HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. MARCH, 1894. No. DXXVI.

IV.—AT A PRIVATE VIEW.

WHEN the Spring Exhibition opened, March had thrown off its lion's skin, and stood revealed as a lamb. There was no tang to the wind that swept the swirling dust down the broad street; and the moonlight which silvered the Renascence front of the building had no longer a wintry chill. Flitting clouds were thickening, and threatened rain; but the carriages, rolling up to the canvas tunnel which had been extemporized across the sidewalk, brought many a pretty woman who had risked a spring bonnet. Not a few of the ladies who had been bidden to the Private View were in evening dress; and it was a brilliant throng which pressed down the broad corridor, past the dressing-rooms, and into the first gallery, where the President of the Society, surrounded by other artists of renown, stood ready to receive them.

Beyond the first gallery, and up half a dozen steps, was a smaller saloon, with a square room yet smaller to its right and to its left. Still further beyond, and up a few more steps, was the main gallery, a splendid and stately hall, lofty and well proportioned, and worthy of the many fine paintings which lined its walls two and three deep. In the place of honor, facing the entrance, was Mr. Frederick Olyphant's startling picture, "The Question of the Sphinx," which bore on its simple frame the bit of paper declaring that it had received a silver medal at the Salon of the summer before. In a corner was another painting by the same artist, a portrait of his friend Mr. Laurence Laughton; and balancing this, on the other side of a landscape called "A Sunset at Onteora," was a portrait of Mr. Rupert de Ruyter, the poet, by a young artist named Renwick Brashleigh, painted vigorously yet sympathetically, and quite extinguishing the impressionistic "Girl in a Hammock," which hung next to it. Here and there throughout the spacious room there were statuettes and busts; one of the latter represented Astroyd, the amusing comedian. Landscapes drenched with sunshine hung by the side of wintry marines; and delicate studies of still life set off purely decorative compositions painted almost in monochrome.

The people who thronged the floor were wellnigh as various as the paintings which covered the walls. There were artists in plenty, men of letters and men about town, women who lived for art and women who lived for society, visitors of both sexes who came to see the exhibition, and visitors of both sexes who came to be seen themselves. There were art-students and art-critics, picture-buyers and picture-dealers, poets and novelists, stock-brokers and clergymen. Among them were Mr. Robert White, of the *Gotham Gazette*, and Mr. Harry Brackett, formerly attached to that journal; Mr. Rupert de Ruyter, who could not be kept away from his own

"MR. J. WARREN PAYN, THE COMPOSER."

portrait; Mr. Delancey Jones, the architect, with his pretty wife; Mr. J. Warren Payn, the composer; Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Washington Square; and Miss Marlenspuyk, an old maid, who seemed to know everybody and to be liked by everybody.

Miss Marlenspuyk lingered before Olyphant's portrait of Laurence Laughton, whom she had known for years. She liked the picture until she overheard two young art-students discussing it.

"It's a pity Olyphant hasn't any idea of color, isn't it?" observed one.

"Yes," assented the other; "and the head is hopelessly out of drawing."

"The man has a paintable face too," the first rejoined. "I'd like to do him myself."

"Olyphant's well enough for composition," the second returned, "but when it comes to portraits, he simply isn't in it with Brashleigh. Seen his two yet?"

"Whose?" inquired the first speaker.

"Brashleigh's," was the answer. "Biggest things here. And as different as they make 'em. Best is a Wall Street man—Poole, I think, his name is."

"I know," the first interrupted. "Cyrus Poole; he's president of a big railroad somewhere out West. Lots of money. I wonder how Brashleigh got the job?"

"Guess he did Rupert de Ruyter for nothing. You know De Ruyter wrote him up in one of the magazines."

The two young art-students stood before the portrait a few seconds longer, looking at it intently. Then they moved

off, the first speaker saying, "That head's out of drawing too."

It gave Miss Marlenspuyk something of a shock to learn that the heads of two of her friends were out of drawing; she wondered how serious the deformity might be; she felt for a moment almost as though she were acquainted with two of the startlingly abnormal specimens of humanity who are to be seen in dime museums. As these suggestions came to her one after the other, she smiled gently.

"I don't wonder that you are laughing at that picture, Miss Marlenspuyk," said a voice at her right. "It's no better than the regulation 'Sunset on the Lake of Chromo,' that you can buy on Liberty Street for five dollars, with a frame worth twice the money."

Miss Marlenspuyk turned, and recognized Mr. Robert White. She held out her hand cordially.

"Is your wife here?" she asked.

"Harry Brackett is explaining the pic-

"MR. DELANCEY JONES, THE ARCHITECT, WITH HIS PRETTY WIFE."

tures to her," White answered. "He doesn't know anything about art, but he is just as amusing as if he did."

"I like Mr. Brackett," the old maid rejoined. "He's a little — well, a little common, I fear; but then he is so quaint and so individual in his views. And at my time of life I like to be amused."

"I know your fondness for a new sensation," White returned. "I believe you wouldn't object to having the devil take you in to dinner."

"Why should I object?" responded Miss Marlenspuyk, bravely. "The devil is a gentleman, they say; and besides, I should be so glad to get the latest news of lots of my friends."

"Speaking of the gentleman who is not as black as he is painted," said White, "have you seen the portrait of Cyrus Poole yet? It is the best thing here. I didn't know Brashleigh had it in him to do anything so good."

"Where is it?" asked Miss Marlenspuyk. "I've been looking at this Mr. Brashleigh's portrait of Mr. De Ruyter, and—"

"Pretty little thing, isn't it?" White interrupted. "Perhaps a trifle too sentimental and saccharine. But it hits off the poet to the life."

"And life is just what I don't find in so many of these portraits," the lady remarked. "Some of them look as though the artist had first made a wax model of his sitter and then painted that."

They moved slowly through the throng toward the other end of the gallery.

"Charley Vaughn, now, has another trick," said White, indicating a picture before them with a slight gesture. "Since he has been to Paris and studied under Carolus, he translates all his sitters into French, and then puts the translation on canvas."

The picture White had drawn attention to represented a lady dressed for a ball, and standing before a mirror adjusting a feather in her hair. It was a portrait of Mrs. Delancey Jones, the wife of the architect.

Miss Marlenspuyk raised her glasses, and looked at it for a moment critically. Then she smiled. "It is the usual thing, now, I see," she said—"intimations of immorality."

White laughed, as they resumed their march around the hall.

"If you say that of Charley Vaughn's picture," he commented, "I wonder what you will say of Renwick Brashleigh's. Here it is."

And they came to a halt before the painting which had the place of honor in the centre of the wall on that side of the gallery.

"That is Cyrus Poole," White continued. "President of the Niobrara Central, one of the rising men of the Street, and now away in Europe on his honeymoon."

The picture bore the number 13, and the catalogue declared it to be a "Portrait of a Gentleman." It was a large canvas, and the figure was life size. It represented a man of barely forty years of age, seated at his desk in his private office. On the wall beyond him hung a map of the Niobrara Central Railroad with its branches. The light came from the window on the left, against which the desk was placed. The pose was that of a man who had been interrupted in his work, and who had swung around in his chair to talk to a visitor. He was a man to be picked out of a crowd as unlike other men, rather spare, rather below medium height, rather wiry than muscular. Beyond all question he was energetic, untiring, determined, and powerful. The way he sat indicated the consciousness of strength. So did his expression, although there was no trace of conceit to be detected on his features. His hair was dark and thick and straight, with scarce a touch of gray. He had a sharp nose and piercing eyes, while his lips were thin and his jaw massive.

Miss Marlenspuyk looked at the picture with interest. "Yes," she said, "I don't wonder this has made a hit. There is something striking about it—something novel. It's a new note; that's what it is. And the man's is interesting too. He has a masterful chin. Not a man to be henpecked, I take it. And he's a good provider, too, judging by the eyes and the mouth; I don't believe that his wife will ever have to turn her best black silk. There's something fascinating about the face, but I don't see how—"

She interrupted herself, and gazed at the picture again.

"Is it a good likeness?" she asked at last, with her eyes still fixed on the portrait.

"It's so like him that I wouldn't speak to it," White answered.

"MR. RUPERT DE RUYTER COULD NOT BE KEPT AWAY FROM HIS OWN PORTRAIT."

"I see what you mean," the old lady responded. "Yes, if the man really looks like that, nobody would want to speak to him. I wouldn't have this artist —what's his name?—Mr. Brashleigh?— I wouldn't have him paint my portrait for the world. Why, if he did, and my friends once saw it, there isn't one of them who would ever dare to ask me to dinner again."

White smiled, and quickly responded, "As I said before, you know, even the gentleman you wanted to take you in to dinner is probably not as black as he is painted."

"But I wouldn't want that man to

take me in to dinner," returned Miss Marlenspuyk, promptly, indicating the portrait with a wave of her hand. "Paint is all very well; besides, it is only on the outside, and women don't mind it; but it is that man's *heart* that is black. It is his inner man that is so terrible. He fascinates me—yes—but he frightens me too. Who is he?"

"I told you," White answered. "He is Mr. Cyrus Poole, the president of the Niobrara Central Railroad, and one of the coming men in the Street. He turned up in Denver ten years ago, and when he had learned all that Denver had to teach him he went to Chicago. He graduated from the Board of Trade there, and then came to New York; he has been here two years now, and already he has made himself felt. He has engineered two or three of the biggest things yet seen in the street. As a result, there are now two opinions about him."

"If this portrait is true," said the old maid, "I don't see how there can be more than one opinion about him."

"There were three at first," White rejoined. "At first they thought he was a lamb; now they know better. But they are still in doubt whether he is square or not. They say that the deal by which he captured the stock of the Niobrara Central and made himself president had this little peculiarity, that if it hadn't succeeded, instead of being in Europe on his honey-moon, Cyrus Poole would now be in Sing Sing. Why, if half they said about him at the time is true—instead of hanging here on the line, he ought to have been hanged at the end of a rope. But then I don't believe half that I hear."

"I could believe anything of a man who looks like that," Miss Marlenspuyk said. "I don't think I ever saw a face so evil, for all it appears frank and almost friendly."

"But I have told you only one side," White went on. "Poole has partisans who deny all the charges against him. They say that his only crime is his success. They declare that he has got into trouble more than once trying to help friends out. While his enemies call him unscrupulous and vindictive, his friends say that he is loyal and lucky."

Miss Marlenspuyk said nothing for a minute or more. She was studying the portrait with an interest which showed no sign of flagging. Suddenly she looked up at White and asked, "Do you suppose he knows how this picture affects us?"

"Poole?" queried White. "No, I imagine not. He is a better judge of values as they are understood in Wall Street than as they are interpreted at the Art Students' League. Besides, I've heard that he was married and went to Europe before the picture was quite finished. Brashleigh had to paint in the background afterwards."

"The poor girl!" said Miss Marlenspuyk. "Who was she?"

"What poor girl?" asked the man. "Oh, you mean the new Mrs. Cyrus Poole?"

"Yes," responded the old lady.

"She was a Miss Cameron," White answered; "Eunice Cameron, I think her name was. I believe that she is a cousin of Brashleigh's. By-the-way, I suppose that's how it happened he was asked to paint this portrait. He is one of the progressive painters a Wall Street man wouldn't be likely to appreciate off-hand. But it couldn't have been given to a better man, could it?"

Miss Marlenspuyk smiled.

"Well," said White, "Brashleigh has a marvellous insight into character; you can see that for yourself. Or at least he paints portraits as if he had; it's hard to tell about these artists, of course, and it's easy to credit them with more than they have. They see so much more than they understand; they have the gift, you know, but they can't explain; and half the time they don't know what it is they have done."

The old lady looked up and laughed a little.

"I think the man who painted that," she said, "knew what he was about."

"Yes," White admitted, "it seems as though no one could do a thing with the astounding vigor of this, unconsciously. But, as like as not, what Brashleigh thought about chiefly were his drawing and his brush-work and his values; probably the revelation of the sitter's soul was an accident. He did it because he couldn't help it."

"I don't agree with you, for once," Miss Marlenspuyk replied. "I find in this portrait such an appreciation of the possibilities of human villany— Oh, the man *must* have seen it before he painted it!"

"THE PEOPLE WHO THRONGED THE FLOOR WERE WELLNIGH AS VARIOUS AS THE PAINTINGS."

"It's lucky I'm not a painter by trade," returned White, "or I should feel it my duty to annihilate you on the spot by the retort that laymen always look at painting from the literary side."

Miss Marlenspuyk did not respond for a minute. She was looking at the portrait with curious interest. She glanced aside, and then she gazed at it again.

"Poor girl!" she said at last, with a gentle sigh.

"Meaning Mrs. Poole?" White inquired.

"Yes," the old lady answered. "I'm sorry for her, but I think I understand how she had to give in. I can feel the sinister fascination of that face myself."

Above the babble of many tongues which filled the gallery there was to be heard a rumble of thunder, and then the sharp patter of rain on the huge skylight above them.

"Excuse me, Miss Marlenspuyk," said White, hastily, "but my wife is always a little nervous about thunder now. I must look her up. I'll send you Harry Brackett."

"You needn't mind about me," she answered, as he moved away. "I've taken care of myself for a good many years now, and I think I'm still equal to the task."

The hall was densely crowded by this time, and it was becoming more and more difficult to make one's way in any given direction. The rain fell heavily on the roof, and dominated the rising murmur of the throng, and even the shrill voices now and again heard above it.

Miss Marlenspuyk drifted aimlessly with the crowd, looking at the pictures occasionally, and listening with interest to the comments and the fragmentary criticisms she could not help hearing on all sides of her. She found herself standing before Mr. Charles Vaughn's "Judgment of Paris," when she was accosted by Harry Brackett.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Miss Marlenspuyk," he began. "White said you were here or hereabouts, and I haven't seen you for many moons."

They chatted for a few minutes about their last meeting, and the friends at whose house they had dined.

Then Harry Brackett, looking up, saw the huge painting before them.

"So Charley Vaughn's 'Judgment of Paris' is a Salon picture, is it?" he asked. "It looks to me better fitted for a saloon. It's one of those nudes that Renwick Brashleigh says are offensive alike to the artist, the moralist, and the voluptuary."

Miss Marlenspuyk smiled; and her smile was one of her greatest charms.

"Do you know Mr. Brashleigh?" she asked.

"I've known him ever since he came back from Paris," Brackett answered. "And he's a painter, he is. He isn't one of those young dudes who teach society girls how to foreshorten the moon. You don't catch him going round to afternoon teas and talking about the spontaneity of art."

"Have you seen his portrait of this Mr. Poole?" inquired the old maid.

"Not yet," he replied, "but they tell me it's a dandy. I've never met Poole, but I used to know his wife. She was Eunice Cameron, and she's a cousin of Brashleigh's. Come to think of it, his first hit was a portrait of her at the Academy three years ago."

"What sort of a girl is she?" Miss Marlenspuyk asked.

"For one thing, she's a good-looker," he responded, "although they say she's gone off a little lately; I haven't seen her this year. But when Brashleigh introduced me to her she was a mighty pretty girl, I can tell you."

The pressure of the crowd had carried them along, and now Miss Marlenspuyk found herself once more in front of the "Portrait of a Gentleman," and once more she was seized by the power and by the evil which the artist had painted on the face of Cyrus Poole.

"They used to say," Harry Brackett went on, not looking at the picture, "that Brashleigh was in love with her. I think somebody or other once told me that they were engaged."

There was a sudden gleam of intelligence in Miss Marlenspuyk's eyes.

"But of course there wasn't any truth in it," he continued.

The smile came back to the old maid's mouth as she gazed steadily at the portrait before her and answered, "Of course not."

THE BUCKLEY LADY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THE dark slate stones that now slant to their falls in the old burying-ground, or are fallen already, then stood straight. The old inscriptions, now blurred over by moss and lichen, or worn back into the face of the stone by the wash of the heavy coast rains, were then quite plain. The winged cherubim and death-heads—the terrible religious symbols of the Old Testament, made realistic by New England minds under stress of grief—were quite fresh from the artist's hands.

The funeral urns and weeping-willows, a very art of sorrow in themselves, with their every curve the droop of a mourner's head, and all their flowing lines of tears, were yet distinct. Indeed, the man who had graven many of them was still alive, and not yet past his gloomy toil. He lived in his little house not far beyond the burying-ground, and his name was Ichabod Buckley. He had a wife Sarah, a son Ichabod, and three daughters, Submit, Rebecca, and Persis. When Persis was twelve years old a great change and a romance came into her life. She was the youngest of the family; her brother was ten years older than she; her sisters were older still. She had always been to a certain extent petted and favored from her babyhood; still, until she was twelve, she had not been exempt from her own little duties and privations. She had gathered drift-wood on the shore, her delicate little figure buffeted and shaken by rough winds. She had dug quahaugs, wading out in the black mud, with her petticoats kilted high over her slender childish legs. She had spun her daily stint, and knitted faithfully on harsh blue yarn socks for her father and brother. In the early autumn, when she was twelve years old, all that was changed.

One morning in September it was hot inland, but cool on the point of land reaching out into the sea where the Buckley house stood. The son, Ichabod, had gone to sea in a whaling-vessel; the father was at home, working in the little slanting shed behind the house. One could hear the grating slide of his chisel down the boughs of a weeping-willow on a new gravestone. A very old woman of the village had died that week.

At the left of the house there was a bright unexpected glint from a great brass kettle which the eastern sun struck. Ichabod Buckley's wife had her dye-kettle out there on forked sticks over a fire. She was dyeing some cloth an indigo-blue, and her two elder daughters were helping her. The two daughters Submit and Rebecca looked like their mother. The three, from their figures, seemed about of an age—all tall and meagre and long-limbed, moving in their scanty petticoats around the kettle with a certain dry pliability, like three tall brown weeds on the windy marsh.

Persis came up from the shore at the front of the house with her arms full of drift-wood. She was just crossing the front yard when she heard a sound that startled her, and she stood still and listened, inclining her head toward the woods on the right. In the midst of these woods was the cleared space of the graveyard; past it ran the rough path to the main road.

Seldom any but horseback riders came that way; but now Persis was sure that she heard the rumble of carriage-wheels, as well as the tramp of horses' feet. She turned excitedly to run to her mother and sisters; but all at once the splendid coach and four emerged with a great flourish on the open space before the house, and she stood still.

The short coarse grass in the yard had gotten a perpetual slant from the wind. Just now it was still, but that low bending sweep of the grass toward the west made it seem as if the wind were transfixed there. Persis stood there in the midst of this still show of wind, her slender childish figure slanting a little also. All her fair hair was tucked away tidily under a little blue hood tied under her chin. The oval of her face showed like the oval of a pearl in this circle of blue, and it had a beauty that could draw the thoughts of people away from their own hearts. Even the folk of this old New England village, who had in their stern doctrines no value for a fair face, turned for a second, as if by some compelling gleam of light under their eyelids, when this little Buckley maid entered the meeting-house; and her mother and sisters, although they saw her every day, would stop sometimes their work or speech when her face came suddenly before their eyes.

Persis had her little looking-glass. She looked in it when she had washed her face to see if it were clean, and when she braided her hair to see if it were smooth. Sometimes she paused herself and eyed her face with innocent wonder, but she did not know its value. She was like a child with a precious coin which had its equivalent in goods beyond her ken.

To-day Persis
fine strangers ir
with their eyes r

She stood there
her little straight
her bundle of dri
and stared, turning
upon her own self,
trappings, and the
his livery, with his
black sheep's wool,
eyes, which half f
looked a little more
coachman than at
lady in the coach,
grand enough; an
tleman was very ha
He thrust his fair h
a slight silvery shee
the coach window, a
and velvet hood of t
his shoulder, and t
Persis's face.

Then the gentlem
started, and blushed, a
sy. She had forgot
and felt overcome w
day, my pretty maid
man; and as he spok
the coach and appro
saw, with half-dazzle
fair head, his queue ti
ribbon, his jewelled
silk hose, his flowered
deep falls of lace o
hands. No such fine
had ever come withi
courtesied again, and lo
when he reached her.
down again quickly, a
savor of the drift-wood, overpowering a sweet perfume about the stranger's rich attire, came up in her blushing face. The gentleman looked very kind, and his eyes were very gay and blue, yet somehow she was frightened and abashed. It was as if he saw something within herself of which she had not dreamed, and suddenly forced her to see it also, to her own confusion.

The gentleman laughed softly when she looked down. "Is it the first time you have had another pair of eyes for your looking-glass, little maid?" he asked, with a kind of mocking caress in his tone.

Persis did not lift her eyes from the drift-wood. She blushed more deeply, and her sweet mouth trembled.

"Nay, tease not the child.

Pages C

house to put on her shoes and a clean kerchief, in case one of the elder women had to go forward to speak to them.

"Father! the gentleman wants father," said Persis, with soft pants. "Oh, mother!"

Her mother caught her arm with a jerk. "Who be they?" she hissed in her ear.

"I—don't know—such—grand folks, and—the coach and the four, and the black man—oh, mother!"

"Go bid your father come quick."

Sarah Buckley gave her daughter a push, and Persis flew on toward the shed where her father kept his stock of gravestones and worked. But Rebecca had already given him the alarm, and he was at the well washing the slate dust from his hands.

[illegible]ointed out the grave to them be-
question," said Ichabod, "though
as no stone to it. I knew it well
arsay. And I am to make at
fine stone, with a round top and
d head, and here is the pay al-

od jingled for the dozenth time a
n and some small silver ones in
ous hand, and his wife frowned.
have told us all this before," said
There be something else that you
k."

od was smiling importantly. He
t control his mouth, but he went
hout another word to old Widow
ravestone, and the weeping-wil-
eon grew apace under his hands.
ver, he could not keep anything
lf long, least of all from his wife,
imperative curiosity. After din-
noon he beckoned her into the
om.

at do you want of me?" she said.
the work to do." She felt that
ous silence demanded some show
y upon her part.

d glanced at his staring daugh-
beckoned beseechingly.

, I can't waste much time," said
ut she followed him eagerly into
room. They were shut in there
. The daughters, tidying up the
could hear the low murmur of
ents' voices, but that was all.
as polishing the brasses on the
he andirons and the knobs on
l and tongs. That was always
It roughened her small hands,
ly ever minded that. To-day, as
scouring away sturdily, her mo-
ther came suddenly out of the front room and caught her plying arm.

"There!" said she; "you need do no more of this. 'Twill get your hands all out of shape, and make them rough. They be too small for such work. Submit, come here and finish scouring the brasses."

Persis looked up at her mother and then at her little red grimy hands in a bewildered way.

"Go and wash your hands, and then

the black coachman turn the coach and four around with a wide careful sweep, and then the gentleman got in beside the lady, and Ichabod beside the coachman, and then the horses leapt forward, and the whole was out of sight behind the spray of pine woods.

Ichabod Buckley was gone about three-quarters of an hour. When he returned he at once told his curious women-folks somewhat that had passed, but his face was locked over more. "You have not told us all," said his wife, sharply. "It may well be, as you say, that the gentlefolk wished to find the grave of the man who was their kin, and died here in the first of the town, but that is not all."

"It's lucky I'm not a painter by trade," returned White, "or I should feel it my duty to annihilate you on the spot by the retort that laymen always look at painting from the literary side."

Miss Marlenspuyk did not respond for a minute. She was looking at the portrait with curious interest. She glanced aside, and then she gazed at it again.

"Poor girl!" she said at last, with a gentle sigh.

"Meaning Mrs. Poole?" White inquired.

"Yes," the old lady answered. "I'm sorry for her, but I think I understand how she had to give in. I can feel the sinister fascination of that face myself."

Above the babble of many tongues which filled the gallery there was to be heard a rumble of thunder, and then the sharp patter of rain on the huge skylight above them.

"Excuse me, Miss Marlenspuyk," said White, hastily, "but my wife is always a little nervous about thunder now. I must look her up. I'll send you Harry Brackett."

"You needn't mind about me," she answered, as he moved away. "I've taken care of myself for a good many years now, and I think I'm still equal to the task."

The hall was densely crowded by this time, and it was becoming more and more difficult to make one's way in any given direction. The rain fell heavily on the roof, and dominated the rising murmur of the throng, and even the shrill voices now and again heard above it.

Miss Marlenspuyk drifted aimlessly with the crowd, looking at the pictures occasionally, and listening with interest to the comments and the fragmentary criticisms she could not help hearing on all sides of her. She found herself standing before Mr. Charles Vaughn's "Judgment of Paris," when she was accosted by Harry Brackett.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Miss Marlenspuyk," he began. "White said you were here or hereabouts, and I haven't seen you for many moons."

They chatted for a few minutes about their last meeting, and the friends at whose house they had dined.

Then Harry Brackett, looking up, saw the huge painting before them.

"So Charley Vaughn's 'Judgment of Paris' is a Salon picture, is it?" he asked. "It looks to me better fitted for a saloon. It's one of those nudes that Renwick Brashleigh says are offensive alike to the artist, the moralist, and the voluptuary."

Miss Marlenspuyk smiled; and her smile was one of her greatest charms.

"Do you know Mr. Brashleigh?" she asked.

"I've known him ever since he came back from Paris," Brackett answered. "And he's a painter, he is. He isn't one of those young dudes who teach society girls how to foreshorten the moon. You don't catch him going round to afternoon teas and talking about the spontaneity of art."

"Have you seen his portrait of this Mr. Poole?" inquired the old maid.

"Not yet," he replied, "but they tell me it's a dandy. I've never met Poole, but I used to know his wife. She was Eunice Cameron, and she's a cousin of Brashleigh's. Come to think of it, his first hit was a portrait of her at the Academy three years ago."

"What sort of a girl is she?" Miss Marlenspuyk asked.

"For one thing, she's a good-looker," he responded, "although they say she's gone off a little lately; I haven't seen her this year. But when Brashleigh introduced me to her she was a mighty pretty girl, I can tell you."

The pressure of the crowd had carried them along, and now Miss Marlenspuyk found herself once more in front of the "Portrait of a Gentleman," and once more she was seized by the power and by the evil which the artist had painted on the face of Cyrus Poole.

"They used to say," Harry Brackett went on, not looking at the picture, "that Brashleigh was in love with her. I think somebody or other once told me that they were engaged."

There was a sudden gleam of intelligence in Miss Marlenspuyk's eyes.

"But of course there wasn't any truth in it," he continued.

The smile came back to the old maid's mouth as she gazed steadily at the portrait before her and answered, "Of course not."

THE BUCKLEY LADY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THE dark slate stones that now slant to their falls in the old burying-ground, or are fallen already, then stood straight. The old inscriptions, now blurred over by moss and lichen, or worn back into the face of the stone by the wash of the heavy coast rains, were then quite plain. The winged cherubim and death-heads—the terrible religious symbols of the Old Testament, made realistic by New England minds under stress of grief—were quite fresh from the artist's hands.

The funeral urns and weeping-willows, a very art of sorrow in themselves, with their every curve the droop of a mourner's head, and all their flowing lines of tears, were yet distinct. Indeed, the man who had graven many of them was still alive, and not yet past his gloomy toil. He lived in his little house not far beyond the burying-ground, and his name was Ichabod Buckley. He had a wife Sarah, a son Ichabod, and three daughters, Submit, Rebecca, and Persis. When Persis was twelve years old a great change and a romance came into her life. She was the youngest of the family; her brother was ten years older than she; her sisters were older still. She had always been to a certain extent petted and favored from her babyhood; still, until she was twelve, she had not been exempt from her own little duties and privations. She had gathered drift-wood on the shore, her delicate little figure buffeted and shaken by rough winds. She had dug quahaugs, wading out in the black mud, with her petticoats kilted high over her slender childish legs. She had spun her daily stint, and knitted faithfully on harsh blue yarn socks for her father and brother. In the early autumn, when she was twelve years old, all that was changed.

One morning in September it was hot inland, but cool on the point of land reaching out into the sea where the Buckley house stood. The son, Ichabod, had gone to sea in a whaling-vessel; the father was at home, working in the little slanting shed behind the house. One could hear the grating slide of his chisel down the boughs of a weeping-willow on a new gravestone. A very old woman of the village had died that week.

At the left of the house there was a bright unexpected glint from a great brass kettle which the eastern sun struck. Ichabod Buckley's wife had her dye-kettle out there on forked sticks over a fire. She was dyeing some cloth an indigo-blue, and her two elder daughters were helping her. The two daughters Submit and Rebecca looked like their mother. The three, from their figures, seemed about of an age—all tall and meagre and long-limbed, moving in their scanty petticoats around the kettle with a certain dry pliability, like three tall brown weeds on the windy marsh.

Persis came up from the shore at the front of the house with her arms full of drift-wood. She was just crossing the front yard when she heard a sound that startled her, and she stood still and listened, inclining her head toward the woods on the right. In the midst of these woods was the cleared space of the graveyard; past it ran the rough path to the main road.

Seldom any but horseback riders came that way; but now Persis was sure that she heard the rumble of carriage-wheels, as well as the tramp of horses' feet. She turned excitedly to run to her mother and sisters; but all at once the splendid coach and four emerged with a great flourish on the open space before the house, and she stood still.

The short coarse grass in the yard had gotten a perpetual slant from the wind. Just now it was still, but that low bending sweep of the grass toward the west made it seem as if the wind were transfixed there. Persis stood there in the midst of this still show of wind, her slender childish figure slanting a little also. All her fair hair was tucked away tidily under a little blue hood tied under her chin. The oval of her face showed like the oval of a pearl in this circle of blue, and it had a beauty that could draw the thoughts of people away from their own hearts. Even the folk of this old New England village, who had in their stern doctrines no value for a fair face, turned for a second, as if by some compelling gleam of light under their eyelids, when this little Buckley maid entered the meeting-house; and her mother and sisters, although they saw her every day, would stop sometimes their work or speech when her face came suddenly before their eyes.

Persis had her little looking-glass. She looked in it when she had washed her face to see if it were clean, and when she braided her hair to see if it were smooth. Sometimes she paused herself and eyed her face with innocent wonder, but she did not know its value. She was like a child with a precious coin which had its equivalent in goods beyond her ken.

To-day Persis had no idea why these fine strangers in the grand coach sat still with their eyes riveted upon her face.

She stood there in the windy grass, in her little straight blue gown, clasping her bundle of drift-wood to her breast, and stared, turning her back altogether upon her own self, at the coach and the trappings, and the black coachman in his livery, with his head like a mop of black sheep's wool, and his white rolling eyes, which half frightened her. She looked a little more curiously at this black coachman than at the gentleman and lady in the coach, although they were grand enough; and, moreover, the gentleman was very handsome, and not old. He thrust his fair head, which had on it a slight silvery sheen of powder, out of the coach window, and the pale old face and velvet hood of the lady showed over his shoulder, and they both stared at Persis's face.

Then the gentleman spoke, and Persis started, and blushed, and dropped a courtesy. She had forgotten that until now, and felt overcome with shame. "Good-day, my pretty maid," said the gentleman; and as he spoke he stepped out of the coach and approached Persis. She saw, with half-dazzled eyes, his grand fair head, his queue tied with a blue silk ribbon, his jewelled knee-buckles and silk hose, his flowered waistcoat, and the deep falls of lace over his long white hands. No such fine gentleman as this had ever come within her vision. She courtesied again, and looked up in his face when he reached her. Then she looked down again quickly, and the strange salt savor of the drift-wood, overpowering a sweet perfume about the stranger's rich attire, came up in her blushing face. The gentleman looked very kind, and his eyes were very gay and blue, yet somehow she was frightened and abashed. It was as if he saw something within herself of which she had not dreamed, and suddenly forced her to see it also, to her own confusion.

The gentleman laughed softly when she looked down. "Is it the first time you have had another pair of eyes for your looking-glass, little maid?" he asked, with a kind of mocking caress in his tone.

Persis did not lift her eyes from the drift-wood. She blushed more deeply, and her sweet mouth trembled.

"Nay, tease not the child. Ask if her father be in the house," called the lady's soft voice, with a little impatient ring in it, from the coach.

"'Tis but the fault of my eyes, your ladyship," retorted the gentleman, gayly. "They are ever as lakes reflecting flowers in the presence of beauty, and I doubt much if this little maid hath ever seen herself so clearly before, if eyes like mine have come in her way."

Persis's mouth quivered more. She wanted to run away, and did not dare; but suddenly the gentleman spoke again, quite gravely and coldly, and all the gay banter in his voice was gone.

"Is your father, Ichabod Buckley, within, my good maid?" he said.

Persis felt as if a spell which had been cast over her were broken. She dropped a courtesy.

"Please, sir, my father is yonder, cutting a weeping-willow on old Widow Nye's gravestone," she replied, pointing toward the rear of the house; and she spoke with that punctilious courtesy with which she had been taught to address strangers.

"Will you bid him come this way? I would speak with him," said the gentleman.

"And bid him hasten, for this air from the sea is full cold for me!" called the lady from the coach.

Persis dipped another affirmative courtesy toward her, then fled swiftly around the corner of the house. She met her mother and her sister Submit face to face, with a shock. They had been peeping around the corner at the grand folk. Rebecca had run into the house to put on her shoes and a clean kerchief, in case one of the elder women had to go forward to speak to them.

"Father! the gentleman wants father," said Persis, with soft pants. "Oh, mother!"

Her mother caught her arm with a jerk. "Who be they?" she hissed in her ear.

"I—don't know—such—grand folks, and—the coach and the four, and the black man—oh, mother!"

"Go bid your father come quick."

Sarah Buckley gave her daughter a push, and Persis flew on toward the shed where her father kept his stock of gravestones and worked. But Rebecca had already given him the alarm, and he was at the well washing the slate dust from his hands.

"Go quick, father; they want you," panted Persis.

"Who be they?" queried Ichabod Buckley. His voice was as nervous as a woman's, and he was small and delicately made like one. He shook the water from his small hands, his fingers twitching. The muscles on the backs glanced under the thin brown skin; the muscles on his temples and neck glanced also. Ichabod Buckley had, when nervously excited, a look as if his whole body were based on a system of brown wires.

Persis danced up and down before him, as if his nervous excitement communicated itself to her. "I know not who they be," she panted; "but, oh, father, they be such grand folk!"

When Ichabod Buckley, striving to pace with solemn dignity, as befitted his profession, but breaking, in spite of himself, into nervous runs, went around to the front of the house, Persis slunk at his heels, but her mother arrested her at the corner. "Stay where you be, and not go out there staring at the gentle-folk like a bold hussy!" she ordered. So Persis staid, peeping around the corner with her mother and Submit; and presently Rebecca in her shoes, with her kerchief pinned over her lean bosom, joined them.

Once Persis, advancing her beautiful face a little farther around the corner, caught the gentleman's gay blue eyes full upon her, and she drew back with a great start and a blush.

Listen as they might, the women could not catch one word of Ichabod Buckley's and the gentleman's discourse—they stood too far away. But presently they saw the black coachman turn the coach and four around with a wide careful sweep, and then the gentleman got in beside the lady, and Ichabod beside the coachman, and then the horses leapt forward, and the whole was out of sight behind the spray of pine woods.

Ichabod Buckley was gone about three-quarters of an hour. When he returned he at once told his curious women-folks somewhat that had passed, but his face was locked over more. "You have not told us all," said his wife, sharply. "It may well be, as you say, that the gentlefolk wished to find the grave of the man who was their kin, and died here in the first of the town, but that is not all."

"I pointed out the grave to them beyond a question," said Ichabod, "though there was no stone to it. I knew it well from hearsay. And I am to make at once a fine stone, with a round top and a winged head, and here is the pay already."

Ichabod jingled for the dozenth time a gold coin and some small silver ones in his nervous hand, and his wife frowned.

"You have told us all this before," said she. "There be something else that you keep back."

Ichabod was smiling importantly. He could not control his mouth, but he went back without another word to old Widow Nye's gravestone, and the weeping-willow thereon grew apace under his hands.

However, he could not keep anything to himself long, least of all from his wife, with her imperative curiosity. After dinner that noon he beckoned her into the front room.

"What do you want of me?" she said. "I have the work to do." She felt that his previous silence demanded some show of dignity upon her part.

Ichabod glanced at his staring daughters, and beckoned beseechingly.

"Well, I can't waste much time," said Sarah; but she followed him eagerly into the front room. They were shut in there some time. The daughters, tidying up the kitchen, could hear the low murmur of their parents' voices, but that was all. Persis was polishing the brasses on the hearth—the andirons and the knobs on the shovel and tongs. That was always her task. It roughened her small hands, but nobody ever minded that. To-day, as she was scouring away sturdily, her mother came suddenly out of the front room and caught her plying arm.

"There!" said she; "you need do no more of this. 'Twill get your hands all out of shape, and make them rough. They be too small for such work. Submit, come here and finish scouring the brasses."

Persis looked up at her mother and then at her little red grimy hands in a bewildered way.

"Go and wash your hands, and then

rub some Injun meal on them, and see if it will not make them a little softer," ordered her mother. "Submit, make haste."

Submit, although she was herself puzzled, and might well have been resentful, knelt obediently down on the hearth, and fell to work on the brasses, rubbing vigorously with salt and vinegar.

Persis washed her hands as her mother bade her, and afterward rubbed on some Indian meal. Then she was ordered to put on her pink-flowered chintz gown, and sit down in the front room with her sampler. Her mother braided her fair hair for her in two tight smooth braids, and crossed them neatly at the back. She even put her own beautiful high tortoise-shell comb in her daughter's head.

"You may wear it a spell if you want to," said she.

Persis smiled delightedly. Her chief worldly ambition had been to wear a shell comb like her mother's.

The window was open. She could hear faintly the rasp of her father's chisel upon the boughs of old Widow Nye's weeping-willow. She could hear the voices of her mother and sisters, who had gone back to their work over the dye-kettle. After a while she saw Submit going down to the shore for more drift-wood. "That is my work," she thought to herself with wonder. She could not understand her mother's treatment of her. It was very pleasant and grand to be sitting in state in the best room, with the tortoise-shell comb in her hair, working her sampler, and be rid of all ruder toil, yet she finally grew uneasy.

She laid down her sampler, and pulled open the front door, which was seldom used, and hard to move, being swollen with the sea dampness. Then she stole around the house toward the group at the dye-kettle. She felt scared and uncertain without knowing why. Her mother called out sharply when she caught sight of her, and waved her back. "Can't I go down for more drift-wood?" pleaded Persis, timidly.

"Back into the house!" ordered her mother, speaking against the wind, which was now blowing hard. "Back with ye! Out here in this wind! Would you be as black as an Injun? Go back to your sampler!"

Persis crept back, bewildered. The other two daughters looked at each other. Then Rebecca spoke out boldly.

"Mother, what is all this?" said she.

"Perhaps you will know sometime," replied Sarah Buckley, smiling mysteriously, and she would say no more.

Persis continued to sit at the front-room window, with her sampler in her hands. She cross-stitched a letter forlornly and laboriously, with frequent glances out at the rosy wind-swept marshes and the blue dazzle of sea beyond. She never dreamed of disputing her mother's wishes farther. Persis Buckley, although full of nervous force, had also a strange docility of character. She stitched on her sampler all the afternoon. When it came time to prepare supper, her mother would not even then let her out in the kitchen to help, as was her wont. "Stay where you be," said she, when Persis appeared on the threshold. And the little maid remained in her solitary state until the meal was ready, and she was bidden forth to it. There was a little sweet cake beside her plate on the table, one of those which her mother kept in a stone jar for company. Nobody else had one. Persis looked at it doubtfully when she had finished her bread. "Eat it," said her mother, and Persis ate it, but it tasted strange to her. She wondered if her mother had put anything different in the sweet cake.

Persis had lately sat up until the nine-o'clock bell rang, knitting or paring sweet apples to dry, but now her mother sent her off to bed at half past seven.

"Can't I sit up and help Submit and Rebecca pare apples?" she begged, but her mother was inexorable.

"I am not going to have your hands spoilt with apple juice," said she. "Besides, if you go to bed early 'twill make you grow faster and keep your cheeks red." There was an unusual softness in Sarah Buckley's voice, and she colored and smiled foolishly, as if she were ashamed of it.

Ichabod Buckley sat on the hearth whittling chips with lightning jerks of his clasp-knife. He did everything swiftly. "Do as your mother bids you," he said to Persis. He chuckled nervously, and looked meaningly at his wife.

Persis went laggingly out of the room.

"Stand up straight," ordered her mother. "The first thing you know you'll be all bent over like an old woman."

Persis threw back her weak girlish shoulders until her slender back hollowed. She had been trained to obedience. She

clattered slowly up the stairs in her little heavy shoes, still trying to keep her shoulders back, when her mother called again.

"Come back here, Persis," called her mother, and Persis returned to the kitchen. "Sit down here," said her mother, pointing to a chair, and Persis sat down. She did not ask any questions; she felt a curious terror and intimidation. She waited, sitting meekly with her eyes cast down. She heard the snip of shears and the rattle of stiff paper at her back, then she felt a sharp tug at her hair. She winced a little.

"You keep still," said her mother at her back, rolling a lock of hair vigorously. "I ain't going to have your hair as straight as a broom if I can help it."

When Persis went to bed her head was covered with hard papered knots of hair, all straining painfully at the roots. When she laid her head uncomfortably on her pillow, she remembered in a bewildered way how her mother had smoothed and smoothed and smoothed her hair in former days, and how she had said many a time that rough and frowsly locks were not modest or becoming. Her first conviction of the inconsistency of the human heart was upon little Persis Buckley, and she was dazed. The whole of this strange experience did not seem real enough to last until the next day.

But the days went on and on, and she continued to live a life as widely different from her old one as if she had been translated into another world. She sat at the front-room window, with her beautiful face looking out meekly from under her crown of curl-papers. Her mother had a theory that a long persistency in the use of the papers might produce a lasting curl, and Persis was seldom freed from them. She walked abroad on a pleasant day at a genteel pace, with a thick black embroidered veil over her face to protect her complexion. She never ran barefoot, and even her thick cowhide shoes were discarded. She wore now dainty high-heeled red morocco shoes, which made her set her feet down as delicately as some little pink-footed pigeon. All her coarse homespun gowns were laid away in a chest. She wore now fine chintz or soft boughten wool of a week-day, and she even had a gown of silken stuff and a fine silk pelisse for Sabbath days.

Going into the meeting-house beside her soberly clad parents and sisters, she looked like some gay-feathered bird which had somehow gotten into the wrong nest. All the Buckley family seemed to have united in a curious reversed tyranny toward this beautiful child. She was set up as a queen among them, whether she would or no, and she was made to take the best in their lot, whether she wanted it or not.

When Persis was fourteen, her sister Rebecca went some fifty miles away to keep house for a widowed uncle and take care of his family of children. She was not needed at home, and in this way the cost of her support was saved for Persis. Submit was a dull woman, and hard work was making her duller. She broadened her patient back for her own and her sister's burdens without a murmur, and became a contented drudge that Persis might sit in state in the front room, keeping her hands soft and white.

As for Persis's brother Ichabod, nearly all his savings were given to her, but, after all, not with any especial self-denial. This beautiful young sister represented all the faint ambition in his life; he had none left for himself, and nobody had tried to arouse any. He made perilous voyages on a whaling-ship for his living. When he came home, with his face browned and stiffened by his hard fight with the icy winds of the North Atlantic, he sat down by the fire in his father's kitchen. Then he chewed tobacco, and never stirred if he could help it until his next voyage.

At thirty, Ichabod had become as old as his father. All the dreams of youth had gone out of him, and he slumbered in the present like a very old man. Always as he sat chewing by the fire his face wore that look of set resistance, as if the lash of the North Atlantic wind still threatened it. Ever since she could remember, Persis Buckley had seen her brother sit there between his voyages, a dull reflective bulk before the hearth, like some figurehead of a stranded whaler.

The morning after his return from his voyage, Persis, passing her brother, would be arrested by an inarticulate command, and would pause while he dragged out his old leather bag, heavy with his hard-earned coins. Then Persis would hold up her apron by the two lower corners, and he would pour in a goodly portion of his wealth, while his face looked more smiling and animated than she ever saw it at any other time. "'Twill buy you something as good as anybody when you

go among the grand folk," he would say, with a half-chuckle, when Persis thanked him.

Sarah Buckley hid away all this money for Persis in the till of the chest. "It will come handy some day," she would say, with a meaning smile. This fund was not drawn upon for the purchase of Persis's daily needs and luxuries. Her father's earnings and her mother's thrift provided them, and with seemingly little stint. People said that the materials for Persis Buckley's crewel-work alone cost a pretty sum. After she had finished her sampler she worked a mourning-piece, and after that a great picture, all in cross-stitch, which was held to be a marvel.

Persis's very soul flagged over the house and the green trees, the river, and the red rose-bushes, and the blue sky, all wrought with her needle, stitch by stitch. Once in the depths of her docile heart a sudden wish, which seemed as foreign to her as an impious spirit, leapt up that all this had never been created, since she was forced to reproduce it in cross-stitch.

"I wish," said Persis, quite out loud to herself when she was all alone in the front room—"I wish the trees had never been made, nor the roses, nor the river, nor the sky, then I shouldn't have had to work them." Then she fairly trembled at her wickedness, and counted the stitches in a corner of the sky with renewed zeal and faithfulness.

When Persis was sixteen, her mother, in her zeal to provide her with accomplishments, went a step beyond all previous efforts, and a piano was bought for her. It was the very first piano which had ever come to this little seaport town. Ichabod had commissioned a sea-captain to purchase it in England.

When it was set up on its slender fluted legs in the Buckley front room, all the people came and craved permission to see it, and viewed its satiny surface and inlaid-work in mother-of-pearl with admiration and awe. Then they went away, and discoursed among themselves as to the folly and sinful extravagance of Ichabod Buckley and his wife.

There was in the village an ancient maiden lady who had lived in Boston in her youth, and had learned to play several tunes on the harpsichord. These, for a small stipend, she imparted to Persis. They were simple and artless melodies, and Persis had a ready ear. In a short time she had learned all the maiden lady knew. She could sing three old songs, innocently imitating her teacher's quaver with her sweet young voice, and she could finger out quite correctly one battle piece and two jigs. The two jigs she played very slowly, according to her teacher's instructions. Persis herself did not know why, but this elderly maiden was astute. She did not wish Ichabod Buckley and his family to be tormented with scruples themselves, neither did she wish to be called to account for teaching light and worldly tunes.

"Play these very slowly, my dear," she said. She shook the two bunches of gray curls which bobbed outside her cap over her thin red cheeks; her old blue eyes winked with a light which Persis did not understand.

"Be they psalm tunes?" she inquired, innocently.

"'Tis according to the way you play them," replied her teacher, evasively.

And Persis never knew, nor any of her family, that she played jigs. However, one worldly amusement which was accounted distinctly sinful was Persis taught with the direct connivance of her parents.

This old maiden lady, although she was constant in the meeting-house on the Sabbath day, and was not seen to move a muscle of dissent when the parson proclaimed the endless doom of the wicked, had Unitarian traditions, and her life in her youth had been more gayly and broadly ordered than that of those about her. It had always been whispered that she had played cards, and had even danced, in days gone by. To the most rigidly sanctified nostrils there was always perceptible a faint spiritual odor of past frivolity when she came into the meeting-house, although she seemed to subscribe faithfully to all the orthodox tenets. The parson often felt it his duty to call upon her, and enter into wordy expounding of the truth, and tempt her with argument. She never questioned his precepts, and never argued, yet a suspicion as to her inmost heresy was always abroad. Had it not been so, Sarah Buckley would never have dared make one proposition to her with regard to her daughter's accomplishments.

One day the shutters in the Buckley front room were carefully closed, as if some one lay dead therein; the candles

were lighted, and this ancient maiden lady, holding with both hands her petticoats above her thin ankles in their black silk hose, taught Persis Buckley some dancing steps. That, nobody in the village ever knew. All the parties concerned would have been brought before the church had that secret been disclosed. The Buckleys scarcely dared mention it to each other.

This old teacher of Persis Buckley had still some relatives left in Boston, and now and then she went to them on a visit. On one of these occasions Sarah Buckley commissioned her to purchase some books for Persis. All the literature in the Buckley house consisted of the Bible, Watts's Hymns, and Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and Sarah fancied that another book or two of possibly an ornamental and decorative tendency might be of use in her daughter's education.

When Mistress Tabitha Hopkins returned from Boston she brought with her a volume of Young's *Night Thoughts* and one of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. The first she presented with confidence, the second with some excuses.

"I know well that the poetry is of a nature that will elevate her soul and tend to form her mind," said she, "and I have myself no doubt as to the other. If it be a tale, 'tis one she can read to her profit, and the pleasure she may take in it may lead her to peruse it more closely. 'Tis well sometimes to season hard doctrines with sugar if you would have them gulped down at all." Mistress Hopkins made a wry face, as if the said doctrines were even then like bitter pills in her mouth, and Sarah Buckley glanced at her suspiciously. However, she took the books, and paid for them a goodly sum, and Persis was henceforth made acquainted with the lofty admonitions to Lorenzo and the woes of the unfortunate and virtuous Clarissa.

It might well have been that Tabitha Hopkins's recommendation of the story of poor Clarissa Harlowe and her desperate experience at the hands of a faithless lover had its object. Mistress Tabitha Hopkins's single life had not predisposed her to implicit reliance upon the good faith or the motives of gay gallants who, in the course of some little trip out of their world, chanced to notice a beautiful rustic maiden. Everybody in the village knew now the reason for Ichabod Buckley's and his wife's strange treatment of their daughter Persis. They knew that the grand gentleman who had come to town with the coach and four had seen Persis, and cried out at her beauty, and made her father give his promise that she should be kept for him until she was grown up, when he would come over seas from England and marry her.

Ichabod had vainly tried to keep this secret, but he had told it before a week had passed to old Thomas Knapp, who was helping him to set Widow Nye's gravestone.

Then the sun had not set before the news was widely spread. Marvellous tales were told of this gentleman and his lady mother, who had come in the coach with him. Persis, when she was wedded, would dwell in marble halls, wear satin and velvet of a week-day, and eat off gold and silver dishes. No wonder that Ichabod Buckley and his wife Sarah were doing their poor best to fit their daughter for such a high estate! No wonder that they kept her all day in the best room embroidering and reading poetry and playing music! No wonder that they never let her walk abroad without morocco shoes and a veil over her face!

"It ain't likely," said old man Knapp, "that she'll ever have any call to so much as dye a hank of yarn or dip a candle arter she's married."

Still, although people acquiesced in the wisdom of fitting Persis for this grand station, if there was any prospect of her reaching it, they were mostly incredulous or envious.

The incredulous said quite openly that Ichabod Buckley always did hear things five times as big as they were, and they doubted much if the grand gentleman ever really meant or said he would come back for Persis. The envious said that if he did come they mistrusted that it would not be for any good and honest purpose, for he would never think Persis Buckley his equal, in spite of all her fine accomplishments and her gaudy attire. And her face might by that time be no more beautiful than some others, after all.

The incredulous moved the parson to preach many a discourse upon the folly of worldly ambition and trust in the vain promises of princes. The envious instigated sermons upon the sin of any other ornament or accomplishment than a meek

and quiet spirit for the daughters of Zion.

Poor little Persis, in her silken attire, lifting her wonderful face to the parson, never dreamed that the discourse was directed at her and her parents, but Ichabod and Sarah knew, and sat up with bristling stiffness. After that they withdrew themselves largely from intercourse with their neighbors. They felt as if the spiritual watch-dog had been set upon them, and they were justly indignant. Sarah Buckley had always been given to staying at home and minding the affairs of her own household; now she kept herself more closely than ever. Ichabod was by nature sociable, and liked to fraternize with his kind; but now almost his only dealing with people outside his own family lay in his work upon their gravestones.

The Buckleys lived by themselves in their little house on the windy land past the graveyard, following out their own end in life, and all the time were under, as it were, a subtle spiritual bombardment of doubt and envy and disapproval from their neighbors in the village.

People talked much about Submit's patient drudgery, and felt for her the resentment which she did not feel for herself. "It is a shame the way they make that poor girl do all the work to keep her sister in idleness!" said they. They began to call Persis in derision "The Buckley Lady."

Poor Persis Buckley, shut out of the free air and away from all the mates of her youth, was leading the life of a forlorn princess in a fairy tale. She would have given all the money which her brother Ichabod brought her for his privilege of a cruise over the wild seas. Year after year she waited in her prison, cast about and bound, body and spirit, by the will and ambition of her parents, like steel cobwebs, for the prince who never came.

At first the romance of it all had appealed to her childish imagination. When the high destiny which awaited her had been disclosed, her heart leapt. She had been amused and pleased. She liked to watch out for that grand coach and four. When she remembered the gay blue flash of that grand gentleman's eyes she blushed, and laughed to herself.

But after a while all that failed. She did not grow incredulous, for she had a simple and long-suffering faith in her parents, but quietly and secretly frightened at the prospect before her. Poor Persis Buckley sometimes felt herself turn fairly cold with dread at the thought of entering that splendid coach and driving away forever out of her old life at that strange gentleman's side. He became to her as cold and formless as a moving column of mist on the marsh, and even the dreams which sprang of themselves in her girlish heart could not invest him with love and life again.

She did not dare confide her fears to her mother. Sometimes her mother filled her with a vague alarm. Sarah Buckley in ten years grew old, and the eagerness in her face waxed so bright and sharp that one shrank before it involuntarily, as before some blinding on-coming headlight of spirit.

All those years she waited and watched and listened for that grand coach and four which would bring her fortune in her daughter's. All the ambition of her earthly life, largely balked for herself, had centred in this. Her lot in the world had been to tread out a ceaseless round of sordid toil in her poor little home on the stormy coast, but her beautiful daughter could take a flight above it, and her eyes and something of herself could follow her.

She never gave up, although year after year she watched and listened in vain; but finally her body failed under this long strain of the spirit. When Persis was twenty-three her mother died, after a short illness. Then Persis found her father as keen a guardian as her mother had been. Sarah had given him her farewell charges, and during her lifetime had imbued his nervous receptive nature with a goodly portion of her own spirit.

He wrought for his dead wife a fine tall stone, and set thereon a verse of his own composition. Ichabod Buckley was somewhat of a poet, publishing himself his effusions upon his gloomy stone pages. Then he fulfilled his own and her part toward their daughter Persis.

Sarah Buckley had been dead two years, and the Buckley Lady was twenty-five years old, sitting at her window in the front room, watching for the prince who never came.

"The fine gentleman will find an old maid waiting for him if he does not come before long," people said, with sniffs.

But Persis had really grown more and more beautiful. Her complexion, although

she had lived so much within-doors, was not sickly, but pale and fine as a white lily. Her eyes were like dark stars, and her hair was a braided cap of gold, with light curls falling from it around her face and her sweet neck. Of late Persis had rebelled upon one minor point: she never, even of a morning, would sit at the window with her hair rolled up in curl-papers. She argued with her father, with a duplicity which was unlike her, that should the gentleman arrive suddenly, she would have no time to take them down before he saw her. But that was not the reason. Ichabod never suspected, neither did the stupid Submit, padding faithfully in her household tracks; the son, Ichabod, was away at sea. Nobody knew how the Buckley Lady, sitting in her window watching, had seen Darius Hopkins pass by, with never a coach and four, but striding bravely along on his own stalwart young legs, and how her heart had gone out to him and followed him, whether she would or not.

Darius Hopkins was Mistress Tabitha Hopkins's nephew, and he had come from Boston to pay his aunt a visit. People whispered that he had expectations, and had come with a purpose. Mistress Tabitha had had within two years a legacy, nobody knew how large, by the death of a relative. However that may have been, the young man treated his aunt with exceeding deference and tenderness. Her pride and delight were great. She held her head high, and swung out her slim foot with almost the motion of her old dancing steps when she went up the meeting-house aisle on a Sabbath day, leaning on her nephew's arm. Darius was finely dressed, and he was also a personable young man of whom she might well be proud. She kept glancing at him almost with the shy delight of a sweetheart. Darius had a glossy dark head and a dark complexion, but his eyes were blue and light, and somewhat, as she fondly thought, like her own.

Darius had arrived on a Thursday, and it was on that day Persis Buckley had seen him, and he had seen her at her window. Tabitha Hopkins's house was past the Buckleys', fairly out at sea, on the point, across the marshy meadows.

The young man glanced up carelessly at the Buckley house as he passed; then he started, and fairly stopped, and his heart leapt almost with fear, for it actually seemed to him that he saw the face of an angel in the window.

"Who was the maid in the window of the house back yonder?" he said to his aunt as soon as he had greeted her. He waved his hand carelessly backward, and tried to speak as carelessly, but his aunt gave him a sharp look.

"It must have been Persis Buckley," said she.

"There is not another face like that in the whole country," said the young man, and in spite of himself his tongue betrayed him.

"Yes, it is generally considered that she has a fair face," said Tabitha, dryly. "She has accomplishments also. She can play music, and she has a pretty voice for a song. She can dance, though that's not to be spoke of in this godly town, and she is well versed in polite literature. Persis Buckley is fitted to adorn any high estate to which she may be called."

There was a mysterious tone in Tabitha's voice, and her nephew looked at her with eager inquiry.

"What mean you, aunt?" he said.

"What I have said," replied she, aggravatingly, and would tell him no more. She was secretly a little jealous that her nephew had shortened his greeting to her to inquire about Persis. Old single woman though she was, her feminine birthright of jealousy of the love of men, be they lovers or sons or nephews, still survived in her heart.

The young man dared not ask her any more questions, but the next day he passed the Buckley house many a time with sidelong glances at the window where Persis sat. He would not stare too boldly at that fair vision. And in the evening he stole out and strolled slowly over the meadows, and came to the Buckley house again. She was not at the window then, but the sweet tinkle of her piano came out to him from the candle-lit room, and he listened in rapture to her tender little voice trilling and quavering. Then peeping cautiously, he saw her graceful head thrown back, and her white throat swelling with her song like a bird's.

When he returned, his aunt looked at him sharply, but she did not ask where he had been. When he took his candle to retire for the night, her old blue eyes twinkled at him suddenly.

"How did the little bird sing to-night?" she said.

The young man stared at her a second, then he blushed and laughed. "Bravely, aunt, bravely," he replied.

"'Tis a bird in the bush, nephew," said she, and her voice was mocking, yet shrewdly tender.

Darius's face fell. "What mean you, aunt?" he said.

"'Tis a bird that will always sing in the bush, and never in hand."

Darius made as if he would question his aunt further, but he did not. He bade her good-night in a downcast and confused manner, and was out of the room like a shy girl.

Mistress Tabitha chuckled to herself, then she looked grave, and sat in her rocking-chair for a long time thinking.

Darius Hopkins marvelled much what his aunt could mean by her warning, and was uneasy over it. But the next day also he had many an errand across the meadows, down the forest road, to the village, and always he saw, without seeming to see, Persis at the window, and always she saw, without seeming to see, him.

On the Sabbath day, when he and his aunt went by the Buckley house on their way to meeting, Persis was not at the window. His aunt surprised his sly glances. "They go to meeting early," said she, demurely. Darius laughed in a shamefaced fashion.

After he and his aunt were seated in the meeting-house, he scarcely dared look up for a while, for he feared, should he see Persis suddenly and near at hand, his face might alter in spite of himself. And, in truth, when he did look up, and saw Persis close before him in a pew at the side of the pulpit, a tremor ran over him, his lips twitched, and all the color left his face. His aunt pressed her bottle of salts into his hand, and he pressed it back almost sharply, and turned red as a girl to the roots of his black hair. Then he sat up straight and looked over almost defiantly at Persis. Her face in her blue satin bonnet, with its drooping blue plume and lace veil thrown to one side, was fair enough to stir the heart of any mortal man who looked at her.

There were, indeed, in that meeting-house, certain godly men who kept their eyes sternly turned away, and would not look upon her, thinking it a sin, although it was a sin to their own hearts alone.

But many a young man besides Darius Hopkins, although he had seen her in that selfsame place Sabbath after Sabbath, still regarded her furtively with looks of almost startled adoration. Not one of them had ever spoken to her or heard her speak, or seen her except in the meeting-house, or at her window, or thickly veiled on the village street.

Persis to-day kept her eyes fixed upon the parson, exhorting under his echoing sounding-board. She never looked around, although she knew that Darius was sitting beside his aunt in her pew. She also was afraid, and she never recovered courage, like Darius. Her father, Ichabod, fiercely intent upon the discourse, his nervous face screwed to a very point of attention, sat on one side; her sister Submit, her back bowed like an old woman's, on the other.

When meeting was over, Ichabod shot down the aisle, with his daughters following, as was his wont, and reached the door before many that sat farther back.

When Darius and his aunt came out of the meeting-house, the Buckleys were quite out of sight. When they emerged from the road past the graveyard through the woods, Persis was already at the window, with her bonnet off, but she kept her head turned far to one side, as if intent upon something in the room, and only the pink curve of one cheek was visible.

Darius had grown bold in the meeting-house; this time he looked, and forgot himself in looking.

"She is a pretty maid, but she is not for you, nor for any other young man unless he come for her with a coach and four, with a black gentleman a-driving," said his aunt's voice half mockingly at his side.

Then the young man turned and questioned her quite boldly. "I beg of you to tell me what you mean, aunt," he said.

Then Mistress Tabitha Hopkins, holding her Sabbath gown high above her hooped satin petticoat as she stepped along, unfolded to her nephew Darius Hopkins the strange romance of Persis Buckley's life.

"'Tis a shame!" cried the young man, indignantly, when she had finished—"a shame, to keep her a prisoner in this fashion!"

"'Tis only a prince with a coach and four can set her free. A prince from over seas, with a black gentleman a-driving," said his aunt.

Darius turned, and stared back across the flat meadow-land at Ichabod Buckley's

house. It was late August now, and the meadow had great rosy patches of marsh-rosemary flung upon it like silken cloaks of cavaliers, and far-seen purple plumes of blazing-star. Darius studied slowly the low gray walls and long slant of gray roofs in the distance.

"A strong right arm and a willing heart might free her, were he prince or not!" said he. And he flung out his own right arm as if it were the one to do it.

"Were the maid willing to be freed," said Mistress Tabitha, softly.

Darius colored. "That is true, aunt," he said, with a downcast and humbled air, and he turned and went on soberly.

Mistress Tabitha looked at her nephew's handsome face, and thought to herself, with loving but jealous pride, that no maid could refuse him as a deliverer. But she would not tell him so, for her heart was still sore at his preference of Persis to herself.

Darius Hopkins had an uneasy visit at his aunt Tabitha's. He did not speak again of Persis Buckley, but he thought the more. Useless, as he told himself, as either hopes or fears were, they sprang up in his heart like persistent flames, and could not be trodden out.

He told himself that it was not sensible to think that the grand Englishman would ever come for Persis after all these years, and that it was nothing to him if he did. Yet he often trembled when he came in sight of her house lest he see a coach and four standing before it, and see her carried away before his very eyes.

And sometimes he would look at his own comely face in the glass, and look into his own heart, and feel as if the love therein must compel her even against her will; for beautiful as she was, not an angel or a goddess, after all, but only a mortal woman. "She cannot love this man whom she has not seen since she was a child, and he must be an old man now," reasoned Darius, viewing his own gallant young face in the glass. And he smiled with hope, although he knew that he could not reasonably expect to have more of Persis than the sight of her face in the meeting-house or at the window were he to stay in the village a year.

For a long time Darius was not sure that Persis even noticed him when he passed by, but there came a day when he had that at least for his comfort. That day he had not passed her house until late; on the day before her face had been so far turned from the window that his heart had sunk. He had said to himself that he would be such a love-cracked fool no longer; he would not pass her house again unless of a necessity. So all that day he had sat moodily with his aunt, but just before dusk his resolution had failed him. He had strolled slowly across the meadow, while his aunt watched him, smiling shrewdly in her window.

He had not meant to glance even when he passed the Buckley house, but in spite of himself his eyes turned. And there was Persis at the window, leaning toward him, with her face all radiant with joy. It was only a second, and she was gone. Darius had no time for anything but that one look, but that was enough. He felt as if he had already routed the gallant with the coach and four. He meditated all sorts of audacious schemes as he went home. What could he not do, if Persis would only smile upon him? He felt like marching straight upon her house, like a soldier upon a castle, and demanding her of her father, who was her jailer.

But the next day his heart failed him again, for she was not at her window—nor the next, nor the next. He could not know that she was peeping through the crack in the shutter, and that her embroidery and her reading and her old thoughts were all thrown aside for his sake. Persis Buckley could do nothing, day nor night, but think of Darius Hopkins, and watch for him to pass her window.

She did not know why, but she did not like to look fairly out of the window at him any longer. She could only peep through the crack in the shutter, with her color coming and going, and her heart beating loud in her ears.

But when Darius saw no more of Persis at the window, he told himself that his conceit had misled him; that no such marvellous creature as that could have looked upon him as he had thought, and that his bold stare had affronted her.

So he did not pass the Buckley house for several days, and Persis watched in vain. One afternoon she rose up suddenly, with her soft cheek all creased where she had leaned it against the shutter. "He will not come; I will watch no longer," she said to herself, half angrily. And she got out her green silk pelisse and her bonnet, and prepared to walk

abroad. She went through the kitchen, and her sister Submit stared up at her from the hearth, which she was washing.

"You have not got on your veil, Persis," said she.

"I want no veil," Persis returned, impatiently.

"But you will get burned in the wind; father will not like it," said Submit, with wondering and dull remonstrance.

"Well," sighed Persis, resignedly. And Submit got the black-wrought veil, and tied it over her sister's beautiful face.

Poor Persis, when she was out of the house, glanced hastily through the black maze of leaves and flowers across the meadow, but she saw no one coming. Then she strolled on away down the road through the woods. Just that side of the burying-ground there was an oak grove, and she went in there and sat down a little way from the road, with her back against a tree. It was very cool for the time of year, but the sun shone bright. All the oak-trees trilled sharply with the insects hidden in them, and the leaves rustled together.

Persis sat very stiffly under the oak-tree. Her petticoat was of green flowered chintz, and her pelisse and her bonnet of green silk. She was as undistinguishable as a green plant against the trunk of the tree, and neither Darius Hopkins nor his aunt Tabitha saw her when they passed. Persis heard their voices before they came in sight. She scarcely breathed. She seemed to be fairly hiding within herself, and forcing her very thoughts away from the eyes of Darius and his aunt.

Mistress Tabitha came down the wood, stepping with her fine mincing gait, and leaning upon her nephew's arm. They never dreamed that Persis was near. The green waving lines of the forest met their eyes on either hand, but all unnoted, being as it were the revolutions of that green wheel of nature of which long acquaintance had dimmed their perception. Only an unusual motion therein could arouse their attention when their thoughts were elsewhere, and they were talking busily.

As they came opposite Persis, Mistress Tabitha cried out suddenly, and her voice was full of dismay. "Not to-morrow!" she cried out. "You go not to-morrow, Darius!"

And Darius replied, sadly: "I must, Aunt Tabitha. I must go back to Boston by the Thursday stage-coach, and to-day is Wednesday."

Persis heard no more. She felt faint, and there was a strange singing in her ears. As soon as the aunt and nephew were well past, she got up and hastened back to the house. She took off her bonnet and pelisse, and sat down in her old place at the window, where she had watched so many years through her strange warped youth. When she saw Darius and his aunt returning, all her soul seemed to leap forward and look out of her great dark eyes. But Darius never glanced her way. He knew she was there, for his aunt said, "There is Persis Buckley," and nodded; but he dared not look, for fear lest he look too boldly, and she be offended.

Persis did not nod in response to Mistress Tabitha. She only looked, and looked at the slight, straight figure of the young man moving past her and out of her life. She thought that it was the last time that she should ever see him —the Boston stage left at daybreak. It seemed to her that he would never come again; and if he did, that she could not live until the time, but should ride away first from her old home forever, in gloomier state than had been planned for so many years.

When Darius and his aunt were out of sight she heard her father's voice in the kitchen, and she arose and went out there with a sudden resolve. "Father," she said, standing before Ichabod.

He looked at her in a curious startled way. There was a strange gleam in her soft eyes, and a strange expression about her docile mouth.

"What is it?" he said.

"He will never come, father. I want to be different."

"Who will never come? What do you mean, Persis?"

"The—gentleman—the grand gentleman with—the coach and four. He will never come for me now. I want to be different, father. I want to work with Submit, and not stay in there by myself. If I have to any longer I shall die, I think. I want to be different. He will never come now, father."

Ichabod Buckley trembled with long convulsive tremors, which seemed to leave him rigid and stiff as they passed. "He will come!" he returned, and he shouted out the words like an oath.

Submit, who was preparing supper, stopped, and stood pale and staring.

Persis quailed a little, but she spoke again.

"It is too long now, father," she said. "He has forgotten me. He has married another in England. He will never come, and I want to be different. And should he come, after all, I should be sorely afraid to go with him now. I could never go with him now, father."

Ichabod turned upon her, and spoke with such force that she shrank, as if before a stormy blast. "I tell ye he will come!" he shouted, hoarsely. "He will come, and you shall go with him, whether you will or no! He will come, and you shall sit there in that room and wait for him until he comes! You should wait there until you were dead, if he came not before. But he will, I tell ye—*he will come!*"

Persis fled before her father back to the best room, and sat there in the gathering dusk. Across the meadows the light of Tabitha Hopkins's evening candle shone out suddenly like a low-hung star, and Persis sat watching it. When Submit called, in a scared voice, that supper was ready, she went out at once, and took her place at the table. There were pink spots in her usually pale cheeks; she spoke not a word, and scarcely tasted the little tidbits grouped as usual around her plate. Her father swallowed his food with nervous gulps, then he left the table and went out. Soon Persis heard the grate of his tools on the gravestone slate, and knew that he had gone to work by candle-light, something he seldom did.

"Father is put out," Submit said, with a half-scared, half-reproachful look at Persis.

"Oh, Submit!" Persis cried out, with the first appeal she had ever made in her life to her slow-witted elder sister, "I must be different, or I think I shall die!"

"Maybe he will come soon," said Submit, who did not understand her sister's appeal. "Maybe he will come soon, Persis. Father thinks so," she repeated, as she rose from the table and padded heavily about, removing the supper dishes.

Then she added something which filled her sister's soul with fright and dismay.

"Father he dreamt a dream last night," said Submit, in her thick drone. "He dreamt that the grand gentleman came with the coach and four, and the black gentleman a-driving, and the grand lady in a velvet hood, just as he came before, and you got in and rode away. And he dreamt he came on a Thursday."

"To-morrow is Thursday," gasped Persis.

Submit nodded. "Father thinks he will come to-morrow," said she. "He bade me not tell you, but I will for your comfort."

Submit stared wonderingly at her sister's distressed face as she ran out of the room; then she went on with her work. She presently, in sweeping the hearth, made a long black mark thereon, and straightway told herself that there was another sign that the gentleman was coming. Submit was well versed in New England domestic superstition, that being her only exercise of imagination.

Persis did not light the candles in the best room. She sat at the window in the dark, and watched again Mistress Tabitha's candle-light across the meadow. She also stared from time to time in a startled way in the other direction toward the woodland road. Persis also was superstitious. She feared lest her father's dream come true. She seemed almost to see now and then that stately equipage emerge as of old from the woods. She almost thought that she heard the far-away rumble of the wheels. She kept reminding herself that it was Wednesday, and her father's dream said Thursday; but what if she did have to go away forever with that strange gentleman only the next day! She thought suddenly, not knowing why, of Clarissa Harlowe and Lovelace in her book. Mistress Tabitha's purpose had not wholly failed in its effect. A great vague horror of something which she was too ignorant to see fairly came over her. The face of that fine strange gentleman, dimly remembered before through all the years, shaped itself suddenly and plainly out of the darkness like the face of a demon. Persis looked away, shuddering, to the candle-gleam over the meadow, and Darius Hopkins's eyes seemed to look wistfully and lovingly into hers.

Persis Buckley arose softly, groped her way across the room in the dark, sliding noiselessly like a shadow, felt for the latch of the door that led into the front entry, lifted it cautiously, stole out into the entry, then opened the outer door

with careful pains by degrees, and was out of the house.

Persis fled then past the plumy gloom of the pine-trees that skirted the wood, over the meadow, straight toward that candle-gleam in the Hopkins window.

There was a dry northeaster blowing, and it struck her as she fled, and lashed her clothing about her. She had on no outer wraps, and her head and her delicate face, which had always been veiled before a zephyr, were now all roughened and buffeted by this strong wind, which carried the sting of salt in it.

She never thought of it nor minded it. She fled on and on like a love-compelled bird, with only one single impulse in her whole being. The measure of freedom is always in proportion to the measure of previous restraint. Persis Buckley had been under a restraint which no maiden in this New England village had ever suffered, and she had gotten from it an impetus for a deed which they would have blushed to think of.

She fled on, forcing her way against the wind, which sometimes seemed to meet her like a moving wall, and sometimes like the rushing legions of that Prince of the Powers of the Air of whom she had read in the Bible, making as if they would lift her up bodily and carry her away among them into unknown tumult and darkness.

When Persis reached Tabitha Hopkins's door, she was nearly spent. Her life had not trained her well for a flight in the teeth of the wind. She leaned against the door for a minute faint and gasping.

Then she raised the knocker, and it fell with only a slight clang; but directly she heard an inner door open, and a step.

Then the door swung back before her, and Darius Hopkins stood there in the dim candle-light shining from the room within.

He could not see Persis's face plainly at first, only her little white hands reaching out to him like a child's from the gloom.

"Who is it?" he asked, doubtfully, and his voice trembled.

Persis made a little panting sound that was half a sob. Darius bent forward, peering out. Then he cried out, and caught at those little beseeching hands.

"It is not you!" he cried. "It is not you! You have not come to me! It is not you!"

Darius Hopkins, scarcely knowing what he did, he was so stirred with joy and triumph and doubt and fear, led Persis into the house and the candle-lit room. Then, when he saw in truth before him that beautiful face which he had worshipped from afar, the young man trembled and fell down upon his knees before Persis as if she were indeed a queen, or an angel who had come to bless him, and kissed her hand.

But Persis stood there, trembling and pale, before him, with the tears falling from her wonderful eyes, and her sweet mouth quivering. "Do not let him carry me away," she pleaded, faintly.

Then Darius sprang to his feet and put his arms around her. "Who is it would carry you away?" he said, angrily and tenderly. "No one shall have you. Who is it?"

"The—gentleman—from over-seas," whispered Persis. Her soft wet cheek was pressed against Darius's.

"He has not come?" he asked, starting fiercely.

"No; but—father has dreamed that he will—to-morrow."

Then Darius laughed gayly. "Dreams go by contraries," he said.

"Do not let him carry me away," Persis pleaded again, and she sobbed on his shoulder, and clung to him.

Darius held her more closely. "He shall never carry you away, even if he comes, against your will," he said. "Do not fear."

"I will go with nobody but you," whispered Persis in his ear.

And he trembled, scarcely believing that he heard aright. And, indeed, he scarcely believed even yet that he was not dreaming, and that he held this beautiful creature in his arms, and, more than all, that she had come to him of her own accord.

"You—do—not—mean— You cannot —oh, you cannot mean— You are an angel. There is no one like you. You cannot—you cannot feel so about me?" he whispered, brokenly, at length.

Persis nodded against his breast.

"And—that was why—you came?"

Persis nodded again.

Darius bent her head back until he could see her beautiful, tearful face. He gazed at it with reverent wonder, then he kissed her forehead, and gently loosed her arm from his neck, and led her over to a chair.

He knelt down before her then as if she were a queen upon a throne, and held her hands softly. Then he questioned her as to how she had come, and whether any one knew, and more about the expected coming of her strange gentleman suitor, and she answered him like a docile child.

Mistress Tabitha Hopkins stood for quite a time in the doorway, and neither of them saw her. Then she spoke up.

"I want to know what this means," said she. "How came she here?" She pointed a sharp forefinger at Persis, who shrank before it.

But Darius arose quickly and went forward, blushing, but full of manly confidence. "Come out with me a moment, Aunt Tabitha," he said; "I have something to say to you privately." He took his aunt's arm and led her out of the room, and, as he went, smiled back at Persis. "Do not be afraid, sweetheart," he said.

"Sweetheart!" sniffed Mistress Tabitha, before the door closed.

Persis Buckley had been gone no longer than an hour from her own home when Darius and his aunt Tabitha escorted her back. She was wrapped then in a warm cloak of Mistress Tabitha's, and clung to her lover's arm, and he leaned between her and the rough wind, and sheltered her all he could. Poor Mistress Tabitha, with her skirts whipping about her and her ears full of wind, forced often by the onset of the gale at her back into staggering runs, pressed along after them. She had declined with some asperity her nephew's proffered assistance. "You look out for her," she said, shortly. And then she added, to temper her refusal, that she could better keep her cloak around her if both her arms were free. All her life had Mistress Tabitha Hopkins seen love only from the outside shining in her neighbor's window. It was to her credit to-night if she was not all bitter when its light fell on her solitary old maiden face, but got a certain reflected warmth and joy from it.

Nobody had missed Persis. Submit was fairly knitting in her sleep by the kitchen fire. Ichabod was still out in his shed at work.

Mistress Tabitha stood back a little while her nephew bade Persis good-by at her door. "Remember, do not be frightened, whatever happens to-morrow," he whispered in her ear. "If the gentleman comes with the coach and four, go with him, and trust in me."

"I will do whatever you bid me," whispered Persis. Then Darius kissed her hand, and she stole softly through the dark doorway into the gloom of the house, while her faith in her lover was as a lamp to all her thoughts.

On the next afternoon there was a sensation in this little seaport town. A grand coach and four, with a black man driving, a fine gentleman's head at one window, and a fine lady's at another, came dashing through the place at two o'clock. The women all ran to the doors and windows. Lounging old men straightened themselves languidly to stare, and turned their vacant faces over their shoulders. A multitude of small lads, with here and there a little petticoat among them, collected rapidly, and pelted along in the wake of this grand equipage. They followed it quite through the town to the road that led through the woods, past the graveyard, to the Buckley house, then up the road, panting but eager, the smaller children dragging at the hands of their elder brothers. When they reached the Buckley house, this small rabble separated itself into decorously silent, primly courtesying rows on either side of the way. Then the grand coach and four at length turned about, and moved between the courtesying rows of children, while Ichabod Buckley stood proudly erect in his best green surtout watching it, and poor Submit, with a scrubbing-cloth in her hand, peeped around the house corner, and the Buckley Lady rode away.

And all the people saw the coach and four dash at a rattling pace back through the town, with the Buckley Lady's face set like a white lily in a window, and her grand suitor's fair head opposite. They also saw another lady beside Persis; her face was well hidden in her great velvet hood and wrought veil, but she sat up with a stately air.

The children followed the coach on the Boston road as far as they were able, then they straggled homeward, and the coach went out of sight in a great billow of dust.

It was several days before the people knew what had really happened — that Persis Buckley had gone away with Darius Hopkins, with a fair wig over his black hair, and the fine lady in the velvet hood had been nobody but Mistress Tabitha.

Darius Hopkins had sent a letter to the parson, and begged him to acquaint Ichabod Buckley with the truth, and humbly to crave his pardon for himself and Persis, who was now his wife, for the deceit they had practised. "But, in truth," wrote Darius Hopkins, "my beloved wife was not acquaint with the plan at all, it being contrived by my aunt, who hath a shrewd head, and carried out by myself; and I doubt much if she fairly knew with whom she went at the very first, being quite overcome by her fright and bewilderment." And Darius Hopkins begged the parson also to acquaint Ichabod Buckley, for his comfort, with this fact: Although his daughter Persis had not wedded with a gentleman of high estate from over-seas, yet he, Darius Hopkins, was of no mean birth, and had a not inconsiderable share of this world's goods, with more in expectation, as his esteemed aunt bade him mention. And furthermore, Darius Hopkins stated that had he believed any other way than the one he had taken to be available for the purpose of winning his beloved wife and freeing her from a hard and unhappy lot, he would much have preferred it. But he had taken this believing there was no other, in all honesty and purity of purpose, and he again humbly begged Ichabod Buckley's pardon.

One afternoon the parson paced solemnly up to the Buckley house with the great red-sealed letter in his hand. Ichabod was not at work. His nervous old face was visible at the window where his daughter's beautiful one had been so long, and the parson went in the front door.

It was two hours before he came out, and went with his head bent gravely down the road. He never told exactly what had passed between himself and Ichabod Buckley, but it was whispered that the parson had striven in prayer for him for the space of an hour and a half, but had not reconciled him to his disappointment.

After his daughter had departed in state, Ichabod Buckley, while not returning to his old garrulous ways, but comporting himself with a dignity that would have befitted a squire, was seen frequently in the store and on the street, and he wore always his best green surtout, which he had heretofore kept for Sabbath days.

But after the truth was revealed to him Ichabod Buckley was seen no more abroad. He shut himself up in his poor workshed, and all day long his chisel rasped on the dark slate. Persis wrote to him, and Darius, and he read the letters, scowling fiercely and painfully through his iron-bowed spectacles, then put them away in his beetling old desk in the kitchen, and fell to work again.

It was not three weeks after Persis went away when Submit, with her apron over her head, went one morning through the woods with lumbering swiftness and called the doctor, for her father lay on his bed as motionless as if he were dead, and could not speak.

They sent for Persis, but her father was dead before she reached her old home and went weeping over the threshold, leaning on her young husband's arm. Not a word did she have of blame or forgiveness from her father's lips; but she knew his last mind toward her when she saw what his work had been since the day she left him.

Out in Ichabod Buckley's workshop stood a tall slate stone, shaped like the one he had erected for his dearly beloved wife. On it were cut his name, and the years of his birth and death, and under that a verse. In his own poor brain, strained almost asunder with its awful stress of one idea in life, he had devised this verse; with his poor old failing hands he had cut it on the stone:

"Stranger, view well this speaking stone,
And drop a pitying tear;
Ingratitude had overthrown,
And Death then laid me here."

Ichabod Buckley had left a space below, as if he had designed to make still larger his appeal to the pity of those who should pause in the future by his grave; and thereon did Darius Hopkins, to comfort his wife Persis, who grieved as if she could never be comforted when she read the first, cut another verse.

When the stone was set up over Ichabod's grave, people kneeling before it read, after the piteous complaint and prayer for sympathy of the dead man, Darius's verse:

"Who doth his clearer sight possess
In brighter realms above,
May come his earthly woe to bless,
And know that all was Love."

And it has so happened, because Darius cut with his strong young hands more firmly and deeply his verse in the stone, that his has endured and can be read, while Ichabod's is all worn away by the rain-storms of the years, as it might have been by the tears of mortal life.

A RODEO AT LOS OJOS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE sun beat down on the dry grass, and the "punchers" were squatting about in groups in front of the straggling log and *adobe* buildings which constituted the outlying ranch of Los Ojos.

Mr. Johnnie Bell, the *capitan* in charge, was walking about in his heavy *chaparras*, a slouch hat, and a white "biled" shirt. He was chewing his long yellow mustache, and gazing across the great plain of Bavicora with set and squinting eyes. He passed us and repassed us, still gazing out, and in his long Texas drawl said, "Thar's them San Miguel fellers."

I looked, but I could not see any San Miguel fellows in the wide expanse of land.

"Hyar, crawl some horses, and we'll go out and meet 'em," continued Mr. Bell; and suiting the action, we mounted our horses and followed him. After a time I made out tiny specks in the atmospheric wave which rises from the heated land, and in half an hour could plainly make out a cavalcade of horsemen. Presently breaking into a gallop, which movement was imitated by the other party, we bore down upon each other, and only stopped when near enough to shake hands, the half-wild ponies darting about and rearing under the excitement. Greetings were exchanged in Spanish, and the peculiar shoulder tap, or abbreviated embrace, was indulged in. Doubtless a part of our outfit was as strange to Governor Terraza's men — for he is the *patron* of San Miguel — as they were to us.

My imagination had never pictured before anything so wild as these leather-clad *vaqueros*. As they removed their hats to greet Jack, their unkempt locks blew over their faces, back off their foreheads, in the greatest disorder. They were clad in terra-cotta buckskin, elaborately trimmed with white leather, and around their lower legs wore heavy cowhide as a sort of legging. They were fully armed, and with their jingling spurs, their flapping ropes and buckskin strings, and with their gay *serapes* tied behind their saddles, they were as impressive a cavalcade of desert-scamperers as it has been my fortune to see. Slowly we rode back to the corrals, where they dismounted.

Shortly, and unobserved by us until at hand, we heard the clatter of hoofs, and

leaving in their wake a cloud of dust, a dozen "punchers" from another outfit bore down upon us as we stood under the *ramada* of the ranch-house, and pulling up with a jerk, which threw the ponies on their haunches, the men dismounted and approached, to be welcomed by the master of the *rodeo*.

A few short orders were given, and three mounted men started down to the springs, and after charging about, we could see that they had roped a steer, which they led, bawling and resisting, to the ranch, where it was quickly thrown and slaughtered. Turning it on its back, after the manner of the old buffalo-hunters, it was quickly disrobed and cut up into hundreds of small pieces, which is the method practised by the Mexican butchers, and distributed to the men.

In Mexico it is the custom for the man who gives the "round-up" to supply fresh beef to the visiting cow-men; and on this occasion it seemed that the pigs, chickens, and dogs were also embraced in the bounty of the *patron*, for I noticed one piece which hung immediately in front of my quarters had two chickens roosting on the top of it, and a pig and a dog tugging vigorously at the bottom.

The horse herds were moved in from the *llano* and rounded up in the corral, from which the "punchers" selected their mounts by roping, and as the sun was westering they disappeared, in obedience to orders, to all points of the compass. The men took positions back in the hills and far out on the plain; there, building a little fire, they cook their beef, and, enveloped in their *serapes*, spend the night. At early dawn they converge on the ranch, driving before them such stock as they may.

In the morning we could see from the ranch-house a great semicircle of gray on the yellow plains. It was the thousands of cattle coming to the *rodeo*. In an hour more we could plainly see the cattle, and behind them the *vaqueros* dashing about, waving their *serapes*. Gradually they converged on the *rodeo* ground, and, enveloped in a great cloud of dust and with hollow bellowings, like the low pedals of a great organ, they begin to mill, or turn about a common centre, until gradually quieted by the enveloping cloud of horsemen. The *patron* and the captains of the neighboring ranches, after an exchange of long-winded Spanish formalities, and accompanied by ourselves, rode slowly from the ranch to the herd, and entering it, passed through and through and around in solemn procession. The cattle part before the horsemen, and the dust rises so as to obscure to unaccustomed eyes all but the silhouettes of the moving thousands. This is an important function in a cow country, since it enables the owners or their men to estimate what numbers of the stock belong to them, to observe the brands, and to inquire as to the condition of the animals and the numbers of calves and "mavericks," and to settle any dispute which may arise therefrom.

All controversy, if there be any, having been adjusted, a part of the "punchers" move slowly into the herd, while the rest patrol the outside, and hold it. Then a movement soon begins. You see a figure dash at about full speed through an apparently impenetrable mass of cattle; the stock becomes uneasy and moves about, gradually beginning the milling process, but the men select the cattle bearing their brand, and course them through the herd; all becomes confusion, and the cattle simply seek to escape from the ever-recurring horsemen. Here one sees the matchless horsemanship of the "punchers." Their little ponies, trained to the business, respond to the slightest pressure. The cattle make every attempt to escape, dodging in and out and crowding among their kind; but right on their quarter, gradually forcing them to the edge of the herd, keeps the "puncher," until finally, as a last effort, the cow and the calf rush through the supporting line, when, after a terrific race, she is turned into another herd, and is called "the cut."

One who finds pleasure in action can here see the most surprising manifestations of it. A huge bull, wild with fright, breaks from the herd, with lowered head and whitened eye, and goes charging off indifferent to what or whom he may encounter, with the little pony pattering in his wake. The cattle run at times with nearly the intensity of action of a deer, and whip and spur are applied mercilessly to the little horse. The process of "tailing" is indulged in, although it is a dangerous practice for the man, and reprehensible from its brutality to the cattle. A man will pursue a bull at top speed, will reach over and grasp the tail

COMING TO THE RODEO.

of the animal, bring it to his saddle, throw his right leg over the tail, and swing his horse suddenly to the left, which throws the bull rolling over and over. That this method has its value I have seen in the case of pursuing "mavericks," where an unsuccessful throw was made with the rope, and the animal was about to enter the thick timber; it would be impossible to coil the rope again, and an escape would follow but for the wonderful dexterity of these men in this accomplishment. The little calves become separated from their mothers, and go bleating about; their mothers respond by bellows, until pandemonium seems to reign. The dust is blinding, and the "puncher" becomes grimy and soiled; the horses lather; and in the excitement the desperate men do deeds which convince you of their faith that "a man can't die till his time comes." At times a bull is found so skilled in these contests that he cannot be displaced from the herd; it is then necessary to rope him and drag him to the point desired;

A MEXICAN STEER.

and I noticed "punchers" ride behind recalcitrant bulls and, reaching over, spur them. I also saw two men throw simultaneously for an immense creature, when, to my great astonishment, he turned tail over head and rolled on the ground. They had both sat back on their ropes together.

The whole scene was inspiring to a degree, and well merited Mr. Yorick's observation that "it is the sport of kings; the image of war, with twenty-five per cent. of its danger."

Fresh horses are saddled from time to time, but before high noon the work is done, and the various "cut-offs" are herded in different directions. By this time the dust had risen until lost in the sky above, and as the various bands of cowboys rode slowly back to the ranch, I observed their demoralized condition. The economy *per force* of the Mexican people prompts them to put no more cotton into a shirt than is absolutely necessary, with the consequence that, in these cases, their shirts had pulled out from their belts and their *serapes*, and were flapping in the wind; their mustaches and their hair were perfectly solid with dust, and one could not tell a bay horse from a black.

Now come the cigarettes and the broiling of beef. The bosses were invited to sit at our table, and as the work of cutting and branding had yet to be done, no time was taken for ablutions. Opposite me sat a certain individual who, as he engulfed his food, presented a grimy waste of visage only broken by the rolling of his eyes and the snapping of his teeth.

We then proceeded to the corrals, which were made in stockaded form from gnarled and many - shaped posts set on an end. The cows and calves were bunched on one side in fearful expectancy. A fire was built just outside of the bars, and the branding-irons set on. Into the corrals went the "punchers," with their ropes coiled in their hands. Selecting their victims, they threw their ropes, and, after pulling and tugging, a bull calf would come out of the bunch, whereat two men would set upon him and

TAILING A BULL.

"rastle" him to the ground. It is a strange mixture of humor and pathos, this mutilation of calves—humorous when the calf throws the man, and pathetic when the man throws the calf. Occasionally an old cow takes an unusual interest in her offspring, and charges boldly into their midst. Those men who cannot escape soon enough throw dust in her eyes, or put their hats over her horns. And in this case there were some big steers which had been "cut out" for purposes of work at the plough and turned in with the young stock; one old grizzled veteran manifested an interest in the proceedings, and walked boldly from the bunch, with his head in the air and bellowing; a wild scurry ensued, and hats and *serapes* were thrown to confuse him. But over all this the "punchers" only laugh, and go at it again. In corral roping they try to catch the calf by the front feet, and in this they become so expert that they rarely miss. As I sat on the fence, one of the foremen, in play, threw and caught my legs as they dangled.

When the work is done and the cattle are again turned into the herd, the men re-

A STUDY OF ACTION.

pair to the *casa* and indulge in games and pranks. We had shooting matches and hundred-yard dashes; but I think no records were broken, since "punchers" on foot are odd fish. They walk as though they expected every moment to sit down. Their knees work outward, and they have a decided "hitch" in their gait; but once let them get a foot in a stirrup and a grasp on the horn of the saddle, and a dynamite cartridge alone could expel them from the saddle. When loping over the plain the "puncher" is the epitome of equine grace, and if he desires to look behind him he simply shifts his whole body to one side and lets the horse go as he pleases. In the pursuit of cattle at a *rodeo* he leans forward in his saddle, and with his arms elevated to his shoulders he "plugs" in his spurs and makes his pony fairly sail. While going at this tremendous speed he turns his pony almost in his stride, and no matter how a bull may twist and swerve about, he is at his tail as true as a magnet to the pole. The Mexican "punchers" all use the "ring bit," and it is a fearful contrivance. Their saddle-trees are very short, and as straight and quite as shapeless as a "saw-buck pack-saddle." The horn is as big as a dinner plate, and taken altogether it is inferior to the California tree. It is very hard on horses' backs, and not at all comfortable for a rider who is not accustomed to it.

They all use hemp ropes which are imported from some of the southern states of the republic, and carry a lariat of hair which they make themselves. They work for from eight to twelve dollars a month in Mexican coin, and live on the most simple diet imaginable. They are mostly

MOUNTING A WILD ONE.

peoned, or in hopeless debt to their *patrons*, who go after any man who deserts the range and bring him back by force. A "puncher" buys nothing but his gorgeous buckskin clothes, and his big silver-mounted straw hat, his spurs, his riata, and his *cincha* rings. He makes his *teguas* or buckskin boots, his heavy leggings, his saddle, and the *patron* furnishes his arms. On the round-up, which lasts about half of the year, he is furnished beef, and also kills game. The balance of the year he is kept in an outlying camp to turn stock back on the range. These camps are often the most simple things, consisting of a pack containing his "grub," his saddle, and *serape*, all lying under a tree, which does duty as a house. He carries a flint and steel, and has a piece of sheet-iron for a stove,

WAVING SERAPE TO DRIVE CATTLE.

and a piece of pottery for boiling things in. This part of their lives is passed in a long siesta, and a man of the North who has a local reputation as a lazy man should see a Mexican "puncher" loaf, in order to comprehend that he could never achieve distinction in the land where *poco tiempo* means forever. Such is the life of the *vaquero*—a brave fellow—a fatalist, with less wants than the pony he rides, a rather thoughtless man who lacks many virtues, but when he mounts his horse or casts his riata, all men must bow and call him master.

The *baile*—the song—the man with the guitar—and under all this *dolce far niente* are their little hates and bickerings, as thin as cigarette smoke and as enduring as time. They reverence their parents, they honor their *patron*, and love their *compadre*. They are grave, and grave even when gay; they eat little, they think less, they meet death calmly, and it's a terrible scoundrel who goes to hell from Mexico.

JOHNNIE BELL OF LOS OJOS.

The Anglo-American foremen are another type entirely. They have all the rude virtues. The intelligence which is never lacking and the perfect courage which never fails are found in such men as Tom Bailey and Johnnie Bell—two Texans who are the superiors of any cowmen I have ever seen. I have seen them chase the "mavericks" at top speed over a country so difficult that a man could hardly pass on foot out of a walk. On one occasion Mr. Bailey, in hot pursuit of a bull, leaped a tremendous fallen log at top speed, and in the next instant "tailed" and threw the bull as it was about to enter the timber. Bell can ride a pony at a gallop while standing up on his saddle, and while Cossacks do this trick they are enabled to accomplish it easily from the superior adaptability of their saddles to the purpose. In my association with these men of the frontier I have come to greatly respect their moral fibre and their character. Modern civilization, in the process of educating men beyond their capacity, often succeeds in vulgarizing them, but these natural men possess minds which, though lacking all embellishment, are chaste and simple, and utterly devoid of a certain

flippancy which passes for smartness in situations where life is not so real. The fact that a man bolts his food or uses his table-knife as though it were a deadly weapon counts very little in the game these men play in their lonely range life. They are not complicated, these children of nature, and they never think one thing and say another. Mr. Bell was wont to squat against a fireplace—*à la* Indian—and dissect the peculiarities of the audience in a most ingenuous way. It never gave offence either, because so guileless. Mr. Bailey, after listening carefully to a theological tilt, observed that "he believed he'd be religious if he knowed how."

The jokes and pleasantries of the American "puncher" are so close to nature often, and so generously veneered with heart-rending profanity, as to exclude their becoming classic. The cow-men are good friends and virulent haters, and, if justified in their own minds, would shoot a man instantly, and regret the necessity, but not the shooting, afterwards.

Among the dry, saturnine faces of the cow "punchers" of the Sierra Madre was one which beamed with human instincts, which seemed to say, "Welcome, stranger!" He was the first impression my companion and myself had of Mexico, and as broad as are its plains and as high its mountains, yet looms up William on a higher pinnacle of remembrance.

We crawled out of a Pullman in the early morning at Chihuahua, and fell into the hands of a little black man, with telescopic pantaloons, a big sombrero with the edges rolled up, and a grin on his good-humored face like a yawning *barranca*.

"Is you frens of Mista Jack's?"

"We are."

"Gimme your checks. Come dis way," he said; and without knowing why we should hand ourselves and our property over to this uncouth personage, we did it, and from thence on over the deserts and in the mountains, while shivering in the snow by night and by day, there was Jack's man to bandage our wounds, lend us tobacco when no one else had any, to tuck in our blankets, to amuse us, to comfort us in distress, to advise and admonish, until the last *adios* were waved from the train as it again bore us to the border-land.

On our departure from Chihuahua to meet Jack out in the mountains the stage was overloaded, but a proposition to leave William behind was beaten on the first ballot; it was well vindicated, for without William the expedition would have been a "march from Moscow." There was only one man in the party with a sort of bass-relief notion that he could handle the Spanish language, and the relief was a very slight one—almost imperceptible—the politeness of the people only keeping him from being mobbed. But William could speak German, English, and Spanish, separately, or all at once.

William was so black that he would make a dark hole in the night, and the top of his head was not over four and a half feet above the soles of his shoes. His legs were all out of drawing, but forty-five winters had not passed over him without leaving a mind which, in its sphere of life, was agile, resourceful, and eminently capable of grappling with any complication which might arise. He had personal relations of various kinds with every man, woman, and child whom we met in Mexico. He had been thirty years a cook in a cow camp, and could evolve banquets from the meat on a bull's tail, and was wont to say, "I don' know so much 'bout dese yar stoves, but gie me a camp-fire an' I can make de bes' thing yo' ever threw your lip ober."

When in camp, with his little cast-off English tourist cap on one side of his head, a short black pipe tipped at the other angle to balance the effect, and two or three stripes of white corn meal across his visage, he would move round the camp-fire like a cub bear around a huckleberry bush, and in a low, authoritative voice have the Mexicans all in action, one hurrying after water, another after wood, some making *tortillas*, or cutting up venison, grinding coffee between two stones, dusting bedding, or anything else. The British Field-Marshal air was lost in a second when he addressed "Mister Willie" or "Mister Jack," and no fawning courtier of the Grand Monarch could purr so low.

On our coach ride to Bavicora, William would seem to go up to any ranch-house on the road, when the sun was getting low, and after ten minutes' conversation with the grave Don who owned it, he would turn to us with a wink, and say:

A MODERN SANCHO PANZA.

"Come right in, gemmen. Dis ranch is yours." Sure enough, it was. Whether he played us for major-generals or governors of states I shall never know, but certainly we were treated as such.

On one occasion William had gotten out to get a hat blown off by the wind, and when he came up to view the wreck of the turn-over of the great Concord coach, and saw the mules going off down the hill with the front wheels, the ground littered with boxes and débris, and the men all lying about, groaning or fainting in agony, William scratched his wool, and with just a suspicion of humor on his face he ventured, "If I'd been hyar, I would be in two places 'fore now, shuah," which was some consolation to William, if not to us.

In Chihuahua we found William was in need of a clean shirt, and we had gotten one for him in a shop. He had selected one with a power of color enough to make the sun stand still, and with great glass diamonds in it. We admonished him that when he got to the ranch the "punchers" would take it away from him.

"No, sah; I'll take it off 'fore I get thar."

William had his commercial instincts developed in a reasonable degree, for he was always trying to trade a silver watch, of the Captain Cuttle kind, with the Mexicans. When asked what time it was, William would look at the sun and then deftly cant the watch around, the hands of which swung like compasses, and he would show you the time within fifteen minutes of right, which little discrepancy could never affect the value of a watch in the land of *mañana*.

That he possessed tact I have shown, for he was the only man at Bavicora whose relations with the *patron* and the smallest, dirtiest Indian "kid," were easy and natural. Jack said of his popularity, "He stands 'way in with the Chinese cook;

gets the warm corner behind the stove." He also had courage, for didn't he serve out the ammunition in Texas when his "outfit" was in a life and death tussle with the Comanches? did he not hold a starving crowd of Mexican teamsters off the grub-wagon until the boys came back?

There was only one feature of Western life with which William could not assimilate, and that was the horse. He had trusted a bronco too far on some remote occasion, which accounted partially for the kinks in his legs; but after he had recovered fully his health he had pinned his faith to *burros*, and forgotten the glories of the true cavalier.

"No, sah, Mister Jack, I don' care for to ride dat horse. He's a good horse, but I jes hit de flat for a few miles 'fore I rides him," he was wont to say when the cowboys gave themselves over to an irresponsible desire to see a horse kill a man. He would then go about his duties, uttering gulps of suppressed laughter, after the negro manner, safe in the knowledge that the *burro* he affected could "pack his freight."

One morning I was taking a bath out of our wash-basin, and William, who was watching me and the coffee-pot at the same time, observed that "if one of dese people down hyar was to do dat dere, dere'd be a funeral 'fo' twelve o'clock."

William never admitted any social affinity with Mexicans, and as to his own people, he was wont to say: "Never have went with people of my own color. Why, you go to Brazos to-day, and dey tell you dere was Bill, he go home come night, an' de balance of 'em be looking troo de grates in de morning." So William lives happily in the "small social puddle," and always reckons to "treat any friends of Mister Jack's right." So if you would know William, you must do it through Jack.

It was on rare occasions that William, as master of ceremonies, committed any indiscretion, but one occurred in the town of Guerrero. We had gotten in rather late, and William was sent about the town to have some one serve supper for us. We were all very busy when William "blew in" with a great sputtering, and said, "Is yous ready for dinner, gemmen?" "Yes, William," we answered, whereat William ran off. After waiting a long time, and being very hungry, we concluded to go and "rustle" for ourselves, since William did not come back and had not told us where he had gone. After we had found and eaten a dinner, William turned up, gloomy and dispirited. We inquired as to his mood. "I do declar', gemmen, I done forget dat you didn't know where I had ordered dat dinner; but dere's de dinner an' nobody to eat it, an' I's got to leave dis town 'fore sunup, pay for it, or die." Unless some one had advanced the money, William's two other alternatives would have been painful.

The romance in William's life even could not be made mournful, but it was the "mos' trouble" he ever had, and it runs like this: Some years since William had saved up four hundred dollars, and he had a girl back in Brazos to whom he had pinned his faith. He had concluded to assume responsibilities, and to create a business in a little mud town down the big road. He had it arranged to start a travellers' eating-house; he had contracted for a stove and some furniture; and at about that time his dishonest employer had left Mexico for parts unknown, with all his money. The stove and furniture were yet to be paid for, so William entered into hopeless bankruptcy, lost his girl, and then attaching himself to Jack, he bravely set to again in life's battle. But I was glad to know that he had again conquered, for before I left I overheard a serious conversation between William and the *patron*. William was cleaning a frying-pan by the camp-fire light, and the *patron* was sitting enveloped in his *serape* on the other side.

"Mist' Jack, I's got a girl. She's a Mexican."

"Why, William, how about that girl up in the Brazos?" inquired the *patron*, in surprise.

"Don' care about her now. Got a new girl."

"Well, I suppose you can have her, if you can win her," replied the *patron*.

"Can I, sah? Well, den, I's win her already, sah—dar!" chuckled William.

"Oh! very well, then, William, I will give you a wagon, with two yellow ponies, to go down and get her; but I don't want you to come back to Bavicora with an empty wagon."

"No, sah; I won't, sah," pleasedly responded the lover.

"Does that suit you, then?" asked the *patron*.

WILLIAM IN ACTION.

"Yes, sah; but, sah, wonder, sah, might I have the two old whites?"

"All right! You can have the two old white ponies;" and, after a pause, "I will give you that old *adobe* up in La Pinta, and two speckled steers; and I don't want you to come down to the ranch except on *baile* nights, and I want you to slide in then just as quiet as any other outsider," said the *patron*, who was testing William's loyalty to the girl.

"All right! I'll do that."

"William, do you know that no true Mexican girl will marry a man who don't know how to ride a charger?" continued the *patron*, after a while.

"Yes; I's been thinking of dat; but dar's dat Timborello, he's a good horse what a man can 'pend on," replied William, as he scoured at the pan in a very wearing way.

"He's yours, William; and now all you have got to do is to win the girl."

After that William was as gay as a robin in the spring; and as I write this I suppose William is riding over the pass in the mountains, sitting on a board across his wagon, with his Mexican bride by his side, singing out between the puffs of his black pipe, "Go on, dar, you muchacos; specks we ever get to Bavicora dis yar gait?"

AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

IV.—"CACHE-CACHE."

M. GUILLOUX'S STORY.

DURING the early summer of 1786, M. Maurice Lenormant brought his bride home to his handsome hôtel in the rue Dauphine, near the corner of the rue de Bussy.

It was purely a love-match on both sides. In position and fortune they were nearly equal; their families had held high rank in Normandy for generations; both were young, and were united by common sympathies and aims.

But before another summer opened he bore her forth from the home in which they had so fondly planned their future; that had vanished now, and forever, leaving only her memory and her babe, Aline.

To the child M. Lenormant turned in his desolation with a tenderness and care which were unfailing, and as she grew older, every hour he could spare from his public duties was devoted to her.

She grew up a singularly attractive little thing, evidently inheriting much of the sturdy Norman blood, for she was strong-limbed and dark-haired, full of high spirits, and absolutely fearless.

When '89 brought the first outward sign of the New Era, Lenormant threw himself heart and soul into the cause of liberty, and his self-imposed duties increased as every month brought its unforeseen difficulties and complications. Heavy as his actual duties were, they were rendered heavier by the constant thought of the lonely child in the empty house on the rue Dauphine. Yet he could not bear to send her away amongst comparative strangers, for the rare hours he could spend with her were his only rest and solace from his arduous labors. As for the child, she quickly accustomed herself to the gradual change, and, child like, found a new object round which her affection and life could centre. This was the suisse, as all porters in private houses were then called, a great strapping fellow from the family estate in Normandy, rejoicing in the name of Bazile, and in his manly proportions, set forth in the glory of a red and gold livery. Bazile was absolutely devoted to the child, and Lenormant had even more confidence in him than in Lizette, the bonne, and, as Aline was contented, pursued his work without anxiety for the care of his little one.

Lizette was kind, and her patience untiring, but then her stories of "la poulette grise" were not like those of Bazile. Hour after hour the dark-haired, bright-faced child sat in the lodge of "her suisse," listening to his wonderful stories, or learning his long *complaintes* of dead-and-gone kings and princesses and captains and fairies of far-off Normandy.

People passing or calling at the house were struck by the queer companionship. Many were amused, but others were horrified, among them Madame d'Averolles,

who lived opposite; she went so far as to rebuke M. Lenormant for the folly of allowing the child to mix with such *manants*.

"Madame," he answered, "it was such *manants* whom our ancestors protected, and by whose help we won such honors as we yet hold."

So Aline was allowed to revel in her fairyland of kings and queens within the lodge of "her suisse," while in the world outside the stern reality was working towards its end unknown to child or servant.

But Aline's happiest days were when Bazile walked behind her and Lizette on their way to mass at les Augustins. Then she was *la grande dame de par le monde*, and never for a moment forgot the dignity of her rôle. Not the slightest trace of familiarity towards Bazile, who, on his part, was equally particular that his young mistress should as properly play her part in her natural sphere.

Thus the months went on, and though the child saw but little of her father, she was happy in her own way in her own world. This was still more restricted in the spring of '92, as M. Lenormant was forced to forbid any expeditions into the streets, for even in their quiet quarter disturbances were carried by crowds, who appeared without warning and vanished as suddenly, like an ugly dream. The restriction hardly distressed Aline, as Bazile was now only dressed in sober black; red cloth and gold lace and powder had all been blown away a good year ago by the rising storm; the streets had lost all the color and life to which she was accustomed, and she had lost her interest when the old gayety disappeared.

Besides this, she had compensations. Bazile's usual duties as porter had dwindled down to an occasional opening and closing of the doors, for people rarely called at the house in daytime now, so Aline had him for herself. Many a day he and Lizette would play for hours with her in her now unused drawing-room.

They had many games, but the favorite for all three was "cache-cache," hide-and-seek, and they played in this wise: Bazile left the room, with strict injunctions to remain at the very end of the hall until he heard Aline's signal, whereupon followed hurried directions to the bonne, and Aline's merry call rang out. The child stood before the concealing curtain or screen, her eyes flashing with merriment, and hardly able to refrain from shouts of delight as Bazile made fruitless search behind chairs and sofas, moved the heavy vases beside the fireplace, pretended to look behind the mirrors, but never found the hidden Lizette until warned by the impatient movements of Aline that the game had gone far enough. Lizette was thereupon duly discovered, and their united merriment crowned the climax of excitement.

Could any one ever tire of such a pleasure? Certainly these two devoted souls showed no signs of flagging, nor ever failed to answer the demand of the fun-loving child. Cache-cache was "her game," as Bazile was "her suisse."

Then there were sights to be seen from the windows. So many people passed. Very few carriages, to be sure; but there were soldiers, the like of whom Aline had never seen, whose fantastic uniforms were unknown to Bazile. Sometimes, too, there were terrible wild-looking men and women hurrying along, singing and shouting, at whom Aline stared curiously, but before whose approach Bazile carefully shut and barred the large doors.

It was now the middle of the summer, and no one but Bazile ever ventured into the streets. M. Lenormant had given strict orders that the large doors were to be kept fastened at all hours, and no one was to enter unless known to the suisse.

One hot midnight in August a distant bell was heard tolling, tolling, until answered by the clang and boom of other bells and the rolling of drums from all quarters of the city. Through the early morning crowds trooped out from their holes and hiding-places, and went sweeping through streets, tramping over bridges, until they centred at the Tuileries.

Before the morning was over, there came from the other side of the river the heavy roar of cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry, and a never-ending howling as of wild beasts.

Poor Lizette, agonized with terror, could do nothing but tell her beads. Bazile, with an anxious face, went about the house endeavoring to make some attempt at work, but the other servants never descended from their quarters in the attics.

Aline alone was undisturbed, but greatly bored, and inclined to be fretful.

"BAZILE WALKED BEHIND HER AND LIZETTE ON THEIR WAY TO MASS."

Why could not Lizette leave off her stupid prayers? Why could not Bazile sing "C'était Anne de Bretagne" with her as before?

Her father had forbidden her to go near the windows unless with Bazile, who to-day would not even open those giving on the street, and on the garden side there was nothing to see.

So the child passed the long day, her first happy moment being when Bazile carried her down into the empty kitchen, where for an hour she again enjoyed life, as she watched him make the fire, warm up her bouillon and prepare her dinner. She then made him feed her bit by bit until she was satisfied, which little necessity of ordinary work went far to restore the realities of life to the anxious suisse.

After he had eaten a little, at the imperious command of the child, he carried her up stairs again, and made an attempt to rouse Lizette to some effort of her duty. Some straggling bands began to pass through the quarter again, and leaving Aline in charge of the bonne, he climbed to the highest windows at the back of the house, and his heart sank within him at the sight of flames bursting upwards in the direction of the Tuileries, and the constant, uninterrupted howl from the scattering mob. He stood there fascinated by the sight of the burning buildings, and the horrible readiness with which he pictured the scenes passing round the leaping flames, until aroused by cries in the street below. Running to the front of the house, he looked down on a drunken, shrieking rabble passing in wild and bestial triumph with the sickening trophies of their murderous success whirled and brandished overhead.

It froze the very life in his veins as he looked; but the mob was at last returning to slink back into its dens once more, and he trusted the worst was over for this time. So down stairs he came, with a greater sense of security than he had yet felt, to entertain Aline and reassure Lizette.

At Aline's request, he carried her down into the drawing-room, and after carefully closing the shutters and drawing over the heavy curtains, lighted up all the candles in the lustres.

The great room, with its yellow hangings, its brilliant mirrors, and graceful furniture, shone in the golden light, and the child was delighted at the cheerful brightness after her dreary day.

Then, would not Bazile put on his livery? He was not like "her suisse" at all in this nasty black, and all would be like the old days once more.

After all, Revolution or no Revolution, was he not M. Lenormant's suisse? Was not his only duty now to please the child? So in a short time he reappeared in all the forbidden glory of his long-disused red and yellow livery, with his brown hair as carefully powdered as of old.

Aline was delighted; she clapped her hands and danced round him as he beamed upon her from his imposing height.

At last she quieted down, and for over an hour Bazile held her enraptured by his never-failing stories, and then her clear voice followed his through the complicated *roulades* and embellishments of their favorite songs.

All this time the noises in the street went on; but they had become almost indifferent to the street and its people. The mob, with its brutality, was shut out by the heavy walls and closed windows, and they lived in a world of candle-light and repose, far apart from other people, with whom they had nothing in common, and who went on their own way without.

Bazile and Aline were just in the middle of "Le grand Duc de Maine, briguedondaine," and were dimly aware that the tumult in the street had grown fiercer, when the song was frozen on their lips by the awful scream of a man in his death-agony, high above the fiendish yelling of the mob.

Catching up the child, Bazile ran with her to Lizette's room, where he left her in charge of the fear-stricken girl, and promising to return in a moment, flew to the entrance doors.

Peering cautiously through the *judas*, he saw the broad street filled with the same awful creatures in a mad riot of murder and ferocity. Their constant howl was, "*Les suisses! les suisses! à bas les suisses!*"

As he looked, there was an attack made on the hôtel of Madame d'Averolles; but before the tragedy was complete, a woman's voice rose high and shrill over all, "*On v'là un autre!*" At her direction, part of the mob turned with a savage howl towards M. Lenormant's—and Bazile knew his hour was come.

The heavy doors would hold them back a few moments. As he quickly glanced over the fastenings to see all was secure, and then flew up the stairs, he knew instinctively how the mob must have attacked the Swiss Guard at the Tuileries, and how, in its devilish ignorance and cruelty, it was hunting to death the unfortunate porters, or suisses, in private houses.

Whether the doors held or not, he must see that Aline was safe with Lizette. He did not believe for a moment that either of them would be harmed, for the mob as yet had never touched women or children.

When he opened Lizette's door, he found the girl on the floor by the bed, speechless with terror, but no sign of Aline.

Leaving the bonne, he ran through the house calling for the child, but his call brought no reply. He was lessening his chances of escape terribly by such delay, and the storm of blows rained fiercely on the doors below.

Sick with anxiety for the child, he ran from room to room, until he again reached the lighted *salon*, and there, undisturbed, sat Aline, greeting him with laughter at his discomfiture.

With a cry of relief, he sprang forward and caught her in his arms; but as he turned to run through the hall to reach Lizette's room, he heard the doors go down amid a triumphant yell—and he was too late!

With a single bound, he was back again. He shut the door quietly, and striding across the room, placed the child on the floor by one of the windows.

Escape seemed impossible, but with a courage never surpassed by hunted human creature, he knelt beside Aline, and said, quickly: "*Écoute, ma belle.* We are going to play 'our game.' Only, wild men are coming to find me; but you must not be frightened. It is the same game. You will just stand in front, and say nothing. Now!"

There was a wild rush up the staircase, and a moment later, when the mob burst from the darkness of the hall into the peace of the lighted room, they saw only a round-eyed child of five in a white dress standing in front of one of the yellow brocade curtains in the recess of the window.

She was startled, but stared undaunted at the dreadful creatures who poured through the opened doors. But they knew the game, and that was something! So she shook her black curls and recovered her composure as she saw them begin to search in earnest, and almost laughed aloud when one of them thrust his sword up the chimney.

It did not take long to examine the room, with its fragile furniture. She wondered why they did not pretend to look in more places, like Bazile; they never moved the vases or looked behind the mirrors at all.

As they passed by her, some one cried out, "The window!" and with a slash of his sabre a ruffian ripped down the curtain beside Aline, and the crowd laughed as another held out the butt of his pike to the fearless child, who mockingly clapped her hands at him.

This was something like the game!

That was very near!

But suddenly Aline's face fell and her lip began to tremble with disappointment, for the rabble had turned, and were making their way out of the room as quickly as they had entered.

This was not her game at all!

They mustn't go away and the game not half finished! No, no! That is not the way at all! And in her childish fearlessness she ran after the retreating ruffians, and catching at the filthy rags of the hindermost, called out, "Ah, lost! lost!"

"What?" he thundered.

She hardly understood the uncouth, fierce cry, and was terrified at the evil face turned upon her, but it was "her game," and she bravely went on, "You couldn't find him!"

At his first hoarse shout the rabble had turned, and stood expectant.

"Find whom?"

"My suisse! My Bazile!"

The mob surged back into the room with a low growl, but the fairylike form of Aline went flying before them, and with a ringing laugh of delight she swung aside the heavy curtain; and there, unshrinking, in all the hated insignia of his office, "her Bazile, her suisse," stood face to face with the ravening mob.

THE NEW ENGLAND NEGRO.

A REMNANT.

BY JANE DE FOREST SHELTON.

NEAR the lower edge of one of those hills that billow the surface of western Connecticut stands a small house, old, rough, and unpainted, whose youth was passed ere the first page of this century had been turned. In fact, it has been so long a part of Nature that it is like Nature herself, and she has set her seal upon it in the clusters of silvery lichens that overlap each other on the old shingles, while a great maple-tree tenderly shadows it with wide arms as if in benediction.

The front of the house shows but one story, but the foundations, following a dip of the land, gain another in the rear, where the kitchen door opens on a large broad door-stone.

Just off the kitchen, by the southern window of her little bedroom, is the favorite seat of Nancy, widow of Roswell Freeman, now, according to her reckoning, in her ninety-first year—a remnant of the days when New England, with her imperfect human conscience, was as eager as the transatlantic nations for a share of profit in the slave trade.

In the history of the world conquest of territory has usually meant a conquest of people—dwellers within walls—and in a general sense "captive" was but another name for slave. When the *Mayflower* and the first few of the fleet following in her wake brought to the New England coast the groups of colonists, a rare condition awaited them. An epidemic among the Indians had almost depopulated the seaboard, and they had but to enter and possess land already prepared for cultivation.

But rapidly increasing numbers required an enlargement of borders, so purchases and treaties followed, with that occasional gain by warfare that proves the power of might. However, an enemy whose fortress was generally the quickly shifted wigwam, and whose ramparts the trees of the interminable forest, was more easily routed than captured; yet there were occasional seizures of persons, and Indian captives as slaves became members of many households. Labor was a scarcity. The majority of the colonists were not of the laboring class, and there was work to be done in house and field that lacked the needed hand. In 1637 Hugh Peters wrote to John Winthrop, Jun., that he "hears of a dividend of Indian women and children from the Pequot captives, and he would like a share." But these local tribes were soon pushed into the wilderness, leaving here and there their representatives in the white man's home.

In the sixteenth century the system of slavery was fast disappearing from western Europe, as being inconsistent with their duty for Christians to hold Christians as slaves. But this charity did not extend to heathens and infidels! In the latter part of the seventeenth century the African slave trade was considered the most profitable part of British commerce. New England naturally followed the lead of older countries, and her exchange, for humanity, of rum, molasses, and other commodities acceptable on the Guinea and Gold coasts began. In 1638 Samuel Maverack, of Massachusetts, bought African slaves, and in 1650 "a neager mayde 25£" appears in an inventory in Hartford. Erelong every well-to-do family had its quota of negroes for necessary domestic service and labor on the "plantation" of the Northern agriculturist, not in large numbers, as later on the cotton plantations of the South, but one or two, or even seven or eight, in a family.

The slaves imported were of various colors, tribes, and physiognomies. Some were jet-black, with features approaching those of the European; some were of a tawny yellow, with flat noses and projecting jaws. These latter, coming from the delta of the Niger, were noted for an indomitable capacity for endurance, and therefore esteemed the best slaves. A few were Mohammedans, among whom were occasionally found persons of some education, who knew Arabic, and could read the Koran. But the great mass were pagans, in a condition of gross barbarism.

Their African superstitions and languages soon died out, and it was found that the race increased in strength in this climate with its long winter of rest. Values varied with the individual's age

and capacity. In 1707 a house and lot on the main street of Stratford, Connecticut, with twenty-four acres of land, were given for a negro man. An inventory of 1728—showing that some Indian slaves remained even after the great African importation—gives:

One Indian slave	called	Dick	£45
" negro woman	"	Libb	50
" " man	"	Abel	40
" " "	"	Aaron	90
" mulatto boy	"	Ned	35
" negro "	"	Tim	12
" " "	"	Cuffee	55
" " "	"	Sharper	40

In 1747 Abel and Libb were valued, "boath," at £240,

One negro girl	named Darciss	£170
" " "	in the 6th year of her age	100
" boy "	3d " his "	60

which seems a startling advance, until it is realized that colonial paper money had depreciated to about one-tenth of its face value. In the "setting out" of each of four sisters, married between 1750 and 1760, after all the items of furniture, linen, silver, "chaney," pewter, etc., a horse and side-saddle, and a cow, comes:

One negro girl, in lawful money	33£

And in a manuscript "Book of Inventory of Damages Committed by the British in Middlesex County, New Jersey, during the Revolutionary War," among a long list of slaves enticed or carried away by the British, are recorded:

1 Negro fellow named Oliver	£ 90
A Young Negro Man and Wench	180
1 Negro Boy, aged 14 years, to serve until 21 years old. Press'd and Taken away by the Hessian Troops	40
1 Negro man aged ab't 20 years, a cooper	90

The names of the slaves present an interesting question. "The Hebrew Invasion in nomenclature" was of Puritan sympathies, and that colored children, as well as white, born into that atmosphere should be named from the Old Testament needs no explanation. But what was the law of selection that made only heroes of Roman history honored in remembrance? Why did not a Pharaoh or Xerxes appeal to doting parents as well as Cato and Hannibal, Cæsar and Pompey and Scipio?

From an early day the law—of Connecticut, at least—obliged the owners to teach their slaves to read, and that they were made to attend religious services, following at a respectful distance behind their masters, and sitting in "the niggers' pew" in the gallery of the meeting-house, goes without saying. The masters assumed the responsibility of the negro souls, and for generations they clung habitually to such forms of worship as their first owners followed.

Slaves were regarded as possessing the same rights as apprentices—food, shelter, clothing, and instruction in some line of work—and manumission was not allowed except upon security that the freed slave should not become a burden on the parish.

In the Northern colonies the slaves were a part of the family, living under the roof or close to it. One may see now occasionally in New England, where the gracefully sloping roof-lines speak of the long ago in our history, certain long two-story buildings, generally at right angles to the houses, and of greatly inferior style and construction. These were the slave quarters, and it was not uncommon for the most intelligent of the number to have the others in charge. Our modern home-makers would stand aghast at the prospect of taking into so close a home-relation this very combustible raw material in the form of humanity. But the early colonist was a marked man in more than one respect. His high courage never wavered before the swinging gleam of a tomahawk or the message conveyed by a snake-skin filled with arrows, and his energy and perseverance were tireless and persistent in the separation of rocks from the soil of the hill-side fields, that the land might yield her increase. Nor was he daunted by the savage instincts of the African, but sought to implant in that desert nature the higher principles of right, of mine and thine, and to lead him through fear to love, from self-seeking to self-sacrifice.

Several generations of New England training told to his benefit. Faithful, truthful, honest, thrifty, respectable, and self-respecting the Northern negro became. All that was best in his impressible nature was developed and steadied, and he bore a good part in the domestic life and economy. But the rigor of the New England climate never put a sharp note in the mellow voices of these children of the sun, and the reserve of New England had no following among them. No environment of repression could hedge in that expansive nature; he was then as now, and now as then, sun-loving, fun-loving, pleasure-loving, sympathetic, friendly at the first touch, childlike; as an old darky travelling by rail said, un-

der remonstrance for buying everything the perpetual train-boy offered, "We niggers is allers childrin."

Conscience is sometimes the development of mixed motives. It is easy to see what is right when it is for one's advantage. In the first generations of American slavery it was considered, if not a godly act, at least one for which thanks might be returned in divine service. Deacons, elders, and parsons all owned slaves, not only with a clear conscience, but received them within the pale of Christianity with rejoicing. The pendulum swung far out. But as years passed, sentiment changed. To buy for a small sum a slave, half or full grown, with a prospect of from twenty to forty years' service rendered, seemed a prudential investment, but after a few generations it was realized that the years of infancy and infirmity made little return for the care and comforts they required, and it was a question if the period of work much overvalued that of necessities. Moreover, the masters were feeling keenly the weight of the hand of oppression. It was to them unkind, unjust, unbearable. There was a longing for the clear air of liberty and independence, and the signs of the gathering storm were welcomed. And was slavery compatible with "the inalienable rights of man"? Connecticut forbade the importation of slaves in 1771. Benjamin Franklin was president of the first abolition society in 1775. Vermont freed all her slaves in 1777, before she joined the Union. At least one New England town petitioned for a committee "to pray the Colonial Assembly that the negroes might be released from their slavery and bondage."

The negroes themselves were intensely interested in the struggle for independence. Every suggestion of freedom appealed to them strongly. They were allowed to make up the quota drafted for the army, an enlistment for one year securing a man's freedom. Some did valiant service, notably Peter Salem, who shot Major Pitcairn at the battle of Bunker Hill.

When independence was assured for the nation, the Northern States freed their slaves with more or less promptitude. Massachusetts proclaimed hers free at once; but most of the States provided for a gradual emancipation. Individuals, however, freed theirs as they were disposed, without reference to law, often with the result that the negroes preferred remaining with the masters exactly in the old relation, being sure of kindness, support, and provision for all needs. In all cases the sick and aged were cared for at the expense of the owners.

Connecticut's charter was a very liberal one; not suffering from crown appointments, she had the power to elect her own Governor. Like the Israelites of old making their yearly pilgrimages to Jerusalem, in the very early days of the colony each "freeman" went up to Hartford to cast his vote. Although this custom could not continue with increased settlements, "election week" became a time when no one willingly failed of presence at the capital. People of distinction from all parts of the State were assembled, many colored men naturally in attendance on their masters, and those of all grades made it the pivot of the year.

Election day — not the day of vote-casting, but of the inauguration of the Governor — was one of great festivity. The Governor, being met outside the town by the militia, was escorted to the State-house, where he stood on the porch while the military paraded and saluted. Later the gay procession attended divine service, the "election sermon" being preached by some eminent divine. Afterward came the feasting and the election ball.

The colored people, peculiarly alive to this effect of pomp and ceremony, not only made every effort to be present, but the imitative instinct stirred them to elect a Governor for themselves. It is not easy to say when the custom began, but the following notice shows that more than ten years before the Declaration of Independence it was well established:

HARTFORD, *May* 11, 1766.

I, Governor Cuff of the Niegro's in the province of Connecticut, do resign my Governmentship to John Anderson Niegor man to Governor Skene. And I hope that you will obey him as you have Done me for this ten years' past when Colonel Willis' niegor Dayed I was the next. But being weak and unfit for that office do Resine the said Governmentshipe to John Anderson.

I John Anderson having the Honour to be appointed Governor over you I will do my utmost endevere to serve you in Every Respect and I hope you will obey me accordingly.

JOHN ANDERSON

Governor over the niegors in Connecticut.

Witnesses present:
The late Governor Cuff, Hartford.
Quackow.
Peter Wadsworth.
Titows.
Pomp Willis.
John Jones.
Fraday.

The colored Governor having no legislative power, and no public records having been kept of the meetings and elections, it is difficult to determine how long Hartford held sway as the centre of the colored government, but before 1800 the high office and attendant festivities had drifted to the old town of Derby.

Derby, in the old days when settlements were few in number and far in distance, took a long reach. Twelve miles of the Naugatuck River, that had not then learned to sing in tune with the hum of factories, lay within her eastern border, and she stretched out and away northward and westward, fanlike, following the Housatonic's windings for her more distant limit. But as numbers multiplied and the resources of the land were developed, section after section broke away from the original holding, like icebergs from the border of an arctic glacier, and put out to sea on its own account. Oxford and Seymour, with their various dependencies, were parts of Derby in those old days, and families reached over from hill to hill.

The first Governor from Derby was Quosh, a native African, stolen when a boy and sold to the slave-traders. He was a man of immense size and herculean strength. His first purchaser probably had this knowledge of the slave-dealers—a boy was measured from ankle to knee, the proportionate length indicating his final height. Quosh was the slave of Mr. Agar Tomlinson at Derby Neck, the owner of a large estate and a number of slaves. These latter were quartered in a small house in touch with that of their master, and under the immediate control of Quosh. When he was called to assume the high office of Governor, his dignity and self-importance were so sensibly affected that it was commonly said that "Uncle Agar [Mr. Tomlinson] lived with the Governor"! Quosh held the office many years, and was a decided power over his following. His ability and faithfulness to his master are vouched for by the will of the latter, probated in 1800, by which Quosh and his wife, Rose (formerly the slave of Rev. Mr. Yale), were given their freedom, their little house, the use of a certain tract of land, a barn was to be built, he was to have a yoke of oxen, a good cow, and necessary farming implements. Quosh then took the name of Freeman, but as "Governor Quosh" is best remembered.

Little Roman (his wife's name was Venus), who was so short that his sword dragged on the ground, was Lieutenant-Governor under Quosh, and Eben Tobias in turn held the higher office. His son, Hon. Eben D. Bassett, was well educated, and during the civil war exerted himself successfully in enlisting colored soldiers. Through President Grant's administration of eight years he served creditably as our minister to Haiti. He said of himself, "My success in life I owe greatly to that American sense of fairness which was tendered me in old Derby, and which exacts that every man, whether black or white, shall have a fair chance to run his race in life, and make the most of himself."

Seymour, originally called Chusetown, and later Humphreysville, had a noted Governor in Juba Weston; he, having been owned by the family of General Humphreys, was "quality" among the colored people. Juba served a number of years, and his sons Nelson and Wilson were likewise honored, Wilson Weston being the last Governor, a few years before our late civil war.

Fully a century, therefore, the custom existed, the pride in it yet remaining with those who were old enough during its sway to remember its significance; and the pleasure of the attendant festivity has but to be spoken of to bring over the dark faces an expression that tells of unforgotten draughts "of joy's delicious springs."

The formalities of the election have not come down to us, save in one instance, when it was by test of wind and muscle, the successful candidate being he who first climbed a steep and almost unscalable sand bank. Eben Tobias, decked with feathers and flying ribbons, won that day, and it was in his drilling of the escort that the command "Fire and fall off!" was literally interpreted by some of the men throwing themselves from their horses.

The white customs were carefully fol-

lowed. The people assembled at Derby, Oxford, Waterbury, or Humphreysville, as was ordered, the Governor and his escort in uniforms—anything but uniform—that were hired or borrowed or improvised for the occasion, according to fancy or ability. Mounted on such steeds as could be impressed into the service—remnants of their former selves—they mustered outside the village, and with all the majesty and glitter of feathers and streaming ribbons and uniforms, with fife and drum, made their way by the main thoroughfares, sometimes stopping to fire a salute before a squire's house, to the tavern which was to be the centre of festivity. Then the Governor, dismounting, delivered his speech from the porch, and the troops "trained." Then the clans gathered with more and more enthusiasm for the election ball. Families went entire, a babe in arms being no drawback, as the tavern-keeper set apart a room and provided a caretaker for them. Sometimes more than a dozen little woolly-heads would be under surveillance, while the light-hearted mothers shuffled and tripped to the sound of the fiddle. New Haven and Hartford, as well as intervening towns, were represented. Supper was served for fifty cents each, and they danced and feasted with a delight the more sedate white man can hardly appreciate, spinning out the night and often far into the next day. To their credit it must be recorded that although they were not strict prohibitionists, their indulgence was limited. The influence of the Governors was for moderation, which was generally observed.

A newspaper notice of more than fifty years ago strikes the key-note of the great day:

ATTENTION, FREEMEN!

There will be a general election of the colored gentlemen of Connecticut, October first, twelve o'clock, noon. The day will be celebrated in the evening by a dance at Warner's tavern, when it will be shown that there is some power left in muscle, catgut, and rosin.

By order of the Governor,
From Headquarters.

Quosh Freeman's only son, Roswell, often called "Roswell Quosh," was also one of the Governors. He was very tall, very thin, and very dark, by profession a fox-hunter, therefore called "the farmers' benefactor," and the board on which he dressed the fox-skins shows a record of 331 foxes killed. Perhaps it is because the negro is not as far removed from primitive life as the white man that he seems to have more comprehension of the animal creation. He has by instinct what the white man has by training—the power to secure whatever game he seeks. And he can give to the effort a peculiarly patient, cautious, cunning, long-sustained watchfulness, intensely animate as to his senses, and as entirely inanimate as to his physique, that seem never to fail; be it fox or partridge, "'possum up a gum-tree" or domesticated Brahma, the right second is seized, and the aim is unerring.

As a sportsman, Roswell was always a welcome companion to the gentry of similar tastes. He was a man of principle, living quietly and soberly, and, it is said, was never in a quarrel with any one. He and his wife Nancy may well be considered marked figures in the colored ranks. No one had a higher standard of right, better principles, kinder instincts as friend and neighbor, was more respected in his position, or more worthy the good esteem of his contemporaries. Nancy, a devoted churchwoman, is still before the mind's eye of many as she and her little flock of children rose to view in the gallery, like a row of blackbirds, so dark were the little ones; and the vision shows her also in her shiny black silk dress and mantilla, her neat bonnet with a black lace veil hanging at the side, as she made her way to the chancel-rail on communion Sundays, the only one of her color, and the last of the congregation, but with unconscious dignity and reverence. One of the disabilities keenly felt by the old who live at a distance is being debarred the service of the sanctuary. Tears come to her eyes when she speaks of those old days, and her big Bible is her friend in her little home, as she has what she calls her "church" every morning.

There came a time to the good housewives when, the young colored people having grown up to freedom, and the older ones become unable for many duties, the problem of domestic service asserted itself, and the lack of the quick feet and nimble fingers of even the very young slaves was felt. Children of all grades were trained to be helpful, not helpless, and though play was not ignored, occupation must be useful in the main. As one busy mother expressed it, "every kit must catch her own mouse." So the

custom became common of taking colored children for a term of years, thereby securing a service trained according to one's own mind. The agreement made with a child's parents might vary somewhat with circumstances, but the unwritten law was, if a boy remained until he was twenty-one he was to receive one hundred dollars; if a girl remained till she was eighteen, she was to have a cow. The children were also to have their clothing, and a certain—or uncertain—amount of "schoolin'"—the three R's, or at least sufficient to enable them to read the Bible. They were usually from eight to ten years old when thus bound out; but cases are known of children being taken as young as three or four, in order to set their feet in the right path early. This custom, supplementing the slave system, prevented for a couple of generations the retrogression which is apt to follow when the race is left to its own system of development.

In many cases relations thus established existed through life, and devoted service was rendered; but then, as now, the marriage of a well-trained servant necessitated a readjustment of household lines.

Nancy Freeman enjoys telling her own tale. Her speech, like that of all the negroes who have belonged to the North for generations, is simply that of the uneducated white person in the same section; but it is not possible for the pen to give her soft voice or her expressive face and gesture.

"How long have you lived in this house, Nancy?"

"Ever since I come here a bride, sixty-seven year ago."

"Were you born in slavery?"

With dignity: "No, I never was a slave; my parents were, but not in my memory."

"Where were you born?"

"Why, up in Chusetown, Humphreysville, yer know. My father's name was Daniel Thompson, and my mother's name was Tamar Steele; yer know, they took the names of the people that owned 'em. When I was nine years old I went to live with Mr. Truman Coe, up in Coe's Lane, on Derby Hill, yer know, an' if I staid till I was eighteen I was to have a cow, an' if I staid till I was nineteen I was to have a cow an' a feather bed."

"And you staid?"

"Yes; but, yer see, the way of it was, when I was sixteen Roswell come an' asked if I would accept of his company, *an' I accepted of it!* But I staid till I was eighteen, an' I got my cow, an' then I staid another year, an' I got my feather bed. I don' think you'll find many girls now, white or colored, that 'll wait two year, let alone three, as I did."

"Were you married at Mr. Coe's?"

"*To be sure!* I tol' Miss Mabel—that's Mr. Coe's sister, that lived there—that she'd better git that dress o' mine she was a-makin' finished by Monday—it was May-day; trainin'-day, that was—by two o'clock, for I guessed I should need it, an' I thought they'd better git a couple o' loaves o' cake made, for there might be some folks a-comin', an' they'd like to have some to give 'em."

"Didn't they expect you to be married then?"

"Oh, I guess they thought somethin' about it, but when they see Priest Swift a-comin', *then* I guess they begun to think."

"Were you married in the parlor?"

"*Of* course! an' my folks was there, an' Roswell's, an' we had some cake and currant wine. I'd helped pick the currants, an' squeezed 'em, an' I'd stirred the cake, an' I was awful proud to marry the Gov'nor's son."

"What did you wear?"

"A white muslin dress all worked over with little dots, low neck an' short sleeves, an' white silk gloves, an' white stockin's, an' low blue prunell' shoes, an' a white silk handkercher roun' my neck."

As her guest stepped out on the doorstone, scattering the young turkeys gathered there for the meal Oliver was preparing for them in the kitchen, Nancy's bent figure stood in the doorway, and putting one hand on the casing to steady herself, she reached out the other to the new clapboards on the outside of the building. "See what my Heavenly Father has given me!" patting them tenderly.

"That looks very nice, Nancy. But how did He give them to you?"

"*My turkeys!* Every day last summer I prayed—O my Heavenly Father, don' let anything happen to my turkeys—an' they grew bigger an' bigger, an' I sol' them, an' put the money *here*," with another succession of pats; "an' if I have good luck with these, I'll put new boards on the end this fall."

A PARTIE CARRÉE.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

I.

"WELL, I've hired the yacht," said Hugh Shirley, raising his somewhat weary eyes from the correspondence which he had been examining, and glancing across the breakfast table at his wife, who also had a large number of letters, opened and unopened, before her. "Three hundred and fifty tons—one of those long narrow steam things which, I believe, combine a maximum of discomfort with a minimum of safety in a seaway. Still, there's no use in attempting to sail in the Mediterranean, where the wind is all round the compass every twenty-four hours. Her name is the *Cyclamen*, which has an appropriate sort of sound. How we shall curse the day of our birth by the time that we are well out into the Gulf of Lyons!"

"Oh, come, we aren't such bad sailors as all that," returned Lady Kathleen, cheerfully. "Besides, if it does you good, Hugh—"

"Do I look as if it would do me good to be seasick? However, I've obeyed the doctor, and let myself in for this grewsome cruise now; so it's too late to murmur. Now, the next question is, how are we to fill up our spare cabins?"

The smile faded from the face of the plump little lady on the other side of the table; for she knew very well what her husband was going to say; and, sure enough, he said it.

"I was thinking," he remarked, in his leisurely, languid way, "of the Ilkleys."

"So I supposed," answered Lady Kathleen, dryly.

"Any objection?"

She had objections, but it was quite out of the question for her to state them. Still in love with her husband, after eight or nine years of married life, and well aware that her husband was still young and handsome, while her own charms were no longer what they had once been, she not unpardonably felt that a more desirable shipmate than the beautiful Lady Ilkley might have been secured. However, she would never have pardoned herself had she betrayed the jealousy which it had become the daily effort of her life to disguise; so she only asked, "Do you really think Lord Ilkley will be able to stand that sort of existence?"

"Oh, I don't suppose he will *like* it," Mr. Shirley answered; "but how can he help himself, poor chap? His wife has been ordered off to the South, just as I have."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Lady Kathleen. "I shouldn't have thought that she had anything the matter with her."

"She and her doctor seem to think so, though, and I dare say Ilkley would prefer cruising about with us, taking his chance of a day's shooting here and there, to vegetating at Cannes the whole winter amongst a lot of dowagers. He isn't the liveliest of companions, I admit, but there is no reason why you should be dependent solely upon him for society. We shall have room for three others, if there's anybody you care to ask."

"Thanks; I'll think about it," answered Lady Kathleen, carelessly. "Shall I write to Constance Ilkley, then?"

"You needn't trouble to do that. They came up to London a day or two ago, I believe, and I can look in there this afternoon on my way to keep my appointment with Sir Samuel. That is, unless I shirk Sir Samuel, who, I am pretty sure, won't be able to tell me anything that I couldn't tell him."

"Oh, you *must* see him, Hugh!" Lady Kathleen declared; "these great London men always know all sorts of things which country practitioners can't discover."

She sighed as she spoke—not so much over the ignorance of country practitioners, or because she was seriously alarmed about her husband, who had had a bad fall in the hunting-field, as because she did not like that incidental admission of Hugh's that he had been informed of Lady Ilkley's plans and movements. Happiness, as we have all been taught from our infancy, is not to be obtained by wealth and luxury, nor even by a gracious permission to do just exactly what you please, and Lady Kathleen, who was the daughter of an impoverished Irish peer, was perhaps scarcely as grateful to Heaven as she ought to have been for the good things vouchsafed to her. Many hundreds of people envied her her riches, her pleasant position, and her good-looking, indulgent husband; a few pitied her for being childless; but no one, assuredly,

would have admitted that she had any other legitimate cause of complaint. For the rest, it was not very much her habit to complain.

In this respect she differed considerably from that charming, beautiful, spoilt child of Fortune, Lady Ilkley, who was always grumbling about something, but who did her grumbling so prettily that it was quite a pleasure to listen to her. Hugh Shirley, for one, enjoyed nothing more than listening to the half-serious, half-humorous murmurs of the lady whose fragile, fair-complexioned, high-bred style of beauty had recently fascinated him, and he treated himself to that enjoyment the same afternoon.

"Won't it be horridly uncomfortable?" Lady Ilkley asked, dubiously, after he had made his proposition. "Will there be a cabin for one's maid?—and will one get one's bath in the morning, and all that? And then there's the danger of quarrelling: people who go yachting together always fight."

"It takes a very ill-conditioned person to quarrel with me," Mr. Shirley remarked, serenely.

"Oh, you are too lazy to lose your temper, and dear Kathie would submit to anything rather than be unpleasant; but how about the others?"

"Must there be any others?"

"Well, there must be one other, at any rate; for nothing is more certain than that Ilkley won't stand a week of it. You will have to put him ashore somewhere with a gun, and after that we shall hear no more of him. It is chiefly on his account that I feel inclined to close with your offer. He would be so utterly miserable at Cannes, and you know what Ilkley is when he is miserable. There's no living in the same house with him."

"So that you will have to take ship on board the *Cyclamen* out of pure consideration for your neighbors. How unselfish you are!"

"I flatter myself that I am not a bit more selfish than you, anyhow. Why are you so anxious that I should come with you?"

"Am I to return a strictly truthful answer to that question?"

"I am not sure that you could if you tried; but I dare say I can answer it for you. You don't want to be more bored than you can help, and just at present you don't think that my society will bore you. The question is whether your society— But never mind; we can but make the experiment. Only, for goodness' sake, don't count upon Ilkley. There can't be the slightest doubt as to what the effect of a cruise will be upon him, not to mention poor Kathie."

Hugh Shirley laughed. The truth was that a yachting expedition with his wife would not have amused him at all, and that it was Lady Ilkley's privilege, for the time being, to provide him with as much amusement as he required. Many other ladies had possessed that temporary privilege and had forfeited it; for he was in a chronic state of mild flirtation—a pastime which appeared to him to be perfectly innocent. The difficulty, of course, was to find a suitable partner for Kathleen, whose tastes and habits bore little resemblance to his own; but as he proposed to accord her full liberty of choice in the matter, she would doubtless see to that for herself.

"Oh, we'll get somebody," he said, cheerfully.

We can only judge of life as we find it, and this fortunate man's experience had always been that whenever he wanted a thing he was sure to get it. He had never, that he could remember, had a single stroke of bad luck before that awkward fall, which had ricked his back and stopped his hunting and converted him for a time into something of an invalid. It was therefore without any misgivings that he presently took leave of her ladyship and had himself driven to the house of that eminent physician Sir Samuel Harley, whose opinion upon his case it had been deemed advisable that he should take. Sir Samuel, he felt confident, would have nothing very disagreeable to say to him.

But the grave, gray-headed man, who made a careful examination of his patient and put a number of quick questions, did not seem disposed to treat matters as lightly as had been anticipated.

"Yes, you can't do better than yacht," he said at length; "you must lie down as much as possible, and beware of overexertion. I will write down a few further directions for you; but—"

He paused, and Hugh asked, "Shall I be able to hunt next season, do you think?"

Sir Samuel shook his head. "I am afraid," he answered, "you must make up your mind to do without hunting."

"What?—for the rest of my days, do you mean?" ejaculated Hugh, aghast.

Getting no reply, and surprising an odd, compassionate look in the grave eyes that met his, he added, "Perhaps you don't think that that implies a very prolonged period of inaction."

Sir Samuel lowered his eyes, changed his position slightly, shifted a few papers on the writing-table before him, and then, looking up, said: "I think I had better tell you frankly, Mr. Shirley, that you have symptoms which, in my opinion, are not to be accounted for entirely by your accident. The accident may have, and no doubt has, precipitated the disease; I fear that it has not caused it. As you know, I attended your poor father, and I cannot forget that certain maladies are apt to be hereditary and constitutional."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Hugh, quite quietly; "I wonder I didn't think of it before. My father lived for a year after he was taken ill, didn't he?"

"Scarcely so much; but then he refused to take any care of himself. I have known instances in which patients have come to me in a very much worse state than yours, and have lived for many years afterwards. By taking reasonable precautions, of course."

So that—for the remainder of the interview does not need to be recorded—was the verdict that Hugh Shirley took away with him from the house which he had entered with a light heart twenty minutes before. There was just a chance that by nursing himself, or having himself nursed, very carefully he might prolong a crippled existence for a few more years; there was a much stronger chance that he would be dead and buried within twelve months; that he would ever recover health and strength, there was no chance at all. As he walked away he said to himself, "Well, it can't be helped, and there's no use in talking about it before the time comes. I sha'n't say a word to Kathie."

And when he reached home, his answer to his wife's inquiries was merely: "Oh, the old fellow didn't say much. Told me to lie down and that sort of thing, you know, and quite approved of the yachting plan. By-the-way, the Ilkleys will come. At least, she will; there seems to be some doubt about him. So if you can think of some man whose conversation wouldn't be likely to pall upon you for several weeks at a stretch, you might as well drop him a line."

Lady Kathleen, unfortunately, could think of only one man in the world who corresponded to the above description, and that man had just proclaimed, in terms devoid of all ambiguity, that he was no candidate for the situation. She had been upon the point of saying something affectionate to him, for it had struck her, as he entered the room, that he looked very pale and tired; but now she reflected that he had probably been receiving as many affectionate speeches as he required from another and a more welcome quarter. So she only remarked:

"I dare say Miles Lawrence would come, if I asked him. He was here this afternoon, telling me all about his love-troubles, and I really think the best thing he could do would be to fly the country for a few months. In affairs of that kind *les absens ont toujours raison.*"

"Let's take him, then, by all means; he's a very good fellow in his way," said Hugh, whose definition of a good fellow, if he could have been driven into an accurate statement of it, would probably have been a fellow who didn't bother him. "What are his love-troubles? Of a strictly honorable and legitimate nature, I trust."

"Oh yes; he isn't the sort of man to make love to other people's wives," answered Lady Kathleen, permitting herself that gentle thrust at a questioner whose own record was not equally immaculate.

"You reassure me immensely, and I shall now feel no hesitation in leaving you together for a quarter of an hour every now and then. So it's Lottie Powys, I suppose?"

"Yes, it's Lottie Powys. Rather silly of her, I think; for Miles has enough to marry upon, though he isn't rich, and I believe she is really fond of him. However, I dare say they may be brought together in the end, with a little management. I shall try to have a talk with her before I take him away. That is, if he will consent to come."

"Oh, he must consent," said Hugh, who had stretched himself out upon a sofa, with his arms behind his head, and was yawning; "I begin to see that he is indispensable. We'll take Lottie too, if you like; she's lively and pretty, and you might secure a young man to flirt with her, and occupy Ilkley's vacant berth."

But Lady Kathleen did not think that that would be a wise or prudent measure to adopt.

"What Lottie needs," she remarked, "is to be severely left alone and made to realize that if Miles Lawrence is indispensable, she isn't. It would be a good deal more to the purpose to invite some other girl to accompany us."

"As you please," responded her husband, sleepily; "only, if we are to take a young woman in tow, do let her be a pretty one. The world is full of puzzling arrangements, but the hardest of all to comprehend is the existence of such a vast number of plain-headed women."

"Well, no one has ever accused Constance Ilkley of being plain-headed," Lady Kathleen observed, with a slight dryness of intonation. "Perhaps, after all, one beauty is enough for one ship, and I had better fill up the corners with persons of mature years."

II.

Probably few of the English and American tourists who visit the site of ancient Carthage—and these are now by no means as few as they used to be in quieter and happier times—fail to wonder why Dido, with the whole of a beautiful and mountainous coast-line to choose from, should have selected a spot so devoid of natural picturesqueness for the founding of her city and the performance of her celebrated bull-hideing trick upon a too confiding host. Modern Tunis, as viewed from the sea, is, to tell the truth, a rather ugly place, with its background of low, bare, yellow hills, and to yachting people who have come from the ports of Spain, from Algiers and Bougie and Philippeville, is apt to present itself in the light of a great disappointment. The four yachting people on board the *Cyclamen*, which brought up at La Goletta one lovely morning some six weeks subsequent to the incidents narrated in the last chapter, were unanimous in their condemnation of the prospect that met their eyes when they came on deck after breakfast. And this was the more remarkable because unanimity upon any given subject had not hitherto been found to prevail amongst them. However, they were quite of one mind this time, and Lady Ilkley, for her part, said she did not mean to go ashore at all.

"I can smell the place from here," she declared, wrinkling up her pretty little nose, "and I've read all about it in the guide-book. I shall stay where I am and write letters."

"Oh, you'll come ashore with me in the afternoon," returned her languid neighbor, who had dropped into a deck chair and was smoking a cigarette. "We'll send the others on to do the sight-seeing which their souls love, and then we'll go to the bazars quietly, you and I, and shop. There are all sorts of pretty things to be picked up here, I believe, if one takes one's time; and time, as you know, is of no value to either of us."

The suggestion appeared to commend itself favorably to Lady Ilkley, who had already got together a very respectable collection of pretty things, and who knew that Mr. Shirley was always delighted to pay for anything that might take her fancy. She had not yet grown weary of her hospitable entertainer, though at times she found him a little odd and absent-minded. But some allowance had to be made for him, because he was evidently not at all well. Lady Ilkley could see that plainly enough, and was at a loss to understand how it was that Kathie did not seem to notice any difference in him. Kathie's whole time and attention seemed to be devoted to that rather uninteresting young man Mr. Lawrence, which, to be sure, was just as well, perhaps; for an occasional change of partners would hardly have been a change for the better. The party, after all, had resolved itself into the four persons above-mentioned. Lord Ilkley had joyfully accepted the leave of absence offered to him, and after seeing his wife on board at Marseilles, had departed without loss of time for the happy hunting-grounds of Leicestershire; other friends who had been invited to join the yacht had cried off at the last moment, and upon the whole had not been greatly missed. As Lady Kathleen said, "It's always the best plan to let well alone."

Whether poor Lady Kathleen really thought it well that Hugh should be metaphorically (and sometimes literally) at Constance Ilkley's feet all day long is another question; but she endeavored, not without success, to look as if she thought so. With similar cheerful conscientiousness, and almost with an equal measure of success, did she endeavor to listen sympathetically to the unending confidences of Mr. Lawrence, a rather handsome and

terribly loquacious young egotist, whom it was her present mission to console morning, noon, and night. There were times, it is true, when this gentleman's fine appetite and anxious solicitude for his own comfort made her doubt whether he stood in such urgent need of consolation, but he assured her that he was very unhappy indeed, so much so that only her soothing companionship restrained him from cutting short an objectless existence. Under the shade of orange groves in Valencia, therefore, in quiet nooks of the Balearic Isles, beneath the palms of Algiers, and on many a calm moonlight night at sea, Lady Kathleen had submitted to his lovelorn repinings, pointing out with patient reiteration how absurd it was to suppose that Lottie Powys could resist much longer an adorer so blameless and so highly gifted. For Mr. Lawrence wrote sonnets and *ballades* and *villanelles*, and what was worse, he read them aloud.

Now, lest it should be thought that Hugh Shirley's wife was nothing short of an angel in human form, it may be mentioned here that she had a certain sustaining, albeit secondary, motive for putting up as she did with the merciless assaults of a minor poet. Miles Lawrence, as has been said, was by no means bad-looking. His short reddish beard, his great melancholy brown eyes, and the grace and languor of his movements made him a sufficiently picturesque personage, and Hugh had more than once been seen by a watchful observer to cast a slightly impatient glance in his direction. It was hardly to be expected that Hugh would ever condescend or take the trouble to be really jealous; but if he could be made to feel a little bit annoyed, that would be something. It would at least enable him to enter to some extent into the feelings of others. Thus Lady Kathleen set forth, with every outward show of alacrity, to explore the sights of Tunis under the escort of her constant companion, leaving the lazier couple to follow at their leisure.

Western civilization and Western vulgarity are penetrating rapidly to the uttermost ends of the earth; soon there will be no more delightful haggling and chaffering in dark corners of Oriental bazars, nor anything worth buying there that cannot be purchased at a considerably less expenditure of time and money in Regent Street or Broadway. But under the long vaulted arcades of Tunis there still lingers some fragrant reminiscence of a gorgeous past, and treasures may still be secured there occasionally by those whose eyes and knowledge are equal to the circumstances. Hugh Shirley had no pretension to be numbered amongst these; but Lady Ilkley knew a good deal, and she enjoyed herself that afternoon. Her enjoyment, it may be conjectured, was not decreased by the fact that, although she had spent all her pocket-money, she was enabled, after the usual process of bargaining, to add some exquisite embroideries, some very curious articles of jewelry, and a complete dessert service of Dresden china, manufactured for an Eastern potentate in the last century, to the store of her possessions. Her formula at such times was always the same, and always elicited the same consolatory response.

"I must do without it," she would sigh piteously; "I really daren't write to Ilkley for more money, and I only brought a few napoleons in my pocket, so as to guard myself against temptation. I suppose I shall never have such a chance as this again either! Oh, take the things away; I can't bear to look at them!"

Then Hugh would produce a well-lined pocket-book, and Lady Ilkley would exclaim: "Oh, thanks! how nice of you! I'll settle with you afterwards." But of course she never did settle.

Hugh, lounging upon a divan, with a cup of *café maure* upon the little inlaid table beside him, and one of the cigarettes offered him by the courteous Arab merchant between his lips (there is no coffee in the world like Moorish coffee, nor can such tobacco as is sometimes presented to you in the bazars be purchased of any dealer), was accustomed to think that he obtained the value of his money. He delighted in pretty things, and Lady Ilkley, when her eyes sparkled and a faint pink flush of excitement showed itself upon her delicate complexion, was a pretty enough object to please the most fastidious taste. The handsome, swarthy Moors, too, with their voluminous breeches, and the happy combinations of color that make up their costume, formed a satisfactory background. But on this particular afternoon he was, somehow or other, too depressed in spirits for æsthetic appreciation. Perhaps he was feeling weaker and more ill than he had done of late; perhaps he was begin-

ning to weary a little of his fair friend. Anyhow, he was conscious of being quite alone in the world, and realized more clearly than usual the fact (which nobody else seemed to suspect) that he would soon be out of it. While he remained a languid, silent spectator of the bargaining which was going on before his half-closed eyes, his thoughts wandered far afield. He imagined Ilkley — lucky fellow! — galloping under gray skies, with the rush of the moist wind in his face and never a care to vex his mind; he remembered certain glorious runs in which he himself had been well to the front; and it occurred to him, as it has occurred to many a man before him, that there is something almost fiendishly malignant and purposeless in the decrees of Fate. Why should he die? He was not, to be sure, of much use in the world; still, nobody would be the better off for his death, while some few might even be the worse. Then he thought of Kathie, who would be a rather forlorn little widow, he suspected, notwithstanding the magnificent sums which would be paid quarterly to her bankers on her behalf. Kathie was so awfully domestic, poor dear! and she had no children to lavish domestic affection upon.

"I suppose she'll marry again after a time; much the best thing she can do," Hugh reflected, with a slight smile and some half-ashamed consciousness of being unable to view that contingency in an entirely philosophic spirit.

However profound a man's philosophic convictions may be, he remains a human being, and when he is ill he longs for that sort of sympathy which is only to be obtained from wives and mothers. Now Lady Kathleen had not been sympathetic during this cruise. She had been cheerful and obliging, and had made herself pleasant to Lady Ilkley and everybody else; but she was evidently under the impression that there was not much the matter with her husband, and her inquiries after his health had been few and perfunctory. That was, perhaps, just as well; it was not in the least desirable that she should realize the truth. Nevertheless, Hugh was getting a little tired of an estrangement for which he had only himself to blame, and he thought he would like to make friends again, although there had been no quarrel.

This was what prompted him to purchase hastily, while Lady Ilkley's back was turned, a quantity of silk which, with other stuffs, had been thrown down for her ladyship's inspection. The Jews of Tunis sell a peculiar kind of shot silk which is not quite like anything else in the world. A great authority once compared it to green moonlight—which may or may not convey some idea of its appearance to the reader's mind. In any case, Lady Kathleen had seen a dress of that material upon the back of one of her friends in Algiers, and had been moved to such ecstatic admiration by the spectacle that her desire to possess a similar garment might be taken for granted. Hugh, therefore, secured his peace-offering (paying about double its value, because he was in such a hurry), and said nothing about it to Lady Ilkley.

That lady was in a truly benign humor when, just after sunset, she seated herself in the yacht's gig, with all her precious parcels stowed away around her. "There are worse places than Tunis, though it does smell so nasty," she was graciously pleased to declare, "and we have got through the afternoon quite nicely. I hope I haven't tired you to death. You look very pale, poor thing! Are you feeling awfully done?"

"Not more than usual, thanks," answered Hugh. "People who are always feeling awfully done ought to be knocked on the head and put out of the way: don't you think so?"

Lady Ilkley could say very pretty things when she liked, and just now she was really sorry for her patient admirer, besides being properly grateful to him. So she did her best to raise his flagging spirits while they were being rowed across the dancing water in the twilight, and, as a matter of fact, she was fairly successful. But assurances that he was all right, that he would be as well as ever again before the spring, and that there was one person in the world who had no sort of wish to see him knocked on the head, scarcely made up to him for the very direct and unforeseen snub which he received shortly afterwards.

"Oh, thank you," Lady Kathleen said, when he had knocked for admittance into her cabin and had displayed his humble gift, "but I have more smart gowns than I know what to do with already, and I doubt whether I could wear that color. Hadn't you better give it to Constance? She can do with any number of gowns

and stand any color. I'll hand it over to her maid presently."

Lady Kathleen understood her husband well enough to detect symptoms of mortification beneath his imperturbable acquiescence; but she made a great mistake in imagining that she had furthered her own ingenuous design by this ungracious behavior. Hugh was not in the least jealous of Miles Lawrence, nor was he at all likely to renew advances which had not been met half-way. Once upon a time Kathie had been a shade too sentimental to please him; now it seemed she had overcome her sentimentality. Nothing could be more simple or more natural. After all, it was absurd to expect her to understand his meaning, seeing that she was not in possession of all the circumstances; for the matter of that, he was not quite positive that he understood his own meaning. The present condition of things was comfortable enough; there was nothing to be gained by altering it.

This was what he said to himself during dinner, while Mr. Lawrence was obliging the company with a dissertation upon Moorish architecture and Lady Ilkley was retailing scraps of social gossip which the mail had just brought to her. Nevertheless, he was not altogether comfortable. Of courage he had no lack, and self-control was a second nature to him; yet, as every man who has ever been placed on outpost duty knows, there is something peculiarly terrible and demoralizing in being quite alone. It is not easy to die alone; perhaps it is even more difficult to live alone; and moments come to all of us when it seems essential that we should speak of our troubles or perplexities to some fellow-creature—no matter to whom.

Thus it came to pass that in the course of that evening Hugh Shirley made a communication to Mr. Lawrence which startled that gentleman beyond measure. The yacht had been got under way soon after sundown, and they were steaming for Sardinia before a strong, warm southerly wind. The night was fine as yet; but the stars were obscured by a thin veil of haze; the skipper said he believed it was going to blow, and the sea was certainly getting up very fast. Under these circumstances the ladies had judged it advisable to retire to their berths, leaving the two men to finish their cigars on deck.

"How these craft do wallow before a wind!" ejaculated Lawrence, vainly endeavoring to moderate the gambols of the wicker chair on which he was seated. "How much more of this would be required to capsize us, I wonder?"

"Not very much, I dare say," responded Hugh, phlegmatically.

"You take it coolly," remarked the other, with a touch of resentment, "but I don't suppose you want to be drowned any more than I do, and, in sober earnest, I doubt whether this vessel is anything of a sea-boat."

"Oh, I expect she will be all right," answered Hugh. "There are people on board of her who evidently weren't born to be drowned—myself amongst the number. My destiny is to die in a much more deliberate and less pleasant way before this time next year. At least, so old Harley assures me."

Having said that much, he proceeded to disburden himself of his secret in detail. He had no great liking for Miles Lawrence, whom he considered to be rather a poor creature, and with whom he was scarcely upon terms of intimacy; but when one is forbidden to shoot rubbish in one place, it must needs be shot in another, and Lawrence was as shocked and sympathetic as could have been wished.

"Of course," Hugh said, in conclusion, "you are not to breathe a word of this to my wife. So far she suspects nothing, and it's better for her and for me and for everybody else to make believe as long as possible. The worst part of dying by inches is the knowledge that one is acting as a perpetual wet blanket: while one can still pretend to be getting better, one feels under no obligation to apologize."

"But, my dear fellow," protested Lawrence, "I can't help thinking that you and Sir Samuel Harley may be quite mistaken. Why don't you consult somebody else?"

Hugh shrugged his shoulders. "All the doctors in Europe couldn't deceive me now," he answered. "I remember very well how it was with my poor old father, and this is just the same story over again. I'm getting a little bit worse every day, and the odds are that if we return to England by sea, I shall have to be carried ashore. Well, he didn't suffer much, which is one comfort; and all my affairs are in order, which is another. My cousin, of course, succeeds to the property, but my wife will get all I can leave her. So she will be a rich woman. I dare say there

are thousands of poor devils in the world who would be miserable enough if they were in my state—not knowing what was to become of their widows and children."

The conversation was not much further prolonged. Mr. Lawrence wanted to say many kind and friendly things; but he was precluded from uttering the greater part of them by a cause which everybody will admit to be sufficient. Suddenly and without rhyme or reason (as its habit is in those latitudes) the wind chopped round to the northwest and began to blow half a gale, the immediate result being a heavy confused sea, which caused the *Cyclamen* to execute the most astonishing capers, and proved too much for the internal stability of one of her passengers. Mr. Lawrence retired below with more precipitation than dignity, and for the next few hours it seemed to him to be a matter of comparatively trifling importance whether Hugh Shirley, or even he himself, lived or died.

Things, however, wore a very different aspect early on the following morning, when this amiable young man stole up the companion to find himself safe at anchor in the bay of Cagliari, with the sun shining once more upon the wet decks, and silvery clouds chasing one another across the purple hills inland. He was really an amiable young man as young men go, and he was very sorry indeed for his poor friend; still there is always one very dear friend whose affairs concern most of us far more closely than those of any other, and it was of this ever-interesting person that Mr. Lawrence presently sat himself down under the lee of the deck-house to think. He had been, and still was, a good deal in love with Lottie Powys; but then Lottie had refused him—a thing which he had never expected any woman to do—and he no longer felt certain that he ought to pay her the compliment of asking her again. Moreover, he had very little money, while poor Lottie had none; whereas Lady Kathleen— Well, there is no denying, and nobody ever did deny, that Miles Lawrence was a little inclined to be conceited, and no doubt Lady Kathleen had devoted herself exclusively to him throughout this voyage, and if it was really the case that poor Shirley was doomed— Mr. Lawrence was obliged to shape his reflections in this fragmentary style, because one shrinks from putting things quite plainly when one is amiable and not too cold-blooded; but it is a fact that when he went below to perform his toilet, a future laden with golden possibilities had begun to dance before his mental vision.

They all landed after breakfast, travelling by train up to Macomer in the sunny, windy weather, and thence to Sassari, where they spent the night, and were extremely uncomfortable.

"What," asked Lady Ilkley, plaintively, "is the use of having a decent yacht, with some of the appliances of civilization about one, if one is to sleep ashore in filthy inns?" And Hugh heaved a sympathetic sigh.

But Lady Kathleen, who liked new scenes, who did not mind roughing it occasionally, and who wanted to see a little more of an island which is seldom visited by tourists of any nationality, laughed at this pair of sybarites.

"You had better get back to the yacht, both of you, as fast as the train will take you—which isn't very fast," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Lawrence won't mind staying a few hours longer and poking about the environs with me."

If she thought that Hugh would raise objections to this plan, she was disappointed, for he jumped at it unhesitatingly; and if she thought that there was anything worth looking at in the environs of bare, sun-baked Sassari, she was more disappointed still. The traveller who wishes to make himself acquainted with such beauty of scenery as Sardinia has to show must penetrate into the wild recesses of the Gennargentù Mountains, or seek out one of the fertile ravines of the western seaboard, and there was no time for such explorations. However, she had a drive with Miles Lawrence in a rickety old trap, which they had some difficulty in hiring; and although this excursion did not help her to any great enlargement of her geographical knowledge, it enabled her to form a fresh and pleasing comprehension of her companion's character. For upon this occasion Mr. Lawrence was (outwardly and apparently, at least) far less self-engrossed than usual. He spouted no rhymes; he said nothing about his disgust with existence; he would not even discuss the perversity of Lottie Powys.

"Oh, don't let us speak of her!" he exclaimed. "I am sure you must be dead

sick of the subject. Let us talk about you, for a change."

And the odd thing was that this very commonplace topic evidently interested him. Lady Kathleen, whose opinion of her own power to arouse the interest of others was of the most modest kind, was surprised to find how closely he had observed her, and she could not but be gratified by the kindly tact displayed in his remarks. If he had hinted that her husband was neglecting or slighting her, she would have been up in arms at once; but he was not so clumsy as that. He only allowed it to be inferred that he was full of admiration for her constant, unselfish cheerfulness when she must have so much to make her anxious and dispirited; and of course the state of Hugh's health furnished a sufficient justification for such words.

"I never liked you before as well as I have done to-day," she told him, with ingenuous candor, when at length they reached Cagliari once more.

To which he replied, laughing, "I'm afraid I can't return the compliment, Lady Kathleen, because I liked you as much as it was possible to like you a long time ago."

Decidedly Miles Lawrence had qualities which were not discernible at a glance, and so far from Lottie Powys being too good for him—which was the conviction at which Miss Lottie's friend had been reluctantly arriving through several weeks of intense boredom—it was almost a question whether he was not too good for her.

III.

It was not until the month of May that the *Cyclamen* rounded Seraglio Point and dropped her anchor within sight of the domes and minarets of Stamboul. Since quitting Sardinia she had been taken into many fair havens of the South, from Naples to the Piræus, had threaded her way through the Isles of Greece without knocking her nose against any of them, had weathered a heavy gale off Cape Matapan, and had, upon the whole, proved herself a safe if somewhat unnecessarily lively vessel. But now her career, so far as her present inmates were concerned, was at an end; for they had already exceeded the time that they had originally intended to spend in yachting, and it had been decided that they should return home overland from Constantinople, where they were to part company with Lady Ilkley, she having accepted an invitation to stay for a week or so at the Embassy there.

"This is really most desperately melancholy," that lady remarked (though she did not look as if the sadness of the situation weighed very heavily upon her spirits); "but we shall meet again in London soon, I hope, and we have had a delightful cruise. It has done Mr. Shirley no end of good, too—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think it has," answered Lady Kathleen, who was appealed to; "and we have all enjoyed ourselves immensely."

Hugh said nothing. He was not, indeed, noticeably worse than he had been at starting; but he harbored no illusion upon the subject of his health, nor had he enjoyed the latter portion of this devious trip as much as his wife professed to have done. For one thing, Lady Ilkley had ceased to entertain him. It was very unfortunate, and he regretted it extremely, but somehow or other these pretty women, who were nothing particular except pretty, always did cease to entertain him after a time. Then, again, he was not quite satisfied about Kathie and that fellow Lawrence. Of course their platonic friendship and their frequent confabulations were all right, and Kathie was as innocent as a baby of ulterior intentions; but it didn't follow that Lawrence had formed no plans for a future which could not now be remote. He was rather sorry that he had been so impulsive as to confide in Lawrence, whose constant and sympathetic inquiries were perhaps not wholly disinterested. Upon closer acquaintance he felt sure that he did not like the man, though it was evident enough that Kathie did. But then who does like his probable successor? Even a father is apt to be more fond of his younger sons than of his first-born; and Hugh Shirley, notwithstanding the slightly cynical bent of his disposition, was sometimes conscious of a strong inclination to throw Mr. Lawrence overboard, neck and crop.

Very different were the sentiments of Lady Kathleen, who had become sincerely attached to Miles Lawrence, and who was convinced that his heart was in the right place, in spite of the little foibles which had irritated her during the earlier part of their cruise. Nevertheless, she

was at that moment quite as anxious to get rid of her friend as Hugh could be, for the post had brought her several disquieting letters, and she thought it her duty to draw Mr. Lawrence aside in order to impart to him the contents of one of them.

"I want you to go straight off to London without drawing breath," she told him; "I have heard things which make me feel sure that you ought to be there."

"My dear Lady Kathleen," remonstrated the young man, with a reproachful look, "what have I done to be driven away like this? And what possible necessity can there be for the immediate presence of such a useless being anywhere? Would you have me leave Constantinople without so much as a glance at Saint Sophia, and without having seen the dancing dervishes or the howling dervishes or anything?"

"You would dance and howl with rage yourself if I were to detain you here—at least I am afraid you would. I am afraid Lottie Powys is upon the brink of doing a very foolish thing. She writes about General Lennox—that horrid old man, you know, who succeeded to a large fortune last year—in a way that terrifies me. The truth is that we have kept you abroad too long; and if any calamity were to come of this, I should never forgive myself!"

"May I see the letter?" asked Mr. Lawrence, who did not seem to be much agitated.

"No; it would not be fair to show it to you. Besides, I don't believe she means the half of what she says. But it is clear that she is not engaged to him yet, although I hear from other sources that the engagement is expected. Now do you understand why you must lose no time in going home?"

"I cannot say that I do," answered Mr. Lawrence, smiling placidly. "General Lennox may be a horrid old man, but if Miss Powys doesn't think so, my return will hardly cause her to change her mind, I should imagine."

"Don't talk like that! I can quite understand your being hurt and angry; but there is her side of the question too, and it is very evident to me that she thinks you have deserted her. Indeed, she as good as says so."

Mr. Lawrence was by this time very willing that Lottie Powys should hold that belief; but he was a cautious young man, and he knew the dangers of precipitation. So he merely remarked, "If it were true that I had deserted her, should I be to blame?"

"Of course you would not," Lady Kathleen answered; "that is just it! I alone should be to blame, and it is for my own sake, as well as for Lottie's and yours, that I implore you to pack up at once. Really you are bound to make the attempt; and if you fail — but I don't think you will — you will at least feel that you have behaved like an honorable man."

This speech had the effect of making up Miles Lawrence's mind for him. He would certainly fail, because he wished and intended to do so, and he rather liked Lady Kathleen's admission that she would be to blame for his possible failure. Such an admission might be construed in more ways than one.

"I will obey your orders," he said, submissively, "though I must own that I obey with some reluctance. Perhaps—as you yourself have put it in that way—I may be permitted to add that I only do so for your sake."

It was but a party of three, therefore, that was conducted that afternoon to a wooden house in Stamboul to listen to the monotonous chant of the howling dervishes and to witness the cures wrought by the power of faith.

"It is just like my luck that I wasn't born a son of Islam," Hugh remarked, as they emerged into the open air. "Why can't I lie down on the pit of my stomach, let those fellows walk over my back, and then rise up with a perfect conviction that I am all right?"

"Your back is all right without any need for dervishes," said Lady Kathleen, cheerfully. "The *Cyclamen* has accomplished that—hasn't she, Constance?"

"Oh, I hope so," answered Lady Ilkley, absently.

She was about to step into the carriage which was to take her away from her friends up to Pera, and in a few hours she was going to forget all about them. She had had a pleasant time of it, upon the whole; still Mr. Shirley had been a good deal less amusing and attentive of late than he had been at the outset, and she was not altogether sorry to bid him good-by.

"It is unfortunate," said Hugh, when

she had been driven away, "that Lawrence should have been summoned home in such a hurry. Unfortunate for you, I mean."

"And it is unfortunate for you," answered Lady Kathleen, tranquilly, "that we are deprived of Constance. However, I dare say we shall not quarrel between this and London. We ought to be back in a week or ten days, travelling by easy stages, I suppose."

"Yes; and our spirits will be buoyed up by the thought of the joys that await us there. I am quite looking forward to my first interview with Sir Samuel."

IV.

Pleasant or unpleasant, that interview with the inexorable physician had to be faced; and if the truth must be told, Hugh Shirley put off facing it as long as he could. Moreover, Hugh found a new and strange pleasure in that dilatory northward journey with his wife, in buying presents for her of the Viennese and Parisian shopkeepers, and in seeing her face light up as it had done frequently enough in years gone by. However, she was less anxious to linger in the French capital than he was. She wanted to get home; she did not deny that she wished particularly to see Miles Lawrence again; and so, with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders, the doomed man stepped quietly forward to receive sentence.

"Well, Mr. Shirley," the great Sir Samuel said, after the usual prolonged and solemn examination of his patient, "I think we may almost give you a clean bill of health now. You will have to be careful for some little time to come, or we may have a recurrence of the former troubles; but I do not believe that there is any real cause for further anxiety."

"Why, my good man," exclaimed the astounded Hugh, "you gave me to understand a few months ago that there wasn't the slightest hope! Do you mean to say that you were completely mistaken?"

Now that is what no doctor ever does admit, or has admitted since the world began. Sir Samuel shook his head, and smiled in a compassionate, superior fashion.

"Oh no," he answered; "I made use of no such expression. I warned you that there were hereditary tendencies against which you would do well to be upon your guard, and I am glad to think that my warning has borne good fruit. Happily the symptoms which alarmed me have now disappeared. You are, in short, perfectly sound, Mr. Shirley, and I should think that your own sensations must tell you so."

Really, when he came to think of it, they did. He had been so convinced of approaching death that he had persuaded himself he was growing weaker every day; but now, as he walked away, he found that his step was springy, that his eyes were clear, and that he had not an ache or a pain in any part of his person. It was supremely ridiculous, of course; yet there is a certain class of jokes against one's self which may be taken very good-humoredly. Only he owed an apology to Lawrence — perhaps also to Kathie. Well, the best thing to be done was to go straight home and tell her all about it. Even if she was a little disappointed, she would hardly acknowledge to herself that she was so, he thought.

Had he carried out his intention of making straight for home, a painful scene might probably have been the consequence; it was fortunate, therefore, that he decided to go round by the club and recover his equanimity, which had been slightly shaken. For while he was seated there, with a newspaper held up in front of him to ward off the attacks of troublesome acquaintances, Miles Lawrence was spending a truly wretched quarter of an hour. Primed with the intelligence that Lottie Powys was going to marry old General Lennox and that he didn't care, that misguided young man had rushed off to cast himself unreservedly at the feet of Lady Kathleen; and being in an impulsive mood, what must he needs do but interrupt her condolences by a frank avowal that his affections had been transferred to one whose shoes Lottie Powys was not worthy to black! Then for the space of three minutes at least his ears were made to tingle almost as much as if he had had them boxed.

"But, dear Lady Kathleen," he protested, "I am not so bad as you think— I am not, really! I know I ought not to have spoken yet; I ought to have waited; but—"

"What difference could your waiting have made?" broke in Lady Kathleen, scornfully. "If you meant to insult me, to-day would do as well as to-morrow or next day, or next year, I suppose."

"No, it would not," answered Lawrence, meekly, though a trifle sullenly (for some very rude and unkind things had been said to him before this). "Next year you will almost certainly be free, and it can be no insult for me then to tell you that I love you. That does make a difference."

"Free? I don't understand what you mean!" ejaculated Lady Kathleen, as a horrible vision of Hugh eloping with Constance Ilkley flashed suddenly across her mind.

"I mean that your husband is dying. Surely you must know that he is! Everybody else knows it; he himself has been perfectly aware of it for months past."

"You are telling lies!" gasped out Lady Kathleen, who had turned white.

"I am not in the habit of telling lies," returned Lawrence, with a somewhat ludicrous effort at dignity, "nor am I in the habit of betraying confidences. As Shirley begged me not to mention to you that Sir Samuel Harley had pronounced his death-warrant before he sailed, I have scrupulously held my tongue up to the present moment. But since you do not seem to have guessed the truth, and since it cannot be concealed from you much longer, I feel that I am justified, in self-defence—"

He was not allowed to complete his sentence. Lady Kathleen had rung the bell and was pointing to the door. She was quite composed now, though she had been angry enough—and even vituperative—a few minutes before.

"Will you go away, please?" she said. "I shall never speak to you again if I can help it, and I sincerely trust that I may never see your repulsive face again."

So the discomfited Lawrence took his repulsive face out into the street, while Lady Kathleen, sinking into a chair, covered hers with her hands.

It was thus that Hugh found her when he came in, looking a little sheepish, to make his confession, and his lips were effectually closed by the sight of the haggard cheeks and dazed eyes which she displayed as she started up.

"Oh, Hugh," she exclaimed, "I have heard! Miles Lawrence has been here, and has told me everything! How could you be so cruel to me?"

"Lawrence is an ass," said Hugh.

"He is much worse than that!" cried Lady Kathleen, with a retrospective shudder.

"Is he? Well, I can't throw stones at him, for I am another ass, and old Harley is a third. I am ashamed to tell you that I have just been to consult that eminent authority, and that he assures me I am as sound as a bell."

Lady Kathleen knew very well that Hugh hated nothing so much as demonstrative affection, and for a long time past she had been doing her utmost to avoid annoying him by affectionate demonstrations; but this was more than she could stand. She hurled herself into his arms, embraced him, wept over him, and permitted herself to utter incoherent words which it was out of her power to swallow down. However, one comfort was that he did not seem to mind. It was not for some time that she was able to relate to him the history of Miles Lawrence's unheard-of infamy, which—somewhat to her vexation—he refused to treat in a tragic spirit.

"I think we must forgive him, Kathie," he said; "he really has done us a service without intending it, and for my part, I feel that I have deceived the poor beggar shamefully. Besides, you must admit that you gave him a lot of encouragement."

"I did no such thing!" exclaimed Lady Kathleen, indignantly. "Did I ever for one single moment behave with him as you did with Constance Ilkley?"

"That is quite another pair of shoes; it's constitutional with me, and it don't mean anything. However, I am not going to be naughty any more, and I will overlook your conduct for this once, upon the understanding that it is not to be repeated."

"How could I tell that the man would be such a gaby?" Lady Kathleen asked. "I only wanted to make you a little jealous. At least, I hoped I might."

"And the odd thing is, my dear, that you were within an ace of effecting your fell purpose. By-the-way, would you do me a little favor, just to show that there is no ill feeling?"

"I will do anything in the world for you, Hugh. You know it!"

"Then get your dressmaker to construct a garment out of that silk I bought for you at Tunis. I forgot to mention that I rescued it from Lady Ilkley's maid. You see, the fact was that I didn't particularly want her ladyship to wear it."

The Welcomes of the Flowers

BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

IT is now some thirty years since the scientific world was startled by the publication of that wonderful volume, *The Fertilization of Orchids*, by Charles Darwin; for though slightly anticipated by his previous work, *Origin of Species*, this volume was the first important presentation of the theory of cross-fertilization in the vegetable kingdom, and is the one that is primarily associated with the subject in the popular mind. The interpretation and elucidation of the mysteries which had so long lain hidden within those strange flowers, whose eccentric forms had always excited the curiosity and awe alike of the botanical fraternity and the casual observer, came almost like a divine revelation to every thoughtful reader of his remarkable pages. Blossoms heretofore considered as mere caprices and grotesques were now shown to be eloquent of deep divine intention, their curious shapes a demonstrated expression of welcome and hospitality to certain insect counterparts upon whom their very perpetuation depended.

Thus primarily identified with the orchid, it was perhaps natural and excusable that popular prejudice should have associated the subject of cross-fertilization with the orchid alone; for it is even to-day apparently a surprise to the average mind that almost any casual wild flower will reveal a floral mechanism often quite as astonishing as those of the orchids described in Darwin's volume. Let us glance, for instance, at the row of stamens below, selected at random from different flowers, with one exception wild flowers. Almost everybody knows that the function of the stamen is the secretion of pollen. This function, however, has really no reference whatever to the external form of the stamen. Why, then, this remarkable divergence? Here is an anther with its two cells connected lengthwise, and opening at the sides, perhaps balanced at the centre upon the top of its stalk or filament, or laterally attached and continuous with it; here is another opening by pores at the tip, and armed with two or four long horns; here is one with a feathery tail. In another the twin cells are globular and closely associated, while in its neighbor they are widely divergent. Another is club-shaped, and opens on either side by one or more upraised lids; and here is an example with its two very unequal cells separated by a long curved arm or connective, which is hinged at the tip of its filament; and the procession might be continued across two pages with equal variation.

FIG. 1.—A ROW OF STAMENS.

As far back as botanical history avails us these forms have been the same, each true to its particular species of flower, each with an underlying purpose which has a distinct and often simple reference to its form; and yet, incredible as it now

seems to us, the botanist of the past has been content with the simple technical description of the feature, without the slightest conception of its meaning, dismissing it, perhaps, with passing comment upon its "eccentricity" or "curious shape." Indeed, prior to Darwin's time it might be said that the flower was as a voice in the wilderness. In 1735, it is true, faint premonitions of its present message began to be heard through their first though faltering interpreter, Christian Conrad Sprengel, a German botanist and school-master, who upon one occasion, while looking into the chalice of the wild geranium, received an inspiration which led him to consecrate his life thenceforth

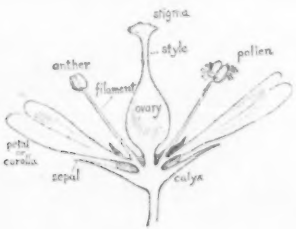


FIG. 2.—THE PARTS OF A FLOWER

to the solution of the floral hieroglyphics. Sprengel, it may be said, was the first to exalt the flower from the mere status of a botanical specimen.

This philosophic observer was far in advance of his age, and to his long and arduous researches—a basis built upon successively by Andrew Knight, Köhlreuter, Herbert, Darwin, Lubbock, Müller, and others—we owe our present divination of the flowers.

In order to fully appreciate this present contrast, it is well to briefly trace the progress, step by step, from the consideration of the mere anatomical and physiological specimen of the earlier botanists to the conscious blossom of to-day, with its embodied hopes, aspirations, and welcome companionships.

Most of my readers are familiar with the general construction of a flower, but in order to insure such comprehension it is well, perhaps, to freshen our memory by reference to the accompanying diagram of an abstract flower, the various parts being indexed.

The calyx usually encloses the bud, and may be tubular, or composed of separate leaves or sepals, as in a rose. The corolla, or colored portion, may consist of several petals, as in the rose, or of a single one, as in the morning-glory. At the centre is the pistil, one or more, which forms the ultimate fruit. The pistil is divided into three parts, ovary, style, and stigma. Surrounding the pistil are the stamens, few or many, the anther at the extremity containing the powdery pollen.

Although these physiological features have been familiar to observers for thousands of years, the several functions involved were scarcely dreamt of until within a comparatively recent period.

In the writings of ancient Greeks and Romans we find suggestive references to sexes in flowers, but it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that the existence of sex was generally recognized.

In 1682 Nehemias Grew announced to the scientific world that it was necessary for the pollen of a flower to reach the stigma or summit of the pistil in order to insure the fruit. I have indicated his claim pictorially at A, in the series of historical progression. So radical was this "theory" considered that it precipitated a lively discussion among the wiseheads, which was prolonged for fifty years, and only finally settled by Linnæus, who reaffirmed the facts declared by Grew, and verified them by such absolute proof that no further doubts could be entertained. The inference of these early authorities regarding this process of pollination is perfectly clear from their statements. The stamens in most flowers were seen to surround the pistil, "and of course the presumption was that they naturally shed the pollen upon the stigma," as illustrated at B in my series. The construction of most flowers certainly seemed designed to fulfil this end. But there were other considerations which had been ignored, and the existence of color, fragrance, honey, and insect association still continued to challenge the wisdom of the more philosophic seekers. How remarkable were some of those early speculations in regard to "honey," or, more properly, nectar! Patrick Blair, for instance, claimed that "honey absorbed the pollen," and thus fertilized the ovary. Pontidera thought that its office was to keep the ovary in a moist condition. Another botanist argued that it was "useless material thrown off in process of growth." Krunitz

noted that "bee-visited meadows were most healthy," and his inference was that "honey was injurious to the flowers, and that bees were useful in carrying it off"! The great Linnæus confessed himself puzzled as to its function.

For a period of fifty years the progress of interpretation was completely arrested. The flowers remained without a champion until 1787, when Sprengel began his investigations, based upon the unsolved mysteries of color and markings of petals, fragrance, nectar, and visiting insects. The prevalent idea of the insect being a mere idle accessory to the flower found no favor with him. He chose to believe that some deep plan must lie beneath this universal association. At the inception of this conviction he chanced to observe in the flower of the wild geranium (*G. sylvaticum*) a fact which only an inspired vision could have detected—that the minute hairs at the base of the petal, while disclosing the nectar to insects, completely protected it from rain. Investigation showed the same conditions in many other flowers, and the inference he drew was further strengthened by the remarkable discovery of his "honey-guides" in a long list of blossoms, by which the various decorations of spots, rings, and converging veins upon the petals indicated the location of the nectar.

His labors were now concentrated on the work of interpretation, until at length his researches, covering a period of two or three years, were given to the world. In a volume bearing the following victorious title, *The Secrets of Nature in Forms and Fertilization of Flowers Discovered*, he presented a vast chronicle of astonishing facts. The previous discoveries of Grew and Linnæus were right so far as they went—viz., "the pollen must reach the stigma"—but those learned authorities had missed the true secret of the process. In proof of which Sprengel showed that in a great many flowers, as I have shown at C, Fig. 3, this deposit of pollen is naturally impossible, owing to the relative position of the floral parts, and that the pollen could not reach the stigma except by artificial aid. He then announced his startling theory:

1. "Flowers are fertilized by insects."

2. Insects in approaching the nectar brush the pollen from the anthers with various hairy parts of their bodies, and in their motions convey it to the stigma.

But Sprengel's seeming victory was doomed to be turned to defeat. The true "secret" was yet unrevealed in his pages. He had given a poser to Linnæus (C), yet his own work abounded with similar

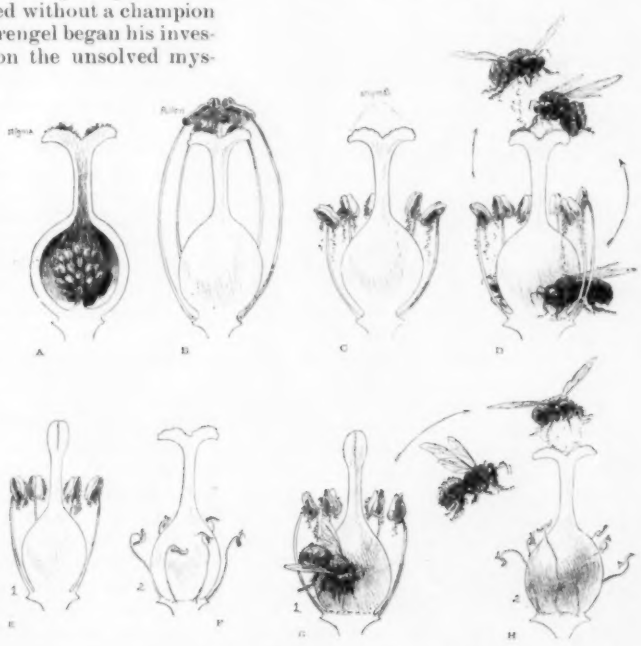


FIG. 3.—HISTORICAL SERIES, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY OF FLOWER-FERTILIZATION.

A. The fact discovered by N. Grew, 1682. B. The process as reaffirmed by Linnæus, 1735. C. Sprengel's puzzle for Linnæus, 1787. D. Sprengel's solution, 1787. E and F. Two posers for Sprengel: E. Pollen ripe—stigma closed; F. Pollen all shed—stigma just matured. G and H. Darwin's solution of Sprengel's double dilemma—cross-fertilization, 1858.

strange inconsistencies, which, while being scarcely admitted by himself, or ingeniously explained, were nevertheless fatal to the full recognition of his wonderful researches. For seventy years his book lay almost unnoticed.

"Let us not underrate the value of a fact; it will one day flower in a truth." The defects in Sprengel's work were, after all, not actual defects. The error lay simply in his interpretation of his carefully noted facts. As Hermann Müller has said, "Sprengel's investigations afford an example of how even work that is rich in acute observation and happy interpretation may remain inoperative if the idea at its foundation is defective." What, then, was the flaw in Sprengel's work? Simply that he had seen but *half* the "secret" which he claimed to have "discovered." Starting to prove that insects fertilize the flowers, his carefully observed facts only served to demonstrate in many cases the reverse—that *insects could not fertilize* flowers in the manner he had declared. He was met at every hand, for instance, by floral problems such as are shown at E and F, where the pollen and the stigma in the same flower matured at different periods; and even though he recognized and admitted that the pollen must in many cases be transferred from one flower to another, he failed to divine that such was actually the common vital plan involved. It may readily be imagined that his great work precipitated an intense and prolonged controversy, and incited emulous investigation by the botanists of his time. Though a few of the more advanced of his followers, among them Andrew Knight (1799), Köhlreuter (1811), Herbert (1837), Gärtner (1844), clearly recognized the principle and foreshadowed the later theory of cross-fertilization, it was not until the inspired insight of Darwin, as voiced in his *Origin of Species*, contemplated these strange facts and inconsistencies of Sprengel that their full significance and actual value were discovered and demonstrated, and his remarkable book, forgotten for seventy years, at last appreciated for its true worth. Alas for the irony of fate! Under Darwin's interpretation the very "defects" which had rendered Sprengel's work a failure now became the absolute witness of a deeper truth which Sprengel had failed to discern. One more short step and he had reached the goal. But this last step was reserved for the later seer. He took the fatal double problem of Sprengel—as shown at E and F, to express the consummation pictorially—and by the simple drawing of a line, as it were, as indicated between G and H, instantly reconciled all the previous perplexities and inconsistencies, thus demonstrating the fundamental plan involved in floral construction to be not merely "*insect* fertilization," the fatal postulate assumed by Sprengel, but *cross*-fertilization—a fact which, singularly enough, the latter's own pages proved without his suspicion.

Thus we see the four successive steps in progressive knowledge, from Grew in 1682, Linnæus, 1735, Sprengel, 1787, to Darwin, 1857–1858, and realize with astonishment that it has taken over one hundred and seventy-five years for humanity to learn this apparently simple lesson, which for untold centuries has been noised abroad on the murmuring wings of every bee in the meadow, and demonstrated in almost every flower.

This infinite field now open before him, Darwin began his investigations, and the whole world knows his triumphs. He has been followed by a host of disciples, to whom his books have come as an inspiring and ennobling impulse. Hildebrand, Delpino, Axell, Lubbock, and, latest and perhaps most conspicuous, Hermann Müller, to whom the American reader is especially referred. *The Fertilization of Flowers*, by this most scholarly and indefatigable chronicler, presents the most complete compendium and bibliography of the literature on the subject that have yet appeared. Even to the unscientific reader it will prove full of revelations of this awe-inspiring interassociation and interdependence of the flower and the insect.

Many years ago the grangers of Australia determined to introduce our red clover into that country, the plant not being native there. They imported American seed, and sowed it, with the result of a crop luxuriant in foliage and bloom, but not a seed for future sowing! Why? Because the American bumblebee had not been consulted in the transaction. The clover and the bee are inseparable counterparts, and the plant refuses to become reconciled to the separation. Upon the introduction and naturalization of the American bumblebee, however, the transported

clover became reconciled to its new habitat, and now flourishes in fruition as well as bloom.

Botany and entomology must henceforth go hand in hand. The flower must be considered as an embodied welcome to an insect affinity, and all sorts of courtesies prevail among them in the reception of their invited guests. The banquet awaits, but various singular ceremonies are enjoined between the cup and the lip, the stamens doing the hospitalities in time-honored forms of etiquette. Flora exacts no arbitrary customs. Each flower is a law unto itself. And how expressive, novel, and eccentric are these social customs! The garden salvia, for instance, slaps the burly bumblebee upon the back and marks him for her own as he is ushered in to the feast. The mountain-laurel welcomes the twilight moth with an impulsive multiple embrace. The desmodium and genesta celebrate their hospitality with a joke, as it were, letting their threshold fall beneath the feet of the caller, and startling him with an explosion and a cloud of yellow powder, suggesting the day pyrotechnics of the Chinese. The prickly-pear cactus encloses its buzzing visitor in a golden bower, from which he must emerge at the roof as dusty as a miller. The barberry, in similar vein, lays mischievous hold of the tongue of its sipping bee, and I fancy, in his early acquaintance, before he has learned its ways, gives him more of a welcome than he had bargained for. The evening primrose, with outstretched filaments, hangs a golden necklace about the welcome murmuring noctuid, while the various orchids excel in the ingenuity of their salutations. Here is one which presents a pair of tiny clubs to the sphinx-moth at its threshold, gluing them to its bulging eyes. Another attaches similar tokens to the tongues of butterflies, while the cypripedium speeds its parting guest with a sticking-plaster smeared all over its back. And so we might continue almost indefinitely. From the stand-point of frivolous human etiquette we smile, perhaps, at customs apparently so whimsical and unusual, forgetting that such a smile may partake somewhat of irreverence. For what are they all but the divinely imposed conditions of interassociation? say, rather, interdependence, between the flower and the insect, which is its ordained companion, its faithful messenger, often its sole sponsor;—the mea-

THE GARDEN SAGE.

FIG. 4.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE SAGE (SALVIA OFFICINALIS).

A. Section of a sage flower (young flower at top of stem), showing long style and barren stamen, stigma short, anther mature. B. Pollen-laden bee entering flower. C. Anther of tilted stamen striking body of bee. D. Old flower at base of cluster—stigma elongated to touch the pollen on bee's body.

dows murmuring with an intricate and eloquent system of intercommunings beside which the most inextricable tangle of metropolitan electrical currents is not a circumstance. What a storied fabric were this murmurous tangle woven day by day, could each one of these insect messengers, like the spider, leave its visible trail behind it!

As a rule, these blossom ceremonies are of the briefest description. Occasionally, however, as in the cypripedium and in certain of the arums, or "jack-in-the-pulpit," and aristolochias, the welcome becomes somewhat aggressive, the guest being forcibly detained awhile after tea, or, as in the case of our milkweed, occasionally entrapped for life.

From this companionable point of view let us now look again at the strange curved stamen of the sage. Why this peculiar formation of the long curved arm pivoted on its stalk? Considered in the abstract, it can have no possible meaning, but taken in association with the insect to which it is shaped, how perfect is its adaptation, how instantly intelligible it becomes! Every one is familiar with the sage of the country garden, its lavender flowers arranged in whorls in a long cluster at the tips of the stems. One of these flowers, a young one from the top of the cluster, is shown at A, Fig. 4, in section, the long threadlike pistil starting from the ovary, and curving upward beneath the arch of the flower, with its forked stigma barely protruding (B). There are two of the queer stamens, one on each side of the opening of the blossom, and situated as shown, their anthers concealed in the hood above, and only their lower extremity appears below, the minute growth near it being one of the rudiments of two former stamens which have become aborted. If we take a flower from the lower portion of the cluster (D), we find that the threadlike pistil has been elongated nearly a third of an inch, its forked stigma now hanging directly at the threshold of the flower. The object of this will be clearly demonstrated if we closely observe this bee upon the blossoms. He has now reached the top of the cluster among the younger blossoms. He creeps up the outstretched platform of the flower, and has barely thrust his head within its tube when down comes the pair of clappers on his back (C). Presently he backs out, bearing a generous dab of yellow pollen, which is further increased from each subsequent flower. He has now finished this cluster, and flies to the next, alighting as usual on the lowermost tier of bloom. In them the elongated stigma now hangs directly in his path, and comes in contact with the pollen on his back as the insect sips the nectar. Cross-fertilization is thus insured; and, moreover, cross-fertilization not only from a distinct flower, but from a separate cluster, or even a separate plant. For in these older stigmatic flowers the anther as it comes down upon his back is seen to be withered, having shed its pollen several days since, the supply of pollen on the bee's body being sufficient to fertilize all the stigmas in the cluster, until a new supply is obtained from the pollen-bearing blossoms above. And thus he continues his rounds.

The sage is a representative of the large botanical order known as the Mint family, the labiates, or gaping two-lipped flowers, the arched hood here answering to the

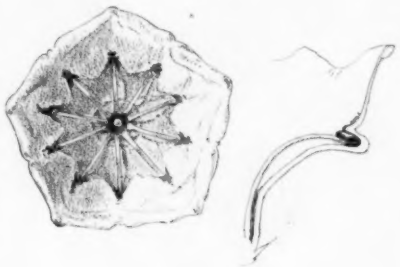
upper lip, the spreading base forming the lower lip, which is usually designed as a convenient threshold for the insects while sipping the nectar deep within the tube. This mechanism of the sage is but one of many curious and various contrivances in the Mint family, all designed for the same end, the intercrossing of the flowers.

While each family of plants is apt to favor some particular general plan, the modifications in the various species seem almost without limit.

Let us now look at the Heath family. The family of the heath, cranberry, pyrola, Andromeda, and mountain-laurel—how do these blossoms welcome their insect friends? This group is particularly distinguished by the unusual exception in the form of its anthers, which open by pores at their tips, instead of the ordinary side fissures. Two or three forms of these anthers are shown in my row of stamens (Fig. 1).

Seen thus in their detached condition, how incomprehensible and grotesque do they appear! And yet, when viewed at home, in their bell-shaped corollas, their hospitable expression and greeting are seen to be quite as expressive and rational as those of the sage. Take the mountain-laurel, for instance; what a singular exhibition is this which we may observe on any twilight evening in the laurel copse, the dense clusters of pink-white bloom waited upon by soft-winged fluttering moths, and ever and anon celebrating its cordial spirit by a mimic display of pyrotechnics as the anthers hurl aloft their tiny showers of pollen!

Every one is familiar with the curious construction of this flower, with its ten radiating stamens, each with its anther snugly tucked away in a pouch at the rim of its saucer-shaped corolla. Thus they appear in the freshly opened flower, and thus will they remain and wither if the flower is brought in-doors and placed in a vase upon our mantel. Why? Be-



ELASTIC STAMENS.

Anthers inserted in their pockets.

cause the hope of the blossom's life is not fulfilled in these artificial conditions; its natural counterpart, the insect, has failed to respond to its summons.

But the twilight cluster in the woods may tell us a pretty story.

Here a tiny moth hovers above the tempting chalice, and now settles upon it with eager tongue extended for the nectar at its centre. What an immediate and expressive welcome! No sooner has this little feathery body touched the filaments than the eager anthers are released from their pockets, and springing inwards, clasp their little visitor, at the same time decorating him with their compliments of web-by pollen.

The nectary now drained of its sweets, the moth creeps or flutters to a second blossom, and its pollen-dusted body thus coming in contact with its stigma, cross-fertilization is accomplished. The pollen of the laurel differs from that of most of the Heath blooms, its grains being more or less ad-

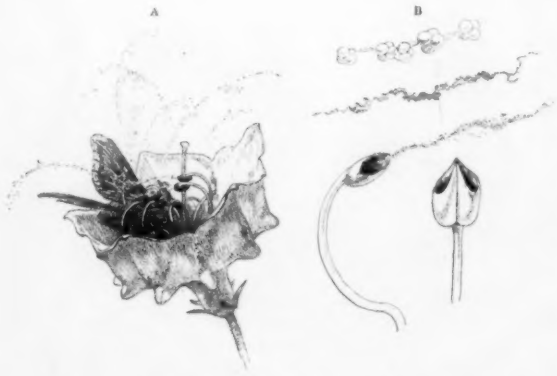


FIG. 5.—ELASTIC STAMENS OF MOUNTAIN-LAUREL.

A. The laurel's embrace. B. Stamens hurling pollen strings.

ANDROMEDA LIGUSTRINA.

herent by a cobwebby connective which permeates the mass as indicated in my magnified representation (B, Fig. 5).

It is probable that an accessory cross-fertilization frequently results from a mass of the pollen falling directly upon the stigma of a neighboring blossom, or even upon its own stigma, but even in the latter case, as has been absolutely demonstrated as a general law by the experiments of Darwin, the pollen from a separate flower is almost invariably prepotent, and leads to the most perfect fruition, and thus to the survival of the fittest—the cross-fertilized. And, in any event, the insect is to be credited for the release of the tiny catapults by which the pollen is discharged. But the laurel may be considered as an exceptional example of the Heath family. Let us look at a more

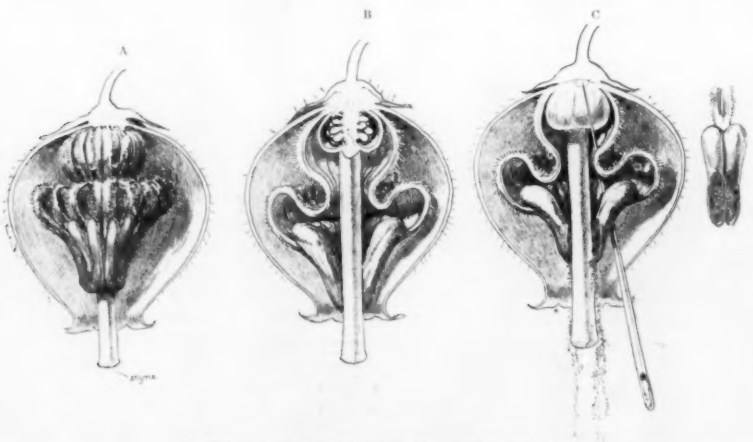
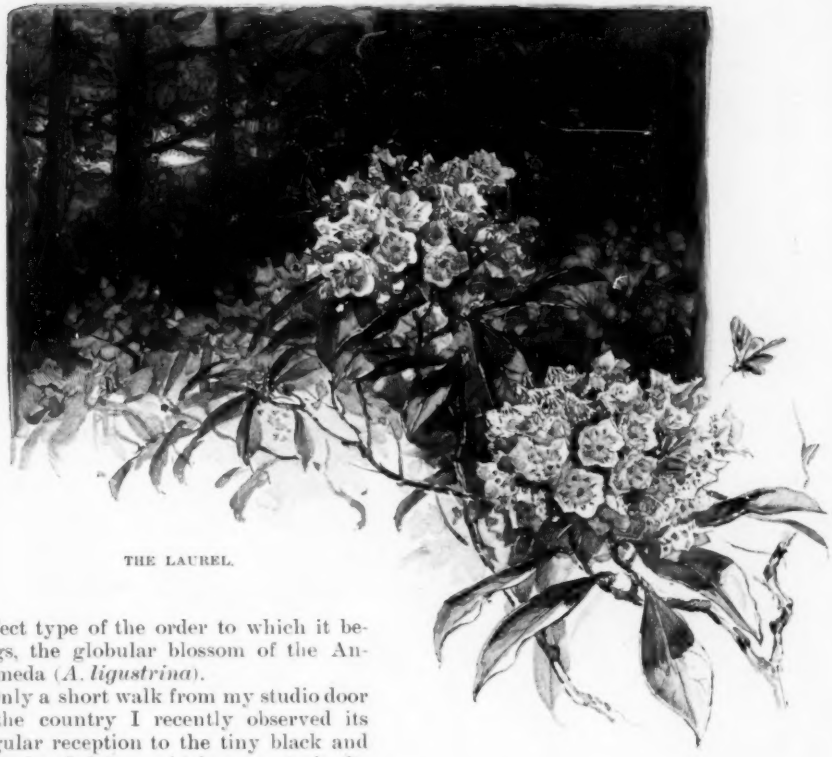


FIG. 6.—FERTILIZATION OF ANDROMEDA.

A. Ring of anthers around style. B. Section showing contact of anthers. C. Dislocation of anther ring, and consequent fall of pollen. The needle represents insect's tongue.



THE LAUREL.

perfect type of the order to which it belongs, the globular blossom of the Andromeda (*A. ligustrina*).

Only a short walk from my studio door in the country I recently observed its singular reception to the tiny black and white banded bee, which seems to be its especial companion, none the less constant and forgiving in spite of a hospitality which, from the human stand-point, would certainly seem rather discouraging. Fancy a morning call upon your particular friend. You knock at the door, and are immediately greeted at the threshold with a quart of sulphur thrown into your face. Yet this is precisely the experience of this patient little insect, which manifests no disposition to retaliate with the concealed weapon which on much less provocation he is quick to employ. Here he comes, eager for the fray. He alights upon one of the tiny bells scarce half the size of his body. Creeping down beneath it, he inserts his tongue into the narrowed opening. Instantly a copious shower of dust is poured down upon his face and body. But he has been used to it all his life, and by heredity he knows that this is Andromeda's peculiar whim, and is content to humor it for the sweet recompense which she bestows. The nectar drained, the insect, as dusty as a miller, visits another flower, but before he enters must of necessity first pay his toll of pollen to the drooping stigma which barely protrudes beneath the blossom's throat, and the expectant seed-pod above welcomes the good tidings with visions of fruition.

And how beautiful is the minute mechanical adaptation by which this end is accomplished! This species of Andromeda is a shrub of about four feet in height, its blossoms being borne in close panicled clusters at the summit of the branches. The individual flower is hardly more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. From one of three blossoms I made the accompanying series of three sectional drawings (Fig. 6). The first shows the remarkable interior arrangement of the ten stamens surrounding the pistil. The second presents a sectional view of these stamens, showing their peculiar S-shaped filaments and ring of anthers—one of the latter being shown separate at the right,

with its two pores and exposed pollen. The freshly opened blossom discloses the entire ring of anthers in perfect equilibrium, each with its two orifices closed by close contact with the style, thus retaining the pollen. It will readily be seen that an insect's tongue, as indicated by the needle, in probing between them in search for nectar, must needs dislocate one or more of the anthers, and thus release their dusty contents, while the position of the stigma below is such as to escape all contact.

In most flowers, with the exception of the orchids, the stamens and pollen are plainly visible, but who ever sees the anthers of the blue-flag? Surely none but the analytical botanist

FIG. 7.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE BLUE-FLAG.

A. Bee leaving flower laden with pollen. B. Bee entering flower—stigmatic shelf scraping off pollen.

BLUE-FLAG.

and the companion insect to whom it is so artfully adjusted and so demonstrative. This insect is likely to be either a bumblebee or a species of large fly. In apt illustration of Sprengel's theory of the "path-finder" or honey-guide, the insect does not alight at the centre of the flower, but upon one of the three large drooping sepals, whose veins, converging to the narrowed trough above, indicate the path to the nectar. Closely overarching this portion is a long and narrow curved roof—one of three divisions to the style, each surmounting its veined sepals. Beneath this our visiting bee disappears, and a glance at my sectional drawing shows what happens. Concealed within, against the ridge-pole as it were, the anther awaits his coming, and in his passage to and from the nectar below spreads its pollen over his head and back. Having backed out of this segment of the blossom (A), he proceeds to the next; but the shelflike stigma awaits him at the door, and scrapes off or rubs off a few grains of the pollen from his back (B). Thus he continues until the third segment is reached, from which he carries away a fresh load of pollen to another flower. It will be seen that only the outer side of this appendage is stigmatic, and that it

POGONIA AND DEVIL'S-BIT.

is thus naturally impossible for the blue-flag to self-fertilize,—only one instance of thousands in which the anther and stigma, though placed in the closest proximity, and apparently even in contact—seemingly with the *design* of self-fertilization—are actually more perfectly separated functionally than if in separate flowers, the insect alone consummating their affinity.

In some flowers this separation is effected, as I have shown, by their maturing at different periods; in others, as in the iris, by mere mechanical means; while in a long list of plants, as in the willow, poplar, hemp, oak, and nettle, the cross-fertilization is absolutely necessitated by the fact of the staminate and stigmatic flowers being either separated on the same stalk or on different plants, the pollen being carried by insects or the wind. We may see a pretty illustration of this in the little wild flower known as the devil's-bit (*Chamælirium luteum*), whose long white tapering spire of feathery bloom may often be seen rising above the sedges in the swamp. Two years ago I chanced upon a little colony of four or five plants at the edge of a bog. The

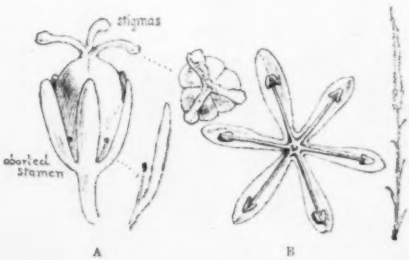


FIG. 8.—DEVIL'S-BIT.

A. Pistillate flower. B Staminate flower.

flowers, all of them, were mere petals and stamens (B, Fig. 8). I looked in vain for a single stigmatic plant or flower; but far across the swamp, a thousand feet distant, I at length discovered a single spire, composed entirely of pistillate flowers, as shown in Fig. 8, A, and my magnifying-glass clearly revealed the pollen upon their stigmas—doubtless a welcome message brought from the iso-

HORSE-BALM (COLLINSONIA).

where demonstrated. The means appear without limit in their evolved—rather, I should say, involved—ingenuity. Pluck the first flower that you meet in your stroll to-morrow, and it will tell you a new story.

Only a few days since, while out on a drive, I passed a luxuriant clump of the plant known as "horse-balm." I had known it all my life, and twenty years previously had made a careful analytical drawing of the mere botanical affinity afar by some winged sponsor, to whom the peculiar fragrance of the flower offers a special attraction, and thus to whom the fortunes of the devil's-bit have been committed.

The presence of fragrance and honey in a dioecious flower may be accepted in the abstract as almost conclusive of an insect affinity, as in most flowers of this class, notably the beech, pine, dock, grasses, etc., the wind is the fertilizing agent, and there is absence alike of conspicuous color, fragrance, and nectar — attributes which refer alone to insects, or possibly humming-birds in certain species.

Look where we will among the blossoms, we find the same beautiful plan of intercommunion and reciprocity every-

THE CONE-FLOWER.

ical specimen. What could it say to me now in my more questioning mood? Its queer little yellow fringed flowers hung in profusion from their spreading terminal racemes. I recalled their singular shape, and the two outstretched stamens has thus been deposited where it will come in contact with the stigma of another flower. So, of course, it proved. In the bee's continual visits to the several flowers he came at length to the younger blooms, where the forked stigmas were

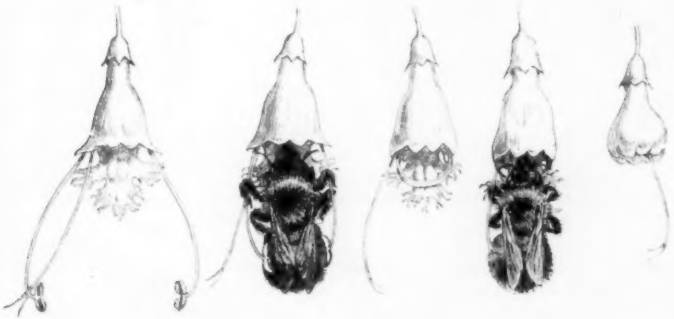


FIG. 9.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE HORSE BALM—FLOWERS IN VARIOUS STAGES, AND IN THE ORDER OF THEIR VISITATION BY THE BEE.

protruding from their gaping corolla, and could distinctly see them as I sat in the carriage. I had never chanced to read of this flower in the literature of cross-fertilization, and murmuring, half aloud, "What pretty mystery is yours, my Collinsonia?" prepared to investigate.

What I observed is pictured severally at Fig. 9, the flowers being shown from above, showing the two spreading stamens and the decidedly exceptional unsymmetrical position of the long style extending to the side. A small nectar-seeking bumblebee had approached, and in alighting upon the fringed platform grasped the filaments for support, and thus clapped the pollen against his sides. Reasoning from analogy, it would of course be absolutely clear that this pollen

FIG. 10.—CONE-FLOWER—SHOWING NUMEROUS FLORETS, SOME IN POLLEN, OTHERS IN STIGMATIC STAGE.

turned directly to the front, while the immature stamens were still curled up in the flower tubes. Even the unopened buds showed a number of species where the early matured stigma actually protruded through a tiny orifice in precisely the right position to strike the pollen-dusted body of the bee as he forced his tongue through the tiny aperture.*

If their dainty mechanism excite our wonder, what shall be said of the revelations in the great order of the Compositæ, where each so-called flower, as in the dandelion, daisy, cone-flower, marigold, is really a dense cluster of minute flowers, each as perfect in its construction as in the examples already mentioned, each with its own peculiar plan designed to insure the transfer of its own pollen to the stigma of its neighbor, while excluding it from its own?

All summer long the cone-flower (*Rudbeckia hirta*) blooms in our fields, but how few of us imagine the strange processes which are being enacted in that purple cone! Let us examine it closely. If we pluck one of the blossom's heads and keep it in a vase overnight, we shall

* In numerous instances observed since the above was written I have noted the larger bumblebees upon the blossom. These insects have a different method of approach, hanging beneath the flower, the anthers being clapped against their thorax at the juncture of the wings, instead of the abdomen, as in the smaller bee.

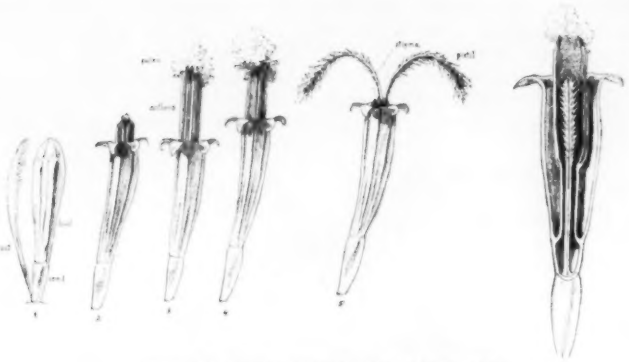


FIG. 11.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF CONE-FLOWER.

probably see on the following morning a tiny yellow ring of pollen encircling the outer edge of the cone. In this way only are we likely to see the ring in its perfection, as in a state of nature the wind and insects rarely permit it to remain.

If we now with a sharp knife make a vertical section, as shown at A, Fig. 3, we may observe the conical receptacle studded with its embryo seeds, each bearing a tiny tubular blossom. Three distinct forms of these flowers are to be seen. The lower and older ones are conspicuous by their double feathery tails, the next by their extended anthers bearing the pollen at their extremity, and above these again the buds in all stages of growth. These various states are indicated in Fig. 11.

As in all the Compositæ, the anthers are here united in a tube, the pollen being discharged within. At the base of this anther-tube rises the pistil, which gradually elongates, and like a piston forces out the pollen at the top. Small insects in creeping over the cone quickly dislodge it. In the next stage the anthers have withered, the flower-tube elongated, and the top of the two-parted pistil begins to protrude, and at length expands its tips, disclosing at the centre the stigmatic surface, which has until now been protected by close contact. (See section.)

A glance at Fig. 11 will reveal the plan involved. The ring of pollen is inevitably scattered to the stigmas of the neighboring flowers, and cross-fertilization continually insured. Similar contrivances are to be found in most of the Compositæ, through the same method being variously applied.

Perhaps even more remarkable than any of the foregoing, which are more or less automatic in their movements, is the truly astonishing and seemingly conscious mechanism displayed in the wild arum of Great Britain—the "lords and ladies" of the village lanes, the foreign

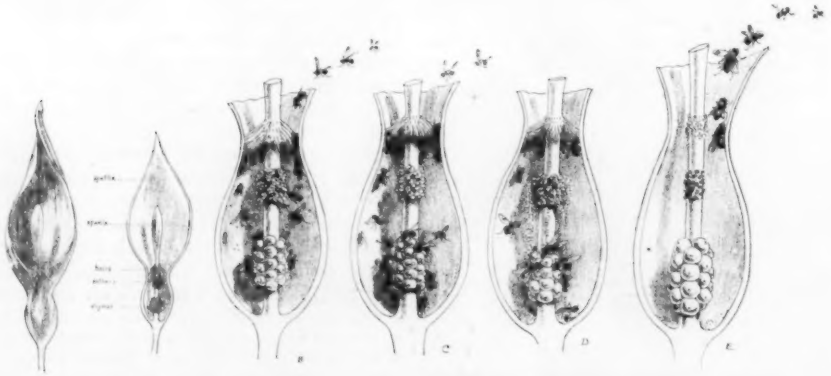


FIG. 12.—STAGES IN THE FERTILIZATION OF THE ENGLISH ARUM.

counterpart of our well-known jack-in-the-pulpit, or Indian-turnip, with its purple-streaked canopy, and sleek "preacher" standing erect beneath it. A representation of this arum is shown in Fig. 12, and a cross section at A, properly indexed.

How confidently would the superficial—nay, even careful—examination of one of the old-time botanists have interpreted its structure: "How simple and perfect the structure! Observe how the anthers are placed so that pollen shall naturally fall directly on the stigmas and fertilize them!" Such would indeed appear to be intended, until it is actually discovered that the *stigmas have withered* when the pollen is shed—a device which, acting in association with the little ring of hairs, tells a strange story. It is not my fortune to have seen one of these singular blossoms, but from the description of the process of fertilization given in Hermann Müller's wonderful work, aided by a botanical illustration of the structure of the flower, I am readily enabled to picture the progressive stages of the mechanism.

In the first stage (B) small flies with bodies dusted with pollen from a previous arum blossom (for insects, as a rule, remain faithful or partial to one species of flowers while it is in bloom) are entering the narrowed tube, easily passing through the drooping fringe of hairs. Nectar is secreted by the stigmas, and here the flies assemble, thus dusting them with pollen. Their appetite temporarily satisfied, the insects seek escape, but find their exit effectually barred by the intruding fringe of hairs (C). In this second stage the stigmas, having now been fertilized, have withered, at the same time exuding a fresh supply of nectar, which again attracts the flies, whereupon, as shown at D, the anthers open and discharge their pollen upon the insects. In the fourth stage (E), all the functions of the flower having now been fulfilled, the fringe of hairs withers, and the imprisoned pollen-laden flies are permitted to escape to another flower, where the beautiful scheme is again enacted.

In a paper of this kind it is of course possible only to hint at a few representative examples of floral mechanisms, but these would be indeed incomplete without a closing reference to that wonderful tribe of flowers with which the theory of cross-fertilization will ever be memorably associated. I have previously alluded to

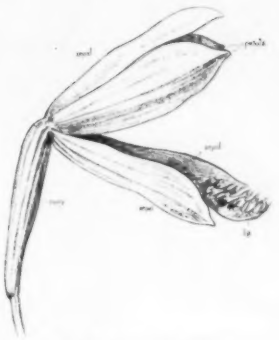


FIG. 13.—POGONIA.

the absolute dependence of the red clover upon the bumblebee. This instance may be considered somewhat exceptional, though numerous parallel cases are known. Among ordinary flowers this intervention of the insect is largely a *preferable* intention, and though almost invariably fulfilled, a large proportion of flowers still retain, as a *dernier ressort*, the power of at least partial self-fertilization and perpetuity in the absence or neglect of their insect counterpart.

The numerous and conclusive demonstrations of Darwin, however, have proved that in the competition for existence such self-fertilized offspring quickly yield before the progeny of cross-fertilization.

But the distinctive feature of the orchids lies in the fact that this dependence on the insect is wellnigh universally absolute. Here are a great host of plants which are doomed to extinction if for any reason their insect sponsors should permanently neglect them. The principal botanical feature which differentiates the orchid from other plants lies in the construction of the floral organs, the pistil, stigma, and anthers here being united into a distinct part known as the column. The pollen is, moreover, peculiar, being collected into more or less compact masses, and variously concealed in the flower. Some of these are club-shaped, with a viscid extremity, others of the consistency of a sticking-plaster, and all are hidden from external view in pouches and pockets, from which they never emerge unless withdrawn on the body of an insect. The various devices by which this removal is insured are most astonishing and awe-inspiring. Nor is it necessary to go to the

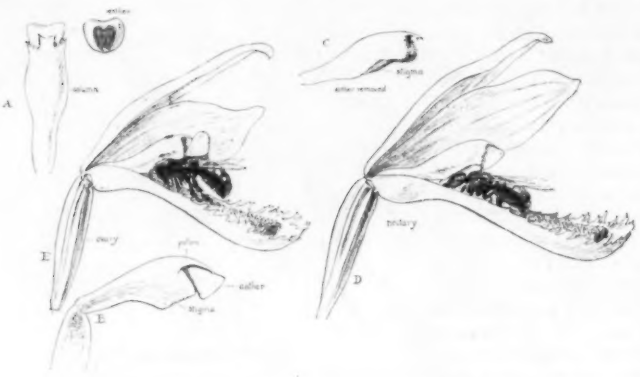


FIG. 14.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE ORCHID POGONIA.

conservatory for a tropical specimen, as is commonly supposed. An orchid is an orchid wherever it grows, and our native list of some fifty species will afford examples of as strange mechanical adaptations as are to be found among Darwin's pages. Indeed, a few of our American species are there described. One example will suffice for present illustration—the sweet-pogonia or grass-pink of our sedgy swamps (*Pogonia ophioglossoides*). Its solitary rosy blossom, nodding on its slender stem above the sedges, is always a welcome episode to the sauntering botanist, and its perfume, suggesting ripe red raspberries, is unique in the wild bouquet. One of these flowers is shown in profile at Fig. 13, its various parts indexed. Concealed behind the petals is the column, elsewhere indicated from various points of view. Attracted by its color and fragrance, the insect seeks the flower; its outstretched fringy lip offers a cordial invitation at its threshold, and conducts its visitor directly to the sweets above. In his entrance, as seen at D, Fig. 14, the narrowed passage compresses his back against the under side of the column, forcing his head and back against the stigma. The effect of this inward pressure, as will be seen, only serves to force the anther more firmly within its pocket; but as the insect, having drained the nectar, now backs out, note the result. The lip of the anther catches upon the back, swings outward on its hinge, and deposits its sticky pollen all over the insect's back, returning to its original position after his departure. In another moment he is seen upon another blossom, as at D again, his pollen-laden back now coming in contact with the stigma, and the intention of the blossom is accomplished; for without this assistance from the insect the little lid remains close within its pocket, and the pollen is thus retained.

What startling disclosures are revealed to the inward eye within the hearts of all these strange orchidaceous flowers! Blossoms whose functions, through long eras of adaptation, have gradually shaped themselves to the forms of certain chosen insect sponsors; blossoms whose chalices are literally fashioned to bees or butterflies; blossoms whose slender, prolonged nectaries invite and reward the murmuring sphinx-moth alone, the floral throat closely embracing his head while it attaches its pollen masses to the bulging eyes, or perchance to the capillary tongue! And thus in endless modifications, evidences all of the same deep vital purpose.

Let us then content ourselves no longer with being mere "botanists"—historians of structural facts. The flowers are not mere comely or curious vegetable creations, with colors, odors, petals, stamens, and innumerable technical attributes. The wonted insight alike of scientist, philosopher, theologian, and dreamer is now repudiated in the new revelation. Beauty is not "its own excuse for being," nor was fragrance ever "wasted on the desert air." The seer has at last heard and interpreted the voice in the wilderness. The flower is no longer a simple passive victim in the busy bee's sweet pillage, but rather a conscious being, with hopes, aspirations, and companionships. The insect is its counterpart. Its fragrance is but a perfumed whisper of welcome, its color is as the wooing blush and rosy lip, its portals are decked for his coming, and its sweet hospitalities humored to his tarrying; and as it finally speeds its parting affinity rests content that its life's consummation has been fulfilled.

TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Third.

ONE lovely Monday morning in late September, at about eleven or so, Taffy and the Laird sat in the studio—each opposite his picture, smoking, nursing his knee, and saying nothing. The heaviness of Monday weighed on their spirits more than usual, for the three friends had returned late on the previous night from a week spent at Barbizon and in the forest of Fontainebleau—a heavenly week among the painters: Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Daubigny, let us suppose, and others less known to fame this day. Little Billee, especially, had been fascinated by all this artistic life in blouses and sabots and immense straw hats and panamas, and had sworn to himself and to his friends that he would some day live and die there—painting the forest as it is, and peopling it with beautiful people out of his own fancy—leading a healthy out-door life of simple wants and lofty aspirations.

At length Taffy said: "Bother work this morning! I feel much more like a stroll in the Luxembourg Gardens and lunch at the Café de l'Odéon, where the omelets are good and the wine isn't blue."

"The very thing I was thinking of myself," said the Laird.

So Taffy slipped on his old velvet jacket and his old Harrow cricket cap, with the peak turned the wrong way, and the Laird put on an old great-coat of Taffy's that reached to his heels, and a battered straw hat they had found in the studio when they took it, and both sallied forth into the mellow sunshine on the way to Carrel's. For they meant to seduce Little Billee from his work, that he might share in their laziness, greediness, and general demoralization.

And whom should they meet coming down the narrow turreted old Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres but Little Billee himself, with an air of general demoralization so tragic that they were quite alarmed. He had his paint-box and field-easel in one hand and his little valise in the other. He was pale, his hat on the back of his head, his hair staring all at sixes and sevens, like a sick Scotch terrier's.

"Good Lord! what's the matter?" said Taffy.

"Oh! oh! oh! she's sitting at Carrel's!"

* Begun in January number, 1894.

"LET ME GO, TAFFY...."

"Who's sitting at Carrel's?"

"Trilby! sitting to all those ruffians! There she was, just as I opened the door; I saw her, I tell you! The sight of her was like a blow between the eyes, and I bolted! I shall never go back to that beastly hole again! I'm off to Barbizon, to paint the forest; I was coming round to tell you. Good-by!..."

"Stop a minute—are you mad?" said Taffy, collaring him.

"Let me go, Taffy—let me go, d—— it! I'll come back in a week—but I'm going now! Let me go; do you hear?"

"But look here—I'll go with you."

"No; I want to be alone—quite alone. Let me go, I tell you!"

"I sha'n't let you go unless you swear to me, on your honor, that you'll write directly you get there, and every day till you come back. Swear!"

"All right; I swear—honor bright! Now there! Good-by—good-by; back on Sunday—good-by!" and he was off.

"Now, what the devil does all that mean?" asked Taffy, much perturbed.

"I suppose he's shocked at seeing Trilby in that guise, or disguise, or unguise, sitting at Carrel's—he's such an odd little chap. And I must say, I'm surprised at Trilby. It's a bad thing for her when we're away. What could have induced her? She never sat in a studio of that kind before. I thought she only sat to Durien and old Carrel."

They walked for a while in silence.

"Do you know, I've got a horrid idea that the little fool's in love with her!"

"I've long had a horrid idea that *she's* in love with *him*."

"That would be a very stupid business," said Taffy.

They walked on, brooding over those two horrid ideas, and the more they brooded, considered, and remembered, the more convinced they became that both were right.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said the Laird—"and talking of fish, let's go and lunch."

And so demoralized were they that Taffy ate three omelets without thinking, and the Laird drank two half-bottles of wine, and Taffy three, and they walked about the whole of that afternoon for fear Trilby should come to the studio—and were very unhappy.

This is how Trilby came to sit at Carrel's studio:

Carrel had suddenly taken it into his head that he would spend a week there, and paint a figure among his pupils, that they might see and paint with—and if possible like—him. And he had asked Trilby as a great favor to be the model, and Trilby was so devoted to the great

Carrel that she readily consented. So that Monday morning found her there, and Carrel posed her as Ingres's famous figure in his picture called "La Source," holding a stone pitcher on her shoulder.

And the work began in religious silence. Then in five minutes or so Little Billee came bursting in, and as soon as he caught sight of her he stopped and stood as one petrified, his shoulders up, his eyes staring. Then lifting his arms, he turned and fled.

"Qu'est ce qu'il a donc, ce Litrebili?" exclaimed one or two students (for they had turned his English nickname into French).

"Perhaps he's forgotten something," said another. "Perhaps he's forgotten to brush his teeth and part his hair!"

"Perhaps he's forgotten to say his prayers!" said Barizel.

"He'll come back, I hope!" exclaimed the master.

And the incident gave rise to no further comment.

But Trilby was much disquieted, and fell to wondering what on earth was the matter.

At first she wondered in French: French of the quartier latin. She had not seen Little Billee for a week, and wondered if he were ill. She had looked forward so much to his painting her—painting her beautifully—and hoped he would soon come back, and lose no time.

Then she began to wonder in English—nice clean English—of the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts—her father's English—and suddenly a quick thought pierced her through and through, and made the flesh tingle on her insteps and the backs of her hands, and bathed her brow and temples with sweat.

She had good eyes, and Little Billee had a singularly expressive face.

Could it possibly be that he was *shocked* at seeing her sitting there?

She knew that he was peculiar in many ways. She remembered that neither he nor Taffy nor the Laird had ever asked her to sit for the figure, though she would have been only too delighted to do so for them. She also remembered how Little Billee had always been silent whenever she alluded to her posing for the "altogether," as she called it, and had sometimes looked pained and always very grave.

She went pale and red, pale and red all over, again and again, as the thought grew up in her—and soon the growing thought became a torment.

This new-born feeling of shame was unendurable—its birth a travail that racked and rent every fibre of her moral being, and she suffered agonies beyond anything she had ever felt in her life.

"What is the matter with you, my child? Are you ill?" asked Carrel, who,

"QU'EST CE QU'IL A DONC, CE LITREBILI?"

like every one else, was very fond of her, and to whom she had sat as a child ("l'Enfance de Psyché," now in the Luxembourg Gallery, was painted from her).

She shook her head, and the work went on.

Presently she dropped her pitcher, that broke into bits; and putting her two hands to her face she burst into tears and sobs—and there, to the amazement of everybody, she stood crying like a big baby—"La source aux larmes?"

"What *is* the matter, my poor dear child?" said Carrel, jumping up and helping her off the throne.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know—I'm ill—very ill—let me go home!"

REPENTANCE.

And with kind solicitude and despatch they helped her on with her clothes, and Carrel sent for a cab and took her home.

And on the way she dropped her head on his shoulder, and wept, and told him all about it as well as she could, and Monsieur Carrel had tears in his eyes too, and wished to Heaven he had never induced her to sit for the figure, either then or at any other time. And pondering deeply and sorrowfully on such terrible responsibility (he had grown-up daughters of his own), he went back to the studio; and in an hour's time they got another model and another pitcher, and went to work again.

And Trilby, as she lay disconsolate on her bed all that day and all the next, and all the next again, thought of her past life with agonies of shame and remorse that made the pain in her eyes seem as a light and welcome relief. For it came, and tortured worse and lasted longer than it had ever done before. But she soon found, to her miserable bewilderment, that mind-aches are the worst of all.

Then she decided that she must write to one of the trois Angliches, and chose the Laird.

She was more familiar with him than with the other two: it was impossible not to be familiar with the Laird if he liked one, as he was so easy-going and demonstrative, for all that he was such a canny Scot! Then she had nursed him through his illness; she had often hugged and kissed him before the whole studio full of people—and even when alone with him it had always seemed quite natural for her to do so. It was like a child caressing a favorite young uncle or elder brother. And though the good Laird was the least susceptible of mortals, he would often find these innocent blandishments a somewhat trying ordeal! She had never taken such a liberty with Taffy; and as for Little Billee, she would sooner have died!

So she wrote to the Laird. I give her letter without the spelling, which was often faulty, although her nightly readings had much improved it:

"My dear Friend,—I am very unhappy. I was sitting at Carrel's, in the Rue des Potirons, and Little Billee came in, and was so shocked and disgusted that he ran away and never came back.

"I saw it all in his face.

"I sat there because M. Carrel asked me to. He has always been very kind to me—M. Carrel—ever since I was a child; and I would do anything to please him, but never *that* again.

"He was there too.

"I never thought anything about sitting before. I sat first as a child to M. Carrel. Mamma made me, and made me promise not to tell papa, and so I didn't. It soon seemed as natural to sit for people as to run errands for them, or wash and mend their clothes. Papa wouldn't have liked my doing that either, though we wanted the money badly. And so he never knew.

"I have sat for the altogether to several other people besides—M. Gérôme, Durien, the two Hennequins, and Émile Baratier; and for the head and hands to lots of people, and for the feet only to Charles Faure, André Besson, Mathieu Dumoulin, and Collinet. Nobody else.

"It seemed as natural for me to sit as for a man. Now I see the awful difference.

"And I have done dreadful things besides, as you must know—as all the quartier knows. Baratier and Besson; but not Durien, though people think so. Nobody else, I swear—except old Monsieur Penque at the beginning, who was mamma's friend.

"It makes me almost die of shame and misery to think of it; for that's not like sitting. I knew how wrong it was all along—and there's no excuse for me, none. Though lots of people do as bad, and nobody in the quartier seems to think any the worse of them.

"If you and Taffy and Little Billee cut me, I really think I shall go mad and die. Without your friendship I shouldn't care to live a bit. Dear Sandy, I love your little finger better than any man or woman I ever met; and Taffy's and Little Billee's little fingers too.

"What shall I do? I daren't go out for fear of meeting one of you. Will you come and see me?

"I am never going to sit again, not even for the face and hands. I am going back to be a *blanchisseuse de fin* with my old friend Angèle Boisse, who is getting on very well indeed, in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste.-Pétronille.

"You *will* come and see me, won't you? I shall be in all day till you do. Or else I will meet you somewhere, if you will tell me where and when; or else I will go and see you in the studio, if you are sure to be alone. Please don't keep me waiting long for an answer.

"You don't know what I'm suffering.

"Your ever loving faithful friend,

"TRILBY O'FERRALL."

She sent this letter by hand, and the Laird came in less than ten minutes after she had sent it; and she hugged and kissed and cried over him so that he was almost ready to cry himself; but he burst out laughing instead—which was better and more in his line, and very much more comforting—and talked to her so nicely

CONFESSION.

and kindly and naturally that by the time he left her humble attic in the Rue des Pousse-Cailloux her very aspect, which had quite shocked him when he first saw her, had almost become what it usually was.

The little room under the leads, with its sloping roof and mansard window, was as scrupulously neat and clean as if its tenant had been a holy sister who taught the noble daughters of France at some Convent of the Sacred Heart. There were nasturtiums and mignonette on the outer window-sill, and convolvulus was trained to climb round the window.

As she sat by his side on the narrow white bed, clasping and stroking his painty turpentiny hand and kissing it every five minutes, he talked to her like a father—as he told Taffy afterwards—and scolded her for having been so silly as not to send for him directly, or come to the studio. He said how glad he was, how glad they would all be, that she was going to give up sitting for the figure—not, of course, that there was any real harm in it, but it was better not—and especially how happy it would make them to feel she intended to live straight for the future. Little Billee was to remain at Barbizon for a little while; but she must promise to come and dine with Taffy and himself that very day, and cook the dinner; and when he went back to his picture, "Les Noces du Toréador"—saying to her as he left, "à ce soir donc, mille sacrés tonnerres de nong de Dew!"—he left the happiest woman in the whole Latin quarter behind him: she had confessed and been forgiven.

And with shame and repentance and confession and forgiveness had come a strange new feeling, that of a dawning self-respect.

Hitherto, for Trilby, self-respect had meant little more than the mere cleanliness of her body, in which she had always revelled; alas! it was one of the conditions of her humble calling. It now meant another kind of cleanliness, and she would luxuriate in it for evermore; and the dreadful past—never to be forgotten by her—should be so lived down as in time, perhaps, to be forgotten by others.

The dinner that evening was a memorable one for Trilby. After she had washed up the knives and forks and plates and dishes, and put them by, she sat and sewed. She wouldn't even smoke her cigarette, it reminded her so of things and scenes she now hated. No more cigarettes for Trilby O'Ferrall.

They all talked of Little Billee. She heard about the way he had been brought up, about his mother and sister, the people he had always lived among. She also heard (and her heart alternately rose and sank as she listened) what his future was likely to be, and how rare his genius was, and how great—if his friends were to be trusted. Fame and fortune would soon be his—such fame and fortune as fell to the lot of very few—unless anything should happen to spoil his promise and mar his prospects in life, and ruin a splendid career; and the rising of the heart was all for him, the sinking for herself. How could she ever hope to be even the friend of such a man? Might she ever hope to be his servant—his faithful humble servant?

Little Billee spent a month at Barbizon, and when he came back it was with such a brown face that his friends hardly knew him; and he brought with him such studies as made his friends "sit up."

The crushing sense of their own hopeless inferiority was lost in wonder at his work, in love and enthusiasm for the workman.

Their Little Billee, so young and tender, so weak of body, so strong of purpose, so warm of heart, so light of hand, so keen and quick and piercing of brain and eye, was their master, to be stuck on a pedestal and looked up to and bowed down to, to be watched and warded and worshipped for evermore.

When Trilby came in from her work at six, and he shook hands with her and said "Hullo, Trilby!" her face went pale to the lips, her under lip quivered, and she gazed down at him (for she was among the tallest of her sex) with such a moist, hungry, wide-eyed look of humble craving adoration that the Laird felt his worst fears were realized, and the look Little Billee sent up in return filled the manly bosom of Taffy with an equal apprehension.

Then they all three went and dined together at le père Trin's, and Trilby went back to her *blanchisserie de fin*.

Next day Little Billee took his work to show Carrel, and Carrel invited him to come and finish his picture "The Pitcher goes to the Well" at his own private studio—an unheard-of favor, which the boy

accepted with a thrill of proud gratitude and affectionate reverence.

So little was seen for some time of Little Billee at the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and little of Trilby; a *blanchisseuse de fin* has not many minutes to spare from her irons. But they often met at dinner. And on Sunday mornings Trilby came to repair the Laird's linen and darn his socks and look after his little comforts, as usual, and spend a happy day. And on Sunday afternoons the studio would be as lively as ever, with the fencing and boxing, the piano-playing and fiddling—all as it used to be.

And week by week the friends noticed a gradual and subtle change in Trilby. She was no longer slangy in French, unless it were now and then by a slip of the tongue, no longer so facetious and droll, and yet she seemed even happier than she had ever seemed before.

Also, she grew thinner, especially in the face, where the bones of her cheeks and jaw began to show themselves, and these bones were constructed on such right principles (as were those of her brow and chin and the bridge of her nose) that the improvement was astonishing, almost inexplicable.

Also, she lost her freckles as the summer waned and she herself went less into the open air. And she let her hair grow, and made of it a small knot at the back of her head, and showed her little flat ears, which were charming, and just in the right place, very far back and rather high; Little Billee could not have placed them better himself. Also, her mouth, always too large, took on a firmer and sweeter outline, and her big British teeth were so white and even that even Frenchmen forgave them their British bigness. And a new soft brightness came into her eyes that no one had ever seen there before. They were stars, just twin gray stars—or rather planets just thrown off by some new sun, for the steady mellow light they gave out was not entirely their own.

Favorite types of beauty change with each succeeding generation. These were the days of Buckner's aristocratic Album beauties, with lofty foreheads, oval faces, little aquiline noses, heart-shaped little mouths, soft dimpled chins, drooping shoulders, and long side ringlets that fell over them—the Lady Arabellas and

"TWIN GRAY STARS."

the Lady Clementinas, Musidoras and Medoras! A type that will perhaps come back to us some day.

May the present scribe be dead!

Trilby's type would be infinitely more admired now than in the fifties. Her photograph would be in the shop windows. Mr. Burne-Jones—if I may make so bold as to say so—would perhaps have marked her for his own, in spite of her almost too exuberant joyousness and irrepressible vitality. Rossetti might have evolved another new formula from her; Sir John Millais another old one of the kind that is always new and never sates nor palls—like Clytie, let us say—ever old and ever new as love itself!

Trilby's type was especially in singular contrast to the type Gavarni had made so popular in the Latin quarter at the period we are writing of, so that those who fell so readily under her charm were rather apt to wonder why. Moreover, she was thought much too tall for her sex, and her day, and her station in life, and especially for the country she lived in. She hardly looked up to a bold gendarme! and a bold gendarme was nearly as tall as a "dragon de la garde," who was nearly as tall as an average English policeman. Not that she was a giantess, by any means. She was about as tall as Miss Ellen Terry—and that is a charming height, *I* think.

One day Taffy remarked to the Laird: "Hang it! I'm blest if Trilby isn't the handsomest woman I know! She looks like a grande dame masquerading as a grisette—almost like a joyful saint at

times. She's lovely! By Jove! I couldn't stand her hugging me as she does you! There'd be a tragedy—say the killing of Little Billee."

"Ah! Taffy, my boy," rejoined the Laird, "when those long sisterly arms are round my neck it isn't *me* she's hugging."

"And then," said Taffy, "what a trump she is! Why, she's as upright and straight and honorable as a man! And what she says to one about one's self is always so pleasant to hear! That's Irish, I suppose. And, what's more, it's always true."

"Ah, that's Scotch!" said the Laird, and tried to wink at Little Billee, but Little Billee wasn't there.

Even Svengali perceived this strange metamorphosis. "Ach, Drilpy," he would say, on a Sunday afternoon, "how beautiful you are! It drives me mad! I adore you. I like you thinner; you have such beautiful bones! Why do you not answer my letters? What! you do not *read* them? You *burn* them? And yet I—Donnerwetter! I forgot! The grisettes of the quartier latin have not learned how to read or write; they have only learnt how to dance the cancan with the dirty little pig-dog monkeys they call men. Sacrement! *We* will teach the little pig-dog monkeys to dance something else some day, we Germans. We will make music for them to dance to! Boum! boum! Better than the waiter at the Café de la Rotonde, hein? And the grisettes of the quartier latin shall pour us out your little white wine—'fotre betit fin planc,' as your pig-dog monkey of a poet says, your rotten verfluchter De Musset, 'who has got such a splendid future behind him'! Bah! What do *you* know of Monsieur Alfred de Musset? We have got a poet too, my Drilpy. His name is Heinrich Heine. If he's still alive, he lives in Paris, in a little street off the Champs Élysées. He lies in bed all day long, and only sees out of one eye, like the Countess Varnhagen, ha! ha! He adores French grisettes. He married one. Her name is Mathilde, and she has got süssen füssen, like you. He would adore you too, for your beautiful bones; he would like to count them one by one, for he is very playful, like me. And, ach! what a beautiful skeleton you will make! And very soon, too, because you do not smile on your madly loving Svengali. You burn his letters without reading them! You shall have a nice little mahogany glass case all to yourself in the museum of the École de Médecine, and Svengali shall come in his new fur-lined coat, smoking his big cigar of the Havana, and push the dirty carabins out of the way, and look through the holes of your eyes into your stupid empty skull, and up the nostrils of your high bony sounding-board of a nose without either a tip or a lip to it, and into the roof of your big mouth, with your thirty-two big English teeth, and between your big ribs into your big chest, where the big leather lungs used to be, and say, 'Ach! what a pity she had no more music in her than a big tomcat!' And then he will look all down your bones to your poor crumbling feet, and say, 'Ach! what a fool she was not to answer Svengali's letters!' and the dirty carabins shall—"

"Shut up, you sacred fool, or I'll precious soon spoil *your* skeleton for you."

Thus the short-tempered Taffy, who had been listening.

Then Svengali, scowling, would play Chopin's funeral march more divinely than ever; and where the pretty soft part comes in, he would whisper to Trilby, "That is Svengali coming to look at you in your little mahogany glass case!"

And here let me say that these vicious imaginations of Svengali's, which look so tame in English print, sounded much more ghastly in French, pronounced with a Hebrew-German accent, and uttered in his hoarse, rasping, nasal, throaty rook's caw, his big yellow teeth baring themselves in a mongrel canine snarl, his heavy upper eyelids drooping over his insolent black eyes.

Besides which, as he played the lovely melody he would go through a ghoulish pantomime, as though he were taking stock of the different bones in her skeleton with greedy but discriminating approval. And when he came down to the feet, he was almost droll in the intensity of his terrible realism. But Trilby did not appreciate this exquisite fooling, and felt cold all over.

He seemed to her a dread powerful demon, who, but for Taffy (who alone could hold him in check), oppressed and weighed on her like an incubus—and she dreamt of him oftener than she dreamt of Taffy, the Laird, or even Little Billee!

"ALL AS IT USED TO BE."

"AN INCUBUS."

Thus pleasantly and smoothly, and without much change or adventure, things went on till Christmas-time.

Little Billee seldom spoke of Trilby, or Trilby of him. Work went on every morning at the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and pictures were begun and finished — little pictures that didn't take long to paint — the Laird's Spanish bull-fighting scenes, in which the bull never appeared, and which he sent to his native Dundee and sold there; Taffy's tragic little dramas of life in the slums of Paris—starvings, drownings—suicides by charcoal and poison—which he sent everywhere, but did not sell.

Little Billee was painting all this time at Carrel's studio—his private one—and seemed preoccupied and happy when they all met at meal-time, and less talkative even than usual.

He had always been the least talkative of the three; more prone to listen, and no doubt to think the more.

In the afternoon people came and went as usual, and boxed and fenced and did gymnastic feats, and felt Taffy's biceps, which by this time equalled Mr. Sandow's!

Some of these people were very pleasant and remarkable, and have become famous since then in England, France, America—or have died, or married, and come to grief or glory in other ways. It is the Ballad of the Bouillabaisse all over again!

It might be worth while my trying to sketch some of the more noteworthy, now that my story is slowing for a while—like a French train when the engine-driver sees a long curved tunnel in front of him, as I do—and no light at the other end!

My humble attempts at characterization might be useful as "mémoires pour servir" to future biographers. Besides, there are other reasons, as the reader will soon discover.

There was Durien, for instance—Trilby's especial French adorer, "pour le bon motif!" a son of the people, a splendid sculptor, a very fine character in every way—so perfect, indeed, that there is less to say about him than any of the others—modest, earnest, simple, frugal, chaste, and of untiring industry, living for his art, and perhaps also a little for Trilby, whom he would have been only too glad to marry. He was Pygmalion; she was his Galatea — a Galatea whose marble heart would never beat for *him!*

Durien's house is now the finest in the Parc Monceau; his wife and daughters are the best-dressed women in Paris, and he one of the happiest of men; but he will never quite forget poor Galatea:

"La belle aux pieds d'albâtre — aux deux talons de rose!"

Then there was Vincent, a Yankee medical student, who could both work and play.

He is now one of the greatest oculists in the world, and Europeans cross the Atlantic to consult him. He can still play, and when he crosses the Atlantic himself for that purpose he has to travel incognito like a royalty, lest his play should be marred by work. And his daughters are so beautiful and accomplished that British dukes have sighed after them in vain. Indeed, these fair young ladies spend their autumn holiday in refusing the British aristocracy. We are told so in the society papers, and I can quite believe it. Love is not always blind; and if he is, Vincent is the man to cure him.

In those days he prescribed for us all round, and punched and stethoscoped us, and looked at our tongues for love, and told us what to eat, drink, and avoid, and even where to go for it.

For instance: late one night Little Billee woke up in a cold sweat, and thought himself a dying man—he had felt seedy all day and taken no food—so he dressed and dragged himself to Vincent's hotel, and woke him up, and said, "Oh, Vincent, Vincent! I'm a dying man!" and all but fainted on his bed. Vincent felt him all over with the greatest care, and

asked him many questions. Then, looking at his watch, he delivered himself thus: "Humph! 3.30! rather late—but still—look here, Little Billee—do you know the Halle, on the other side of the water, where they sell vegetables?"

"Oh, yes! yes! What vegetable shall I—"

"Listen! On the north side are two restaurants, Bordier and Baratte. They remain open all night. Now go straight off to one of those tuck shops, and tuck in as big a supper as you possibly can. Some people prefer Baratte. I prefer Bordier myself. Perhaps you'd better try Bordier first and Baratte after. At all events, lose no time; so off you go!"

Thus he saved Little Billee from an early grave.

Then there was the Greek, a boy of only sixteen, but six feet high, and looking ten years older than he was, and able to smoke even stronger tobacco than Taffy himself, and color pipes divinely; he was a great favorite in the Place St.-Anatole, for his *bonhomie*, his niceness, his warm geniality. He was the capitalist of this select circle (and nobly lavish of his capital). He went by the name of Polu-phloisboiospaleapologos Petrilopetrolico-conose—for so he was christened by the Laird—because his real name was thought much too long and much too lovely for the quartier latin, and reminded one of the Isles of Greece—where burning Sappho loved and sang.

What was he learning in the Latin quarter? French? He spoke French like a native! Nobody knows. But when his Paris friends transferred their bohemia to London, where were they ever made happier and more at home than in his lordly parental abode—or fed with nicer things?

That abode is now his, and lordlier than ever, as becomes the dwelling of a millionaire and city magnate; and its gray-bearded owner is as genial, as jolly, and as hospitable as in the old Paris days, but he no longer colors pipes.

Then there was Carnegie, fresh from Balliol, redolent of the 'varsity. He intended himself then for the diplomatic service, and came to Paris to learn French as it is spoke; and spent most of his time with his fashionable English friends on the right side of the river, and the rest with Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee on the left. Perhaps that is why he has not become an ambassador. He is now only a rural dean, and speaks the worst French I know, and speaks it wherever and whenever he can.

It serves him right, I think.

He was fond of lords, and knew some (at least he gave one that impression), and often talked of them, and dressed so beautifully that even Little Billee was abashed in his presence. Only Taffy in his threadbare out-at-elbow velvet jacket and cricket cap, and the Laird in his tattered straw hat and Taffy's old overcoat down to his heels, dared to walk arm in arm with him—nay, insisted on doing so—as they listened to the band in the Luxembourg Gardens.

And his whiskers were even longer and thicker and more golden than Taffy's own. But the mere sight of a boxing-glove made him sick.

Then there was Joe Sibley, the idle apprentice, the king of bohemia, *le roi des truands*, to whom everything was forgiven, as to François Villon, "à cause de ses gentillesses."

Always in debt, like Svengali; like Svengali, vain, witty, and a most exquisite and original artist; and also eccentric in his attire (though clean), so that people would stare at him as he walked along—which he adored! But (unlike Svengali) he was genial, caressing, sympathetic, charming; the most irresistible friend in the world as long as his friendship lasted—but that was not forever!

The moment his friendship left off, his enmity began at once. Sometimes this enmity would take the simple and straightforward form of trying to punch his ex-friend's head; and when the ex-friend was too big, he would get some new friend to help him. And much bad blood would be caused in this way—though very little was spilt. And all this bad blood was not made better by the funny things he went on saying through life about the unlucky one who had managed to offend him—things that stuck forever! His bark was worse than his bite—he was better with his tongue than with his fists—a dangerous joker! But when he met another joker face to face, even an inferior joker—with a rougher wit, a coarser thrust, a louder

laugh, a tougher hide—he would just collapse, like a pricked bladder!

He is now perched on such a topping pinnacle (of fame and notoriety combined) that people can stare at him from two hemispheres at once; and so famous as a wit that when he jokes (and he is always joking) people laugh first, and then ask what it was he was joking about. And you can even make your own mild funniments raise a roar by merely prefacing them, "As Joe Sibley once said."

The present scribe has often done so.

And if by any chance you should one day, by a happy fluke, hit upon a really good thing of your own—good enough to be quoted—be sure it will come back to you after many days prefaced, "As Joe Sibley once said."

Then there was Lorrimer, the industrious apprentice, who is now also well pinnacled on high; himself a pillar of the Royal Academy—probably, if he lives long enough, its future president—the duly knighted or baroneted Lord Mayor of "all the plastic arts" (except one or two perhaps, here and there, that are not altogether without some importance).

May this not be for many, many years! Lorrimer himself would be the first to say so!

Tall, thin, red-haired, and well-favored, he was a most eager, earnest, and painstaking young enthusiast, of precocious culture, who read improving books, and did not share in the amusements of the quartier latin, but spent his evenings at home with Handel, Michael Angelo, and Dante, on the respectable side of the river. Also, he went into good society sometimes, with a dress-coat on, and a white tie, and his hair parted in the middle!

But in spite of these blemishes on his otherwise exemplary record as an art student, he was the most delightful companion—the most affectionate, helpful, and sympathetic of friends. May he live long and prosper!

Enthusiast as he was, he could only worship one god at a time. It was either Michael Angelo, Phidias, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Raphael, or Titian—never a modern—moderns didn't exist! And so thoroughgoing was he in his worship, and so persistent in voicing it, that he made those immortals quite unpopular in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts. We grew to dread their very names. Each of them would last him a couple of months or so; then he would give us a month's holiday, and take up another.

Joe Sibley, equally enthusiastic, was more faithful. He was a monotheist, and had but one god, and was less tiresome in the expression of his worship. He is so still—and his god is still the same—no stodgy old master this divinity, but a modern of the moderns! For forty years the cosmopolite Joe has been singing his one god's praise in every tongue he knows and every country—and also his contempt for all rivals to this godhead—whether quite sincerely or not, who can say? Men's motives are so mixed! But so eloquently, so wittily, so prettily, that he almost persuades you to be a fellow-worshipper—*almost*, only!—for if he did *quite*, you (being a capitalist) would buy nothing but "Sibleys" (which you don't). For Sibley was the god of Joe's worship, and none other! and he would hear of no other genius in the world!

Let us hope that he sometimes laughed at himself in his sleeve—or winked at himself in his looking-glass, with his tongue in his cheek!

And here, lest there should be any doubt as to his identity, let me add that although quite young he had beautiful white hair like an Albino's, as soft and bright as floss silk—and also that he was tall and slim and graceful; and, like most of the other personages concerned in this light story, very nice to look at—with pretty manners (and an unimpeachable moral tone).

Joe Sibley did not think much of Lorrimer in those days, nor Lorrimer of him, for all they were such good friends. And neither of them thought much of Little Billee, whose pinnacle (of pure unadulterated fame) is now the highest of all—the highest probably that can be for a mere painter of pictures!

And what is so nice about Lorrimer, now that he is a graybeard, an academician, an accomplished man of the world and society, is that he admires Sibley's genius more than he can say—and reads Mr. Rudyard Kipling's delightful stories as well as Dante's "Inferno"—and can listen with delight to the lovely songs of Signor Tosti, who has not precisely founded himself on Handel—can even scream with laughter at a comic song—even a

nigger melody—so, at least, that it but be sung in well-bred and distinguished company—for Lorrimer is no bohemian.

"Shoo, fly! don'tcher bother me!
For I belong to the Comp'ny G!"

Both these famous men are happily (and most beautifully) married—grandfathers, for all I know—and "move in the very best society" (Lorrimer always, I'm told; Sibley now and then); "la haute," as it used to be called in French bohemia—meaning dukes and lords and even royalties, I suppose, and those who love them, and whom they love!

That *is* the best society, isn't it? At all events, we are assured it used to be; but that must have been before the present scribe (a meek and somewhat innocent outsider) had been privileged to see it with his own little eye.

And when they happen to meet there (Sibley and Lorrimer, I mean), I don't expect they rush very wildly into each other's arms, or talk very fluently about old times. Nor do I suppose their wives are very intimate. None of our wives are. Not even Taffy's and the Laird's.

Oh, Orestes! Oh, Pylades!

Oh, ye impecunious, unpinnacled young inseparables of eighteen, nineteen, twenty, even twenty-five, who share each other's thoughts and purses, and wear each other's clothes, and swear each other's oaths, and smoke each other's pipes, and respect each other's lights o' love, and keep each other's secrets, and tell each other's jokes, and pawn each other's watches and merrymake together on the proceeds, and sit all night by each other's bedsides in sickness, and comfort each other in sorrow and disappointment with silent manly sympathy—"wait till you get to forty year!"

Wait even till each or either of you gets himself a little pinnacle of his own—be it ever so humble!

Nay, wait till either or each of you gets himself a wife!

History goes on repeating itself, and so do novels, and this is a platitude, and there's nothing new under the sun.

May too cecee (as the idiomatic Laird would say, in the language he adores)—may too cecee ay nee eecee nee lâh!

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

Then there was Dodor, the handsome young dragon de la garde—a full private, if you please, with a beardless face, and damask-rosy cheeks, and a small waist, and narrow feet like a lady's, and who, strange to say, spoke English just like an Englishman.

And his friend Gontran, *alias* l'Zouzou—a corporal in the Zouaves.

Both of these worthies had met Taffy in the Crimea, and frequented the studios in the quartier latin, where they adored (and were adored by) the grisettes and models, especially Trilby.

Both of them were distinguished for being the worst subjects (*les plus mauvais sujets*) of their respective regiments; yet both were special favorites not only with their fellow-rankers, but with those in command, from their colonels downwards.

Both were in the habit of being promoted to the rank of corporal or brigadier, and degraded to the rank of private next day for general misconduct, the result of a too exuberant delight in their promotion.

"I WILL NOT! I WILL NOT!"

Neither of them knew fear, envy, malice, temper, or low spirits; ever said or did an ill-natured thing; ever even thought one; ever had an enemy but himself. Both had the best or the worst manners going, according to their company, whose manners they reflected; they were true chameleons!

Both were always ready to share their last ten-sou piece (not that they ever seemed to have one) with each other or anybody else, or anybody else's last ten-sou piece with you; to offer you a friend's cigar; to invite you to dine with any friend they had; to fight with you, or for you, at a moment's notice. And they made up for all the anxiety, tribulation, shame, and sorrow they caused at home by the endless fun and amusement they gave to all outside.

It was a pretty dance they led; but our three friends of the Place St.-Anatole (who hadn't got to pay the pipers) loved them both, especially Dodor.

One fine Sunday afternoon Little Billee found himself studying life and character in that most delightful and festive scene la Fête de St.-Cloud, and met Dodor and l' Zouzou there, who hailed him with delight, saying:

"Nous allons joliment jubiler, nom d'une pipe!" and insisted on his joining in their amusements and paying for them—roundabouts, swings, the giant, the dwarf, the strong man, the fat woman—to whom they made love and were taken too seriously, and turned out—the menagerie of wild beasts, whom they teased and aggravated till the police had to interfere. Also *al fresco* dances, where their cancan step was of the wildest and most unbridled character, till a sous-officier or a gendarme came in sight, and then they danced quite mincingly and demurely, *en maître d'école*, as they called it, to the huge delight of an immense and ever-increasing crowd, and the disgust of all truly respectable men.

They also insisted on Little Billee's walking between them, arm in arm, and talking to them in English whenever they saw coming toward them a respectable English family with daughters. It was the dragoon's delight to get himself stared at by fair daughters of Albion for speaking as good English as themselves—a rare accomplishment in a French trooper—and Zouzou's happiness to be thought English too, though the only English he knew was the phrase "I will not! I will not!" which he had picked up in the Crimea, and repeated over and over

again when he came within ear-shot of a pretty English girl.

Little Billee was not happy in these circumstances. He was no snob. But he was a respectably brought-up young Briton of the higher middle class, and it was not quite pleasant for him to be seen (by fair countrywomen of his own) walking arm in arm on a Sunday afternoon with a couple of French private soldiers, and uncommonly rowdy ones at that.

Later, they came back to Paris together on the top of an omnibus, among a very proletarian crowd, and there the two facetious warriors immediately made themselves pleasant all round and became very popular, especially with the women and children, but not, I regret to say, through the propriety, refinement, and distinction of their behavior. Little Billie resolved that he would not go a-pleasuring with them any more.

However, they stuck to him through thick and thin, and insisted on escorting him all the way back to the quartier latin, by the Pont de la Concorde and the Rue de Lille in the Faubourg St.-Germain.

Little Billee loved the Faubourg St.-Germain, especially the Rue de Lille. He was fond of gazing at the magnificent old mansions, the "hôtels" of the old French noblesse, or rather the outside walls thereof, the grand sculptured portals with the armorial bearings and the splendid old historic names above them—Hôtel de This, Hôtel de That, Rohan-Chabot, Montmorency, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, La Tour d'Auvergne.

He would forget himself in romantic dreams of past and forgotten French chivalry which these glorious names called up; for he knew a little of French history, loving to read Froissart and St.-Simon and the genial Brantôme.

Halting opposite one of the finest and oldest of all these gateways, his especial favorite, labelled "Hôtel de la Rochemartel" in letters of faded gold over a ducal coronet and a huge escutcheon of stone, he began to descant upon its architectural beauties and noble proportions to l' Zouzou.

"*Parbleu!*" said l' Zouzou, "*connu, farceur!* why, I was *born* there, on the 6th of March, 1834, at 5.30 in the morning. Lucky day for France, *hein?*"

"Born there? what do you mean—in the porter's lodge?"

At this juncture the two great gates rolled back, a liveried Suisse appeared, and an open carriage and pair came out, and in it were two elderly ladies and a younger one.

To Little Billee's indignation, the two incorrigible warriors made the military salute, and the three ladies bowed stiffly and gravely.

And then (to Little Billee's horror this time) one of them happened to look back, and Zouzou actually kissed his hand to her.

THE CAPITALIST AND THE SWELL.

HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEMARTEL.

"Do you *know* that lady?" asked Little Billee, very sternly.

"*Parbleu! si je la connais!* Why, it's my mother! Isn't she nice? She's rather cross with me just now."

"Your *mother!* Why, what do you mean? What on earth would your mother be doing in that big carriage and at that big house?"

"*Parbleu, farceur!* She lives there!"

"*Lives* there! Why, who and what is she, your mother?"

"The Duchesse de la Rochemartel, *parbleu!* and that's my sister; and that's my aunt, Princesse de Chevagné-Bauffremont! She's the '*patronne*' of that *chic* equipage. She's a millionaire, my aunt Chevagné!"

"Well, I never! What's *your* name, then?"

"Oh, *my* name! Hang it—let me see! Well—Gontran — Xavier—François — Marie — Joseph d'Amaury—Brissac de Roncesvaulx de la Rochemartel-Boisségur, at your service!"

"Quite correct!" said Dodor; "*l'enfant dit vrai!*"

"Well — I — never! And what's *your* name, Dodor?"

"Oh! I'm only a humble individual, and answer to the one-horse name of Théodore Rigolot de Lafarce. But Zouzou's an awful swell, you know; his brother's the Duke!"

Little Billee was no snob. But he was a respectably brought-up young Briton of the higher middle class, and these revelations, which he could not but believe, astounded him so that he could hardly speak. Much as he flattered himself that he scorned the bloated aristocracy, titles are titles — even French titles! — and when it comes to dukes and princesses who live in houses like the Hôtel de la Rochemartel....!

It's enough to take a respectably brought-up young Briton's breath away!

When he saw Taffy that evening, he exclaimed: "I say, Zouzou's mother's a duchess!"

"Yes—the Duchesse de la Rochemartel-Boisségur."

"You never told me!"

"You never asked me. It's one of the greatest names in France. They're very poor, I believe."

"Poor! You should see the house they live in!"

"I've been there, to dinner; and the

dinner wasn't very good. They let a great part of it, and live mostly in the country. The Duke is Zouzou's brother; very unlike Zouzou; he's consumptive and unmarried, and the most respectable man in Paris. Zouzou will be the Duke some day."

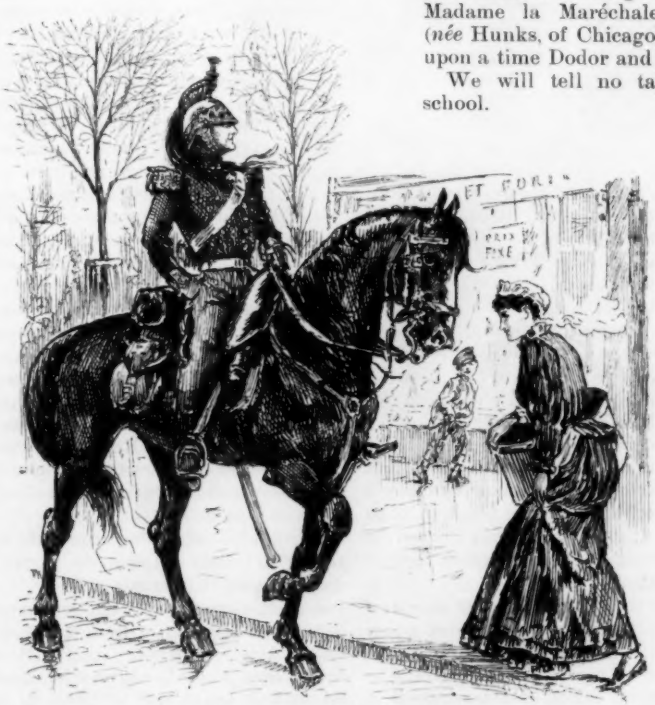
"And Dodor—he's a swell too, I suppose—he says he's *de* something or other!"

"Yes—Rigolot de Lafarce. I've no doubt he descends from the Crusaders too; the name seems to favor it, anyhow; and such lots of them do in this country. His mother was English, and bore the worthy name of Brown. He was at school in England; that's why he speaks English so well—and behaves so badly, perhaps! He's got a very beautiful sister, married to a man in the 60th Rifles—Jack Reeve, a son of Lord Reevely's; a selfish sort of chap. I don't suppose he gets on very well with his brother-in-law. Poor Dodor! His sister's about the only living thing he cares for—except Zouzou."

I wonder if the bland and genial Monsieur Théodore—"notre Sieur Théodore"—now junior partner in the great haberdashery firm of "Passefil et Rigolot," on the Boulevard des Capucines, and a pillar of the English chapel in the Rue Marbœuf, is very hard on his employés and employées if they are a little late at their counters on a Monday morning?

I wonder if that stuck-up, stingy, stodgy, communard-shooting, church-going, time-serving, place-hunting, pious-eyed, pompous old prig, martinet, and philistine, Monsieur le Maréchal-Duc de la Rochemartel-Boisségur, ever tells Madame la Maréchale-Duchesse (*née* Hunks, of Chicago) how once upon a time Dodor and he—

We will tell no tales out of school.



DODOR IN HIS GLORY.

The present scribe is no snob. He is a respectably brought-up old Briton of the higher middle-class—at least, he flatters himself so. And he writes for just such old philistines as himself, who date from a time when titles were not thought so

cheap as to-day. Alas! all reverence for all that is high and time-honored and beautiful seems at a discount.

So he has kept his blackguard ducal Zouave for the bouquet of this little show—the final *bonne bouche* in his bohemian *menu*—that he may make it palatable to those who only look upon the good old quartier latin (now no more to speak of) as a very low, common, vulgar quarter indeed, deservedly swept away, where misters the students (shocking bounders and cads) had nothing better to do, day and night, than mount up to a horrid place called the thatched house—*la chaumière*—

"Pour y danser l' cancan,
Ou le Robert Macaire—
Toujours—toujours—toujours—
La nuit comme le jour....
Et youp! youp! youp!
Tra la la la la....la la la!"

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Christmas was drawing near.

There were days when the whole quartier latin would veil its iniquities under fogs almost worthy of the Thames Valley between London Bridge and Westminster, and out of the studio window the prospect was a dreary blank. No morgue! no towers of Notre Dame! not even the chimney-pots over the way—not even the little mediæval toy turret at the corner of the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres, Little Billee's delight!

The stove had to be crammed till its sides grew a dull deep red before one's fingers could hold a brush or squeeze a bladder; one had to box or fence at nine in the morning, that one might recover from the cold bath, and get warm for the rest of the day!

Taffy and the Laird grew pensive and dreamy, childlike, and bland; and when they talked it was generally about Christmas at home in merry England and the distant land of cakes, and how good it was to be there at such a time—hunting, shooting, curling, and endless carouse!

It was Ho! for the jolly West Riding, and Hey! for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, till they grew quite homesick, and wanted to start by the very next train.

They didn't do anything so foolish. They wrote over to friends in London for the biggest turkey, the biggest plum-pudding, that could be got for love or money, with mince pies, and holly and mistletoe, and sturdy short thick English sausages, half a Stilton cheese, and a sirloin of beef—two sirloins, in case one should not be enough.

For they meant to have a Homeric feast in the studio on Christmas day—Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee—and invite all the delightful chums I have been trying to describe; and that is just why I tried to describe them—Durien, Vincent, Sibley, Lorrimer, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, l' Zouzou, and Dodor!

The cooking and waiting should be done by Trilby, her friend Angèle Boisse, M. et Mme. Vinard, and such little Vinards as could be trusted with glass and crockery and mince pies; and if that was not enough, they would also cook themselves and wait upon each other.

When dinner should be over, supper was to follow with scarcely any interval to speak of; and to partake of this other guests should be bidden—Svengali and Gecko, and perhaps one or two more. No ladies!

For, as the unsusceptible Laird expressed it, in the language of a gillie he had once met at a servants' dance in a Highland country house, "Them wimmen spiles the ball!"

Elaborate cards of invitation were sent out, in the designing and ornamentation of which the Laird and Taffy exhausted all their fancy (Little Billee had no time).

Wines and spirits and English beers were procured at great cost from M. E. Delevingne's, in the Rue St.-Honoré, and liqueurs of every description—chartreuse, curaçoa, ratafia de cassis, and anisette; no expense was spared.

Also, truffled galantines of turkey, tongues, hams, rillettes de Tours, pâtés de foie gras, "fromage d'Italie" (which has nothing to do with cheese), saucissons d'Arles et de Lyon, with and without garlic, cold jellies peppery and salt—everything that French charcutiers and their wives can make out of French pigs, or any other animal whatever, beast, bird, or fowl (even cats and rats)—for the supper; and sweet jellies, and cakes, and sweetmeats, and confections of all kinds, from the famous pastry-cook at the corner of the Rue Castiglione.

Mouths went watering all day long in joyful anticipation. They water somewhat sadly now at the mere remembrance of these delicious things—the

mere immediate sight or scent of which in these degenerate latter days would no longer avail to promote any such delectable secretion. Hélas! ahimè! ach weh! ay de mi! eheu! οἴμοι—in point of fact, *alas!*

That is the very exclamation I wanted.

Christmas eve came round. The pieces of resistance and plum-pudding and mince pies had not yet arrived from London—but there was plenty of time.

Les trois Angliches dined at le père Trin's, as usual, and played billiards and dominoes at the Café du Luxembourg, and possessed their souls in patience till it was time to go and hear the midnight mass at the Madeleine, where Roucouly, the great barytone of the Opéra Comique, was retained to sing Adam's famous Noël.

The whole quartier seemed alive with the réveillon. It was a clear frosty night, with a splendid moon just past the full, and most exhilarating was the walk along the quays on the Rive Gauche, over the Pont de la Concorde and across the Place thereof, and up the thronged Rue de la Madeleine to the massive Parthenaic place of worship that always has such a pagan worldly look of smug and prosperous modernity.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

They struggled manfully, and found standing and kneeling room among that fervent crowd, and heard the impressive service with mixed feelings, as became true Britons of very advanced liberal and religious opinions; not with the unmixed contempt of the proper British Orthodox (who were there in full force, one may be sure).

But their susceptible hearts soon melted at the beautiful music, and in mere sensuous *attendrissement* they were quickly in unison with all the rest.

For as the clock struck twelve out pealed the organ, and up rose the finest voice in France:

> "Minuit, Chrétiens! c'est l'heure solennelle
> Où l'Homme-Dieu descendit parmi nous!"

And a wave of religious emotion rolled over Little Billee and submerged him; swept him off his little legs, swept him out of his little self, drowned him in a great seething surge of love—love of his kind, love of love, love of life, love of death, love of all that is and ever was and ever will be—a very large order indeed, even for Little Billee.

And it seemed to him that he stretched out his arms for love to one figure espe-

cially beloved beyond all the rest—one figure erect on high with arms outstretched to him, in more than common fellowship of need; not the sorrowful figure crowned with thorns, for it was in the likeness of a woman; but never that of the Virgin Mother of Our Lord.

It was Trilby, Trilby, Trilby! a poor fallen sinner and waif all but lost amid the scum of the most corrupt city on earth. Trilby weak and mortal like himself, and in woful want of pardon! and in her gray dovelike eyes he saw the shining of so great a love that he was abashed; for well he knew that all that love was his, and would be his forever, come what would or could.

"Peuple, debout! Chante ta délivrance!
Noël! Noël! Voici le Rédempteur!"

So sang and rang and pealed and echoed the big deep metallic barytone bass—above the organ, above the incense, above everything else in the world—till the very universe seemed to shake with the rolling thunder of that great message of love and forgiveness!

Thus at least felt Little Billee, whose way it was to magnify and exaggerate all things under the subtle stimulus of sound, and the singing human voice had especially strange power to penetrate into his inmost depths—even the voice of man!

And what voice but the deepest and gravest and grandest there is can give worthy utterance to such a message as that, the epitome, the abstract, the very essence of all collective humanity's wisdom at its best!

Little Billee reached the Hôtel Corneille that night in a very exalted frame of mind indeed, the loftiest, lowliest mood of all.

Now see what sport we are of trivial, base, ignoble earthly things!

Sitting on the door-step and smoking two cigars at once he found Ribot, one of his fellow-lodgers, whose room was just under his own. Ribot was so tipsy that he could not ring. But he could still sing, and did so at the top of his voice. It was not the Noël of Adam that he sang. He had not spent his réveillon in any church.

With the help of a sleepy waiter, Little Billee got the bacchanalian into his room and lit his candle for him, and disengaging himself from his maudlin embraces, left him to wallow in solitude.

"ALLONS, GLYCÈRE! ROUGIS MON VERRE ..."

As he lay awake in his bed, trying to recall the deep and high emotions of the evening, he heard the tipsy hog below tumbling about his room and still trying to sing his senseless ditty:

"Allons, Glycère!
Rougis mon verre
Du jus divin dont mon cœur
est toujours jaloux....
Et puis à table,
Bacchante aimable!
Enivrons-nous (hic) Les
g-glougloux sont des rendezvous!"....

Then the song ceased for a while, and soon there were other sounds, as on a channel steamer. Glougloux indeed!

Then the fear arose in Little Billee's mind lest the drunken beast should set fire to his bedroom curtains. All heavenly visions were chased away for the night....

Our hero, half crazed with fear, disgust, and irritation, lay wide-awake, his nostrils on the watch for the smell of burning chintz or muslin, and wondered how an educated man—for Ribot was a law-student—could ever make such a filthy beast of himself as that! It was a scandal—a disgrace; it was not to be borne; there should be no forgiveness for such as Ribot—not even on Christmas day! He would complain to Madame Paul, the patronne; he would have Ribot turned out into the street; he would leave the hotel himself the very next morning! At last he fell asleep, thinking of all he would do; and thus, ridiculously and ignominiously for Little Billee, ended the réveillon.

Next morning he complained to Madame Paul; and though he did not give her warning, nor even insist on the expulsion of Ribot (who, as he heard with a hard heart, was "bien malade ce matin"), he expressed himself very severely on the conduct of that gentleman, and on the dangers from fire that might arise from a tipsy man being trusted alone in a small bedroom with chintz curtains and a lighted candle. If it hadn't been for himself, he told her, Ribot would have slept on the door-step, and served him right! He was really grand in his virtuous indignation, in spite of his imperfect French; and Madame Paul was deeply contrite for her peccant lodger, and profuse in her apologies; and Little Billee began his twenty-first Christmas day like a Pharisee, thanking his star that he was not as Ribot!

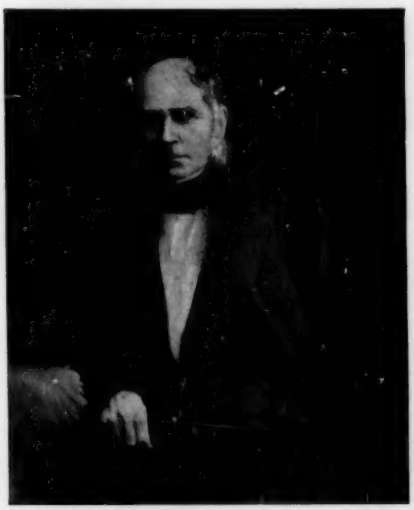
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

EDITED BY R. R. BOWKER.

XI.—A STEEL TOOL.

TO the question "What is steel?" many answers have been given. Before the discovery of the Bessemer process it would have been defined as a compound of iron and carbon, including from ½ to 2½ per cent. of the latter, which could be hardened, softened, tempered, drawn, and welded. Capacity of tempering and welding still fix the advanced limit of steel, but at the lower end of the scale it has dropped from ½ per cent. of carbon to $\frac{1}{10}$, thereby enormously multiplying its uses and applications. The causes and processes which have effected this advance in metallurgy have re-created many of the world's most important industries.



SIR HENRY BESSEMER.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.

In the primitive ages of metallurgy iron and steel were made from rich ores with charcoal fuel, and the iron-maker did not need to trouble himself with the stubborn problems offered by the presence of sulphur and phosphorus. But with the exhaustion of the rich ores which were available for use, and the need of substituting mineral fuel for charcoal, these dangerous enemies came to the fore. The presence of sulphur, beyond a mere trace, in any of the forms of iron destroys its welding power, and renders it highly brittle at a red heat, or, technically, "red short." Phosphorus causes brittleness when cold, that is, makes iron "cold short," and fragile at any sudden shock. When steel ceased to be a direct product of the forge, or to be made in any large quantity from pure bloomary iron, the question arose how it could be obtained from the impure and

SIDNEY GILCHRIST THOMAS.
From a photograph by S. Victor White, Reading.

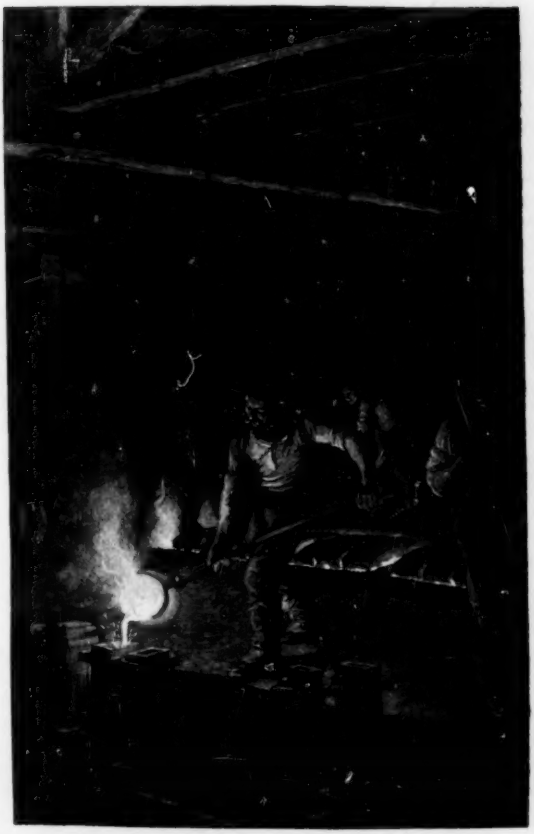
highly carburized product of the blast-furnace. This was answered by the operation of refining, which did not fully eliminate the evils that threatened, affording but a makeshift product for the raw material of steel. The imperfectly cleansed bars were then treated by the cementation method. It was known more than two centuries ago that wrought iron enveloped in powdered charcoal and retained at a red heat for a long time would gradually change into steel. Until 1740 this process was used, with the further addition of reheating the "blister-steel" so produced, and hammering it into what was known as "shear-metal," so called because it was first used for sheep-shears. But the product was wretched, and good highly temperable steel was imported from the far East at great cost.

A working clock-maker, Huntsman by name, disgusted with the poor quality of watch-springs, set his brains at work to find a remedy. Being a bright-witted man, he visited the different steel-works and studied the chemistry of his subject; and after several years of research he erected a furnace, which produced steel so excellent as to stir universal wonder, and set his own feet on the highway to wealth. But his secret was filched by a rival, who, in the disguise of a drunken tramp, begged shelter at his furnace door one stormy winter night. The keen-eyed thief discovered enough in what he saw and heard to repeat Huntsman's success. The best steel of to-day is still made by this process. This discovery, in the course of a few years, reduced the price of the highest grade of steel from £1000 to £100 per ton.

The cementation method of steel-making, with Huntsman's addition, may be briefly summarized as the packing of wrought-iron bars in charcoal dust. They are cemented in a fire-brick chamber, and suffer a dull red heat for a period of about ten days. Removal of the bars shows the peculiar condition known as blister-steel, so called from the swellings on the surface, which are caused by the occlusion of carbonic oxide. The metal is hard and brittle, and breaks easily with a hammer-tap. The following stage is that discovered, or, more properly, revived, by Huntsman, for it was essentially in use in the East from early days. Broken pieces are packed in crucibles of from 60 to 80 pounds capacity, with certain proportions of black oxide of manganese. The crucibles are made of refractory clay, graphite, and old pots pounded to a dust, and their manufacture is now an important industry in itself. The pots are arranged in pairs in furnaces, the openings of which are level

SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.
From a photograph by Mayall and Co., London.

with the floor of the casting-house, while each furnace has a separate flue fed by a powerful forced draught. When the steel is thoroughly melted, the pots are withdrawn from the furnace, and their contents emptied into moulds. The lifting of the crucibles is a picturesque sight. The workmen are swathed in masses of woollen rags saturated with water from head to foot, with wet sponges held in the teeth and masking the nostrils. As they grapple the incandescent pots they are enveloped in walls of white flame, which shoot from the furnace twenty feet in height in enormous volume. The rapidity of the operation insures safety to the workman.



CRUCIBLE CASTING AT THE BROOKLYN CHROME STEEL WORKS.

The case-hardening of wrought iron (which is merely a transformation of the surface into steel) depends on a law allied to that of cementation. The iron is heated in charcoal, or some organic matter like leather, for a brief period, thus receiving a surface charge of carbon. The Harvey process for hardening a superficial depth of a mild steel armor-plate, of which the world has heard much during the last two years, is based on a closely analogous principle.

Allusions have been made to the functions of manganese in the manufacture of iron and steel. Manganese is used in iron-making because of its greed for oxygen. This metal is mostly obtained from its ore, a peroxide (MnO_2), called "pyrolusite" if crystalline, "black oxide" if not, always associated with iron, which replaces some of the manganese elements. Smelted in the blast-furnace, this ore becomes the "spiegeleisen" and the ferro-manganese of the iron-maker—alloys of manganese and iron in various proportions, with rarely less than five per cent. of carbon. At the temperature usually reached in metallurgy, oxygen will unceremoniously leave any particle of iron and rush to the manganese; the oxide thus formed is very fluid, and combines freely with the pasty "slag," or earthy residue, which, thus thinned, floats to the surface, leaving the metal clean and homogeneous. Thus manganese clears the steel from every trace of oxygen—a chief enemy to the quality of the product. In the blast-furnace a little manganese induces the sulphur of the ore to pass into the slag instead of combining with the iron; but in the steel process its effect on sulphur and phosphorus is practically *nil*, though a large percentage permits some phosphorus in low carbon steel, not by eliminating the phosphorus, but by counterbalancing its weakening qualities.

The value of manganese as a purgative was not known before Josiah Heath, who had become acquainted with the manganiferous ores on the Malabar Coast, introduced it in England about 1830, and took out patents for its use in making crucible steel. Up to this time the second stage of making cast steel had been merely that of remelting the "blister" with powdered charcoal (Huntsman's method). Heath added the black oxide of manganese to the charge in the pot. It has since been made a valuable adjunct in nearly every process of iron and steel working. The manufacture of spiegeleisen and ferro-manganese for use in iron and steel making is an important and lucrative industry in England, Germany, and the United States. The Franklinite ore of New Jersey yields excellent manganese compounds, and is therefore of great value.

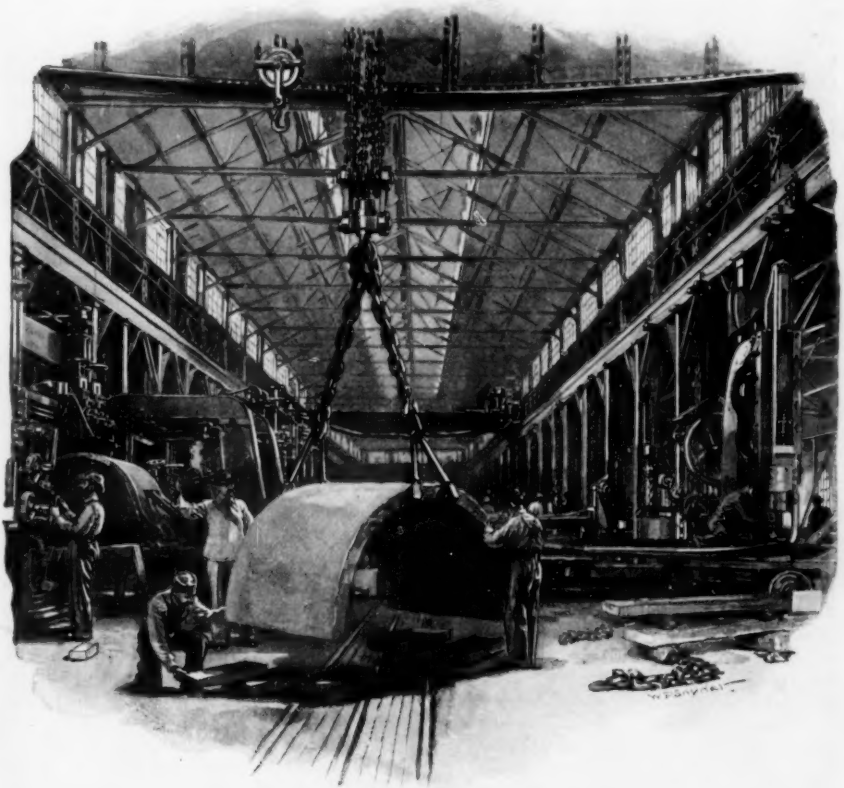
The man who inaugurated the reign of steel by so vastly increasing its uses, and invented a method of manufacture which makes the product even lower in cost than the kind of metal it was destined so largely to replace, ranks among the world's greatest inventors, though, like other remarkable creative minds, he did not reach his goal unaided by the skill and genius of co-laborers. The pneumatic process of making steel, by which Sir Henry Bessemer added more to the wealth of the world than any man of his generation, furnishes a curious example of what Tyndall called the scientific use of the imagination. Bessemer, like Siemens and Thomas, who share with him the honors of modern iron metallurgy, was not a practical worker in the metals, but, unlike them, he was absolutely ignorant of aught beyond superficial chemical knowledge. When he grasped the conception of burning out the impurities of pig metal by the oxidizing power of air, and thus reducing the excessively carburized material to the malleable state, he knew nothing of the traditions and science of the problem he was daring enough to attack. Had he been an adept, it is more than probable that he would have been so imprisoned by the past as never to have reached out so daringly into the unknown. He began his experiments secretly in a small way, after having visited numerous iron-works to make himself acquainted with existing processes. It was not till the end of eighteen months that the fundamental principle of his great future success became perfectly clear to him—that of rendering cast iron malleable by a powerful air-blast blown throughout the charge, and not merely on the top, as in the old finery and the puddling furnace.

The heat developed was so great as to keep even wrought iron fused, and the happy inventor found by-and-by that he had succeeded in making iron in small quantities. It cannot be related here how he fought through the early difficulties of his work, and how the iron-masters of the age were alike astonished and delighted at his primary results. The shock to the inventor was scarcely less great when he discovered that in making iron in large quantities his process did not answer all his anticipations. His earlier successes had been with a pig iron smelted from high-grade ores, comparatively free from sulphur or phosphorus. The attempt to work the process commercially involved the use of the common pig, which made up the bulk of the smelting material. The intense heat of the furnace burned out the carbon and the silicon, but left the phosphorus and sulphur untouched. This might have been remedied by using pure pigs containing but traces of these elements; but a graver defect attended the process. In many of the operations the ingot had no consistency; it crumbled under the hammer or in the rolls. In the language of the shop, it was rotten. The process, which, within a month of its first public announcement at the Cheltenham meeting of the British Association in 1856, had brought to its discoverer the sum of £27,000 in advance license fees, was now condemned by scientists and practical men as a visionary scheme.

But Bessemer was not disheartened, and, with a courage worthy of the reward it received, he and his partner, Robert Longsdon, went on spending money and energy in further experiments. While Bessemer was testing his process, David Mushet, a distinguished metallurgist, patented a "triple compound" of iron, manganese and carbon, the precursor of ferro-manganese, and proposed it as a cure for the defects of the Bessemer process. Mushet failed to pay his annual dues to the English Patent Office, and his legal rights ceased in a short time. The reason why manganese is so necessary in the Bessemer process is plain. Air in great quantities is blown through molten pig iron. Although the oxygen it con-

tains has as much affinity for the silicon and carbon of the pig as for iron, a certain quantity of the last-named element becomes oxidized while the first two are being burned away. The oxide of iron thus formed does not all rise in the form of slag, but remains in the bath, scattered, and carries out of the steel the oxygen that fouled it, as soap carries away dirt from linen.

It was now practicable to produce ingot steel of a low carbon grade of homogeneous quality, provided pure pigs were used, and the great inventor became famous



INSIDE THE STEEL-WORKS AT HOMESTEAD, PENNSYLVANIA.

tered through the metal, which, upon cooling in the ingot, imprisons it between its crystals, preventing them from welding together, so that when the ingot is passed between the rolls it crumbles to pieces. If, however, before casting the charge into the moulds, a certain quantity of manganese is added, the oxygen will at once leave the iron it had seized upon and fly to it, forming a very liquid oxide, which joins the slag already formthroughout the civilized world. But, much as he had accomplished, there was yet much to be done before his process was destined to be perfected, and at other hands than his own. Even spiegeleisen or ferro-manganese could not rout that tenacious foe, phosphorus, from its grip, and the process was only perfect in working a superior quality of pig metal.

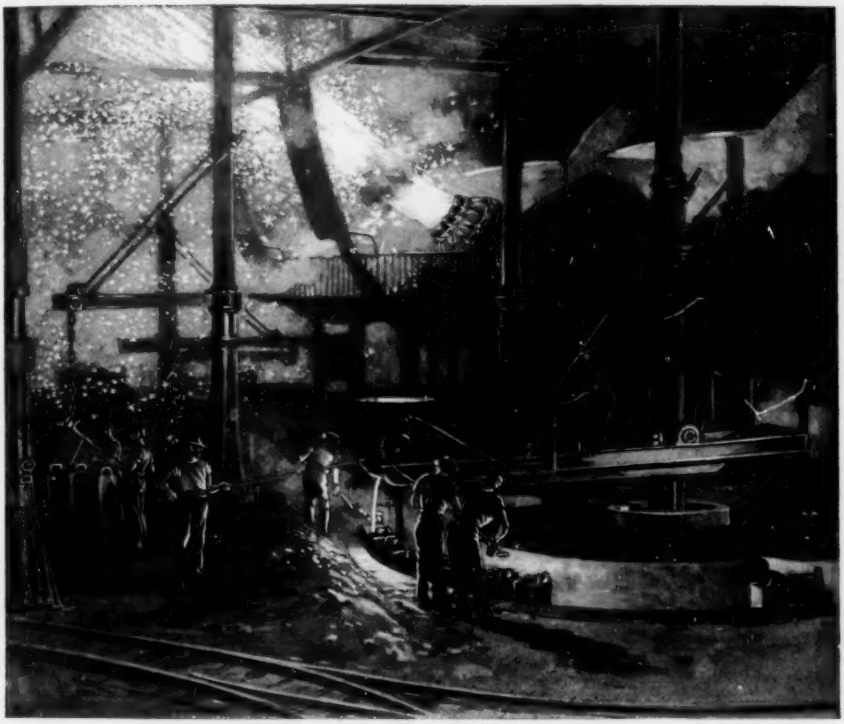
The final step was achieved by Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, who, though engaged

in the civil service, had spent his leisure hours experimenting in chemistry, and had thus taken a degree in the School of Mines. At the annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in 1878, in a discussion on the dephosphorization of iron, a young member, who looked scarcely more than a boy, announced that he had succeeded in effecting the almost complete removal of phosphorus in the Bessemer process, and he believed the practical difficulties in the way had been overcome. Mr. Gilchrist Thomas and his cousin Mr. Gilchrist had been battling with this problem for four years, and had been victorious.

This supplementary invention is known as the "basic" process, and fully half of the Bessemer steel product is now made on the basic principle. The thing was in the air long before the time that Mr. Thomas succeeded in accomplishing it, as was shown by the preliminary work of Mr. Snelus. In 1869 Emil Müller, of Paris, the learned ceramist, patented a method of lining metallurgical furnaces with carbonate of magnesia for the purpose of removing phosphorus from the iron under treatment. In an "addition" to his patent he claims the "basic additions" as a means to save the lining from rapid destruction. A few years later Professor L. Gruner, of the Paris School of Mines, in his treatise on metallurgy, fully explained the technical reasons why in the prevailing acid-lined steel furnace, phosphorus cannot be separated from the iron, and he suggested several ways of using a basic lining. But all these things were only steps in the right direction, and none of the proposed means would have accomplished dephosphorization in the Bessemer converter. It remained for Thomas to crown the edifice, which he did by discovering that the elimination of phosphorus took place only after all other impurities had been expelled, and necessitated an "after-blow," which, outside of the difference in lining, is the distinguishing feature between an acid and a basic operation.

Before describing the Bessemer converter and other furnaces used in the manufacture of steel, a word about the refractory materials of value for the inner lining is in place. These are of three kinds: First, *acid*, so called because they consist chiefly of silicic acid or silica. Among these substances are gannister (a local name given to a nearly pure silica rock found near Sheffield) and quartz; fire-clay, a mixture of alumina and silica, comes also under the head of acid lining. Second, *neutral*, such as graphite (one of the forms of mineral carbon) and chrome-iron ore. Third, *basic*, because consisting of the alkaline oxides of earthy metals, or bases. The most available bases for this purpose are lime or oxide of calcium, dolomite (a mixture of lime and magnesia), and magnesite (a form of magnesia or oxide of magnesium); these are found in nature as carbonates. Bessemer used a lining of ground silica in his converter, but found that phosphorus still lingered in his steel. Thomas used dolomite, and removed all but the last traces from the most impure pigs. The reason for this difference in results may be briefly stated: Silicic acid at a high temperature has the property of splitting up phosphates, appropriating the base or oxide of which they are composed, and liberating the phosphoric acid. Thus, if a phosphate of oxide of iron is present, the silicic acid, or silica, will combine with the oxide of iron and liberate phosphoric acid, which, in its turn, will be decomposed in the presence of a mass of melted iron; the iron will absorb the phosphorus, forming phosphate of iron, which contaminates the bath beyond redemption, and the oxygen passes into the spent gases. Bases, on the contrary, do not possess this power of decomposing phosphates, and all that a base like lime, oxide of calcium, can do is to take the place of the oxide of iron in the phosphate. But it retains its strong hold on phosphoric acid at any temperature, so that its reabsorption by the iron is impossible. It passes in the slag as phosphate of lime.

The Bessemer converter belongs to the order of closed-vessel furnaces, and its fuel consists of the impurities contained in the pig iron, which is poured into the receptacle in a molten state. This is a pear-shaped vessel of thick plate iron supported on standards by trunnions. To one of these a pinion is attached, which enables the converter to be swung through an arc of 180 degrees, and thus discharge the molten metal from its mouth. The other trunnion is hollow, and admits the blast. A pipe from this trunnion passes to the wind-box forming the bottom of the converter, which is perforated by circular holes, from ten to twenty in number, into each of which is inserted a conical fire-

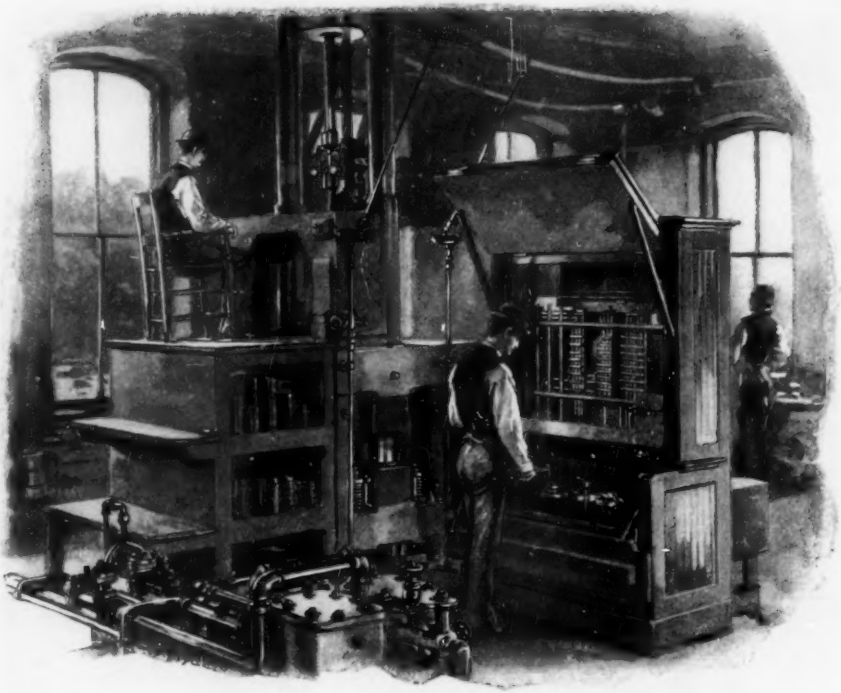


THE BESSEMER CONVERTER, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

clay tuyere, perforated with ten or more holes about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The converter is usually made in two parts for convenience in relining, and is constructed to hold charges of from five to fifteen tons of pig.

The acid lining is prepared by simply crushing the silica rock under edge rolls, and adding to it a sufficient quantity of water to cause it to ball up when pressed in the hand. This mixture is then rammed between the iron shell of the converter and a wooden form, placed at such a distance from the shell that when the space is filled the proper thickness of lining will be secured. In some cases the mixture is simply thrown against the shell in the shape of balls until the lining is thick enough. To prepare the bottoms, the fire-clay tuyeres are inserted in their places, and the mixture is placed between them; they are then thoroughly dried in a special oven. Meantime the converter lining is dried, and is ready for operation. The preparation of a basic lining is more complicated. The limestone, or dolomite, is first burnt at a very high temperature, so that it shrinks to nearly half of its original size, and comes out of the furnace or cupola where it has been calcined in a glassy state. It is then broken and pulverized, and mixed with anhydrous tar, so as to make it cohesive. In some works this mixture is made into bricks which fit the shape of the converter, and are built into it like a wall. In other places it is rammed between the shell and a mould, as with the acid mixture. Fire-clay tuyeres are also used in the bottoms, and the shrunk dolomite mixture is rammed with hot rammers in the intervals.

In the Bessemer process the pig is melted in a separate cupola furnace and run into the converter, which lies on its side, to prevent the metal from running



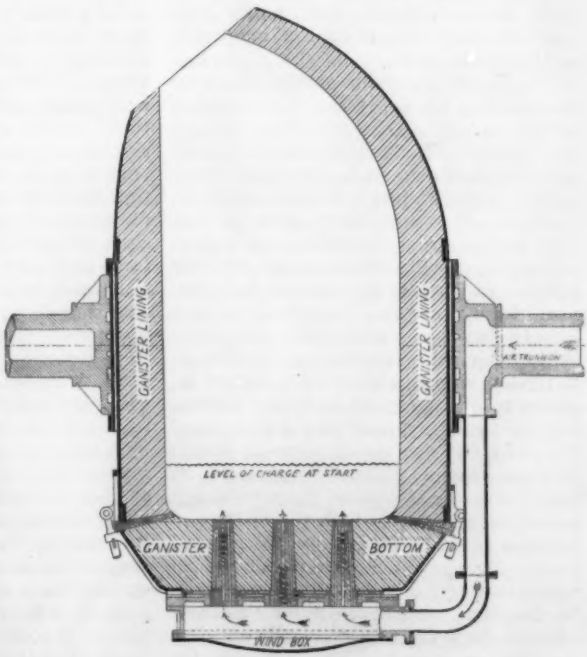
A TESTING-ROOM.

out of the tuyere-holes in the bottom. The blast is then laid on, and the vessel made to stand straight. The air, entering at a pressure of twenty to twenty-five pounds per square inch, penetrates the melted mass. Within a space of about eight feet in diameter a ten-ton charge is pierced by no less than 250 to 300 air-jets, that bring the oxygen it contains in close contact with the iron and its impurities. These impurities, being already in an incandescent state, are quickened into rapid combustion by the powerful blast, as a bellows blowing cold air forces the glowing coals into a consuming flame. In the acid operation the only impurities to be burned away are silicon and carbon; their rapid combustion causes an elevation of temperature, which makes it possible for the remaining decarburized iron to remain fluid until the operation of casting into moulds is complete. It will thus be seen that the so-called impurities are necessities as well, since they furnish the fuel needed to carry the process to a successful end. At the beginning of the blowing, only sparks and a little brown smoke are seen; the silicon is burning, and as the product of its combustion is a solid, viz., silica, which remains as a slag in the vessel, no flame is visible, but only such light solid particles of slag as may be carried out by the strong blast. In proportion as the silicon becomes exhausted, the oxygen turns its attention to the carbon; the fact is immediately announced by the appearance of a true flame, which grows rapidly, until it fills completely the mouth of the converter, and dazzles the spectator by its brilliancy. The temperature rises quickly; the flame becomes fuller, clearer; the metal, stirred by the heavy blast, boils, and particles of it are expelled from the vessel; the roar of the flame becomes deafening; the projections of metal become more frequent; and to one unaccustomed to the spectacle it would seem that a continuance of the proceedings must wreck the entire establishment. But the carbon is soon exhausted, and,

with scarcely an admonitory sign, the flame drops and almost disappears. In the acid process this is a critical moment, for there is nothing left to burn in the vessel but the iron, and this would soon take place to a damaging extent, as shown by the cloud of brown smoke which almost immediately follows the drop of the flame. The vessel is turned down immediately and the blast shut off. There is in the converter at that moment a bath of decarburized iron, but oxidized to such a degree that it is of doubtful usefulness, as it would probably crack in the rolls. It is at this juncture that manganese plays its friendly rôle. Spiegeleisen is introduced in a melted state, and gives up to the bath the carbon it contains, while its manganese offers itself as a sacrifice by calling to itself the oxygen which contaminated the iron. The charge is then ready to be cast into ingots.

The basic operation differs in important particulars. Before introducing the metal a certain quantity of fresh-burnt lime is dumped into the converter. This is called the "basic additions," and is necessary, for all the silica and phosphorus present must be neutralized by an excess of lime in order to keep the slag basic; if an additional weight of it were not introduced, the lining would soon be entirely worn away by the calls made upon it. At the beginning the basic operation greatly resembles the acid; only the first period, that of silicon elimination, is much shorter, because basic pig purposely contains very little of that element, in order to avoid the formation of silicic acid. The most marked difference comes at the end, after the drop of the flame. As noted above, Thomas discovered that no useful amount of phosphorus was eliminated before all the carbon had disappeared, and established the necessity for the so-called "after-blow." The blow is therefore continued for a varying period—one to six minutes, dependent upon the quantity of phosphorus in the pig—during which the combustion of that element supplies the deficiency of heat caused by the lack of silicon. When the premonitory thick brown smoke appears, the vessel is turned down, and the bath treated with spiegeleisen, or ferro-manganese, usually in the solid state. The slag or refuse from the Bessemer operation, containing a large quantity of phosphate of lime, is very valuable for agricultural purposes. It is usually prepared as a fertilizer by grinding fine, and sold in packages like other phosphates. Hundreds of thousands of tons are sold annually in Europe, at a price which goes far toward sustaining the basic steel-makers who produce it.

The duration of a "blow" is usually from ten to fifteen minutes. With a pair of converters working in conjunction (the method common in the United States), eighty blows in twenty-four hours is not unusual work, and records of over one hundred are not rare. A pair of ten-ton converters has produced more than 36,000 tons of steel ingots in one month.



A BESSEMER CONVERTER.

The spectroscope has been brought into use to determine the exact point of decarburization, which is indicated by the disappearance of what are called the "carbon lines" in the green band; but as the converter flame is liable to be obscured by smokes and vapors, its use in the acid process has been practically abandoned, as the eye and judgment of the "blower" can be better trusted in all ordinary circumstances. In the basic process the spectroscope is generally used, because the point of complete decarburization is not so easily observed as in the acid. After the carbon lines have disappeared the revolutions of the engines furnishing the blast are counted and continued until a quantity of air sufficient to burn away the phosphorus has been blown through. This is the after-blow.

It must be recognized, however, that the Bessemer process, wonderful as it is in its capacity for making cheap and homogeneous "mild" steel, as for plates, beams, rails, etc., does not yield a desirable product for fine edge-tools. The vehicle of carburization can only furnish a limited quantity of the hardening element—carbon. The best cutlery is always high carbon crucible steel, made from pure iron, smelted from the magnetite and hematite ores.

The United States has carried Bessemer steel-making to a greater extent and a higher perfection than any other country in the world. The establishments in Bethlehem, Johnstown, and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Chicago, Illinois, have excited boundless admiration from all foreign metallurgists for the completeness and ingenuity of their plants, the economy of labor which they permit, and the greatness of their output. This superiority is largely due to the genius and inventive skill of the distinguished engineer Mr. A. L. Holley, who was one of the earliest pioneers to introduce the Bessemer process into this country, and who transformed the plant, devising most important details of improvement, which have doubled its usefulness. He also raised the vessels high above the ground, so that the change of bottoms could be made from the general level. This gave a shallow casting-pit, in which the ingot moulds and the ingots can be handled with much more quickness and comfort than in the old well-like English casting-pit. He improved the cupolas, and placed them in such a position that the melted metal flowed naturally by gravitation into the vessels.

During the period which saw the gradual development of the Bessemer process another man of genius was working in the same direction. This was one of the distinguished trio of Siemens brothers, who lived respectively in England, Germany, and Russia. Sir William Siemens, by his invention of the regenerative gas furnace, and his work in perfecting the open-hearth steel process, accomplished scarcely less than his contemporary, Bessemer, in revolutionizing the steel industry. The Siemens furnace is a beautiful device to meet the problem of utilizing the potential heat not only by perfectly controlling the work accomplished by its power, but by obtaining as a value in combustion nearly every thermal unit from the fuel. The equation by which this potential value is calculated in theory is more closely realized in the work of the Siemens furnace than in any other. After fourteen years of experiment, Siemens reached the desired result in 1861, and it was pronounced by Tyndall and Faraday one of the triumphs of modern science.

This furnace belongs to the "reverberatory" class, fired with gaseous fuel distilled from bituminous coal in retortlike vessels called "gas-producers." The furnace proper, or hearth, is placed above four vaults called "regenerators"—a right-hand pair and a left-hand pair. One of each pair is a gas regenerator, the other an air regenerator, each communicating with the furnace by a separate flue or "port," so that the gas which feeds and the air which supports combustion meet at the exact point where the heat is needed—at the hearth itself. Each regenerator is nearly filled with a "checker-work" of fire-bricks, piled in alternating rows, so as to leave space for the air or the gas to find its way between. The bottom of each regenerator is connected by a separate underground flue with the source of supply of gas and air as well as with the chimney. At the point where these various flues meet are placed the "reversing valves," so called because they are so arranged that when turned in one direction they permit the gas and air to flow in a certain course, entering one pair of regenerators (say the right one), burning as they pass through the hearth, and coming down as spent gas through

the left-hand pair on the way to the chimney, and when turned in the other direction the course is reversed, the air and gas passing up the left-hand pair to the furnace, and down the right-hand pair to the chimney. The spent gas, still violently hot, going from the furnace, passes among the fire-bricks on one side, and gives up most of its heat to them, while the fresh gas and air are coming in through the other side, and taking up the heat from the other fire-bricks. About every twenty minutes the valve is reversed; the current is set the other way; the hot bricks give up their heat, and the cooled bricks heat up again. The sensible heat thus stored in the gas and the air is added to the heat of combustion, and the entire energy of the fuel, except the little that is lost in radiation or escapes up the stack, is utilized. In a furnace working properly a temperature hovering around 4000° F. is maintained, and instances are not rare when the temperature of complete dissociation of carbonic acid is reached—that is to say, when oxygen and carbonic oxide refuse to combine; this is between 4500° and 5000° F. The operator, however, has the heat under perfect control by means of regulating valves, which allow him to vary the proportions of gas and air so as to cool the flame and change its character from reducing to oxidizing at will. The regenerative system has been applied to the manufacture of crucible steel with great economy; less than one-half ton of bituminous coal suffices to produce one ton of steel, where three tons of coke were scarcely enough to do the same work in the old pot-hole of ante-Siemens days. Modifications have been introduced, but the regenerative furnace remains practically as first invented.

The steel process as first practised by Siemens is known as the "pig and ore" process. Pig iron is charged on a silicious hearth and melted down. Pure iron ore, amounting to about one-fifth the weight of the charge, is then gradually introduced in the furnace; the oxygen of the ore seeks the carbon of the pig, and burns it out; a strong ebullition ensues, which is kept up until the carbon is practically eliminated. A certain amount of spiegeleisen is then added, so as to increase the carbon contents to the desired percentage, and clear the bath from any traces of oxygen which might remain, and the charge is cast.

While Siemens was working out his solution with the regenerative furnace, Pierre and Émile Martin, iron-masters of Sireuil, France, had been busy with similar experiments in a reverberatory furnace, and had in some measure succeeded in making good iron and steel of varying carbon grades directly by the fusion of pig iron and scrap, or what is known as the "pig and scrap" process. But this was never done commercially on a great scale till it was accomplished through the perfectly controllable temperature of the Siemens regenerative furnace. In the controversy which raged between the Anglo-German and the French inventors as to which had title to the credit of the invention—a quarrel finally compromised by giving a compound name to steel made by direct fusion, "Siemens-Martin"—it was established by the juries of three countries that neither of them deserved the fame of originality, their merit having been their contemporary adaptation of old and well-known ideas. But it was also conceded that direct-fusion steel would never have become a great commercial fact without the temperatures which could be obtained only with the Siemens furnace.

It is observable that in both the "pig and ore" and "pig and scrap" processes, as originally practised, pig iron and ores quite low in phosphorus are necessary on account of the silicious character of the lining. Since the development of the basic process, basic and neutral linings have been introduced, and dephosphorization is practised in the Siemens furnace as well as in the Bessemer converter. The linings are usually dolomite or magnesite, prepared as described above for converter linings and made into bricks. Chrome-iron ore has also been used with success. The steel process differs from the ordinary one only in the introduction of basic additions in the shape of lime, so as to furnish the material for a basic slag without undue destruction to the lining.

Open-hearth steel is now made not only by the fusion of pig iron and scrap, or "pig and scrap" process, by the fusion of pig iron with rich oxides (magnetite and hematite ores for the most part), or "pig and ore" process, but by a combination of the two. It is claimed that this gives more exact results than does the Bessemer process, and that special steels for special uses are more reliable. It is

certain that for ship-building purposes Bessemer metal has yielded precedence to its rival, and that even for the manufacture of rails the latter is making great strides in public favor, though less in the United States than abroad. As the material of armor plate there is no question as to its pre-eminence. The great advantage in the mode of its manufacture is that the process is more prolonged than that of Bessemer, and so the quality of the metal can be more easily tested and regulated. But the cost of producing it is greater, in spite of the fact that the first expense of a Bessemer plant is excessive.

In summing up the progress of the nineteenth century in the manufacture of iron and steel, it may be confidently asserted that the four great strides have been, the introduction of the hot blast into the blast-furnace process; the application of the cold blast by Bessemer to convert liquid pig into wrought iron and steel; the production, by means of the regenerative furnace, of steel on the open hearth; and the basic process, which goes so far in the elimination of phosphorus in treating the impure pigs.

There is another important family of steels which is of growing importance in the mechanic arts. This is the group of alloy steels. Some of the most important discoveries in metallurgy are likely to be made in the development of these very remarkable and as yet half-understood compounds. The influence on a large mass of one metal by even a trace of another metal or metalloid, profoundly modifying all its physical properties, is one of the most curious facts in one of the most curious and intricate of sciences. The paramount value of the carbon compound within the ranges of true steel is that it raises all the virtues of iron to a higher power, or, to put it more exactly, it does not augment any one physical property of the metal to the serious detriment of another. This characteristic ceases in the alloy steels, and the law of compensation in every case demands its "pound of flesh." It is a matter of give and take. When manganese, nickel, chromium, or any foreign metal enters iron as a component, whether in the presence or absence of carbon, it adds to one property of the metal what it steals from some other. Yet chrome steel, manganese steel, or nickel steel has each its marked specific value fitting an industrial need, and we have only begun to test the possibilities which loom before the imagination in this direction. Specialism promises to be the key to metallurgical advance, as it is, indeed, the vital condition of all the arts and sciences of the age. A glance at the physical properties of metals will throw some light on this interesting subject.

Tenacity is that property which resists the separation of the molecules by a steady pulling or tensile stress. Elasticity is the property of resuming the original form after the removal of any external force, and of course the limit of elasticity is that point beyond which force creates a permanent change. Toughness is the property of resisting separation of molecules after the limit of elasticity is passed. Hardness is the resistance offered to the penetrating action of another substance. Brittleness is the sudden break of cohesion in the molecules by the impact of a blow or change in temperature. Malleability is the property of permanent extension in all directions without breaking, whether from slow stress or from sudden impact. Ductility is the property which enables a metal to be elongated without fracture. It goes without saying that some of these properties may exist without others; that some of them cannot exist without others; and that some can only exist in the absence of others or in their presence in very slight degree. Lastly, practice shows that an exaggeration of one or more of these qualities is at the expense in some degree of several or of all of the others. In measuring the strength of metals the points generally to be determined are the limit of the elasticity, the stress which can be sustained within the elastic limit, the strain possible up to the same point, the extent of the strain or alteration of form before rupture occurs, and the extreme stress or tensile strength possible before fracture. Of these the elastic limit and the breaking stress are the most important. Many ingenious machines and tests have been devised as measures of these qualities; and no steel product is mustered into service nowadays unless it can answer the hard questions put to it by these rigid inquisitors.

With these points in view, a brief glance at some of the queer tricks and protean changes of the alloy steels will be of great interest. Manganese, when

added in certain limited quantities to iron and steel is invaluable as a purgative, and passes off in the slag, which it helps to separate. A small quantity of it seems also to be useful in the finished steel; it seems to make the metal roll better, and in common steels, such as rail or structural steels, as much as 1 per cent. is allowed. If this quantity is doubled, the product is brittle and useless for any purpose; but should the percentage be greatly increased, to 10 or 14 per cent., for instance, the metal acquires remarkable hardness and toughness; and, strange to say, such metal, if quenched in cold water, shows but a slight increase in hardness, and its decided brittleness is replaced with a degree of ductility which is most extraordinary in view of the accompanying hardness. This is the celebrated Hadfield manganese steel. This same steel with 14 per cent. of manganese and 1 per cent. of carbon is pre-eminently strong and tough, but so hard as not to be worked easily. Its electrical resistance is thirty times that of copper, and it is wholly proof against magnetic influences. Its value in instrument-making and certain needs of naval construction is discernible at a glance. The remarkable effects of nickel as a compounding metal have been the subject of much experiment, and have recently attracted attention in connection with armor-plating and the new navy. Percentages of nickel in mild steel up to 7 per cent. greatly increase tensile strength and elastic limit, while malleability is greatly decreased. Armor plate contains about 1 per cent. of nickel. Sir Frederick Abel, chemical director of the British government works at Woolwich, in his presidential address before the British Association, recently pointed out the fact that nickel steel offers to the engineer the means of nearly doubling boiler pressure without increasing weight and dimensions. The tests made by the United States government at Annapolis have proved the immense superiority of a certain grade of nickel steel for armor-plating. So eminent in toughness and elasticity were these plates that no cracks were discernible in metal which had been penetrated by the projectiles, while pure steel plates were split into quarters, and showed the radiation of innumerable lines of fracture. The influence of chromium on steel is to augment its tensile strength, its resistance to fracture by impact, and its capacity for hardening to an extraordinary degree, thus affording the best possible material for the manufacture of such products as safes proof against fire and burglar, and heavy projectiles, as is seen in the celebrated Haltzer (France) and Carpenter (United States) projectiles. As certain proportions of chromium and carbon also add enormously to elastic limit as well as to tensile strength and resistance to stress, it promises to be the coming material for big guns. In the duel between armor plate and cannon, armor is forging far ahead. The urgent need now is for a gun which shall be proof against a far greater powder pressure than any so far in use—a weapon for which we have a reasonable outlook in the Brown segmental wire gun, which is built of chrome steel. Important chrome steel works, said to be the most successful in the United States, have been established at Brooklyn, New York. "Mushet steel" is a special alloy, containing tungsten in addition to carbon. It is called self-tempering, because it is so tough that it needs no quenching to give it its proper temper or hardness. It is used mostly for machinists' tools in working the hardest metals.

These examples sufficiently emphasize the almost boundless range of modifications which may be introduced into steel by a skilful admixture of other metals, and point to the inviting field for research open to the metallurgist in enlarging the zone of effective use for the compounds of iron. The attention now being given to this in the great iron centres is sure to yield astonishing fruits within a few years, for chemistry was never so well equipped for its attack on the unknown.

When steel contains more than about a quarter of one per cent. of carbon it acquires a distinctive quality which separates it from other forms of iron and the so-called soft steel containing less carbon. The quality is a capacity for being hardened or softened to any degree required by the special use for which it is designed. In these curious molecular changes, known under the inclusive name of "temper," the steel is first hardened by subjection to a red heat and a sudden quenching or cooling. It is next reheated to a specified temperature determined by long experience, and slowly cooled again in baths of varying material. There is scarcely any operation in the

working of metals which requires such niceties of skill and judgment. The general art as a factor in steel treatment has been known and practised for forty centuries; and the Hindoo artificer on the banks of the Ganges, following this inherited craft, tempers a sword-blade equal if not superior to the best Sheffield make.

The nature of the tempering bath is of great importance. Roughly speaking, it may be stated that for making steel glass-hard, ice-cold water, brine, or mercury must be used; for less hardness, hot water or oil is used; while hardening and tempering are possible in one operation, by use, for example, of molten lead. The value of the softer metals as a means of hardening tools and weapons has long been known. Réaumur in 1722 writes of a method of hardening the points of tools by forcing them hot into solid lead and tin, and he hints at gold, silver, and copper as cooling metals. The composition of tempering baths seems to be a tempting subject for inventors even now, as shown by the Patent Office record.

Cherry-red is the heat ordinarily used in hardening, but high carbon steel and various kinds of the alloy steels need a less heat. Among the methods of heating used are an ordinary fire, the blow-pipe flame, pinching in red-hot tongs, and immersion in red-hot molten lead, the main purpose being to secure a perfectly regular temperature whereby the steel can be soaked in heat from centre to surface. In cooling the metal the problem of unequal contraction requires even greater judgment. For example, if a long tool should be quenched by dipping it sidewise in water it would be curved by the unequal rate of cooling on the two sides. Again, if a tool is unequally thick, the heavier part must be dipped first, or cooled by some other device, as equal immersion would cause the thin part to lose its heat first. Sometimes cold tongs or flat plates of metal are found necessary. A great variety of cooling baths are used, among which may be named, besides those before specified, melted tallow, various acids, and soapsuds. Quackery has not yet gone out of the domain of metallurgy. The most scientific methods include the use of oils and molten metals as well as water. Fixed proportions of lead and tin are greatly in vogue.

The hardness of the tempered piece is indicated by the color its surface assumes after it has been suddenly cooled. At first it is silver-gray; but if reheated a peculiar change takes place in the color. When a temperature of about 420° F. has been reached, the silver-gray has become pale straw, which with the rise passes through straw, straw-yellow, nut-brown, purple, bright blue, deep blue, and blackish-blue. This last color is produced by a temperature of about 640° F. These various shades represent various "tempers" or hardness. Thus, lancet blades should not be reheated beyond the pale straw; straw-yellow is the color for razors, bright blue for swords and bayonets, etc. In practice the piece may be plunged in a cooling substance till quite cold, and reheated either by direct flame or by placing on a hot surface until the proper color appears, or by dipping in a bath of molten metal—usually an alloy of lead and tin, which melts at a temperature corresponding to the desired color. The piece may also be quenched from cherry-red directly in a molten bath or mixture of the proper temperature, from which it is withdrawn when it has cooled down to the temperature of the bath; it is found then to have acquired the desired color.

There is no branch of the working of metals where experience and practical observation have been so completely the source of efficiency in practice; none where theory has been of so little value. The art of tempering is based on the cumulative knowledge of countless generations of metal-workers, extending back to the mythical age of Tubal Cain.

The use of low-carbon steel manufactured by the Bessemer and Siemens-Martin processes is, however, the salient fact towering like an Alpine peak in the world of iron industries. The product can be made at a cost even lower than that of malleable iron, and it can be rolled, hammered, and welded in similar fashion. It has nearly driven iron out of use for most structural purposes.

The first record of iron-making in the colonies carries us back to the attempt made by the Virginia Company to establish iron-works on Falling Creek, in Virginia. This was about 1620. The Indians put an end to the enterprise by scalping the manager, John Berkley, and all his workmen; and the glory of setting up a successful iron-making plant was transferred to the New England colonies, where in 1645 the blast-furnace built by

John Winthrop, Jun., had "some tuns of sowe iron cast in readiness for ye forge." The manufacture of steel was first attempted by two men named Higley and Dewey, who in 1725 received a patent from the General Court of Connecticut to make steel for a period of ten years. Like many other pioneers, they found that the concession yielded no fruit. The field was not abandoned, for many more successful attempts followed in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. All the steel made at that period was produced in a hearth similar to a bloomary, or else by cementation. It was therefore no more than "puddled steel," or "shear steel." The process of making the more perfect cast metal, or crucible steel, seems not to have been successfully practised till 1831, when it was established at Cincinnati by Garrard Brothers.

The census of 1810 gives the total production of pig at 53,408 tons. In 1820 it had receded to 20,000 tons. The total quantity of steel made in 1810 appears to have been 917 tons, of which Pennsylvania produced about one-half. The following table, showing the production during census years since 1840, graphically illustrates the rapid stride that has been made during the last half-century:

	Number of Furnaces in Blast.	Pig Iron.	Wrought Iron.	Steel.
1840	804	286,903	197,233	
1850	377	564,755		
1860	286	987,559	513,213	11,838
1870	386	1,832,875	1,064,285	68,750
1880	446	3,835,191	2,082,739	1,247,334
1890	311	9,202,703	2,518,194	4,277,071

The above table shows a remarkable progress in all directions, and if we supplement it with a statement of the capital employed, a further proof of the importance of the iron and steel trade is found. In 1840 the capital invested was $20,432,131; in 1850, it was $31,796,065; in 1860, $44,597,297; in 1870, $121,772,074; in 1880, $230,971,884; the census reports for 1890 are not yet complete, but an increase of invested capital nearly proportionate to the increased output is probable. It will be noticed that the number of blast-furnaces in 1840 was more than two and a half times that in 1890, while the production was immeasurably smaller. The total number of iron and steel producing establishments of all kinds in 1840 was 1008, with an output of 374,147 tons, or an average of 371 tons for each. In 1890, the number of such establishments was 1040; they turned out 15,997,968 tons, or an average of 15,382 tons per works. Such results point to a significant fact: the decrease in number of establishments is concurrent with an increase of product and value, showing that capital has concentrated, and by centralization has found the economy of large and well-located plants as against a greater multiplicity of smaller ones. A still more remarkable feature is the enormous increase in a comparatively short period in the manufacture of steel, and the nearly stationary output in wrought iron. Thus in 1880 the total production of steel was 59.8 per cent. of that of iron, while in 1890 the tables are nearly reversed, since the iron output is only 58.8 per cent. of that of steel. The following table shows the rapid increase of production since the introduction of Bessemer steel in this country, late in 1864. The manufacture of open-hearth steel in the Siemens furnace was started in December, 1868:

	Bessemer Ingots.	Open-hearth Ingots.	Crucible Ingots.	All other Steels.	Total.
1865	abt. 1,000 *		14,262		15,262
1870	42,000	1,500	33,500		77,000
1875	375,517	9,050	39,401	12,607	436,575
1880	1,303,173	112,953	72,424	8,465	1,397,015
1885	1,701,762	149,381	64,511	1,696	1,917,350
1890	4,131,535	574,820	79,716	4,248	4,790,319

* Net tons of 2000 pounds.

The phenomenon exhibited in the table is explained by the gradual inroads made by steel in the field formerly occupied by wrought iron. The soft steel now made offers great advantages in the way of uniformity of product, which gives it the preference for many purposes. It has nearly superseded iron in boiler-plate, and much of the wrought metal used in machinery building is steel; wheel tires, material for ship and bridge building, are made of steel. It has entirely taken the place of iron for railroad bars, and no iron rails are manufactured now, except sparingly for street railway and mine uses. The damage done to iron by steel in this line is shown in the following table, giving the quantity of steel and iron rails made since 1870:

	Steel Rails.	Price per Ton in Gold.	Iron Rails.	Price per Ton in Gold.
1870	30,357	$93 25	523,213	$62 80
1875	259,690	60 20	447,900	41 80
1880	864,452	67 50	440,857	49 25
1885	963,750	28 50	13,227	No quotation.
1890	1,867,837	31 75	15,548	"

It is interesting to note the effect that this enormous production has had on prices. At the close of 1893 steel rails were selling at $24 a ton. Scarcely less significant, as showing the supercession of iron by steel, is the change in the nail manufacture. In 1883 there were produced 7,762,737 kegs of nail, not one of which was steel. In 1890, out of a total production of 8,776,920 kegs, only 1,806,193 were iron nails, all the rest being steel.

It is well to consider the effect which the modern methods have had on the wages of the men employed in the iron manufacture. It was not until some time after 1850 that the system of piece-work was established in iron-works. Until then the men worked by the month at a salary varying from $8 to $45 a month. The census of 1860 shows that the wages paid to 15,927 blast-furnace hands was $4,545,430, or an average of $292 per head. The number of persons engaged in rolling-mills during that year was 19,262, who received $6,514,258, or an average of about $338. The census of 1870 gives the average earning of blast-furnace workers at $560 a year currency, or about $486 gold; $12,475,250 were distributed among 27,554 persons in that year. In 1880, 140,978 operators received $55,476,785, or about $393 60 a head. In the report of the Commissioner of Labor for 1890, the income of man labor in the United States and Europe is given as follows:

	United States.	England.
Pig Iron	$513 52	$350 11
Bar Iron	698 49	337 41
Steel	578 52	442 89

The following table shows the total production of iron and steel for all countries during 1890, when the United States came to the front, and left England in the second place:

	Iron Ore.	Pig Iron.	Bessemer and Open-hearth Steel.
United States*	16,116,116	9,302,703	4,302,105
England	13,780,767	7,904,214	3,519,043
Germany	11,409,625	4,637,239	2,101,822
France		1,962,196	717,975
Austro-Hungary	2,000,000	925,308	499,600
Sweden and Norway	941,241	456,102	
Belgium	900,000	787,436	221,296

* Long Tons—2240 pounds.

While no year since 1890 has witnessed the same extraordinary activity, the same relative superiority has been preserved. It is a fact worthy of consideration that comparatively little of our enormous production leaves the boundaries of the United States. Although the value of the exported finished iron product is considerable—$27,000,134 for 1890—the tonnage is not great. That in prosperous times the output of iron and steel will keep increasing is not doubtful, even in the present conditions of cost, which keep us out of the markets of the outer world for heavy material; but should such conditions change, the natural resources of this country are such that we might well look forward to the time when the present production would seem to us as insignificant as that of twenty years ago.

A very interesting phase of our recent development, resulting from the late war, which revolutionized the conditions of life and labor in the South, is found in the genesis and growth of the iron industry in Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. The great coal and iron beds which began to be opened about fifteen years ago started busy communities, like the harvest of the fabled dragon's teeth. Such places as Chattanooga and Birmingham now rank among leading iron centres.

That the United States will continue to increase the distance between herself and the most productive of her competitors is scarcely to be doubted. With such a large supply of the richest ores lying within easy reach of our principal iron centres, the primary condition is in our favor. The ingenious mechanical contrivances in our works, which are in some respects in advance of those used in England, enable the workman to accomplish much more—a consideration which probably has much to do with the ability of the manufacturer to pay higher wages. Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, the foremost metallurgical authority of Great Britain, some years ago solemnly warned his countrymen that if they expected to compete in the world's market with the Greater Britain over the water, they must study and adopt the economies in hand labor which American skill and energy had made so brilliantly practicable in iron and steel making. Such establishments as those of the Bethlehem Iron Company, the Cambria Iron-Works of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the Carnegie Steel-Works at Pittsburg and Homestead, and the Illinois Steel Company's Works at Chicago, employing from 10,000 to 20,000 workmen each, represent the highest triumphs of engineering and chemical skill.

THE RUSSIAN AND HIS JEW.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

RUSSIA has more than a third of all the Jews in the world, and she is doing her best to reduce this number. Official statistics are not quite reliable on this subject, but it is assumed by the best-informed that Russia must have close on to 3,000,000 of the Hebrew race. The United States and England are shocked by the measures which the Czar is taking against these people, and charge him with reviving religious persecution. The Czar replies to this by pointing out that the United States deliberately closed its doors against emigration from China, whose subjects were represented in America to the extent of only about 100,000 souls, mostly upon the Pacific coast. In this matter, moreover, the Czar moves in harmony with the overwhelming majority of his people, high and low; and were his people to-morrow to proclaim a republic, one of the few laws which it would not repeal would be that which excludes the Jew from Holy Russia. The Russian knows his Jew better than we know him, and is therefore better qualified to legislate on the subject.

The general outburst of indignation which greeted the anti-Jewish legislation of Russia since the accession of the present Czar may be accounted for in many ways. The newspapers and banks of Europe are largely in Jewish hands, and this power was of course quickly evoked to create public sympathy for their persecuted co-religionists. The popular sentiment was, however, most intelligent and most effective in the countries immediately bordering upon Russia, whose people wasted little time in theorizing on the rights of man or the beauties of tolerance, but organized with a view of protecting themselves against an influx of unwelcome immigrants. Castle Garden is not the only point to which the Jew of Russia has fled for comfort. He is equally keen in his desire to find a home in western Europe, where he can live in towns, pursue his life as broker, and not be too far away from the headquarters of his religious inspiration. America, England, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Norway—these countries have few Jews, comparatively speaking, and they are pretty well distributed. The stranger walking down Broadway, guided by the signs over the shops of jobbers and importers, might conclude that the Jews own New York, yet what we have is a mere nothing to what one country of Russia alone—Poland—has, whose Jewish population, according to the last census, was about 800,000. In England, Jews are met in every walk of life—in the army, the diplomatic service, the cabinet, the House of Lords, and amongst the boon companions of England's future King. As with us, they have cast off every distinguishing badge of their race, and it is frequently only by accident that we learn the nature of their religious creed. In Russia, however, it is totally different. There the Jew is as distinct a type as is with us the negro or the Chinaman. You can distinguish him as far as you can see, not merely by the face and form, so

graphically drawn by Mr. Pennell in his work *The Jew at Home*, but in certain peculiarities of dress, to which he clings as pertinaciously as does the Apache to his blanket or the Mexican to his sombrero. The Jew of Kovno, Warsaw, Kiev, and wherever else I have run across him in Russia, wears a curious curl that hangs down in front of each ear, sometimes to his chin. His cap of black alpaca or cloth sits far back on his head, close to his ears, with a visor as large as those once fashionable amongst our brakemen and conductors. His coat of black cloth or alpaca is modelled after that in which Dundreary is usually portrayed, reaching down to his ankles, and assisting to give him the long, lean, hungry look of the Shylock type. On his feet are boots worn outside of his trousers, in one hand an umbrella, in the other a valise; for the Jew in Russia is usually moving from place to place on business, unless he is so poor as to be forced into menial occupation.

A Russian who is not a Jew-hater by any means, but a thoroughly practical man of affairs, told me that next to the Jew's love of money was his devotion to the Talmud and its expounders. Strange as it may seem to us, who think of the Jew as wandering into all the corners of the world, guided solely by the desire of making money, we find that, on the contrary, he is fastened to Russia by the holiest of ties, that he wears his peculiar dress as proudly as a Highlander does his kilt, and that he does everything in his power to remain at home and discourage others from leaving. To draw the orthodox Jew, educated in the school of the Talmud, away from the centre of his religious education, if not inspiration, is to him a serious matter.

We propose to place before the inquiring reader a short sketch of the manner in which the Jew is regarded to-day by those who dread his westward migration, and to bring together some of the reasons put forward by those who are so illiberal as to dislike his company. Russia has limited the territory in which Jews are allowed to live to a narrow strip, beginning in the Baltic provinces near Riga, and ending at the Black Sea, following, roughly, the western frontier of the empire, along the borders of Prussia, Austria, Hungary, and Roumania. These four countries—or rather three, if we regard Austria and Hungary as one—know more of the Jews by actual contact than any other people; for, according to the last census on the subject, there were in Austro-Hungary 1,643,708; German Empire, 567,884; Roumania, 400,000.

The same census gave for Great Britain and Ireland only 46,000 Jews; France, 49,439; Norway, only 34; Spain, 402. In fact, as compared with Russia's neighbors, the number of Jews in other countries is hardly worth mentioning.

The Chinese question in America was settled with reference purely to the Chinaman as he was known in California, and did not take into consideration the best class of Chinese in their own country. The Russian regards the Jew from his stand-point as it affects himself personally, and not from the stand-point of an Englishman or an American, who has in view Jews of a nobler type. The Jew of Russia shades off into the Polish Jew, then into the German Jew, and it is a mixture of these two that is now besieging Castle Garden for American citizenship. How many Jews emigrate from Russia every year is not known, for large numbers smuggle themselves over the frontier, and are most difficult to identify, because of the similarity in feature and dress of all the Chosen People along this Jewish strip. When I was in Kovno I came in contact with a Jew who told me that his whole business in life was smuggling his co-religionists out of the country at a fixed price per head.

The present alleged persecution of the Jews in Russia consists not so much in the making of offensive regulations against them as in enforcing laws of long standing, which the Jews have evaded by the assistance of the police, and of course by heavy bribes. The law has distinctly prohibited Jews in general from settling in Russia proper, exception being made only in certain cases, covering artists, scholars, physicians, and specially privileged merchants. But so clever were the Jews in manipulating the officials, or, perhaps it is equally true to say, so greedy were the officials for an addition to their scanty salary, that in all the towns of Russia proper Jews had notoriously congregated who were theoretically outlaws. Moscow and St. Petersburg, for instance, had each as many as 40,000 contrabands of this description. The Jews must have been a

JEWS AT A PEASANT MARKET.

source of great profit to the officials, or they would not have been so long tolerated; and, on the other hand, there must have been large opportunities for making money, or this race would not have exposed itself to so many dangers and sacrifices by placing itself in a position to be periodically raided by the police. That the Jews are now being forced to conform to the law of Russia is an indication not merely that the government has awakened to a sense of its legal duties, but that the financial burdens laid upon the Jews in Russia are greater than they are willing to bear; in other words, they are too poor to purchase the immunity of former years.

"Why do you hate the Jew?" I one day asked my Russian friend.

"Because," said he, "the Jew brings nothing into the country, he takes all he can out of it, and while he is here he makes the peasant his slave, and lives only for the sake of squeezing money out of everything."

This was a strong statement, but he went on to amplify it by a variety of illustrations.

After the Polish insurrection of 1863, the Russian government set to work energetically to russify that country, and particularly Lithuania. The principal means they employed, aside from actively persecuting the heterodox in religion and politics, was to colonize large numbers of peasants from the interior of Russia upon farms which had been confiscated. Agricultural implements were furnished to these peasants, and everything was done to start them well, so as to form a nucleus of Russian life in the midst of the disloyal provinces. Twenty years have passed since this great russifying measure was put into force, and what is the result?

If, as a traveller, you come into a Russian village, it is dirtier, if possible, than those of the neighboring Lithuanians and Poles. You ask for horses to continue your journey, and are quickly supplied by these Russians; the price is fixed, and you are about to pay it to the Russian who brings your carriage to the door. He, however, refuses to take it, and begs that you will pay the money not to him, but to the proprietor of the tavern. You ask why. He answers that he is not allowed to take any money, that the horses he has brought belong to the Jew. You begin to inquire, and you find that the Jew not only owns the tavern, but trades in all the articles which the peasants have to buy. You learn also that the Jew is creditor to nearly every peasant for miles around, and has a lien upon everything which that peasant may grow upon his land. You find that the peasant cultivates his land not for himself, but for the Jew, and that all his reward is the privilege of bare existence.

There are many patriotic and humane Russians who have given it to me as their deliberate opinion that the Russian peasant would be better off to-day had he never been emancipated. He is dreamy, good-natured, unpractical, and very ignorant. When he is hard pressed for money, it is only too easy for him to accept the loan which the accommodating tavern-keeper offers him, particularly if he has one or two glasses of vodka inside of him. Like a child, he thinks little of the ultimate consequences and much of the present enjoyment. He signs the paper which is placed before him, and believes, of course, that he will easily pay off his debt with the next harvest, particularly as the Jew promises to be most accommodating, and not press for money payment. He sends, of course, the produce of his farm to the Jew, who acts as broker for him, and reserves his commission, and what he is pleased to consider the interest on his money; and by some mysterious method of calculation the peasant is always the debtor, and the Jew always happy to accommodate him still further on the same terms.

As my Russian friend explained the situation, it reminded me forcibly of several statements of the same kind made to me in Georgia and Alabama a few years ago, where I visited some friends, who knew the condition of their communities very well, and were in no sense Jew-haters. There I was told that the freedom which the Northern States had purchased for the negro at the cost of so much blood and treasure had been since sold to the Jew. The same Jews who had learned to play upon human nature by intercourse with emancipated serfs, found in the Southern States exactly the material best suited for their purposes.

The Jew opens a general country store, and bends all his energies towards making himself agreeable to the negroes by

SMUGGLERS ON THE FRONTIER.

letting them have whatever they choose without paying for it. In this manner an account soon runs up, in regard to which the negro is rarely prudent enough to keep an exact tally. When it has reached a proper figure, the Jew presses for payment, and of course the negro has no money. But the Jew assures the negro that nothing is further from his purpose than to do anything that might seem greedy. He waives the question of money entirely, and asks only that the negro pay him in cotton, or perhaps by handing over a mule or a cow, and by promising to continue trading at his store. This seems very magnanimous to the negro, and he cheerfully signs away future crops, to say nothing of the very farm he is working. Thus the negro works from year to year, always tied to the soil by the debt he owes the Jew, and as little capable of independent action as he or his ancestors ever were before 1863.

In the Southern States, as in Russia, the liberal stranger naturally asks, "Why do not the peasants themselves, or the negroes, organize their own shops, and thus protect themselves against extortion and practical slavery?" It is a question easily asked, but the actual fact is that they do not, and that in both Russia and the United States blacks and peasants are bound to the soil by a slavery that is more galling than that they were formerly subjected to, because they are mocked with the title of free men.

It was not until after the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, that the Jew question began to take on serious proportions; for up to that time the peasant had, in his landlord, a protector who was able to shield him from the consequences of his improvidence. After the emancipation, however, the gulf between peasant and proprietor became as wide as that which separated the black from his former master; and between these two classes there entered an army of Jews, who alone have profited by the edict of 1861. The peasants became easy victims, owing to their improvidence and love of drink; but the proprietors soon found that they could accomplish nothing without the assistance of the money-lender, and, above all, the only man who could control the labor market. Jews were, to be sure, not allowed to acquire real estate, but in the western provinces they took charge of landed property as agents in such a manner that they had all the substantial benefits of ownership with none of the drawbacks. All the supplies for the estate were bought of themselves and charged to the unlucky proprietor; by their hold upon the peasants they were able to enforce labor at nominal rates, and nothing prevented them from exhausting the soil as rapidly as possible, cutting down all the timber, and when they had squeezed the last kopeck out of the property, moving off to some other estate and commencing the same process over again. It is to the multiplicity of such cases that we must refer some of the present distress in Russia, although, of course, many other reasons co-operate. I am informed on good authority that, in spite of laws to the contrary, a very large proportion of the land within the pale is practically in Jewish hands, to say nothing of the peasants who work upon it. To how great an extent this is the case is as difficult to find out as to give the exact number of Jews in Russia, for they have a direct interest in deceiving the government in regard to both of these matters, and have, so far, succeeded very well.

A witty German once said, sneeringly, of the Russians, that "every nation is afflicted with the sort of Jew best suited to its condition"; but if this is true, it is the most damning verdict upon the Poles, whose Jews appear to be upon the lowest level of human existence which it has been my fortune to meet with. This aphorism might be paraphrased by saying that each country has the Chinaman best suited for it, and that therefore California should have been content with her contingent from the Flowery Kingdom.

The public sentiment of Europe, at least the eastern portion of it, might have been measured in the Berlin conference after the Russo-Turkish war, when Lord Beaconsfield made his notable effort in favor of the Jews. His proposals did not fall upon sympathetic ears, and the utmost he accomplished was to cause the powers to bully Roumania into a formal recognition of the Jews as equal in citizenship with the rest of the people. But even in Roumania the law is almost a dead letter by reason of a series of regulations subsequently passed. The Roumanian to-day dreads an increase of his Jewish population almost as much as an invasion of Russian troops, and if the papers of his country cry out against Rus-

sian intolerance, it is not because he sympathizes with the Jews, but because he fears lest further persecution in Russia will make it more difficult for him to keep them out of Roumania.

Germany and Austria can look on with something like equanimity while isolated Jews filter across the frontiers and merge into the rest of the population. They still maintain a pose of tolerance to all creeds, but it would be hazardous to say how long this attitude can be safely maintained. Russia has not yet given the signal, but it is not beyond the realm of probability to imagine religious fanaticism so harmonizing with popular hatred as to produce a law not simply confining the Jews to Russian provinces on the western frontier, but actually expelling them by thousands and hundreds of thousands out of the country. Could Germany and Austria look with equanimity upon such an immigration into their already crowded countries? Or, aside from governmental action, can we suppose that the people of these countries would endure such a Jewish movement with any more kindliness than was manifested in San Francisco towards the cargoes of Chinamen? Germany and Austria know that Russia has an almost inexhaustible supply of this undesirable population, all living along a single strip of territory, and united by centuries of common language, traditions, and family ties to such a degree as to make them a state within a state, as much so as the Mormon Church. Up to within recent years the Jewish communities have been allowed to govern themselves according to their own peculiar laws and customs, much as the Chinese manage their own affairs in Chinatown. These peculiar privileges are now abolished, but custom and tradition amongst them, notably their religious preceptors, have so complete an ascendency over them that the effect of the Russian law upon them does not go far beyond the presence of the policeman.

My Russian friend, who had given considerable attention to the history of the Jews, as well as to their present condition in Russia, called my attention to the great difference between the Jew of Russia—that is to say, the Jew who calls into existence the anti-Semitic movement in Germany—and his co-religionist who was driven out of Spain about the time that Columbus discovered America. The Jews of Spain, whom Ferdinand and Isabella expelled from the country, stood upon a relatively high plane of intellectual as well as material development. In that age of monkish superstition the Jews stood forth pre-eminent as masters in many sciences. They had enjoyed successive generations of contact with highly refined people, had absorbed the artistic spirit, which no one could escape who lived in the Spain of that time. The short-sighted fanaticism which drove them out into the world called forth much sympathy for them; and the fame of their learning, particularly in the natural sciences, did much to atone for the prejudice against their money-making propensities. Then, too, these Spanish refugees did not all move to one country, nor did they come from a land that might furnish additional supplies in the future. The Jews of 1492 scattered themselves broadcast into nearly every country of western Europe, notably Italy, England, Holland, South Germany, and France. The Popes of Rome extended their protection to them, and in spite of occasional outbursts of popular ill-will, they prospered, and with their prosperity gradually took on the color of the society in which they moved, and lost correspondingly the peculiar characteristics which are so conspicuous in the Russian Jew. The Jews of four hundred years ago, who wandered in distress to Antwerp, London, Amsterdam, Naples, Venice, Marseilles, Genoa, Rome, brought to all these cities talents which the people there knew how to appreciate. Their appearance there might almost be compared to that of the clever artisans and manufacturers who came to England and Prussia after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—in the sense that the best people of the country regarded them as a source of economic strength. But the Jew who to-day comes from the Russian border to Berlin or Buda-Pesth represents in no sense a man of learning, or even the master of an art whose acquisition is envied by the people amongst whom he settles. He represents to them unscrupulous greed for money, a marvellous facility in deception—a man whose object in life seems to be to subordinate every consideration to that of material success. All England has only about as many Jews as the capital of Prussia alone, and the Jew question as it appears to the German is intensified by the reflection that the Jew

who comes to him from the east is not only a creature repugnant to him individually, but who has left behind him so vast a number of his co-religionists that if they once start upon an invasion of western Europe they will soon be in a position to dictate terms in every Christian capital. The Spanish Jew and the Russian Jew are, of course, allied, if we go back far enough; but no Russian or German finds any comfort in reflecting upon the excellence of the Jews in the days of Columbus. His apprehension springs entirely from observing the Jew of to-day.

Said my friend to me: "Wherever the Jew has control of the press—and that is saying a good deal—you find that he strenuously preaches tolerance, in order that he may profit by it. To read the articles by Jews in newspapers and reviews, one would suppose that the only truly liberal spirits to-day were the members of synagogues. If you will take my word for it—and I think I know what I am talking about—there is no church domination that can be more narrow and relentless than that which governs the four or five millions of Jews who occupy both sides of the Russian frontier between the Baltic and the Black Sea."

In 1877 a Jewess named Ida Katzhandel chose to turn Roman Catholic and marry a Pole. The pair lived happily for about a year, when one fine day the relations of Ida turned up while the husband was away, took her from the house, and drowned her in the river Wieprz—a stream which runs into the Vistula near Ivan-Gorod. The guilty ones had taken, of course, every precaution against discovery; but the police managed, somehow or other, to trace the crime home, and the murderers were brought to trial in Lublin about three years after the murder. Two of them were convicted; one was sentenced to two years' penal servitude, the other to two years' confinement; with regard to the remainder the evidence was so faulty that they had to be set free, although there was no doubt in the minds of the people in the neighborhood as to who had committed this outrage. But stranger than the crime was the fact that during the days of this trial the space about the court-house was filled with violent Jews, who praised the murderers as martyrs to their religion, and who greeted those who had been released as men to whom every honor was due.

My Russian friend assured me that the picture of brutal fanaticism furnished by this one instance is typical of the great mass of Jews whom the German has in mind, as well as the Russian, when he discusses the Jew question. One can scarcely conceive of grosser religious intolerance than this in Spain of 1492 or Mexico of 1892. It is a picture for which, I confess, I was little prepared, and it is obvious that the Jew of Lublin has but a distant blood-relation with those who produced a philosopher like Spinoza.

Russians have told me that it is almost impossible to catch the Jews for military service, owing to the facilities they enjoy of changing their domicile. The railways have been in Russia the greatest possible blessing to the Jews, in that they give them the means of speedily moving from place to place, transacting business in parts of the country where they are forbidden, and disappearing with their profits to a place of safety before the government has become aware of what has happened. Forged passports are readily procured, and with these they move from point to point, sleeping on the train, and transacting their business through the day. They avoid as much as possible spending any time in a town where they might be called to account by the police. When the recruiting authorities come to hunt up their Jews for the military service which all Russians have to render, they are usually away from home, or have been enrolled in some other town or village. If they are finally caught and brought before the military authorities, they usually have papers certifying that they are either too young or too old for the service; in fact, the military authorities regard it now as pretty well proved that of the three million Jews in the Russian Empire, hardly one is of military age. In this matter of deceiving the War Office the Jews are much assisted by their local Jewish officials, whose duty it is to register births and grant certificates of this kind; but the matter at last went to such ridiculous lengths that the Russians have gone to the other extreme, and now attach no importance whatever to any document which the Jew may produce, but draw their own conclusions by looking at him, and pronounce him of military age or not according to his appearance or their inclinations. I ventured to point out to my friend that there was little induce-

JEWISH SMUGGLERS AND REFUGEES IN THE HANDS OF THE DRAGOONS.

ment for the Jew to enter the army, where he was not apt to be treated with much consideration, but my friend replied that the behavior of the Jew in regard to his military service was analogous to his behavior in regard to all his obligations to the state and every community except his own.

"I do not know how it is with you in America," said he, "but with us, whenever you see a Jew who is rich, you may be pretty sure that he has either contracted to furnish food or clothing for the army, or else has been several times bankrupt. You would have great difficulty in discovering a rich Jew who has not been bankrupt at least once."

The attitude of Germans towards Jews is necessarily most intimately connected with the treatment of them by the Czar, which illustrates, what I believe to be the fact, that the Germans who discuss this question without religious bitterness are prepared to treat fairly the Jews now in Germany, but dread the political consequences of a further immigration from the east. It is notable that the anti-Semitic movement sprang into existence in Germany at the same time that Alexander III. became Czar, and has been growing in proportion as that sovereign has shown a disposition to rid himself of them at the expense of his western neighbors. Fair-minded Germans have over and over again repudiated the idea that they could object to Jews, or any one else, on religious grounds, and protested that in approaching this question they did so strictly as practical politicians dealing with a political state of things gravely affecting the future of their country's development. They do not dread a Jewish invasion from the west, for that Jew is no longer the Jew of Poland, but the Jew who has conformed in many ways to the life and thought of his neighbors in Holland, Belgium, England, and France. The Jew question in Germany could be easily settled if England would agree to accept them first after they left Poland, and send them on to Germany only after they had spent a generation on her soil, far from the influences that oppress them in Warsaw and Kovno.

That the Jew question in Germany has reference to fears for the future rather than anxiety in regard to the present is illustrated to some extent by the fact that in Germany all religious denominations are treated as equal before the law, and if a Jew in Germany complains that his position in society is not as desirable as he could wish, it is a complaint that might just as well be made in America, or even in England. The German Jew complains that his co-religionists are not often selected for military commands, and argues that he is therefore not equal before the law. The Jew is not often found as an officer in the German army simply because the majority of German officers do not desire to serve with him. If the officers of a Prussian regiment desired a Jew to become one of their number, there is no law in the country that would stand in the way; for in this matter of becoming an officer the Jew stands on a footing as good as and no better than a Christian. Every candidate for epaulets in the German army submits his name to the regiment in which he desires to serve, and has to be elected into the regiment, much as though he were applying for admission into a rowing club, or any other semi-social organization. The present German custom is an excellent one, and the Jews who complain against it only advertise the fact that they have not yet reached a point where their fellow-countrymen regard them as the most desirable leaders of troops.

Germany, with a population less than fifty millions, has, according to the census of 1890, 567,884 Jews, a trifle over one per cent. of the population, and a larger number than the whole of her standing army. Of this number Prussia alone has 372,058, yet nowhere have the Jews more enlightened champions than amongst Germans who are not even of the Jewish faith, notably the editors of such papers as the *Nation* and the *Freisinnige*, both of whom are active members of the German Parliament. These men and the party they represent scout the idea that so small a proportion of the whole population can possibly become a danger, and they loudly urge the government to appoint Jews to the most important military and judicial posts—in other words, to treat a Jew not as an alien, but as a thorough German. But these statesmen have not yet convinced the great mass of the people that the Jew, by becoming a citizen of the German Empire, necessarily becomes a German other than in name and speech. Prussia, in 1850, made her citizenship equal to all, irrespective of religious denomina-

JEWISH RECRUITS

tion, and has treated the Jew substantially as the Christian, at least before the law, and the Imperial Constitution of 1871 was framed in the same spirit of toleration.

German politicians who to-day champion the cause of the Jews tell us that during the wars of liberation against Napoleon I. five and a half per cent. of the Jews who were of the military age entered the Prussian army as volunteers, and that one of the first soldiers to earn the Iron Cross in those wars was a Jew. From that day to this the Jews in Germany have borne a good record in the ranks of the army, although few of them have become officers.

Dr. Phillippson has raised a monument to German Jews in connection with the war of 1870 by publishing the result of investigations made amongst his co-religionists in 132 communities. His conclusions are that the Jewish population furnished its full complement to the active army during that struggle, and earned a very respectable number of Iron Crosses as the reward of bravery. The Jews have warm friends in Germany, both in Parliament and in the press, and the merits of the Jew question are pretty thoroughly discussed there from every point of view. In no community is religious toleration so much a matter of principle as in Germany, and the idea of making a distinction between Jew and Christian on religious grounds never entered the mind of a practical German legislator. Every German school-boy is brought up to regard the greatness of Prussia as owing largely to the refuge it has afforded in past ages to the persecuted of all other countries, whether Protestants from France or Jews from Spain. But even amongst liberal Germans there is growing up a feeling that the Jews of their country are more than their mere numbers represent; that they are to some extent a political society whose organization covers the world, and whose aims are not altogether those of the citizens amongst whom they are protected. No Protestant German has ill-will towards his fellow-citizen of the Roman Catholic faith, and if Lutherans ever show a disposition to depart from their principle of toleration it is when they have reason to dread the influence of Jesuits as a political power, whose centre is not within the limits of the empire. The Jewish question is growing in importance amongst Germans, as it has grown in importance in Hungary, in Roumania, and, above all, in Russia. It is bound to go on increasing in proportion as the Jews decline to identify themselves completely with the people amongst whom they traffic and make their money. It is not a trifling matter that the people of these countries regard the Israelite as one of a different nation and race, but it is vastly more serious when amongst these people there develops a widespread fear that the supply of Jews from Russia may assume proportions still more disastrous.

THE WEAVER OF THE SNOW.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

"The three Winds of Winter: the Wind of Death, that cometh in tumult; the Weaver of the Snow; the Dead Wind, that is, the Black Frost."—JAN MAC AODH.

FROM wold to wold, o'er the vast uplands drear,
The silent Weaver of the Snow goes by:
Scarce is he heard, scarce heard his icy sigh,
When from his polar waste he draweth near.

Before him went the howling wind of Fear;
Behind him, with a low faint perishing cry,
The Black Wind earthward falls from the frozen sky:
Dreadful, alone, he weaves; august, austere.

Far in the desolate midmost of the wold
A little hamlet dusks the veil of white;
Gloom-set but for one gleam of ruddy light.

The Weaver of the Snow his wings doth fold;
A brief while he suspends his weft of cold;
Then, awed, glides darkling onward through the night.

AN UNDIVINED TRAGEDY.

BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

The Mother. I am weary of the wind.

The Daughter. I am never weary of it, I! If the night were not so cold, I would open the window, but even now thou sittest shivering. What hearest thou on the wind, mother?

The Mother. The voices of the dead.

The Daughter. The dead? Alas! I will draw the curtains close, and pile the logs up on the hearth. See how the little sparks chase one another! Now will I sit beside thee; we'll be cozy, we two. Oh, how I love thee, mother—mother!

God grant that I die young!

The Mother. God save thee from thy prayer!

The Daughter. Never to be without thee, never to lack thy knee, thy hand, thy bosom! Take these from me, and take the world!

The Mother. Ay, so it seems. Yet one lives on when the heart's world is dust.

The Daughter. Mother?

The Mother. My pretty!

The Daughter. There is something I fain would know, and yet—

The Mother. And yet?

The Daughter. I have never dared to ask it.

Who was—thy world? Was it thy father, or thy mother? Or are husbands dearer than mothers? Thou smilest. Am I very silly?

The Mother. I loved my parents dearly. But there was one—thy father—who was dearer than all besides.

The Daughter. The voices of the dead! All dead, thy dear ones. Only one left, a foolish girl. But I, I cannot hear their voices in the wind. How old was I when father died? Seven or eight, or thereabouts? I remember him, but I cannot see him well in my mind's eye. Was he just as in the picture? Just so?

The Mother. As in the picture?

The Daughter. Yes. So pale and fair and stately. It always seems to me this picture has a fault; for here—shall I say it?—there is a sternness in this face, the long straight nose, and lips set so; these eyes are cold; it is all beautiful, but hard. Yet I cannot remember that I ever feared him. He was always kind, I think.

The Mother. Yes. He was kind.

The Daughter. Now, thy picture has no fault. Often, although I could see it blindfold, I sit and stare at it until thou livest before mine eyes, young as I. Thou hast not changed. Here and there a white hair shines among the rest, that's all.

The Mother. Are there no wrinkles, then?

The Daughter. A few, but not of such as anger makes. They are sad, thy wrinkles, but all good; the footprints of sorrow merely. How beautiful thou art! Who was more beautiful than thou among thy playmates?

The Mother. I had no playmates. Nor was I beautiful, dear one, save as I am now to thee, seen by the eyes of love. I was passably tall, but very thin always. My dear mother grieved sorely over my arms, I remember; and when Sir Jasper came a-courting, "Sir Jasper," she would say, pinching my elbows, "the poor child has been but poorly, and has lost flesh." Whereas, Heaven knows, I never had a pennyweight to lose. Poor mother! she grieved, too, over my hair, because of its red color, although I had a goodly show of it, and long. My freckles she could never do away with, for all that the skin was white enough between them.

No, I was never truly beautiful.

The Daughter. And when thou wert not with thy father or thy mother, wert then alone?

The Mother. I was seldom alone, being an only child.

The Daughter. When I lie abed in my little room upstairs, I often think of thee abed there of old.

The Mother. How I slept then! How I dreamed! But not as I dream now.

The Daughter. Wert very busy all day? Tell me—tell me many things. There is so much I have never heard. Thou wert never so idle as I, methinks.

The Mother. Thou hast but one taskmaster, and a poor one. I had two. My mother was a thrifty woman, of the kind that holds it a grievous sin to sit five minutes with folded hands. From morn till night she must be up and doing; and, indeed, we should have fared badly but for her. Father, who was lame, sat all day among his books, never giving a thought to household matters, nor asking himself whence his dinner came, though, in sooth, he might often have marvelled that he had any at all. Now mother was otherwise. She was a farmer's daughter; she and her sisters had been famed in youth for their housewifery. Good need she had of it, too, when late in life she married a poor gentleman.

The Daughter. Was grandfather so very poor?

The Mother. This house and garden were his, the orchard and the bit of wood round the Black Pool, but his money-bag was slender. Mother, with a part of her dowry, bought the paddock and the long meadow. The rest I bought in after-years. In those days we kept a man to look after the cows and do the digging, and a little girl to help in the house. Mother and I had plenty on our hands. It was hard work at times, what with the baking and the butter; the washing, too. Yet it looked neater then, methinks, than now with all our people; the garden was prettier. Mother took a rare pride in her garden. I was set a-weeding almost as soon as I could walk. She was a wonderful woman. I remember that when I worked my first sampler I was so small my thimble must needs be stuffed with paper. She was ever teaching me something.

The Daughter. But thy father taught thee also?

The Mother. His teaching was of another kind. I remember his coming into the kitchen one morning, when I was standing on a chair beside mother, kneading a little piece of dough. I can see him now. "Who will eat thy gray pudding, Phœbe?" said he. "Come, I too will teach thee somewhat." And he made of the dough a letter. "That is a letter," said he—"the letter M. M stands for Mother." I was very proud, and went about all day saying, "M stands for Mother."

The Daughter. I like thy father. Tell me more of him.

The Mother. A little later he gave me lessons every day. Mother was not best pleased at the time; she said she had got on well enough without book-learning; but she was glad when I could write a fair hand, and copy her receipts neatly into a book. When I was about fourteen father thought my gifts of no mean order, and tried to make a clever woman of me. He gave himself great pains to teach me all manner of wisdom, foreign to most women. But after a few years we ceased; he was disappointed in me. "Phœbe," said he, sadly, "when all's said, thy wits are but the wits of a woman. Thou swallowest, swallowest, but thou canst not digest."

However, I still read to him daily from the wise men of old; and sometimes, having none but me to turn to, he would come limping into the kitchen, book in

hand, and cry, "Phœbe, Phœbe, leave thy soapsuds; I have it; thus meant Epictetus!"

He was right. I swallowed all, yet none of this wisdom entered my being.

The Daughter. Oh, mother!

The Mother. 'Tis true, sweetheart. I was a very foolish girl. At night, at early morning in my little room, I did not think of Epictetus, nor meditate on death, as father would have had me do. My thoughts were all of life—my life—that long mysterious chain of days lying between me and the grave. When mother gave me leave to rest awhile, I loved above all things to run across the orchard and through the little wood to the Black Pool, where, treading the moss-grown path, or sitting beside the deep water that shone so dark in the shadow of the trees, I lived a second life, a life within life. This, had my father known it, was the mischief, the canker in the bud.

The Daughter. Is it, then, so evil to dream—to think of the To Come?

The Mother. My child, the evil lies in the nature of the dream. Yet must it ever be so with women.

The Daughter. With women only? Have men no day dreams?

The Mother. I cannot tell. No doubt. But their dreams must be of another nature, for their Hope is another Hope; other shapes loom for them through the mist of the future. They behold the world, unconquered realms of knowledge and of thought, the destiny of peoples, wide fields of action blazoned by Renown.

We see one form, one only—one figure, rainbow-winged, that fills the vault of our heaven, standing there among the stars, with outspread arms—Love, only Love!

Come, kiss me, sweet, good-night. 'Tis bedtime now.

The Daughter. Oh, no, no! I prithee, mother, let us bide here awhile. Tell me more—tell me all! I am a woman now, methinks. I love thee so—I would have all thy past to treasure in my heart, to pore upon, as a lesson. We are so snug here, talking thus. Is it pain to tell me? Then tell me nothing; yet, if thou canst, tell me all. I long to hear.

The Mother. I did not think to tell thee all so soon. Yet, soon or late, it must be. Often have I turned over and over again in my mind the manner of the telling. Now it seems to come otherwise.

Why not to-night? Fetch a stool: my dear one will be stiff kneeling thus on the ground.

The Daughter. Then thou wilt? Oh, joy! The servants are going to bed; we shall be all alone with thy youth. There; but I may sit close to thee still, against thy knee? Give me thy hand. Now, mother, kiss and begin.

The Mother. Where was I?

The Daughter. Dreaming, by the Black Pool. How old wert thou then?

The Mother. Fifteen, sixteen—eighteen. I was eighteen when Sir Jasper came to woo.

The Daughter. My father!

The Mother. He whose likeness hangs before us.

I remember the day well. It was summer, and baking-day; mother and I were both very hot and red-faced when he came riding into the yard. We had not seen him since he left England, a boy, at his father's death. The Hall had lain empty six years; now he was come to live there. "Run up," said mother, "and change thy frock." I suppose she thought I should not give myself pains enough to look seemly, for she came after me, and brushed my hair herself. When father sent for us into his room, Sir Jasper stood there among the books.

The Daughter. Didst fall in love with him then and there?

The Mother. I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen. Faith, I had seen but few; yet, had I seen a townful, I could scarce have changed my mind. He was dressed in black, as was his custom: I never saw him otherwise attired.

The Daughter. And did he love thee at once? What color was thy frock?

The Mother. I forget. After that day he came very often to see father. He was a man of learning; they would sit closeted together by the hour with their books, holding long discourses too. We could hear the hum of their voices as we sat sewing.

The Daughter. Methinks 'twas not well done of grandfather. He should have let *thee* speak with thy suitor.

The Mother. I did not think of him in those first days. His high estate and proud bearing, his many noble parts, my father's deep regard for him, all filled me with a distant admiration not untinged by awe. To me he rarely spoke: but, as the year wore on to its close, little by

little, the shapeless hero of my dream assumed Sir Jasper's form. How could it have been otherwise? I, a young girl, ahungered for love, waiting for the unknown; he, beautiful and good, walking in and out of my day; over and above all, father's ceaseless praise of him, and mother's fond and ill-concealed desires, helping hourly to quicken my fancy.

And if he too began to think of me, 'twas no great wonder. Here was a man addicted to profound studiousness, looking upon marriage as a duty, yet unwilling to break upon the stern tenor of his days. In me he beheld a young woman whose beauty, although sufficient to stand the test of daily contemplation, was not great enough to provoke vanity; one accustomed from her birth to the ways of a book-buried man, to the respect of learning, to silence and solitude; who, in the ignorance of her shielded girlhood, knew nothing of laughter or gay fellowship.

In the new year he came more and more often to see us, and often would find some excuse to linger on after his parley with father. It was hard work at home that winter; mother liked to get all the rough work done early, against his coming, for he always came without warning. We must needs be up betimes; and I remember how, when Sir Jasper staid late of an evening, I sat yawning behind my frame, wishing him gone, for all that I was glad he staid so long.

The Daughter. Didst know he loved thee? Was he very kind?

The Mother. He was always kind and courteous in his ways. I thought that perhaps he loved me; I thought this because I wished it, not for any better reason. But father constantly said of him that he might be numbered among the Stoics, and I knew it had been their doctrine to quell the emotions. So I said to myself, he loves me, but he seeks to stifle this weakness. Some day his love will grow so great that it will burst the bonds of his strong will, and then—and then, I felt myself borne away on the stream of this mighty torrent, helpless, drowned in the joy of it.

I never allowed to mother that I had these hopes. When she spoke of him as of a suitor, and even began to talk of the days when I should have left home, I laughed at her fancies, and made believe I cared not a pin if he came or staid away. Yet I was glad enough when she sent for a length of blue cloth to make me a new gown.

The Daughter. A blue frock? How was it made? Wert very sweet in it?

The Mother. And every time he came I gave myself more pains to look trim and tie up my hair in becoming fashion. But mother and I both grieved sorely over my hands, they were so rough with the house-work, so red with the cold.

The Daughter. These dear white hands?

The Mother. Mother made me some paste, and of a night I wrapped them in flannel; but all to no purpose; red they remained, and I had chilblains to boot.

The Daughter. Poor little mother! But he never minded thy red hands, I know. 'Twas enough for him to look at thy face.

The Mother. Stir the fire, dear heart; it burns low. Where was I? Ah, well! One day we were in this room—mother, Sir Jasper, and I; I forget how it came about that mother left us; almost before I had time to think, we were alone.

"Mistress Phœbe," said he, "I have a favor to beg of you."

I dared not look at him; I can remember nothing of what I said or did; I only know that I was seized with a sudden fearful bliss. It had come; already I felt myself leaning on the strength of his love. He was standing there. I forget his words, but they fell chilly on my heart. He merely sought leave to ask father for my hand; he had waited, he said, to first obtain my permission, feeling that in the question of marriage the woman's choice should be considered as well as the man's.

The Daughter. Oh, mother! Was that all?

The Mother. That was all. At first I felt stunned, and very cold. But I said he might ask father. Then mother returned, and I ran away.

On the stairs I cried bitterly, but soon fell to consoling myself by a rebuilding of the airy castle his measured words had so cruelly shattered. "He is strong," thought I—"a strong, noble man, not a foolish girl with her heart in her mouth. If he did not love me, he would not seek me for his wife. He will show me all later." And when mother came out to fetch me, my eyes were dry.

Dear father took me in his arms when I re-entered the room, and kissed me as if he had forgotten he was a Stoic. Mother

too kissed me. We were not given to endearments, as a rule; father would have none of it, and held much fondling to be the height of folly.

The Daughter. That would never have suited me!

The Mother. Nor me. I often hugged mother on the sly, though she was not much of a one at kisses either. But that day she kissed me, and father too. I did not know what to do next, for Sir Jasper was standing there quite mum; I held out my hand to him, and he touched it lightly with his lips.

The Daughter. Oh, mother, mother! What a bitter disappointment! Nay, do not laugh; I had thought 'twould all have been so different.

The Mother. So had I, sweetheart.

Now the days wore on. Mother and I went to town in the spring to buy me all manner of things; plain enough we should think them now, yet to my simplicity they seemed mighty fine. I was to be a rich lady, but mother would have it that I should leave home with my own plain clothes on my back. "If thy husband will have thee go in silks," said she, "he can buy them for thee when once thou art his wife."

What a stitching was there! The weeds ran riot in the garden that summer. Meanwhile Sir Jasper came and went as before. Once he brought me a little ring, and on my birthday a necklet. I seldom saw him alone; but each time we stood together the blood buzzed in my ears at the thought of that whirlpool of love which I longed for, yet dreaded so sorely.

The Daughter. And then?

The Mother. The corn ripened. We were to be married on the 17th of August. . . .

The Daughter. I am listening, mother dear.

The Mother. Where was I?

The Daughter. The corn had ripened; you were to be married on the 17th of August.

The Mother. Why, yes. Dearest, enough for to-night. Some other time I will tell thee what followed.

The Daughter. No, no! Thou didst promise me all, mother, my own! Art locked in this chair, see, by my arms. Prithee, go on.

The Mother. 'Tis close on midnight.

The Daughter. We may sit till cock-crow, if thou but wilt. I could not sleep a wink now.

Tell me, when did it come?

The Mother. What?

The Daughter. The torrent of his love.

The Mother. It was hot, that August. About a week before my wedding I left my work one afternoon, and ran out, very weary, for a breath of air. I ran along the orchard, and down the paddock, where I leant across the gate, watching the reapers in the field opposite.

And, on the road, a few yards off, stood a young man with his back to me. The air was still, unstirred by any sound save the liquid measured fall of the oats, at each stroke of the glistening scythe.

He turned towards me presently. He had a way of standing with his head a little forward, thus, chin up. I did not think him beautiful then, but his eyes were the keenest I had ever looked upon.

"How long might it take, mistress," asked he, "to learn this art?"

"What art?" said I.

"This man's art; the wielding of that peaceful weapon. Fain would I work in the fields."

I was much surprised at this, for he wore the habit of a gentleman.

"You are no laborer," said I, looking hard at his long hands.

"No," he replied, holding them out a little. "Yet might these pale idlers learn to get me food and lodging. This ne'er-do-well, this dullard, this villanous receptacle of dreams and folly, shall work for me no more."

And he struck himself many times harshly on the brow.

The Daughter. Poor gentleman!

The Mother. I was very sorry for him too, and wondered what I might do to help him; then I bethought me of our meadow where the clover was being gathered together, and thither I took him. Our fellow, who had but a few children to help him, was glad enough of another hand, and my tramp set to work with a will.

"What good work!" said he, and he sniffed the sweet scent with such delight that I went home laughing.

When I told father of my adventure, he must needs hear the tale twice over; then he called for his hat, and went off to the meadow as fast as he could limp. I was sorry I could not go with him, but there was still a sight of needle-work to be done.

The Daughter. Poor gentleman! How glad I am that grandfather went to fetch him! Well?

The Mother. Sir Jasper came whilst mother and I sat sewing on the terrace, and was greatly surprised not to find father at home. Mother told him the cause of this unwonted absence, to which he listened with some interest, and then we all three sat in silence. Sir Jasper brought a book from his pocket, and read. I wondered if he were thinking more of me or of the book. From time to time I looked at him, but he never looked at me until I rose to lay the supper. Then he rose too, and moved his chair from the doorway to let me pass.

The Daughter. Did grandfather bring him home to supper?

The Mother. Yes, he brought him home to supper. Mother and I always sat at either end of the table, and did all the serving, for dear father hacked the meat so that mother couldn't bear to see it. Sir Jasper sat beside me, and Piers between him and mother.

The Daughter. Piers? Was that the gentleman's name?

The Mother. No, little one. His name was Christopher South, but he found that name ill suited to a laborer, and, one day that he had been working at the plough, he renamed himself Piers by way of pleasantry, and Piers he always remained to me.

Father and Sir Jasper and he talked together all supper-time. Being a foolish girl, and in love moreover, I did not pay much heed to their discourse, but followed my own thoughts. I thought of all the sewing that must be got through before bedtime, for mother and I had divided what remained into seven or eight heaps, one for each day. I thought, too, of my wedding-gown, and of the Hall that was to be my home, and of the days to come; and now and then I pulled myself together to see if the plates wanted filling.

The Daughter. I hope he had plenty to eat.

The Mother. But towards the end of supper I did listen; that is to say, I did not so much note the matter of their discourse as the manner of it, and I fell to looking from one speaker to the other. I had not seen father so bright for many a long day; he seemed roused from his customary dry bookishness. As a rule, when he spoke, he mainly brought forth from the garners of his memory long-winded quotations, aptly linked together by matter that proved his understanding of them; his talk was, as it were, a series of commentaries. Sir Jasper spoke after the manner of a book also, but of a new book; he was a student of the living tongues rather than of the dead, and rather followed the moderns than the ancients in his drift. But it had never struck me before I heard Piers what a dryness was in their method, this painstaking and measured utterance of scholarly thought. The stranger had another way with him. Elbows on the table, his keen face made beautiful by the ardor of his eyes, he talked, not as a book, as a man. Now and again he would halt for a word, take any term that came to him; at times his speech fell fast, almost unintelligibly; then the stream slackened. One felt that he was struggling inwardly for truth as he spoke, not merely sifting the ready-made tenets of other men. As I said, I could see the effect of this fresh and pregnant brain upon father and Sir Jasper. Several times he worsted them; hit them in such a novel and unexpected way that they could not parry his strokes with their accustomed weapons. So deep were they in converse that for the first, and, I believe, the last time Sir Jasper forgot to rise as soon as mother and I got up to clear the table. I remember how cross dear mother was when she saw what havoc Piers had wrought at his end of the table. He had turned the salt in and out of the salt-cellars as he spoke; worse still, he had drawn sundry arabics on the cloth with the prongs of his fork. But before the week was out she liked him as well as any of us; it was amazing how she put up with all his failings.

The Daughter. Did he stay a whole week, then, the bright-eyed gentleman?

The Mother. More than a week, for he staid on awhile after my wedding. Father would not let him go, and would have had him there to talk to all day; but Piers had set his heart on field-work, and must needs go out and earn his living, as he said, by the sweat of his brow. Sir Jasper gave him work, for our clover was soon stacked.

The Daughter. Then Sir Jasper was fond of him too?

The Mother. Both he and father had plenty to say against him. An untutored mind, they called it; and made out, too,

that he was an ill-restrained, impulsive boy, a goodly plant running to seed. Yet were they glad enough to lay in a store of that same seed. How they all talked of an evening! Mother and I were thankful to have the men so well taken off our hands, which were full enough, in all truth.

Afterwards, that week seemed as a dream to me; not until many months had gone did facts detach themselves, as it were, and stand out clear. The approach of that dreaded hour of my desire, when my strong-willed lover should bestow on me, together with his worldly goods, the richer treasure of his love, so long withheld, called forth bright dreams of the joy to be, checked ever and anon by poignant regrets for the past, for my girlhood, now nearly spent; and an hourly increasing tenderness for my parents kept pace with a secret fostering of new warmth towards him who was to be my husband. At the time I was hardly conscious of these many conflicting emotions, but they passed to and fro over my heart, leaving their footprints there.

Then this stranger in the midst of all, this would-be vagabond whom those I most revered could not despise, before whose glowing vision their rigidity gave way; who won mother's love by his childlike spirit, and by an inborn gentleness that led him always to do and say what was most kind and thoughtful of others' needs in a way that put all trained courtesy to shame; who gave me in the last week of my girlhood what I had never known, what I was destined never to know again, laughter, the laughter born of youth and carelessness, that trips along the surface of the heart.

The Daughter. Oh, mother mine, where should I be without it? Why, there is nothing so good as to laugh and laugh—all for nothing; save that 'tis rather sweet at times to weep for nothing too, looking out of window at the moon, perhaps—just for nothing.

Didst laugh with him, then?

The Mother. Indeed but I did. Ever and anon as he spoke something would touch his fancy, and he would laugh; then, I being the only young one, or rather the only foolish one, he always looked at me. And I, made bold by the presence of a fellow-defaulter, joined in gladly enough, finding how well this kind of speech became me. True, I never allowed myself to laugh my fill when father and Sir Jasper were by, for fear of their displeasure; but sometimes he came to keep mother and me company, and then 'twas otherwise. I remember that one evening even mother joined us.

But I am telling thee all this too soon; true, I lived the days of which I speak in this wise, but it was not until long afterwards that I knew it, when all was past and gone. It often happens thus; the events which shape our destinies come upon us unawares, when our minds are full of other thoughts, other dreams; and afterwards we see what was branded on our hearts whilst we lay dreaming.

So I married Sir Jasper. What wouldst thou ask, beloved?

The Daughter. Many things—yet none. I am perplexed. Tell me more of him. Whence came he? How old was he? What was he to look upon? But whence came he, mother?

The Mother. Have I not told thee? I have omitted something of great moment. He told mother and me first; it was, I think, on the second evening. This boy, as we thought him, was married. It was this, perhaps, called forth mother's kindliness towards him; it seemed so cruel; he was so young. I remember the pride with which he told us he had a daughter, a baby girl just four months old. Mother cried when she heard it.

The Daughter. Why did she cry?

The Mother. In pity, sweetest. Seest thou, my own, there are many sad things in this life, but none more sad than the sight of a little child born when the love of those two most near is dead or dying.

The Daughter. Then—he did not love his wife?

The Mother. That tale shall be for another time. Enough that he had known great sorrow.

The Daughter. Poor gentleman! Tell me of thy wedding now, or I too shall weep for him, and I would not come to thy wedding in tears.

The Mother. Well, 'twas a fine day enough. I awoke very early and went down, and there was mother about too, bless her! I believe she had not slept that night. I was not very happy, now the time was come. But all that day, too, was as a dream. I dare say I was very tired, and the many different emotions that filled my being smothered each other, killing sensation. I remember the

church all filled with people, for the whole parish was come out to have a look at us. Mother would have bidden some of the neighbors to a merrymaking, according to custom, but father would have no such thing, so we four and Piers dined together after-church. It was a fine hot day. I remember how the wasps swarmed about the table, and how loud their buzzing fell on the terrible silence. Piers was the only one of us who talked at all; father was afraid to open his mouth for fear of showing how miserable he was; mother only kept back her tears by looking as cross as she possibly could, and Sir Jasper sat beside me stone-still. As for me, I bore up well enough until Piers, who had all the while been making manful struggles to enliven us, said something so foolish that I fell a-laughing; and then 'twas all over with me, for I burst into tears atop of the laughter, and had to bury my head in my hands for shame.

Why, little one, that's never a tear on thy cheek?

The Daughter. Oh, mother! I thought 'twould have been a merry wedding.

The Mother. Nay, merry it was not. Sir Jasper took me away that afternoon to a house he then owned in another county. I cried the best part of the way there, not only on account of the pain it was to leave home, but every tear I shed for sorrow called forth another of pure mortification; I knew how displeased and disappointed my husband must be by such a show of weakness.

The Daughter. Did he not take thee in his arms and kiss the tears from thy cheeks?

The Mother. No; I thought perhaps he would have done so, since now I was indeed his wife; but he just let me be, and leant out of window half the time, now and then drawing my attention to some passing object. He meant it all in kindness, no doubt.

The Daughter. Mother!—I know it now, I know it all; thou needst not tell me!

It never came—the torrent of his love.

The Mother. Thou hast guessed aright. It never came.

The Daughter. How terrible! Never! Mother, I am sore perplexed; all these years I have fancied thee grieving for thy dead husband, for the lost shelter of his love—I remembered him so kind.

The Mother. Thou dost well to remember him kind, for to thee he never showed but kindness. Let us not judge the dead. The fault was mine, perhaps. I had dreamed too much.

The Daughter. I shall never marry, I, to give and give and be disdained. And yet he must have loved thee, mother; he must have loved thee a little.

The Mother. No doubt he loved me, in his way. But there should be two words to express things so different as his love and mine.

At first, so great was my regard for him, I needs must think myself at fault. I could not believe the eternal calm of his face and bearing to be other than a mask set there by his own will. I imagined his cold demeanor to betoken, as might be, a film of displeasure overlying his love—love that might not be mine until I proved wholly worthy of the gift. I fancied that he despised me, found me unworthy of his best; I felt even as a child that has been naughty and meets with frowns; I wept within me for a smile, and when my own smiling failed to win one, hung my head. Then, from believing that he found me foolish, girlish, weak, despicable, I believed myself so; and despising my own heart's throbbings, almost taught myself to think his way the best, to walk through the days strengthened by the calm of a feigned indifference. But this was poor and short-lived comfort. The first year of my married life was one of almost ceaseless misgiving, disenchantment, and pain. I was wrapped in doubt, and groped my way along by the light of my poor hopes, that sank at length into the merest flicker, and then died utterly. I was miserably lonely. My husband worked in his room nearly all day; in spite of the wounding callousness of his demeanor, his presence was preferable to the weary hours of my solitude. I remember how I longed for meal-times; I might then at least look upon him.

Things might have gone better but for my enforced idleness; day in, day out, I sat idle in my ladyship; no healthy house-work was there to help me. Sometimes I tried to read, but I was too much absorbed by my own misery to disentangle my wretched thoughts.

It was during the first year of my marriage that I embroidered those hangings now in thy room.

The Daughter. Alas! that I should never have seen thy tears among the stitches!

The Mother. 'Twould be a hopeless world indeed, my own, if sighs were immortal, or came as ghosts to haunt the free.

The Daughter. Didst thou not tell thy mother?

The Mother. No. I would not tell her. Thence sprang another grief. I could have gone most days to see my parents; 'tis an easy walk, as thou knowest, from here to the Hall. But the solace of their presence was marred by the pains my hypocrisy cost me. I would not for the world have had them think me discontented with my lot. This was not solely out of consideration for them; it was partly out of a certain pride, common, I imagine, to many women, which leads them to suffer in secret bitter and life-long pangs rather than bear the humiliation of another's pity.

The Daughter. Tell me no more of this, it is so cruel. When did I come to comfort thee?

The Mother. Not yet. All might have been otherwise—who knows?—had I but had some dearer life to care for. Thou must well understand, I had no one but myself to think of. Sir Jasper managed his affairs alone, apart; the household lay to all intents and purposes in the hands of his housekeeper, a good soul, who nevertheless resented what mild attempts I made at interference. He himself was one of those self-sufficient beings whose whole nature is poised with such a nicety that they never stretch out so much as a little finger towards another for help. He was, besides, so independent and simple, almost to asceticism, in his ways, that he imposed no personal service upon those around him. Give a woman to husband a man who needs her not, neither her tender care and watchful sympathy nor the countless trifling services 'tis in her nature to bestow on him that holds her heart, and the noblest joy and wherefore of her life is gone. He never needed me. Sometimes I almost wished he were not so strong of frame; hoped that he might fall ill, and I make proof of my devotion: but when one day, having a headache, he would not let me so much as lay a cool kerchief to his brow, but locked himself up in his room, even that hope left me.

At length the glow of my love paled: the fire that had thrown forth its heat in vain burnt low for lack of fuel, when one fond word, one slight caress, might have called it to life again.

The Daughter. Enough, dearest, enough of sorrow! Is there no more joy to come?

The Mother. There! lay thy head on my knee—look at me not so keenly with thy bright eyes.

Thou seest, dear one, I was very unhappy; the days hung long and heavy on my hands. There came a time when I gave up struggling, hoping, and fell dreaming once more. Two dreams I had—one of the past, one of the future. As I sat at my broidery I lived it all again, my past, childhood and girlhood; dwelling most gladly on the sunshine of it, on whatever in those days now gone had brought me most of happiness.

The Daughter. The other dream?

The Mother. Oh, the other dream! I was so lonely! 'Tis wonderful how clearly I beheld him, my little son. I would walk up and down the room with him in my arms, hold his small hand in mine as I went walking; and when I sat alone the door would open; I heard the patter of his feet upon the floor; I took him on my knee and sang him songs.

The Daughter. But he never lived?

The Mother. Never, save in my heart. It was a dream merely; I should not have dreamt it. There came a time when I would go out of my way sooner than meet a little child upon the road.

The Daughter. But the dream of the past; that was comfort.

The Mother. At first, perhaps. But it came to pass, I know not how, that I returned again and again in my thoughts with a sort of haunting regret, as if great joy had lain therein, to those last days of my girlhood, when—when I had not known that I possessed anything very dear. I did not realize how often I thought of those days; my memory turned to them unconsciously.

One evening I was sitting with Sir Jasper; he was reading; I, too, had taken a book down from his shelves. It was the story of King Arthur and his table round. I have it upstairs; thou, too, shalt read it.

Well, as I read, half a-dream, according to my wont, I suddenly became aware that all those fair knights, Arthur and Lancelot, Sir Tristram, all, had but one face; I knew the face—it was Piers. My horror was very great. I bent close to

the fire; it seemed to me that my husband must read my thoughts.

The Daughter. Was it so very wrong? I cannot think of thee and wrong.

The Mother. It was wrong, my child, very wrong. Now that I have told thee half, I must needs tell thee all. Let us make believe we are not speaking of me, but of some poor lady in a book. We can be sorry for her, forgive her if need be; but the wrong remains.

Now, after this day, things went much worse with me, for, having once discovered Piers among my thoughts, I grew to seek him there, and searched my memory for all it held of him. From time to time, for a day or two together, I would exer my will, and resolutely think of other things; but my will was not strong enough to struggle long against desire. At first I thought of him for the pleasure of the thought, without regret; his phantom laughed within me gayly. But soon there crept in among my thoughts a wish to see him again. I tried to recall the sound of his voice, the lines of his face; closing eyes and ears, I conjured him before me by the strength of that will which might more fitly have been used to banish him, until I was almost afraid of my dream's vividness.

At length one day, as I sat at my work, he rose before me so clearly that I lifted my head from the frame with a sudden jerk, stretching my arms out. It was daytime; I had forgotten it; the blue daylight returned all garish to my long-pressed eyes. I heard my own voice say, Piers, Piers!

I knew then that I loved him. I gathered myself together as best I could, and looked well into the yawning gulf that had opened at my feet. For several weeks I durst not think of him again; something came, too, to banish his thought from my mind. My dearest mother caught a chill and died very suddenly, early in the new year, when I had been some eighteen months married. Thus I lost my nearest friend, the only woman to whom I might have told my woman's griefs; her mere presence, the knowledge that she was there, close at hand, had been comfort. I had never thought it possible that she could die; it was a great sorrow.

Poor father was almost broken-hearted, I know, although he bore his loss without a murmur. I made it my habit to go and see him every day; his sight was failing; I read to him again as of old. Again and yet again I read to him those reflections of the ancient philosophers that bore on the futility of life, the excellence of death, the vanity of regret for the departed. Sometimes I wrote at his dictation sundry meditations of his own in a little book he called his Consolations.

Sir Jasper was very kind to him, and went almost daily to spend an hour or two with the old man. I hoped we might have induced him to live with us at the Hall, but he would not leave this house.

The Daughter. He staid here, then, till he died? Did I often see him? Methinks I remember sitting on an old man's knee. Was he fond of me, mother?

The Mother. Thy prattle was a great delight to him in his last days. Wert three and a half years old, I think, when he died.

The Daughter. Wait, while I stir the fire, mother sweet. Now, prithee, on.

The Mother. As I told thee, Sir Jasper and I went daily to bear him a few hours' company.

One Sunday we walked home together. I mean to father's house. It was April, a warm sweet day; some of the spirit of the spring was in me; I might almost have danced had I been alone. When we reached the threshold of my dear home I could no longer contain myself, but broke from our stately tread and skipped to father's room ere my husband had time to open the door for me. And there, beside father, sat Piers.

The Daughter. Oh, I'm so glad!

The Mother. So was I. My foolish thoughts of him had been well smothered; I did not even remember in that moment that they had ever been. But I think we hardly met as friends of one short week's standing. Sir Jasper, too, seemed pleased to see him; I was very glad. We all had supper together in the kitchen, as of old, save that one was missing. Yet were we merry. It seemed as if I had not laughed since last I saw him. Nor was I quite selfishly happy; it did my heart good to see father's face when Piers was by.

Walking home that night with Sir Jasper I still was happy, I remember. He too seemed roused, and was, indeed, uncommonly talkative; he held me, too, more kindly than of wont upon his arm. We spoke mostly of Piers as we went along,

wondered what had become of his wife and the poor little baby. I was very happy that night, and almost wondered why I had been so sad. I gave one passing thought, too, to those ungoodly dreams I had had in the winter, and wondered how I had ever sunk so low as to pollute with one grain of wrong a friendship so simple and so honest.

The Daughter. Didst see him again next day?

The Mother. Yes, next day, every day, for I went, as thou knowest, either morning or afternoon to see father; mostly of a morning, for then Sir Jasper staid indoors, and I loved best to have father to myself. Now that Piers was there he hardly needed me to read to him, but I went all the same. We took the readings in turn, Piers and I; when the mornings were fine we sat out in the porch, otherwise in father's room.

The Daughter. Thou lovest the porch still.

The Mother. Now, although I had stifled those winter dreams, and in his presence felt but the calm of perfect content, it came to pass that those few morning hours were my day; those before, anticipation; those that followed, retrospection. And I went faithfully as a clock, at the same hour each morning.

One day as I was crossing the orchard I saw Piers standing among the white trees. "I have come to meet you," said he. I was very glad. I had not been alone with him since the first day we met. We walked a little apart, quite silently, half the length of the orchard; then he said, "Do you remember how sweet the clover smelt?" I smiled; it was such joy to find we had the same thoughts. Then we looked up at the wondrous roof of blossoms, and when we reached the last tree he stretched his arm across me to a little branch and shook it so that the petals fell on us in a snowy shower.

The only words I spoke during that walk were to ask him how father did, just as we reached the house door.

The Daughter. I love him! I love him!

The Mother. Next day was Sunday, and Sir Jasper and I went to see father together in the afternoon, according to custom. We always supped with him on Sundays. It was a cold evening, and I bade the girl who now waited on father lay us a fire. 'Twas here, in this very room; they, the three men, sat on that side of the hearth; I, where I sit now. They talked and talked, but I did not listen; I watched them. I knew that Piers was the only one of them who remembered my presence; I knew that, speak how he would, one-half of his thoughts was mine. Now and again he turned his head a little, for he sat sideways towards me; and then I always smiled very quickly, and he too; and we looked apart again. I was sorry when Sir Jasper took me home. We had to drive, for the rain fell fast; and all the time I saw Piers still, sitting sideways, with a little curl beside his ear; and I wondered if he had ever looked at me when I was not looking, and whether to-morrow he would meet me in the orchard again.

The Daughter. Did he?

The Mother. No; but before I reached the orchard, by the Black Pool, he met me. The rain had ceased, but a heavy mist hung low; from the half-clothed branches overhead the drops kept falling on us; the moss was all wet.

"You will catch cold," said he.

"Oh no!" said I, and we walked side by side on the narrow path.

And as we walked on in silence, the thought came to me of the wife that had not loved him. "This path is too narrow for two," said I. It came to me at the same time that silence can speak too well. I began to talk, and we talked all the way home. It was better so; better and worse, for he had never talked to me before. We spoke of the spring, of the trees and the sky, of the flowers at our feet, of the bird-voices that filled the air. I knew that he could never have spoken to Sir Jasper and to father as now he spoke to me; he seemed as by a magic touch to set at liberty the long-imprisoned, undefined sensations of my own heart. All that he said I understood; and I knew that they, the wise men, would not have understood him. A mine of joy was in me from that hour. . . .

The Daughter. I am here, mother.

The Mother. Every day we met thus, by the Black Pool; every day he spoke to me in language clear, light-bringing. Very soon we ceased to speak of trees and flowers only, but touched all other things in earth or heaven.

I know not how I lived the remaining hours. I only know that I was wrapped

entirely in the present; I durst not think beyond the morrow. I never suffered myself to look into my heart, but fled from my own innermost self with dread, for I knew full well what secret dwelt there; and I knew, too, that the day whereon I should make self-confession of my unrighteous love must put an end to my paradise.

The Daughter. Mother!

The Mother. My child?

The Daughter. He loved thee.

The Mother. He had not told me so.

The Daughter. And Sir Jasper?

The Mother. I never knew how much he saw. He was the same to me in his bearing then as he had always been, and was again for many months to follow. I did not think of him, save that a half-unconscious dread of him was growing alongside of that other thing whose presence I durst not allow unto myself. And this went on until the end of May.

'Twas the 29th of the month. The morning was somewhat gray; the sun rarely broke through the clouds. I was just starting for home at the accustomed hour, when my husband called to me from his window. I had not yet seen him that morning, as indeed was often the case. He called to me now from his window, begging me to copy some papers for him. I was greatly surprised, for he had never before asked such a service of me; once, indeed, during the first weeks of our marriage, I had prevailed upon him to let me do a little copying, but there it had begun and ended. I could not refuse my husband, but, before going to him, I sent a hasty note to father by my maid, telling him I was detained, but would come to him without fail that afternoon, at about five o'clock. I sent this message to father, although there was no occasion to do so; but I feared to lose my walk with Piers.

At four o'clock, Sir Jasper having returned to his work after dinner, I set off for the Black Pool. There was an unwonted agitation upon me, for I felt that I was about to meet Piers for the first time, as it were, by my own deed. True, we had always met purposely, yet by such a tacit understanding as gave our purpose all the semblance of mere chance. I knew, too, that there was something of foolhardiness in the step, as my husband frequently walked over for an hour's converse with father in the late afternoon. All this helped to tinge with the hues of complication what had hitherto appeared so simple.

My heart beat violently when I beheld Piers leaning over the old blue railing at the end of the Black Pool. For an instant I was seized with an indescribable fear, and my strength seemed like to fail me. I would have retraced my steps, but that every fibre of my being drew me towards him.

When he became aware of my coming he turned suddenly, and there we stood, face to face. 'Twas all over now, the play-acting; fallen the goodly shield of self-deceit; our last weapon, self-command, beaten at one blow from our grasp by the divine monster whose strength had outgrown the bulwarks of our consciences, who, nourished in the darkest depths of our hearts, now burst from its prison and stood in naked radiance before our failing eyes. . . .

Piers — Piers — we should have died then! We might so well have lain us down together, in the dark waters of eternal peace. . . .

The Daughter. Mother! my mother!

The Mother. There came a footstep in the wood that roused us. I knew it was Sir Jasper's step.

"Piers," said I, "this is the end—the beginning is the end. We must never meet again."

Then Piers built up before me visions of a heaven on earth, of a home we might make in some far-off land—he, his little child, and I. It was not the thought of Sir Jasper that held me, nor of the vow I had made in church; but ever and anon, when my strength seemed almost beaten to earth by his words, by the might of his eyes, by the touch of his hand, I turned my thoughts to the old man at home. It was the thought of father, of mother's memory, that helped me most. Yet even that safeguard might be of no avail if I listened much longer.

"Let me go," said I. "If we do this, if we buy these joys—oh, Piers, think of it! —the price is deadly sin; we might die cursing one another. I will mourn for thee, bleed for thee, all the days of my life; but, oh, Piers, even if I curse thee not, to rise from our guilty grave in God's wrath, to be cursed by Him! Seest thou how father and mother weep in their shrouds? Oh, to be cursed by them through all eternity!"

"Better that with thee," cried Piers, "than all the empty joys of heaven."

The Daughter. Oh, mother, I should have gone with him—I!

The Mother. At length I prevailed upon him to leave us. I wanted him to promise that he would never come again, but he would make no promise that he at present felt himself unable to perform; he gave me his word, however, that he would take leave of father next day, and tempt me no further. He only begged of me that I would meet him once again, and, indeed, 'twas the wish of my own heart. I felt, too, that another meeting would be but the just reward of our great renunciation. He would have had me meet him that night, but I could not.

"No," said I—"no, Piers; we will part when the world is good, when the day is very young and very innocent."

Then we walked slowly home. I had forgotten all about Sir Jasper. When we opened the door of father's room, my husband sat beside him, reading. He looked up at us, but his face betrayed neither suspicion nor emotion; he merely said,

"You are late," and went on reading.

Piers and I each took a book and sat awhile at opposite ends of the room, making believe to read also. But it was more than I could bear. Seas should have parted us, yet here we sat, we three, mocking the terrors of our state by a hideous counterfeit of peace. Shivering at measured intervals from head to foot, I rose and kissed my father. I felt unwell, I said, and would leave him, since he was so well attended, and walk home before sunset. I asked my husband if he would be home to supper, but he advised me to go to bed early and not trouble myself about him, as he would probably stay with father rather later than usual. When I approached the door, he opened it for me with his customary solicitude. I had not said a parting word to Piers. In the doorway I turned as if to smile at father, and there stood Piers, book in hand, by the window, looking at me with his bright eyes.

I have never entered the room since but I must see him there beside the window, with head a little forward and chin up, looking at me still.

The Daughter. Mother—on, dearest,—next day.

The Mother. I did not sleep that night. Towards midnight I heard my husband retire to his room, and was astonished at his lateness. The dawn seemed long a-coming, but it came at last, and then methought it had come too soon; for many a time must I see the dawn again, yet never again say to myself, "Once more shall I see him."

The sun was rising when I reached the Black Pool, but Piers was not yet there. I marvelled at this, and walked awhile to and fro, then sat me down on the moss beside the still water to wait for him. Every minute I thought that he must come the next, so the time seemed short enough. I tried hard to make believe 'twas already to-morrow, and he forever gone from me, that, having had some foretaste of the bitterness to come, I might measure the full sweetness of my last cup of bliss. But the air was laden with the misty promise of a golden day; the crooning, tender voice of the dove broke the silence of the woods; from afar off I heard the cuckoo's note. Joy was abroad in the young world; in my heart also. In vain I said unto myself, "Be sad; be sad!" I could not. Instead of crying, "I shall never see him more," I cried within me, "He is coming!" Another second, and he would hold me in his arms. My spirit leaped towards that moment, and refused to look beyond.

The Daughter. Mother, he came?

The Mother. No, my darling; he did not come. A straggling sunbeam pierced the leaves and fell upon the moss beside me, gilding the dew. It came to me that I had sat there all too long. I durst not go to father's house; I hastened home in frantic doubt. My husband met me at breakfast; he seemed, if such a thing were possible, more calm and cold than of wont; it may have been in contrast merely to my own unsteadiness. As I was leaving the room, he asked me again to copy some papers for him, and I made no demur, but crept with them to my room. My hand shook pitifully, and in my distraction I made so many blunders that I still sat with my unfinished task before me in the late afternoon. I hardly know why I sat there so patiently, making no murmur when Sir Jasper set off without me. I seemed but half awake.

My husband returned to supper, and we ate in silence. At length I felt that my head was beginning to turn, that I could not sit upright much longer; so I

rose and bade him good-night. Half-way across the room I asked,

"How is father?"

"Not so well," replied my husband; "he is coughing badly."

At the door I turned my face from him. "How is Piers?" I asked.

"He is gone," replied Sir Jasper.

"Oh!" said I then. "I did not know. He never said good-by to me." And when my husband had closed the door upon me, I rushed, half blind and bloodless, to my room.

Next day I questioned father all I dared. They had sat together, the three, talking till late. Piers had left the room with Sir Jasper, adding, as he said good-night, that he must absent himself for a few days on a matter of business, and would probably leave early, ere father was up, but would soon return. He had even promised to bring father some book or other from town.

This quieted me; but a week passed—two weeks. Every morning, as I entered father's room, he said:

"'Tis very strange that he should stay so long; I miss him, Phœbe."

And every morning I answered merely, "'Tis very strange."

Yet it seemed not strange to me. Bitter and terrible were my regrets. I had sent him from me; all too well had he obeyed my words. He had gone from me at my own bidding, and now I would have given my soul to have him back again.

The Daughter. How horrible! But he came, mother? Oh, tell me that he came—once, once only!

The Mother. Dearest, he never came again. Heaven bless thee for those tears! Oh, little one! mayst thou never know the pain—the worst of all pains—never to have told him that was dearest how fondly he was loved.

The Daughter. But thou hadst told him that day?

The Mother. Not enough! God knows, not enough!

The summer dragged on. The long days followed each other, bringing the same hope, the same despair. I went daily to my father; he was so blind now he could hardly see my face. Perhaps it spared him some pain; so low was I sunken in grief, I scarcely sought to hide my misery. Sir Jasper and I were much estranged. The sight of him added to my woe; therefore I shunned him; and it seemed as if he too shunned me. Only on Sundays, when we supped with father, were we obliged to meet as of old.

One Sunday, in the autumn, when we returned to the Hall one evening, and Sir Jasper was lighting my candle for me, I summoned courage to ask him what for many weeks I had burned to ask.

"'Tis strange," said I, "that Piers has not returned. Have you no news of him?"

"Yes, since you ask it," replied Sir Jasper. "He is dead."

I gave a cry that rang through the house, and fell. When I came to myself I was aware of some one leaning over me, holding my hand with great kindness, passing a wet kerchief over my face and neck. I opened my eyes a little; it was my husband. He was very white, and there was a look of something like pity on his face.

"Thank you," I said, and fell a-weeping.

I was very ill that winter, and besought Sir Jasper to let me go home; so I went at Christmas-time, to keep father company. Poor company enough, in sooth. Sir Jasper came daily to see us.

The Daughter. Was he kind?

The Mother. Very kind. He was greatly changed. I often marvelled, as I marvel still, what it can have been that worked the change in him. He lost much of his calm. Sometimes, as we all sat reading of an evening, I could see him pass the pages through his fingers as if lost in thought, or bury his face in his hands and then sit awhile motionless, or rise suddenly and pace several times up and down the room—things little in accordance with his wonted great placidity. Sometimes, too, I would catch him looking at me with a fixed gaze. But betweenwhiles he would remain as he had ever been, self-contained, calm, indifferent.

The Daughter. Methinks he was sorry for thee, mother.

The Mother. No doubt. Then spring came round again. Perhaps 'twas the awakening of a too dear remembrance that troubled me, but my strength sank. I was very weak—so weak that I hoped I might be dying. I had no other wish. 'Tis only in books that people die of grief.

Yet were Sir Jasper and my father sore afraid; and one day my husband,

whose restlessness of late had visibly increased, left suddenly for town.

It was on the 18th of April that he returned. I was sitting in this room, dearest—here, beside the fire; the low sun shone through the window-panes, touching all things with a soft red light. The door opened, and there stood my husband holding by the hand a little girl.

She might be three, or thereabouts; her eyes were very bright. I fell upon my knees with a cry, holding my arms towards her; the little creature fled to the shelter of a woman's breast, and I held thee to my heart and kissed thee, oh, my jewel! as I do now.

Dearest—my light of life! What ails thee?

The Daughter. Not my mother! I not thine! This blood not thy blood!—this life the gift of some other woman!

Oh, mother, mother! what hast thou told me there?

The Mother. Not mine, but his! Weep not, thou ten times dearer than my own!—thou child of my love, in whose dear eyes I still possess the light of those that are gone! Oh, little one, grieve not at my dearest joy, that thou art his, not mine.

The Daughter. His? Oh, mother, all the world has changed to-night. Let me think—let me think. Yet hold me still; forgive me! Some day, when I know how, I shall thank thee for thy motherhood.

The Mother. Hark! The cock has crowed. The hearth grows gray. Come, dear, to bed.

The Daughter. Tell me more of him. Oh, why did he die? Where is his grave?

The Mother. I know not; nor know I how he died. I never asked Sir Jasper how he came by that knowledge but once, on the day that he brought thee to me; and then, either he heard me not, or made believe not to hear, for he gave no answer; and I never found courage to speak the words again. Sometimes I wondered if it might not be that Sir Jasper had played us false, sent Piers from me by some lies, driven him perhaps to seek an untimely death; and that his adoption of thee were thus, as might be said, an atonement. This the more because, as he lay a-dying, after speech failed him, he looked at me as one might do who has done another some wrong, as if he would have spoken now that it was too late. And yet 'twas probably the thought merely of what our life might have been had we begun it differently, that caused him to look thus.

Be it as it may, I am glad to think that I said to him: "Be at rest, Sir Jasper. I beg you forgive me, as I forgive you; and may God grant us both peace!"

Come, little one. Come, my heart of hearts, lift thy head from my knee. We'll go to bed.

TUBERCULOSIS AND ITS PREVENTION.

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN, M.D.

IT is commonly neither wise nor necessary for people not professionally concerned to think much about disease, or weigh anxiously the chance or mode of its acquirement. But now and then conditions arise which demand general attention and instruction regarding certain diseases in order that a great threatened or actual calamity may be averted. Such a condition faces the people in all lands to-day in the appalling prevalence of tuberculosis. A disease which in mild or severe form affects at least one-half of the whole human race, and which causes the death of full one-seventh of all who pass away, killing about one-third of those who perish between the ages of fifteen and forty-five—a disease which is most insidious in its onset, and often relentless in its course, and which may be largely prevented—is one about which we cannot be indifferent, and should not longer be inactive.

There has long been reason for believing that tuberculosis is a communicable disease. Its prevalence in certain families and communities, its frequent occurrence in those who have personally attended upon its victims, its onset in those who have occupied apartments vacated by consumptives—such facts observed over and over again abundantly justify the belief in its communicability. Up to the commencement of the last decade the cause of the disease was altogether unknown, and no definite data were at hand which could enable us to fix upon a feasible plan for limiting its ravages. But in these later years a great light has been thrown upon this and other kindred diseases.

Most intelligent people are aware that within the past decade a new field in the domain of life has been revealed and widely explored. It has been learned that in earth and air and water there exist countless myriads of living things so minute as to lie far beyond the limits of the unaided vision, and yet in the aggregate so potent in the maintenance of the cycle of life upon the earth that without their activities all life would soon cease to be, and the elements which for a short span fall under the sway of the life forces in all higher animals and plants would lapse finally and irrevocably into their primal state. These tiny organisms are called germs, microbes, or micro-organisms. One great and important group of them belongs among the microscopic plants called bacteria. These bacteria as a class are so important in the economy of nature because they live for the most part on dead organic material; that is, such material as has once formed a portion of some living thing.

The world's store of available oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, out of which all living beings are largely formed, is limited, and if after these have served their temporary uses, as the medium through which that mysterious potency called life alone can find expression, they were not speedily released, new generations of living beings could neither assume nor maintain their place in the great cycle of life. And so these tiny plants, year in, year out, by day and by night, unseen and mostly unheeded, are busy always in making possible the return of each year's visible vegetation and the maintenance of an unbroken succession of generations in man and beast.

Different groups and races among the bacteria have different habitations, and vary widely in their special powers. Complex and powerful as is the aggregate result which they accomplish in the world, the performances of the individual are comparatively simple. They are most liberally endowed with the capacity for multiplication, and each germ acts as a tiny chemical laboratory, taking into itself the organic matter on which it feeds, and resolving it into new compounds. Some of the latter are used in building up and maintaining its own body, while others are given off into the surrounding media.

We are but just beginning to peer in at the mysterious processes which go on under the influence of the bacteria in this underworld of life, and to realize that all the lore which unweary toilers in the past have gathered in their studies of the visible forms of animals and plants makes but one of the many chapters in nature's story-book of life.

But this new and stimulating point of view, toward which the studies of the

past decade have led us, does not look so largely into the domain of the practical that it would greatly attract the majority of business and pleasure and *ennui* ridden mankind were it not for one very practical fact which these recent studies have revealed. This is that among the myriads of altogether beneficent bacteria which people the earth and air and water there are a few forms which have chosen out of all the world as their most congenial residence the bodies of men. But even this would be of only passing interest to most people were it not still further unfortunately true that in the performance of their simple life-processes these man-loving bacteria, feeding on the tissues of their host, and setting free certain subtle poisons in his blood, each after its kind, can induce those disturbances of the body's functions and those changes in its structure which we call disease.

The diseases caused by the growth of germs in the body are called infectious. The germs causing some of the infectious diseases are given off from the bodies of their victims in such form as to be readily transmitted through the air to others, in whom they may incite similar disease. Such diseases are spoken of as readily communicable, though it is not actually the disease itself but only the germ causing it which is transmitted. In other infectious diseases transmission but rarely occurs. Many infectious diseases are very easily communicated from the sick to the well under unsanitary and uncleanly conditions, which with proper care are very little liable to spread.

I need not here put on parade the whole uncanny list of germ diseases, in which tuberculosis stands foremost, followed by pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlatina, cholera, small-pox, and the rest. Nor need I call to mind the means by which our growing knowledge in this domain has day by day been laid under tribute for suggestions of hope and safety for the stricken. It is a record of brilliant conquest in nature, and already of far-reaching beneficence to man.

But the great fundamental advance which signalizes the past decade is the lifting of this whole class of fateful germ diseases out of the region of the intangible and mysterious, and their establishment, on the basis of positive experimental research, in the domain of the comprehensible and definite. The things which cause them are no longer for us mysterious emanations from the sick, or incorporate expressions of malign forces against which conjurations or prayers could alone promise protection, but they are particulate beings, never self-engendered, never evolved in the body, always entering from without—things which we can see and handle and kill.

Let us now glance at the germ called the tubercle bacillus, the germ which causes and which alone can cause tuberculosis. It does not exist in the body of men or animals in health. Without the entrance of this particular germ into the human body from without, tuberculosis cannot develop in it. Without the transmission of this germ in some way or other in a living condition from the sick to the well, tuberculosis cannot spread. In the life story of this tiny germ lie both the potency for mischief which we deplore and the secret of our release from its bondage.

The tubercle bacillus is a little colorless rodlike plant, so small that even many thousands of them piled together would make a heap still far too small to be visible to the naked eye. It cannot move about, nor can it grow without moisture, nor at a temperature much above or much below that of the human body. The material on which it feeds must be very nicely adapted to its requirements, and it has no lurking or growing places in nature outside of the bodies of men and a few warm-blooded animals. It can be cultivated artificially in the laboratory, and we know more about its life and peculiarities than about almost any other germ. While it can remain alive in a dried state for many weeks, it is readily killed by heat, by sunlight, and by many of those chemical substances which we call disinfectants. It does not flourish equally well in the bodies of all human beings.

When once it gains lodgement in a body suited to its growth it multiplies slowly, each germ dividing and subdividing, taking from the tissues material for its growth, and returning to them certain subtle poisons which it sets free. The action of the tubercle bacillus is peculiar in that it stimulates the cells of the body, wherever it may lodge and grow, to the formation of little masses of new tissue, which we call tubercles. These tubercles are as a rule short-lived, and if the dis-

ease progresses, tend to disintegrate. If the tubercles have grown in such situations as make this possible, as in the intestinal canal or the lungs, the disintegrated and broken-down material, often containing myriads of the living germs, may be cast off from the body. In tuberculosis of the lungs, or consumption, this waste material is thrown off with the sputum. While almost any part of the body may be affected, tuberculosis of the lungs is by far the most common form of the disease.

It follows from what has been said that the only way in which we can acquire tuberculosis is by getting into our bodies tubercle bacilli from tubercular men or animals. The only animals liable to convey the disease to man are tubercular cattle, and these through the use of either meat or milk. The danger from the use of uncooked meat or the unboiled milk from tubercular cattle is real and serious, but it will not be considered here at length, because the great and prevailing danger of infection comes from another source.

Almost as soon as the significance of the tubercle bacillus was established, a series of studies was undertaken on the possibility of the spread of the disease by the breath or exhalations of the persons of consumptives. These studies at once showed that the tubercle bacillus cannot be given off into the air of the breath from the moist surfaces of the mouth and air passages, nor from any material which may come from them while it remains moist, nor from healthy unsoiled surfaces of the body. The establishment of this fact is of far-reaching consequence, because it shows that neither the person nor the breath of the consumptive is a direct source of danger, even to his most constant and intimate attendants.

While the discharges from the bowels in persons suffering from tuberculosis of the intestinal tract may contain many living bacilli, the usual mode of disposal of these discharges protects us from any considerable danger from this source.

It is the sputum after its discharge from the body on which our attention must be fixed. While the sputum is moist it can, as a rule, do no harm, unless it should be directly transmitted to those who are well by violent coughing, by the use of uncleansed cooking or eating utensils, by soiled hands, or by such intimate personal contact as kissing or fondling. But if in any way the sputum becomes dried, on floors or walls or bedding, on handkerchiefs or towels, or on the person of the patient, it may soon become disseminated in the air as dust, and can then be breathed into the lungs of exposed persons. This germ-laden material floating in the air may be swallowed, and thus enter the recesses of the body through other portals than the lungs, but these are the most vulnerable and accessible organs.

The wide distribution of tubercle bacilli in the air of living-rooms, and in other dusty places where people go, is due partly to the frequency of the disease, and the large numbers of living bacilli which are cast off in the sputum (sometimes millions in a day), and partly to the fact that many of the victims of consumption go about among their fellows for purposes of business or pleasure for months or years. So each consumptive, if not intelligently careful, may year after year be to his fellow-men a source of active and serious and continual infection.

This, then, the dried, uncared-for sputum of those suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, is the great source of danger; this the means so long concealed by which a large part of the human race prematurely perishes. Let but this discharged material be rendered harmless or destroyed before it dries in all cases, and the ravages of this scourge would largely cease. This is not a theoretic matter only, for again and again have the living and virulent germs been found clinging to the walls and furniture and bedding and handkerchiefs of consumptive persons, and in the dust of the rooms in which they dwell. A malady whose victims far outnumber those of all other infectious diseases put together, sparing neither rich nor poor, seizing upon life while it is as yet only a promise, but most inexorable in the fulness of its tide — this malady can be largely prevented by the universal and persistent practice of intelligent cleanliness.

We have learned in the past few years one fact about tuberculosis which is of incalculable comfort to many, and that is that the disease is not hereditary. It is very important that we should understand this, because it seems to contradict a long-prevalent tradition, and a belief still widely and sorrowfully entertained. Bacteria, and especially most disease-pro-

ducing bacteria, are very sensitive in the matter of growth and proliferation to the conditions under which they are placed, and especially to the material on which they feed. So that a germ which can induce serious disease in one species of animal is harmless in the body of a different though closely allied form. More than this, different individuals of the same species, or the same individual at different times, may have the most marked differences in susceptibility in the presence of disease-producing germs. What this subtle difference is we do not know. Whether the body at one time affords a congenial soil to the invading germs and at another does not, whether its marvellous and complex powers of resisting the virulent tendencies of disease-producing bacteria at one period or in one individual are more vigorous than in another and vary at different times, we do not certainly know. This, however, we do know, that certain individuals are more likely than others to yield to the incursions of the tubercle bacillus. This vulnerability in the presence of invading germs we call susceptibility, and susceptibility to the action of the tubercle bacillus is hereditary. It is not the disease, tuberculosis, which comes into the world with certain individuals or with successive children of the same family, but the aptitude to contract it should external conditions favor. What subtle impress on the cells which are to develop into the new individual renders him more than another an easy prey to the tubercle bacillus should it later find lodgement in his body we do not know, and we may not hope soon to be enlightened, since all the intricate mysteries of heredity seem involved in the problem. But this we do know, that however much the child of tubercular parents or a member of a tubercular family may be predisposed to the disease, he cannot acquire tuberculosis unless by some mischance the fateful germ enters his body from without. What has been through all these years regarded as the strongest proof of the hereditary transmission of tuberculosis—namely, the occurrence of the disease in several members of the same household—is, in the new light, simply the result of household infection—the breathing of air especially liable to contain the noxious germs, or their entrance in some other way into the bodies of persons especially sensitive to their presence. I do not mean to imply that under no conditions can the tubercle bacillus be transmitted from the mother to the child before its birth. In a few instances this is believed to have happened. But its occurrence is so extremely infrequent that it may be regarded as accidental, and of no serious importance from our present point of view.

But it will perhaps be said, "If the tubercle bacilli are so widely diffused, why do we not all acquire tuberculosis, and why was the world not long since depopulated?" In order to explain this matter I must ask the reader to look with me for a moment at some of the body's natural safeguards against bacterial and other invaders from the air. It has been found that a person breathing in germ and dust laden air through the nose breathes out again air which is both dust and germ free. The air passages of the nose are tortuous, and lined with a moist membrane, against which the air impinges in its passage. On these moist surfaces most of the solid suspended particles, the germs among them, are caught and held fast, and may be thrown off again in the secretion. In breathing through the mouth this safeguard is not utilized. Again, the upper air passages leading to the lungs are lined with a delicate membrane of cells, whose free surfaces are thickly beset with tiny hairlike projections. These projections are constantly moving back and forth with a quick sweep, in such a way that they carry small particles which may have escaped the barriers above up into the mouth, from which they may be readily discharged. In this way much of the evil of breathing dust and germ-laden air is averted. But in spite of these natural safeguards a great deal of foreign material does, under the ordinary conditions of life in-doors or in dusty places, find lodgement in the delicate recesses of the lungs. The body tolerates a good deal of the deleterious material, but its overtasked toleration fails at last, when serious disease may ensue.

When ordinary forms of living bacteria get into the tissues of the body, a very complex cellular mechanism, not fully understood, usually results in their destruction and ultimate removal. In the presence of the tubercle bacillus the body cells are often able to build a dense enclosing wall around the affected region,

shutting it off from the rest of the body. This is one of the modes of natural cure. The body cells are sometimes able, if sustained by nourishing food and an abundance of fresh air, to carry on, year after year, a successful struggle with the invading germs, so that the usefulness and enjoyment of life are but little interfered with. Finally, a certain proportion of human beings seem to be endowed at birth with some as yet unknown quality in the cells or fluids of the body which naturally unfits them for the life uses of the tubercle bacillus, and so renders the individual for longer or shorter periods practically immune. Others, on the contrary, are, as we have seen, from birth unusually susceptible.

This inherited susceptibility to the incursions of the tubercle bacillus, should this find lodgement in the body from without, by no means always reveals itself in any apparent lack of vigor or robustness of the body. Still, any habit or mode of life which diminishes the bodily vigor, whether in those predisposed to this malady or the apparently immune, and gives it a leaning toward disease, diminishes, as a rule, the chances of a successful contest with the bacillus. And so it is that in spite of the wide distribution of these fateful germs in frequented places, and the tendency of certain vulnerable persons to succumb to their ravages, so many people are not affected by them, and so many, although not altogether escaping their malign influence, are yet able to wrest at least a moiety of life from the hands of the great destroyer.

The degree of success which may attend our crusade against tuberculosis will largely depend upon the wide diffusion of the knowledge of its communicability by means of the sputum dried and powdered and floating in the air as dust, and the intelligent persistence with which the peccant material may be safely cared for at its sources. The resolute avoidance by consumptives of the not only filthy but dangerous practice of spitting upon floors or streets, or anywhere else except into proper receptacles; the use of receptacles which may be and are frequently and thoroughly cleaned, and, best of all, of water-proof paper cups, which with their contents may be burned; or, when circumstances require, the receiving of the dangerous material on cloths or Japanese paper napkins, which may be destroyed by fire, and not on more valuable handkerchiefs on which the sputum is allowed to dry while in use or before disinfection and washing; scrupulous care by others of the sputum of those too ill to care for it themselves—these are the comparatively simple means from which we may most confidently expect relief. The details of these precautions and their adaptation to the special circumstances of those suffering from the disease can be most wisely left to the physician, and though of paramount importance, need not further engage our attention here.

To the consumptive himself these measures are not without a vital significance. For his chances of recovery may be in no small degree diminished if he be more or less constantly liable to a fresh infection from material which he has once got rid of, and which should have been destroyed.

The great volumes of fresh moving air which we encounter out-of-doors in properly cleansed streets usually so greatly dilute the dust, of whatever kind, that little apprehension need be felt from its presence. When, however, in crowded cities, the streets are, as in New York, for example, nearly always, save for a few favored localities, filthy, and but fitfully cared for; when choking dust clouds must be encountered by the citizen in the haphazard and slatternly essays at cleaning which untrained, irresponsible, or decrepit attachés of a vicious administration may deign to make—we cannot ignore a danger from street dust which may well incite the gravest apprehension. The citizen can, if he must, run from the presence of cloud-enwrapped machines furiously whirled along half-sprinkled pavements; he may avoid a block on which the hand-sweepers, in utter disregard of rules, ply their nefarious brooms over unwet surfaces, because too indolent or indifferent to sprinkle them—these things he can do if he be not willing or ready to apply the citizen's remedy for municipal misrule.

But it is in rooms either of dwelling or assembling places that the ill effects of infectious dust are most potent, because the air is here not so constantly renewed as it is out-of-doors, and is liable to be breathed over and over again. Dust which gets into houses does not readily leave them, unless special and intelligent means be directed to its removal. We do not usually realize that though the air

itself in inhabited rooms is constantly changing more or less rapidly by diffusion, by draughts, or by purposed ventilation, fine dust particles are not removed under the same influences in proportionate degree. They cling more or less tenaciously to all surfaces on which they have settled, and especially to fabrics, so that currents of abundant force and sufficient distribution to change the air may and usually do leave the lodged dust particles almost entirely undisturbed.

One of the most threatening tendencies of modern times in matters of health is that of overcrowding in cities, and the great element of danger from this overcrowding is not only the insufficiency of air in living-rooms and the lack of ready means for its renewal, but the accumulation in this air of infectious germs floating with the dust. Abundant water supply and good sewerage have rendered possible and measurably safe, so far as the ordinary waste of life is concerned, the building of vast tenements which swarm with people. But the means of getting pure air, and especially of disposing of infectious material often floating in it when it is confined, have not at all kept pace with the demands of health and cleanliness.

But when we turn to the larger and more liberally furnished dwellings of the well-to-do classes, we do not find everything reassuring from the stand-point of hygiene, for in some respects the rich are sadly handicapped by the "tyranny of things." Of course long and thick piled carpets afford persistent lurking-places for infectious as well as other dust. Certainly heavy hangings in a measure hinder the detergent action of the sunlight, shut the used air in and the fresh air out, and shelter floating matter which might otherwise escape. Without doubt complex upholstery with roughened fabrics increases the difficulties in the maintenance of cleanliness. But the usage of the householder in these matters will, after all, depend upon whether his practical devotion be most at Fashion's or Hygeia's shrine, and it may not without temerity be very urgently criticised. And yet we well may long for the coming of a time when clean, clear, airy, simply furnished living-rooms shall replace the stuffy fabric-strewn apartments in which the fashionable citizen so much delights to-day.

In one particular, however, the devotee to cleanliness may be unreservedly insistent, and that is that in the cleaning of living-rooms, whether occupied by the sick or the well, the distinct and recognized purpose of the operation shall be to remove, and not simply to stir up, the ever-gathering dust. The past few years, so beneficently signalized by the exploitation of the new germ lore, have seen marked departures from the traditional sweepings and dustings of a past era; and the emancipation of the housekeeper, and incidentally of the household, from the thrall of the pestiferous feather duster seems fairly under way. Still, some of the old barbarous travesties upon cleaning widely persist. The dry broom still seeks out in the deep recesses of the carpets not the coarser particles of dirt alone, but the hordes of living germs which were for the time safely ensconced; and among these what malignant forms the chances of the day may have mingled! These all are set awhirl in the air; some gather on salient points of the fittings and furnishings; many stay with the operator, to vex for hours the delicate breathing passages or the deeper recesses of the lungs. Then in the lull which follows gravity reasserts its sway, and the myriad particles, both the living and the dead, slowly settle to the horizontal surfaces, especially to the carpets. Then the feather duster comes upon the scene, and another cyclone befalls. The result of it all is that the dust has finally been forced to more or less completely abandon the smooth and shining surfaces where it would be visible, and is largely caught in the surface roughnesses of the carpets or upholstery or hangings, ready at the lightest footfall or the chariest touch to dance into the air again, and be taken into the lungs of the victims of the prevailing delusion—the delusion that the way to care for always noxious and offensive and often dangerous dust is not to get it out of the house, but to keep it stirring in the air until at last it has settled where it does not vex the eye.

By the use of moist tea leaves in the sweeping of carpets, by the use of soft-textured fabrics, frequently shaken out-of-doors, or, by moist cloths or chamois in dusting, much useless dust-scattering may be avoided. But no matter what the means employed, the final purpose of every household cleaning should be to get the dust, not afloat, but away.

Probably the most serious source of infection which one is liable to encounter in the usual ways of life is the occupancy at hotels of bedrooms vacated by consumptives without subsequent efficient disinfection and cleansing, and travel in sleeping-cars. I need not enter here into the harrowing details of desperate uncleanness which the ordinary railway travel brings to light. It is to be hoped that popular demand for reform in the routine of hotel-keepers and railroad-managers in the matter of ordinary sweeping and dusting, and in the precautions against the spread of tuberculosis, may soon usher in among them a day of reasonable sanitary intelligence. A belief in the communicability of tuberculosis is becoming widely diffused, and it would seem to be desirable, on the ground of policy alone, for the managers of summer, and especially of winter resorts frequented by consumptives, to let it be known in no uncertain way that their precautions against the spread of infectious diseases are effectually in line with the demands of modern sanitary science.

The members of families bearing a hereditary susceptibility to the acquirement of this disease should strive to foster those conditions which favor a healthy, vigorous life, in occupation, food, exercise, and amusement, and remember that for them more than for others it is important to avoid such occupations and places as favor the distribution, in the air or otherwise, of the tubercle bacillus.

But when the individual has done what he can in making his surroundings clean, and in thus limiting the spread of the tubercle bacillus, there still remains work for municipal and State and national authorities in diffusing the necessary knowledge of the disease and its modes of prevention; in directly caring for those unable to care for themselves; in securing for all such freedom from contact with sources of the disease as the dictates of science and humanity may require and the law permit.

To health boards, either national or local, must be largely intrusted the primary protection of the people against the danger from tubercular cattle.

A national bureau of health might, in the direction of stimulating and harmonizing efforts made for the suppression of tuberculosis in various parts of the land, and in fostering research in lines which promise large practical return in the saving of life, be of incalculable service.

The United States has been keenly alive to the economic importance of certain diseases of cattle, and has done much to suppress among them various infectious maladies. But the only positive official relationship which the United States has thus far borne to this communicable and preventable disease, which robs it each year of hundreds of thousands of its citizens, has been to place and maintain a heavy tax upon instruments and apparatus necessary for the recognition and study of tuberculosis and many other bacterial diseases, and, except recently and for a favored few, upon books in which, and in which alone, can be found those records of research upon which the means for the prevention of tuberculosis must be based.

Tuberculosis has in this country been officially almost entirely ignored in those practical measures which health boards universally recognize as efficient in the suppression of this class of maladies. Physicians are not now required to report it to the local health boards, so far as I am aware, except in one of the United States. Systematic official measures of disinfection are not practised, and no attempts at isolation are made. But the official measures just mentioned have been found extremely useful in the limitation of other communicable diseases. While consumption must logically be classed with diphtheria and scarlatina and smallpox as a communicable germ disease, it is, in fact, in the light of our present knowledge, when intelligently cared for, so little liable to spread that it is properly exempt from some of those summary measures which health authorities are justified in adopting with the more readily and less avoidably communicable maladies. Moreover, consumption is apt to involve such prolonged illness, and so often permits affected persons for months and years to go about their usual avocations, that general isolation would be both impracticable and inhumane. Moreover, for reasons which it is hoped are evident to the reader, isolation among those capable of caring for themselves is at present entirely unnecessary.

But while extreme measures are not called for, local health boards must soon act in the prevention of tuberculosis. For the present the wisest and most humane

course would seem to be to attempt to secure the desired ends rather by instruction and counsel and help than by direct and summary procedures. There is no more pitiable spectacle in this land to-day than that of the hundreds of victims of advanced tuberculosis in every large town who cannot be comfortably or safely cared for in the dwellings of the poor, and yet who are always unwelcome applicants at most of our hospitals, and at many are denied admission altogether. They are victims of ignorance and of vicious social and hygienic conditions for which they are not largely responsible, and States and municipalities, which are more to blame, owe them at least a shelter and a place to die. Unquestionably one of the urgent duties immediately before us in all parts of the land where tuberculosis prevails is the establishment of special hospitals in which this disease can be treated, and its victims safely cared for.

And now at last remains to be spoken what word of cheer and hope our new outlooks may have given us for those who are already under the shadow of this sorrowful affliction. The dreams and aspirations and strenuous labors of the students of this disease have looked steadily toward the discovery of some definite and positive means of cure, but as yet full success lingers beyond their grasp. The methods for the early detection of tuberculosis which science has pointed out make it possible for affected persons to plan such modes of life and early seek such salubrious climates as promise a hope of recovery. We have studied closely the ways in which the cells of the body often successfully resist the incursions of the already seated germs, and learned how in many ways the natural forces of cure may be sustained and strengthened. We have learned much about certain complicating occurrences which often form the most serious features in the progress of tuberculosis of the lungs, and how they may be best avoided. And so to-day the outlook for those in the earlier stages of this disease is in a considerable proportion of cases extremely encouraging. It is no longer for us the hopeless malady which it was earlier believed to be. It is not necessarily a bitter losing fight upon which one enters who becomes aware that the finger of this disease is upon him. A long and happy and useful life may still be his if the conditions which favor his cure be early and intelligently fixed upon, and patiently and faithfully persisted in. The wise physician is here the best adviser in climate and regimen, as well as in the proper selection of remedial measures, and the earlier his counsel is sought and acted on, the brighter will usually be the outlook for recovery.

Research in tuberculosis and the ministration of the physician should, and generally do, go hand in hand, and no time should be lost in bringing to the aid of the stricken what light and promise the studies of the laboratory day by day may yield. The great and beneficent work which has been accomplished by Trudeau in the Adirondack woods, in at once widening the bounds of knowledge of tuberculosis and in carrying to a successful issue in so many the varied and delicate processes of cure, is a cheering example of what may be accomplished with persistent devotion, by the light of our new knowledge, in mastering a malady so long considered hopeless.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

THE best hope of American literature does not lie in the aspiration, or rather in the "strain," to be original. In the conception of many, to be original is to go outside of one's self, to try a new form, to be startling or fantastic in manner, to make the common and ordinary appear new and forcible by some trick of style or eccentricity of rhetoric. It is a vain illusion, never for very long deceiving even the undiscriminating crowd. Ultimately, all literature has to go to the Mint; the standard at the Mint is

thought, and it is the thought struck in the simplest phrase that is coined. In one sense it is true that there is but one original thing in the world, and that is yourself. There never was another like you, and there never will be. Your special quality may be of no great value; your difference from others may be so slight that its expression would have little interest or worth. But whatever it is, great or small, it is the one real contribution you can make to art or literature. This is not saying that you may not, by learning and industry, by compiling and arranging and restating and copying and describing in new combinations, entertain and benefit the world, but that the really original contribution to its literature must come out of yourself—must be, in short, that personal unique quality which marks the work of all masters, and distinguishes one master from another. This contribution may be slight—a single poem, treatise, or story—or it may be a Shakespearian overflow, but the kernel of value in it all is the expression of the individual genius.

It is true that this expression cannot be made without training, because it is in the realm of art, and not of nature. An analogy is found in the case of the singer. We hear much of a natural voice. There is no good natural voice. There are natural capacities and potentialities; there is the endowment of organs, as there is of temperament. There are abundant indications in tone and power and individual peculiarity of what the voice will be when it is developed and trained. The physiologists say that the vocal organs of a fine singer are a beautiful sight, the perfection of healthy development, and very different in appearance from the same organs before they are trained. But when the development is accomplished, and the utmost that is possible is made of the natural gifts, it is the personal quality of the voice that charms the world. In literature, as in any other art, this personal contribution is made without strain; probably not without effort and pain, but certainly in calm and moderation of manner, and without exaggeration or fantastic tricks to attract attention. If the original quality is there, however slight, it will appear without self-conscious posturing.

II.

Francis Turner Palgrave dedicates his volume of poems, "To the Immortal Memory of Free Athens," in stanzas which we do well to lay to heart in these days:

"Where are the flawless forms;
The sweet propriety of measured phrase;
The words that clothe the idea, not disguise;
Horizon pure from haze;
And calm clear vision of Hellenic eyes?

"Strength ever veiled with grace;
The mind's anatomy implied, not shown;
No gaspings for the vague; no fruitless fires;
But heard, 'neath all, the tone
Of that far world to which the soul aspires.

"That unfantastic strain,
Void of weak fever and self-conscious cry,
Truth bold and pure in her own nakedness,
What modern hand can try,
Tracing the delicate line 'twixt more and less?"

Of all writers of English, Chaucer is most free from self-conscious cry. Not the greater genius, Shakespeare himself, was free of occasional strain, of rhetorical soaring into regions dim with haze. To Chaucer was given the calm clear vision of Hellenic eyes. There is not a line of his that is not as clear as the morning crow of chanticleer when all the air is still and crystalline. So common now in verse, and even in prose, are the gaspings for the vague and the fantastic strain, so accustomed are we to the lack of the sweet propriety of measured phrase, that Chaucer seems, in the apprehension of many writers, unliterary. This misconception is as bad for literature as the Bernini notion of sculpture was for art. And it is not excused by the idea that modern life is more complex than life formerly, and that its expression must necessarily be vague and misty. Life is richer and more complex, it may be, and the opportunity of the poet and the novelist is greater than ever, but human nature is not changed, and art is bound by the old laws of sanity and moderation. Ruskin used to say that genius expresses itself without effort. It would be true to say that its expression is without apparent effort. Perhaps the special sin and weakness of American literature is that it exhibits effort, a weak fever to be original and striking. Most of what is called magazine poetry struts, as do most of our statues which are set up in public places. The English critics call this smartness, and accuse us of trying all the time to be clever. And yet—such is the inconsistency of our self-constituted monitors—they praise most that which is most eccentric in our performances, as they are

delighted with the paint streaks and the feather head-dress on a barbarian. The sin of smartness may be venial, and arise from the fear of being dull, but strain and strut are due to a weak fever to be original on insufficient capital. Doubtless men of genius sometimes waste their energy in trying to discover a new way, a new form, by which to strike the imagination or gain the attention of the world. When Walter Scott made the acquaintance of Wordsworth and Southey, who impressed him as men of very extraordinary powers, he wrote to Miss Seward—this was in 1806—"Were it not for the unfortunate idea of forming a new school of poetry, these men are calculated to give it a new impulse; but I think they sometimes lose their energy in trying to find not a better, but a different path from what has been travelled by their predecessors." However this may be, it is certain that mediocrity cannot make itself appear genius by affectation, any more than the heroic style can be attained by pomposity.

III.

The above quotation is from *The Familiar Letters of Walter Scott*, a couple of rich volumes which may be commended to young writers for many reasons. They show a wholesome, sane mind, with no exaggerated idea of its own importance. They show a very full mind, varied and curious information, and the habit of observing nature and studying character. Out of this fulness Scott wrote with ease and rapidity; but the notable thing is that he did not begin to produce for the public until he had vast stores of ripened material laid up. He was not, according to antiquarian standards, scientifically accurate always, and he often wrote carelessly, and did not sufficiently prune and revise his exuberance. But he did not begin to write from a "yearning" for notoriety before he had either resources or experience. He craved the good opinion of his contemporaries, and especially of his intimate friends, and he frankly enjoyed his fame when it came, but he was remarkably free from conceit. A striking trait of these letters is the absence of self-consciousness. He never seems to be composing a smart or epigrammatic epistle. The letters are interesting because of their naturalness, freedom from posing and strain, and because they seem to be the unstudied product of an overflowing mind. Scott was industrious—although he had to wait for the moving of the intellectual waters — but his principle was not to overcrop his field. Between the crops of the imagination he cultivated ordinary crops—he edited ballads, he wrote lives, and edited the works of others, doing literary labor that would give the creative faculties a rest and renew their spring. He did this of set purpose, that he might not attempt to draw from unfilled reservoirs. The letters have another interest in literary history. They exhibit the rich background of his work, the long-accumulating traditions, the long-matured solidity of culture of the society of which he was a part. He did not throw away tradition, he was not an isolated genius, but a part of a teeming life and civilization. We have a sense not only of an active, keen society in politics and in letters, of the vitality of the particular age in which he labored, but of the continuity of literature in the world. The atmosphere of the England of the early years of this century may be said to have been saturated with genius, and rich in accumulated associations, but it was generated in a past and it spread into a future. Those letters are entertaining to the student of the times and of its literature, but not their least value is in their enabling us to see the background of the author of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* and of "Marmion."

IV.

There are abundant signs that as the result of the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 was the stimulation of home decoration and domestic ornamentation, and a considerable revolution in the science of bread-making in this country, the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 is to have artistic rather than domestic results. The winter has been occupied in expounding the fair to those who did not see it, and in recalling it and explaining it to those who did see it. In every city and village audiences have paid to see or have been hired to see pictures of its buildings and of its exhibits, and to hear descriptions and criticisms of it. The tale is told as of a vision that sprang into sight and vanished as quickly, like an Oriental apparition, but yet always as something that came into the life of this people certain to influence permanently its ideas, its tastes, and its cultivation. There has been a sensible quickening of the art im-

pulse; societies of sculptors have been formed, and associations of artists and of people of taste, for making exhibitions and for the creation of an art solidarity. Heretofore a sculptor has been the lonesomest figure in America. In all this movement there is something of that love of novelty and excitement which is quick to seize and expend itself on occasions in the United States, but only to persevere until another novelty arises. It is therefore possible that it may be talked out in a few months, and no permanent advance be made. The diffusion of correct taste in art is a slow process, because it is a matter of individual knowledge and cultivation, and any general principle of action is only established by repeated iteration and example. This must be the excuse for again alluding to a new light which seemed to break upon our artistic world when the fair was in progress, and especially when it was in process of creation, so vividly that it appeared to be a permanent illumination.

We refer to the union of architecture, sculpture, and painting in our public and domestic buildings. Not only to their union, but their mutual subordination and co-labor to produce the best effects, by a combination as in a single conception. There was nothing new in this, except perhaps a fresh and practical recognition of it by the united artists, who showed the world at Chicago what they meant by the interdependence of the united arts. The common method is for the architect to plan with no consideration except of the lines and proportions of his building, usually with little regard to its effect in the landscape, or to its situation with respect to other edifices near, or the street in which it stands. It is mainly closet-work. If the owner desires to add to it sculpture, that is an after-consideration which must adapt itself as best it can. If the building is then to be decorated by exterior or interior color, the color artist is at his wits' end to devise a scheme in harmony with the design. The architect is commonly not the best judge of color, nor the sculptor of architectural proportions, nor the painter of the form and rules of construction that bind the two other allied arts. It needs a union of the three arts, in consultation, at the inception of any plan for a building of importance. In the increase of wealth in this country, and of dwellings or "places" which shall not only provide for private comfort but for the pleasure of the public, and be witnesses of growing good taste, it is now acknowledged that the "allied arts" should be called in. In a country place the service of the landscape-gardener is not only as important as that of the architect, but they should work together for a pleasing and harmonious effect. Color is a prime consideration of the country house, and should not be left to the uninstructed taste of one who has never made a study of the subject. In the fine city house there is still more reason for the employment of the allied arts. The monotony of our city houses in color, to say nothing of design, is only matched by eccentricity where any deviation in color is attempted. We can see without instruction how a bad house can spoil pretty grounds, and how illy treated grounds can spoil a good house. And it only needs reflection, with observation, to see how much uglier our cities are than they need to be, on account of inartistic treatment. A man who has money to spend on a really fine house will see that the painter and the sculptor and the architect can all aid him, and can best aid him by working together. This necessity of the union of the arts in a public building is more evident even than in a private house. And by this it is not meant, in case of a monumental building, merely that an architect and a sculptor and a painter shall be employed, but that they shall work together and in consultation. The prevailing color of the structure is of course one of the fundamental things to be considered, but the ornamental designs of the decorators should not appear to be after-thoughts. The artists are ready for this union of effort. It remains for the public to take hold of this idea, and show its faith in the artists.

V.

In order to have a beautiful city, a pleasant city to live in, is it necessary that it should be monstrous in size? Is the concentration of population and the centralization of authority in one vast mass any gain to civilization or to human happiness? One naturally falls into philosophizing on this matter in view of the project of a Greater New York, a city corporation to include Staten Island, Brooklyn and its suburbs, Long Island City, and portions of the towns of East-

chester and Pelham. A city of this territory, with its sure increase in population, would in a few years pass London as it is now, and become the mightiest in numbers, if not in wealth and power, in the world. The concentration of people, or rather their congestion, in limited areas, is often spoken of as a modern tendency. London is no doubt the largest city the world has ever seen. The facilities of transportation have made it possible to supply with the necessaries of life this vast mass compacted together. There has seemed to be a movement to town and village life from the country, which is more marked in the past fifty years than ever before. It is explained by the natural sociability of the human race, its desire for close intercourse, for amusement, and the dread of ennui. Life is more lively and entertaining in the city than in the country. Another motive was added to this in Europe in the Middle Ages—the necessity of protection. But this tendency to concentration has always existed with the progress of civilization. The splendor of every civilization has been illustrated by its great cities, and their growth has always been cited as a mark of progress. It was a poor country that had no big towns. Looking at the past, we find that the ancient cities were as large in proportion to the whole population as the modern cities are; and it is to be noticed also that if civilization has culminated in great cities, it has also decayed in them. The corruption of the town has preceded the downfall of the nation. How far this rule will be modified by modern inventions, by knowledge of sanitary laws, by the increased ease of gathering and distributing products, we cannot yet tell. The examples of London and Paris, becoming finer and more wholesome from century to century, cause one to hesitate in venturing an opinion. But with such an undigested mass of poverty and feebleness and suffering of human "slag" as these cities contain, the problem cannot be considered solved. Nor is the problem of governing these concentrations of humanity solved, least of all in the big cities of our own country —New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia. On the contrary, it is more perplexing the larger they grow.

Up to recent years our population, owing to their safety in the country, and owing to the growth of individualism and of the feeling of independence, and to the fact that circumstances made agriculture the prevailing industry, had been more scattered, each family dwelling upon the land it occupied, than any population in history. We have thought that there were great advantages in this kind of life, and have boasted that it conduced to the prosperity, the virtue, and the happiness of a people. But with the greater profit accruing from the pursuit of manufacturing and of trading, these conditions have changed, and there has been a movement from the country to villages and towns. Of course this movement follows some law of development, and cannot be argued down. But it has gone far enough to enable us to make some estimate of its effect upon the character of a people, and to cause us to hesitate in rejoicing at the enormous growth of our cities. We may even go further, and question whether big, overgrown cities are conducive to the stability and prosperity of a republic. It may turn out that centralization of numbers and power is not a good thing at all, since a stable republic, ruling itself by popular majorities, requires an even diffusion of intelligence, and perhaps a fair diffusion of an industrious and independent population over its area. A city of overwhelming size and power may be in the way of illustrating the highest civilization, but it may be a danger to the country. We have already seen that New York city frets under the interference of the State Legislature, but it is equally true that the State fears the influence of the city. The interests of the two are bound often to diverge. The State is proud of its splendid metropolis, but there was an hour in 1861, when its demagogues proposed to withdraw it from the Union and make it a Free City, that its concentrated mass seemed a menace.

The question of the proposed consolidation is not a sentimental one. There is bound to be an increasing accumulation of people about the great harbor and port of entry of the Northern portion of the Union. But would its consolidation under one government, and perhaps under one Boss, neither selected by popular vote nor removable by the popular will, make life better for the individuals in the limited area? Would the conditions of trade, the chances of amassing fortunes, or of living reasonably well on small earnings; would the facilities for educa-

tion, the prospects of health, and the daily pleasure of living, either an animal or an intellectual life—be any better in such a centralization? These are the questions for interested citizens to answer, and not to consider the credit of having on this continent the biggest city the sun ever shone on. There might be a certain glory in this, but would individual lives be improved? Is it possible that the advocates of extension and consolidation are jealous of the expansion of the new city on Lake Michigan?

VI.

And yet would it be unreasonable? Is it not one of the articles of the creed of our days that a man's importance is increased by the increase of the size of his town? Has not a man a sense of largeness when he "registers" himself from Chicago; and does he not expect to attract attention when he writes himself down a New-Yorker? The picture he raises in the mind of the spectator is vast, and he enjoys a reflected glory. And how wonderful, after all, is modern life in town! What a spectacle of humanity! Every day a great show; and is it strange that those are considered fortunate who have reserved seats in it?

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR record is closed on the 9th of January.—There was much suffering in all the great cities, owing to the financial depression and scarcity of work. In New York, Chicago, and Boston public measures for relief were taken, and employment was given to many men on municipal work. Cheap eating-houses were opened through private liberality, and many churches took special action for the relief of the suffering poor. The San Francisco Midwinter Fair was opened on January 1st. The relations of the United States with the Hawaiian provisional government remained unsettled. The diplomatic correspondence was laid before the Senate.

On December 9th sixty persons were injured by the explosion of a bomb thrown from the gallery of the French Chamber of Deputies by Auguste Vaillant, an anarchist. His object was the assassination of Premier Dupuy. Nobody was killed. The Chamber continued its sitting until the business of the day was finished. Nearly all the governments of Europe promptly took action looking to the suppression of anarchy.

Tax riots broke out in Sicily on December 9th, when eight persons were killed. Rioting was renewed on the 24th and 26th, and on January 2d; buildings were burned by the mobs, and many people were killed and wounded; 40,000 Italian troops were sent to Sicily.

The war of the Spaniards against the Riffians of Morocco ended in a concession by the Sultan of Morocco of an indemnity for Spanish losses through an abatement of customs duties.

On December 14th M. Frei, once Swiss Minister at Washington, was elected President of the Swiss Confederation.

The Brazilian rebellion continued during the month. On December 26th the United States cruiser *New York* sailed for Rio de Janeiro, followed by the *Miantonomoh*.

The campaign of British troops against King Lobengula of the Matabeles continued during December. The king was defeated on December 4th, and fled. His followers were pursued by the British. At the end of the month the Matabeles were ready to lay down their arms.

A commercial agreement to end the tariff war between Russia and Germany was effected by the two governments late in December.

Statistics of British trade published in December show a heavy falling off compared with 1892.

Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday on December 29th. He was enthusiastically welcomed in the British House of Commons, and received many messages of congratulation.

The Manchester Ship-Canal, connecting Manchester with the Mersey, was formally opened January 1st, in the presence of 100,000 spectators.

From January 4th to 6th the coldest weather for 100 years prevailed in parts of Europe. Inlets of the sea froze along the British coast. On the Continent many persons died from cold and exposure. There was a heavy snowfall in France, Spain, and central and eastern Europe.

DISASTERS.

December 14th.—Fire caused a loss of $1,500,000 at Buffalo.

January 8th.—The Manufactures Building, with 20,000 cases of exhibits, and the Music Hall, Peristyle, and Casino at the World's Fair, Chicago, were burned. The total loss was $1,000,000.

One thousand deaths from cholera were reported to have taken place at the island of Teneriffe during the autumn. The epidemic was subsiding at the end of the year.

OBITUARY.

December 13th.—At Raleigh, North Carolina, Theodore B. Lyman, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, aged seventy-eight years.

December 30th.—At Newton-Abbot, Devonshire, England, Sir Samuel White Baker, the African explorer, aged seventy-two years.

December 31st.—At Bridgeport, Connecticut, Nathaniel Wheeler, the inventor.

January 2d.—At New York, Orlando B. Potter, aged seventy years.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

A PULPIT ORATOR.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

OLD Reub Tyler, pastor of Mount Zion Chapel, Sugar Hollow Plantation, was a pulpit orator of no mean parts. Though his education, acquired during his fifty-ninth, sixtieth, and sixty-first summers, had not carried him beyond the First Reader class in the local district school, it had given him a pretty thorough knowledge of the sounds of simple letter combinations. This, supplemented by a quick intuition and a correct musical ear, had aided him to really remarkable powers of interpretation, and there was now, ten years later, no chapter in the entire Bible which he hesitated to read aloud, such as contained long strings of impossible names hung upon a chain of "begats" being his favorite achievements.

A common tribute paid Reub's pulpit eloquence by reverential listeners among his flock was, "Brer Tyler is got a black face, but his speech sholy is white." The truth was that in his humble way Reub was something of a philologist. A new word was to him a treasure, so much stock in trade, and the longer and more formidable the acquisition, the dearer its possession.

Reub's unusual vocabulary was largely the result of his intimate relations with his master, Judge Marshall, whose body-servant he had been for a number of years. The judge had long been dead now, and the plantation had descended to his son, the present incumbent.

Reub was entirely devoted to the family of his former owners, and almost any summer evening now he might be seen sitting on the lowest of the five steps which led to the broad front veranda of the great house where Mr. John Marshall sat smoking his meerschaum. If Marshall felt amiably disposed he would often hand the old man a light, or even his tobacco-bag, from which Reub would fill his corn-cob pipe, and the two would sit and smoke by the hour, talking of the crops, the weather, politics, religion, anything, evoking reminiscence or prognostication as the old man led the way; for these evening communings were his affairs rather than his "Marse John's." On a recent occasion, while they sat talking in this way, Marshall was congratulating him upon his unprecedented success in conducting a certain revival then in progress, when the old fellow replied:

"Yassir, de Lord done gie me a rich harves'. But you know some'h'n', Marse John? All de power o' language thoo an' by which I am enable ter seize on de sperit is come ter me thoo ole marster. I done tooken my pattern f'om him f'om de beginnin', an' des de way I done heerd him argify de cases in de cote-house, dat's de way I lay out ter state my case 'fo' de Lord.

"I nuver is preached wid power yit on'y but 'cep' when I sees de sinner standin' 'fo' de bar o' de Lord, an' de witnesses on de stan', an' de speckletators pressin' for'ard to heah, an' de jury listenin', an' *me—I'm de prosecutin' 'torney!*

"An' when I gits dat whole cote-room 'ranged 'fo' my eyes in my min', an' de pris'ner standin' in de box, I des reg'lar *lay 'im out!* You see, I knows all de cote words ter do it *wid!* I des open fire on 'im, an' prove 'im a crim'nal, a law-breaker, a vagabone, a murderer in ev'y degree dey is—fus', secon', *an'* third—a reperbate, an' a blot on de face o' de yearth, tell dey ain't a chance lef' fur 'im but ter fall on 'is knees an' plead guilty!

"An' when I got 'im down, *I got 'im whar I want 'im*, an' de work's half did. Den I shif's roun' an' ac' *pris'ner's 'torney*, an' preach grace tell I gits 'im shoutin'—des de same as ole marster use ter do—clair a man whe'r or no, guilty or no guilty, step by step, nuver stop tell he'd have de last juryman blowin' 'is nose an' snifflin'—an' he'd do it wid swellin' dicksh'nary words, too!

"Dat's de way I works it—fus' argify fur de State, den plead fur de pris'ner.

"I tell yer, Marse John," he resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "dey's one word o' ole marster's—I dun'no' huccome it slipped my min', but hit was a long glorified word, an' I often wishes hit 'd come back ter me. Ef I could ricollec' dat word, hit 'd holp me powerful in my preachin'.

"Wonder ef you wouldn't call out a few dicksh'nary words fur me, please, sir? mebbe you mought strike it."

Without a moment's reflection, Marshall, seizing at random upon the first word that presented itself, said, "How about *ratiocination?*"

The old man started as if he were shot. "Dat's hit!" he exclaimed. "Yassir, dat's hit! How in de kingdom come is you struck it de fust pop? Rasheoshinatiom! I 'clare! Dat's de ve'y word, sho's you born! Dat's what I calls a high-tone word; ain't it, now, Marse John?"

"Yes, Uncle Reub; ratiocination is a good word in its place." Marshall was much amused. "I suppose you know what it means?"

"Nemmine 'bout dat," Reub protested, grinning all over—"nemmine 'bout dat. I des gwine fetch it in when I needs a thunder-bolt! Rasheoshinatiom! Dat's a bomb-shell fur de

prosecutiom! But I can't git it off now; I'm too cool. Wait tell I'm standin' in de pulpit on tip-toes, wid de sweat a-po'in' down de spine o' my back, an' fin' myse'f *des one argimint short!* Den look out fur de locomotive!

"Won't yer," he added, after a pause—"won't yer, please, sir, spell dat word out fur me slow tell I writes it down 'fo' I forgits it?"

Reaching deep into his trousers pocket, he brought forth a folded scrap of tobacco-stained paper and a bit of lead-pencil.

Notwithstanding his fondness for the old man, there was a twinkle in Marshall's eye as he began to spell for him, letter by letter, the coveted word of power.

"R," he began, glancing over the writer's shoulder.

"R," repeated Reub, laboriously writing.

"A," continued Marshall.

"R-a," repeated Reub.

"T," said the tutor.

"R-a-t," drawled the old man, when, suddenly catching the sound of the combination, he glanced first at the letters and then with quick suspicion up into Marshall's face. The suppressed smile he detected there did its work. He felt himself betrayed.

Springing tremulously from his seat, the very embodiment of abused confidence and wrath, he exclaimed:

"Well! Hit's come ter dis, is it? One o' ole marster's chillen settin' up makin' spote o' me ter my face! I didn't spect it of yer, Marse John—I did not. It's bad enough when some o' deze heah low-down po'-white-trash town-boys hollers 'rats' at me—let alone my own white chillen what I done toted in my arms! Lemme go home an' try ter forgit dis insult ole marster's chile insulted me wid!"

It was a moment before Marshall saw where the offence lay, and then, overcome with the ludicrousness of the situation, he roared with laughter in spite of himself.

This removed him beyond the pale of for-

"R-A-T," DRAWLED THE OLD MAN.

giveness, and as Reub hobbled off, talking to himself, Marshall felt that present protest was useless. It was perhaps an hour later when, having deposited a bag of his best tobacco in his coat pocket, and tucked a dictionary under his arm, Marshall made his way to the old man's cabin, where, after many affectionate protestations and much insistence, he finally induced him to put on his glasses and spell the word from the printed page.

He was not easily convinced. However, under the force of Marshall's kindly assurances and the testimony of his own eyes, he finally melted, and as he set back the candle and removed his glasses, he remarked, in a tone of the utmost humility,

"Well—dat's what comes o' nigger educatiom! Des let a nigger git fur enough along ter spell out c-a-t cat, an' r-a-t rat, an' a few Fus' Reader varmints, an' he's ready ter conterdic' de whole dicksh'nary.

"Des gimme dat word a few times *in my ear* good, please, sir. I wouldn't dyah ter teck it in thoo my eye, 'caze don' keer how much you'd tell me, when a word sets out wid r-a-t, I gwine see a open-eyed rat settin' right at de head of it blinkin' at me ev'y time I looks at it."

SOME IRISH LOGIC.

SOME years ago there lived in one of the Irish counties bordering on the Atlantic a man named Jimmy ——, who was known to most of the neighbors round as a "half-natheral," although he was not by any means a simpleton, for he had "known enough" to get married, to manage his farm successfully, and to drive a shrewd bargain. He had, however, shown on several occasions a tendency to regard things in a fashion which, had he been rich, would have entitled him to be called eccentric. The particular episode of Jimmy's career which we now desire to chronicle came about in this way. He had a brother Patrick, who many years before had taken the "Queen's shilling," and enlisted in a regiment located in the —— barracks. Patrick since then had seen "many men and cities," but up to the time our story opens had not had an opportunity to revisit his native town, for the English government's policy toward enlisted Irishmen is largely expatriative. He had, by dint of bravery and good service in the Indian mutiny, risen to be a color-sergeant, the highest grade to which an uneducated man may aspire in the service, and when he arrived in —— he immediately wrote to his brother to come and make merry, for the lost had been found. Jimmy, who had not heard from his brother in all these years, responded with alacrity, and the day following the receipt of Patrick's letter found the brothers celebrating their reunion in the copious potations which such an event renders indispensable. Who will blame them if when the time came for Jimmy's departure homeward he was in no condition to undertake the expedition? It was decided to be unsafe to trust him to the possible attentions of the officious "peelers." But here a new obstacle arose. The regiment which the new arrivals were to replace had not yet departed, the barrack accommodations were tested to the utmost, and the only place that could be found wherein to bestow Jimmy for the night was in a tent with one of the sepoys who had come from India with the regiment, either as a reward for loyalty or in a menial capacity—which, we are unable to determine. Jimmy recognized the swarthy color of his tentmate, but he made no objection, for the color-line does not exist in Ireland, unless it be between the green and orange, and was soon wrapped in profound slumber. Some of Patrick's companions determined to play a trick on the sleeping man, and procuring some burnt cork, they plentifully bedaubed his features, expecting to have some fun with him when he woke up in the morning. He, however, had asked the sentry who was patrolling near his tent to wake him up at daybreak, which he did, and Jimmy, recognizing the unfamiliar surroundings, remembered where he was, and at the same time the thought of his wife's probable anxiety came to him with full force. He hastily arose, pulled on his coat, and with a nod to the sentry, who saw and recognized the figure, but did not notice the face, started on his homeward journey. It was a good two hours' walk to Jimmy's cabin, and long before he reached it the sun was up in the heavens. At that early hour he met no one until he reached the road leading to his house. The police barrack stood at the intersection of the two roads, and the sergeant was walking up and down, smoking his matutinal pipe. Gazing down the road, he saw a familiar figure; but looking again, he saw that Jimmy was the unconscious victim of somebody's joke. With an eye to further development, he hailed him with a "Who goes there?" Jimmy was dumfounded. He used to see the sergeant nearly every day, and to be greeted in this hostile fashion was too much for him, and he answered, "Musha, sargint, don't yeh know me?"

"Know yeh?" replied the sergeant. "Know yeh? How would I know yeh? Shure I never saw a black man around these parts before."

"Black man!" says Jimmy, wonderingly.

"Ay," says the sergeant, "black man. Come here and I'll show yeh." And going into the barracks, he brought out a hand-mirror, which he handed to Jimmy, who remained looking at himself in amazement for fully a minute, when suddenly the light of comprehension broke over his face, and he exclaimed,

"*Be the blazes, sargint, they woke the wrong man!*"

J. J. M.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

"WHEN I was practising law in the town of B——, Arizona," said the Colonel, settling down in his pet arm-chair at the club and lighting his cigar, "I encountered one of the most original coroner's juries I ever saw, and I've seen all kinds. This one was composed of a half-dozen of the toughest residents in the town—regular comic-paper cowboys they were, which is the extreme limit of the cowboy development. How they ever came to be summoned for the duties laid out for them in this particular case I never knew. The ways of the Western coroner in empanelling his juries are inscrutable. Suffice it to say that when a certain wanderer unknown was found deceased on the public square, these worthies were summoned to view the remains and formulate some possible theory as to the immediate causes of dissolution.

"'Who in Petersburg is he, anyhow?' the coroner asked, when the jury had formally opened its session. He didn't say Petersburg, but Petersburg will suffice here, since I cannot bring myself to name the actual locality mentioned by the coroner in a gathering such as this.

"'How the Berlin do I know?' retorted one of the jury. 'I never saw his finely chiselled mug before.'"

"Excuse me, Colonel," interrupted one of the listeners, "but did he use the expression 'finely chiselled'?"

"He did not," replied the Colonel. "But the words he did use I forbear to repeat.

"But to continue," said the Colonel. "'Don't know who he is?' cried the coroner. 'Well, we can't do a single modulated thing till we find out. Are you a lot of asphyxiated idiots to try to find out how the deceased came to die without learning what his euphonious name was?'

"'I know who he is,' said a second juryman, making a closer inspection of the deceased man's features. 'It's Bill Robinson. I know him well. I'd know him anywhere. That's him.'

"'Bully for you!' observed the coroner. 'That much is settled. The corpse is Bill Robinson. Now, how the Hong-Kong did he die?'

"'Ain't there any witnesses?' queried a third juryman.

"'Not a parsimonious witness,' returned the coroner.

"'You're a Glasgow of a coroner, *you* are!' sneered the third juryman. 'Why don't you attend to your business, and see that there are witnesses? We can't say how he died if there wasn't nobody present to see him die.'

"'You can render a verdict stating that fact,' retorted the coroner, 'beautify your translucent orbs!'

"And that," said the Colonel, "was what they proceeded to do. They framed their verdict to the intent that the deceased Bill Robinson died in manner unknown, and apparently at the hands of parties unknown, since the back of his neck bore unmistakable evidences of having come in contact with a sand-bag. This verdict, however, was not rendered, since the juryman who had identified the body as that of Bill Robinson, on looking out of the window, discovered no less a person than Bill Robinson himself, wiping his mouth in a manner which indicated that he had not entered the saloon he was just leaving for the purpose of borrowing a toothpick.

"'*Pe*KIN!' he ejaculated. 'There's Bill now—alive!'

"'What!' roared the coroner.

"'True as can be,' said the identifier, cheerfully. 'Bill's alive!'

"'Then,' said the coroner, glaring wrathfully at the remains, 'that settles him. That corpse is Bill Robinson. Bill Robinson isn't dead, wherefore the corpse is living, and is guilty of playing a mean practical joke on us. The verdict of this jury, gentlemen, is that the corpse has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman in trying to appear dead when he isn't. We'll have him committed to jail for ten days for contempt, and if he says a word we'll give him a little taste of Judge Lynch's law.'

"In which all coincided. Whether the corpse said a word or not I do not know, but when next morning came he was dead as a door-nail, and to this day no one knows what he died of."

A PLEASING MOMENT.

SQUIRE B—— is the "first citizen" of the New England town in which he lives, and is respected by all classes for his sterling qualities and abstemious habits.

He has much of the courtliness of the old school, coupled with great personal dignity, yet tempered with so keen a sense of humor that he can appreciate a joke even though it be at his own expense. He relates the following episode with relish:

Not long since his business called him to New York, which is as much his home as is his native place. He hailed a Fifth Avenue stage, and entering it, found it nearly filled.

Sprawling across the aisle sat a man in that stage of intoxication which renders one careless of appearances. Squire B—— attempted to step over his legs, but just then the stage gave a lurch, and he stumbled over them.

To the great amusement of every one in the stage, the man sat erect, and with maudlin severity said, "Man 'n your c'ndish'n oughter take er cab."

C. B. L.

A DREAM-POEM.

LAST night as I lay sleeping,
I dreamed I wrote a rhyme
That critics called the finest
Little poem of the time.

And when I waked this morning,
As the day dawned clear and bright,
The verse seemed to be so obscure—
Those critics may be right.

A REVELATION.

HE. "At last we are alone, and I have an opportunity to speak. I have been seeking this moment for days and days, for I have something to say to you."

SHE. "Go on, Mr. Harkins."

HE. "I will. Miss Jones, you perhaps have not noticed that at times I have been constrained, uneasy, even awkward, in your presence, that I have had something on my mind that I felt I must say to you."

SHE (*softly*). "Yes."

HE. "That constraint, that awkwardness, Miss Jones, was due to—due to—"

SHE. "Go on, Mr. Harkins."

HE. "—was due to the fact that I feared you were not aware that I am engaged to your mother."

THE ARISTOCRATS: THEIR BALLAD.

'Tis true we're all devoted to a life that's democratic,
Opposed to all partaking of a bad, despotic sway;
In theory we do not tolerate the aristocratic,
Nor could we ever bring ourselves at monarchy to play.
We could not be the subjects of a potentate a day;
We think that every babe is born an equal, and is free;
And yet we can't but notice, though it fills you with dismay,
That while we're just as good as you, you're not as good as we.

Our noses are tip-tilted in a manner most erratic;
Perhaps we've something stiff'ning in our composition's clay.
Our eyes are ever darting scorn; the scorn is most emphatic,
As if we were the monarchs of all things our eyes survey.
'Tis curious we do it, too, and why I cannot say,
But certainly it never takes but half an eye to see
The thought our scornful glance is meant in general to convey—
That while we're just as good as you, you're not as good as we.

Of course to know we are the best is knowledge most ecstatic,
And to forget the happy fact we never would essay;
Perhaps there's not an heirloom stored away up in the attic,
But there is not a banker who'd our checks refuse to pay.
And here we think's the reason for our high and haughty way:
Our god is glorious Mammon; 'tis from him's our family tree;
And we doubt not it is Mammon who forbids you to denay
That while we're just as good as you, you're not as good as we.

ENVOI.

Plebs, do not strive to equal us; your plans will go astray;
We've got the Lord of Wealth with us, and he, you must agree,
Would never let the common herd against his plan inveigh,
That while we're just as good as you, you're not as good as we.

NOT A FISH-STORY.

"SPEAKING about forgetfulness," said Mr. Gasser, as he mechanically drew a letter from his pocket that his wife had given him to mail a week before, "I presume that I am the most forgetful man that you ever saw. I can't help thinking, Gilback, of the time I went blue-fishing last year on the Jersey coast."

"This isn't a fish-story, is it?" mildly observed Gilback.

"Oh no, not at all," replied Gasser; "although, come to think of it, we did catch a big fish, an almighty big fish; but that's not to the point. You see, it was agreed that if we had any luck we were to dine on the boat, and it being only a cat-boat, with no cook, I was given charge of the cooking outfit. Well, sir, you may not believe it—you may think it incredible—but I came away and forgot one of the most important things. Now what do you suppose I forgot?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Gilback.

"Well, sir," went on Gasser, "I actually forgot the dinner plates. Of course if we hadn't been so lucky we wouldn't have needed them."

"Certainly not," chimed in Gilback. "But you did catch a fish, you say?"

"A fish!" exclaimed Gasser. "Well, rather. It was the biggest fish you ever heard of. Yes, sir, I dressed him, cooked him, and served him with my own hands. That, however, is not what I intended to dwell on. I merely wanted to show you how forgetful a man can sometimes be. The idea of my not thinking of those plates!"

"But how in the world did you serve that fish," asked Gilback, "if you didn't have any plates to serve it on?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said Gasser, a gleam of intense satisfaction coming into his eyes. "I used the scales off that fish's back."

TOM MASSON.

THE RESULT OF A TRIAL.

IT was in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, near the head-waters of the Big Sandy River. We had been riding hard all day, but had pushed several miles further on in order to sup and spend the night at old man G——'s. Mrs. G—— and her only daughter were good cooks, as cooking goes in the Southern mountains, very highly esteemed for their corn bread. On this occasion the corn meal must have given out, for we were regaled, in its place, with a honey-colored substance that looked like a sponge soaked in mucilage. We were informed that this was rye bread. Miss G——, seeing that we refused the dainty, said, apologetically:

"Waal, I don't guess you-all won't like that thar rye bread. It's right sticky. Mammy, she ate some for dinner, and it pulled her northern teeth plumb out."

W. H. WETMORE.

ASTRONOMY.

LITTLE 'Rastus was entirely too fond of asking questions, so his father said, and in order to shift the burdens which he found too great for his uneducated shoulders to bear, old 'Rastus sent the boy to school, where the following colloquy is said to have taken place:

Little 'Rastus. "W'y am de sun brighter'n de moon, 'Fessah?"

Prof. Johnson. "We dun'no' fo' shuah dat he am, honey. Yer see, de moon's got de night ter light up, an' de sun has ony got de day. Dat's er powerful sight er diff'runce, I tells yer. Mebbe, if de sun done tackle de big job de moon's got on his hands, he couldn't do ez well."

THE IDEAL REALIZED.

"So—this is your ideal woman?"
"It was."
"Then you have changed?"
"Yes. I *met* her."

SALARY NO OBJECT.

A BOY of not over-bright intellect, and with indefinite ideas as to the rights of property, when applying for a situation was asked by his would-be employer what remuneration he was accustomed to receive. "Oh, as for wages," he said, with a pleasant smile, "I doesn't expect much wages, 'cause, you know, I *finds things!*"

A FUTURE CITIZEN.

JUST before Arbor day last year a public-school teacher told the children in her charge that she would allow them to vote for a State tree, and that each child should have one vote. Being a woman and not a politician, her surprise was great when, the next morning, a bright-eyed Italian lad asked how much money each child would receive for his vote.

THE EXCEPTION.

AN old lady of Massachusetts was famed in her native township for health and thrift. To an acquaintance who was once congratulating her upon the former, she said:

"We *be* pretty well for old folks, Josiah and me. Josiah hasn't had an ailing-time for fifty years, 'cept last winter. And *I* 'ain't never suffered but one day in my life, and that was when I took some of the medicine Josiah had left over, so's how it shouldn't be wasted."

ILLOGICAL.

A WELL-KNOWN *littérateur* not long ago delivered a lecture before a Buffalo club, and in the course of his talk he had occasion to quote Shakespeare's lines about "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," etc. At the conclusion of his address he was approached by a Scotchman, who expressed his pleasure at the talk, but took occasion to say that his approbation of Shakespeare was only limited.

"There's that bit you said about the uneasy head and the crown. I dinna like it. It's muckle foolish. Now our Robbie Burns would na ha' writ such stuff."

The lecturer was a trifle surprised, but inquired politely why the Scot thought as he did.

"Oh," said the Scotchman, "there's na a mon in Scotland, king or anybody else, sae foolish as to go to bed wi' a crown on. Any mon o' sense wud hang it over a chair before turning in!"

WALTER C. NICHOLS.

FROM THE ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD.

SQUIRE W——, of a certain town in northern New York, many years ago was celebrated locally for his cellar of wine (and something stronger). But the temperance movers came his way, and one day a neighbor hailed him in Main Street with:

"Squire, what do you thunk I heern? I heern them dumbed cold-water folks hez grabbed you in, and you've jined!"

The ruddy-faced squire drew rein with a heavy sigh. "Yes," said he. "My woman and me's signed the pledge. We haven't got a drop in the house now, except a little we kept for sickness. And to tell the truth, *we haven't neither of us seen a well day since!*"

NOT EXPENSIVE, ANYHOW.

DOCTOR S—— was passing a small grocery shop on L—— Street when he saw some ripe peaches, and stepped in to buy a few. The proprietor and clerk (one and the same person) answered him in a very preoccupied manner, for he was looking at some books when his customer entered.

"I've been buying some books," he suddenly announced.

"Have you?" said the doctor.

"Yes; I've bought all of Duemasses," replied the grocer.

"Dumas, you mean," said the doctor.

"Well, any way 'll do. Did you ever read any of them? Are they good?"

"Yes. Some are a little heavy, though."

"Heavy?" retorted the grocer. "I don't know about that," he added, placing the complete writings of Dumas on the grocery scales and weighing them. "They tip the scales at twenty-two pounds. At any rate, I don't think I paid very high for them. They only cost me twelve dollars. That is less than fifty cents a pound!"

THE MORAL OF THE TALE.

IN a little Southern town, where the least happening was of vital importance and lengthy conversation, a worthless citizen entered a store during the proprietor's absence, and abstracted his entire cash capital, done up in two canvas shot-pouches. The robbery was soon detected, and the robber found. He made a full confession, delivered up the money, something over a hundred dollars, and was dragged to the county jail, several miles away.

The incident, however, furnished conversation for the entire community, and the daring robbery was discussed on all sides. The news came to a country house, and was retailed at length to the family in the presence of a small Ethiop, who acted as sub-butler and chore-boy. After the capture and imprisonment of the offender had been related, the mistress, wishing to point the moral to the miniature darky, remarked:

"Well, that is what comes of stealing. Isn't it terrible, Jennings?"

"'Deed, mam, Miss Page," answered the black youth laboring under the name of Jennings—"'deed it *am* ter'ble. Dat po' man didn't have no chance 'tall ter spend dat money."

F. S. M.

IMAGINARY PICTURE CONJURED UP BY JONES OF HIS HIRED MAN AND FURNACE WHEN HIS WINTER'S COAL BILL ARRIVES.

LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

HORACE CHASE[1] is a Northern man who goes to Asheville in the early spring of 1873 in search of health and of wealth. His desire is to give to the worn-out old town of the South proper railway facilities, renewed life, and something of the Yankee enterprise and prosperity which he himself represents, and at the same time to improve his own physical and financial condition. Some of his new acquaintances, who do not want to be advanced, regard him as the pioneer of spoliation; but to him, if Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's romance is founded on fact, does the flourishing North Carolina city owe much of its present geographical and sanitary reputation.

Horace Chase is not a society man nor a summer-novel hero; but his is an attractive personality, notwithstanding the fact that he habitually says "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," and despite his pronunciation of calliope as if it rhymed with Hally Hope or Sally Soap. He is honest, genuine, and generous, and a valuable contribution to the census of the population of American fiction. Nevertheless, he will not be popular with the young ladies who read a story for the story, and even the serious readers of fiction who delight in introspective tales will wonder how he did all his creator makes him do, how he endured all he has to endure, without flinching or without breaking down. Such a husband is rare in real life; he is not often met with in romance; and let us hope, for the sake of husbands the world over, that his wife is as uncommon as he is. They are both possible, no doubt; at least Miss Woolson makes them appear so; and Chase himself, with his marvellous moral strength and forbearance, excites our admiration and our respect, even while we hesitate to accept him as a fact.

The story is well told. It contains no perceptible element of what is called sensationalism, and happily it contains no dialect. The men and women who surround Chase and his wife are not stuffed with sawdust, nor are they built, as is too often the case in "sectional novels," of any distinctively ante-bellum, either-side-of-Mason-and-Dixon's-line materials. They are made of actual flesh and blood, no matter in what part of the country they are found; while Peter and Piper, the horses, and Peter Trone, Esquire, the dog who barked his little heart out at the gate among the scattered rice after the wedding, are as real and as lifelike as are their human friends.

"Horace Chase" may not be one of the most cheerful and most pleasant pieces of work which have come from Miss Woolson's pen, but it is certainly one of the strongest and most elaborate.

MISS WOOLSON and Mr. David Christie Murray look at things from an entirely different point of view. Horace Chase is an American and a man of business, pure and simple; a man of business of the present day, and nothing more. John Fyffe, whom Mr. Murray depicts as being more than once *In Direst Peril*,[2] is a British soldier of fortune of forty or fifty years ago. Both these heroes are excellent and straightforward and lovable men, but their ways of thought and action are as entirely divergent as ways can be.

"In Direst Peril" is a tale of wild and exciting adventure. It is told in the first person by Captain Fyffe, the man of action, who pretends to no literary style, who confesses that his rough phrases have been polished by his wife, and who prefaces his narrative by the bold statement that he robbed the lady he was to marry of forty thousand pounds, breaking into her house at midnight, and threatening the life of her guardian in order to do it. How an honorable man can commit such a theft, and yet leave no stain upon his honor, how he wins a wife by the act, and how his wife is so proud of him for his burglary that she forces him to tell the story, the story itself must tell.

Love is a great treasure, says Captain Fyffe. Truth and loyalty are among man's greatest possessions. But the truest solace to the human soul is perfect trust. This love which Horace Chase missed, the truth and loyalty which were not vouchsafed to Horace Chase, the perfect trust with which Horace Chase was never to solace his unfortunate soul, all came, and deservedly so, to Captain Fyffe. He fell in love with his wife at first sight, in a romantic and an old-fashioned way; and he thanks Heaven for it, because he feels that there is nothing which can so help a man in his struggles against what is base and unworthy in himself as his love for a good woman. All this goes to emphasize the difference between his point of view and that of Miss Woolson's hero.

The most serious blot in the present novel is Mr. Alpheas P. Quorn, the traditional Yankee so common in British novels before the days when British novelists could secure Yankee copyright. He says, "I presoom you have heard the noos, sir." He prefaces all his remarks by "Wal"; he affirms that his "folks

[1] *Horace Chase.* A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *In Direst Peril.* A Novel. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

are considerably damn smart"; and he expectorates constantly and offensively in the fireplace of an English drawing-room while ladies are present. Mr. Murray found him on the British stage of forty or fifty years ago, and he should have left him there. He is Mr. Murray's idea of what Horace Chase would have been if Miss Woolson had made her possible American merchant out of impossible British mud. And he, also, emphasizes the fact that Miss Woolson and Mr. Murray look at, and see, men as well as things in very different lights.

The Captain of the Janizaries[3] is a soldier of fortune whom many of us have met before. He is of the school of Captain John Fyffe rather than that of Mr. Horace Chase, but he figured some five centuries before either of them was born, and the school in which he was brought forth was rougher than either of them ever dreamed of. The physical training of the young Janizaries, as Dr. Ludlow describes it at great length, and no doubt accurately, consisted in such daily exercises as would develop strength and tirelessness of muscle, steadiness of nerve, keenness and accuracy of eye, as well as grace of mien. They were also taught by expert workmen all the arts of daily need; to make as well as to use the bow; to trim and to balance the arrow; to forge, to temper, and to sharpen the sword; to shoe the horse; to make and to mend their own clothing and the entire trappings of their steeds; to build and manage their keelless caïques; to bind rafts into pontoons for crossing the streams; to reap and grind the grain; and to cook the food. Such an education might have helped Captain Fyffe out of some of his Perils, but it would hardly have been of assistance to Mr. Chase in his land speculations or his mercantile enterprises. Nevertheless, the story which Dr. Ludlow tells so vividly and so well cannot fail to interest those who follow Miss Woolson's introspective New-Englander and Mr. Murray's downright, upright, prosaic Scot to the close of their careers.

Although the Captain of the Janizaries is introduced in the form of romance, he is founded upon hard facts. Dr. Ludlow has drawn all the details of his interesting narrative from historical records; from the chronicles of the contemporary scribes; from the later Byzantine annals; from the existing customs of the Albanian people, comparatively unchanged in all these years; and from his own observations during his modern Eastern journeyings. Until this work, originally printed a few years ago, called public attention to Scanderbeg that ancient hero was half forgotten, if he was known at all. But he was a very prominent figure in his day, and he played a leading part in the history of a once important people. He won great military renown; he was distinguished by superlative devotion to his country; and he resisted the bribes of riches, power, and splendor. Longfellow sang of him as the swarthy hero, gauntlet on hand and boot on leg, and skilled in every warlike art, riding through his Albanian lands, and following the auspicious star that shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar; and he seems to have deserved all the pains Dr. Ludlow has taken to rehabilitate and to reconstruct him. Although he is the central figure, he is not the all-pervading figure in the book. There is old-fashioned love-making in plenty between the covers; truth and loyalty are conspicuous elements; and perfect trust, that truest solace to the human heart, meets in the end with a just reward.

THERE is something very sad and very pathetic in the words which are uttered by Sir J. William Dawson in the Preface to *Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth.*[4] We feel as we read them that we are saluted for the last time by one who is about to die in a noble and magnificent cause. "The present work," he says, "contains much that is new, and much in correction and amplification of that which is old; and it is intended as a closing deliverance on some of the more important questions of geology, on the part of a veteran worker, conversant in his younger days with those giants of the last generation, who, in the heroic age of geological science, piled up the mountain on which it is now the privilege of their successors to stand."

The younger days of Dr. Dawson were passed, alas! a good many years ago, but it is to be hoped that he may be spared for many days yet to stand upon the mountain which he himself helped to erect. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1820; he was educated at the University of Edinburgh; with Sir Charles Lyell, in 1842, and again in 1852, he studied the natural history and the geology of his native province; in 1855 he became the principal of McGill University in Montreal; in 1882 he received the Lyell Medal of the Geographical Society of Great Britain for eminent discoveries; he was knighted in 1884; and in 1885 he presided at the annual meeting of the British Association at Birmingham. His contributions to the scientific literature of the English language have been many and of great importance. In the estimation of the scientific world he stands upon the Mountain of Science side by side with Jameson, Sedgwick, Phillips, Asa Gray, Murchison, Lyell, and the other giants, many of whom were his seniors, but all of whom were his contemporaries, and to whom he dedicates the different chapters of his present work. His "Modern Science in Bible Lands," "The Story of the Earth and Man," and "The Origin of the World," briefly noticed from time to time in these columns, at-

[3] *The Captain of the Janizaries.* By JAMES M. LUDLOW. New Edition. Post 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*In Harper's Quarterly.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth.* By Sir J. WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

test his scholarship and his knowledge of his subject. He places himself in opposition to the theories of the evolutionists; he lays down as an established starting-point in the history of the earth the Hebraic theory of the creation of our first parents; he believes, as has already been said of him in these pages, that the Science of the Earth, as illustrated by geological research, is one of the noblest outgrowths of our modern intellectual life; but he demands that it be delivered from what he terms that materialistic infidelity which, by robbing nature of the spiritual element and of its presiding divinity, makes science dry, barren, and repulsive, diminishes its educational value, and even renders it less efficient for practical research. He retains always, he says, his faith in those unseen realities of which the history of the earth itself is but one of the shadows projected on the field of time; he tries to present his many-sided subject in the light in which it appears to the geologist whose studies have led him to compare the two great continental areas which are the classic ground of the science; and he feels, above all things, that the unbelieving geologist, like the undevout astronomer, is mad.

Even those scientists who are not altogether in harmony with Dr. Dawson in this regard are forced to respect his genius, his liberality, and his sincerity, and to acknowledge the force and the strength of his arguments. And even a lay-reader who pretends to no knowledge of geology whatever is forced to confess that he has read his work, if not with understanding, still with an interest he rarely feels in subjects of its kind.

PROFESSOR DODGE'S *Introduction to Elementary Practical Biology*[5] is a proper companion to Dr. Dawson's "Science of the Earth," for Biology is the science of the life and of the living things which exist on the earth and in the waters under the earth. Nothing but what Professor Dodge has to say about his own science, and about his own theories concerning it, can be set down here by one who professes the most profound ignorance concerning the science himself; and much of that which here follows is based, of necessity, upon the Introduction to Professor Dodge's work.

The doctrine of Agassiz, "Study nature, not books," is the text of the sermon Professor Dodge preaches. He quotes Huxley as saying that real knowledge in science means a personal acquaintance with the facts, be they few or many; and on this hint he speaks. His book is written as a laboratory guide for high-schools and for college students, for the purpose of developing the power of independent observation, and of showing that the source of knowledge is the specimen rather than the book which describes the specimen. The work consists, as the author says, essentially of questions on the gross and minute structure, and on the physiology of a series of common animals and plants which are typical of their kind—questions which can be answered only by actual examination of the specimen or by performance of the experiment. It contains directions for the collection of specimens, for their preservation, for preparing them for examination, and for performing simple physiological experiments. That the material of which the guide is composed has been gradually accumulated during an experience of only seven years of teaching would prove that Professor Dodge is much the junior of Dr. Dawson, and that what he utters here is the first word, not the last note, of a Biological swan. But his seven years seem to have been well spent, and it is eminently proper that students at large should benefit by what has helped those who have listened directly to his teaching in the class-rooms and the fields. The author does not mean to urge the doing away with books altogether, but he shows that there is to be seen in nature a great deal more than any book describes; and he gives in one of his appendices a long list of the literature which the student may consult with advantage after having finished the study of each particular object.

That much pleasure and instruction are to be derived from the study of living organisms is unquestioned; and it is equally true that this pleasure and instruction are lost to those who do not know what to observe or how to observe it. If Professor Dodge can succeed in this book in doing away with the belief that the study of natural history means the memorizing of a long list of unfamiliar Latin names and terms, and the collecting of nasty things in nets and bottles, and if he can succeed in cultivating a taste for the study of Nature from Nature herself, he will have accomplished a worthy object.

THIS same lay reader knows even less about Music than about Biology, or about the Science of the Earth. He cannot to this day, at the end of some five-and-thirty years, look without a sigh at a very old-fashioned piano, now transformed into a sideboard and highly cherished by his wife. He remembers how dismally he struggled to keep involuntary variations out of "The Carnival of Venice"—his first piece with both hands; and he almost weeps as he thinks how the yellow ivory keys were kept in a constantly muddy condition by the big tears which splashed upon not very clean little fingers, groping in the mist for bass notes that were usually accidentals. He made a practice of trying to do as his mother wished him to do, although not always willingly; but when she asked him to take thirty minutes out of his play-hours, every day, in order to practise upon the piano, he rebelled

[5] *Introduction to Elementary Practical Biology.* A Laboratory Guide for High-School and College Students. By CHARLES WRIGHT DODGE, M.S., Professor of Biology, Rochester University. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 80. New York: Harper and Brothers.

against her authority, for the first and only time in his life; and so he gave up Music. He looks now upon a great deal of what is called Music as unnecessary noise, and he believes that the indiscriminate teaching of and practising upon the much-abused piano has done more to retard the progress of civilization in these United States than have machine politics, the cellar-heater, the Sunday newspapers, or inflammable curtains on dinner-table candles.

It is with a feeling, therefore, of hesitancy that he ventures to call the reader's attention to a neat and compact little volume entitled *Everybody's Guide to Music*,[6] by Mr. Josiah Booth. It contains, as its sub-title explains, Illustrated Chapters on Singing and the Cultivation of the Voice, on Full and Explicit Helps to the Piano and Organ, and a Complete Dictionary of Musical Terms. Its author hopes that it will serve to introduce Everybody to the theory if not to the practice of the Musical Art, that it will prove a trustworthy and an accessible guide to the development and cultivation of musical talent; and that to those who have neither ear nor voice it will present the theory of music in an intelligible shape. It is uniform with "Everybody's Pocket Cyclopædia," "Everybody's Writing-desk Book," and "Everybody's Book of Correct Conduct," and even a man possessed of neither a voice nor an ear can see with half an eye that it is likely to fulfil its promises and to accomplish its designs.

We are told by Thomas Twining in his *Notes and Reminiscences of Travel in America 100 Years Ago*[7] that the Blue Mountains are supposed to have been once the boundaries of an immense lake, until the Susquehanna, the Potomac, and other rivers burst through them. This is the only geological statement contained in the little volume, and there is no reference to Biology or to Music at all. Nevertheless, Mr. Twining makes many interesting and even startling remarks, some of which are too valuable to be lost. He tells us that a hundred years ago Broadway extended two miles; that Newark, New Jersey, was one of the prettiest and neatest towns he had ever seen; that Saint Tammany was the patron saint of America; that President Washington lived on the left side of High Street, Philadelphia, next door to a hair-dresser; that Vice-President Adams was in his manner somewhat cold and reserved, as the citizens of Massachusetts, his native State, are said generally to be; and that the Virginian gentlemen a hundred years ago had contracted the playful habit of gouging out each other's eyes.

[6] *Everybody's Guide to Music.* With Illustrated Chapters on Singing and the Cultivation of the Voice; Full and Explicit Helps to the Piano and Organ; Complete Dictionary of Musical Terms. By Josiah Booth. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Travels in America 100 Years Ago.* Being Notes and Reminiscences. By Thomas Twining. Illustrated. 32mo. Cloth, Ornamental, 50 cents. (*Harper's Black and White Series.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

This Thomas Twining was born in England in 1776. At the age of sixteen he went to India, and in 1795, the state of his health rendering a voyage to Europe necessary, he returned to his native land by way of America, where he remained a few months. He helped to lay the foundation of the great East Indian Empire, he was interested with the reform of an extensive department of the public administration there. To quote his own words, he had been appointed judge of a great district before he was thirty; he held the charge of a country containing more than ten thousand towns and villages, and more than two millions of people; he had been received by the Great Mogul on his throne in the Old World, and by General Washington in the New. He retired to private life early in the present century, and he lived until 1861. Whether he ever came to America again is not recorded; but what he did observe of Washington, and of his neighbor the hair-dresser, a hundred years ago, and the impression made upon him by the young republic, are very entertaining reading now. He was intelligent and unprejudiced, he was endowed with well-bred and indefatigable curiosity, and, with the exception of his belief in the Virginian method of blinding one's enemies, he seems to have kept his own eyes wide open while he was here, and to have seen things as they really existed. His picture of the Father of Our Country is one of the best contemporary sketches that have come down to us, and is worth more than all the portraits of Trumbull, Sharpless, and Peale put together. While engaged in conversation with Mrs. Washington in the drawing-room in the Philadelphia house, the door opened, "and Mrs. Washington and myself rising, she said, 'The President!' and introduced me to him. Never did I feel more interested than when I saw the tall, upright, venerable figure of this great man advancing towards me to take me by the hand. There was a seriousness in his manner which seemed to contribute to the impressive dignity of his person, without diminishing the confidence and ease which the benevolence of his countenance and the kindness of his address inspired.....The General's age was rather more than sixty-four. In person he was tall, well-proportioned, and upright. His hair was powdered and tied behind. Although his deportment was that of a general, the expression of his features had rather the calm dignity of a legislator than the severity of a soldier. He was born in Virginia, and was now contemplating his final retirement to Mount Vernon, his favorite residence, situated in that State, a few miles below Alexandria. Shortly after the period of my introduction he expressed his intentions in a feeling address."

The story of the memorable interview is told in full. But even in this slight extract the whole scene is made visible, and one can almost hear Mrs. Washington announce "The President!"