another? Yes, my friend"—he spoke calmly now and the flush left his cheek; "if Count Conrad of Schlossberg craves audience with us, it shall be granted—as it would be to any other man."

At that the baron could no longer control his temper, and, leaping up again, smote one clenched hand upon the other to emphasize his words:

"It is folly—the maddest kind of folly, your majesty! You certainly cannot be aware of the reputation that young man bears. He is an utterly reckless dare-

devil, and for his own safety your—your predecessor refused him admission within the limits of Bourassa. He is well called 'the wild Count Conrad.'"

The king sat up promptly, and his eyes contracted.

"Do you tell us that such an edict still stands against Conrad von Hohenstaufen?" he demanded.

"It was not countermanded by your cousin."

"Then it shall be countermanded *now*," the king declared quickly. He turned to Justin. "Make a note of that, Justin, and see to it, also, that the Count Conrad von Hohenstaufen be informed of the fact. It shall not be said that a Von Wolfüngen feared a meeting with any member of that house!"

"Your majesty displays a mistaken courage," cried the baron harshly. "That abandoned young man was the leader of the students' plot which was crushed two years and more ago."

Ehrhardt flushed slightly, but kept his head bent over his writing. The king, however, raised his own eyes to the baron's face with a little smile.

"There is some doubt, is there not, as to whether there really *was* a conspiracy at that time, general?" he observed. "As you say, Count Conrad is a reckless fellow, and he may be the hero of a certain faction of our young men. But denying him entrance to the capital will hardly make him less in the eyes of his followers."

Then to Ehrhardt he added: "Is the paper ready, my friend?"

The secretary passed it to him silently. The king affixed his signature boldly, while the baron looked on with lowering brow.

"At once, Justin!" he commanded, and the secretary rose and went to the door, passing the paper, with some whispered instructions, to a gentleman in waiting who stood in the corridor. With the door ajar, a low murmur of voices reached the king's ear, and he turned with some bruskness to his visitor.

"Our time is limited, baron. Can we do aught else for you?"

The other wet his lips before replying. The dark flush was still upon his cheek, and he stared gloomily down upon the monarch.

"Your majesty has graciously done enough for me—enough for one forenoon," he said harshly. "But I go not without warning you once more. If you continue in this course——"

"What's this, baron? A threat?" interrupted the king lightly, yet with a warning glance.

"Nay, your majesty. Call it a prophecy, and you will! By giving Count Conrad of Schlossberg that permit to enter Bourassa, you have laid the foundation of sore trouble for yourself. He is a dashing and daredevil man, is the count, and not only the hero of those silly youths who prate of 'equality' and 'freedom'"—he glanced again at Justin, who had returned to the table—"but he is no mean soldier, besides. It is in his blood, and he might easily become the idol of the army as well as of a scanty following of over educated tradesmen's sons. And the army——"

The king stood and leveled his gaze at him again, while the lines about his mouth grew grimmer.

"And the army?" he repeated questioningly.

"Is the backbone of our state; the hope of our government; the bulwark of the throne;" and with a sneering smile upon his ugly face, bowing low as he went, the baron strode to the door, and it clashed to behind him.

The king sank into his chair again, his strong fingers clutching the broad arms, and for a moment he would not trust his voice to speak. At last he said:

"And *this* it is to be a king! Ah, Justin, my friend, who would change places with Curt II of Lichtenburg? The meanest beggar——"

"That is a remark which sounds as though it possessed no element of originality, your majesty," Justin interposed.

"Right! But to be threatened—for it *was* a threat, however veiled—by a man like Von Werderitz! What a puppet I am, Justin! It is maddening."

But his friend passed over the complaint.

"The baron's warning is to be heeded, your majesty. The army *is* the controlling power in Lichtenburg—as it is in many a bigger state. And Von Werderitz himself controls the army. The guard might be faithful to you; but what would be one small regiment against the others? He has warned you. He has shown you the hand of iron beneath the velvet gauntlet. It cannot pass unheeded."

VII.

But the king was deep in a reverie and scarce noticed his friend's comment upon the baron's threat. The secretary rustled the papers before him ostentatiously, and

with an effort his majesty roused himself.

"The petition referring to this sad affair of the Princess Isolde—where is it?" he asked, wheeling his chair slowly that he might face his companion at the big table.

"Will you take that up first, your majesty?"

"Yes. I am troubled by it. Frankly, Justin, the whispers which have reached my ears stir strange feelings within me. I find myself unable to believe ill of Isolde. To me she was always the personification of all that was good and virtuous in woman. All women are born actresses, though, they say. I would have sworn she loved my cousin as she was beloved by him. I cannot believe that while he was striving to move heaven and earth to bring about their marriage she was unfaithful to him. And if this child be the son of Henry II——"

Justin started, and for an instant laid a warning hand upon his companion's arm.

"Think not of that, Curt!" he exclaimed. "Would you dream of foisting an illegitimate child upon Lichtenburg?"

The king laughed.

"There spoke my good friend!" And as Justin's face crimsoned and he withdrew the thoughtless touch of his hand: "It pleases me vastly to see that you forget at times. But to the petition. Or, rather, tell me the facts as you know them to be. You must have heard whispers of the matter long before I did. Such a thought had not crossed my mind until, on the way to the cathedral that day, I heard the cheer raised for 'Henry III.' That was joy to my soul, my friend."

Justin looked at him sorrowfully.

"And you do not forget?"

"Forget!" For a moment the king's face hardened and his brow clouded. "Think you I am likely to forget that fate has parted me from the dearest girl God ever made? I am here fulfilling my duty, Justin; you cannot accuse me of neglecting that. But my memory is my own. Why should not the hope that there may be a claimant to the throne of Lichtenburg with a better right to it than I delight me?"

"There is no such claimant," Justin declared coldly.

"You are satisfied as to that?" queried the king wistfully.

"I am, your majesty. The child may be a son of Henry II; but the claim that a marriage took place in a distant chapel in the Teufelwald is utterly preposterous. The marriage register of the church in question has been examined and no record was found. Besides, such a ceremony could not long remain hidden. *Somebody* must have witnessed it."

"What does the petition say?" asked the king. "Who married them? Were there no witnesses?"

Justin looked up from the paper with an inscrutable smile.

"The priest was a certain Father Jerome, the pastor of the chapel in question."

"Father Jerome? Not *our* Father Jerome!" exclaimed the king.

"Your majesty's chaplain—yes."

"How long has the father been stationed here at Bourassa?" demanded the king gravely.

"Since shortly before your majesty's ascension to the throne."

"In what manner was he appointed?"

"Through the bishop of Bourassa."

"The bishop of Bourassa is not given to advancing humble priests—especially men of such earnest piety as Father Jerome," the king said reflectively.

"The bishop is a close friend of Baron von Werderitz," Justin returned drily. "What need to ask further? It is Von Werderitz who can explain Father Jerome's being brought up to the capital to be the king's chaplain."

"Ha!" cried the monarch. "There appears to be something in that, Justin. We must have a little talk with this Father Jerome."

"But if there was any truth in the story of the marriage, why has he not come out with it ere now?"

The king slowly shook his head. "Go on with the story. Let me hear all—all that is claimed by poor Isolde and her friends."

"The witnesses, the old sexton and his son, have both disappeared. The old man is dead, so the paper reads; but the son went away from that part of the Teufelwald where it is claimed the ceremony took place about the time Father Jerome was called to Bourassa."

"Then ask Von Werderitz where the son is," commented the king, with clouded brow.

"You speak as though you believed this tale implicitly!" exclaimed Justin, with some warmth.

"No, no! But I see the baron's hand in this. He evidently strove to crush the plot in its early stages."

"For which you might well thank him."

"Of that we shall decide later. Continue."

"Having married the princess, but still fearing the power of Von Werderitz if the matter were made public, Henry II endeavored to interest the emperor in his case. As time passed, too, your unfortunate cousin knew that there was a child expected by the woman he had secretly married. Thus his sudden journey towards Berlin which terminated in that awful wreck."

"Why did the princess not come forward at once and claim her rights?"

"She was then near her time, and the news of the king's death brought her to bed. For days she knew little of what went on. She was among strangers, for she had been traveling slowly towards Bourassa when the railway accident occurred.

"While she lay helpless, the petition claims, her possessions were ransacked and the certificate of her marriage, given her by the priest, was stolen; likewise every scrap of writing ever addressed her by Henry II. Her own personal attendants were bribed or driven away from her by threats. It is an improbable—well nigh an impossible—tale, your majesty."

"It is a sorrowful one," commented the king.

"Aye. But what would you have? It may be that the child *is* the king's—I should say, your majesty's cousin's child. But to try to establish its legitimacy with such flimsy evidence is utter foolishness. Had the princess asked help from the crown because of her relations with Henry II, and because of the child, you could do something for her. But to claim the throne itself——"

The king rose suddenly and began pacing the room, yet never going far from Justin's chair, that the secretary might hear his words distinctly.

"You do not realize, my friend, what pain this story gives me. The suggestion that Isolde was ever anything but the pure and lovely woman I knew her to be in the old days chills my blood. I cannot believe it, Justin—I cannot.

"She loved Henry devotedly, but not with the passion which leads even good women to give their very soul and honor into the keeping of a man to whom the church has not joined them. And, despite Henry's weaknesses, I do not believe a thought of so dishonoring the princess ever crossed his mind. I give him credit for that!

"Isolde was left when scarcely more than a child without mother or father. Her father was not all that we might have wished him. He was not altogether faithful to the house of Von Wolfüngen. He even took up the cause of the Hohenstaufens to some extent. You know, he did not attend court for years before he died—that was in the time of Henry I.

"And Isolde was left partly in the care of the old Count von Hohenstaufen, partly in the care of her aunt at Berichtshofen. Her childhood was not a joyous one. It was only while she was visiting at my father's castle that she was really happy. There she met Henry when he came to visit me. Why, Justin, they were meant for each other from the beginning!

"She was to him, as she was to me, something to worship. She seemed unlike other girls we knew, with her calm, beautiful face and reposeful manner. Passion was as foreign to her nature—as impossible to her—as it would be to a statue!

"Yet she was not cold or heartless. She was simply *good*. Not a namby pamby goodness, but a woman whose soul looked out of her eyes and compelled all about her to attempt, in some small degree at least, to be good also.

"And now, to hear you so calmly suggest what you do—I can't stand it, Justin! You do not know the woman—I do. If she says she was married to Henry II of Lichtenburg, and that this child is his, then——"

"Then what?" gasped the secretary.

The king stopped in his march up and down the floor, came around the table, and seated himself before he spoke.

"Then we must look very carefully into the matter and examine the testimony—what little there may be," finished the king, in an altered tone. "Of one thing I would be sure—by the way, Justin, does the petition you have there purport to come from her?"

"No, your majesty."

"Then it is really not her own personal statement?"

"No, your majesty."

"Then my mind is made up. We will see her and judge of the truth of her story at first hand. You will arrange the matter, Justin, and secretly—secretly. There is no need to stir Baron von Werderitz more deeply than he was stirred today. Who signs the petition?"

Justin smiled quietly. "Conrad von Hohenstaufen of Schlossberg," he said, reading from the paper.

"What!" exclaimed the king.

"He 'respectfully signs the petition,'" quoted Justin again.

"And where is the princess now?" asked the king, after taking a moment to digest this statement. "Is she where I may easily get to her? It would be impossible to have her brought to Bourassa, I presume."

"She is domiciled at Schlossberg, under the protection of the Count Conrad, who has offered her the shelter of his castle under his right as baron of the freehold," the secretary said drily.

VIII.

THERE was a silence in the cabinet for some moments, and the king's gaze fixed itself absently upon the latticed window, through which the court park was visible. Justin was the first to take up the discussion, and he spoke as plainly as he used to do in the old days when the gulf between their positions was not so marked as now.

"It is well to be generous; it is well to be charitable; but it is *not* well to allow sentiment to contradict facts. Look upon it calmly, your majesty.

"This woman may have been all that you claim; but she certainly is lending herself to a conspiracy against your throne and the welfare of the country. If the statements set forth in this petition are true, why does she not find some champion of more savory reputation than Conrad of Schlossberg? He is the veriest rake in the kingdom, and when was ever a pretty woman's honor safe in *his* keeping? Nay, Curt, if Isolde of Berichtshofen was what you claim her to be, she would not have fled for sustenance and shelter to Schlossberg."

"But the old count was her guardian and her father's friend," the king said doubtfully.

"True. But if she cared aught for her reputation——"

"We do not know all the facts in the case," the other hastened to interpose. "That is why I desire to see her personally. If Von Werderitz suspected anything of the kind claimed between my cousin and Isolde, there would be reason for his hounding her until she gladly accepted shelter at *any* man's hand. And there is no love lost between the baron and the Hohenstaufens, no more than there is between the Hohenstaufens and the Wolfüngens.

"Isolde's childhood was partly spent at Schlossberg; this petition says she was traveling towards Bourassa from Berichtshofen when my cousin was killed. She would have passed near Count Conrad's castle. What more natural than that she should take refuge in the home of her childhood, especially in her condition——"

"It is not so set forth in the petition," Justin interposed, looking up from the papers, his voice and manner utterly unmoved.

"Was the child not born at Schlossberg?"

"It was born in the cot of a charcoal burner in the Teufelwald."

"Great God, what a condition of affairs!" murmured the king, resting his brow upon one hand and still staring away from his companion. "The poor girl! The poor girl!"

"As set forth here," Justin continued, in the same hard tone, "it was at this same charcoal burner's home, and directly after the child was born, that the papers she claims to have lost were stolen from her. Fearing enemies were lurking in the forest, bent upon injuring the babe, she fled, as soon as she was able, to Schlossberg."

"Reasonable, Justin. You must admit that."

"As reasonable as any other fairy story," muttered the secretary.

But the king raised his head now and turned more firmly to his companion.

"No, I cannot, I *will* not, believe the princess guilty of either conspiracy or intentional wrongdoing, until I have interviewed her. This whole matter might be carried on without her knowledge."

Justin shrugged his shoulders. "Hardly possible, your majesty," he said. "Her signature is affixed to the document—and most brazenly, too! 'Wife and consort of Henry II of Lichtenburg.' Jove! She will be signing herself 'Queen Regent' ere long."

"You are extremely bitter, my friend," the king said. "That I cannot be, however ill advised she may have been by such people as Count Conrad. As for her accepting shelter from him, I consider it very natural. She knew him when he was a boy, and, if I remember rightly, could manage him better than the old count himself. She doubtless had no fear, as any other woman might. I cannot lose my trust in the purity of Isolde so easily. I would as soon believe wrong of——"

He halted abruptly, and a deep flush came into his face. Justin glanced up at him quickly. "Well, your majesty, of

whom?" he demanded, with a strange emphasis on the title.

"Of the woman I love," said the king steadily.

The other made an angry gesture with his clenched hand.

"Is not that past, Curt? Do you still hug that delusion to your breast? By the living God, I believe half your interest in this affair of Isolde of Berichtshofen can be traced back to this! You hope in vain for a release from the duties and position you consider odious, that you may return to——"

"To peace," finished the king. "You may be right, Justin. I do desire to lay down the scepter and go where my heart leads me. But it is true that I would as soon believe wrong of Ruth Winston as of the princess."

Justin, however, still looked at him disapprovingly.

"I have nothing to say in criticism of the young woman you mention. I beg to point out this fact to you, nevertheless: Were the child of the Princess Isolde proven beyond the shadow of a doubt the legitimate son of Henry II, he could never be established upon the throne.

"You would not be freed of responsibility if such a preposterous thing could be established. Bethink you, my friend, would Von Werderitz ever allow one of the blood of the Berichtshofens to sit upon the throne of Lichtenburg? The hatred borne by his house for that of the Princess Isolde is generations old. The ruin of the Berichtshofens and the joining of the kingdom to Saxony did not satisfy the hate of the Werderitzes.

"Besides, Princess Isolde stood between Von Werderitz and the culmination of his pet desire. The baron was determined to join the blood of the Wolfüngens with that of the reigning house of Rhinethal. He even had the princess picked out for your cousin—you know that, your majesty. But Henry's love for Isolde balked the baron in that matter. Thing you he is a man who ever forgets?

"Nay, Curt, to resign the throne in favor of this unfortunate child, were it proven that he was in truth Henry III, would be to damn Lichtenburg to revolution and anarchy. The baron made no empty threat today. The army *is* his, despite the fact that they cheer *you* when you appear on parade. The men are mere blockheads moved at the will of their officers; and the officers are the baron's—body and soul!

"There is another reason why you could not depend upon the loyalty of the soldiery. They are enlisted in the name and under the warrant of the king. Half your army, your majesty, are serving under compulsion. Such a system does not make a loyal or patriotic band.

"Were you to endeavor to place this child upon the throne, you would set a match to a blast that would wrench asunder the very foundations of the state. You must not think of it, Curt—you must not contemplate it for a moment! In it lies not alone danger to your crown, but danger to all Germany. It might mean the loss of the throne of Lichtenburg altogether to the house of Von Wolfüngen; it might even mean the parceling out of the kingdom to other states, and the wiping out of the old boundaries. It would not be the first state of the confederation to be so split asunder because of civil strife.

"Your duty, my friend, is *here*: you are the one person in God's universe who can hold the conflicting interests of this trouble ridden state in leash. If your hand fails, you will release upon your people and your land a war whose end no man can see. I pray you, your majesty, forgive my plain speech; but think no more of this thing."

The king raised his head again and looked upon his mentor with a rather wearied smile. "'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,'" he quoted. "Your advice and warning are from the heart, Justin. I appreciate truth, when so many fawn upon me. But as I would keep my faith in the honor of woman and of womanhood I must be convinced of the truth or falsity of this report. I must see Isolde."

"It is well nigh impossible, your majesty!"

"What, 'impossible' to a king, my Justin?" and he smiled a little bitterly.

"If she refuses to come to you, how can you go to her—at Schlossberg?"

"Nay; I could not enter the castle of Conrad von Hohenstaufen. It would be said that the king countenanced the claims of his house, did I so do. I could not go openly, at least."

"I see no way, then, your majesty——"

The king waved his hand as though to put the matter aside. "Let us discuss it no further now. We have wasted quite an hour on this theme; there are many waiting without, and you still have other petitions here, Justin?"

The secretary took up two papers.

"One, your majesty—a petition of the strangest kind, with a letter from Dr. Zanger, director of the Bourassa Hospital for the Insane."

"Ha! I remember him, Justin. He was an instructor at Bonn when I was there. You recall him, do you not?"

"He is a scientist not to be easily forgotten. A noted alienist, too. Your predecessor placed him at the head of the insane hospital, and he has done marvelously good work there, I believe."

"And what does the doctor wish?"

"The petition is not from him, but from a patient under his care."

"From a madman!" cried the king.

Justin smiled. "Doubly mad, you will say, your majesty; for this unfortunate creature seems not only to be insane enough to think himself king, but is insane enough to desire the throne in your stead!"

"A wonder! A miracle!" cried the king, laughing for the first time with heartiness. "And here was I, Justin, but a short time ago declaring that the meanest beggar would not wish to change places with me. Yet there seems to be *one* man ready for the exchange. Who is he, pray?"

"The doctor's letter explains that. Perhaps I had better read it."

"By all means."

The secretary unfolded the sheets of the letter attached to the petition. "It is addressed to me personally, your majesty," he said.

"To the King's Secretary,
The Herr Justin Ehrhardt,
At the Royal Palace,
Bourassa.

"Praying the attention of the Herr Secretary Ehrhardt in the matter of a petition of one Charles Rubin, a patient in the Bourassa Hospital for the Insane:

"Knowing the intention of His Most Gracious Majesty to inform himself thoroughly upon all matters of personal interest to the most humble of his subjects, and being informed that it is a rule of the throne that all papers addressed to His Majesty shall be delivered forthwith to the hand of his Secretary, I have felt it a duty to transmit the paper inclosed herewith, although it be but the vagary of a madman.

"In explanation of the petition I would say that the patient, Charles Rubin, is, from all reports I have received, a poor charcoal burner who has passed all his life in the Teufelwald, but who, despite his occupation, must have been a man of some smattering of education. The patient was in the accommodation train which was run into by the special in which our lamented Henry II was traveling to Berlin, and was one of the unfortunate passengers most seriously injured in the terrible catastrophe.

"He was picked up by the soldiers who were sent to guard the scene of the accident, and carried to the city hospital, from which institution he was committed to my charge some time after he had recovered consciousness. He was terribly scalded in the wreck, and although no concussions were found upon his head which would suggest a permanent injury to the brain, the fright and pain of his burns had shattered his mind.

"While the dead king lay in the sealed casket in the cathedral, this poor creature babbled of his dead monarch's journey to Berlin. Evidently, at the moment of the colliding of the two trains, Rubin must have been speaking of or thinking of the sudden journey of the king, which, as you will remember, was in everybody's mouth at the time. From speaking of the journey, the injured man came to declare himself the king, and he was brought to my hospital raving against 'the enemies who had foully stolen his identity and deprived him of his throne.'

"Since that time he has reiterated daily—aye, hourly—that he is the real king of Lichtenburg, and that the body buried in the tomb of the Von Wolfüngens is that of another man. The case has several minor points which makes it different from any which heretofore have come under my notice. In no other way does the man seem deranged, although his manner of living in every particular conforms with the hallucination that he is of royal blood. To me he is a most interesting study, inasmuch as he seems to prove beyond much doubt the power of imagination over all matter.

"Believing himself king, this charcoal burner lives, speaks, even *thinks*, as a king naturally would. Even the petition which he has penned and addressed to the throne is apparently the work of a man whose knowledge of such papers is broad. That a peasant, a mere charcoal burner, should so successfully imitate a person of education and refinement, even to the use of written language with which little fault could be found by the best linguists, is a most astonishing circumstance, and suggests phases of insanity or mental delusion that would be of grave interest to many scientists and medical professors throughout the world.

"With the permission of the Herr Secretary, I should be glad to put my observations of this case in the form of a paper for publication in one of our medical journals.

"Grateful for the Herr Secretary's attention,
I remain obediently,
Herman Zanger,
"Director of the Bourassa Hospital for the Insane."

"A strange case indeed," was the king's comment, as Justin completed the reading of the letter. "What is the petition of this madman?"

"Why, as to that," the secretary said, picking up the second document and studying it curiously, "it is worded, as the doctor says, much after the fashion of other petitions. Strange that an insane man should write so *sanely*. The hand shows weakness, however—weakness of body if not of mind. The lettering is tremulous and broken, and was evidently the work of many hours."

"The poor fellow requests what?"

"That the throne shall allow him an opportunity to prove his identity. He claims a right to an examination, or trial, before being condemned to imprisonment, even in an insane hospital, which he terms 'a living tomb.'"

"Jove!" exclaimed the king. "*That* does not sound like a madman. There is much good sense and justice in that, my friend."

The secretary nodded, still rapidly perusing the document. "He declares himself not to be Charles Rubin, and asks that the friends and relatives of the said Rubin be allowed to see him and prove that he is *not* the charcoal burner of the Teufelwald. It is a mildly put letter for a crazy man, your majesty."

"Poor fellow! But about this request of Dr. Zanger regarding his publishing an account of the case in the medical journal?"

"I would advise the request being refused," Justin hastened to say.

"My own thought. There is enough trouble brewing for us;" and the king laughed again, but this time with a tinge of bitterness in the tone. "Some foolish people will be likely to pick the matter up, you think, and espouse the cause of this madman?"

"It would be quite as sensible as espousing the cause of the son of the Princess Isolde," Justin muttered.

"Have a letter written to the doctor, then, advising him that it is not our pleasure that the case of this Rubin be made public. But assure him of our satisfaction at his course in transmitting the petition, and with his letter itself, and—and—yes, tell him of our intention to visit the hospital in the near future. It will please the old gentleman, and, Justin, he really *is* doing worthy work there, I think. Besides"—and the king smiled again—"if all these matters continue to press us, an insane hospital may be a safe and quiet retreat for the king of Lichtenburg.

"Now for these waiting applicants. See old Schlüter, Justin, and have them sent in as rapidly as possible. I long for a gallop over the fields;" and he stretched his big arms above his head.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, his eyes seeking the level of the table again and resting on one of the open documents. "What is this, Justin? Whose writing is it?"

He drew the paper towards him with a puzzled expression upon his face. Justin looked back over his shoulder as he started for the door.

"That? Why, it is the petition of the madman."

He went on to the entrance to the corridor, now thronged with hangers on of the court and people waiting personally to present their prayers to the king. The latter, half leaning upon the table, still fixed his eyes upon the waveringly written lines in the petition of the insane charcoal burner.

"Strange — strange," he muttered. "The hand seems familiar—almost as though I had seen it before and—should—know—its—author. Verily, a strange idea!"

IX.

And now the daily audience which gave such offense to Baron von Werderitz and to certain others of Curt's councillors began. There was little ceremony, other than the martial figure of Captain Schlüter at the door. His keen eyes scrutinized every person who entered the cabinet.

Justin wrote steadily at the table, taking down instructions from the king regarding each case in succession. Many of the visitors were plainly afraid of the big young man who stared sternly at them and pulled his yellow mustache as he listened. But he gave the same direct, calm attention to the plaint of the humble artisan as to the church official who came to this informal audience in priestly robes.

And the common citizen went away and told his friends and neighbors, with much satisfaction, that the king was a *man;* while the clergyman was more than likely to shake his head doubtfully over such startling methods. Many of the matters which thus came to Curt's attention were utterly foolish and of no moment; yet he was learning a great many strange things about how this government, of which he was supposed to be the head and front, was conducted.

There was a break in the line at last; no more petitioners entered, and Curt lay back in the huge armchair and stretched his arms above his head with a sigh.

"Put all that stuff in the hands of your assistants, my boy; let us lunch, and then for a horseback ride. I am wearied with all this mess and clatter. But hold—there is one other matter that needs our attention." He looked at his secretary thoughtfully as he leaned forward once more upon the table. "Send for Father Jerome."

Justin started. "Will you take up that matter now, your majesty?"

"Yes, my friend. I cannot get it off my mind. It oppresses me. If Father Jerome knows the truth of this claim made by the Princess Isolde, let us hear it at once."

"Do you not think that a man like the

good father would have come forward ere now and made plain the matter, could he do so?"

"I have great confidence in Father Jerome's piety; but he is a man as well. Policy may sway him at times, or—fear."

"Fear of whom?" cried Justin.

"Von Werderitz had him brought here, without doubt. Your own deductions prove that, Justin. The baron did not seek out a poor priest to honor him with the position of king's chaplain, for nothing."

"True."

"You tell me there is no record of the marriage which Isolde claims took place, and that of the two witnesses, one is dead and the other spirited away. Now, we do not know how much of this story is false and how much is true. But the priest whom they claim conducted the marriage ceremony *must* know. Send for him Justin."

The secretary touched the bell and sent the under chamberlain for Father Jerome. As the man withdrew, voices were audible from the corridor, voices which were raised to more than the ordinary pitch of conversation.

"Who is that old Schlüter is guarding us from now?" queried the king, with a smile. "He's become a veritable dragon lately. What is he expecting, think you? Assassins to try to force their way into our presence? Come, Justin, go and command him to quench such unseemly disturbance."

The secretary hastened to the door and threw it open in time to make plain these words in the angry voice of the old guardsman:

"Nay, your impudence may go far in some quarters, Herr Count; but, by the gods, 'twill not serve ye here! I know you and your breed well, and no bluster disturbs *me*. You know well the edict against you, and, having ventured within the city limits—even to the very gates of the palace itself—you'll taste narrower quarters than ye've lately been used to, I warrant!"

"Who in heaven's name has he got there?" queried the king, in a vexed tone.

Before Justin could reply, the voice of the other party to the controversy reached the king's ears plainly.

"Captain Schlüter was always considerate—and such a courteous gentleman!" were the sneeringly uttered words. "He offers me the hospitality of his own *pension* before I have been in the city half an hour."

"You'll find the quarters I give you somewhat different from those you've been used to lately—by the gods, yes!" declared the captain gruffly. "Ha! You are here at length, are you, you blockheads?"

There was the tramp of heavily shod feet in the corridor; a file of the guard had evidently entered at Schlüter's command.

"This is disgraceful, Justin!" exclaimed the king, half rising from his seat. "What is Schlüter about to do? Who is that fellow without?"

Before Justin could reply the same cool, sneering voice said: "Be not too fast, Herr Captain. I have the right of every man in Lichtenburg to see the king. It is his own proclamation."

"But not such as you. You are forbidden the city—the edict of the throne still stands," growled Schlüter. "To the guard room with this fellow!"

The soldiers evidently pressed forward, for there was a sharper tone in the voice of the man whom the captain threatened to arrest.

"Hold! This is the palace of the king, but a free man has a right to defend his life, be time or place what they may! Hands off, I say, or I will run some of you through! Call off your curs, Captain Schlüter, and read that paper."

There was a pause of a breath's duration in the controversy while the old guardsman evidently scanned the document.

"The king's seal!" Curt and Justin heard him exclaim.

"And do you grasp its import, Herr Captain?" demanded the sneering voice. "It removes the prohibition issued by Henry II—of blessed memory!—against Conrad of Schlossberg, does it not? I met the courier just without the city. I am here to see his majesty upon matters of importance to him and to me. Now, sir, will the king see Conrad of Schlossberg?"

Justin, who had hesitated after opening the door, with his hand upon the draperies, turned quickly now and glanced questioningly into the king's face.

The latter had pushed back his heavy chair and stood upright beside the table, one clenched hand resting upon it. His brow had contracted, and a deep flush dyed his cheek. When he saw Justin's glance he started, his lips set themselves more sternly, and, with a sudden gesture, he gave the desired permission.

Before the astounded and angry captain could reply to the count's final speech the secretary flung apart the cur-

tains. "His majesty will give audience to Count Conrad of Hohenstaufen," he said quietly.

"Ha!" exclaimed the gruff voice of the chagrined guardsman.

Instantly the importunate visitor crossed the threshold and stood in the presence of the monarch. Three bold paces into the room he strode, and as the door quickly closed behind him he halted, heels together, and saluted his majesty.

The king looked upon him coldly, but the flush had died out of his cheek and he leveled his gaze at the handsome, scornful face of the young count with perfect composure.

"Our edict did not include the restoration of Count von Hohenstaufen's military honors," he said, without returning the salute.

No flush rose to Conrad's cheek. He bowed deeply, and with mocking humility. "Pray pardon my forgetfulness, your majesty. Confusion, natural upon being again allowed to approach the throne, was the cause of my fault, I assure you."

He was a slender, graceful fellow, this daredevil master of the freehold of Schlossberg, his face high bred, full colored, lighted by hawk-like eyes and adorned by a chestnut mustache of the foppish cut made fashionable by the emperor. His manner, look, bearing, all displayed unbounded impudence.

The king still remained standing beside his desk, and, paying no apparent attention to the offensive manner of his visitor, inquired briefly: "On what business does the Count von Hohenstaufen appear before us?"

"All men know the charity and justice of Curt II of Lichtenburg," responded the count, with another sweeping bow; "that he listens to the petitions of the poorest and least worthy of his subjects—of whom I am one of the least; and that he will consider any petition of moment to his subjects. I crave to place before your most gracious majesty certain documents"—he drew the packet from his coat—"which bear heavily upon your humble petitioner, and upon the welfare of the holders of Schlossberg."

The king's manner was calm and unruffled now.

"And are these petitions similar in tone and subject to those already on file with the secretary of the council?" he asked.

"They are, your majesty. They are the facts setting forth the injury done our family in times past by the Von Wolfüngens; the robbery by force of much of our freehold, and the attachment of these estates to the crown lands; and the curtailment of many of our rights as the Von Hohenstaufens of Schlossberg, which rights were established at and maintained by force of arms from the time of the confederation of the Rhine Lands in the sixteenth century."

"The nature of the claims, count, are well known to us," the king interposed, still mildly. "The manner in which these lands and rights were lost to your house is likewise well known. Herr Secretary, take the papers the count has been kind enough to bring us, and have them examined in detail. If there be any matter upon which we may act, it shall be done."

The unruffled composure of the king at length penetrated Conrad's armor of impudence. His eyes flashed ominously, and his hands, incased in riding gauntlets, clenched themselves involuntarily.

"Your majesty's leniency and charity quite overcome me," he said. "I have not recently had the pleasure of seeing Bourassa (except from a distance), but I have heard from all sides of the king's Solomon-like justice and wisdom. Tell me, your majesty, does it consist of thus summarily dismissing a petition before its seals are broken?"

Justin glanced over at the young count angrily, but Curt still remained undisturbed.

"The Von Wolfüngens," he said, "know the claims and desires of your house, Herr Count. We remember, also, that since the confiscation of much of the Schlossberg lands, no member of your race has shown himself a trustworthy and loyal subject of the crown. The germ of discontent and disloyalty still lives within you, sir, as it lived in the heart of your father and grandfather. A dangerous hound should be muzzled; a mad bull, ringed; the serpent's fangs, drawn. When the time comes that a leader of your house shows beyond doubt his loyalty to the throne of Lichtenburg, you will find us ready—aye, glad—to listen with favorable ear to the prayers of the Von Hohenstaufens."

The young count's face had grown dark with rage while he listened; but ere his lips could frame the unwise words which pressed to them, the king continued in a milder tone:

"Count Conrad of Schlossberg, the blood in your veins is as noble as any in our kingdom. Your castle was, in times past, one of the strongholds of the principality, and the master of Schlossberg

was the friend of the king, and his faithful retainer. No monarch, I care not who he may be, or how great his land, can afford to antagonize a house that could be a pillar—and a mighty one—of his throne.

"Without preparation—without expectation—we have been placed, in the providence of God, upon this throne, to be the governor of this people. A disloyal subject, a man with a grievance, in the country is like a spot of decay upon the cheek of an otherwise fair apple. It will spread, eating to the core, until the whole apple is rotten.

"We would have all men assured of our honesty of purpose and desire to better the condition of the people at large, and to deal justly by all. But our hands are tied by such men as *you*, Conrad of Schlossberg! For the welfare of your country, for the good of Lichtenburg, will you not strike hands with your king this day, as did your fathers in the older time, and swear implicit loyalty from this time forth?"

The young king stretched out his hand, his face earnest, and a tremor in his voice which one who knew him not might have taken for weakness. But Conrad looked scornfully upon him and refused the offered hand.

"And the rights of my freehold?" he demanded haughtily.

"We make no bargains with subjects whom we cannot trust," was the sharp response.

"If the decayed spot, as you so aptly suggest, remains in the fair cheek of the fruit?" sneered the count.

The king folded his arms and gazed upon him with stern eyes again.

"Then," he responded slowly, "there is but one thing to do. It must be removed—the spot shall be cut out, though the cheek of the apple be spoiled in look! Better *that*, than the whole fruit ruined."

Conrad drew himself up and his eyes flashed.

"Your majesty offers me two alternatives—I must either bend the knee or be crushed?"

"We offer nothing. The king makes no offers or advances no promises to those whose loyalty is doubted," repeated Curt.

At that the count stepped back, and his face flamed from throat to brow.

"The king—the king!" he stammered, tearing at one of his riding gloves nervously, and fairly dragging it from his hand. "*Who is the king?*"

At that Justin sprang to his feet as though he would interpose, but his majesty waved him back.

"*I* am the king, in the sight of God and man."

"Yet I have heard that some of your 'loyal subjects' doubt this, your majesty," the count returned with bravado. "The Princess Isolde of Berichtshofen claims the throne of Lichtenburg for her son." And then, in a lower tone: "Another blot upon your apple, sire!"

"The truth of *that* claim shall be known to us shortly, count. Let Isolde come to the court and present her proofs——"

"To be filed with the secretary of the council as are the petitions of the house of Hohenstaufen!" interrupted the other quickly. "Nay, your majesty. Firebrands may keep smoldering a long time in a covered pot, but spread broadcast in the forest they will accomplish more."

"That is a threat, Herr Count," said the king, again calm.

"Aye, it *is* a threat. And hear me, your majesty, if it was to be the last breath I drew! The claim of the child of Isolde to the throne of Lichtenburg is not a specter to be downed by a bribed clergy or an intimidated peasantry. The child is the son of Henry II, and his right to the throne will be established, if need be, by the sword! It shall be carried to the highest court of appeal—to the emperor himself—and this city, the kingdom from end to end, may yet see blood spilled because of this awful deed against the rightful heir to the crown."

"Sir," cried the king, advancing upon him, "this is past forbearance——"

"Aye, play the tyrant, and you will! Think to smother popular feeling by oppressing those who would rise and tell the truth. But know you, that in Conrad of Schlossberg there is a man you cannot intimidate!"

Suddenly, glancing at the torn glove in his hand, his eyes flashed again and the muscles of his arm stiffened.

"In the old days, your majesty," he said, in a harsh tone, "which you have seen fit to recall so feelingly, when a freeholder espoused a cause and took his knightly vow to defend it, he threw his glove into the lists to be taken up by any champion who pleased."

With a swift gesture he threw the glove at the king's feet.

"There is my gauntlet, your majesty! I give my heart, my sword, my blood if need be, to the cause of Isolde of Berichtshofen and the infant Henry III."

(To be continued.)

Home Made Plaster Casts.

BY LILLIAN BAYNES GRIFFIN.

A PRACTICAL DESCRIPTION OF SUCCESSFUL METHODS FOR MAKING EFFECTIVE REPRODUCTIONS OF INANIMATE OBJECTS AND FROM LIFE—A FASCINATING PROCESS THAT MAY PROVE PROFITABLE.

EVER since the days of "Little Women," when *Amy* made the disastrous cast of her foot, plaster of Paris has had a peculiar fascination for the amateur. Perhaps this is but the grown up counterpart of the universal mud pie instinct, the longing to reproduce forms, which even the least artistic of us possesses by natural right. Now that the cast has become such a universal adjunct to house furnishing, the unemployed young woman has a reasonable excuse for indulging this instinct, and may spend her time messing happily at her work table without comment. To be sure, she can buy casts of professional workmanship nearly as cheaply as she can make them; but she misses the pleasure of the work, as well as the individuality of the result.

Some plaster of Paris, a few pounds of gray molding clay, a piece of soap, a small brush, a bowl, and a spoon are the principal requirements. Casting from life is, of course, the most interesting field, but it is necessary to get practice and experience from still life objects before attempting a hand or mask. Work in plaster must be done quickly. To the beginner, new problems are always arising; and it will be found easier to overcome difficulties on a bas relief, or a piece of fruit, than on a hand or face covered with an inch of plaster. In fact, no one should attempt a face until he has become expert at reproducing easier models and has gathered a knowledge of the ways of plaster.

Even when great care is taken, the plaster is likely to spatter, so it is advisable to cover the table on which the casting is to be done with newspapers, and also to spread them on the floor. The operator should wear a large apron. Do not try to remove stray plaster from the clothes until it is dry. Once it has set, it will crumble off without leaving any mark; but if rubbed while wet, it will sink in and be very difficult to remove.

Any bas relief that can be bought from the street venders of casts for a few cents will do to practise with, and if the mold is successfully made, several casts may be reproduced from it. One of Donatello's low reliefs, such as "St. Cecilia," "The Cherub," or "St. John and the Saviour," is excellent to experiment with. A relief without undercuts should be chosen.

THE MAKING OF MOLD AND CAST.

Make a thick lather with a little common soap and a few drops of boiled oil, and, with a hog's hair brush, cover the cast until the entire surface is in a lather. Having washed and wiped the brush, go over the cast until every bubble has disappeared and the surface has a smooth, almost polished appearance. This is done to prevent the plaster from adhering to the cast. Build a wall about three quarters of an inch high all round the cast with the modeling clay, making the inside edges perfectly smooth and upright.

The mold is now ready for the plaster. Much depends upon proper mixing. The first consideration is quantity, and it is wiser to waste a little plaster than to find, in the middle of an operation, that there is not enough to finish. It is unsafe to make the casts too thin. A pound and a half of plaster to a pint of water is a good ratio. Place the water in a large bowl, and, from the edge of a saucer, sprinkle the plaster lightly over the surface, letting most of it fall about the edges. As it becomes saturated with water, it will sink to the bottom of the bowl. The plaster should be added until the water seems to be full. Care should be taken to make sure that it is free from lumps, or it will never beat smoothly.

The mixture must now be stirred with a strong wooden spoon, which should move so rapidly that the plaster is kept boiling in the center of the bowl. The spoon should never be removed during the

operation, because of air bubbles, which are always disastrous.

As soon as all the dry plaster has been beaten in, and the mixture is beginning to thicken to a creamy consistency, it is ready to pour over the cast, which should first be covered with the thinnest possible coat. Tip the cast back and forward and blow every air bubble out; then cover it with the rest of the plaster. The larger the surface of the cast, the thicker it must be. Under favorable circumstances, the plaster should be firm in ten minutes, but its condition can be judged by touching it with the finger. If it is time to remove the clay wall, the surface of the plaster will be hard and warm, but if the finger sinks in, it must stand longer. A deal of harm may be done by removing the plaster too soon, so it is better to err on the safe side, and run no risk.

While the plaster is setting, the bowl and spoon should be cleaned, for the plaster is setting just as hard on those as it is on the cast. A good supply of water is all that is necessary. Profit by my very expensive experience, and avoid putting half set plaster down a sink, for it will destroy the plumbing in the most effectual way.

As soon as the plaster is hard, remove the clay wall and pull the cast and the mold apart. If they seem inclined to adhere, lay the cast on the palm of the left hand and gently tap it around the edges with a hammer. Dust away any chips of plaster with a soft brush. Before the mold has time to become brittle, nick either side with a penknife, filling the nicks with clay. These are for the purpose of inserting a wooden wedge in case the mold and the cast adhere.

Again the plaster has to be mixed, and the entire process repeated. But this time the result should be a cast in relief, the facsimile of the original. Many casts can be made from the mold, which should be carefully cleaned and oiled each time it is used.

MAKING CASTS FROM LIFE.

After one or two successful bas reliefs have been made, the molder need not hesitate to try something from life. A fish is simple, making a very pretty cast, and will help to solve many of the problems that are sure to present themselves. One with decidedly marked scales should be chosen.

The first difficulty that the fish presents lies in the fact that there is so much undercutting. You cannot build a clay wall around the fish—it has to be treated in an entirely different way. Get a box of fine sand—bird sand will do, though a finer variety is better—dampen it slightly, and embed the fish in it until only one half can be seen. Smooth the sand so that it makes a firm background, and the fish looks like a bas relief. Cover with plaster, following the instructions given for making a mold. For a twelve inch fish, make the cast about an inch thick. When the plaster has set, the mold may easily be lifted away.

If one wishes to carry the experiment further, in order to make a complete reproduction, turn the fish over, so that the half in plaster is underneath, and brush away the sand. Scrape the edges of the plaster until they are perfectly smooth, and make notches to be filled with clay. Oil the fish and the edges of the plaster mold, and complete the cast. A small wedge inserted in the notches will separate the molds. The halves should fit together perfectly. If there are visible cracks in the seams, fill them with clay. After enlarging one of the notches until it is big enough to pour plaster through, dust and oil the inside of the casts and tie them firmly together with cord. Make and beat fresh plaster, and as soon as it begins to get creamy, pour in a few spoonfuls. Place a finger over the opening and turn the mold until the plaster has been forced into every part of it; then pour until the mold is filled, and let the plaster set until it becomes hard. If often happens that one half will adhere so firmly to the cast that it has to be chipped off by means of a hammer and a dull chisel.

CASTS OF HANDS.

The amateur will derive most pleasure from making casts of hands, and if well done the amusement may prove mildly profitable. There were two Boston girls who built up a paying business by casting hands for paper weights. They charged five dollars for the cast in plaster, and twenty five for the same thing in bronze. Of course they did not make the bronze casts; they merely sent the plaster ones to the foundry and had them reproduced. This cost them ten dollars for each cast, so they made a pretty handsome profit. They also made a considerable income by casting babies' feet, these also to be used for paper weights. Sometimes they got an order for two hands clasped together, cast in the act of shaking hands. For these in plaster they charged fifteen dollars, and usually the owner of each hand desired a cast.

There are many ways in which a hand

may be cast, and, after experimenting a little, each molder adopts a method and labels it "the best." I have tried several, and I will describe the one which I found to be the easiest as well as the most satisfactory.

Shape the finger nails, and oil the hand with lard or sweet oil. Fasten a towel around the arm a few inches from the wrist. If there is any hair on the hand, smooth it down so that it all lies in one direction; otherwise it will catch the plaster, and make the removing of the mold painful. If only the back of the hand is to be cast—and in any case it is better to try the hand in relief before attempting it in the round—place a soft piece of cheese cloth on a pillow, over which a newspaper has been laid. Let the hand settle down naturally on the folds of the cloth, then follow the instructions for making a bas relief of a fish, being careful to blow the first coat of plaster in and about the finger nails.

When the mold has set, turn the hand over and remove all the plaster that may have found its way underneath. This will be a waste mold, and after it has been filled with plaster it will have to be chipped away until the cast of the hand is reached. When getting down near the hand the chipping must progress slowly, so as not to injure the cast.

In casting a hand in the round, the first step is to decide on a graceful and natural position. A good way is to rest the fore arm on a pillow and let the fingers and thumb lie on a table, so that there is a slight slant from the tips of the fingers to the wrist. Then build damp sand under the hand and all round the fingers, so that no plaster can by any chance get underneath. The sand will act as a perfect support to the hand, and all the muscles may relax.

Make the first half of the mold; when it has set, turn the hand over, brush away the sand, and scrape the edges of the plaster perfectly smooth. Notch the sides of the plaster so that the two halves will dovetail together, oil the front of the hand and the edges of the mold, make the second half of the cast, tie the two together, and fill with plaster. Great care must be taken while removing the outside mold, as a very slight jar will break off one of the fingers and thus destroy the cast.

Leaves and some kinds of flowers can be cast in the same way. These should not be flattened out, but should have sand built up under them. They do not need oiling, as they can be readily removed from the cast as soon as the plaster is sufficiently hard.

CASTS OF FACES.

A mask is not difficult, provided that it is made over a clean shaven face. Dealing with a beard, or even a mustache, is quite another thing, and should be attempted only by one who has had much experience in casting. Do not experiment on a nervous person. Many a good mold has been destroyed by the model becoming frightened, and, at the last moment, tearing it off. The plaster felt cold and heavy and suggested the fate of *Desdemona*. For this reason it is well to explain beforehand what is going to happen, and to be sure that the plaster is mixed with warm water. Put straws in the nostrils, so that breathing may continue, and have everything ready, so that there will be no delay after the process has once begun.

The model should lie flat on his back with a pillow under the head. Towels must be bound around the head and under the chin, firmly, but not tight enough to distort the muscles. The eyebrows and any hair that shows from under the towel must be covered with a little soft clay. No attempt should be made to cast the eyelids. The eyes should be kept closed and the plaster built around them, care being taken not to touch the lashes. Oil the face and proceed as with a bas relief.

One of the most satisfactory ways of tinting casts is to hang them where they will become smoked by an open fire. The process is slow, but when complete the reward is a cast that can hardly be told from ivory. If the fireplace is big enough, hang the casts inside, as far away from the fire as possible; if it is small, fasten them to the board under the mantel. Casts are sometimes tinted by putting coloring matter in the plaster when it is first mixed, but the results are seldom, if ever, as good as when the coloring is done afterwards. A preparation of raw oil to which has been added a few pinches of any good dry color, such as emerald green, burnt sienna, yellow ocher, or terra cotta, will give an effective finish to a cast. To polish a white cast, and at the same time to protect it from dust, go over the surface with a brush and dry talc powder; or the cast may first be tinted with a water color, and afterwards polished with the talc powder.

Plaster busts that have become soiled may be cleaned by placing them upside down and filling them with water. As the water oozes through, wipe the cast with a chamois skin.

THE PEGLEGGERS.*

BY FRANCIS Z. STONE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

OUT of gratitude for their succoring him in a saloon brawl in San Bernardino, a retired soldier tells an old miner named Myers and his young partner, Hike Random, that he has struck the Pegleg, a famous missing mine, and offers to take them into partnership. Their expedition takes them across the desert, where no water exists, and they are compelled to share the small supply they take with them with a young Mexican girl, Chiquita Morales, whom they find on the trail, well nigh perishing from thirst. Chiquita has set out to find Cholo Jack, sometimes known as Juan Bat'hurst, a dashing young half breed of fine looks and bad principles, who induced her to elope with him, married her, although he has another wife living, and then deserted her. Cholo Jack, finding it expedient to quit that part of the country, joins four of his cronies, Pete and Ed Nicholson, "Frisco," and "Rebel" Jones, in an attack on the O K gambling saloon in San Bernardino, by which they obtain some twenty thousand dollars' worth of gold dust; after which they depart for Mexico *via* the desert across which Myers and his party are journeying, with Sim Glover, the sheriff, and his posse in hot pursuit.

XI.

THE raiders did not spare their animals. They traveled light, having chosen time as ally. The sand of the desert leaves a trail as plain as new fallen snow, but the rocks of the broken ranges obliterate it almost as completely as running water. At Whitewater they swung to the right, skirting the forbidding buttresses of the San Jacinto Mountains. At Indian Wells they filled canteens and refreshed their mounts.

"Be sparing of the water," cautioned Cholo Jack. "It's a good fifty miles to my little tank."

So they rode doggedly, always southeast, winding between the low, rocky foothills. The half blood, in advance, glanced now and then to right and left as if to scan landmarks invisible to his companions, whose chins lay frequently on their shoulders as their eyes ranged the back trail in quest of pursuit. But always the desert was bare save for the isolated masses of rock.

The sun and silence were oppressive. The hoofs smote the sand with a soft recurrent thud, like the beating of an artery in a tired brain. The Nicholsons yielded first to the eerie influence of the solitude, as they rode head to crop behind Frisco and Rebel Jones. The former had been covertly watching them for some time.

"Those fellows have too blamed many superstitions to suit me," he said, cantering up beside Jones. "They've had some kind of a maggot in their brains about this job for a week, and if we strike a streak of bad luck I wouldn't answer for them. They haven't spoken all day, and a man that broods in the desert ain't safe. If they show any sign of running amuck, throw down on 'em and shoot to kill."

"They're pretty near crazy now," answered Jones. "It's the desert craze. I can spot it when it's comin' on. Them two was lost once on the Mojave back of the Calico range, an' was out of their heads an' naked when a dry washin' outfit picked 'em up. A man never gits over the desert craze if he goes back on the desert. I've hearn tell that some goes blind from it."

"Fact," rejoined Frisco; "and some fellows get it mighty easy. You know those borax teams that run between Death Valley and Barstow? Well, they send two men with each outfit—it's a long haul through just about such a God forsaken country as this—two men with thirty or forty mules hitched to the borax wagon and a water tank. Along at first there wasn't hardly a month passed that some outfit didn't come in by itself, or with only one man runnin' it. One or both of the mule whackers that started with it would be lyin' dead with his boots on, back on the trail. They would get to fighting over trifles, or over nothing at all, and it was always to the death, because where a man gets to brood-

* *This story began in the September number of* THE JUNIOR MUNSEY'S.

ing in this stillness and monotony he grows wolfish and sees red. Finally it got so that the borax company would never send the same men together twice running. On top of that, each mule whacker had to state before he started that he had no objections to his partner, and had never had any words with him. But even now there's a killing or two on the borax trail every few months."

"Yes," assented the other; "I've heard that, an' I believe it."

The pair lapsed into silence. Meanwhile Pete Nicholson broke the seal that had been upon his tongue for hours.

"Wisht I hadn't sat into that game o' stud las' Wednesday," he said, half to himself. His eyes were gloomy and his face was drawn.

"Why?" inquired his brother.

"It's all along o' them signs. Thought I wouldn't mention it, but I got a bad hand."

Ed Nicholson turned a dirty white.

"Not——?"

He did not finish the sentence. Pete nodded.

"Sure as shootin'. Jacks up on nines, the Dead Man's Hand, first deal. Other fellows quit right thar, fear o' trouble. Most times a feller that gits that hand never leaves the table alive."

Shutting his lips grimly, he added:

"That's why I went into this proposition. I knowed, of course, after gittin' the Dead Man's Hand dealt me, that I was a gone coon, but I mought as well pass out game."

"Why in tarnation didn't you tell me?" snarled his brother, his face working with fear and rage. "Didn't you know you was a dead man? Was thar any need o' ropin' me into your finish?"

"'Twasn't no use," was the sullen reply. "Thar was signs enough afterwards to show that you was mixed up in the bad luck. Besides, I had a hankerin' for comp'ny."

Ed Nicholson drew up his horse with a jerk and whirled it across the trail in front of his brother. His lean features twitched.

"Hol' on, Ed!" the other man said. "For Gawd's sake, you wouldn't——"

Pete's sentence was never finished. A shot echoed over the wastes, and he lurched forward upon the horn of his saddle, still clutching his half drawn revolver. The horse plunged, and the dead man, collapsing, dropped sideways to the sand. One foot, which caught for a moment in the broad wooden stirrup by the spur, was lifted, twisted, and then dropped awkwardly, leaving the body in a strange and distorted huddle. A little way off the riderless horse stopped, faced the thing that had backed it, and stood with forelegs apart, trembling.

The murderer sat forward in the saddle, the six shooter raised for another shot; his eyes, fastened upon the corpse, were filled with fear and cruelty. His animal was thrown back upon its haunches, head up and vibrant in every nerve and muscle. So the other riders, startled by the shot, found him as they dashed up.

For a moment he did not heed them, but continued to glare at the prostrate form. Then he slid his revolver back into the holster at his right hip, and, licking his lips, looked from face to face with a sneaking, sidewise glance that had in it something indescribably feline and defiant. He did not speak.

"Round up the hoss," said Frisco. "There's a thousand in gold on her."

Cholo Jack clapped spurs to his mount and swept towards Pete's mare in a wide half circle. Rebel Jones had dismounted and turned the body face up. The beard was full of sand, and the eyes, wide open, had in them a look of mingled surprise and terror.

"Center shot," commented the ex convict. "Through the heart. Help me search him, Jones, an' be quick about it. What he packed goes to us on an even divvy."

"I had to do it," said Ed Nicholson, as the search proceeded. "He deserved it, too. Tried to mix his own blood kin into his hoodoo. Boys, I knowed somethin' was wrong, but I didn't know what, an' when he told me he'd picked up the Dead Man's Hand, I knowed it was his life or ours, an' I let him have it. Anybody would 'a' done the same. An' he had to die, any way. No man that got Jacks up on nines in a pat hand ever lived a week. You all know it."

Frisco looked up from his gruesome work. There was amusement and contempt in his face.

"Right you are," he answered. "Anyhow, it was a family affair, and no gent of experience ever mixes in what isn't his business. Now climb down and help cover the remains. It wouldn't be a good play to let anybody know that there's only four of us left, if it comes to a fight. The hoss will come handy for the run."

A shallow grave was quickly scooped in the sand beside a boulder, with hands and bowie knives. Into this the body was rolled and covered; a few rocks were then

placed on top to prevent exhumation by the wind, when it should arise. Cholo Jack skilfully obliterated all traces of an untoward happening at this place, and the flight was resumed.

Only, the surviving Nicholson now rode behind the half blood, with Frisco and Rebel Jones at his rear—an arrangement the former had brought about by delaying, ostensibly to cinch his girth, the other pulling up to wait for him. Neither man cared to present his back to the fratricide.

At length Cholo Jack was seen to rein in his mare and wheel, raising his right hand straight up, with a cigarette between the extended fingers. All stopped, so abruptly that the creaking of leather, the champing of bits, and the labored respiration of the horses were momentarily audible. The leader threw himself to the ground, the reins wound around his left wrist.

He lay a half minute with his ear to the earth, then flung himself into the saddle.

"Forward!" he cried. "They're after us!"

XII.

"How far behind do you make 'em?" called out Frisco, as the quartet tailed out at accelerated speed.

"Close up," answered Cholo, without turning. "Less than five miles—mebbe three."

They pushed on doggedly. Ability to get the utmost out of a horse is the birthright of the Mexican, who knows no mercy for his mount, but exacts the last ounce of strength and leaves it dead with entire unconcern.

The Americans trusted implicitly to the half blood's judgment in the matter of pace making, as they did to his ears in measuring the distance separating them from the posse; for the Mexican is also the best trailer in the world.

Hour after hour they ran before invisible and, to all but one of them, inaudible pursuit. The San Jacinto range hung in their rear, and in the marvelous atmosphere of the desert, which distorts and deceives, it seemed to their backward glances that they had not gained a mile from that rugged and barren landmark. But the Salton sea lay on their left, a great white depression like the inside of a gigantic skull.

The leader swerved sharply to the right, among the rocks. The sun beat upon the granite walls and scarred boulders, and steeds and riders were alike bathed in perspiration.

High overhead, against the sapphire sky, a great California vulture hung poised and motionless. The hoofs clattered sharply upon the stones with which the ground was strewn. Cholo Jack slackened pace. "Ten miles more, mebbe less," he grunted, lifting his canteen.

The others followed his example, drinking deeply. The horses whickered at the smell of water. The sun was nearing the bald crown of the San Jacinto range when they came upon thick hedges of mesquit and thorn. Cholo Jack swept the growth with his restless black eyes.

It was a ghastly place; the abrupt peaks leaned inward there to watch the death struggle between these vegetable Ishmaelites and the sun that, like an unnatural parent, had doomed them. They writhed and twisted about one another in their dumb agony, or, sprawling upon the hot and pitiless earth, which was the accomplice of the crime, sought nourishment from her dry bosom in vain. In their contortions they formed impenetrable hedges, hard as flint and elastic as a seasoned bow stave.

Cholo Jack clapped spurs to his pinto, and, following what might once have been a narrow trail between the thickets, emerged in a sort of basin—a place like the bottom of a cup, honeycombed with the untenanted burrows of animals.

A startled glance at the desolation, a shrug, and he loosened his revolvers in their scabbards and dismounted.

The tank was dry.

It was with a half smile upon his dark face that he confronted his followers.

"The deal is against us," he said, waving his hand towards the drought cracked bottom of the spring.

They stared in blank silence, and then Ed Nicholson broke the stillness with an oath and turned towards the guide. The old woman's curse sent a lurid flash into his darkened mind. The muscles of his face twitched and his eyes looked murder.

Frisco laid his right hand upon the Southwesterner's arm; his left was otherwise occupied in the vicinity of his hip.

"None of that," he said quietly. "There's been enough killing. Cholo is the only man in the crowd that knows this desert, and if you've got anything against him you'll wait until we're safe in God's country before you settle it. Mind now, we're three to one, and won't stand for any fool play."

Nicholson scanned the resolute faces with his pig's eyes, which were full of

menace; but he knew his men and desisted in his purpose. He could wait.

"You've roped us into this yere game, Jack," growled Rebel Jones. "How are you goin' to get us out? Worth while to try sinkin' a well?"

The half blood descended into the bottom of the tank and examined it upon his hands and knees. Then he broke several thorny twigs from the dry mesquit thicket. They snapped loudly and sent up a powdery dust.

"No good," he grunted, pointing to the dead and dying vegetation. "When mesquit and cactus roots can't find water, what use to dig? There has been a trembler—an earthquake—since I saw it last. The water did not dry up. The earth opened and it was swallowed—like this!"

He laid his palms together in the attitude of prayer, opened them from the heel of the hand, and shut them smartly. Then he added:

"I could not know that."

"We ain't blaming you," responded Frisco. "What we want to know is whether you have any plan."

He rolled a cigarette, lighted it at arm's length—for Mexicans detest the smell of sulphur—puffed meditatively, inhaled a huge volume of smoke, and blew it towards the trail over which they had come.

"Fight?" inquired Frisco.

The other nodded assent.

Rebel Jones scowled.

"There seems to be no choice," said the guide, flicking away the ash. "There"—he waved towards the south—"we will find death before water. There and there"—the arm extended east and north—"is also death. It is not a good death."

Ed Nicholson licked his lips with a tremulous tongue. They had suddenly gone dry.

"But," the speaker went on, "they will not have followed us thus far without water. They would have a team which would trail them. The sheriff—I know him—will not wait for it. He is riding hard. He lost our trail when we took to the rocks. We must dodge him, or stop him, fall on the water wagon, capture it, and make a running fight, if need be, for the line. It is the only way. To ambush them, we should be afoot. Let us hobble our horses here."

This desperate plan met with no opposition. The four, taking only their precious canteens, and drawing their Winchesters from the saddle sheaths, took the back track with a slinking run, like wolves called to the kill.

They ran in silence for nearly an hour. Then Cholo Jack halted them with a motion and, bidding them remain quiet until his return, slipped his boots and disappeared among the rocks. Presently he returned.

"Make no noise," he whispered, signaling them to follow.

He led them down a rocky wash overhung by frowning walls. Presently they climbed out. There was a murmur of voices beyond a jutting spur of porphyry, and they heard the click of hoofs and the rattle of displaced stones distinctly.

"Behind, *pronto!*" urged the half blood, throwing himself into the shadow of an outcropping ledge and silently cocking his rifle.

They had barely time to conceal themselves when the sheriff rounded the spur. He was riding bareheaded, with his sombrero stuck upon the horn of his saddle, and as he bent forward his big beard made an unkempt red mat upon his breast. Close behind him, but on foot, were two lean and sunburned deputies, carrying their rifles carelessly. The sheriff turned in the saddle and opened his mouth to speak.

Cholo Jack fired, at twenty yards. The three shots that followed sounded like a single, prolonged report, and a hoarse yell of execration mingled with the echoes which clamored from rock to rock.

There were several more shots as Ed Nicholson jerked the lever of his Winchester, and, advancing, blazed into the fallen men. The horse stood rearing for a second, uttered a horrible scream, and rolled over in the trail, kicking convulsively.

The raiders approached, their guns at the ready, to look upon their work. The two deputies had died in their tracks, but Sim Glover moved feebly where he lay. Rebel Jones leveled his rifle again, but Frisco struck it aside.

"Save your ammunition," he said; "he's got his dose."

Jones went up to see.

"Well, Glover, ye got what ye was lookin' for, didn't ye?" he said, standing over the dying officer and leering down into his face. "Reckon ye won't come before the convention next month, hey?"

The sheriff roused himself by an effort. He was shot through the heart, but he held to life with that tenacity which strong men sometimes exhibit, to the bewilderment of surgeons or the requital of their slayers.

"I oughter—waited for—the others," he gasped. "I ain't fit—to be—sheriff—but——"

His left hand crooked up and the broken utterance ended in a loud report. Jones flopped down across him, pitching his rifle with a clatter amid the rocks as he fell, with a .41 bullet from the sheriff's derringer in his brain.

When the others rushed up Glover was dead, with a grim smile on his face. No man could say which life went out first.

"This concern is getting mighty limited," said Frisco, turning the body of Rebel Jones over. "Sort of a tontine affair, where the survivors take all. What was your idea in throwing down on these men, Jack?"

"I found by their talk—I crept close to them—that the rest of the posse and the water wagon are far back on the trail. Well! We could have slipped by them easy, but they would have rejoined the others tonight. But if they should not return, part of the posse would ride to look them up, *sabe?* And that would leave but few, maybe none, to guard the water. Therefore it was best that we shoot."

Frisco nodded. Then he said:

"There's only three of us now. If there's much of a gang with the water, or if they've heard our firing, we're going against a hard game."

"But the firing, if they heard, will draw them off," answered Cholo Jack. "In any case we must lose no time here. Get what water these fellows had, while I search Jones. Our shares in the business are growing."

Two canteens, each about half full, were taken from the bodies.

Frisco lifted them to try their weight.

"Better than none, but not so very much," he commented. "Could we get through on it, Cholo?"

The half blood shook his head.

"No good," he grunted; "we must capture the water wagon. It's our only chance, unless——"

He stared towards the southwest.

"Unless what?" queried Frisco.

"Unless we could fall in with some prospectors and supply ourselves."

He pointed to where a wisp of smoke showed above the broken ridges. The night was falling fast.

XIII.

THE partners wasted no time in vain speculation upon the strange chance that had led Chiquita Morales to their camp. Tearing a scarf from her waist, old man Myers wet it from a canteen and held it to her lips. She clutched it ravenously and groaned with the effort to swallow the drops that exuded.

They dashed water into her face, poured it into her bosom, and saturated her sleeves at the wrist; then they supported her to the fire. There she was fed with soaked bread and, by and by, a pint of water.

Myers did not question her. He had heard, of course, of the elopement, and, having known the girl from her childhood, was deeply concerned. Under his rugged exterior there was a good deal of sentiment, and a simple chivalry that never found expression except in shy deeds, for he was as bashful as an awkward boy.

That something tragic had happened he was certain. He was fully aware of Cholo Jack's reputation, and believed the half blood to be at the bottom of Chiquita's present plight. Still, he forbore inquiry, and presently, when she had in some measure recovered, she volunteered an explanation, obviously incomplete, with which the partners were fain to be content.

"It was necessary that I should go to Yuma," she said. "There was no time to lose. The trail I know, but not the Malpai north of it.

"So, when I saw approaching, on the third day, some Indians who were drunk, I was afraid. They laughed and shouted and made signs to me, and I rode fast to the north. It is better to die in the Malpai than to trust Sobobas who are drunk with mescal, when one is a woman and alone on the desert. They followed, shouting, but I rode fast up the barrancas and among the hills, until 'Nita could run no more, and they were left far behind. It was night then, and in the morning I was alone, and lost in the Malpai. 'Nita had pulled her picket and gone for water. I had one canteen: the others went with 'Nita.

"When the water was gone I kept on. I do not know how long or how far, nor whether it was day or night. I do not know how I came here. I cannot remember. I am very tired."

She got up, stumbled to a pallet of blankets, and, sinking upon them, fell into the sleep of exhaustion. Old man Myers took a tarpaulin from the buckboard and rigged a rude tent over her.

"Poor gal," he muttered, seating himself by the fire.

"She never ought to have hit the trail

alone," commented the soldier; "either she's plumb loco or her man is a fool."

"Wuss than that," rejoined Myers gloomily.

"What are we goin' to do now?" growled Hike Random, kicking the embers and sending a shower of sparks into the dark. "I reckon we'll have to take the back trail, when we're right on the edge of the Malpai, an' drop her at Injun Wells. It's too durn bad."

"I don't see nothin' else to be done," was the reply.

"She's a mighty likely squaw to be maverickin' 'round," remarked the soldier.

"That thar term don't fit," drawled the old man. "Her people haven't a drap of Injun blood in 'em. Ole Don Pico Morales that was her father was clean strain, an' so was her mother's people. They owned a heap o' range until the legal sharps at 'Frisco tinkered with the grants. Ole Pico fit in the courts until his pile went into the kitty, an' then he passed out himself. They're mighty high strung, po' as they are."

The meal interrupted by Chiquita's coming was now spread out, and the trio ate in silence, after the manner of desert men. Nothing was heard save the rattle of knives and spoons on tin plates, the sharp crackle of the fire, and the lazy stamping of the mules. Overhead the stars glinted and sparkled in deep myriads, and afar off a coyote howled.

"Howdy, gents?"

From the thick shadows of the rocks three men stepped into the firelight. Each carried a Winchester across his arm and wore a hard smile.

"Howdy, boys?" said the old man, returning the greeting. His partners merely nodded and continued their repast.

"Set into the fire," Myers continued hospitably. "I'll have some sow belly on in two shakes."

Cholo Jack seated himself, his rifle across his knees, Frisco and Nicholson following his example. It was important to discover what, if anything, the Pegleggers knew of the looting of the O. K. saloon.

Old Myers was a good deal puzzled. His first thought upon seeing the half blood was that the latter was looking for Chiquita. But as he failed to make any inquiry upon the subject, Myers put the surmise aside. It was just possible, after all, that the gossip of San Bernardino was mistaken, or that, for some reason which would not bare investigation, Cholo Jack had appointed a rendezvous with his sweetheart at Yuma.

Why, then, was he north of the Cuymaca range when the trail ran south? Perhaps the three men had "stampeded" after the Pegleggers; this seemed the most likely hypothesis. Of course the partners knew nothing of the O. K. affair, having left before the raid.

Frisco came to the point as the old man was slicing bacon.

"Nothin' startlin'," answered Myers. "There was some talk of the Betsy J. bein' bonded to 'Frisco parties, an' rumors of a big clean up in Holcomb Valley. But I reckon you hit the trail after we did—I saw Nicholson, thar, the day we started."

"I reckon that's right. Prospectin'?"

"Some," said the old man.

A silence fell upon the two parties, which was not broken until the newcomers had eaten.

Myers' suspicion grew. Where was the stock of the stampeders? And why didn't they lay aside their guns? There was also a certain covert watchfulness manifested by them which did not escape his notice.

They seemed to be always listening for sounds in the north. Did they know of the presence of Chiquita in the camp? It was not probable. Should he tell them?

"Durn them," he muttered to himself, "let 'em show their hand. I ain't mixin' into no woman scrape."

Supper over, the partners fell to scouring out the tin dishes with dry sand; water is too scarce on the desert to be used for cleansing purposes. They were busy with this domestic employment when their guests, without warning, covered them with their Winchesters.

"Hands up!" commanded Frisco.

The dishes dropped with a clatter as the men hastened to obey.

"What's this for?" drawled the old man with his palms elevated.

"Shut up!" snarled Frisco. "Make a move and you'll never know. Keep 'em covered, boys, while I pull their teeth."

Laying aside his rifle, he searched the trio for weapons. Only the soldier was wearing his six shooter. Frisco secured it and thrust it into his belt.

"Where's the rest?"

"Mine's on the seat," answered Random, glancing in the direction of the buckboard.

Myers' gun also lay there, together with a Kennedy magazine rifle. Frisco jammed the lever of the latter, filled the receiver with sand, and broke the hammer

against a rock. Then he unloaded the revolvers, cocked them, smashed the hammers, and flung them far up on the ledges.

"And that's all right," he said as the last pistol clattered faintly down from rock to rock in the darkness. "Now we'll just pull the rawhide out of this pack saddle and make these gents fast."

That, also, was expeditiously done.

"Now hook up the mules. I'll chuck out everything we don't want while you're doing it."

In glum silence the partners watched the overhauling of their effects.

Their arms were bound behind them. All their belongings but a few provisions and the water cask were thrown out, pell mell, upon the sand. The purpose of the raiders dawned first on old man Myers.

"Look here, Frisco," he protested; "you warn't plannin' to leave us here without water?"

"You'll have a couple of canteens. You can get along on that if you hit the back trail sudden."

His purpose in thus limiting the supply was based on the chance that the Pegleggers might shortly fall in with outriders of the posse. In that case, if they had plenty of water, the pursuers would be able to go forward without returning to the water wagon or waiting for it to come up.

"You ain't givin' us no more show than 'Paches," growled Hike Random. "We'll die afore we can get loose of these thongs."

"Don't let that worry you," answered the bandit; "when we're ready to move you'll be turned loose. I only tied you up to keep you quiet while we got fixed to start. You'll follow us, of course, at your own risk."

Somewhat reassured, the partners said no more. It was plain to Myers that the raiders had committed some crime that jeopardized their safety, since the value of the captured outfit was wholly vested in its usefulness as an aid to flight.

Besides, if their sole object had been plunder, the Pegleggers would have been shot down in cold blood to insure their silence.

Chiquita came out of the tent.

XIV.

THE fire was dying, and the moon, rising round and full over the broken spine of a low mountain, made white the face of the girl as she emerged from the shadow. The loose masses of her black hair tumbled about her shoulders.

"Go back," Myers warned her under his breath.

She cast a startled glance at the three bound men and would, perhaps, have obeyed, but that her eyes rested upon Cholo Jack. She uttered a sharp little cry, and her left hand involuntarily pressed her heart.

In that moment, when sleep had blotted out the immediate past and waking found it still obscured, she had only the instinct to seek his breast like a homing pigeon.

Cholo Jack dropped the trace he was shortening and leaped back with an oath.

"Juan!"

A world of passion was voided in that utterance, which had in it the shudder of a great fear.

He held her off with a full armed gesture of repulsion, licking his lips, catwise, and regarding her with eyes in which cruelty contended with fear. His companions stared in curiosity and silence at the scene.

"How came you here?"

The girl's outstretched arms dropped and she stood frozen. The coldness of his look and voice congealed the blood around her heart, but all the fire of her race burned in her eyes.

"How came you here?" he repeated.

"By the trail of women who love—and trust."

Her voice was strangely level.

Cholo Jack shot a murderous glance at the three prisoners, and his hand darted to his hip. Then he laughed scornfully and unclasped the pistol butt with a gesture of contempt.

"You are not worth it," he said. "But how well you deceived me! Even I, Juan Bat'hurst, believed you to be what you pretended, and went so far as to arrange, with no small trouble, a comedy of marriage to allay your counterfeited scruples. You are clever, señora."

"Then it is true?" she asked, in the same level tones.

"Many things are true," he answered. "Among them, the fact that I care too little for my conquest to inquire which of these three Gringoes has become my successor—or was there some one between?"

Old Myers strained against the thongs which bound him, and his teeth ground together. The girl did not move.

"You lie in your throat, señor, as you have always lied; as you lied to that American woman at Salinas, as you lied to me, as you lied to the priest, as you lied to God. Yet I thank you. If you had spoken to me as you did once, I

might have forgiven all, because I loved you so; I would have given you my soul. But do you think I would put away the pride of my race twice, even for love? I hate you, señor. When you are dying, remember that!"

She tore open her bodice. But the dagger stroke for which the alert half blood was prepared did not follow.

Chiquita drew forth a silver brooch which blazed coldly in the moonlight with the fire of amethyst and topaz; then with a vehemence that brought the blood she tore from her finger a broad band of gold, and threw them at his feet. Then, turning, she glided towards the tent.

Cholo Jack was upon her in two strides. He clutched her arms. She struggled like a trapped bird, but he held her.

"Not so fast," he said softly. "If the trail we ride were not a rough one, which must not be lengthened for a woman, I would take you with me, and tame you. Ah, it is not against me alone that you fight, it is against yourself! Some day I will come back to you, and you will follow me where I command. But now I leave you to your Gringo lover, after you have accompanied us a few leagues. You shall return with the water, and set him and his comrades at liberty."

"That's a good scheme," commented Frisco, "but hurry! We've lost too much time already over your private affairs, Jack."

"I will not go with you! I will die first," hissed Chiquita.

Cholo Jack promptly threw her down, and bound her wrists and ankles with a handkerchief and a scarf. Then he lifted her to the seat of the buckboard.

"You'd better stay where you are, or she won't find you when she comes back with the canteens," was Frisco's parting advice. Then the party left, heading southeast.

They were quickly lost to sight among the hills, but for a long time the click and rattle of the wheels against the stones was audible.

The soldier was the first to speak, the others being engaged in testing the quality of their bonds. His remarks were not printable.

"Thar ain't no use a cussin'," grunted Myers; "them gents held all the cards an' played 'em for what they was wuth. We might as well be good losers."

"If I ever——" began Hike Random between his clinched teeth.

"Of course," broke in his partner soothingly. "Any of us will. But we can't do nothin' now with nary shootin' iron in the crowd."

"I got a derringer in my bootleg," said the Missourian. "I always pack it thar to remember pap by. He toted it through the war."

"A derringer ain't ace high ag'in' that crowd. What we want to be doin' is gittin' our hands free. Thar's plenty knives layin' round. Jest fasten onto one with your jaws, pard, an' see if you can saw through this yere cinch; it's cuttin' my hide."

Random found a steel table knife and fell to work. It was an awkward business and consumed some time, incidentally resulting in several cuts upon the old man's wrists. At length, however, he contrived to saw through the tough rawhide, when it was the work of seconds only for Myers to relieve his companions.

"Now what?" inquired the soldier, as they stretched themselves and rubbed their cramped limbs.

Old Myers cocked a weatherwise eye at the sidereal heavens. The stars were blotted out as by a shifting, wavering veil.

"It looks bad," he commented, wetting a finger and holding it above his head. "Boys, thar's something we hain't reckoned on; an' neither has them other gents."

"What's that?"

"A sand storm. An' unless all signs fail, thar's an' ole he one a comin'. Look thar to the northwest!"

He pointed to the palpitating veil, above which the stars blinked and danced.

"That thar's a norther," he went on; "it was born up thar on the Mojave desert, and was growin' all the time till it got slanted this way by the San Bernardino range. When it hits us there'll be no movin' till the wind goes down."

This explanation was hardly necessary. Both Random and the soldier were well acquainted with the phenomena of sand storms.

But the gravity of their situation did not dawn upon them fully until Myers, having lighted his pipe and puffed for fully a minute, resumed speech.

"That storm may not strike us afore mornin'," he said. "It may not strike us at all, and, ag'in, it may be here in ten minutes. Them sportin' gents haven't left us a drop o' water. We're a heap nearer to the Yuma trail than any other place where we can find anythin' to drink, but we can't make that unless we meet up with Chiquita. An' if the storm hits us

before we meet up with her, our chances is sure slim, because she'll lose the trail in the sand."

A cold sweat broke out on the soldier's brow.

"We ought to have made a fight for it," he groaned.

"I ain't sayin' you ain't right," answered the old man. "It's sure better to pass out with cold lead in yer in'ards than to burn up for want o' water. But the game ain't lost yet. What we got to do is to camp on the trail o' that buckboard —Chiquita'll follow that back—an' so meet up with her."

"But is it certain those fellows will let her go?" queried Random.

"Nothin' is sure but that we'll pass out if we don't get to water," returned Myers. "Mebbe we can come up with the sportin' gents. If we do, we must try to git the drop on 'em with that derringer. As things are now, we're down to our last white chip, and we can reckon that we've everything to win an' nothin' worth much to lose."

The old man's philosophy was manifestly sound. He and his companions hastily gathered a few necessary provisions, found their knives, and, without delaying to cache the remainder of their property, abandoned it to the desert.

As they started, following the wheel tracks, a puff of wind smote them in the back, and a wisp of sand curled upward, wavered, and sank with a sharp hiss just in front of them.

They broke into a run.

(To be continued.)

TO DIE AND LEAVE IT ALL.

ANOTHER day was hastening to its ending;
Through painted panes the level sunbeams wrought
Rich colors with the room's rich colors blending,
The while the rich man saddened at his thought:
"This mansion filled with costly treasure,
This wealth that comes at call,
This endless chain of days of pleasure—
To die and leave it all!"

Another midnight now the bell was tolling,
And all unwelcome was the news it brought,
The last lap of the day's full web unrolling.
The while the student saddened at his thought:
"These books that hold such wealth of pleasure,
That line the fourfold wall;
And all man's mighty unread treasure—
To die and leave it all!"

The breath of spring, that bright immortal maiden;
The glance of summer, full of life and light;
The speech of autumn, with sweet memories laden;
The sight of winter in his robe of white:
The living pageant daily passing;
Life's pleasures great and small;
True friendship, woman's love surpassing—
To die and leave it all!

For when comes death to pay that visit certain,
Whoe'er we be on whom death wills to call,
On life's unfinished play death drops the curtain,
And much or little, we must leave it all.

Hunter MacCulloch.

The Arousing of Horace.

THE MEMORABLE CAMPAIGN WITH WHICH HORACE PITTS BEGAN HIS POLITICAL CAREER.

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

LUCK was with the Party in Power in the small but flourishing city of Metropolis, and in politics luck is a great thing until the votes are counted. The Party in Power had done things. It had run the machine for about all it was worth. It had spent money with fine prodigality. Thus it was popular, for although people growled at its excesses, they thought that if they were to be bossed at all it was better to be bossed pleasantly and generously. They were prepared to vote the same old way at the same old time. And, of course, the Opposition peered into the future as through a glass darkly.

The Party in Power had attracted most of the bright young men of the town. There is not much fun staying out in a barren field when all the shade and the ripe red apples are on the other side of the fence. Naturally, therefore, the Party in Power was able to nominate a ticket that combined all the resources of vote getting activity and of respectability. It looked like a delightful parade back into four years more of power, and everybody in its ranks smiled complacently.

There was little good material left for the Opposition. It had to piece out its cloth, so to speak, in order to make a passable ticket. The most important place was that of district attorney, and the best that could be done was to nominate a young lawyer named Horace Pitts, the son of old man Pitts, who had done well as a banker, and left the results to Horace.

Horace Pitts had received a good education; he stood well at the bar and in local society; he was amiable and friendly with every one, and there was no harm in him. Luck was surely with the Party in Power. All it had feared was that the Opposition might nominate some irreverent person who would say bitter and stinging things on the hustings—but it was only Horace Pitts.

That young man did not look at the matter very seriously.

"It was very good of them to nominate me for the office, and I appreciate it, but, really, I suppose I'll be defeated," he said to Patience Hull in reply to her congratulations.

Patience Hull was a tall girl, with clear, sharp eyes, a handsome face, and a chin that meant something. She had inherited her qualities from a father who had fought hard political battles in years gone by, but who had been obliged to retire because of his health.

"You will be elected," she said very solemnly.

"Patience, your faith is sublime, but remember that the age of miracles has passed," he said, as he laughed in his gay, easy way.

"It will not need a miracle in this instance," she said.

"What then?"

"A man."

Horace shifted a little uneasily. He felt as if he had been struck by something.

"Have you thought about your first speech?" the girl went on. "What are you going to say?"

"Oh," he responded, "the usual things, I suppose."

"No," she interrupted, "the unusual things."

"For instance?"

"You have been nominated to fight and you are already searching your mind to collect all the white feathers of your brain. Honestly, Horace, I'm ashamed of you."

In this way did Patience Hull start to stir up the real something in his blood and brain. When he left the Hull house it was with the determination that he would settle down to work, and settle down he did.

When he was announced to make his first speech, few took much interest in it, except his personal friends and the professional attendants at political meetings, and the crowd was not large. The Party in Power passed it off as a matter of no importance whatever. But Horace Pitts had not been speaking fifteen minutes before people were bending over the seats, fearful of missing a word. He was pour-

ing hot shot into the gang, and did not mince his words. And when he concluded with, "I mean what I say, and if you elect me to this office I will not be a quitter when I take the oath," it impressed the audience.

Patience Hull heard the speech, and when Horace escorted her home, he expected great praise for his boldness.

"I thought you did quite well," she said, "but you should have been stronger. You spoke sometimes as if you were afraid to say all you thought or knew. But it's a good beginning."

Then in his soul Horace Pitts was angry, and almost sorry that he had done it at all. But there was no escape. Next day the newspapers had big head lines, and the politicians jumped as if a bombshell had fallen at their feet. Some of Horace's friends gave him the cold shoulder, and men whom he scarcely knew wrung him by the hand. The Party in Power began to ridicule, while the Opposition chirped up amazingly, and planned a real fight, to which end a big mass meeting was arranged for the following night. Horace tried to stay away from Patience Hull, but a note from her hastened him to the Hull home.

"You must not repeat that speech you made the other night," she said. "You must have something stronger and something more certain. Here is a list of figures and names which some one brought to father, and I give them to you with his permission. But what I want particularly to hear tonight is a firmer ring in your voice."

He took the list to his office and studied it carefully. He denied himself to every one, and spent the whole afternoon piecing the facts into an arraignment of the Party in Power that almost scorched his tongue as he repeated it for practice. He felt his civic pride aroused, and that fine enthusiasm which comes to most of us when we start out to reform some one else. He did not take time to analyze his feelings, and, least of all, did he appreciate the force that was really behind it all.

Thousands were turned away from the largest building in the city that night, and when the young man came on the stage he was received with tremendous enthusiasm. The noise steeled his spirit. His lips were firmly set; his mind was working as if it had determined to use all the latent force of his idle and comfortable years. He gripped his audience from the very start with:

"I hold in my hand the figures, names, and proofs of all that I shall charge in what I shall say to you tonight."

And then the smooth young man, the child of fortune, the amiable friend of every one, the nominee who had given such joy to the Party in Power, became an eloquent demon of accusation and invective. Nor did he stop with the politicians.

"You," he exclaimed, waving both hands so as to take in the entire audience—"you are not guiltless. You have these crimes upon your heads. You are responsible. You kick and you fume and you fret about these things, and yet you march up to the polls, vote in the same old crowd, to steal in the same old way. Are you children—but God forbid that I should insult the name of honest and innocent childhood—no, I mean, are you partners of these scoundrels and these thieves?" And so it went on, his voice ringing out in passion, and his sentences sweeping the whole crowd before them. When he finished the people arose and cheered again and again.

He walked home with Patience Hull. They said nothing until they had left the streets through which the people were streaming home, sounding the praises or the curses of the young orator.

"Well," he asked at last, "how was it tonight?"

"Better," she replied judicially.

"Great heavens!" he said. "What do you expect of a man?"

"His best."

His anger was succeeded by a grim determination, and the next speech was an improvement. He asked Prudence if she was satisfied, and she replied:

"Gratified, but not entirely satisfied," she answered. "You are just beginning to do great things."

"Well, hang it, Patience," he exclaimed petulantly, "are you satisfied enough to marry me?"

"Oh, yes," she said with a smile, a wickedly sly smile, "I've been willing to do that since the first speech."

Horace burned some midnight oil that night, but it was not in his office. After he had gone, Patience went up stairs and cruelly awoke her poor old father to tell him:

"Father, I have promised to marry Horace Pitts. I expect to make a man of him yet."

And, of course, she did, for after his election as district attorney of Metropolis his way was easily paved to the mayoralty, and afterwards to the Governorship of the State.

The World's Great Floods.

BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

THE FRIGHTFUL DISASTERS CAUSED BY CLOUDBURSTS, BREAKING DAMS, CHANGING RIVER COURSES, AND STORM OR EARTHQUAKE WAVES, WHICH HAVE TAKEN HEAVY TOLL IN HUMAN LIVES AND PROPERTY.

MANY have been the disasters caused by the rush of mighty waters. Cloudbursts on mountainsides, the breaking of dams, the changing of rivers in their course, the piling up of great sea waves by storm or earthquake—all these have left death and destruction in their path through the habitations of men. There is no staying the rush of these terrific floods, and the enormous sacrifices they have demanded seldom teach a lesson that is remembered after the first paralysis of horror wears away.

They are rebuilding Galveston; they are mining coal in the Pocahontas basin of West Virginia, where occurred the most recent disaster by flood.

THE ELKHORN VALLEY FLOOD.

In McDowell County, close to the Virginia line, runs the Elkhorn River, its two branches meeting at a point known as North Fork Junction. Ten miles below this junction, at Welch, the Tug River enters, and the two form the eastern arm of the Big Sandy, which runs northwest, marking the boundary between West Virginia and Kentucky, until it enters the Ohio. The Elkhorn Valley was the scene of the flood.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE ELKHORN VALLEY, McDOWELL COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FLOOD OF JUNE 22, 1901—NEARLY EVERY HOUSE IN THE VALLEY, WHICH HAD A POPULATION OF SIX THOUSAND, WAS DEMOLISHED OR DAMAGED.

The river in ordinary times is so narrow and feeble as scarcely to supply water sufficient for the needs of the mining operations along its banks. The Norfolk & Western Railroad runs beside the stream, and at North Fork Junction diverges up both forks, serving the mines located up and down the two valleys. Four million tons of the famous Pocahontas coal were taken from this section last year. The valley is very narrow, scarcely wide enough in places for the railroad bed, and broadening out to about three hundred yards at its widest parts. The mountainsides overlooking the gorge are steep and high. The coal mines open at a considerable distance above the river bed, but the mine buildings and the miners' houses are usually close to the water's edge.

On Saturday evening, June 22, a heavy fall of rain, followed by a cloudburst in the region above the two forks of the Elkhorn, suddenly swelled the little stream into a gigantic torrent, and a wall of water swept down the converging valleys. On the south fork stood the town of Keystone, with a population of two thousand. After the flood swept by, only two or three buildings were left standing. Most of the residents, warned to flee for their lives, had climbed the steep mountainsides; but some were too late, and it is estimated that at least fifty at Keystone were carried down.

On its way down the valley the torrent carried away eleven miles of railroad track, lifting up the bridges, throwing trains off the rails, and engulfing them in the floods. More than a hundred cars were dislodged between Elkhorn and Vivian. On one train, passengers caught in the torrent were rescued by ropes strung from car windows to coke ovens on the valley side some distance away.

Fully six thousand people lived within the path of the flood, and few escaped the loss of their homes.

OUR LONG LIST OF RIVER FLOODS.

River floods are too common in our country. Those whose memory reaches further back than a quarter of a century will recall the famous Mill River disaster, which, on May 16, 1874, swept out of existence the village of Haydenville, Massachusetts, and caused the death of nearly a hundred and fifty people. This flood was caused by the breaking of a dam—an accident which good engineering should never permit.

A very similar catastrophe was that of the Staffordville reservoir, in Connecticut, on the east bank of the Willimantic River, which burst on March 27, 1877. A man rode down the valley on horseback, giving warning of the coming danger, and only two lives were lost. The damage to property exceeded a million dollars. Pittsburg and Allegheny City suffered from a cloudburst in July, 1874, and two hundred and twenty people were swept away.

The Mississippi has shown its destructive powers on several memorable occasions. Once, when passing through Louisiana on a train, I looked for hours in vain to see the river, which, according to the map, should be close beside the railroad. At last I caught sight of the smokestacks of a steamer high up in the air. The river was above me, and the rising bank of earth a short distance away was part of the famous levee which stretches for hundreds of miles up and down its banks. A little break in that wall of earth, and great stretches of land in Louisiana and Mississippi, flat as a Western prairie or as the sea itself, would be overspread by the Father of Waters.

And this very misfortune has occurred frequently, notably in 1890 and again in 1897. New Orleans itself has been submerged, and the old inhabitant loves to tell of the time, not so very many years ago, when the people laid rows of sand bags on the top of the levee at the Crescent City to keep out the waters from the city streets, which lie below the river level. They tell, too, of the armed men who stood night and day on the levee, and with determined faces ordered the steamers to move slowly past the city. Disregard of the summons brought a volley of bullets into the pilot house.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JOHNSTOWN.

But of American river flood disasters, none has equaled that of Johnstown and the Conemaugh valley. Like the Elkhorn valley, the scene of the recent

THE ELKHORN VALLEY FLOOD—VIEWS SHOWING THE DAMAGE ALONG THE LINE OF THE NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY, WHICH HAD ELEVEN MILES OF TRACK AND MANY BRIDGES DESTROYED.

flood in West Virginia, the Conemaugh valley is narrow and steep, flanked on either side by hills. Some twenty miles above Johnstown, then a city of twenty eight thousand people, and up a lateral valley six miles long, known as South Fork, was Conemaugh Lake, an artificial reservoir owned and used as a summer resort by the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club, of Pittsburg. It was a considerable sheet of water, two and a half miles in length, its lower end formed by a dam nearly a thousand feet long and a hundred feet high.

For several days there had been heavy rains that did immense damage over wide sections of the country. Many and urgent warnings came down the ill fated valley; but, accustomed to the thought of danger, its inhabitants did not heed them. Early in the afternoon of May 31, 1889, Engineer Park, in charge of the dam, becoming convinced that a break was inevitable, mounted his horse and rode down the valley, crying to the people to fly to the hills. At three o'clock the dam gave way with a break three hundred feet long. Rocks were hurled high into the air, and the flood sprang forward like an arrow from the bow.

It took an hour to empty the reservoir, but the advance wave reached Johnstown, twenty miles below, within

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA. AFTER THE FLOOD OF MAY 31, 1889—A VAST MASS OF WRECKAGE, PILED UP AGAINST A STONE ARCHED BRIDGE, CAUGHT FIRE, AND MANY PERSONS ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

ten minutes. Then it was a torrent forty feet high and half a mile wide. The flood was freighted with cars, bridges, barbed wire, stones, buildings, human bodies, inextricably compacted together. It crushed the city's wooden houses like a huge battering ram. One arched bridge of stone stood like a solid cliff against the tide, but the waters shot under the archway and on down the valley of death.

Behind the arched bridge the wreck of the awful flood continued to pile up. People caught in the tangled mass sent up appeals for help. Night closed on the scene, and a new day came only to bring a fresh horror. The wreckage above the bridge, wet though it was from the floods, caught fire, and was soon a roaring furnace. Many who had escaped the waters are believed to have perished in the flames.

How many of the forty thousand persons in the track of the Conemaugh flood gave up their lives will never be known. Names have been preserved of nearly twenty three hundred dead, but competent authorities place the total loss of life at more than four thousand.

GREAT FLOODS IN OTHER LANDS.

Awful as have been the catastrophes from river floods in our own land, they have been equaled and surpassed in other countries. Johnstown's disaster was no more appalling than that which, in 1879, overtook Szegedin, the second commercial city of Hungary. The town was protected from the River Theiss by three dams. After repeated warnings, two of the three dams gave way on March 10. Thousands of laborers were rushed to the breach, but before they could repair it, the third and last dam broke, two days later, letting the waters roll upon the city. Whole rows of houses went down together. Ten thousand buildings stood in the path of the flood, two thirds of the entire city, and fewer than three hundred of these were left

standing. Eighty thousand people were made homeless, and from four thousand to six thousand were drowned.

Most terrible of all have been the experiences of China. Ten times has it been recorded that the Hoang Ho River, "China's sorrow," burst its banks and cut a new course to the sea. The river descends with great rapidity from the mountains of Tibet to the Yellow Sea, its mouth spreading out over a level plain in many small channels, like a fan, with a breadth of several hundred miles. In 1852 the main bed of the stream cut a new course to the north of the great promontory of Shantung. The government spent millions in trying to hold the river to its new channel, but in vain. Again in 1887 the Hoang Ho broke through its banks, and went back to the south of the promontory of Shantung, three hundred miles distant. Five thousand laborers, endeavoring to strengthen the levees at one point, were swept away, and at another point four thousand were carried down. A resistless flood poured over the fertile and densely peopled plain, destroying no less than sixteen hundred villages. The loss of life caused by the inundation and by the famine that followed it is estimated at one and a half million people, while five millions more were left homeless and destitute. Such appalling figures are almost beyond conception.

STORM AND FLOOD AT GALVESTON.

So far the story has been of the ravages of river floods. Not less awful are those which have followed the upheavals of the sea. The experiences of Galveston and the neighboring Texas coast are all too recent. In the Caribbean Sea, that storm center of the western world, there started a whirling storm. With stately movement it swept northward

THE MAIN STREET OF JOHNSTOWN AFTER THE FLOOD, WHICH DESTROYED TEN MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF PROPERTY, AND IS BELIEVED TO HAVE DROWNED ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE.

over Cuba, gathering fury as it went. Once New Orleans seemed to be threatened; then it swerved to the west, and on September 8 of last year struck the Texas coast. Galveston lies on an island, a sandy key twenty seven miles long, similar to the beaches of the Long Island shore, and separating the Gulf of Mexico from Galveston Bay. Most of the city is built on land only six feet above the water.

This was not the first time that Galveston had suffered. A severe hurricane did much damage in 1881, and a similar disaster submerged almost the entire city in 1875. Three thousand homes were unroofed in the earlier storm, and seven millions of property destroyed. Another terrible experience was encountered in 1860, when the hurricane reached as far as Houston, causing a loss of five million dollars. A

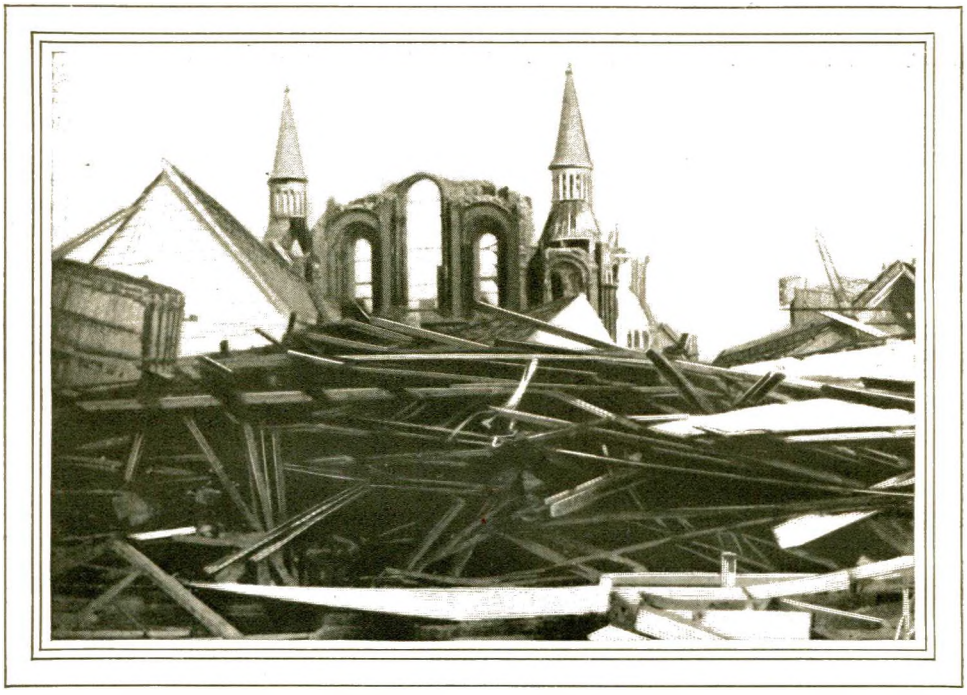
GALVESTON AFTER THE HURRICANE AND FLOOD OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1900—A SCENE ON MARKET STREET, SHOWING HOW THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL BUILDINGS WERE SHATTERED BY WIND AND WATER.

For a week the advancing whirlwind had been lashing the waves into fury. At about two o'clock on Sunday morning the center of the storm reached the city. Death came as in a moment, and when daylight broke the entire city was under water; ships were sunk at anchor or driven ashore, dwellings were crushed and swept from their foundations, trains were lifted from the track. The forty thousand people of Galveston were homeless, and nearly every family was mourning its dead. More than two thousand bodies were afterwards taken out to sea and thrown overboard. The loss of life probably exceeded five thousand.

month earlier, in September, a storm devastated the Gulf coast from the Rio Grande to the Mobile, destroying three million dollars' worth of property.

DISASTERS ON MANY COASTS.

On the Atlantic, the worst storm ever experienced was probably that of August, 1893, which swept the entire coast from Canada to Florida. Suffering was particularly heavy in the Carolinas and Georgia. The Sea Islands, the richest section of South Carolina, were overwhelmed by the waters; their crops were destroyed and many of their people drowned. In all, nearly two thousand lives were sacrificed.



GALVESTON AFTER THE FLOOD—A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE, WITH THE RUINS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND.

One of the most destructive sea waves in recent years was that which struck the shores of Bengal in 1876. It was caused by a cyclone, and two hundred thousand people are said to have perished.

Volcanoes and earthquakes have raised sea waves which have caused enormous losses. Famous among these was the volcanic explosion of Krakatoa in 1883, which sent an engulfing wave upon the neighboring coast of Java. Another notable catastrophe took place in 1775—"the year when Lisbon town saw the earth open and gulp her down." A wave eighty feet high, started by an earthquake, swept over the Portuguese capital, destroying hosts of its people.

Who has not heard of little Holland's plucky fight with the sea? Nearly half of that country lies below the water level. The people have made a garden of an ocean bed. They have thrown up dyke after dyke to shut out the waves, and have set up their windmills to keep dry the reclaimed areas. But awful penalties have been paid for the invasion of Neptune's region.

Early in the thirteenth century there was a series of inundations in the north province of Friesland, which opened up an immense chasm, forming the Zuyder Zee. Eighty thousand people are said to have perished. Two hundred years later a tempest swelled the Meuse River so that in one night seventy two villages were overwhelmed and a hundred thousand people drowned. Again, in 1532, the sea burst the dykes of Zeeland, destroying hundreds of villages and permanently covering large tracts. Two hundred thousand people are said to have been swept away in that flood. Zeeland was visited again in 1570, and twenty thousand were drowned. The year 1646 brought another vast overflow, and the death of more than a hundred thousand Hollanders. Even as late as 1825 a great stretch of north Holland was desolated, chiefly in the provinces of Friesland and Over Yssel, where thousands of lives were lost.

Despite these awful catastrophes, despite the constantly menacing perils of the sea, Holland holds pluckily to her conquered empire, just as the people of Galveston have rebuilt their homes on the sandy shore of the treacherous Gulf.

HOW CITIZENS ARE MADE.

BY LEWIS P. CLOVER.

HOW ITALIANS AND IRISHMEN, RUSSIANS AND POLES, AND ALIENS FROM ALMOST EVERY LAND BECOME AMERICAN CITIZENS—THE GREAT NATURALIZATION MILL IN NEW YORK, AND THE VOTING STRENGTH THAT TAMMANY GETS FROM IT.

ONLY by naturalization can an alien be admitted to citizenship in the United States. Having complied with the laws, and being created a citizen, he is entitled to the full protection of the flag and to all the rights of the native born save one—he escapes the awful possibility of being elected President or Vice President of the United States. The constitutional prohibition is responsible for a story which, it is said, was first told of the late Edward D. Baker, of Oregon, and, with slight variations, of every other naturalized citizen who has gained admission to the most exclusive club in the world. It begins with "a sturdy little chap weeping by the roadway," who replied thus to the sympathetic stranger who accosted him:

"I weep, sir, because I can never be President of this great and glorious country of my adoption. The constitution excludes me from that high office, for I was born on foreign soil; but, sir, I can attain the great position of a United States Senator, and I will strive to do so."

Of course the story ends with: "That boy who wept by the roadside is now the Hon. Blank Dash, United States Senator for the great State of Soandso."

HOW AN ALIEN BECOMES A CITIZEN.

The process of converting an alien into a citizen is a simple one. It requires five years of waiting, during which time the applicant is supposed to be definitely making up his mind and learning something about the institutions of this country, its laws, customs, and government, and especially about the constitution of the United States. His final admission depends upon his own intelligence and the frame of mind of the judge. The first step is to declare on oath, before either a United States court or a State court of competent jurisdiction, his intention to become a citizen. This he can do on the very day of his arrival, or at any subsequent time; but he cannot become a citizen until he has been in the country five years. In his preliminary declaration he forever renounces allegiance to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty.

At any time after the expiration of the five years, the would be citizen may apply for his final papers. To secure them, he must satisfy the particular court before which he appears that he is entitled to be admitted to full citizenship, that he is a man of good moral character, and that he has become attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States. Then, upon his taking an oath to support the constitution, he is sworn in as a citizen, and is entitled to vote at the next election taking place not less than ninety days from the date of his admission.

For the country generally, the laws safeguarding naturalization are sufficiently severe. Many of our ten million foreign born residents have complained about them. Even Tammany Hall has objected, though under the existing statutes that perfectly organized political machine has reduced the making of an alien into a voter to a system. What Tammany wants is not good citizens so much as voters that it can depend upon.

TAMMANY'S VOTE FACTORIES.

Outside of New York, and especially outside the great cities, the working of the naturalization laws, as a rule, is all that could be desired. But in the metropolis citizens are manufactured by wholesale, and a majority of them take the step for immediate material gain—usually on the promise of a "job," or to hold one. Probably there never was such a rush to make new citizens in New York as during the months of May, June, and July of this year. Both of the great political parties were anxious to create as many new voters as possible for the No-

vember election. The Tammany leaders have always appreciated the advantage of controlling the vast army of aliens in the metropolis, and in capturing them as voters; and this year the agents of the wigwam were still more active than usual. In each district men are always on the lookout for the new citizen. From the time the immigrants who purpose remaining in New York land at the Battery, they are under the watchful eyes of the political workers, and when they settle in the various election districts, they are not lost sight of. Tammany does more towards the making of new citizens than all the other political organizations in the city.

In every one of the thousand and more election districts of New York, Tammany has maintained for years so called schools of naturalization, where, under the guidance of men especially assigned to that duty, usually lawyers, aliens of all nations and conditions, especially the more illiterate, are trained for the examination which they will be called upon to pass before being sworn. Printed slips, containing questions which are likely to be put to the candidate for citizenship, together with the proper answers, are furnished to those in training for enrollment among Tammany's voters.

These questions and answers, thirty one in number, have to do with the elemental principles of our constitution and government, the choosing of Federal, State, and municipal officials, their terms of office, the making of laws, and matters of that kind. For weeks the future citizens are coached and instructed. From a long study of the courts, and by careful attention to the questionings of particular judges, the Tammany naturalization schools are able to train very ignorant and stupid men to pass successful examinations in certain courts.

Fully ninety per cent of the aliens admitted to citizenship in the New York Supreme Court become Tammany voters. The percentage is not so high in the United States courts, to which the Republicans usually take their applicants. It may be explained that the Supreme Court, in New York, corresponds to the district or county court in most States, and is not a court of appeal, although it has an appellate division. It has several branches, and Special Term, Part II, is the mill that grinds out voters. Sometimes it is called Tammany's citizen factory. During the early summer months the judges who preside over it are worked hard.

IMMIGRANTS LANDING AT THE BARGE OFFICE, NEW YORK—A LARGE PROPORTION OF THE NEWCOMERS WILL IN DUE COURSE BECOME AMERICAN CITIZENS AND TAMMANY VOTERS.

THE HUMORS OF NATURALIZATION.

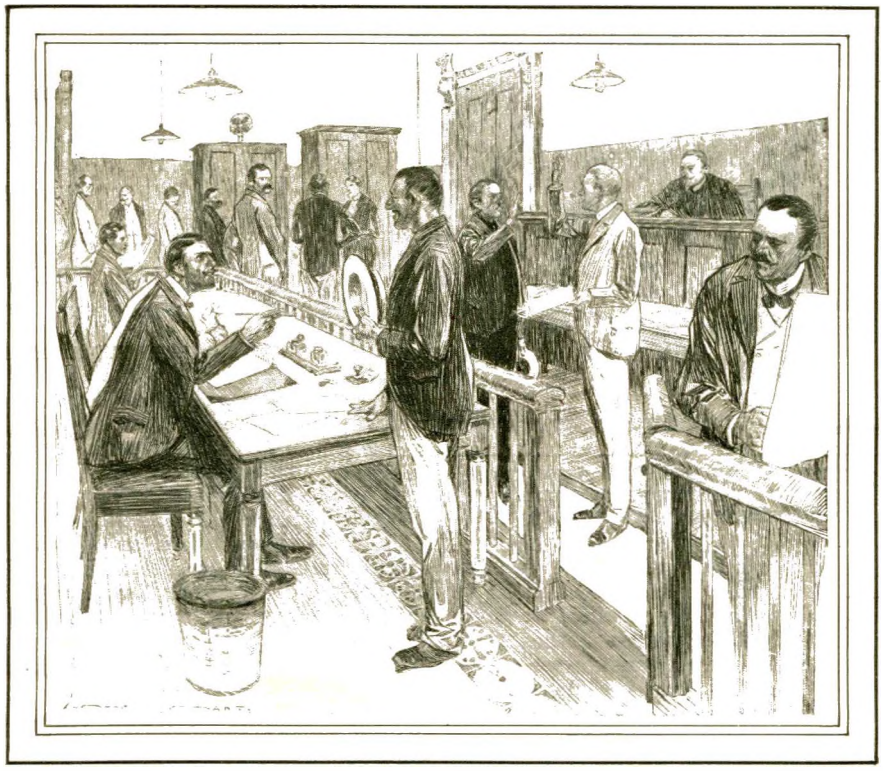
Strange and fearsome creatures flock there, and marvelous replies are made to simple questions. It is a shrieking comedy, but there is menace in it, and those who strive for good government, and have a desire to elevate the standard of our alien citizens, can see little humor in the exhibition. During recent years the standard of intelligence of men naturalized in New York has been gradually lowered, and probably at no time was such a poor class of citizens created as during the past summer.

One day during August a good looking young Irishman, carrying a much worn satchel in his hand, wandered into the Supreme Court. He

approached one of the fat court officers who was dozing in a large armchair, and slapped him vigorously on the shoulder. After allowing the startled official an opportunity to recover from the shock, the young man inquired:

"Where is Mr. Tammany?"

Whether the young Irishman was in earnest or was only chaffing the old court officer when he inquired for "Mr. Tammany" is a matter of little importance, but it is certain that he came nearer to the truth than he realized when he said that he had been told to look to



NEW YORK SUPREME COURT, SPECIAL TERM, PART TWO—THE COURT THAT CREATES MORE AMERICAN CITIZENS THAN ANY OTHER IN THE UNITED STATES.

"Who?" gasped the astonished officer.

"Mr. Tammany," repeated the Irishman, with seeming sincerity.

The officer gasped and stared at the Irishman in apparent amazement, while the young man repeated: "Yes, Mr. Tammany—the man who makes citizens and gets them good jobs. I've just landed, and he's the man I want, for I was told before I sailed that Mr. Tammany could turn me into a citizen of the United States in one day and make me an alderman or a policeman, or get me some kind of a good job; and he's the man I want to see."

When he was able to speak, the old man explained that there was no "Mr. Tammany," and that to become a citizen the newcomer must comply with the naturalization laws.

Tammany to make him a citizen and get him a good job. Most of the aliens who land in New York have two dominant ideas in their minds—to take the first step towards citizenship, and to secure work. Nearly all those who come from green Ireland and sunny Italy have heard the mystic and potent name of Tammany, and early fall into the hands of the active workers of that party.

THE MEN WHO SEEK CITIZENSHIP.

The justices of the Supreme Court sit in turn in Special Term, Part II, each presiding for two weeks at a time. During the early summer months much of the time is taken up in turning out new citizens. The scene is one of bustle and excitement, and there is a constant panorama of strange faces. Here can be seen

THE WOULD BE CITIZEN'S FINAL REHEARSAL — A TAMMANY WORKER GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO ITALIANS ABOUT TO PRESENT THEMSELVES AS CANDIDATES FOR NATURALIZATION.

men, young and old, of nearly every nation of the world; some almost in rags, some well dressed, some in their working garb, others in their Sunday clothes. Men with clear cut, intelligent faces, stand beside others who bear the imprint of crime and dissipation. Side by side can be found the old man, tottering to his grave, and the youth just starting out in life, both anxious to become citizens of the United States and inheritors of all that the native born American is entitled to. Last July I saw some thirty five Italian laborers, employed on the excavation for the tunnel then being made in City Hall Park, lay aside their tools, and, in their working clothes, covered with clay and dirt, make their way into Special Term, Part II, of the Supreme Court, where they were examined as to their fitness to become citizens of the United States. About half of them stood the test satisfactorily, and were qualified to vote at this November election.

On some days three or four hundred candidates for citizenship formed a line that reached from the court room out into the corridor. Hovering around them were well dressed, prosperous looking men, stout of form, with florid faces and large diamond studs—Tammany workers, experts in the matter of naturalization and the proper handling of the future voters. These tutors in the gentle art of teaching citizenship paid particular attention to the Irish, Russian, and Italian aliens. While the candidates at the head of the line were being put through their examination, the workers would take aside those that stood further back, and, in some dark corner or obscure nook of the building—there are many in the old Tweed courthouse — put them through a final rehearsal. Other candidates studied the long white slips containing the prepared questions and answers.

STRICT JUDGES AND EASY ONES.

Some of the justices were severe in their examination of the candidates, demanding prompt and intelligent answers, and even requiring that the candidates should prove their ability to read and write. Certain applicants were rejected, even after they had apparently answered the questions correctly, because it was plain that they did not understand them or the answers. The number in line varied according to the justice on the bench. When an "easy judge" presided, the candidates were driven into the courthouse in droves.

One day, when nearly three hundred Italians were in line for examination, the justice whose turn it was to preside happened to be ill, and his place was taken by another judge. The Tammany workers had anticipated no trouble. They did not know that this particular justice had quarreled with the organization, so they rushed their candidates forward. The first of the three hundred would be citizens was an Italian of about thirty five, with a dull and stupid look. The justice did not ask the usual first question, but the candidate didn't know that, so in reply to "How many United States Senators are there?" he promptly said, "The President."

Without a smile, the judge asked the last question on the list: "Who is the chief executive officer of the City of New York?"

The Italian immediately returned, "The President," the answer to the sec-

ond question. He was told to stand aside. In a few minutes the long line of candidates had dwindled from three hundred to about ten intelligent looking men, who successfully stood the examination and were sworn in as citizens. Those that were hurried away were brought back on some later day when the examination was less severe.

It is to be expected that the ignorant applicants for citizenship should make remarkable answers. Still, when an Italian said that the chief executive of New York was "Dicka Croke," it betokened a certain degree of understanding.

Everything depends upon the examining justice. He has too little time to make the examination a thorough one, hence he usually asks set questions which might be sufficient tests in themselves, but their object is evaded because candidates are coached in them. Of course justices differ. Justice McAdam holds the record in the Supreme Court for making American citizens. Within four hours and a half, he once examined and admitted one hundred and three aliens.

During his term of office as a justice of the Supreme Court, Roger A. Pryor was strict in his requirements. He demanded not only a knowledge of the principles of the constitution, but the ability to speak and write the English language understandingly; this last being one of the legal qualifications for jury service. Justice Pryor explained his position thus:

"To impart the benefits of citizenship without imposing its burdens is a solecism tolerated from necessity in the case of the native. In view of the immense immigration to our shores from all lands by all peoples—peoples mainly without moral or intellectual enlightenment, totally ignorant of our institutions, and unfamiliar with the ideas and habits of our people—I deem it important that great care should be taken to admit to citizenship only such aliens as fully appreciate our institutions, our constitution, and the duties of American citizens."

Should such a strict rule be carried out in all the courts, a vast number of aliens who are now admitted to citizenship would be told to step aside and to pursue their studies further and to a more satisfactory end.

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SIX.

He is with us again in the buff and the blue
That was soaked in the Delaware's flood,
Or on Lexington's field in the mist of the dawn
Was blackened with powder and blood.
His brown curly locks with a black ribbon tied
With gray are beginning to mix,
And bullets have riddled the rim of the hat
Of the spirit of Seventy Six.

The glance of his eye is as clear as the day,
And his heart is as stout as of old,
Though the lawn at his neck and the lace at his wrist
Are touched with a century's mold.
His musket is steady and true in its aim,
And the steel of his sword never sticks
In the worn leather scabbard that swings by the side
Of the spirit of Seventy Six!

Minna Irving.

The Man He Was Meant to Be.*

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

OWING to the failure of the business firm in which almost all their money was invested, the Oliver family, consisting of the mother; a son, Ernest, who at the time is a student at Harvard; and two daughters, Beatrice and Christy, the latter being but twelve years of age, are reduced from comparative affluence to poverty; and in their extremity they take refuge on a small ranch in California, which is about all they have left to them. To make a bad matter worse, Ernest, on his return from college, is held up by highwaymen, who rob him of three hundred dollars in cash and a debtor's note for two thousand dollars. But despite their misfortunes, the Olivers are not unhappy in their new home.

Then a new problem confronts them. The two Curtis brothers, whose land adjoins theirs, monopolize the water supply by damming the creek which has been irrigating both ranches, claiming that they have a legal right to do so. This the Olivers doubt, but a suit to determine the ownership would cost much money and time, and meanwhile the young trees of their orchard would die. They appeal to the Curtises, but while Roger, the grave, taciturn elder brother, is willing to compromise, the other, Johnny, is obdurate, and ends by having his way; for Roger has located there solely to remove his dissipated brother from the temptations of city life, and he fears the result of too open opposition. Johnny has had several falls from grace since the Olivers came to their new home, and in Beatrice's opinion circumstances point strongly to him as being implicated not only in a recent stage hold up, but in the robbery of Ernest. Despite her friendly feeling towards Roger, her loyalty to her family impels her to tell the sheriff of her suspicions, and she is on her way to do so when she meets Johnny Curtis on the road, unconscious, apparently from liquor, and in momentary danger of being thrown out of his wagon. She leads the horse back to the Curtis ranch, where Roger assumes charge, and finds that Johnny is really ill. Roger thanks Beatrice warmly for her kindness, and she tells him frankly of her intended visit to the sheriff and of her suspicions concerning his brother.

X.

CHRISTY, meanwhile, had been having troubles of her own that morning. When she had helped with the beds and finished her somewhat sketchy dusting, she caught up her hat and clattered out to her morning rendezvous with Scrap. But for once there was no eager little figure sitting bolt upright in the walk with round eyes fixed immovably on the wire door.

She whistled, then called, but no scurry of belated paws followed.

She went anxiously to the barn, where Marion Sousa was putting Punch into the spring wagon. The seat had been taken out, to make room for the broken cultivator. The little Portuguese was plainly out of humor. He had not seen Scrap, and showed a disheartening indifference to the dog's disappearance.

"Do you suppose he might have gone over to see Johnny Curtis?" she persisted wistfully. "You know they're great friends."

Marion's face darkened.

"Bad man!" he said sharply. "He cheat, steal, rob!" He placed a box in the wagon for a seat, and, climbing in, drove off without another word. Christy stared after him.

"Why, Mary Ann Susan!" she said to herself in wonder.

More than half the morning went by, and still the li tle dog had not put in his appearance. Christy wandered about forlornly, questioning the men. But she got no light until she found Joe cutting the tall dead weeds away from the path that led past the orchard. Young Joe, his nephew, loitered beside him.

"Joe, have you seen Scrap?" she asked anxiously.

He leaned on his scythe and nodded.

"Guess he's lit out. Early this morning I seen him down on the road with two other dogs. They seemed to be headed for Titusville."

"Oh, why didn't you call him back?" she cried, distressed.

"Too far off. He wouldn't have come, nohow, and left them two tramp dogs."

"Oh, what shall I do?" Christy's troubled face ought to have touched a stone; but Joe was not used to sensibilities, and he had his own ideas of humor.

"Oh, you'll never see him no more," he said, taking up the long swing of his

*This story began in the August number of THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

scythe again. "He'll find Titusville more fun than a ranch—until some big dog chews him up. Guess you'll have to get a new dog."

Christy turned with a bursting heart, and, not waiting to consult any one, plodded swiftly along the road which Beatrice had followed so drearily an hour before.

Once out of the canyon, she ran down the long slope, stopping now and then to whistle and call, or to climb to a fence top and search the surrounding fields. Three miles of hot white dust stretched between her and the wooded ridge opposite, behind which lay the town, but she did not hesitate. What were miles when her beloved little friend was at the other end—perhaps already in peril of some brute beast?

A couple of hours later, a pathetic, worn little figure with a burned nose and two suspicious streaks down the dust of her cheeks walked into the town of Titusville. The inhabitants stared, but she was absolutely single in her quest, and her eyes never wandered above knee high until a familiar

"Well, God bless me!" from the door of the post office brought her a heavenly vision of help and comfort. She ran to the sheriff and put two eager little hands on his coat.

"Oh, Mr. Black," she cried, "Scrap's lost; he's run away, and I'm looking and looking. Oh, haven't you seen him?"

"Lost your dog, missy?" he repeated. "But, Lord! you didn't walk clear here?"

"Yes, I did. And it was so hot, and I'm most dead, but I must find my darling Scrap." She still clung to him, quite unconscious of a grinning audience.

"Well, well!" muttered the sheriff, staring at her blankly. "Well, God bless me! Of course we'll find your dog, missy. Come along with me. I've got my buggy here, and I guess that'll be easier than footing it." Christy trotted beside him with a look of deep relief on her face.

"Oh, wasn't it lucky I met you!" she sighed gratefully. He looked down at her with a faint wrinkling of a smile about his eyes.

"I ain't much on ketching robbers, but I guess I can find a dog," he said. "Buggy's right around here. Hel-lo!"

For Christy had suddenly dropped his hand and leaped forward with a shriek of joy. Several dirty, disreputable dogs were sniffing about a pile of old cans in the middle of the street, and there, dirtiest and most disreputable of them all, was Scrap. She ran to him, her arms out.

"Oh, Scrap!" The little dog started, then came towards her, not at his usual gay bounce, but slowly, shamedly, his head and tail lowered, each leg moving uneasily as though uncertain of the intention of the others. At her feet their feeble support seemed to give way, and he rolled on his side, the most abject, guilty little vagrant in all dogland.

Christy, however, was not a disciplinarian. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, gathering up the limp object into an embrace that was all warmth and affection. She had not a reproach for him.

"My precious, darling Scrap!" she murmured.

"And she footed it all them miles for *that*," soliloquized the sheriff, after a conscientious survey of the scrubby little object. "Why, you haven't had any dinner, have you?" he added suddenly.

"No," said Christy, rising, her treasure clasped in her arms. "I guess I'll be late, if I don't hurry."

"Late! It's after one o'clock now. Are you hungry?"

"Just *empty*."

The sheriff gravely considered.

"Titusville don't have but one restaurant, and I wouldn't take a young lady there," he concluded. "How about the grocery store? Can you eat crackers and cheese?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Come on, then." And Mr. Black led the way to the store on the corner, holding open the wire door for her with an air that made her swell with the glory of womanhood. She crossed to the counter with all the feminine grace and delicacy possible to one holding a dirty and wriggling dog under one arm.

"Mr. Peattie, let me present you to Miss Oliver," began the sheriff, with a sweep of his hand to the man behind the counter, and the young lady collapsed abruptly into the embarrassed little girl. Mr. Peattie, however, bowed graciously.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Oliver. Mamma well?"

"Yes, thank you," said Christy shyly. The sheriff came to her relief.

"This young lady has missed her dinner, Mr. Peattie. What can you do for her?"

The proprietor tapped his teeth thoughtfully with his pencil.

"Well, there is milk," he said, "and nice fresh crackers—ginger snaps—fancy wafers——"

"We'll take crackers and milk first, I guess. That's right. Now, let's see. Haven't you got nothing in a can you could open?"

"Preserved pears?"

"All right. You can ladle them into something, can't you? Yes, that's it. Now some fancy things—like them pink cakes, missy?" pointing to some deadly looking confections whose viciously pink frosting was not too clean. Christy thought them most tempting, but protested out of politeness. "Might try them, any way," the sheriff insisted. "And how about some chocolate?—a good big slab of it, Mr. Peattie. Think of anything else, missy?"

"Oh, no; this is a great deal," protested Christy, who had suddenly become very subdued. For it had come over her with a sickening chill that perhaps Mr. Black would expect her to pay for her party. What should she do, without a cent in her pocket, or a valuable on her person—unless Scrap be so considered?

She sat in growing dread as the various things were put in front of her. It occurred to her that, perhaps, if she didn't touch the bar of baker's chocolate, she would not be charged for that, so she held bravely aloof from it, though it looked richly alluring in its silver paper. She listened intensely to the conversation between the two men, but not a mention was made of the huge sum she must be devouring. All manner of carelessly polite sentences about having left her purse at home and calling in the morning floated past her just out of reach. She knew she could never grasp and deliver them. When at last she had to finish, the awful pause came. Nobody said a word. She grew cold from head to foot, and, to gain a moment's time, began to fumble ostentatiously for her pocket.

"Hope you'll come again, Miss Oliver," said the man behind the counter, with significant emphasis. Did he mean to pay up? She bent her head still lower, and pretended that her pocket was hopelessly lost.

"Well, I guess we'll trot along," said the sheriff, rising. "Take this chocolate with you, missy, to eat on the way." And he picked up the silver package, her one hostage to ignominious debt, and opened the door. The man behind the counter leaned both hands on it and smiled at her—was it expectantly? She took a dubious step, all ready to exclaim, "Why, I forgot! The money, of course!" should she be stopped. Nothing was said, however, and she ventured another, her eyes on the floor. Now she was at the sidewalk, and still no remarks had been made. What did they think of her?

The sheriff turned casually as he closed the wire door.

"That goes on my account, of course, Mr. Peattie," he said over his shoulder. "Well, missy, I hope you had enough to last you home."

Christy could have cried in her relief. She lifted a beaming face.

"Oh, it was just lovely!" she cried, giving little dancing steps. "Thank you ever so much, Mr. Black!"

"A pleasure, missy, a pleasure"—with a thrilling flourish. "And now I'll drive you home, if you can wait about ten minutes in the buggy. Folks won't be anxious, will they?"

"Oh, Joe will tell them," she answered serenely. When they started for home, her relief was still so strong upon her that it overflowed in friendly confidences. She told him every detail of the losing of Scrap, and he showed a flattering interest in the first part of her tale, making her repeat several times the words Marion Sousa had used about Johnny Curtis. The rest she was not so sure that he appreciated. He was frowning thoughtfully to himself when she finished, flicking the whip at his foot, which dangled outside the buggy. She settled contentedly back, and the events of the long morning gradually became blurry. The hand with the chocolate relaxed and dropped back into her lap, where Scrap sniffed at it unreproved.

Presently the sheriff felt a soft impact against his left arm. He looked round with a startled suddenness. Christy's head was resting there, her flushed cheek against the venerable black broadcloth, her face uplifted in heavenly serenity. Her breath came in little sighs through her parted lips.

The sheriff stared at her solemnly, then glanced about undecidedly. After a frowning hesitation, he placed the reins between his knees, and, very gently, shifted the relaxed little figure back into the corner, letting her head drop against the cloth curtain of the buggy.

"There, missy; I guess that's better," he said under his breath. "Come along, Jess."

Christy awoke when they entered the canyon, and was sufficiently aroused to give a triumphant whoop as they drove up to the house. Beatrice came running out.

"Oh, Christy," she exclaimed reproachfully, "we've all been so worried. Where have you been?"

"Scrap ran away, and of course I had to go after him," Christy explained, with perfect faith in the adequacy of her reason. "Lift him down, Beatrice. The darling is too tired to jump." Beatrice

received him gingerly with reluctant finger tips.

"I think you brought back a little pig by mistake," she commented. "Run and tell mother you're here, and then beat on the triangle in back, so that Ernest will know. He's hunting for you up the canyon."

"Why, Joe knew I'd gone," Christy protested, as she stumped into the house.

"She walked clear to Titusville after that dog," explained the sheriff, pointing to Scrap with his whip. Amazement was still written on his forehead.

"We are very grateful to you for bringing her back," said Beatrice earnestly. "Joe said she was looking for her dog several hours ago, but we never dreamed that—— You were very kind."

"Not at all, not at all," Mr. Black waved it largely away. Then he leaned down closer to her. "What's all this about Sousa calling Johnny Curtis a cheat and a robber?" he added in a cautious undertone. "The little missy, she told me about it. She heard him, this morning."

A frightened look came into Beatrice's eyes. For the moment she had forgotten. She began to fumble nervously with the little strap that held the trace to the singletree.

"I knew they had quarreled," she said after a moment. "I overheard them last night. I was coming to tell you about it today." The sheriff was deeply attentive, his chin caught in his long grasp, his eyebrows drawn earnestly together.

"You don't know what about?" he asked.

"He seemed to think Johnny Curtis was cheating him in some way;" the words came with desperate reluctance. "And Johnny told him he did it—whatever it was—at his own risk. 'I got little enough money,' I heard him say."

"By Jiminy! I've been wondering about Sousa, for several reasons, but it didn't seem—— Have you noticed anything else?"

She bent her head lower over the strap. "Several—little things—hardly worth repeating." Then she looked up with sudden defiance. "You know, I don't in the least believe he did it, or knows anything whatever about it," she asserted.

He nodded thoughtfully.

"Well, p'r'aps. I guess I'll put a few questions to Sousa, anyhow," he announced, preparing to get down. She stopped him eagerly.

"Oh, but Marion isn't here now. He had to take a broken cultivator to Santa Anna, and he hasn't got back yet."

"Well, then, I'll see him tomorrow. I don't know but I might as well put a few straight questions to Curtis himself," he added meditatively, gathering up the reins. "Of course we haven't got evidence enough to take any active measures; but I could sort of sound the feller."

"But Johnny Curtis is ill—very ill," she told him. "I—I happened to find out. He fainted this morning, and they sent for a doctor."

"Doctor, you say?" He seemed to consider this good news. "Sick folks sometimes talk—and sometimes they're delirious. I'll just keep an eye on the doctor. Was it Harding or Pratt?"

"Dr. Harding," Beatrice forced herself to say, after an unhappy pause.

"That's good. Takes an allopath to tell the truth. Thank you, Miss Oliver. If we ketch the thief, it will be due to you as much as to me, and I'll tell the whole county so."

She shivered. When he had backed round and departed, she went slowly up to her room. Her conscience was accusing her mercilessly. She had not helped, she had not told a third of what she knew. All the ominous facts she had summed up in the morning were just as clearly present to her now, and she had not even made an effort to tell them.

In the morning she had been brave enough to sacrifice Roger's friendship to them; and now she was weakly sacrificing her honesty to that broken friendship. She was disloyal to her people, to her own scruples and convictions. She sat limply down on the side of her bed, staring at her hands.

"Dear God, I'm not proud of myself, if that's any comfort to you," she said with a long sigh. Beatrice was not religious, but she had a quaint sort of intimacy with her Creator.

XI.

"John Brown had a little Injun,
John Brown had a little Injun,
John Brown had a little Injun,
One little Injun boy!"

THE chant came sharply across the confused blur of dreams, illumining their unreality. Beatrice stirred and pushed blindly at some muffling object that seemed to be keeping her asleep. The song gathered a suggestion of direction now, indicating the kitchen steps under her window.

"One little, two little, three little Injuns,
Four little, five little, six little Injuns,
Seven little, eight little, nine little Injuns,
Ten little Injun boys!"

Christy's voice concluded triumphantly.

"Why, it must be late," thought Beatrice, bringing her head out from under the pillow. The room was full of the sunlight that means at least ten o'clock in the morning. There had been already a pale hint of day against the shade when she had finally gone to sleep, half a dozen hours ago. What a weary, tormented night it had been! She pressed her hands to her forehead with a long breath at the recollection. Things looked more possible now, with the sun streaming into the room.

"Ten little, nine little, eight little Injuns,"

continued the cheerful voice outside. Beatrice crossed to the window and leaned out.

"Hello, Christy! Is it awfully late?" she called.

Christy looked up from the pan of apricots she was stoning.

"Why did you wake up?" she asked, quite unconscious that she had had anything to do with it. "Mother wanted you to sleep. It's after ten."

"Dear me! It doesn't seem worth while to dress, I'll be going to bed again so soon."

Christy laughed so delightedly at this that Beatrice felt reproached. It was such an easy matter to amuse this small sister; why didn't she remember to do it oftener? And even for selfish reasons, it was worth doing. The whole souled appreciation on the round face beneath was as pleasant to her as the lavish sunlight pouring over her shoulders, and the delicate sweetness of the Lady Banksia rose that thrust an occasional little cluster at her from the window casing. She felt new courage as she pushed back the sleeves of her nightgown and leaned her arms on the warm wood of the sill.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"It's the rest of the apricots Mary Ann Susan brought us from his farm. Mother's going to preserve them, because they won't keep any longer. Do you know, Beatrice, I'm awfully afraid Scrap has swallowed one of the stones."

"Can you feel any lumps in him?"

Christy, in all seriousness, turned the dog over and prodded his little round stomach, while he rolled sleepy eyes at her.

"No," she announced with relief; "it isn't there. You ought to have seen him fetch this morning. He's improving all the time. He brought me a newspaper and hardly tore it a bit."

"Make him do it now," Beatrice suggested. Christy was enormously flattered, and became very fussy and important. She ran and brought a folded newspaper, and then took her stand out in the walk, where Beatrice might have the best possible view. Scrap was first roused to yelping excitement by flourishes about his head, and then the paper was thrown to a suitable distance.

"Fetch it, boy, fetch it," commanded his mistress. Scrap darted joyously forward and picked it up, then stood facing her roguishly, his eyes twinkling over the paper.

"Bring it to me, dear," ordered Christy in her most elderly accents. He came frisking towards her, happy obedience in every line of him, until he was within six inches of her outstretched hand, when he suddenly darted back, wheeled, and was off down the road like a streak of lightning, his prize held high in triumph.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" cried his indignant owner, and away she flew after him. Beatrice leaned out and laughed.

The kitchen door opened, and Mrs. Oliver, in gingham apron and turned back sleeves, came out on the steps. She picked up the unfinished pan of apricots, shook them up with a critical glance, and then discovered the knife lying in the gravel.

"I'm afraid it's my fault, mother," said Beatrice from the window. "She was working hard until I distracted her attention." Mrs. Oliver looked up with a smile.

"It doesn't matter; I'd rather she played," she said with her warm benevolence. "Did you get rested?"

"Oh, yes; I'll be down as soon as I can." And Beatrice drew herself away from the window to pour half a pitcherful of cold spring water into her deep basin.

Ernest was waiting for her when she came down.

"Come out and look at the orchard, when you've had some breakfast," he urged. "The norther has made hay of it, I'm afraid. It looks worse than it did before we irrigated."

She drank a glass of milk standing by the kitchen table—her face screwed with the effort and drawn as far back from the glass as possible, for yellow, country milk was always a little unpleasant to her.

"It tastes of the cow," she protested, to amuse Marion Sousa, who was filling the wood box. "I like nice, clean, white milk that grows in cans." The little Portuguese wheezed with amusement.

"Miss Betty, she no like cow milk," he explained to Mrs. Oliver, who was weighing sugar in the laundry. "She want city milk. We send down to city, get some milk for Miss Betty." When Beatrice passed him ten minutes later, on her way to the orchard, he was still chuckling.

"Dear me, isn't it easy!" she reflected.

The little trees looked as though half the life had been drawn out of them. Their twigs had grown flabby and their leaves drooped. The ground had been sucked dry of every drop of moisture by the scorching wind, for that one stolen watering had been too slight to outlast such an ordeal. The subsoil was as dry as the surface. Ernest kicked at the ground impatiently.

"I've half a mind to turn the creek back and take the consequences," he exclaimed. "What if they did lock me up for a while?"

"Well, there'd be a fine, too," suggested Beatrice. "We don't want any outside expenses, thank you. Why is Joe spending so much time cutting these dead weeds and piling them up?"

"He says they'll seed the whole place, the next high wind. He's going to burn the piles this morning."

"Well, just let him be careful how he burns things at this time of the year," Beatrice commented.

"Oh, he knows;" Ernest was not interested in anything but the orchard at that moment. "Beatrice, I've a good mind to go over and have another talk with the Curtises about this creek business."

"Oh, I wouldn't!" she exclaimed.

"Why not? I shan't quarrel with them. I'll just see if I can't make some reasonable deal, some compromise that will hold till the fall rains come. Or I'll try to get one more good watering for the orchard."

"But, Ernest, Johnny Curtis is ill. I—heard so yesterday."

"All the better, then; he won't be so belligerent. Or I'll see Roger, who's a little the decenter. Do you want to come with me?"

"No, I don't," she exclaimed. "I—I wish you wouldn't, Ernest. I'm afraid they don't feel like—granting us favors just now."

"Well, they can refuse, then," said Ernest philosophically. "I would take the thing into court if we had only recovered that note. Do you realize that it's due next Saturday?"

She nodded and turned away.

"Perhaps Dean will pay up," she said faint heartedly.

Ernest tramped resolutely up the canyon and round the low hill behind which lay the Curtis barns. Seeing no one about, he went on to the ugly white farmhouse, with its rigid little porch in front, shaded by a melancholy group of cypresses. Roger came to the door, looking rather startled.

"I've come to talk to you again about the water," Ernest began, at which the other's face relaxed, and he came out, closing the door behind him.

"We'll sit out here, if you don't mind," he said with a measure of cordiality. "Johnny was pretty badly knocked up yesterday, and though he is better, he isn't fit for business yet." He leaned against the house, his hands in his coat pockets, and his visitor seated himself on the rail opposite.

"You don't look any too well yourself," said Ernest abruptly.

"Oh, I haven't been sleeping much." Roger frowned and pressed his hand to his eyes for a moment. "Do you ever have insomnia?"

"No, not unless I'm abnormally worried." He spoke without intention, but the other stiffened a little, and glanced at him with a hint of suspicion.

"Oh, of course. That's different," he admitted, and Ernest, without understanding, felt that he had retreated hopelessly out of reach. Neither spoke for a moment. Roger appeared to be waiting with polite indifference.

"About the water," Ernest began with an effort; "it comes down to this. If we don't water our orchard soon, and thoroughly, we're going to lose it, and we've put too much money into it to do that without a struggle. Now, are you willing to compromise in any way, if we can make it worth your while?"

Roger hesitated, staring down at his feet.

"Why, I'm willing enough," he said finally. "The trouble is, my brother isn't. Johnny believes he's within his rights—so do I, for that matter—and he says we can't spare any of the water. That I don't know about, but as he's running the ranch, I have to take his word for it."

"Well, as to the rights of the case, the law will settle that when we can afford to fight it out;" Ernest spoke with determined friendliness. "It's a question of in the mean while. You have the advantage of us now, and we must have water. What will you take for it? I've no spare money now, but when our crops come in——"

Roger walked up and down once or twice, frowning. He was plainly uncomfortable.

"We don't want money," he finally exclaimed. "It's just a question of whether we can spare the water or not. If Johnny will agree that we can, I've no objection to any reasonable division of the creek."

"That's very fair," Ernest assented.

"I can't talk to Johnny about it for a day or two," Roger pursued. "He isn't fit to discuss anything now, and the doctor wants him to keep quiet. I don't promise that I can accomplish anything—Johnny's as pig headed as the devil—but I think if I go at him right——"

"Oh, you do!" commented a sarcastic voice from the open window behind them. The blind was pulled back, disclosing Johnny Curtis seated as close to it as possible, a bath robe wrapped round him, his eyes burning at them with feverish anger. "How do you propose going at me?"

"Johnny! What are you doing out here?" exclaimed Roger sternly. "You had no business to get up."

"It seems to be as well I did," retorted the other. "I heard Oliver's voice on the porch, and I thought something might be up. Give away our water as much as you please. I'm not going to check your philanthropy. Only, you'll continue farming by yourself. I've had about enough of it, any way." He started to rise with dignity, but swayed dizzily and dropped back again. Roger started towards him.

"Don't be an ass, Johnny," he said. "Here, let me help you back to bed. I'm not going to touch the water without your consent."

"Well, set a man to watch the pool," said Johnny, pressing his hands to his burning head. "Oliver's quite capable of helping himself. No, I don't want your help. Keep your hands off." And he walked uncertainly across the room, closing the door behind him without another glance back.

They stood in silence, half expecting to hear the sound of a fall on the other side of the door; but Johnny evidently reached the bed in safety. Roger made no attempt to smooth matters over.

"That was unfortunate—for your purpose," he said with a slight shrug.

"Unfortunate in every way," Ernest answered quietly, turning to go. "I don't like to be on bad terms with my neighbors." Roger followed down the steps, and they walked slowly towards the stables and the low hill that separated the two ranches.

"Johnny really isn't—altogether——" Roger began with an effort; then he gave it up. "It's hardly possible to explain."

"You mean, he has his human side?" Ernest suggested.

"In a way;" he took up the effort again with manifest shrinking. "And then, he has been having a hard time, both in overcoming certain—defects and in living with me. I'm not the most sympathetic of companions for him."

"No, I should fancy not," said Ernest, with a frankness that made the other smile slightly.

"Oh, I don't blame him for disliking me; I would myself, you know," Roger pursued. "I feel very apologetic towards him. But, you see, there's no one else who will live with him,'way off here. It's really not fair to him. I fall asleep when he talks horse, and I grow very quiet when he's angry. If I could only learn to swear back at him with real heartiness, he would like me so much better; but one can't change one's nature, can one? I know I tried. But when I flung out oaths they sounded like deadly insults instead of genial rowing. It took me days to straighten it out."

"You are very different;" Ernest was looking at him curiously, wondering how much of all this he really meant, and why he gave the impression of talking from the other side of a wall, instead of face to face.

"Yes, very," Roger assented. "You see, he started out with charm. He was always the attractive one. It takes a strong head to stand popularity. I've always been glad mine was never tested." There was not a shade of jealousy or resentment in his voice, which was coolly analytical and nothing else. "People—in general—have never liked me, so I have no vices," he concluded with a smile.

"But didn't you want them to like you? Didn't you hate not to be popular?" Ernest asked with boyish directness. They were passing round one side of the little hill now, and were nearly at the boundary fence.

"Well, I should like to be less violently unpopular with my brother," he answered, still coolly critical, as though discussing some one else. "It's rough on him. He hates me a little worse every day, you know. And to have to live with——"

He stopped abruptly, for some one came running breathlessly to meet them, with pale cheeks and frightened eyes.

"Beatrice! What's the matter?" exclaimed Ernest. She pointed back to the canyon.

"Oh, hurry!" she said, gasping for breath. "It's all—on fire—the grass—and there's no water. Oh, hurry!"

Ernest sprang forward. From beyond the orchard a thick column of smoke was pouring up. With an exclamation, he darted off at a run. Beatrice turned to Roger and caught his sleeve in a tremulous grasp.

"Break it down—oh, break it down!" she urged with a dry sob. "The grass is

all on fire, and there's no water to fight with. Everything will go. Oh, Roger, break it down!"

He laid his hand over hers for an instant, and then, without a word, turned and ran back to the stables. In less than a moment he was leading two of the men, armed with crowbars, up the creek at a furious pace. Several stable boys, buttoning their coats about them, ran past Beatrice, and, vaulting over the boundary fence, made for the column of smoke. A moment later she was flying after them.

XII.

JOE had been burning his weeds only too effectually. The wind had risen so insidiously that one scarcely noticed its presence, and Joe, after firing his first pile, had passed on to the others, leaving it in charge of young Joe, who appeared to have attached himself permanently to the ranch force.

Scrap played the part of tempter by dashing frantically into the underbrush that covered the hillside, and setting up a furious yelping, suggestive of a treed wild cat at the very least. The first pile of weeds was burning peaceably enough, and the second was kindling, while big Joe was bending over the third, far up the canyon. Young Joe did not even struggle. With a plunge, he disappeared into the wild tangle, and next minute could have been heard scrambling and slipping up the steep hill in the direction of Scrap's agitated clamor.

How the rest happened no one ever quite knew, for the fire was insulated by a strip of bare road. Perhaps the wind, which had suddenly begun to declare itself boldly, tossed some burning straws across into the patch of nettles that flanked the tiny shanty, half tool house, where Marion Sousa slept. A single spark is enough in a land crisped by drought.

The flimsy boards and curled shingles lent themselves readily to the mischief, and in a moment the smoke was curling up, black and pungent, while the little leaping flames, encouraged by the wind, set out through the dead grass, aiming straight for the fences and the barn.

It was the wind that first gave the warning. Hearing it sigh about the corners of the house, Beatrice, whose sense of responsibility never slept, went out to warn Joe about his fires, and found the brown carpet of the valley miraculously turning red, while from beyond the oaks came a greedy crackling that turned her faint with fear. At the same instant Joe's voice, startled out of its indifference, called "Fire!" distantly from up the canyon.

Beatrice flew to the back porch and, seizing the iron rod, beat on the triangle a summons that brought the men running from every direction. There was no need to explain or to give directions. The danger was so appalling, so immediate, it seemed to inspire them with instinctive wisdom.

In an instant, Lizzy, helped by Christy, was filling every available bucket and pail with water from the laundry, while the men beat the fire back with wet sacks, darting right and left as it slipped by them, emptying the pails where the flames defied the sacks.

Beatrice, as she flew by, heard the crash of a fence beaten down with an ax, and saw Marion Sousa, wild eyed and blackened, dragging out his pitiful belongings, and stamping the fire from them as they blew about in the wind. Young Joe was not to be seen. In terror of judgment and his uncle, he was already scudding across fields and down byways in the direction of Titusville.

When Beatrice came back, panting, on the track of her reinforcements, she saw with sickening dismay that Ernest was leading the live stock out of the barn.

"Here, tie them over behind the clothes yard," he commanded, giving her the halter ropes of the two work horses. "I think we can save the barn, but I'm not going to risk them."

She took hold bravely, but at the smoke which met them, the brutes snorted and drew back, planting obstinate forelegs and glaring in stupid terror.

"Come on! Oh, you idiots, come!" she implored them, tugging at the ropes.

"Let me do it," said a breathless voice. Roger Curtis, hatless and gasping, caught the halters with scant ceremony, and in an instant had the two lumbering to a place of safety.

The wind was increasing every moment. As she turned, Beatrice saw a stunted oak, bent close to the fiery ground, blaze up like a torch close under the eaves of the barn. A shower of burning twigs fell on its parched roof. Before it could take fire, one of the stable boys had swung himself up and was sweeping them off with a broom, his stockinged feet clinging recklessly to the slippery shingles.

Beatrice fastened the hose to two of the garden faucets, not stopping to answer Ernest's irritated query as to why she wasted time that way, and then ran to help with the buckets. She saw the sheriff, coatless and hatless, helping to pull down a charred

and glowing fence, but his presence did not seem in any way strange.

Lizzy, who was holding an ice cream freezer under the laundry faucet, looked up at her with scared eyes.

"Miss Beatrice!" she whispered, pointing to the faucet.

The rush of water had dwindled to a thin stream. All the other faucets told the same tale. The spring was being exhausted. Five minutes more, and there would be no water at all. And meantime the wind was swirling the fire over grass and stubble, and the barn was surrounded on three sides.

And if it went? The wind was the other way, but for all that the house was perilously near.

As Lizzy rushed out with her improvised pail, Beatrice set a bucket under the faucet. The stream was fading to a drip. Commanding Christy to watch it, she ran back into the pandemonium of smoke and shouts and feverish haste.

And then her heart gave a great leap of relief. At the end of the nearest hose was a dark spot, gradually growing larger. Even as she stooped and lifted it, the water gushed out, willing and plentiful.

Her shout drew the others, fearful of fresh catastrophe. Only she and Roger understood, but the rest did not stop to wonder. The water had come back—that was enough. With yells of triumph, they flew for it. Another moment, and one hose was playing on the barn roof, while the other attacked the red carpet, reducing long streaks of it to black and ill smelling impotence.

The men plunged their pails into the horse trough, now streaming generously at the corners, and met the danger with new courage. They even joked and laughed excitedly at the blackened faces and bleared eyes, and showed the soles of their boots, burned nearly away. Through all the clamor, at intervals, came Scrap's persistent voice, yelping up in the underbrush.

Beatrice brought a full pail to Roger Curtis, and ran back with his empty one. As she returned, she saw him spring forward up the steep side of the canyon, where the thin grass was crisply brown and as slippery as though glazed, and dash for a little red spot that had begun to spread with an odd effect of saturation. Sparks had evidently been whirled up there by the wind.

She struggled after him, slipping and falling, but saving her water at any cost. He caught it from her and spread it as widely as possible, and then they dashed back for more. When she slipped, he caught her arm and held it till they were safely down.

With two brimming pails, they struggled back again, losing no time in words, for if the fire once found its way up the hill, there would be miles of desolation in the wind swept cattle ranges back of them, and grave menace to the farmers of the hills beyond. The very tensity of the effort brought a certain exhilaration to Beatrice. Her eyes looked black above her flushed cheeks, and she laughed out as she recklessly trampled a little flame to death.

"Dear young woman, be careful!" Roger warned her, but he laughed in sympathy. All his barriers were down. He was strong and eager, gay in his unrestraint. She saw at last the man he was meant to be, and all her blind faith was justified.

"We're winning!" she called to him, her voice glad with triumph.

"Two more pails will do it," was all he said, but her heart swelled and pulsed and two little tears welled into her eyes for the warmth of his tone. "Come!" He held up his hand to her, and they flew down. Scrambling up, her breath came in gasps, but she laughed.

"Let me take your pail," he urged, but she shook her head. She would have carried any weight rather than lose that strong grasp on her arm. The last red glow died to smoldering black, and they dropped down breathlessly beside their empty pails.

"We did it!" she exulted.

"Oh, didn't we, though! There's nobody like us!" he boasted, and they laughed together, then went slowly down.

The fire was well under control now, and the workers relaxed a little. It was long past their linner hour, and they were faint and exhausted. At that moment Mrs. Oliver, pale but benignant, appeared at the back door with a laden tray. There was a pile of roast beef sandwiches, each one equivalent to a small meal, and a pitcher of lemonade. Roger Curtis sprang forward to help her, but she shook her head.

"Don't stop," she said. "It's the only way I can be useful. Help yourself, and do keep an eye on Christy."

The men, excited out of their usual bashfulness, cheered her gratefully, and made short work of her supplies. Christy, drenched, grimy, and glorious with excitement, came running up to get Mr. Black's share for him.

"Little girl, you must be careful," urged her mother.

"Oh, I am," said Christy reassuringly, selecting a sandwich for her hero. "That's why I'm so wet. A spark got on me, and Mr. Black just dumped a bucket of water right on it. And he helped pull down the fence. Don't you think he's awfully brave? I want him to have the biggest glass of lemonade."

"Suppose mother goes and lets him help himself. Then you can eat that sandwich you're carrying," suggested Beatrice, careful not to glance at the sooty finger marks that were already decorating the white surface.

"All right," said Christy cheerfully. "Come, mother, I'll take you to him." Mrs. Oliver was looking at her draggled child in anxious perplexity.

"Oh, Christy, dear, I wish you'd keep out of this. I'm so afraid," she said with a sigh.

"Oh, I'm all right, mother. Mr. Black will take care of me—won't you, Mr. Black?"

The sheriff straightened up from the smoldering stump he was chopping out.

"I'll see she don't come to any harm, ma'am," he promised. Taking a glass of lemonade from the tray, he bowed solemnly and held it up. "Your health, Mrs. Oliver." A second later, he replaced the empty glass with a nod of satisfaction. "That went like water down a rat hole," he commented, relaxing a little. Christy laughed ecstatically. There was a delicate humor about the phrase that made her yearn for a chance to use it herself.

Beatrice, overflowing with the gaiety of relief, went for a look at the smoking ruin of the cottage. Marion Sousa, kneeling on the blackened ground, was examining the charred side of his little trunk, while the wind played havoc with its contents.

She chased and overtook a photograph and a folded newspaper that were starting up the canyon on their own account. Then she quite forgot the little Portuguese, and stood staring at the orchard with a laugh of amazement, for all down its length, between the tiny rows, long silvery lines were beginning to appear, drawing nearer every moment.

"You did it on purpose!" Roger Curtis accused her, with a laugh in his voice. "This fire business was just a scheme to water your orchard."

"Wasn't it clever of us?" she agreed. "We started two other fires, you see, in case that didn't work, but we didn't need them."

"If you're really not going to want them, we might walk down and see that they are really out," Roger suggested, and they strolled along towards where the other piles of weeds had burned harmlessly away. Christy's voice, raised in rapturous welcome to Scrap, followed them.

"I think we owe you a new suit of clothes," Beatrice said regretfully, for he was wearing the light gray suit of another occasion she remembered. It was hopelessly blackened and tattered now.

"Oh, I'll cheerfully dedicate it to the Cause," he answered, looking down at it dispassionately.

"The Cause?"

"Yes; the Cause." He smiled at her mystification. "Oh, you wouldn't understand," he added teasingly. "You're too little yet."

"I can understand anything," she asserted, "anything on earth, if you will just say it sincerely, the way you mean it."

He shook his head. "That won't do. You must understand when I say it the way I don't mean it."

"But that's such a cheap way to be interesting," she objected. "It's like wearing your coat inside out and calling it humor."

"Perhaps one doesn't do it to be interesting," he suggested. "It's probably an infirmity—a sort of mental St. Vitus' dance. You ought to be sorry for me."

"I am," she said slowly, "and I'm sorry for me, too. I wanted to be friends, but we never can."

"Do you mean that, really?" He had become suddenly serious.

"I'm afraid—I'm too little yet." She tried to say it laughingly, but her voice showed she was hurt. He walked beside her in silence, his eyes on the ground, for several moments.

"I'll tell you an allegory about the Cause," he said finally. She felt a childish longing to cry out that she didn't want his explanations, but compromised by averting her head, as though interested in anything but his words.

"There was once a man who suffered so much with his eyes that he finally put on blue glasses," Roger began. "They weren't becoming, but they brought him a great relief. In time he almost forgot how the world looked without them. Are you listening?"

"Yes," she said, yielding up her resentment and turning towards him.

"Well, one day there was a great accident, and people ran about in terrible danger, saving one another's lives and property. In the confusion his blue glasses were knocked off, and he rushed about like the others, seeing everything just as they did, too excited to know if his eyes hurt

or not. Of course, the next day, when the excitement was all over, they nearly killed him, and he had to put on two pairs of blue glasses, to make up. But for that one day he had—— Well, now you know about the Cause."

His story brought back to her something she had thought when they were struggling up the hill with their pails.

"I know," she said, a little shyly. "It came to me today, in the midst of things, that the man you were meant to be had asserted himself, and would not be denied."

"Perhaps. But remember, that is not the man I am," he warned her.

"But it could be," she ventured.

"Today. But tomorrow I'll doubt everything again, worse than ever."

"Even me?"

"Even you."

She raised her hands with a little gesture of helplessness.

"Oh, if I could only prove it to you!"

"Prove what? What do you mean?" He had stopped short, and his look frightened her. Instinctively she ran to cover.

"Oh, that the world is rather nice, after all," she answered, and the lightness of her tone belied her former earnestness. "It's so much more amusing to take it seriously and in all good faith."

"It's an attractive rôle, any way," he answered, and she knew that she had put him at arm's length again.

"Don't call it that," she pleaded, sick with disappointment at having spoiled their moment, and trying blindly to bring it back. But the barriers were well up now.

"That's my jealousy," he said. "Just because I'm not that kind, I get even by saying the kind doesn't exist. One must keep in with one's self love at any cost."

She shook her head rebelliously.

"Self hate is the more normal state, I think," she exclaimed. He would not follow it up.

"Here comes your sister's little dog like a runaway engine," he said, looking over his shoulder. "He's bringing you a letter, I think. Have you trained him to act as postman?"

Beatrice glanced back at the small dog galloping proudly down upon them, stopping short at intervals to shake and worry the paper he carried.

"Oh, Christy has taught him to fetch, and in consequence he fetches everything on the place that isn't nailed down," she said irritably. "That may be one of Marion Sousa's belongings. Bring it here, Scrap. Fetch it, boy!"

Scrap cantered up, his eyes twinkling wickedly; but Beatrice knew that trick. Before he could whirl out of reach, she had swooped down on him, and held him firmly by the neck, while she pried the paper out of his mouth. He jumped up against her in a frenzy, trying to get it back, but she unfolded the soiled and torn document high out of his reach.

"There's something written on it," she said. "Down, you bad boy! It says——" She broke off abruptly, staring at the paper with wide eyes. Her breath came in a soft little "Oh!" of limitless wonder. Then there was a sudden blur of tears in her eyes, and she held it out to him with tremulous hands.

"Roger," she cried. "it's the note—Dean's note!"

They read it aloud, the short, simple statement by which Charles A. Dean agreed to pay two thousand dollars thirty days from that date. Beatrice's face was transfigured.

"It was due next Saturday," she explained. "Oh, just think how it solves all our troubles! And we can fight you properly about the water now!" They both laughed at that. "Oh, you don't know how poor we've been," she went on impulsively. "A ragman came the other day and paid me two dollars and twenty five cents for some old bottles and sacks and kerosene cans—and it was a perfect gold mine! We lived on that two dollars and a quarter for days."

"Don't," he begged her distressfully. "It's intolerable. You poor child, why——" Something in her face stopped him. She had turned the note over and was studying every corner of it in evident dismay. Before he could question her, the same thought came to him.

"Wherever did it come from?" he exclaimed.

"That's it," she returned gravely. "Oh, dear, we both know!" she broke out a moment later. "It must have been from Marion Sousa's things. They were blowing everywhere. We might as well face it."

"I can't believe it," he said vehemently. She knew what he referred to.

"It's all unbelievable," she agreed. "If you knew good little Marion—he's so kind and obliging and devoted to us. Why, I'd trust him with anything—even now."

"Well, I never should have put my brother down as a common thief," said Roger deliberately. They stood debating miserably.

"Now that we've got the paper, we don't care about anything else. The money

wasn't so much," she began suggestively. He would not help her, so she had to go on. "I don't see the good of—prosecuting, and all that, do you, when we have the paper?"

"But it may be your duty towards the State," he answered impersonally. That had no effect. She merely shook her head, as though it were not worth answering. "Your family will look at it differently," he went on. That troubled her.

"Ernest will be hard to manage," she admitted; "still, I think I can. I'll go and tell the sheriff now."

"What will you tell him?"

"Just that the paper has been mysteriously returned, and that I wish he'd let the matter drop."

"But, my dear girl, he can't do that. He's bound by law and oath to follow up every clue till he catches the thief." They still faced each other anxiously.

"Well, then, he just won't get any clue," said Beatrice finally. "We'll find a way." She turned back towards the house, but paused as Roger did not follow.

"Why do you do this?" he asked, with an effort that made his voice sound harsh. "Why don't you follow it up and have the criminals punished?"

She made Scrap an excuse for averting her face. For the moment her younger self was hopelessly dominant. Evasion and lightness seemed the only possible resources.

"Oh, it would all be so unpleasant," she said with a little shiver. "And we have the note. That was the main thing, you know." Later she realized all the simple, friendly honesty with which she might have met him with no loss of dignity, and writhed at her own inadequacy. It was terrible to appear trivial through sheer lack of presence of mind, when all her true impulses were fine and big. Roger accepted her explanation with grave courtesy.

"Yes, that is true," he said. "And now I must say good by. You will send for me if there is anything I can do to assist you, won't you?"

She thanked him nervously for his help and that of his men, and then went slowly back to the house.

(To be continued.)

CLORINDA'S VIOLIN.

CLORINDA took it from its case,
That stolid thing of wood;
She lifted it anear her face—
How well it understood!—
Then, while I burned with envious ire,
She laid her dimpled chin,
All pink with girlhood's first faint fire,
Upon her violin.

No wonder that it sudden woke
To ecstasy of life.
Such touch from granite might evoke
Love's rapture and love's strife.
No wonder that Clorinda's bow
Drew from each pulsing string
Such harmony as Heaven must know
When choired angels sing.

Oh, I am but a stolid thing,
With lips that mutely fail
My heart's pent melodies to sing
In passioned plaint or wail;
But if Clorinda once should rest
That little dimpled chin
Against my stupid wooden breast,
I'd shame her violin!

Lulah Ragsdale.

IN THE SHADOW OF WAR.*

BY HAMBLEN SEARS.

XVI *(Continued).*

"BEYOND a doubt, that is the house, and he holds court this very night," said Acton, as we came opposite the entrance, with the line of carriages between us and the door. 'Twas a jam, indeed, and before we knew it we were caught between two lines of cursing coachmen, one driving up to the door, the other turning and moving back.

A chariot drew up, and I leaned down on my horse's neck and looked through the windows up the steps into the house, when the vicious hiss of a whip on the other side sent my beast, that was none of the best, by a side jump against the coach, bringing me up to the door with a thump that shook the whole vehicle. And then I had like to have fallen into the mud; for there, looking at me out of the window, in some white and silken gown, with a whiter neck peeping out from under a furry cape, was a face I had had by me these ten days.

She knew me on the instant, and started forward with a cry of surprise, as if to speak. And then, on the impulse, the powdered head went up with a movement I knew full well, and the stare that only a high bred woman knows how to call up from some depth within her met my eye, as a gruff voice behind her cried:

"Have a care there, my man! What the devil, would you ride in here by us? Come, Deborah, we are at the door;" and I was pulled on by the frightened horse, and reached the door across the street, I know not how, in a daze of mind that finally landed me in a ditch by the gutter, as I slid off his back.

She had known me, I would swear; and yet she had given me as cold a denial as ever heartless wench gave any man. And yet—'twas but human nature to think it—yet I had saved more than her life but a fortnight ago, and risked my own skin in the saving. But what should I, Merton Balfort, expect, after all, and what right had I to think it could or should be otherwise?

Still, what tricks the mind will play! I knew then that that face had been by me ever since the night at the old tavern, and in my foolish thoughts the next meeting had happened again and again; but the real was of a far different order from the dream.

XVII.

As I looked about me to gather a bit of the situation of the house, I could not forbear an exclamation; for, dark as it was, I could see but a sorry house for our abode. The building was a straight affair, narrow and high, with a pointed roof like a Dutch house. And, though at first look there stood a house, I saw in a moment that it had been practically destroyed by fire. The lower rooms seemed to have been hastily repaired, but the upper windows had no frames or glass in them, and the whole was blackened with singed wood.

Back of the house and towards the water I could make out in the murky darkness the black ruins of burned dwellings, and here and there tents built over roofless rooms, with now and then a light shining through the slits in the cloth.

Acton was standing grumbling to himself, as was his wont.

"This is no place for us," said he. "We shall be caught in a hole like rats."

"The longer we stand here, the more likely," answered I, and forthwith I rapped upon the door with my sword hilt. No reply coming, we entered, to find a long, narrow hall, and stairs running straight up towards the next story. At the farther end a light showed under a door, and with a step we were at it, and found, on opening, an old woman confronting us with wonder and suspicion in her silent face.

"Who be ye, then?" asked she after a moment.

"Listen, woman," said I quickly, "speak not so loud. We come here from Robert—from Robert, you understand," I added, as I saw her face go white and eager, "and we are to wait here secretly for him——"

"Him?" cried she under her breath. "You will not let him come here? He

* *This story began in the July number of* THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

must not, now! 'Twould be his death in an hour. How came ye to let him come?"

"He comes of his own accord, and sent us on before," said I. "Do not fear for him. He can watch over his own safety without our aid. But instead, give us food and drink, if you have it."

She looked at us doubtfully a moment, and then went into the back room, which appeared to be the one chamber in the house spared by the fire. In a few moments we sat down to a dish of salt beef and bread. I then carefully opened the despatches found on the dead man, and discovered them to be a full account of the forces at and around Newport, detailing Rochambeau's strength and the number of militia troops furnished him by Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, though to my certain knowledge the number was understated.

Following out a plan I had thought up, I altered the figures by scratching those given and writing in more than three times the number above, between the lines, as had already been done in one or two cases, as if the first account had been supplemented by later news. The despatches of Hazletine were letters from Major André written in prison, and a statement giving out that Washington was about to make an attack on Paulus Hook and Staten Island, with some description of the plan of attack. Whether this were true or not I could not tell, but I must take my chance. We were in the act of sealing up the packets again when there came a thunderous pounding upon the outer door.

"What is it?" cried the woman.

"Open in the name of the king!" cried a voice from outside.

"Oho!" said Acton, under his mustache. "They call upon us soon, eh?" and he drew his sword and stood looking at me.

"Quick, woman," I said, "go to the door, and do you do the talking."

"What shall I say?"

"Ask who it is and what's wanted."

This she did, we standing by her close to the door.

"Open in the name of the king!" cried the deep voice again.

Acton and I stood back, silent in the darkness, with a stiff problem ahead of us, for there was no mistaking the voice of Hazletine.

"Well, will you open?" cried the voice a third time; and then I bade Acton, more by signs than anything else, stand by the handle of the door.

"When I open, catch him and bring him in," whispered I, "and put in all the strength in your big body."

He nodded, and at my whispered instruction the woman said again:

"What for? Why should I open?"

"Because I have a warrant for the arrest of a man now in this house."

"There's none here," she answered, and then, as I told her, cried out:

"The door sticks. You must push from the outside."

There came a muffled oath and then a savage kick at the door, and I heard other voices.

"Harder," cried the old girl, who seemed to grasp the idea, and as I felt a body press against the door, I let it swing suddenly open, and a man was driven into the hall and the door shut again before he realized that he was down and one of the strongest men in the Colonies sitting on him with his fingers so tight upon his gullet that he could only gurgle softly. We had him in the other room bound and gagged in a moment, but the pounding on the door was enough to wake the town.

"Open in the name of the king!" said a dozen voices, and then the old door, strong as it had been made, gave perceptibly to the force from without. I turned to the woman.

"Is there a back way out?"

"Only into the lane, thence to Beaver Street, in among the ruins. But ye can go up stairs and down the outside steps at the back."

"So be it, and quick, too! Acton, pick up your man and come on." We were up stairs, had laid him in the gable, and were hurrying down to the second story again, when a crash told us we were too late, and in a moment the hall was full of men. They saw us at the top of the stairs, and started up.

"Now, my boy, let them have it," I cried, and we both fired at the leaders coming up two steps at a time. Two men threw up their arms and fell back on the others, and the whole crew rolled back to the floor.

"Again, Acton."

"Aye, man," laughed the reckless chap. "Take the first and I the second. So! We wasted nothing." Four men lay dead on the stairs before the others could retreat. But our four pistols were of no further use.

I am no fool to lose heart in a tight place, but the game seemed up as we saw them gather together for another charge.

"Yield yourselves up and we'll do ye

no harm," cried one; "but if ye do not, God help your souls!"

"Don't bother strangers by calling on 'em," said Acton in a jeering tone, "but come on, my lambs, and take us."

A growl was the only answer as they started up the stairs again. We had the slight advantage of light, as well as of being above, and as the first two began to engage Acton, who stood at the top, I knocked the nearest over with the butt of my pistol, and then, leaning out from the crazy balustrade, began an exchange of thrusts with the next two, they fighting straight over their heads, I down upon them.

They stood their ground well, preventing by their own bodies any others from taking part, until another jeering laugh from Acton was followed by the body of his man tumbling back upon them, tripping the whole crew over one another to the bottom, amid cries and curses that would have raised the dead. The howl was taken up by those in the hall, and then, to our consternation, a loud shout of many voices came from the street. Running to the sashless window I saw half a hundred soldiers crowded around the door.

"Back again!" cried Acton. "The whole town's on the way up stairs;" and in truth it looked so; for they had found a round table, and, holding this above and before them, they were coming slowly up, two deep, and as close as they could step.

"I have it," cried Acton—the man seemed always to become gay in a fight and find his best wits at the most hopeless time. "Quick, man, that cupboard! 'Twill make cheese of the whole lot." And we lifted the great double doored clothes press standing in the hall, Acton, the woman, and I, and pushed it over the stairs, carrying balustrade and all with it. The blow was a terrible one, for the weight of the cupboard carried the table down upon the eight or ten men, and all went down together, amid dust and cries and roars of laughter from Acton that fairly set me off as well.

The situation changed for the moment, for the brave cupboard had jammed itself in the stairway so as effectively to prevent any ascent or descent by that passage for some good minutes to come. In the pause that followed a stifled cry from the old woman showed us behind the spot where the cupboard had stood a frameless window looking out on the roof of the next house. Roof there was none, however, only blackened timbers, with here and there a patch of shingles still clinging in place.

'Twas a chance, and we took it. We were out in a moment, clambering over the creaking timbers and down on the farther side into a lane, no wider than a man's body, between two buildings. There was but one way to go and that into Broadway, and in another moment we were at the back of the crowd of two or three hundred people standing about the door of the fated No. 2, howling and yelling, asking questions, and giving opinions to one another. Manifestly this was the safest place for the moment, till we heard a cry of joy from the inside and knew that the leaders must have overcome our friendly cupboard.

"Come," said I to Acton, and led him across the green to Clinton's house, easily distinguishable for its many lights and the music coming from it. At the door we were challenged by a sentry and asked what was our business.

"Special message to the commander in chief. I must see him at once," said I, looking at Acton in fear that the absolute astonishment sitting on his face would end the matter then and there.

"You cannot see him now, man. He is——"

"'Tis a dangerous thing to waste time, my friend, when Sir Henry Clinton is concerned. Call his secretary here at once;" and I stood aside on the steps to allow some late arrivals to enter, as if the matter were settled.

"But you'll get us hanged, man," whispered Acton. "If you——"

"Hold thy tongue, man!" I said in the same tone.

"But I don't see——"

"Well, corporal, are you not gone yet?" I asked angrily. "Do you know that your head may drop off, if this delay gets about?"

"I have my doubts," he answered, "but I'll call Mr. Cameron."

Cameron, then, was the secretary, and he came in a moment, dressed in black and rubbing his thin hands together.

"Mr. Cameron," I said before he could speak, "I am Mr. Merton and this is Mr. Roberts. We have just come from Newport and Verplanck's with despatches for Sir Henry. Be good enough to notify him at once." And I showed him the despatches.

He looked at us a moment through his narrow little eyes, and finally said:

"Come this way, gentlemen, if you please;" and, going around the side of the house, we entered by a smaller door into

a cross corridor. As we passed along, I saw a brilliant series of rooms, polished floors, and groups of uniformed men and beautifully dressed women walking up and down the hall and dancing in the large ballroom. Then in an instant we stood in a dimly lighted room.

At the end of five minutes a large door opened on the other side of the study, or office, and a bright light from one of the ballrooms burst in upon us. A large hand held the door for an instant, and my body stiffened as I heard a lively, girlish voice I knew in my dreams saying half angrily, half playfully:

"But, Sir Henry, you must not go. This is my dance!"

"My dear Mistress Deborah, I am far more unhappy about it than you can be," said a high, somewhat querulous masculine voice.

"I do not believe it! If 'twere true, you would not run away so."

There came some answer, which was lost to us in the study; for at that moment the door opened wide and a tall, thick set man entered and closed it quickly behind him. He stood still a moment, not being able to distinguish clearly in the dark room.

Sir Henry Clinton at that period was well advanced in years. He would have been a handsome man but for his eyes, which by their expression gave to his face a sinister look that became more marked as he spoke. He had left his home in England only that he might win fame for himself in a few short months and return with a great name to his native land. His ill success against the American army, and his utter inability to cope with a mind like my commander in chief's, had increased this dissatisfied, querulous, complaining side of his character, and he had now become thoroughly disgusted with the whole war. Such had been the gossip of this commander of the British forces in America, which had reached the ears of all of us out in Connecticut. Everywhere his troops would win battles according to European methods, and then be forced to retreat, losing more men in the retreat than the Americans had in the fight. This was anything but encouraging, and the general showed his chronic pettishness in his every action. He showed it now as he said sharply:

"Well, Cameron, are you there?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"Well, well, man! Speak up! 'Tis doubtless something of importance that causes you to call me now."

"I think it is, your excellency. Here is a messenger from Boston and Newport."

"Ah, I see him now. Well, sir, what is it?"

I handed him the despatches taken from the dead soldier. As he glanced over the papers, he rang a bell and bade the orderly who appeared to search out and bring to him Lord Howe.

"And, orderly——" he added.

"Yes, your excellency."

"Speak to the general cautiously and bring him away without attracting attention."

"Yes, your excellency."

Nothing further was said until Lord Howe appeared.

Howe had been superseded in the command of the American forces of the British army by Clinton, and for that reason alone he bore the present commander no very good will. But besides this he knew perfectly well that he was the abler officer of the two, and he was anxious, therefore, to be recalled to England, to avoid association as an inferior with Clinton. In the mean time anything that made his rival's position more difficult only gave him the greater satisfaction.

"My lord," said Sir Henry, "Mr.——"

"Merton," I prompted.

"Mr. Merton, here, has just arrived with news that a French fleet is lying in Newport harbor waiting to coöperate with the rebels!"

Lord Howe had just come from a dance and was very warm. He wiped his forehead and then replied calmly:

"'Tis the same as our news of several days ago, Sir Henry. What strength have they?"

I stepped forward to prevent questions coming to me and said:

"I have further news!"

"What, still more?" cried Sir Henry. "This seems enough for one night."

"Major André had been taken to Tappan, and he is to be tried there as a spy immediately."

"What is the sentiment as to the result?" asked Howe.

"That he will be hung," I answered.

"Then will I hang every solitary American in New York, whether loyal or rebel!" cried Sir Henry, stamping his foot, while tears of vexation came into his eyes. "Do you at once take measures——"

"Pardon me, Sir Henry," interrupted Lord Howe coolly; "will you permit me to take some steps in this matter?"

"By all means. I wash my hands of it!"

"Mr. Merton," said Howe, turning to me.

"Yes, sir."

"Remain in the house for an hour. If you receive no instructions within that time, call here at eight o'clock each morning until you do. Is that correct, Sir Henry?" he asked.

Clinton was evidently terribly affected by the news of André's sentence and could not turn his mind to anything else; but he said with an effort:

"Mr. Merton, you have not eaten, probably. Go in and join the ball and eat to your satisfaction. My lord, I am too stricken with grief to rejoin my guests. Will you take these gentlemen in and make my excuses?"

Lord Howe turned, and at my attempting to apologize because of our costumes, he bade Cameron have us brushed up, and insisted upon my putting on a coat and waistcoat of Sir Henry's, the one faced with red, the other of white satin. Acton was a sight when he was ready. He was always a handsome, great fellow; but dressed in these colors he would be noticed anywhere, and with the combined expression of absolute ignorance of the situation and his usual careless fearlessness he would have brought me to laughter if I had not had a great fear of what he might do.

So we left the study through the door by which Clinton had entered, and found ourselves the next moment in the most brilliant scene that had yet met my Puritan eyes. I have no doubt the court at Windsor or Whitehall was finer, but I had heard for more than a year that Clinton held a magnificent court of his own, which vied, so our reports told, even with the king's. In the great ballroom the lights of hundreds of candles, hanging from the ceiling in groups and all about the walls, lit up and reflected in the polished floor a hundred or more gay red uniforms, with here and there a German officer's blue or black dress, and the white and pink and blue silks of women whose fair shoulders and necks held as high heads and as beautiful faces as I could imagine.

Some danced gracefully a minuet or the waltz. Others sat about on beautiful mahogany furniture, and still others stood in groups, talking and laughing as if no war or misery or any suffering troops were on the surface of the earth, to say nothing of all this at their very door. I could not understand it. After all, 'twas a besieged town, and the frightful smallpox was raging all about them; and still I could see one beauty after another flirting with her fan and her bright eyes with some tall Britisher, and gossiping of the scandal of the hour as the fiddlers drew out the slow measures of a waltz.

Up to such a group we came, and Lord Howe, with no very good grace, accosted an old woman with wrinkled cheeks and a scrawny neck, yet bedecked in silks and satins and with a towering headdress that made her bob about like a decrepit peacock.

"Mme. de Lancy," said he, bowing low, "permit me to present Mr. Merton, who has just arrived."

The old lady looked at me through her lorgnette with a vicious squint.

"Mr. Merton?" said she. "What Merton? Anything to do with the Mertons of Salem?"

"The same family, ma'am," said I, truthfully enough, yet I could not see what business it might perchance be of hers.

"A bad lot," she continued, taking down her new fangled eye glass. "Traitors to their king, most of them, except Edward, and he has fled, they say."

I have never, God knows, had the control of my too vigorous temper, and it will even to this day get the better of me at precisely the wrong moment, even as now, when I must needs answer somewhat bruskly:

"Such division of sentiment is not confined to one family, ma'am, in these days."

The result of this, bad taste as it was, was like to have upset me; for the old dame turned purple in the face and gripped her fan as she cried:

"And what business is that of yours, sir?"

I was on the point of answering something to turn her unexplained wrath when I caught the sound of a peculiar kind of stifled gasp that had something so familiar as to make me turn about—and find myself face to face with Deborah Philipse. Yet I should scarce have known her. Her hair was up from her face, powdered and with a flower in it, and her dress of some light silken cloth, I know not of what color or quality, so made as to show her fair young neck and shoulders, then running down to her waist in some sort of a pointed bodice all covered with a flowery design.

She was beautiful! She would be beautiful in the most wretched dress that was ever cast off by beggar; she would be beautiful anywhere; but now, in such a gown as I had never seen, she was as

lovely a specimen of young womanhood as stood in that room, or any room this side of heaven, and perhaps on the other side, too. But I knew her eyes and her voice when she said with fine sarcasm, as she might to a stranger who had insulted her:

"You deal in generalities, sir. 'Tis bad taste."

I could not hold her look, and so let my eyes fall and shuffled my feet in awkward fashion. Lord Howe saved me.

"One must know the niece nowadays as well as the aunt, eh, ma'am? Mistress Philipse, I have the honor to present Mr. Merton;" and he bowed with a reverence and a look that I did not like. What was she to him, I wondered? In my turn I bowed and apologized I know not what to Mme. De Lancy, and then in a moment I had been presented, as well as Acton, to several ladies and one or two officers, Major Sproat, a Miss Knyphausen, General Patterson, and other younger men. Howe then moved away saying:

"Mr. Merton and his friend have ridden far and eaten nothing, and by Sir Henry's orders he is to be fed. Mistress Philipse, will you act as commissariat?"

But Acton I saw with many misgivings already striding across the polished floor, laughing and talking with the little minx Mistress Knyphausen. What would the reckless fool say? I hated to have him out of my reach.

"Well, Sir Starved Man," said the young lady at my elbow, "will you eat? I must obey my orders."

I offered her my arm, and, bowing to the group, we went into the banquet room across the hall; and when I had procured some food of a nature that was absolutely unknown to me, something of truffles and spices, and sandwiches with paste of I know not what substance in them, she led me without a word into the side hall and sat down upon the lower steps of the stairway.

"So, sir," she began in another tone, "I know now who you are. It seems that you enjoy the profession of a spy." I turned on her and looked her well in the face. "Do you not think, perchance, that you might take a hint from Major André's situation that may work so ill for him?"

"Madam," said I, "if I could equal André as a man, I would be willing to belong to what you are pleased to call his profession. He was the type of a gentleman."

"Was?" she asked under her breath.

"He is dead, Mistress Philipse, or will be in a few days," I said gently.

"André has been—been——"

"He was condemned two days ago."

"It is terrible, terrible;" and she looked at me with sorrow in her eyes. "Why do you stoop to such things?"

"I am not such a man! I am not a spy, and what I do now is neither your affair nor mine. I serve one who must be obeyed, and I do what he tells me to do. 'Tis no more enjoyable a work than the one I had to do a few days ago." I know not why I spoke so bitterly. Perhaps because I had not till that moment looked upon myself as doing the work indeed of a veritable spy. "You have me in your power, mistress, and you can tonight put an end to another spy, as you are pleased to infer I am. I cannot prevent you. Indeed, I do not know that I care."

She looked at me intently for some moments, and then, glancing beyond me, murmured:

"I do not know. I cannot tell. Perhaps I should, for I believe I know the reason for your presence here, and it is no doubt my duty—yes, indeed, I have been there," she cried suddenly, in a lively voice. "'Tis a pretty town, Boston, but so prayerful."

I looked at her in amazement and then heard over my shoulder:

"Deborah, 'tis long past midnight. We must go home."

She sat quietly a moment, and I rose and bowed to Judge Philipse, her father—a dignified and courtly, gray haired man of sixty, in a kind of court dress, I suppose, with long faced coat and knee breeches.

"I will come directly, papa," she said, "Mr. Merton is just here from a journey, and Lord Howe has bidden me see that he eats."

He bowed without a word and moved on.

"I do not know what I should do," she continued.

"The tables are turned, Mistress Deborah," I said. "My life is in your hands;" and I saw her look quickly at me with a serious depth in her eyes. Then that glint came on a sudden and she cried:

"Very well, then, you will do exactly as I bid, or—or suffer the consequences!"

"I must."

"Then accept the invitation you will receive in a moment for tomorrow night."

"I cannot do aught but my duty, and that occupies me."

"Oh, you cannot? We will see. I

shall take my course as you elect." Then in an instant she was looking at me earnestly. "Do it for me! I want to tell you of something;" and she got up and walked towards a lady of graceful figure and as sweet and sincere a face as I had yet seen in that gay room.

"Mr. Merton, let me present you to the dearest woman in this world, the Baroness Riedesel."

With an amused laugh, the lady gave me her hand, and I bent over it without affectation, for any one could see that she was a generous, loving woman with a heart big enough for all and a face that was as beautiful as it was good. She spoke with a marked accent, but in perfect English.

"I am very glad to know Mr. Merton."

"But that is not all," said the brazen young woman at my side. "I want you to do something very kind to me."

"What is it, dear child?" asked the baroness.

"Ask him to your supper tomorrow night. I find I knew him once long, long ago in Boston. Will you, dear?"

The older lady leaned over and kissed her, laughing.

"Surely. Will you come at six, Mr. Merton? We live next the corner of Wall and William Streets, close by Governor Tryon's mansion."

I said I would and thanked her, and we moved on to find the girl's father. As we approached, she looked up at me with a bland and childlike expression, and said softly:

"You may live a day longer, sir!" and was gone.

I saw a cluster of young men in uniforms gather about her and beseech a dance, and heard them tell her she had driven Sir Henry away by her actions. And then she was the center of the room, with the men around her like bees, talking and laughing as if she had not another thought in the world, and I knew it was right so, for was there another head set so jauntily on such another pair of shoulders in all that room? No, God knows, there was not.

I stood saying over to myself again and again, "Yet she is my wife, young coxcomb that art leading her away so proudly! She is my wife, man! She is my wife!" And I went out through the hall saying it under my breath, and found Acton and took him off, saying it over and over again, till he began asking me what the devil ailed me and what I muttered about, and had I noticed Mistress This and Mistress That; and I bade him go hang himself for a dirty spy as he was.

XVIII.

At the stroke of six the next night I stood before the fine mansion which the Baroness Riedesel occupied, with a foreboding, and, to tell good truth, a bit of a fluttering in my insides. We, Acton and I, had late in the night slipped back into the ruined house and found the old woman lying in the back room nearly dead with terror, and with the mark of a foul blow over her eye and down her cheek. We got her up and brought her to, only to find Hazletine gone. 'Twas no place for us, and so, on her advice and deeming the open method wisest, we betook ourselves to the "Star and Garter," a boarding house kept by Mrs. Hodges at the Battery, down below Clinton's mansion and over against old Fort George.

There we stayed all day, working out, partly from our window view, partly from our information, the lay of the land back of Arnold's house, just above the commander in chief's mansion. Only once I went out to find a man named Low, who had been mentioned to me as a brave patriot of the Sons of Liberty, living under the stigma of Toryism to serve his country by staying in the city—a doctor chirurgeon. I went down Wall Street, by the hosts of shops that had laces and silks and satins in their windows, and rare fruits, and met ladies daintily picking their way from carriages through the muddy streets, full of pitfalls and holes and filthy gutters where the drains ran.

Four times in that hour I met carts with canvases over them, but not so completely as to prevent one from seeing half a dozen dead bodies lying one on the other beneath the covering, going, so a shopkeeper told me, to the trenches up above the city, where they were thrown to rot in the sun and rain. Many of them were my compatriots, who had lain in the Sugar House or Bridewell Prison; for many thousands of our poor fellows lay here still, since the day more than three years ago when I had marched north with Putnam for my life. Low I found at last, and a good man and true he was to me. Somehow, he knew of my coming, and we arranged a plan for an attack at the foot of Arnold's garden two days hence.

Then I left Acton, telling him—more shame be it to me—that I was going to sup in order that I might get word of Arnold's habits. And yet what came of

that dinner would have made me stop a bit had I foreseen it. And so I was ushered into the drawingroom in the finest coat and breeks I could buy in the shops, and a tie and lace front that made me feel like a gaudy popinjay of some sickly European court. The baroness came in a moment and kindly bade me sit, saying the others would be there in a few moments. Indeed, I found the custom prevailed to arrive half an hour late, which seemed to me then, and does still, to be a foolish fashion.

"Do you know," said she with genuine tears in her eyes, "that we have just heard of our friend Major André's horrible sentence? Did you know him, Mr. Merton?"

"I never saw him, but he was a good and true gentleman," I answered.

"These are terrible days. I cannot sleep o' nights for thinking that my little daughters may catch this terrible plague. Only this afternoon my husband told me that twenty seven of the poor prisoners died of it yesterday on the prison ships in the harbor. I wish I might do something to aid them, but, beautiful as our house is, we have hard labor to get wood and food, such is the price of all necessaries."

My better self warmed to the lady, and I told her she had a good heart, and that I, too, could not keep my thoughts from the wretched prisoners.

"Governor Tryon and General Patterson, the commandant of the town, are goodness itself to me," said she. "But 'tis a terrible time, and often I yearn for my own dear Brunswick."

"'Tis indeed a terrible time, ma'am, but if all the women had such hearts as yours the suffering would be infinitely less."

She gave me a smile, though there were tears in her eyes, and held out her hand to me.

"We can do so little, and dare not attempt an opinion," she said.

I stooped over her white fingers and kissed them, just as some one entered the room. Looking up, I caught a glance from a pair of dark eyes that sent a thrill of joy through my body, and made me laugh in spite of myself; for there stood Mistress Philipse with as surprised a pout on her pretty lips as ever was seen. Did she think I was paying court to another? God be thanked, if she did!

But there was no time for more than a greeting and a friendly kiss from the hostess when in came the Governor of the town, Tryon, with his wife and daughter, Major Sproat, a Lieutenant Purdy, General Patterson, and a man they called Captain Atherton, and who seemed to me at the moment to look strangely familiar. Then, as we sat about the room, I saw every one rise, and, turning to the door, saw a young man, hardly more than a boy, enter, talking easily with his companions and nodding here and there as he walked over to the baroness, and I guessed rightly that 'twas the young Prince Henry, whose coming had reached even our Connecticut ears. Finally, with much fuss of chariot and horses outside, up drove the decrepit old peacock, Mme. de Lancy.

"And why should I not be out?" cried she in a venomous voice to the host, who had but congratulated himself on her being there. "Do you think I am too old to get out of my bed?"

"*Gott verbar*, ma'am," cried the baron. "You grow younger every day."

"'Tis a wonder I live at all. Can you not give us a stick of wood to cook by, major?" cried she, turning on Sproat, who stood near. "Here have I today paid eight pounds for a pitiful cord."

"Ma'am," said the major, with apology in his tone, "we are every hour sending parties to Long Island to get it as best they can."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the old dame, her face twitching like a play actor's. "Why do ye not cut down the trees out here in the street? I wish the rebels were all gone to the devil!" And she hobbled off on the arm of an officer to a beautiful mahogany chair that never was made in our land.

We were now a goodly company of twenty at least, and, dinner being announced by a factotum all powdered like the rest, I stood at one side till the baroness, passing me, said, "Go and take in Deborah." Then, looking at me with a friendly smile, but a sad face, "Be good and kind to her tonight, for she is in great trouble."

Trouble? What could be the trouble, I thought, as I passed over to her and gave her my arm? There was some difficulty in getting the proper place in line, for each officer must go in as his rank dictated, and so, led by the young prince and the baroness, we marched into the banquet room with swish of silken gowns and tinkle of spurred boots.

After the saying of a grace, all were talking at the long table at once, and the murmur of voices kept me from hearing many words, except those on either side and immediately next to me. And indeed the dishes that loaded the board and

were each moment set before us by five or six men servants were by a good half unknown to me. Beef I could tell, and a dish of chicken, but there were others built up high with pasty and mixed in with colored sauces, the like of which I had not seen before.

Blessed with a good appetite, I tasted all the men passed to me and found them palatable. Talk ran on current things, of the recent fight in Staten Island, of André's coming execution, and anything that came up; until in the midst of a foolish remark of her own invention, and with a laugh on her face, I heard Mistress Philipse saying in a low voice, as if it came from some one else:

"I have much to say to you—two things. Have a care of your countenance and let no one read in your face what you hear."

For a moment I was at a loss, her face so belied her words. Then, taking up a glass of wine, I did as I had seen others do already—held it towards her, bowed, smiled, and said, "Proceed, mistress; I am listening," and drank part of the wine.

"Good!" said she. "Well, then, I learned from my father tonight that a famous—famous—agent of Sir Henry's was found gagged and bound in the top of a half burned house at the foot of Broadway last night—your face, man, your face!" she laughed suddenly.

"Tell us the joke, Mistress Philipse!" called Captain Atherton across the table.

"Ah, 'tis a secret, captain," said she brightly, "between Mr. Merton and myself. We are plotting the ruin of some one." Then, turning to me, still with a smile on her lips, but a strange pleading in her eyes: "I do not know what is being done. But he is a secret agent whom no one knows, so that it must be keep quiet. But—but—they are searching with all the forces and power at their command to find the man who did it. All that noise outside last night was the attack being made to capture him. They may—they may find him!"

"And if they do?"

"They will kill him without trial, or the knowledge of any one but themselves."

I knew it well, and had all day. Yet 'tis not in me to deny that a cold shiver ran up my spine, as I stood up with the others and drank at the baron's call the health of "their gracious majesties the king and queen."

"I am sorry for the man, whoever he be."

"God guard him!" whispered the girl, with a white face.

"Pinch your cheeks, mistress," said I, smiling, "for I think the captain fears the joke is but a poor one."

Her face lit up with a quick, natural smile.

"'Twas not you, then, was it? Tell me!"

"Rather tell Major Sproat on your right the pith of the joke," said I, and I took to myself the rest of the glass of burgundy, for the wine was good for the nerves, and before we were done there were five kinds set before us.

In a moment or two she turned again to me.

"That was a capital story," I said. "Tell me the other you mentioned. Ah, 'twill be less amusing—I can see from your sorrowful face!" But the girl that I had seen stand up before five ruffians in the foul tavern was as game here as there. She changed the expression of her face, but she could not alter the look in her eye. For a moment she crumbled a bit of bread at her plate, looking at it, and then:

"There is not much of a story, and what there is of it is but an old and common tale."

"Yet I would hear it, if I may," I answered.

"There was once a young girl—a foolish wench—who was bidden by her parent to a good marriage."

"Ah!" said I. "'Tis a fairy tale. And why was the wench a foolish wench?"

"A fairy tale, indeed," she answered; "but this foolish wench would none of this good marriage, because the man was a mean and cowardly wretch, and—and"—she had turned to me a little, her hand still crumbling the bread, one white arm resting on the cloth, the other hand in her lap, quivering on her silken dress, and her fair white bosom rose and fell quickly—"and she was forced to do this thing, this dreadful thing, by her father's wish——"

"And," said I suddenly, "she ran away to escape it——"

"And was brought back to it," she added, giving me a long look that stirred the very soul in me—"was brought back to it, because the good man of the good marriage held the fortunes of her father in the palm of his hand."

"Thy face is a beautiful but an open book, Mistress Deborah," said I, interrupting her, "and there be those here that can read, I fear. So! That closes the volume partly"—for she had straightened

up a bit, and a little pitiful smile struggled at the corners of her mouth. God knows, I could have taken her in my arms there before them all, and comforted her in her loneliness and trouble, and bade her have no fear. But I only said between my teeth:

"What did this good man to her?"

"He threatened her always and tried to force her to it, and held up the ruin of her family—he has, indeed, time and again."

"Curse the coward!" said I softly.

"And—and she had no one to help her in this fairy tale—until she saw some one——"

"Aye, dear heart, he is found," said I. "What shall he do?"

"If he would meet her and let her——"

"Where and when?"

"Tomorrow night, a few rods beyond the Vauxhall Gardens, by a clump of four great trees."

"With God's help, he will be there! And stay—let the princess in the fairy tale have the good man meet her there, too! Aye, do as I bid, girl!" I said, as a frightened look came into her eyes.

"You are a good friend, Merton—Mr. Merton," said she softly, as her head bent for a moment. And there under the table, my foot touching hers, I put mine upon it and gave the only pressure of sympathy vouchsafed to me. Up over her face to her white forehead and on into her hair went a sweet flush that seemed to draw a smile after it, playing about her lips and into her beautiful eyes.

Strange that just then I caught a warning look in the baroness' face as she talked on to the prince. But I did see it, and, not knowing what to do, drank off again at a gulp another glass of wine.

The little shoe fluttered under my boot, but did not withdraw, and for a moment we sat there quiet in the midst of that bustling, laughing, gossiping roomful, with glasses clinking and toasts tripping up and down the board; and as the hostess rose and all followed her example I caught a strange look in young Atherton's eyes—where the fiend had I seen that face before?—that at this moment was enough to set me on fire as I stepped back to hand my dinner partner to the door of the drawingroom. There I gave her to the fair young baroness, and saw them lock arms affectionately and walk on into the other room close together, but saying not a word.

"Draw up to this end of the table, gentlemen," cried the host cheerfully. "Let us give the health of his royal highness!" And so we stood and drank again, and in good truth, what with my strange conversation and the two great pieces of news I had heard within the hour, I found I had had enough for one man, more than enough for one who had not been blessed with a hard head that paid little heed to the fumes of wine. 'Twas evident that some of the others had fared worse and drunk more. Tryon, who took the chair next the prince as we sat down on either side of him, let out the buttons of his waistcoat, and sat back puffing out his cheeks between his words, as if the purple veins had more than they could well carry.

"Baron," puffed he in a gruff voice, "where got ye this fine old burgundy? 'Tis a rare bottle, as I am damned! Have ye not found it to your highness' taste?"—turning to the young prince.

"Indeed I have," said the latter. "There's none better in London, I'll be sworn."

"'Tis but just come in the last packet," replied the baron. "And Sir Henry would not hear but I should take some of it."

"'Tis helped by the voyage, indeed it is," puffed the Governor again. "What's this we hear of the rebel Washington's silly trick with Rochambeau?"

"Mr. Merton could tell us much if he would," answered Major Purdy. I was in the act of lighting my clay pipe when this startling answer froze me as I sat with the taper in my hand; and then I took a long breath as he went on: "He is just come from Newport. Is it not so, sir?"

"Oh, aye!" cried the Governor. "You are the messenger that saw Sir Henry last night, eh?"

"The French are safe and sound in Newport," said I. "And like to stay there."

"Let 'em be safe in hell as soon as they will," said the general, "and all the rest of the frog eating traitors."

"A health to the Governor!" cried Major Sproat, getting heavily to his feet. "And damnation and confusion to the rebels all! May the whole lot rot in prison soon!" Down went more wine, and whether 'twas the drink in me or the thought of tomorrow night, I was near up at him for his cursed British toast. I moved my chair to join some of the younger men, and found myself close to Atherton, who was droning a song through his tipsy lips.

"Aye!" said he. "Good! 'Tis a proper sentiment. To hell with them all! But I'll give ye another. I'll bid ye

drink to the brightest pair of eyes in the town, that were but just now not a hundred yards from our friend here."

"Good! Good!" cried Prince Henry, and they drank what I and all knew to be a toast to Mistress Philipse.

"They say her Cousin Pendleton's case goes by hard roads," said a young fellow in a big red coat, "and that she'll none of him in spite of her father."

"I would I had his chance," mumbled Atherton. "I'd win by fair or foul means, and that soon, too! For there's no finer bit of female flesh in the colonies."

I cursed the drunken beast under my breath, and held to my chair to keep myself from driving his words down his throat.

"He'll win her yet," said Sproat. "They tell me Sir Henry is none too sure of the father's loyalty, and some of the family, so 'tis whispered, are starving with the rebels at this moment." At this I pricked up my ears.

"I heard today, too," laughed a young subaltern, "that a reconnaissance was foiled at the judge's country house up above Gowan's Ferry but a week ago, and some good fellows lost. 'Tis rumored the old man knew somewhat of how 'twas done."

The sweat came out in beads on my forehead. Had I perhaps made her lot the harder by my work? Curse these scandalmongers for fools!

"Tut! Tut!" laughed Atherton, leaning forward and leering at the company. "There's more behind that little episode than Sir Henry knows."

"What is it, man?" cried one or two, drawing towards him.

"The little girls will have their fling, eh, your highness? And she is no saint, they say, and a reconnaissance may not always be to study the enemy."

The crew laughed out and cried to know the story.

"Nay, boys, you should not hear it. 'Twill take your thoughts from the cause," said Atherton, leaning back and looking over the company with a patronizing air.

But they cried out for it, and, with my breath coming quick and short, I leaned forward, too.

He slowly drank another glass and looked about him. Then, lowering his voice, he said:

"The house is in neutral country and empty, and the lady has been on a little visit—a little visit, you understand—somewhere, and a well known coach was found hard by broken down. I saw it myself, for I was up there on special duty. And my little wench could spend a day or two in peace and quiet with her cavalier——"

"'Tis a foul lie!" I cried, striking the table with my fist till the glasses jumped about, and, rising, I stood over him, scarce realizing what I had done. For I knew him now well. 'Twas the "jolly good fellow" of Gowan's Tavern!

They were all on their feet in an instant, except Atherton, who looked at me with a cool smile on his face.

"And what pup are you, my Colonial squire, that trot about telling gentlemen they lie?"

"Do not burden your dull brain to learn who I am. 'Tis but a cowardly gentleman, as you call yourself, who would blacken the fair name of a woman over his cups. Therefore, I tell ye, ye lie! The girl is as pure as snow!"

Slowly he got upon his feet as the whole company stood dumfounded for a moment, and, with a savage look in his eye, made a step towards me and lightly slapped me on the cheek before I could move. I had him by the throat in an instant, and would have choked the wind out of him had not the whole company jumped between us and pulled us apart.

"Let me alone!" cried he, with a white face, as half a dozen held him by the arms.

"Silence!" roared the Governor. "What in hell's name do ye mean here in the presence of your superior officers! Patterson," cried he, turning to the commandant, "you'd better commit 'em both. Why, damme, do you think you're in a tavern? Have ye no respect for a prince of the blood? And you, sir, whoever ye be," continued he, getting more red and furious at each word as he turned to me, "do ye think ye can bring your clownish Colonial manners here and tell people they lie?"

"'Twas a foul lie against a fair name," said I, looking him in the eye.

"Why, God—a—mercy!" yelled the old fellow, fairly jumping up and down. "The man tells me I lie, too!"

But General Patterson and the baron stepped forward, the one coming up to me, the other taking the Governor by the arm.

"Mr. Merton," said the commandant slowly but coolly to me, "and you, captain, shake hands."

We both hesitated.

"Shake hands this moment and sit down or you will be in irons in ten

minutes. Well, will ye or not?" he continued, his voice rising and a dark look coming into his face. And then Atherton broke from his friends, laughing a forced laugh, and held out his hand. I could do naught but accept it, though my heart was bitter at the action.

"Now offer your apologies to Baron Riedesel," commanded the general. And we did so and sat down glum as dormice. But Prince Henry saved the day, and I thanked him inwardly for his high sense of honor as well as his tact, for he stood up and said:

"Governor Tryon, I ask you and the others to drink the health of Mistress Deborah Philipse."

"Well said, your highness!" cried old Tryon, and we drank. But the party was killed for that night, and as we rose to go into the drawingroom Atherton came by me and said slowly:

"Do you carry a little steel tool, my young merchant?"

I nodded.

"And can ye play with it at times?"

"I can try."

"Capital!" said he, laughing. "When shall we play together?"

"The sooner the better," said I.

"Tut! Tut! So hot?" said he jocosely. "'Tis after midnight now. Shall we say at six in the morning and waive formalities?"

"Where?"

"Up in the fields by Corlears' Hook. Have ye a friend in the town?"

"I have, and we will be ready at six."

He laughed again and walked jauntily off, saying:

"So, man, you carry it well for a civilian. Go now and say your prayers!"

XIX.

When I got back to Mrs. Hodges' I found our room empty. It was then near upon one o'clock at night, and what might have taken Acton forth I did not know. And so I sat me down to wait his coming. My thoughts were none of the brightest, and our case was hourly becoming more serious. And yet the thought of that touch of a small shoe was more than enough to overbalance the danger of our situation and the chance of the wrecking of everything in the perhaps foolish duel I had brought on my own shoulders.

So they had set a marriage for her, her father and, I'd be sworn, the old aristocratic witch, too, if truth were known! The thought of it made me get up and walk around the room. Indeed, I had not known it till then, till I heard of this danger to her, but 'twas true. I could not live my life without her. I could not see a future without that face by me, belonging to me, to protect and comfort and serve as I would my own life—aye, far more! Would she have told me of her trouble, would she have trusted me with it and asked my help, if she had not cared? Could she, I tried to think, could she ask a man to save her if she did not think of him more than of others?

It could not be! In spite of her knowledge of my duty to my country, in spite of the fact that she belonged to the other side, in spite of all the impossible difficulties, she trusted me, believed in me. Could she love me? Aye, was it not fair to suppose so? I got up again and shook the chair as if it had been the hand of a friend. God would not deceive a man so! And if that were true, then let come what would! I was young and strong, and I would win her to myself. I would!

A man cannot be asked to write down the dark thoughts that will crop up into his brain—I could think of none but her! Let the cause be what it would, she should be mine, though the soulless rocks and hills of the land were ruled by king or president! Could I not live in joy and happiness all the days of my life, even in the depths of hell, if she were by my side? And what could it be to me whether the edicts came from this side of the water or the other? Nothing! Nothing! She was my love, and I cared little of what might become of aught else.

What did I care for Arnold? He was a wretched traitor to his country. Let him live or die, I cared not a whit! What was the fiend Hazletine? Nothing to me. Let him do his worst, live or die! I had not known it, I had not guessed it, in myself till this night. I loved her! I loved her because she was beautiful, because of her high and fearless look that told of a fearless heart. She would do what she would; let no man guess otherwise. I loved her because of her own dear self as she sat in that little gown with her arms and throat shaming the whiteness of the cloth beneath the glasses—and with God's good help, she should know it soon!

Acton came in and sat down and looked at me.

"How long have you been here, friend?" asked he.

"But a moment."

"Has aught happened? Any one come?"

"No."

"Then there will be one here soon. They're hunting us close," said he coolly.

"I care not a tinker's dam."

"What ails thee, man?" asked he, leaning forward in his chair and looking at me closely.

"Nothing."

"Well, let's to bed. There's much to do tomorrow. We must take the boards from Arnold's fence by the water tomorrow evening."

"I do not know that we can."

He turned quickly on me, looking at me with his great, honest blue eyes, and then, walking up to me, he put his two big hands on my shoulders, towering over me, and said again:

"What ails thee, man?"

"Nothing."

"Merton," said he, in his boyish way, "do ye forget, man, that there's hundreds, perhaps thousands, of our men's lives depending on the capture of this Hazletine?"

"I do not much care."

He stood looking at me in wonder for a moment, and then, gripping me with his strong hands, said:

"I do not know thee, Merton! What would Rob Curtis say to thy mood, think you? Hast forgotten thy honor and let it sleep? Wake up, friend, and remember the trust the great Washington has put in you! I do not know all you have to do. You have not told me. But what's to be done must be done quickly, or you and I and Curtis will be dead and nothing done."

"I am a crazy fool," I muttered.

"That ye are not, Merton," said he with a kindly smile. "But something has happened, and you shall tell me."

And he sat me down and drew out of me the lie I gave Atherton over the wine and the sequel that was coming in the morning at six. At that he laughed a free laugh and cried:

"Why, man, I've seen ye in worse places than that and never knew you to take on so. Is he so marvelous a sword?"

I could not tell him the truth, and thought best to let him think so, and he thereupon began to talk to me in an embarrassed fashion, telling me I had too good a hand to lose in such a child's play, and more and more, till I must needs smile at his ill concealed desire to bring me out of my supposed dread or fear, to meet this man. And so we talked softly together through the night as men talk but seldom in a lifetime, as no one could write down on paper, of home and friendship and chivalry to one's God and one's commander.

And I learned in those few hours something of the soul of a great, honest man, awkward when he got upon such subjects, but with as high a view of life and honor and the love of good women as it has pleased God to let me hear from the lips of any man, or see in the eyes of any human being, save only one, and that, Heaven be thanked, no man! And in those few hours cropped up a friendship of man to man between us two that through many a trial has lasted on to this day, and will till the death of us both, and after.

And so it came to five in the morning, a sultry autumn morning, still dark when we went down Beaver Street and through Princess to Queen Street, and thence down Cherry Street to the shipyards by the breastworks at Rutgers, and to the hill and fields at Corlears' Hook. We had not gaged the distance well, and were a bit late in arriving, so that it was striking six in the barracks hard by when we came into the fields above the tide that flows between Long Island and Manhattan. The place was rolling country dotted with trees and undergrowth, and I had begun to think we should not find the others when I heard a hail and saw the party in a small hollow below us and nearer the river. There was a soft mist hanging in the bottom like that of an August morning, and we could make out half a dozen figures looming up as we came down to them.

"Here they are at last," said a voice that made me start, for I recognized it as that of Dr. Low, the chirurgeon, who had laid out with me not twenty four hours before the plan for abducting Arnold. Then stepped up Prince Henry, Major Sproat, and Lieutenant Purdy, and last came Captain Atherton.

"We have come to see fair play done, sir," said the young prince, "and to be in sufficient force to prevent any interruption from the authorities, should such occur. You know all here but Dr. Low, I think."

"What name was it?" asked the doctor, shaking hands in a businesslike way, as if he saw me for the first time.

"Mr. Merton and Mr. Roberts," said Major Sproat, presenting us.

"Well, gentlemen, if you insist on this, 'tis time 'twas over," said Low, and the major and Acton then measured my sword and Atherton's. Finding them practically the same length, they led us to the bottom of a hollow and into an

open bit surrounded by trees, and just as the light was fairly full grown for another day we were ready.

Acton was in his element. He talked in an offhand way with the others, hoped Atherton was a good hand, as his friend there was no fool, and asked:

"What's the rules?"

"The first serious draw of blood settles the affair, Dr. Low deciding," said the prince, "if you will agree."

"My friend is quite at your disposal, gentlemen," said Acton, bowing, while I walked up and down by myself. I had had so little time to think on the affair that the serious nature of it had not occurred to me, and now for the first time I began to think of what might happen to myself. If a stroke found me home and did for me, I did not much care. But I had a horror of a serious wound, so that I should live on here and fail in my work. My death was nothing to any one but General Washington, and he alone would know of my falling away from his commands.

"Well, gentlemen, is all ready?" said the doctor.

We stepped out and drew. The two blades crossed, holding there for a moment as each of us took a good look at the other. I was to do as I had done many times before in open fights upon a skirmish—wait to feel the strength of his wrist. He tried to do the same, but, becoming irritated, he made three quick passes at me, and, though his blade did not leave mine once, I knew I had a strong hand that had been in a long and a good school.

Just as the third thrust came and I parried, I swung my point down, turned under his blade, and swayed his point out to the left of me. It would have been my first thrust *en quatre*, had not a voice cried out:

"Stop where you are, gentlemen, in the king's name!"

We both stopped, turned, and saw three men coming down the slope above us. They were in our midst in a moment.

"Gentlemen, I come with the warrant for the arrest of that man," and I took a sudden breath as I saw Hazletine standing there pointing at me, "and this man here," pointing to Acton. Acton laughed in his face.

"What is this, sir?" cried Prince Henry, walking over to Hazletine. "Do you not see you interrupt an important matter?"

"Your highness, I am obliged to follow the orders of Sir Henry. These men are being searched for all over this town. It is a matter of great military importance."

"And can you not choose a better time, then?" asked the young man in the first tone of voice I had heard him use that showed he was accustomed to issue rather than receive orders.

"I cannot do it, your highness," said Hazletine doggedly and none too politely.

"Frank," cried Atherton at this, "'tis an ill selected moment. What matters half an hour?"

"It matters much," said the other hotly. "They must come now."

"Must?" said Sproat in a questioning tone.

"Certainly, major."

"Then, my friend," said the prince quietly, "listen to me. The military demands have nothing to do with this. We will go on with our affair. Therefore, leave us alone and arrest your men later as you can." And he started to turn on his heel.

"I shall be obliged to use force," cried Hazletine. The young prince turned about as if the speaker had touched a spring in his mechanism. But before he could speak Dr. Low said softly:

"If you attempt anything of the sort you will simply become our prisoner! These two gentlemen have come here relying on our honor. They no sooner arrive than they are arrested. May it not appear to them that this is an ambush?"

"In fact, some such thing might stray into our brains," said Acton blandly.

"Therefore," said the prince, "our own honor is here at stake, and we will, with your permission, or in fact without it, continue our affair and deliver these gentlemen where they came from in safety, or my name is not Guelph."

Hazletine glared around him for a moment and put his hand on a pistol, but the movement started the others, and before he could draw six men surrounded his three and stood ready for anything.

"'Tis a piece of treachery to your highness' august father," cried the man.

"I'll look out for that," said the prince haughtily.

"You know not what you do! It will cost you your commissions, gentlemen, and, by God, I'll do my duty!" And he turned to his men and pointed at me.

Atherton stepped in front of me, as did the doctor, and for an instant we all thought a short but serious affair was beginning. Sproat put his hand on Hazletine's shoulder as if to say something; but the other threw it off fiercely, and

the dark hatred the man bore me showed in his face as he turned to me and cried:

"Have another half hour, you fool! I'll see you hanged before night, mark me there!" and he started to move off.

"Stay, man," said the doctor. "You must remain till this is over. And you two men," continued he, "stand there before Major Sproat and Lieutenant Purdy, and do you, sir, remain by me. Now, gentlemen, I think we can begin again."

I had less taste for it than ever, after the quick action of Atherton when he thought I was to be attacked. But we were soon at it, and as I got into the work, and my head cooled down, the thought of her against whom this man's jest had been directed stiffened my wrist and set me hard at him.

He played his rapier well after the orthodox fashion of dueling, and twice touched me, but not through the skin. Then, seeing that I stood on the defensive still, he began to grow red in the face and his eyes lit up with anger. Not a sound came from the others as we circled around each other, nor did I say a word until he began to press me hard, forward and back, forward and back, each time a different stroke. Then I exclaimed in surprise unconsciously, for he seemed to be a new man. My breath came hard and fast and I began to take the offensive. Twice, thrice, four times, he parried, and then, on a sudden, on he came, and I felt a sting in my left arm just at the biceps.

Dr. Low called a halt, and ripped up my sleeve in spite of my cries that 'twas nothing.

"Leave me alone," cried I. "Do you not see 'tis but a scrape? Come, sir, do not waste your time!" And I broke away and made at him with my temper half gone. We went it hot after that, nor do I remember anywhere such quick work. Once I was down on my knees. Twice he saved his life by a prodigious side jump. And then—then I saw him come at me from below, his point up and falling as he rose himself.

'Twas a stroke, a gasp, for I could do naught but strike his point down and then put all my strength of arm, wrist, and body to turn my blade under his. I did so, God knows how, but in an instant I felt my point at his hilt, and with a wrench his rapier jumped twenty feet away. By the force of the twist he was swung half round sideways to me, and, tripping over his own feet, he fell towards me—'twas all so quick I could not tell how't happened—but I suddenly felt my sword touch his left side under the arm, and instinctively I jumped back and drew my blade away. Down he went flat on his side, with one foot twirled around the other, and I stood waiting as he got up.

The others jumped forward to him. But he pushed them hastily aside and strode up to me, as I stood there dazed and panting, and grasped my hand. Not a word did he say for an instant. Then, turning to the others:

"My friends, 'tis a new thing for Atherton to do. But you saw him! He could have run me through by but standing still, and I say, by God, I'll fight no more with such a man!" Then, turning to me, he went on, "Mr. Merton, I was drunk last night, and what I said——"

"Not another word, captain," said I. "'Tis over, and, thank God, no harm done. Let the thing die here and now."

They crossed about me and shook my hand and said I know not what that I had done, and quite naturally the prince said:

"And now to Fraunce's Tavern for breakfast." And, moving off, we left Hazletine and his two men on the field without a word. But after passing the shipyards they went on into Rutgers Street, and just before we came to Cow Foot Hill the whole party, Acton and I with them, turned suddenly into a garden and entered what I found later was the famous Walton House of the Rutgers family, where the prince for the time lived.

'Twas a magnificent mansion, with great pieces of furniture, the banquet hall alone as large as two ordinary dwellings. We passed into the hall and through it into a library, where sat a table covered with bottles and cold food, enough for a hundred, it seemed to me. I could not but express my surprise at this plenty and magnificence in the midst of so much poverty and scarcity elsewhere in the city.

"Ah, you do not know how we live!" cried Sproat. "For whole weeks we eat nothing but salt beef, and then in comes a foraging party, and the whole town gorges for a week."

The young prince took the head of the table and all set to work in the hot, murky air, opening bottles and serving the food. No one waited on us, and we were indeed a jovial party—or, at least, all were jovial except the doctor, who looked at me meaningly.

(To be continued.)

THE STAGE

"ALL CONQUERING AMERICA."

"Let the American papers cease grumbling," says a writer in the London *Daily Mail*, referring to the familiar plaint of New York journals that the English dramatists practically supplied our stage with plays. And he goes on to show that conditions are now reversed. Clyde Fitch will have three plays produced in London the coming season—"The Last of the Dandies," given by Beerbohm Tree, and new comedies written for George Alexander and Julia Neilson. "The Mummy and the Hummingbird," which Mr. Wyndham will present, is also the work of an American, Isaac Henderson. William Gillette occupies the Lyceum with his dramatization of "Sherlock Holmes," and "Ben Hur" is to be exploited at the Drury Lane, while the newest London theaters, the Apollo and the Century, opened their doors with Yankee attractions—very bad ones, by the way—"The Belle of Bohemia" and "The Whirl of the Town." "Are You a Mason?" is also to be put on, and Jessie Millward will star in "In the Palace of the King," another American dramatization, while an English production of "The Climbers" is a possibility, so there is some reason for the paragraph in the *Mail* being headed "All Conquering America."

Since the foregoing was written there has been mild international excitement over the fact that three American productions in London were "booed" in quick succession. But as two of them—"Sherlock Holmes" and the Goodwin-Elliott company in "When We Were Twenty One"—have developed into popular successes, the incident is scarcely a matter for a court of arbitration.

On its part, New York will have, according to present arrangements, only five British plays—"The Second in Command," "A Royal Rival," "The Forest Lovers," "A Message from Mars," and "The Wilderness," with "The Messenger Boy" in the musical comedy field. Next season the percentage promises to be even less, the English output for this year being slender. Arthur Bourchier will have the new Pinero play—the first he has turned out since "The Gay Lord Quex." There is another Carton comedy at the Criterion, and Mr. Alexander will produce "Paolo and Francesca," by Stephen Phillips. In the musical line there will be "The Toreador" to export to us, and there is an off chance that "Three Little Maids" may also be seen in this country.

THE PASSING OF MISS CAYVAN.

While it is possible that Georgia Cayvan may have ceased to live before these lines are read, it is more probable that she will recover. For a time her mind was wrecked, and she was little more than a shadow of the clever woman who eight years ago was the favorite personality in the Lyceum stock.

Miss Cayvan is now a little more than forty years old. She was born at Bath, Maine, and her Americanism has always been a prominent trait in her make up. As a child, she was remarkably clever at recitation, and in due course she went to Boston for a finishing at the School of Oratory. She was only fourteen when R. M. Field, of the Museum, offered to engage her for his stock company as soon as she graduated. Instead of accepting the opening, Miss Cayvan went on the lecture platform to give readings on the New England circuit. She said no again when Steele Mackaye, in 1879, gave her an opportunity to play a prominent part at his opening of the Madison Square Theater with "Hazel Kirke." But, like hundreds of others, she succumbed to "Pinafore," making her début as *Hebe* with the Boston Ideals, in Boston. After that she appeared as *Dolly Dutton* in "Hazel Kirke." When this play was sent on the road with Effie Ellsler, Miss Cayvan remained at the home theater and created *Daisy Brown* in Gillette's "Professor." It was in this same year, 1881, that she gained renown by playing *Jocasta* with George Riddle in the Greek play, "Œdipus Tyrannus."

Miss Cayvan was the first *Liza* in Bartley Campbell's "White Slave," and later acted for a season with Haverly—once a Frohman in management—at his

California Theater. Then A. M. Palmer engaged her to take the place of Sara Jewett at the Union Square. Here she was *Marcelle* in "A Parisian Romance," when Mansfield won fame in a night, and *Jane Learoyd* in "The Long Strike." Later she returned to the Madison Square to do the title rôle in "May Blossom," and then became a star for a short time in "La Belle Russe."

She began her career at the Lyceum on November 1, 1887, when Daniel Frohman launched his stock company there in "The Wife." Miss Cayvan's part was that of *Helen Truman*, a married woman who swerves for a time to an old lover, but ends up, in true stage fashion, by finding that it is her husband she loves best after all. "The Wife" hung fire at first, then picked up, and ran out the season to great business. The next rôle for the leading woman was *Minnie Gilfillin* in Pinero's pretty play, "Sweet Lavender," and in the same winter came another De Mille and Belasco society drama, "The Charity Ball," in which Miss Cayvan was *Ann Cruger*. The third season opened with another English offering, Haddon Chambers' "Idler," with Miss Cayvan for *Lady Harding*. The year was finished with a farcical affair from the French, "Nerves," in which the leading woman left the deep emotional to become funny as *Mme. Zephyr Elaine*. She returned to her heroics in the autumn, finding vent for them in Pinero's "Lady Bountiful."

Her next rôle at the Lyceum was *Lady Noeline* in the Pinero comedy, "The Amazons," wherein the three daughters donned male attire, a proceeding which was not at all to Miss Cayvan's taste. It was not this, however, that brought her to relinquish her post. Serious illness prostrated her during the early nights of Sardou's "A Woman's Silence," and Isabel Irving was secured to take her place. Miss Cayvan went to Paris, and after about a year recovered sufficiently to make plans for a starring tour of her own. But she had overestimated her strength. Some of the company had been engaged, and the preliminaries arranged, when again her health gave way, and her venture was postponed for a year. Then, in October, 1895, she brought out "Mary Pennington, Spinster," an English play of which Miss Cayvan personally was very fond; but it was too serious to suit the general public, and the new star soon fell back upon a revival of "Squire Kate," one of her Lyceum hits. It was disease, however, not disaster, that finally brought about the closing of her career. She went abroad again in the vain endeavor to stay the course of the destroyer, which had now centered its attack upon the mind, and last year she had to retire to a sanitarium.

In view of the hit Mrs. Fiske has made in the character of *Becky Sharp*, it is interesting to recall that Miss Cayvan at one time contemplated choosing a version of "Vanity Fair" with which to launch out for herself. Possibly, had she done so, the sequel might have been of a less somber hue; disappointment at the reception meted out to "Mary Pennington" undoubtedly had much to do with her final collapse, although it was not the direct cause of it.

Like Viola Allen, Georgia Cayvan has never married; and there are other marked points of resemblance between the two women. Miss Cayvan was very jealous of the good name of the stage. In 1893 she lectured before the World's Congress of Women in Boston, and in the course of her remarks she said:

> The women of the stage—what will you do with them? What is your duty towards them? You cultivate your flowers for the delight they give you, you do not step on them because they yield no useful fruit, you do not criticise them except in tenderness, to make them more beautiful. I am not speaking to people of my own profession today, but as a woman to women I would make my plea for a better understanding, a more sympathetic appreciation, of the women of the stage.

She went on to explain just why the life of the theater puts the women who adopt it to the supreme test:

> The stage itself is noble and pure, but the publicity of its life is its stumbling block. It might seem pertinent to explain some of the influences that prevent an actress from being exactly like other women. Does it seem possible for a woman who has to simulate a varied assortment of feelings every night to be like the woman whose every emotion is sincere and natural. In every other profession a woman may keep inviolate the holy of holies of her individuality. In this alone is the veil rent, and the sacrificial flame upon her altar she lights for the entertainment of the public—they little realize what it costs her.

A HINT FOR YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS.

The boom in Clyde Fitch stock has given fresh impetus to the great army of would be play writers. In their ignorance, the scribblers appear to fancy that the ability to string words together in readable form constitutes one of the main requirements for the art of play building. In reality, this very ability often

serves as a hindrance rather than a help. The repeated failures of W. D. Howells and Mary E. Wilkins to turn out actable plays emphasize the point. Dramas written from this standpoint are apt to be tedious; their makers want to hear the actors speak the words they have set down for them, whereas the secret of success is to devise situations to which the dialogue shall be merely subordinate.

It is for this reason that so many actors succeed where the literary fellows simply flounder helplessly. Pinero was an actor before he became a playwright, so was R. C. Carton. William Gillette and Leo Ditrichstein are other examples. Gerald du Maurier, who prepared "A Royal Rival" for the stage, is an actor; so also is H. V. Esmond, who now has two big successes to his credit—"When We Were Twenty One" and "The Wilderness." And the rule holds true in many other instances.

When George C. Hazelton, Jr., broke into fame with "Mistress Nell," and inquirers were told that he was a lawyer, it seemed that he was an exception. As a matter of fact, he is another case in point. Born in Boscobel, Wisconsin, he grew up in Washington, where he was educated for the law; but the stage attracted him more, and through the influence of the late Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of his father, he secured an introduction to Lawrence Barrett. This led to an engagement to play small parts with the Booth and Barrett company during their last season. After that he acted for two years with Modjeska, but found himself unable to stand the wear and tear of constant rehearsals and travel. He retired, went back to his law studies, was admitted to the bar, and began to practise.

Meantime he essayed play writing, and his first output, entitled "Edgar Allan Poe," was produced in Philadelphia by Creston Clarke. His second play was bandied about from manager to manager like a shuttlecock, and finally laid away in its author's desk as hopeless. Then, some eighteen months ago, the Gwyn wave struck England, and one day an agent walked into Mr. Hazelton's law office and inquired about "Mistress Nell." It seems that Henrietta Crosman had been one of those who had declined the play some years before; but the Gwyn boom reminded her of the manuscript, which, as all now know, landed her in one night among the leading actresses of the day.

Another of the newer writers for the stage who was once an actor is H. A. Du Souchet, whose "My Friend from India" came out a dark horse winner at the same New York theater as "Mistress Nell." He is a telegraph operator by profession, and while engaged in that calling, in the West, fell into the way of playing small parts in the local theater at night. After a time he gave up the wire for the footlights, but finally came to New York and secured a good berth at his original calling, satisfying his penchant for the stage by jotting down the lines of "My Friend from India" between messages. Fortunately, an actor, Mr. Perkins, came to Du Souchet to learn telegraphy, and when the play was finished, he helped to look for a manager who would risk its production, with himself in the chief part. They were a long time in the search, but patience had its reward in the issue. Mr. Du Souchet has since written "The Man from Mexico," which is, however, based on an idea from the French.

Lorimer Stoddard, who wrote "Napoleon" for Mansfield, and prepared "Tess" for Mrs. Fiske and "In the Palace of the King" for Viola Allen, was an actor for some years before he stepped into the other branch of theatrical work. The son of R. H. Stoddard, the veteran literary critic, he was a young man of much promise, and it will be a shock to many admirers of his work to learn that he has recently succumbed to consumption.

From the foregoing list it will be apparent that a practical knowledge of the workings of the stage is more essential to the outfitting of a playwright than is the ability to cap an epigram with clever repartee. Even Clyde Fitch, when at college, had his inning at being a mummer. His preference was for the female rôles in the plays presented by the students, some of which he wrote. By a practical knowledge of stage requirements is meant an understanding of what not to do—not to bring characters on as if shot out of a catapult, without leading up to their entrance; not to make a quick change of scene, covering an interval of several years, without giving the actors time to change their clothes; not to put seven acts into a society comedy just because you can't make the action take place in one spot for more than fifteen minutes.

To be sure, Shakspere changed the scene at his own sweet will, but it is considerably harder, so far as technical construction goes, for Mr. Thomas of New Rochelle—who was once an actor,

by the way—to build a farce than it was for the bard of Avon to put together a tragedy. In the sixteenth century they had no scenery; a card hung up in the wings announced that "this is a forest, a castle, or an inn," as the case might be. With the elaborate mountings of today, economy must be observed in regard to backgrounds. Matters of this sort the actor grasps more quickly than the man of letters. Consequently, it is rather from the player than from the author that the most suitable work for production will come in the new era of American drama on which we seem to have entered.

HER TWENTY YEARS AT DALY'S.

It is a pathetic coincidence that two actresses, each of whom ranked high at the head of her respective stock company, should be laid aside by illness long before her work, in the natural course of things, might be adjudged finished. It was Georgia Cayvan yesterday; today it is Ada Rehan. Plans had been made for Miss Rehan's coming season, and the play chosen, a new comedy by Martha Morton; but in August came the announcement that all must be held in abeyance subject to Miss Rehan's health, which seems never to have rallied from the shock occasioned by Mr. Daly's death.

For just twenty years Ada Rehan reigned a queen at America's leading house of comedy. She was born at Limerick, Ireland, April 22, 1860, but her memory carries little of the old country at that period, as her parents brought her to Brooklyn at five years of age. Her father was collector of customs at the port of Limerick, and there was no thought of the stage in the family until Ada's two elder sisters drifted into the profession. One of them married Oliver Doud Byron, who had made a hit with "Across the Continent." Ada was fourteen when the actress who played *Clara* in this piece was taken suddenly ill. The company was in Newark that night, and Ada happened to be with her sister.

"Let me try it," she urged, when she learned of the dilemma, and in this way she came to make her first appearance.

She did much better than any one expected, and it was decided that she should follow her sisters' example. Oddly enough, her New York début, effected shortly afterwards in a piece called "Thoroughbred," took place at Wood's Museum, which stood on the site afterwards occupied by Daly's Theater. She made no startling display of ability, but did well enough to secure engagements for small parts in support of stars like Edwin Booth, Adelaide Neilson, John McCullough, and Lawrence Barrett. During the next four years she advanced so far that she was cast for such important characters as *Ophelia* and *Desdemona*.

It must have seemed several steps backward to pass from parts like these to that of *Nellie Beers*, with which she made her début at the present Daly's Theater, on its opening night, September 17, 1879. The play, "Love's Young Dream," was only a curtain raiser, with music, but afterwards it was a pleasure for both manager and artist to recall that the woman who was to be the pillar of the house had a share, however small, in its dedication. Mr. Daly had seen her in Albaugh's company at the Trimble Opera House, in Albany. She was playing in the Garrick version of "The Taming of the Shrew," called "Katherine and Petruchio," and he engaged her forthwith. This was in the winter of 1878-79, and in the spring she made her first New York appearance, under his management, though not in his theater, in Zola's "L'Assommoir."

Miss Rehan's first real chance in the new house was as *Miss Lou Ten Eyck* in "Divorce," brought out September 30, 1879. Later in the same season she created *Kate Sprinkle* in "An Arabian Night," which ran for two months, giving place to the musical comedy from the German, "The Royal Middy," in which she was *Donna Antonina*. It was not until the second year of the house, when she appeared as a kittenish girl in "Needles and Pins," that Miss Rehan began to take the place there which she filled for so many years.

In 1885 she originated her famous *Nisbe* in "A Night Off," and the next year saw the first of her Shakspere creations at Daly's—*Mistress Ford* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Her début in old English comedy had already been effected, as *Donna Hypolita* in Colley Cibber's "She Would and She Would Not," in 1883, followed, the next winter, by *Peggy* in "The Country Girl." It was between these two old comedies that Miss Rehan originated *Flos* in "Seven Twenty Eight," perhaps the most popular of the many German comedy adaptations that came from Mr. Daly's pen. The number of a lottery ticket, which gave the play its name, was not hit on arbitrarily, but

was the number of the temporary theater on Broadway occupied by Mr. Daly after the burning of the first Fifth Avenue Theater, now the Madison Square.

The second Shakspere presentation was "The Taming of the Shrew," with Miss Rehan as *Katherine*, and ran from January 18, 1887, until the close of the season, April 30. The third, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Ada Rehan as *Helena*, filled out the time from January 31 to April 7, of the following year. Miss Rehan's *Rosalind* was first seen on the Daly stage December 17, 1889, and held it until February 12, 1890. She made her bow as *Lady Teazle* a year later. The fifth Shakspere play, "Love's Labor's Lost," with Miss Rehan as the *Princess of France*, failed to meet favor, and was on view for little more than a week in the spring of 1891. In pleasing contrast was the favor meted out to the sixth classic offering, two years later, when "Twelfth Night," with Miss Rehan as *Viola*, ran from February 21 until April 8. The following winter was spent at Daly's new house in London, where "Twelfth Night" scored a record of more than a hundred performances.

Two more Shaksperian productions were brought out by Mr. Daly, "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "The Tempest," but the fame of his leading lady will rest on her *Viola* and *Katherine*. The year before the famous manager's death, commercial reasons led to his casting her in melodrama, and "The Great Ruby" was to have been followed by "Hearts Are Trumps." It is interesting to speculate what trend Mr. Daly's policy would have taken by this time had not the sudden event of June 7, 1899, swept his company out of existence. Miss Rehan remained in retirement until the following spring, when she acted on the road in some of her Daly favorites for a brief period. Last winter she took up in America the part originated in London by Julia Neilson in Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," but the public appeared to be strangely apathetic. Then, in the very middle of the season, she fell ill, necessitating the closing of the theater during the New York engagement. Now that her dates for the present winter have been canceled, it is altogether problematical when she will act again.

Hers is a personality quite peculiar. She held strangely aloof even from members of her own profession, and is seldom seen on the streets. She is understood to have laid aside a goodly amount, but lives very quietly in West Ninety Third Street. The death of her mother, last spring, made another decided break in her habits, for every Sunday she was wont to cross the river to Brooklyn and spend the day with the old lady.

Arthur Byron, for so long with John Drew's company, and who has just started out for himself in "Petticoats and Bayonets," is a son of Miss Rehan's sister, Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron. Her other sister is Hattie Russell, still on the boards.

CONCERNING LILLIAN RUSSELL.

The tearing down of Koster & Bial's to make more room for a department store removes from New York the music hall that was nearest in its appointments to the London affairs, famous the world around. Oddly enough, it was not built for a music hall at all, but was erected by Oscar Hammerstein as an opera house.

It is strange that New York is still without a home of variety that can compare with those across the sea. Our theaters are handsomer, but in London it is the halls that are more gorgeous than the playhouses. Nobody will pretend that Weber & Fields' is a fine affair, popular as are the shows presented there. Besides, it has quite lost its designation as the home of variety in the true sense of the term, being now wholly devoted to burlesque. Architecturally, too, it is a mere box of a place. The New York is showy at first glance, but tawdry on closer inspection; the style of decoration bears too close a resemblance to the icing of a wedding cake that has been kept too long. Hammerstein's Victoria, while cheery and bright, lacks the spaciousness and solidity of the English halls, and, like Weber & Fields', is leaning more and more towards burlesque pure and simple.

Speaking of Weber & Fields', this is Lillian Russell's third season there. A sort of shudder went through the playgoers' world when it was announced that the erstwhile queen of comic opera had become a member of the German dialect comedians' stock company. Nevertheless, in all probability, the past two years have been as pleasant to Miss Russell as any part of her career.

Miss Russell is a New Yorker, her maiden name being Helen Louise Leonard. The family going to reside in Chicago, Helen took singing lessons of a Professor Gill, and at an exhibition by

his pupils sang "Let Me Dream Again," and "Knowest Thou the Land?" from "Mignon." After that she sang in the choir of one of Chicago's Episcopal churches, St. John's, and studied with Mme. Jennivally, a classmate of Annie Louise Cary, who told the girl that she would one day make a success in opera because she had "the voice, the physique, and the ability." But after returning to New York, Helen Leonard tried in vain to secure an opening.

Finally, when she was almost despairing, she obtained a foothold with Tony Pastor, who advertised her as an English girl, with ballads such as "Twickenham Ferry" to sing. This was in 1880, soon after "The Pirates of Penzance" was done in New York for the first time on any stage. One night the late D'Oyley Carte and Arthur Sullivan dropped into Pastor's, and Carte, not recognizing the woman who had been so frightened when she sang before him, hoping for a place in "The Pirates," asked Tony Pastor if he would let him have "that English girl." The transfer was made, and Lillian Russell's weekly wage tripled.

The first opera in which she appeared was "The Snake Charmer"; then came "The Sorcerer" and "The Princess of Trebizonde." After that she went to England, where she sang in new operas for two seasons. Soon after her return to this country she reappeared at the Casino, in which house she had won her first laurels. These were the days of "Nadjy," "The Grand Duchess," "The Brigands," and "Poor Jonathan."

"Nadjy" was brought out in the winter of 1889. Francis Wilson had just begun to star in "The Oolah," and his place at the Casino was taken by James T. Powers. Miss Russell, whose name headed the cast, was *Princess Etelka*, with Fanny Rice for *Nadjy*. The beauty of Lillian Russell was the talk of the town, and there was such sharp bidding for her services that her salary rose to fabulous heights. At last Henry French succeeded in getting her away from the Casino and placed her at the Garden Theater, with almost the éclat of a grand opera prima donna, in "La Cigale." But the pinnacle had been reached, and after a season or two it was apparent that a willing public had been ridden a little too hard. Mr. French drew out from the financial whirlpool that threatened to engulf him, and Henry E. Abbey took the fair Lillian under his wing. She appeared at his theater, now the Knickerbocker, in operas specially written for her, such as "The Tzigane," by De Koven and Smith, whose "Robin Hood" was then on the top wave of its vogue, and "The Queen of Brilliants." But each production fell just short of hitting the bullseye; Abbey finally went into bankruptcy, and Miss Russell returned to the Casino for the third time.

Here she disported herself in "An American Beauty," an opera manifestly written to suit its star; but it served the turn little better on this occasion than it did when revived in London two years ago to exploit the charms of Edna May. Happier results were obtained, however, when she pooled issues with Jefferson De Angelis and Della Fox in "The Wedding Day."

Miss Russell's next move was across the Atlantic, to sing in concerts in Berlin. After her return she was prevailed upon to take part in another stellar cast, this time in a revival of "Erminie" with Francis Wilson and Thomas Q. Seabrooke; but in the fall of that year, 1899, she became a member of the Weber & Fields' company. Naturally there were wild rumors regarding the amount of the weekly salary that would induce the diva to descend from her throne of independence and share small type with Dave Warfield, Peter Dailey, and John T. Kelly. Some even stated fifteen hundred dollars as the sum—which, of course, was absurd. Whatever the figure, it appears to be sufficient to keep Miss Russell content. She can remain in town all winter, does not need to employ a press agent to invent queer stunts for her to perform on paper, lest the world should forget that she exists, and can afford to devote all her spare time to recreation and the task of keeping her figure down.

Apropos of this matter of personal appearance, Miss Russell is reported to have let the public into the secret of her perennial youth, in so far as the subjoined confession will take them: "My hair is not brightened with any substance, but is brushed until it shines. My eyes are bright because I sleep daytimes; my complexion is fair because I eat the right things, and my figure is good because I keep it where I want it."

In the new burlesque, "Hoity Toity," Miss Russell has more to do than in the past. Indeed, this year Weber & Fields have paid so much attention to the picturesque that the fun lags.

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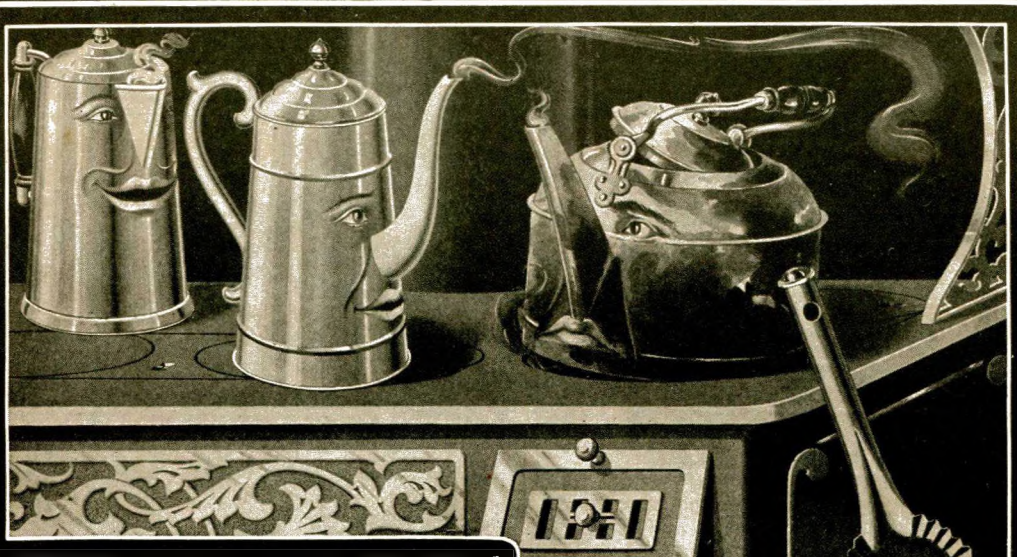

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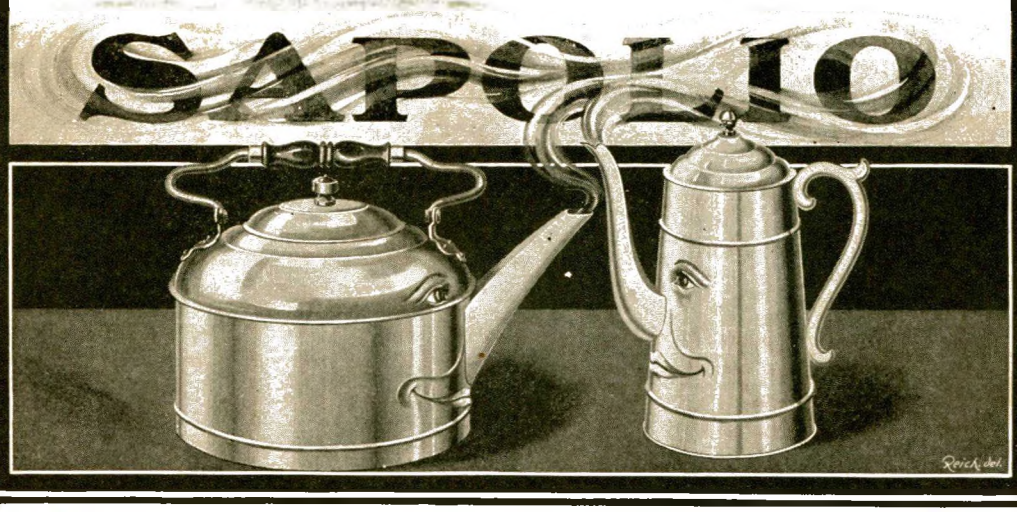
Mr. Teakettle dark loved Miss Shining Teapot.
But what could poor Teakettle do?
He was sooty and black; said Miss Teapot, "Alack!
Do you think I will e'er look at you?

"You are ugly and old with your smoke and your grime,
Make love to Miss Coal Shovel there;
Mr. Coffee Pot bright is my lover and knight,
How you speak to me, Sir, have a care."

Now this unkind attack made poor Teakettle sad;
To the housemaid he told all his woe,
"Just wait 'til I rub you, and scour and scrub you,"
She said, "with Sapolio!

"Ah, then you will shine and put others to shame."
(Miss Teapot was out serving tea.)
And when she returned, oh, her cheeks fairly burned
As she cried, "Can it really be he?"

Then Teakettle wooed, and he wooed not in vain,
For Miss Teapot her true love did know;
And after a kiss, they sang, "All our bliss
Is due to



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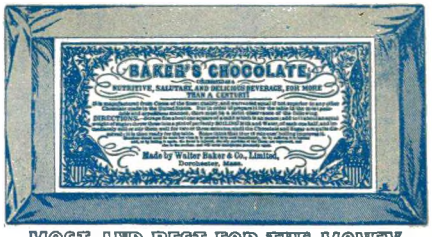

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