

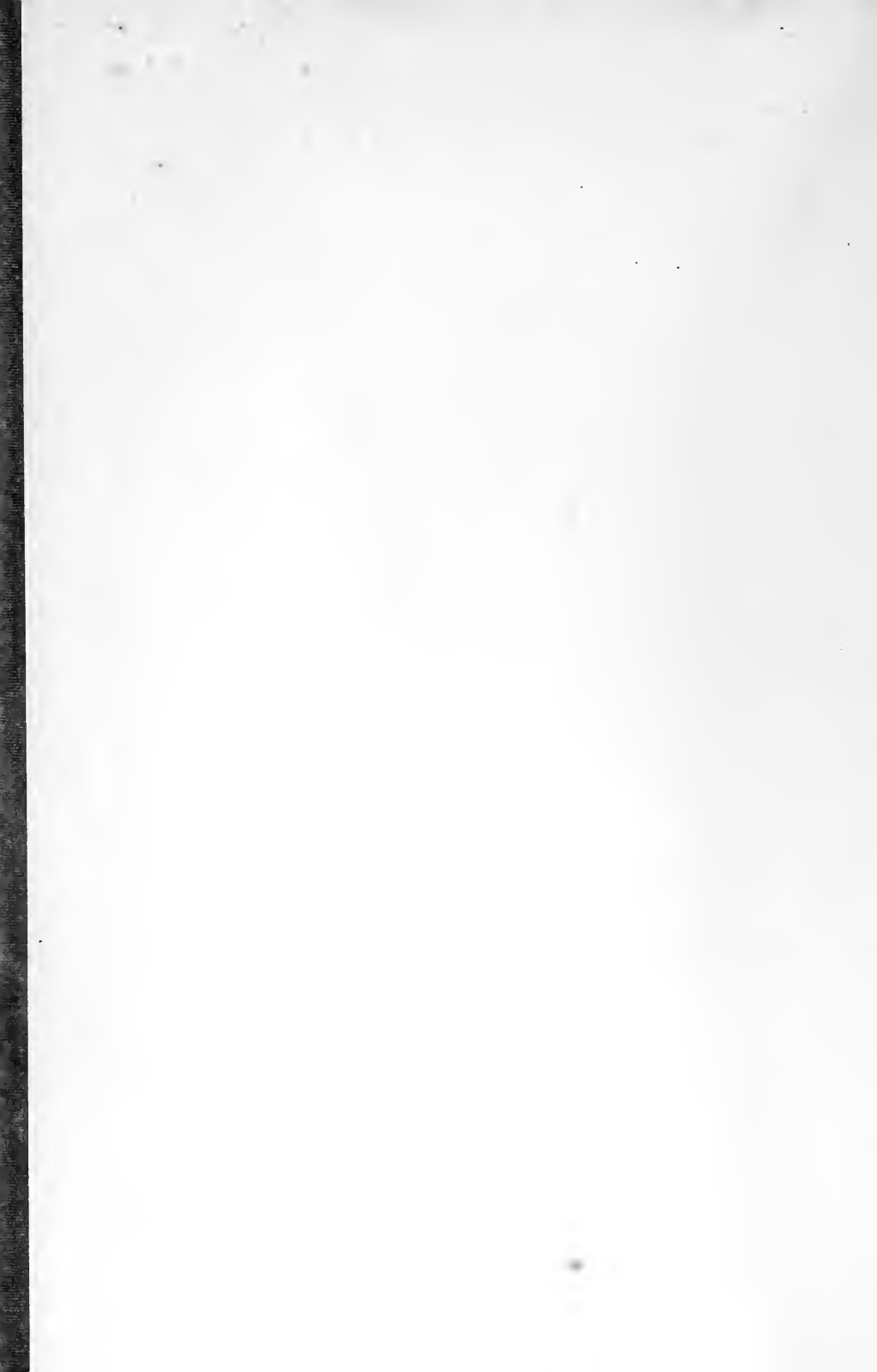


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AUTHORS DIGEST

THE WORLD'S GREAT STORIES IN BRIEF, PREPARED
BY A STAFF OF LITERARY EXPERTS, WITH
THE ASSISTANCE OF MANY
LIVING NOVELISTS

ROSSITER JOHNSON, P.H.D., LL.D.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



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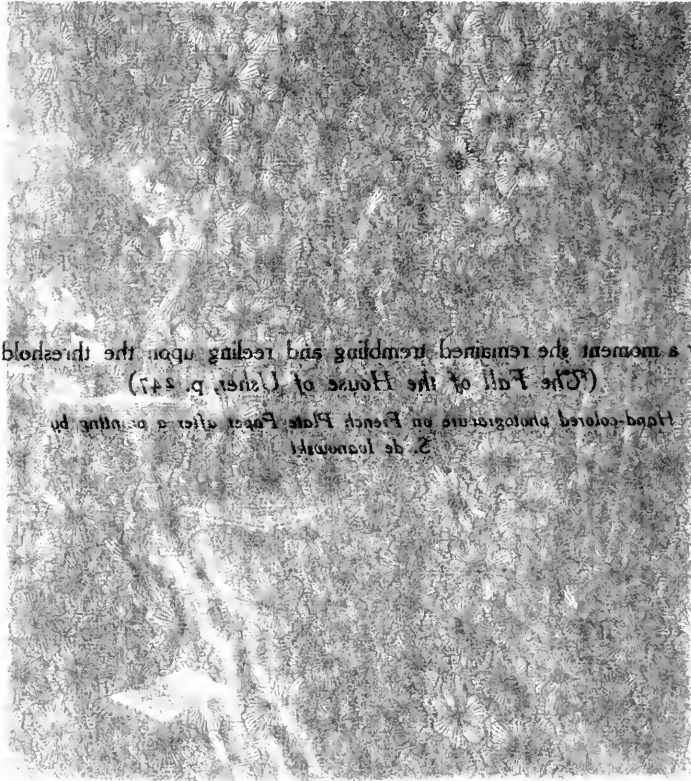


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For a moment she remained trembling and reeling upon the threshold
(*The Fall of the House of Usher*, p. 247)

*Hand-colored photogravure on French Plate Paper after a painting by
S. de Ivanowski*



For a moment she remained trembling and reclining upon the threshold
(The Fall of the House of Usher, p. 247)
Hand-colored photograph on French Plate Paper after a drawing by
J. de la Roche

AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME XIII

DINAH MARIA MULLOCK
TO
CHARLES READE

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For a moment she remained trembling and reeling upon the threshold. (*The Fall of the House of Usher*, p. 247)

Frontispiece

Photogravure after a painting by S. de Ivanowski.

Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe PAGE
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Photogravure from a daguerreotype, without doubt the most lifelike known portrait of the unhappy genius.

“I scraped a hollow in the sandy plain and laid my heart’s idol in it.” (*Manon Lescaut*) 288

From an etching by Maurice Leloir.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK

(MRS. GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK)

(England, 1826-1887)

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN (1857)

This story, which by most readers is considered Mrs. Craik's masterpiece, and certainly is her most popular book, was immediately successful and was translated into French, German, Russian, Italian and Greek. With the profits of it she built her handsome home.



He was only a boy of fourteen, a vagabond, when Abel Fletcher, the wealthy Quaker tanner of Norton Bury, encountered him on the street and hired him for a penny to see his son Phineas safe home—poor little, sickly, crippled Phineas, orphaned of his mother and with no sisters, or brothers, or, indeed, any other children to play with.

John Halifax might have been, for his looks, three years older than fourteen. The hard school of poverty, want, labor—the constant habit and necessity of self-reliance—had made him in bearing a man.

To lonely, sickly Phineas this great, strong, self-reliant boy seemed so exactly what he would like to be himself and was not, and John was so tender in helping him along, that the acquaintance thus begun grew into a sudden, strong friendship.

John remembered his father as a sad, stately man, fond of reading—"a gentleman and a scholar" he had once heard him called. After his father's death he and his mother had been cruelly poor, and since her death the boy had wandered about the country, helping on the farms—working when he could, starving when he must.

John was taken into the employ of Abel Fletcher at the tan-

yard, and after a while the boys were at times allowed to be together. One day John, who could read, but not write, took out a little Greek Testament from his pocket and said to Phineas, "I wish you would write something for me." On the fly-leaf was written:

"Guy Halifax, his book.

"Guy Halifax, gentleman, married Muriel Joyce, spinster, May 17, in the year of our Lord 1779.

"John Halifax, their son, born June 18, 1780."

There was one more entry in a feeble, illiterate, female hand—"Guy Halifax died January 4, 1791."

"Write," said John, "Muriel Halifax died January 1, 1794."

That was all John ever knew of his pedigree—all he ever cared to know. His father had been Guy Halifax, gentleman, and he would be John Halifax, gentleman.

On that first day, as John stopped to stare at the fine front of the Mayor's house, with its fourteen windows, in one of which clustered the tow heads of happy children, a little girl came running to the door with a loaf of bread in one hand and a knife in the other.

"Here, poor boy, you look hungry," said the little girl, cutting off a slice of bread.

A nurse girl rushed out and seized her, exclaiming: "You must not, Miss Ursula, you must not," and dragged her into the house, but not until Ursula had thrown the piece of bread to John.

John ate it meditatively. He could hardly remember having tasted wheaten bread before.

John Halifax, gentleman, hated the tan-yard with its smells and its unclean work, but he labored there faithfully, and when he read *Pilgrim's Progress* he called the strong desire to give up his task and fly away to try the world again his Apollyon and fought it down. So John increased in years and strength and in his master's favor until, at last, he came practically to manage the business for the rapidly failing Abel Fletcher; and all the time he was educating himself with the help of Phineas until the latter confessed that his pupil had surpassed him.

Phineas gave John his first writing lesson on a hill overlooking the flooded Avon, using a stick as a pen and a stretch

of sand as a copy-book. In that one lesson John learned to write his own name; but before the lesson was completed the boys saw a boat with two men in it in danger of being swamped by the dreaded "eyger"—a sudden rush of tidal water swinging up the stream.

John got the boat to the shore and rescued the men. One was Mr. Brithwood, the young Squire of Mythe House, and the other his cousin, a Mr. March.

Brithwood was supercilious and brutal and threw John a crown. John threw it back to him indignantly. Mr. March gazed keenly at the lad and said:

"My name is March—Henry March. You have done me great service. If I can ever be of any service to you in return—"

"Thank you, sir," replied John, with a bow, and the two gentlemen passed on.

When John and Phineas were young men, spending their summer at Rose Cottage, on the breezy uplands of Enderley, John rode down every day to supervise not only the tan-yard, but the flour-mill which Abel Fletcher had added to his business in Norton Bury.

Half of Rose Cottage was occupied by the young men, and the other half by an invalid named March and his daughter.

John's latent romance began to awaken, and when Miss March walked on the downs he walked there also—but at a respectful distance. He learned that her name was Ursula, and with a thrill he remembered the little girl who had thrown him the slice of bread.

Gradually the young men came to know their fair neighbor; and then John began to walk with her in the beechwood near by and discoursed to her learnedly on the different sorts of trees, on sunsets and sunrises, and the breezes of the uplands.

They made a pleasant picture, these two, when they came in from their walk—she with her hooded cloak dropping off, showing her graceful shape rather above the medium height, and her dark-brown hair, which was gathered up in a mass of curls at the top of her head as the fashion then was, her dark eyes sparkling and her whole coloring being of that soft darkness of tone which gives an impression of something at once

warm and tender, and John in the flush of his strength and youth.

When old Mr. March died the orphan girl relied on John in everything, even though a great coach and four, with Lady Caroline Brithwood's own maid in the rumble and Lady Caroline's own black-eyed Neapolitan page, came to Rose Cottage with a letter offering to Ursula the assistance of her cousins at Mythe House. The dead man had been that same Mr. March whose life John had saved.

When her father had been laid in Enderley churchyard and her first grief was over, Miss March asked of John:

"Do you know Norton Bury, Mr. Halifax?"

"I live there."

"Indeed! Then you must know my cousins, the Brithwoods. Mr. Brithwood is, I believe, my guardian. This was to have been changed—I wish it had been. But tell me candidly, for I know nothing of her, what sort of person is Lady Caroline?"

John hesitated. Gossip was rife with stories of the continual drunkenness of Squire Brithwood and the escapades of his wife.

"I believe," said he at last, "that she is very charitable to the poor, very pleasant and very kind-hearted; but, if I may venture to hint as much, not the sort of person to whom Miss March would like to be indebted for anything except courtesy."

"I shall be indebted to no one," replied Miss March. "If she were a good woman Lady Caroline would be a great comfort and a useful adviser to one who is hardly eighteen and, I believe, an heiress."

John's face fell. He had believed, had hoped, that Ursula was poor.

"And so you live in Norton Bury," continued Ursula. "How well I remember the chimes there. They used to keep me awake nights when I was a little girl on a visit to the place and had cut my wrist with a bread knife in a struggle with my nurse. I fear I was a self-willed child. They would not let me give a piece of bread and butter to a poor, half-starved boy. I have often thought of him since when I have looked at this mark. He did look so manly and so hungry."

"Let me look at the mark, please," said John; and taking

her hand gently, he softly pushed back the sleeve, discovering a deep, discolored seam just above the wrist. As he gazed at it his features quivered, and then, without a word, he left the room. But he sought Miss March next day and apologized for his abruptness. She was going away to her cousins, the Brithwoods, and she expressed her hope that she should see John and Phineas—Phineas came in as a second thought—at Mythe House.

“It is right, Miss March,” said John, “that I should tell you who and what I am. You will pardon me for not telling you sooner what I was only too willing to forget, that we are not equals—that is, society would not regard us as such. You are a gentlewoman and I am a tradesman.”

The news was evidently a shock to her; but John continued with the story of his life, including the incident of the little girl and the bread.

“Oh, was that you?” exclaimed Ursula. She looked at him as he concluded his story with a mingled expression of joy, pride and astonishment—and then her eyes fell and she gave him her hand. John took it and held it firmly, pressing his lips to the scar with a kiss such as only a lover can give. The next moment he was gone.

When John returned to Abel Fletcher’s house in Norton Bury, where he lived altogether now, he was taken with a fever and hung between life and death.

In his delirium he called constantly for Ursula. But one morning Phineas found him calmer and better. He said he had had a vision in the night. Ursula had come to him and told him to live for her sake. Phineas could bear it no longer. He went to Dr. Jessop’s house, where Ursula, after a brief stay with her relatives, had gone to make her home, because the doctor had married a former governess of Ursula’s. Phineas told her the story and Ursula came to John in reality, and told him, as she had in the vision, that he should live for her sake.

When he had fully recovered old Abel took John into partnership and sent him to London, where the young man, through good Dr. Jessop, was introduced to many great people, and even talked with Mr. Pitt upon the state of the country and the discontent of the working-classes.

When he returned he was something of a hero, and Lady Caroline declared she really must meet him. They did meet at Dr. Jessop's house, and Mr. Brithwood was there also.

John and Ursula were much together now, and soon it was all settled between them. He agreed to forgive her for being rich if she would forgive him for being poor. Besides, he was not so very poor now, and he bought a house in town which he fitted up, mostly with his own hands, for his bride.

"This news electrified me," said Lady Caroline to Ursula. "Are you really going to marry the tanner? It is just like King Cophetua and the beggar maid—only reversed."

Squire Brithwood said to John: "Tell Ursula March she may marry you or any other vagabond she pleases; but her fortune is in my hands, and she shall not touch a penny of it as long as I can keep it from her."

In the late autumn John and Ursula were married and went to live in their new home. Some time after their marriage, as John was walking along High street, a magnificent carriage drew up to the curb and a lady's hand beckoned to him. It was Lady Caroline.

"Ah, delighted to see you, *mon beau cousin*," she said, and, turning to a woman at her side, "Emma, this is he."

John caught the name and recognized the beautiful face; it was only too public.

"I am coming to see you," rattled on Lady Caroline. "Your dear wife, how I adore her! May I come? We will go, will we not, Emma?"

"Lady Caroline," said John, "do not mistake me; do not suppose that we are ungrateful for your former kindness. We shall meet occasionally, and will, I hope, be always friends. But our paths lie as wide apart as the poles. Our society would not suit you, and that my wife should ever enter yours"—with a glance at Lady Hamilton—"is impossible."

"Oh, you will change your mind!" said Lady Caroline. "*Au revoir, mon beau cousin*," and she drove away in her splendor and with her secret woes, with Lord Nelson's mistress by her side.

Before long Abel Fletcher died, and when his affairs were settled it was found that the tan-yard had not been paying for

a long time. It was necessary to give it up and go on with the mills.

In spite of Ursula's urging, John had refused to go to law to wrest from Brithwood his wife's fortune, and now was sadly worried over his financial affairs. He believed that if he could get a lease of certain cloth-mills near Enderley he could make his fortune—but that would take money.

As he sat brooding, with a gulf of poverty on one side of him and visions of wealth on the other, came to him Lord Luxmore, graceful, bland, high-bred and immoral. Lord Luxmore brought his son and was charmed, of course, to see again his estimable connections.

"Pardon me," said the Earl. "My son, Lord Ravenel. He has just completed his education—at the college of St. Omer, was it not, William?"

"At the Catholic College of St. Omer," replied the boy.

"Tut!" cried the Earl. "What does it matter? Mr. Halifax, do not imagine we are a Catholic family. I hope the next Earl of Luxmore will be able to take the oaths, whether or no we get emancipation."

It soon developed that it was to the matter thus introduced that John owed the honor of this visit from his wife's noble relative. The question of Catholic emancipation was to come up in the next Parliament, and the Earl was in favor of it. He knew that John thought the same way, for by this time Mr. Halifax had become a man much listened to by the people.

"Of course," said his lordship, offering his snuff-box, "a wise man esteems all faiths alike worthless."

"I hold that every man's faith is so sacred that no other man has a right to interfere with it," said John.

"Exactly, exactly," responded the Earl, who, knowing how John stood with the people, was desirous to have him returned from the pocket borough of Kingswell. Of the fifteen "free and independent burgesses" who returned a member of Parliament from Kingswell, twelve were tenants of Lord Luxmore and three of Phineas—and Phineas, of course, was John for such purposes.

But John declared that under no circumstances would he stand for Kingswell—or any other rotten borough. He then

broached the subject of the cloth-mills, of which Lord Luxmore was owner; and his lordship, thinking, "here is a way to win this fellow," offered him the lease.

"Alas," said John, "your lordship's kindness is unavailing. I have not the money."

"I should have imagined that your wife's fortune——" began the Earl. Then Ursula broke out and told him all about it.

"Shocking," said the Earl. "I must really expostulate with Brithwood."

And he did so, and a few days afterward Ursula's fortune was turned over to her, and John took a lease of the cloth-mills.

While his father was striving to weave his net around John, Lord Ravenel had been in the little garden watching the children at play—for by this time three child voices were heard about the house—Muriel's and two boys, Guy and Edwin. Poor Muriel had been born blind, but was better loved, perhaps, on that account, than the others, though all were very dear to Ursula and John.

Young Lord Ravenel seemed much attracted toward the blind girl; and afterward, when John had bought a little country place called Longfield, which he did at once upon receiving his wife's fortune, the gentle boy was much with the Halifax family, and he and Muriel played duets together in the dusk on the organ in the old parish church.

Then came the election for Kingswell, and as John had again positively refused to be a candidate, Mr. Brithwood nominated Mr. Gerald Vermilye, and Lord Luxmore seconded the nomination. One workingman burst into a loud laugh at this. The relations between Lady Caroline and Gerald Vermilye were a public scandal.

Then a candidate was nominated against the Luxmore candidate and was elected. John did it.

"Mr. Halifax, your servant," said Luxmore, taking a pinch of snuff.

"My lord," said John, "those workmen of mine, your tenants—I am aware what results usually follow when a tenant in arrears votes against his landlord. If your agent would be so kind as to apply to me for the rent."

"My agent will use his own discretion," said the Earl.

"Then," said John, "I must rely upon your sense of honor."

"Honor!" exclaimed his lordship. "We speak of honor among equals. But upon one thing Mr. Halifax may confidently rely—my excellent memory."

Lord Luxmore did evict his tenants; but John placed them in other homes.

The cloth-mills prospered, and John bought Beechwood, a stately country seat near Rose Cottage, and set up finally as the country gentleman, in spite of the fact that he still was a manufacturer.

Another child, Walter, came to bless the household; and then when John felt fully sure his greatness was a-ripening, Lord Luxmore's excellent memory asserted itself. The stream that turned the great wheels at the cloth-mills began to run dry. Lord Luxmore was diverting the water to supply some fountains at Luxmore Hall.

Some wanted John to go to law about it. Some advised giving up the struggle. But John simply put in one of those new-fangled affairs, a steam-engine. This worked well, and John waxed richer than before, while Lord Luxmore went abroad to enjoy his senile pleasures at the court of Charles X.

Lord Ravenel lived on at deserted Luxmore Hall and spent most of his time at Beechwood. When poor, blind Muriel died, the child having never been strong, the young man was among the mourners who saw her laid in the little country churchyard.

Lord Ravenel came into their lives again one day when John, by a timely deposit of cash, stopped the run that was being made on the local bank at Norton Bury. Looking out of the window of the bank, John saw on the verge of the crowd a gentleman waiting in a curricule. His face, that of a man about thirty, was delicate and thin, with an expression at once cynical and melancholy. It was William Ravenel; but vastly changed from the gentle youth who used to like Muriel to call him "Brother Anselmo."

Ravenel had come to the bank to see after a bounty of his of which the bank was the custodian and the distributor among some poor Catholic families. John asked him to ride back with him to Enderley.

"Enderley," said he. "Yes. How strange the dear old

word sounds." After inquiring after the rest of the family Lord Ravenel said: "And your daughter, baby Maud, is she grown to be at all like—like—" "No," said John, and it was some minutes before either spoke again.

Ravenel went to live again at Luxmore Hall and was almost daily at Beechwood. He sought always the companionship of Maud.

Now a great shock made Beechwood tremble. John and Ursula discovered that their eldest son Guy, now twenty-one years old, was in love with the governess. It took some time for Ursula to comprehend the amazing fact, and when she did she was for reproving Guy and turning the governess, Miss Silver, out of the house at once. But John talked it over with her, and one day Mrs. Halifax called Miss Silver into the library and, with a frigid condescension, announced that she and Mr. Halifax had concluded to let her marry their eldest son.

To Ursula's astonishment, the girl informed Mrs. Halifax that she had no intention of marrying Mr. Guy. Relief and indignation at Miss Silver's lack of appreciation of the honor struggled for mastery in Ursula's mind. But when that young lady informed her that it was Edwin she loved, that Edwin loved her, the perplexed mother was overwhelmed and flew to John. After much perplexity they settled it. Edwin was to have the governess and set up housekeeping in the Norton Bury house where John and Ursula had begun.

Hardly was Edwin's wedding over when Lord Ravenel proposed for the hand of Maud.

"I thought we were to be left in peace with the rest of our children!" said Ursula; "and Maud is only a child."

"Oh, I will wait two years if you wish it," replied Ravenel. But John answered: "If I gave my little Maud to you, it would confer no lasting happiness and it would thrust my child to the brink of that whirlpool where, sooner or later, every miserable life must go down. Do you realize what you were born to be? Not only a nobleman, but a gentleman; not only a gentleman but a man. Would to Heaven that by any poor word of mine I could make you realize all that you are—all that you might be!"

"It is too late," said Ravenel sadly.

“In the whole wide world—in the whole universe—there is no such word as ‘too late,’” said John.

Lord Ravenel sat silent for a while, gazing into vacancy, and then, saying, “You are right. I owe you more than kindness, as I may prove some day. If not, believe the best of me you can,” he took his departure. Not many weeks after they heard of the death of the Earl of Luxmore in France, and that his son, before the old man’s death, had voluntarily broken the entail of the estate, all of which would be swept away to satisfy the late Earl’s creditors.

Guy was in America now—a prosperous merchant in Boston, he wrote them. He had got into debt in Paris and had had a drunken row with Gerald Vermilye, nearly killing that Lothario and having to flee across the ocean. After a few years had passed Guy wrote that he was coming home and with him would bring his business partner. They were to sail on the ship *Stars and Stripes*. But that vessel never reached port.

As the months changed Ursula’s dread into a certainty she drooped and faded—ill in body and mind with grief for her eldest and best beloved son. Then one day a man stood in the doorway, tall, brown, bearded.

“Why, Maud!” he cried. “Don’t you know me? I am Guy!”

The joy of that return revived Ursula for a while, but her hold on life was still precarious.

The partner whom Guy brought back with him from America turned out to be Lord Ravenel, now the Earl of Luxmore, known in America as Mr. William Ravenel. William had become all that John had desired he should be—a man and a gentleman; and Maud, who had waited for him all these years, now became Countess of Luxmore.

One day, soon after the marriage, they found John sitting alone in the library, dead. The blow shook loose the frail hold that Ursula had on life, and when they buried John in Enderley churchyard they laid his wife beside him.

A BRAVE LADY (1870)

Miss Mulock married, in 1865, George Lillie Craik, of the publishing firm of Macmillan, and they removed in 1869 to Shortlands, near Bromley, in Kent, and there she composed, or at least completed, *A Brave Lady*. The novel was issued serially in *Harper's Magazine*, beginning with the number for May, 1869, and ending with that for April, 1870. The time covered by the progress of the tale is somewhat more than fifty years, and the period is the earlier half of the nineteenth century.



HEN Winifred Weston was entering her sixteenth year she entertained an adoring affection for a woman of seventy, Lady de Bougainville, of Brierly Hall. Winifred was the motherless daughter of the curate of Brierly who had recently taken the curacy, and from the very first the Westons heard much talk about the widowed and childless woman of vast wealth who lived alone at the Hall and was never seen in public, save in church. Her stately individuality immediately fascinated the lonely daughter of the curate, and from Sunday to Sunday Winifred lived on in the expectation of seeing her idol. She did not expect to be noticed by Lady de Bougainville, but an attack of measles kept Winifred from church one Sunday, and the lady, missing the girl, inquired for her. Learning of Winifred's illness she sent daily inquiries, accompanied by jellies and other dainties to tempt an appetite, and when the illness had lasted five weeks she sent to the curate asking that he would allow his daughter to spend a week at the Hall, in the hope that change of air would be of benefit. The clergyman consented, the carriage was sent, and Winifred became the first guest at the Hall for twenty years.

Brierly Hall was a stately residence two centuries old, very attractive to a romantic girl, and its mistress, upon personal acquaintance, became still more an object of adoration. The week's visit lengthened into a prolonged stay, in the course of

which Winifred incidentally learned from time to time bits of her hostess's history. The memorial tablets to the lady's six children and to her husband, Sir Edward, the girl had already seen in the church, and at the Hall she saw pictures of the children, and a portrait of the husband, showing a weak, good-looking face, entirely lacking in intellectuality, and in marked contrast to the clear-cut features and brilliant eyes of his wife, who alluded to him at rare intervals as "Sir Edward," never as "my husband."

When the visit was over Winifred fell into the habit of going nearly every day to the Hall, till hints reached her father that some persons thought his daughter was going there too often, and that it would be said that she had designs upon the wealthy old woman, who had no heirs. Whereupon, when the next invitation came, the poor, proud-spirited curate forbade its acceptance. This command brought bitter words, and Winifred, disobeying her father, rushed off to the Hall, where after some little time she told of the prohibition in a passion of tears. The fact that the chief happiness of the lonely girl's life came from association with a lonely old woman did not at first occur to Lady Bougainville, who gently scolded her for making so much out of little.

"Silly, am I? I know that. I am nothing to you, while you are everything to me."

Then she spoke sadly: "Winny, I had no idea that you cared for me so much: I thought no one would care for me again in this world."

She was touched. Even through the frost of age, and of those many desolate years, she felt the warmth of that young love.

The next day Mr. Weston received a letter from Lady de Bougainville, requesting that he would allow his daughter to be amanuensis and reader at the Hall for two hours every morning, offering, instead of salary, lessons from the best masters, at the Hall, in the afternoons. This arrangement would make all easy during the curate's frequent absences from home all day, and she added: "You may trust me to take care of your child. I was a mother once."

More than half a century before the Westons had come

to Brierly the Reverend Edward Scanlan became curate of Ditchley Saint Mary's, a small West-of-England town where the rector, Mr. Oldham, who held a family living and was the last of his race, left all his parish responsibilities to his curate. He had fallen heir to all the vast family fortune, but never resided at Oldham Court, preferring to let it and live in more modest fashion at the rectory. He was a little, spare man, past seventy, and a great contrast to his young Irish curate, who had been "a popular preacher" in his own country. Young Scanlan took the parish by storm with his energetic delivery, his Irish accent, and his blue-black eyes. He preached *ex-tempore*—then a startling novelty—and never paused for a word—ideas nobody asked for. For weeks nobody in Ditchley talked of anything but the new curate, who, while voluble concerning himself, said little about his people. Every girl in the town would have been in love with him but for that uncomfortable impediment, his wife, now at his mother's in Dublin, but who joined him at Ditchley after the birth of their second child.

She burst upon Ditchley like a revelation, this beautiful, well-bred young woman who seemed fully the equal of every lady that called upon her. She settled his status permanently, and with her dignified candor explained, in due season, what her husband had hitherto concealed, that he was the son of a once wealthy Dublin brewer who had failed in business and, dying soon afterward, left his widow with only her own small income, while the son had to support himself as he could. Mrs. Scanlan had been Josephine de Bougainville, the daughter of the Vicomte de Bougainville, a French *émigré* living in Dublin on a slender income, when at sixteen she married the brewer's son. Her economical training had fitted her to bear the loss of fortune occasioned by the elder Scanlan's failure, but her husband had not, naturally, the slightest sense of the individual or relative value of either sovereigns or shillings. This peculiarity had mattered little once, when he was a rich young fellow; now, when it did matter it was difficult to conquer. Neither felt at first the full force of changed fortunes, and a half year went by at Ditchley before they realized that they were actually poor. When his running account at the bank was

nearly exhausted the curate was angrily astonished and thought his wife had been spending money very fast, forgetting that he had told her to "leave everything to him—just ask him for what she wanted, and he would always give it to her; a man should always be left to manage his own affairs." But one evening he came home out of temper, saying that their account was overdrawn by more than two pounds, and that it was all her fault. The phrase "overdrawn" was new to her, but she quickly comprehended the state of the case, and that they would have no more money till the Curate's next half year's salary was paid. His ill-temper soon vanished, and he said that it didn't really signify. They could live upon credit, and as to the amount owing to the bank, the bank people would trust him as a gentleman.

"But doesn't a gentleman always pay? My father thought so. Whatever comforts we went without, if the landlord came up for our rent it was ready on the spot. My father used to say, '*Noblesse oblige.*'"

Mrs. Scanlan had still three sovereigns in her purse, which she gave him to pay to the bank, and she tried to keep from perceiving that he had acted like a child and been vexed like a child when his carelessness came to light. To her faithful servant, Bridget, she explained that they would have to be doubly economical hereafter, as she and Mr. Scanlan had ascertained that they were spending far more than they ought. Henceforward, too, he was away from home much of the time. His parish was wide, and his invitations to dinner frequent, and as his wife could rarely accompany him he went alone. As time passed on she dressed more and more plainly, from necessity; and as her household duties left her too tired to pay afternoon visits she saw very few callers, the rector being the only one whose visits never ceased, and the rectory the only house where she and the children went. Mr. Scanlan urged her to take up parish duties, as charity looked well in a clergyman and his wife, and giving to the poor was lending to the Lord.

Josephine by this time had begun to wonder how much meaning there was in the religious phraseology current among the evangelical sect to which her husband belonged. To her it was as mere words.

At the end of ten years in Ditchley there were six children in the Scanlan household—César, Adrienne, Louis, Gabrielle, Martin, and Catherine—all, save Adrienne, handsome and graceful and clearly of the De Bougainville stock. Adrienne was the only plain one of the family, but by way of compensation was the sweetest natured.

About this time the curate conceived a sudden friendship for a wandering English artist, Mr. Summerhayes, who painted the portraits of both husband and wife. The two heads were very characteristic, the one full of a lovely gravity, in the other that careless *insouciance* which may be charming in itself, but which has the result of creating in others its very opposite. There was no need to do more than look at the two portraits in order to detect at once the secret of their married life; that the man shirked and shrunk from the burden, which the woman had to take up and bear.

Josephine, who had been a mere girl at the time of her marriage, had developed into a noble womanhood, while her husband had remained an average young man, clever in his way, but weak and with his higher impulses as little permanent as his lower ones. He was not unkind to her, but he was content to let her make all the necessary family sacrifices, and he was too much in love with himself to take much pleasure in his children's company. As César and the others grew up they were keen enough to perceive their father's weak points, and, since his love of approbation was so strong that even a child's disapproval annoyed him, he resorted to the usual remedy for an unquiet conscience; he ran away, figuratively speaking. He avoided unpleasant subjects. "Do you manage it, my dear; you manage so beautifully."

At last difficulties so increased that the yearly income could not possibly defray the annual expenses, and she laid before him a statement of the sums they owed, and the amount in hand to pay them, a large deficit being at once apparent. Mr. Scanlan was inclined to consider this her fault, since she managed everything and spent everything, and was very angry when in reply she produced a second paper on which, in separate columns, were noted "House expenses" and "Papa's expenses," the amounts being nearly equal. When his brief anger had

passed he declared that all their troubles came from their being so poor. In Ditchley he was not half appreciated, and they *must* remove to London. But he said "must" with hesitation, knowing how opposed his wife was to a project put into his head by Summerhayes, who had persuaded the curate that his great talents for preaching were wasted in the provinces. She replied firmly she would not consent to this for herself or the children, seeing clearly how purely it was based on chance, whereupon he gave way and with some difficulty persuaded her to apply to Mr. Oldham for an increase of salary.

"You would do it best, my dear; women are cleverer at these things than men, and you are such an extraordinarily clever woman."

And because Edward Scanlan was a moral coward, recoiling from all that was unpleasant or painful, his wife undertook this task in his stead. The rector received her with great kindness, and after she had explained her errand he informed her that her husband had already several times broached the matter, and only a week before had received a direct refusal. Mrs. Scanlan's indignation came uppermost for the moment.

"A direct refusal! And he never told me! He allowed me to come and ask you again!"

She arose to go, but the rector asked her to remain and discuss the matter quietly. Mr. Scanlan, he said, had declared that if his salary were not augmented he should leave at once, to reside in London. Was it Mrs. Scanlan's wish to leave Ditchley? It was not, Josephine replied, and after a little talk it transpired that the Scanlan family could not live upon the income derived from the rector, and they had no other means, while at that moment they owed fifteen pounds, an amount alarming to her whose father would have gone hungry rather than be in debt. Mr. Oldham then informed her that he had at one time known and much admired the Vicomte's sister, and had once met her father himself. (Later, Josephine learned that the rector had once been in love with her aunt.) Luncheon was now served, at which the rector observed that he preferred to keep to his own plain ways and leave extravagance to those who should come after him, the first allusion he had ever been known to make concerning his heirs. Presently he remarked

that he wished to speak of some private affairs of his own, because he knew that she could keep a secret, adding that it might need to be kept for some years, and not even imparted to her husband. As she demurred, he repeated that the secret must not be told to Mr. Scanlan, but that it was of vital importance that *she* should know it. As she still hesitated, he said:

“I like you and your husband, and wish him to remain my curate. Therefore tell me how much income you think needful for your comfort. State your sum, and we will arrange it. And now may I tell you my secret?”

Realizing that her husband was the last man in the world to be trusted with a secret, she consented, and then learned that Mr. Oldham had made his will the day before and left her sole heiress of all his vast fortune.

Although stunned for the moment at the news, she knew that for the present no external change had occurred in her lot. She recognized the rector's wisdom in exacting the promise and desiring the daily life of the Scanlans to go on as before. The rector had distinctly said “My heiress,” not meaning her husband, and she knew in her heart that this was wise. She had no hesitation in accepting the heirship, since the rector had no near kindred and was free to leave his money where he chose. As she returned with her check from the rector, she collected all her household bills in the town, intending to pay them on the morrow. Her husband's delight in her success in getting his salary raised was dashed by her determination to pay their debts first of all; but her clear, righteous gaze presently made him ashamed, and he owned she had done a good day's work. Between the rector and Mrs. Scanlan the subject never was revived, at his own request. For the time being her load of care was taken away and she tried to regard her weak, easy-going husband in the fairest light; but after a while he began to desire her to ask Mr. Oldham to send César to school at his own expense, and then he, the curate, could afford to visit London as Mr. Summerhayes had often urged him to do. And as Josephine set herself sternly against this, she again felt that the rector had been right; she was the only safe keeper of his secret.

The curate, however, visited London on the proceeds of a portion of his wife's long-hoarded jewels and renewed his acquaintance with the artist, who became his evil genius. But Mr. Scanlan found his level in London and perceived after a little that the inducements offered by Summerhayes had been based on nothing, and that his talents as a preacher were unappreciated. He returned to Ditchley, therefore, somewhat crestfallen. His wife treated him tenderly, but she could not help feeling glad at this result. Her conscience never was deluded by her affections, and she never would have aided her husband in anything where she knew the attainment would be to his own injury. He brought her presents, bought with money borrowed from Summerhayes, which with other expenses made the London journey a costly experience. She presently came to see that if the family were to be maintained in comfort during the years before her fortune should come to her, she must work, as well as her husband. In those days there was a general prejudice, which she shared, against earning money for themselves by women, but she still resolved to do it. Her husband, however, proved mildly obstinate when it was proposed.

"Just leave me to earn the money, and you stay quietly at home and enjoy yourself, like other wives," he insisted.

In time she found an opportunity to do fine embroidery for a shop in Ditchley, and although he was somewhat vexed when he discovered the circumstance, he soon got over it.

"A very lady-like employment. And are you certain that nobody has the slightest idea of your earning money?"

"Quite certain."

"Well, then, do as you like. You are the cleverest woman I ever knew, and the most fitted to be my wife."

At the birth of her last child, which died almost immediately, Mrs. Scanlan was unconscious and "wandering" for many days, and just prior to this period Summerhayes, becoming insolvent and flying from his creditors, sought refuge with the Scanlans. Determined that no swindler should enter her house, the wife withstood all her husband's entreaties, and subsequently, when the artist once more appeared, the watchful Bridget, taking the law into her own hands, on account of her mistress's illness, shut the door in his face. Thus it chanced

that Mr. Summerhayes was caught and consigned to the jail he deserved. Bridget rejoiced in her act; but Adrienne, a girl of fourteen, who had unconsciously made this handsome young artist her hero, wept at the event. The curate was furious at what Bridget had done, and tried by underhand means to get rid of the faithful servant. They all failed, however; she would not go, and no other servant would have been content with Bridget's small wages and scanty fare. The gardener at the rectory, aided and encouraged by Mr. Scanlan, offered himself in marriage; but Bridget, by this time an inveterate man-hater, declined.

In the course of time Mrs. Scanlan discovered that her husband had signed in behalf of Summerhayes a note for two hundred pounds, and when this became due he urged her to apply once more to the rector, which she refused. Resolving to sell a set of pearls, her husband's wedding present, she went to Mr. Oldham to get the address of a person who might purchase; but she arrived at the rectory only to find that its master had been stricken with paralysis, the result, as she learned later, of an interview with her husband. It became necessary to explain her strait to the rector's lawyer, who arranged the matter; and when certain rumors came about that the curate had embarrassed himself to aid a friend (through his own garrulousness) his popularity revived and he contemplated building a parish school, for which purpose a sum was collected and placed in the bank in his name as treasurer. This he drew out at intervals for his own purposes, trusting that something would turn up. When his wife told him that this was embezzlement, and that he might be sent to prison for the act, he wept at her knees. Afterward he avoided her as much as possible, and when he had planned and carried out a grand opening of the new school, she learned that the school accounts were soon to be audited by Mr. Langhome, the lawyer. She now urged her husband to borrow the sum, giving as security a life-insurance policy; but he was persuaded that Langhome would, if managed well, arrange matters so that nobody would find out. In her desperation she had secretly planned at last to leave him, taking the children with her to France, when the family physician told her that the curate had a mortal disease which any

excitement might augment, and she reconsidered her determination. In the midst of her dire perplexities the rector died suddenly. The curate returned from the funeral with the physician, in much mental excitement, and was very angry when he drew from his wife the information that she had known Mr. Oldham's intentions for seven years and never had told him.

The rector had so tied up the fortune in the hands of two trustees—Dr. Waters and Mr. Langhome—that Mr. Scanlan could receive only his annual income, the principal to be secured to his wife and children, and he had desired the Scanlans to live at Oldham Court. Not long after the removal Mr. Scanlan was knighted; and as Scanlan did not seem to him a distinguished name, he took his wife's and became the Reverend Sir Edward de Bougainville. But the happiness of the household at Oldham Court came to an end when it was rumored that its master had falsified the accounts of the Ditchley school and used for his own profits sums intrusted to him. At first Lady de Bougainville resolved to remain at Oldham Court and live the rumor down; but at last she concluded to leave, and they spent a year in Paris, where Mr. Summerhayes now appeared, desirous of marrying Adrienne, her father favoring the match. Determined that this unprincipled man should not have his way, Josephine saw the artist herself and at the close of the interview informed him that her daughter was entirely dependent upon her, and thereafter his attentions ceased.

But after this Adrienne, who never had been strong, grew daily weaker. Brierly Hall was now bought, and Sir Edward busied himself over its restoration and enlargement for two years. He then shut himself up from society almost entirely; but the family were popular and celebrated the completion of the Hall by a grand entertainment. In the midst of the ball Sir Edward appeared in his dressing-gown, demented, complaining that his wife would not let him catch flies. His condition now obliged her to be almost constantly with him, and that the young lives about them should not be too much saddened she sent the three boys to travel for some months. When it became apparent that Adrienne could not live long the mother sent for her boys to return, and on the very day when she read

in the *Times* of the drowning of her sons in a Swiss lake Adrienne died. A malignant fever was raging in the village at this time, and the two remaining children—Gabrielle and Catherine—took it and died on the same day. The forlorn pair lived on, but at last Sir Edward died, begging her with his last breath not to leave him.

It was this saddened woman, now past seventy, who was kind to Winifred Weston. By accident Winifred met a young Irish architect, Edward Donnelly, who came often to her father's and whom she liked, but whose offer of marriage she declined. On this the architect left Brierly and several years went by. Mr. Weston induced Lady de Bougainville to build some cottages for workmen, and Donnelly became their architect. Lady de Bougainville was pleased with him and in course of time came to know of Winifred's secret; learned also how Winifred's feelings had changed, and gently won her to accept him. The courtship was not long, and at the simple wedding Lady de Bougainville gave away the bride.

One day a letter came from Summerhayes, asking for money. He was dying in a workhouse and begged her not to let him die there; and after a fierce struggle with herself, and because Adrienne had loved him, she consented and placed him in a decent lodging, where the end came soon afterward. She hoped to live to see Winifred's first child; and when this was born, and on hearing of the mother's great danger, Lady de Bougainville rose from bed in a wild winter night and attended the mother and encouraged the despairing father until the worst was over. Then she went home, troubling no one, complaining to no one, and lay down on her bed, to rise no more.

HENRI MURGER

(FRANCE, 1822-1861)

BOHEMIAN LIFE (1848)

The chief work of Henri Murger, *Scènes de la vie de Bohème*, is largely a transcript of the actual experiences of the author and his artistic and journalistic friends in the Latin Quarter of Paris. These bohemians formed in 1841 a society called "The Water-Toppers," similar to the "Order of Bohemia" in the book. For them Bohemia was, to use Murger's words, "a stage of artistic life that leads to the Academy, the Morgue, or the hospital." In 1848 the *Corsaire* published the *Scenes from Bohemian Life*, paying the author less than \$70. It was then bought by a publisher for \$100, who sold 70,000 copies of the book before the author died. The work was dramatized and proved a great success. In 1896 Puccini wrote an opera entitled *La Bohème*, based upon Murger's work.



THE Order of Bohemia consisted of Gustave Colline, the great philosopher; Marcel, the great painter; Schaunard, the great musician; and Rodolphe, the great poet. They frequented the Momus Café, where they were nicknamed the "Four Musketeers," because they were inseparable. They came together, played together, and sometimes forgot to pay together—in all these matters keeping as good time as the orchestra at the Conservatoire.

They usually had the café to themselves, for anyone else who ventured in was five times out of six driven away before he could finish his coffee, by the outrageous sentiments on art, love, and political economy advanced by the quartette. The boy that waited on their table became an idiot in the flower of his youth. Things came to such a pitch that the proprietor made to the Bohemians a formal complaint of their misdemeanors:

1. Monsieur Rodolphe comes regularly in the early morning

and carries off to his particular room all the papers in the establishment. Further, M. Rodolphe insists that the café shall subscribe to the *Beaver*, of which he is editor. The proprietor had at first refused, but M. Rodolphe and his accomplices had taken to yelling "The *Beaver!*" every few minutes, until through curiosity other customers had asked for it. So the *Beaver* has been taken in, and proves to be a hatters' trade journal, consisting of fashion-plates, and an article on Philosophy by Gustave Colline, chopped up into paragraphs and headed, "News of the Day."

2. The above-mentioned Monsieur Colline and M. Rodolphe seize upon the only checker-board in the café, and play the game from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight. Consequently the Bosquet Club are reduced to playing piquet or narrating the story of their early loves.

3. Monsieur Marcel, oblivious of the fact that a café is not a private studio, brings in his easel, palette, and all the appurtenances of his profession, and even his female models.

4. Following his friends' example, Monsieur Schaunard talks of introducing his piano into the café, and has already placed the establishment under suspicion of the police by singing airs from his symphony *The Influence of the Color Blue on the Fine Arts*. M. Schaunard has done worse still. He slipped a transparency into the lamp outside the café which read: *Lessons Gratis in Vocal and Instrumental Music (Both Sexes). Apply at the Bar*. As a result, the bar was thronged nightly by shabby individuals asking, "Which way to the gratis lessons?" Further, M. Schaunard is frequently called for by a lady giving the name of Phémic Teinturière, who never wears a bonnet.

5. Not content with ordering very little to eat and drink, these gentlemen are taking steps to order still less. On the pretext that they have discovered an unholy alliance between the coffee of the establishment and chicory, they have actually brought in their own materials, and make their own coffee—an insult to the whole establishment.

6. The evil communications of these gentlemen have had such a corrupting effect on Bergami, the waiter, that, oblivious of his humble birth and inferior position, he has ventured to

address to the lady at the pay-desk, the proprietor's wife, a poem in which he urges her to forget her duties as wife and mother.

Consequently the proprietor asks M. Colline and his associates to choose some other spot for their revolutionary meetings.

Colline, the philosopher, was delegated to reply for the band. By *a priori* reasoning he demonstrated that the proprietor's grievances were ill-founded and ridiculous; that it was an honor to his café to be made a center of enlightenment—a literary and artistic resort.

"But you and those who come here for you order so very little," objected the proprietor.

"The temperance you throw in our teeth is proof of our moral character. Besides, it rests with you to increase our orders. You have only to extend to us more credit—"

"We will gladly provide you with a slate," broke in Marcel.

The proprietor seemed not to hear this generous suggestion, and obdurately stuck to his objections. At last Colline succeeded in beguiling him with his irresistible logic and insidious eloquence to agree to this treaty: That the four friends should refrain from making their own coffee; that the *Beaver* should be sent *gratis* to the café; that Phémie Teinturière should buy a bonnet; that the checker-board should be given up to the Bosquet Club on Sundays from noon to two p.m.; and, above all, that no more credit should be demanded.

Everything went well until Christmas Eve. On this festal occasion the four friends arrived, each, except Colline, with a sweetheart. Colline's lady-love was never in evidence; she was always at home punctuating her lover's manuscripts. There was Mademoiselle Musette with a new hat, and about the way in which she had obtained it her lover Marcel was cross-questioning her; Phémie, Schaunard's only joy, who in deference to the proprieties, brought along a bonnet (borrowed), although she carried it on her arm instead of wearing it; and Mimi, Rodolphe's new charmer, with a laugh like clashing cymbals.

Not only coffee, but liqueurs, and even punch were ordered. The waiters could not believe their ears.

"Christmas comes but once a year," said Colline when the glasses were empty; "what will you have, ladies?"

"Champagne for me," said Musette, "I like to hear the corks pop!"

Mimi looked coaxingly at Rodolphe. "Burgundy for me; the bottle is so dear in its little wicker cradle."

"Rum-shrub for me," said Phémie, bouncing up and down on the elastic cushion of her chair. "It's good for one's inside."

Schaunard gurgled a threat indicating that not all was well with his own interior.

Then in desperation Marcel said: "Suppose we run up a bill of a hundred thousand francs, just for once."

"They are always complaining that we are poor customers," said Rodolphe; "we'll astonish them."

"Waiter, champagne, burgundy and rum-shrub," yelled Colline. The philosopher continued: "And what'll you have to eat, ladies?"

"Sardines—and lots of bread and butter," said Musette.

"Mustard—and a good plate of ham," added Mimi.

"Radishes—with a few slices of meat around them," concluded Phémie.

"Why don't you say at once you mean to have a regular supper?" growled Schaunard.

"Well, we don't mind," chorused the girls.

"Waiter, send us up a thundering good supper," gravely ordered Colline.

The proprietor having consulted his wife, who had a weakness for arts and letters, especially poetry of the "school of Monsieur Rodolphe," told the waiters to take upstairs anything that was ordered.

The feast was glorious. Marcel and Rodolphe tried their best to get drunk like the others before the bill came in, but failed; the thought of it was too sobering.

There was a stranger in the room, a customer that had been coming to the café for the past fortnight. The Bohemians had dubbed him "the bloated capitalist" from the fact that a gold watch-chain extended across his well-rounded stomach. They had played their wildest pranks to shock him, but in vain. On the contrary, he appeared to be vastly entertained. He now sat surveying the scene with solemn interest. Occasion-

ally his mouth would open as if to laugh, and then was heard a noise like the creaking of a rusty gate-hinge.

At midnight the bill came up—25 francs 75 centimes.

The Bohemians drew lots to determine who should interview the proprietor, and Schaunard was chosen. He arrived at the bar just as the proprietor had been capoted at piquet and was consequently in a villainous humor. At Schaunard's preamble he went off into a violent rage, to which the peppery Schaunard replied with insults. The proprietor dashed upstairs. Seeing the napkin that Colline had put into his mouth instead of a pancake, which he had tucked under his chin, he inferred that the voracious Bohemians, having consumed all the viands, were beginning on the napery and tableware; and he declared that he would hold their persons and property in pawn till the bill was paid.

At this critical juncture the stranger stepped up to the proprietor and whispered in his ear. The proprietor answered aloud:

"Just as you will, Monsieur Barbemuche; settle it with them," and left the room.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, addressing the Bohemians, "like you I am a follower of art. I have the greatest desire to become friends with you, and to meet you here of an evening. Allow me to settle to-night's score by way of an introduction."

Schaunard objected. "We can't accept favors. But I'll play you billiards for the twenty-five francs, and give you points."

M. Barbemuche accepted the challenge and had the grace to be defeated. This exhibition of politeness won him the goodwill of the Bohemians, who promised to meet him at the café next day.

Carolus Barbemuche was the tutor of a young Vicomte, who was visiting Paris for the first time. He had absolutely nothing to do for the present but draw his salary, and he lived with his charge in luxurious apartments on the Rue Royale.

On returning from a visit to M. Barbemuche, where he had been sent to examine the candidate's qualifications, Rodolphe was cross-examined by his fellows.

"Did he treat you well?"

"Yes, but it was dearly bought. He read me a colossal

novel of his in manuscript, about Don Lopez and Don Alvar, in which young lovers call their sweethearts 'angel or demon.' "

"Horrors!" cried the Bohemians in chorus.

However, in view of the fact that the aspirant for their fellowship set forth plenty to eat and drink, Schaunard offered himself as the next victim.

He returned with a most favorable report. He had escaped the infliction of M. Barbemuche's romances by declaring in advance that his literary qualifications were satisfactory.

"M. Barbemuche," he said, "knows the name of every kind of wine, and gave me things to eat that they don't even have on my aunt's birthday. His clothes and boots are of the best make, and, since he is of normal size, we can all borrow them."

M. Barbemuche won the favor of Marcel, his next visitor, by hinting that he would get him orders to paint the portraits of his pupil's noble relatives.

So Colline called upon him to announce that all was satisfactory, and it only remained for him to fix the date and place of the grand initiation feast.

"Next Saturday, at these rooms," said Barbemuche. "Only I should like the Vicomte to be present."

"Certainly," said Colline; "our ladies will be charmed."

"Girls," said the Bohemians to their sweethearts, "you are going into real society; so your dresses must be neat and not gaudy."

On Saturday morning the four Bohemians arrived arm-in-arm at Barbemuche's. They found him in his dressing-gown.

"Has anything happened to postpone the dinner?" he asked anxiously.

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no. You see if we are to meet nobility, we must wear the proper dress. So we come to you for help."

"But," said Barbemuche, "I haven't four dress-suits. See here," and he threw open his wardrobe.

"But you've got a perfect arsenal of clothing. Three hats!" said Schaunard, ecstatically. "How can one have three hats when he has only one head!"

"And boots!" said Rodolphe; "rows of 'em!"

"Rows of boots!" yelled Colline.

In a twinkling each had seized a complete equipment of the necessary clothing.

"Ta-ta! see you this evening," they said on leaving. "The ladies are getting themselves up regardless."

"But," said Barbemuche, "you have left nothing for me."

"Wear what you have on." The host can disregard etiquette.

The dinner went off splendidly. Musette kept up a running chatter with the Vicomte across the table, and Mimi, who sat next him, was constantly drinking his health, looking soulfully into his eyes across the glasses' brims. Phémic, however, paid no attention to anything but her plate.

Schaunard crowned himself with vine-leaves. Rodolphe recited his *Odes in the Pindaric Manner*, marking the eccentric rhythm by smashing wine-glasses. Colline talked learnedly to Barbemuche upon the relative rank of authors, giving them precedence according to the price their works sold for at the second-hand book-stalls. Marcel was silent and grumpy. Observing this, Barbemuche asked whether the entertainment pleased him.

"Oh, it is charming," answered the painter, "but, confound it! your boots are three sizes too small for me. I fear that we shall never be on terms of real familiarity. Physical dissimilarity is nearly always an indication of mental unlikeness. Both philosophy and biology agree on that point."

Barbemuche promised to have his boots larger thereafter.

Spring was come, and Rodolphe was writing to obtain a dress for Mimi. He had promised to buy new apparel for her with the proceeds of his next literary commission. He tossed sheet after sheet rapidly on the floor. "One sleeve done!—Now two—And the bodice!"

"Hurrah!" cried his sweetheart. "Now there is only the skirt to finish. How many pages like that make a skirt?"

"Well, that depends; as you are not very tall, I think twelve pages of fifty lines of ten words will make a very decent skirt."

"But skirts are worn very full now, and I want plenty of width to make a *frou-frou* as I walk," said Mimi seriously.

"Very well," said Rodolphe, with equal gravity. "I'll give two more words to the line, and we shall have no end of a *frou-frou*."

Musette and Phémie heard of course of Rodolphe's literary dressmaking, and lost no time in informing their lovers of it, with the broadest hints that his example was worthy of emulation.

"After I have worn this dress one more week," said Musette, stroking Marcel's moustache, "I must stay indoors, or you must, while I borrow your trousers to go out in."

"I am owed twelve francs by a solid firm," said the painter, "and when I get the money I'll buy you the most stylish fig-leaf in the market."

"My gown is falling to pieces," said Phémie to [Schaunard.

The musician drew three sous from his pocket.

"Take these and buy a needle and thread to mend your gown. That will teach you dressmaking and keep you amused—*miscens utile dulci*."

But Marcel and Schaunard, meeting Rodolphe, agreed that their sweethearts should also have new gowns.

"Art as well as literature is looking up. I am earning almost as much as a porter."

"What are you doing?" asked the poet.

"Portrait-painting at the Ave-Maria barracks—eighteen six-foot grenadiers at six francs apiece—that's a franc a foot—likeness guaranteed for a year, like a watch. I hope to do the whole regiment."

"And I," said Schaunard, "have a steady piano engagement."

"Do tell!" exclaimed his friends.

"Yes, an English milord pays me two hundred francs a month for playing one scale from five o'clock in the morning till the theaters open. He lives opposite an actress who has a parrot that screams from morning till night, and he has hired me to get revenge."

This was the last day of April. The goods were bought, and for sixteen hours the girls worked steadily till the gowns were finished.

The first of May was an ideal spring day, filling the city-dwellers with longings for the country. When the *Angelus* sounded from the nearest steeple our three industrious girls,

who had snatched a few hours' sleep, were at their mirrors, giving the finishing touches to their new frocks.

Mimi was never so merry; Musette was never so alluring. But there was a crumpled rose-leaf in Phémie's bed of delight.

"I love the woods and the little birds," she said, "but in the country you meet so few people, and I sha'n't be able to show off my new hat and my pretty dress. Let's take our country walk along the boulevards."

"Never fear," said Schaunard consolingly, "the whole street will see you when we set out."

Schaunard had treated himself to a bright yellow nankeen jacket and a bugle. With the bugle he announced the start, and everybody leaned out of the window to see the Bohemians. Schaunard in his glorious jacket led off with Phémie radiant on his arm, and Colline brought up the rear carrying the ladies' umbrellas. In an hour the merry party were running wild in the fields of Fontenay-aux-Roses.

Next winter hard times came upon the Bohemians. Mimi had preferred prosperity with the young Vicomte Paul to privations with the poet Rodolphe. Musette walked out of Marcel's freezing studio one day, leaving a note:

"Dear Old Man: I've gone out to warm myself by walking. The last two legs of the chair didn't burn long enough to warm an egg. Besides, the wind comes in as if he lived here, and whistles me a lot of bad advice. I'll go and have a look at the shop-windows; they say there's some silk velvet at ten francs a yard—wonderful, isn't it? I'll be back for dinner—I mean, at dinner-time.

"MUSETTE."

Evidently she went where dinner was served at dinner-time, for she did not return.

Phémie also had left her lover, having met a simple soul who had offered her his heart, a house furnished with real mahogany, and a ring containing a lock of his hair, which was of a vivid red. A fortnight later he wished to take back the heart and the furniture, because he saw that the ring now contained a lock of black hair. But she explained that some of her friends had chaffed her about the crimson lock, and so she had dyed it.

"If you dye yours, it will make everything all right," she suggested naïvely.

He jumped at the suggestion, which never before had occurred to him, and was so pleased with the result that he bought Phémie a silk gown.

Marcel, however, sold at last his *Crossing the Red Sea*, that is, the painting that bore this title originally, he having changed its subject and repainted it repeatedly, in the hope of finding a purchaser. He had put a Roman mantle on Pharaoh, and called the picture *Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon*, and again had covered the foreground with white paint, stuck a pine-tree in one corner, dressed up one of the Egyptians as a grenadier of the Imperial Guards, and rebaptized the picture *Crossing the Beresina*.

Finally a dealer paid him one hundred and fifty francs for it, in behalf of a "wealthy gentleman who wishes to make a public exhibition of it." A week later Marcel ran into a crowd who were watching the hoisting of a huge sign-board over a provision-shop. It was Marcel's picture. They had painted in a steamboat and changed the title to *Marseilles and Back*.

A hum of applause was uttered by the crowd, and Marcel, flushed with exultation, murmured reverently, "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

Marcel wrote of his good fortune to Musette, inviting her to share it, and sent the letter to a friend who knew where to find her. She was living with a certain Vicomte Maurice, who was in the room when she received Marcel's message.

"Do I sleep, do I dream, or is visions about?" she quoted, laughing like a madwoman.

"What is it?" asked the Vicomte.

"An old friend of mine, an artist, has asked me to dinner; real dinners are such unusual occurrences with him that I must go to see it."

"May I go with you?"

"It wouldn't amuse you at all, and I'm afraid your presence would spoil all our amusement. Just think—he's sure to kiss me."

"It is not a bad thing to be poor, after all," said the Vicomte enviously.

"I don't agree with you. Had Marcel been rich, I never should have left him."

“Well, go, and be hanged to you!”

But Musette did not reach Marcel's in time for the feast in celebration of his good fortune. She dropped in to see the friend who had brought the letter, and there met an interesting young man known as the Seraph, with whom she had long wished to become acquainted. In improving her opportunity to do so, she forgot Marcel entirely.

It was a sad dinner without the girls, and the Bohemians drank heavily to drown their sorrows. During the dinner the landlord, who had heard of Marcel's good fortune, came in for the rent. Marcel placed the money on the table, and then, on one pretext after another, the Bohemians induced the landlord to drink glass after glass with them, till he went through all the stages of intoxication. First, he sang a song that brought a blush even to Schaunard's cheek. Next he described his domestic unhappiness. Then, taking Schaunard into his confidence, he told him of his relations with a young lady, for whom he had furnished a villa and whose name was Euphémie. He showed the musician one of her letters.

“Great heavens!” cried Schaunard. “It's Phémic.” And he began to read: “Dear old lollipop.”

“Yes, tha's me, I'm her polli-lop,” said the landlord, subsiding under the table.

“And to think that I was about to pay hard-earned money to an old debauchee like that!” said Marcel virtuously, pocketing the coins on the table.

For five days, without going out, our Bohemians lived upon that money. In one corner of the room lay a reef of oyster-shells, whereon was stranded an armada of empty bottles of all sizes. A whole forest flared up the chimney.

At the end of the fifth day they sat down before a fire of their last log to their last dish, a plate of herrings. As they were eating the last one a cheery burst of song came up the stairs, followed by a knock at the door. Marcel, trembling, ran to open it, and Musette sprang into his arms. Marcel felt her shivering in his embrace.

“You are cold,” he said. “And we've had such fires here!”

“There are five chairs,” said Rodolphe, “an uneven number,” and smashing one he threw the pieces on the fire. “Come,

Colline and Schaunard," he said, "we must get that tobacco," and the three left the room.

"I'm afraid I *am* late," said Musette.

"Five days. You must have come round by the Pyrenees," said Marcel. "What adventures have you been having?"

"Oh, don't ask me. I'll stay till to-morrow, if you like."

"It's very cold here," said Marcel, "and we sha'n't have any dinner or breakfast. You're too late."

"Oh, nonsense! that will seem more like old times."

The next day she returned to the Vicomte Maurice, to whom she said apologetically: "From time to time I *must* go to breathe the air of that life. My existence is like a song. Each of my fancies is a stanza, but Marcel is the chorus to all of them."

At length, after youth and love had flown, prosperity came to take permanent lodgings with all the Bohemians. One day Rodolphe, the noted author of *The Lost Paradise*, a romance in verse that had won him election to the Academy, met Marcel, the artist, whose picture, *The Return of the Grenadiers*, was the sensation of the last Salon.

"Where shall you dine to-night?" asked Rodolphe.

"Anywhere you say," said Marcel.

"Suppose we go to our old restaurant in the Rue du Four, where they have the willow-pattern plates, that we used to polish off in our unsatisfied hunger."

"Not much," answered Marcel. "I prefer looking at the past through a bottle of really good wine, and not in the reflection of an empty plate. I admit that I am corrupted. I no longer care for the only things that are worth having."

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

(England, 1847-1907)

THE WAY OF THE WORLD (1884)

This story was of all his romances of English life, the author's own favorite. It was dramatized for the English stage and met with success.



R. AMELIA was a newspaper reporter. He faced the world with a heart full of pluck, assurance, and self-importance. When he said good-by to his tearful widowed mother, promising to send her ten shillings a week, he saw no occasion for tears. His one object was to get on, and he was to be the chief reporter on the *Gallowbay Whig*, instead of the fifth reporter on a country sheet of little importance. His first reportorial duty was startling. He was sent to interview a little man, Bolsover Kimberley, not many years older than himself, who on that very morning had been a lawyer's clerk at thirty shillings a week, but who, before evening, was sole possessor—as he had been found to be sole heir—of one and a quarter millions sterling. A strange thing, surely, and the editor's suggestion to the reporter was not surprising.

“I am afraid,” he said, “you will find the gentleman a little embarrassed at first.”

Some embarrassment might be expected from anyone, but embarrassment was Mr. Kimberley's chronic condition. The good blood in his veins and the Commodore among his ancestors were not much with which to offset the fact that he began life in canary-colored stockings, blue small-clothes, and a tail-coat that touched the ground, in a charity-school. In fact, when the representative of Begg, Batter and Bagg finally con-

vinced him of his heirship, his embarrassment was such that he fell headforemost over his high stool, in a dead faint. When, later, at his informant's suggestion, he sent for the best tailor in Gallowbay and ordered enough garments to clothe twelve dandies for a year, and when he read from the adaptable pen of Mr. Amelia that he was "our distinguished townsman," that he "looked back on that benevolent foundation with affectionate regret," and that he had an ancestor who had been knighted by Richard the Second—of whom he never had heard—he could not help wondering whether his real self was the meek creature of thirty-five years of poverty and obscurity, or the personage saluted by every man on the street.

Many thoughts would fill the mind of a surprised heir to such a fortune, but the thought uppermost in the mind of Kimberley was that his estate adjoined that of the Earl of Wingall. Not that he thought of the titled neighbor as reflecting any importance on his own position. The Earl—that pitiable object, a poor peer—was the father of two daughters. The elder, Lady Ella, had been the object of the little clerk's secret worship for years. Never had he dared to lift his eyes to her face, as she drove about in her carriage, but that face had long been the object of his adoration. His humble heart had no more dreamed of uttering his love to the Earl's daughter than his head had expected to see him in possession of a million and a quarter sterling. The one miracle had happened, but the other miracle was, to his humility, as far removed from him as ever. But if his property lay so near the Earl's, he might sometimes see her lovely face.

It was a rather singular fact that the Earl's second daughter, Lady Alice, had been affianced to the former heir whose death had put Kimberley into possession. Naturally, having counted largely on the alliance from a financial view-point, the Earl was deeply interested in the new incumbent, whom he never had seen. When he saw him—at their common lawyers'—under-sized, over-dressed—made somebody, so far as appearances indicated, only by his money—he shuddered. But he had two daughters, and he was in debt ninety thousand pounds. He was a tender father, but he was a distressed debtor, and he was but human. He invited the little million-

aire forthwith to Shouldershott Castle. He felt it to be very shameful to be fishing for a fellow whose only recommendation (as he thought) was his money.

“But,” said the poor peer to himself, “a very good recommendation it is. A million and a quarter!”

The lovely Ella was the flower of fine old English stock, and when the Honorable John George Alaric Fitzaddington Clare (Jack, for short), the second son of Lord Montacute, looked at her, in spirit he always went down on his knees to her beauty and nobility. But Lord Montacute, his father, had been a reckless spendthrift, and all that the second son had was his commission and three hundred a year. And, since the lovely Ella’s dowry would consist of debts solely, the two heads of families had forbidden the two young people even to meet. For Jack’s feelings were well known, and the Lady Ella’s were not wholly unsuspected. So Jack was miserable and showed it, and the Lady Ella was miserable and concealed the fact. The Earl well knew that he could count absolutely on his daughter’s obedience; and, in truth, in the pass to which his affairs had come, it was well that he had something as firm under his feet as that quality in his eldest daughter. His lawyer had just informed him that the timber in the whole park must go to pay the interest on the first mortgage, and he had been driven to ask the Lady Ella for the family diamonds, which had descended to her from her mother.

Kimberley’s first sensation of gratified ambition, in connection with his money, arose from the fact that he could now buy all the jewelry he wanted. With the object in view of buying at least a part, he went to a jeweler’s to purchase a scarf-pin. The jewel-merchant was also a pawnbroker, and while Kimberley was ordering the most egregious pin that ever bedecked an Englishman, the Earl entered with the diamonds. Laying his packet on the counter, with a word to the clerk, he turned to Kimberley.

“Can I have a word with you?” he asked quickly as if some matter of a pressing nature were hurrying him.

“Certainly,” and Kimberley followed the Earl to his carriage. After a few words of kind encouragement to the little millionaire concerning an ovation proffered to him by his

fellow townsmen, the Earl invited him to the Castle. And so it happened that the secret worshiper of the Lady Ella found himself under the same roof with her ladyship.

The proprietor of the *Gallowbay Whig* discovered that the chief reporter was as cool-blooded a traitor as ever breathed, and soon gave him indefinite leave of absence, so Mr. Amelia had gone to London. He found his way into restaurants where journalists congregate, and his sharpness attracted attention among a class of men always on the lookout for brains. One day Jack O'Hanlon—everybody knew Jack, and he everybody—sat down beside him.

"You're a young man from the country, I'm thinkin'," he said.

"And you're a middle-aged gentleman from Ireland," pertly answered Amelia.

"Faith, I am, though how ye found it out is a wonder. I'm generally taken for a Neapolitan. Have a drink? Ye're always thirsty here, thank God. A constant thirst's a great blessing."

"I'll take a cup of coffee," said Mr. Amelia.

"Don't waste a good drouth on material like that," said Jack. "Maybe, now, you're a total abstainer. I'm told there's people like that. I'm a beveragist meself. What journal are ye attached to?"

"Not to any journal."

"Unattached! A man with a sessional engagement's a melancholy object." He took it for granted that Amelia was reporting during the session of Parliament only, where the pay was a guinea a day. "Ye'd think six guineas a week for six months was three guineas a week for twelve. I used to, when I depended on the multiplication-table."

"If seven pounds a week isn't a pound a day, what it is?" asked Amelia.

"It's seven pounds till ye break it. Then it's vapor. Would ye like to earn a guinea?"

Of course Amelia would, so under the guidance of O'Hanlon the little reporter was introduced into the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons. He soon lost the job by referring to Greek and Latin as the "foreign languages," but while there

he brushed against many men, and among them Kimberley. For Kimberley had been induced to go into Parliament as member for Gallowbay, and as he became accustomed to his wealth he took a good deal of interest in public affairs as a large landed proprietor. He learned many things in the House, among them the impoverished condition of the Earl of Wingall. This knowledge pained him greatly.

His long-cherished love for the Lady Ella had deepened with every day that he had spent at the Castle, and that her father should be worried by creditors seemed to him unendurable. His resolve was taken. He sought Begg, Batter and Bagg, and, with an air of doing a very commonplace thing indeed, he requested Mr. Begg to buy up all the liabilities of the Earl, and asked what amount he should hand over for the purchase. The old lawyer had had many strange clients, but never one like this. It became necessary for Kimberley to make some explanation, so with unimaginable simplicity and delicacy he told a little of his secret love, and of his desire to free the Earl from the loss of the timber and other pressing claims.

"I should like to ask for the Lady Ella, but I don't wish him to feel that he has any reason for giving her to me. I have more money than I know what to do with, so I thought if I did this he could give me what answer he pleased."

Mr. Begg saw the situation clearly, which the little millionaire did not.

"But, come now," he said to himself, "he's improved wonderfully, he's good-hearted, and he has a pot of money. I should think a daughter of mine a dreadful fool to refuse him."

The arrangements were soon completed—ninety thousand pounds being the amount of Kimberley's check—and with the canceled notes the millionaire went to the Castle and asked for the Earl.

"My lord," said he, tugging at a bundle in his overcoat pocket, the very legal aspect of which made the Earl turn hot and cold, "I wish to ask your lordship's acceptance of these papers," handing them to the Earl as he spoke.

The Earl turned white in amazement.

"I hardly see my way to that, Kimberley," he said. "I

trust you do not think so ill of me as to try to bribe me for any purpose."

"My lord, I don't," said Kimberley, with great earnestness, "and that's why I want you to take these now. Then you can send me about my business, if you wish to."

"Kimberley," said the Earl, "I can't take them. What do you require in return for them?"

"Nothing, my lord."

"Great heaven!" cried his lordship, "do you not see how horribly humiliating this is?"

"I am very sorry it seems so to you, my lord. I didn't mean it so."

"Well," said his lordship, with a great sigh, "go on. What do you ask in return for this?"

"Nothing, my lord, nothing. But," he fell to stammering, "I—I wish to—to ask you for the—the hand of your lordship's daughter, the Lady Ella."

When the Earl, with swift alternations of hope and fear, relief and shame, laid this proposal before his daughter, she understood instantly.

"If it depends upon me to put an end to your troubles, papa, they are ended already," she said simply. Then she flew to the solitude of her chamber, and with tears and moans gave vent to her misery and despair.

Kimberley asked that his fate might be made known to him by messenger, and when the note of acceptance came he also wept. But his tears were hardly tears of joy. In fact, he had none of the lover's blissful sensations of triumph. If ever success in a suit looked like failure, it was so in this case. He managed within a few days to present to his *fiancée* a magnificent ring, and to say feebly that she didn't know how happy she had made him. But the tones in which he expressed his happiness would have been much more suitable for the expression of wretchedness, and probably never, in all his dreary years, had he been so unspeakably miserable as now.

A new scheme of his served, however, to relieve his feelings a little. He had determined to establish a newspaper, and to put the clever young reporter, Amelia, in charge of it. Nothing could have suited the ambitious journalist better, and, after

some conferences, in which Amelia did the talking and Kimberley the assenting, a weekly paper was established, devoted to politics, literature, society, the drama, and the fine arts. Such a publication was not at all what Kimberley had had in mind, but he meekly yielded to the representations of Amelia, who was planning the thing not in the interests of Kimberley, but very much in the interests of Amelia. The name of the paper was to be *The Way of the World*. News of fashionable society was to be a leading feature, and soon the announcement of the engagement of Lady Ella Santerre to the member for Galloway was made. Of course the news at once reached the unhappy ears of the Honorable Jack Clare. This was a staggering blow, and the worst part of it was that Jack knew nothing of the circumstances and believed that his noble Ella had sold herself for a million and a quarter sterling.

It chanced that while he was in the very depth of wretchedness he received the intelligence that he had been made heir to fifteen thousand pounds by the death of his aunt, Lady Yeatham. Without consulting anyone he sold his commission, purchased four thousand acres of land in New Zealand, hired a practical farmer, and took passage in a steamer soon to sail for that colony. He had made up his mind that he ought to feel supreme contempt for a young woman so mercenary as the Lady Ella, and that he would leave England without a last word. But one morning he passed her as she sat in her carriage waiting for her father. Her face was pale and her eyes were sad, and his love rose up within him in all its might. Perhaps he had been mistaken, and she had had other motives than he had supposed for her engagement. He stepped to the carriage door.

"I am going to New Zealand for the rest of my life," he said, as pale as death.

He held out his hand. She took it; her own was as cold as ice.

"Good-by," was her faint answer. "I hope you will be happy."

He might have said more, but her father came up at the moment and Jack moved away.

"Drive on," said the Earl, angry that Jack had even spoken to his daughter. Jack groaned within himself.

"She looks unhappy," he said. "Heaven help her! How can I be glad that she is unhappy?"

That the Lady Ella was unhappy was so plain that no one could fail to see it. With her father she played a desperate game of cheerfulness; but he could not help observing that she was growing thin and white. Alice saw the change in her darling sister, and went into a tantrum of rage when she learned the facts of the "sale," as she insisted on calling the engagement. She was afraid of her father, so she vented her anger on poor Kimberley. He was at the Castle a good deal now, the meekest and most unobtrusive of lovers, and he at once felt the change in the behavior of Alice toward him. In his humility he decided that he must have offended her personally, and on one of the rare occasions when he was with his *fiancée* he asked in the gentlest manner whether this were so.

"I should like to make amends," he said, "if I have offended her."

"I will speak to Alice," said the Lady Ella kindly.

"I know very well," he said timidly, "that I have no claim on her consideration."

"You have every claim on her consideration," answered the Lady Ella with dignity. And in her complex heart, wretched as she was, she resented the open scorn that Alice showed, alike on his account and on her own. Kimberley was now merely a singularly shy, unobtrusive little gentleman, whose only vulnerable point lay in the fact that he still was wofully overdressed. Alice swallowed the indignant reproof of Ella with small grace, but the next time she met Kimberley she welcomed him with her former manner.

But Kimberley was no dullard. That fact had been the Earl's only comfort in the whole wretched business. Anybody might respect him. Love is a wonderful teacher. He could not help seeing that he was a poor match for her ladyship and a hardly welcome lover, and the incident of Alice's changed manner and the pressure that had evidently been brought to bear on her to treat him well was a cruel eye-opener. He began to understand that his scheme had been a complete failure in the very point where he had been most anxious that it should be a success. Instead of leaving the Earl free, he had

placed him in a position where refusal of his request for his daughter's hand had been impossible. In other words, the miserable lover saw plainly, at last, that he had bought the Lady Ella for ninety thousand pounds. He writhed in agony as he realized his blunder, and his tender heart and his high sense of honor left him but one course. In some way, at once, he must resign all claim to the Lady Ella's hand. As for those papers—the canceled notes—nothing under heaven should make him take one of them back again. But how to make the great renunciation?

"It's no use trying to do it in writing," he said aloud to himself, "I must face it out."

So he dressed himself in all his gorgeous clothes and set out for the Castle.

While Kimberley was suffering unspeakable agonies, Jack Clare also was breaking his heart over poor Lady Ella. When but nine days remained for him in England, his heart so yearned over her that but one thing was possible for him—he must go to Gallowbay and see her. He sent a note asking her to meet him in King's Avenue, just for a word of farewell, and then, full of love, rage, and grief, he tore up and down the road like a madman. Kimberley was also on the avenue, on his painful errand to the Earl. He saw the stranger and judged by his excited peerings into the byways leading to the Castle that he had lost his way. He approached and, in his politest manner, asked him whether he might direct him. Jack never had seen Kimberley, but he knew pretty well how he looked, and he knew in an instant who it must be. He stared insolently at the little man. This was too much—to have this interloper there just as he was expecting Ella at any moment. He wheeled round on him and vented in one explosion the wrath of months and years.

"You pestilential little cad," he cried, "go home!"

"Cad, sir!" and even the meek Kimberley swelled with indignation, "whom do you call a cad?"

"I call any man a cad," burst out Jack again, "that goes about wearing a suit of clothes like that."

It was not a polished shaft, but it went home. His fineries had been the one thing about himself that Kimberley felt sure

of. He entered a little arbor near, and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks; truly, his errand had been cruel enough, and now this! Just as he disappeared—where, Jack neither knew nor cared—Lady Ella came slowly toward the avenue. Jack flew to meet her. Talking in the aimless way of hearts too full for connected speech, they moved on till they came just outside of Kimberley's retreat.

"Go, now," she said, with fast-raining tears; "when the pain is over you will come back to England."

"That will be never. Oh, my darling!" He caught her as she fell fainting on the grass. "Curse the money-bags that have come between us!" he cried, with anguish in every tone. He raised her in his arms and pressed a long kiss on her lips. Then he helped her to her feet, and she left him. And all this Kimberley saw and heard. When later he met the Earl, his agitation was so great that he could utter but one sentence and leave the Castle.

"I cannot break the Lady Ella's heart, and I renounce all claim to her hand."

In a tumult of disappointment, the Earl packed the papers back to Kimberley. He was an Earl in distress, but he was a gentleman. This act only roused Kimberley to more pronounced decision. Taking the papers, he drove to the Earl's hotel, and compelled him not only to take them back, but to send at once for Clare and bestow his daughter upon him. After exacting this promise Kimberley succumbed to the strain of the whole matter, and for six weeks hovered between life and death with brain-fever. In his delirium he kept muttering words which the distracted Earl—his constant visitor—finally understood.

"Put that down. My dearest love and worship. It won't matter when I'm dead. Everything to Lady Ella if I die. Put that down. My dearest love and worship."

In the height of the season of 1882 Mr. Bolsover Kimberley attired himself one evening with the plain black and white which is the distinguishing mark of gentlemen, nobodies, and waiters. He was to attend a fashionable dinner, where he was received with marks of great consideration. A gentleman with

a beautiful lady on his arm entered the room soon after him, and with them was a small gray man, who at once sought Kimberley, greeting him with warmth.

"You have met Clare?" he said, as Jack Clare and the Lady Ella, at home for a month from the Colony, came quickly up to the two gentlemen.

"Twice or thrice," said Kimberley, greeting him and his wife with a certain sweet dignity peculiar to him.

"How well you're looking, Kimberley," said Clare. "We left Alaric on the new rocking-horse. Really, you are spoiling the children."

"They are beginning to speak disrespectfully of Santa Claus," and the Lady Ella smiled with a sincere affection into the eyes of the little millionaire to whom she owed more than she ever could tell, or indeed than she knew.

Mr. Amelia did not suit Mr. Kimberley. His clever hits, to the gentle heart of the proprietor, sounded like intolerable impertinence—which they often were—and his methods were altogether objectionable. So one day Kimberley walked into the office, paid all outstanding bills, and presented the whole plant to Amelia. The "way" of Mr. Kimberley was, in truth, not "the way of the world."

FRANK NORRIS

(United States, 1879-1902)

THE PIT; A STORY OF CHICAGO (1902)

Mr. Norris projected a trilogy constituting the Epic of Wheat. The first, *The Octopus*, aimed to delineate the rate-war between the wheat-grower and the railroads in California. The second story, *The Pit*, the action of which is in Chicago and which made the author's reputation, deals with speculation in wheat on the Board of Trade, and the part which that bears in the distribution of the great cereal. The third, which the author did not live to write, was to have been entitled *The Wolf*, and to describe the tragedy of a grain-famine in Europe.



Laura and Page Dearborn, two beautiful girls from Massachusetts possessing a small independence, had recently gone to live in Chicago under the chaperonage of their aunt, Mrs. Wessels. They attended the opera one night, for the first time in their lives, as guests of the Cresslers, who, though they had lived at the West for many years, had once been intimate family friends at the East. There Laura made a new acquaintance, Curtis Jadwin, a man of great wealth, and met two other men, who had already become her avowed admirers, Sheldon Corthell and Landry Court. The first, an artist of ample private means, was a specialist in stained glass, though of manifold esthetic accomplishments; the second was a young broker on the Board of Trade. Laura, gifted with depth of sentiment and ardor of imagination, quivered with unspeakable delight under the influence of the fine music and was much annoyed at the buzz of comment which was the undercurrent of the audience, overflowing even beyond the entr'actes as by some irresistible force. That was about the great Helmick failure, which had just shattered a great fortune by wheat-speculation on the Board of Trade. This persistent

discord haunted her; and when that night the carriage on the way home passed through the "Commission" district, and the black and formidable façade of the Board of Trade Building was pointed out to her, it obsessed her fancy as with a shudder in the likeness of a monstrous sphinx with blind eyes, insatiable, pitiless, and ever-threatening. The sights and sounds of Chicago, its peculiar physiognomy and environment, were as yet novel to Laura Dearborn. They constantly took increasing hold on her, in the play of tremendous activities which lay behind them. When she was with the artist Corthell the beauty of his ideals and his eloquent talk appealed to her impulses with great fascination. But, after all, the men to whom the woman in her turned were not those of the studio. They were rather the indomitable fighters in the battle of life, champions raging in that brunt of business conflict which made the life of the great Western city exceptional in some of its phases. So when she was stopping for the night at the Cresslers' shortly after the opera episode, and her hostess told her that she had greatly fascinated Curtis Jadwin, the hard-headed man of business, who had seemed a predetermined bachelor, proof against feminine wiles, she was not unpleasantly surprised. Laura had already almost unconsciously contrasted the rough-hewn, forceful man of affairs with the elegant and accomplished Corthell, adept in all the refinements and subtleties of life. The comparison had not been unfavorable to Jadwin, though she acknowledged to herself that the artist spoke insidiously to her imagination.

Curtis Jadwin had risen from nothing to be one of the real-estate millionaires of Chicago, who indulged only occasionally in the great speculation game, but always successfully. Unlike his intimate friend Cressler, a broker who had been bankrupted once by trying to engineer a grain corner, and had since recouped his fortunes by adhering to legitimate business, he was not opposed on principle to gambling on the Exchange. When he received a note one day from Gretry, his accustomed broker, asking for a call at his office, he surmised at once that something was on the tapis, if not already on the "tape." As he passed the Board of Trade Building and noted the tremendous current of life flowing in and out, he could

not help reflecting that his friend Cressler was right when, speaking of the mighty river of wheat that rolled through that place to the mills and bake-shops of the whole world, he had said: "Corner this stuff? My God!"

Gretry showed him a despatch from a member of legation at Paris, which, deciphered, read: "Bill providing for heavy import duties on foreign grains to be introduced in French Chamber within one month." Jadwin hesitated, but finally yielded on the flip of a coin. Landry Court, who, though in social life a rattle-pated fellow, was on the Exchange floor one of the most cool and collected of brokers, was one of the principal selling-agents, and the day after the French news had become public, the Jadwin-Gretry combination had realized a great sum from the tremendous fall of wheat. Cressler refused to congratulate his friend on the *coup*, and, a few days later, asked him whether he knew what had happened to Leaycraft, who had been one of his richest opponents in the battle. Jadwin shook his head. "Forced to become a clerk in a manufacturing concern," he was informed.

Laura met her new admirer almost every day, for he managed to contrive, through the aid of Mrs. Cressler, a great variety of meetings and engagements and pleasure-parties. He pursued his attention with the same tenacity and force that had marked his business enterprises.

Laura, who for some time had occupied her own house with her sister and her aunt, received proposals from her three suitors within a few days of one another. She was non-committal, saying she had no present inclination to marriage, but in a qualified way gave them permission to win her love if they could—all but Landry, whom she banished for a stolen kiss, and who tried in vain to placate her offended pride. The incident, however, remained so sore that she leaped to a conclusion that she must have been a flagrant coquette. She finally wrote to both Jadwin and Corthell that she had definitely decided it would not be agreeable that either should be received on the footing of a potential suitor. The artist accepted his fate, but the man of affairs called the next day to fight the battle in person, to find that Laura was not proof against her sex's inconsistency. In the early spring, which had opened with unusual warmth and

impetus in all the forces of life, the girl one night returned from a long ride behind a pair of famous trotters, to tell Mrs. Cressler, much to that good lady's joy, that she had promised to marry Jadwin, and probably before midsummer. But even this could hardly reconcile Cressler to the ominous knowledge that his friend had begun to lunge frequently in the wheat and corn "pits," and with uniform success, which he regarded as only devil's bait.

"J," as he called Jadwin, "has been getting richer and richer all the time, and why he can't be satisfied with his own business, instead of monkeying around La Salle Street, is a mystery to me."

The couple were married in June, and at once departed for the beautiful summer home on Lake Geneva which Jadwin had bought for his bride. He had also purchased a superb city residence, one of the show places of the North Side, which was left in the hands of the decorators and upholsterers during the summer months.

Laura Jadwin seemed now to have attained her fullest ideal of happiness. Unbounded wealth was at her disposal, and she found an ideal content in the devotion and tenderness of her husband, whom she had accepted with a little misgiving, but whom she had come to love with all her wifely heart. However lacking in the sophistries of culture, he was so considerate and delicate in his attentions that even their affluence did not lessen their piquancy. They traveled abroad extensively, yet Laura, with her finer susceptibilities, agreed with Jadwin that there was more satisfying comfort at home. Thus passed three years of roseate married life, and not the least pleasant factor in her thoughts was the growing attachment between her sister, Page, and Landry Court, whom she had long since forgiven for a youthful indiscretion.

These three years in the business world were years of low prices with big *coups* all over the world. Curtis Jadwin, with the "bears" in possession of the grain-market, continued to indulge in bold irruptions on the Board of Trade, showing that his memory of the brilliant May *coup* had not ceased to whip his appetite, though the field did not appear inviting, for wheat had steadily declined from the nineties to the sixties. Everywhere the opinion was firm that the grain, so precious to the world,

would sag still lower. But Jadwin's view of the market had been gradually changing for some months. Somehow he felt a change in the plexus of affairs. There was a more vigorous spirit in the world of business. Men generally appeared to be making money, and money was flowing freely through the veins and arteries of circulation, for the public had ceased to hoard. The spring, to be sure, had been cold, backward, bitterly inhospitable, but from force of habit traders stuck to the opinion that there would still be plenty of wheat. One night at his house Jadwin told Gretry of his conviction that wheat had touched bottom in price, had reached a point, in fact, where it would hardly fetch the cost of production.

"Wheat is going up, and when it does I mean to be right there," said he, and gave Gretry orders to close out all his "short" contracts. And to the astonishment and horror of the other, thus shocked in his opinions, he also ordered Gretry to buy at once five hundred thousand September wheat "at the market," which was followed by further "bull" purchases in half million lots. The Jadwins had now removed to their summer home, but he remained more and more in town, increasingly absorbed in affairs, much to Laura's dislike, for she ever took the keenest pleasure in her husband's society. In July the final harvesting reports in this country proved the entire crop small and poor for the first time in six years, and this was speedily followed by similar returns from the European wheat nations. Gretry, who had now come to agree thoroughly with his principal, secured the ablest correspondents in Liverpool, Paris, and Odessa, who sent daily cablegrams. In August the European demand began to call hard for American wheat, and Jadwin closed out his September contracts at seventy-five cents, a profit of fifteen. Then with a bold clutch he bought three million bushels of the December option. There was now tremendous buoyancy and force in the wave, for the European demand became constantly hungrier, and the swirl of the Chicago wheat "pit" emitted a mighty roar that was heard all over the continent. On the day that wheat reached eighty cents Curtis Jadwin bought a seat on the Board of Trade and ceased to be an outsider.

One morning at the breakfast-table Laura gently complained

to her husband—they had returned to their city residence—that still she saw but little of him, and asked when his speculation which separated them would come to an end. With affectionate regret he said he could not close out his contracts all at once, but he promised that the delay should not be very long, and then they would resume their old life of closer communion. In the afternoon she went for a gallop in Lincoln Park, and was amazed to meet Sheldon Corthell, who had just returned from Italy. She invited him to dine with her that night, but they were obliged to go to the table without Mr. Jadwin, from whom she could not even get word by telephone. Provoked at his absence, after dinner she found herself responding, as she had done once before, to her guest's charm of intellect and personality, especially as one side of her double nature had lain quiescent for the most part since her marriage. In the music-room Corthell talked with his usual eloquence about the commanding rôle of art in any true scheme of life, and played Beethoven delightfully on the great organ which Jadwin was accustomed to manipulate with the player-attachment. Suddenly the esthetic gloom of the music-room blazed with electric lights, and the husband rushed in, shouting gleefully:

"Where—where are you, Laura? By Jove! My girl, we have pulled it off to-day, and I have cleared five hundred thousand dollars."

With passing recognition of the artist's presence, he explained how it was. He had received an offer from Liverpool to take five million bushels at the market, so that he had disposed of his holdings without depressing Chicago prices.

When the guest had gone the wife inquired anxiously, "And now you are out of it for good?"

"Yes," he assured her. "I don't own a grain of wheat."

So they resumed their former ways, their quiet occupations, and the current pleasures coming of them. But the genial Jadwin was restless, preoccupied, almost moody. They went to Geneva Lake for Christmas week, with Corthell and Court among other intimates in the house-party.

One night Court came up from business with news of a tremendous hot day in the wheat-pit—everybody crazy to buy, and the general public all over the country as mad as any. The

failure of the Argentine crop had just been confirmed. Laura with a shudder saw Jadwin's eyes flash, and in his self-absorption he said nothing during the entire evening. The man was thinking fiercely, and as the days passed the same obsession hammered incessantly on his brain. There was an upheaval that called for a Napoleon. If it were not himself, would not another fill that colossal rôle? Two weeks after their return to the city Landry told Page one night that the conditions in the wheat-market were becoming more complicated than ever with the appearance of a new factor, and he read an extract from a daily paper: "It is now universally conceded that an unknown bull has invaded Chicago's wheat-market since the beginning of the month, and is dominating the entire situation. The new operator's identity has been carefully concealed, but, whoever he is, he is a wonderful trader and possessed of consummate nerve." The two looked at each other with a common thought, and Page said:

"He told my sister he was going to stop all that sort of thing. Laura is terribly distressed. He comes home so tired that he hardly ever speaks."

It soon came to be no secret to Laura that her husband, in spite of his implied, if not explicit, promise, was more deeply plunged than ever into the heart of the turmoil.

Curtis Jadwin owned about ten million bushels of May wheat, and prices were rising with the steady swell of the ocean tide. He and Gretry were figuring, one night in early March, on the Government report of visible supply. There were one hundred millions of bushels in the farmers' hands, about ten millions in the Paris and Liverpool stocks, and Europe must needs have eighty millions before the first of May, at any price she had to pay. He had ten millions already, and if he at once plunged in and bought a long line of cash wheat—"Great God, Sam! do you know what that means? We can corner the market."

The next morning Crookes, the "Great Bear," was talking with Cressler in the public room of the Exchange, just before the gong sounded. Crookes placidly spoke of the "Unknown Bull" as the "unknown d—d fool." "Hark! What is that?" they both said. The tremendous roaring soon resolved itself into the fact that wheat had soared to the dollar mark. Crookes

asked Cressler to lunch with him at noon, and he met there two other famous bear-speculators, Sureny and Freye. It was proposed to him to join with them in driving the Unknown Bull out of the pit. It was not speculation, they argued, but the defeat of a dangerous intruder, who was upsetting the legitimate conditions of the market; and Cressler succumbed to the temptation, ignorant that the man against whom he would join battle was his most intimate friend.

By the end of March Jadwin had twenty million bushels of cash wheat, and twenty million of May wheat deliverable for that month. He went home only spasmodically, frequently scheming with Gretry till after midnight. Wheat, wheat, wheat—forty million bushels, forty million, forty million, chimed in his ears and rang in his overtaxed brain, night and day. So complete was his obsession that when he saw Laura he was blind to the reproach and anger in her eyes, deaf to the cruelly wounded pride in her voice. He told her that Mr. Corthell could take his place in escorting her. Little by little she became more intimate with her former lover. At theaters, concerts, and all entertainments he was her cavalier. When she realized the road her feet were traveling, she told the artist he must come there no more; and he in a frenzy of passion declared his love, kissed her arm and neck over and over through the lace, and would have crushed her in his arms had she not torn herself loose. Yet she promised to see him at least once again—perhaps out of sheer pity.

At last Jadwin himself seemed to feel the need of rest, and he remained at home several evenings. His wife redoubled all her arts of fascination and tenderness, and in her company the iron band that compressed his brain was relaxed. But Gretry came again one night when Laura wished more than ever to have her husband's society. He whispered what Court had just discovered, the Crookes bear-movement, and that the battle was on the eve of joining in the wheat-pit. So they departed together in haste for consultation, and Laura, crushed and broken, wept the night long.

The next day results were short, sharp, decisive. The bears were unable to hammer down the price, do what they would. The astute Crookes promptly saw the reason, that the May

option of wheat was cornered and all the visible supply was practically in the hands of Jadwin. He at once threw up his hand and the battle was over. He and his two friends were very heavily mulcted, but Cressler was ruined. The pang of failure was still more poignant when Crookes cynically informed him that it was his friend Jadwin who had all his money, though the conqueror did not know that he had drained the life-blood of a man he loved. The spoils of the victor amounted to more than twenty million dollars in this gigantic transaction, and he swelled with the thought that he was the unconquerable king of the Chicago grain-market. The insatiable foreign demand absorbed his enormous holdings at his own figure, and he crushed his opponents with a ruthless hand.

When he had completed his May settlements he told Gretry one day that he had just begun; there were new worlds to conquer for this Alexander.

“I am going to swing this deal right over into July.”

He prepared for his new campaign by transforming all his vast resources into quick capital, thinking of nothing but of such a *coup* as would make the whole world gape, regardless of his wife and of his own health—for that frightful pain in his head was beginning to torture more and more—regardless of the fact that the new crop was coming on with all its unknown possibilities. Cressler had shot himself, and Laura Jadwin by some stroke of fate was the first to discover it in a morning visit. Her husband was fearfully shocked, but he had no time to think of anything but wheat—wheat—wheat.

Things were not going well in his new deal. To keep up the price, with the foreshadowing of the new crop, he had to buy enormously, incessantly. As the weeks passed it became harder and harder, for in order to sell one bushel he had to buy two. As Gretry clearly saw and said, the instant they couldn't give their board-brokers steady buying-orders, the pit would suck them down its maelstrom like a chip. Jadwin's battle was developing now from a grapple with the forces of men into a conflict with inevitable laws and the boundless resources of Nature. It was the fatal new harvest, the wheat, the very earth, that was against him. This unequal struggle could not last long, when the grain fields of the great Northwest began to pour

in their offerings on a scale so vast that no money could buy them, so swift that no strategy could control them. Gretry, in spite of the savage protests of the half-crazed Jadwin, was compelled one day to send notice to the Board of Trade that all trades with his firm must be closed at once. The titanic conflict was over, and the multimillionaire king of the market was not only dethroned but hopelessly ruined.

The very day of the catastrophe was Laura's birthday, and Jadwin had faithfully promised to attend the anniversary dinner. He did not come, and the wife, who had studied carefully her most attractive toilet, ignorant of the great crisis of that day, was filled with anger and outraged pride. At last the bell rang, but it was not Jadwin, it was Sheldon Corthell, with a great bouquet and birthday congratulations. Utterly discomposed by the storm that shook her being, Laura met the passionate admirations of the artist with a meek repulse and finally yielded to his pleading to go away with him the next day.

"Make me forget, don't let me even think," she said wildly, "or I shall kill you with my own hands."

As Corthell left Jadwin entered, groping as if he were blind.

"Honey," he whispered, "it's dark. Something happened—I don't remember, I can't remember very well," and she repeated the significant words after him.

Jadwin had just fully recovered from a long siege of brain fever through which his wife nursed him with indefatigable devotion. They were on the eve of departure for a far Western city, where he had arranged for a new business. All his vast possessions had been swallowed up. They sat waiting for the cab, and looked around at the half-denuded splendors of that place, no longer theirs.

"What have I done for you but hurt you and at last brought you to—" said he.

"Hush, dear, you have brought me the greatest happiness of my life," she replied with a triumphant smile, for now he was hers, wholly hers. Then she joyfully read to him a letter from her sister Page, who was in New York on a honeymoon journey with Landry Court, for her heart was too full to talk of her own bliss, as if she herself had been newly wedded.

WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS

(England, 1847)

THE ROGUE (1888)

Among Mr. Norris's careful delineations of English life, the one presented here is regarded as his best effort.



R. KENNEDY, the Squire of Bletchingham, had married early in life and had one daughter who became the wife of Captain Heywood, and mother of two children, Thomas and Gertrude. For some years Mr. Kennedy openly treated Tom as his heir; but eighteen months after the death of his wife he married again; and when Tom was ten years old his uncle and supplanter, Oswald, was born. Both Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Heywood died before many years passed, and Gertrude then made her home at Bletchingham and was a great favorite with her grandfather. Not so her brother, whose debts his grandfather paid until Tom was twenty-six, when an open rupture took place between them. Having been plucked for the army, and after a try at the bar, Tom went to the United States, where he supported himself without calling upon his relatives.

During his second year as an Oxford undergraduate Oswald, who possessed a certain indolence of temperament combined with a dormant vein of cynicism, showed by a startling radicalism of opinion that his nature was not incapable of enthusiasm. Mr. Kennedy went to Oxford and declared to this son that he would rather have found him in the company of gamblers and tipplers than taking up the ideas of republicans, free-thinkers, and atheists.

"Perhaps from one point of view that would have been more satisfactory," Oswald agreed impartially, "but unfortu-

nately gambling and tipping are out of my line." He added with a touch of that gentle irony which afterward became habitual to him, "Don't be too much alarmed; the chances are that I shall get over this malady if I am severely left alone."

But the Squire removed his son from the pernicious influences of Oxford and sent him abroad to see the world. About that time Oswald inherited a fortune from his mother's brother; and when, at twenty-seven, he succeeded his father, he had seen too much of the world to settle down with any comfort to the monotonous life of a country gentleman.

Tom was in London at the time of his grandfather's death and attended the funeral and the reading of the will, by which Mr. Kennedy left his grandson a thousand pounds and his granddaughter eighteen thousand. Tom remained at Bletchingham for a visit, and Oswald took stock of the nephew who was his senior by ten years and whom he never before had met. From various quarters he had been informed that he was uncle to an adventurer given to dubious speculations; nevertheless he was not easily prejudiced and was ready to judge his fellow creatures rather by the evidence of his own observation than by hearsay; and his observation conveyed to him a more agreeable impression of Tom than he had anticipated. Tom had preserved the aspect and manners of youth; he appeared like a man who might be a dupe, but he bore no outward indications of the knave. After several days of companionship his critical uncle was not quite sure that he understood him; for Oswald, to whom the habit of close observation had become second nature, had taken note of details that escaped the many persons from whom Tom won golden opinions—who were not of the new Squire's analytical turn of mind. Nothing that Tom said or did was of a nature to throw much light on his character; and Oswald was forced to the conclusion that he was either a kindly, impetuous, overgrown schoolboy, or a singularly clever actor. Oswald admitted that the former supposition was more likely, and was a little ashamed of suspicions that he was careful not to reveal. Nevertheless, he abstained from offering his guest any pecuniary help, being perhaps deterred by a subdued air of expectancy that showed itself in Tom from time to time,

"He wonders what I am going to do for him. He must wonder a little longer. I do not yet know myself," thought Oswald. Yet he feared lest Tom should obtain money from his sister, and he said to her significantly, "I wouldn't go in for speculation, if I were you."

She answered that Tom should have her money if he wanted it; but she hoped Oswald would not feel bound to help her brother, as she should not like him to lose money through Tom. Oswald thought she could hardly have told him in more unequivocal terms that she had no belief in her brother's financial genius, and had some lurking doubt of his honesty; but he knew better than to force counsels of prudence on her, and determined that Tom should speculate with his money rather than with Gertrude's.

Being vexed by his doubts of his nephew, he determined to consult Lady Hester Burke, who was the best friend he had in the world and the one on whose judgment he most relied. Lady Hester was a widow of sixty, whose high birth and wealth caused her eccentricities to be condoned. During her short stay at Bletchingham Lady Hester made embarrassingly evident the fact that she desired Oswald to marry Stella Mowbray, a great favorite of hers, who lived with a cousin, Mrs. Farnaby, in the neighborhood at a house called "The Nest." Oswald had met Stella once before, and had thought a good deal about the young lady with the gray eyes and the unembarrassed manners, who was—unusual combination—both pretty and interesting.

At the end of her first day Lady Hester told her host she had inspected Mr. Heywood, and doubted whether she would know him any better in a month; and she declared that in her judgment he was a rogue. When Oswald protested against her statement she declared that it was her opinion of his nephew, and that he would injure neither Tom nor himself by bearing it in mind. She added that Tom's eyes had glittered when she mentioned Stella's fortune, and he would try to marry her, which Oswald said he doubted, though Tom was welcome to do so, as far as he was concerned.

"H'm," grunted Lady Hester, "I didn't expect to convince you; and I don't pretend to infallibility. Time will show

whether I am mistaken. You are making a bad start of it; but maybe you will retrace your steps before it is too late. Your nephew is a rogue, anyway."

Although Oswald smiled at Lady Hester's warning, it resulted in doubts which more than one incident seemed to confirm. While he was waiting for a request, direct or indirect, for money, which he was willing to supply, he found that Tom had obtained from Gertrude five thousand pounds to invest in a ventilator company in which he was to have an official place. He did not learn till later that Tom had talked so eloquently to old Major Pycroft of this investment that the Major had given him four thousand pounds to invest in it.

On the few occasions that Oswald had for conversation with Stella, her remarks always stimulated his curiosity, frequently tickled his sense of humor, and often provoked his admiration; but he was not in the least aware that he had fallen in love with her or was likely to, until, one afternoon shortly before Christmas, he went around to the church where his versatile nephew was gaining great praise for the arrangement of the decorations he himself had supplied. As they sat alone Stella asked him his opinion of Tom; and when Oswald gave his impression that his nephew was a kind-hearted, devil-may-care fellow, she replied that his impression might be correct, but she wished to warn him that the kind-hearted fellow had been spreading disagreeable reports of him connected with matters in regard to which he ought to keep silence. Oswald guessed at once to what she must be alluding.

"Of course you are speaking of the past; the most inveterate scandal-monger couldn't find much to say about my present life—good, bad, or indifferent. Well, there have been episodes in my life which I don't greatly care to talk about; but I should not be ashamed of your knowing any of them. Do you believe that?"

"Yes," she answered, "I believe you," and suddenly Oswald realized that he cared more for Stella's good opinion than for anything else in the world.

He had made up his mind that he never could fall in love again; for several years before he had been desperately in love with Mademoiselle Blanche de Montlucon, a pretty, innocent

and clever *débutante*. After three weeks of perfect happiness at the Château of Montlucon in Dauphiny, the announcement of Blanche's betrothal to the Comte de Révigny came as a surprise, and, whirling him out of his fool's paradise into a storm of anger and distress, led him to make a declaration of love to her. He never had really known Blanche; he had idealized her; and when she told him in the same breath that she adored him but was determined to marry Monsieur de Révigny, and hinted at future compensations for his forbearance, he conceived an opinion of human nature that was perhaps incorrect. In after years he frequently met Madame de Révigny, who became a vulgar and fast leader of society, and found that to avoid being either infamous or ridiculous he must give her a wide berth. Gossip, however, had already assigned him a position which he never had been ambitious to fill. Tom had made inquiries of a friend in Paris and learned this gossip, which he repeated in confidence to Kate Farnaby, who naturally told Stella.

It was unfortunate for Oswald that just at this time Madame de Révigny, lately widowed, came to stay at Riskleigh Towers, about twelve miles from Bletchingham. A chance meeting quickly showed her Oswald's feeling for Stella. He hoped against hope that Stella would not be influenced by the poison that he knew Madame de Révigny, piqued at his indifference to her, would instil into her ears. But not long after her meeting with Madame de Révigny, Oswald perceived that Stella had made up her mind about him, and that the conclusion was unfavorable. It was characteristic of him that he accepted her verdict without a protest. He had an idea that if he did not win her Tom would; and he now believed that she had made her choice.

"She has chosen to judge me," thought he; "so be it. If she had been what I thought she was, she wouldn't have judged me without hearing my defense. I have had a pleasant dream, and I have awakened from it; that is all."

But the central figure in Oswald's vision had had a little vision of her own; and, though she had not gone the length of falling in love with the subject of it, she was disappointed to find, as she supposed, that he was not the man she had taken

him for. Naturally, therefore, she gave up sparring with him, as she had been wont to do, and endeavored to treat him with merely amiable civility.

A few months brought about the failure of the ventilator company; and when Tom informed Oswald of this he told him also of Major Pycroft's investment. Oswald, feeling that the family honor was at stake, gave Tom four thousand pounds for the Major, with the explanation that, seeing the crash coming, he had withdrawn it. Tom, however, allowed the Major to press the money upon him to reinvest.

At this time Oswald granted Tom's request to be allowed to invite to Bletchingham Mr. Fisher, an American acquaintance who had been one of the promoters of the ventilator company. "A plausible fellow, sharp and not over-particular," was Oswald's diagnosis. "Perhaps rather a decent specimen of his species, which is hardly a high species."

Gertrude took especial pains to be courteous to her brother's friend; and the result was that Mr. Fisher lost his middle-aged heart to her. He requested Tom to use all his influence to induce his sister to marry him, threatening that if she did not do so, he would expose the fact that Tom had been detected in stealing from his employers some years before in America, and would have been a convicted felon if the money had not been refunded. Therefore Tom told Gertrude that she would ruin him by marrying Algy Pycroft, whom she loved. Though she did not fully trust Tom, and realized his selfishness and worthlessness at times, she decided to sacrifice her prospects of happiness, and so refused Algy. Before his departure a few days afterward Mr. Fisher told her his wishes and what the consequences of her failure to comply would be, and gave her until his return from the Continent to consider. Though she felt sure that some way of escape must present itself, Gertrude could not remain at Bletchingham; and so after Tom and his friend left she went to London to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Worsley.

On his way to the station Tom called at The Nest, and Stella questioned him about Gertrude's refusal of Algy. Stella knew that Gertrude loved Algy, and suspected Tom of having influenced his sister, but she believed him when he assured her

that he was quite neutral and had no power to influence Gertrude anyway. The whole Pycroft family had felt sure that Algy would be accepted, and were much disquieted at his rejection, which they believed was due to outside persuasion. At last they succeeded in disquieting Oswald to such an extent that he went up to London to consult Lady Hester, who remarked at the end of his story:

“I think that you have come around to my opinion, that your nephew is a rogue, and that you have done the very thing I wished you to do, after carefully spoiling all your chances of success with Stella, which is so exasperatingly like you.”

She declared her intention of proving Tom a rogue, and sent immediately for Stella to pay her a visit. As everyone believed Tom to be responsible for Gertrude's inexplicable conduct, Stella felt that with so many against him he had need of a partizan, and was very gracious to him during his frequent calls at Lady Hester's.

About the time that Mr. Fisher returned and granted Gertrude an additional three weeks, Algy Pycroft arrived in London and, without attempting to see Gertrude, gained an ally in Mrs. Worsley, who believed her nephew, Tom, capable of any iniquity, and had long since forbidden him her house. She communicated to Lady Hester the fact of Tom's embezzlement, of which she had heard at the time of its occurrence, and Gertrude's confession that Mr. Fisher knew something discreditable of her brother, which he would make public unless she married him. Lady Hester and Mrs. Worsley decided to give Oswald the facts and allow him to act as he thought best. When Stella heard Mrs. Worsley's story from Lady Hester she began to feel that she had been obstinate and stupid in clinging to the theory that any pernicious influence save Tom's could be at work on Gertrude's mind. But she professed to think little of the incriminating record, and merely smiled provokingly at Lady Hester's evidence. Oswald was less skeptical, but even he did not give complete satisfaction; for he appeared to think that the conclusions drawn were at least premature; though it might be disagreeable for Tom to have old scandals disinterred, his friends and acquaintances would not be likely to drop him because of them.

"He must know there is one person who would drop him if she were convinced he was a thief."

"I fancy that would depend on the version of the affair he gave her. I think she is fond of him; and if she is she will find excuses for him, whatever he has done."

"Now, Oswald, don't try to drive me into a rage, as that wretched girl did. What you want is to marry Stella; and as I firmly believe that what she desires is to marry you, the sooner you come to an understanding the better."

Oswald did not argue the point, and decided that he would best see Tom before taking any steps. His indignation against his nephew was not lessened, though not perhaps increased, on learning from Major Pycroft the fate of the money he had given Tom wherewith to reimburse the old gentleman, and from Madame de Révigny, who announced her engagement to Lord Dunedin, that Tom had not disdained to calumniate him and had applied to her for scandalous stories to tell Stella, to whom, she confessed, she herself had slandered him. He found Tom in low spirits; for he had suddenly realized these truths with painful distinctness: that he was a ruined man, whose daily bread would depend on the good pleasure of a somewhat close-fisted American; that he was a defaulter who might be called to account by an irate country gentleman for having gambled away money entrusted to him; and, lastly, that his American wife, whom he had reason to believe dead for two years, was alive, though suffering from a disease that might allow her to live two or three years longer. Tom's plausible explanations in regard to Major Pycroft partly dissipated Oswald's anger. But the more serious accusation, that he had tried to persuade his sister against her wish to marry Mr. Fisher in order to suppress the story of his fraudulent dealings, Tom could not deny; and when at last he capitulated Oswald began to study him with the dispassionate interest of an observer of human nature, and to feel sorry for him as he told a skilful story to show how he had been led astray. Finally, he declared that his fear of Fisher's exposure had been due to his hopes of happiness with a certain person, and gained Oswald's promise that he first should tell that person his own story. When Oswald left him Tom burst out laughing.

“What an extraordinary fellow! He seems to take positive delight in throwing away the winning cards whenever he holds them!”

As matters fell out, Oswald was not obliged to interfere between Gertrude and Mr. Fisher, who withdrew at the final moment, when she confessed that she loved Algy Pycroft. He expressed great astonishment that she had sacrificed so much and contemplated sacrificing more for Tom.

“What is that brother of yours to you, anyway, that you should put him above a man you are sure you will never cease to care for? As for me, I’m a poor specimen of a man, since I haven’t the courage to stick to a piece of iniquity after making up my mind to it.”

As Mr. Fisher left Mrs. Worsley’s he met Algy, and, after telling him that he was to sail for America the next day, warned him, on account of his relationship to Stella, that Tom Heywood had a wife living from whom he had been separated since his embezzlement, when she had made good the amount stolen. After he had had a satisfactory interview with Gertrude Algy communicated this information to Oswald, who, for once in his life, was in a towering rage and immediately sent a note to his nephew asking him to call at once. Meanwhile Tom, having reviewed his position and found it on the whole fairly satisfactory, had gone to Stella and told his story with great skill.

“Has this confession,” he concluded, “that I have had to make, lowered me very much in your opinion, Miss Mowbray?”

“Not very much, Mr. Heywood.”

“You must know that your good opinion is the one thing of supreme consequence to me; and to hear that I haven’t lost it is more than enough to console me for what others may say when Aunt Charlotte and Fisher have done their worst.”

“What you say is extremely flattering; but I ought to explain that if you haven’t fallen in my esteem, it is because you hadn’t very far to fall.”

Tom perceived that the contest was irretrievably lost, and retired with some precipitation. But when he met Mrs. Farnaby shortly afterward, and found that she took a very lenient view of his offenses, he was much soothed; and, in the happy

conviction that there was one person in the world who was prepared to stick to him through good and evil report, he followed her and Stella to Bletchingham, informing his uncle by note of his departure. On learning this, Oswald set out at once for Bletchingham and was told by Tom on his arrival that he had received the day before a notification from her nurse of the death of his wife, and that he had been engaged for about an hour to Mrs. Farnaby.

Oswald was not deceived by Tom's assertion that Mrs. Farnaby had been the object of his attentions, but he was greatly amused and relieved, and quite ready to become friends with Tom, with whom he had never wished to quarrel. Complying with Tom's request that he speak to Stella, who disapproved of the engagement, Oswald sought her. After they had exchanged opinions of Tom, she said:

"Mr. Kennedy, I must beg your pardon. It is about Madame de Révigny. She came to see me in London and confessed that some things she said to me about you were untrue. I am sorry I believed them and refused to listen when you wished to tell me the truth about yourself and her."

When Oswald tried to explain she protested that if he would accept her apology they need not talk about it any longer.

"No; but before we dismiss the subject I should like you to know that I love you. I have not deceived myself with false hopes. If you had cared for me you wouldn't have distrusted me on such slight evidence. I shall not refer to this again; only I wished to assure you that my love for you has not changed and never will change."

Then they spoke of her leaving Bletchingham, as she would do on Kate's marriage; and Oswald, looking into her face, saw an expression there that made him blurt out:

"Miss Mowbray, in a short time you may meet somebody who will cause you to forget Bletchingham and its belongings. But then you may not and—and—in—in short, I hope you will remember that there will always be one person—"

"Pray go on," said Stella, with a rather hysterical laugh, "if nobody else will have you, perhaps, after all, I will.' I defy you to say anything worse to me than some of the things you have said this afternoon."

"I don't know what you mean," exclaimed Oswald, bewildered.

"You said that if I had cared at all about you I should not have been so ready to believe Madame de Révigny's slanders. That is just one of those things that sound like the truth."

"But—isn't it the truth?" said Oswald. He obtained no articulate reply to his question, nor were the articulate observations that were exchanged in the next few minutes of a kind that could be faithfully reported.

"I am sure," exclaimed Stella, after a time, "that we shall be a very quarrelsome couple.

"I am sure we shall be no such thing," returned Oswald confidently.

"Oh, *you* won't quarrel; that is the worst of it. You will always be in the right, and will take an indulgent view of my absurd ways of going on, and you will find me an unfailing source of amusement."

Stella's prediction was not verified, and Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were considered an exceptionally happy and charming couple. Gertrude and Algy took up their quarters at The Nest when Mr. and Mrs. Heywood vacated it for a house in Mayfair. The first Mrs. Heywood left her ample fortune to her husband; and this money (which some were so ridiculous as to expect him to refuse) was largely increased by its inheritor. Still, though Tom proved himself an amiable member of society, a general favorite, and a credit to his relatives, Lady Hester always declared, if Oswald chanced to speak well of Tom in her presence, "He is a rogue, for all that."

GEORGES OHNET

(France, 1848)

SERGE PANINE (1881)

No stronger contrast in fiction ever has been drawn between the best class of the hard-working common people, and the degenerates to be found among the European aristocracy, than is portrayed in Georges Ohnet's novel, *Serge Panine*. The novel was first published in book form in 1880, and was crowned by the French Academy in 1881. Later it was translated into several European languages, and was dramatized by the author himself for the French stage.



DADAME DESVARENNES, wife of a journeyman baker, set up with him a little bake-shop in a humble street, and watched so well over their common interests that they saved enough money to open a fine shop in the Rue Vivienne. Prosperity followed this move, and by-and-by the thrifty woman resolved to lessen the cost of obtaining flour from middlemen by grinding her own corn. Despite her husband's timidity at such daring, she purchased a mill and soon was independent of everyone. The business increased; after a time the Desvarennés obtained a contract for supplying bread to the hospitals, and gave up their retail trade. From that time their prosperity grew by leaps and bounds. The purchase of the first mill was followed by others, and at last Madame Desvarennés built steam-mills which ground millions of francs' worth of flour every year. She became a great power in the flour trade and ruled prices in the market.

Their manner of living changed, but Madame Desvarennés retained her blunt ways and plain dress, though unconsciously she took on the air of one accustomed to command. Her great grief was the lack of children, and her maternal longings found vent in affection lavished on Pierre Delarue, the son of one of

their former humble neighbors. This lad was honest and industrious, as well as clever, and Madame Desvarences watched his growth with deep interest and envy of his mother's joy in him.

On attaining the age of thirty-five, Madame Desvarences, despairing of having any children, announced that she was weary of hard work, and that, as she and her husband were now rich, she purposed to buy a country estate and live there quietly the rest of their days. The estate of Cernay, near Paris, was for sale, its owner, a nobleman, having died from the results of reckless living, his mistress, an Italian singer, abandoning him shortly before his death without troubling herself about their child, Jeanne, a pretty baby girl of two years. Madame Desvarences found the neglected waif in charge of the caretaker, and, learning that the little one was reduced to absolute beggary, she decided to adopt it, impelled by motherly instinct as much as by pity. With the advent of the child into her home, Madame Desvarences's energy and relish for worldly affairs returned; she decided to remain in business and planned fresh schemes, when, to her own amazement, she discovered that the crown of real maternity was to be hers at last. At her age, the knowledge brought almost as much fear as joy; but all went well, and an heiress to the vast fortune was born. The autocratic mistress of the mills, now become a proud and doting mother, was like wax in the little pink hands of her daughter, whom she named Micheline. The father died when his child was about ten years old, but the great business went on.

Micheline and Jeanne grew up together, surrounded by colossal prosperity and unbounded luxury. Micheline was fair and fragile, gentle and dreamy; Jeanne, dark, passionate, and capricious. The young heiress loved her adopted sister, and the orphan lived amicably enough with her patron's idol; but as she grew to womanhood she realized her dependent situation, and at times fancied herself treated with injustice. Soon after she was twenty years old, she asked permission to visit England, in the home of a wealthy relative of her father, in the hope that there she might find a change of fortune in picking up a rich English husband. She met with a kind but not enthusiastic welcome in her relative's house, and her hopes were not realized. In a few months she returned to Madame

Desvarennnes, attended only by a maid, and in company *en route* with a handsome Polish prince, whom she had met during the London season, and who soon made his appearance at the house of Madame Desvarennnes. Neither deemed it necessary to inform anyone in that household how far the friendship formed in England had gone.

Serge Panine's story was well known. He had a royally aristocratic bearing and striking blond beauty, and was the descendant of an ancient Polish family. He had been educated in Paris, and in 1866, at the outbreak of war between Prussia and Austria, he, with all the males of his family, entered the Austrian army to fight the oppressor of Poland. The young Prince showed great valor, and in the battle of Sadowa five of his kinsmen were killed, he alone remaining unhurt.

At the time Jeanne returned from England, the young Pierre Delarue (in whom Madame Desvarennnes had been interested from his infancy), having become a promising civil engineer, was just setting out on an expedition to Algiers, to direct an enterprise that would raise him far above his former fellow workers. During Jeanne's absence he had become betrothed to Micheline, whose mother, proud of her own lowly birth, was glad to have this plebeian but clever youth for a son-in-law, resolving to put into his hand, in due time, a golden lever strong enough to move the world.

The entrance of the dangerously handsome and romantic Prince into the Desvarennnes circle was watched apprehensively by the shrewd eyes of Madame Desvarennnes's confidential agent, Jean Cayrol, once a shepherd-boy, later servant to a banker, in whose household he learned to read and felt the spur of ambition. He went with his master to Paris, and became clerk with a merchant for four years, then with a stock-broker, where his natural aptitude for speculation served him well. At twenty-eight he had become manager of the business, keenly ambitious, but honest. His lucky star brought him in Madame Desvarennnes's path. She was seeking a banker who would devote himself to her interests, and, knowing how to measure men, she soon decided that she had found the right person. She established him in the banking business, and thereafter he was her financial watchdog, as well as friend.

For some time this self-made, unpolished, but successful money-maker had admired Jeanne, the adopted daughter; he never had declared himself, but the sight of the beautiful girl waltzing in the arms of the fascinating Prince awakened a wild mingling of jealousy and love, and he determined to ask her to be his wife, illegitimate and dowerless though she was.

Cayrol courted the Prince, did him little favors, and finally ventured to ask whether he was in love with Mademoiselle Jeanne. Panine replied that she was no doubt charming, but that he had no serious thought of her, as his heart was engaged elsewhere. He loved Micheline, the great heiress, hence his eagerness to seek her companion's friendship! Cayrol knew that Madame Desvarences had chosen Pierre Delarue for her daughter's husband, but thought: Who can tell? Women are whimsical; perhaps the handsome though impoverished Prince has found favor with both mother and daughter. He resolved, with an eye to future possibilities, to gain the good-will of the Prince, who soon requested him to approach Madame Desvarences as his matrimonial emissary. The mistress of the mill flew into a rage, and ordered her faithful ally never to mention the subject again. But Cayrol argued with her till she was calmer, and then she sent for Micheline, and from her learned the truth—that the Prince had won her heart, and that the thought of Pierre as a husband was repellent. The daughter's pleading finally conquered the masterful mother; but she made a condition that the Prince should leave Paris for three weeks before he should receive her consent. Cayrol delivered the mandate, and the Prince obeyed it. Madame Desvarences instantly wrote to Pierre: "If you do not wish to find Micheline married on your return, come back without a moment's delay."

Pierre hastened to France at once, arriving on the same day that brought back the Prince, at the end of his three weeks' probation. But it was too late; an interview with Micheline proved to him that his titled rival had completely captivated her, and finally the mother was compelled to accept him, though she said privately to Pierre: "He had better keep in the right path, for I shall be there to call him to order. Micheline *must* be happy. . . . Do you know, if my daughter were made miserable through her husband, I should be capable of killing him!"

Cayrol seized upon the occasion of the betrothal ball to beg the Prince to plead his cause with Jeanne, who had received his advances coldly, and whose face was the only gloomy one in that brilliant company. Panine and Jeanne had a stormy interview, in which she bitterly reproached him for winning and then throwing away her love, while he tried to make her understand the pecuniary reason why he must marry Micheline, and to persuade her to accept Cayrol. He whispered to her that as a married woman she would be free from chaperonage, and that there need be no lessening of their mutual love. Until then their relations had been innocent, though indiscreet; but the poison of Panine's words fell deep into Jeanne's reckless soul, and mingled with her wild passion for him. She consented to wed Cayrol when Micheline should marry the Prince; and Madame Desvareennes promised her a handsome dowry.

The double wedding occurred soon, and at the reception appeared a man then much in the public eye: Herman Herzog, a daring promoter, with a reputation for handling successfully vast financial schemes. He was about to float a credit and discount company superior to any in the world, and sought to interest the powerful Madame Desvareennes. She distrusted his smooth talk and glittering promises, but Cayrol was interested in the scheme proposed by the wily German, who, when congratulating Prince Panine on his wealthy marriage, managed to find out from him that his wife's fortune was settled on herself. Herzog smiled.

"You are bowled out, my dear fellow, don't you know?" he said.

"Sir!" protested Serge, haughtily.

"Don't cry out; it is too late, and would be useless," replied Herzog. "Your hands are tied. You cannot dispose of a sou belonging to your wife without her consent. Ah, Prince, you have allowed yourself to be done completely. I would not have thought it of you."

Serge looked Herzog in the face.

"I don't know what idea you have formed of me, sir, and I don't know what object you have in speaking thus to me."

"My interest in you," interrupted Herzog. "You are a charming fellow; you please me much. With your tastes, in

is possible that in a brief time you may be short of money. Come and see me; I will put you into the way of business."

Serge was troubled. Was it true that he had been duped? He made an effort to regain his serenity. "Micheline loves me, and all will be well," was his thought.

Cayrol had fitted up a charming home in Paris, intending to take his bride thither immediately. Left alone with her for a moment, he asked her to make ready to depart at once, and told her that he had a pleasant surprise for her: instead of spending their honeymoon in Paris, they were to join the Prince and Micheline in Switzerland.

Jeanne, already repenting her marriage, and frightened at the abyss of sin that her tacit promise to the Prince seemed to open before her, showed great distaste for the proposed tour, much to Cayrol's bewilderment; but he promised to abandon the plan, and gently suggested that they set out for Paris. But Jeanne repelled him.

In a rapid vision, she contrasted this great fat man, with red face and big ears, with the refined profile, the beautiful blue eyes, and the fair moustache of the Prince, and was overcome with sadness and horror. Cayrol still urged her tenderly to go, but she began to make excuses for not leaving Cernay that night. The new-made husband became anxious, alarmed, then, when she finally suggested that he should go to Paris alone, and leave her to console Madame Desvarenes for the loss of her daughter, he grew angry, suspecting that her repugnance to him meant that she loved another. He accused her; she was silent. He demanded the name of the man she loved. "Never!" was the reply, enraging him to madness. He seized and shook her violently, and at her screams Madame Desvarenes entered, amazed at this scene between bridegroom and bride. She persuaded Cayrol to leave them, that she might bring Jeanne to reason, and in a few moments the masterful woman elicited from the unhappy girl the secret of her fatal passion. Full of sympathy for Jeanne at first, the instant that Madame Desvarenes discovered that Micheline's bridegroom was the object of Jeanne's love her maternal instinct rose in fierce, protecting wrath.

"He swore to me he loved Micheline," she said.

"He lied," cried Jeanne. "He married her for her fortune. If I had been rich he would have married me. He assured me so on his word of honor."

She then demanded whether she must be sacrificed to Cayrol.

"What will my life be?" she moaned.

"That of an honest woman," replied Madame Desvarences, with true grandeur. "Be a wife; God may make you a mother, and you will be saved."

"Very well, I will obey you," said the young wife simply.

Madame Desvarences recalled Cayrol, and assured him that he need have no fear of a past love, adding: "Besides, nothing has occurred that could cause you jealousy. I will not tell you his name now. But if perchance he should reappear and threaten your happiness, I will point him out to you."

Cayrol, satisfied, departed with Jeanne, and Madame Desvarences sought her son-in-law; but finding him in the deserted drawing-room alone with his bride, she hesitated, looked at him, and seeing on that fair face no shadow of wickedness, nothing there apparently but love for Micheline, she spared him, and hoped for the best.

For a time all went well. Serge and Micheline seemed happy; Cayrol, unable to resist Herzog's tempting bait, had joined him in his scheme of floating the Universal Credit Company, and went traveling over Europe establishing offices, and Jeanne accompanied him, sending letters to Madame Desvarences expressing only praise for her husband's kindness.

The Prince and his bride had now set up a separate establishment, though still under the same roof with the mother. Serge began a magnificent and costly style of living, and entertained continually. Cards were played at high stakes; it was rumored that the Prince sometimes lost heavily. Madame Desvarences did not attend these gay gatherings, but she heard the whispers. Still, as Micheline was happy, the mother only determined to work the harder to supply the funds for her noble son-in-law to dissipate. The Prince's servants despised her for a plebeian, and did not hesitate to show it.

At last Panine, weary of the monotony of home life, joined one of the great gaming clubs, and there began to spend many of his evenings. He won and lost large sums, and one morning

a messenger brought to Madame Desvarences's office by mistake a receipt for 100,000 borrowed francs, signed by the Prince. She paid the messenger the sum called for, and went to the Prince to demand an explanation. He met her remonstrances with haughty disdain, and forced her to take a packet of 100,000 francs, to make good the sum she had just paid for him. Surprised, she asked how he happened to have such a sum, but was told that it did not concern her. Baffled, angry, and alarmed, she retired, realizing that Panine in reality hated her. Soon she perceived a coolness toward her in her idolized daughter, who informed her that her physician had ordered change of air, and had recommended Nice. Away went the Prince's retinue, leaving the sad mother alone with her fears.

Two months later Jeanne and Cayrol arrived at Nice, to meet Herzog, the promoter, in the interests of the Universal Credit Company. Madame Desvarences, scenting danger, also made a trip to the gay city, and arrived at her daughter's villa on the evening of a reception, at which were present the Cayrols and Herzog. The mother watched narrowly the meeting between the Prince and Cayrol's wife, and saw that the old passion existed, still unsuspected by Cayrol and Micheline. She obtained a private talk with Jeanne, and reproached her bitterly for having allowed her husband to come to Nice at that time, and particularly for entering the Panine household. Jeanne admitted her indiscretion, but in a burst of reckless grief declared that a terrible fascination prevented her from leaving the place where Serge was. Though shocked and angry, Madame Desvarences pitied her unhappiness, and resolved to induce Cayrol to return to Paris at once.

Jeanne, left alone in tears, was presently startled by a whisper from Serge, who, concealed by a curtain, had overheard the whole interview, and realized that Madame Desvarences was cognizant of the full measure of his wickedness. A wild scene of passion followed, during which Serge declared that he loved Jeanne, only Jeanne, and demanded her surrender. The terrified yet infatuated woman yielded to her love and sank into his embrace. Presently the heavy curtain was lifted again suddenly; an exclamation was heard, and the drapery fell once more. The guilty ones started apart, and Jeanne fled. The

intruders had been Micheline and her former *fiancé*, Pierre, who had accompanied Madame Desvarènnès to Nice. The horrified wife had seen that fatal embrace, but decided instantly that she must conceal the fact, in order to retain even a shadow of love on the part of her husband. The next day she persuaded Serge to return to Paris, to which he readily consented, being unsuspecting of her knowledge, mad for the adorable Jeanne, while sneering at her honest husband and fearing nothing but the sharp eyes of Madame Desvarennès.

Serge immediately engaged a small house in a quiet street, where, after the return of the Cayrols a week later, he and Jeanne met frequently that winter. They grew bold, and at last walked together in a neighboring park, where one day Madame Desvarennès spied them. Jeanne, closely veiled, ran down a side path; Madame Desvarennès questioned Serge, and a quarrel followed, he declaring the lady to be an old Polish friend, and she denouncing him as a liar.

On reaching home, Madame Desvarennès ordered her secretary, in the presence of Cayrol, her banker, to prepare a settlement of the Prince's financial account with her. When she questioned Cayrol, he admitted having lent money to the Prince, and also that he had promised to lend him a further considerable sum that night. Madame Desvarennès forbade him to do so. Cayrol asked her reason. "Because he would repay you badly," was the reply. Cayrol, though mystified, decided to obey her, and the Prince failed to obtain a fresh loan. Enraged and desperate, he left Cayrol and soon met Herzog, who offered to lend him any sum he desired for the privilege of using his name as a director on the prospectuses of a new financial scheme. Panine yielded to the temptation, became interested in "high finance," and speculation thereafter was his god. His name, as the son-in-law of the powerful Madame Desvarennès, gave the public confidence in the new European Credit Company, though Madame Desvarennès herself disapproved of the scheme. She feared too to let Micheline know of her husband's depravity with Jeanne, while Micheline tried to conceal from her mother her knowledge of their sin, as well as her anxiety at her husband's wild speculating.

At last the financial bubble burst; both companies which

Herzog managed, and in which Serge was heavily involved, were ruined. The news became known at a reception at Cayrol's house, at which Panine and his wife, as well as Madame Desvarences, were present. Micheline, terrified, at last revealed to her mother her knowledge of Serge's infatuation for Jeanne, giving that as a reason for her presence in Jeanne's house—she would not allow her husband to go there without her. The news of the failure caused Cayrol to determine to leave the reception and set out that night for London, to investigate the company's business in that city. At this announcement Jeanne made a sign to Serge, which was observed by Micheline, who confided to her mother her suspicion that it signified Serge should come back to the house after the departure of the guests. Madame Desvarences was frantic at her child's misery, and declared she should have a deed of separation.

"And he will be free!" exclaimed Micheline. "He will go on loving her. I cannot bear that thought. I love him so much that I would rather see him dead than unfaithful."

Madame Desvarences was struck. Serge dead! The idea as a dream of deliverance came upon her violently, irresistibly. She ran to Cayrol and warned him not to leave Paris, but only to seem to go and then return. Amazed, he asked the reason.

"Your honor is in danger here," she said.

"My honor!" repeated Cayrol, starting back. "Madame, do you know what you are saying?"

"Ay!" answered Madame Desvarences. "And do you remember what I promised you? I undertook to warn you myself, if ever the day came when you would be threatened."

"Well?" questioned Cayrol, turning quite livid.

"Well, I keep my promise. If you wish to know who your rival is, come home to-night."

Some inaudible words rattled in Cayrol's throat.

"A rival in my house! Can Jeanne be guilty? If it is true I will kill them both."

"Deal with them as your conscience dictates," said Madame Desvarences. "I have acted according to mine."

Cayrol went to Jeanne instantly and asked her to accompany him to London, but she refused, laughing at him playfully for proposing it. He departed, and when the house was

quiet Serge returned to Jeanne's chamber, and the lovers were hastily planning an elopement when the door was burst open by the infuriated husband, who shouted:

"You! I might have guessed it. It is not only money of which you have robbed me."

Serge haughtily informed him that he was at his service.

"Ah, a duel! Am I a gentleman? I am a plebeian, and I am going to smash you," was the reply.

Cayrol seized a fire-iron and rushed at the Prince, but Jeanne threw herself in front of her lover; the husband looked into her eyes, then his arm fell and he burst into sobs, while Serge fled to his own dwelling, where Madame Desvarenes had been sitting up for hours, waiting to hear that Cayrol had killed him. But after Serge's flight, Cayrol went to the Desvarenes house and found the mistress in her office. He confessed his lack of courage to kill Panine, and declared that instead he intended to expose his dishonesty instantly, and have him arrested as an embezzler. Madame Desvarenes remonstrated, but he was firm, and took his departure, leaving her to reflect on the crushing blow that had ruined happiness and honor. Word came that the offices of both credit companies were in charge of the police. Officers might come at any moment to arrest the Prince. Under the spur of danger, Madame Desvarenes recovered her strength of mind and formed her plan of action.

"I will go and square accounts with the Prince," she said, and went to his apartments.

Meantime Serge, on returning to his home, had presented himself, with a sad face, but seemingly full of tenderest affection, to his wife. He explained to her that the failure of the companies had ruined him; the loving wife's anger melted; she forgave him in her heart, and promised to intercede for him with her mother. Leaving him, she was on her way to her mother's rooms, when she intercepted a veiled woman just outside Serge's smoking-room, whom she instantly recognized as Jeanne. The unhappy one had come to warn Serge of her husband's determination to have him thrown into prison, and to urge him to fly. A battle of words ensued between the two women, in which Micheline's generosity and nobility finally

touched Jeanne's heart, and the mistress yielded to the sacred rights of the wife. Together they determined to seek Cayrol, and entreat him to spare Serge from public disgrace.

Panine remained in his wife's drawing-room, thinking that Micheline had gone to plead with her mother to save him. He opened a drawer in a table, and took out a small revolver that lay within it, and placed it on the table. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Madame Desvarennnes, with threatening aspect, advanced toward him. With a sneering affectation of courtesy, he asked her what she wished of him.

"I wish to ask you a question. We business folk, when we fail and cannot pay our way, throw blood on the blot and it disappears. You members of the nobility, when you are disgraced, how do you manage?"

"If I am not mistaken, Madame," answered the Prince, "you do me the favor of asking what my intentions are for the future. I will answer you with precision. I purpose leaving to-night for Aix-la-Chapelle, where I shall join my friend Herzog. We shall begin our business again. My wife, on whose good feelings I rely, will accompany me, notwithstanding everything."

And in these last words he put all the venom of his soul.

"My daughter will not leave me," exclaimed Madame Desvarennnes.

"Very well, then, you can accompany her," retorted the Prince. "That arrangement will suit me. Since my troubles I have learned to appreciate domestic happiness."

"Ah, you hope to play your old games on me," said Madame Desvarennnes. "You won't get much out of me. My daughter and I with you—in the stream where you are going to sink? Never!"

"Well, then," cried the Prince, "what do you expect?"

A violent ring at the front door resounded. The secretary handed Madame Desvarennnes a card. She glanced at it, turned pale, and said: "Very well, let him wait." She threw the card on the table. Serge came forward and read: "Delbarre, Sheriff's Officer."

Haggard and aghast, he turned to the mistress, as if seeking an explanation.

“Well!” she observed; “it is clear; he has come to arrest you.”

Serge rushed to a cabinet, and opening a drawer, took forth some handfuls of gold and notes.

“By the back stairs I shall have time to get away. It is my last chance! Keep the man for five minutes only.”

“And if the door is guarded?” asked Madame Desvarences.

Serge felt himself enclosed in a ring which he could not break through.

“One may be prosecuted without being condemned,” he gasped. “You will use your influence, I know, and you will get me out of this mess. I shall be grateful to you forever, and will do anything you like! But don’t leave me, it would be cowardly!”

“The son-in-law of Madame Desvarences does not go before the Assize Courts, even to be acquitted,” said she, with a firm voice.

“What would you have me do?” cried Serge, passionately.

Madame Desvarences did not answer, but pointed to the revolver on the table.

“Kill myself? Ah, no! that would be giving you too much pleasure.”

And he gave the weapon a push, so that it slid close to Madame Desvarences.

“Ah, wretch!” cried she, giving way to her suppressed rage. “You are not even a Panine! The Panines knew how to die.”

“I have not time to act a melodrama with you,” snarled Serge. “I am going to try to save myself.”

And he took a step toward the door.

The mistress seized the revolver, and threw herself before him.

“You shall not go out!” she cried.

“Are you mad?” he exclaimed.

“You shall not go out!” repeated the mistress.

“We shall see!”

And with a strong arm he seized Madame Desvarences, and threw her aside. The mistress became livid. Serge had his hand on the handle of the door. He was about to escape. Madame Desvarences’s arm was stretched forth. A shot

made the windows rattle; the weapon fell from her hand, having done its work and, amid the smoke, a body dropped heavily on the carpet. At the same moment the door opened, and Micheline entered. The young wife uttered a heartrending cry, and fell senseless on Serge's body.

Behind Micheline came the officer and Maréchal. The secretary exchanged looks with the mistress, who was lifting her fainting daughter and clasping her in her arms. He understood all. Turning toward his companion, he said:

"Alas! sir, here is a sad matter! The Prince, on hearing that you have come, took fright, although his fault was not very serious, and has shot himself."

The officer bowed respectfully to the mistress, who was bending over Micheline.

"Please to withdraw, Madame. You have already suffered too much," said he. "I understand your legitimate grief. If I need any information, this gentleman will give it to me."

Madame Desvarences arose, and, without bending under the burden, she bore away on her bosom her daughter, regained.

THE IRONMASTER (1882)

Georges Ohnet, while he was still unknown, wrote a play called *Les Mariages d'Argent* ("Marriages for Money"), which the dramatic managers all refused. He laid it aside and devoted himself to another play, *Serge Panine*, which achieved a great success. Then he returned to his earlier manuscript and changed it into the present novel, *Le Maître des Forges*. This he sold to the *Paris Figaro*; it was published as a *feuilleton* (serial story), and at once became the talk of the town. Its dramatic quality was recognized, and when the author converted it into a play, produced at the Gymnase, with M. Jacques Damala, the husband of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, in the title-rôle, it met with instant and long-sustained success. The play was adapted in English by Robert Buchanan under the title of *Lady Claire*, and later by Arthur W. Pinero as *The Ironmaster*, by which title the novel in its various English translations is also known.



HERE is a silvery stream called the Avesnes, which speeds like a mill-race down the lower slopes of Jura to a manufacturing town that is named, because it possesses the first bridge that spans the course of the river, Pont-Avesnes. Outside the town all the land on the right bank belonged to Philippe Derblay, a man who, still in the thirties, had by his mechanical and administrative ability developed the little forge of Pont-Avesnes, which he inherited from his father, the son of the village blacksmith, into a great iron-manufacturing plant, one of the crowning industries of France. The operatives of his great mills lived in their own homes in the town, and, unpatronized by their employer, but treated justly by him, each according to his ability and industry, had come to look upon him as their ideal of manhood.

In a fine new mansion on the river, somewhat removed from his mills, Monsieur Derblay lived alone with his little sister Suzanne. Their parents were dead, and as yet neither had fallen in love. They were all in all to each other.

The ancient estate of Beaulieu lay on the left bank of the river. In its château dwelt the Marquise de Beaulieu, a widow,

and her two children, Octave and Claire. The Marquise, a woman of calm and easy-going mind, willing to make compromise between her aristocratic tastes and modern democratic tendencies, had reared her son in serious fashion that he might play a useful part in the affairs of the world, and her daughter that she might charm the life of that noble-born husband for whom her birth, fortune, and beauty seemed to have destined her. By a freak of nature, however, Claire had an energetic and ambitious spirit, which, had she been a boy and received a practical education, would have made her a master of affairs, if not a captain of industry like Monsieur Derblay, a statesman of the first order, such as her father had begun to be recognized when death ended his career. It was Octave who inherited the sweet, calm, and somewhat indolent nature of his mother.

Claire was sent unfortunately to a school of aristocratic tendencies patronized by the old nobility and a few wealthy plebeians who were desirous of breaking into the ranks of exclusive society. Among the latter was Monsieur Moulinet, a chocolate-manufacturer who had risen rapidly to enormous wealth by clever adulteration of his product. He sent to the school his daughter Athénaïs, a bold, dashing girl, who had inherited her father's cleverness and ambition, and in whom his *bourgeois* rudeness was tempered into the finesse of social impertinence. Claire at once detected the innate vulgarity of the girl and ignored her in a superior fashion, which stung her deeply, for the chocolate-maker's daughter recognized in Mademoiselle de Beaulieu's manner an inheritance denied to herself, and a possession that money could not buy.

While Claire was still at school it was known that she was to marry Gaston, son of the Duc de Bligny. The Duchesse de Bligny, who had been an old school friend of Marquise de Beaulieu, dying when Gaston was a school-boy, had commended him to her motherly care; so he spent his vacations at Beaulieu, where Claire and he had fallen in love. Occasionally with Octave he visited Claire at her school. Seeing the handsome and devoted lover of her schoolmate, Athénaïs became wildly envious of Claire, and would have sacrificed all her wealth if thereby it had been possible to win him for herself.

Her father, she knew, would deny her nothing. In desperation, indeed, she made advances to the young man, at which he was secretly amused, and to which in a spirit of fun he responded. In short, they began a school-boy and -girl flirtation, which, unknown to Claire, was continued in later years in Paris, the home of the De Blignys and the Moulinets.

Shortly after Gaston attained his majority his father died, leaving a fortune which, unhappily, had been largely increased by the Duke's winnings at the gaming-table, for he was an inveterate, cool-headed gambler. The young man, who had inherited his father's passion for play, but not his prudence and skill at it, began to dissipate the fortune at the gaming-table far more rapidly than it had been accumulated. Soon it entirely vanished, and Gaston found himself deeply in debt to Monsieur Moulinet, to whom he had applied for a loan in a last desperate but unsuccessful attempt to recover his losses.

Since his father's death Gaston, absorbed in gaming and his flirtation with Athénaïs, had not visited Beaulieu, and had written but few and formal letters to Claire, who remained secure in her faith and loyalty. Her mother, who had learned something of the young Duke's dissipations, was greatly troubled. She comforted herself, however, with the thought that, when his money was gone, his passion for gambling would have spent itself, and he would come to Beaulieu and settle down to a quiet life with Claire, whose share of the Beaulieu fortune, which was invested in foreign securities, was ample for both.

But at this juncture, owing to a disastrous panic abroad, her fortune vanished even more quickly than the Duke's. Only Beaulieu, an almost unproductive estate, remained to the family. Out of consideration for Claire her mother and brother kept this news from her, as well as the report of the ruin of her *fiancé*.

The Duke heard of the loss of Claire's prospective inheritance, and felt himself ruined. As he had not had the courage before to go to Beaulieu, and, confessing his folly, release Claire from her engagement, so now he was not manly enough to write to the Marquise sympathizing with her misfortune. Instead, he allowed himself to drift into a tacitly understood engagement to marry Athénaïs.

In the mean time Octave de Beaulieu and Philippe Derblay had formed a strong friendship, owing to their complementary traits of character. The ironmaster visited Beaulieu frequently, and was greatly attracted to his friend's sister, of whose engagement to the young Duke he was ignorant, although he knew that her mother expected her to marry a nobleman. When he heard of the loss of the Beaulieu fortune, surmising that now such an alliance was improbable, he took courage, and, through Octave, announced himself to the Marquise as a suitor for the hand of her daughter. The Marquise, fearing that the silence of the Duc de Bligny in the day of his own and the Beaulieu disaster was ominous of his withdrawal from his engagement to her daughter, prudently received the proposal of the ironmaster, whom she had learned greatly to respect, and whose action in suing for the hand of a portionless girl was in such favorable contrast to the Duke's conduct; and thanking him for the honor he was conferring upon her family in their distress, promised him an answer as soon as their affairs were in a more settled state. She frankly admitted that other plans had been formed for Claire's future, which still might be fulfilled.

Athénaïs Moulinet, to crown her triumph and complete the humiliation of her proud rival, persuaded her father to purchase Varenne, an ancient magnificent estate near Beaulieu. The Duc de Bligny strenuously objected to this, but was forced to succumb to the will of his imperious *fiancé*. Athénaïs slipped away from him with her father to take possession of the new purchase. The day after their arrival Monsieur and Mademoiselle Moulinet de la Varenne went in the glory of their new title to visit Beaulieu.

Athénaïs greeted Claire with mock humility.

"You don't know how pleased I am to meet you. Since we were school-girls together I have reflected a great deal, and my feelings have greatly changed. We were not as good friends as we should have been, and I own it was my fault. I was jealous of you, but I know now it was because deep in my heart I admired you. My dream was to become your equal."

"My equal!" exclaimed Claire, with a bitter smile. "Why, you eclipse me—in beauty, luxury, everything—"

"Except a name," added Athénaïs.

"But, dear me," rejoined Claire with seeming simplicity, "a name is easily bought now; you have already acquired one with your new estate, and you can readily marry into a title."

"It is just that I should like to talk about with you. I want your advice about marrying someone whom you know very well, one who will give me a coronet—a duchess's."

On hearing this, Claire instantly, divining what her mother had been hiding from her so long, turned deadly pale.

Athénaïs, exulting at her rival's anguish, followed up the attack.

"You don't ask me my suitor's name?"

"N-o," stammered Claire.

"Well, it is my duty to tell you, for he has confessed that there was some sort of understanding between you, as boy and girl, that he was to marry you. He is the Duc de Bligny."

Claire summoned up all her fortitude to withstand the blow.

"Yes, there was an understanding."

"Well," continued Athénaïs, "you have only to say the word, and I will break off his match with me. I'm by no means in love with him. He or another man of title, what do I care? Come, be frank, if you love him—"

"Thank you," replied Claire coldly; "it was a boy-and-girl attachment, as you say. We change as we grow older. Marry the Duke, by all means. You are worthy of each other."

Mademoiselle Moulinet veiled her rage at this thrust and left the room. As she did so the Marquise entered it. Claire flew toward her mother.

"You knew it, you knew he was going to marry! Why did you not tell me?" she cried. "Betrayed!—for that creature! And you allowed me to learn it from her lips!"

"My child," said the Marquise, "the father just informed me of it, and I was on my way to prevent the daughter's triumph. Be brave, be your father's noble child, and tear the scoundrel from your heart. Do not let this ruin your life. You will yet be the happy wife of a true and honest man."

"If I were mad enough," said Claire, "to think of marrying after this humiliation, what man would ever consent to ask me for his wife?"

"What man?" repeated the Marquise; "why, I may per-

haps tell you now that there is someone very near here who would accept your hand on bended knees. He is even now in the garden with Octave. Monsieur Derblay—”

“The ironmaster!” Claire exclaimed. “Son of a blacksmith!”

“Grandson,” corrected her mother. “There is many a noble family which was founded by an artizan. Monsieur Derblay is a fortune-maker, and not a fortune-hunter like the Duc de Bligny.”

As her lip curled in mention of the name, the man himself galloped up to the château. Learning of Athénaïs’s evasion to Pont-Avesnes, and fearing the worst, the Duke had taken an express from Paris. Finding her gone from Varenne, he had ridden frantically to Beaulieu.

He demanded to see Mademoiselle de Beaulieu, and Claire sent out word that she would receive him shortly. Then, turning to her mother, she said: “I will first see Monsieur Derblay.”

The Marquise, who knew her daughter’s pride, surmised her intention, and bore the message herself to the ironmaster, warning him that matters had reached a crisis.

Philippe Derblay entered Claire’s chamber and stood silent, with bowed head, before the woman he adored.

“Monsieur,” she said, “my mother has told me that you do me the honor to seek my hand. Let me first tell you that I have been engaged from a child to the Duc de Bligny. He has seen fit to break that engagement—”

“Mademoiselle, I have just now heard of these matters from Octave. The Duke is below, evidently desirous of renewing his troth. I regard your happiness too highly to stand between you, if you still love him.”

“I thank you,” said Claire; “but all ties between the Duke and me are forever severed. In proof, I offer you my hand.”

Philippe imprinted on the icy fingers a kiss.

“I have a favor to ask of you, Monsieur,” she continued. “Protect your future wife from humiliation by acting as if our engagement dated from several days ago. Pray leave me now, but remain close at hand.”

Claire went down to the drawing-room, where she interrupted the Moulinets and the Duc de Bligny in what had evi-

dently been a stormy scene. At the same moment the Marquise de Beaulieu and Octave entered from the garden.

First addressing the Marquise and then Claire, the Duke said:

“Madame, I owe you an explanation. And you, Claire; I cannot leave this room till you have forgiven me.”

Mademoiselle de Beaulieu looked at him calmly, with assumed wonder. “But there is nothing to explain and nothing to forgive. I have been told that you intend to marry this gentleman’s daughter—” she uttered the last words in a tone of supreme contempt—“and this is certainly your right. Were you not as free as I to marry whom you would?”

The Duke was dazed. He had come to wipe away tears. He found himself confronted by smiles—from the faces of the Marquise, Octave, Claire herself.

Mademoiselle de Beaulieu went to the door. “Philippe, Philippe, my dear!” she called, and M. Derblay entered.

“My dear Gaston,” said Claire, “and Athénaïs, forgive us if we have stolen a march upon you. This is my future husband, Monsieur Derblay.”

There was a contest between Claire and Athénaïs as to which should be married first. Owing to the fact that Mademoiselle Moulinet demanded a sumptuous wedding, and Claire desired hers to be simple, Mademoiselle de Beaulieu won.

When the ironmaster entered his wife’s room on the night after the wedding, he found her in her bridal dress, leaning silent and grave with arm upon the mantelpiece.

“May I approach you?” he asked.

She bowed, and he stepped forward and, taking her hand, pressed upon it burning kisses. “At last you are mine—mine!” he began.

But she drew back her hand, and wearily said: “I beg you, Monsieur—”

“Monsieur!” he cried. “Why, it has been ‘Philippe,’ yes, ‘dear Philippe,’ to the world!”

“Yes, to the world,” she repeated with significant emphasis; “but if I must resign myself to dissimulation with you, at least grant me time to grow accustomed to it.”

Thus skilfully setting herself up as a victim, she put her husband in a false position, which he resented, but with dignity.

"You wrong me," he said. "If you have suffered from deception, do not punish one who did not inflict it upon you but is rather your friend and partner in shielding you from its effects. If you desire solitude, I will retire," and he bent to kiss her brow as he did that of his little Suzanne every evening.

Claire pushed him away with a gesture of repugnance. The ironmaster seized her wrists.

"Madame," he cried, "a woman does not repulse her husband upon the wedding-night, save for one reason. Answer me: That villain who forsook you—do you still love him?"

The haughty young bride, resenting his violence of tone and action, looked her husband full in the face: "Well, and even if it were so?"

The ironmaster let go her hands and started back. A look of horror mingled with pity spread over his face. "You unfortunate woman!" he gasped.

That look made her realize the atrocity of her conduct. She bitterly repented her brutal and insolent words.

"Oh, have you not seen that I have been mad for the last fortnight?" she said. "I deserve your anger and contempt, but I must be free. Come, take everything belonging to me except myself. My fortune is yours; let it be the ransom of my liberty."

"Your fortune! you offer it to *me*?" said Philippe. He was on the point of revealing the loss of her estate, when his better nature intervened and he desisted. Instead he coldly replied: "No, I do not sell myself. My marriage was not a speculation. You are not dealing with the Duc de Bligny."

The thrust reached home, and Claire cried out as if it were an insult to herself.

"Monsieur!" she exclaimed, and paused, perceiving the evil cause she was sustaining.

"Well, why do you hesitate?" rejoined the ironmaster bitterly. "Go on; defend him. You have the same ideas of marriage. He sells, and you buy. He, however, had the grace to attempt to throw up his bargain before marriage. You wait until your purchase of my complaisance and your revenge

is sealed at the altar, before acquainting me with the fact. I come to you quivering with love, and you tell me I am your dupe—that you have bought me. How grotesque must I have appeared to you!”

He burst into a harsh, sardonic laugh, and hid his face in his hands. But Claire was not affected by his anguish; she thought only of the cutting irony of his words.

“Monsieur,” she said haughtily; “spare me this useless raillery. Let us finish this.”

“Yes, to business. You wish to know my construction of our articles of agreement. Well, you wish to purchase your liberty. I give it to you freely. I ask you to spare me the undeserved scandal of a public separation. You will readily grant this, lest your former lover should rejoice at it. Very good. This is your room. I will keep to mine. Do not fear that I shall ever trouble you. The humiliation I have suffered has forever destroyed my passion. Adieu, Madame.”

From that day forth the ironmaster gave no sign to the outward world of estrangement with his wife. He was deferential and attentive to her abroad, and was regarded by her family and the public as a model husband. At home he kept to his room, working far into the night, as his burning lamp indicated.

Claire began to be concerned about his health. She asked him one day what he did so late in his study.

“I attend to my accounts,” he said. “By the way, here is the interest on your dowry.” He handed her a roll of bank-notes.

Claire flushed. “Take it back, Monsieur!” she said. “I cannot accept it.”

“You must.” He looked at her so steadily that her eyes fell. “You have your will in all things save where it clashes with my honor.”

Claire kept the money, but did not spend it. She placed it in a drawer, where it became a daily reminder to her that her husband’s character was stronger and better than her own. She began to take secret delight in the fact. She studied his nature and found therein many noble qualities which, from her limited and unfortunate experience with men, she had not known were masculine attributes. She had the impulse to re-

veal herself to him in return. Why could they not be friends? But no, he treated her with calm indifference.

Yet, after all, she felt that the ironmaster was molding and tempering the metal of her character by this stern treatment. "Some day," she thought, "when he shall have made me over into the woman that he wishes me to be, and that I am beginning to desire to be, he will forget and forgive." There was no doubt of it—Madame Derblay at last loved her husband.

Suzanne, the charming little woman who adored her beautiful new sister hardly less than her magnificent brother, became very dear to Claire in these days. She had also become dear to Octave de Beaulieu, who came one morning to Claire and asked her to gain her husband's consent to another alliance between the Beaulieu and Derblay families.

Claire entered her husband's study with a happy face. Knowing the friendship that existed between him and her brother, she was confident of the welcome reception of the proposal.

"Octave loves your sister and asks for her hand."

A groan escaped his lips. He rose and went to the window, whence he could see Suzanne fishing in the river. She had just caught a perch, and was shrieking with girlish delight. Surely she was born for love and happiness, not for such a life of dull misery as his own!

Philippe turned to his wife.

"The marriage is impossible."

"You refuse?" said Claire. "May I know why?"

"One unhappy person in my family through the fault of yours is enough."

"But," said Claire, clasping her hands imploringly, "to refuse is to make her most unhappy. She loves Octave."

"So did I love you. Yet if on the eve of my marriage someone had prevented it, he would have rendered me incalculable service."

Claire sank into an armchair. "We are so different from them. Do not punish those loving souls for my fault. I am a wicked woman, I confess it. Forgive me—Philippe."

She called him by his familiar name, pleadingly.

His face was turned to the window. He was greatly moved,

but he did not reveal it, and he coldly replied: "My mind is determined. Tell your brother not to speak of my refusal to Suzanne. I shall arrange to send her away where she will forget him."

"Implacable, cruel!" said Claire.

"Cruel? Do you think it means nothing to me to send from my side the only one that loves me?" And, without turning his head, he opened the window and stepped out upon the piazza.

Octave was waiting in another room for his answer. Claire went slowly to meet him, bearing the sad news in her face.

"He has refused?" he exclaimed aghast.

"Yes."

"For what reason?"

"He did not say."

Octave was sorely puzzled. To be treated thus by his dearest friend! At last a light burst on him. "Oh, it's because I have no position or fortune. Well, I will learn from him how to win them."

"No fortune!" Claire caught these words alone of what he uttered. "What do you mean?"

Octave at first refused to answer. "Oh, it was nonsense. The words slipped out before I thought." At last, pressed by his sister, he told her of the utter loss of the Beaulieu fortune, and why the news of it had been kept from her.

Claire beat the air with her hands and shrieked aloud: "Miserable woman that I am!"

Octave caught her in his arms. "Claire," he said, "have you, too, as well as Philippe, gone money-mad? I did not think it of either of you."

"Oh, it is not that! I lied to you, brother." And she told him all the story of her wretchedness. At the end she sobbed:

"Bless you for telling me, Octave! Now I know fully what a noble man my husband is. I will make amends. And when he sees me so repentant he will dare to trust another member of the house of Beaulieu, even if he does not forgive me."

It was as she said. Philippe consented to the marriage without conditions. Octave, however, imposed one upon himself, that he should first win a position in the world, and entered

at once as an employé in the chemical department of his brother-in-law's works.

Philippe, having weakened to this extent, began to be afraid that he should entirely forgive his wife, whom he saw to be perishing for his love. Now for the first time he guided his actions by the unworthy motive of revenge. It would be delicious to let her feel something of the pangs of jealousy, as he had felt them when she taunted him with her love for De Bligny. To revenge himself on the Duke as well, he accepted the advances of the Duchess, who, having won Claire's lover from her, had set her mind upon winning away her husband also.

Athénaïs now openly taunted her rival with the conquest, and in Madame Derblay's own home. Frantic with rage, Claire ordered her out of the house, in the presence of their husbands. The Duke thereupon challenged the ironmaster to a duel. Monsieur Derblay was no swordsman, and so chose pistols as the weapons. Though he never had fired a pistol he was a good shot with the hunting-rifle. The Duke was an adept with the pistol, and already counted his opponent as a dead man.

Claire sought her husband and bemoaned the consequences of her rage. "I ought to have borne everything as my fit punishment. But I shall make amends. I will speak to the Duke."

"You shall not humiliate yourself before that man," said the ironmaster. "For the last year I have been longing for such a meeting as this. Believe it, this day is welcome."

Philippe at last softened toward his wife, and added: "All my rancor is now for him. Be at peace, Claire. Forgive me the sufferings I have caused you of late—deliberately, I confess—and bid me—kiss me—good-by."

Claire threw herself into his arms. "Forgive you? I worship you."

The duel was to take place in a glade surrounded by shrubbery. Claire concealed herself behind a bush to await the combatants. She was prepared to do anything, short of disobeying her husband's commands, to save his life.

The Duke and the ironmaster arrived with their seconds (Octave acting as Philippe's), a surgeon, and M. Moulinet.

“For heaven’s sake, gentleman, come to terms!” said the chocolate manufacturer.

“Are you ready?” asked the Duke’s second.

“Yes,” the Duke and Philippe replied simultaneously.

“One—two—three—fire!”

Claire was nearer to the Duke than to her husband. Rushing forward, she clapped her hand upon the muzzle of De Bligny’s pistol just as it exploded. Waving her bleeding hand in his face, she sank to the ground in a swoon. Philippe darted forward and, gathering her up in his arms, bore her to the carriage. There the surgeon, reviving her, examined the hand.

“Badly damaged, but all there,” he said, in the cheery tone of his profession. “Madame will only have to keep her glove on, and no one will notice it.”

Philippe returned and resumed his position, ready to continue the duel. The Duke’s second, however, approached him.

“The Duc de Bligny deeply regrets the misfortune he has involuntarily caused. He believes that the blood already shed is a sufficient sacrifice to honor, and prays that the affair be considered as concluded.”

When they arrived at their home the ironmaster carried his wife into her chamber, which he never had entered since the wedding-night.

At this evidence of forgiveness she burst into sobbing. “You love me again, do you not, Philippe—my dear?”

Her husband was deeply moved. She was wooing him in the very words that she had refused to use as a bride.

“Yes, I love you,” he answered. “I have never ceased to love you. She who caused me so much suffering no longer lives; but you, you are the one I have always loved.”

LAURENCE OLIPHANT

(England, 1829-1888)

ALTIORA PETO (1883)

Though Laurence Oliphant wrote and published much, *Altiora Peto* was his one true novel. The title was derived from a motto of his branch of the Oliphant family. The story shows familiarity with American life, and in the character of Hannah, and in Altiora's feeling about her father, he exhibits some of his singular spiritualistic beliefs. He was interested in a project for colonizing Palestine with Jews, and it was while living at Haifa on the Bay of Acre that he produced this story.



ALTIORA PETO'S father died before she was born. Her mother, with whom she had little sympathy, had married a grandiose person named Grandisella, who later became a baron. To Altiora he always seemed like a turkey gobbler in a state of perpetual strut. The Baron, in company with a sinister gentleman named Murkle, was conducting questionable enterprises through ornate offices in London, in Paris, and in Florence. Grandisella had his own plans for Altiora's future, and likewise had Murkle, who appeared to hold a powerful secret influence over his partner and also over his partner's wife. The Baron's plan for Altiora was a marriage with Lord Sark, her second cousin.

"We will entangle him," said he, "in the meshes of our financial net until he is our slave, when we will marry him to Altiora; and with rank at the helm and beauty at the prow, the bark of Grandisella and Murkle will breast the social waves in triumph."

"That won't work," said Murkle, "for the very simple reason that I intend to marry Altiora myself. You don't suppose I became a partner in that little arrangement we entered

into eighteen years ago, when I resigned Laura to you, to be dictated to now."

Lord Sark had become seriously involved with a handsome adventuress, Mrs. Clymer, who, though her antecedents were unknown and her actions shady, was yet received in English society. She passed as an American, though her husband, said to be also an American, never had been seen. It was she who pushed the finances of Sark to the verge of embarrassment and caused him to plunge into speculation, from the results of which Grandisella, with an eye to the future, now proposed to rescue him. The Baron had established himself with his family in Paris for the winter, partly for business reasons and partly to remove Altiora from the attentions of Ronald McAlpine, which the Baron feared might become troublesome. Altiora had no great respect for her step-father, and Murkle she regarded as a hawk with always a carnivorous eye on herself.

A little before the arrival of the baronial party in Paris another group had come there, and, as it happened, engaged the entresol in the very house where the Baron had taken the premier. This party was composed of two young girls, Americans from Cedar Buttes, California, and Hannah Coffin, a middle-aged spinster who occupied a peculiar position. She was neither chaperone nor relative, though her presence at times compensated for the lack of the former. These girls, immediately on arriving in this foreign land where they were absolutely unknown, conceived the idea of exchanging names, for two reasons: one was a multimillionaire and was in dread of being married for money, and because they thought it would be highly amusing. The first thing they did was to send a note to Keith Hetherington, Mattie Terrill's English cousin, who never had seen her. When Keith called he met Mattie Terrill and Stella Walton in their reversed positions, but, knowing no better, accepted them in that way. He was rather shocked to find them without a chaperone, but Mattie said:

"I guess we're old enough to take care of ourselves. But there's Hannah. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister and once taught school, though her grammar is faulty. The dear old thing has no one to care for her, and is very poor, and has known me since I was a child, so I brought her along."

Hetherington made the best of the situation and invited them to dine at Bignon's and then go to the theater. He invited his friend Bob Alderney to make the fourth side of the party, and at the theater they met Murkle, whom Bob had known in Florence. Murkle desired to be introduced, and as the ladies did not object he was brought to them. There was a calm hardihood in the manner of both the Californians, when they scented the least suspicion of danger, that did credit to the early training of Cedar Buttes. Mr. Murkle felt instantly that he was in the presence of a new specimen.

It was not long before the Californians and the Grandisellas became acquainted, especially as Bob Alderney was Altiora's cousin. For the Baron and his wife both the real heiress and the mock heiress had little respect, but they immediately loved Altiora.

Mrs. Clymer meanwhile was busy. She had an interview with Murkle, the result of which was that Miss Peto was to be prevented from marrying Lord Sark, and was to marry Mr. Murkle, who was to receive as liberal a settlement as would be bestowed on Lord Sark in the event of his marrying Miss Peto. As to who was to marry Lord Sark, Mrs. Clymer said: "If you don't understand, I have entirely overrated your intelligence."

Mrs. Clymer called on the Californians, for Alderney had introduced Lord Sark to them, and a suggestion of Murkle's that the heiress would be quite the person for Sark had greatly disturbed her. As for Sark, he had instantly fallen in love with the entire party, including Hannah. There was a social lawlessness about the whole performance of these young ladies just calculated by its freshness to captivate the somewhat *blasé* temperament of his lordship. And Mr. Murkle, clever enough to desire two strings to his bow, lost no time in making up to the supposed heiress; and that lady, being full of mischief, drew him on till a tentative arrangement for marriage, on a purely business-contract basis, was entered into.

"When everything is settled," she said, "I will lay before you a balance-sheet of my own assets, you to give me the same. But you will understand that in saying this I commit myself to nothing. Until the final contract is signed the parties to it must not be considered bound in any way, and we must fix a

time limit, say two months, at the expiration of which time this preliminary arrangement is at an end."

Murkle was inclined to be angry. Miss Walton had turned the tables on him.

Bob Alderney was having his struggle. With an income of one pound a day he was in love, and he lamented it to Mattie.

"But," said she, "if the 'person,' as you call her, is worth anything and cares for you, she will gladly share a pound a day with you."

"Do you really mean it, Mattie?" he said, blushing very much and looking at her earnestly; and seeing that she did mean it he took her hand and said:

"Oh, my darling, how happy you have made me."

"Imagine what fun it will be," she said to Stella, "when he finds out that instead of five dollars a day we shall have nearly five thousand."

Stella's course of true love was not so easy. She hated Murkle, but she was making love to him for good reasons. Lord Sark, whom she loved, was making love to her, but for other reasons she could not encourage him. Ronald McAlpine she was coquetting with, for still other reasons. Ronald was still half in love with Altiora; but Altiora and Keith Hetherington were, without acknowledging it, in love with each other.

"It is the fixed determination of Mr. Murkle," said Stella, "to marry either Altiora or me. He really prefers me, partly because I have taken the trouble to captivate him, and partly because he supposes I have much the larger fortune. He tries to make love to Altiora, but doesn't succeed, because she can't bear him; and he tries to make love to me and doesn't succeed, because I can't bear him either."

Altiora invited Lord Sark to call on her at an hour when she knew her mother would be absent, as she wished to take him to task for presenting Mrs. Clymer to Stella and Mattie.

"So strongly do I feel on this subject, Lord Sark," she said, "that either she must go away or we must."

Sark declared that Mrs. Clymer was nothing more than a great friend of his. Altiora told him that she perceived the admiration he had for Stella, and that it was not right that this woman should remain in Paris. Sark admitted that he was

in love with Stella, but said Mrs. Clymer would not go away, because she was determined, if possible, to prevent the match.

"In other words," said Altiora, "you are like one of these toy geese that follow magnets; only in this case there are two, and they pull equally in opposite directions."

At this moment Mrs. Clymer herself entered the room, unannounced, with the remark:

"I hope I have not indiscreetly interrupted an interesting *tête-à-tête*."

Altiora replied that she had not, but if she had arrived a few minutes earlier it might have been inconvenient, and she maliciously added, looking tenderly at Lord Sark, "He is quite satisfied, are you not?" This threw Sark into great embarrassment, and led Mrs. Clymer to say:

"Do you mean to tell me you are engaged?" and then continued: "If Miss Peto is to marry you, it is only right that she should be informed of the precise relations we occupy toward each other." Altiora rose and touched the bell. "Mrs. Clymer," she said, "if you do not leave the room instantly I will have you turned out by the servants."

When Altiora told her mother about this scene both she and the Baron deprecated her action.

"When you come to know a little more of life," said her mother, "you will see how ridiculous such scruples are. You will have the goodness to apologize immediately for your rudeness. The idea of a chit like you flying in the face of a recognized beauty like Mrs. Clymer on the score of morality!"

But Altiora declared that nothing would induce her ever to speak to Mrs. Clymer again—she would not apologize, much less make her entry, as proposed, into London society under such auspices. She went to her Californian friends for sympathy and advice.

"Well, that beats all," said Hannah. "I felt all through my bones that Clymer was a hard case, the first time I set eyes on her. You must just run away from them, my dearie."

This proposal was so unexpected that it took Altiora's breath away, but Mattie and Stella received it with rapturous approbation and immediately the plan was made for them to leave Paris at once, pretending to go to Versailles and St. Ger-

main for a day or two, but really to disappear. They telegraphed for Keith Hetherington and Bob Alderney. Hannah wrote a letter, and when they asked to whom she had written so suddenly she replied calmly, "To Mr. Clymer."

They vanished, bag and baggage, the next morning. Lord Sark succeeded in getting on their track, and caught up with them in London. There he found his cousin Bob Alderney, who confided to him that they had secured a retreat for Altiora in a remote village. Sark suggested that he could get them all invited to Beaucourt Castle, the seat of his uncle the Duke of Beaucourt, and this was finally carried out with all but Altiora, who for greater safety was left at the retreat with the faithful Hannah.

Stella was resolved to save Lord Sark from Mrs. Clymer and have him marry Altiora, with whom she thought he was in love. Sark on his side thought Stella was engaged to Murkle, and Stella would not undeceive him. Sark then, feeling it to be his duty, went to Copleydale, where Altiora was hiding, and proposed to her, but she refused him. Just at that moment her mother, who had succeeded in tracking her, came upon the scene.

"What was Sark saying to you when I arrived?" she asked.

"He had just proposed to me, and I had just refused him," said Altiora.

"You refused him!" the mother almost screamed. "Silly girl! now you have deprived yourself of your only chance of escape. Your fate is sealed, Altiora."

"I don't understand you, mamma."

"God knows that I never intended that you should," replied her mother bitterly. "The story of how Richard Murkle has got us all in his clutch is one which you alone have the power to wring from me."

"Whatever your secret may be," said Altiora, "I never can regret its disclosure so much as I should regret the necessity of becoming Mr. Murkle's wife."

"Then listen," said her mother, "to a history of fraud and deception practised on an unsuspecting woman by the man whose memory you so dearly revere and cherish."

"Stop!" Altiora exclaimed. "Do you mean my father?"

Altiora had always felt a peculiar reverence for her father, and believed that his spirit hovered about her.

"Whom else should I mean? Now do you wish me to describe the story of a false marriage, of a betrayed woman, of a daughter who has no legal rights, of crime, of revenge, and of accomplices who as husband and husband's partner have her and her daughter in their power? Do you care for the details of this twenty-year-old history?"

Altiora sat staring at her mother as if petrified. At that moment Hannah came in, for Hannah had a strange way of feeling when her friends were in difficulty.

"Seemed as if you was a-wantin' me," she said, and putting her arm about Altiora she gently led her to another room, where she made her lie down on a bed. She fell asleep, and when she awoke Hannah was sitting by her and spoke soothing words. Stella and Mattie arrived at Copleydale at this juncture. Stella wrote to Mr. Murkle in the line of their scheme for his humiliation. She now confessed to Altiora that she was not the heiress at all, but was really Mattie Terrill.

Mrs. Clymer was enraged when she found that Sark was escaping from her, and, meeting by chance an old acquaintance in one Terence Dunleavy, a professional dynamiter, who addressed her as Polly, she arranged that he should call on her, and in the course of this call she said:

"You might shoot several small Irish noblemen without producing the same effect that you would if you shot the Earl of Sark. However, please yourself. You are off for Ireland, and the Earl is to be your fellow passenger."

Dunleavy departed, and the next morning's papers contained an account of the blowing up of the Earl of Sark by explosives in the bedclothes, with the further remark that faint hopes were entertained of his recovery. As soon as Hannah heard this news she commanded Bob Alderney to go at once with her to Ireland. Stella, Mattie and Lady Adela, Sark's sister, were to follow later. The repentant Mrs. Clymer also set out in the same direction, fearing that her words to Dunleavy might produce undesirable results. On the way she met a person who called her Polly. It was Ned Clymer, her husband, who obligingly assumed the name of Collings to avoid embar-

rassing her. He saw the despatch and read it to Mrs. Clymer, who thereupon fell in a dead faint. She took Ned with her to the Earl's seat, where she made an endeavor to have Sark, who lay almost blind and hardly able to move, say that he would like to have Mrs. Clymer come to him. But he indicated the reverse.

When Hannah met Ned Clymer she knew him at once. It was in response to her letter, in fact, that he had come. His first wife had been Hannah's niece. His second was Mrs. Clymer, and he had a third in America. He finally made a confession of a matter that had long been on his mind, which was, that on his first trip to Europe, twenty years before, he had been stranded by a train-accident at a small station in Italy. Seeking for some pastime, he had gone to inspect the gardens of an old castle near by, and there had met a lady in black with a nurse and a baby. This lady was his Aunt Fanny, a sister of Hannah's, whose end never had been clearly understood. Peto was the name of the English gentleman she had married, and the baby's name was Altiora, a name given according to her father's wishes. Mr. Peto had a large fortune, and devoted himself mainly to study. Mrs. Peto had a companion, the widow of an English merchant and banker, who had been Mr. Peto's man of business. Ned had not seen her that day, as she happened to be ill.

After this recital, Hannah made Clymer go and lie down, and he went to sleep. Hannah saw it all now, the cleverly devised conspiracy by which a group of adventurers in an obscure Italian town had been enabled to appropriate the large fortune that of right belonged to Altiora, and to take advantage of the mystery in which her mother's fate had become involved to conceal her death and pass off her lady companion as the widow of Mr. Peto.

Mrs. Clymer was still in the house, and after a time Hannah woke Ned and compelled him to go to Mrs. Clymer's room with her. Hannah went in and woke the lady. She told her that the police were after Terence Dunleavy, and that if she did not wish to be "took up" she must leave at once. She compelled her to dress and sent her away.

In the evening Lady Adcla, Stella and Mattie arrived.

Lord Sark, the doctors now said, would pull through all right. Hannah appeared to be mistress of ceremonies and she told Stella to telegraph for Murkle, who came without delay. He was eager for an interview with Stella on the question of the marriage contract; but when that young lady placed her statement of finances before him and he saw that she had only a paltry ten thousand dollars to her name, and that he had been duped, it was some moments before he could find words to reply. In the midst of his indignation Hannah called in Ned Clymer and said to Murkle:—

“You didn’t happen to be acquainted with the real Mrs. Peto, did you?—Altiora’s real mother I mean, not that Baroness as imposes on society as her mother. Take time, and don’t get flurried. You seem a poor kind of crittur, anyway,” she concluded as she looked at his white cheeks and trembling hands.

“I don’t know anything—” began Murkle.

“There, ’tain’t no use lyin’,” said Hannah. “You know that the Baroness ain’t Altiora’s mother. That dead woman, murdered maybe, was my sister, and the gell is my niece, and I’m a-goin’ to get her back where she belongs, if there’s necks got to wring for it.”

When Murkle perceived that all was discovered he agreed to everything, on condition that he was not to be prosecuted, and that night Hannah set out with him for London.

“It’s a false, vile, atrocious calumny,” the Baroness shrieked when confronted.

“’Tain’t no use a-screechin’ like that,” said Hannah. “I’ve come to talk business. This game’s played out, and you’ve got to pay up and leave the country.”

Murkle confessed that he had concluded to turn Queen’s evidence, and as the Grandisellas saw that they were exposed they resolved to make the best bargain they could. The Baron agreed to return Altiora’s fortune to her, and to go to Rome or Paris permanently, on condition that there should be no prosecution, thus accepting Hannah’s proposal. Hannah took Altiora away with her, and the Baron and his wife were left to their own cogitations, with Hannah’s last words in their ears: “But look ye here: you’ve got to act square right through this matter; old Hannah ain’t one to be trifled with.”

The deception about themselves which Stella and Mattie had carried out so long and so successfully had to be righted now, and the real Stella with some misgivings confessed to her *fiancé*, Bob Alderney, that she was the heiress.

"You have done very wrong," he said, "to place me in such a false position."

"I know it, Bob, dear," she sobbed penitently. "Just think how bad it must be for Mattie. She's telling Sark now that she's not herself—no, that she's not me—I mean that she's Mattie, and not Stella at all. Do you think he'll mind, Bob, dear?"

"Not half as much as I do. I should begin to feel like a fraud myself if I got all that money—as if I had robbed Sark."

"Oh," said Mattie, and she clapped her hands, "I know how to make it all straight. You go right up to London and find out all about Sark's money troubles, and I'll give you as much as ever you want to buy up the whole of that company. How glad I am it's all over! Poor Mattie, I wonder how she broke it to Sark!"

But Mattie got on quite as well with Sark, who, lying swathed in bandages, could only say "Darling" in response to her words. Altiora came to an understanding with Keith Hetherington about the same time, but theirs was a peculiar love. As Keith said, it was not based on an exclusive love for each other, but on the love of a common service to humanity. "You feel that, don't you, Altiora?"

"Yes," she answered, and it seemed as if with the surrender of her life to his their very souls melted into each other. They sat for some moments in silence; but the veil that curtained the inner sanctuary in each seemed to have been lifted so that they could hold communion without speech and feel the divine thrills of a higher inspiration uplifting them in a common supplication and a common dedication of their beings to mankind, and therefore to each other.

"Thus it was," said Altiora, "that my life culminated to its crisis; and I felt another and unseen presence by my side, and I know it was my father. 'The time has come for you to change your name,' he seemed to say, 'for you have sought and found.'"

MARGARET OLIPHANT WILSON OLIPHANT

(Scotland, 1828-1897)

SALEM CHAPEL (1863)

In May, 1861, a short story by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled *The Executor*, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which, as it proved, was the introduction to *The Chronicles of Carlingford*, a series of tales distinct in themselves but with a common locale, not a few of the *dramatis personæ* appearing in two or more of the series. *The Rector*, a story of equal length, was included in *Blackwood's* for September, 1861, while the numbers of the magazine from October, 1861, to January, 1862, inclusive, contained *The Doctor's Family*. The three tales were now denominated *Chronicles of Carlingford* and issued in book form in 1863. The author was then living in a small house on the Uxbridge Road at Ealing, a few miles out of London, and there her next *Chronicle* was written—*Salem Chapel*—which ran serially in *Blackwood's* from February, 1862, to January, 1863, inclusive, and appeared in book form in the year last named. "This last," writes Mrs. Oliphant in her *Autobiography*, "made a kind of commotion, the utmost I have ever attained to. The chapel atmosphere was new and pleased people. As a matter of fact, I knew nothing about chapels, but took the sentiment and a few details from our old church in Liverpool, which was Free Church of Scotland, and where there were a few grocers and other such good folk, whose ways with the minister were wonderful to behold. The saving grace of their Scotchness being withdrawn, they became still more wonderful as dissenting deacons, and the truth of the picture was applauded to all the echoes. I don't know that I cared for it much myself, though Tozer and the rest amused me well enough."



SALEM CHAPEL, the only dissenting place of worship in Carlingford, stood in a narrow strip of ground just as the little houses that flanked it stood in their gardens. On either side of this little tabernacle were the humble houses—respectable, meager habitations—which contributed most largely to the ranks of the congregation in the chapel. The big houses opposite, which turned their backs to the street, took little notice of the humble dissenting community. Greengrocers, dealers in cheese and bacon, milkmen, with some dressmakers of inferior pretensions, and teachers of day schools of similar humble

character, formed the *élite* of the congregation. Age and paralysis had brought about the resignation of the pastor, Mr. Tuffton, and Arthur Vincent, a young man of the newest school, became pastor in his stead. Vincent was still in that stage when one imagines that he has only to state the truth clearly to have it believed, and that to convince a man of right and wrong is all that is necessary to his immediate reformation. As he went about Carlingford acquainting himself with the place, it occurred to him that the time might come when Salem Chapel would prove not half large enough for the growing nonconformity of the town.

He was well-educated and handsome and had come to Carlingford with elevated expectations, thinking that his talents would give him entrance into the local society, and by no means prepared to go about his parish visiting in humdrum fashion, say grace at commonplace teas, and get up mild entertainments to amuse his flock. He was both talented and good, but he was young and inexperienced and looked forward to social relations with his flock from the standpoint of good-natured patronage.

He was soon undeceived as to the conditions of his new life. The poor people mostly attended the parish church, like the great folk in Grange Lane, and his own flock, amid whom his life was to be spent, were a tolerably comfortable class with rude luxuries and commonplace plenty. As he encountered Mr. Wentworth, the perpetual curate of Saint Roque's, who was of his own age and not so very dissimilar in looks and bearing, he wondered how it was that such a world of difference and separation lay between them. "Am I," he asked himself, "actually to live among these people for years—to have no other society—to attend their tea-parties and grow accustomed to their finery and perhaps 'pay attention' to Phœbe Tozer, or, at least, suffer that young lady's attentions?"

Among the deacons of Salem Chapel were Brown, the dairyman, Pigeon, the poulterer, and Tozer, the butterman—well-meaning but ungrammatical tradesmen, who managed the affairs of the chapel and saw no reason why they should not manage their pastor also. Young Vincent did not intend to be so managed. He felt that it was for him to reduce Tozer to

a properly subordinate place and to cause an influx of new life, intelligence, and enlightenment over the prostrate butter-man.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Brown, wife of the dairyman, the minister presently visited a Mrs. Hilyard, who lived in mean lodgings and supported herself by doing coarse sewing. That she belonged to a different walk in life than that indicated by her present circumstances was evident, and her personality much perplexed the inexperienced pastor. As he left Mrs. Hilyard's a handsome carriage stopped at the door and a beautiful young woman, who he ascertained later was the dowager Lady Western, alighted and entered the sewing-woman's lodgings, to his further mystification. Beside Lady Western all other women seemed like pale shadows, and now whenever he lifted his eyes was not She there, all-conquering and glorious?

At a family supper at the Tozers' Vincent was advised by his senior deacon to begin a course of sermons on some definite subject, which should have the effect of increasing the chapel attendance and, incidentally, of augmenting the preacher's salary. The minister listened with impatience to Tozer's wisdom and went home in deep disgust at his position. Salem, which a short time ago represented to poor Vincent that tribune from which he was to influence the world, that point of vantage which was all a true man needed for the making of his career, dwindled into a miserable scene of trade before his disenchanted eyes—a preaching-shop, where his success was to be measured by the seat-letting, and his soul decanted out into periodical issue under the seal of Tozer and Company.

While he was thus mentally perturbed his mother wrote to him from her home in Lonsdale, telling of the engagement of his sister Susan to a Mr. Fordham, who, according to her account, appeared to be in every way unexceptionable. Vincent, never having seen Fordham, could not be so sure and was inclined to be distrustful of this stranger. While paying a second pastoral call on Mrs. Hilyard he met Lady Western, whose beauty and graciousness intensified the feeling he already entertained for her. After her departure Vincent incidentally mentioned the existence at Lonsdale of his mother and sister, and Mrs. Hilyard asked whether they kept a school, and when assured to the contrary added that they were the less likely to

be in the way of dangerous strangers—a remark that her hearer did not understand, but, with his thoughts full of Lady Western, soon forgot. Two days later he met Lady Western at a book-seller's, to his mingled delight and confusion. She was very sweet and gracious, and invited him to her garden-party that week. She greeted him with equal cordiality when he appeared at the party; but succeeding guests quickly claimed her notice, and he soon fell into the background, emerging after an hour of loneliness to say farewell and hear her calm response: "It was so kind of you to come, and I am so sorry you can't stay." In the glow of injured feeling he thought himself disenchanted forever, and with a sudden revulsion he bethought himself of Salem and its oligarchy. He accepted Salem with all the heat of passion at that moment. His be the task to raise it and its pastor into a common fame.

The indifference displayed by Carlingford society to the minister of Salem Chapel rekindled all the prejudices of his nonconformist education, and, full of zeal, he began his series of lectures on Church and State. They were the natural cry of a man who had entered life at a disadvantage and who chafed, without knowing it, at all the phalanx of orders and classes above him, standing close to prevent his entrance.

The Salem deacons were delighted at their pastor's sudden vitality. Music Hall was hired by them, and there for six weeks on Wednesday evenings Vincent thundered against the Established Church. The lectures were full of fire and impetuosity and not only roused the community but became the fashion of the moment in Carlingford. While delivering the last one he saw Lady Western shown to a seat by Tozer, with the man accompanying her, and Mrs. Hilyard near the door, and, so far as he was concerned, the rest of the audience vanished from sight when these were perceived. He wondered who the man was, and why She had come to bewilder him in his work, never suspecting that his lecture was to her merely a distraction. After the lecture she spoke to him and gave him her hand, and as her companion hurried her away he heard him say: "By Jove! the fellow will think you are in love with him." Various members of Salem Chapel had seen the offered hand, likewise, and Mrs. Pigeon declared with emphasis that before a

year he would be a deal too high for Salem. His head was turned—that's what it was.

On his way home from the last lecture he overtook Mrs. Hilyard and asked her who was Lady Western's companion, receiving for answer that the person was not a lover but a near relative of Lady Western's, a man who could break a woman's heart easily if he chose. She then referred to Vincent's people at Lonsdale, admitting enigmatically a feeling of uneasiness concerning them, which seemed to be dispelled when Vincent said that his sister was about to be married.

There was a tea meeting at Salem Chapel the next evening in honor of its pastor, and, being somewhat fatigued after speaking, he retired to the dimly lighted vestry for a moment's rest. While lying on the sofa there, he overheard a conversation in the adjoining chapel enclosure, through the open window. The speakers were Mrs. Hilyard and an unknown man whom she presently addressed as Colonel Mildmay, and who desired to obtain possession of her child. It was a passionate interview, and threats were made on both sides, the woman at last declaring that if he carried out his threat of getting her child away from its present guardians she would somehow contrive to kill him. The man was Lady Western's brother, and the woman his wife, but that Vincent did not then know. Before the meeting was over, Mrs. Hilyard sought out Mr. Vincent and gained his consent to persuade his mother to take charge at Lonsdale of "a helpless, persecuted child." She was about to explain the circumstances when Vincent confessed to having overheard the conversation in the churchyard. It was arranged next day that the girl should find a home at Lonsdale.

Before Vincent's letter could reach his mother she suddenly appeared at his lodgings, in great distress over news of Mr. Fordham, who was said to have a wife living. He set off next day for London but could obtain no intelligence of Fordham at his alleged address. Despatching a note to Susan that she must send no more letters to Fordham until her mother's return, he came back to Carlingford in time to dine at Lady Western's as he had promised. It was a small party, and in talk with his hostess it transpired that he had been vainly searching all day for a Mr. Herbert Fordham. Lady Western ap-

peared to be much agitated on hearing the name, had presently admitted that she knew Fordham once, and assured Vincent that he could be trusted in any emergency. As the minister came to know afterward, she had been in love with Fordham when he was a poor barrister, but her friends had married her to old Sir Joseph Western, who died and left her his fortune. In the mean time Fordham's elder brother had died, and the younger man had succeeded to his estate. Vincent now perceived that she loved this Fordham, and he was so filled with jealous rage that for the moment he forgot all about Susan. Lady Western told him that the address in London to which he had gone was that of her brother, who was not a friend to Fordham.

Vincent and his mother saw Mrs. Hilyard on the morrow, and it became evident that in trying to hide her child from its father, in Mrs. Vincent's care, Mrs. Hilyard had made a fatal mistake. The Vincents went at once to Lonsdale, only to find that Susan, alarmed by her brother's hurried note, had disappeared in company with the child Mrs. Hilyard named and her governess. In dire perplexity they returned to Carlingford, hoping to find the fugitives there, but in vain. Securing a friend named Beecher to fill his pulpit on the coming Sunday, Vincent rushed back to London and, going to the address already visited, he inquired for Colonel Mildmay without success; but as it chanced the real Fordham, returning from a ten-years' absence, just then came up the steps and, hearing the name, made himself known to the stranger. It now became clear to both that Colonel Mildmay, husband of the supposed Mrs. Hilyard, had taken Fordham's name for his own evil purposes. A hasty journey of the two men to Fordham's home in the north of England revealed nothing; but once more in London he came by chance upon his mother's maid, Mary, whom Susan had taken with her from Lonsdale, but whom Mildmay had contrived to leave behind in the London Bridge station.

Sending the girl to Carlingford, he took the train for Dover, as Mary had told him that Mildmay intended to go to France. Meanwhile, Mrs. Vincent at Carlingford, in the midst of all her anxiety, was doing her best to keep any knowledge of what had happened from the Salem Chapel congregation, and en-

deavoring to account for its pastor's absence from his duties on the plea of important family matters. The flag had to be kept flying for Arthur. No friend of his must be jeopardized, no whisper allowed to rise which his mother could prevent. Accordingly, she visited various members of her son's flock, spoke artfully of how much Arthur had been admired in Liverpool, and how he was still desired there, but what was a better post in Liverpool compared with the attachment of the Salem people? This was a master stroke, and at the height of her victory she went her way. On her return she was called on by Lady Western and Mr. Fordham, who wished to say that they would gladly be of service to her if she desired.

The visitors had not been long gone when suddenly Susan stood before her with blank, uncomprehending gaze, at intervals exclaiming "I am Susan Vincent." Dr. Rider was soon summoned, who said she had received some terrible mental shock, and soon after she was put to bed a policeman appeared, who claimed her as his prisoner. It was murder for which she was to be arrested, he declared, and he could not let her out of his sight. By the time the physician had convinced the man that Susan could not then be removed, she had passed into delirium, requiring to be held in order to restrain her frenzy. Her pursuer continued to sit in the next room, noting down whatever wild words he might hear her utter, and upon this scene Vincent came suddenly after his journey from London. At Dover he learned of a murder that had just been committed, and discovered that the victim was Colonel Mildmay, whom he had been pursuing. Remembering the threat he had heard, he felt sure that Mrs. Hilyard must have done the deed, and he was thunderstruck when suspicion was directed to Susan, who could not be found.

When Vincent rallied from the shock of this intelligence and of the dreadful condition of things at home, he began to see things as they were, and to perceive that no preserving of appearances was now possible when all Carlingford believed his sister to be a murderess. Tozer, however, stood manfully by him and was confident that he could pull the pastor through the present crisis. Tidings soon reached Carlingford that Colonel Mildmay was not dead; but Susan still raved at in-

tervals and at last sank into a trance-like state. Tozer implored him not to send again for Beecher, but to preach from his own pulpit on Sunday. The half-distracted minister consented, and the sermon of that day thrilled his people as they never had been touched before; but when his deacons went to the vestry to congratulate him he had gone.

He had seen Mrs. Mildmay in the congregation, and when the services were ended had rushed to her lodgings to confront her with her crime. She assured him that the man was not dead, and that his sister was safe; but to no effect until Lady Western appeared. The instinct of vengeance was still strong within him, but he yielded at last, after begging Lady Western to keep her safe. Returning home, he found there the deposition of Mildmay that Susan was innocent and that it was only as his daughter's companion that Susan had accompanied them from Lonsdale. The deposition on its appearance in the papers restored him to the hearts of his congregation, who now comprehended something of what their pastor had gone through, and Tozer was exultant. So far as his deacons were concerned Vincent's position was secure, but when it became known to Tozer that the minister had been seen at Lady Western's gate, instead of calling on his parishioners, the tide of Salem favor ebbed again. He did not see Lady Western, but he saw Mrs. Mildmay and secured her promise to remain in her friend's gentle custody, and obtained a distant glimpse of Lady Western and her old lover Fordham.

Tozer called that evening to remonstrate, and Vincent indignantly denied that it was his duty to go hat-in-hand and beg this or that member of his flock to forgive him. Mrs. Vincent, alarmed at her son's imprudence, asked Tozer to give him good advice, and amity was presently restored, the deacon admitting that Salem folk were touchy and jealous. But the Pigeon faction had still to be appeased, and on the next Sunday a business meeting was announced for Monday evening. To this the pastor added a notice of his own for the congregation to meet him on Tuesday evening. At the Monday meeting Deacon Pigeon stated the grievances of the Salem folk, after which Tozer delivered a speech that carried the day, resolutions of confidence in their pastor being adopted by acclamation.

Susan still continued in a precarious state when Miss Smith, the governess, who had been in charge of young Miss Mildmay, appeared at the Vincents' with the child, the sight of whom roused Susan and called her back from death. The governess at some length explained certain hitherto not comprehended details, and later it was determined that her charge, Alice, should remain with Susan, from whom she could not bear to be separated.

When Tozer brought the news of the Monday meeting to Vincent, his glow of good feeling was somewhat dashed by the pastor's quiet reception of the intelligence and his fixed resolve to carry out his plan of a Tuesday meeting also. When Tozer had departed the pastor thought over the whole situation. Was he to drop into his old harness and try again? or was he to carry out his purpose in the face of all entreaties and inducements? Before morning his mind was made up.

The next day Fordham and Mrs. Mildmay came to his rooms, and Fordham, declaring that Mildmay would not confess who had attempted to kill him, implored Vincent to be merciful and not disclose what facts he knew to the world at large, adding that Vincent had no legal right to detain Mrs. Mildmay. His plea was made in vain, but after his departure without Mrs. Mildmay she became aware that he had yielded and that the secret was safe with him. She asked Mrs. Vincent to be allowed to see her child, and the minister's mother then quietly arranged what the future should be.

Tozer came to make a final appeal about the Tuesday meeting and fancied he had gained his pastor's consent to make it a tea-meeting. Cheers and smiles met Vincent as he entered the chapel that night, and, since he would not preside, Tozer was made chairman. After an eloquent appeal in behalf of brotherly affection and sympathy between man and man, which his flock were about to applaud, he stopped them with the declaration that he had said nothing calling for applause. He then announced his intention to leave Carlingford. He thanked the many who had been kind to him, Deacon Tozer chief of all, but he felt that his position was false, and he could not be content.

"I am either your servant, responsible to you, or God's

servant, responsible to Him—which is it? I cannot tell; but no man can serve two masters, as you know.”

When Vincent concluded his speech the astonished hearers broke forth in remonstrance. Pigeon, his enemy, getting to his feet, shouted that “the pastor had spoken up handsome, and there wasn’t a man in Salem as did not respect him that day.” He hurried away from the meeting; but resolutions were made all the same, a proposal to increase his salary was adopted, and a subscription for a testimonial was begun. A deputation waited upon him next day to ask him to reconsider his decision, but without success. On his last Sunday in Carlingford half of the town listened to his final sermon in tears, and such a moving discourse never had been heard before in Salem Chapel.

Mr. Vincent’s departure was a great blow to his congregation, and for three Sundays Tozer could not bring himself to enter the chapel. On the fourth he returned to his deacon’s seat, and Beecher was presently invited to fill the pulpit. He made a good impression and proved a great deal more tractable than any man of genius. If not quite equal to Vincent in the pulpit, he was much more complaisant at tea-parties, and in six months he married Phœbe Tozer.

Vincent left Carlingford and went into literature, and when his mother and Susan, with Alice, returned from a few years’ stay in France, he had established a little home in London for them. As he watched Susan and Alice while they went about the house in harmony, the shadows went out of his life, and loves and hopes once more entered in.

A HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY (1894)

More than a hundred volumes (nearly all stories) attest the fertility of Mrs. Oliphant's powers. Many of her novels are of English life, and of these perhaps *A House in Bloomsbury* is as representative as any work she has done in this field. It has certainly found equal favor—at least with the great reading public that she has reached with her stories—with any other books she has written.



DORA MANNERING lived with her father in a second-story apartment consisting of three rooms in a house in Bloomsbury—a locality with spacious breathing-places, wide streets, and shaded walks. There they enjoyed quiet and a feeling of seclusion. Mr. Mannering, whose chief employment was in the British Museum, had a small income and a love for books and study. Dora, now fifteen, was his one solace. The father had passed through bitter experiences, which were unknown even by his daughter. Now, in the vast institution in which he was a fixture, he was considered an authority in his special field. Their little apartment-home, in all its appointments, though simple, displayed much refinement. Mr. Mannering had been a traveler in his earlier life, and Dora loved to hear his explanations about many rare things that came to them through his travels. Of her mother she never knew or heard, and an intuitive delicacy prevented her from speaking to her father about her. But one day she discovered, in a cabinet in her father's room, a miniature of a young lady. Who was it? It appeared too young to satisfy her conception of her mother. She had found the picture with the face turned inward, but she left it as she thought it should be, turned outward.

Dora received, at irregular intervals, boxes from abroad—sometimes from one locality, and sometimes from another; and these boxes always contained useful and beautiful fabrics. The chief gifts were wearing-apparel of various kinds and qualities which, as the seasons came and went, were gauged in

sizes adapted to her advancing years. It was a great mystery where these gifts came from. She noticed that when she spread them before her father, he looked on them with aversion, though in all other things he was very solicitous about her. When Dora asked her father who might be the sender, he suggested his old friend, Wallace, in South America; but she exclaimed, "They began to come long before he went there." One article found in the last arrival was a white gown—something quite beyond any previous gift in delicacy, richness and finish. The father ventured the conjecture that it might be some old friend of her mother's who sent them. This was the first time he ever had spoken to her of her mother, and she immediately plied him with questions about her; but it was a slip of the tongue on his part, and he manifested such vexation about it that she ceased her inquiries. Then she put her arms about his neck and said:

"Father, if you don't like it I will put these gifts all away. I'll never think of them again, nor touch them."

The father relented; his face softened, and he forbade her thinking of such a sacrifice. His strange aversion mystified her. She thought of her mother as being long since dead, and yet he resented the kind thought of that mother's friend—this father, so kind and gentle to her.

The evening of the day when her last box with this dream of a gown arrived, her father had a friend with him, and so Dora, in her loneliness, sought Miss Bethune, on the first floor of the house. She was a Scottish lady of middle age, peculiar, but interesting and generous-hearted. Dora described her new gown to her, and Miss Bethune sent her to fetch it. Miss Bethune examined it, flung it aside, and putting her arms about the girl kissed her and entered into her enthusiasm like a mother; but when Dora had gone, with her beautiful gift, then Miss Bethune, thinking aloud to her maid, as Scotch as herself, she said:

"Who's that, away in the unknown, that sends all these bonnie things to that motherless bairn?"

Then the mistress and maid had a familiar discussion about it, and enlarged on the problem of the mystery of the Mannerings. It was a fruitful and novel theme for these two women.

Dr. Roland, another of the occupants of the house in Bloomsbury, entered Miss Bethune's apartment as they finished their harmless gossip. He was a precise and proper man, yet shrewd in his discernment, studying moods and temperaments with the precision that he would exercise in taking a patient's pulse; and in his practise he had the eye of a hawk for anything awry. He sat there and listened to the account of Dora's new gown, and of the puzzle over it; and after Miss Bethune had exhausted her conjectures, he said:

"Should you like to know the story of poor Mannering's life?" Whereupon he related it, more to see its effect upon her than for the story's sake. But what he told is not to be divulged here. Dr. Roland liked nothing better than to note effects and trace them to the cause. He was an ultra-scientific student—a specialist amounting to a detective—in dyspepsia, its antecedents and consequences. His fees were none too many, due much to his own carelessness.

The next day an affliction in the Mannering household brought a new interest to the Bloomsbury house, for Mr. Mannering had a doctor and two nurses at his bedside. They said it was a very high fever, dangerous perhaps. Dr. Vereker, in attendance, was a famous physician, but he was unfamiliar with his patient's constitution. Dr. Roland's diagnosis of the case, in his own study, was that of a constitution never very strong, weakened by exhausting work, exhausting emotions, and an unnatural peace in later life.

"Do you call that an unnatural peace?" asked Miss Bethune, "with all the right circumstances of life 'round him, and full possession of his bonnie girl, who never has been parted from him?"

"You would, if you were on the other side of it, lopped off," the doctor answered.

Dora, meantime, was indignant that two nurses usurped her place at her father's side and actually kept her from his room. But Miss Bethune explained to her the wisdom of the arrangement.

"And what does the doctor think, Dr. Roland?" the daughter questioned.

Dr. Roland met the great physician and suggested a con-

sultation. The great man looked down with scorn on the obscure doctor, and replied that if the patient's friends wished for a consultation with Dr. Roland they could have it. The latter replied that Mr. Mannering had no friends save his young daughter Dora. Then the great man, whose patients were of the rich, and whose bills were for service in proportion, began to pay attention. The long illness, the expensive doctor, the heavy nursing bills, and the landlady's extras were troubling Miss Bethune, who, though herself well off, did not dare to proffer aid to Mr. Mannering.

Six weeks had passed, with Mr. Mannering weakening daily until he was but a shadow of his former self. And now the crisis was upon him. Dr. Roland followed Dr. Vereker up to the patient's room, where they watched and waited for the issue. Suddenly the quick step of Dr. Roland was heard on the stair, and with tears in his eyes he entered Miss Bethune's rooms, where sat Dora and the mistress. The doctor waved his hands over his head and broke into a subdued hurrah. Then Dora witnessed the two elderly persons rush into each other's arms. Dr. Vereker came in and spoke in the usual professional way to Miss Bethune, telling her ponderously of his hopes, of which Dr. Roland had already informed her. The great man found it convenient, now, to consult Dr. Roland.

"If you will kindly watch the case when I am not able to be here," he said. And so Dr. Roland practically took the case, and poor Mannering, as soon as he had revived from his stupor, saw before him the great financial problem of his illness.

"Send these nurses away—I cannot afford it," he said. Then came the landlady's bill, greatly swelled with extras, which filled him with horror.

"You ridiculous woman! Why couldn't you have brought it to me?" Miss Bethune exclaimed.

This inability to help as she would have been glad to vexed her; so, to compose herself, she went for a walk in the park. As she opened the door she confronted a stranger standing there. His first inquiry was for Mr. Mannering, which enlisted her interest at once. In her frank, blunt way she said:

"Come with me into the square, where we can talk at our ease."

The young man introduced himself as Mr. Gordon, from South America, whence he had just arrived with Mrs. Bristow, the widow of his late guardian, who died there a year ago. Mrs. Bristow had sent him to inquire about Mr. Mannering and his child.

"And you are a friend of Mrs. Bristow's?"

"No. I am more like her son; yet not her son, for my own mother is living, or at least I believe so. Mrs. Bristow is very anxious about the daughter of Mr. Mannering, and she is broken in health."

Miss Bethune plied him with questions, thinking he looked like someone she had known. She asked, too, of the person who wished to know of Dora.

"Mrs. Bristow wishes to see Dora—I know her only by that name. I have packed boxes for her and have chosen things to go in them."

"Then it was from Mrs. Bristow the boxes came? But is it Dora only whom she wishes to see?"

"Dora only."

"If I help you, what will you give me in return?" she asked. The young man looked strangely at her.

"Give you in return?" he asked.

"Yes, for my hire; everybody has a price." She had a whimsical expression as she said this as if she delighted to baffle him. Then she continued: "If I bring this lady to speech of Dora, will you promise to come to me another time, and tell me, as far as you know, everything that has happened to you since the day you were born?" His expression changed, and relief came as he smiled:

"Yes, I will promise to tell you everything I know about myself."

Mr. Mannering's illness was followed by a long convalescence, in which he tortured his mind with the accumulated outlays. He was told by Dr. Roland that Dr. Vereker would exact only half his usual fee, and but for the severity of the patient's malady they would have been nothing at all if he had known that his services were for a professional man of such distinction. Miss Bethune had already seen that many of the bills were settled.

Not long after Miss Bethune had the interview with the young man in the park, she and a lady in deep mourning were seated in her rooms, when Dora entered. The woman's agitation on seeing her was extreme. Miss Bethune, after introducing them, left the room. The woman called Dora to her side and manifested such emotion that the young girl questioned her, when she called herself the sister of Dora's mother. She wept unrestrainedly as she put her arms about Dora and asked for a kiss. Dora intimated that, as she confided everything to her father, she must tell him of her aunt's coming; but the woman protested vehemently that, owing to her father's weakness, she must not speak of having seen her. The interview was not pleasant to Dora, though she was glad to know that she had an aunt and hoped through her to hear of her mother. When the stranger had gone Dora felt this new distraction troubling her. She wished the old conditions back again as they were before her father's illness; for now she had this secret of her aunt's and the mystery of the gulf between her father and her mother. She could not conceive anything but kindness of her father. The aunt had spoken of a "fatality." What was a fatality? she asked Miss Bethune.

"A fatality is a thing that is not intentional," she answered. Yet this gave Dora nothing on which to base even a conjecture.

The young man, Gordon, calling on Miss Bethune, met Dora and recalled her name. Yes, he was the one that had packed her boxes, he answered; for Miss Bethune had mentioned the fact to Dora. She had looked on the boxes as a sort of fairy gifts, and to know that they originated in this mundane sphere took the edge from the mystery. As she had left her father alone, she excused herself and went out of the room. Miss Bethune then renewed her inquiries.

"I should like to know how you ever heard your mother was living?" she asked.

"My father told me so when he was dying," he replied. Then he added, "I gathered that my mother—it is painful to convey such an impression."

"Did he dare to say that?" she exclaimed.

"He did not say it, but my guardian thought—" The young man departed, and Miss Bethune was left to her passion-

ate thoughts and longings. Yet, above all else, it was joy that moved her, and "Joy has nothing but the old way of tears!"

The infant that was taken away from her would have been twenty-five on the eighteenth of next month, and this young man was just five-and-twenty. His father told him with his dying breath that he had a mother living, and so this parallel ran close with her knowledge; and she believed.

Miss Bethune's duty now was to take Dora to see Mrs. Bristow, who, she feared, was not long for this world. "And the lad, too," she thought, "will soon have nobody to look to."

Young Harry Gordon had passed his childhood with his father, who was an adventurer. Then he had been adopted into the home of his guardian, Mr. Bristow, on a footing of which he knew nothing until the death of the guardian, when he found no provision made for him. Young Gordon had no profession, and the conditions under which he had been brought up could not continue. His light heart buoyed him in this crisis. He could not sever the link between him and the widow of his late guardian, in her bereavement. He was ignorant of the difficulties in the way of securing a promising opening anywhere. He had been used to luxury of a kind, yet possessed an independent spirit, which could not be subdued. He returned to Mrs. Bristow, who was lodged in a great London hotel, assured that he had something to say that would appeal to her. She asked whether Dora was coming, and then bewailed her disappointment in pathetic tones, blaming herself for the conditions which she knew precluded any possible intercourse between Dora's father and herself.

Dora still found her father, in his weakness, difficult to care for. He blamed himself for his passion for rare books, which had led him to squander money that he now needed. He thought that if Old Fiddler, the bookman, would only take back some of these precious volumes it would help to pay other bills, and he sent Dora to negotiate such a return—but in vain. On one of these excursions she met young Gordon, whom she had seen only once. He insisted on carrying the book for her, which was heavy. He was on his way to her house with a commission, and so accompanied her home, where he met Miss Bethune.

Mr. Mannering had reached that point where he wished to resume his work in the museum. But the doctor forbade such a step, and on the contrary insisted that he must have sea or mountain air, which his patient promptly disclaimed the possibility of indulging in. Then the doctor consulted with Miss Bethune in furtherance of a plan for a long change and respite for his patient, who seemed so helpless in his own behalf. But no plan was yet matured, and so they must await events.

Meantime, Miss Bethune continued to search for a solution of the problem concerning Harry Gordon, until it seemed to her as if the mystery of his identity was clear. The tragedy that befell her in her earlier life was her great burden—a young maiden deceived into a hidden marriage with an adventurer, the secret birth of her child, and the sudden disappearance of the husband with the infant, leaving no trace of his going. This was a veritable chapter in her history, known now only by her faithful Gilchrist, who was with her at the time of these events. And now in this young man she saw her son. She was an heiress if she pleased an old uncle, who was absent at the occurrence of the events related, and whose unexpected return had precipitated the flight of her husband with their child. The secret was kept from the uncle and the fortune came to her, but not one word had she since heard about husband or child. She and her faithful servant had roamed the world over in vain, searching for the missing ones; then she had dwelt among strangers, dropping old associations and living an isolated existence. This episode revived her hopes, and in obedience to her promise she visited Mrs. Bristow at her hotel. When she entered the room Mrs. Bristow cried, "Where is Dora? It is Dora I want." Miss Bethune calmed her with promises of Dora that very night or in the morning, and then questioned her about young Gordon.

"Tell me about him," she pleaded, "and let your mind rest concerning Dora until she comes."

So the woman repeated the father's story, told to her late husband, of a wife who left him and fell from one degradation to another. To this Miss Bethune interposed, speaking in the third person of the mother as having been deceived and abandoned.

"Did you know the mother?" asked Mrs. Bristow.

"It matters not; I know about—but—" and Miss Bethune's voice sounded strange, "the young man told me that you said there was no such woman." Then the invalid confessed that she had lied to him to comfort him.

"By a lie?" exclaimed Miss Bethune, indignantly. The dastardly story of her husband stung like an adder.

Miss Bethune called for Dora in the evening, ostensibly for a walk, and they went out into the fresh evening air together. The conversation was of this strange aunt of Dora's.

"I wish you to think a little of the lady you are going to see."

"I don't know that father will wish me to see her."

"You will just trust to another than your father for once in your life," said Miss Bethune.

The girl walked on silently until they reached the hotel and entered the room of the dying woman. They saw her lying on her bed, with her pale face and burning eyes uplifted.

"Is it Dora?" said the patient. "Dora, Dora, oh, my child, my child, have you come at last?" She raised her arms and drew the girl close to her. "That's all I want, all I want in this world. What I came for!" she whispered. "I only want to live while she is here."

Dora remained kneeling at her bedside, her hands in those of her mother, for such she was. Pity and fear were in her heart, and awe, too, for this was the chamber of death. The eyes that had been intently gazing at her were veiled. They opened suddenly, and were fixed upon her with the anguish of entreaty.

"Don't take her away!" she gasped.

It seemed to last for a long time, this strange scene, until the supreme moment came. Dora's hands were liberated and she was taken away. She hardly knew what was taking place until she felt the fresh night air on her face and found herself in a carriage with Harry Gordon's face, very grave and white, at the window.

"You will come to me in the morning and let me know the arrangements?" Miss Bethune was asking.

"Yes, I will come; and thank you, thank you a thousand

times for bringing her," he said. When they had parted Dora asked:

"Why should she have wanted me so much?"

"Because she was your mother, and you were all she had in the world."

Early the next morning young Gordon came to Miss Bethune. He had not slept.

"And so she has gone," he said, "and all my reasons for living seem to have gone, too. I feel as if I had been cut adrift, and you said I was to come to you in the morning."

"The voice of nature!" said Miss Bethune quickly, an eager flush covering her face. "Oh, my boy, I will be to you all, and more than all!"

"Don't think me ungrateful," he said. "But now I am a man and must stand for myself."

She looked at him as he spoke, and her strong emotion was subdued as she replied, "It is more than likely that the poor lady has made the position clear in her will."

But he was simply feeling the sadness and loneliness of his life. She did not trust herself to speak, but laid her hand on his arm. He bent down and kissed it, tears broke from him against his will, and she felt at that moment that he was her son.

Continued pressure on Mr. Mannering, by the doctor, that he should go away for a full year did not avail in the face of the financial question involved in such a long respite. Neither the doctor nor Dora was able to move him. In the midst of the discussion a knock was heard at the door, and an old gentleman was ushered in. He introduced himself as Mr. Templar, of Gray's Inn.

"I come to announce to you, Mr. Mannering, the death of a client of mine, who has left a very considerable fortune to your daughter." Further explanation necessarily disclosed the source of the legacy. Dora divined at once who had done this. When Mr. Mannering fully comprehended the meaning of the visit and who had left the fortune, he protested and declared that he would not permit it. Mr. Templar had to inform him that he could not prevent the fortune from going to whom it had been willed, and that he, as trustee of the property, should hold it for his daughter until she became of legal age; to which Mr. Mannering responded in a frenzy of bitter anger, which,

subsiding, left him weak and exhausted. When Mr. Templar was shown out of the room Dora followed and spoke with him. He insisted that whenever she needed means she was to apply to him, and they would be furnished.

When Dora returned to her father she found him trembling with suppressed emotion. He took her hand, and with deep pathos told her the story of his life; of his expedition to Africa, of his desperate illness and how he was left for dead, and her mother left without means excepting a small pension from the Museum. And how at the end of three years her mother married again; then of his return home as one from the dead. On his return her mother could not face him. She fled as if she were guilty.

"She never could look me in the face again," the father added. "It has not been that I could not forgive her, Dora. And now, my little girl, we will never say a word on the subject again."

The old lawyer, when he left Dora, did not leave the house. He went straight to Miss Bethune's door, knocked, and was admitted.

"I am speaking to Mrs. Gordon Grant?" he began. As Miss Bethune heard this, her hands fell to her lap. Then he introduced himself.

"I have never borne that name," she replied, very pale.

"You witnessed Mrs. Bristow's will?" he asked, and she assented.

"And then, to my great surprise," he continued, "I found this name which I have been in search of so long."

"I thought the sight of it might put things in a lawyer's hands—would, maybe, guide to inquiries—would make easier an object of my own."

"That object," Mr. Templar asked, "was to discover your husband?"

At this she rose, pale with anger. But he calmed her, reminding her that she had not signed that document with a name to which she had not a right. He added, furthermore, that her husband died nearly twenty years ago. At this information she was startled.

"Twenty years ago!" she exclaimed. "He died, then, be-

fore my uncle, and that was the reason that he did not return! Mr. Templar, the boy—my boy?”

“The boy?” he repeated with a surprised air. “My dear lady, I never knew there was one—stop! I think I begin to remember. There was a baby that died.”

She sprang up again, towering above him as she rose, and exclaimed, “It is not true.”

“The baby did not live long after it was taken away,” he repeated.

“You think I will believe that?” she cried, in a storm of passion. Mr. Templar was silent.

Dora attended the funeral of her mother in a carriage with Miss Bethune. Only Harry Gordon and the doctor were there besides. Miss Bethune insisted that Harry should return with her to her home, where she persuaded him to eat, and when he spoke of an early return to South America she demurred and urged him to remain; and when he, not knowing her thoughts, persisted, she cried out to Gilchrist, “If this is not my son, all nature and God are against me!”

Again and again, in days following, Harry Gordon came to Miss Bethune to talk over her affairs with her, and his own as well. Deeper grew the conviction on her part that this boy was her boy, and she pleaded with him to remain in England. When at last she told him that she already had a place for him, to manage an estate up in the North, he answered, “I should not know how to manage.”

“She would trust you for life and death, on my word,” she replied.

Then he knew whom she meant. “And how can you tell that I am honest?” he asked.

“Don’t speak to me,” she said, “I know.”

Another day, there in her room with Harry, she told him the story of her life; of her secret marriage; of the birth of the boy; of the uncle’s fortune, which would be hers if only her folly were kept from him; of the disappearance of the husband with the child; and of no word from either from that day to the present, twenty years. Then she cried out, “But my son, Harry Gordon, that’s you! Who should know if not the mother who bore you? It is you, my darling, it is you!”

Nature seemed to reveal the secret to her. But he could not share her intuitions.

Quarter-day had come to Mr. Mannering. He had spent the day, the first since his illness, at the Museum. In the evening Dr. Roland, knowing that a crisis was at hand, went to the rooms of his patient to see how the day had used him. Mr. Mannering called Dora to bring the bills, that he might arrange to pay something to his numerous creditors. He was no longer an invalid, he insisted, and could attend to his affairs himself. Finally, the doctor begged him to let them alone. Then Dora spoke.

"Father, I am not a child; I have been the mistress of everything while you have been ill. I have had to be responsible for a great many things: and you haven't a bill in the world!" She flung herself on his shoulder, with her arms around his neck, and melted him with tears.

"She has the right," said the doctor. Mr. Mannering shook his head, and then bent it in acquiescence, reluctantly and with a sigh.

The house in Bloomsbury became vacant and silent. Only Dr. Roland remained of those who lived there, in this story. The Mannerings had gone traveling on the Continent. Miss Bethune, Harry and Gilchrist had gone to the estate in the North, Berton Castle, an old house enlarged and made ready for them. By advice of a council of county gentlemen, before whom Miss Bethune had told her story, she retained her maiden name and concealed the facts of her life. Harry would come into her estate by will, and not by inheritance. She implicitly believed that her adopted son was her own, though no evidence was forthcoming that could establish her belief. Dr. Roland visited them, and shortly afterward the Mannerings arrived there from the Continent. The doctor was not long in discovering that there was an unspoken bond between Dora and Harry, which betrayed itself before his eyes in a flash of crimson light. "Whew-ew!" he breathed, in a long whistle of astonishment.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE
(SAMUEL DUFFIELD OSBORNE)

(United States, 1858)

THE LION'S BROOD (1901)

The scene of this historical romance is laid at the time of Hannibal's invasion of Italy, which, all things considered, was perhaps the greatest of all military exploits. That there is a deeper idea in the story is shadowed in its headline: "Centuries come and go, but the plot of the drama is unchanged and the same characters play the same parts. Only the actors cast for them are new." It has been said that the character of Varro suggests a certain American politician more prominent, perhaps, yesterday than to-day. This book has been recommended at Columbia University for outside reading by the students of Livy and is the only work of fiction that has been thus sanctioned. We present here the author's own shorter version of his story.



"TROUPE of pipe-players to Minerva on the Ides of June, if we win!"

"And my household to Mars, if we have lost!"

The speakers were two young patricians who were descending from the Palatine Hill to the Forum: Lucius Sergius Fidenas and Caius Manlius Torquatus.

The city was full of rumors from the north that told of Hannibal's advance and whispered of battle and of Roman defeat. Now, above the thronged Forum, appeared the stern face of the praetor, Marcus Pomponius, who had mounted the rostrum.

"Quirites," he said. "We have been beaten in a great battle. Our army is destroyed and Caius Flaminius, the consul, is killed."

Terror and despair spread rapidly through the city. Titus Manlius Torquatus, an aged patrician of the old school, sat in his house, silent and serious, with Caius, his son, and Lucius Sergius beside him. It was the latter who first spoke, begging

that his promised marriage with Marcia, the daughter of Titus Manlius, might be solemnized, but the old man bade him be patient until more auspicious days. Then, attended by his son, he went out; for word had come that the Senate was assembled to consider the perils that threatened.

As Sergius sat alone a woman's laugh rang in his ears, and the next moment Marcia herself entered. But her coming was not all a joy to the young Roman. Now coquettish and again defiant, she jested with and tormented her lover.

"Marcia, is it possible for you to be serious?"

He was pale with suppressed passion and, as he spoke, he stepped forward and laid his hand upon her wrist.

She sprang back.

"I will be more serious than will please you," she said, "if you please me as little as you do now. Learn, I am not your wife that you should seek to restrain me, and it is quite possible that I never shall be."

"You speak truly," he said.

Deeply hurt, he took his departure, and her voice, when she sought to call him back, did not reach his ears.

The days that followed brought new disasters, but the steadfast Roman courage had returned. Measures of defense were taken in all directions. New levies were made. Quintus Fabius was created pro-dictator and he set out with as many troops as could be mustered. With him went Lucius and Caius.

Marcia had sent a handmaid to bid her lover come to her before he marched; but when Sergius came eagerly her capricious spirit took on again its mood of torment and he parted from her in indignation.

Now began a masterful campaign. Fabius had decided upon his policy; that, avoiding the hazard of a pitched battle, the war should be one of skirmishes and of harassing an enemy so situated that his supplies must be taken from the country, and recruits were not to be had. The army murmured, but Sergius, still trusting the wisdom of their leader, received command of a small detachment of cavalry who were to act as scouts.

In the performance of this duty they fell in with a larger force, commanded by one of the young officers who had jeered

at Fabius's cowardice, and Sergius, taunted into disobedience of orders, joined in a raid upon Numidian foragers. The two Roman detachments fell into an ambushade and were annihilated.

Night had come. Badly wounded, Sergius was dragged from among the dead by Marcus Decius, his decurion, who, also wounded, had survived the slaughter. As they made their way southward they saw the flashing of many fires among the hills, and found that Hannibal was escaping by the ruse of tying burning fagots between the horns of oxen, that the Romans, filled with wonder and fear at the strange spectacle, might keep to their camps and do nothing to impede his march.

Sergius realized at once that Fabius should know of what was happening, and, despite his injuries, he set out for the dictator's camp, ten miles away. His arrival was too late to avail. The guards of the passes had already been frightened from their posts, and the Carthaginian army was away on new marches of destruction.

"Go back to Rome," commanded Fabius sternly, "and tell them that I have many soldiers who can fight; that I want only those who can obey."

"The ax, my master, I pray you, the ax," murmured Sergius.

Fabius's rugged face softened.

"I trusted you," he said. "Could you not trust me for a little while? But bear instead for your message that there is no room for wounded men in my camp."

With other wounded, Sergius was carried back to the city, and while he was slowly convalescing Rome seethed with the political tumults of the coming election. Varro, the plebeian demagogue, had stirred up the people by his criticisms of Fabius, and strove, by declaiming against the rich, to win the poor to his support. His methods prospered but too well, for he was chosen one of the consuls who should succeed Fabius in his dictatorship.

Sergius, still far from strong, had struggled hard against Varro's victory, and, at the close of the day of election, had cleverly rescued old Titus Manlius from the fury of the mob. They took their way to the house of Manlius, and Sergius and Marcia met again. Again her jesting filled him with confusion

and doubts; and yet, during his convalescence, there had been proof that she was not quite indifferent to his love and his fate.

The year had turned; the armies of Rome and of Carthage faced each other and the red flag, signal of battle, fluttered in the breeze above Varro's tent. Sergius had returned to the legions that now lay near Cannæ, and this was the demagogue's day of command; but the tricks of the Forum availed little against Hannibal and his veterans. Badly posted, badly led, Rome was helpless in his hands, and when the last charge of Numidians had swept over the plain, no legionary was left standing, and there, among his men, with face turned from the red earth to the reddening sky, lay Lucius Sergius Fidenas, in slumber fitting for a Roman patrician when the black day of Cannæ was done.

The autumn was well advanced when a traveling carriage attended by two slaves halted at a little inn at Sinuessa, upon the Appian Way, near Capua, and the travelers learned that that city had revolted from Rome and that Hannibal and his forces held it. It was nightfall when they reached the gate, where, beset by rival parties of Gauls and Capuans, they were rescued by Mago, the brother of Hannibal.

The young Carthaginian was surprised and suspicious to find the carriage held a Roman lady of high rank; but when she told them that, despairing of Rome's safety, she had sought refuge with Pacuvius Calavius, an influential Capuan and an adherent of Carthage, he consented to escort her to her destination.

Marcia, overwhelmed by the news of Sergius's death, and realizing that, after Cannæ, only Carthaginian delay could save Rome, had determined to sacrifice herself and to use her art—and, if need be, her beauty—to influence Hannibal to waste the precious days. Calavius was bound by ties of hospitality to Marcia's father, and, knowing his power in Capua, she designed, through him, to gain foothold for her wiles.

Her Capuan host, an elderly man, received her with eager attention, not without an element of gallantry; but Marcia sought only to ensnare Hannibal, and a banquet, held soon after her arrival, offered the opportunity she craved.

Already Capua had awakened to the fact that she had

admitted, in her new ally, a master harsher than Rome. Half regretful, yet fearing to be other than subservient, the Capuan leaders entertained their great guest with all the luxury for which the city was famed. For a moment the beauty and the flattery of Marcia gained ground with the Carthaginian general, but patriotism burned stronger in his bosom than desire, nor could his keen mind fail to pierce through the fallacy of her representations that if Carthage but stood still Roman resistance would fall to pieces through fear and internal dissension. She was glad enough to escape those searching eyes with some shreds of her design unexposed.

One, however, had been present to whom Marcia's beauty had appealed with all-compelling power: Iddilcar, priest of Melkarth, in whom lay an influence little less than that of the general; for, if the gods forbade by their omens an advance, all the plans of Hannibal might yet be paralyzed. The wily priest lost no time in seeking her, and his offer of aid was laid at her feet. His country and his gods counted for nothing with him against his passion for the beautiful Roman.

"Come, little bird," he said, "and I will charm you. Moon of Tanis! Lamp of Prosperine! Essence of all the Heavens! do you not see I love you? I, Iddilcar, priest of Melkarth, by whose word even the schalischim of Carthage must march or halt?"

But the aversion in Marcia's soul overcame even her purpose. She repelled him, and he went forth with threats of vengeance.

Left alone, she sought to school herself to her part. What right had she to think of herself as a woman? He, for whose love her sex had been dear to her, was gone—a pallid shade who could no longer be sensitive to her beauty, a vague being sent far hence into the land of the four rivers by these very men whom she had devoted to destruction.

Strong once more in her purpose, she received Iddilcar with complacency when he came again.

"Love me, pretty one," he exclaimed, "and Hannibal shall winter in Capua, though all the armies of Carthage become food for dogs."

At last she spoke.

"It is well. I have listened and determined. I have wished that your army should not march north; I have wished that it should winter in Campania. You say you can accomplish this. Do so, and you shall have your reward."

Two months had passed, and Hannibal, delayed by the unpropitious voice of Melkarth, as interpreted by his priest, still lingered in Capua, while Rome breathed again and gained strength. The schalischim had grown restive and suspicious. Iddilcar had succeeded in gaining a last three days under pretext of a journey to Cannæ to consult the oracle there, and he demanded that Marcia should fly with him at once.

"You will go," he said, "or to-morrow Baal-Melkarth shall speak the word, and before midday Hannibal shall give orders to march to Rome."

Then she yielded. She would go with him, she resolved, for these three days, since every day now was of moment. Then she would die.

Night fell, and, while she waited for Iddilcar's coming, someone entered her room and a hand grasped hers.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

"I am a slave," answered a voice. "Pacuvius Calavius bought me yesterday. Tell me of all this matter. You are safe. I am a Roman."

Then she told him of her love, of how in her mad humor she had driven her lover from her and how he had fallen at Cannæ. She spoke of her patriotic purpose, of the sacrifice she had resolved upon, and of her coming death.

"No," he said, "you cannot die—not thus. I have died—once, yet I live. Listen! I, like the lover you tell of, was slain at Cannæ, and I lay, with the dead heaped above me—ah! so many hours—days, perhaps—I do not know; until the slave-dealers, passing among the corpses, found me breathing and wondered at my strength, auguring a good value."

At that moment Iddilcar arrived. Horses were at the door, a cloak to disguise her lay on his arm, and he wore on his finger Hannibal's signet to pass them through the gate. The slave sprang upon him, and a furious struggle ensued in the narrow chamber. The Carthaginian's dagger was wrenched from his hand and plunged into his body again and again.

While the two men fought Marcia had seen the slave's face and knew that Sergius had saved her, though she deemed it but his shade.

"Oh, my lord Lucius!" she cried, falling on her knees and holding out her hands toward him. "There, now, is the dagger. Take it and use it, so that I, too, may be your companion when you return to the land that owns you. I love you, Lucius; the laughter of the old days has passed. Surely a woman about to die may say to the dead words which a girl might not say to her lover for the shame of them. I love you!"

She felt herself raised suddenly and strained against a bosom that rose and fell with all the pulsations of life and love.

"Marcia, dearest, purest, best!" murmured a voice close to her ear, "yes, you shall go with me to my land, and that land is Rome."

Hastily donning the priest's robe, Sergius led her out, and they mounted the waiting horses. Hannibal's signet, taken from Iddilcar's finger, passed them through the gate. A moment later the suspicions of the guard prompted pursuit, but Sergius slew the foremost pursuer and they galloped northward. Suddenly he heard Marcia cry out.

"Look!" she called.

A clump of horsemen crowned the knoll of rising ground ahead, and above them fluttered the square *vexillum* of the cavalry of the legion.

The pursuers saw it too, and, halting, wheeled, as Marcus Marcellus, the new dictator, greeted the fugitives. A snowflake fell upon Marcia's hand.

"See now, Lucius, lord of my life," she cried; "here are the messengers of winter. Winter quarters! he is in winter quarters! See! have we not prevailed?"

It was the voice of the dictator that answered:

"Yes, truly; and there shall soon be prepared for him eternal summer quarters in Phlegethon—if the Greek tales be true."

OUIDA

(LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE)

(England, 1840-1908)

UNDER TWO FLAGS (1867)

This story, regarded by many critics as the author's best work, was first dramatized about 1900, and since that time several dramatic versions of it have been made and produced with much success.



THE HONORABLE BERTIE CECIL, second son of Viscount Royallieu, had lived in the utmost luxury, dashing through life very fast, enjoying it fully, liking the world and being liked by it. He was a tall, lithe, graceful man, with a handsome face that had won him in the Guards the sobriquet of "Beauty." He was possessed of a most serene *insouciance*, was never excited, never disappointed, never exhilarated, never disturbed, never embarrassed. Owing to his likeness to his mother's family he was regarded by his father with a savage detestation, which would have soured any temperament less nonchalantly gentle and supremely careless than his. In society he was a general favorite and a leader; but it was as the darling, the permitted property, petted and spoiled, of the young married beauties that he was recognized. The last of his titled and wedded captors was Lady Guenevere. Neither of them believed very much in their attachment, but they had a most enchanting—friendship.

At last Cecil was forced to realize that ruin awaited him, ruin complete and inevitable. His signature would be accepted no longer by any bill-discounter in London; he had forestalled all his inheritance; his debts pressed more heavily every day;

he had no power to avert the crash that was coming upon him. He could not face the utter blankness that lay before him when he should be barred out from the only life he knew, from the pleasures and pursuits of long custom, as a man without career, hope, or refuge. In these straits he depended on winning a race with his six-year-old, Forest King, to set things right again; and on this race he staked everything. But his groom was bribed to give the King a "painted quid," which made him unable even to try the course; and Bertie knew that his last hope had failed him. The blow fell with crushing force, the fiercer because he had persisted in ignoring the danger. He escaped from the crowd and was brooding over his ruin when the eight-year-old sister of his friend Rockingham, heir to the Duke of Lyonesse, called by his comrades of the Guards the "Seraph," came to offer him her store of money, having heard it said that Cecil was ruined. Cecil's eyes dimmed with an emotion he never before had felt in all his careless life. He declined the money, but to lighten her disappointment he kept the little enameled *bonbonnière* in which she had brought the gold.

As she left him, a letter came from his younger brother, Berkeley—a blurred, scrawled letter—confessing that the writer had forged the names of Bertie and his friend the Seraph to a bill he had presented. Cecil had known that his brother was a born gamester, with a cowardly, weak, petulant nature; and he had realized, too, that his brother lacked that delicate, intangible, indescribable, sensitive nerve which men call Honor. But as he read the confession of Berkeley's crime a strong tremor of passionate rage and passionate pain shook him, and he gave way to the acute suffering that pierced his panoplies of indifference, and escaped his light philosophies.

At that moment the bill was in the possession of a Jew, who went to the Seraph with it. Lord Rockingham refused to credit the story that his friend Cecil had forged his name, even when Cecil, confronted with the forgery, though declaring himself guiltless, refused to tell his whereabouts at the time the bill was presented. For Bertie at that time had been in Richmond at dinner with Lady Guenevere, and had promised her to guard the secret of their meeting; so, though he had had no intention

of taking on himself his brother's crime, the fact that he was ruined already and could not account for that one evening of his life led him to run away to escape arrest.

Though the Seraph was puzzled by Beauty's attitude, which was so unlike him, he would not believe in his guilt, but declared that he would always, in spite of every proof, regard Cecil as innocent and be ready to take his hand before all the world.

That night Cecil escaped, and a few days later the unrecognizable body of a man, with luggage bearing his name and crest, was found in the wreck of the Marseilles express. So "Beauty of the Brigades" soon ceased to be named or even remembered in the service.

In reality Cecil escaped unhurt, and purposely left his luggage in the compartment with the body of a fellow traveler. He went to Algiers and enlisted in the French army as a Chasseur d'Afrique under the name of Louis Victor. From the extremes of luxury, indolence, indulgence, pleasure and extravagance he fell to the extremes of hardship, poverty, discipline, suffering and toil. The first years were years of intense misery, but they never wrung from him a single regret or lament; he accepted without complaint or impatience the altered fortunes of his career. Moreover, he gained a great influence over the men of his troop, an influence that did much to humanize his associates, who loved him devotedly and called him, not only because of his fair face, but because of the terror his sword had become through Northern Africa, *Bel-à-faire-peur*.

Twelve years passed, and he returned to Algiers for the first time since his enlistment. Although he had become one of the most splendid soldiers in the Army of Africa, although in the record there was no page of achievements, exploits, services, dangers, that showed a more brilliant array of military deserts than his, he had not even the cross, and had been promoted to the office of corporal only recently, when many wounds and distinctions made it impossible to pass him unnoticed any longer. The cause of this lay in the implacable enmity of his Chief, who had laid upon him the merciless weight of an animosity that passed over no occasion for a furious reprimand, no pretext for a volley of insolent opprobrium.

Cecil met at a *guinguette* ball on his first night in Algiers a little *vivandière* who was a notoriety in her own way, known at pleasure as Cigarette, the Friend of the Flag, or the Little One. Cigarette was pretty; she had dark, dancing, challenging eyes, an arch, brilliant, kitten-like face, sunny and *mignon*. She was insolent, intolerably coquettish, mischievous as a marmoset: she could swear like any zouave, fire galloping, toss off her brandy or vermouth like a trooper, or deal a blow with her little brown fist that the recipient would not covet twice. She was a child of Paris, and had all its wickedness at her fingers' ends; and yet she had a delicious fragrance of youth, and had not left behind her a certain feminine grace, though she wore a *vivandière's* uniform and had been born in a barrack and meant to die in a battle; and it was this strange blending that made her piquant. Her mother had been a camp-follower, her father nobody knew who, and she had been a spoiled child of the army from her birth. With a heart as bronzed as her cheek, and her respect for the laws of *meum* and *tuum nil*, yet, with odd, stray, nature-sown instincts here and there of a devil-may-care nobility, and a wild grace that nothing could kill, she was, as she was wont to say, "good soldier"; and she had some of the virtues of soldiers, who had been her books, teachers, models, guardians, and, later, her lovers. She had no guiding star except the eagles of the standards; no sense of duty had been taught her except to face fire boldly, never to betray a comrade, and to worship but two deities, Glory and France. Yet she had a gentler side, which she was wont to show in her care for the wounded and the dying. She felt from the first a strange interest in "Bel-à-faire-peur," but was insulted and amazed at the apathy with which her overtures to friendship were treated. She was not used to the languid, half-weary courtesy with which he treated her; and she half liked it, half resented it.

One day when the Chasseurs were at work in the *Chambrée* on the manufacture of various toys that brought them a few coins, their chief, Colonel Chateauroy, entered with a brilliant party. One of the women spoke to Cecil in a voice, low, melodious, very slightly languid, that fell on his ear like a chime of long-forgotten music. She admired a set of chessmen that

he had just finished, and asked their price. He forgot who and where he now was, and answered that their price was the honor of her acceptance. With an expression of surprise, offense and coldness, she turned away, saying that of course his work could become hers only by purchase.

After the party left Cecil received an order to present himself that evening at Colonel Chateauroy's with all his carvings. Cecil had taught himself to take without hesitation any order that touched on the service, but his face darkened at being thus commanded to bring his wares. Cigarette, who heard the order and divined his thoughts, told him that if he disobeyed the order it would be a signal to the men who loved him to mutiny, and pleaded with him to sacrifice his feelings, that he might not be the cause of having his men shot down by their comrades. So he promised to obey Chateauroy's order.

When Princess Corona heard her host's savage commands to his corporal that evening, she realized that the man had been brought there to be humiliated, and her sense of justice and noble, generous temper recognized him as a gentleman and pitied his sufferings. The Colonel finally ordered him to go; and as he went Cecil left in her hands the chessmen she had admired before, asking her to honor him by keeping them.

The next afternoon Cecil and the Princess met in an antique shop. She asked him his name, offering to serve him by recommending him to the attention of the Emperor, and was slightly annoyed at his reply that she could serve him best by doing nothing to bring him into notice.

"Monsieur," she said, as she left, "I desire to offer you some equivalent for your chessmen: Tell me whether there is anything you wish for, and you shall be gratified."

"I wish only to enjoy the luxury of giving the slight courtesy of a gentleman without being tendered the wages of a servant."

Though she felt an impatient sense of some absurd discrepancy, of some unseemly occupation, in dwelling on the thought of a Corporal of Chasseurs, Princess Corona was touched with pity for the bitterness of Cecil's life. She was the widow of a Spanish prince whom she had married when he was dying of wounds received in saving her brother's life, and she never had felt a touch of passing preference for any of her many suitors,

and hence was considered very cold, though her kindred knew that no nature was warmer, sweeter, or richer than hers.

Several days later, as Cecil sat in a café, his eye was caught by a reference to himself in an English journal several weeks old:

The Royallieu Succession.—We regret to learn that the Right Honorable Viscount Royallieu, who so lately succeeded to the family title on his father's death, has expired at Mentone. The late lord was unmarried. The next brother was killed many years ago. The title, therefore, now falls to the third and only remaining son, the Honorable Berkeley Cecil.

Cecil longed to stand once more stainless among his equals, and wondered whether those for whom he had sacrificed himself ever remembered him; yet he resolved that, though he was now by birthright a peer of England, there could be no drawing back for him. He never had known fully all that he had lost until he saw the Princess, in whose eyes the memories of other worlds appeared to slumber. Why, he wondered, had chance flung him in her way that with one smile of courteous pity she should have shattered in a day the serenity so hardly won in half a score of years?

Relief from these torturing thoughts came when the army was ordered to march. About fifteen hundred men had been on foraging duty for twenty-four hours, and were sleeping in their camp, when the Arabs rushed down upon them. Hour after hour, the cruel work of the frightful contest of men and brutes went on, until at last there was left only a handful of the squadron, with Cecil at their head. They gathered about him and fought superbly until there was nothing for them but to draw up and await their butchery, looking till the last toward "the woman's face" of the leader they loved. When another instant would have meant their massacre, a voice like a silver trumpet echoed over the field, and down among them, the tri-color waving above her, her pistol leveled in deadly aim, rode Cigarette, followed by fresh squadrons of cavalry. Before sunset the French were masters of the field; and the only officer of high rank that survived had told her that she had saved the honor of France, and she should have the cross.

Cigarette reminded him of the bravery of the corporal who had led the troop, and was assured that he too should have justice done him.

Then Cigarette went over the field, where lay dead bodies, horses gasping and writhing, and men raving in the torture of their wounds, searching for the leader she had not seen since the first moment of the charge.

"Is he killed?" she thought, and a tightness came at her heart, an aching fear that made her shrink. Finally she found him lying unconscious.

"How beautiful he is!" she murmured as she bent over him, and her face grew tender and warm and eager, for he had awakened a love that grew hourly, though she would not acknowledge it. She watched over him and tended him throughout the night, all the while rebelling against her weakness for this soldier, who, as Cigarette divined, loved only the Princess. With the dawn he passed from the fevered unconsciousness wherein he had murmured the Princess's name, to a quiet sleep; and Cigarette left him, that he might not know it was her care that had saved his life.

Three weeks after the battle of Zaraila, as Cigarette sat with Cecil beside the camp-fire, she called his attention to the beauty of a stranger whom the officers were showing about the camp. Cecil's glance followed hers to a tall, fair man some yards away. With a great cry he sprang to his feet, and she saw in his eyes, when he recognized the Seraph, a look of startled amaze, of longing love, and noted the effort with which an impulse to spring forward was controlled. Then he turned to her and, declaring that the stranger must not see him, asked her to use her influence to have him sent out of camp at once.

In accordance with his plea, she suggested to the commander his employment on a dangerous errand—to carry despatches to a distant branch of the Army of Occupation through a fiercely hostile region, an errand from which, she knew, the chances were a hundred to one he never would return alive.

As the darkness of night closed in he rode away in silence and sped over the plain. He escaped from the fury of an Arab onslaught, rode through a blinding hurricane, and at last delivered his despatches. On his return he stopped at a little Algerine caravanseraï; and there he came face to face with his brother, whose look changed from laughing carelessness to an expression set, rigid and pale with unutterable horror. Cecil's

own face altered with an emotion of intense and yearning tenderness; but he was cut by the dread in Berkeley's face, by the regret in his voice. The younger man felt a dull, angered sense of wrong done him in that the rightful heir of the power he enjoyed still lived; and he accepted without protest Cecil's promise, given in spite of the temptation that assailed him because of his passion for the Princess, that he would still keep the secret; then he left his brother. As he walked away over the dim level of the African waste, he found in a little stream a jeweled chain that he had seen Princess Corona wear; and when she arrived at the little caravanseraï where he was staying, he could not withstand the impulse to use his possession of the trinket as an excuse to seek her.

As he looked at her he regretted the inheritance that would have enabled him to seek to waken a look of tenderness in the eyes that he felt might soften and change, were the soul once stirred from its repose. Yet he addressed her with the grave, quiet listlessness that was habitual with him. She toyed with the little enameled *bonbonnière* in which he had placed the chain until it opened, showing the name—Venetia.

"How did you obtain this?" she asked.

"It was given to me long ago by a child."

"I gave this box! But you? You are my brother's friend, Bertie Cecil, whom they believed to be dead!"

He wondered that he had not recognized her before; and she was moved by a profound pity and yet relieved, for she never had forgotten him. She listened with an emotion more vivid than any she had felt for any man save her brother, while he told her that he could not meet the Seraph; that his only desire was to remain dead and forgotten. He told her that he could not prove himself guiltless; but she declared her belief that he was innocent. She felt instinctively that some great sacrifice was the cause of his sufferance of wrong; but then came to her a baffled sense of impotence against some immovable calamity. When she had pleaded in vain that he should see her brother, and he was leaving her, he asked her to let him see her once more; after a pause she gave him her promise, and he left her while her eyes were dim with pity.

A great review was held to celebrate the close of the war,

and the Marshal of France presented to Cigarette, heroine of Zaraila, the cross of the Legion of Honor; and Cigarette tasted in that moment, when the thousands of voices of her soldiers rang out in acclaim, the sweetness of a proud and pure ambition in its perfect splendor.

That night, after a banquet in her honor, Venetia asked Cigarette to send Cecil to her tent; for, as she was to leave camp the next day, she desired to fulfil her promise. Cigarette delivered the message, and then gave way to burning envy of the woman who seemed more than mortal in her loveliness. She felt a jealous hatred of her, and at the same time a sickening sense of self-humiliation, of utter inferiority.

"I shall be best away. I grow mad, treacherous, wicked here," she thought; and so she rode off to Algiers.

When Cecil reached Venetia she again pleaded with him not to carry out his purpose of remaining unknown, or at least to tell the Seraph the whole story and let him judge. Finally Cecil broke down under the struggle, the temptation to betray his brother and be unchained from torture. He told her of his love for her and bade her decide, saying that his love tempted him to buy back his happiness with dishonor.

Venetia felt something like terror at his wild despair, and began to say that she hoped his sudden love might as suddenly die, when he interrupted her with the question whether she meant that under no circumstances could he hope to win her love.

"I cannot tell," she murmured.

"Then choose for me, Venetia."

"I dare not. I am no longer capable of being just."

"Let me go! If I stay, I shall tell you all. I am dead—let me be dead to you!"

And as he left her Venetia realized that if ever she learned to love him it was in her to seek him, no matter what the world's verdict on him; but she did not realize how near to her was that love.

Cecil left her tent, so deadened with pain that he paid no heed to the sentinel's challenge, and Chateauroy stepped out of the darkness, a flash of brutal delight in his eyes.

"So *Madame vôtre Princesse* is so cold to her equals only

to choose her lovers out of my blackguards, and take her midnight intrigues like any camp courtesan."

"You lie!" cried Cecil, as he smote the lips of his commander.

With the sunrise the woman he loved and the man who had been his friend left the camp in ignorance of the occurrence of the night.

Cecil preserved entire reticence during his trial, and felt satisfied when sentence of death was passed; for his secret would lie in the grave with him, and the long martyrdom of his life would be ended.

A trooper sent a note to Cigarette, telling her that "Bel-à-faire-peur" was to die for having struck Chateauroy on the night of the review, and she realized at once that the blow had been struck for the Princess. As she rushed through the street, her face set in bloodless horror, she stopped before a man she was passing.

"You have his face. What are you to Louis Victor, a chasseur of my army?" He muttered a denial, but she silenced him, saying that the man whose features he had lay under sentence of death. Horrified, Berkeley confessed that the chasseur was his brother, exiled for his crime, and rightful possessor of the place he was holding. Cigarette made him write a statement of Bertie's name and rank, and then with it she rode out of the city. The gleam of her cross and the colorless calm of the childlike face with its look of resolve, were the last her comrades there ever saw of the Little One.

She had but twenty-four hours, and a long route before her, first, fifty miles to the fortress where the Marshal was. At last she reached her destination, and her horse sank down faint and quivering. The Marshal at first declared that the sentence was just and unchangeable; but when Cigarette explained the cause of the blow and showed her paper she received an arrest to the execution; and without a second's pause she rode away at full speed. She loved Cecil with a passion that only the imminence of death brought to fulness and greatness out of the petulant pride and wounded vanity that had obscured it. For eight hours she bore without flinching the agonies that racked her cramped limbs and throbbed in her beating temples, while

on her lips rested her only prayer: "O God, keep the day back."

With the coming of dawn Cecil was led out of camp, and he had himself just given the signal for his own death-shot when a shrill cry pierced the air as Cigarette appeared on the ridge.

"Wait! In the name of France!"

The cry came too late. Beyond the smoke-cloud Cecil staggered slightly, almost unharmed. The flash of fire was not so fleet as the swiftness of her love: and on his breast she threw herself, and turned her head backward with her dauntless, sunlit smile as the balls pierced her frame. As they laid her on the ground she smiled at them and gave the Marshal's order.

"Oh, my child!" moaned Cecil in paralyzed horror, as he saw the flowing of the blood beneath the cross and realized the full might and meaning of her devotion. "What am I worth that you should perish for me? Oh, that they had fired one moment sooner!"

"She is content," she whispered. "You did not understand her rightly; that was all."

The full strength and nobility of the passion he had disbelieved in and neglected rushed on him and filled him with remorse.

"My darling! My darling! What have I done to be worthy of such love?"

At his words and tender kisses the color suddenly flushed over her blanched face.

"Hush! I am only a little trooper who has saved my comrade! Ah! If only I could see France once more!"

Her eyes met Cecil's, she gave a tired sigh, and in the midst of her Army of Africa the Little One lay dead.

And Cecil's heart ached with the sense of some great priceless gift received, and undeserved, and cast aside, even amidst the joy of return from his exile and the love of the Princess.

Often their memories went back to the desert land where the folds of the tricolor drooped over a little grave, whose white stone spoke to every heart within the army she had loved:

Cigarette.—Enfant de l'Armée. Soldat de la France.

FRIENDSHIP (1878)

This story has always been regarded as revealing a love affair of the author herself, represented by the character of Etoile; while Ioris was an Italian nobleman she knew well, and Lady Joan an Englishwoman who pretended to be her friend.



WHEN Lady Joan Perth-Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Achiestoune, became at nineteen the bride of Mr. Robert Challoner, many wondered why a girl so handsome and well-born should marry an obscure gentleman whose parentage was doubtful and whose prosperity was dubious. The one or two persons who did know were discreet; and no one could learn from the eminent politician who was trustee of the marriage settlements why any settlements had been drawn up. Whatever the reason, the Challoners lived out of England. For the first six years they dwelt in the Orient, where Mr. Challoner dealt in rice and carpets until he ruined a fine business by speculation, and found it expedient to return to Europe.

Lady Joan had found that she might play "poker" with the Ten Commandments, while she wrapped herself in the armor of Mr. Challoner's acquiescence. And Mr. Challoner's woodenness in face of all his wife's adventures was so admirable as to win admiration even from Lady Joan. However, the Black Sea once crossed again, Lady Joan saw Mrs. Grundy, the British *Bona Dea*, looming large on her horizon, and knew that she must mend her ways. In the East she had been very young and very reckless; and her savageness at her exile and social extinction had avenged itself in wild night-rides with good-looking travelers, and campings-out under the desert stars with only the Arab boys and tethered ponies to play propriety. But when Mrs. Grundy's chill, colossal shadow fell across her path she knew that she must conciliate the *Bona Dea* and recon-

cile herself to Society; though, of course, nothing should interfere with her liberty, prevent her from regarding all men as her brothers, or dancing the carmagnole over the conventions whenever she liked.

To Society Mr. Challoner became a Cæsus to whom the rapacity of her family had sacrificed her. There was hardly a great man in France, England, or Germany whom she did not claim as a dear old friend on the strength of a nod received in babyhood in her grandmother's drawing-room. She had great connections and relationships, and did not allow the fact to be forgotten. Great people liked her because she took such infinite pains to please them; and little people liked her because she could bring them in contact with great people. But both big and little invariably apologized for knowing her; and she adopted the sound policy of ignoring all enmity and accepting all slights unmoved. So on the whole she managed to enjoy life in Europe as in the East. There were always times when she could dance the carmagnole, if there were also many seasons when she had to put on her meeting-house clothes and curtsey to Mrs. Grundy.

On their arrival from the East the Challoners settled in Rome; and at various balls Lady Joan noticed a man who did not notice her. Something in the slender grace and delicate features, in the unrevealing eyes and cold glance of this Roman patrician, Prince Ioris, fascinated her, the more because he avoided her and seemed repelled rather than attracted. Ioris had one of those faces that suggest the romance of fate; he had that charm that can arouse immediately a vague, speculative interest which easily grows into love. He was the last of a once great race, had an old estate and a slender income, and was happy in the life of an Italian noble, until in an evil hour of his destiny Lady Joan's bold eyes fell on him. He tried to avoid his fate, but finally, against his will, was presented, thinking the while that she was like a snake.

When at her bidding he called he found her in tears, which she excused with hints of an uncongenial life, an unhappy marriage. He was startled, which is in a sense to be interested; and when he left her his thoughts were busy with her, though still she repelled him; and she was already in love.

"She has the stride of a carbineer, the feet of a contadina, the teeth of a gipsy, the eyes of a tigress, the manners of a fish-woman," he thought; yet he was whirled into a fancy as sensual as her own, lost himself in it for a brief while, and woke to find the chains fast-locked about him, and his place assigned him in the triangle of the Casa Challoner.

The following spring, when she complained of malaria, Ioris laid at her feet the keys of his country palace, Fiordelisa. With the surrender of Fiordelisa, for a summer or two as he thought, he surrendered his whole future. It was an occupation of territory that meant an annexation for life. Once installed in Fiordelisa, who should live bold enough or shrewd enough, ever to supplant her? So she taught its master that she meant to be both mistress and master. She improved and managed the estate admirably; but all the costs came from the owner's pocket, all the proceeds went into hers. Ioris sighed and let her go on; and Mr. Challoner was careful to set the seal of his presence on the private life of Fiordelisa, explaining Ioris, to the great people passing through Rome, as "a friend of ours—poor fellow, his affairs were involved—estate going to rack and ruin. I think we have helped him." And Lady Joan talked of Fiordelisa and its master, "poor Io," who was like their brother.

And the travelers, an earl and his wife, or a bishop and his wife, would relate how she had spoken of Ioris, "so openly! There could be nothing in it!"

And this was the seal of Mrs. Grundy's approval.

Ioris soon tired of his mistress, and familiarity completed his disenchantment; but her love continued—the terrible, untiring passion that can exist in a woman who unites masculine vigor to feminine caprice, a jealous, violent, exacting passion. Finally habit took the place of all else, and he sank into an existence as nearly brainless as a naturally intelligent man's can be, in a life of perpetual triviality, yet perpetual conflict. Lady Joan lowered all she touched; no delicate thought could survive her loud laugh, no impersonal discussion her boisterous personalities.

The Challoners had been living in Rome about six years when a Parisian celebrity, Comtesse d'Avesnes, came there for

her health, bringing introductions to Lady Joan from Lord Achiestoune and Voightel, the great scientist. She was a beautiful young woman who had won fame by her paintings signed with her childhood's name, Etoile; and later by a comedy and by poems she increased this fame. She was a student, a dreamer and a genius; but, unfortunately for her reputation, no one could find that she had so much as one vice; so the world invented many for her.

Her friend Voightel had advised her to see Lady Joan, whom he described as Cleopatra crossed with a barmaid. "Go and see our dear Joan. She will be the prose of Rome for you. You will want prose there."

The Casa Challoner puzzled Etoile; and Ioris, who looked like a grave, slender deerhound, held down under a keeper's lash, interested her. She wondered what Fiordelisa could be, which seemed to belong to Ioris, and yet to be Lady Joan's property. It was some time before she learned that Ioris was absolutely the property of Lady Joan.

Ioris thought, as he watched Etoile for the first time:

"That woman is half a saint and half a muse. She never has loved. She is full of idealities. She has strong passions, but they sleep. Her dreams are the enemies of men. She seems cold; but I think she is only uninterested. She is all mind. Her senses never have stirred. I shall detest her, or I shall adore her."

It was not long before he knew that he adored her; but to his tyrant he feigned dislike of Etoile, and quieted all suspicion. He went often to the old palace where Etoile dwelt, and excused his absences to his mistress by ingenious falsehoods.

As Etoile learned more of Lady Joan, and as her heart was drawn to Ioris in the pity and sympathy that he appealed for in showing her his wretched bondage, she felt a great weight of oppression and disgust, and withdrew from intercourse with Lady Joan, who began to detest Etoile with a vehement and concentrated dislike, and to spread broadcast scandals about the artist, which were eagerly seized upon.

About this time a company which the Challoners had launched, and induced Ioris to invest in, was failing. Casa Challoner would lose nothing; but Ioris, though deeply in-

volved, undertook to pay the workers, who, as he learned, were clamoring for their wages; this burdened him so heavily that he brought upon himself a terrible scene with Lady Joan by the suggestion that he might be compelled to sell Fiordelisa.

And while Lady Joan carried on her dealings in art and antiquities with travelers, Ioris passed hours with Etoile. He found with her a repose that was even sweeter than passion. His real nature—impulsive, generous, erring, repentant, tender, contemptuous, sensitive, ironical, by turns—was laid bare to her, with whom he could be perfectly candid and therefore happy. Day after day he was tempted to throw off his mask and tell Lady Joan the truth; but his old habit of subserviency to her was heavy and paralyzing. He felt doubly disloyal when he averred that he disliked Etoile, and listened to his mistress's venomous slanders. And Lady Joan's suspicions were easily lulled because of her immeasurable vanity.

She determined to arrange a transfer of the failing company and float it anew under another name; and to manage this a trip to England was necessary. She knew that if Ioris learned of her scheme he would prevent it; but the idea of going to London without him harassed her; she was torn between desire to push her project and dread of leaving him near the woman she hated.

In the spring Ioris found for Etoile an old villa outside the gates, and there he told her of his love.

"You love me, I love you. Make me what you think me, what you wish me; I am yours."

To Etoile all existence seemed transfigured; her past seemed pale and poor, yet while she felt that only now did she wake and live, a sense of dread passed over her like a chill wind.

Lady Joan's name was unspoken until she murmured, as his cheek lay against hers in farewell.

"You will tell her the truth—now?"

"Yes."

He left her—gladder and prouder to be the woman he loved, that loved him, than of all fame or praise on earth—to go to that against which all the manhood in him rebelled, feeling himself a coward and untrue. But habit is stronger than conscience. He said to himself, "To-morrow, not to-night."

But on the morrow his courage quailed. And moreover he hardly wished to unveil his love, unguessed of the world, and throw it into the glare of day. The situation was full of peril—but a peril that was sweet. Etoile, however, did not dream of any peril. He loved her; it seemed to her natural that he should put from him the foul bonds of an unlovely tyranny. So she never questioned, never doubted him.

And as the days passed he said to himself, "To-morrow I will tell the truth," and every day faded with the truth untold. At last one day, sick of his bonds, indifferent to his danger, and braced for the conflict, he went to Fiordelisa, where the Challoners were domiciled.

Unfortunately, Lady Joan had news of her grandmother's illness, which arrived opportunely to afford a reason for the trip to England that was imperative. Had the truth been spoken as it sprang to his lips, his future would have been freed; but he thought:

"I cannot tell her now. It will hurt her less if I write."

So he kissed her, saying that it was a shock to lose her so suddenly.

With impetuous eagerness he went to Etoile:

"Rejoice with me! She is gone. I am a slave no more!"

In the weeks that followed he was happy as he never had been since his boyish days. Often he tried to write the truth, but as often deferred the ungracious task, and excused himself to Etoile, who, believing he would do what honor demanded, did not insist.

Through the summer Ioris was happy save for the vengeance and ruin that seemed near him; and Etoile was happy save for the thought of a prophecy that Voightel had once made:

"If ever you love, you will be for a few months the happiest of women, and forever after the saddest."

The first part had come to pass: now and then she thought of the latter with a chill, vague apprehension, though it never crossed her fancy that Lady Joan was still a danger. And Ioris never told her that his estate and his honor were involved in the entanglements of Lady Joan's company.

The one sweet summer ended when a telegram came from

Lady Joan, commanding him to go to Paris on business of the company.

“My love, I have to go to Paris—”

Etoile thrust him from her.

“You are going—to her.”

“As I live, I am not,” said Ioris. “You insult me by thinking I would so insult you. No, I go to Paris on a matter that concerns my honor, to try to save something for those who trusted in that accursed speculation.”

“You will not go to her?”

“By my dead mother’s memory, if you wish, I will swear to you, No—ten thousand times!”

The spell of their joy, too great to last, was broken; still the memories of the sweet summer months lay like sleeping children in the heart of Etoile; but a vague fear lay on him, though she would not grieve him with any doubt of his fidelity. She was taken ill, and physicians murmured of Roman fever; then a sudden great hopelessness fell on her. He had left her with tenderness, with passionate grief; but he had left. It seemed the fiat of their endless separation.

When Ioris reached Paris he found that he had been tricked, betrayed and misled. His honor was already embarked on a questionable speculation; and the jealous and passionate woman who had involved him in what would probably be ruin and disgrace was awaiting him. Lady Joan, disquieted by reports from Rome, accused Ioris of having seen much of Etoile, asserting, as she had many times before and to many persons, that Etoile was in love with him. And Ioris hated himself as he evaded all her questions. He remained in Paris, thinking every day that he would tell the truth, though his conscience smote him, until a worse thing came to him. He began to be ashamed to return to Etoile and say, “I have sinned and been faithless.”

One evening, when Lady Joan startled Ioris by a sudden caress, a letter fell from between his shirt and his waistcoat. He caught it and tossed it into the fire, but not before she had seen and recognized the handwriting.

She screamed, she raved, she poured out abuse and upbraiding in torrents of flame,

"You have secrets from me! That woman loves you, writes to you, and you carry her letters on your breast! Oh, you traitor! You faithless coward!"

Again Ioris let slip his opportunity.

"I have no secrets of my own from you. But you must allow me to keep the secrets of others."

"Then you admit that she loves you?"

"That is what I never admit of any woman."

"The forward wretch, to dare to write!"

Ioris was disgusted with himself. He had surrendered Etoile to the violence and coarseness of a jealous woman. He had let a base and unreturned passion be imputed to her, and had held his peace.

At last they returned to Rome and he went to Etoile, pale, weary and ashamed.

"You are the angel of my soul! Will you forgive?"

"You have been—with her?"

"Dear, can you forgive? I never meant to go to her; I was drawn where I loathed to be. I have sinned against you, but never with my heart."

Though she felt as if her own life were full of unutterable shame, and scorn, and outrage, she forgave him; and then his sin seemed slight to him because it was pardoned.

Lady Joan was in high spirits after her return, for the new company was launched.

"I have saved Fiordelisa for Ioris," she told everyone.

"She has saved Fiordelisa for him," echoed her friends.

One day she went to Ioris's house in his absence, for some papers, and on his desk, left there in unwonted carelessness, she found a note of Etoile's that told her all that truth hidden so long—that she had been fooled, beguiled, betrayed. At first a madness, a fury, seized her, and vengeance alone seemed worth while—to kill them both. But alone in solitude her paroxysm passed. She loved herself. She remembered the world. She must have Fiordelisa. And when the most bitter hour of her life was past her resolve was taken. She chose a vengeance that should not lose her Fiordelisa, and kept her temper, was tender and caressing and abated the vigilance of her espionage. All this cost her very dear; for hate and fury,

dread and jealous fear seethed within her. But in her savage, selfish way she loved him more than ever, and she determined that her vengeance should be such as should fetter him forever and make Fiordelisa hers.

Etoile did not upbraid Ioris for allowing Lady Joan to return ignorant of the truth, but a great hopelessness fell on her. She was often happy still; she believed he seldom saw her rival; she withdrew into the solitude of Rocaldi. She was not wise in this, nor strong; she only loved him very greatly. And always Lady Joan spread her calumnies, which the world gladly believed. Ioris heard these slanders, though not most of them; angered, let them pass; and still told Etoile, "I am yours only."

Sometimes in his pain and depression his heart even hardened against Etoile:

"Why does she trust me?"

Then, though all his heart went out in tenderness to her, he almost wished they never had loved.

One day she was pale and troubled.

"I hear they make a by-word of my name in that house, and they say you stand by silent. Is this true?"

"Is this your faith?" he asked in evasion.

"Can it be true that you let her calumniate me?"

His conscience stung him bitterly, and he took refuge in indignation and sternness.

"Dear, if you give me your word it is enough."

"I have given it," he said; but his eyes did not meet hers, and then he who had done the wrong granted forgiveness.

"You will keep her from Fiordelisa, if you love me," she said, with a look of resolve.

"I will. That I swear to you."

Still, between them from that day fell a certain shadow of restraint. In him the consciousness of error was a daily burden; into her the anguish of doubt had entered.

As spring approached, Lady Joan talked incessantly of Fiordelisa, and their summer and their future; and he remained silent under the irresistible power of her assumption of right over him and his estate.

Etoile's heart grew sick when for several days he did not come to her. Then one evening came messages telling her that

her home in Paris had been burned down, and that her man of business had robbed her. Her first thought was of Ioris; and she went at once to Rome, to his house, but was told that he was at Casa Challoner. She felt as if the speaker had stabbed her, as she realized that he was there with all his oaths forsworn, and gave way to her impulse to follow him and see to which he would cleave. At the Challoners' door were great wagons, and the driver told her coachman that they were to take the luggage to Fiordelisa, whither the family would go on the morrow. The insult entered her soul like iron. In that moment of intense pain and humiliation Etoile lost her serenity, her patience, her long-suffering tenderness, and for the first time thought of herself, not of him. She sent the carriage to another street, and walked up and down, hearing above her rival's laugh and the voice of Ioris.

"Is this the way you keep faith with me?" she asked, when he came out.

He took refuge in anger.

"Is it true that she goes to your home to-morrow?"

He answered with the offended waywardness of a child, declaring that he would not be watched; that she had promised to trust him.

"Dear, can you not understand? I have had patience till my heart is half broken. It is not that I am jealous. I am ashamed. Does she go to Fiordelisa?"

He was silent.

"And you bewailed your slavery to me in the first hour we met! Does she know the truth?"

"No," he said, with fierce roughness, "she knows nothing."

"My beloved, if you will tell me that you will go back at once and tell her all, I will ask your forgiveness."

"You are but a woman like the rest," he said, with evasive irritation. "It is not my love you want; it is triumph over a rival."

She turned away. After all the hours of their perfect love, was this all he knew of her?

"Go to her; it is she who is a fit mate for you—not I."

She left him; he stood like one who from pride keeps his

head erect under a mortal blow; and their lives were divided forever.

Above, a casement closed quietly, and another woman laughed to herself, well content. With the morrow to Fiordelisa.

Throughout the summer Lady Joan ruled at Fiordelisa, and told her guests of Etoile's hopeless infatuation for Io, well pleased that she had robbed him of honor and peace and hope and God.

And Mr. Challoner dreams—Fiordelisa is a nice place, and Ioris is not very strong. Fiordelisa and the title it carries will make a nice dowry for his daughter.

But Ioris dares not dream, because for him hope is dead and liberty has perished. Every moment he realizes that for lack of an hour's courage he has surrendered all his future to bondage and lost the world, and the thing that is greater and deeper than all the world—a love that never dies.

And Etoile prays alone:

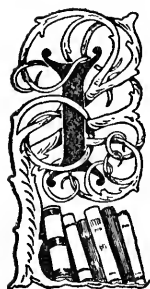
“Forgive me that I erred in haste and pain; that I had neither wisdom nor strength. O God, forgive me and make him happy, though I forever suffer!”

GILBERT PARKER

(Canada, 1862)

THE RIGHT OF WAY (1901)

This story, which many readers consider the author's best, was dramatized and produced on the stage in New York in 1907.



It was drink by which Charley Steele won Kathleen Wantage; it was drink that forever separated them. "Beauty Steele," as he had been called from his college days, with reason, was regarded as the ablest lawyer of the Montreal bar. His practise was largely criminal, and he never had lost a case. His keen mind took every advantage possible of technicalities, and thus far in his career he had resorted to impassioned oratory to free his clients. Therefore, while he won the awed admiration of his colleagues and the general public, he did not attract their affection. He had not one real friend in the city.

He himself was indifferent to friendship and love. He had decided that Kathleen Wantage, the daughter of a retired paper-manufacturer, was a desirable woman to marry, and, with the encouragement of her father and brother, a young barrister who made Steele his model both in the conduct of his profession and his life, he was courting her respectfully and with a calm assumption of success. Kathleen felt that he was her fate, and was trying to bring herself to the point of accepting him. If only he would show a single lovable human trait, one of the many possessed by poor Tom Fairing, of the Royal Fusileers, she would say "Yes," in confidence of a tolerable future.

This human trait Steele revealed in a moving appeal for a client charged with murder, who had refused to testify in his own behalf (because this would drag a woman into the case), and

whose conviction therefore seemed inevitable. Steele had not intended to play upon the sympathies of the jury, but to take refuge in the plea that the charge had not been established against the accused; however, before making the speech, he succumbed to an inherited craving for liquor, which he had successfully resisted thus far during the trial, and under alcoholic influence became gloriously brilliant in the defense. By impressing the jury that he himself believed in the noble self-sacrifice of his client, he secured the man's acquittal, and at the same time so moved the heart of Kathleen Wantage, who was present, that at the close of the speech she sent him, with her eyes, a loving "Yes."

This double victory sobered Steele, who was filled with moral loathing at his own insincerity. When Joseph Nadeau, his client, touched him timidly and lovingly on the coat-sleeve, and said: "M'sieu, you have saved my life; I thank you," Steele drew his arm away with disgust.

"Get out of my sight! You are as guilty as hell!" he said.

Steele did not again exhibit himself in the character that had won him his wife. This was not because he refrained from liquor after his marriage, for, on the contrary, he drank deeply, to the ruin of his law practise and to his social degradation. He was cold and distant to his wife, and she, cruelly disappointed in him, began to despise, and finally even to hate him. So it was to her secret joy that her unhappy marriage bond was severed, as she supposed, by his disappearance from the face of the earth.

Steele had been drinking in a low dive on the river frequented by lumbermen. Some of these, by caustic bantering with seeming premeditation, he enraged to the point of setting upon him. He was stabbed and thrown into the river.

The affair was reported to the police, and Kathleen Steele aided them in making a thorough search for the body, but it was not found. It transpired that trust-funds placed in Steele's hands had been embezzled, and it was thought that he had deliberately chosen this method of ending his life. In time Kathleen married Lieutenant Fairing, and strove to put her unfortunate first marriage out of mind.

By strange fortune it was Joseph Nadeau, who on his ac-

quittal had assumed the name of Jo Portugais, that drew from the river the insensible body of the man that had saved him from hanging. Jo was a practical anarchist. He lived apart from his fellows in a hut on Vadrone Mountain in Chaudière parish, and did what seemed right in his own eyes, paying no attention to the laws and customs of society; indeed, at the time he rescued Steele he was breaking the law of the river by running his raft down-stream at night.

When Steele came back to life and health in Jo's cabin it was with a mind vacant of all remembrance of his former existence. He began life anew, like a child. He regarded with eager interest all that Jo did, and readily did as he was told. He became very deft in a variety of mechanical employments, especially sewing. He mended and even fashioned the rude garments of Jo and himself.

One day the curé of the parish called to look after Jo's spiritual welfare. It was a useless, perfunctory visit on pagan Jo's account, but not on his companion's, for the priest reported Steele's condition to his brother, a famous surgeon of Paris, who was visiting him. The surgeon took a great interest in the case, and he and the curé persuaded Jo to let them perform a surgical operation upon his companion, in order to remove a portion of the fractured skull, which was pressing upon Steele's brain, and so to restore him to memory and the full possession of his faculties. The operation was successful.

When Steele came to his senses he thought he had just been pulled out of the water, though seven months had elapsed since then. It was therefore with a terrible shock that he read in a newspaper the curé had brought the notice of his wife's marriage to Lieutenant Fairing, with this editorial statement:

"If all remember the obscure death of the bride's first husband (though the body was not found there never has been a doubt of his death), and the subsequent discovery that he had embezzled \$25,000 of trust funds, thereby setting the final seal of shame upon a misspent life, destined for brilliant and powerful uses, all have conspired to forget the association of our beautiful townswoman with his career."

"So," he cried, "that lovely brother-in-law of mine did not use my life-insurance money, as I left instructions for him to do, in settling his embezzlement, but has perpetrated another theft

at the expense of my reputation—the good name of a man whom he considers safely dead.”

What was there to do? Go back and break Kathleen's heart by sending her brother to prison? Go back, and say to his wife, “I have come to my own again”? Return and break up her marriage of love with Tom Fairing? Poor girl, what a tragedy her honeymoon had been with him! Suppose he did arise, as it were, from the grave, what would life be for himself and for those for whom he was responsible? No, it were better for him to make the appearance of his death a reality.

But after the providential preservation of his life and miraculous restoration of his mind, suicide were a crime against God, who evidently intended him for some useful purpose in the world. That there was a God he could not deny, atheist as he had been, and agnostic as he would remain, requiring demonstration as a basis of belief. No, it was shown him that he must live. But where was he to live, and how?

He reasoned out the answers: here, and by the useful labor he was doing. Assuming the name of Charles Mallard, he went to the village and secured employment at pitifully small wages, with Trudel, the tailor.

All Chaudière, including his employer, who was a religious fanatic, looked askance at him because he did not attend church. That is, all Chaudière except Rosalie Evanturel, daughter of the postmaster, who attended to her father's duties. As she sat behind the post-office counter she read many books, which cultivated her toleration, and she studied faces, which developed her native insight into character. She recognized in the mysterious stranger a man of power, possessed of resources within himself that enabled him to dispense with social institutions that seemed to the villagers to be the prime essentials of existence.

Her interest in Charles Mallard, to which name a few magazines and reviews of a high intellectual order began coming through the post-office, had a spice of curiosity in it, causing her to look for clues to his past life as well as to his present character. One day he came in to buy stationery, and desired paper of a better quality than that which satisfied the villagers. She therefore took down from the top shelf, where it had been relegated

as unsalable, a package of writing-paper of superior texture. He held a sheet up to the light, and gave a start. "Kindly let me have all the stock of this you have on hand, Mademoiselle," he said. Unseen by him, she retained one sheet, which when he had gone, she examined. There was the water-mark, "Kathleen."

A pang of jealousy shot through Rosalie's breast. That some woman named Kathleen was dear to him was evident. Had he loved and lost her, or was she still alive? Rosalie gave an order to the supply-house for more paper of that brand, but received the answer that none of it was on the market. The fact was, that Mr. Wantage, the father of Steele's wife, had made it in honor of his daughter's marriage, and had discontinued its manufacture shortly afterward.

As Mallard became more expert in tailoring he demanded an increase in wages, which his employer grudgingly granted. Soon there were other persons in Chaudière besides the young postmistress to speak up for him when he was aspersed—old Margot, for instance, whose eldest son lay at home with a broken leg, and in whose house no other food had entered but bread, till the tailor's assistant had come one night and left on the doorstep a basket of meat and groceries.

Mallard used the "Kathleen" paper in writing out his spiritual cogitations. *Sartor Resartus*, that classic of his calling, was a favorite book of his, and in its style he expressed questions similar to those uttered by Carlyle:

"This tailor here. This stingy, hard, unhappy man, who knows there is a God—how should he know what is denied me? If there is a God who receives his devotion, why does not this tailor do the works of God? Therefore, wherefore, tailor-man? Therefore, wherefore, God? Show me a sign from heaven, tailor-man?"

Mallard wrote in the shop during intervals of his labor; but always before he went back to work he put what he had written in the fire. Louis Trudel, suspicious by nature, determined to find out what kind of writing his assistant did, that he so carefully destroyed it. One day, while Mallard stooped to blow the smoldering fire into a blaze, in order that his manuscript might readily burn, Trudel softly took the top sheet, and hid it.

When Mallard had gone to bed, his employer produced the sheet, which chanced to contain the passage relating to himself.

Now the tailor had three ruling passions—cupidity, vanity, and religion; and Charley had touched all three. Trudel became almost a maniac in his rage. Yes, he would show the infidel a “sign from heaven!”

The most sacred treasure of the church in Chaudière was a little iron cross, the relic of a missionary martyr, which had been blessed by the Pope and nailed to the church-door. The fanatic tailor, taking his long shears and goose, slipped out of his shop, and, going to the church, pried off the cross under cover of darkness, and on his return he put it in the fire. When it had become red-hot, he seized it with a pair of pincers, rushed up-stairs to Mallard’s bedside, and pressed it upon the uncovered breast of the sleeping man.

Charley sprang up in bed with a wild cry of pain and affright. Trudel started back, and fell tumbling down the stairway into the shop. The iron cross, fallen on the bed, had set fire to the sheets. Charley hurled it, with bare hands, through the window-pane, beat out the flames, and ran down-stairs to the old man’s assistance. He found Trudel dying. The neighbors, aroused by the outcry, came pouring in, among them the curé. Trudel, taking the purloined sheet of paper from his breast, thrust it at the priest.

“See—see!” he cried; “he is an infidel—black infidel—from hell!” and he pointed at Charley with shaking finger.

The curé sternly bade the tailor be silent and prepare to meet his God.

“He—he didn’t believe in God. He asked a sign from Heaven,” gasped the dying tailor; “I—I gave it—him—to wear—all his life.”

And the soul of the fanatic passed exultingly.

When the theft of the cross was discovered next day, the fact that Trudel had denounced his assistant as an infidel caused the sacrilegious crime to be fastened on Charley by all but the curé, who had a shrewd suspicion of the real criminal, and Rosalie, who believed in the high-mindedness of Charles Mallard as she believed in the curé’s goodness. Yet, passing by the tailor-shop in the early morning, she had found the

iron cross surrounded by splinters of glass, and noted that it had been hurled through the window. Either the tailor or his assistant must have taken the cross. Intuitively she knew it was the tailor.

Hearing that Mallard was suspected of the theft, she told no one of her discovery, and went at night to replace the cross on the church-door. As the curé gave testimony that he had sat up that night with Charles Mallard by the body of Louis Trudel, Charley was exonerated of the theft. Indeed, the removal and restoration of the cross began to be regarded as miraculous, the portent of some great event to come upon the church or village. For greater security, the cross was taken into the church and fastened upon a pillar.

Charley carried on the business of Trudel in his shop, by arrangement with the curé, for the tailor had left all his property to the Church. By his excellent workmanship, and by legal advice, which he gave freely, Charley began to win the respect of the more important citizens, as he had secured the regard of the poor and needy.

However, enemies were arising elsewhere against him. The Abbé of the diocese, an intolerant churchman, heard that the curé of Chaudière had let property of the Church to an infidel of mysterious and therefore suspicious antecedents. On investigation it was found that, two days before the man calling himself Charles Mallard had dropped down from nowhere into Chaudière, a miscreant had stolen the golden vessels from the altar of the cathedral at Quebec. So the Abbé set out for Chaudière with officers of the law, to arrest Charley.

Rosalie, as postmistress, learned that something was in the wind, and shrewdly inferred that Mallard was in danger of arrest as a criminal. Thereupon at the risk, if her act were discovered, of losing her place, she warned Charley of his danger, and urged him to flee.

"Oh, Monsieur," she said, "it would shame me so to have you made a prisoner in Chaudière—before all these silly people, who turn with the wind. I should not lift my head—but, yes, I *should* lift my head," she corrected herself hurriedly, "and should tell them all they lied!"

A wave of feeling passed over Charley for this simple girl,

who out of blind confidence risked so much for him. Reverently he bared his throat, revealing the upper portion of the red scar made by the cross, and said: "By this sign, which I shall bear to the end of my life, I swear that I am not guilty of the crime for which they come to take me, Rosalie—nor of any other, dear, noble friend."

He did so little to get such rich return. Her eyes leaped up to brighter degrees of light, her face shone with ineffable joy, in gratitude, not for reassurance, but for confidence, which to a woman is as water in a thirsty land.

"Oh, thank you!" she said; "you make it so easy to be your friend; to say 'I know' when anyone may doubt you. Ah, Monsieur, I am so happy!"

Impulsively she moved toward him, but, realizing her action, stopped short, and blushed with embarrassment.

Charley understood. He longed to take her in his arms, but, remembering Kathleen, resisted the temptation. He said quickly:

"You are glad of my confidence? Well, I will give you more. There are those who think me dead, and whom it would injure if it were known that I am alive. That is the reason I do not wish to be taken to Quebec, even on a false charge. But do not fear for me. It will come right, somehow. You have done more for me than anyone ever has done or ever will do. I shall remember it to the last moment of my life. Good-by!"

"God protect you! The Blessed Virgin speak for you! I will pray for you," she whispered, departing.

When Jo Portugais heard that Charley Steele was arrested for the theft of the church vessels in Quebec, and that the prisoner refused to make any defense, he went to the Abbé and asked that he receive his confession. Jo told the story of his murder of the man who had seduced the woman he loved; of his trial and acquittal; and of the subsequent life of the brilliant lawyer who had secured his release.

"This man," he said, "is the prisoner charged with the robbery in Quebec, and I can testify that he was present in my cabin on Vadrone Mountain the day when the church was robbed. If anyone should be given up to justice, it is I. Take me in place of Steele."

The Abbé's heart as well as his conscience was touched. "You have saved your friend. Go in peace. *Absolvo te!*" he said.

Charley had been able to bear the knowledge that he loved Rosalie, but to know, as he knew now, that she loved him was almost beyond endurance.

"Would I had never come to Chaudière!" he exclaimed. "Then she would have loved and married some more fortunate man. Now this never can be, for what is mine may not be another's. She can not marry me, for what once was mine is mine still by ring and by book. Kathleen has the right of way."

Jo saw that his benefactor was troubled, and conjectured that he was longing to return to his former life. So off Jo went to Montreal on his own motion to see whether this were possible. On his return he went to Charley and said:

"You must go back. You are not a thief. The woman is yours. What is the man to you? You can take back your wife, or you can say to both, Go! You not steal the money, but that Billy, I know, who talk so dam much about your death. You can put heverything right and begin again."

Charley had a long struggle with himself. At last he turned to Jo.

"Never speak of this again," he said. "I shall fight it out here. Jo, we are both shipwrecks. Let us see how long we can float."

Rosalie took her father, who had been failing rapidly, to a hospital in Montreal to prolong his life. A lady, beautiful in face and gracious in manner, who visited the hospital, gave M. Evanturel a book of consolatory essays.

"Keep it," she said, "it is one of a lot of books that I wish to get rid of." Rosalie picked it up one day, and on the title-page she read: "To Kathleen, from Charley." "It is she!" said Rosalie, "and she does not love him, or she would treasure his gift."

In Chaudière Charley learned that on the death of M. Evanturel the post-office would be taken from his daughter, and he became greatly concerned about her future. Now he bethought himself of his dead mother's pearls, hidden behind a

secret panel in his house in Montreal. They were worth more than ten thousand dollars, and he resolved to go to Montreal and secretly take them.

He entered the house in a way known only to himself, and secured the pearls. As he was going out by the door, Kathleen stole out in her night-robe from her bedroom. She was walking in her sleep. He stood aside while she passed out upon the lawn, and then he followed her. She moved directly to the cliff fifty feet above the river. Unless he stopped her she would fall to her death. A weird, painful suggestion shot through his mind. He was not responsible for her, and he was responsible for that girl, soon to be an orphan, in the hospital. With Kathleen out of the way he would be free to marry Rosalie. It was Beauty Steele, the lawyer, that urged the argument; it was Charles Mallard, the man, that spurned it, and, running forward, saved Kathleen. He turned her over to Fairing, who, missing her, had hurried after her; then Charley returned to his hotel.

Rosalie's father died, but Charley withheld the love for which she turned to him; when Kathleen was on the verge of the cliff he had looked too deeply into his soul ever to marry another. Rosalie, who knew that he loved her, conjectured that his restraint was due to the difference in their religious belief, that he feared it was wrong to thrust himself, who was not a Christian, upon such a devout Catholic as herself. She so prayed for his conversion.

The curé planned a passion play to awaken religious sentiment in Chaudière, and in this Rosalie took the part of the Magdalen. She added to the words assigned her a message intended for Charley, wooing to faith in God and submission to His will. Far away, under the trees, sat the man she loved, his head upon his arms and his arms upon his knees, thinking, longing, and—yes, praying.

Now the notary, desirous of bringing money into the valley, had overruled the objections of the curé and advertised far and wide the Passion play. As a result many rough and impious persons were attracted. A drunken man crept into the church, and accidentally set it on fire with his pipe. The villagers flocked to its rescue, but too late to save the building or even its

few treasures. Rosalie Evanturel was first on the ground; she dashed within through the smoke and flame to save the iron cross, and did not quickly return. The flames raged more and more, and the women and children, who were the early arrivals, wrung their hands and wailed over her martyrdom. Charley came running up, not taking time to remove his tailor's apron. When he heard that Rosalie was within the church, he plunged in after her. He brought her forth half-suffocated, yet unscathed by the flames, but he himself was mortally burned. They tore open his shirt to dash water upon his heaving, tortured breast, and there they found the iron cross, which Rosalie had torn from the pillar, and Charley had thrust into his bosom. And it lay upon the red scar made by itself in the hands of the fanatic tailor.

The curé leaned over Charley. "Shall not the sacraments of the Church comfort you in your last hours?" he said. "Will you not come to the bosom of that Church for which you have given your life?"

"I will," gasped Charley. "Tell Rosalie I prayed, and the sign from heaven has come."

Rosalie entered the ministry of the Church, devoting Charley's gift of pearls to the rebuilding of the ruined edifice. She never sought to probe the mystery of the life that once had absorbed her own. It was better to have lived the one short, thrilling hour, with all its pain, than never to have known what she knew, or felt what she had felt. Charley's memory was sacred to her, as it was loathsome to Kathleen. Hers was now the right of way.

WALTER HORATIO PATER

(England, 1839-1894)

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN (1885)

The most finished of all the works of Walter Pater, the expression of his highest thought, *Marius the Epicurean: His Sensations and Ideas*, was published in February, 1885. Almost the first review of it that appeared was that by William Sharp in the *Athenæum* for February 28, 1885. During the five years preceding Pater had printed two essays only, afterward collected in his *Greek Studies*, and written one other, first printed in 1880, this long period being devoted in good part to the composition of *Marius*. The book was partly completed prior to his visit to Rome in 1882, but in the summer of 1883 he re-wrote it as it now stands, and with the greatest care. He became a fellow of Brasenose College in 1865, and in 1869 established himself with his two sisters at No. 2 Bradmire Road, Oxford, and there in his rooms at Brasenose *Marius* was written. The proofs were given to Mr. Sharp some months before the book was issued, and the two friends often discussed the work and its motive.



HE elder and purer forms of paganism lingered longest in the Roman countryside. Many new religions had arisen in Rome, but in pastoral regions "the religion of Numa" survived with little outward change. Glimpses of such a survival we may catch below the merely artificial attitudes of Latin pastoral poetry, in Tibullus, especially; and at the time of the death of Antoninus Pius, there was a boy living in an old country house who, for himself, recruited the body of antique religions by a spontaneous force of religious veneration such as had originally called them into being. A sense of conscious powers external to ourselves, pleased or displeased by right or wrong conduct in every circumstance of daily life, had become in him a powerful current of feeling and observance. As the head of his house he took a leading rôle in the ceremonies of the private *Ambarvalia* celebrated by a single family for the welfare of all its members. It was a ceremony of stillness and quiet

that to him appeared to wait upon mental expectancy; but a certain pity for the sacrificial victims distracted the young Marius in his blessing of the fields and tempered his attention to ceremonial details as the long procession approached the altar. The ancient rite being concluded, he sank to rest that night pondering on the protection procured by the day's ceremonies. To produce an agreement with the gods—that was the meaning of it all. In a faith sincere but half suspicious, he would fain have those powers at least not against him. His own nearer household gods were all around his bed: the spell of his religion as a part of the very essence of home, its intimacy, its dignity and security, was forcible at that moment; only it seemed to involve certain heavy demands upon him.

The home of Marius was an ancient villa known as "White-nights," and he himself was the last of a family whose estate had been much impoverished by the extravagance of his grandfather Marcellus, a general favorite in Roman fashionable circles, whose singularly attractive smile Marius had inherited. It had been the pride of the lad's father to hold fast to ceremonial traditions, and his devotion had handed on to Marius a tradition of the conduct of life that meant very much to the son. The death of his father and the sacrificial sorrow of his mother had made a lasting impression upon him, and life presently seemed to him full of sacred presences demanding from him a similar collectedness. He was anxious not to fall short at any point where deity was concerned, and a deep sense of responsibility toward the world of men and things grew to be a part of his nature, which kept him serious and dignified amid the epicurean speculations of his after years. His boyhood passed, characterized by contemplation rather than by action, for he read eagerly and lived much in imagination; a boyhood in which an almost morbid religious idealism was contrasted with healthful love of the country.

These elements of character were intensified by a visit to a certain temple of Esculapius among the Etrurian hills, where he had been taken for the cure of an illness. The splendor of the temple developed his ideal of religious beauty, as also a keen sense of the value of mental and bodily sanity, and the recognition of the beauty of mere bodily health acquired at the temple

proved a salutary moral influence which counteracted certain hazardous tendencies of thought to which he was afterward exposed.

Soon after his return his mother died, away from home, and with great effort sent for him at the last, for which he was always grateful, since at the moment of her going he had spoken some petulant word, and he believed that she thus sent for him that he might not otherwise regard this single fault with remorse. Ever afterward he would pray to be delivered from offenses against his own affections; the thought of that marred parting having a peculiar bitterness for one who set such store, both by principle and habit, on the sentiment of home.

The death of his mother changed his seriousness of mere feeling into a matter of the intelligence; it made him a questioner. He now began to suspect that his early, much prized religion might come to seem to him as but one voice in a world where it would be a moral weakness not to regard many voices. He now left White-nights for Pisa to attend the school of a famous rhetorician, a school with its cypresses, porticos, master's abode, chapel and images. Thither from his guardian's house he went daily, at first attended by a slave to carry his books, and the real world about him in city and school exercised upon him at this period a great fascination.

On the first day in Pisa he had observed one youth named Flavian, as he gazed curiously at his schoolmates, and experienced for him a feeling of friendship at first sight. Flavian, three years the senior of Marius, was appointed to assist him in his studies, and as the intimacy increased Marius came readily under the sway of the intellectual power of the other. Flavian was himself very poor, and his schooling was paid by some wealthy stranger. He told Marius later that his father was a freedman, presented with his liberty late in life. Save a half-selfish care for Marius, his regard for his father was the only really generous part of his character. In Flavian his friend might see the spirit of unbelief achieved at one step. Flavian believed only in himself and in his own brilliant and sensuous gifts. He had yielded to the temptations of a luxurious town, and to Marius at a later period he presented an epitome of the whole pagan life.

Together the lads read the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, in which Marius doubtless saw far more than there really was for another reader. Upon the elder youth it acted as a stimulant to literary ambition, making him more than ever a student of words. He meditated a work partly conservative as regarded literary art, partly revolutionary as advocating the rights of the proletariat of speech, and he had long been occupied with the composition of a mystic hymn to the vernal principle of life in things.

In March, after beholding the ceremony of the going to sea of the *Ship of Iris*, the two had spent the rest of the day on the water and among the ruins of a little Greek colony, Flavian at times busy with his writing-tablets. Marius on their return thought he observed more than physical fatigue in his friend, who by the next evening was stricken with a disease that had lately appeared. In the intervals of illness he worked at his verses, which Marius transcribed at his dictation—verses in which the younger man recognized a master's hand; but on the seventh day Flavian suffered the unfinished manuscript to be put away. Delirium followed, and at daybreak the brilliant Flavian was dead.

To Marius the earthly end of Flavian came like a final revelation of nothing less than the soul's extinction, but on the other hand came curiosity as to what ancient philosophies could teach concerning it. He came of age at this time, and now at eighteen secluded himself from others much to the wonder of his former gay companions. He read freely, and from Epicurus and Lucretius had gone back to Heraclitus of Ionia. He presently took up the study of Aristippus of Cyrene, in whom he perceived one of the happiest temperaments coming to an understanding with the most depressing of theories. The Cyrenaic philosophy became practical with Marius in the resolution, as far as possible, to exclude regret and desire and yield himself to the improvement of the future with an absolutely disengaged mind; and after the agitation caused by the death of Flavian he came back to the old sensuous wisdom that declared, as the desired goal, not pleasure but general completeness of life.

At nineteen Marius was summoned to Rome by one of his father's former friends and was offered the post of amanuensis

to the Emperor Aurelius. He traveled on foot for the first day, his luggage following in the care of attendants, and on the seventh day had chosen to climb again on foot the last stage of that day's journey, and reached the inn at nightfall a little melancholy, partly from fatigue, partly from perils narrowly escaped. This feeling was dispelled by the sound of the youthful voice of someone on an upper floor, a voice that in his dreams appeared to be uttering his own name. The voice belonged to a knight of the Twelfth Legion, named Cornelius; and as both youths were to proceed on horseback that day, they soon fell into talk and easy companionship.

Again, as in his early days with Flavian, a vivid personal presence broke through the dreamy idealism, which had almost come to doubt other men's reality—reassuringly, indeed; yet not without some sense of a constraining tyranny over him from without. Cornelius, who was returning to his quarters on the Palatine as one of the imperial guard, appeared, in the midst of the real world of custom to which he belonged, to carry with him the atmosphere of some more exclusive circle; and, as they halted for rest at the house of a friend of Cornelius, and the officer, for Marius's edification, put on his complete military costume, the other felt as if he were beholding for the first time a chivalry just entering the world. On reaching Rome, Cornelius went to his quarters, and Marius to the home of his ancestors on the Cælian Hill. The next day the two friends strolled about Rome in company, Marius observing that Cornelius never put his hand to his lips in passing any sacred image or sanctuary; and when the younger man entered a temple near the Forum the knight parted with him at the portal.

During the short Roman winter Marius, as the chosen friend of Cornelius and the destined servant of the Emperor, became in a certain sense the fashion among the golden youth of the city, his habitual reserve, his carefully elegant attire, and his fresh country complexion rendering him a noticeable figure anywhere. On his introduction to Aurelius, Marius was struck by the profound religiousness of the surroundings of the imperial presence, and he could not forget that the man before him was not only the head of the Roman religion but one who might have claimed divine honors for himself, had he desired. The Emperor's

philosophic tolerance of gladiatorial shows, however, disturbed the regard of his amanuensis. That Aurelius could patiently endure such a brutal exhibition seemed to Marius to mark him as eternally his inferior on the question of righteousness; to set them on opposite sides, in some great conflict, of which this was but one presentment. A lecture by the aged Stoic philosopher Cornelius Fronto, on the *Nature of Morals*, made a deep impression upon Marius and set him to considering his own theory of existence. The Cyrenaic or Epicurean doctrine that he had brought with him to Rome now appeared a cramping preference of one part of his own nature, and of one part of the nature of things to another. It needed the complement of the larger system of the old morality through which the better portion of mankind strive in common toward the realization of a better world than the present.

On a certain day passed among the hills, Marius enjoyed an unusual sense of self-possession—the possession of his best and happiest self. Might not the material world be but a reflection in, or a creation of, that perpetual mind wherein he too became conscious for a longer or shorter time? Just then the material world seemed the unreal thing, and he felt a quiet hope and joy in the dawning of that doctrine upon him as an actually credible opinion. A sense of companionship, of a person beside him, evoked the faculty of conscience, not in the form of fear, as formerly, but of a certain lively gratitude. His nature, made up of equal parts of almost physical instincts and slowly accumulating judgments, was perhaps less susceptible of change than other men's, but still the meditations of that day changed his point of view materially.

In after years he met his boyish ideal, Tibullus, at a supper in his honor, and felt his former curiosity regarding the poet changed almost to indifference as he noted his fantastic foppishness and his pretensions to idealism. In conversation with the poet, however, he heard the voice of genuine conviction and understood better than before that the reception of theory, of hypothesis, was the equivalent of temperament. But for himself he must still hold by what his eyes really saw.

Cornelius had certain friends near Rome whom Marius never had seen, but whose household he fancied might be the

hidden source of the beauty and strength of the ever fresh nature of the knight. Accident at last lifted the veil of reserve. The two friends were returning from a visit to a country-house, and when they were two miles from Rome on the Appian Way Cornelius paused before a doorway in the long, low boundary wall of the court of a villa, as if at liberty to enter and rest. As he held the door ajar for his companion to enter, his expression seemed to say, "Would you like to see it?" and Marius entered, unaware that this was the critical turning-point in his days. Within the precincts a quiet taste in the disposition of details was everywhere present, and order and purity reigned throughout. Cornelius next conducted him with half-troubled reluctance to the family burial-place in a hill at the rear of an old garden. It was unlike any cemetery Marius ever had seen, especially as these people had adopted the older custom of burying rather than burning their dead. This evidently had been done from some feeling of hope entertained concerning the body, a feeling which, in no irreverent curiosity, he would fain have understood. From the first of their entering the grounds they had heard the singing of children, and as they drew near the house again it was still heard as in the gray twilight the unseen singers chanted an evening hymn. Ere they departed they encountered with her children Cecilia, the mistress of the place, a Roman matron early widowed by the death of the confessor Cecilius a few years before.

What most impressed Marius in this adventure was a mortuary chapel where the thought, the words, *Pax—Pax Tecum!* were observable everywhere, with images of hope—the shepherd with his sheep or carrying the sick lamb upon his shoulders. The puzzle of life had found its key, and the vision of the chapel in Cecilia's house satisfied his desire for an uplift from time to time of the actual horizon. In the strange, new society, seen now for the first time, in this holy family like a fenced garden, might be, if not the cure, at least the solace of his sorrows. Obeying his impulse to surrender himself in liberal inquiry to whatever impressed him strongly, he took pains to inform himself in regard to Cecilia's chapel and matters connected with it, and presently realized not only a new and wonderful hope stirring in himself, but the unique power of Christianity. In

contrast with the inherent insipidity of the best Roman life, this new creation of faith had all the freshness of "the bride adorned for her husband." In the early Roman Church, under the Antonines, Christianity stood for generous hopefulness and sympathy for all creatures.

On one occasion Marius sought Cornelius in the Cecilian villa and was admitted to the vast domestic sanctuary, now much transformed for Christian uses. Here he found a great assembly in expectant silence broken suddenly by cries of *Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!* many times repeated, followed by antiphonal chantings and sacred readings. It was Christmas morning and the ceremony concluded with the eucharist, an act of thanksgiving in those early days more completely than since. As Marius departed with the rest, he wondered whether this it was that made Cornelius's path in life so pleasant. The natural soul of worship in him had been satisfied as never before. It seemed to define what he must require of the powers that brought him into the world at all, to make him not unhappy in it.

The ever-fresh charm of Cecilia's household led Marius often to her house, and in her society he found intellectual pleasures altogether novel to him. It came at last to seem to him as if elevation of soul, humanity and generosity were found nowhere else; but if he sometimes thought of the possibility of a home, there were circumstances reminding him of a rule, still of some force among Christians, against second marriages, and warning his sensitive soul against making a heavenly banquet serve for earthly meat and drink. His policy had hitherto been in his quest of experience to fly in time from any disturbing passion, lest it should make the quiet work of life impracticable. Had he been taken unawares, so that flight was no longer possible? In the journey that he took to test this very thing, he found a greater disappointment than he had expected, and felt his mental atmosphere colder.

In the spring Marius once more attended the eucharistic service, where was read the *Epistle of the Churches of Lyons and Vienna* to the Church of Rome, recounting a shocking tale of persecution, for which Marius could not but acknowledge that Aurelius was responsible. He determined, not long after this event, to seek the Emperor with an appeal for common sense,

reason and justice; but when he did so the time was unpropitious, and he revisited his old home. There he found his family burial-place neglected, and, recalling the fact that he was the last of his race, he gave orders to bury all the memorials, in order that they should claim no sentiment from the indifferent. This task occupied several days, and soon afterward Cornelius became his guest at White-nights. Never before had Marius felt so strongly the value and charm of the knight's friendship.

In these days their intimacy became close and they traveled much together, coming at last one night to a little town where Hyacinthus, a Christian soldier, had been martyred in the time of Trajan. Awaking in broad daylight and finding Cornelius absent, he set out to seek him. The air was dense, and something strange seemed about to happen. The Christians of the town were praying beside the martyr's tomb, and as Marius came among them and knelt by Cornelius there was a shock of earthquake. The distracted townspeople, who had long retained vague suspicions of the Christians near them, now fell upon them in fury, slew Felix and Faustinus, and held the rest, including Cornelius and Marius, prisoners subject to the law.

The two friends, with others, pleaded the privilege of their rank to be tried in Rome, or in the chief town of the district; and in charge of a military guard the captives were removed one stage of the journey the same day. It was understood that one of the prisoners was not a Christian, and as the guards were ready to profit pecuniarily by this circumstance Marius, taking advantage of the loose watch kept over them, managed that Cornelius, as the really innocent person, should be dismissed in safety, in order to procure for him, as Marius explained, the proper legal defense. In the morning, therefore, Cornelius departed, supposing Marius was to follow almost immediately and ignorant of the real situation. Marius believed Cornelius would be eventually the husband of Cecilia, and this made him more anxious for the other's safety. The guards now hurried the prisoners forward, and as Marius had fallen ill through fatigue and exposure, and was believed to be likely to die, the soldiers on the fifth night left him in the charge of some country people, who cared for him kindly. After days of delirium he awaked to consciousness and in the manner of those about him

realized that his end was near. The day was sunny, and of old he had fancied that not to die on a dark and rainy day would itself have a little alleviating grace about it. The people around his bed were praying *Abi! Abi! anima! Christiana*. In the moments of his extreme helplessness their mystic bread had been placed between his lips. Soothing fingers had applied to hands and feet, to all those old passageways of the senses, a medicinal oil. It was the same people who, in the gray evening of that day, took up his remains and buried them secretly with their accustomed prayers—but with joy also, holding his death, according to their generous view of the matter, to have been in the nature of a martyrdom, and martyrdom, as the Church had always said, was a kind of sacrament with plenary grace.

JAMES PAYN

(England, 1830-1898)

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD (1864)

This is one of seventy novels written by the author, who was also a writer of verse and a magazine editor, and was therefore one of the most prolific men of letters of his time. "These stories," says *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, "maintain a fair average of merit, below which they seldom fall, but above which they never rise." That the author himself recognized how nearly his work approached the non-literary class of fiction, is shown in his playful introduction to the present novel: "My nephew produces the most thrilling romances for the *Home Companion*. He writes in a snappy, jerky, pyrotechnic way, which they tell me is now popular, but which is not suited to my old-fashioned taste; and although he dare not make, at present, what he calls 'copy' of the stories with which I am accustomed to regale his ears, he keeps a note-book, and a new terror is added to death from that circumstance. When I am gone he will publish my best things, under some such title as *After-Dinner Tales*, I am certain; and they will appear at the railway book-stalls in a yellow cover bordered with red, or even with a frontispiece displaying a counterfeit and libelous presentment of his departed relative in the very act of narration. The gem of that collection would undoubtedly be the story which I am now about to anticipate the young gentleman by relating myself."



HEN, as a boy, I read *Pilgrim's Progress*, I pictured Doubting Castle as a kind of Fairburn Hall, and Giant Despair as another Sir Massingberd Heath. The Heaths were reputed an evil race; on the brow of each when angered stood out a U-shaped mark that was popularly call "the devil's hoof-print." They recognized no law of God or man, except when they could use one in their interest. The present head of the house, in particular, crushed everyone that opposed him. If a cotter asserted his rights, and even won them by law, he was always, as his neighbors said, "paid out for it." Either he was kidnaped shortly afterward by a press-gang crew, or his children, having been enticed within the Fairburn domain, were committed to prison for trespass. So in time it came to pass that none dared oppose the will of the Baronet.

And yet, for all his great estate and power, Sir Massingberd Heath was poor. In his youth he had ruined himself by gambling, so that there was left him only a life interest in the estate, this being entailed upon his nephew Marmaduke, who, in default of Sir Massingberd's having a child, was the heir-at-law. It is true that a ruined man in Sir Massingberd's position can still afford a good table from the game and produce of the estate, but to take advantage of this one must live at home, and Sir Massingberd's heart was in the clubs and gambling-resorts of London. If only young Marmaduke were out of the way! Then he could easily raise the money to take his old position among the wildest gamblers and most extravagant roisterers of the metropolis. He hated the lad to such an extent that he made no attempt to disguise his feeling. By one action after another he impressed Marmaduke with the conviction that he intended in some way to compass his death.

Marmaduke Heath was the posthumous son of Gilbert, the brother of Massingberd. Gilbert's widow had brought the baby to Fairburn Hall while Massingberd was carousing in London, and after Massingberd returned, a ruined man, she remained but a few days. It was said that she fled with her infant through the snow in a winter night. Whatever the manner of her departure, she settled with her child in Devonshire, in humble and obscure quarters, where, several years later, she died. Upon this Mr. Clint, the lawyer of the Heath estate, a man of rugged honesty, took possession of the lad. Sir Massingberd, however, claimed the right to be the guardian of his only nephew, and this could not be disallowed. Thus it was that Marmaduke returned to Fairburn Hall and to all its cruel reminders of the indignities suffered there by his adored mother.

I was a lad of Marmaduke's age, living at Fairburn Rectory. My parents were in India, and I was under the tutelage of the rector. No father could have been kinder or more dutiful to me than Mr. Long. How poor Marmaduke used to envy me my wardship to that good man! He read with the rector mornings and afternoons. He had a passion for books, especially works of imagination. This was due not so much to a love of reading as to a desire to escape in them from the hard circumstances of actual life. Yet he did not thus escape, for

these books fed the morbidity of his mind, and every day he grew more somber and bitter in disposition.

"We are a doomed race, Peter," he once said to me; "generation after generation of us have sinned and sinned. There is the Church," said he, pointing to that glorious pile of which Fairburn was justly proud, "and there is the Hall, one consecrated to the Lord, the other to the devil. Why, my great grandfather Nicholas became a Papist in order to gain his bride, and then abjured the faith, turning the chapel into a banquet-hall, and in his revels dining from the sacramental plate. His son, 'Young Nick,' was every whit as wicked, and both lie under the altar they profaned, for burial in the consecrated ground of Fairburn churchyard was denied them. They say their ghosts continue their sacrilegious debaucheries at night in the chapel. Alive or dead," added Marmaduke, "the Heaths are a charming family."

"Well, this gives you an opportunity to make a reputation at a cheap price. A very little virtue will go a great way with the next tenant of Fairburn Hall, if half the tales we hear about the present one be true," I said, lightly.

"And what tales are those?" inquired a deep, malignant voice at my ear.

I jumped I know not how high, so great was my alarm. My companion turned deathly white with hate or fear, perhaps both.

It was Giant Despair, the ogre of my fancy, Sir Massingberd. Above his cruel eyes and on his reddened brow curved the white "devil's hoof-print." His hooked nose, his irregularly curving mouth, his straggling gray locks and long, hoary beard gave him an aspect of power without dignity. "Many and evil have been my days" was written in every lineament of his countenance.

"And what tales are told against the present tenant of Fairburn Hall?" reiterated the Baronet. "And who is this young gentleman that listens to them from the lips of my loving ward?"

I had just come from India, where white people are indisposed to submit to dictation, which is the duty of the natives only.

"Sir," I answered with spirit, "your nephew said nothing against you. I was merely referring to the gossip of the village, which, indeed, does not make you out a saint."

Sir Massingberd reached forth one iron finger, and rocked me to and fro with it, though I stood as firm as I could. "Take care, young gentleman; that spirit will not do at Fairburn. Tell Mr. Long, from me, that he must lesson you in humility. Marmaduke, go home." He spoke these last words in the tone with which a man reproveth a dog.

The boy instantly obeyed, shrinking as if he feared a blow. "There is humility, there is docility!" sneered his uncle. "And if I had you up at the Hall, my young bantam, in just one night I'd make you docile, too."

"Peter, you need exercise," said Mr. Long to me one morning. "Would you like to have a saddle-horse of your own?"

"More than anything else in the world," I said. "Do you think Sir Massingberd would let Marmaduke have one, too? Then we could go riding together."

"Well, at any rate I shall ask him to let me buy another for young Heath when I am buying yours."

Mr. Long reported that Sir Massingberd first curtly refused the proposal, and then on reflection said, "I'm going to London this week to see Clint, the lawyer; if he agrees to the expense I'll pick out the horse myself."

Marmaduke and I got our horses on the same day, the Fourth of July.

"It is my day of independence, as the rebels say," he gaily cried, as he greeted me on his new mount. Mr. Long rode out with us on his old white mare. Asking Marmaduke to exchange with him for a while, he put Sir Massingberd's purchase through his paces. He tried the horse's temper in every way, and finally returned him to Marmaduke with the remark, "Really, Sir Massingberd has got you a first-rate steed, with plenty of spirit and no observable vice. Still, with such a powerful curb as you have you could rule even a wild mustang."

One day, however, in Mr. Long's absence, Marmaduke rode over to the Rectory on Panther, as the horse was named.

"He's full of ginger," said the lad; "he came here mostly on his hind legs. But we'll soon take off his superfluous energy over Crittenden Common."

Unnoticed by the careless young rider, the horse was

equipped with an ordinary bit, which he soon took in his teeth, and bolted away in a wild gallop. Coming to a gipsy encampment by the side of the road, he shied off on the other side, and plunged down a steep slope, landing with his rider in a heap against a stone wall. I had followed hard after the runaway, was near enough to observe the fall, and had little hope that Marmaduke was alive. Reaching his side, I quickly drew him from beneath the dying horse, whose neck had been broken. "Marmaduke, speak!" I cried. "Great Heaven, he is dead!"

"Dead! no, not he," answered a hoarse voice at my ear. "He'll live to do a power of mischief yet to woman and man. The devil would never suffer a Heath of Fairburn to die at his age."

Turning, I beheld an old gipsy crone.

"Woman," I cried, "for God's sake bring me water."

"And why should I stir a foot," she said fiercely, "for the child of a race that has ever treated me and mine as if we were dogs?"

"Because," I said at a venture, "you have children yourself."

"You are right," she said, seating herself calmly on the sloping turf; "I have children. One lad is across the sea, and never will see the green lanes and breezy commons of England more; another lies in Crittenden jail, and both for taking the wild creatures of earth and air to which Massingberd Heath lays claim; while my little sister Sinnamenta—oh, my pretty pearl!—may the lightning strike him in his wickedest hour! nay, let him perish, inch by inch, within reach of the aid that never shall come, ere the God of the poor takes him into his hand! Boy, appeal to that flintstone, and it will rise and get you help for the bonny lad there—and the bonnier the worse for them he sets his wicked eyes on—before you get this hand to wag a finger for him."

"Woman," said I in desperation, "if you hate Massingberd Heath, and wish to do the worst service that lies in your power, then bestir yourself to save this boy's life, which alone stands between his beggared uncle and untold riches."

A promise of revenge accomplished what pity had failed to work. She whipped out of her pocket a spirit flask and ap-

plied it to Marmaduke's lips. He automatically swallowed the draught; his eyelids trembled; color returned to his pallid lips.

"Keep his head up," she said. "I am alone in the camp, and will run for help to the house of a good man hard by."

Waiting for this promised aid, I noted that the silver top of the flask bore the figure of a griffin such as I had seen on either post of the gateway to Fairburn Hall.

After an interval, which doubtless appeared longer than it was, over the highroad came a groom and butler bearing a small sofa and accompanied by the loveliest girl I ever had seen.

"The young lady had better not see this," I said, but she came on nevertheless.

"I am not afraid of blood," she said, "and perhaps I may be of use."

When Marmaduke was placed on the couch she bathed his brow with her handkerchief wetted from a bottle of eau de Cologne that she had brought. As he was borne to her father's house, she walked by his side, her lip quivering with every groan of the sufferer, yet her voice calmly giving his bearers directions about summoning the doctor, and her father, who was absent from home, when they should have reached the house.

And had I not, as a friend, already been willing to exchange places with the unconscious boy, I should have desired it merely to be the object of the tender compassion of sweet Lucy Gerard.

Dr. Sitwell entered the house shortly before Mr. Gerard.

"Great Heaven!" gasped the doctor, catching sight of Marmaduke's forehead, "the horse has tramped on his head! But no," he added, looking more closely, "I see it is an old scar."

"No," I said; "it is not a scar; it is a family mark."

"Then the young gentleman must be a Heath, the heir of Fairburn Hall," said the doctor, with an accession of sympathy. "Dear me, what a fine property to risk losing at his time of life!"

Upon examination the physician declared quite unctuously that the young man would "live to be a baronet." It was not every day, evidently, that a gentleman of Marmaduke's condition was pitched on his head within the Crittenden doctor's professional orbit. He gave orders, however, that the patient must not be moved, and advised that his uncle be sent for immediately.

At this moment Mr. Gerard entered. He was a gentleman

of Sir Massingberd's age and stature, but upon his face thought and benignity were stamped, instead of vice and self-will. When I protested that the patient and his uncle were not on good terms, Mr. Gerard remarked that this was usually a bad sign for the younger man.

"Not in this case, sir, as Mr. Long, the rector of Fairburn and my friend's tutor, whom I wish you would send for, will testify. His uncle, Sir Massingberd Heath—"

"I will not have that person under my roof," interrupted Mr. Gerard, and then, turning to his daughter, he added, "He is a wicked ruffian, worse than any poor fellow that ever dangled outside of Crittenden jail."

When Mr. Long arrived he held a grave consultation with Mr. Gerard and me about the cause of the accident.

"Panther had a cruel curb," said the rector, "with which the most vicious horse could be ruled." We went to see the dead horse, and discovered the substitution of the bit.

Mr. Gerard then remarked, "By my leave, that villainous Baronet shall never again practise upon the life of his heir."

That afternoon Sir Massingberd, who had been apprised of his nephew's accident by Dr. Sitwell, brushed by Mr. Gerard's butler and entered the drawing-room.

"I have come for my nephew," he said. "My carriage will shortly be here, in which he is to be taken to Fairburn Hall, where he can be properly nursed."

"Nursed!" repeated Mr. Gerard, "nursed by the gravedigger, you mean."

Sir Massingberd turned livid. "How dare you speak such things to me? To hear you talk, one would think I had tried to murder the boy."

"I *know* you did," said Mr. Gerard solemnly. "Who but you bought a confirmed bolter for your nephew's mount, and sent the boy forth this morning on that devil with a snaffle-bridle? Begone from this roof, you ruffian, you cowardly murderer!"

Without a word, Sir Massingberd seized his hat and hurried from the room. He had met for once with his match—and more.

I was alone with Marmaduke when he awoke to full consciousness.

"Dear Peter," he said, "it is good to see you before I die."

"But you are not going to die," I said; "the doctor—"

"Yes, I shall die," he reiterated. "I have had a sign that tells me I must go. I have seen a vision in the night far too fair not to have been sent from heaven itself. If there be angels, such was she."

"Had she hair of golden brown?" I inquired gravely, "and hazel eyes, large and pitiful?"

"Yes! yes!" he answered eagerly.

"Her name is Lucy Gerard," I replied quietly, "and we are in her father's house."

He closed his eyes and repeated her name, as if it were a prayer. After a while he opened his eyes.

"Peter," he said, "the vision meant that I am to get well. First you came, my friend, and now I have seen her. There is something to live for, and I shall do so, in spite of my uncle."

I loved Lucy Gerard then, and never have ceased to love her, but from the instant that Marmaduke Heath spoke to me of the hope that was to turn him from death to life, I determined within myself not only to stand aside, but to help him by all means in my power to win her. I met her, soon afterward, in the garden, where she was pruning roses.

"Dr. Sitwell says your friend is out of danger," she remarked.

"I know better," I said; "his life hangs upon a single chance."

"Good heavens! Mr. Meredith, what can you mean? The doctor says his brain is quite uninjured."

"My dear Miss Gerard, it is not his brain that is affected, but his heart. His recovery depends on you."

"On me?" she replied, bending over a rosebush to conceal a face not less crimson than the bush's blooms.

"Yes, dear young lady; on you and your father. The lad will find here, for the first time in his young life, peace and tenderness. Fatherless, motherless, his only relative a villain of unspeakable atrocity, what reason has he to wish for life? Oh, cultivate in him the desire to live as tenderly as you care for your roses! He is most honorable, generous, warm-hearted—"

“And very fortunate,” said Miss Gerard, “in having a friend to be thus enthusiastic for him in his absence.”

Her eyes sparkled and she held out her hand. I pressed it to my lips, while joy pulsed through my frame. For one glorious moment passion held the citadel of my soul; but it was for the last time in my life. Fifty years have come and gone since then, with their burden of pleasure and pain, but they never have brought such a moment of bliss, nor such icy despair as gripped my heart a moment later at thought of you, my dear friend. Yes, Marmaduke, I laid at your feet, to form a stepping-stone, my own heart. You trod upon it—but, thank heaven! you never knew that you did so. I wonder whether Lucy ever knew?

I went to the gipsy camp to return the spirit-flask to its owner, whose name I discovered was Rachel Liversedge. I commented upon the Heath griffin on the silver top, and she told me a sad story of how it came into her possession. She began with a question:

“Has it never occurred to you to consider why Sir Massingberd has not long ago taken to himself a young wife and begotten an heir to Fairburn?”

“Why, what young woman would marry him?” I said
“—the old reprobate!”

“It is because he is old that many a woman would endure him and his vices, in order that in a few years she should be the widowed Lady Heath in control of bonny Fairburn. Besides, old as he is, he has a winning way with women. When he was young he was irresistible, as my poor sister Sinnamenta found to her sorrow. Young Massingberd Heath was at outs with his father over gambling debts, and the old man drove him from his doors. He found refuge with us—ate with us, drank with us, yes, stole with us, for he led us to poach on his father’s preserves. Yet he violated this bond of hospitality, which they say is kept sacred by savages, by casting his evil eye on my sister. We took care to protect her, and once, when he was with us in our travels to the north, and, unknown to him, we had crossed the border, we got him to declare before witnesses that Sinnamenta was his wife, which declaration forms a legal marriage in Scotland. Thinking it an idle ceremony, he even gave me a pledge in this spirit-flask. When his father died, and

he reëntered Fairburn Hall, we revealed to him that Sinnamenta was his lawful wife. He raged and cursed like a fiend, but we stood firm. He threatened to revenge himself upon us all including Sinnamenta, and terribly has he fulfilled his threats. He took his wife to Fairburn Hall, but there hid her from the sight of men, and abused her so that she became a maniac. But she still lives; for he knows that on the day we hear of her death he himself shall die."

Shortly after my interview with the old gipsy woman, a report spread through the village that Sir Massingberd was lost. Hearing that poachers would attempt a raid on a certain night, he had gone out to watch his grounds himself. He did not return next morning, and foul play was suspected. The villagers organized a searching-party to penetrate the demesne, which was as unknown to all but the elders as an Amazonian forest, for it had been full forty years since Massingberd had closed up the public foot-path running through it, "close by the Heronry, under the Wolsey Oak, through Davit's copse into the high-road to Crittenden," as one old man recalled the route.

"The Wolsey Oak?" I exclaimed, inquiringly.

"Yes, a great man by that name visited Fairburn Hall more nor two hundred year ago, and climbed the oak for the view," said my informer. "And they say that when bad luck is about to come on the Heaths the ravens leave Fairburn Church and take up their abode there. The oak is so old and rotten that it must be as hollow as the steeple.

'Ill for Heaths when raven's croak
Bodeful comes from Wolsey's Oak,'

my grandfather used to say."

While the villagers were dragging the pond at the Heronry, I proceeded along the route of the old public road to Wolsey's Oak. As I stood under the oak on the hill in the center of the demesne, and looked down into Davit's copse, I heard a sound that froze the current of my blood. It was a strangled cry for "Help!" repeated thrice, in the voice of Sir Massingberd Heath, but with an awful change in it, as if a powerful hand were tightening upon his throat. It seemed to rise from the copse below. I ran back to bring up the searching-party to beat over the thicket, and they did so, but found nothing,

as indeed was the case when afterward they searched through the whole demesne.

Suspicion fell on the gipsies, who, on the morning after Sir Massingberd disappeared, had moved their camp, using a covered cart that was a recent acquisition.

Mr. Long, obtaining a search-warrant, pursued and overtook them. Throwing open the flap of the cover, he revealed only two occupants of the cart—Rachel Liversedge engaged in weaving chair-bottoms from a pile of rushes, and another old woman, busy making from the same material crowns and necklaces with which she was decorating herself in childish glee.

“Why don’t you introduce me to the gentleman?” asked this creature as Mr. Long peered within. “Sinnamenta—Lady Heath, you know.”

Rachel explained that, hearing of Sir Massingberd’s disappearance, she had led the men of her camp to Fairburn Hall, and, prying off the window-bars of the room where the maniac was confined, they had carried her away unobserved by the servants, who were dispersed through the domain, looking for their master.

“Is she happier in your custody?” whispered Mr. Long to Rachel.

“My little sister is not beaten now, and she thinks she is enjoying all those rights of her position of which her husband deprived her.”

“Wreath and crown, crown and wreath,
Instead of beatings for Lady Heath,”

crooned the happy lunatic.

“May God’s curse have found him, the coward!” exclaimed Rachel. “Don’t look at me as if I were a witch wishing a good man ill. I wish I *were* a witch. How he should rave and writhe and suffer ten thousand deaths in one!”

Marmaduke was not told of his uncle’s disappearance until the family lawyer had made every arrangement for the heir’s taking possession of Fairburn Hall, conditional upon the return of Sir Massingberd. There was further delay, for Marmaduke positively refused to enter the Hall except with Lucy Gerard as his bride. So the place remained shut up in the state in which Sir Massingberd left it until Marmaduke came of age and mar-

ried. With the new Lady Heath by his side, my friend entered proudly the dust-strewn chambers. There in the library, surrounded by wooden "dummies" which Sir Massingberd had substituted for the valuable books belonging to the estate, having sold these to the collectors, was the huge armchair that the Baronet had been sitting in when called away by the alarm that poachers were abroad. On the reading-table by its side lay an open book. Mr. Long took up the volume, and, after a single glance, tore its blue-spotted leaves to fragments. A French novel of the vilest obscenity had engaged the last hours of the wicked old man before he went forth to his doom.

Marmaduke opened up the old public way through the estate, and invited the villagers to make a pleasure ground of the hill on which stood Wolsey's Oak.

Although he had not invited the ravens, they deserted the church spire for the old tree, much to the alarm of the older villagers, who remembered the rhyme that prophesied evil to Fairburn Hall in such an event. One day a boy ran up to the Hall in breathless haste, carrying a "life-preserver," which he had found by scraping a hole at the foot of the Oak. It was recognized as the implement Sir Massingberd always carried with him when he went about the woods at night. A keeper returned with the boy, climbed the tree, and reported that the oak was hollow. Descending therein, he found a skeleton, which, from the watch and keys found with it, was clearly identified as the lost Baronet's. Sir Massingberd must have climbed into the fork of the tree to look for the poachers, and the rotten wood gave way beneath him and let him down feet foremost into the trunk.

It was a singular feature in the case, and one in which the villagers found a moral, that if Sir Massingberd had not closed up the right of way there would probably have been passers-by who would have heard his first vigorous calls for aid. The strangled cries that I heard, which seemed to come from some distance because of their faintness, must have been the last despairing utterances of the miserable man.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

(England, 1785-1866)

HEADLONG HALL (1816)

In 1815 Thomas Peacock took up his residence at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire, and there he wrote *Headlong Hall*, which was published the next year. It is not his best work, but it established his position as an author and has continued to be the most closely associated with his name of any of his seven novels, of which it was the first. In 1837 it was reprinted along with his *Nightmare Abbey*, *Maid Marian*, and *Crotchet Castle*. The scene of *Headlong Hall* is in Wales, and the author's successive visits to that principality from 1810 presumably supplied him with material for some of his descriptive passages. The time covered by the principal action of the tale is three days. Richard Payne Knight, the once-famous art connoisseur, appears to have been satirized in the character of Marmaduke Milestone, while William Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and Robert Southey, the poet, were the probable originals of Mr. Gall and Mr. Nightshade. The late Richard Garnett has very aptly characterized "that original creation, the Peacockian novel, as the spirit of comedy diffused in exemption from the restraints of the stage, like gas liberated by the disintegration of a solid."



THE opening of the narrative, four persons who had journeyed seventy miles in company in the Holyhead mail were just arousing to the ambiguous light of a December morning, and after some remarks about the weather it transpired that all four in the coach, though strangers to one another, were bound for the same haven, Headlong Hall in Llanberis Vale, Caernarvonshire. The owner of this estate, Harry Headlong, Esquire, although much given to shooting, hunting, racing, drinking, and other such innocent amusements, was desirous of being known as a man of taste, and making the acquaintance of various philosophers and dilettanti he had invited several of them to pass Christmas at Headlong Hall. The fame of his kitchen had brought many acceptances of his invitation, and four of these prospective guests were passengers in the Holy-

head mail: Mr. Foster, the perfectibilian; Mr. Escot, the deteriorationist; Mr. Jenkison, the statu-quo-ite; and the Reverend Doctor Gaster, epicure and orthodox theologian. Foster, a man of thirty, in the course of conversation maintained that everything attested the progress of mankind in all the arts of life, and demonstrated their gradual advancement toward a state of unlimited perfection, while Escot, a younger man, contended that this progress would result in general wretchedness; for though improvements proceeded in a simple ratio, the factitious wants they engendered advanced in a compound one. Man would thus become a helpless mixture of perverted inclinations and degenerate so rapidly that the whole species must at last be exterminated by its own vileness.

Mr. Jenkison, for his part, announced that he had arrived at the conclusion that the species, with respect to the sum of good and ill, happiness and misery, remained exactly and perpetually *in statu quo*. Dr. Gaster, much shocked at what he called an atheistical conversation, was about to declare his own views when the coach stopped at an inn for breakfast, and in his hungry haste he twisted his ankle in getting out and had to be assisted into the inn by Mr. Escot and Mr. Jenkison, the former observing that he ought not to be surprised at this little accident, the latter remarking that the comfort of a good breakfast and the pain of a sprained ankle almost exactly balanced each other.

Squire Headlong, meanwhile, was quadripartite in his locality; that is to say, he was superintending the operations in four scenes of action—the cellar, the library, the picture-gallery, and the dining-room—preparing for the reception of his philosophical and dilettante visitors. Multitudes of packages had arrived from all quarters, and the Squire, in furious haste, was striving to attend to them all at once, adding to his perplexities by his increasing exasperation. Fortunately his sister, Capriolletta Headlong, arrived on the scene from Caernarvon, and under her directions order soon took the place of chaos.

The first guest to arrive was Marmaduke Milestone, a famous landscape-gardener who hoped for an engagement to polish and trim the rocks of Llanberis. He was followed by Dr. Gaster in a post-chaise from the inn and the three philoso-

phers on foot. The clergyman much preferred the scenery of Putney or Kew to that along the way; Mr. Milestone thought the Welsh scenery had capabilities; Mr. Jenkison thought it just what it ought to be; Mr. Foster thought it could be improved, but not by Mr. Milestone's system; and Mr. Escot thought it had changed for the worse since the forests had been cut off and the inhabitants were no longer ten feet high.

Mr. Cranium and his daughter Cephalis now appeared, the young lady blushing like a carnation at the sight of Mr. Escot, while Mr. Escot glowed like a corn-poppy at the sight of Miss Cephalis. The two young persons had been acknowledged lovers till Escot had incurred Mr. Cranium's displeasure by laughing at one of the scientist's dissertations. Next arrived in a post-chaise two profound critics, Mr. Gall and Mr. Treacle, who sometimes indulged in writing bad verse; and Mr. Nightshade with Mr. MacLaurel, two prolific versifiers who sometimes tried their pens at criticism. Last of all came Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, violinist, with his daughters Tenorina and Graziosa; Sir Patrick O'Prism, a dilettante painter, with his aunt, Miss Philomela Poppysced, a voluminous novelist; and Mr. Panscope, a philosopher who had run through the whole circle of the sciences, and understood them all equally well.

The guests soon disposed of themselves according to their several likings, Dr. Gaster by the library fire, meditating over the *Almanach des Gourmands*; Mr. Panscope opposite him, with a volume of Rees's *Cyclopædia*; Mr. Chromatic in the music-room, Mr. Cranium in his bedroom; and the ladies in one another's company. Milestone proposed a walk about the grounds to observe how his system could be applied to them, and he was accompanied by the Squire and the rest of the guests. Milestone soon burst forth in praise of his art of landscape improvement, but Sir Patrick at once took issue with him.

"Sir," said Mr. Milestone, "you will have the goodness to make a distinction between the picturesque and the beautiful."

"Will I?" said Sir Patrick. "Och! but I won't. For what is beautiful? That which pleases the eye. And what pleases the eye? Tints variously broken and blended. Now tints variously broken and blended constitute the picturesque."

"Allow me," said Mr. Gall. "I distinguish the picturesque

and the beautiful, and I add to them, in the laying out of grounds, a third and distinct character, which I call *unexpectedness*."

"Pray, sir," said Milestone, "by what name do you distinguish this character, when a person walks round the grounds for a second time?"

The whole company met at dinner, and after the ladies had retired an animated discussion took place, much stimulated by repeated tours of the Burgundy about the table, the Squire's part in the conversation being mainly limited to adjurations to pass the bottle. On Escot's observation that it was generally admitted that disinterestedness was one of the ingredients of justice, MacLaurel rejoined:

"It is na admitted, sir, among the pheelosophers of Edinbroo, that there is ony sic thing as desenterestedness in the warld, or that a mon can care for onything sae much as his ain sel. Twa men, sir, shall purchase a piece o' grund atween 'em, and ae mon shall cover his half wi' a park—"

"Beautifully laid out in lawns and clumps, with a belt of trees at the circumference, and an artificial lake in the center," said Mr. Milestone.

"Exactly, sir: an' shall keep it a' for his ain sel; an' the other mon shall divide his half into leetle farms of twa or three acres—"

"Like those of the Roman republic," said Mr. Escot, "and build a cottage on each of them, and cover his land with a simple, innocent and smiling population, who shall owe not only their happiness but their existence to his benevolence."

"Exactly, sir," said Mr. MacLaurel, "an' ye will ca' the first mon selfish, and the second desenterested; but the pheelosophical truth is semply this, that the ane mon is pleased wi' looking at trees, an' the other wi' seeing people happy and comfortable. It is aunly a matter of individual feeling."

"Wake the Reverend Doctor," said the Squire. "Doctor, the bottle stands with you."

Mr. Cranium now proclaimed his agreement with MacLaurel's views, adding that a man's actions were determined by his peculiar views, and those views in turn determined by the character of his skull. He then produced from his pocket the skull of Sir Christopher Wren, indicating at the same time a protuberance thereon which he declared to be the organ of con-

struction. Very shortly Mr. Escot and Panscope engaged in a heated dispute that was ended only by the Squire calling for bumpers, after which the company made its unsteady way to the ladies in the drawing-room.

Mr. Panscope, still irritated by Escot's cool contempt, now meditated revenge over his cup of coffee, presently discovered his antagonist's regard for Miss Cranium, and determined to supersede him in her affections. Miss Poppyseed next proceeded to unfold to Dr. Gaster the plot of a highly moral novel she was preparing, and soon sent that gentleman to sleep, much to her indignation. She accordingly forsook his society for that of Gall and Treacle, who had puffed her into fame, and when the three were soon joined by Nightshade and MacLaurel the quintette engaged in flattering one another.

While a part of the guests were thus profitably employed, Sir Patrick went out of doors to study the effect of moonlight on snow-capped mountains; Mr. Foster made love to Caprioletta Headlong; Mr. Chromatic read music; Mr. Milestone displayed to the host and the Misses Chromatic his portfolio of designs for Lord Littlebrain's park; and Mr. Jenkison sat by the fire and read *Much Ado About Nothing*. Gall and Nightshade presently fell into an altercation, which was silenced only by the Squire's remonstrances, and the evening closed with a song by Miss Cranium, which she accompanied on her harp.

It was a custom at Headlong Hall to have breakfast ready at eight, and continue it till two, that guests might rise at their own hour, breakfast when they came down, and employ the morning as they thought proper. The three philosophers appeared at eight the next morning and concluded to take a walk to Tremadoc. Squire Headlong and Milestone next came down, and presently agreed to visit a ruined tower on the Squire's grounds, which Milestone thought he could improve. Panscope, encountering Mr. Cranium at breakfast, professed much enthusiasm for the science of craniology, and great love for Cephalis, at the same time enlarging upon his own pecuniary expectations, with the result that the hand of Cephalis was promised to Panscope, any attention to the feelings of the young lady in so important a matter being deemed quite superfluous by her father.

The three philosophers, having visited Tremadoc, had

reached the shore of a lake on their return when they were startled by a violent explosion followed by sounds of splashing and general tumult. Prior to this event Squire Headlong, with Mr. Milestone, had inspected the tower and had been told by his guest that the rough ground near by might be converted into a gentle slope if a portion of the rock were first blown up with gunpowder. The Squire caught eagerly at the suggestion, and as he had always a store of gunpowder in the house for shooting and the supply of a small battery of cannon kept for his own amusement, he insisted on beginning operations immediately. Laborers and servants were summoned at once, the guest superintended the work, and in a very short time the Squire ignited the train. At the critical moment Mr. Cranium and Mr. Panscope had reached the top of the tower from the opposite direction, but before warning could be given the explosion occurred. Mr. Cranium was so startled by the noise that he leaped forward and fell into the shrubbery and thence into the water. He was unable to swim and would have drowned but for Mr. Escot, who, having outstripped his two companions, plunged into the lake and brought him safely ashore.

All now returned to the Hall, where at dinner the Squire so plied Mr. Cranium with Madeira, to prevent his taking cold, that the craniologist soon had to be conveyed to bed by several servants, and the beautiful Cephalis, being thus freed from his surveillance, was enabled in the course of the evening to develop to his preserver the full extent of her gratitude.

The deteriorationist was kept awake all night by thoughts of Cephalis. He rose at dawn and in the course of a walk reached a mountain chapel, where the thought of Panscope's possible success made him give vent to his feelings in sonorous Greek, much to the consternation of the sexton then entering the churchyard. At Escot's solicitation the sexton showed him the contents of the bonehouse, pointing out a skull of very extraordinary magnitude, which he swore by St. David was the skull of Cadwallader.

"How do you know this to be his skull?" said Escot.

"He was the piggest man that ever lived, and he was puried here; and this is the piggest skull I ever found. You see now—"

"Nothing can be more logical. My good friend, will you allow me to take this skull away with me?"

This request the sexton at first refused, but a little money softened his scruples, and Escot departed in triumph with the skull of Cadwallader. His appearance at breakfast with the skull excited much attention, and first placing the object out of the reach of Mr. Cranium, Mr. Escot sat down beside Cephalis. Cranium, after eyeing the treasure for some moments, at length burst forth:

"You seem to have found a rarity."

"A rarity indeed," said Mr. Escot—"no less than the genuine and indubitable skull of Cadwallader."

"The skull of Cadwallader!" vociferated Mr. Cranium; "O treasure of treasures!"

Escot related how he had come by the skull, and then proceeded to demonstrate from this skull how rapidly mankind was deteriorating. "Even the skull of our reverend friend, which is the largest and thickest in the company, is not more than half its size. The frame this skull belonged to could hardly have been less than nine feet high."

Escot's position was, as usual, combated by Foster, and Mr. Gall maintained that in matters of taste every change was for the worse, there being, in fact, no such thing as good taste left in the world. To this last assertion each person took exception with reference to his especial gift.

From an early period the Headlongs had been accustomed to give an annual Christmas ball, preceded by a dinner, and when the wine began to circulate at the banquet on this particular holiday Mr. Cranium made a brief speech, notable both for its obscurity and for its long words, closing with the announcement: "I proceed to get everything ready in the library." Thither the guests presently followed, and found him seated at a large table covered with skulls. When the company were seated Mr. Cranium delivered a learned lecture on craniology, which, after continuing for some time, was brought to a close by a furious flourish of music from the ballroom, which the Squire had ordered as a hint to Mr. Cranium to finish his harangue. The company took the hint and adjourned tumultuously.

The ball was opened by Miss Caprioletta Headlong and Mr.

Foster, and while waiting for the second set of dances to be over Mr. Escot engaged in a discussion with Mr. Jenkison regarding dancing. Mr. Jenkison declared that he should take no part in that amusement; for while the universal cheerfulness of the company might induce him to rise, the trouble of such violent exercise induced him to sit still. The amicable argument continued till the end of the second set, when Escot at once proceeded to claim the hand of Miss Cranium. The Squire was now beset by his aunt, Miss Brindlemen, to find her a partner, and by Sir Patrick for a partner for Miss Poppyseed, and accordingly he assigned Mr. Jenkison to the one and Dr. Gaster to the other. This was not especially pleasing to Miss Poppyseed, who had not forgiven the clergyman for falling asleep during her outline of her four-volume novel, but as to Mr. Jenkison it was all one to him with whom he danced, or whether he danced at all; he was therefore just as well pleased as if he had been left in his corner. At the end of the third set all adjourned to the supper-room, which was decorated with a model of Snowdon surmounted by a gigantic leek, down whose sides foaming cascades of milk punch dashed into a mimic lake. Songs from Miss Chromatic and Miss Headlong followed the supper, and these in turn were succeeded by a rousing chorus, "To the immortal memory of Headlong Ap-Rhaider, and the health of his noble descendant." All then returned to the ballroom and danced till sunrise, when the butler summoned them to breakfast.

At this meal Miss Brindlemen, taking her nephew, the Squire, aside, urged him, in behalf of the family, to remain a bachelor no longer. The Squire agreed, saying he should like to be wedded on the same day as Caprioletta, who was soon to be married to Mr. Foster, the philosopher.

"Oh!" said the maiden aunt, "that a daughter of our ancient family should marry a philosopher! It is enough to make the bones of all the Ap-Rhaiders turn in their graves!"

"I happen to be more enlightened than any of my ancestors were. Besides, it's Caprioletta's affair, not mine. The matter is determined; and so am I, to be married on the same day. I don't know, now I think of it, whom I can choose better than one of the daughters of my friend Chromatic."

Before his aunt could remonstrate he had asked Chromatic how he would like him for a son-in-law. Highly delighted, the musician inquired which of his daughters he preferred, but the Squire could not say. Chromatic then hoped that Tenorina might be the choice of the Squire, since Graziosa appeared to have a *penchant* for Sir Patrick O'Prism.

"Tenorina, exactly," said Squire Headlong, and grew so impatient that Chromatic saw his daughter Tenorina at once, and as the young lady was as ready as the Squire, the preliminaries were arranged in five minutes.

The Squire, determined to have as many companions in the scrape as possible, now rushed to Sir Patrick crying, "I find you and I are to be married."

The artist was much surprised, but declared that he would not disappoint his friend, and inquired who was to be Lady O'Prism. On learning it was Miss Graziosa Chromatic he agreed to marry her if her father would make suitable settlements upon her, and the Squire thereupon effected as speedy a marriage negotiation for his friend as for himself. He then informed Escot that as three couples were soon to be married he had better make a fourth with Miss Cranium. Escot responded that nothing would please him better, but that he was not a favorite with Mr. Cranium, whose consent he desired, although he and Cephalis were prepared to do without it if it could not be gained. The Squire now rushed away to Cranium, telling him that four weddings were to close the Christmas festivities, and that Cranium's consent was wanted for the fourth, that of his daughter and Mr. Escot.

"And Mr. Panscope?" said Mr. Cranium.

"And Mr. Escot," said Squire Headlong. "What would you have better? He has ten thousand virtues."

"So has Mr. Panscope; he has ten thousand a year."

"Virtues?" said Squire Headlong.

"Pounds," said Mr. Cranium.

The discussion continued for several minutes, but on the Squire's declaration that if the young people did not receive the craniologist's consent they would marry without it, he fell into a deep reverie, emerging from which he said:

"Do you think Mr. Escot would give me that skull?"

"Skull?" said Squire Headlong.

"Yes," said Mr. Cranium, "the skull of Cadwallader?"

"To be sure he will!"

"Ascertain the point," said Mr. Cranium.

The Squire then notified Escot that Cranium attached a very hard condition to his compliance—the absolute and unconditional surrender of the skull of Cadwallader.

"I resign it," said Mr. Escot.

"The skull is yours," said the Squire, skipping over to Mr. Cranium.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Cranium.

"The lady is yours," said the Squire, skipping back to Mr. Escot.

"I am the happiest man alive," said Mr. Escot.

"Come," said the Squire, "then there is an amelioration in the state of the sensitive man!"

"A slight oscillation of good in the case of a single individual," answered Mr. Escot, "by no means affects the solidity of my opinions concerning the general deterioration of the civilized world."

Mr. Cranium, condoling with Panscope on the destruction of their plans, was met with the reply that no wise man would suffer himself to be annoyed by a loss so easily repaired while the present system of female education rendered women monotonously similar. Cranium replied that as no two persons had similarly developed skulls, such universal resemblance could not exist, and a warm discussion ensued, in the midst of which Miss Cephalis was lost sight of.

When the ball visitors were about to depart it was found that all the grooms, coachmen and postilions were drunk, and almost all the gentlemen likewise. A few servants and gentlemen not more than half-seas-over were at last discovered, and the ball guests departed with a fair chance of having their necks broken on the drive home. The philosophers and dilettanti remained a few days longer, until the spiritual metamorphosis of eight into four was effected by the clerical dexterity of the Reverend Dr. Gaster. As soon as the ceremony was over, the entire company dispersed, the Squire making everyone promise to reassemble at Headlong Hall in August next. And as Mr.

Jenkison shook hands at parting with his two brother philosophers, they advised him to follow their matrimonial example.

“The affection,” said Mr. Escot, “of two congenial spirits united, not by legal bondage and superstitious imposture, but by mutual confidence and reciprocal virtues, is the only counterbalancing consolation in this world of mischief and misery.”

“Your theory,” said Mr. Jenkison, “forms an admirable counterpoise to your example. As far as I am attracted by the one, I am repelled by the other, and thus the scales of my philosophical balance remain eternally equiponderant.”

MAX PEMBERTON

(England, 1863)

THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE (1900)

The scene of this novel, which is characteristic of the romantic school, is laid in Russia, and presents the always interesting figure of the modern Englishman, cultured and contemptuous of foreign customs, against the barbaric background of semi-Asiatic life. The story is unusual, because political intrigue has little play in its dramatic plot; and its most impressive feature is the social absolutism of the Czar. Distant exile and degrading toil are not always the most dreadful instruments of his jealous power. Through personal dislike or the influence of titled families, he may impose a condition that leaves the victim stricken with a social plague, and then, as with the princess-heroine of this novel, even a gentle, forlorn figure becomes forbidding to loyal subjects, through the atmosphere of suspicion.



IN THE drawing-room of a great house in Grosvenor Square Lord Dane stood conversing with Count Varso, whom he had met only that evening. The latter, a bent old man with snow-white hair, and singularly like in feature to the great Count von Moltke, interested his companion exceedingly.

"I do not play," he was saying, "and you, Lord Dane, are also among the unbelievers?"

"I never had the fever," replied Dane, "though in your country, I understand, everyone plays. I intend to go to Russia next year, that I may slander its people for myself."

"If you do, I hope you will not judge us by what you see to-night."

They laughed, and, passing into the next room, joined the little group that followed a game of roulette, without having courage to participate.

Made mildly curious by his companion's remark, Dane glanced over the characteristic faces at the gaming-table, until his attention was fixed on a girl who sat in the chief seat and

was undisguisedly the greatest gambler of them all. With flaxen hair, made golden by the light, a little piquant profile, and eyes of the clearest blue, she interested him not so much by the beauty of her face as by her grace and an indescribable charm of manner. Had his fortune depended on it, he could not have turned away, for the spell she unconsciously cast upon him was as irresistible as the most elementary impulse of his being.

She was now pale, now flushed, now laughing sweetly, or crying out with some pitiful exclamation of loss. No subtle insight was needed to read her story, and Dane felt a strange pity at the thought: "Here no other emotion, love least of all, may ever contend for supremacy against that dreadful passion."

"She is Princess Fèkla, the daughter of General Dolgorouki," said Count Varso in answer to a question, and he smiled sardonically as Dane continued:

"Do me the favor to present me; I am going to play after all."

As the two friends walked away together late that night, the story of the Princess was briefly related by the old Russian.

"Princess Fèkla, whose father, the General, fell at Plevna, is one of the richest women in our capital, but shares with all her family a love of gambling beyond cure. Her uncle, General Prezhnev, commander at Moscow, would sell his soul to the devil for ten thousand rubles; her mother was the greatest player they have yet seen in Vienna, and you see what use the girl is making of her own fortune. In a year she will be a beggar—and will marry."

"And if she does not wish to marry?" asked Lord Dane, laughing.

The Count raised a lean finger in warning, "Then she will go to the mines," he said abruptly, as they parted.

Just a year after this memorable evening, Ivor Dane arrived in Moscow, and though he believed he knew no one in the city, Count Varso called on him at his hotel the fourth day.

"You are in a city of the socially destitute," the old man assured him in the conversation that followed a cordial greeting. "All who enjoy the distinction of court and palace are in the

capital, and you will find no one in Moscow to amuse you, except me."

Dane, wondering somewhat at the Count's presence in this city of outcasts and prodigals, when the season of Petersburg was at its height, introduced the topic that had been in his mind from the first.

"Princess Fèkla is here; she passed me in a sledge yesterday at the Nikolsky Gate."

The Count had been waiting for this. "You remember her, then?" he said.

"As the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, though it is months since I met her, and then only for an hour, as you know."

The Count drew his chair closer and spoke confidentially.

"Many things happen in the period you name. It is necessary, I think—indeed it is a question of friendship—to inform you precisely what has happened to Fèkla Dolgorouki since you saw her in London. The insane passion for gambling has swept away her fortune. Her family too, long tolerant because her vice was inherited, have at last appealed to the one social authority in Russia, his Majesty the Czar, and the result is the presence of Fèkla Dolgorouki at the Veliki Palace, a prisoner."

Lord Dane was shocked at these disclosures, though he ignored the implied warning in the Count's further statement that association with Fèkla was hazardous. His knowledge of the world had given him a certain genial cynicism, and he chose to regard this part of the story as one of those pleasant fictions that the journalists delight to weave into the drama of Russian life. There could be little personal danger, for his name carried weight in Russia; and though he had told himself that a meeting with Fèkla would be only an incident of his visit, she appeared to him in banishment with an irresistible pathos. He made up his mind to see her the following day.

Near the strip of forest at the northern extremity of Moscow stood the Veliki Palace, a by-word for all that was depressing and melancholy. The servants were few, and as Dane stood in the great marble hall he peered into vast unused rooms and deplored the ruin that had fallen on the once famous home of the Dolgoroukis.

In the salon he found Fèkla serving tea to some friends from a silver samovar. She could not conceal her pleasure at his coming; and while they renewed their brief friendship in a light but rather intimate conversation, Dane made a fleeting scrutiny of these friends of her adversity. They were odd people—dreamers and thinkers, the rear guard of disaffection, whom the police were certain to watch. He did not believe Fèkla would engage in political intrigue, but in Russia one stands or falls by his associates, and her family, already resentful, would accept a verdict of guilty without trial or publicity.

It was apparent that Olga, the younger sister of the Princess, was deeply in love with her cousin, Prince Otto Demidoff, to whom she was most assiduous in her attention. She had the face of an Asiatic and a stolid demeanor, and the Prince, who was commander of a regiment of Cossacks, paid little heed to her conversation, but watched her more beautiful sister with an intentness that annoyed Dane considerably.

The latter's conversation with Fèkla was interrupted by Lucy Alton, an old Englishwoman with a hawklike face and a shrewish manner.

"Leave Fèkla her philosophy," she cried snappishly; "they have left her little else now. She will learn some day that the walls have ears."

Fèkla retorted defiantly, and Dane, about to take his leave, hastened to turn the conversation by mentioning Varso's visit. "I like the 'little Moltke' as you call him, though he is a very gloomy pessimist," he added.

"Possibly a pessimist and more," said Fèkla.

"You do not like him?"

"I like him so well that I have asked him to dine to-morrow. Will you join us?"

Dane accepted with pleasure, and, reflecting on his way back to the city, decided that Varso's story was true. Fèkla was now without friends, a prisoner in that palatial dungeon. He thought no longer of leaving Moscow, for already his instinct warned him that her story might become his story.

But he did not know that, while he debated this question, the Englishwoman, Lucy Alton, wrote a letter to Count Varso and sent it by a messenger she trusted. "Lord Dane has been here

and will return to-morrow night," she wrote. "Do not fail to come."

Dane's evening was enlivened by the appearance of an old friend, Captain Painton, an attaché of the English Embassy in Petersburg, who expressed a humorous surprise at Dane's stay in such a place. But his surprise changed to concern when Dane spoke candidly of his interest in Fèkla and his visit to the Veliki Palace.

After confirming all that Varso had said, the attaché concluded impressively: "Remember that such a woman must have friends; life for her is light, excitement, adulation. As she is deprived of honest friendship, you can imagine what kind of associates she will have. Her very misfortune attracts the vultures to her house, and the vultures attract the police. Heaven help a man, once those fellows make his acquaintance."

But Dane was not more affected by this honest advice than he had been by the warning of Varso, and the next afternoon found him at the Veliki Palace.

There, rooms long unlighted were glowing with tapers, and fires burned on forgotten hearths. Fèkla had said to herself that such a dinner was a mockery; she who had thriven in the sunlight of thrones was to receive the one man she cared for in exile and pretentious poverty. It was the last punishment of her folly that he should find her here. She feigned no contrition; for her thoughtful moments blamed those who had reared her in costly indolence and grotesque luxury for the cataclysm that had overtaken her. She despised the shallow friends who had cast her off, and the sordid company that now surrounded her; there was none to aid her against the world unless—trembling with a great hope she dared not utter—she thought of Ivor Dane.

Fèkla was the center of an ill-assorted group when Dane entered the drawing-room, and he read more than a formal welcome in her eyes. She presented him to her uncle, General Prezhnev, a robust, bearded old man, with a hook nose and little twinkling eyes.

"I have heard of you, Lord Dane," he said fawningly. "You must come to see me at the Kremlin—if you like antiquities. But I can't promise you cards there."

He nodded at Fèkla and seemed amused, but she turned away to silence him.

"You know my sister," she exclaimed, "confess she is pretty—in pink."

Olga, silent and moody, was waiting for Otto Demidoff.

"I am glad my sister thinks me pretty in something," was her quick reply.

"Where is Otto?" asked the General.

"I'm sure I don't know. He drove Fèkla to the park to-day, and I wasn't asked, of course."

Fèkla looked annoyed, but said nothing. Others came into the rooms; among them Lucy Alton, ablaze with rouge and jewels, and Otto Demidoff in the red uniform of the Cossacks of Azov. Dane looked curiously at the dull, sensual face of the man who claimed Fèkla as if by right and understanding, while Olga stood by, white and angry.

An unusual restraint appeared to possess the guests. The General eyed several of them suspiciously, and Otto could not conceal his contempt of such a gathering. At dinner, however, Fèkla played her part bravely, and the life and light of old time animated her beauty, while Dane wondered where among the company a traitor might be found. Count Varso was not present, having been called suddenly to Petersburg.

Though Dane and the Princess conversed briefly, a subtle understanding seemed to be the gift of that hour.

"You will not leave Moscow at once?" she asked at last.

"I shall remain while you are here," he answered.

On returning to the salon Dane approached Olga, who received his attentions with impatience and commented scornfully upon the vice of her sister that had brought them to banishment.

"Look, they are bringing the tables now," she cried. "Fèkla and the rest would gamble their lives away."

"Your sister will not play," said Dane deliberately, and, to the astonishment of the company, Fèkla refused to take her accustomed place at the table that night.

The next morning Dane was more amused than angry to find that the letters in his mail had been opened by the police; even his London newspaper had been censored. Only one note

was untouched, and he assumed it had been delivered by hand. He was surprised to find it a curiously worded invitation to call, from Lucy Alton, and, detecting a hidden meaning, he did so without delay.

The old woman had observed Dane's interest in Fèkla, and had come to a conclusion. Her son in the English navy was a lieutenant without a ship, she told Dane, and began to bargain with him like a hag in the market.

"I think I can promise a ship for your son," he said; and the old woman scribbled something for him on a sheet of paper. It was the name of Count Varso.

"I never should have suspected him," he exclaimed, as he burned the paper.

Having now determined to make Fèkla his wife, Dane foresaw no obstacle that courage and the influence of a great name might not surmount.

That evening at the Veliki Palace he had no opportunity to speak alone to Fèkla, whom he wished to warn against Count Varso, as that gentleman was present on his arrival, and later Otto Demidoff came in. The night blew up tempestuous and bitter cold, with a heavy fall of snow, and Fèkla arranged that her guests should remain all night. After dinner she played cards with Otto, to Dane's great disappointment, who thought she treated him with less friendliness than her former confidences led him to expect.

It was midnight when they left the salon and dispersed to the bedrooms around the great gallery. Dane bade Count Varso a friendly good-night.

"It is odd to find myself sleeping in the Veliki Palace," he said.

"I admit it," replied the Count softly. "However, it would have been better otherwise."

Dane found it difficult to suspect this friendly and distinguished old man of treachery; nevertheless he could not sleep. He began to reflect that the purpose he came for was unaccomplished, and, prompted to strange enterprise by the uneasy voices of the storm, he rose from his bed and dressed. He had made up his mind to go back to the salon and write a warning note, which he would slip into Fèkla's hand when he said good-

by on the morrow. Bearing a candle, he went into the gallery and down the stairs, and stopped at the door of the salon, as one who has seen an apparition. For, by a taper light moving from place to place, he recognized Count Varso. The police were in the house, and he knew he had not an hour to lose; Fèkla must leave before the dawn.

After a moment of vacillation, he took up his impulse again, like a man half asleep, and crept to Fèkla's door. But even as he raised his hand to knock and awaken her, the door opened and Fèkla herself came out bearing a lamp.

"What is it? I thought you knocked," she said confusedly.

He whispered his information hurriedly; but incredulous, though with a pallid face, she led the way to the salon; the door was locked. Taking a small pair of tweezers from his pocket, Dane deftly turned the key in the lock, and entering they saw many letters and papers scattered on the floor. At a table, with a pen in his hand and a half page of writing before him, sat Count Varso, dead.

The sleeping house waked at the news, which spread swiftly and brought the Cossacks from the guard-room. But before the police arrived Dane, in a moment of inspiration, sent for the doctor at the English consulate.

Little Olga wept bitterly, protesting to all that she was innocent; Otto Demidoff slunk away; but Fèkla faced the police unflinchingly. Dane made hurried preparations for departure.

"The report which the Count had written, I left where we found it," he told her; "it named two of your friends for arrest, but in your case the words used were, 'severe caution.'"

"You must leave Russia to-day," she urged. "I am sure your name was on that paper."

He laughed, "I enjoyed that distinction. He recommended that some excuse be found to remove you from Moscow, or to prevent my further stay here. I shall tell your uncle, General Prezhnev, exactly what has happened, and reach Petersburg in time to write you."

She laid her hand on his shoulder. "God help me," she cried, "I cannot claim your friendship now."

"You shall not claim it; it is yours for good or evil to the end."

She sought to protest, but her voice failed her, and sinking into his arms she clung to him passionately, as a child to her father in the bitterness of grief.

The next day, in company with Captain Painton, Dane called on M. Muravieff, the Minister of Justice, in Petersburg. The latter received them graciously, and Dane, after relating the circumstances of the affair, produced a certificate from the English doctor that Count Varso had died of heart disease.

"General Prezhnev is in charge of the investigation," said the Minister suavely, "and it would be manifestly unjust to remove him. Physicians are not infallible, and you may have been imposed upon."

Dane's face blanched perceptibly, as he felt this powerful succor denied him.

"However," continued the Minister, "the local authorities may not be unwilling to hear my views. Here is a letter to General Prezhnev, and another to Princess Fèkla herself."

Dane could only bow his gratitude, and the Minister, from his window, smilingly watched him driving away.

"I should like to know that the Englishman has delivered my letter to Fèkla Dolgorouki," he said to his secretary; "please to keep me informed."

When Dane, after a hurried return to Moscow, delivered the letter to General Prezhnev, the latter's statement astonished him.

"Fèkla left yesterday for the Caucasus," said the General apologetically. "I thought it wiser; it is necessary for the sake of her name that these things be forgotten. In her father's house at Vladikavkas she will have leisure to reflect on the gravity of much that has happened during the past two years!"

"Does the Minister's letter interest you?" Dane inquired at last.

"If you wish, you are to go to Vladikavkas to deliver your letter."

Dane signified his intention abruptly, and the General wrote his passes at once.

At the Veliki Palace Dane learned from Olga that Otto Demidoff had escorted Fèkla to her prison-place.

"He will see her every day, when she is in his power and must obey him," declared the girl. "I have the greater right

to be near him, for she does not love him. I have no home now. Take me with you to Fèkla."

Dane assented, being too much occupied with his own anxieties to heed her outburst of jealousy, and thinking she would comfort Fèkla in her distress.

Their rapid journey passed without incident and with little conversation between them. They arrived at Vladikavkas, the gate of the Caucasus, in the evening, and before dawn had traversed the thirty versts to Fèkla's prison-place.

In one of the detached houses of the little mountain fort Dane again stood face to face with Otto Demidoff. Though the two men met as friends, Otto immediately began to pose as one in authority.

"Everything that enters Fort Dariel is my business," he said, referring to the letter.

"My instructions were to deliver this into Princess Fèkla's own hands," retorted Dane quietly. "As you do not approve, let us adopt another course."

He passed the letter across the table and watched the other break the seal and read it.

"Do you know the contents of this?" inquired Demidoff.

"I do not," answered Dane; and laughing softly his enemy began tearing it into strips.

"The Minister is a long way off," he said. "Before we hear from him again Fèkla will be my wife."

The Englishman sprang forward with an oath, when a sharp report shook the windows of the room, and as Otto gave a loud exclamation of pain, Dane perceived Olga, mute and white, with a smoking revolver in her hand.

Fortunately, Demidoff was not seriously wounded, and he dismissed the guard who rushed in with the curt statement that the shooting was an accident. Instead of reproaching Olga, he seemed to regard her with sudden admiration, and to feel distinction in being the object of so fierce a jealousy. The incidents of half an hour before were obliterated from his mind by the time the post physician, Dr. Vodarski, had finished dressing his wounded arm, and unhesitatingly he told Dane to go to Fèkla's house if he wished.

After the joy of their first meeting was over, the lovers began

to plan escape, for Dane soon understood that Petersburg was very remote from the Caucasus.

Demidoff, half restrained by Olga's presence, did not prevent their meeting, and by Dr. Vodarski's advice they obtained permission to ride out together. The old doctor had taken a great interest in their affair, and one day brought to the door two sturdy horses and a guide.

"A man travels faster with his wife than with one who is not," he said, and after a glance at Fèkla, whose cheeks were flaming, though she said nothing, Dane added the word "wife" to his passport. "To Tiflis, over the pass," said the doctor briefly. "Demidoff is absent and will not return till night."

"Do you wish it to be so, Fèkla?" asked Dane gently.

She trembled and answered in a whisper, "I have no wish but yours."

The journey across the mountain was accomplished in two days, without opposition, though it seemed destined to end in disappointment. For ever, at a distance behind them, rode a troop of Demidoff's Cossacks.

"They will arrest us at Tiflis," said Fèkla, as town after town was passed without an attempt to intercept them. And so it proved.

At Tiflis Fèkla was held a prisoner for two days, during the absence of the Governor, and on his arrival he confirmed the worst fears of the lovers. Dane was obliged to admit that the pass had been tampered with, and could not say that Fèkla was his wife. Then the prisoner must return to the Caucasus; the Governor could pursue no other course; Dane might go where he pleased.

The latter had sunk into a profound despair, when, at the conclusion of the interview, Dr. Vodarski entered.

"I have here the latter of M. Muravieff to Princess Fèkla," he said, understanding the situation at a glance. "I found it torn in a waste-paper basket, and I pasted it on this piece of parchment."

The Governor read it with frowning brows.

"Fèkla Dolgorouki is to be permitted to leave Russia as the wife of the Englishman, Lord Dane!"

As one blinded by a flash of light, Dane groped for Fèkla's

hand and drew her near to him. The Governor watched them cynically.

"The condition remains unfulfilled," he said maliciously.

Old Vodarski laughed outright. "Pardon, Excellency," he said with mock deference, "by your own edict at Lars, the civil law demands for marriage the declaration by the parties concerned, before a government official, that they are husband and wife. I, Paul Vodarski, the secretary at Lars, am the witness that, upon the passport my friend carries, the declaration was made!"

The Governor glared from one to the other as if he would willingly have struck them dead.

"Lord Dane," he said stiffly, "you will leave Tiflis tomorrow! Good-night, Madame."

Fekla stood up as a queen, her throne lay here in this house of victory.

"Good-night, General. Your sentry will show you the way."

The last word was Vodarski's, who had an old score to settle. He followed to the head of the stairway, crying, "Your own edict, General; your own edict, by Heaven!" and then, sad in his triumph, he returned to wish godspeed to the lovers, whose victory was his own.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

(MRS. HERBERT DICKINSON WARD)

(United States, 1844)

FRIENDS: A DUET (1881)

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has endeavored to represent what was reasonable and healthy in life and in religion. In this story she had in mind the natural results of a strong friendship between man and woman. She also worked on the subject of practical reform as against the theoretical methods promulgated by the prevalent societies. Mrs. Ward (or Miss Phelps as she was when this story was written) had but little sympathy with conventional ideas regarding a future life, and the importance given by the heroine to the influence of her dead husband brings out these views. The author did not believe that our lives are plotted against by their Director. She held that they were planned in a careful if somewhat mysterious and intricate way, and that the elements of surprise were compressed within one's own nature. On this assumption the development of Reliance Strong was worked out.



T about four o'clock of a February day Mrs. John Strong stood in the window of her home on Mount Vernon Street watching for her husband's coming. As she fancied she heard his step she turned joyously to meet him, and but poorly concealed her disappointment when she found the person arriving to be Charley Nordhall, John's friend. Though continually listening for the anticipated arrival, she did her best to keep up conversation, until, rendered anxious by the delay, she became conscious of a strangeness in her caller's manner. Suddenly she said: "You know why John is late. Why don't you tell me?" Then in some way Nordhall found courage to say: "Yes, I do know," but it was not easy, looking at the despairing woman, to tell her of the railroad accident that had taken her husband's life. The one agonized cry she uttered when he had told all remained with him as long as he lived.

Reliance Strong had no relatives to turn to and no friends,

and it seemed impossible to remain in the home where every association was with John. It was but natural to wish to carry out some plan that would keep her near him in spirit. She found this in going to Salem to care for his old mother. To be sure, she could not enter into the old lady's diversions of Dorcas societies or of knitting baby-socks, but she could be with John's mother and do something for her, and that was enough.

As Mr. Nordhall also lived in Salem, and as he assumed all the care of her property, of which she was hopelessly ignorant, the plan had other advantages than she had looked for at first. When he called Madam Strong always came down with her daughter-in-law to meet him and then retired, leaving them alone except for the presence of the dog Kaiser.

A rapid decline in certain registered bonds of Mrs. Strong's made it necessary for Mr. Nordhall to call one afternoon to secure her signature before disposing of them. As he rose to go, their eyes met, and both realized with a sickening sense that a year ago, to the very hour, he had brought her news of her husband's death. The same despairing look came into her face as she sank down, and Nordhall could offer no word of sympathy, except to murmur, "Poor child!" Then he turned away, and followed by the dog he left the house. At the gate Kaiser turned back, and Nordhall saw him let in by a gentle hand. All her tenderness seemed to be for the setter.

Reliance's heart seemed to find nothing to which to turn until, in the third year of her widowhood, attracted by the tears of a maidservant, she learned of the girl's sorrow over her drunken father. Her interest in that one unfortunate led her to fill her life with seeking to relieve the sufferings of others. Griggs, the girl's father, had responded to her help, and his worshipful adherence to her advice had given Reliance encouragement to pursue the work. She joined a charitable society, but had incurred the ill-will of a fellow-member by resenting the term "cases" applied to poor working-girls, who sought diversion in places of amusement. Mr. Nordhall insisted that she put a premium on drunkenness by her devoted attention to inebriates, but she paid little heed to his criticism; to her he was "just Charley Nordhall," John's friend, and his efforts to be kind to her because she was John's wife were duly appreciated.

But Reliance was greatly surprised one day when Nordhall came to say he was going over to Paris for two months. It never had occurred to her that he might go to Europe, at least not then; but though both had thoughts unexpressed their parting was most matter-of-fact. As he drove away she thought: "How John used to miss him! I suppose he would now." After a talk with her mother-in-law about their departing friend, and the elderly lady's favorite novel, *Peeveril of the Peak*, she went out for a walk in a snowstorm and looked at the sea with Kaiser.

The winter passed quickly for Reliance. Though she gave herself up to the poor people who needed her, it soon became plain that she needed them even more. Her time was taken up with evening-schools, temperance societies, and mission prayer-meetings, and, before she thought of it, spring had come. Casually it occurred to her that April and May had passed and Charley Nordhall had not returned, and she wondered vaguely what was to be done about some interest on a mortgage that was overdue. One day as she was sitting alone with Kaiser in the garden, the gate clicked and she looked up to see Nordhall.

"Oh, Mr. Nordhall!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were Mr. Griggs. He broke his pledge again last week."

"I almost wish I had," he replied, "then I might have had his welcome."

Reliance reminded him with gentle reproach that someone must care for such unfortunates, and insisted that he should go in to meet Madam Strong, while she remained to meet Griggs, the backslider, who now appeared. When Reliance finally entered the house, Nordhall was about to go, but though vexed he could not refrain from calling her "a thorough woman." She made some apologies for her seeming coldness, then added: "You know, Mr. Nordhall, I was glad to see you. I am always glad to see John's friend."

As Nordhall went away, he thought of the disgrace of loving another man's wife, for, though John Strong was called dead, to his wife he was still a living personality.

Nordhall was not given to imagination or to emotional out-breaks, yet that night as he walked home along the seashore, he called out: "John! John! You do trust me? Say that you do."

A few minutes later he was face to face with a man whom he took for a highwayman, till the despairing voice of Griggs called out to him, imploring his help to get past the saloon on the corner. He owed a bill there, and they had such a hold over him he could not resist their efforts to make him drink more. With some reluctance, Nordhall consented to go inside with him and get him out again, but they had hardly paid the bill when a drunken comrade called on Griggs to remain. Nordhall at once tried to interfere, and was set upon by the crowd. When he was picked up insensible from the floor, Griggs and the oily saloon-keeper had him carried back to Madam Strong's, where the saloon-keeper, never to blame for a disturbance, tried to explain matters.

For thirty-six hours Nordhall was unconscious. The two ladies tended him faithfully, assisted by the reformed and repentant Griggs, and if his recovery was slow it was not due to lack of care. His convalescence was very agreeable, with Reliance reading and talking to him, but her mission work suffered somewhat in consequence. One morning he insisted upon coming down-stairs for his breakfast, and noticed that Reliance appeared to be looking for something. All day a troubled air seemed to hang about her, and that night Madam Strong observed that she was so glad her daughter-in-law had found her wedding-ring where she had dropped it in the flower-bed, as its loss had caused her great anxiety.

Charley Nordhall soon began to recover rapidly, and in less than a week he was able to leave the house. On that very day Reliance returned to her mission and plunged into her work. For several weeks she saw little of Nordhall. Of course he called and expressed his gratitude, and seemed much interested in her work, of which she gave him a detailed account, but she did not encourage his offer to attend any of her meetings. When he had gone she had a strange feeling of not having done the right thing, and wondered what John would have wished her to do.

Real estate took on great importance with Nordhall for some time; but after awhile he resolved to come to some unquestioned relation with Reliance. He called upon her, and they went for a walk on the beach. "You know," he said, "I wish to be something besides John's friend; I wish to be your friend."

Then he recalled to her the first time John had taken him home with him, her cordial home-like greeting, and her way of making him one with them. This recollection was more than she could bear, but the next time she saw him she consented to the new basis of friendship, and the understanding was very agreeable to them both. For Nordhall the world seemed different, now that he had a friend in it, and she being that friend.

The next time they met she was entertaining her friend Myrtle Snowe for a week. He accompanied the ladies on one of their afternoon pilgrimages, leaving Miss Snowe at a Rubinstein concert and going with Reliance to a temperance meeting. He was insanely happy simply to be with her, and in the short, earnest service he seemed to see a reflection of herself. When Reliance parted from him that day life seemed intensified to her, and she thought gladly that this was real friendship.

That night Myrtle Snowe went to her friend's room and talked with her awhile. The conversation seemed to Reliance a long way from personalities, till suddenly Myrtle said:

"Of course you must expect to be talked about, and it is no wonder they should say you are going to marry again."

"What? How can they?" cried Reliance, roused from her musing. When she was alone she sobbed long in her pillows and resolved to write to Charley Nordhall in the morning, but when morning came other demands called her. She found Madam Strong ill, and Miss Snowe was to leave the house at noon. Dr. Bishop came, and after giving some attention to the patient, and more to her daughter-in-law, he ordered them to go at once to the mountains. As the doctor's commands called for implicit obedience, they left at once for Bethlehem. The man that took Reliance's note to her friend's house reported that Mr. Nordhall was out of town, so she did not see him to say good-by, and, thinking over the gossip of Miss Snowe, she thought she desired never to see him again.

When Nordhall returned to town and found her note left with his housekeeper, he went to her house, and finding she had gone, he resolved to go to Bethlehem. It seemed less pointed to wait till the end of the week, so summoning what patience he had he restrained his eagerness to be near her. On his

arrival in Bethlehem he went for a little walk before calling on the ladies and, strolling into a quiet graveyard, found a well-remembered silver-gray veil belonging to Reliance, which he fondly tucked away in his pocket. He soon found his friends in a quaint old boarding-house, held in abject submission by their tyrannical landlady.

Reliance seemed almost girlish again in her welcome and went gaily out to walk with him. Madam Strong also was glad to welcome him, and he dined at their boarding-house the two nights he was in Bethlehem. Before going away he forced himself to confess about finding the veil, which Reliance allowed him to keep, but after he had returned to Salem the veil became his constant torment. He could do nothing with the piece of gauze in the room, and finally, going into an unused room, he placed it in an ivory box belonging to his mother, locked it in a desk, closed the room, and put away the keys. Then he became calmer. Now he knew that he loved her, but he said to himself: "She shall not lose her friend. I'll never tell her. I'll put all my manhood to the test."

When November came Madam Strong suffered from the cold and longed for her more comfortable home. She would not disobey her beloved doctor, so a telegram informed him of her purpose to return, and the next night they were receiving Kaiser's friendly greetings and listening to the familiar breakers. Dr. Bishop called and congratulated Reliance on her appearance, but betrayed unusual anxiety regarding her mother. Reliance went to bed, but at four o'clock the maid called her to the bedside of Madam Strong, who was very ill. The doctor was summoned immediately, and as he was leaving the house later in the morning he met Nordhall, who had just heard of the trouble there. Reliance was comforted by his coming, and told him how much confidence she had in the skill and patience of the physician. Nordhall took keen notice of this and could not refrain from saying: "Dr. Bishop is a widower!" He was surprised at himself for making this remark; and Reliance, who also looked astonished but lovelier than ever, added sweetly: "And I am a widow!" Then extending her hand, she said, "But why talk of such things when it is you I am so glad to see?"

Nordhall went away happier than he had been in a long time; and, strengthened with his sympathy, Reliance went back to her nursing.

Madam Strong grew worse, and Dr. Bishop feared a fatal result from pneumonia with a patient sixty-five years old; but her confidence in him remained unshaken. When she saw him she would insist that she was better, saying: "You know I never could die in your hands." At the very last she put her hand on his, begging him not to be anxious. "I am better," she said, and fell asleep never to waken.

The doctor was much overcome, and it took all Reliance's power to comfort the faithful friend and to assure him she was satisfied with everything he had done.

For her own comfort Reliance turned to Nordhall, and the other man vanished to his own world. It was relief for her to weep and to say to someone what was uppermost in her mind:

"If it is true—our belief—then she has seen him; she has seen John!"

But the illness that united Madam Strong and her son left Reliance still more alone. She bore her trouble bravely and would have been content to remain with only the servants and her good Kaiser, but Nordhall advised her to have a friend with her, and at last she consented to send for Myrtle Snowe. The mission work took much of her time, and the reforming of Mr. Griggs was a slow process, involving many falls from grace. One cold February night the poor housemaid came in weeping to say that her father was drunk again. Someone had drugged him and nobody could get him home. A committee of his friends were watching him, fearful lest he should drink himself to death, and all said: "If only the lady knew, she could manage him." It was a task the lady never had undertaken before; but she went bravely forth and walked straight into the saloon and made her way to Griggs's side. She put her hand on his arm and said quietly:

"Come now! Your daughter and I are here. We want to take you home." He followed her obediently, and she got him home to his family, but it was five o'clock in the morning before she reached home weary and exhausted, without food or sleep. For many weeks she did not leave her bed, and the doctor diag-

nosed the case as a mysterious sinking of all her powers. She herself never talked, never asked questions, never seemed to care.

When Nordhall called and would be denied her presence no longer, she said somewhat defiantly:

"I saved the man."

"Yes," he replied simply, "but you almost killed another."

Then the feeling so long pent up burst out, and he said:

"It's no use! This is not friendship and I know it, and you know it, too. You are a woman and I am a man, and you know I love you!" In vain she tried to stop him. Then, struggling between pity and reproach, she said:

"You have forgotten John!"

He begged her not to be cruel. Indeed he had not forgotten, but could she not see how he had served years for this hour? At last he said gently:

"Forgive me! I have tired you. I will go, but there is a way." If she had anything to say she did not say it, and when Myrtle came in she was alone.

When Reliance was stronger Nordhall saw her again, and urged her to marry him, but she insisted it would be wronging him; and though he was quite willing to be wronged in this way, she would not consent. He was sorry he had told her; he wished he had been braver; and he had a sense of having betrayed a terrible confidence. Finally he wrote to her, and after all his entreaty he assured her he wished her to do only what she thought right. She replied, expressing a great respect for his good sense, but begged him not to think of her as altogether happy, and to drop the subject. Nordhall took her at her word, and they tried to return to their former relations. He was determined she should not lose her friend.

Reliance was still far from well, and even Griggs respectfully begged her to go away for some change. The doctor added his advice, and finally she consented to go South with a friend and travel indefinitely. When her plans for the trip were complete she sent for Nordhall. As she talked with him even the dog's licking of her hand made him jealous, and the thought of being entirely without her was too much.

"Since this is your plan," he said, "for me to stay here during

the last few weeks before your departure would cost me some pain; so if I cannot help you I think I'll go away at once." They talked further in a constrained sort of way, and then he rose to go.

"We cannot get on like this," he said. "I cannot bear to see you. I shall not come back to you. You must live without me if you let me go now."

She held out her hand for good-by, and they parted.

Drawing his hat over his eyes, Nordhall walked down the path. Soon Kaiser overtook him and stood whining at his side. "Good-by, Kaiser," he said, thinking the dog had resented his neglect, but Kaiser kept turning to the house and begging him to follow till he yielded. He thought he heard a woman's voice calling his name. He took a hurried step as he saw the shadow of a form—and within the door stood Reliance!

"Did you send Kaiser?" he demanded, almost sternly. "And did you call me?"

She bowed her face in her hands, crying:

"Oh, I did—I did both!"

For Nordhall happiness was now complete, and for Reliance Strong, if now there was less that was ideal, yet she too found happiness.

EDEN PHILPOTTS

(England, 1862)

SONS OF THE MORNING (1900)

Although born in India, Eden Philpotts was reared in Plymouth, the great Devon seaport, hence his familiarity with the scenery and life of Devonshire, including its vast desert of Dartmoor, all of which play important parts in his best work.



IN a noble hill under the ramparts of Dartmoor stood the ancient mansion of Todleigh. Since 1300 A.D. it had been of the great estate of the Yeoland family, although now only the hill and valley, with the village and church of Little Silver and some outlying farms—all this heavily mortgaged—remained to Christopher, the last of his race. He was about thirty years old, broad and tall, a lover of Nature, amiable, humorous and unconquerably lazy; while intending retrieval of his fortunes, he never got further than dreaming about it.

Christopher was walking along the river-bank with a slender, brown-eyed girl, Honor Endicott, also an orphan, of old Devon stock, whose patrimony of Bear Down Farm, on the fringe of the moor, was unencumbered but was hungering for improvement. Her only relative was old Mark Endicott, her blind uncle, a wise counselor, who spent his time knitting comforters for the farm-folk.

The two young people had been friends from youth—not quite lovers, for Honor had always playfully put off Christopher's laughing proposals. To-day, however, he led her to a leafy bower beneath a gigantic silvery beech and pressed her for an answer to his paramount question.

"You know the answer, Christo, or you'd never have been so patient," and she looked up at his sunny face. "Yet marriage,

even with you, has a serious side. I wish to think how serious. We can't go on laughing forever," and Honor tried to think of something solemn to say. "You'll be wise, dearest Christo; you'll think of me always and—"

"Anything—anything but work for you, sweet!" and he embraced and kissed her fondly; and even said thereafter that he would work or do whatever she chose. So they wandered up through Todleigh and flower-hedged lanes, and in Honor's meadows, till he left her at Bear Down Farm.

Her sweetheart gone, Honor entered the great stone farmhouse, and in the spacious kitchen found old Uncle Mark beside the cavernous fireplace. When she told him about Christo, he said:

"Well, well, almost a pity you didn't wait to see Myles Stapledon. His photograph is handsome."

"Yes, very—like something carved out of stone, cold, hard, inscrutable."

"Well, dear, you must make this cousin of yours welcome, for he has capital now, wants investment, and I think will discover the possibilities in Bear Down Farm."

"You don't congratulate me on Christo," she said.

"I am hardly able to take it seriously yet," he answered; and she turned away impatiently, for in truth her uncle's attitude toward Christopher was nearly her own.

Sally Cramphorn, a buxom damsel, daughter of Honor's head man, had been to old Gammer Charity Grepe—reported a "wise woman"—and bought from her directions for making a love-philter for a lingering swain; then wended her joyous way home. On the road, Christopher Yeoland overtook her, his mind full of Honor, and, loving all women for her sake, he confided to her his great news. Sally then told him of her own lover; and Christopher asked whether the man had ever kissed her. "No, but wance he axed if he might."

"Fancy asking!" exclaimed Christopher.

"What should he have done?"

That was a dangerous question; and Christopher proceeded to show her practically, despite her feminine protest at what she had invited, when the crash of a hedge and old Jonah Cramp-horn's indignant jerk on his collar made him realize his folly.

Hot words followed, then blows, a clinch, and a tumble; resurrection and a renewal of conflict were interrupted by a tall, heavily-built man, who separated them and talked cold reason. Cramphorn went away, breathing revenge. Christopher explained how his special light-heartedness had taken that too genial turn, but insisted that to kiss a girl was no worse than to smell a flower—which remark the other deemed disrespectful to all women.

As the stranger inquired the way to Bear Down, Christopher inferred that he was the expected Myles Stapledon, and, introducing himself, told of his new happiness and put the man on his road, and they separated.

Stapledon was soon at home at Bear Down. He congratulated Honor, and said handsome things of the handsome and rather original man he had met; and Honor told how she and Christopher had much in common—"we see things alike, live alike, laugh alike, and enjoy a fine sense of humor," she said.

Within a week Myles decided to improve Bear Down. His money interested Honor not at all, but the man himself did. One August day, when Christopher had gone to the races, Honor and Myles took a tramp on the high moor. He was fond of animals, plants, and all things in Nature, and a lover of the down—for he and Christopher often met early on the moor, Sons of the Morning. Myles and Honor talked much of Nature, God and Christ. He had no faith in the supernatural; while she was happy in her Christ-faith and rather dreaded the great Almighty. They also discussed the marvelous moor. So they came nearer together, and his admiration of Christopher, with all his own higher and sterner sense of duty—he was an intensely practical man, unsparing of thought and labor—drew Honor's heart to him in confidence.

Myles Stapledon spent money on the farm in divers improvements, and remained to see all properly done; while Honor and Christopher roamed and dreamed together. There was no talk of marriage, for they seemed content as things were. Myles unconsciously grew dominant at the farm, with his energy and strong will, and Honor urged him to remain. She grew fond of talking with him, and even speculating as to how he and Christopher complemented each other in her life-needs.

One day when the two men were walking together, Christopher said he thought Honor had grown more serious since Myles had come to give her wiser ideas. Stapledon was shocked that he should have done anything to check her delicious laughter, and said:

"I must amend. I'm a dull dog, but I'll—"

"Don't, my dear chap! Be yourself. She hates shams. I would change, too, if I could, but she'd be down on me in a minute. The truth is, we're both bursting with different good and brilliant qualities, you and I, and poor Honor is dazzled."

Christopher was sincere. He admired Myles and enjoyed the humor of the contrast. But Stapledon did not laugh; he sat thinking long after the other had gaily departed. Yet Christopher thought some too, and a few days later he and Honor rather crossed each other, discussing ants and butterflies; when he contrasted Myles and himself, and finally said that she had changed toward him, and that, while Myles was enlarging her mind, he was chilling the sunshine out of it; and Christopher added that he really believed he was jealous of that superior man. So they parted under a breezy shadow, she galloped off on her pony, and he walked to the farm. Uncle Mark agreed with him as to the change in Honor, but approved it, and urged Christopher himself to take life more seriously. However, he acknowledged that Christopher was the husband for Honor, and the light-hearted fellow rode off contented.

One Sunday when all the household dined at the same table, old Cramphorn asked Stapledon if he purposed staying at Bear Down after Missis should leave it. Myles replied:

"Well—yes, I think I shall. Lord knows what I shall do. I really cannot tell."

Mark Endicott afterward took Myles to task for that hesitating answer—he so sure-footed—and opened up the fact that, despite Honor's engagement, he was deeply interested in her and, if not actually in love, in danger of it; making it clear that he ought to depart forthwith. This was a new and startling thought to Myles, but the next morning he told Mark that he should leave on the coming Saturday.

That same Monday Christopher wrote to Honor about their quarrel. He began in jesting severity, and bade his lady estab-

lish her mind and affirm her desires, hinting that he could let Todleigh to a good tenant and go abroad. Then on the third page he dropped his heroics, expressed unbounded contrition, begged forgiveness, and prayed her to meet him.

Unhappily, this reached Honor just after she had learned from Myles of his intended departure. She had failed to get any reason, and also failed in urging him to stay; and, disappointed, hurt, on receiving Christopher's letter, she surmised that Myles was going at Christopher's request. She pulled the letter open impatiently, read the censure and offer of her liberty, and then, without coming to the real Christopher, she tore and tore and tore the paper, scattering the bits afar in the wind. She then entered the house, and wrote an answer to the letter she had not read. It was no jest, that answer, but thunder and fire-forked lightning.

Christopher did not blame Honor much, but he felt a growing hatred of Myles, although he had honestly told her that he believed Myles was in love with her without knowing it. He met Stapledon as the latter was driving off, who, answering Christopher, acknowledged his love—unspoken, and unsuspected by himself till recently—but said that he was doing all he could in going away.

Then Christopher went to Honor and insisted on her telling him whether she loved Stapledon; and she said she did, and him too.

"So be it," he answered, and then told her that he was going to visit an old uncle of his in Australia. She besought him not to do so.

"It's done, dearest," he replied. "Thank God, we're humorists, both—too sensible to knock our knuckles against inn doors."

"But you promised to marry me."

"Forget it; I'm in earnest for once."

"Don't go, Christo; I'm so lonely, and wretched, and—"

But he hardened his heart and was gone before she had done speaking. Three days after that she went to Todleigh to seek him. He had gone.

Honor now found life dreary. In mid-December Dr. Clack, the clever medical man of the village, a close friend of Christo-

pher's, came in with a general message of good-will and told them that the young fellow was leaving Sydney for his kinsman's up-country place, and the doctor was going to join him. After that came a note from Myles Stapledon, giving no reasons, but saying that he should return in a fortnight. Three months ago, he had learned from Christopher, before his sailing, of the broken engagement, and after a long inner conflict he had determined to come back and learn whether there was hope for him. His opportunity came, and to his question Honor frankly told him, as she said she had told Christopher, that she loved him, but loved Christopher no less than before.

"Oh, dear Myles, if I could marry you both! But as I can't do that, I'll have neither. I would marry you and make you a good wife, too, but there's a sort of sense of justice in me. So don't drive me into marriage, Myles dear."

Before Dr. Clack sailed, Myles told him that Honor still loved Yeoland, who ought to return, and, sternly as he spoke, he amused the doctor with Honor's conclusion that the two were so much to her that she would marry neither. The doctor promised to do what he could to decide matters, and Stapledon, the hard duty performed, within a few days left Endicott's and took rooms at Little Silver.

Three months later, a letter from Dr. Clack to Myles brought the sad word that the last of the Yeolands, bitten by a whip-snake, had died, and his body was coming home to be laid in the family tomb under the church. Myles took the mournful message to the farm, and Honor told herself that she had killed Christopher. She put on mourning, and for weeks remained at home. The funeral was duly ceremonial, Honor being chief mourner. Uncle Mark wondered whether it was suicide; and Myles defended him if it were, since, he said, a man may lay down his life in more than one way for those he loves. And then Honor went away to visit friends for some months.

It was June again, and one morning Myles was on his way across a stream near which sat Honor. She called him and thanked him for keeping away from her; but when he spoke of final departure, since he had said he never would ask again what she could not give before, she frankly asked him to stay—not to take Christo's place, that could not be, but he, being gone, to

take his own place in her life, to make her his wife, since she loved him. His answer cannot be doubted.

They were married in the little church, and settled down for a contented life.

So prosperous and happy were Myles and his wife that he sometimes dreaded the future. Honor was well and content, but more thoughtful. She enjoyed her husband and was proud of him. She began to get whimsical and irritable at times, however, and one morning got up quite a little breeze of words with him. Yet when he saw her again she seemed so bright that it almost looked as if the little quarrel had freshened her spirits. Soon after this she confided to him a new and tender hope in her life, and they rejoiced together at the sweet promise. Still, she had her moods and shades and niceties and subtleties of temper, and Myles was often puzzled how to take her or please her.

Another spring was at hand. One evening Honor insisted on going out, wet as it was, following a rain. After vain protests, Myles made her bundle up, and drove her out in the pony carriage. As they approached the great beech near the river, where Christopher and Honor had their momentous agreement, she felt a longing to be alone under it. So she sent Myles to the river for water, to be brought to her in his washed tobacco-pouch. He went slowly through tangled underwood, and, kneeling, secured the water, when he heard a shrill scream and plunged through briars and bushes to the empty carriage, finding Honor between it and the beech, senseless on the ground. She revived as he drove rapidly home, and explained that she was frightened at something moving—perhaps a tree—but it seemed alive, and, clutching the blue-bells she had got out to pluck, she knew no more. Myles left word for the doctor; and the baby boy was born dead.

Honor recovered, but was in a daze much of the time, and often clung to her husband as if in terror. She seemed not to escape from her fright; grew listless and inert; and lived a life of ashes.

All this was commented on by the farm-folk, and at last old Cramphorn, remembering the dread power of Cherry Grepe, went to her, and she for three half-crowns sent him to get from the grave-yard a man's skull, from which she would prepare some

“oil of man,” anointing with which should restore strength and joy to the loved mistress.

A grim task for Jonah, but he was a grim man, and Henry Collins having been bribed with permission, heretofore disallowed, to court Sally if he would help, they went to the churchyard. Rather than dig in a grave, they descended to the Yeoland vault and opened Christopher’s coffin—but were astounded to find in it no Christopher, only the corpse of an old, white-bearded man. They hurriedly closed things up and departed.

Collins could not bear the weighty secret, but confided it to Mark Endicott and Stapledon; and they concluded that the death of Christopher’s old kinsman had suggested to the young man and Dr. Clack the tale of Christopher’s death, to clear the path for Honor; and that young Yeoland was still alive. Uncle Mark pointed out the probable return of Christopher, his natural roaming about his old haunts by night, and the possibility that Honor’s fright had come from seeing him. “She thought him a specter,” said Uncle Mark, “and thinks so still. That’s what’s eating her heart out, and the truth will restore her to wholesome life.”

After great struggles within, Myles told Honor their belief that Christopher had done this thing for her happiness. She assured him that it had secured her happiness; although the spectral vision had haunted her with terror, and even now she could not realize Christopher’s actual life.

A month later Dr. Clack appeared and confirmed the surmises, adding that Christopher’s uncle had left him wealth, and that Yeoland himself would return in the autumn to administer Todleigh. He had been about the old place a few nights, but had retired to another part of England.

Christopher accidentally met Honor out in the heather, and his cheery brightness made the meeting easy, while his honest explanation of the trick and his sincere grief at the result of the beech-tree encounter, of which he had heard, moved Honor to gratitude and confidence.

That evening Yeoland called at the farm, met the work-folk, and after their going talked it out with Myles and Uncle Mark; and as Stapledon walked part way home with him they two came to a manly and friendly agreement. So Christopher

saw a smooth and sunlit path before him; but Myles was of different stuff; he chastised himself for the jealousy that had entered into his soul.

As the winter passed, Myles grew calmer. Honor's frank pleasure in Yeoland's company shamed a jealous attitude, and Christopher's frequent praises of her husband made Honor happy in Myles and in all about her. She was even more tender and considerate of him than ever; yet after a while the demon suggested to Myles that this was simulation, and that Honor's new happiness was owing to Christopher's return. He tried to strangle this, and when he had fits of moody taciturnity waked himself out of them. Meantime Honor and Christopher, like two children, enjoyed each other's society. She urged him now to marry and leave heirs for Todleigh, but he said that that was a bygone dream, and Todleigh was his wife. They prattled much in the old fashion with entire frankness.

Twice Myles spoke openly to Honor about Christopher. Once was during his weary convalescence from an illness, when, not understanding that Uncle Mark was to be away, Honor had driven off with Christopher, leaving Myles alone for six hours. When she returned he broke out upon her.

"Either you see too much of that man or not enough. If too much, end it; if not enough, go to him, body and soul—the sooner the better."

She knew he would regret the outburst, yet set herself to see with his eyes and recognize her too unconventional comradeship with Christopher; and she told him that she would follow his wish. But Myles recovered both health and temper, and matters were smooth again, yet with a difference; Honor grew fearful, and Myles lonely of heart. The trouble was lessened, not quelled. Uncle Mark plainly advised Yeoland to go away again, but he would not; and in a talk between the men themselves Myles suggested the same thing, and Christopher refused unless bidden by Honor herself of her own motion.

Then came the second talk of Myles with Honor, in which he quietly told her that, having married him under a misapprehension, she must consider herself free now, and choose which man she would live with; he would learn to live without her, but not to share her.

She urged him to take her away, adding, "Because I love you with my whole heart—all of it," and she put her arms about him and pressed him close.

He believed her, comforted her, and promised to find some plan for taking her out of Christopher's life with least wound to him. And at dawn he arose and went forth, opening his heart to the sunrise fires.

That day he set out upon the moor for a tramp and a thinking-time, alone with his new-found peace. He did not heed the threatening sky, but strode swiftly over miles of heather-bloom and crags to the granite-crowned cone of Furton. Here first he noted the unnatural storm-darkness, and, as the tempest hurtled upon him, took refuge in a cave, and there spent the day, deciding that he and Honor must depart from Little Silver, in justice to Yeoland and his ancient patrimony. The night passed like the day, only in deeper blackness, till the storm passed and the moon shone out; and in the morning he found himself five dangerous, torrent-swept leagues from home. He lighted his pipe, cheered his hungry dog, and set out on a long, circuitous route, until he came to the granite ledges of Watern Tor. Here, weary from exertion and lack of food, he paused to rest, when he heard a moaning, and rose to find and if possible help the sufferer.

Honor had not slept much the night before, although Mark spoke of Myles's familiarity with Dartmoor, and the unlikelihood of danger; yet, ignorant of the new peace that had come to the man, he suspected the desert journey to be a wrestling with fate.

Libby Gregory had deeply offended Sally Cramphorn, and she in her indignation, meeting Henry Collins, promised him her fleeting affections if he would thrash Libby. Libby fled, with Collins after, struck up the Moor, and then, thinking to escape by climbing, mounted Watern Tor. Arrived there, they both heard a moaning. Clambering around a rocky point, they found a wounded sheep, dying, upon a ledge, and on the rocks below a barking dog and the motionless form of a man.

It was Stapledon, who, evidently trying to succor the sheep, had missed his hold and fallen backward down the cliff. He was dead, but his face was peaceful.

Old Mark alone thought he knew that appearances were mis-

leading, and that probably Myles had taken a short way out of his troubles.

Honor rented her farm and went abroad. She corresponded with Mark, and gradually he saw that Time was working with her. After eighteen months she wrote that at Geneva she had met Christopher; and six months later she wrote again, signing herself, "Honor Yeoland." Said she, "I am just twenty-seven. Surely it is not too late to seek for some happiness. At least, I know what Myles would think."

But Mark had expected this, and was content. They returned to Todleigh. Soon Honor went to see Uncle Mark, and found him knitting in the outdoor sunlight. He was talking to himself, as he often did, and Honor, without speaking, heard. He talked of Myles, and said many noble things, closing:

"And he gave up his life for her—died brave enough, to the tune of his own words, long since. . . . And the suicide of him not guessed, thank God! Even she couldn't see it, quick as she is. Yes, she was blinded by some holy Guardian thing." And he was silent.

This awful idea crashed into the mind of Honor, and she reeled. That was the plan Myles had laid out for her, and she had followed it unconsciously! Alas, no Indian summer of content for her! She could not tell either Uncle Mark or Christopher of this new and fatal thought, and she prayed God to let her bear it unseen.

Christopher met her, going back, and they watched the sunset, presently veiled by clouds.

"No afterglow," said he. "Then we must look within our own breasts for it—or, better still, in each other's breasts."

But neither heart nor voice of the woman answered him.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(United States, 1809-1849)

THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM (1838)

This story, one of Poe's earliest works, was published with all the elaborate details calculated for the perpetration of one of the hoaxes so apt to his genius and his taste. The nominal author, Arthur Gordon Pym, is represented to be a person who, fearing disbelief and conscious of his literary shortcomings, is loath to give his adventures to the public. Later, owing to the interest they had excited in Mr. Poe, an editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, he permits that gentleman to print two instalments of them in his paper, early in 1837, under his own name and in the guise of fiction. The manner in which this ruse is received then tempts the imaginary Pym to confess the "fraud" and publish the entire narrative, frankly admitting its truth. The fact that Poe's connection with the *Messenger* ended in 1837 may have had some bearing on "Pym's" change of front, but there is, perhaps, no example in literature of a plot so carefully arranged to give verisimilitude to fiction. The concluding chapters are omitted and the adventures cut off by a final subterfuge—the sudden death of the titular author, the tale having reached a point where even the imagination of Poe was probably unable to devise a conclusion that would bring his adventurer safely back within the confines of possibility.



MY NAME is Arthur Gordon Pym. My father was a trader in sea-stores at Nantucket, where I was born. When a boy, at school, I became acquainted with Augustus Barnard, the son of a sea-captain. Augustus had made one voyage with his father, and his tales of its adventures filled me with a desire to go to sea; but my family were strongly opposed to my ambition. The trick by which I finally realized it was heartless enough, and bitterly was it expiated.

Captain Barnard had received command of the whaling-brig *Grampus*, and Augustus and I planned that I should be smuggled aboard and hidden in a place he had prepared for me in the hold, until the vessel was so far at sea as to make it impracticable to put back and land me.



Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe
Photomicrograph mounted on India paper from a daguerrotype negative
the most life-like portrait of the unhappy genius

Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe

*Photogravure on mounted India proof from a daguerreotype, without doubt
the most life-like known portrait of the unhappy genius*





Thus I found myself installed in a six-by-four packing-box, surrounded by a chaos of barrels, bales and crates. Sufficient food was provided to keep me until it should be safe to make my appearance, and when we sailed I composed myself to sleep, fairly contented with my surroundings. Probably it was the close air of the hold that prolonged my slumber inordinately, for when I awoke I found most of my food spoiled. My watch had run down, and I had no means of knowing how much time had passed. Of my friend I saw or heard nothing, and his neglect surprised me.

Waking again from a sleep into which I fell, I was astonished and pleased to find my Newfoundland dog, Tiger, with me. How he got there I could not imagine, but my delight in seeing him was dampened by the discovery that he had drunk my supply of water and eaten the rest of my food. To find my way out was now necessary, and a clue Augustus had provided led me to a trap-door he had cut in the floor of his stateroom; but all my efforts to raise the loosened board were unavailing.

Deeply puzzled, I made my way back, when the strange actions of the dog caused me to examine him, and I found tied to his body a piece of paper, evidently a message from Augustus. My means of obtaining light were also nearly exhausted and I could get only enough to make out the last words. These were ominous enough. They were "blood—your life depends upon lying close."

By this time I was half dead from hunger and thirst and from the fever which the fetid air of the hold doubtless brought on. Only the coming of Augustus saved my life.

The tale he told was terrible. The crew had mutinied; Captain Barnard, with four seamen, had been set adrift in a small boat, and the rest of those who had not mutinied had been murdered. Augustus's life was saved at the instance of a half-breed Indian named Dirk Peters; but the poor fellow had been unable to get to me before, though he had managed to loose Tiger into the hold with the warning, having brought the dog on board to give me a pleasant surprise. The mutineers, he said, were eleven in number and were divided into two parties, one of which, led by the mate, wished to turn pirates; the other,

led by the negro cook, wished only to voyage in the South-Pacific and revel in the delights of its island paradises.

Five, including Peters, were of the latter's faction, while the mate was followed by four sailors. Later two of the cook's men had gone over to the mate, and soon afterward Rogers, another of his partizans, died so suddenly after drinking a glass of grog that it was believed the mate had poisoned him. At last the cook and Jones, his other follower, acquiesced in the mate's plans. Only Peters remained, and he began to fear for his life.

At this point Augustus informed him of my presence on board, and we three devised a plan to retake the vessel. I was made up to represent the ghost of Rogers, whose corpse, hideously bloated and blotched, still lay in the larboard scuppers, while the mutineers drank hard in the cabin.

There I appeared to them suddenly. The mate fell back stone dead at the terrible spectacle, and, before the rest could recover from their fright, we rushed upon them and killed all but one, a fellow named Parker.

Meanwhile the wind had been freshening and now blew a gale. We were unable to man the pumps effectively, the brig had become water-logged, and with her masts carried away, she tossed on the waves, a helpless hulk.

We had lashed ourselves to the windlass, and when the storm went down we tried, by diving into the water-logged vessel, to get up some provisions. Our efforts were for the most part in vain, and at last my companions insisted that one must die to save the rest. I had resisted this awful expedient as long as I could; but I was finally forced to yield, and the lot fell upon Parker, who was killed immediately and eaten.

We now succeeded in getting into the store-room and procuring a little food, but poor Augustus's arm, which had been wounded in the fight with the mutineers, began to mortify, and death soon came to his relief.

The brig whose cargo had shifted considerably, showed signs of turning turtle, and, with the happening of this catastrophe, all hope of obtaining more food was lost, though we managed to save ourselves from the sharks that filled the water. Peters and I were reduced to the last extremity when we were

rescued by a Liverpool schooner, the *Jane Guy*, bound on a sealing and trading voyage to the South Seas.

In this vessel we sailed southeastward, past the Cape of Good Hope and Possession and Kerguelen's Islands. Thence we retraced our way westward to the Islands of Tristan d'Acunha, and finally found ourselves headed straight for the South Pole. Though ice hemmed us in repeatedly, yet its breaking up from time to time allowed us to get farther and farther south, until at last the sea became quite open and the temperature considerably warmer.

Somewhere beyond latitude $81^{\circ} 21'$ Peters killed an enormous white bear with blood-red eyes, and later we found the carcass of a strange white animal, with teeth and claws of a brilliant scarlet. Land was sighted at latitude $82^{\circ} 20'$, nine degrees farther south than any other explorer had ever gone, and when we had come to anchor we saw four large canoes, filled with men, heading for our schooner.

These natives were jet black, brawny fellows with lips so thick that their teeth were concealed even when they smiled. Though armed with clubs and spears, they seemed friendly and were admitted on board, a few at a time. Their wonder and delight were very great, and our captain made every effort to show our desire for information and our wish to trade.

Some sort of understanding was established with their chief, whose name was Too-wit, and presents of food and reciprocal visits assured us of their good intentions. Some trifling occurrences tended to arouse suspicion, but this was soon lulled to rest, until, on the day we were to set sail, twenty-eight of us, including the captain, Peters and me, went ashore, at the earnest desire of Too-wit, to make a last ceremonial visit. Six men were left in charge of the schooner.

Our hosts were unarmed and, marching before and behind our detachment, they escorted us through a long, narrow ravine that led to their village. Peters and I observed a fissure in the rock, large enough to admit a man and extending back about twenty feet, and, together with a man named Allen, we slipped into it.

Suddenly I was aware of a terrific concussion, as if the solid globe were rent asunder. We were covered with débris, but I

succeeded in pulling Peters out alive. Allen was buried under earth and evidently dead.

At first we believed that an earthquake had cut us off from the open air; but, pushing forward, we made our way into a continuation of the fissure, climbed its steep sides to a natural platform, and thence to the surface of the hill above.

Here the truth about our companions' fate broke upon us. Along the whole edge of the ravine through which they had marched, stakes had been sunk and ropes attached to them, so that a number of men, by pulling all together, had been able to pry away the side of the cliff and precipitate it on the heads of those below. This had been done at the moment when the *Jane Guy's* crew were beneath, and they lay buried forever under the mass.

We were the only white men on the island, and we could do nothing but watch helplessly the capture of the schooner, which was soon assailed by many canoes and rafts.

The six men left on her were, of course, unable to make good their defense, and, though the first discharges of the cannon astounded the savages and killed a number, there was no time to reload, and the natives soon succeeded in boarding the vessel and slaughtering the sailors. Then, their numbers being constantly augmented, they forced her ashore, completely gutted her, and ended by setting her on fire.

But an awful punishment was in store for them. The fire reached the magazine and the *Jane Guy* blew up, killing or maiming at least two thousand of these wretches.

As we watched the survivors, who seemed stunned by the catastrophe, we saw them suddenly aroused to the highest pitch of excitement. "Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!" they shouted, with every indication of horror, rage and intense curiosity. They had discovered the body of the strange white animal, which had been thrown ashore by the explosion. None of them seemed willing to approach it, but a circle of stakes was driven around, so as to hide it from view, and then the whole assemblage rushed into the interior of the island, screaming "Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!"

We remained hidden six or seven days. Then we tried to get down to the shore and found ourselves involved in a series

of curious chasms, with perpendicular sides. At one end, which proved to be a *cul-de-sac*, were marks on the wall that, though seemingly natural, yet bore a strange resemblance to the rude figure of a man with both arms extended toward two rows of characters.

Escape being impossible through these passages, we gained the plateau again and, with most arduous labor, accomplished at last the perilous descent of the cliff and made our way to the beach, killing four savages who tried to stop us and capturing another, whom we forced to go with us.

Two canoes lay there, and, having crushed in the bow of one so that it could not be used for pursuit, we launched the other and, forcing our prisoner into it, paddled away from the crowd that were rushing furiously upon us.

We now found ourselves in the desolate Antarctic Ocean. To get north through the ice was impossible, so we steered boldly south in the hope of finding other islands. A sail, made of our white shirts, helped our progress, but the sight of it affected our captive strangely. He kept shrieking out "Tekeli-li!" and absolutely refused to approach it. The weather was by no means disagreeable, and there was no ice.

For seven or eight days we sailed on. In the south, a gray vapor appeared constantly; the water had become unpleasantly warm, and a fine white powder, resembling ashes, fell over us in large quantities. The savage had thrown himself on his face and would not get up. He raised his lips with his finger when we spoke to him, and we saw for the first time that his teeth were black.

A sullen darkness hovered above, from the milky ocean rose a luminous glare, and the white, ashy shower came down more and more thickly. We seemed to be approaching, with hideous velocity, some great cataract, and gigantic white birds flew from beyond the veil, screaming "Tekeli-li!" At this point our prisoner died, and now we were borne into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm opened to receive us; but a shrouded human figure of gigantic proportions arose in our path, whose skin was of the perfect whiteness of snow.

In noting, with regret, the abrupt ending of the narrative

occasioned by Mr. Pym's death, the editor calls attention to the fact that the outlines of the chasms, as he rudely traced them on his manuscript, form the Ethiopian verbal root "To be shady," and that the possible inscriptions found on the wall, with the arms of the figure stretching toward them, are strangely similar to the Arabic root "To be white," and to the Egyptian word meaning "The region of the south."

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER (1839)

In July, 1839, Poe became associate editor of William E. Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* in Philadelphia. In the September issue appeared *The Fall of the House of Usher*. During the same year he published a collection of his prose stories entitled *Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque*, in which he included as a representative of the latter order of fiction the present tale. One of its two leading motives, the horror of living burial, was a favorite with Poe, appearing in a number of his stories; the other, the sentence of inanimate objects and their mystical connection with human life, is touched upon elsewhere in his works, but only here is it treated with the elaborate care employed by Poe when he designed to produce a masterpiece.



URING the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in autumn I had been riding through a singularly dreary region, and at dusk found myself at my destination, the melancholy House of Usher. At the first glimpse of the pile a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit—in-sufferable because unrelieved by that poetic sentiment which is usually awakened by natural images of desolation. I looked upon the scene before me—the bleak walls, the vacant, eye-like windows, the sparse rank sedge and the few white trunks of decaying trees in the domain—with an utter depression of soul comparable only to that which follows an opium debauch. I felt a sinking of the heart, a profound dreariness of thought, which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? I could not grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me, and was forced back upon the conclusion that, while beyond doubt there *are* combinations of simple natural objects which impress us with terror, the cause of this power lies too deep for reason to fathom. Perhaps, I reflected, a different arrangement of the particulars of the scene might destroy the capacity of the *ensemble* for sorrowful impression; so I reined my horse on the brink of a black

and lurid tarn, which lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down upon the inverted images of the gray sedge, the ghastly tree-stems, and the sightless windows, but with a shudder even more thrilling than before.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I purposed to sojourn several weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been my boon companion in boyhood, but long years had elapsed since our last meeting. Yet I had come in response to an importunate letter, in which he spoke of being oppressed by a mental disorder and begged me by the memory of our early friendship to bring him the consolation and cheer of my society.

Roderick and his sister Madeline were the last of an ancient family, which had lain for generations in the direct line of descent with no enduring collateral branches. The Ushers had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself in munificent yet unobtrusive charity, and in a passionate devotion to exalted art, particularly the higher and more subtle intricacies of musical science.

Uniform, uninterrupted, and coeval in transmission, these inheritances, corporeal and incorporeal, became merged into one in the mind of the country folk, who used the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher" to include both the persons of the family and their patrimony.

When I looked up from the weird reflection of the mansion in the tarn, a strange fancy grew in my mind—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations that oppressed me. It seemed that about the whole mansion and domain hung an *aura* peculiar to themselves—an atmosphere that had no affinity with the air of heaven, but had reeked up from the decayed trees, the gray wall, and the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible and leaden-hued.

I scanned the building narrowly. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the exterior, hanging in a fine, tangled webwork from the eaves. Every individual stone was in a crumbling condition, yet each was in its place. In this I was reminded of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault with no disturbance from the outer air. Beyond this indication

of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps a close observer might have noted an indistinct fissure zigzagging down the front wall from the roof to the sullen waters of the tarn, which lipped the base of the house.

I rode over a short causeway, flung above the tarn, to the house. A groom took my horse, and, entering the Gothic archway of the hall, I was received by a valet, who conducted me by dark and labyrinthine passages to the studio of his master. On my way the fantastic objects around me—the grotesque carvings on the ceilings, the somber tapestries, the ebon floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode—contributed to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. He accosted me with trepidation, and I observed in his countenance an expression of mingled cunning and perplexity.

Usher's studio was large and lofty, with long, narrow, pointed windows. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, revealing a profusion of antique furniture and tattered hangings. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow.

Usher arose from a sofa and greeted me with vivacious warmth. We sat down, and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him half in pity, half in awe. With difficulty I brought myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my boyhood. Yet even in youth his complexion was cadaverous, his finely curved lips were thin and pallid, his nose was of a delicate Hebrew model, his chin was finely molded, his hair was soft and tenuous. Now all these characteristics were exaggerated, giving an uncanny effect, which caused me to doubt to whom I spoke. The ghastly pallor of the skin and the miraculous luster of the eye startled me; the hair, that in its wild gossamer texture floated rather than fell about his face, awed me. I could not connect its arabesque effect with any idea of simple humanity.

The manner of my friend was incoherent and inconsistent—due, seemingly, to excessive nervous agitation. His action

was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from tremulous indecision, when the animal spirits were in abeyance, to that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance which may be observed in the lost drunkard or the irreclaimable opium-eater, during the periods of intense excitement.

He entered at some length into an explanation of what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, an inherited evil which displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; only the most insipid food was endurable; he could wear garments only of a certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

I found him a slave to an anomalous species of terror. "I dread," said he, "the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I do not abhor danger in itself, but in its effect, which is terror. Soon or late, in my unnerved condition, I shall abandon life and reason together in some struggle with that grim phantasm, Fear."

I found him enchained also by a superstitious fancy that the form and substance of his house exercised an influence over his spirit, and therefore for many years he had not ventured forth from his domain.

He admitted that much of his gloom was due to a very natural cause: the severe illness—indeed, the approaching dissolution—of his sister, his last surviving relative. While he spoke, the Lady Madeline (for so the sister was called) passed through the farther end of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. A strange sense of dread oppressed me as my eyes followed her retreating steps. I looked at her brother; he had buried his face in his hands, and I perceived tears trickling through his wan, emaciated fingers. Finally lifting his head, he told me that Lady Madeline was afflicted with a wasting disease which baffled the physicians. Hitherto she had resisted the pressure of her malady, refusing to take to her bed; but on this very night she had succumbed to the prostrating power of the destroyer, and had lain down,

he thought, never to rise again. This must certainly be her farewell excursion about the old house, and in all probability I never should see her more.

For several days ensuing I busied myself attempting to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together, or I listened, as in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. But with increasing insight into his spirit, I perceived the futility of all attempts to cheer a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe in one unending cloud of gloom.

Written words are inadequate to describe my friend's paintings and melodies, or to convey more than a suggestion of their weird effects. By the utter simplicity, the nakedness, of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. This hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which had I ever yet felt in the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli. His musical rhapsodies, accompanied as they usually were with rhymed verbal improvisations, possessed an unearthly power for the exaltation of the spirit, the result of that intense mental concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable in him only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I noted in my memory, since, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I perceived a consciousness on the part of Usher that his reason was tottering on its throne:

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow

(This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago);
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To a lute's well tunèd law;
 Round about a throne, where sitting
 (Porphyrogene!)
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate;
 (Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
 And, round about his home, the glory
 That blushed and bloomed
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley
 Through the red-litten windows see
 Vast forms that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody;
 While, like a rapid, ghastly river,
 Through the pale door,
 A hideous throng rush out forever,
 And laugh, but smile no more.

The discourse of Roderick Usher was as fantastic as his paintings and his rhapsodies. He believed in the sentience of vegetable and even inanimate and inorganized things. To him the fungi on the disintegrating stones of the home of his fathers, and even the stones themselves, were parts as well as

expressions of a *thought*, intimately connected with his own life and being. Evidence of this sentience was to be seen, he said, in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the walls. And the result of this sentience was discoverable in the silent, inevitable influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family, and made him what he was.

One evening he informed me abruptly that Lady Madeline was no more, and stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight before burial in a vault beneath the building. He had been led to this resolution, he explained, by considering the unusual character of her malady in connection with certain obtrusive and eager inquiries of her physician, the man of sinister countenance whom I had met on the stairs when first entering the house.

I aided Usher in the temporary entombment. We two alone bore the encoffined body to its rest in the narrow vault, which in former days had been used as a powder-magazine, and was therefore sheathed in copper and protected by a massive iron door. Having deposited our mournful burden upon trestles within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. There was a striking similitude between brother and sister, which Usher explained by saying they were twins, adding that the similitude extended to the mind, strange sympathies of a hardly intelligible nature having existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease, as usual in cataleptic maladies, had left the mockery of a faint blush upon the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced the lid and screwed it down, and, having secured the iron door, returned through the dark gallery to the hardly less gloomy studio above.

A terrifying change now came over the mental disorder of my friend. He roamed continually through the house, with hurried yet objectless step. The luminousness of his eye went out. A tremulous quaver, as of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. He stopped frequently to listen to imaginary sounds.

I found myself sympathetically affected in a similar manner, though to a far less degree. One stormy night, eight days after the temporary interment of Lady Madeline, I was awakened by a feeling of terror. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length upon my very heart weighed an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a struggle, I raised myself upon the pillows, and, peering into the intense darkness, hearkened to a certain low and indefinite sounds which came at long intervals through the pauses of the storm, I knew not whence.

At that instant Usher entered my chamber door bearing a lamp. There was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes.

"Have you not seen it?" he asked abruptly.

"I have seen nothing," I gasped.

"Then you shall see it," he said, and, carefully shading his lamp, flung one of the casements open to the storm.

The entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night. The under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects, were glowing in the unnatural light of a gaseous exhalation that enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not behold this," I said, and led my friend with gentle violence from the window to a seat. "These appearances which bewilder you are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon."

As I turned from him to close the casement, I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverberation, sounding around and beneath us. Completely unnerved, I looked at Usher. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and over his whole countenance reigned a stony rigidity. I rushed to his chair to arouse him; but as I placed my hand upon his shoulder a strong shudder came over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and he spoke in a low, hurried, gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him I at length comprehended the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long minutes, hours, days, have I heard it, yet miserable wretch that I am, I dared not speak. *We have put her living*

in the tomb! Said I not that my senses were acute? I tell you I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin—days ago, yet *I dared not speak!* And now, to-night, I have heard the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh! whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is not that her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!”—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—“*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*”

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance lay the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which he pointed opened slowly their ponderous and ebon jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low, moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now final death agonies bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly a wild light shot along the path, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure extending in a zigzag direction from roof to base. While I gazed this fissure rapidly widened—a fiercer breath of the whirlwind came—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls of the mansion crashing asunder; I heard a long, tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters: and the deep tarn at my feet closed sullenly over the ruins of the *House of Usher*.

JANE PORTER

(England, 1776-1850)

THADDEUS OF WARSAW (1803)

This was the first of Miss Porter's historical novels, and it appeared several years before Sir Walter Scott's first essay in that field. The author knew many Polish refugees, and said that this story was written with "a pen dipped in their tears." It had a great vogue in its day.



WHEN the armies of the Empress Catherine, pouring into Poland, began that work of devastation and conquest which culminated in the extinction of a once great and powerful nation, Constantine Sobieski, Count Palatine of Masovia and a descendant of the great Polish king who had rescued Europe from the Turk, summoned his vassals and marched to the defense of his country.

With the old Palatine went a younger Sobieski, his grandson Thaddeus, the only male heir of his name. Thaddeus was not yet twenty, but his mind had been improved by contact with all that was most illustrious in Europe and his body developed by all courtly and martial exercises.

Though he bore the name of Sobieski, Thaddeus was the son of the Palatine's daughter Thérèse. Returning from a sojourn in Italy with his daughter and her infant child, the Palatine had said: "My daughter was married and widowed in the course of two months. Since then, to root out the memory of a husband who was given only to be taken away, she retains my name; and her son, as my sole heir, shall bear no other."

Before he left the ancestral castle of Villanow Thaddeus's mother put into his hand a letter which informed him of his parentage. While residing with her father in a villa near Florence, Thérèse Sobieski had been secretly married to a

wandering Englishman named Sackville, who soon deserted her. He sent her a letter saying that he had gone away forever, admitting that he had treated her like a villain, expressing remorse and begging her to forgive him.

It was evident that her recreant husband was still enshrined in the heart of Thérèse in spite of his perfidy.

At the battle of Zieleme, in which the Poles were victorious, Thaddeus saved the life of a young Englishman, Pembroke Somerset, who was serving as a volunteer in the Russian ranks. Somerset had surrendered, and during a truce Thaddeus took him to Villanow, and he and Thaddeus became fast friends.

Somerset had been with his tutor, Mr. Loftus, in St. Petersburg when the war broke out and, though under strict orders from his father not to go into Poland, was urged by Loftus to volunteer. The wiles of a noble Russian lady who played upon the susceptible heart of the tutor brought this about.

Somerset wrote to his father, Sir Robert, explaining his presence in Poland. But after a while came a letter from Mr. Loftus at St. Petersburg, to whom the letters had been sent for transmission to England, saying that they had not been forwarded. The tutor begged Pembroke not to betray to his father the fact that he was in Poland. He feared he should be discharged in disgrace if Sir Robert knew the facts, and he was sure he would never get the living of Somerset, which had been promised him on the death of the present aged incumbent.

"Very well," Somerset wrote back, "but I will not keep the secret a day after you are rector of Somerset." Just as the war was about to break out again a letter, forwarded from St. Petersburg, recalled Somerset to England. In the final struggle for the life of Poland, Thaddeus won a fame that spread over Europe along with that of Kosciusko, but lost everything else dear to him. His grandfather died of wounds received in battle, and his mother, worn by terror and anxiety, died in her son's arms a few hours before the stately turrets of Villanow were given to the flames by the invaders.

With her last breath she made Thaddeus promise that, as his country was now no more, he would seek an asylum in England. To that country he went accordingly, arriving in London with only a few pounds in his pocket.

He had written several times to Pembroke Somerset, but had received no reply. Assuming the name of Mr. Constantine, he took cheap lodgings in St. Martin's Lane and faced a struggle for existence.

Miserable, heart-breaking months went by while the descendant of kings and princes sought for some means of earning bread, and felt that all the world was against him. He pawned everything of value that he possessed, and lived upon bread and water for days, before he found finally the means of a scanty livelihood by the sale of water-color drawings, in the production of which he had considerable skill.

One evening Thaddeus saw Pembroke Somerset entering a theater with a company of ladies and gentlemen.

"Somerset!" cried Thaddeus. But Pembroke, apparently, did not hear him and passed on.

The exile wrote and despatched a letter to his former friend saying that a sight of him had swept away all his resentment. He begged that Somerset would call at his lodgings and permit him to embrace once more his companion of Villanow. Receiving no reply, Thaddeus wrote a second note, which he carried himself to Sir Robert's house and left with a footman, with instructions to give it into Pembroke's hands.

He was pursuing his homeward route, when his attention was attracted by an aged man who, in broken French, was appealing to the passers-by for alms. With a start of horror Thaddeus saw that the mendicant was General Butzou, one of the bravest and most skilled defenders of unhappy Poland, the friend of his grandfather and the beloved of the unfortunate King Stanislaus.

"Father of mercies!" cried the beggar at the sound of the voice of Thaddeus. "Am I so blessed? Have I at last met him?" and bursting into tears he leaned upon the arm of the Count who, hardly able to articulate, exclaimed:

"Dear, worthy Butzou! What a time is this for you and me to meet! But come, you must go home with me."

At his lodgings the Count found a package addressed, apparently, in the handwriting of Pembroke Somerset. It contained the two letters which he had written to Somerset, returned without comment.

"Oh, Somerset!" he cried. "Was it necessary that insult should be added to unfaithfulness and ingratitude?"

Night and day Thaddeus toiled to make a scanty living for himself and his helpless charge. One night after leaving his work at the print-sellers' he passed through Piccadilly, intending to go as far as Hyde Park corner and return. When he had passed the turnpike he heard a scream and saw a delicate-looking woman struggling in the grasp of a ruffian. To put the ruffian to flight and rescue the woman was the work of an instant with Thaddeus, and, finding the lady incapable of walking without assistance on account of her agitation, he asked permission to see her to her home.

She proved to be the Countess of Tinemouth; and this was the beginning of a friendship which, as she made her house free to Thaddeus, afforded him some relaxation.

In Lady Tinemouth's house was a lively young lady, Miss Maria Egerton, who described Mr. Constantine to her friend, Lady Sara Roos, as "a soldier by his dress, a man of rank by his manners, an Apollo in his person and a hero from his gallantry." But Miss Egerton was not so complimentary to Thaddeus to his face.

"Do, for Heaven's sake, my dear Don Quixote," said the lively young person one night to Thaddeus, "let us see you out of your rusty armor."

"I did not know till you were so kind as to inform me," replied Thaddeus, "that a man's temper depends upon his clothes."

"Else I suppose you would have changed them long ago," retorted Miss Egerton; "therefore I expect you will do as I bid and put on a Christian coat before you next enter this house."

Thaddeus could only bow. Lady Sara Roos smiled and sighed. Lady Sara, who had fallen desperately in love with the noble Pole, had a husband with whom she was not in love—Captain Roos, a naval officer now at sea.

Miss Egerton imagined that "Mr. Constantine" wore the military dress of his country because it was most becoming; but Lady Tinemouth, who had come to regard the Count as a son, rightly divined the true cause—inability to purchase other garments.

On the occasion of his next call she received him alone in her cabinet. When Thaddeus, noticing the unhappy look of the Countess, inquired solicitously after her health, she replied:

“Alas! I am very miserable. I have no joy but in the few friends whom Heaven has preserved to me, and yet some of those friends who afford me the most consolation deny me the only return in my power—the office of sharing their griefs. I cannot deny what your countenance declares; you think I mean you, Mr. Constantine. I do. Forgive me if I give you pain, but I speak to you as I would to my own son were he in your situation.”

Thaddeus confessed his poverty and at last told her his name and rank, which he requested she would keep secret, as titles and honors ill became one in his condition.

Lady Tinemouth confided to Thaddeus the story of her own unhappy life. She was estranged from her husband, who had become infatuated with the notorious Lady Sophia Lovel, who now occupied in the household of the Earl the place that rightfully belonged to his wife. Her son had taken his father’s side, and her daughter, the Lady Albina, she had not been permitted to see since the child was a year old.

In telling of Lord Tinemouth’s wooing the Countess incidentally mentioned that he had traveled in Italy at one time under the name of Sackville. The date corresponded with that of Thérèse Sobieski’s Florentine marriage, and at the mention of the name of Sackville Thaddeus fell back on the sofa, every feature fixed in dismay.

“What is the matter?” cried the Countess in alarm. “Are you ill?”

“Pray, madam, go on,” gasped Thaddeus. “It is nothing. I am subject to these attacks.” But a bolt of indelible disgrace had struck to his heart as the conclusion forced itself upon him that the disreputable Earl of Tinemouth was his father.

Lady Tinemouth procured him a place as teacher of German to the two daughters of Lady Dundas, widow of Sir Hector Dundas, in Harley Street. He found the family very rich and very vulgar. The elder daughter was a blue-stocking of shallow attainments, and the younger, Miss Euphemia, a silly, roman-

tic young person full of false sentiment and continually falling in love and out again.

Miss Dundas and her mother and most of their guests, who were generally of the same social standing as themselves, treated Thaddeus haughtily and took every opportunity to humiliate him. But Miss Euphemia at once fell violently in love with the romantic-looking Pole, wrote poetry to him, tried to entrap him into an avowal of passion and caused him far more annoyance by her attentions than did the others by their supercilious insolence.

Thus Thaddeus now found himself with two women in love with him. But one woman was married and the other was a fool, and he had no inclination to either.

Then came to visit the Dundases a young lady who was of quite another sort, a Miss Mary Beaufort. Mary Beaufort would never have known the Dundases had it not happened that she was a ward and niece of Sir Robert Somerset, and that the same Sir Robert had been left by Sir Hector trustee for his family. Mary considered the visit as one of duty—to please Sir Robert.

She saw at once the true nobility of soul possessed by Thaddeus; and a pity for the slights and insults to which he was subjected soon deepened into a more tender feeling, while every look and word of hers betokened a character so superior to the people who surrounded her that in the heart of the exile were awakened feelings and emotions he had never known before.

Lady Tinemouth was not slow to see how matters stood, and after exacting from Thaddeus a confession of his sentiments toward Mary she made every occasion she could to bring the couple together. Two months had passed, when the rapid decline of his aged charge, General Butzou, which ended in death, kept Thaddeus from attending to his duties in Harley Street for a week. One day during his absence Miss Euphemia came rushing into Miss Beaufort's room, exclaiming:

“Oh, Mary! what do you think has happened? Mr. Constantine has been sent to prison. Mr. Lascelles has just come in to dinner, and he says that about a week ago he saw Mr. Constantine going down Fleet street in the custody of two bailiffs.”

"Oh, no—no!" exclaimed Mary. "What can he have done?"

"Bless me, child," replied Euphemia, "does not everybody run into debt without minding it?"

Miss Beaufort shook her head and looked distractedly about her. As soon as she could command herself she determined to seek out Thaddeus's lodgings and, if possible, learn the truth about his arrest. Secretly pursuing her inquiries, she found that he was indeed a prisoner for debt in Newgate. After General Butzou died, Thaddeus, having received from the Dundases no money for his services except a first advance of ten pounds, had been unable to meet an apothecary's bill of thirty pounds and had been arrested. He would have applied to Lady Tinemouth for aid, but just before his arrest he received a letter from her saying that her husband had written her an insulting letter in which he charged her with having Thaddeus for a lover and ordering her to repair at once to an unoccupied country place of his.

When Mary Beaufort returned to Harley Street she found that her cousin, Pembroke Somerset, had arrived to take her down to Somerset Castle. Hardly had she greeted her cousin when Lady Dundas came rushing into the room, dragging Euphemia by the wrist and scolding volubly.

"Jade! Hussy!" cried her vulgar ladyship. "She shall be sent to Scotland and locked up. I caught her writing verses to that Mr. Constantine—love verses, mind you, to a mere teacher!"

Then, turning fiercely on Mary, she cried: "You see, madam, what disgrace your ridiculous conduct to that vagabond foreigner has brought on our family. This bad girl has followed your example, and even done worse; she has fallen in love with him."

"For pity's sake," said Pembroke, "do compose yourself. I dare say Miss Euphemia is pardonable. In these cases the fault usually lies with our sex."

"You are right," exclaimed the frightened Euphemia; "I never should have thought of Mr. Constantine if he had not teased me with his devoted love every time he came." Then, catching the gleam of indignation which shot from Mary's eyes,

she continued, "I know Mary will deny it, because she thinks he is in love with her. But, indeed, he swore to me a thousand times upon his bended knee that he was a Russian noble and admired me above everybody else in the world."

"Euphemia," said Mary, "you know well that you are slandering an innocent man who never gave you the slightest reason to think that he was attached to you. As for me—upon the honor of my word, he never breathed a sentence to me beyond mere respect."

Miss Beaufort now walked from the room, and as the door closed behind her the Dundas family fell upon Somerset with a torrent of slander, abuse and falsehood concerning Mr. Constantine. Therefore when, a little later, Mary Beaufort commanded her cousin to go to Newgate, pay the debt of the exile and also leave with him the sum of £50, Pembroke consented with a bad grace and assured her that she was making a serious mistake in thus taking up the cause of a needy adventurer.

But Miss Mary had a will of her own and money of her own, and Pembroke was good-natured, a combination which resulted in Thaddeus receiving his liberty and a comfortable sum in hand that very afternoon. As Pembroke did not see the prisoner and did everything anonymously, Thaddeus did not know to whom he was indebted for his good fortune. He suspected, though, that his liberator had been Lady Tinemouth, and immediately wrote her a grateful letter and inclosed to her the £50, saying that while he accepted his liberation he could not accept money in addition.

When Lady Tinemouth sent back the money, regretting that it had not been her good fortune to know of Thaddeus's difficulties and relieve them, he wrote in the same strain to Lady Sara Roos. From her, also, he received a note saying that she was not his unknown friend in need. Simultaneously with Lady Sara's letter arrived one of a different tenor from Miss Dundas calling Thaddeus several kinds of villain, assuring him that her sister Euphemia hated him, and commanding him never again to "attempt the insolence of appearing in her presence." She also assured him that "this is the language of everyone in the house, including Miss Beaufort."

What Miss Euphemia thought was of no moment to Thad-

deus, but that Mary Beaufort should believe the slanders against him cut him to the heart. He hurried to Harley Street to clear his character in the eyes of Miss Beaufort. But there he found that Lady Dundas and Euphemia had gone to Scotland and Miss Dundas and Mary Beaufort to Somerset Castle. "I will seek out Lady Tinemouth," he thought, "and have advice from her."

Mainly to escape the society of Miss Dundas, Pembroke Somerset shortly afterward fled from his father's castle for a visit to the Shaftos, who lived neighbors to Harrowby Abbey. One evening when Lady Tinemouth had been making a call on his hosts, he noticed that she was allowed to depart without an escort for the walk to the Abbey, and hastened after her. As he came up to the Countess he saw that she was leaning on the arm of a stranger, who had evidently come to see her safe home.

He apologized and was about to withdraw; but Lady Tinemouth, calling him by name, invited him to continue his walk with her to the Abbey, and introduced him to "Mr. Constantine." Thaddeus bowed, but, overwhelmed by his emotions, did not trust himself to speak. In the darkness Somerset did not recognize the stately stranger, and it was only when Lady Tinemouth, not imagining that Somerset and the Count had any previous knowledge of each other, invited them into the supper-room, that the eyes of Pembroke fixed themselves upon those of the man before him. Then he exclaimed, astounded:

"Is it possible? Am I right? Are you Sobieski?"

"I am," replied Thaddeus, hardly knowing how to interpret Somerset's behavior.

"And have you forgotten your friend, Pembroke Somerset?" cried the young Englishman, seizing the Count's hand. "Why did you not inform me that you were in England? Why did you not answer the letters I sent to you in Poland?"

Then a series of explanations passed between Thaddeus and Pembroke. Neither, it transpired, had received any of the letters written by the other, and each had supposed that the other had wished to drop the friendship.

Lady Tinemouth retired, leaving the two friends together, and they talked there until far into the night. Pembroke sus-

pected at once, and rightly, that the letters which he and Thaddeus had written to each other had been suppressed by Mr. Loftus, who was still an inmate of Sir Robert's household and still feared that the secret of the Polish adventures might be betrayed to the Baronet. It was the custom in Sir Robert's house to place the letters that were to be mailed and those that arrived on a table in the hall. This had made the tutor's perfidious task easy.

"I long to present you to my father," said Pembroke. "How happy he will be to show the grandson of the Palatine of Masovia the gratitude of a Briton's heart. Besides, there is a lovely cousin, Miss Beaufort, who, I verily believe, will fly to your arms."

The blood rushed to Thaddeus's cheeks at this, and he shook his head with a sigh. But when he was told that it was she who had rescued him from Newgate and stood his friend when the Dundas family slandered him his joy was unmistakable.

Pembroke left his friend at last, promising to hurry to Somerset Castle and return at once with the welcome his father would send to the noble exile. But when Somerset again appeared at the Abbey he found that Lady Tinemouth had been seized with a hemorrhage and was rapidly sinking toward death.

To the young man's amazement his father, instead of directing him at once to bring Thaddeus to the castle, had commanded that he never see the Pole again. He had, so Sir Robert asserted, once received a great injury from a man of that nation, and his resolution was unalterable to have no dealings with any of the race. But Mary Beaufort, when Pembroke told her of his discovery of his friend, exclaimed:

"Oh, gracious Providence! Can it be possible that the illustrious Sobieski and my condemned Constantine are the same person?"

Thaddeus received the news of Sir Robert's decision with surprise and sorrow, but said to Pembroke: "We must at this time forget our own troubles in those of the Countess. She can live but a little longer, and earnestly desires to see her daughter. Cannot you in some manner, get the girl here?"

"I can and will," replied Somerset, and set out for the Earl's residence. Knowing that Lord Tinemouth would refuse to

permit his daughter to go to her mother, he managed to surprise the young lady in one of her walks, told her that her mother was dying and asking for her, and begged her to fly with him at once to Harrowby Abbey.

"Oh, yes," cried Lady Albina, "take me at once."

Hurrying her to a post-chaise in waiting, Pembroke brought the young lady to Harrowby in time to receive her mother's last blessing, and the Countess died in her arms.

Hardly had Lady Tinemouth ceased to breathe when the Earl arrived in a towering rage, demanding his daughter and threatening Thaddeus. But the young lady had been, at her own request, carried off by Pembroke to Somerset Castle and placed under the protection of Sir Robert.

Thaddeus, thinking with horror that this blackguard and libertine was his father, determined to leave England and seek a refuge in America; and, to save money, he decided to walk to the nearest seaport. But he had not proceeded many miles when the effect of the harrowing experiences through which he had passed so told on him that he fell in a faint and was taken into a neighboring house in the incipient stages of a severe illness. When sufficiently recovered he asked the name of the man who had succored him in his dire need, and was dismayed to learn that he was in the house of Sir Robert Somerset.

Although he had been forbidden to leave his bed, he dressed hastily and asked to see Sir Robert in the library. He began to express his regret at having become an involuntary guest of the Baronet, when Sir Robert commanded:

"Stop! Was your mother Thérèse Sobieski?"

"She was," replied Thaddeus.

"And who was your father?"

"I have too much reason to think that he was the Earl of Tinemouth."

"Alas!" cried the Baronet, covering his face with his hands. "Wretch that I have been! Oh, Sobieski, I am your father."

It was indeed as Sir Robert said. He and Tinemouth had traveled together, and had represented themselves as brothers of the name of Sackville. Sir Robert had been sent away from England that he might try to forget his love for a girl who had

been selected for his elder brother. When his union with this young lady seemed hopeless he had married Thérèse Sobieski. But hardly had he done so when a letter from England informed him of the death of his elder brother and brought his father's consent to his union with the object of his affections. He had returned to England and married her, and she had borne him a son and died.

When Pembroke had told him of the presence of Thaddeus in England and recounted to him the story of Villanow and spoken of the Countess Thérèse he had realized the truth, but for the sake of Pembroke resolved to maintain his secret. But the action of Providence in throwing Thaddeus, in spite of all precautions, upon his protection had unnerved him, and now, upon his knees, he begged forgiveness.

"Oh, my father," cried Thaddeus, "can you doubt my forgiveness? Know that, to the last, in spite of all, my mother's heart was yours."

Sir Robert, sending for Pembroke, told him the whole story, and that unselfish youth clasped his friend to his arms as a brother. He even insisted on giving up his place as heir to Sir Robert; but Thaddeus said that he would bear the name of Sobieski and none other, and refused to deprive Pembroke of his heritage. It was finally arranged by Sir Robert that Thaddeus should accept a competence out of the estate, and the secret of his parentage remain a secret still.

Mary Beaufort, on hearing that Thaddeus was in the house, greeted him with a warmth not to be mistaken, and as they had loved each other from the first a short courtship was sufficient to result in a happy marriage.

Mary brought her husband a large fortune, and many a Polish exile had cause to bless the generosity of the Count and Countess Sobieski, while Thaddeus lived long in love and sympathy with his adoring wife.

Pembroke married the Lady Albina. And Mr. Loftus lost his place in Sir Robert's household, and never received the living of Somerset.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS (1810)

Napoleon prohibited the sale of translations of *The Scottish Chiefs* in his dominions, for at the time it was published he held many nations subject, and he recognized the fact that the story was a trumpet-call to those oppressed by a foreign yoke to rise and throw it off.



T WAS a day of intense excitement in the lordly castle of Bothwell, held by the venerable Earl of Mar for his brother-in-law, the lord who took his title from the hold. Lord Mar had been set upon by English soldiers in the streets of Lanark and brought back to the castle grievously wounded. His life had been saved only by the timely arrival of Sir William Wallace, Knight of Ellerslie. Returning from the castle of Sir John Monteith with a mysterious casket that the latter had committed to his care, he had come opportunely on the fight between Mar's men and the English soldiers.

Wallace conveyed the wounded Earl to his own house, but the vengeance of the English Governor, Heselrigge—for the English had Scotland under their feet at that time—followed them to Ellerslie. Lady Wallace was killed by the governor's own hand in her hall, perishing with her unborn child. The house was given to the flames, and Wallace was driven a fugitive to the wilds of the Cartlane Craigs. The Earl was saved only by being concealed in the bottom of a dry well. After the brutal soldiery had gone he was carried to Bothwell Castle by Halbert, the aged harper of the house of Wallace.

The spirit of the old Earl of Mar was unbent by age. Smarting under the outrages he had felt and witnessed, he proclaimed vengeance against the Southron and proposed to summon his own and his brother-in-law's followers to arms, that they might join with the men of Lanark whom Wallace had with him in the wilderness.

"I am sure," said he to his nephew, young Andrew Murray, "that your father, the noble Bothwell, would, were he here, agree with me that the time has come to act if Scotland is not to be forever ground beneath the heel of the oppressor."

"Oh, my uncle," exclaimed the enthusiastic Murray, "surely the time for Scotland's freedom has come! I will lead my father's vassals to Sir William Wallace and avenge our wrongs and Scotland's."

Before long a messenger arrived at the castle with the intelligence that Wallace had descended on the castle held by Heselrigge, destroyed the garrison and burned the hold. He had avenged the death of his beloved Marion by killing the English commander with his own hand.

Lord Mar gave orders for all the vassals of Bothwell to assemble on the following morning on Bothwell Moor. No one entered more enthusiastically into the preparations for again lifting the standard of Scotland than the Earl's daughter, the young and beautiful Helen.

"Here, Helen," said her father, "is a lock of Sir William Wallace's hair which he sent me as a token that the messenger just arrived was surely from him. He writes to me that he cut it from his own head with the captured sword of Heselrigge, the sword still wet with his wife's blood. You can see the stains on it. Work it into a banner which Murray shall carry to Cartlane Craigs and embroider the motto 'God arms me' upon the standard. Those words are the words of Wallace."

As Helen hastened to her room to begin her task the gallant Murray followed her with his eyes, and for the first time realized that within his heart was a feeling for her stronger than for a cousin. But there was one among the household of Earl Mar who viewed with alarm and bitterness this preparation for the deliverance of her country. It was the Earl's second wife, Helen's stepmother, the young and beautiful Princess of Orkney, who was closely allied to the houses of Cummin, Soulis and March, pro-English lords.

"Consider, my Lord," said this proud and ambitious lady. "Consider. Your project is wild and needless. Now that Baliol has surrendered his crown to Edward, is not Scotland at peace?"

"A bloody peace, Johanna," answered the Earl. "A peace filled with plunder and assassination. I have seen and felt enough of Edward's jurisdiction."

As soon as the Countess left her lord she sent a letter to Lord Soulis; and the very next morning, as Lord Mar was delivering his instructions to the fifty brave chiefs who were to lead the men assembled on Bothwell Moor, the door of his apartment was burst open and in strode Lord Soulis. A man in splendid English armor with a train of Southron soldiers followed the recreant Scot. The Earl started from his couch and demanded: "Lord Soulis, what is the meaning of this unapprised visit?"

"The ensign of the liege lord of Scotland is my warrant," answered Soulis. "You are my prisoner in the name of the King of England. Three thousand English troops have seized upon your levies on Bothwell Moor. The castle is surrounded. Resistance is impossible. Throw down your arms, all here present, or be hanged for rebels as you are."

A cry of rage arose from the Scots. Their swords flashed. Hot and fiercely broke the combat around the couch of the wounded Earl. The Scots held their own for a while, laying many Southrons low; but hosts of other English soldiers poured into the room and spread themselves through the castle, and it soon was in the possession of Soulis and his English companion, the Lord Aymer de Valence.

Earl Mar and such of the garrison as were left alive or had not escaped by flight were prisoners. As soon as he saw the inevitable issue of the conflict Andrew Murray slipped behind the arras at the back of his uncle's couch, and by a secret passage sought the chamber of the terrified Helen. He knew that Soulis and De Valence had been unsuccessful suitors for Helen's hand; that they had quarreled bitterly over her and that each had sworn to possess her by force or fraud if not otherwise.

Through a secret passage that led to the neighboring monastery of St. Fillian's he conducted the half-conscious girl. His uncle had brought from Ellerslie the iron box that Wallace had received from Monteith. This mysterious coffer the young man took along with him.

Murray explained to the prior of St. Fillian's the situation and present needs of his unexpected guest. He also told him that the iron box had been sent to Scotland by Lord Douglas, with instructions that it should never be allowed to fall into the hands of the English, and that a curse had been pronounced upon anyone who should open it until Scotland was free and her rightful king on the throne.

Murray told Helen that he had heard Soulis and De Valence in high words in the courtyard, and had heard orders given that as the Lady Helen Mar could not be found, the Earl and his Countess were to be taken to Dumbarton Castle, to be kept in strict confinement.

Disguised as a monk, Murray passed through the English lines and reached Wallace, who had broken through the Southron forces that surrounded the Cartlane Craigs and marched north, where chiefs and their vassals from all parts of Scotland were flocking to his standard.

Three days after young Murray had gone, two men, one of whom wore the armor of an English knight, while the other bore the plaid of a Scot, came to St. Fillian's. The English knight kept his visor closed and spoke not, but the Scot, presenting to the Lady Helen a signet ring which she recognized as one belonging to her stepmother, said that her father had sent them to fetch her to Dumbarton, where both Lord and Lady Mar were anxiously awaiting her. Her father's wounds, he said, had opened afresh and he desired that his daughter might be brought to receive his last blessing.

Helen set out with the two messengers, who had a litter and a small train of attendants in waiting. They conveyed her into the recesses of the mountains and at night lodged her in a cave under the care of a woman who proved to be the wife of the Scot who had presented the signet.

When she was quite alone the English knight entered, threw up his visor, and disclosed the features of Lord Soulis.

"You have scorned me," said Soulis, "but now you are in my power. Know that it was necessary to practise a little art to bring you to these arms which you shall leave never more." He seized the almost fainting girl and pressed her to his bosom. Helen shrieked. At the same instant the grasp of Soulis relaxed,

she felt his blood on her face, and the next minute a fierce conflict was raging in the cave. In the glare of the torches set around, a stranger knight was combating with the strength of ten against the followers of Soulis. His sword played with such marvelous dexterity that he was left the master of the situation. Then he stood leaning on his blade while gazing at the terrified girl with a sad but royal mien. Tenderly he conducted her to the cell of a neighboring anchorite, where he left her in the keeping of the holy man with instructions that she be furnished with a guide to the castle of her aunt, Lady Ruthven, near Forth.

"And may I not know the name of my preserver?" asked Helen.

"Not now," he replied. "The sword is drawn in Scotland that must be victorious or broken. If it is victorious, fair lady, you shall know my name."

Wallace's first action, when his force became powerful enough for the adventure, was to assault Dumbarton Castle and liberate the imprisoned Mar. Upon the tower of Dumbarton he hoisted the standard of Scotland, and, leaving there a sufficient garrison, gave orders for the army to march to Stirling and take that ancient seat of the Scottish kings.

Lady Mar was carried away by the manly beauty, the royal bearing and the grave yet fascinating conversation of her deliverer. Soulis had imprisoned her because she had let Helen escape him. And she had betrayed this man's interests for that ungrateful kinsman! A fierce flame of love and ambition sprang up within her. She pictured herself seated on a throne—with Wallace.

Stirling was captured, and in the ancient hall of Snowdoun a Scottish Parliament assembled and proclaimed Wallace Regent of the land he had freed. Lord and Lady Mar were at Stirling, and thither went Helen. When her father took her into the great hall of audience to present her, the girl bent one look on the Regent and sank to the floor. The stranger knight was Wallace! Lady Mar heard the story, and a mad jealousy of her stepdaughter took possession of her. When Wallace raised the half-fainting girl and spoke to her and looked on her with evident admiration the Countess bit her lip until the blood

came. She had already considered the possibility that she might remove one obstacle to her union with Wallace—her husband—by poison. Now she felt that she could kill that husband's daughter where she stood.

Among the English prisoners held at Stirling was Lord de Valence, who now saw, or thought he saw, what the jealous eyes of Lady Mar imagined—that Wallace and Helen had a feeling for each other that was rapidly ripening into something more powerful than friendship.

One night, when the Countess of Mar gave a great feast in the hall of Snowdoun, Wallace left the revels and set out alone for the citadel. He missed his way and suddenly found himself in the chapel, where a few candles burned dimly on the altar. Before it knelt Helen Mar, praying for Wallace.

"Holist of earthly maidens," said Wallace, kneeling beside the girl; "in this lonely hour, in this sacred presence, receive my soul's thanks for the prayers I have this minute heard you breathe for me. They are more to me than the plaudits of my country, more than the crown with which Scotland sought to endow me, for they insure me the protection of heaven."

Helen bent her head over the hand that clasped hers, and Wallace felt her tears bedew it as he thought that the spirit of his martyred Marion hovered over them.

At that moment Helen raised her head and shrieked. A man holding his cloak before his face stood behind Wallace with uplifted dagger. Before the chieftain could turn, it descended and left him bleeding on the floor. Helen, too, lay there in blood, for she had raised her arm to shield Wallace, and the dagger had cut deep through her tender flesh to find the body of Wallace.

Quickly recovering, Wallace stanchd Helen's wound with her scarf, and, taking her in his arms, passed rapidly through the long galleries and burst with his burden on the sight of the astonished guests.

"Who has done this?" cried Lord Mar.

"I know not," replied Wallace.

"Where is the Lord de Valence?" said Mar.

"Here," replied a composed voice. "Shall I seek the assassin?" As he spoke Wallace, fainting from loss of blood, sank

to the floor, and De Valence, losing his caution, exclaimed in the ear of the Earl de Warrenne:

“I thought it was sure—long live King Edward!” De Warrenne turned on him with horror. He knew now who was the assassin, and though feeling that he could not betray him without exposing the honor of England to reproach, he resolved nevermore to be companion-at-arms of such a scoundrel.

Wallace and Helen soon recovered from their wounds.

Helen had not seen the face of the assassin in the chapel; but she was confident that De Valence had been the culprit, and Wallace himself so believed. Neither the Regent nor Helen, however, would make accusations where they lacked proof, and so, when an exchange of prisoners took place and the Englishmen left Stirling, Wallace parted coldly from De Valence.

Now that Wallace had established the independence of his country, those pro-English lords who had either opposed him or stood aloof came forward to profess their fealty and to demand posts of honor. Many of them were relatives of Lady Mar. Owing largely to her advice, they requested and received the command of strong castles which were the gateways of the country. She believed that Wallace wished and would ultimately accept the crown, and she desired to convince him that she, and she alone, by her family connections could keep the disaffected lords loyal to the throne she believed he would build. Something of this she intimated to the Regent; but he listened to her coldly and as coldly replied.

Suddenly over pacified Scotland broke a new storm. Edward returned from Guienne, equipped a great army and marched it swiftly north. The disaffected lords opened the gates to him. Messengers came riding into Stirling, “bloody with spurring, fiery with hate,” to tell that the English King was advancing toward the seat of the Scottish Government.

Wallace met the English and fought a wonderful battle that, owing to the treachery of the disaffected Scottish lords, went against the Scots. Resolved to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat, he prepared to attack the English camp that night even while the troops of Edward were celebrating the victory of the day. As he was reconnoitering along the outposts of the enemy

he suddenly encountered a young man of great beauty dressed in white armor wrought in gold.

The youth greeted Wallace with so noble a grace that the Regent was lost in wonder.

"Pardon this intrusion, bravest of men," said the youth. "I come to offer my heart and my life to Scotland, and to wash out in the blood of her enemies the stigma that attaches to the name of Bruce." It was young Robert Bruce—he who afterward became King of Scotland and finished the work begun by Wallace. But the time was not come when the generous youth could openly take the side of his country. His father was still alive, half prisoner and half ally of Edward, and he himself desired to serve first under Wallace before he announced himself to his father's subjects. So young Bruce, after the attack which Wallace made upon the English camp, returned to Edward's jurisdiction and joined his father.

The counter-attack which Wallace had made, while it disconcerted the Southron, was not a victory so decisive as his former ones had been. Lord Mar and others of the great "abthanes" on whom Wallace depended for his support were killed. Dissensions broke out in the Scottish Parliament, which convinced the Knight of Ellerslie that without the presence of Bruce it would be impossible to hold the nation together; and Wallace resolved to resign the Regency, seek out Bruce, and beg him to return and take the helm.

Before leaving Wallace looked among the ladies assembled at Stirling for the Lady Helen, but in vain. Then the truth was told him by Lady Mar. Hastening to the bedside of her dying father, Helen had been seized by a party of English foragers under Lord Aymer de Valence and carried off to England.

"I have kept my word," said Wallace to the tumultuous lords who cried for his blood. "I have freed Scotland. I now lay down the power. See that you render an account of your stewardship as justly as I have done."

Disguised as a wandering minstrel, Wallace sought the castle of Durham, where he easily obtained admittance. No one penetrated his disguise. He played and sang before the King, who, still weak from his wounds, had his court there. Before long Wallace managed to see the younger Bruce and found him

the only representative of the royalty of Scotland, his father having died. He learned also that Lord de Valence had gone with Helen to France, being on his way to Guienne, where he hoped to force her into a marriage. So far she had been treated by her captor as a prisoner, but had suffered no other indignity, De Valence being desirous of allying himself legally with the house of Mar, with a view to becoming Regent of Scotland for Edward when the King should once more conquer that country.

The bearing of the harper excited suspicion among the courtiers of Edward. Then it was discovered that he was in conference with Bruce, and the King gave orders for his arrest. His life would have paid the penalty had not the Earl of Gloucester, the King's son-in-law, whose life Wallace had spared at the taking of Berwick, conducted him through a secret passage to the open country.

"I go to France," said Wallace in taking leave of Bruce, "and when you can make your escape join me at Rouen."

The two men on whom the destiny of Scotland most depended met at the ancient Norman capital and resolved to proceed to Paris and seek the aid of the French King for their country. On the journey they stopped at a castle which they found to be occupied by the dethroned King Baliol, now a pensioner upon the charity of France. Also they found that the day before an English lord had arrived with his train having with him a lady who was kept in strict custody. That night they rescued Helen and, disguising her as a page, bore her away to Paris. There they obtained the aid that they desired from the French King, and just in time, for Edward soon set out again to overrun Scotland. Bruce and Wallace, with Lady Helen, soon found themselves once more in their native land. Again Wallace raised his standard, and again the hardy Scots flocked to it.

Bruce, not willing to assume the crown until he had struck a blow for it, served under Wallace, unknown to all, under the name of the Count de Longueville. Also there was a volunteer on the staff of Wallace, slight of form but valiant in battle, who was known as the Green Knight. His name, he said, he would reveal only to Wallace when the Southron had been driven across the border. Finally this was accomplished, and for a third time Wallace had freed his country of the invaders. But his

heart was sorrowful because the Bruce was not with him to share his final victory. The young king had been badly wounded and now lay seriously ill in the castle of Huntingtower.

As Wallace sat in his tent on the evening of the day when the last Southron had been driven across the border the Knight of the Green Plume came to him. "I have fought by your side, Sir William Wallace," said the knight. "I would gladly have died to shield you in the hour of battle. You have my life in your hands; look upon me and say whether I am to live or die, for without your regard I cannot live." The knight raised his visor and disclosed the features of the widowed Countess of Mar.

"Be my husband, Wallace," she said, "and all right shall perish before my love and your aggrandizement. In these arms you shall bless the day you first saw Johanna of Strathearn."

"Cease, unhappy lady," cried Wallace. "You already know the decision of this ever-widowed heart."

Lady Mar looked steadfastly at him. "Then receive my last determination," cried she, and plunged a dagger into his breast. He caught the arm as it struck, but the blow caused a torrent of blood to gush out, and hissing, "I have killed thee, insolent man," she turned to go.

But Wallace was not severely wounded, and stanching the blood with his scarf he said: "Lady Mar, go. Leave this camp at once and resume your proper habiliments. No one shall ever know what has taken place here."

"Proud man," answered the Countess, "I will see your head upon the block. When you mount the scaffold remember Johanna of Strathearn." And the Knight of the Green Plume was seen no more in the Scottish camp.

As soon as Scotland was free from the invader the old dissensions broke out again among the nobles, and a large party of them sought to hand Wallace over to the English as a prisoner. Unable to hold his own against treachery, the Knight of Ellerslie, accompanied only by young Edwin Ruthven, fled toward the coast, intending to take ship for France. But Sir John Monteith, bought with English gold, betrayed him into the hands of his enemies, and he became a prisoner in the Tower of London.

When the news was brought to Huntingtower Helen Mar felt as if a dagger had pierced her heart. Donning the page's

costume which she had worn in her flight from De Valence in France, she made her way to a seaport and bribed a Norwegian skipper to carry her to London. Gaining access to the Tower, she threw herself upon her knees before the astonished Wallace. The day before his doom had been pronounced; the morrow was to see his execution. While they poured into each other's ears the balm of friendship's purest tenderness, Wallace reproached Helen for the rash step she had taken, but declared that, like his sainted Marion, her presence brought healing to his soul and that he could look fate in the eye with greater fortitude and more unflinching trust.

Through the mediation of the Earl of Gloucester, who never faltered in his friendship for Wallace, a priest was brought, and the eve of his execution saw William Wallace the husband of Helen Mar.

How, after the death of Wallace, Bruce raised the country, again invaded by Edward, and defeated the English tyrant at the battle of Bannockburn is a matter of history.

The body of Wallace was secretly conveyed to Scotland and buried in Cambus-Kenneth. On the day of burial the abbot of St. Fillian's brought the mysterious iron box which had been deposited with him and, placing it on the bier of Wallace, told its story. It was opened, and the royal crown of Scotland flashed forth.

"Wallace gives you the crown," said the Abbot, taking the circle of sovereignty and placing it on the head of Bruce. When the acclamations had died away Bruce turned to raise the form of Helen, who was kneeling by the side of Wallace's bier. He spoke to her, but she answered not; he touched her, but she stirred not. Her soul had gone to join the soul of Wallace. The fierce Countess of Mar died a maniac, continually mourning for Wallace and accusing herself of having brought about his death.

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS

(United States, 1818-1878)

STEPPING HEAVENWARD (1869)

This book at once obtained a marvelous popularity, meeting with large and long-continued sales in the United States, while five different houses republished it in England. It was translated into French, German, Swedish and Norwegian. It aroused much comment in this country among the so-called Liberals and Evangelicals in thought, and to-day is regarded by all denominations as at least a classic among religious books dealing with the every-day life of the home.



ANUARY 15, 1831. I am dreadfully old, but I am going to keep a journal and see what a creature I am. I hate to be found fault with and I fire up. To-day I did not say my prayers. I have a pretty good time at school. Mother gave me a beautiful new desk, but tells me my faults.

February 17. I got a horrid cold because I would not wear my overshoes to school in a snow-storm, and have been very sick. God has been good in making me well again, but I am not sure that I love Him. I don't love to pray, though I am sorry for my quick temper and bad ways.

May 12. As a piece of self-denial, I was going to let Amelia, my best friend, go with Jane Underhill. Then Jane wrote her verses and I got cross. I have not prayed for ever so long. Mother tells me to go on praying, as God can sanctify as well as redeem us. He wants us to ask. I should like to have God send me a sweet temper, just as He sent food to Elijah.

July 15. After hearing Dr. Cabot preach, I went to a meeting, where he told Amelia and me that we prove we love God by obeying Him rather than by examining our feelings toward Him. Well, I am going to pray regularly now.

July 27. School has closed. I had many praises, and was

having some new dresses made when Dr. Cabot called. I wouldn't see him, and now I hate myself for it.

November 20. I have hardly strength to write of the past few weeks. Through the summer I had a good time. School began; all went well, though mother wished I were not so thoughtless; father gave me some extra pin-money—and then he had a fall and died. I can't see people when they come, and mother is so patient with them. I wish I could die, but I am not fit to. I need a living, personal love for Christ. What does that mean?

January 15, 1832. We have moved into a little house. My brother James is home. I am seventeen. Mother entered into all my pleasures as if nothing had happened.

July 16. School-days are over. Now I can draw and practise to my heart's content. Mother says there is something better to get out of life than I have yet found. Jenny's brother Charley comes here a good deal. She says he is fascinated with me. How can Dr. Cabot preach as if we all had got to die?

October 1. I never can write all that has happened. Jenny, Amelia, and I read together. Charley was our teacher and scribbled me such pretty things. Mother did not like my spending so much time with him and blamed herself for having allowed it. At last, after she had prayed over it (she prays over every new dress she buys), she put us on a year's probation. We go on with the lessons, but she is always present.

January 15, 1833. Mother warns me against marrying Charley, and says he is shallow and selfish. She is very unjust. As he and I have much to say that we do not want her to hear, he slips little notes into my hand, though I feel it is not quite right.

October 12. The year of probation is over. Being engaged isn't half as nice as I expected. I have a dreadful cold. Charley hopes I am not consumptive, as it makes him nervous to hear people cough.

November 25. I fear I am going to die. If I were married, would Charley leave me because I cough? As I prayed the idea of self-sacrifice grew beautiful, so I wrote him that I released him from our engagement. I did not sleep that night. He wrote that he was disappointed at finding my constitution so poor, and that it has been very wearing to hear me cough, and

that when his mother was ill he had vowed he never would marry a consumptive, and he felt grateful to me for making the parting so easy for him.

January 15, 1834. Let me finish the story. Indignant, I wrote to him to find a woman who never would be sick or out of spirits and never die. He replied that he wanted an angel and not a vixen for a wife. I showed mother the letters, and she said that God had heard her prayers and was reserving better things for me.

February 4. Charley's name appears for the last time on these pages. He is engaged to Amelia. She is lost to me forever, as a friend. Just when I thought I was beginning to lead a Christian life, I got into a fury with her because she said that Charley now felt that he never had really loved me.

February 15. Dr. Cabot insists that God loves me. So I felt rested and begged Amelia's pardon, hemmed handkerchiefs for mother and saw Dr. Cabot, who said that everything I did I must do for God.

March 25. Mother thinks I am growing careless. I think I ought to be wholly occupied with my duty to God. She says that duty to Him includes duty to one's neighbor, also tidy hair and clean cuffs. Mrs. Cabot declares it is duty to God to please mother. So I take care of the parlor and have a Sunday-school class.

April 6. My class is delightful. I shall lead each one in it to Christ. While I was talking to them to-day, a man listened. Impertinence! I wish I knew whether God has forgiven me and accepted me.

July 30. I have been about a great deal this summer. My prayers have been short. The journey heavenward is all uphill. Dr. Cabot says that instead of giving up singing I must pray that I may sing from benevolence and not from self-love—in fact, that I must pray about everything.

January 24, 1835. I am twenty years old, and visit some of mother's poor folk. Word came from one of them that she was half killed, so I went to her. She was frightened when she found how seriously she was hurt, saying she wasn't ready to die. She made me pray for her, and then died right off, and I fainted. If I had dared to say more to her!

March 28. That poor woman's money has gone to Dr. Cabot, for she left it to the person who offered the last prayer for her, and the last time he called he prayed with her. He will use it for charity. I do not want it. Dr. Cabot has written me to consecrate myself wholly to Christ, saying that God does nothing arbitrary, but has a reason for everything, which I must not insist on knowing if I have real faith.

April 16. A few days ago mother asked me to sing and play to her. I told her I had given up my music, that I might spend my whole time reading the Bible. She said God allowed his children more liberty than that, and that I always rushed from one extreme to another. Not long after that she insisted on my going to see my aunt, who also tells me I ought to go out more. She is very bright and happy with her children.

May 24. Some of the children have scarlet fever. The doctor who attends them is the man who stared at me so in Sunday-school. I was so busy helping my aunt that I too fell ill and he had to take care of me. When I was better my good spirits ran away with me in a way that shocked his gravity.

June 2. Dr. Elliott, who kept coming to see me needlessly, told me to-day that he was going to his uncle, Dr. Cabot, who is very sick; and as I burst into tears, he spoke of my want of self-control. I answered him so rudely that I felt compelled to beg his forgiveness. Then he said that he loved me. That was dreadful. I exclaimed that he could not be in earnest, and went back to the nursery.

July 20. Dr. Cabot is better. I came home rather than see Dr. Elliott again. Aunt says I have wounded a great, good man. Mother sees I am restless, and thinks it would have been better for me to ask God to direct me.

October 10. This has been a happy summer. I found peace in trying to please God. Now mother and I are in aunt's home, as she went abroad with uncle. I had hoped the children would not fall ill, for it would be annoying to Dr. Elliott, but I had to hold the baby when he lanced its gums, and his face came close to mine. Awkward! He and mother are bosom friends, and she goes to visit some of his patients.

March 25, 1836. The New Year and my birthday have come and gone. In December I went to a prayer-meeting and

found Dr. Elliott presiding. If all prayers were like his I should like such meetings as much as I now dislike them. I went again. Then one of the children set herself on fire and Dr. Elliott came. After her burns were dressed he made me lie down to rest. It seems as if there were two opposing souls in my poor little body.

April 20. Dr. Elliott told me to-day that he wished to put a stop to my evident terror of being alone with him, promising he never would remind me of his love. "I knew you did not really care for me," I said suddenly; and then somehow he took me in his arms and a new life had begun. Mother behaves beautifully.

September 5. I am going to be married, and will begin my married life in the fear of God.

February 16. Our honeymoon ends to-day. We had a delightful trip and now have a home of our own. But Ernest is away more than I expected. What is married life? An occasional kiss or caress, or going heavenward hand in hand?

March 3. Such a dreadful thing has happened. Ernest's mother died, and his father and sister have come to live with us. He is a morbid invalid; she is precise and has the air of a martyr. I shall do my duty, but I wanted my mother here. Ernest is so absorbed he pays little attention to me, even forgetting sometimes to help me at table. Martha, his sister, makes trouble for me with the cook. I am heart-sore.

October 2. Another explosion. I held in as long as I could. Ernest and Martha had a great many secrets together, but it ended in my finding that she was helping him about his books, as he had assumed his father's debts. If he had only told me! Now I understand him better. He is so noble!

November 30. This month I began privately to teach aunt's children in order to help Ernest. Martha is making his shirts. She has no business to pry into his wardrobe and drag me into a house-cleaning mania. Now that my brother James lives here the house seems cheerier.

January 16. My first wedding anniversary, and Ernest never even spoke of it! I am dissatisfied with myself. If I could only be delivered in some right way from Martha and her father!

February 14. Mrs. Campbell, one of Ernest's patients, has

deep personal love for Christ, and says that God appoints trials according to our needs. Was God really asking me to rejoice that Martha and her father are here? I felt like a holy martyr, and then Martha and I disputed over some rancid butter!

December 4. How can I thank God enough for my baby I wished to call it after my father, but gratified Ernest by giving it his family name of Jotham.

January 16. Our second wedding anniversary! I did not expect much from it after the failure of the first. But Ernest gave me *The Imitation of Christ*, and was so nice that I even kissed Martha afterward.

August 5. Dr. Cabot has learned that I was the last person to pray with Susan Green, so her money comes to me, after all. I shall give away its income each year. I have been so tired I came home to mother, and had three happy days of Ernest all to myself. We had many mutual explanations, he of his reticence and I of my disappointments.

October 4. Home again! Father regretted to see me take up Shakespeare, that worldly author! and said that Christians find all they want in God. His disease keeps his mind befogged.

April 5. I took cold taking care of father, and was so sick that mother came, though she had to sleep with Martha. Father asked me whether I were prepared to face the Judge of all the earth. "Christ will do that for me," I answered. Fortunately Ernest was present, and told him that because I had a sweet, cheerful confidence in Christ I was misjudged.

August 20. We have a little daughter, and again was I so tired that I have been with mother.

November 24. I have more sympathy with father since I have been so ill. Amelia and Charles are living in our city. I found her ill and unhappy. She has money and children, but a coarse husband. How could I ever have loved him! I wish I could make Christ seem to her as He seems to me.

January, 1841. I am happy, believing in prayer, with my children, my brother and husband, although the latter forgot our wedding-day again!

December. My little girl has been very ill, but God gave her back to us. James is to be a missionary. He has great personal love for Christ. Amelia has gone from us, and she

was afraid to die. After her death Ernest said he never had seen a worldly Christian die a happy death. To die well is to live well. It is blessed to have a Savior, who accepts even a little faith.

July. I gave my children a new brother. Martha has married old Mr. Underhill, who takes Amelia's children into his home. She wished father to live with them, but he preferred to stay with us, in the winter. I hate my meanness for feeling triumphant over her.

December 1. Ernest is worried over the housekeeping bills, and I told him I was killing myself with overwork, and went on putting the fifth tuck in Una's dress. He was grieved and said I must never undertake more than I can do quietly; also that I was quick-tempered, but not ill-tempered.

March, 1844. Father has died, and before he went Ernest made him happy by telling him that his debts were all paid. He thanked me for all I had done for him.

October. Just as I felt the worst of my life was over, my joy, my boy Ernest, died. I gave him to God. Our consent to God's will drew my husband and me more closely together. My comfort is in my perfect faith in God's goodness. How fearful it is to be a mother!

July. All winter in my sick-room. God exchanged one discipline for another. I have a child in heaven, and never again can be entirely absorbed in this world.

May, 1846. I went with Ernest to see Miss Clifford, taking a little tea, and found that though an invalid she had wealth and that Ernest took me to her as a remedy, she said, against her notion that life was a delusion. I ventured to tell her that perhaps she needed to know Christ and to have a plan of life.

January 16, 1847. I stayed in town all summer and had difficulty in finding anyone suitable to take care of my children. To-day is our tenth wedding anniversary. It has been delightful. My baby is two months old. My mother, who lives with me, is well, and I have a peace with God I can compare to no other joy.

March. James and Helen, Ernest's younger sister, are to be married.

January 1, 1851. God has been just as good as ever. But

He has smitten me sorely. My brother James has died. Mother's sweet composure awed me. And then she became ill and died, saying, "I have given God a great deal of trouble, but He is driving me into pasture now." Helen stays with us. Martha is absorbed in her household.

September 2. Our dear Dr. Cabot has died. His wife bears this sorrow as one who has long felt herself only a pilgrim on earth. Miss Clifford's recovery has brought much reputation to Ernest. Helen came to breakfast a few months ago in a simple white dress; the children said she looked like other folk. At last she feels she can believe in Christ. We are spending the summer in the country. God has blessed my married life.

September, 1853. It is easier to preach than to practise. I will not rest in my struggle till I can say, Not my will, but God's. Ernest's love and mine grow more Christ-like. This new baby of mine is the sweetest and best I ever had. It is blessed to be a mother.

June, 1858. How many years ago since I wrote here! God has dealt tenderly with me and let me get well just as I thought I was to die. He has led me step by step in His own way. Helen was with us through many trials. My Una is now eighteen, frail, and meek in spirit. My boy wishes to be a missionary, though his father hoped he would take his place in the world. I close my Journal forever. What time is left me, let me spend in praying for everybody. Christ is in my soul. Living or dying I shall be the Lord's.

ANTOINE FRANÇOIS PRÉVOST D'EXILES

(France. 1697-1763)

MANON LESCAUT (1731)

This celebrated romance was included in the author's *Memoirs of a Man of Quality*, was dramatized by Barrière and Fournier (1851), and is the theme of Massenet's opera *Manon*. In his preface the Abbé Prévost says: "It may be regarded as a treatise on morality pleasantly reduced to practise," though admitting that the Chevalier des Grieux affords "a terrible example of the tyranny of the passions."



MUST carry the reader back to the period of my life in which I first met the Chevalier des Grieux. I arrived at Passy one day, while making a journey, to find the town in a commotion. The cause of this ferment was two covered wagons which had just arrived at the wretched hostelry, the horses reeking with sweat. A dozen courtesans were being taken in these wagons to Havre-de-Grâce, to be deported to Louisiana, in America. Pushing through the crowd, I beheld a most touching spectacle. Among the twelve girls, chained together by their waists in two groups, was one whom in other circumstances I must have regarded as a person of the highest rank. Despite her sad expression and her bedraggled and soiled dress, her beauty filled me with pity and respect. She kept her face averted from the gaze of the bystanders as much as her chain would permit, her unaffected efforts seeming prompted by innate modesty. When I asked one of the six "archers," or armed Paris police, on guard over the poor creatures, who this lovely and pathetic young woman was he referred me to a young man sitting in a corner as a better source of information.

I never beheld a more striking picture of grief than this

simply dressed young man, who suggested birth, education, refinement, and nobility, when I besought him to tell me something about the poor girl.

"I cannot tell you her name without revealing my own," he said wearily, "which I have strong reasons for not doing. But I love her with such passionate devotion that it makes me the unhappiest of men. As I have done everything to secure her release, in vain, the ship that carries her to America shall take me with her. When I reach Havre-de-Grâce I shall receive money from a friend. But I do not know how I am to get there, or how to procure that poor girl," he added, with a mournful glance at his mistress, "some little comfort on the way."

I gave the young man six *louis d'or* and departed sadly, feeling that the whole matter was a mystery. The adventure gradually faded from my memory. Singularly enough, however, two years later, as I was walking through Calais, soon after my arrival there from England, I saw this same young man, very poorly clad and far paler than before, carrying an old portmanteau. I spoke to him, and learned that he had just returned from America. I invited him to my hotel, the "Golden Lion," and there he told me the harrowing history which I shall now set forth without adding one word of my own to it. Here is what he said:

In my final public examination in philosophy, after completing my studies at Amiens when I was seventeen years old, I was so successful that the Bishop of the diocese urged me to enter the ecclesiastical state. My parents, who had a high social position in Pa—, had intended me for the Order of Malta; and, to gratify them, I was already wearing the cross of this order, with the title of the Chevalier des Grioux. I was to return home for my vacation, with no regret except at parting from a friend, a few years older than I, who was to enter the priesthood. You will see the noble part he plays in my story. Ah, if the day of my departure had been fixed only one day earlier!

The evening before, Tiberge, this friend, and I were taking a walk when the Arras diligence arrived. A young girl and an elderly man, her escort, alighted. Her beauty so impressed me, whose virtue and propriety were almost a proverb, and who

never had given a thought to the difference between the sexes, that I became instantly madly enamored of her! Although naturally, too, of extraordinary timidity, I boldly approached her.

She was even younger than I, but showed no embarrassment and told me she had been sent there by her parents to enter a convent. Doubtless her love of pleasure, which was afterward the cause of her misfortunes—and mine as well—had led her parents to force her to this step. To my own amazement, I found myself promising to free her from this fate. She declared to her aged Argus that I was her cousin, and that she would not enter the convent until the following day. Dreading Tiberge's scruples, I sent him on an errand, and thus had my heart's mistress entirely to myself at the inn.

I soon discovered that I was not the mere boy I had hitherto regarded myself. My heart expanded under the influence of sensations of which I never had dreamed. I yielded my whole being to an indescribable ecstasy, and Manon Lescaut (she told me her name) seemed to experience similar emotions. We determined to elude her guardian and fly together to Paris. I had fifty crowns and she about twice that sum. We imagined it was inexhaustible.

I deceived Tiberge, who declared he would not suffer this affair to go on, and we fled that night. We could not restrain our caresses on the journey, and the postilions and innkeepers stole wondering glances at such passionate love-making between two children. Our projects of marriage at St. Denis were forgotten. We defrauded the Church of her rights and found ourselves united without having paused to reflect. I should have been happy for the rest of my life had Manon remained faithful to me, but I am now the most miserable of men because of my own constancy!

Alas! Three weeks of perfect happiness were mine with Manon in a furnished apartment in the Rue V—, in Paris. I left all the money details to her, and it seemed to me that she dressed better than our means afforded. One evening, when I returned, the maid was slow in letting me in. I wrung from her the acknowledgment that her mistress had forbidden her to open the door until Monsieur de B— had departed by the

back stairway. I could not believe it; nor could I bring myself to speak to her on the subject. Then, one evening, her eyes suddenly filled with tears. A knock came at the door and, giving me a kiss, Manon hurried into her dressing-room. I opened the door, only to be seized by three of my father's servants, who took me home. There my father declared that Manon had been false to me, and jeered at my trust in her. I was ill, but swore I would return to Paris, whereupon my father locked me up. He told me it was my mistress herself who had given me up to him. Tiberge came to see me, still my ardent friend, but now so matured as to be an adviser.

I began to imagine that the Church would afford me peace, and entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice. I spent a year there and felt I had conquered the passion for my faithless mistress. I succeeded so well in my studies that I was appointed to defend a thesis publicly, in theology. Manon was there, unknown to me, and came from the lecture-hall to me at the seminary to declare her fault and her repentance. She swore she would kill herself if I did not take her back. Who would not have been moved by such penitence? And she was more beautiful than ever! I fled with her, and we took a little house at Chaillot, so as to be near Paris. She retained the jewelry and sixty thousand francs that M. de B—— had given her.

My happiness seemed reëstablished more firmly than ever. We counted on living for ten years on the money we had, permitting ourselves no extravagances except a coach and the theaters. But Manon was devoted to pleasure, and I was devoted to her. A brother of hers in the Royal Guards, a rough fellow devoid of honor, discovered his sister by chance, and was soon familiarly installed in our house. Then calamity came; for the house burned and all our money was lost. I sought Lescaut's advice in this emergency, for I felt that Manon could not resign herself to a life of poverty. I also had recourse to Tiberge, who gave me one hundred pistoles. I realized the indignity of my position, but the struggle was feeble. The sight of Manon would have made me fling myself down from heaven itself. Poor girl! Never had anyone less attachment to money, but she had not a moment's peace when confronted with its loss, and I was prepared to do anything to supply her with it.

Through Lescaut I was admitted to the League of the *chevaliers d'industrie*, and I showed a wonderful facility in learning from him a prodigious dexterity in cheating at cards. I made abundance of money, and then this was stolen. Lescaut preyed upon Manon's feelings by showing her how she could profit at this juncture by receiving an old voluptuary of enormous wealth, Monsieur de G—— M——, and the poor girl left me, though it was only to get means wherewith we might live. Her wretched brother imposed a tale upon this generous *roué* about a poor brother, whom Manon could not neglect, and the old gentleman agreed to take a house for her and this brother. "You are the little orphan brother," jeered Lescaut.

Again was I thrown into a fever of anxious doubt. I sighed when I thought of my home at Amiens, of St. Sulpice—spots where I had lived in blameless innocence.

"By what fatality," I groaned, "do I become so steeped in guilt? If I had only married Manon my father would have cared for us!"

As it was, I played my part with Manon in duping the old gallant. She obtained a superb necklace of pearls, and more than two thousand livres, with which we ran away.

M. de G—— M—— soon secured his revenge. By his influence and through information he obtained of our past lives he secured our imprisonment, not in ordinary jails, but mine in St. Lazare and Manon's in a place, as I learned later, too horrible to be named. I was treated, however, with extreme leniency, and at the end of two months my good behavior was such that the Superior invited M. de G—— M—— to call, intending to intercede for me. I then learned for the first time that my adorable Manon had been incarcerated through him in the Hôpital Générale, a part of which was used as a reformatory for the most abandoned women of the lowest class.

Beside myself, I felled him to the floor in my fury, and had not relief arrived in response to his yells I should have strangled him. He went away vowing vengeance.

By Lescaut's assistance I effected my escape from St. Lazare, though unwittingly I killed a turnkey to secure it. Later, through aid of others, I rescued Manon from her frightful prison. Soon after this Lescaut was killed by someone he had fleeced.

Throughout my life Providence had inflicted its severest chastisements on me when my fortunes seemed established on the firmest foundation. I had hardly a desire unsatisfied, and even the future gave me little anxiety. Being now in my twentieth year, I should soon be entitled to my share in my mother's property. Yet a fresh misfortune was impending, which was to reduce me to the condition in which you saw me at Passy, and, eventually, to such extremities as you can hardly credit when I tell them to you.

Later the son of M. G—— M—— saw and became enamored of Manon. She accepted his money and jewels, as she had accepted his father's, intending that we should flee with them as before. It seemed a merry jest on our part to arrange that some hired guards should capture the young man on his way to the house he had engaged for Manon, and that she and I should occupy it that night instead.

But the young man's lackey, who had seen his master taken prisoner, had hastened with the news to the elder M. G—— M——, whom he also told of the son's mistress. This led to the father's discovering Manon and me, and with us the money and jewels in the dressing-case. We were hurried away to the prison of the Petit Châtelet, and soon afterward my father presented himself there. Our meeting began with bitterness; but he was touched by my representations that love had been the cause of all my errors, and decided to see the G—— M——s to secure my release. I did not dare to ask him to plead for Manon as well, and to this day I do not know whether my worst misfortunes have not been due to my yielding to this fear.

The result of this interview was my immediate release from the Châtelet, while poor Manon was doomed to be transported, with the next shipload of convicts, vagrants, and courtesans, to the penal settlements in Louisiana! Within an hour after this cruel edict was issued the unhappy girl was taken to the hideous Hôpital, there to be placed with the unfortunates of her own sex destined to the same fate.

When the warden of the Châtelet told me this I fell prone upon the floor, and my heart gave one throb so agonizing that I thought life's burden had been lifted from me, and then I lost consciousness. My first resolution on coming to myself was to

kill the two G— M—s, and the Lieutenant-General of the police; then muster what men I could and attack the Hôpital to release Manon. But these thoughts vanished as I felt the need of immediate aid for Manon, who, I heard from a friend, was to be deported in two days. No one whomsoever was to be permitted to see her.

I had a last interview with my father, who would not listen to my passionate appeal for Manon, and in my frenzy I bade him an eternal farewell.

“You refuse to return to your home? Then go to your ruin!” he cried, in a voice trembling with passion.

I rushed madly through the streets to the house of a friend of mine, M. de T—, who had promised to do what he could in the matter. The only plan possible was to attempt a rescue of Manon from the small body of archers who were to transport her to Havre-de-Grâce. I secured three guards; but, seeing the archers fix their bayonets and look at the locks of their guns when we appeared, so flurried were these knaves that they took to their heels. My friend and I could not hope to cope with the enemy, and he besought me to return to Paris. Instead, I bade him farewell, and, riding up to the archers, pleaded with them to grant me liberty to speak to their charge. After consultation they did, but with the result that my purse was empty at Mantes, where we slept the night before we reached Passy and you saw us.

Manon, the embodiment of every charm—she, with a face lovely enough to bring the whole world to idolatry of it!—presented a spectacle of such wretchedness chained in that wagon that no words can portray it. She was too weak to speak to me, and I could only bathe her dear face with my tears, unable myself to utter a word. When at last I could tell her that I was resolved to link my destiny with hers to the end of the world, to watch over her, tend her, and love her, the poor girl gave way to such transports of grief and affection that I feared her emotion would endanger her very life. I found intense happiness in the certainty that now I fully possessed her love.

From the first town we passed through I wrote to my long-tried, faithful Tiberge to send to me at Havre one hundred pistoles, through the postmaster. But when I reached that

place it had not come, and by a hideous irony it could arrive only on the very morning our vessel was to sail!

Manon pleaded that we should end our lives there. But I cheered her as best I could, sold my horse and bought a few necessary comforts for her on the voyage, which left me ten pistoles for America. I sent a letter to Tiberge the following day, which inspired him with a resolve that only a heart full of generous sympathy could have originated.

The voyage was almost happy. I told the Captain that Manon and I were married, and we were allotted places apart from the others. Two months' seafaring brought us to a barren plain, and later we saw New Orleans, which a low hill had hidden from us before. It was a collection of little wretched huts, with five or six hundred inhabitants. After an inspection of the thirty women our ship had brought, the Governor sent for such of the young men as wished for wives, and the comeliest girls were assigned to the leading ones, while lots were drawn for the others.

He received Manon and me courteously, saying he had heard that we were married, and that he would make our lot as pleasant as possible. In the evening he had us shown the dwelling assigned to us: a miserable hut of rough logs and clay, with two or three rooms on the ground floor, and an attic. It had been furnished with five or six chairs and a few of the commonest necessities.

Manon wept, but I consoled her and said, as I kissed her fondly: "You are the most wonderful of alchemists. You transform all into gold."

"Then you shall be the richest man in the world," she replied; "for as there never was love like yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. All my tears since you joined me have only been from love and compassion for you."

I had to check her ardor, for the delight of feeling her so utterly and unchangeably mine was too transporting for my weakness.

I was appointed to a humble place in the fort, and began to make money. We had a man and a woman for servants; we treated our neighbors with thoughtful kindness and in time

we were the most important persons in the town. Our innocent lives and tranquillity revived our early piety. Manon never had been irreligious, nor had I ever added godlessness to depravity of morals. Finally, we aspired to consecrating our union by actual marriage.

"I offer you nothing new in my heart and hand," I said; "but I am ready to ratify the gift at the altar."

"I have wished it a thousand times since we came to America," murmured Manon pathetically.

Then came the crowning misery of our love. This holy wish to consecrate it led to our undoing. I told the Governor our desire. His nephew, Synnelet, a fierce young man of thirty, had aspired to win Manon from the first, and soon afterward the chaplain called on me and said the Governor had decided to bestow Manon upon his nephew—a thing he had a right to do, as Manon had been sent from France with the courtesans destined for young husbands in the Colony.

I rushed to the Governor and made every possible appeal against such pitilessness, but he was inexorable. On my way back I met Synnelet, who proposed that we should fight for Manon, and presented me with a sword. I disarmed him, but he would neither beg for his life nor renounce Manon. I fought him again, and, although wounded in my arm, I stretched him at my feet motionless.

I returned to Manon, and told her that our only safety lay in instant flight. I had some slight hope that the savages, whose language I knew slightly, would help us to other settlements. We had not walked more than two leagues when Manon's strength gave out, despite her resolution and fortitude. It was night, and we threw ourselves on the ground, in the midst of a vast sandy plain. She bound up my wounded arm, and then I stripped off my outer garments for her to lie upon. I warmed her hands with my kisses. I prayed the night through that her slumber should be restful and strengthening. Forgive me, if I hasten to conclude a story which is unspeakably painful to me! As the morning dawned, I touched her hands; they were icy cold. She felt me raising them, and murmured that she believed her last hour was at hand, and her gasps, her weakness, convinced me of the truth. Do not ask what were my feelings,

nor what were her dying words—in the name of pity! Her last breath sighed her love for me.

My soul did not follow hers. Doubtless my punishment had not been severe enough to satisfy the justice of Heaven. I shall live a forlorn and joyless life. All that day, and the following night, I lay with lips pressed to my darling's lips and hands. I would have died that way had I not felt the need of securing her dear body from roaming beasts. I determined to bury her and await death upon her grave. I scraped a hollow in the sandy plain with my hands, and laid my heart's idol in it, after wrapping all my clothes around her to protect her from the sand. Again and again I embraced her before I could consign her to earth. But feeling that my growing weakness would unman me soon, I buried forever in the earth the loveliest being that ever adorned it. Not a tear fell, not a sigh escaped my lips, during this mournful rite. My affliction and determination to die choked back despair and anguish. I stretched myself on the grave and soon passed into unconsciousness.

Synnelet, who had not been seriously wounded, came with a party to trail us. He found me, and I was brought back to New Orleans. Three months I lay between life and death. I prayed for death and refused remedies. But Heaven designed to benefit me through my misfortunes. The light of Divine grace led me back to my early sentiments of faith and piety; peace revived, and I only awaited a ship that should bear me back to a life of atonement in my native land.

Six weeks after my restoration, I saw a vessel arrive which some commercial venture had brought to New Orleans. What was my amazement to see debark from it—Tiberge! He had followed me as soon as he could find a vessel. This had been captured by pirates, and after escape and many adventures he had at last discovered me.

We returned to France. My father was dead, and I fear my misdeeds hastened his end. I took passage for Calais, Monsieur, where I have once more met you, and I am to meet my brother within a few leagues.



"I crept a hollow in the sandy plain and laid my heart
 (88) in it" (p. 288)
 Etching by Maurice Leloir

Maurice Leloir



"I scraped a hollow in the sandy plain and laid my heart's
idol in it" (p. 288)

Etching by Maurice Leloir



Maurice Leloir



ALEXANDER SERGYÉEVITCH PUSHKIN

(Russia, 1799-1837)

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER (1836)

Early in 1831 Pushkin married a lady who was very beautiful, but who did not in the least appreciate his genius as a poet. His own taste for aristocratic society and lavish expenditure coincided only too well with the thoughtless extravagance of his wife. As a result he ran into debt, and all inclination to write poetry fled before these disheartening effects. This was when his work as a prose writer began. He was compelled to accept a place as crown historian, and in the study of historical documents he was allowed access to the state archives. He took especial interest in the events that occurred during the reign of Catherine II, and the dramatic episode of Poogatchoff's Rebellion. This resulted in the historical novel known as *The Captain's Daughter*. It was translated into English in 1891, and is sometimes referred to as *The Commandant's Daughter*.



MY FATHER, Andrew Grinioff, served in his youth under Count Minich, and in the year 17—retired from the army with the rank of lieutenant-major. Since then he has lived on his estate near Simbirsk, where he married the daughter of a country gentleman in the neighborhood. My parents had nine children, but all my brothers and sisters died in infancy. I had a commission promised me in the Semenovsky Regiment, thanks to Prince B——, a near relative of ours.

I must first finish my studies, however, which began at the early age of five, under the direction of our groom, Savielitch. He was promoted to the office of tutor as a reward for his good conduct, and he taught me at least the Russian alphabet and how to become a good judge of a greyhound. When I was twelve years old my father engaged the services of a Frenchman, Monsieur Beaupré, who was supposed to teach me French, German, and the sciences. Proving incompetent and unworthy of the place, he was dismissed.

Thus ended my education. When I was seventeen my father said it was time I entered the service, much to my mother's sorrow but to my own secret delight. I already imagined myself an officer in the Guards, which in my opinion was the height of human happiness; but my dreams were blighted when my father gave me a letter to General B—— at Orenburg. Was I doomed to live a humdrum existence in this out-of-the-way place?

Next day the traveling *keebetka*, a kind of tilt-wagon, drove up to the door. In it were packed all my belongings, and, accompanied by Savielitch, who was commanded to "look after the child," I set out on my way weeping bitterly. We stopped overnight at Simbirsk, continuing our journey next day despite a heavy snowstorm. Finally we lost our way in the drifts and came to a standstill. I gazed in every direction to see some trace of a road or a dwelling, but could discern nothing.

Suddenly I saw something black, which proved on closer inspection to be a man coming in our direction. It was a most fortunate meeting, as he helped us to find our way to an inn where we passed the night. Our guide was very striking in appearance, about forty years old, of middle height and broad-shouldered. His black beard had a few gray hairs in it. His large black eyes wandered restlessly here and there. His face wore a pleasant, jovial, but roguish expression.

I offered him a cup of tea, but he said he preferred a glass of wine, as tea was not the sort of drink Cossacks cared about. I willingly granted his request; and the innkeeper, handing the stranger a bottle and a glass, said:

"So you are again in these parts; where have you come from?"

The wanderer winked knowingly and replied:

"I flew into the kitchen-garden; I pecked at the hempseed; an old woman threw a stone at me, but missed her mark. And what are yours about, eh?"

"*Ours!*" answered our host, going on with this allegorical conversation: "The priest is away and the devils are in the burial-ground."

"Silence!" said the wanderer. "When rain comes then mushrooms grow, and when the mushrooms grow we will find

a basket for them. At present put your ax behind your back, for the forester walks abroad. Here's to your health, your honor."

With these words he took the glass, crossed himself, and emptied it at one draught. Then, bowing to me, he climbed to a shelf under the ceiling (the peasants' homes in Russia have a second ceiling or wide shelf to sit or to lie on).

I could understand nothing of the conversation which had just taken place, but later I guessed that it related to the affairs of the Yaitsky army, which had been worsted after the rebellion of 1772. Savielitch had listened with an air of great displeasure, eying the wanderer and our host suspiciously. The inn stood by itself amid the steppes, far away from any habitation, and looked very much like a thieves' den. But we were compelled to remain all night, and our fears proved groundless.

Next day before leaving I presented a fur coat to the wanderer in return for his services the day before, much to the indignation of Savielitch.

"Lord-a-mercy! Almost a new coat," he murmured. "If it was to anyone worthy! But to a beggar and a drunkard!"

Nevertheless I made the wanderer put on the coat, and he was evidently delighted with my present. Escorting me to the *keebeetka*, he said, while bowing low:

"Many thanks, your honor! May God reward you for your goodness; I shall never forget it." And he kept his word in the hour of my greatest need.

We continued our journey to Orenburg, and on our arrival there I presented my father's letter to the General. On reading it he said he would send me to the Bielogorsk fortress, where I should have active service and learn discipline. It was under the command of Captain Mironoff, a kind and honest man. When he told me further that the place was forty miles from Orenburg, on the borders of the Kirghese Steppes, I was filled with gloom and despair.

On arriving there I found it even worse than I had pictured to myself. In place of ramparts and towers I could perceive nothing but a small village surrounded by a wooden fence. Near the gates I noticed an old cast-iron cannon. The streets were narrow and winding, with a few huts scattered here and there,

and the Commandant's house was a frame structure standing on higher ground than the rest.

No one came to meet me, so entering the vestibule I opened the door into an anteroom. There I saw an old soldier sitting on a table, busily engaged in sewing patches on a uniform. I learned afterward that his name was Shvabrin, and that he had been sent to the fortress in punishment for fighting a duel.

I bade him announce me to the Commandant, but he told me to go in without ceremony. I entered a clean room, arranged in the old-fashioned style. An old lady attired in a warm jacket, with a handkerchief tied under her chin, sat near the window. She was engaged in winding wool with the assistance of a one-eyed old man named John Ignatich. She continued this occupation while giving me a cordial welcome. When I told her I wished to see the Commandant, she said she was his wife and would do just as well.

On learning that I was to remain at the fortress, she told the one-eyed man to escort me to my lodging-place, which proved to be a hut situated on the banks of a river near the confines of the fortress. Next day I saw the Commandant, who had sent me an invitation to dine at his house. On approaching it I noticed in the square twenty old soldiers with long braids of hair and wearing three-cornered hats, standing in a row, as if about to be reviewed. Facing them stood the Commandant, a tall, vigorous old man, attired in a nankeen dressing-gown, with a night-cap on his head.

When he saw us (for I was accompanied by Savielitch) he came up and spoke a few kind words, and asked us to await him at the house. There we renewed our acquaintance with his wife, and she introduced me to her daughter Marie. She was about eighteen years old, with rosy cheeks, and silken hair combed straight behind her ears, and she seemed to suffer intensely from shyness. While she did not please me at first sight, because Shvabrin had already told me she was a perfect idiot, I soon learned her true value. In fact, I became so fond of her after a while that I felt compelled to express myself in poetry. But I made the mistake of reading the verses to Shvabrin, who laughed at them in the most sarcastic manner.

"If you want to win Marie Mironoff you had better make her a present of jewelry instead of those sugary verses."

"What do you mean?" I inquired, with difficulty suppressing a longing to strike him in the face.

"Because," he replied, with a fiendish expression, "I know from experience her character and ways."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" I cried in a fury.

"This insult shall not go unpunished," he said, seizing my arm; "I must have satisfaction."

"Whenever you please," I answered, joyfully, only too glad to have an opportunity to avenge the insult to Marie's good name.

It ended in our fighting a duel, in which I was wounded, and later was nursed back to health in the Commandant's house. Marie helped to take care of me. When her soft voice greeted my ear I was overwhelmed with delight. I seized her hand and covered it with kisses and tears. She did not withdraw it.

Suddenly her lips touched my cheek; I felt their warm, fresh pressure, and my whole frame seemed on fire.

"Dearest Marie!" I said, "consent to make me happy by becoming my wife."

She withdrew her hand from mine, saying: "For God's sake, be careful! you are not yet out of danger; the wound may open again. Take care of yourself, if only for my sake."

With these words she went away, leaving me in an ecstasy of happiness. My joy helped to cure me, for from this moment I grew stronger and better. When I was quite recovered from the effects of my wound I ventured to renew the conversation with Marie, and again asked her to be my wife. She listened to me patiently, confessed her love for me without affectation, and begged me to consider whether my parents would object.

I wrote to my father asking his consent to our union, and received a reply in which he expressed himself very plainly. I was to be sent as far as possible from the fortress of Bielogorsk, "when, I hope," he wrote, "all this love nonsense will soon be knocked out of your head."

"All is over," I said to Marie, as I handed her the letter.

After reading it she returned it with a trembling hand, say-

ing in broken accents: "It seems not to be my fate to be your wife. If your parents refuse to receive me into their family it can never be, but God's will be done."

I begged her to marry me, saying that in time my parents would forgive me; but she refused to marry without their consent.

As Marie now avoided me I led a life of solitude which became almost unbearable. My spirits drooped and I feared that I should go insane, when strange events took place which seriously influenced my life.

In 1773 Orenburg province was inhabited by a race of half-savage people who had but lately recognized the sway of the Russian ruler, Catherine II. To keep this population in submission fortresses were built in convenient spots, peopled chiefly by Cossacks. They were ordered to secure peace and guard the country, but they had themselves grown restless, and were dangerous subjects to the government.

A deserter from the Donskoi sentry, the Cossack Poogatchoff, dared to assume the title of and pretend to be the late Emperor Peter III, who had been murdered in 1762. He led the rebels, and was for some time successful in taking fortresses and gathering an immense army of Cossacks.

One evening in the early part of October, 1773, Captain Mironoff received orders from the General at Orenburg to prepare to defend the Bielogorski fortress from a possible attack by Poogatchoff. He was enjoined also to take all necessary steps to capture this villain and impostor. Consequently warlike preparations were made and the old cast-iron cannon was brought into service.

Among the Cossacks in the fortress it was noticed that some unusual agitation was taking place. They gathered in groups and spoke together in low whispers, dispersing as soon as they saw a garrison soldier approaching. A Cossack who had been sent to interview Poogatchoff returned, saying that all was well. Ulai, a converted Kalmuck, told the Commandant that the report was a parcel of lies, and the Cossack was arrested and Ulai took his place.

The Cossacks heard this with evident displeasure. They murmured openly, and Mr. John, the one-eyed man I had seen

on the first day of my arrival at the Commandant's house, heard them say: "Wait a bit, you old garrison rat!"

Another event increased the Commandant's uneasiness. A Bashkir was caught bearing seditious proclamations, in which Poogatchoff proclaimed his immediate intention of surrounding our fortress with his troops and called on the Cossacks to join his army, threatening them with death if they refused to obey the Emperor. All this was written in rude but expressive language, and had its effect on the minds of the common people. Thus the spirit of rebellion was fostered among the Cossacks in the fortress, so that when the impostor Poogatchoff actually made his appearance hardly any resistance was made to his attack.

When the order was given to open the gates of the fortress and follow the Commandant into the field, our affrighted soldiers did not stir. The Commandant, Mr. John and I found ourselves on the other side of the ramparts, the Commandant shouting:

"Why don't you come, my men? Let us die if we must; it is a soldier's duty."

Just then the rebels made a rush at us and forced their way into the fortress. The Commandant, sword in hand, was standing surrounded by a group of rebels, who forced him to give up the key. I hastened to his aid, but several Cossacks seized me, saying:

"You will be paid out for disobeying the Emperor!" Then we were dragged through the streets to the square, where the "Emperor" awaited us. Poogatchoff looked sternly at the Commandant and said:

"How dared you resist me, your Emperor?"

"You are not my Emperor," the Commandant replied in a firm voice, "but a thief and an impostor."

Poogatchoff frowned heavily and waved his white handkerchief. Immediately several Cossacks seized the poor old man and dragged him to the gibbet, which had been hastily erected in the square. A minute later I saw poor Captain Mironoff swinging in the air. Mr. John, repeating the words of his master, was hanged near his old commander.

It was my turn now. I looked boldly at Poogatchoff, and was about to repeat my brave comrades' words, when to my

amazement I perceived Shvabrin amid the rebel gang, with his hair cropped short and in Cossack dress. He drew near Poogatchoff and whispered in his ear.

"Hang him!" said Poogatchoff, without so much as looking at me.

A rope was thrown around my neck and I was dragged beneath the gibbet. Suddenly I heard a cry:

"Stop! accursed scoundrel, stop!" The hangman stopped. I looked up and saw Savielitch lying at Poogatchoff's feet.

"Oh, my good sir!" said my poor old servant, "how can the child's death profit you? Let him go to his parents; they will give you a heavy ransom for him, and you can hang me instead, an old man."

Poogatchoff made a sign, and I was immediately released.

"Our sovereign forgives you," someone said to me.

Poogatchoff held out his sinewy hand to me to kiss, but as I would not he dropped it, saying with a sneer:

"It seems his honor has lost his wits for very joy. Help him to rise."

I was assisted to my feet and set free.

At this moment a piercing shriek was heard, and I saw some of the rebels dragging Madame Mironoff from the house, disheveled, and with the clothes torn from her back.

"For God's sake," exclaimed the poor old lady, "have mercy on me, and take me to my husband!"

Suddenly she glanced up at the gibbet and saw her husband hanging there.

"Villains!" she screamed, beside herself with grief; "what have you done?"

"Silence the old witch!" said Poogatchoff.

A young Cossack pierced her through the heart with his sword, and she fell dead at his feet. Poogatchoff then rode away, followed by the crowd.

The square was deserted. I stood rooted to the spot, unable to collect my thoughts, which had been disturbed by such horrible scenes. What had become of Marie? Had she found a safe hiding-place? I rushed to her home and searched for her everywhere. Finally I found the maid Palashka crouching behind a cupboard.

"Where is Marie?" I asked in tremulous tones as I dragged her from her hiding-place.

"She is at the priest's house," she answered.

"At the priest's!" I exclaimed, in terror. "My God! Poogatchoff is there."

I hurried to the priest's house, where I heard shouts of laughter from within. Poogatchoff was feasting with his comrades, and among them I saw the traitor Shvabrin.

Looking in the anteroom I found the priest's wife, and asked her what had become of Marie.

"She is on my bed behind the partition wall," she replied, "but she has just had a very narrow escape. As the villain Poogatchoff sat down to dinner the poor girl groaned. He insisted upon seeing her, but what do you think? He drew back the curtain and peered at her with his hawk-like eyes, and that was all, thank God! When I told him the girl was my niece the traitor Shvabrin gave me a look that seemed to pierce me like a dagger. But you may feel assured the girl is safe with me, so go home, as I have no more time to talk now."

When I arrived at home Savielitch met me at the threshold, and on seeing me he exclaimed: "Thank God, you are safe and alive! I was afraid the rascals had got hold of you again. Did you recognize the rebel chief, Master Peter?"

"No, I didn't; who is he?"

"Have you forgotten the drunken tramp who got your fur coat from you at the inn?"

I was amazed, and began to understand why he had shown me so much mercy. In fact he afterward well repaid me for that one act of kindness on my part, by being the means of uniting me with Marie. When he left the fortress, with the traitor Shvabrin in charge at the Commandant's house, I feared for Marie's safety. She was quite unconscious and delirious at the priest's house, where I was compelled to leave her. I could help her in only one way, and that was by hastening to Orenburg and obtaining means for the deliverance of the Bielogorski fortress out of the hands of the enemy.

I was only too well informed of Shvabrin's evil character, for he compelled the priest to give Marie into his care, and forced her to live in her old home well guarded. He was determined to

force her to marry him, threatening to send her to the impostor's camp if she refused. All this I learned from a note Marie sent me, by one of the Cossacks who at one time knew me in the Bielogorski fortress.

I hastened to the General at Orenburg, asking him to send a detachment of soldiers to obtain the release of Captain Mironoff's daughter, but without avail. I was filled with despair, when suddenly an idea struck me. I would go to Poogatchoff myself, and plead for mercy for Marie.

"I owe you an old debt," said the impostor, when I told him my story, "but tell me, what is that young girl to you, whom Shvabrin is persecuting?"

"She is my betrothed," I answered.

"Your betrothed! In that case we will have you married and feast at your wedding," he said.

Next day we went to the fortress, and despite the opposition of Shvabrin, who was not prepared for the visit, Poogatchoff insisted upon seeing his prisoner, Marie Mironoff.

"She is not a prisoner, your Majesty," said Shvabrin, in a trembling voice; "she is ill—lying in bed in the garret."

"Take me to her," said Poogatchoff, impatiently.

"Your Majesty has a right to exact from me whatever you wish, but do not allow a stranger to enter my wife's bedroom."

"So you are married?" said I to Shvabrin, trembling with anger.

"Don't try to deceive me; whether she is your wife or not, I will take in whom I please."

At the door Shvabrin stopped, saying he had forgotten the key. Poogatchoff kicked the door open and we entered. I gazed, and was horror-struck. On the floor, in a tattered peasant's dress, sat Marie, pale and worn, her hair disheveled, her glance despairing. A jug of water with a piece of bread was by her side.

Poogatchoff scowled at Shvabrin, and said with a bitter smile:

"A nice hospital this!" He then said to Marie, "Tell me, my dear, why does your husband punish you?"

"My husband!" she replied in horror. "He is not my husband. I would rather die than be his wife."

“So you have deceived me, you scoundrel!” said Poogatchoff to Shvabrin. He then turned to Marie and said kindly: “Rise, fair damsel, you are free. I am the Emperor.”

Marie looked up quickly at him, and feeling convinced that the murderer of her parents stood before her, fell senseless on the floor.

“Well, your honor,” said Poogatchoff, after the girl had recovered, “don’t you think we ought to send for the priest, and have the marriage ceremony now?”

Poogatchoff still thought Marie was the priest’s niece, and Shvabrin now had his revenge by telling him that Marie was Captain Mironoff’s daughter.

“You had not told me this,” remarked Poogatchoff to me, his face darkening.

“Was it possible for me to tell you before the soldiers?” I replied. “If they knew Captain Mironoff’s daughter was alive they would tear her in pieces.”

“That’s true,” said Poogatchoff. “The priest’s wife did well to dupe them. Take your fair one, go where you please, and may God give you love and happiness.”

Upon this he turned to Shvabrin, ordering him to write me a passport for all the fortresses and gates that were in his power. I arranged to send Marie with Savielitch to my home, feeling assured that the orphan girl would be made welcome. I was not mistaken in my parents, for they received her with the sincere cordiality which characterizes old-fashioned people.

But Shvabrin again had his revenge, causing my arrest while I was returning to report at Orenburg. I was taken to Kasan, where Shvabrin appeared as my accuser, stating that I had been sent by Poogatchoff to Orenburg as a spy; that I rode daily out of town to give information of all that was going on within the walls; that, lastly, I went openly over to the impostor, accompanying him from one fortress to another. The case seemed decidedly against me, but I did not lose hope, as I knew I was innocent.

My parents were greatly alarmed at my arrest; but Marie, though deeply troubled, kept her own counsel. Several weeks passed, and then my father received a letter from a relative of ours in St. Petersburg. It contained the news that I had been

condemned to a fearful death; but the Empress, out of consideration for my father's services and old age, had saved me from that fate and changed the sentence to imprisonment for life in Siberia.

When Marie heard the news she waited awhile, and then announced that she was compelled to go to St. Petersburg. She partly disclosed her plans to my mother, and they succeeded beyond her greatest expectations. The morning after her arrival in St. Petersburg she was wandering in the palace grounds, when she saw a lady sitting on a bench in front of the Roomiantzoff Monument. A small white dog barked and ran toward her, and at the same moment she heard a woman's pleasant voice, saying:

"Don't be afraid, she will not bite you."

Marie noticed that the lady was dressed in a white morning robe and a lace cap. Her full, rosy face wore a calm, majestic expression, while her blue eyes and sweet smile were inexpressibly charming. Little did Marie know that she was in the presence of the Empress, Catherine II. They were soon chatting together in a most friendly way, and when Marie told her reason for coming to St. Petersburg she quite won the royal lady's heart.

Next day the Empress sent for her, and when Marie recognized her as the lady to whom she had opened her heart the day before she was overwhelmed. The Empress handed her a letter for her future father-in-law, saying that her betrothed was to be released, as Marie had convinced her of his innocence, and the poor girl could hardly believe she heard aright. She fell at the feet of the Empress, who raised her and, kissing her, said: "I know you are not rich, but I owe a heavy debt to Captain Mironoff's daughter. Do not trouble about the future, it will be my pleasure to provide for you."

The same day Marie left St. Petersburg and returned to my home in the country.

Peter Grinioff's memoirs here come to an end. The family documents tell us that he was liberated from prison at the end of 1774 and was present at the execution of Poogatchoff in Moscow, who recognized Peter in the crowd, nodding to him

the moment before his lifeless and gory head was held up to the people.

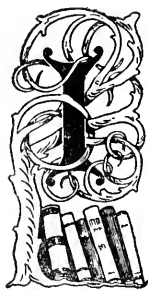
Shortly after this Marie Mironoff married Peter Grinioff. Among the family heirlooms is an autograph letter of Catherine II, framed under a glass case. It is addressed to Andrew Grinioff, and contains the pardon of his son and many praises of the goodness and intellect of Marie Mironoff, the Captain's daughter.

ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH

(England, 1863)

THE SPLENDID SPUR (1889)

This story purports to be the "Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a servant of His late Majesty, King Charles I, in the years 1642-'43: Written by Himself."



T WAS on the evening of November 29th in the year 1642, that I, Master Jack Marvel, a student at Trinity College, Oxford, sat at the window of my lodgings and looked out over the bowling-green of the Crown Tavern. King Charles, with the Princes Rupert and Maurice, had marched into Oxford that day, and the town was full of their followers.

From my post I could see into a room of the inn, where among a party playing at dice was a youth with fair curls and wearing a cloak of amber satin. On the bowling-green beneath the window sat an old man who, though the light was none too strong, seemed absorbed in a volume on his lap.

I saw a bully come to the window of the apartment where the gamesters were assembled, and then I heard a soft "Hist!" from below. The fellow looked down in surprise. Then, seeing the old man, he descended.

I listened eagerly but could hear little, save that my bully chose to call himself "Captain Luke Settle" and that the old man seemed to be hiring him to play some scurvy trick upon the pretty young springald up-stairs.

As luck would have it, the very next day I ran across the youth who had interested me, and I took occasion to tell him of what I had heard, and gave him a friendly warning.

My new friend, Master Anthony Killigrew, was disposed to make light of my news, since on the morrow he was to ride from Oxford with a letter from the King to Sir Ralph Hopton and the army in the west. He expected to meet his father on the way—Sir Deakin Killigrew, and his sister, Delia, who were returning from France.

“’Tis a ticklish business,” said I; “but since it keeps you from the dice—”

“That’s true. To-night I make an end.”

“To-night?”

“Why, yes. To-night I go for my revenge and shall ride straight away from the inn door.”

“Then I go with thee to the Crown,” I said, very positively.

It was late ere I reached the inn, for he had changed the hour and neglected to advise me in time. I arrived only to hear a vast brawling in the room above, where I found the bully of the night before fighting fiercely with my friend, who fell, thrust through the breast, as I entered.

Captain Settle made his escape and, while I held up the boy’s head, he gave me the King’s letter. Then he breathed his last, and the watch, thronging into the room, would fain have held me for murder; but, seizing Master Killigrew’s sword, I burst through them and made my way to the house of an uncle who held funds in trust for me. Thirty pounds was all I could extract from the old skinflint that night, and with these and the letter in my pocket I set out from Oxford.

Poor Anthony had told me where I should find his horse, but I lost my way and made Wantage instead of Farringdon, where I was fain to buy a sorry nag.

Perchance it were no ill turn when a philosophic cut-purse, with whom I foregathered on the road, stole the beast when we put up at Hungerford, for whom should I meet that evening, as I trudged along, but Captain Settle himself, mounted on Master Anthony’s sorrel mare, Molly!

The Captain’s pistol was in my face as he demanded my purse, but, throwing the gold on the ground, I fetched the fellow a blow as he stooped for it, sprang into Molly’s saddle and left him there. ’Twas a most excellent exchange, since the mare’s saddle-flaps contained a goodly store of guineas.

I was forced to put up that night at a villainous inn by the road, and a villainous company held it, saving only an old man who, with a pretty daughter and one servant, was in the room above. I had noted them before at Hungerford, and the girl had been pleased to be witty at my expense.

Now I discovered that this gang of cutthroats were of Captain Settle's company and that they but waited for his coming to rob and murder the party above. My resolve was soon taken, and acted on as quickly, to warn the old man and his daughter, but ere I could get them away the Captain arrived and the gang were on us. The servant, a brave fellow and a good sword, held them at bay and finished several of the rascals ere he fell, while we three fled into the night, I with a nasty bullet-wound above my knee.

The pine woods were but a cold refuge. I soon learned that my companions were the father and sister of whom my friend had told me, but the old man's strength was all too feeble for the hardships we faced, and we were soon compelled to lay him away upon the hillside. The girl was half French, and she bore the blow so much better than I had expected that I made bold to tell her, as I knew I must some time, of her brother's death, a sorrow that, brave as she was, came near to overwhelming her.

With father, brother, and trusty servant all gone, whom had she to rely on save me? Nor was I loath to accept the trust. Both our ways led to Cornwall, where were her home and her father's steward, and a boy's dress that I got for her made our journeying the easier.

She was a merry lass and a stout-hearted one, nor would she show her griefs lest they burden me. It was "Jack" and "Delia" with us from the first, and she showed a sweet coquetishness that charmed me and bound me close to her service, though she would hear nothing of my love. A troubled country was that through which we traveled; and, coming upon the rout of the Parliament's army from Marlboro', we were taken prisoners. Mistress Delia was lodged with fair civility, but I was laid by the heels in Bristol Castle by Colonel Essex, when he had found the letter I carried.

Trivial enough it read, but he would have it that I knew more, and when I would tell nothing the Roundheads resolved I

should hang. They had built the gallows beneath my window, but that night I contrived to angle for the rope that was to throttle me, and, drawing it up, slid down into the castle yard, threading my way through many rooms and winning free at last.

Nor did I break out with my life alone, for I regained by chance the King's letter, which Colonel Essex had left lying on the table in his office, besides having the good fortune to overhear certain converse he held with the Earl of Stamford, as to how the Earl was to unite with Ruthen's force at Plymouth and, together, with nigh treble numbers, fall upon the King's army at Bodmin.

I had heard enough to spur me on, and, hurrying away to the house where I learned Delia was, I got her thence and we were well hid from pursuit by an odd, old, sea-faring Royalist, one Captain Pottery, whose craft, a three-masted trader, lay at Bristol Wharf.

Out of Avon Mouth we sailed. I had told Captain Pottery that for the King's cause I must reach Bodmin ere the Parliament forces converged upon our people there, so he landed us in Bude Bay. I was not fated, however, to escape further ill fortune.

At an inn we came to, by the roadside, I saw near a score of chargers and among them Molly. Then I heard Captain Settle's voice within, but, before I could warn Delia she was at the door and he spied her. I heard his shout, and then my pretty comrade's voice above the hubbub:

"Jack, they have horses outside! Leave me, I am ta'en! and ride, dear lad—ride!"

I got a shot in the shoulder; there was a wild gallop and a wild chase over the moor, and naught saved me but the device of a ragged girl who was plowing and who hid me away in the hill and told my pursuers I had changed horses and ridden on.

Joan o' the Tor bound up my wound, nor would she let me go on to warn the King's men. There was no help for it, though. I would gain them, dead or alive, so, to give me peace, she took my letter and my message and bore them herself.

When I woke 'twas high noon and there was a crackle of musketry in the air; and then the flying Roundheads came thronging by. The message was well delivered, and Sir Ralph,

with his Cornish men, had made short work of Ruthen ere the Earl could join him.

Joan came back and soon nursed me well of my hurt, but there was that in her I knew naught of. She began to prink herself in strange ways, and one day, when she tempted me to wrestle with her, I threw her. Then she gathered herself up and put her hand in mine very meekly.

"There, lad," she said. "Am thine forever."

'Twas like a buffet in the face to me; I stood with burning remorse in my heart and could say no word to undeceive her. Only the sudden appearance of Captain Bill Pottery, with news that there was more fighting afoot, saved me from my dilemma, and, mounting Molly, I went to new wars with poor Joan's godspeed.

Stamford Heath was a fine battle, and we whipped them well, but 'twas in the pursuit that fortune favored me best; for whom should I catch but the scoundrel Settle, hard by the shore and about to signal with some red fire to a sloop that tacked to and fro off the coast? This time I had him safe, him and his secret, for, with my pistol at his ear, he admitted that Delia was in the craft we saw, to be borne to the Virginias and sold as a slave at the behest of her late father's rascally steward, Hannibal Titcomb, in case the King's men won in Cornwall; but he said that she was to be brought ashore again and held, should fortune favor the Roundheads. A green fire was to signal the latter event. This I soon lighted, and my dear girl was again with me, and the villains that guarded her were prisoners.

There was naught to do now but smoke Master Titcomb out of his nest. I had recognized him as the man who had contrived Anthony's murder, but as we rode we were beset by a troop of Chudleigh's Parliament horse, and a new chase began.

We galloped hard in the direction of Joan's hovel, where we found her masquerading in the buff coat I had worn when she first saved me. She was fated to do me one more such service. Now her arms were about my neck and her words of love made Delia turn pale. Joan hid us in the loft and, mounting Molly, rode away, leading the pursuit after her.

We were safe, and Joan soon came back. She had led the troopers into a quagmire where they had sunk from view, but the

poor girl was mortally hurt by a bullet and died with her head on my knee.

I buried her there and we resumed our way, but Delia seemed very silent and far from me. When we reached her home, the House of Gleys, I was right glad to see Bill Pottery's craft lying off the shore, and he and his men helped us gain the house.

The wretched Titcomb and his creatures strove to escape with all there was of value, and they set afire the house behind them; but I pursued him to a refuge he had made in the cliff and had the good pleasure to see him plunged far below, from a ledge that crumbled under his feet.

We arranged that Delia should sail to France with Pottery, there to find refuge with her mother's kin.

"Art looking downcast, Jack," she said.

"How else should I look, that am to lose thee in an hour or more?"

She laid her small hand in my big palm, and, glancing up, said, very pretty and demure:

"And shall I leave my best? Wilt not come too, dear Jack?"

"Delia!" I stammered. "What is this? I thought you loved me not."

"And so did I, Jack; and, thinking so, found I loved thee better than ever."

"Wilt marry no man till I come?"

"Now that's too hard a promise," said she, laughing. "A true woman will not change her mind; but, ah! she dearly loves to be able to!—well, then, if thou *must*—"

I watched her standing in the stern and waving; then turned and rode inland to the wars.

ANNE WARD RADCLIFFE

(England, 1764-1823)

THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST (1791)

This story became at once popular on its appearance, reached a fourth edition in 1795, and was translated into French and Italian. It was dramatized by John Boaden in 1794 under the title of *Fountainville Forest*. Mrs. Radcliffe has been styled the Salvator Rosa of the English novel, and is considered by Sir Walter Scott to have introduced the art of poetical landscape into modern fiction. He has followed her footsteps in *The Betrothed*, with the description of the haunted chamber where the heroine faces the specter attached to her ancient family. The success of *The Romance of the Forest* paved the way for that of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, for which the sum of five hundred pounds was offered, an unprecedented price for a literary work at that period. It is perhaps worthy of remark that Sir Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto*—the only "Gothic" romance that preceded the stories of Mrs. Radcliffe—was published during the year of her birth.



PIERRE DE LA MOTTE was a gentleman of ancient lineage whose passions often overcame his reason, and for a time silenced his conscience. Yet, though the image of virtue impressed upon his heart was occasionally obscured by the passing influence of vice, it never was wholly obliterated.

After wasting in dissipation his own fortune and the much larger fortune of his wife, the elegant and beautiful Constance Valentia, he attempted schemes for the restoration of his former prosperity which only served to sink him into deeper misfortune, and the consequence of a criminal transaction in which he was engaged drove him into dangerous and ignominious exile with only the wreck of his once fine property. Accompanied by his wife and two faithful domestics, a man and a woman, he drove out of Paris on a dark and tempestuous night, intending to seek an asylum in some obscure village in the Southern Provinces.

About three leagues from the city his comical and familiar but truly loyal servant Peter, who now acted as postilion, after driving over a wild heath where many ways crossed, stopped and acquainted La Motte with his perplexity. The sudden stopping of the carriage aroused its occupants from their torpor and filled them with the terror of pursuit. Perceiving a light at a distance of half a mile, La Motte descended from his carriage, and, in the hope of obtaining assistance, proceeded to the small and ancient abode whence the light issued.

When he was near the place he heard indistinctly several voices, faintly discernible through the gusts of wind that swept over the moor. Though almost overcome by apprehensive anxiety, he knocked at the door. It was opened by a tall man holding a light, who invited him to enter. The forlorn and desolate aspect of the apartment into which he was ushered made him shrink involuntarily, and he was about to retreat, when the man pushed him back and locked the door. He felt that this person intended to rob and murder him, and resolved to meet his fate with fortitude; but fortitude was not one of La Motte's virtues, and his agitation was extreme. It increased when, between the pauses of the wind, he distinguished the sobs and moaning of a woman, evidently the accents of distress.

Then a noise arose in the passage to the room. It approached—the door was unlocked. A ruffian put a pistol to his breast with one hand, while with the other he dragged along a beautiful girl of eighteen.

“Swear,” cried the ruffian, “that you will convey this girl where I may never see her more.”

La Motte was unable to speak from surprise; but the lovely young woman sank at his feet, and with supplicating eyes that streamed with tears implored him to have pity on her. Notwithstanding his own distress, he could not contemplate the object before him with indifference. He consented.

The ruffians now bound the eyes of La Motte and the young lady, placed them on two horses, with a man behind each, and the whole party immediately galloped off. At length a halloo from one of the ruffians and a responsive shout from the servant Peter told La Motte that he was near his own carriage.

“You are now beyond the borders of the heath,” said the

fellow who had first spoken to him, "and may go which way you please. If you return within an hour you will be welcomed by a brace of bullets."

After this very unnecessary injunction to La Motte the ruffian bestowed some directions and more threats on Peter, and the two parties separated. The carriage containing La Motte, Madame La Motte and the delicately beautiful and captivating stranger then drove rapidly away, La Motte's one desire being to find a retreat safe from the police of offended justice.

After a few days they passed into a vast forest of Fountainville. La Motte's purpose now was to pursue his way to Lyons, where he could either seek concealment in its neighborhood or embark on the Rhône for Geneva, should the emergency of his circumstances hereafter require him to leave France.

The carriage rolled along under the shade of melancholy boughs until La Motte observed against the vivid glow of the western horizon a few dark towers at a little distance, and ordered Peter to drive toward them. They belonged to the Gothic remains of an abbey, and were overshadowed by high and spreading trees, which seemed coeval with the building.

After exploring some of the ruined halls and cloisters, the feeling of sublimity wherewith their contemplation had inspired La Motte rose to terror, and he retreated to his carriage, telling Peter to drive on carefully and look for a road. But the night shade fell thicker and thicker around them and the stump of an old tree, which the darkness prevented Peter from observing, overthrew the vehicle.

When they had disengaged themselves from their perilous situation it was discovered that one of the wheels was broken. They were obliged to return to the ruins they had just quitted. They entered. Suddenly an uncommon noise was heard. They were silent—it was the silence of terror. The return of Peter, who had been sent to search some of the apartments for wood wherewith to light a fire, dispelled their alarm.

"An' please your honor," he called out to La Motte, "I've done for them, I believe. I thought I was fighting with a legion of devils; but they were only owls and rooks, after all."

The noise they had heard being thus accounted for, they pro-

ceeded to investigate further and penetrated the recesses of the edifice by the light of a flickering lamp. They at last entered a suite of apartments apparently of more modern date. Although not in all respects strictly Gothic they pleased La Motte, especially as there was a trap-door in one of the chambers which might prove convenient.

He saw they could be made inhabitable and he decided that, if provisions could be procured, he would seek no further for a place of rest. Peter was despatched to the neighboring town to make inquiries.

The account he heard of the abbey was that it belonged to a nobleman who now resided on a remote estate. It was reported that after it came to the present possessor some person was brought secretly to the building and confined in it. Afterward the abbey was believed to be haunted; and although sensible people scouted the idea, for the last seventeen years none of the peasantry had ventured to approach the spot. This was the reason why the place was abandoned to decay.

This intelligence was satisfactory to La Motte, and he arranged his little plan of living. His mornings were usually spent in fishing or shooting, his afternoons with his family in gloomy silence, which the almost irresistible sweetness of Adeline, the fair stranger, could not always dispel, though under its influence he sometimes relaxed from the sullenness of misery.

Adeline herself had not only beauty and rectitude, but also genius. Her mind having become tranquillized by the surrounding scenery, oft did she woo the gentle muse and commemorate her ideal happiness in many a sonnet and song. Her spirits being now equal to retrospection, she confided to her protectress, Madame La Motte, the principal incidents of her past, which were few but uncommon. She was the only child of the poor but high-born Chevalier de St. Pierre, and had been immured in a convent from her tenderest years and urged to take the veil. Upon her refusal she had been conducted to his house in Paris. After a few months of freedom, on her persistent determination not to become a nun she was brought by St. Pierre to the house where La Motte found her, and left there in the midst of the ruffians who had handed her over to the travelers.

La Motte had passed about a month in seclusion, and had

almost recovered his tranquillity, when tidings reached him that a stranger was making inquiries about him in the village. He at once sought for a hiding-place, raised the trap-door and explored the chambers under it. He saw a large chest in one of them, which naturally aroused his curiosity. What was his amazement when, on raising the lid, he beheld a skeleton entombed within it!

Meanwhile Adeline was trying to compose her emotions in the great hall of the abbey by caressing a fawn she had tamed. Her little favorite suddenly started from her hand, and, looking up, she perceived a man in the habit of a soldier on the threshold. With the swiftness of an arrow she fled, but her breath failed her and she leaned against a pillar, pale and exhausted. The man came up, and asked where La Motte was concealed.

"Tell me," he said, in beseeching tones. "Never," answered the intrepid girl, "and I solemnly assure you it will be in vain to search for him."

But the keen eye of the stranger detected the trap-door. He raised it, and the cowering La Motte, who was on the steps, recognized in the dreaded visitor his own son, who had sought him out in filial affection. The agony of Adeline was transformed into astonishment and joy.

Unfortunately, her brief satisfaction was soon changed into acute disquietude. Already Madame La Motte had become jealous of Adeline, especially as her husband was unaccountably melancholy and was apt to withdraw into a glade, where he mysteriously disappeared into the recesses of a Gothic sepulcher. This was proof positive to the watchful and devoted wife that her husband was unfaithful, and that his absence of mind and body could be accounted for only by secret assignations in the forest with the hapless orphan.

As her son Louis had really fallen in love with Adeline, Madame La Motte became doubly unkind, and the luckless maiden could only partially soothe her sorrow for a hostility she felt, but could not understand, by composing a number of poems, among others, odes to "Night," to "Sunset" and to "The Nocturnal Gale."

One day, as she was wandering through the forest, she came to a dewy glade so sweetly romantic that it inspired her with that

soft and pleasing melancholy which is dear to the impressionable mind. She sat for some time lost in reverie. Then, in a voice whose charming melody was modulated by the tenderness of her heart, she sang a sonnet which she had composed, "To the Lily." The last stanza was answered by a voice almost as tender as her own. She looked around in surprise, and saw a young man gazing on her with that deep attention that marks the enraptured mind.

She arose. The stranger respectfully advanced. Observing her timid look and retiring steps he paused. Then she pursued her way to the abbey, and, although anxious to know whether she was followed, delicacy forbade her to look back.

But her long absence in the forest had increased Madame La Motte's dislike toward the innocent girl. Adeline could not account for the changed feelings of her beloved protectress; at once her natural sprightliness was transformed into the profoundest dejection, and she retired to her chamber to weep.

In this uncomfortable situation, two strangers arrived in a terrific thunderstorm. Adeline, who had been summoned to assist in receiving them, descended from her room. In the younger, now garbed in military accouterments, she recognized the dignified and respectful youth who had unintentionally intruded on her solitude. Both blushed when their eyes met, although they were as yet unconscious that they loved each other. From some questions put to him by the elder guest, she learned that his name was Theodore, and from his responses that the other person, whose appearance at once inspired her with instinctive dislike, was a marquis.

On seeing this nobleman La Motte's limbs trembled, and a ghastly paleness overspread his countenance. The Marquis was little agitated. The two men retired to another apartment, where La Motte implored the nobleman's forgiveness. The Marquis, at first decidedly hostile, was at length mollified. He was the owner of the abbey, and had a shooting-lodge not far off.

On La Motte's return Adeline asked him about the story of specters in the abbey, and of a murder, said to have been at some time committed within its walls. La Motte said that the Marquis could have no connection with such fables; although he admitted that he himself had found a skeleton.

After this visit Adeline could no longer conceal from herself that she had conceived a passion for Theodore, who was an officer in the Marquis de Montalt's regiment, a passion which the modest and virtuous young soldier fully reciprocated. But he vaguely warned her of an impending peril, then failed to keep tryst with her one evening, and then mysteriously vanished.

The hapless Adeline was in agony. On the following night she dreamed of a prisoner, a dying man, a coffin, a voice from the coffin, and the appearance within it of the dying man amid torrents of blood. The chamber in which she beheld these horrors was most vividly represented. The next day the Marquis came to dine with La Motte, and, though reluctantly, he consented to pass the night in the abbey. Adeline was therefore put into a new bedroom.

Disturbed by the wind shaking the moldering tapestry, she rose from her couch and found a concealed door behind the arras and a suite of rooms, one of which was the chamber of her dream! On the floor lay a rusty dagger! The bed-covers, being touched, crumbled, and disclosed a small roll of manuscript.

Returning to her own chamber, she heard through the wall that separated her from the next room the Marquis professing to La Motte a passion for herself! Her horror was beyond conception.

Silence reigned for a time; then all was sudden noise and confusion. The Marquis, flying in terror from his room, insisted on leaving the abbey at once. His emotion was powerfully displayed, and evidently caused by a conscience ill at ease or by events of a terrible and supernatural kind.

When daylight returned the Marquis returned with it, and audaciously pressed his unholy suit upon Adeline. He even offered marriage, a hollow mockery, for he was well known to be already married.

At length the persecution of the Marquis became unbearable. Moreover, the faithful though comical Peter, who knew better than Adeline what the Marquis's designs implied, warned her that she should try to escape and that he would aid her. For some reason or other, explained Peter, La Motte was entirely in the wicked nobleman's power and must do what he ordered. He would have a horse ready the next night, and she must

wait for him at a lonely tomb in the forest, whence they would start for his native village in Savoy.

Adeline reached the appointed rendezvous and awaited in mingled hope and terror the arrival of Peter. At last she heard the clatter of hoofs, rushed from the tomb, and was hoisted on a horse, as she supposed by Peter. What was her dismay when she heard a voice that was strange to her, and found herself riding on a dark night, carried away by an unknown ruffian! They stopped at a mansion on the edge of the forest.

In vain Adeline shrieked as she was taken from the horse. Her companion dragged her through passage after passage, and at length deposited her in a salon, splendidly illuminated and fitted up in the most airy and elegant fashion. It was the hunting lodge of the Marquis, who again importuned her to marry him.

From this horrible predicament she was rescued by Theodore, who explained that his colonel, suspecting their mutual passion, had, on the morning of their appointment, forced him to rejoin his regiment. Anticipating the persecution she must suffer in his absence, he had left the regiment without leave, determined to protect her at the cost of his life. A coach was stationed at some distance, ready to receive her and start for the frontier.

They rode during the night and had conceived hopes of safety when they stopped at a small village adjacent to the Savoy border. While they were having some refreshments at an inn the Marquis burst into the chamber with his myrmidons, to whom he cried, furiously: "Seize that traitor!"

"I am no traitor," answered Theodore, with the dignity of conscious worth, "but a defender of innocence, which the treacherous Marquis de Montalt would destroy."

Words ran high. Swords were drawn; the tyrannical nobleman was seriously wounded, and his rival was dragged to prison. After Montalt had recovered he found that Adeline knew of some secret, the disclosure of which would ruin him. His love was changed to hate. The life of La Motte, who, driven to desperation by the exhaustion of his funds, had, soon after his arrival at the abbey, robbed the Marquis in a lonely part of the forest, depended on his forbearance. Montalt proposed to the unhappy man that he should plunge a dagger into the bosom of

Adeline, who had been carried back to the abbey during her sleep. La Motte agreed to perpetrate the awful deed. But he was not naturally inclined to be a villain and he confessed to his wife the error that had made him the helpless accomplice of the licentious noble's schemes. His life indeed had hitherto been unscrupulous, but he showed he was capable of better things, and he was prepared to risk his life to secure the freedom of Adeline. So the much-tried maiden was secretly conveyed to a peaceful valley in Savoy, the home of the honest Peter, who accompanied her.

Here, in the cheerful and philanthropic home of the venerable pastor La Luc, her mind was restored to a tolerable state of composure, during which she read Milton and Shakespeare. But the lovely girl's intervals of happiness seemed always destined to be brief. News was brought her that Theodore had been sentenced to death for desertion, and then she found out that her lover was the eldest son of La Luc! Conceive her agony!

When the Marquis learned of the flight of Adeline he cursed and swore in terms so gross that La Motte was amazed, for in spite of the criminality of the nobleman's passions his manners were usually genteel. He then ordered La Motte to be arrested for highway robbery and conducted to Paris. Thus, abandoned to despair, he and his wife quitted the forest which had afforded them an asylum, to reënter a world in which justice would meet the husband in the form of destruction.

Happily for La Motte, a witness appeared at the trial who cast a lurid light on the character of the Marquis. It was proved that he had murdered his elder brother—the skeleton whose discovery in a chest in the abbey had appalled La Motte. Nay, it was further shown that he had hired a band of desperados to assassinate his own natural daughter, whom, however, he never had seen—and this daughter was Adeline!

Even these hardened villains had relented, and had, as we have seen in the beginning of the romance, thrust her into the hands of La Motte. Thus it appeared that he had unwittingly been making love to his own child! But on a further examination of the evidence adduced before the court, it turned out that things were quite otherwise. Adeline proved not to be the daughter of the wicked noble, but his niece, the legitimate

daughter and heiress of the brother whose skeleton has been already mentioned. The manuscript found by Adeline in the room of the rusty dagger added documentary proof, for it was a narrative of the sufferings of her father, written by him in the abbey where he was imprisoned and stabbed. Thus the hasty nocturnal flight of the Marquis from the abbey was accounted for. He must have seen an apparition or been the victim of a hallucination.

Rather than face the outraged justice of his country he took poison, and then made a full confession of all his crimes. La Motte escaped with a sentence of banishment, and the generous Adeline took care that his declining years should be spent in comfort.

As soon as she was mistress of the abbey she moved the paternal skeleton to the vault of his ancestors. After a decent period of mourning she was united to Theodore, and the happy couple resided virtuously for the rest of their days in a villa on the beautiful shores of Lake Geneva.

THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO (1794)

One reads with a smile in these later days the criticism of the great Chénier, who, in his *Observations* on the English romance-writers, ranks Mrs. Anne Radcliffe next to Shakespeare; or the rhapsody of Leigh Hunt, who called her "the mighty magician of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, bred and nourished by the Florentine muses in their sacred, solitary caverns amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition and all the dreariness of enchantment." But for seven years Mrs. Radcliffe reigned the undisputed monarch of the English literary world. She reached in her novels, especially in the *Mysteries*, the very crown and summit of the romantic school. Though she herself has become little more than a name, she exercised a decided influence on the romance writers who came after her, and she represents a "school" which she may almost be said to have created and of which her works are the best exponents. In her day Mrs. Radcliffe's books were translated into many foreign languages, and all the literary and learned world hailed her great. It is a singular fact that though Mrs. Radcliffe's best known work, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, is out of print in this country, and is as different as possible in every way from the modern novel, such circulating libraries as have copies of it find it among their best circulating books. It is a long story and should be read in its entirety in order to get its full "flavor" and a full comprehension of its beauties.



AKEN suddenly ill while on a trip through the south of France, Monsieur St. Aubert died in a little cottage near the Château le Blanc, meeting his end more resignedly for the knowledge that his motherless daughter Emily was likely to find a protector in the Chevalier Valancourt, a young man who had accompanied him on his travels and whom he regarded as possessing every desirable qualification for a son-in-law except, possibly, that of wealth.

St. Aubert heard with an emotion that surprised his daughter the name of the castle near which fate had sent him to die, and commanded that his body be placed in the church of the neighboring convent, near the tombs of the Villerois, the former owners of the deserted castle.

He exacted a promise from his daughter that she would return at once to their modest home of La Vallée, in Gascony, and

destruction without reading certain papers which were there hidden in a secret receptacle. Emily obeyed her father's dying injunction; but as she was about to commit the papers to the flames her eye fell on a line of writing that filled her with amazement, and it was not without an effort that she restrained herself from reading further. She found also in the secret receptacle the miniature of a beautiful woman, over which she had once seen her father weep when he thought he was unobserved.

She found that her father's affairs were so involved that she could expect hardly any fortune, and that she had been left as a ward to her aunt, Madame Cheron, a hard and selfish widow, who lived near Toulouse.

Emily was of slight and graceful figure, with a face of unusual gentleness and beauty. She had been carefully educated by her father, who had encouraged her in out-of-door exercise, and had instilled firmness and self-reliance into her character.

Valancourt was the younger brother of the Count Duvarney. He was a handsome, military-looking youth, of great nobleness of character, though inclined to something of the recklessness common to exuberant youth. He followed Emily to Toulouse, where Madame Cheron received him civilly; and the course of true love seemed to be running smooth when the wealthy widow suddenly married Signor Montoni, Lord of Udolpho, a dark and haughty Italian, who had been visiting in the neighborhood.

At once everything was turned over by Madame Cheron to the management of her husband, and the Signor promptly forbade Emily to see Valancourt again, and commanded her to prepare to accompany him and his wife on a journey to Venice. Valancourt besought Emily to flee with him; but as both were too young to be married legally without the consent of their guardians the girl refused steadfastly, and the lovers parted with many tears and vows of eternal fidelity.

At Venice Madame Montoni discovered that her husband, whom she had thought a wealthy and powerful noble, was a man of broken fortunes, a gambler, and a conspirator against the state. He demanded that his wife turn over to him her entire fortune. She refused, and he set out with her and Emily for his castle in the Apennines, his departure being hastened by a

discovery on the part of the Government of some of the Signor's plots.

Montoni had introduced his wife's ward to a certain Count Morano and commanded her to marry him. Emily had refused firmly, and violent scenes ensued between the girl and the haughty Lord of Udolpho. But the Count and Montoni became enemies politically, and Emily was told she would suffer from Morano's persecutions no more; thus it was with relief, despite certain dark forebodings, that she set out for Udolpho.

The sun had sunk below the tops of the mountains when the travelers came in sight of their destination; but the yellow light still streamed in full splendor on the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. Though now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of the castle and its moldering walls of dark gray stone rendered it a gloomy and sublime object.

The two old servants who formed the only garrison of the castle built a fire in one of the gloomy rooms, and over it Emily and her aunt sat in the deepest dejection while Montoni strode up and down with folded arms and frowning brow. At last he summoned Annette, the maid who had come with Madame Montoni from France, and ordered her to show Emily the chamber prepared for her. As the girl left the room her aunt said, "Good night, my dear," in a tone of kindness which Emily had never before heard her use.

Annette conducted Emily to her chamber, rattling on with a story of ghosts and other horrors of which she had heard from the servants and which were well suited to the grim and dilapidated castle. Finally she became bewildered in the many passages and confessed herself lost.

"Let us open this door," said Emily, "and see where it leads." The room into which she entered was hung with portraits. Noticing one frame over which hung a black curtain, Annette exclaimed: "Holy Virgin! That must be the picture of which I heard in Venice!"

"What picture?" asked Emily. But Annette would not, or could not, tell, and her mistress, advancing to the veil, lifted up one corner of it. The horror of what she saw there caused her to stagger back against the wall fainting; but, recovering

herself, she quickly left the apartment, and after some difficulty finally reached her own room almost in a state of collapse.

"Oh, Mademoiselle," cried the maid, sinking into a chair when they had reached the chamber, "we have all been brought here to be murdered, I am sure, or carried away by ghosts or something. Ludovico says—"

"A truce to your talk of Ludovico," said Emily, who had partially recovered her self-possession. Ludovico was a servant of Montoni's who had fallen in love with the lively French maid.

Examining the chamber, Emily saw that it was lined with dark larch-wood and the furniture was very ancient and heavy, like all that she had seen in the gloomy castle. Opposite the door by which they had entered was another one opening outward to a stone stairway that led down into the darkness. The bolt of this door was on the outside, so that it could not be fastened from within. A high casement looked out over a rampart, but beyond all was darkness.

Disturbed at the fact that she was unable to fasten the door opening on the stairway, Emily commanded Annette to help her barricade the doorway with such heavy pieces of furniture as they could move, and then, loath to dismiss the maid and be left alone, gave her permission to tell what it was that Ludovico had told of the history of the castle.

"Well, ma'am," said Annette, "you must never tell, but Ludovico says that this castle was not always Signor Montoni's, nor his father's, but by some law or other it was to come to him when the lady died."

"What lady?" said Emily.

"Oh, the Lady Laurentini; that was her name, and the Signor was in love with her; and he was some relation and she would not have him, being in love with somebody else. Holy Virgin! what noise was that?"

"It was only the wind," said Emily.

"Where was I? Well, she had a great temper, the lady had, as well as the Signor; and the man she loved would not have her and went away, and—Oh, ma'am, look at that light—see how blue it burns! Well, at last the Signor Montoni left the castle and never came near it again for a long time, and in the

mean time the Lady Laurentini went out walking in the woods all alone and never was seen again. But her ghost walks about here at all hours of the night, as many of the servants who have been here before can testify. Holy Peter! What was that noise behind the door?"

Emily now distinctly heard a knocking on the door leading to the corridor. Annette screamed. The door opened slowly. It was only old Caterina, come to tell the maid that Madame Montoni wanted her; but Emily had been so unnerved by the strange tales she had heard and the ghastly sight she had witnessed in the room of the portraits that she was hardly less startled than Annette.

When the maid had left her she found it impossible to compose herself to sleep. Among the many griefs and anxieties that crowded on her was the fact that for a long time now she had received no letter from Valancourt. That this was not the fault of her lover she was well assured. She was convinced that Montoni, or her aunt, acting by his orders, had confiscated the letters she had attempted to send to the young man, and that his had by the same agency been prevented from reaching her hands. The castle clock struck one before she closed her eyes to sleep.

The days that followed saw the arrival of many men at Udolpho. It was evident that preparations were making for an event of importance. At first Emily and Madame Montoni took their meals at the table with the lord of the castle and his guests; but when the guests increased in numbers the ladies had their meals served in their rooms.

One day as Emily gazed from her window she saw a large body of troops with glittering spears and fluttering banners come riding up the road to the castle gates. The lonely girl would have enjoyed the beauty of the spectacle had not the appearance of the armed band, evidently expected and desired by Montoni, given her fresh cause for disquietude.

The castle was now garrisoned like a citadel in time of war. Beneath the window of Emily's chamber sentries held nightly patrol. Montoni rode away frequently at the head of the troops. When the party returned they brought with them what were evidently the spoils of their foray, and all night the castle would resound to the sounds of drunken revelry. Sometimes bound

men were brought into the castle, and Annette declared that in the dungeons of the place were many prisoners taken on the forays.

Whenever Emily saw her aunt now she found that unhappy lady sunken in the deepest dejection. She treated her niece with an unwonted and sorrowful affection and often begged forgiveness for her former harshness. Her spirit was broken by the cruel treatment she had received and her health was rapidly failing.

One night she drew Emily into her dressing-room and poured out the story of her woes. Montoni, she said, had tried in every way to induce her to give up to him her entire property, declaring that only if she did so would she be allowed to leave the castle, where she was really a prisoner now. He had threatened her with a terrible fate if she persisted in her refusal, but she was obdurate. Emily begged her to comply with the Signor's demands, but with some of her old spirit Madame Montoni declared that she would die first.

A few days after this interview Montoni came to see Emily and informed her that her aunt was ill and had been taken to a remote part of the castle—he would not specify the part—where she would be kept in seclusion until she was ready to do as he wished. He warned Emily not to try to seek her out, and intimated that she would better concentrate all her thoughts on what was likely to be her own fate.

As the distressed girl sat that night by her casement she suddenly heard a strain of music coming apparently from the wall below her. The sentry who watched below did not seem to notice it, but paced his round with measured tread.

As she gazed down upon the platform she saw a figure glide ghostlike along and pause by a cannon mounted at the farther extremity. Just then the sentry passed below her window, and she saw the point of his halberd glowing with a pale, luminous fire that seemed to waver over it as if just alighting. His companion of the watch came up to him and on the point of his halberd also shone the same weird flame—the St. Elmo's fire.

"Santa Maria," said the first, "what is abroad to-night? See you the death-glow on your halberd?"

"Ay," responded the other, "and there glows the like upon yours—what does this portend?"

"I know not," was the response; "but saw you just now a figure glide along in the darkness?"

"Indeed I did. It vanished just by the old gun there—the one they say is haunted."

As they passed on Emily closed her casement and withdrew to the companionship of her own gloomy thoughts; yet even as she left the window she thought she heard again that ghostly strain of music amid the tumult of the gathering storm. She was in such an agitated state of mind that she threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed and heard the castle clock strike two before she fell into a fitful slumber. From this disturbed sleep she was awakened by a noise within the chamber, and springing to her feet she saw the door on the mysterious stairway open and the Count Morano, who had pursued her in Venice, standing before her. Emily attempted to flee by the door leading to the corridor, but the Count seized her hand and prevented her.

"Why all this terror?" he said. "I come not, Emily, to alarm you, but to rescue you. I love you, love you too well for my own peace."

"Then leave me, sir," said Emily, recovering herself. "Leave me instantly."

"It shall not be so," replied Morano. "Know that Montoni is a villain—a villain who would have sold you to me!"

"And is he less a villain who would have bought me?" retorted Emily.

"I lose time," said the Count. "I came not to exclaim against Montoni. Yet his schemes are terrible. I warn you. Montoni has plans for your future more profitable to him than selling you to me. Fly, then, with one who adores you. My carriage waits below. Through bribing the warder I have obtained access to you and have provided for your safe escape."

Excitedly and fervently as the Count poured out his love, painting the dangers to the girl of remaining longer at Udolpho and begging her to fly, Emily remained steadfast in her refusal. As they stood thus the door of the apartment was burst open and Montoni rushed into the room, followed by the old steward and

several attendants. Swords were instantly drawn and Montoni and the Count, fighting furiously, gradually made their way into the corridor, where they continued the combat, Montoni threatening to kill anyone who interfered.

Morano received a wound that caused him to fall back into the arms of a servant and Montoni would have despatched him had not his arm been stayed by one of his guests who stood by. He finally consented that the badly wounded man should be taken to a cottage in the neighborhood, and after heaping reproaches and accusations on Emily he left the presence of the distracted girl.

The next morning Montoni departed on one of his forays. He was not, as Emily supposed, a captain of banditti, though for all practical purposes he might have been. He was a conspirator against the State of Venice and had taken into his pay a body of *condottieri*, mercenary soldiers made up of all nationalities, who at that time went about in the disturbed state of Italy selling their services to the highest bidder. Though nominally making war on the enemies of the Venetian republic, Montoni in reality was levying blackmail on all who could pay and who were within the reach of his power. As he could pay his soldiery little cash, he gave them full liberty to rob, so that the ancient stronghold of Udolpho had degenerated into a nest of thieves.

During the absence of Montoni Emily frequently heard at night the strains of music coming from below her window, and once or twice she caught sight of the ghostly figure gliding along the platform and vanishing by the haunted cannon. One of the airs that the unseen musician played overcame her with a sudden thrill. She remembered once, when she was happy in La Vallée, that, going to fetch her lute, which she had left in a little fishing-house overlooking the river, she had heard this same air played by an unknown hand. When she entered the place it was vacant, but the lute, which she had left on a window-seat, had been thrown upon the table, apparently in haste, by the mysterious musician. This experience had been repeated, and she had also found in the fishing-house some verses apparently addressed to her.

Valancourt had admitted to her that before he met her on the journey with her father he had been in the neighborhood of

La Vallée, and she had taken it for granted that it was he who had been the author of the music and the verses. And now she heard that air again! Could it be that Valancourt, perhaps coming to seek her, had been taken prisoner and was confined in Udolpho? She partially confided her hopes and her fears to Annette, and the maid undertook to ascertain the truth through her faithful Ludovico.

Emily's anxiety regarding the fate of her aunt was extreme, but all that she could learn was that the unfortunate lady still lived, though kept in the strictest seclusion and rapidly sinking toward the grave. On the return of Montoni she was informed that his wife had been removed to her former chamber and that her niece had permission to visit her. She found Madame Montoni evidently near death, but still firm in her resolution not to hand over her property to her husband. The next morning Annette rushed into Emily's chamber, hysterically announcing that Madame Montoni had died during the night. The girl had hardly time to indulge in the natural grief that she felt for her aunt's sad end when a messenger from Montoni summoned her to his presence.

"I have sent for you," said the Lord of Udolpho sternly, "to say that as your aunt's husband I am heir of all she possessed. That which she withheld from me in her life is now mine. You will sign this paper releasing any fancied claims you may have on her estate. Sign, and you will be sent back to France; refuse, and beware my vengeance."

"I am not so ignorant as you suppose," replied Emily. "My aunt's estates are mine by law, and my own hand shall never betray my right."

Montoni turned pale with anger. "This night, this very night!" said he, and was proceeding when a deep, solemn voice, coming apparently from the stone wall of the room in which they sat alone, repeated: "This night! This night!" Montoni paused and turned half around, but collected himself and went on. "You have seen one example of my vengeance. I could tell you of others that would make you tremble to hear—" A deep groan, coming apparently from beneath their feet, interrupted the speech. "I will have vengeance as well as justice!" cried Montoni, appearing not to notice the strange

interruptions. Just then another groan filled the air. "Leave the room!" shouted Montoni. "And as for these foolish tricks—I will soon discover by whom they are practised."

That night as Emily passed along the corridor near her chamber she was suddenly seized by one of Montoni's companions, the Signor Verezzi, who began to pour out a torrent of protestations of undying love, and gave her to understand that Montoni had sent him on his mission.

Breaking away from the man with a mighty effort the terrified girl flew to her chamber and barred the door before his unsteady steps could follow her.

She spent the night in a state of grief and terror, and had hardly regained her self-possession when Annette came to her room the next morning and told her that Ludovico had discovered that the music she had heard was made by a French prisoner who was confined in a dungeon, the window of which opened on the platform below. Ludovico had made arrangements to discover further concerning the prisoner, and would report that night to Emily. Emily was not surprised when a little later she received a summons to attend once more on Signor Montoni. He received her as before, sternly, and again demanded that she sign the paper. If she did so she would be sent back to France, Verezzi would be allowed to trouble her no further, and she need fear nothing from any other of the Signor's wild companions. If she refused—

Emily was at last unnerved, overcome by the imminence of the danger which surrounded her—and signed. No sooner had she done so than Montoni, bowing sarcastically, said:

"Mademoiselle, it was necessary to deceive you. Retire to your room and I will consider of your fate."

The girl was aroused by this deception to an anger which overcame her fears and haughtily confronting Montoni said: "You, sir, will find my firmness hereafter a match for your cruelty and duplicity." But in the seclusion of her own room she gave way to tears.

When Ludovico came that night he was full of important information. Under pretext of carrying a jug of water into the dungeon, he had gained admittance to the prison of the Frenchman. "He would not intrust me with his name, Mademoiselle,"

said the faithful fellow, "but when I mentioned yours he was overwhelmed with joy and bade me give you this miniature." He handed Emily a picture of herself which, as she remembered at once, she had once lost in the fishing-house.

"It is Monsieur Valancourt!" cried Annette. And Emily herself had no further doubt as to the identity of the prisoner. "I will see him again, lady," said Ludovico, "and if it can be arranged will you receive him—say, here in this corridor? There can be no safer place."

Emily consented with an eagerness which she tried in vain to dissemble.

Whatever design Montoni had against Emily was delayed for a time by an attack on the castle made by a body of government troops sent to suppress the banditti who held it. But the force sent was small and the attack was beaten off. The victory was celebrated by wild orgies, the tumult of which Emily could hear ringing through the castle. While the revels were at their height Annette announced that Ludovico was coming with the French prisoner.

Emily's emotion was so great that when she heard Ludovico give the appointed signal outside her chamber she opened the door and crying, "Valancourt!" fell fainting into the arms of—a stranger.

"I see," said the stranger, when Annette had revived her mistress, "that it was another whom you expected to meet. But permit me, at least, to offer you such aid in your distressed situation as a prisoner may. My name is Du Pont. My family is not unknown to you. They live near La Vallée. I have long loved you, though you knew it not; and I used to haunt the little fishing-house by the river where I had the felicity of playing on your lute and where I found the miniature I have restored to you."

"Ah," said Emily, "that explains why your music was so familiar to me. And, sir, pray were you the ghost that glided along the platform?"

"I fear I was," returned Du Pont with a smile. "Taken captive by Montoni's band while serving with the French troops now in this country, I found in my dungeon a secret panel that gave me access to hidden passages. One of these opened on the

platform and enabled me to take the air as a ghost. It was from another passage in the thickness of the walls discovered by me that I uttered the words and the groans that so disconcerted Montoni and, I fear, alarmed you on the occasion of his first attempt to make you sign away your aunt's property."

Emily was about to reply when Verezzi, crazed with drink and jealousy, came rushing from the secret staircase through Emily's room and aimed a blow at the heart of Du Pont with his dagger. A fierce struggle began. Ludovico, who had retired down the passage to watch, but whose vigilance had been defeated by the fact that Verezzi had come by way of the secret staircase, came running up to find that Du Pont had wrenched the dagger from the Italian's grasp and hurled him to the stone floor with a violence that knocked him unconscious.

"Oh, you are lost!" whispered Ludovico. "Montoni's people are coming. I cannot stop to explain; follow me, all of you."

Guided by Ludovico they fled down the stairs behind Emily's chamber and thence into secret passages that Annette's lover had discovered and explored with a view to some such emergency as this. As they hurried along he said: "A party from the mountains has just arrived with wine, and the horses have been left beyond the outer gate. If we can cajole the warder there we may seize the beasts and escape."

Soon they came to a passage enclosed in the thickness of the walls of the court at the end of which a concealed door opened near the outer gate. Leaving his companions there, Ludovico went back and, emerging from another door, came leisurely strolling across the courtyard.

"Oh, ho!" said he to the warder. "Why are you not in drinking with the others? They will swill all the good wine before you get a taste. I have just had my share and it is going rapidly."

"The pigs!" replied the warder. "I would I had some of it to quench this thirst."

"Well, you are a good fellow," said Ludovico. "Go you in and I will watch until you return. I know you would do as much for me. But make haste."

The warder resigned his halberd to Ludovico and ran to-

ward the castle door. Instantly the fugitives emerged from the secret passage and rode off down the trail to freedom.

The warder lingered long over his wine, and Montoni and his companions did not realize until after a protracted search that the fugitives had escaped from the castle. The result was that they reached Leghorn in safety, and there took ship for France.

A great storm compelled the vessel to put into a little bay on the coast of France in proximity to the Château la Blanc, near which the orphaned girl's father had died, and close to the convent where he lay buried. The vessel had been so strained by the storm that all the passengers debarked. The present owner of the château, the Count de Villefort, recognized in M. Du Pont an old friend, and invited him and his companions to the castle.

On learning the story of the fugitives the Count de Villefort insisted on Emily considering him as her guardian and he immediately set in motion processes to secure to her the fortune which belonged to her.

The Count, who had but recently come to inhabit his château, was much disturbed by the reputation it had of being haunted and by the gruesome stories that pertained to it. The Marchioness de Villeroi had died in one of the rooms and her spirit was still supposed to walk there. It was believed that she had been poisoned by her husband.

In the castle was a portrait of this dead Marchioness. It bore such a striking resemblance to Emily that even the servants commented upon it. Emily observed with agitation that it was a picture of the same woman whose miniature she had taken from her father's papers and a confession of love for whom she had read in the lines in the destroyed papers upon which her eye had accidentally fallen.

The "haunting" of the château was solved simply while the party was there. It was discovered to be due to the presence of a gang of smugglers who had a secret passage from the shore leading into the rooms where the Marchioness had died; but the mystery of the relations between the dead Marchioness and her father was still an occasion of distress to Emily.

There was a legend that before her marriage the Marchioness had been in love with a squire of Gascony, and Emily recalled

the emotion of her dying father when he learned the name of the neighboring castle and his desire to be buried near the tomb of the Villerois.

One day, when Emily had gone as was her wont to the convent, she encountered an aged nun, who instantly exclaimed: "It is her very self! All the graces which were my ruin! What would you? What reparation can I make?"

"Sister Agnes," said the Abbess, hushing the half-crazed nun, "is excited. Pray excuse us." And she led the aged woman away. A few nights after a messenger came in haste for Emily. Sister Agnes was dying and would see her before she died.

Emily found the nun raving; but, becoming calmer, she poured out to the astonished girl a confession of who she was and of the great sin of which she had been guilty. She had at first taken Emily for the ghost of the Marchioness de Villeroi, but now knew that she was her niece, for the Marchioness had been her father's sister! M. St. Aubert had carefully concealed from his daughter the sad story of her aunt and had extracted a promise from Madame Cheron that she would never tell it. The Marquis de Villeroi, traveling in Italy, had fallen in love with the Signora Laurentini, mistress of Udolpho; but during a visit to the castle he had been so shocked at what he had discovered of her character that he had set off at once for France and married the sister of St. Aubert. Signora Laurentini had not been murdered by Montoni, as was reported, but had secretly followed De Villeroi to France, and, finding him married, had again entangled him in the meshes of her fascinations and finally induced him to poison his wife.

When the deed had been done the Marquis, overcome by remorse, fled to a distant country, where he soon died. Signora Laurentini retired to the convent, where she was then dying, to expiate her sins by fasts and vigils. Hurriedly and brokenly Emily told the nun of her connection with Udolpho and exclaimed: "What, then, Madame, was that horror I saw in the hall of portraits? I thought—I thought it was your dead body?"

"No," returned the dying nun. "This sinful body must soon return to that condition; but what you saw was the waxen image of decay. Long years ago, for his sins, a Lord of Udolpho

was compelled by the church to make a wax effigy of a body in the condition to which the grave reduced it, and to keep it among the portraits of his ancestors, thus to be forever reminded of his end and of the worthlessness of family pride. On his death he made it a condition of holding the castle that his successors should preserve the figure in the same place. That was what you saw when you lifted the curtain."

The next morning Sister Agnes was dead. In her will she bequeathed a considerable fortune to Emily. Valancourt, as soon as he received Emily's letter which she had sent him on reaching France, hurried to her, and the lovers were reunited after a separation that had seemed at times destined never to end. After their marriage they proceeded to La Vallée, where they lived a life of tranquillity in strong contrast to the troublous times they had passed through. The paper signed by Emily under duress was declared worthless, and she inherited all her aunt's estates. Montoni was captured by the Venetian troops, thrown into prison and died there from poison.

GOLO RAIMUND

(Germany, 1849)

A NEW RACE (1880)

Raimund's stories of German life among the nobles and the middle class are very popular with younger readers, and the plot of this story was dramatized for the German stage.



VA VON ZARINGHEN bent anxiously over the little fan she was painting, catching the last rays of the dying day. This was her recreation, the earning of a few marks in the intervals of teaching at the school where she had recently completed her education. She was an orphan, without a friend in the world. Fräulein Wilding, the preceptress, entered.

"There is a gentleman below to see you. His name is Roland. Do you know him?"

Eva passed her hand over her forehead. "Yes," she said, hesitatingly, "I do."

Herr Roland was the young girl's grandfather. She had not seen him since infancy. The history of herself and her mother she learned from the stern, vigorous old man who awaited her in the drawing-room.

Herr Roland had been an enormously wealthy banker, and his only daughter, Eva's mother, had married into the noble family of Von Zaringhen. Shortly after the marriage Herr Roland's affairs became involved, and finally he was obliged to go into bankruptcy. An appeal to the family of his daughter's husband was made, but they rejected him with scorn, rebuking him for allowing them to become allied with his ignoble race and then cheating them out of the money with which he had purchased the honor. His wife wrote him a cruel letter, in

which she refused to see him, and his daughter, it being the time of Eva's birth, was kept in ignorance of the facts. Embittered, he departed for America, where everything he touched turned to gold. He repaid his creditors, and now, an old man, returned to Germany, rich beyond belief, and with the intention of making the young girl his heir. Hardly believing in her good fortune, and touched by her grandfather's need of affection, Eva willingly acceded to his wish to go with him.

Eva von Zaringhen's life had been sad and monotonous. Her mother had been cast off from the Von Zaringhens on the death of her father and the subsequent occupation of the castle by his heir and brother, and had passed the few remaining years of her existence in cheap lodgings. At her death the family would have provided in some ungracious fashion for the little girl, but a sister of her grandmother's, a worthy person, house-keeper to an old professor, had taken and cared for her in a kindly but unsympathetic fashion. The child's one glimpse of gaiety had been at a *fête*, to which the old man had taken her. Here she had been laughed at and teased till the tears came to her eyes, when a fine-looking boy of about fifteen years asked her to be the Queen of the Feast with him. All was changed from that moment, and the children, even including the beautiful Ulla, a girl who had been a leader in teasing, had joined in praising and petting her. This circumstance the lonely little girl never had forgotten. Soon after it her kind old friends died, and she took up her abode in the school as teacher and pupil, where she was at the time of her grandfather's return.

The great castle of Von Zaringhen stood on a lofty eminence whence it commanded a view of upland and valley, forest, river and distant mountains. Nothing more magnificent could be imagined than the old castle, as, renovated and lighted up, it stood ready to welcome its new owners, Herr Roland and his grandchild, Eva, who was now heiress to the great estate.

Herr Roland, in spite of his softening in Eva's presence, was hardened and embittered by his misfortunes. It was whispered that the means he had taken to obtain the estate from the last representative of the family, Waldemar, son of his son-in-law's brother, had not been strictly honorable, and the nobility were slow to recognize him socially. This made little

difference to the old man, whose ambition was satisfied by the possession of the ancient seignory; he and his granddaughter spent merely the summer months there, and the remainder of the time was passed in travel, in seeing pictures, hearing music and enjoying scenery. After two years of this the old man died, and Eva was left in sole possession.

During her life with her grandfather he had taught her the principles of business, and she made it her first duty to look over all papers and acquaint herself with every detail of affairs connected with the estate and his property.

Among the papers, one day, she came across a letter addressed to herself. She opened it, in amazement, and found it dated two years back and signed Waldemar von Zaringhen, asking, in terms courteous but forcible, the favor of remaining for a few months or weeks in the wing of the castle where he might maintain complete seclusion and not annoy the other occupants by his presence, until his eyesight, which had been seriously impaired by a wound received in the war, could be restored to health. Disturbed and agitated, she asked an explanation of Dr. Jordan, her uncle's physician, who was also the family physician and friend of the Von Zaringhens, and his explanation disturbed her even more than the letter.

Before speaking of the letter Dr. Jordan gave a short relation of the Zaringhen affairs, showing Eva the picture of young Waldemar as he began. The girl looked at the likeness with a pleased recognition dawning in her face. "Do you know him?" said the doctor. Eva then told him the story of his crowning her queen at the children's *fête*, so long ago, as she gazed at the frank, open lineaments of the boy, now grown to a man.

"Ah, that is like him," said the doctor, when she had finished; and then he related the difference between Waldemar and the proud, self-seeking barons from whom he was descended. His father, in an insane desire for great wealth, had gone heavily into iron-manufacturing, encumbering his estates with mortgages. His practical knowledge was insufficient to carry them, and he became more and more involved. Just as Waldemar, who was already showing ability for affairs, had finished his education and was ready to come home, the war broke out. He entered the army and won distinction, but paid a heavy

price for it. He was wounded severely in the head, and a threatened loss of eyesight resulted, while the family matters were completely wrecked for want of the care he might have given. Owing to an unfaithful steward, who enriched himself while negotiating the notes of his employer, all the property had to be sold to meet the obligations.

Here the good doctor hesitated. "Go on," said Eva. And he continued with what was more personal to her, the fact that her grandfather had taken this time to get everything into his own control. It was impossible to overlook the fact that he had taken extreme advantage of the legal rights in obtaining Zaringhen as he did.

Eva schooled herself to hear the rest. The letter the doctor had himself urged Waldemar to write, as he believed in her kindness of heart. He now realized that she had never seen it and that her grandfather, in terms of extreme harshness, had replied to it in her name, brusquely refusing the request.

"And what became of Waldemar?" she asked.

"He left at once, in a severe storm."

"And his eyes?"

"He is blind."

The girl remained in silence for some moments. Finally, in response to her questions, the doctor told her more of Waldemar's present circumstances, how he lived in a small way in a distant village, with his mother, a haughty, unpopular aristocrat, who made him and everyone miserable with her discontent. He read her a letter from the old Baroness, in which she complained bitterly of her lot and asked the doctor if he knew of some person who would come for a moderate sum and be half-housekeeper, half-nurse in their little home, as she was utterly unable to exert herself. Eva took her resolution suddenly, but with quiet firmness.

"I will go to them," she said. "You can write them that I am a lay sister. I will repay, to those who have been wronged, what I can."

The doctor could not shake her in this plan. She insisted that she was used to work and privation and would be happier in doing this than in leading a life of lonely splendor on the estate. She would ask to have her piano stored there, on the

plea of wishing to keep it, thus affording Waldemar the diversion of music, and by means of her money she would manage to introduce quietly many comforts into the home.

Eva carried out her plan. She was soon able to secure order and comfort, and to arrange many things for the happiness of the blind man. She arranged that they should have their breakfasts in the little garden, and she saw to it that Waldemar's pipe was on the table under the trees, where he liked to sit after dinner. She bore with the Baroness's arrogance patiently, and became gradually a companion for the son, who, in spite of a brave spirit and philosophical determination, had many sad and gloomy moments to pass through. Her piano was a great comfort to him, and he passed hours improvising on its keys. A comfortable barouche appeared in the village, which could be hired for a marvelously small sum, and the Baroness frequently treated herself and her son to a drive. The haughty old lady took it all as a matter of course; but Waldemar often pondered on the change that had come to the former comfortless abode, and longed to see the soft-voiced woman who had wrought such wonders and with whom he could converse so sympathetically, even to the extent of forgetting his misfortune.

At last there was some commotion in the little home. Waldemar's betrothed, Ulla von Hartenstein, was coming to make a visit. This was no other than the little Ulla who had teased Eva so cruelly in the never-forgotten *fête*. She had grown to be a very beautiful girl, and were it not that her father had lost his property and was unable to provide her with a suitable dowry, would have made an advantageous match long since. As it was, she did not accept the release Waldemar offered her because of his blindness. She was fond of him; there was no one else, and she obtained credit for disinterestedness among her rich relatives, while perhaps looking quietly for some other suitor.

Eva was completely deceived by the apparent joy the young couple took in each other's society, and felt that suddenly a shadow had come over her life.

She resolved to carry into effect a plan she had been outlining in her mind for some time. After observing the legal technicalities, she wrote to Ulla, as the owner of Zaringhen,

saying that she felt a wrong had been done to her, as Waldemar's betrothed, in their occupation of the estate, and offering her another estate, with an income sufficient to carry it on.

She waited several days, until this letter was handed to the young girl, and knew of its reaching its destination by the cry of joy that came from her room.

This was not followed by the happiness in the family which she had anticipated. Much talking of the three together, a grand quarrel, and the speedy departure of Fräulein Ulla resulted in her disclosing the contents of the letter to Waldemar and the Baroness.

Waldemar afterward told her the exact situation, from his own standpoint, saying that he would not allow Ulla to receive anything from such a monster of arrogance and unfeeling as this Eva von Zaringhen must be; that she had accordingly declared her determination to accept the gift and marry someone else, and had, as observed before, gone away in high dudgeon. To Eva's joy, Waldemar told her that he was not in the least unhappy in the breaking of his engagement; but her misery in understanding his hatred of herself as Eva von Zaringhen was great.

The doctors had said that Waldemar might receive his sight again as the result of some great shock. A little while after Ulla's departure, he wandered alone in the forest, when a tremendous thunder-shower broke, and was struck to unconsciousness, from which he awoke to sight and to love, for Eva was bending over him in all her beauty, and his first vision was her face.

"Wake me, my darling," he said; "tell me all is real; tell me that you love me."

Happiness veiled her voice as with his arms about her she whispered, "Yes, forever!—and you alone."

Waldemar rose the next day, to find Eva gone, leaving a letter saying that she had deceived him, she had been living with them under a feigned name, and imploring his forgiveness. He also discovered the only trace, a fan with *fecit, Eva von Zaringhen*, painted on it.

With this fan as a guide he sought the old doctor and asked his advice as to finding his lost love. The doctor told him that

Fräulein von Zaringhen at the castle could undoubtedly help him, and advised him to bury his pride and seek her at once.

At the castle he handed the servant the fan as a card, and asked whether his mistress would receive the bearer.

In a few minutes the man returned. Fräulein von Zaringhen would see the gentleman instantly. He mounted the stairs and passed into the door the servant held open for him.

A mist seemed to hover before his eyes. A young girl was standing by the table—"Eva!" he cried.

And now a new and happy race has been founded at the Zarenberg, and the blessing of love and fidelity rests upon the house and all belonging to it.

CHARLES READE

(England, 1814-1884)

PEG WOFFINGTON (1852)

The principal character in this story, Margaret Woffington (1720-1760), was a celebrated actress, born in Dublin, successful in both male and female parts. The author made a highly successful dramatic version of his novel.



IN a poor apartment at No. 10, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, was the home of James Triplet, scene-painter, actor, and writer of sanguinary plays. Mrs. Triplet, a mediocre actress, had just come in from the theater one day when a servant in livery brought a note for her husband from Mr. Vane, dated at Covent Garden. Triplet, who had built great expectations on this gentleman's patronage, put on his best coat and set out for the theater to meet him.

Ernest Vane, a wealthy gentleman from Shropshire, called to London on business four months before, had remained for pleasure. He possessed much learning and taste, and had become fascinated by Mrs. Margaret Woffington, an actress of great beauty and high in favor with the town. He rented a box at her theater, went night after night to hear her, and soon began to send her flowers and now and then anonymous verses and even precious stones.

Sir Charles Pomander, a gentleman whom he knew slightly, called one night at his box. He was a thorough man of the world, had observed Mr. Vane's infatuation, and, desirous of finding out whether Mrs. Woffington returned the sentiment, he invited him to accompany him to the greenroom. There Vane was introduced to Colley Cibber, poet-laureate, and "the only actor since Shakespeare's time who had both acted and written well."

Cibber, "gold-laced, highly powdered, scented, and diamonded," decried the stage of the present when Vane praised Mrs. Woffington, and told of the triumphs of Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Bracegirdle in *The Rival Queens*.

Mrs. Woffington, who was walking up and down studying the epilogue she was to deliver, turned occasionally to fire a witty shot at Cibber as she caught his remarks. The old actor replied with satire or insolence, to the disgust of Vane, until Mrs. Woffington, who had given as good as he sent, turned on him with:

"Mr. Cibber, what do you understand by an actor?"

"An actor, young lady," said he gravely, "is an artist who has gone deep enough in art to make dunces, critics, and green-horns take it for nature; moreover, he really personates, which your mere *man of the stage* never does. He has learned the true art of self-multiplication. I will show you a real actress; she is coming here to-night to meet me. Did ever you children hear of Ann Bracegirdle?"

"Ah! here comes her messenger," he continued, as an old man appeared with a letter. Mrs. Woffington snatched and read the letter, and, announcing that the great actress would come in a few minutes, hastened out at the summons of the call-boy.

Cibber continued his reminiscences to the amusement of all until their merriment was ended by the sound of approaching voices.

"This way, madam."

"I know the way better than you, child," replied the shrill voice of a stately old lady who appeared at the threshold.

"Bracegirdle," said Mr. Cibber.

She was dressed in a rich green velvet gown with gold fringe. Cibber remembered it; she had played the Eastern Queen in it. Her hair and eyebrows were iron-gray and she had lost a front tooth, or she would still have been handsome.

"How do, Colley!" she said, looking over the company's heads as if she did not see them, and regarding the four walls with some interest.

"Not so clean as it used to be," said Mrs. Bracegirdle, as a page handed her a chair.

She and Cibber then gave reminiscences of the past and criticisms of the present, with several declamations from *The Rival Queens*, and finally called in a fiddler to play a minuet, and showed the stately dancing of fifty years before.

Mrs. Bracegirdle, with friskier motions, cried "This is slow!" and bade the fiddles play "The wind that shakes the barley," an ancient jig, which she danced in a way to astonish the spectators. Suddenly she stopped, put her hands to her sides, and gave a vehement cry of pain.

"Oh! help me, ladies," screamed the poor woman, in piteous and heart-rending tones. "Oh, my back! my loins! I suffer, gentlemen!" she said faintly.

The company gathered sympathetically around, and Mr. Vane offered his penknife to cut her laces.

"You shall cut my head off sooner," cried she with sudden energy. Then, with an air of self-reproach, she exclaimed: "O vanity! do you never leave a woman?"

As if to add to her humiliation she burst into tears, in which many of the company joined.

"This is very painful," said Cibber.

Mrs. Bracegirdle now raised her eyes (they had set her in a chair), and looking sweetly, tenderly, and earnestly on her old companion, said to him slowly, gently, but impressively:

"Colley, at three-score years and ten, this was ill done of us!"

Cibber pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and then, half ashamed of his emotion, said:

"Drat the woman! she makes us laugh and makes us cry, just as she used."

"And that's Peg Woffington's notion of an actress! Better it, Cibber and Bracegirdle, if you can," cried the pseudo-Bracegirdle, rising and leaving the room. As she went, she threw to Cibber Mrs. Bracegirdle's note, which read:

"Playing at tric-trac; so can't play the fool in your green-room to-night. B."

A musical, ringing laugh was heard outside the door where Mrs. Woffington was washing the wrinkles from her face and the bit of sticking-plaster from her front tooth. All joined in the applause but Cibber, whose theories had received a shock.

Vane, thus auspiciously introduced to Peg Woffington, en-

tirely lost his heart, notwithstanding that Sir Charles Pomander, courting her himself, tried to make him believe that she was venal and heartless. His warnings were of no avail, and Vane and Peg Woffington became mutually enamored, to the disgust of the knight, whose brilliant offers had been rejected.

Triplet, who had hastened to the theater on receipt of Mr. Vane's note, failed to find that gentleman. He waited until the lights were put out and went disconsolately home. All his efforts seemed to be in vain. Five months earlier he had sent three great tragedies to the manager, and had had no response. He wrote Mr. Rich that he should expect an answer that day month, but before the month was out the family was reduced to beggary. Mrs. Triplet, her health broken, had been discharged from her place in the theater. Poor Triplet, obliged to hear her complaints and the cries of his hungry children, kept up his spirits, for he saw affluence ahead with the acceptance of his tragedies. On the fateful day he dressed himself in his best, lecturing his wife, while he tied his cravat, on the uses of adversity. Mrs. Triplet, with less faith than he, insisted on his taking along a portrait of Mrs. Woffington he had painted, saying that he could get ten shillings on it in case the manager disappointed him. So Triplet, just to please his wife, wrapped the picture in green baize and took it along.

Meanwhile Sir Charles Pomander, returning from a visit to the country, had rescued from the mud an antediluvian coach containing a very handsome young woman. He rode on after receiving her profuse thanks, but ordered a servant to follow the coach to learn who the lady was and whither she was going.

He now set himself in earnest to supplant Vane with Mrs. Woffington, disparaging her to him and ridiculing him to her. Mrs. Woffington would not listen to him, but Vane was obviously troubled at his innuendos, and asked to be left alone.

Sir Charles went to the greenroom to await Mrs. Woffington, but found there only Triplet, and with a hasty nod of recognition retreated into some secluded nook of the theater.

"That is a very polite gentleman," thought Triplet, as he explained his name and errand to the call-boy.

"Triplet? There is something for you in the hall," said the urchin.

"I knew it," thought Triplet. "They are accepted. What sparkling eyes there will be in Lambeth to-day. The butcher will give us credit and Jane shall have a new gown."

The boy returned with a brown paper parcel addressed to Mr. James Triplet.

"How is this?" cried he. "Oh! I see, these are the tragedies. He sends them to me for some trifling alterations; managers always do."

He opened the parcel and looked for Mr. Rich's communication. It was nowhere to be seen. His tragedies had been returned without a word. He turned dizzy.

"Ah, Jane!" he groaned, "you know this villainous world better than I!"

While Triplet sat collapsed on the bench, Mrs. Woffington came in studying a part, and recognized him as one who had befriended her in times gone by.

"To be sure," cried she, "it is Mr. Triplet, good Mr. Triplet!" and she seized both his hands. "Do you not remember the Irish orange-girl you used to give sixpence to at Goodman's Fields, and pat her on the head, like a good old soul as you were?"

"Oh! oh, gracious!" gasped Triplet.

"Yes." And to put the matter beyond dispute, she chanted: "Fine Cha-ney oranges!"

She made Triplet tell about his troubles and his tragedies, asked after his wife and children, and demanded what he had wrapped up so carefully in the green baize. When he opened it she was gratified to see her own portrait, and promised to give him a sitting.

In the midst of Triplet's heartfelt thanks Sir Charles Pomander entered. After considerable ridicule of Vane, whom he called a "pastoral youth," he offered her a house and three hundred pounds a year to become his mistress. On her rejection of his proposals, in a manner to make him ridiculous, he left her, vowing revenge. To this end he bribed Pompey, Mrs. Woffington's black servant, who soon brought him news that his mistress had gone to No. 10, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth.

"It is a house of rendezvous," said Sir Charles to Vane,

Half unwillingly, Vane suffered Sir Charles to call a coach, and the two drove to Lambeth. Attracted by the sound of a fiddle playing "The wind that shakes the barley," they crept up-stairs and threw open the door. To their amazement, Mrs. Woffington was dancing a wild Irish jig, while Triplet played the fiddle, and Mrs. Triplet and all the little Triplets were trying to keep pace with her in wild abandon, their hearts warmed by the stirring melody, and probably by the generous food and wine provided by their visitor.

Sir Charles was taken aback for a moment, but, recovering his self-possession, whispered to Vane, "Follow my lead."

"What! Mrs. Woffington here!" he cried. Then, advancing business-like to Triplet, he pretended that he had come to engage him to retouch some frescos in his house. Mr. Vane, in turn, gave Triplet an order for some verses, but Mrs. Woffington, seeing through the thin deception, drew Vane aside, and while upbraiding him pardoned him. Sir Charles, feeling himself *de trop*, declined her invitation to dine at Vane's and went out. On reaching the street he found the servant he had sent to follow the lady whom he had aided on the road, and to his intense delight was informed that she was none other than Mrs. Ernest Vane, of Willoughby. Mr. Vane, the good, the decent, the church-goer, whom Mrs. Woffington had selected to improve her morals, was a married man!

Pomander instantly darted up the stairs again, and, with all the calmness he could assume, told Vane that he found his engagements would permit him to be his guest at dinner.

The guests at Vane's, besides Mrs. Woffington and Sir Charles, were Mrs. Clive, Mr. Cibber, Mr. Quin, and Messrs. Soper and Snarl, critics of the day. Conversation turned at table on the gallantries of Lord Longueville, a previous occupant of the house.

"I have known him," said Cibber, "entertain a fine lady in this room, while her rival was fretting and fuming on the other side of that door."

Pomander, who had watched the door closely, expecting Mrs. Vane to appear, said:

"What if I bet you a cool hundred that Vane has a petticoat in that room, and that Mrs. Woffington shall unearth her?"

“Have her out, Peggy!” shouted Cibber. “I know the run—there’s the covert!”

Mr. Vane rose, and, with a sternness that brought the old beau to his senses, said: “Mr. Cibber, age and infirmity are privileged; but for you, Sir Charles—”

Just then the door opened and a lady stood on the threshold. A stupor of astonishment fell on all. Vane turned to see the cause, and was utterly astounded to see his wife.

Mrs. Woffington, too astonished for emotion, said calmly: “Who is this lady?”

“It is my wife!” said Vane, like a speaking-machine. “It is my wife!” he repeated mechanically.

After the dinner, during which the company was amused at the naïveté of the beautiful rustic lady and Sir Charles’s witty and satirical remarks at her expense, Mr. Vane insisted that his wife should rest awhile after her journey, and invited his guests to the garden to listen to music. But, instead of resting, she entertained Triplet, who came to bring his verses on Mrs. Woffington, and learned from him that the lady was an actress and was soon to sit to him for her portrait. After him came Sir Charles Pomander, whom she recognized as the gentleman that had aided her on the road. Pomander tortured her with details of her husband’s life in London, related under the guise of friendship, and finally showed her that her last letter, written to announce her coming to London, still lay in the tray unopened. He ended by telling her that her husband was unworthy of her, and made love to her himself, whereupon Mabel Vane ordered him to leave the house.

He was hardly gone when Vane and Mrs. Woffington reappeared, and the wife overheard her husband say to the actress: “I am ready to renounce credit, character, all the world for you.”

Vane went out to put Mrs. Woffington in her chair, and when he returned he nearly fell over the insensible form of his wife on the floor.

Mrs. Woffington went to Triplet’s for a sitting. She disconcerted him by saying that she had invited the dinner company to inspect her portrait, and poor Triplet, after striving in vain to catch her expression, in despair thrust his palette-knife through the canvas.

Mrs. Woffington was horrified, but was equal to the emergency. She called for a sharp knife cut away the entire face and put her own face into the opening. She then bade Triplet dispose green baize behind the easel to conceal her figure and some furniture in front so that observers could not come within six yards of it. When the company arrived, Triplet explained the situation by saying that the picture, being unfinished, must be viewed from a focus.

"May I be permitted to ask whose portrait this is?" asked Mr. Cibber slyly.

Kitty Clive thought it a very pretty face, but not at all like Peg Woffington.

Mr. Snarl criticised the *chiaroscuro*, and Mr. Soper said the lights were unnatural.

In the midst of their remarks Mrs. Woffington stepped out of the canvas and confronted them. Quin took it as a good joke and laughed, but the rest departed in high dudgeon.

Meanwhile Mrs. Vane, remembering Triplet's offer of his services, came to him for advice. Mrs. Woffington hastily took her place again behind the picture, and Triplet seated Mrs. Vane with her back to it. The poor woman, heart-sick, told Triplet her whole story. In the midst of her recital she turned, caught sight of the picture, and exclaimed:

"Oh! that she were here as this wonderful image of her is. I would speak to her."

While she gazed and pleaded with the picture, Mrs. Woffington, her heart touched by Mabel's eloquence, was betrayed by a tear trickling down her cheek; and while Mabel screamed and ran to Triplet in her fright, she stepped out of the frame. Triplet, sent out by Mrs. Woffington, was fearful of consequences and went and brought back Mr. Vane.

Sir Charles Pomander, who had followed Mrs. Vane, came in meanwhile and was received by Mrs. Woffington, who had hastily disguised her features in Mrs. Vane's hood. He renewed his love-making unsuspectingly, and slipped on her finger a valuable diamond ring, notwithstanding her bashful repugnance. At the sound of voices on the stairs, the pseudo Mrs. Vane exclaimed, "My husband!" and darted into the inner room.

Triplet threw open the door, and Vane, entering and finding, not her he expected to see, but Sir Charles, exclaimed, "The devil!" "You flatter me," said Pomander, while Triplet, trying to explain, blunderingly mentioned Mrs. Vane's name.

Vane, who supposed he had left his wife at home resting, exclaimed:

"She here! and with this man?"

He drew his sword, bade Sir Charles be on his guard or he would run him through. Half a dozen passes had been exchanged when the door opened and a lady in a hood cried, "False!"

The combatants lowered their points.

"You hear, sir!" cried Triplet.

"You see, sir!" said Pomander.

"Mabel! wife!" cried Vane in agony.

The lady in the hood silently beckoned to some one inside, and the real Mrs. Vane came in. Mrs. Woffington threw off the hood and said: "Mr. Vane, I can hardly look you in the face. I had a little wager with Sir Charles, here; his diamond ring—which you may see has become my diamond ring—against my left glove, that I could bewitch a country gentleman's imagination and make him think me an angel. Unfortunately, the owner of his heart appeared, and, like poor Mr. Vane, took our play for earnest. It becomes necessary to disabuse her and to open your eyes. Have I done so?"

"You have, madam," replied Vane, wincing at each word. Then, mastering himself, he advanced to her and said in a very manly way: "I have been the dupe of my own vanity, and I thank you for this lesson."

Then, to his wife, "Mabel, can you forgive me?"

"It is all forgiven, Ernest. But, oh! you are mistaken." She glided to Mrs. Woffington. "What do we not owe you, sister?" she whispered.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE (1855)

This is a tale of plain fisher-folk at Granton Pier, in the Firth of Forth, said to be founded on fact.



ISCOUNT IPSDEN, aged twenty-five, income eighteen thousand pounds, constitution equine, was unhappy. He began life with nothing to win, and naturally lived for amusement. He exhausted his London clique, he rolled through the cities of Europe in his carriage and cruised its shores in his yacht. But he was not happy.

At last an event occurred that promised to make him so; he fell in love with Lady Barbara Sinclair. She was the exact opposite of Ipsden; her mental pulse was plethoric, she was enthusiastic, she took a warm interest in everything. He proposed to her by letter, and received a reply in which she said, among other things:

“The man I marry must have two things, virtues and vices—you have neither: you do nothing, and never will do anything but sketch, and hum tunes, and dangle; forget this folly the day after to-morrow, my dear Ipsden, and be still good friends with her who will always be

“Your affectionate *cousin*,

“BARBARA SINCLAIR.”

Lord Ipsden, on receipt of this, relapsed into greater listlessness than before. The world now became really dark and blank to him. At last he became so pale, as well as languid, that Saunders, his valet and factotum, interfered and sent for Dr. Aberford.

“I’ve outstepped my duty, my lord, but I could not stand quiet and see your lordship dying by inches.”

When the doctor came, perspiring and tugging at his gloves, he found Ipsden lying on the sofa. He examined him, found him sound as a nut, and gave him this prescription:

"Send your yacht round to Granton Pier, in the Firth of Forth. Make acquaintance with all the people of low estate who have time to be bothered with you; learn their ways, their minds, and, above all, their troubles. Relieve one fellow-creature every day, and let Mr. Saunders book the circumstances. Run your nose into adventures at sea; live on tenpence, and earn it."

The doctor's visit produced a great effect on Ipsden, and the next day he was installed at the Firth side, waiting for his yacht.

"Saunders! do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

"Are there any about here?"

"I'm sorry to say they are everywhere, my lord."

"Get me some."

In an hour and a half Saunders returned with a double expression on his face—pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt of what he had fished up thence. "This is low enough, my lord," he said *sotto voce*; then ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever before opened a door to. They wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched over the forehead, bright red-and-yellow cotton jackets, and short woolen petticoats with broad red-and-white vertical stripes. One was of olive complexion with black hair; the other fair, with glossy brown hair.

Lord Ipsden said, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, "How do you do?" and smiled a welcome.

"Fine! hoow's yoursel?" answered Jean Carnie, the dark lass.

The two, Jean and her companion, Christie Johnstone, then catechized Lord Ipsden, asking all manner of questions about himself, his name and his rank, how he came to be a "vile count," and what brought him there from London.

Ipsden was interested and answered all their questions, telling a long story about how his title came into the family, and finally imparting to them that he was there by advice of his physician, who had ordered him to relieve one poor distressed person every day.

When they were gone, Ipsden exclaimed, "When have I talked so much? Dr. Aberford, you are a wonderful man; I like your lower classes amazingly."

Christie Johnstone had done a little stroke of business before going, and had sold him some herring, for which he had given her a pound note, with the understanding that she was to give the remainder to one Jess Rutherford, a poor woman, whom she had recommended as worthy of his charity. But presently Christie came thoughtfully back, and said:

"This is no what yon gude physecian meant: ye are no to fling your chaerity like a bane till a doeg; ye'll gang yoursel to Jess Rutherford; Flucker Johnstone, that's my brother, will convoy ye."

She then returned the one-pound note, a fresh settlement was effected for the herring, and she left, saying at the door: "I am muckle obleeged to ve for your story and your goodness."

Under the guidance of Flucker Johnstone, a marine puff-ball, Ipsden soon visited the Widow Rutherford, whom he found mending a net in a poor tenement. Cool at first, her heart at last warmed to him when he explained, with many apologies, the reason of his visit, and when he left she blessed him, exclaiming: "Oh, my boenny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days, and wi' the puir in the warld to come."

That night Lord Ipsden made provision for this poor woman in case he should die before the next week. He continued to work out his problem—to relieve poor people, during which he acquired a browner tint and a lighter heart and step. Christie Johnstone visited him occasionally and borrowed every book he had, and Flucker wormed himself into a place as cabin-boy on board the yacht and man-at-arms ashore.

Christie had a lover, Charles Gatty, an English painter who had wandered northward in search of subjects and inspiration. She had gone to him one day to sit for her portrait, for which he was preparing a canvas in another room, when a man handed in a document, which began: "Victoria—to Charles Gatty, greeting!" She read no further, but began to think: "A letter frae the Queen to a painter lad. It will be an order to paint the bairns. I am real pleased."

But when Gatty took it he looked stupefied, sank into a chair and glared at it.

"This is a new step on the downward path," said the poor painter.

"Is it no an orrder to paint the young Prence?" said Christie.

"No!" almost shrieked the victim. "It's a writ! I owe a lot of money."

"O Chairles!"

"See! I borrowed sixty pounds six months ago of a friend, so now I owe eighty."

Christie wept and tried to console the artist, who saw no way out but to go to jail; but at last she said: "Ye'll accept a lane o' the siller fra me, will ye no?"

When he declined she bade him be of good cheer and left him. At the door she turned and said, "Chairles, here's an auld wife seeking ye," and vanished.

The auld wife proved to be Gatty's mother. A friend had considerably informed her that her son had made an improper acquaintance, and she had come to see about it. "A fishwife! O my son!"

"Christie Johnstone an improper acquaintance!" said he; "why, I was good for nothing till I knew her; she has made me so good, mother, so steady, so industrious, you will never have to find fault with me again."

"You must part with her, or kill me," replied his mother.

Meantime Christie Johnstone's single anxiety was to find the eighty pounds for Charles. Twice she was on the point of asking Ipsden's aid, but shame prevented; this would be asking a personal favor. Several days passed; but she determined not to visit Charles again without good news.

Meanwhile the painter had fallen in with Jean Carnie and tried to tell her of his troubles—how his mother had convinced him of his imprudence in falling in love with Christie, and how she insisted on his breaking off the connection.

Jean heard him out and then told him he was a fool and his mother was another. "You," said she, "are a beggarly painter, without a rap; Christie has houses, boats, nets, and money; you are in debt; she lays by money every week." Jean then

talked to him like a sister, told him that she was to be married at Inch Coombe the following week, and advised him to be present and to make up with Christie. Gatty, completely converted by her eloquence, begged her not to tell Christie what he had said and promised to go to Inch Coombe. But his mother interposed again; he stayed at home, where she set him at work, though he made a poor hand at it, he was so wretched.

In the evening he took a walk and fell in with Flucker, who gave him a graphic account of the affair at Inch Coombe, telling him that his sister had been the star of a goodly company, and that, her own lad having stayed away, she had consoled herself with his skipper, Lord Ipsden. His talk drove poor Gatty nearly mad. Fool, to suppose that so beautiful a creature would ever be neglected—except by him!

Gatty followed Christie to her house, where she gave him supper. She sat opposite him, and with everything to warm his heart, he yielded to the spell and became contented, happy, gay. Flucker ginger-cordialed him, his sister bewitched him, and he burst forth into singing.

The next day Christie was so affected by his conduct that she presented his case to Lord Ipsden, and he instantly promised to see the artist's pictures. His lordship kept his word, spent a morning with Gatty and admired his picture of Durham Abbey so much that he took it at the artist's valuation, eighty pounds, but sent him a check for a hundred and fifty pounds.

Christie, having made a fortunate strike in herrings, placed eighty pounds in her bosom and ran to meet Charles, whom she saw coming with his mother.

"O Chairles," she cried, "ye'll no gang to jail: I hae the siller!" And she offered him the money with both hands.

Ere he could speak, his mother put out her hand and said in a freezing manner:

"We are much obliged to you, but my son's own talents have rescued him from his little embarrassment."

"A nobleman has bought my picture," said Gatty proudly.

Christie remained like a statue, with the bank-notes in her hand. She then put them in her bosom, sighed and said:

"I would hae likeit to hae been the first, ye ken, but I'm real pleased."

Charles's mother whispered to him that he had promised her to part from Christie. "Do it now," she said; "you will find me on the beach."

But when left alone with Christie, his love overpowered him. "I can't do it," thought he, "and I won't. Christie," said he, "stay here." And he ran after his mother.

"Mother," said he fiercely, "ask me no more; my mind is made up forever. I will not do this scoundrelly, heartless, beastly, ungrateful action you have been pushing me to so long. I'm not worthy of her, but I'll marry her to-morrow. Good-by!"

"Stay!" said the old woman, in a terrible voice. "If the ring you have given her is not off the hussy's finger in half an hour, and you my son again, I fall on this sand and—"

"Then God have mercy upon me, for I'll see the whole creation lost eternally ere I'll wrong the only creature that is an ornament to the world."

Christie Johnstone, who had heard every word, stood between the mother and son, her cheek pale as ashes, her eyes glittering like those of basilisks. She slowly raised her hand, dropped the ring on the sand, and was gone as she had come.

The old woman stooped and picked up the ring and said, as she placed it on her own finger, "This is for your wife!"

"It will be for my coffin, then," said the son, coldly.

One day Lord Ipsden performed a very gallant feat, going to the rescue of a vessel in distress and saving her when all had given her up for lost. Shortly after, when strolling on the sands he met Lady Barbara Sinclair. She asked him whether he had heard of a gallant action that almost reconciled her to the age we live in, and then gave a detailed and somewhat exaggerated account of his own feat. He made a faint hypocritical endeavor to moderate her eulogium, when her eyes flashed defiance.

"I say it was a noble action. Ipsden, take care, you will make me hate you, if you detract from a deed you can not emulate. Oh, dear! now I have given you pain—forgive me; we can't all be heroes. Have you heard about my West India estate? It was turned into specie, the bulk of my fortune, and shipped, and the vessel was lost, at least we think so—she has not been heard of."

"My dear cousin!"

"But for this I should have been very kind to you—mawkishly kind, I fear, my sweet cousin, if this wretched money had not gone down in the *Tisbe*."

"Gone down in what?" asked Ipsden.

"The *Tisbe*, stupid."

"The *Tisbe* has not gone down."

"I tell you it is."

"I assure you it is not. Barbara, I am too happy, I begin to nourish sweet hopes once more; oh, I could fall on my knees and bless you."

"Then why don't you?" said she.

"I love you! Will you honor me with your hand?"

When Lady Barbara became conscious that Ipsden himself was the hero she had been praising and that he had saved the *Tisbe*, she threw herself weeping upon his neck.

Meanwhile a tragedy had been enacting on the beach. Mrs. Gatty had come down in readiness for the London boat and to see that Charles should have no further interview with Christie. She found people looking through a glass at a swimmer far out in the Firth, and inquired what was the matter.

"It's a mon drooning," was the reply.

She looked, and saw a boat trying to reach the swimmer.

Jean Carnie seized her arm: "Div ye mind Christie, the lass who's hairt ye hae broken? Aweel, woman,—*it's just a race between death and Kirsty Johnstone for your son.*"

The poor old woman swooned and they carried her into Christie Johnstone's house. But when, a few minutes later, the people appeared with Christie and her son, she came out, clasped Christie in her arms and sobbed—"My daughter!"

"I am not a stone," she cried. "I gave him life; but you have saved him from death. O Charles! never make her repent what she has done for you."

"That old lady's face seems familiar," said Lord Ipsden. "Do you know who she is, Saunders?"

"It is Peggy, that was cook in your lordship's uncle's time, my lord. She married a greengrocer," added Saunders, with an injured air.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND (1856)

This story was written to set forth the horrors of prison discipline in England and the discovery of gold in Australia. Its publication led to many reforms in the prisons in British dominions.



GEORGE FIELDING, assisted by his brother William, cultivated "The Grove," a small farm in Berkshire, all poor, sour land. The Honorable Frank Winchester, whose life George had saved when he was seized with cramps while bathing, tried to persuade him to accompany him to Australia, where "people go to make money and come home and marry." George had a sweetheart, Susanna Merton, a good and beautiful girl who lived with her father on a farm near by. Susanna had other lovers, among them John Meadows, a cornfactor, originally a carter, who had won, by thrift and an iron will, wealth and respectability. But some hated him for his hard heart and business methods, though none could put his finger on any dishonest act he had done.

Meadows had had his pocket picked and one Robinson, a stranger staying at George Fielding's, said to have come from California, was arrested, and the stolen notes were found on his person. George Fielding, who had come to regard the man as a friend, declined to shake hands with him as he was driven off. Meadows, who had been present at the arrest and identified the notes, had had an interview meanwhile with Isaac Levi, an old Jew who had long lived in a house which Meadows had recently bought, and in which his wife and children had died. Isaac asked to lease the house, dear to him through many associations, but Meadows rudely refused him, saying:

"After Lady-day no more Jewish dogs shall die in my house nor be buried for manure in my garden."

Black lightning poured from the old Jew's eyes.

"Irreverent cur!" he cried. "I spit upon ye, and I curse ye. Whatever is the secret wish of your black heart, Heaven look on my gray hairs that you have insulted, and wither that wish. May you be near it, pant for it, and lose it; may it sport, and laugh, and play with you, till Gehenna burns your soul upon earth."

Meadows, white and black with passion, struck a furious blow at Isaac's head with his stick, but luckily George Fielding, who had drawn near at the sound of angry voices, parried the blow with his pig-whip.

"You are joking, Master Meadows," said George, coolly. "Why, the man is twice your age." Then, as Meadows went off in a rage,—“don't you be so spiteful, old man—why, if he isn't all of a tremble, poor old man! Sarah! Take the old man in, and give him whatever is going, and his mug and pipe.”

Isaac turned and held out his hand to him, which George grasped. "Isaac Levi is your friend."

George Fielding, who had been told by Farmer Merton that he should marry Susan when he should come with a thousand pounds, accepted Mr. Winchester's offer and agreed to go with him to Australia. He took leave of his brother and his sweetheart, and set out. As he reached a hill and turned to take his last look of home, his dog Carlo ran against his legs. He turned and raised his hands heavenward to thank William for loosing the dog, and then he and Carlo were seen no more.

Meadows had a human money-bag, one Peter Crawley, an infinitesimal attorney. In him others saw a cunning fool and a sot, but Meadows, who had bought up his debts, made him an unscrupulous tool. All his dirty work was done by Crawley, and through him Meadows was enabled to coin money by usury and underhand practices. In the mean time he paid close attention to Susanna Merton and bought books on Australia to interest her by his talk and to learn, if possible, what chance George Fairfield had of winning a thousand pounds there.

The Rev. Mr. Eden, who had come to supply the parish church for awhile, was interested in Susanna, and, finding that she was troubled at heart, won her confidence and learned that she was grieving for George across the sea. Mr. Eden, who gave her what consolation he could, soon added to her

grief by telling her he was to leave to become chaplain in a jail.

Tom Robinson, whom we have seen arrested, was tried and, being identified as a notorious thief, was found guilty and condemned to twelve months' imprisonment and ten years' transportation. After suffering great hardships and cruelties in prison, he was transported to Australia. He carried with him a letter to George Fielding, entrusted to him by Mr. Eden, through whose ministrations in prison he had become converted.

George Fielding, arrived at his destination, set up a sheep and bullock farm, and for the first year prospered. One day he had the good luck to save the life of a native from a shark, and the black man, who called himself Jacky, followed him to his farm and became very useful to him. But in time the scab broke out among his sheep, making it necessary to kill many; his principal shepherd deserted him, and he himself fell ill of a fever. Jacky did the best for him he could, boiled down beef and filled a large calabash, which he placed by his side, together with another calabash of water, and then, when his friend relapsed into unconsciousness, ran away to the woods, believing him dead.

George lay long unconscious, watched only by poor Carlo, who ran in and out, moaning and whining, at last sitting outside the door and howling day and night. At nightfall, one day, Tom Robinson, who, after some adventures in Sydney, had set out to deliver Mr. Eden's letter to George Fairfield, came in sight of the house and recognized Carlo. The dog whimpered and pattered into the house. Robinson followed, and found the man he had come to see stretched on his bed, pale and hollow-eyed, and looking like a corpse in the fading light.

Robinson was awe-struck. "Have I come all this way to bury him?"

He felt his heart; it beat feebly but equally, and the sick man muttered unintelligibly. Robinson struck a light and, finding the gelatinized soup, had a great supper and made Carlo eat.

When George came to himself again, as he finally did under Robinson's nursing, he was inclined to be cool as he recognized in him the thief who had been arrested in his house; but when

he found out that he had come a hundred and sixty miles to deliver to him Susanna's letter, he exclaimed:

"You are a good fellow to bring me such a treasure; and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Robinson proved a great comfort to the weak, solitary, and now desponding man. He had been in California during the gold fever, and he recognized similar conditions in the soil not far from George's place. But George, who was intent on sheep-farming, would not listen, and Robinson promised never to speak on the subject again. One day Jacky reappeared. At first he would not believe his eyes when he saw George. "George die. I see him die," he exclaimed. But when he called Carlo and the dog fawned on his master, he believed in his friend's existence and said: "Jacky a good deal glad because you not dead now. Now I stay with you a good while."

Mr. Winchester had taken a lease of a fine sheep-run about thirty miles away, and offered it to George if he preferred it to his own. The three went to inspect it, and on the way Robinson, in passing a gully, insisted on looking for gold. He found several places where trenches had been dug, and his experience in California told him some one had been washing for gold there. While inspecting they were attacked by four ruffians armed with knives. One of their assailants was struck down by Jacky with his spear, a second was shot through the shoulder by Robinson with a pistol, and another was struck senseless by George. Black Will, their leader, was about to run away, but at sight of Jacky bounding toward him roared for quarter.

"Down on your knees!" cried Robinson. "Throw down your knives." He then made them sit in a bunch and lectured them. "The discovery of gold never was kept secret in any land, and never will be. What the worse are you for our knowing it? You have tried to kill the man that would have taught you where to find the gold. Come, march!"

"Where are we to go, mate?" asked the leader sullenly.

"Do you see that ridge about three miles west? Well, if we catch you on this side of it we'll hang you like wild-cats. Come, mizzle, or—" And he pointed the tail of his discourse with his revolver.

The man rose and moved off; but one, Jem, who had been

wounded by Jacky, begged to remain with them, "because," said he to Robinson, "You are the best man."

Robinson bound up his wounds and took him on trial. He afterward proved valuable to them, while the rascals who went away gave them no end of trouble.

The news of the discovery of gold soon brought thousands to the diggings and in time reached England. Meadows, who had got the postmaster in his power and intercepted George's letters to Susanna, was among the first to hear of it, and, fearful that George would soon win his thousand pounds, sent Crawley to Australia to thwart him if possible. Isaac Levi also, attracted by the reports of gold, went thither, not to dig, but to buy.

Meanwhile George, thoroughly converted by Robinson, had given himself heart and soul to gold-digging. In eight months the two had accumulated quite a bag of gold dust, and George began to feel encouragement, when one night they were robbed of their hard-won earnings. George was on the border of despair, but Robinson encouraged him, and the two set to work harder than ever. Robinson organized a vigilance committee, of which he was elected captain, and a law was passed making death the penalty for stealing. A second attempt at robbery by tunneling under their tent was frustrated by Carlo, and the friends then sold their gold to Isaac Levi, who had come to the diggings with a retinue of followers and was driving sharp bargains.

George and Robinson thus worked on many months, gradually accumulating gold and meeting with many hairbreadth escapes. One day a crowd of ruffians with a grudge against the old Jew attacked him, shouting, "Down with the blood-sucker! We do all the work, and he gets all the profit."

Isaac, who recognized Crawley among his assailants, was rescued by Robinson and George; but, fearing further violence, concluded to return to England. He left a letter for George asking him to take no more risks for gold. "The old Jew whom twice you have saved from harm and insult is rich. Come home. Delay not an hour. Two horses have I purchased for you and the young man your friend. Ride speedily after me this very hour, lest evil befall you."

When this letter was received George and Robinson had

just found a great nugget of gold. With this and their other savings they mounted the horses and set out for Sydney, after an affectionate parting with Jacky, to whom George left most of his sheep. Poor Carlo had been shot by the ruffians in an attack on their tent. That very night Crawley and his confederates saturated George's tent with turpentine, supposing the partners to be still in it, and set it on fire.

Meanwhile matters in England had come to a crisis. Meadows, having succeeded in effecting Farmer Merton's ruin through speculations, had agreed to pay his debts provided Susanna would accept him. The girl, who had not heard from George for many months, was worried by rumors of his death and later by a report that he had become rich and married an Australian lady. Getting no word from him, and her father being pressed by his creditors, she at last agreed to marry Meadows, and the wedding-day was fixed.

Isaac Levi had returned meanwhile and was living in the house next to that of Meadows, who had installed himself in the Jew's old home. Isaac, who had come into town by night, did not show himself in the street, but gathered the news through an assistant, Nathan. Before giving up his old home to Meadows he had made a secret connection of tubes between the room he supposed the latter would occupy as his office and a room in his own house, by means of which he could hear conversation.

Crawley left Australia as soon as he found that George had given him the slip, and succeeded in reaching home before the arrival of George and Robinson. He reported at once to Meadows all that had occurred in Australia, including the attack on Isaac and his departure from the mines.

"The old heathen," chuckled Meadows, "I have beaten him anyway."

Meadows rode to Newborough to buy some presents for his bride, and at the inn two men entered whom he recognized as George Fielding and Thomas Robinson, spite of their bronzed faces and long beards. He hid behind a newspaper and the two went to their rooms, whence an order soon came for brandy-and-water hot. While the waiter was gone for sugar Meadows dropped something white into the glass, and then ordered a room for himself.

"My nag is tired and the night darkish; I'll sleep here."

At seven o'clock the next morning Crawley met Meadows at his house by appointment.

"Count those," said Meadows, handing him a package.

"They are all hundred-pound notes," said Crawley. "Seven thousand pounds. A dear job to them, and a glorious haul to you."

"Why, you fool!" said Meadows, "do you think I am going to keep the men's money? Am I a thief?"

Meadows lighted a candle. "Come, now," said he coolly, "burn them; then they will tell no tales."

But Crawley, horrified at the proposed destruction of so much good money, after much persuasion induced Meadows to give the notes to him, promising to be in France with them in twelve hours. Crawley kept faith and went to the station to take the first train. He met there Mr. Wood, a functionary with whom he had often done business, who said: "A friend of yours wishes to see you. Come this way." He followed Wood into the waiting-room, and there on a bench sat Isaac Levi.

"You have seven thousand pounds about you, Mr. Crawley," whispered Isaac. "Give it to the officer."

The next day Meadows and Susanna were walking arm-in-arm to the church to be married, when two men appeared at the door.

"Susanna!" said a well-known voice, and the bride, forgetting everything at the sight of George's handsome face, threw herself into his arms. George kissed her. Then, recovering herself, Susanna sprang back and said, "How dare you embrace me? How dare you come where I am?"

It took but a few minutes to explain matters, and Farmer Merton declared that George should have Susanna if he had brought back the thousand pounds.

George took a packet from his bosom. "Here they are, fresh and crimp as a muslin gown. Why! what is this?" and he took pieces of newspaper out of his pocketbook, and looked stupidly at each as it came out.

"Robbed! robbed!" cried Robinson. "I put the book under my pillow, and there I found it this morning. Kill me, George, I have ruined you!"

"George Fielding," said Merton, "if you are a man at all, go and leave me and my daughter in peace. Don't stand in the poor girl's light."

But Susanna went timidly to her lover in his sorrow and laid her head on his shoulder.

"What signifies money to us two?" she murmured. "If you go back to Australia, George, I shall go with you."

Meadows strode away with rage in his heart, but had not gone far when he was arrested for stealing seven thousand pounds at the King's Head in Newborough. A minute later Isaac Levi and he stood face to face. The Jew calmly told how Meadows had intercepted letters, had used Crawley to beggar his rival, and, having stolen the money, had given it to Crawley.

"How generous!" sneered Meadows. "When you find Crawley and his seven thousand pounds, you will be believed, perhaps."

"So be it!" retorted Isaac. "Nathan, bring Crawley."

Meadows looked round for a way to escape, but he was hemmed in. Crawley was brought, and the notes were found on him. Robinson gave the numbers of the stolen notes, and the constable, after examining them, handed them to their owners.

Meadows's head fell upon his breast, while Isaac Levi eyed him scornfully. "You had no mercy on the old Jew," he said. "You took his house from him, so he made that house a trap and caught you in your villainy."

A DOUBLE MARRIAGE: OR, WHITE LIES (1857)

This is a tale of Brittany, in the Napoleonic period. It was dramatized by the author and played with success in England and in the United States.



ENRI LIONEL MARIE ST. QUENTIN, twenty-ninth Baron de Beaurepaire, in Brittany, fell while fighting for the crown in La Vendée, leaving a widow and two beautiful daughters, Josephine and Rose. From that time until her death the Baroness wore black. She would have been arrested and perhaps beheaded for this sign of mourning but for Dr. Aubertin, who, having retired from medical practise, had lived a life of science in the château twenty years. He had long talked and written speculative republicanism, and in the great uprising of the people the *protégé* became the protector of these aristocrats, to their astonishment and his own. But a large fine was laid on the estate, to pay which Beaurepaire had to be mortgaged, at a high rate of interest.

Retrenchment was now the word. Horses and carriages were sold, servants paid off and discharged, and mother and daughters prepared to deny themselves all but the bare necessities of life. One servant, Jacintha, whose father and mother had died in the service of the family, declined to leave them, saying she would stay until the sun of prosperity should shine again upon the château.

Josephine, the elder daughter, had a lover, Captain Camille Dujardin, a gallant young officer, well-born, who had courted her with her parents' consent, but who was regarded with some coolness when he became a soldier of the Republic. They had parted for two years, and he had joined the army of the Pyrenees about a month when all correspondence ceased on his side. Months rolled on, and then came sinister rumors that he was a traitor and had gone over to the enemy. The blow was terrible to Josephine, but in time she seemed to recover.

"Yes, it is all over," she said. "I am dead to him, as he is dead to France."

Edouard Rivière, who had just completed his education with unusual honor at a military school, was ordered to Brittany to fill a responsible post under Commandant Raynal, a bluff soldier risen from the ranks. The Commandant was the son of a widow that kept a grocer's shop in Paris. She died just as he had won honors and distinction, and he returned to find himself rich but disconsolate at her loss. He applied for active service and was sent to Brittany, where Rivière reported to him. Taking the young man's measure at a glance, he referred him to a district marked in blue on the map and told him to make his headquarters at the center. The center proved to be the village of Beaupaire, and thither Rivière betook himself.

The château was in sight from Rivière's quarters, and he soon learned that it belonged to a Royalist widow and her daughters. One evening, outside the village, he met two young ladies dressed simply in black. Divining at once who they were, he involuntarily raised his hat, on which the ladies curtsied with a precision of politeness, after the manner of their party. He was so taken aback by it that he bowed again after he had gone by and was generally flustered.

"I never saw two such pretty girls together," he said to himself. "They will do for me to flirt with while I am banished to this Arcadia."

But there are ladies with whom a certain preliminary is required before you can flirt with them. Rivière found this out to his sorrow. He dressed himself in his best and called, but his call was declined. They were always polite when he met them, but he could never get nearer to them. He became sullen and bitter, and went about silent, dogged, and sighing. Presently he devoted his leisure time to hunting partridges instead of women. In these excursions he was accompanied by a rustic named Dard, who was in love with Jacintha. Dard informed him that the family at the château was the poorest for leagues around, and that the ladies were often on the border of starvation. "Serves them right," said Dard. "Down with the aristocrats!"

"Be silent!" said Rivière. "For shame! I might have

disdained these people in their prosperity, but I revere them in their affliction. Don't ever dare speak slightly of them again in my presence, or—"

He did not conclude his threat, for just then Jacintha appeared. She had evidently heard the conversation, for she sent Dard off and thanked Edouard for his kind sentiments. "Monsieur," she said timidly, "you have a good face and a good heart. Give me your honor not to betray us."

"I swear it," said Edouard.

"Then—the Baroness and the Demoiselles de Beaufaire are paupers."

"Paupers, Jacintha?"

"Ay, their debts are greater than their means. They live here by sufferance. Your precious government offers the château for sale. My poor mistress! And is it come to this? The great old family to be turned adrift like beggars!"

She could say no more, but choked and fell to sobbing. Edouard tried to comfort her and at last said: "Secret for secret! I choose this moment to confide to you that I love Mademoiselle Rose de Beaufaire. Love her? I did love her; but now you tell me she is poor and in distress, I adore her. But, I say, you promise not to betray me; come, secret for secret."

"I will not tell a soul; on the honor of a woman," said Jacintha.

Edouard and Jacintha thus became sworn allies, and that night the family at the château had roast partridge for dinner, the first in a long while.

At last Edouard made the acquaintance of Dr. Aubertin by presenting him with a death's-head moth, a great rarity in that district, and the good doctor duly presented him to the ladies. He soon found himself on the footing of a friend and insisted on placing his financial talent at their service. He discovered that their farms were grossly underlet, obtained a list of the mortgages and proved to the Baroness that in proper hands the estate was still solvent.

Perrin, the notary, called one day and said that some of the creditors were clamoring for their money and were likely to press for the sale of the estate.

"Now God forbid!" cried the Baroness, lifting her eyes and her quivering hands to heaven.

The notary then proceeded to explain that in a few days he would be perfect; that he was rich, and that he would pay off all the creditors of the estate provided Mademoiselle Josephine would take him for her husband.

"Is it a jest?" asked the Baroness, looking at her daughter.

"You refuse me, then?" said Perrin bitterly.

"I do not refuse you. I do not take an affront into consideration," was the haughty reply.

"Ah," cried Perrin. "You are at my mercy. In less than a month I will stand here and say to you—*Begone!* *Beaurepaire* is mine."

Consternation seized the household, but Rivière rose to the situation. "Come," he said, "you are forgetting *me* all this time. From this hour forth it is a duel between Perrin and me."

Edouard rode to Commandant Raynal to ask for a week's leave, and then to his uncle to urge him to pay off the claim. The uncle finally consented, and Edouard wrote to Rose that the affair might be regarded as settled.

But Perrin had meanwhile got the start of him and sold *Beaurepaire* to Commandant Raynal, who came with Perrin to inspect his property, and was astonished when he understood the circumstances of the sale. He had expected to enter as a conqueror enters a surrendered city. Instead, he found there three lone women, bewailing their misfortunes.

"Confound it!" he thought; "they say I am the proprietor, but I feel like a thief."

He called in Perrin and told him he desired the ladies to remain in the house while he went to Egypt with the First Consul. But this did not suit the notary's purposes; he made some uncomplimentary remarks about the ladies, implying that their tears were all comedy and farce, and Raynal abruptly dismissed him.

Raynal then asked the ladies to choose some friend to whom the matter might be referred, and when Josephine suggested Edouard Rivière, he exclaimed:

"Know him? He is my best officer, out and out."

Edouard, hourly expected, did not come, and at last they heard that he had been thrown from his horse and had broken

his arm. Raynal rode over to see him and told Edouard that he had been fixed upon to undo what had been done, "without hurting their pride too much, poor souls!"

Raynal wrote to Josephine that the business had been settled satisfactorily and that he himself would be at Rivière's quarters next week to clear up arrears and to get acquainted with the family.

The Baroness sent a polite note in reply, and Raynal called. The next day he dined with them, and the Baroness, impressed in his favor, forgave his brusqueness. He came every day for a week, chatted with the Baroness, and walked with the young ladies; and when evening came he amused and thrilled them with his stories of battles and sieges.

In the end Raynal asked for Josephine's hand. She protested that she could love nobody but her mother and her sister, and never should. Raynal then went to the Baroness and won her support. When Josephine appeared her mother threw her arms open to her and kissed her warmly.

"If I had all France to pick from," she said, "I could not have found a man so worthy of my Josephine. He is brave, he is handsome, he is young, he is a rising man, he is a good son, and good sons make good husbands—and—I shall die at Beaurepaire, shall I not, Madame la Commandante?"

Josephine clasped her mother close, but did not speak. After a silence she held her tighter and wept a little. But when her mother was gone she cried: "Oh, Camille! Camille! why have you deserted me?"

The wedding was fixed for that day fortnight; but while preparations were making Raynal burst into the room and said he had orders to depart for Egypt on the morrow. Amid loud ejaculations from the Baroness and Rose, Josephine said, "Then our wedding must be put off?"

"No, it must be to-morrow at ten o'clock."

Notwithstanding protests, the bluff soldier had his way. At sharp nine o'clock two carriages were at the door; they drove into the town and to the mayor's house; that functionary pronounced the words that made the pair one, and then all hastened to the wedding-breakfast. That finished, Raynal kissed Josephine on the brow, the Baroness on both cheeks, shook

the hands of others hastily, flung himself into his saddle, and with a grand wave of his cocked hat, spurred away for Paris and for Egypt.

Camille Dujardin, escaped from a Spanish prison, where he had suffered everything but death, came to Beaurepaire with the commission of a colonel. Though ill able to travel, he dragged himself up to the château on the very afternoon of the wedding, for he was desirous to be the first to convey the news of his safety to Josephine. When he heard her called Madame Raynal and learned the truth he cried hoarsely:

“To the army! Back to the army and a soldier’s grave!”

He took three strides, erect, fiery, and bold. Then something seemed to snap asunder in that great heart, and he fell like a dead log to the ground.

Camille was carried into the house and nursed back to life and strength through the skill of Dr. Aubertin and the care of the ladies; but as he grew stronger he was attacked by fierce gusts of hate and love, and vowed he never would leave Beaurepaire without Josephine. But Josephine kept out of his way, and at last he decided to kill her and himself and thus end his agony. But Josephine interposed, took his pistols from him, and declared:

“No; I love you! I adore you!”

This brought Camille to his senses. He said: “I am full of passion, but like you I have honor. You are Raynal’s wife, and Raynal once saved my life. I will go to-night.”

He went to bid Dr. Aubertin farewell; he found him depressed and sad. “Poor Madame Raynal!” said the doctor, “her husband is dead—killed in action.”

Josephine kept her room for many days, and Rose did her best to entertain Camille. In the mean time Edouard Rivière returned and became so jealous of Camille that Josephine had to come out to keep the peace. As Colonel Dujardin expected an early recall to the army, he begged Josephine to marry him before his departure. But Josephine, knowing that her mother would not consent to a marriage before the expiration of a twelvemonth, declined. But at last Camille’s entreaties overcame her better judgment, and one day she accompanied

Camille to Frejus with Rose, and the two were privately married by the mayor and by a priest, both friends of the Colonel's, who agreed to keep it secret. After the return to Beaurepaire the lovers were in Elysium for a time. Josephine kept away from her mother all she could, for fear her face would betray her, and the happy pair spent hours together in the woods.

Their happiness was doomed to have a tragic ending. The news of Raynal's death turned out to be incorrect. A letter came announcing his recovery from his wounds and his promotion to a colonelcy. When Camille heard of it he half kneeled, half fell, at Josephine's feet, and, in a voice choked with sobs, bade her dispose of him.

"Do not speak to me; do not look at me; if we look at one another we are lost. Go! die at your post, and I at mine."

Dr. Aubertin came into a fortune through the death of a relative and went to Paris to superintend the publication of his work on insects. When he returned to Beaurepaire he found nobody at home but the Baroness. Josephine was ailing, and she and Rose had been in Frejus more than a week. He drove to Frejus, but, to his surprise, no one knew of them. At last he fell in with one Mivart, a surgeon, who recognized from the doctor's description two patients of his. "It is Madame Aubertin and her sister you are looking for, is it not? If you had come an hour sooner, you would have seen Mademoiselle Rose."

"Mademoiselle Rose? Who is that?"

"Why, Madame Aubertin's sister."

The doctor was puzzled, but he learned that the ladies were at a farmhouse half a league out of town. He found them there, Josephine in the garden, pale and languid. He felt her pulse and looked at her gravely.

"We will go home if you are to be at Beaurepaire," said Rose.

"You will stay here another fortnight," said the doctor authoritatively.

When the two finally returned to the château Dr. Aubertin took Josephine to task for not having confided in him. When she discovered that he had penetrated her secret, and knew

that she had had a child, she fell down and clasped his knees, and hid her face in an agony of shame and terror.

"Forgive me," she sobbed. "Pray do not expose me! Do not destroy me!"

She told him her whole story, which deeply affected him. "Your story is the story of your sex," he said: "self-sacrifice, first to your mother, then to Camille, now to your husband."

Edouard Rivière, after a visit to the château in which Rose had acknowledged her love and had accepted him, was riding to his quarters when he met a horseman and recognized Raynal, who told him he was on his way to the Rhine with despatches.

"I am allowed six days," he said. "I find I can give Beaurepaire half a day, and make it up by hard riding."

"Why, Colonel," said Edouard, "let us make haste, then. They go early to rest at the château."

They cantered to Beaurepaire and found the house dark, excepting a light in one upper room. In a lower room they found a candle burning and Jacintha lying at the foot of the stairs fast asleep. They stepped over her and went softly up the stairs, toward a light in the sitting-room. Raynal stepped in and standing behind a screen put his head around to see who was there. Suddenly a shriek burst from Josephine, so loud, so fearful, that it made even Raynal stagger back. Then came another scream of terror and anguish from Rose, and the helpless fall of a human body.

Edouard ran into the room and saw his affianced bride on her knees beside a cradle, white as a ghost, crying for mercy, and Raynal standing over his wife as if he doubted that she was worthy to be raised.

"Oh, sir! kill us, but do not tell our mother," cried Rose. "Show some pity! Mercy! mercy!"

"What does this mean?" Raynal demanded. "Why has my wife swooned at sight of me? Whose is this child?"

Rose looked bewildered and hesitated.

"Whose is the child?" roared Edouard and Raynal.

"It is mine!" said Rose.

Edouard groaned and went staggering from the room. Rose was ready to scream with anguish, but she fought down her agony and turned to aid her sister. But Raynal inter-

posed: "This is my care, Madame," he said coldly. The stained one was not to touch his wife.

Raynal went to the cradle. "Ah! my poor girl," said he, as he lifted the child in his arms, "this is sorry business, to have to hide your child from your own mother. What is to be done?"

"Take it down the steps and give it to Jacintha."

While he was gone Rose ran to her mother and explained that Raynal had come, then hastened back to Josephine, dashed water in her face to revive her and told her what she had done. She persuaded her to go down to the salon where the Baroness was entertaining Raynal, sat by her on the sofa during all the trying ordeal and told the story of the surprise in her own way before the whole party, including the doctor. When day broke Raynal looked at his watch and announced his departure at once. Rose and Josephine could hardly repress a cry of joy. Before Raynal went he drew Rose aside and whispered, "Who is the man?"

She started, but said: "Spare me now, brother. I will tell you all when you come back."

"That is a bargain: now hear me swear: he shall marry you, or he shall die by my hand."

When Raynal went for his horse he found Edouard Rivière doubled up on the stones, his head on his knees. He had watched all the night waiting for Raynal to come out. "My poor fellow, there is but one thing for you to do. Forget that she ever lived; she is dead to you."

"There is something else—vengeance! It is that scoundrel Dujardin. There has been no one else near the place."

"I can hardly believe that. Camille Dujardin was always a man of honor."

"I swear he is the villain; which of us shall kill him?"

"I am in luck," said Raynal. "He is in the army of the Rhine, where I am going."

A few weeks later Raynal returned from the Rhine and told Josephine of an interview he had had with Dujardin and how he had challenged him because he had refused to marry Rose. "But ere we met, I was ordered to lead a forlorn hope against a bastion. Then, seeing me going to certain death, the noble fellow pitied me. It had been mined by the enemy, and he

knew it. He led his men out of the trenches, took the bastion, and was blown into the air with his brigade."

"Dead!" said Josephine, in stupefied tones. Her body gave way and she sank slowly to her knees, moaning, "Dead!"

She tried to drink from a glass she held, but Rose rushed in and dashed it from her hands.

"Ah! you won't let me die. Curse you all! Curse you! You have murdered the man I love. Yes, my husband, do you hear? The man I love, and I'll follow him in spite of you all—he was my betrothed. He came wounded, bleeding, to my feet. He found me married. News came of my husband's death; I married my betrothed. 'The child is his.'"

"Married him!" exclaimed the Baroness. "So this is the secret you were hiding! I will hide my head and die."

Raynal, who had listened, pale but speechless, to Josephine's words, said:

"Stay, Madame!" Then to Josephine: "Your mistake has been in not trusting to me. If you had told me all I would have spared you this misery. Civil contracts of marriage can be dissolved by mutual consent. If you married Dujardin in a church you are Madame Dujardin at this moment, and his child is legitimate."

Raynal went away and did not return until he brought the document that made Josephine the Widow Dujardin, and her boy the heir of Beaurepaire. When she was really Madame Dujardin, he avoided her no longer and became a comfort to her instead of a terror.

Colonel Dujardin was not killed, but returned in time to France, to the inexpressible joy of his wife. Edouard Rivière, heir to a million francs by the death of his uncle, became reconciled to Rose after the truth was known and married her. The Baroness took Raynal, whom she persisted in calling her son, to Paris, and selected him a wife to suit her own ideas, and a warm friendship existed ever after between the two houses.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG (1859)

This tale, which was one of Reade's favorites, relates how a bluff sailor wooed and won a young lady of beauty and fashion, in competition with birth and wealth. In its sequel, *Hard Cash*, many of the characters reappear.



LUCY FOUNTAIN, a girl of much beauty and distinction, was left, by the death of her mother, in the hands of two trustees, Edward Fountain, Esq., of Font Abbey, her uncle, and Mr. Bazalgette, a merchant whose wife was Mrs. Fountain's half-sister. They agreed to lighten the burden by dividing it. Lucy should spend half the year with each trustee in turn until marriage should take her off their hands; but at Mrs. Bazalgette's request the six months was changed to three.

Mrs. Bazalgette was vain and burned to be famous by her elegance in dress; Mr. Fountain aspired to be great in the county. Each family selected a husband for Lucy in accordance with its own peculiar views, Mrs. Bazalgette choosing Mr. Hardie, son of the wealthiest banker in the city, and Mr. Fountain preferring Mr. Talboys, the head of the greatest county family. Mrs. Bazalgette, who disliked Mr. Fountain, made Lucy promise not to marry anyone selected by him; and Mr. Fountain, who despised Mrs. Bazalgette, exacted a similar promise from his ward that she would not accept any suitor chosen by Mrs. Bazalgette.

When Lucy's three months with her aunt were up she went to Font Abbey, sixty miles away. Her Uncle Fountain had two hobbies; one to prove the connection of the Fountains with the Fontaines of Melton and through them a descent from Robert de Fontibus, son of John de Fonte; another to form an alliance through his niece with Mr. Talboys, whose ancestor came in with the Conqueror.

Mr. Talboys, though a fine gentleman, was something of a

bore. He had been all over the world, but, though full of details, he was too exalted to have seen anything to admire.

Lucy made the acquaintance of Eve Dodd, a pretty girl with a tip-tilted little nose. She was a rustic friend of Uncle Fountain's, who invited her and her brother David to tea. David, first mate of a ship owned by the East India Company, was a bluff sailor and a sea-enthusiast, in love with his profession, and a man of great mental capacity and vigor. He had seen everything worth seeing and was in short a live book of travels with the gift of language and a tuneful voice. He was an amusing mimic and played the fiddle divinely. Lucy was entranced, and the Dodds were soon invited three times a week. But Talboys, who discovered that he was playing second fiddle, complained to Mr. Fountain of the sailor's evident admiration for Lucy. Mr. Fountain thereupon dropped the invitations to tea, and David, who was desperately in love by that time, was in despair.

Eve, who had discovered her brother's secret, came to the rescue. She called on Miss Fountain during the absence of her uncle from home, and, finding her poring over old parchments in the hope of finding the Fontaine missing link, suggested that her brother was an adept at deciphering manuscripts, and went home with an armful of documents and a promise from Lucy to take tea with her at her own house that evening.

After a delicious tea under the catalpa tree in the garden, enjoyed by all, David and Eve accompanied Lucy home and returned to their cottage, David more enamored than ever.

When Lucy entered the drawing-room she was surprised to see her Aunt Bazalgette, who explained that she was passing, and, hearing of Mr. Fountain's absence, concluded to stop to see her. The truth was she had heard rumors of Talboys, and had come to pry. Mr. Fountain returned sooner than expected, and was angry at finding Mrs. Bazalgette; but the two became reconciled and Mr. Fountain invited her to stay a week. She consented on condition that Mr. Fountain should reciprocate by visiting her for a fortnight when Lucy should return to her house.

Mr. Fountain, who suspected her, wrote Talboys not to

show himself for a week, telling him there was a guest at the Abbey, "a disagreeable woman, who makes mischief wherever she can." Mrs. Bazalgette, having expressed a desire to meet some of the natives, told Lucy to invite the Dodds, saying of Eve, "She only wants something to flirt with."

Mrs. Bazalgette took a great fancy to David Dodd and set herself to captivate him, ending with making him promise to come to visit her at her own home before sailing. After her departure Mr. Talboys resumed his visits, coming three times a week, but he made little progress. Lucy avoided him on one pretext or another, and Talboys, who was shrewd, ascribed it to David Dodd. Dodd had been going daily to the Abbey to teach mathematics to Arthur Nelson, a ward of Mr. Fountain's who lived with them, but at Talboys's suggestion he was dismissed in favor of one Bramby, a *protégé* of the latter. Before going David was insulted by Talboys, who sneered at nautical men and their science, and insisted on knowing the reason why David should walk a mile every day to teach mathematics to a boy.

"You are very curious, sir," said David grimly, his ire rising.

"I am—on this point."

"Well, since you must be told what most men could see without help, it is—because he is an orphan, and because an orphan finds a brother in every man that is worth the shoe-leather he stands in. Can ye read the riddle now, ye lubber?"

With this, David started up haughtily, and, with contempt and wrath on his face, marched through the open window, leaving Fountain red with anger and Talboys white.

After that the Dodds were invited no more, and Talboys had everything his own way. But one evening, when Talboys was detained at home by an unexpected guest, Lucy received a note from Eve Dodd saying that David had discovered the missing link in the genealogy, and would come at eight o'clock with the papers. Mr. Fountain, eager for the proof, received the two most cordially, and when he recognized that he had indeed discovered what he had sought so long in vain, he thanked David warmly and profusely. While they were discussing the matter Mr. Talboys walked in, explaining that he

had put his guest to bed, and, calmly ignoring the Dodds, apologized to Lucy for not coming to dinner.

"I have got a rival!" exclaimed David to Eve as they walked homeward.

"She doesn't care a button for him," said Eve.

The next day saw Lucy's departure from Font Abbey to spend three months with her aunt. Mr. Fountain and Talboys accompanied her part of the way on her journey, and David, by walking a long distance ahead, succeeded in saying good-by and in arousing in Lucy great pity for his infatuation, which she realized so fully as to be moved by it to tears.

At the Bazalgettes Lucy met Mr. Hardie, whom her aunt had selected for her as a husband, and Captain Kencaly, a well-appointed but inoffensive soldier. Later came Mr. Fountain and Mr. Talboys. While Mrs. Bazalgette was greeting the latter gentleman, a tall, active figure appeared carrying over his shoulder a large carpet-bag swinging on a stick; behind him came a boy carrying a violin case. The tall man was David Dodd.

Talboys, disgusted, proposed to Fountain to go back again. But the latter advised patience, saying that Hardie was the one to be feared; but Talboys insisted that Dodd was his only rival. At this Fountain bade him good-night, and as soon as his friend was out of sight he gave vent to some good old-fashioned expletives at Talboys's want of foresight.

David Dodd proved the life of the party, and interested Mr. Bazalgette so much by his conversation that he invited him into the study, and was so charmed by David's modesty and his knowledge of his profession that he determined to aid the young man. Mrs. Bazalgette advised Hardie to propose to Lucy, telling him he had a dangerous rival in the house.

"What! that Mr. Talboys? I don't fear him. He is next door to a fool."

Mr. Fountain gave similar advice to Talboys. But Talboys was not yet ready.

"Hardie! a mere shopkeeper!" said the Norman knight. "I don't fear him." He then promised to propose on the coming Saturday when Miss Fountain had consented to go on a sail with him.

When the day for the sail arrived Mr. Fountain accompanied them to the boat, but as they were embarking Mr. Fountain was taken with a convenient illness and begged to be excused.

Talboys had had the boat padded, cushioned, and painted white and gold for the occasion. Lucy leaned back on the luxurious cushions and eyed the sky and the water, and though Talboys tried in vain to draw her out she replied to him only in monosyllables.

The crew of the boat consisted of only a man and a boy, and Talboys himself took the helm. As the breeze began to freshen Talboys suggested to try the boat's speed in a race with a lateen-rigged craft which hung on their quarter to windward. But the other boat would not accept the challenge and appeared to be watching them. The boatman suggested going back, as it was then blowing half a gale and the rising sea would soon be uncomfortable for the young lady. Talboys insisted it was only a fine breeze, and the old boatman and the boy lowered the mainsail. Talboys called to the old man to take the helm, and he and the boy went forward to dip the lug of the foresail in order to tack. The sail was lowered properly, but the yard hit Talboys's head, and in a moment the wind had wrapped the sail tight around the mast to windward. The boat was at once driven on her side and astern at the same time. The old boatman darted forward and tugged to free the canvas, but in vain. The boat was filling fast and every face was blanched with fear.

At this juncture, with death staring them in the face, the lateen came to their rescue; David Dodd sprang on board the sinking boat, lowered the mast, and baled her out. Meanwhile he had transferred Miss Fountain to the dry boat and given Talboys the choice of staying in his own boat or going with him. Talboys, mortified and embarrassed, hesitated, but was jerked aboard by David. The old boatman and the boy stuck to the lugger, and the two parted.

The wind rose, and David, finding it impossible to beat up against it, slacked his main sheet and fell off before the wind.

"What are you doing?" shrieked Talboys. "The madman is taking us out to sea."

"Are you taking us out to sea, Mr. Dodd?" Lucy inquired with dismay.

"I am doing according to my judgment of tide and wind and the abilities of the craft I am sailing," said David firmly.

After a dreadful night, during which Talboys lay useless under the forecastle, and Lucy, wrapped in shawls and tarpaulins, kept her position near David at the helm, they drove across the English Channel and into safety in a French harbor alongside a sloop at anchor. In a few minutes the party were all on her deck and provided with dry clothes and food. Lucy went to sleep in the cabin, and when she awoke she found that David had gone, in the hope of boarding his ship, which had sailed for the Indies.

When Lucy and Mr. Talboys returned they heard that the lugger they had left had drifted in with the tide, keel uppermost, and that they had been given up as dead. Talboys, disgusted with the result of his adventure, set out for London, and Lucy, who entered her aunt's house unobserved, hid behind a curtain in the drawing-room and overheard Mrs. Bazalgette give orders to her dressmaker for elaborate semi-mourning, which she thought would be very becoming to her, and which she still decided to have made even after Lucy stepped out and persuaded her that she was living.

Mr. Fountain and Mrs. Bazalgette now became allies and conspired to put the screw on Lucy to force her to make a selection of one or the other of her suitors. But their pertinacity only caused Lucy to hate both men.

While thus persecuted at home, Lucy fell in with Eve Dodd again, and learned from her that David failed to reach his ship and lay ill in the village from the effects of exposure and disappointment. Lucy, touched with sympathy, ran to Mr. Bazalgette and, assuring him that she was not in love with Mr. Dodd, persuaded him to use his influence to get David a ship. Mr. Bazalgette, who had been for some time working to this end, sent her David's commission as captain of the *Rajah*, the East India Company's new ship.

The persecutions of her friends becoming more and more pronounced, so that her life became unbearable, Lucy determined to leave the house and seek a refuge in the home of

her old nurse, Mrs. Wilson, who had informed her that she always had a room ready for her. With the aid of Mrs. Wilson, she escaped by night, and the next day, while the Bazalgette house was in an uproar over her disappearance, she sat calmly down and wrote a letter of apology and farewell to Eve, thanking her and her brother for all their kindness, and enclosing with it the commission for the *Rajah*.

David, overjoyed at receiving the commission, declared that he would not accept it without Lucy. Eve advised him: "Tell her she must and shall. If you are cowardly she will be bold; but if you are bold and resolute she will knuckle down."

David tried Eve's tactics, and, after a vain attempt to reason with him, Lucy succumbed and melted into tenderness.

"How could I let you be unhappy?" she asked, as David drew her closer and closer to him till she hid her wet eyelashes on his shoulder.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH (1861)

Charles Reade's masterpiece is a historical romance drawing a contrast between the life of the celibate priesthood and the life of the family. A portion of it appeared originally in 1850, in *Once a Week*, under the title *A Good Fight*, but Mr. Reade, taking a wider view of the subject, rewrote and enlarged it, and published it in book form in 1861.



LITTLE past the middle of the fifteenth century, when Philip the Good ruled Holland, Elias, a well-to-do dealer in cloth and curried leather, lived with Catherine, his wife, in the little town of Tergou, not far from Rotterdam. The couple were blessed with nine children, several of whom were already settled at various occupations, leaving five at home. Of these, Giles was a dwarf, Catherine a cripple who moved only on crutches, and Cornelis, the eldest, and Sybrandt, the youngest son, were ne'er-do-weels, waiting for dead men's shoes. The fifth, Gerard, the flower of the flock, destined for the Church, was convent-bred. The monks of a neighboring convent had taught him penmanship, and Margaret Van Eyck, sister and survivor of the famous brothers Van Eyck, who had left Flanders and settled in Tergou, instructed him in the art of illumination in colors.

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, Luxembourg, and Brabant, was versatile and fostered the arts. He gave a grand exhibition at Rotterdam, and offered prizes for *orfèverie*, paintings, illuminating, and writing on vellum. Gerard determined to try for two of these prizes, and on the day they were to be distributed set out for Rotterdam in his holiday suit, armed with a letter from Margaret Van Eyck to the Princess Marie. On the way he succored an old man, Peter Brandt, and his comely daughter Margaret, who sat exhausted by the roadside. While they were eating, Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the burgomaster of Tergou, a notorious old miser with a furrowed face, passed by on

a mule with rich purple housings. He had a complacent look, for he was going to sup with the Duke; but when he saw the old man and his daughter in company with Gerard the smile died out of his face. Twenty years before, Ghysbrecht had committed an act of heartless roguery which enriched himself at the expense of Peter, though the latter did not know it; and when he saw youth, enterprise, and, above all, knowledge seated beside the old man, he felt uneasy.

Gerard delivered his letter to the Princess Marie, who received him graciously and promised to appoint him to a benefice the day after he had said his first mass; and he returned to Ter-gou with fifteen golden angels in his purse and a golden medal on his bosom, the prize for penmanship. But his heart was like a lump of lead, for he had lost Margaret and her father in the crowd, and he did not even know their name.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, anxious to find out whether Gerard had learned anything regarding himself from Peter, sent for him as if to consult him about copying the town records, and casually asked him about Peter Brandt.

"I know no Peter Brandt," replied Gerard.

Ghysbrecht, suspecting from this that the young man was playing a deep game, shouted: "Ye lie! Did I not see you at the girl's elbow on the road to Rotterdam? And you have been seen since at Peter's house at Sevenbergen."

Ghysbrecht, in his effort to draw information, had told the young man precisely what he wished to know.

"Burgomaster," said he, "I have not been at Sevenbergen these three years. As my time is precious, I give you good day."

He darted out with his eyes sparkling, and Ghysbrecht sent a servant to follow him. At night he was told that Gerard had gone straight to Sevenbergen, to the house of Peter the Magician.

Gerard found Margaret in the doorway sewing, and beside her a stalwart archer, leaning on his bow, whom he soon recognized as Martin Wittenhaagen, an old soldier whom he had seen shooting at the butts. Margaret sent Martin to call her father, with whom Gerard had a learned chat, while the daughter spread supper. From that day Gerard spent most of his evenings with Margaret, and the two became betrothed.

Meanwhile Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, who had kept close watch on Gerard's movements, came to Catherine and said:

"Your son Gerard is more likely to become father of a family than a priest; he is forever with Margaret, Peter Brandt's red-haired girl, and loves her as a cow loves her calf."

This angered Elias, who had set his heart on Gerard's becoming a priest. "But give us your promise," he said to his son, "to go no more to Sevenbergen, and here all ends."

"I cannot promise that, father," replied Gerard. "I love Margaret; and call me not a priest, for a priest I will never be. I will die first."

"That we shall see, young man."

After some months of irritation and ill-feeling, Elias told Gerard before the whole family that he had ordered the burgo-master to imprison him in the Stadthouse rather than let him marry Margaret. "And a priest you shall be before the year is out," he added, "willy-nilly."

"Is it so?" cried Gerard. "Then, hear me, all. By God and St. Bavon, I swear I will never be a priest while Margaret lives."

Gerard went to see Margaret Van Eyck. She sympathized with him, advised him to marry Margaret Brandt at once, and to go to Italy, "where painters are honored like princes, and scribes are paid three hundred crowns for copying a single manuscript. Find you the heart to go, I'll find the means."

Margaret at first refused, but was at last persuaded, and was betrothed solemnly in the presence of Peter and Martin. The banns were properly cried, and one morning at ten o'clock they appeared in the church at Sevenbergen to be married. They had hardly taken their place before the curé when the constables of Tergou came up the aisle and seized Gerard in the name of the law. At five o'clock that evening he was conveyed into the prison of the Stadthouse, taken up several flights of stairs, and thrust into a small room lighted only by a narrow window.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, attended by three stout fellows armed, brought him a brown loaf and a pitcher of water, and set them down on a great oaken chest.

"My orders are to keep you thus until you shall bind your-

self by an oath to leave Margaret Brandt and return to the Church to which you have belonged from your cradle."

"Death sooner."

"With all my heart." And the burgomaster retired. He glanced at the iron bars at the window, but as the Haunted Tower was a hundred feet high he had little fear of an escape.

Gerard sat on the chest despondent and hungry, for he was afraid to eat the food Ghysbrecht had brought, when something struck the wall beyond him and fell rattling at his feet. It proved to be an arrow with a skein of silk attached to it and these words written on it:

"Well beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife, and lower to us; hold thine end fast: then count an hundred and draw up."

Gerard moved the great oak chest to the window, mounted it, and saw figures at the foot of the tower. He let down the silk and by means of it drew up a whip-cord, then a thicker cord, and finally a stout rope. He passed this through the handles of the chest and tied it firmly. To make sure the chest was sound, he jumped on it with all his force; to his surprise, the side burst open and the contents, a store of parchments, fell out. He had doubtless jumped on some secret spring.

To get out of the narrow window was the chief difficulty; that accomplished, he easily passed down the rope and was received by Margaret and Martin below.

They stole along the shadow of the wall, but suddenly a stream of light shot out from an angle of the building, and voices were heard approaching. Martin fitted an arrow to his bow, and the three glided round a corner. But in an instant the archer let his arrow fall and clutched Gerard's shoulder.

"Let me feel flesh and blood," he gasped. "The haunted tower! Look! It is going up the wall. Its head is on fire. If you know a prayer, say it! for hell is loose to-night."

"I have power to exorcise spirits," said Gerard, trembling.

"I will venture forth."

"The rope! the rope! It is going up the rope."

A creature with a fiery head crept up the rope and disappeared in Gerard's cell, while a white figure stood motionless below.

Margaret, recognizing a woman's figure, ran out and cried,

"Are you not his good sister Kate? Perhaps we are on the same errand."

"And you are Margaret Brandt."

At this Gerard came forward, but all explanation was cut short by an unearthly voice above, shouting: "Parchment! parchment! parchment!"

They looked up, and there was Giles the dwarf, with a lantern around his neck and his hands full of parchments. At each repetition of the word he hurled down records on their heads. When he had thrown all out he slid down the rope like a falling star, and proposed to his brother an immediate sale of the merchandise. Gerard, who had been accustomed to buy parchment of Giles, said: "Hush! you speak too loud. Gather them up and follow us to a safer place."

Gerard gave Giles a few coins for the parchments, which he had packed into a bundle, and with Margaret and Martin sped to Sevenbergen.

When Ghysbrecht Van Swieten visited the prison cell at ten o'clock the next day he collared his servant and shouted: "Stop thief! D'ye stand there, knave, and see your master robbed? Run! Fly! A hundred crowns to him that finds it me again. All mine, all that were in this box. If one be missing, I give nothing."

"Tis a bargain, master," said Dierich. "The hundred crowns shall be mine."

But Dierich failed to find Gerard, and the next morning Ghysbrecht rode to Sevenbergen. He found Peter's house empty, but on looking out of an upper window he saw Gerard walking with Margaret and Martin toward the forest.

Ghysbrecht and his men pursued. The burgomaster on his mule tried to head them off, but Gerard struck him down with his oaken staff. Ghysbrecht fell from the mule, his collar splattered with blood, and the next moment the three were in the wood. Martin led them by blind paths into the depths of the forest, and into a thick pine grove, where one could not see three yards in advance. The archer sat down quietly, took a piece of bread and a slice of ham from his wallet, and began to eat, saying:

"All Sevenbergen could not find you now. You will lose

your purse, Gerard, long before you get to Italy, if you carry it like that."

Gerard looked, and a large purse, well filled with silver coins, was entangled in his strap and buckle.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it must be that old thief's. It hung at his saddle-bow."

"Throw it away, Gerard, or let Martin take it back," said Margaret. "Already they call you a thief. I cannot bear it."

"Give it back!" cried Gerard. "Not a stiver. It is Heaven gives it me by a miracle."

"Hark! what is that sound?" exclaimed Margaret; "like a deep-ringing bell."

"Why, Martin," said Gerard, "is it anything? You look pale."

"Girl," replied Martin gravely, "it's a bloodhound."

They hastened on until they came into an open wood. The hound's bay was now mingled with many voices, whooping and hallooing.

"The whole village is out after us," said Martin.

The next moment a huge dog burst out of the coppice and stood erect. A bow twanged, and he rolled over, dead as a stone, spitted by Martin's arrow. The second hound stopped and smelled of his dead comrade. Gerard rushed at him, but ere he could use his cudgel a second arrow wounded him desperately, and he groveled in the dust, howling piteously.

"I hear no more hounds," said Martin. "Now into the coppice."

He stopped suddenly, after they had run awhile, for he caught sight of Ghysbrecht Van Swieten sitting on his mule, keeping watch. A bloody bandage was across his nose, the bridge of which was broken. Martin fitted his last arrow to the string and was about to shoot, when an active figure leaped on Ghysbrecht from behind, his head was muffled in a kerchief and he was whirled to the ground, where he lay groaning with terror.

"Help! treason! murder! murder!" he shrieked, trying to rise.

"Silence, cur!" roared Gerard, and trod him down as he would an adder.

"Mount the mule, Martin. I'll run by your side."

In a moment Martin was on the mule, and Gerard raised Margaret, now half fainting, and placed her on the saddle. They had hardly got into a canter when Dierich Brower and five men burst out of the coppice, and followed them with a shout.

The chase was long, but the pursued at last distanced the pursuers, and gained the German frontier. Then Gerard consigned his Margaret to the care of the good archer, who promised to take her back to Sevenbergen, and, after a piteous and heart-broken parting, bade them farewell and crossed the border on his way to Rome.

One morning, when he had risen early, after a night in a filthy bed, and had gone in search of fresh air, he was hailed in French by a Burgundian soldier, with his arbalest at his back:

“What ho! You are up with the sun, comrade.”

“He rises betimes that lies in a dog’s lair,” answered Gerard, crossly.

“*Courage, l’ami, le diable est mort,*” responded the soldier. He then told him his name was Denys, and he was passing from Flushing in Zealand to the Duke’s French dominions. “And who are you, and whither bound?”

“My name is Gerard, and I am going to Rome,” said he, in a way that invited no further confidence.

“All the better; we will go together as far as Burgundy.”

“Two words go to that bargain,” said Gerard. “A good wolf is a bad companion, says the sheep. And a soldier, they say, is near akin to a wolf.”

“They lie,” said Denys. “Come, young man, they who travel should learn to read faces. Methinks you might see lealty in mine, sith I have seen it in yourn.”

“Soldier, you would find me a dull companion, for my heart is very heavy.”

“Oh! no soul is sad alongside me. I lift up their little hearts with my ‘*Courage, tout le monde, le diable est mort.*’ Ha! ha!”

“So be it, then,” said Gerard. “We will go together as far as the Rhine, and God go with us both!”

The pair trudged manfully on, and Denys chattered about battles and sieges, and things which were new to Gerard. He passed nobody without addressing him, and doffed his cap to every woman, high or low. One day he shot an old crow, carried

it to the nearest hen-roost, and set it upon a nest. "The good wife will say, 'Alack, here is Beelzebub a-hatching of my eggs.'"

"No, you forget he is dead," objected Gerard.

"So he is, so he is. But she doesn't know that, not having the luck to be acquainted with me, who carry the good news from city to city, uplifting men's hearts."

At Remiremont Denys hoped to see his kindred, from whom he had been separated several years. The two had become so attached to each other that neither could bear the thought of separation.

"Had I my will," said Gerard, "I'd never part with my Denys on this side the grave. God his will be done."

"No, my will shall be done this time," shouted Denys. "*Le bon Dieu* has bigger fish to fry than you or me. I'll go with thee to Rome. There is my hand on it."

"Think what you say! 'Tis impossible. 'Tis too selfish of me."

"I tell thee, 'tis settled. On we go; 'tis fixed; irrevocable as fate."

As they went on, a company of about fifty mounted soldiers appeared on the brow of the hill.

"See the banner of Burgundy," said Denys joyfully. "Why, 'tis the Bastard of Burgundy. There is fighting afoot, since he is out."

"Halt!" cried a stentorian voice, and the Bastard bent his brow gloomily on Denys. "How now, arbalestier, how comes it thy face is turned southward, when every good hand and heart is hurrying northward?"

Denys replied that he was on leave after some years of service.

"Good. But this is not the time for 't. Ho! bring that dead soldier's mule to the front; and thou mount her and forward with us to Flanders."

"So please your Highness," said Denys firmly, "that may not be. I have this poor youth in charge, whom I cannot leave till I see him shipped for Rome."

"Dost bandy words with me?" said the chief. "Art weary of thy life?"

Denys made no reply, but held Gerard's hand and looked defiance.

At this the Bastard roared, "Jarnac, dismount six of thy archers and shoot me this white-livered cur—for an example."

The Count de Jarnac gave the order, and the men dismounted.

"Oh, nay! nay!" cried Gerard. "He shall go with you on the instant. Oh, sir; oh, my lord, give a poor boy but a minute to bid his only friend farewell! I swear he shall go with you."

The leader nodded a cold, contemptuous assent. "Thou, Jarnac, stay with them, and bring him on, alive or dead. Forward!"

Denys and Gerard gazed at each other haggardly. "Thou goest to Holland; thou knowest where she bides. Tell her all. She will be kind to thee for my sake."

"A sorry tale I shall carry her. Ah! I have it. Make for the Rhine, Gerard, at Strasbourg; and down the current to Rotterdam. Margaret is there; I go thither. We shall all be together."

They kissed each other again and again, speechless, and the tears rained down their cheeks. The Count Jarnac looked on amazed, and then, at a signal from him, the soldiers almost lifted Denys on the mule, and putting him in the middle of them, spurred on after their leader.

A few minutes later Gerard was robbed of his purse by the servants of a gentleman of rank, who, with his friends, sat on their horses and laughed. In despair he crawled to the roadside and lay down in the snow.

Martin Wittenhaagen conducted Margaret near to Sevenbergen, then went straight to Rotterdam, explained the matter to the Duke, and returned home with a free pardon for himself and Gerard. Margaret was taken ill of a fever and was nursed by the Demoiselle Van Eyck. A letter for Gerard was entrusted to Hans Memling, an old pupil of Jan Van Eyck, who was about to go to Italy. But in Tergou Hans saw some of his boon companions and stopped to have a parting glass. As each insisted on treating the departing guest, his tongue got loosened and he told how he was going to Italy entrusted with a letter to one Gerard, a townsman of theirs. Among the listeners was Sybrandt, who ran and told Cornelis, and the two plotted to keep Gerard in Italy all his life and thus secure for themselves his share of their father's substance.

When Margaret remembered the parchments which Gerard had buried in the garden, she showed the place and Ghysbrecht came and dug them up; but he missed one, which he averred was the most important of all. "That was not a town record," replied Margaret, "but a private deed between you and my grandfather Floris Brandt."

"But where is it, girl? That is what I want to know."

Margaret explained that when Gerard read the title of it, he said, "This is as much yours as the burgomaster's," and put it in his bosom to read at his leisure.

Remorse for the past and dread of the future—avarice and fear—all tugged at Ghysbrecht's heart. But when he came out of the house he met Martin Mittenhaagen, who calmly leaned on his bow and grinned at him.

"Ho! attack him, seize him, traitor and thief!" cried he. "Dog, thou shalt pay for all."

Martin thrust the Duke's pardon under Ghysbrecht's nose, and while he read it trembling, said: "The Duke bade me carry a message to you: 'I'll have no kings in Holland but one. Bid him be more humble, or I'll hang him at his own door.'"

Ghysbrecht mounted and spurred away like mad, muttering: "I'll make their hearts ache. All! all!"

Sybrandt and Cornelis came to the Burgomaster and suggested that something be done to keep Gerard from coming home. A letter was written by Ghysbrecht, who imitated as closely as he could the chirography of Margaret Van Eyck, informing Gerard of the death of Margaret Brandt; and this was substituted for the true letter in Hans Memling's wallet.

Denys was with the Bastard of Burgundy but a short time. The rebellion came to an end, and he set out to rejoin his friend in Holland. He found Gerard's home in Tergou, and was cordially received by Eli and his family, but failed to find Margaret Brandt at Sevenbergen. All he could learn was that Peter and Margaret had left their home and gone, none knew whither. "I will ransack every town in Holland but I will find her," said Denys.

One day, in Rotterdam, he saw a comely lass filling her pitcher at a fountain, while others affronted her with coarse jokes.

He helped her get water and, patting her on the shoulder, said, "Come, courage, brave wife; the divell is dead!"

She dropped her pitcher on his toe and exclaimed, "Denys!"

"Well? But—hallo! How do you know my name is—"

"Denys of Burgundy!"

"How know you me?"

"By Gerard's letter. Cross-bow! beard! handsome! The divell is dead."

"Sword of Goliah! Red hair, violet eyes, lovely face. Margaret Brandt!"

"Gerard? Where is he? Is he in life? Is he well? Is he coming? Oh, tell me!"

The soldier tried to bring about a reconciliation between Margaret and Catherine, Gerard's mother, but Margaret said: "You may tell her she comes too late. There was a time I longed for her, but she held aloof; so now we will be as we ha' been."

But one day a long letter came from Gerard, who told her to read it to his parents. As all could not come to her, she went to Tergou accompanied by Denys, and read the letter to the family, including Richart, the merchant from Amsterdam, who read when she tired.

The letter was a sort of diary of his movements from the time when Denys left him until his arrival in Venice, where he saw on the stern of a vessel "'Richart Eliassoen, Amsterdam.'" "At this I sobbed vehemently and cried, 'Why is not brother Richart here, and not his name only?'"

"Go on, Richart, prithee, go on," said Elias.

"Father, it is easy to say go on, but think ye I am not flesh and blood? The poor boy's words go through my heart. Sink me if I can even see the words, 'tis writ so fine."

When the letter was at last read, Eli rose from his chair.

"Wife," said he, "you will set another chair at our table for every meal: also another plate and knife. They will be for Margaret and Peter. She will come when she likes, and stay away when she chooses. None may take her place at my left hand. Such as can welcome her are welcome to me. Within my walls I am master, and my son's betrothed is welcome." Eli and Richart then sat down to concoct a letter to bring Gerard

home. Richart promised it should go by sea to Rome that very week.

"Which letter will get to him first?" asked Sybrandt.

"Who can tell?" replied Cornelis.

Two months before the receipt of this letter by Margaret, Gerard took ship for Rome, but was wrecked on the coast and narrowly escaped with his life. Saved with him, and largely through his instrumentality, were a Roman matron and her child and a gigantic Dominican friar.

Gerard took a modest lodging on the west bank of the Tiber, and every day went out in search of work. He was received coldly at the shops. "Scant is the Latin writ here now. Can ye not write Greek?"

Gerard borrowed a Greek manuscript and in a fortnight made great progress with the Greek character; but the traders told him Greek and Latin were alike unsalable, as the city was well provided with works from all Europe. His landlady said she had heard that many of the great folk were bitten with the writing-mania: she would ask Teresa, who heard all the news of the court. Teresa proved to be the matron he had rescued from shipwreck! Teresa showed him to her husband, Lodovico, who embraced Gerard and thanked him, and finally secured him an interview with Fra Colonna. The friar looked up peevishly as Gerard entered, and said, pointing to an inkhorn, "Show me how you write."

"So please you, reverend father, I wrote me a vellum page of Greek, and the Latin version by its side."

"Show it me."

Gerard handed it to him, and in a moment the Dominican fell on his neck.

Fra Colonna sounded the praises of his new artist so that he was soon called upon to resign him. The friar set a very high price on his pen, and it was acceded to by all who employed him without a murmur, so that Gerard was fast laying up money. But one day a lady, the Princess Clælia, a daughter of the Cesarini family, sent for him to write a letter, and fell in love with him. She sent baskets of fruit and provisions to his house, and finally a jewel in a letter, but no words. Gerard, who had no love for anyone but Margaret, repelled her advances, and she in

anger threatened his life. He told her all his sad story, how he had suffered everything for Margaret's sake, and the Princess bade him leave Rome at once, saying, "Go! I will send you the means. If you cross my path again. I shall kill you. *Addio!* my heart is broken."

He went home and set himself to deciphering the deed of Floris Brandt, which he had found among Ghysbrecht's parchments. He saw at once that the loan on the land must have been paid over and over again by the rents, and that Ghysbrecht was keeping Peter Brandt out of his own.

"Fool! not to have read this before," he cried. He rode to the nearest port and engaged passage for Amsterdam. On his return home the landlady handed him a bag of silver crowns, and told him that one Hans Memling also had called and left a letter for him. Gerard seized the letter and read it aloud to her. It was the false letter written by Ghysbrecht, telling of the death of Margaret, and substituted by Cornelis and Sybrandt in Hans Memling's wallet for the one written by Margaret Van Eyck.

When Gerard became conscious of the dire purport of this letter, he shouted, "It is a lie! Where is this Hans? I'll cram his murdering falsehood down his throat!"

He ran furiously about the streets for hours, and when he came back he fell like a log on the floor, bleeding from nostrils and ears. On his return to consciousness and despair he fell into a fever, which lasted many days and ended in a long sleep. When he awoke Fra Colonna and the gigantic Fra Jerome, his companion of the shipwreck, sat beside his bed. In offering consolation, Colonna reminded him that the divine Muses are immortal, and Jerome that the Church alone can give repose to the heart on earth, and happiness to the soul hereafter.

As soon as they were gone Gerard burst into a rage, and shaking his fist after Jerome, cried: "The Church! malediction on the Church! But for it I should not lie broken here, and she lie cold, cold in Holland. Ghysbrecht lives; Margaret dies. Thieves, murderers, harlots live forever. Only angels die. Curse life! curse death! and whosoever made them what they are."

As soon as he recovered he gave himself up to despair and

rushed fiercely into pleasure. Wine, women, gambling—whatever could procure him excitement—he plunged into, and he soon became a leader among the loose companions he had hitherto kept at a distance. One day, while with a gay party of men and women on the Tiber, he passed a boat in which was the Princess Clælia seated under a canopy surrounded by gallants. He blushed at being seen in such company, but the lady frowned on recognizing him. Burning with jealousy, mortified pride, and dread of exposure, she hired an assassin to kill Gerard. The latter, his wound opened afresh by sight of the Princess, fell into a morbid melancholy, and one night, thinking to end his sufferings, he went out determined to throw himself into the Tiber. While seeking a quiet place, he observed a bravo following him, and, not suspecting it was his life the assassin sought, walked up to him, bared his bosom, and begged him to take his life. He forced a purse into his hands, saying:

“My friend, sell me thine arm; do one good deed, and rid me of my hateful life!”

The man only stared in his face.

“Why do ye hesitate?” shrieked Gerard. “Is it because I am poor, and can’t give ye gold?” And with a snarl of contempt he ran from him and flung himself into the water.

With a strange cry, the assassin plunged in also and after a struggle brought him to shore, but insensible. It was Teresa’s husband, who had recognized in the man he was hired to slay the savior of his wife and child.

Lodovico shouldered him and set out for his own house, but in passing the monastery was accosted by Friar Jerome. The father recognized Gerard’s face and bade Lodovico bear him into the convent. And so it happened that when Gerard recovered consciousness he was lying in the guest chamber of the Dominican Convent, with Jerome, the gigantic friar, seated by his side.

This occurrence by the banks of the Tiber left its mark on all the actors. The assassin, softened by saving the life he was paid to take, went with Teresa to Leghorn and became a porter; the Princess, balked of her revenge, fell into a melancholy, went to Friar Jerome for consolation, and was sent barefoot to Loretto, weeping her crime and washing the feet of base-born men;

and Gerard, admitted to priest's orders, took the monastic vows and became a friar of St. Dominic, assuming the name of Brother Clement.

Meanwhile Margaret's child had been born in Rotterdam, and was named Gerard after its father. Denys had departed for Burgundy; Martin had died; and Margaret was supporting herself and her aged father by laundry work. She would have been happy, but that she received no news of Gerard. One day old Eli came to see her, looking grave and kind. He told her that the skipper, commissioned to get news of Gerard, had returned and reported that he had not been seen in Rome for many months, and it was conjectured that he had gone to some other city. She listened half stupidly to his retiring footsteps, then sank moaning beside the cradle and drew little Gerard to her bosom. "Oh, my poor fatherless boy; my fatherless boy!"

The birth of Margaret's child surprised and shocked Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, and put his treacherous act in a new light. Should his letter take effect he would cause the dishonor of her who was the daughter of one friend and the granddaughter of another, and whose land he was keeping from her. These thoughts filled him with gloomy horrors. One day he found a woman, with a babe in her arms, waiting for him near his house. She raised her veil: it was Margaret Brandt.

"You know the secret of that which is breaking my heart. Why does not my Gerard come, nor send a line this many months?"

In vain he repeated that he knew nothing about Gerard, but she would not listen to it.

"You do know why he neither comes nor sends," said she firmly.

Ghysbrecht turned pale and paler, but summoned all his dignity and said:

"Would you believe those two knaves against a man of worship?"

"What two knaves?" said she keenly.

"I am a poor old broken man, whose memory is shaken. I know not what I say. There, there. I am in hell."

"Heaven forgive me!" said Margaret, when his servant came to assist him in. "I doubt I have killed the poor old man."

But when she pondered his words, her suspicion that he knew about Gerard was confirmed.

After many months Peter died, and when Margaret grieved over his loss Catherine tried to console her.

"My poor girl," said she, "you were not born to live alone. I have got to look on you as my own daughter. Waste not thy youth upon my son Gerard. Either he is dead or he is a traitor. Here is an honest lad that loves thee well this many a day. I'd take him and comfort together."

Seeing Margaret perplexed at her words, she continued, "I mean Luke Peterson. Sure, you are not so blind as not to see it."

"What? The boy that carries my basket?" she exclaimed, smiling for the first time in many days. "If I thought he came after your son's wife that is, or ought to be, I'd soon put him to the door."

The two friars, Jerome and Clement, went down the Rhine, sometimes drifting a few miles on the stream, but usually walking along the banks, preaching, teaching, and confessing sinners, with the intent of taking ship for England at Rotterdam. To Jerome's surprise, Clement's sermons appeared to be far more effective than his own. He was at first puzzled, then displeased at this. The two had parted to meet at Rotterdam. When Clement arrived there he went at once to the port and on enquiring of some monks whether his companion had arrived, was pointed to a ship under full sail.

"What, gone without me! Oh, Jerome! Jerome!"

"You must be Brother Clement," said one of the friars, and handed him a letter from Jerome, which told him he might follow to England if he pleased, but he would do much better to stay behind and preach to his own country folk.

Clement withdrew abruptly, for he was cut to the quick and wished to be alone. He preached in Rotterdam church the following Sunday, and learned from Jorian Ketel that Peter Brandt had been buried about two months before, and that Margaret was still living. Then Jorian, not recognizing Gerard in his friar's garb, but finding that Clement was interested in his story, told what he knew about Ghysbrecht's perfidy in connection with Cornelis and Sybrandt, most of which he had overheard when in the burgomaster's employ. The monk started up

wildly on hearing this story, and rushed headlong down the street, with both hands clenched and raised on high. Jorian stood looking in dismay at the human tempest he had aroused, when his arm was grasped by a tremulous hand. It was Margaret Brandt.

He began to tell her how the monk had known Gerard in Italy, and how angered he had become when he told him of the work of the foul knaves Cornelis and Sybrandt, to whom he had probably gone to give them a lesson.

"O Jorian! what have you done?" cried Margaret. "See you not this is Gerard? Quick! quick! help me to Eli's, for the power is all gone out of my body."

It was supper-time, and Eli's family had just collected round the board, when burst into the room, not the expected Margaret, but a Dominican friar, livid with rage. He stooped over the table in front of Cornelis and Sybrandt, and shrieked: "Cursed be the lips which spoke the lie that Margaret was dead; may they rot before the grave, and kiss white-hot iron in hell thereafter; doubly cursed be the hands that changed those letters, and be they struck off by the hangman's knife, and handle hell-fire forever." Then, turning from the cowering, shuddering pair, who had almost hid themselves beneath the table, he tore a letter out of his bosom, and flung it before his father.

"Read that, thou hard old man, that didst imprison thy son; read, and see what monsters thou hast brought into the world. The memory of my wrongs and hers dwell with you all forever! I will meet you again at the judgment-day; on earth ye will never see me more."

Margaret and Jorian were within twenty yards of the shop when the friar burst forth, white and raging, and went tearing down the street.

Margaret screamed and sank fainting on Jorian's arm.

"Stay, madman, know thy friends," cried Jorian. But Gerard was deaf and went headlong, shaking his clenched fists in the air.

Within, Eli, who had read the letter, whipped out his short sword and shouted, "Stand clear, and let me get at the traitors."

The two slipped howling under the table and ran away like

hares, and Eli hacked down the board over the door with their names upon it and threw it into the chimney-place.

Gerard spent the night with a dying hermit at Gouda, and then went to Tergou with the intention of making Ghysbrecht disgorge and give Margaret her own. He was met at the fountain by a servant who begged him to come and shrive her dying master. She led him to the Stadthouse, and there, propped up by pillows in bed, lay his deadly enemy. The result was that Ghysbrecht made full restitution to Margaret, giving her the deeds of her grandfather's property and three hundred and forty golden angels, the rents and fines received for the land over and above Floris's debt. Margaret looked on her wealth with wondering eyes; then wrung her hands and cried, "Too late! too late!"

As soon as Gerard was sure that Margaret was rich he disappeared. Not many days later Margaret Van Eyck died and left her house and all her other property to Margaret Brandt.

Margaret began to feel some indignation, mingled with grief and apprehension, at Gerard's continued absence, and asked herself, "Can he have ever loved me? To run from me and his boy without a word!" While her mind was in this condition, Giles the dwarf, who had become a great personage at court, came in roaring, "I've hit the clout; our Gerard is Vicar of Gouda." The Princess Marie had remembered her promise.

Giles had the new vicar cried in Rotterdam and the neighboring towns, but the days rolled on and no Gerard appeared. At last it turned out that Gerard, or rather Brother Clement, had taken refuge in the cave of the hermit of Gouda and lived there unconscious of the world and of the fact that he had been made Vicar of Gouda.

It took a long time to persuade him to leave his cheerless abode, but Margaret at last accomplished it with the aid of little Gerard, who, until then unknown to him, tugged at his heart-strings until he consented to go and live in Gouda manse. Brother Clement, friar and hermit no more, walked out of the cave and became Gerard Eliassoen, parson of Gouda.

Gerard and Margaret, thus restored to each other, but not reunited, spent many happy years, he in attending to his parochial duties, she in caring for her child and in succoring the

poor and needy. After a time little Gerard was sent to the best school in Europe, kept by one Haaghe at Deventer, where he made such progress that great things were predicted of him. One day Gerard heard that the plague was at Deventer and rode thither to bring the boy away. To his surprise, Margaret had been there before him and sent the child to Rotterdam; but he found her, stricken with the plague, at her lodgings. Gerard confessed and shrived her, and took back to Gouda all that was mortal of her, and when he laid her to rest he read the service with scarcely a tremor in his voice. But at the sound of earth falling upon the coffin he uttered a piercing scream.

"Ah, Jorian!" he cried, "something snapped within me. I felt it, and I heard it: here," and he put his hand to his breast.

A fortnight later a pale, bowed figure entered the Dominican convent in the suburbs of Gouda, and sought speech with Brother Ambrose, in charge till the arrival of the new prior. The sick man was Gerard, come to die in peace. In a few days the new friar arrived, and hearing that the Vicar of Gouda had entered the convent as a novice, said: "Let him give up his vicarage, or go." He sent for Gerard, and when they saw each other, both exclaimed:

"Clement!"

"Jerome!"

A few days more, and Gerard passed away at about the same hour that Margaret died.

Under his linen they found a horse-hair shirt, and under that a long tress of auburn hair. When the coffin was about to be closed, Jerome cleared the cell and put the tress on the dead man's bosom. "There, Clement," said he, and set himself a penance for doing it. The next day the body was carried to Gouda and placed beside that of Margaret.

Gerard Gerardson, son of Gerard and Margaret, lived to be the first scholar and divine of his epoch, better known to later generations as Erasmus. He belongs not to fiction, but to history. His venerated tomb is still to be seen in the church at Basel, Switzerland, and on the humble house in which he was born is inscribed:

"Hæc est parva domus natus qua magnus Erasmus."

HARD CASH (1863)

This story, a sequel to *Love me Little, Love me Long*, deals largely with the horrors of private insane asylums in England. When the novel appeared serially in *All the Year Round* it bore the title *Very Hard Cash*. Its publication led to a thorough investigation and reform in the English asylums for the insane.



MRS. DAVID DODD, whose husband was captain of a ship in the service of the East India Company, was living, with her son Edward, aged twenty, and her daughter Julia, nineteen, in Albion Villa, in the suburbs of Barkington, a great commercial seaport. Mrs. Dodd was originally Miss Lucy Fountain, a young lady well born, high-bred, and a member of the fashionable world. The husband was absent on a voyage. Edward, a student at Exeter College, Oxford, was a square-shouldered, manly fellow, great in athletics but deficient in his studies. Julia was a beautiful girl, tall, lithe, and serpentine, and above all modest and intellectual—briefly, an incarnate sunbeam.

Edward, in consequence of athletic superiority, was as much talked of as any one in the University, except one, Arthur Hardie, son of the rich banker Richard Hardie, his townsman, but no friend of his. Though no older, he was much Edward's senior in standing, and this was a barrier that the junior must not step over at Oxford without direct encouragement. Hardie was Doge of a studious clique, a young Apollo crowned with variegated laurel, for he excelled also in boating and cricketing.

Mrs. Dodd and Julia went to Henley to see the races and, while Oxford was beaten by Cambridge in the principal race, had the pleasure of seeing Edward win the sculls and row in the victorious four-oared crew, though the odds were three to

one against them. Hardie congratulated Edward and became his friend, and met Julia and fell desperately in love with her.

But, as usual, the course of true love did not run as smoothly as the enamored pair could wish.

Mrs. Dodd did not altogether approve of Hardie, whose father had been a rejected suitor of her own, but Julia began to pine and, after a half dozen physicians had been consulted without benefit, she agreed to accept Arthur as a prospective son-in-law, provided he got his father's consent. Arthur, asserting that this was a mere formality, as he was sure of his father, wrote a glowing letter describing his beloved Julia and her mother, who had been a famous belle. A few days later Mrs. Dodd received a letter from the banker, in which he said he had received a very juvenile letter from his son, from which he learned that he had formed a sudden attachment for her daughter, and he felt it his duty to inform her that "this match is out of the question." Smarting under this insult to their pride, the two ladies agreed that they ought never to let the name of Hardie be mentioned again in their house.

Mr. Hardie had given no reasons in his brief letter. The truth was he had been indulging in speculation, and his bank was on the brink of ruin. Mrs. Dodd, suspecting that Mr. Hardie declined an alliance with her family because he thought them poor, told her daughter that Captain Dodd was about to bring home from India his savings amounting to £14,000, and she promised to use this to soften the banker's heart.

Captain Dodd, in command of the *Agra*, laden with tea, sailed from Canton homeward bound. At Macao he took on some passengers, the Honorable Mrs. Beresford, son, and poodle, Colonel Kenealy, and Joshua Fullalove and servant, the latter a negro named Vespasian. On the voyage they had a fight with Malay pirates, in which several men were killed and Captain Dodd was seriously wounded. While uncertain of the result of his wounds he confided to Kenealy and Fullalove the secret of his treasure, which he carried on his person, and they promised, if anything happened to him, to see that the £14,000 reached his family.

Dodd recovered in time to save the ship in a fearful storm,

in which she was nearly wrecked, aided by Fullalove, who devised a makeshift rudder, and reached Cape Town, where Captain Robarts took the ship. After repairs, the *Agra* sailed for home, Captain Dodd being on board as a passenger.

Robarts, who disapproved of everything that Dodd had done and made himself generally disagreeable, let his ship drive through the English Channel in a dense fog, notwithstanding Captain Dodd's warnings, and ran her on the rocks of the French coast. Thanks to the energy of Captain Dodd and Fullalove, all the passengers were landed safely, and Dodd, after saving his money from French footpads, through the aid of Fullalove and Vespasian, reached England and deposited his cash in Hardie's bank before going home to his family.

A little before this Hardie had sought to dismiss Skinner, his old clerk, but the latter told him he knew too much about his banking methods to be made an enemy. Hardie reconsidered and Skinner was present when Captain Dodd deposited his money. Dodd asked for a receipt, and Skinner wrote it and handed it to him. On his way to Albion Villa Dodd met James Maxley, a gardener, who had drawn his savings out of the bank that morning. Maxwell hinted that the bank was not sound, and Captain Dodd, alarmed, hastened back and demanded his money. Hardie refused, whereupon Dodd became violent and threatened to throttle him. The banker, pale and trembling, opened the safe, and was counting out the money when Dodd was seized with a fit and fell to the floor unconscious.

Captain Dodd was taken home and was bled by one doctor and cupped by another until Dr. Sampson, a friend of the family and a man of common sense, arrived from London. In the night the patient, demented, talked incoherently; and, while his nurse dozed, he slipped out of bed and out of the house, and running to Hardie's house frightened him with cries of, "You villain! you Hardie! give me back my money, my fourteen thousand pounds! Give me my darlings' money, or may the eternal curse of God light on you and yours, you scoundrel!"

Hardie heard this, but was afraid to open the window; and

then he saw a female figure crouching over Dodd's form and heard a heart-broken voice say that her father was dead.

"Ah! that is all right," muttered Hardie.

Maxwell, who had drawn his savings, £900, from the bank, quarreled with his wife when she discovered that he had accepted notes of Hardie's discredited bank, and she died of angina pectoris. Many other tragedies followed this, and Alfred Hardie, whose sense of justice was keen, shuddered at his father's actions. When he heard that Captain Dodd had become a maniac and had been sent to a private asylum, he quarreled with his father, who discovered that his son knew about the £14,000.

Hardie received a call from his old clerk Skinner, who demanded a thousand pounds hush-money, threatening to reveal the whole transaction if Hardie did not accede to his demands. As the banker dared not refuse, Skinner got his money and then told him to "mind your eye with Mr. Alfred; he is down on us."

When Alfred appealed to his father to do justice and referred to the honor and integrity of two generations of Hardies, the father spurned him, called him a young viper, and turned him out of his house.

"Papa!" asked Jane, Alfred's sister, "what *does* it all mean?"

"It means war—war between my own son and me."

Alfred had £10,000 of his own, and so all preparations were made for his marriage to Julia. The happy day arrived, but Alfred did not appear at the church. Edward searched for him, but in vain. All he could learn was that Alfred had received, the night before, a letter in a female hand, had packed his belongings, and had gone off in a two-horse fly at eight o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Hardie, who had been absent, came home that night, and when told by Jane how Alfred had disappeared on his wedding-day, he said coolly:

"The young scamp! It is no business of mine. I had no hand in making the match, thank Heaven!"

All efforts to trace Alfred were in vain, though Dr. Sampson had a bill posted offering a hundred guineas reward for news of him. Jane, though entirely devoted to her father, was in

love with Edward Dodd. Her father read to her a letter purporting to come from Alfred in Paris, and Jane hastened to tell Julia, who mourned her lover as dead, that he was living. Julia, in a passion, henceforth scorned and hated him, declaring:

“You have seen how I can love; you shall see how I can hate.”

Jane set out for home, but met Maxwell, who had become insane from his losses and was baited by the boys. She stopped to remonstrate with the boys, and was attacked by Maxwell, who beat her over the head with his club. Edward Dodd came to her rescue, struck the lunatic down, and carried her into Albion Villa. Richard Hardie came to her bedside and in response to her cries for Alfred promised that he should come. But Alfred did not come, and she died.

The banker, who had but two passions,—avarice and love for his daughter—plunged into the Stock Exchange, and the Dodds, now in reduced circumstances, took lodgings in London. Mrs. Dodd engaged in dressmaking, Julia tried painting, and Edward, after ineffectual efforts to obtain work, became a fireman.

During all this time Alfred Hardie had been an inmate of a private insane asylum, to which he had been decoyed by means of a letter written by Margaret Black, his father's servant and mistress, who promised to tell him all about the £14,000. He suffered all manner of cruelties and indignities, and was transferred from one asylum to another until at last he found himself at Drayton House, London, where he was made the roommate of a sailor, one Thompson, who in reality was David Dodd. The asylum took fire, and the two men were rescued by Edward Dodd, who recognized both. In the confusion Alfred escaped into the open country, and to his horror David followed him, shouting,

“Go ahead, messmate; I smell blue water.”

They reached Folkestone, where David deserted him and fled in a boat, and Alfred took a train for London. He at once sought Mr. Compton, a solicitor, noted for success in litigation, and put his case in his hands. He then sought Julia, but was followed by keepers from the asylum, who were seeking him with a mastiff. Alfred shot the dog, nearly killed one of the keepers, and escaped. Dr. Sampson wrote a

drastic letter to the newspapers, describing the case, and Mr. Hardie, almost collapsing as he read it, called off his hounds.

Alfred returned to Julia and met Mrs. Dodd, who had returned from a vain search after her husband, who, she feared, had shipped on an East-Indiaman.

"Are you not insane? Have you never been bereft of your reason?" she asked sternly.

"No, Mrs. Dodd; I have not."

"Then what have you done with my husband, sir?"

Captain Reginald Bazalgette, of H. M. frigate *Vulture*, Mrs. Dodd's cousin, had promised her to look for David on a ship bound for the East Indies. But at this very time David was an enlisted seaman on Bazalgette's own ship, under the name of William Thompson. At one of the South-Sea islands Thompson was drowned in an attempt to rescue a shipmate. His body was recovered and sewed up in a hammock ready for burial; but at the last moment it was discovered that his name was not Thompson, but David Dodd, and Captain Bazalgette had the body conveyed to his cabin and the face uncovered. The surgeon discovered that he was not dead but stricken with catalepsy, and David was then stripped and put under a douche. In about four hours he came to himself, and his first query, after, "Good-morning to you all," was, "Where is my money—my fourteen thousand pounds?" David had recovered his reason. In a few weeks he was transferred to a merchant-ship and sailed for home.

Alfred conveyed the good news to Mrs. Dodd, and the two became reconciled. Alfred won his suit through the aid of Fullalove and Vespasian, who turned up at the right moment, and the jury awarded him damages of £3,000. Mr. Hardie, who had invested everything in Old Turks, had prepared to commit suicide, when he heard that they were rising. He had bought at 72 and finally sold at 82, making a gain of £49,000. He at once paid the £3,000 and costs and delivered to David his £14,010 12s. 6d., and received in return the receipt, which had been found on Skinner's dead body. Hardie, on seeing the receipt, said it was in Skinner's handwriting, and clearly Skinner had embezzled the money.

Alfred married Julia, and all returned to Albion Villa.

Alfred then set himself to pay off his father's creditors, devoting half his income to that purpose.

Four years later Alfred, going to London, found his father begging on a street corner. He took him home, and the old man, a monomaniac, trapped Alfred into an agreement to board and lodge him for a guinea a week, Alfred to manage his property and pocket the profits, if any. Alfred employed an accountant to look over his father's papers, and was astonished to find a cash balance of £60,000. He went to his father with the good news, but Mr. Hardie flew into a passion and accused him of wishing to recede from his bargain.

"But I have got you in black and white, tight, tight."

Alfred, recognizing that his father was a monomaniac, consulted Sampson.

"Pay him his guinea a week and increase his comforts," said Sampson. "It's all you can do for him."

Richard Hardie finally died, his end hastened by the fear of poverty, and among his papers was found a will leaving £14,000 to Edward Dodd.

Alfred set up the bank again, with Edward as managing partner; no creditor of the old house was left unpaid, and so Hardie and Company rose again and recovered honor and good credit.

GRIFFITH GAUNT: OR, JEALOUSY (1866)

The scene of this story is in Cumberland, England, in the eighteenth century. It is estimated as being Reade's next best novel to *The Cloister and the Hearth*.



MISS CATHERINE PEYTON, a popular beauty of ancient family, but impecunious and without expectations, had two lovers, George Neville, young, handsome, rich, and lately come into Cumberland, and Griffith Gaunt, the prospective heir of Mr. Charlston, of Hernshaw Castle and Bolton Hall. Catherine, who was a distant cousin of Mr. Charlton's, had had some hope of succeeding to his property until Charlton took a fancy to Griffith, who was related to his late wife, and invited him to live with him.

Griffith, jealous of his rival, took occasion to insult him, was promptly challenged, and the two agreed to fight with pistols. In the mean time Mr. Charlton had died, and the invitations to his funeral were out for the day after the duel. Griffith, realizing what he had done, and fearful that the duel might be fatal to him, went to Mr. Houseman, a solicitor, to make his will. As he entered his office he met Mr. Peyton, Catherine's father, looking mortified and anxious, who gave him a stiff nod and an unfriendly glance. When he came out again George Neville sat in the outer office awaiting Mr. Houseman.

Mr. Peyton had gone to Houseman to borrow a hundred pounds, but had been refused for a very good reason—because Houseman had solemnly promised Miss Catherine that he would not lend him a shilling. The father was a spendthrift, and Catherine, learning that he intended to apply to the lawyer, had exacted his promise because she knew there was no way of repaying. But Houseman, under obligations to Peyton in the past, felt sorry and ashamed of this refusal, and on the very

next day drove to Peyton Hall, and begged Catherine to permit him to lend her father the money, which he had brought with him. Catherine, though gratified and affected, was obdurate, saying that it would be dishonest to take money when there was no means of repaying it.

"But you have expectations," persisted the lawyer.

"Nay, not I. I have no expectations from anybody."

Then Houseman did a very unlawyer-like thing. He told her, under promises of eternal secrecy, that both Griffith Gaunt and George Neville had been to him the day before and made each a will in her favor.

"This means," said the lawyer, "that you can wed with Bolton Hall or Neville's Court to-morrow: so let the Squire have his hundred pounds, and you can repay me at your leisure."

"So you see nothing alarming in it?" she asked.

"Nothing, but that two landed proprietors are in love with you."

The more Kate thought of it the more convinced she was of something serious between the two men, and after a sleepless night, she rode to Bolton Hall and asked for Mr. Gaunt. He had gone out, no one seemed to know where; but Tom Leicester, a gamekeeper—in the law's eyes son of old Simon Leicester, but according to gossip of the late Captain Gaunt, Griffith's father—offered to find him. "Follow me," he shouted, and dashed out of the yard. Snow had fallen the night before, and when they reached the lawn at the back of the house he said: "Here they be. There be six footsteps, and this here track is Squire Gaunt's."

Griffith Gaunt and his second, Major Rickards, met Neville and his friend in a secluded place on the brow of a hill. At the first shot Mr. Neville's hat spun in the air, the bullet passing through it and cutting a lane in his hair; Griffith was untouched. Gaunt refused to apologize, and they fired again. Griffith's pistol missed fire, but Neville's went off, and Griffith's arm sank powerless. The seconds intervened, but Griffith cried:

"Give me another pistol, and let me have fair play. He has hit me. Now I'll hit him."

The seconds reluctantly loaded again, and the men had

taken their places a third time when Catherine Peyton rode in between them. In another moment her head drooped and her body sank slowly forward like a broken lily, and then she lay fainting on the snow.

Miss Peyton's coming put an end to the duel. As soon as she recovered her senses, she made Griffith Gaunt withdraw the words that had led to the quarrel. He acknowledged that he had been hasty, and was about to say more when Neville interrupted him:

"That is enough, Mr. Gaunt. I do not feel quite blameless in the matter, and have no wish to wound an honorable adversary unnecessarily."

After the funeral of Mr. Charlton, the next day, the company gathered in the great room to hear the will read, brought down from London by the solicitor of the deceased. As Griffith Gaunt was regarded by all as the prospective heir, everybody was amazed to hear that he inherited only two thousand pounds, and that all the rest of the property was given to Catherine Peyton. The whole company turned and looked at her, the poorest girl in Cumberland, become in a moment an heiress in her own right. She turned one deprecating glance at Griffith, and then her face became marble. As for Griffith, a flash of loving joy crossed his countenance, but immediately gave way to a haggard look, and that to a glare of despair.

Squire Peyton, overjoyed at the turn of affairs, determined that his daughter should now accept Neville, and thus "clap Bolton Hall on to Neville's Court." To this end he forbade Gaunt to speak to his daughter any more, and begged Father Francis, Catherine's confessor and spiritual adviser, to exert his influence to bring about an immediate engagement with Neville. But Catherine outwitted them all, and Father Francis, who had favored Neville, with an eye to the interests of the Church, was obliged to tell that gentleman that Catherine had engaged herself to Gaunt the night before. Neville wrote her a kind note, sending his forgiveness, and went straight to Italy. Catherine and Griffith were married, and after a honeymoon in London, settled down to wedded bliss at Hershaw Castle, into which Griffith put his two thousand pounds in repairs.

Hernshaw was no castle, but a battlemented house, with a lake in front crossed at its narrow middle by a decayed bridge, and with a somber grove in the rear. This grove, enclosed on three sides by a wall and open toward the house, was shunned by most on account of reputed ghosts; but it suited Mrs. Gaunt's temperament, and she so often retired there for peace and religious contemplation that it came to be called the "Dame's Haunt."

In time Father Francis was supplanted by Father Leonard, a man the very opposite of Francis, who liked the good things of earth and lacked spirituality. Leonard, born of an English father and an Italian mother, was tall and spare, dark-skinned and black-eyed, with a face of that exalted kind that makes ordinary beauty seem dross. Mrs. Gaunt was at first piqued by the new priest's treatment of her, for she was put on a par with other sinners; but one Sunday she heard him preach, and she was so entranced that she went home and told Griffith that St. Paul had come again in the Church's need.

Mrs. Gaunt became interested in Leonard; and Leonard, who found an inspiration in her speaking eyes, watched for her every Sunday. Griffith found his dinner delayed Sunday after Sunday, and finally, being a good trencherman, sat down to dinner without waiting for his wife. She excused herself by saying she wanted little to eat so long as her soul was filled with the bread of heaven.

One day, in driving past Father Leonard's, Mrs. Gaunt stopped to speak to Betsey Goffe, who had been an old servant of hers, and was invited to see the place. She was so struck by the bareness and want of comfort in the rooms that she conspired with Betsey to bring about a change. She sent her gardener with a load of flower-pots, and filled the window within and without with roses. When Father Leonard returned he stood in rapture and exclaimed:

"Now blessed be the heart that hath conceived this thing, and the hand that hath done it."

"Ye don't ask me who sent them," said Betsey.

"Nay, nay," said he; "prithee do not tell me: let me divine."

Mrs. Gaunt became so absorbed in religious duties that she

gave little or no time to society. When Griffith, at the hunt ball alone, was asked about her absence, he said:

"My wife has turned saint. 'Tis a sin to dance, a sin to hunt, a sin to enjoy ourselves. We are here to fast and pray, and build schools, and go to church twice a day."

Though he thus published abroad his household ills, a secret satisfaction peeped through his lugubrious accents, for his saint was beautiful. His jealousy was dormant, not extinct.

Mrs. Gaunt had a handsome maid, one Caroline Ryder, as dangerous a creature as ever tied on a bonnet. She was a female rake, with the air of a prude. She first turned her batteries on Tom Leicester, but after giving him a few smiles she determined to lay siege to the master of the house. When she found that Griffith loved his wife too well to look elsewhere, instead of hating him she began to love him more seriously and to hate his wife. One day, in looking for her mistress, she ran out to the Dame's Haunt and found her there walking with Father Leonard. Creeping up behind them unperceived, she saw Mrs. Gaunt, in the warmth of discourse, lay her hand on the priest's arm. She glided back to the house, saying to herself:

"Keep you the priest, and I'll take the man."

From that hour she watched her mistress like a lynx; she hovered about her master, and poisoned him slowly with vague, insidious hints. She insinuated that the mistress told the priest everything, and did nothing but by his advice. Griffith began to hate Father Leonard, became moody and downright unhappy, and went more and more to the Red Lion, seeking comfort as well as company.

Leonard, like many earnest men, was rather intolerant. He urged on Mrs. Gaunt that she had too many Protestants in her household, and she agreed to supplant her cook and her nursemaid with Roman Catholics. Griffith was angry and remonstrated, saying to his wife:

"This is not your doing, it is that Leonard's: and I can not allow a Popish priest to turn off all my servants that are worth their salt."

Mrs. Gaunt laughed and said:

“Griffith, you are in a passion, and I begin to think you want to put me in one. You did never use to interfere between me and my maids.”

“No man who respects himself,” said Griffith, “will let another man come between himself and the wife of his bosom; and I tell you plainly, if you turn this poor lass off to please this d——d priest, he shall never darken my doors again.”

“Then I say they are my doors, not yours; and that holy man shall brighten them whenever he will.”

An ominous silence succeeded this lamentable answer; then Griffith cast one look of anguish and reproach at her, and stalked away.

Griffith told Tom Leicester to haul the priest through the horse-pond if he ever came on the place again. Ryder heard of this through Tom, and warned the priest to keep away. Meanwhile hell was in Griffith’s heart—two hells, jealousy and suspense.

“Oh!” said he, “if I could only get proof of her innocence or proof of her guilt! I can’t sleep, I can’t eat, I can’t sit down!”

One day he went to Bolton fair, but he felt so miserable that he left and rode home. As he entered the stable-yard Ryder made a signal from an upper window. He went in and asked for his wife.

“Find *him*,” said she fiendishly, “and you will find *her*.”

“I’ll find them if they are above ground,” he shouted. “Where are they?”

“God forgive me! They are in the grove.”

He bounded away like some beast of prey, and soon saw his wife and Leonard walking together in earnest conversation. He crept softly after them, with ghastly countenance. He saw Catherine press a purse upon the priest, who hesitated, but ended by taking it.

Griffith uttered a yell like a tiger, and rushed between them with savage violence.

“You vile wretch!” he cried; “so you *buy* your own dishonor and mine.”

He tore the purse out of Leonard’s hand and seized him by the throat.

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" cried Mrs. Gaunt. "It is all a mistake." And she clung to his knees.

"Don't touch me, woman," he cried; "or you are dead. Look at this!" And with gigantic strength and fury he dashed the priest down at her feet and trampled upon him.

Leonard shrieked for mercy.

"God!" cried Gaunt, "I must go or kill. Live, and be damned forever, the pair of ye!"

With this he fled from them, mounted his horse, and galloped away from Hernshaw Castle, with the face and manner of a raving Bedlamite.

When Griffith stopped that night at the Packhorse Inn, in Lancashire, he was ninety-three miles from home. He ate but little of the food placed before him, but drank wine freely. That night he was heard groaning and talking, and in the morning he did not come down. At evening he became delirious, but the landlord would not send for a doctor until he knew who was to pay the fee. He went to the sick man's room and emptied his pockets. To his surprise he found twenty gold pieces, a quantity of silver and some trinkets. While he was transferring these to his own pocket, his daughter Mercy arrested his hand and said:

"Nay, father, I must take charge of these; and well do you know why."

Griffith lay many days between life and death; but at last, thanks to a strong constitution and the careful nursing of Mercy Vint, he got up again. He put away his laced coat and had a russet suit made.

"I am a farmer, like yourselves," he said, "and my name is—Thomas Leicester."

In time Thomas Leicester married Mercy Vint, who had been so kind to him, and the pair lived in sweet content nearly a year, when trouble came. Harry Vint, the landlord, was in debt, and his affairs got into a desperate condition. To help him, Griffith determined to go to Hernshaw Castle and demand of his wife the two thousand pounds he had expended on the property. A bitter scene ensued when the two met again; but Father Francis intervened, proved to Griffith that his wife was innocent of wrong-doing, and brought about a reconcilia-

tion. Griffith told all of his story that he dared, how his life was saved, and added that he had become liable for certain debts of the farmer with whom he had lived. On the morrow he rode back to the Packhorse with five hundred pounds, and found Mercy in bed with a fine boy beside her.

After this Griffith Gaunt's life became a daily lie. He wrote to Catherine that he was detained by business; and, while doing all he could to restore Mercy to health and spirits, he executed a deed assigning to her the farm, stock, furniture, and goodwill of The Packhorse, which he had bought. This aroused Mercy's suspicions, and they were enhanced by the actions of a pedler, another Thomas Leicester, who apparently recognized Gaunt's portrait, painted by a traveling artist. When Griffith heard, on his arrival home, that the real Tom Leicester had been there, he showed so much agitation that Mercy, in despair, exclaimed:

"Who and what are you? Be a man, and tell me your real name."

"My name is Griffith Gaunt."

"Go on," said she, sick at heart, "if you believe in God, deceive me no more. The truth! the truth!"

"So be it," said Griffith desperately. He then told her his whole story and stood trembling like a criminal before her.

It was long before she spoke, but when she did it was with a deadly calm. "Go tell the truth to *her*, as you have told it to me. Begone, man! None here shall ever know thy crime but her whose heart thou hast broken."

During Griffith Gaunt's absence from Cumberland something occurred to make his presence greatly to be desired. Another Griffith Gaunt, a younger son of his grandfather, who had gone into business and prospered, bought the family estate and had nearly completed a splendid mansion on it when he died. When his will was read it was found that he had made Griffith Gaunt, of Hernshaw Castle, his residuary legatee. But Griffith could not be found, and Mr. Atkins, the solicitor, advertised for him in the London and Cumberland papers.

When Tom Leicester returned from peddling he renewed his courtship of Ryder, and that adroit woman soon pumped him dry of all he knew. She at once told Mrs. Gaunt all she

had gathered from him—that her husband had married, under the name of Thomas Leicester, the daughter of an innkeeper in another county, and had a child by her.

Mrs. Gaunt, pale, crushed, and quivering under the cruel blow, hid her head on Ryder's shoulder and moaned, but said no word. Just then a servant announced:

"Oh, dame! the master has come. He is in the kitchen now."

Griffith's first words on entering were: "Hath Thomas Leicester been here?"

Now Tom, who had seen him coming, had said:

"Here's the Squire. For Heaven's sake, don't let him know I'm in the house, or there will be bloodshed."

He hid in a cupboard, and the servants calmly told the master that Tom had not been that way for six months.

When Griffith sought his wife he found her in a fury.

"Go back to *her!*" she cried. "Me you can deceive and pillage no more. And you think I am the woman to endure this? I'll have your life for it! I'll have your life!" Her raging words were heard by the servants, long after he had ceased to defend himself.

That night Ryder and others heard loud voices on the bank of the mere; then a pistol-shot, and cries of "Murder! Help!"

She knew the voice: it was Griffith Gaunt's. The terrified female servants huddled together, but at last mustered courage enough to tell Mrs. Gaunt. She was not in her room, but while they were talking she suddenly appeared among them, very pale, but self-possessed.

"Light torches and search the place," she said. But nothing was to be seen; no trace either of calamity or of crime. Griffith Gaunt's window was found open.

"He is a villain," said Mrs. Gaunt to Ryder, "yet I would not have him come to harm, God knows."

Rumors soon got abroad that Griffith Gaunt had met with foul play, and ultimately Mrs. Gaunt was arraigned for his murder and confined in Carlisle jail. Meanwhile the mere had been dragged and a body was found, half-eaten by fish, but with a mole on the forehead closely resembling one on Gaunt's head. The whole county believed in her guilt, with

the exception of Sir George Neville and Mr. Houseman. Neville got wind of Gaunt's visits to an inn in Lancashire, traced him to The Packhorse, found Mercy and her child, and became much interested in her. But she knew nothing of Gaunt, and gave him little encouragement beyond her belief that the body found was that of Thomas Leicester, the pedler, and not her husband. Both had a similar mole on the forehead, but Griffith had on a pair of new boots when he left her, whereas the pedler wore hobnailed shoes.

The trial came on, and everything seemed to go against Mrs. Gaunt, when Mercy arrived with a letter from Griffith explaining the occurrences of the night when the pistol-shot and cries of murder were heard. When he left the castle he went to the stable for his horse, but found the door locked, and crossed the mere by the bridge on foot. When on the road beyond, he heard a splash in the water and a cry for help. He ran back, but could see nothing, and to secure instant aid fired his pistol and shouted murder. When persons with torches came from the house, not choosing to be seen—for reasons of his own—he hastened from the place.

“My happiness being gone and my conscience smiting me sore, I took to drink and lived six weeks or more like a brute and not a man, so that I knew nothing of the good fortune that had fallen on me, nor of my wife's plight. But I say that she is innocent and no wise to blame in this matter.”

This and Mercy's testimony acquitted Mrs. Gaunt, and she returned to Hershaw accompanied by Sir George Neville. At her earnest solicitation he promised to accompany Mercy back to Lancashire. He put on the yeoman's suit that he had worn when he visited Lancashire first in search of information, engaged the whole inside of the coach from Carlisle, and did his best to console Mercy, whose personality so grew upon him that he fell in love with her.

When Griffith became assured that he would not be prosecuted for bigamy, he reappeared at Coggleswade, the mansion that his uncle had begun, and set about finishing it. He engaged an army of carpenters and painters and spent thousands of pounds on its decoration and furnishing. When all was done, he sent a humble letter to his wife, saying that he could

not ask for forgiveness, but hoped, for the sake of Rose, their child, that she would honor him by coming to live in the apartments made ready for her.

She finally consented, and on the appointed day a carriage and four, with servants in rich liveries, took her and Rose to the new house, where they were received by—Father Francis. For a long time she saw nothing of Griffith, save at a distance; but Father Francis played the peacemaker and brought about a reconciliation. And when at last she lay at death's door and the transfusion of fresh blood from Griffith's arm saved her life, Time, the great curer, healed the wound that had looked incurable.

Mercy Vint long declined Sir George's advances, but finally promised to marry him if Mrs. Gaunt thought it would be for his happiness. Sir George applied to Mrs. Gaunt by letter, and she replied at length in a letter, the gist of which lay in the postscript—"My poor friend, to what end think you I sent you down in the coach with her?"

Mercy was long obdurate. She replied affectionately to his letters, but was fearful of his constancy. But when her child died suddenly of croup, he went to her and persuaded her to leave The Packhorse and England as his wife. After a twelve-month abroad they returned to Neville's Court, and her nine children by Sir George all grew to goodly men and women.

FOUL PLAY (1868)

This is a story of the perversion of justice, and of a crime—the scuttling of a ship to cheat the underwriters.



ARTHUR WARDLAW, son of John Wardlaw, head of an old mercantile house in London, at school until fifteen and then clerk in his father's office until twenty-two, showed so remarkable an aptitude that Wardlaw senior determined to turn over the business to him. But, conceiving a desire that the head of the house should be a university man, he sent him to Oxford and furnished him with a private tutor, the Reverend Robert Penfold, a clever man with the gift of teaching. Penfold, son of Michael Penfold, Wardlaw's cashier, took great interest in Arthur and helped him to study so earnestly that he passed his examinations successfully.

While the two Wardlaws were discussing the question of the future partnership, a note of hand for two thousand pounds, drawn by John Wardlaw and indorsed by Robert Penfold, came in and was pronounced a forgery by Wardlaw senior. Arthur Wardlaw turned pale and begged his father to wait till he could see Penfold, declaring that his tutor was incapable of a dishonest act. But the father, exclaiming that Penfold had asked him for a loan of just that amount, which he had refused, was excited and indignant, and said: "That miserable young man has forged my name, and will be convicted of the felony and punished accordingly."

Robert Penfold was arrested and tried, and though acquitted of the charge of forgery, he was convicted of knowingly uttering a forged note, and after a year of separate confinement was transported to a penal colony, embittered, hoping little, believing little, and almost doubting the justice of God. Arthur

Wardlaw, unable from illness to appear as a witness for his friend at the trial, succeeded his father, who retired to the country. Arthur became known as a rising and ambitious merchant. He was engaged to be married to the daughter of Lieutenant-General Rolleston, but the wedding was postponed because the General obtained a lucrative post in Australia partly through Wardlaw's influence; and the daughter would not hear of her father's going so far away alone.

In time Robert Penfold applied to General Rolleston for a ticket-of-leave, and was taken into the General's service as a gardener under the name of James Seaton. In this situation he saw and fell desperately in love with Helen Rolleston, knowing nothing of her engagement. One night the so-called Seaton discovered burglars trying to enter the house, shot one at Miss Rolleston's window, and was himself struck down with a bludgeon. He was taken to the hospital, where he heard that Miss Rolleston's lover was Arthur Wardlaw, and that he had come to Sydney to see her.

"That angel marry *him!*" Seaton exclaimed. "Never, while I live; I'll throttle him with these hands first."

As soon as he got out of hospital he lay in wait with his pistol for Wardlaw, but got no opportunity, and Wardlaw returned to England.

Through Miss Rolleston's influence Seaton obtained the situation of shipping-clerk with White and Company and performed his duties with such zeal as to please the firm, who put confidence in him and increased his salary. White and Company were employed to ship a valuable cargo on two vessels chartered by Wardlaw and Son, the *Shannon* and the *Proserpine*. Eighteen cases, marked *Proserpine*, contained gold-dust and ingots, and forty, marked *Shannon*, carried lead and smelted copper. Wylie, mate of the *Proserpine*, with written orders from Wardlaw regarding the stowage of the cases, concealed himself over night in the warehouse and exchanged the contents of the eighteen cases for the *Proserpine* with eighteen of those intended for the *Shannon*.

Miss Rolleston had promised Wardlaw to sail in the *Shannon*, but the ship was ordered into the graving dock for repairs, and she took passage in the *Proserpine*. The General, detained

by business, was to follow in a month in the *Shannon*. James Seaton, whose passion for Helen had begun to overpower his reason, felt that he could not part with her. He had his long beard shaved off, dressed himself in clerical garb, and took passage on the *Proserpine* as the Rev. John Hazel.

Arthur Wardlaw, too ambitious, misconducted the business and became involved in difficulties. Needing not less than ninety thousand pounds, he conceived a master-stroke, and it was to execute this that he went to Australia. He easily insured the *Shannon* for six thousand pounds, but the *Proserpine*, with a hundred and thirty thousand pounds of specie to boot, was another matter; but it was done at last. Then he raised a large sum on the insured freight to meet the bills coming for the gold he had bought.

Helen Rolleston and the Rev. Mr. Hazel, thrown constantly together during the voyage, became intimate, and she confided to him a secret, which she had kept from her father, that she had not long to live. She asked him, too, as a clergyman, for religious advice and consolation, gave him a letter of Wardlaw's to read, and asked him to break the news to him on his arrival in England. Hazel, shocked and horrified, handed her back the letter and turned away answering her pleading with one word: "No!" From that time there was coolness between them, and she avoided him.

The *soi-disant* Hazel had for some time noted strange noises about the ship, and he overheard conversations between the Captain and the mate that made him suspicious that all was not right. Once he detected Wylie boring a hole in the ship's bottom and stopping it with a plug. On confronting the mate with it the latter turned on him savagely and threatened him. "You see, sir, when a man is very ready to suspect me, I always suspect him. Now, I'll tell you what it is, my Ticket-o'-Leave. I don't want to be hard on a poor devil, but if you dare open your lips to the men I'll put you in irons and hand you over to the authorities at the first port that flies a British flag."

At this threat Mr. Hazel, seeing that the mate had recognized him under his disguise, hung his head in confusion and dismay. He was beaten.

The ship, after encountering a gale, sprang a leak in clear weather. The pumps were manned, Hazel taking his turn with the sailors, but despite all their efforts the leak gained on them. The course of the ship was altered and she was steered for Juan Fernandez, the nearest known land. But the leak still gained, and Wylie, saying that the ship was doomed, ordered the long-boat provisioned and lowered. While she was towing astern, the cutter was prepared for Miss Rolleston, Mr. Hazel, and six of the crew, while Wylie took the long-boat. The Captain, who was drunk, could not be induced to leave the ship and went down in her. As the ship sank, bow foremost, her stern was lifted high out of the water. One of the seamen pointed to two splintered holes below her water line, from which the water was pouring in jets, and cried out:

“Scuttled—by God!”

The two boats now set sail, the cutter short of provisions, for Welch, one of the seaman, had put most of the bags into the long-boat because the cutter was the smaller. Welch replied to Hazel's reproaches that they could easily signal the long-boat in the morning and get from her some bags of biscuit and a cask of water. But in the morning the long-boat was nowhere to be seen. Some of the men raged, some cursed, and some wept aloud. Miss Rolleston prayed. Hazel sat in bitter and boding silence. It was now a race between starvation and drowning, and either way death stared them in the face.

Wylie knew that one man at least on the cutter was aware that he had scuttled the *Proserpine*. It was therefore important for him to get to London before Hazel and receive the two thousand pounds promised him for that abominable act. To effect this he changed his course during the night and sailed to get into the sea-road, in the hope of intercepting some vessel. The long-boat fell in with an American whaler bound for the Rio de la Plata, where Wylie and several of his men shipped for Liverpool on a homeward-bound ship.

Arthur Wardlaw, who had borrowed eighty thousand pounds at one bank and thirty-five thousand at another, was on the brink of ruin, but had concealed his condition from his father by false bookkeeping. Wardlaw senior went to town and announced the arrival of the *Shannon* with the Rollestons

on board. To them Wylie entered and announced the loss of the *Proserpine*.

"And the freight? the gold?" asked Arthur, with well-feigned anxiety.

"Not an ounce saved," Wylie replied. "A hundred and sixty thousand pounds gone to the bottom."

"Are we insured to the full?" asked the old merchant.

"To the last shilling," Arthur replied.

"Well done!" said his father. "Draw for what you need on my private account at the Bank of England."

Arthur ascertained from Wylie that his orders had been obeyed, and the gold safely transferred to the *Shannon*. While the two were talking General Rolleston arrived, and then Arthur discovered that Helen did not sail with him on the *Shannon*, but on the *Proserpine*. Arthur collapsed under the blow, and the two old men took him home in a helpless and pitiable condition.

General Rolleston, unwilling to give up hope that his daughter might have been saved, announced his intention of going to Valparaiso in the next ship. But Wardlaw senior, declaring that Helen was his child as well as the General's, bought the steam sloop *Springbok*, seven hundred tons, victualled her for a year, and in a week General Rolleston set out for the Pacific on an errand inspired by love, not reason.

Meanwhile the cutter, thus deserted, sailed on day after day in the hope of sighting land. Hazel kept up the spirits of the men by telling stories and relating experiences similar to theirs, to the wonder and admiration of Miss Rolleston. On the sixth day provisions and water gave out. On the ninth day three of the six sailors, maddened with rum, were about to kill Miss Rolleston, when Hazel appealed to the others for help. In a fight that ensued several were stabbed and one fell overboard and was eaten by sharks. Hazel found barnacles on the side of the boat, and a fall of rain gave them fresh water. With this aid they were enabled to reach a tropical island, where they found food, water, and rest. Hazel and Miss Rolleston only were unharmed. Welch, the sole survivor of the crew, soon died of his wounds, and the pair were left alone on the lonely isle.

In this terrestrial paradise Hazel and Helen Rolleston

spent eight long months, during which the man, by self-abnegation and devotion, won her gratitude and esteem and finally her love. Hazel was happy in doing for her and prayed that they might never be separated. But General Rolleston in the *Springbok* discovered the island, landed there and followed the path to the cave, where his daughter was soon in his arms, no consumptive, but a grand creature, rosy as the morn and full of lusty vigor. To his anxious inquiries as to who was on the island besides herself she answered: "Only my guardian angel, Mr. Hazel, a clergyman."

At this she ran out and called: "Mr. Hazel! Mr. Hazel!"

A young man stood in the entrance.

"This is my guardian angel! This is Mr. Hazel."

"Are you out of your senses?" said her father. "This man is no Hazel. Why, this is James Seaton—our gardener—a ticket-of-leave man."

She was at first stunned, then angry at the deceit.

"Who and what are you, sir?"

"My name is Robert Penfold."

"Penfold!—Seaton! Alias upon alias! Are you what papa says?"

"I am."

"Then there is no truth nor honesty in all the world."

And she turned her back on Penfold, and cried and sobbed on her father's breast.

But when Penfold told his pitiful story, how, when he wished to borrow six hundred pounds, Arthur Wardlaw, heavily in debt at the university, had advised him to borrow two thousand pounds of his father and let him have the fourteen hundred for his creditors; how the note of hand had been brought to him to indorse, and how he, not suspecting anything, had it cashed; and how Arthur Wardlaw could have saved him by appearing in court, but failed to do so, Helen exclaimed:

"Martyr! Martyr! Every word is true—true as my love. Oh, my darling! my darling! my darling!"

Her arms were round his neck in a moment, with tears and tender kisses, the first she had ever given him.

General Rolleston, white with wrath and horror, cried, "You villain!"

But Helen put her hand over his mouth. "Not a word more, or I shall forget I am your daughter. Not a word against him, or I give him my hand, and we live and die together on this island."

After long argument the following decision was reached: that Penfold was to remain on the island and that Helen was to return with her father and do all she could to get the lying sentence reversed, she promising not to marry Arthur Wardlaw until she had accomplished it.

The *Springbok* sailed, leaving Penfold to his fate. Arrived home, Helen Rolleston kept her promise and set about an investigation to clear him. She employed Undercliff, a writing expert, and Burt, a detective, and was so successful that she became convinced of Penfold's innocence and of Arthur Wardlaw's guilt.

Meanwhile the Wardlaws were not idle. Through their influence Lieutenant-General Rolleston was given command of a crack regiment and a full generalship and was created a baronet. Sir Edward Rolleston, now under greater obligations to the Wardlaws, did his best to hasten the marriage of his daughter with Arthur.

Robert Penfold, left on the island, at first abandoned himself to despair; but when he became stronger he searched the cave in hope of finding relics of her he had lost. Among other things he found Wardlaw's letter, the one she had asked him to read. It had a wonderful effect on him and made him a man of action. He fitted out his boat for a voyage, lading her with products of the island, pearl shells, pink and red coral, and specimens of bullion he had dug out of the wreck of a Spanish ship, and set sail on the great Pacific Ocean, following the line of flight of the ducks. On the seventh day he fell in with a schooner commanded by a Yankee, one Joshua Fullalove, who received him on board and made a trade with him for his island and all on it, promising him half the profits. Fullalove advanced him a draft for eighty pounds on account of profits, which enabled Penfold to take a passage for England. On reaching London he at once sought out Undercliff, the expert in writing who had testified in his favor at his trial, and put Wardlaw's letter into his hands. Helen saw the letter and

thus discovered Penfold's presence in England, for she knew she had left that letter in the cave. She met Robert, and the two lovers laid a plan to entrap Arthur Wardlaw. The latter went to Michael Penfold's house expecting to meet Helen, and was confronted by Arthur Penfold, Wylie, and Burt, and shown Undercliff's proofs that he himself had forged the note for which Penfold had been convicted. Wylie asserted also that Wardlaw had bribed him to scuttle the *Proserpine*. Wardlaw, seeing no escape, signed a full confession. When this was shown to Wardlaw senior he said: "The house of Wardlaw exists no more. Now, if you like, I will value the effects and hand the business over to Penfold and Son, on easy terms. As for my son, mention his name no more to me. God has punished him. He is insane." He went home and died in three days.

Robert Penfold purchased a living in the vale of Kent and in due time married Helen Rolleston. One afternoon Joshua Fullalove brought him drafts for £17,247 13s. 3½d., his share of the net profits from the rich treasures of the tropic island.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE (1870)

The tyranny of trade-unions, their injustice toward non-union men who may prove to be cleverer than themselves, their persecution of such men, and their crimes against them, worthy of the Dark Ages, never were better described than in this stirring tale, which aroused intense excitement in England, and no little bitterness, though an investigation of labor conditions showed that the novelist had by no means exaggerated the ferocity and villainy of the unions in their treatment of Henry Little.



IN the neighborhood of Hillsborough, a manufacturing town, stood Raby Hall, the home of Guy Raby, a Jacobite squire, whose ancestors were buried in Cairnhope old church, a deserted structure among the hills, several miles from the Hall. Guy, an uncompromising aristocrat, nursed in expiring Jacobitism and cradled in the pride of race, celebrated yearly the anniversary of the death of Sir Richard Raby, beheaded a century and a half earlier for "being true to his rightful king." He had been educated at Oxford and was well read in books, and had a sovereign contempt for tradespeople, especially for manufacturers.

Guy had a beautiful sister, Edith Raby, who often rode into Hillsborough to shop and to chat with acquaintances. She formed an attachment to James Little, a great contracting builder, but her brother, as head of the house, forbade the connection, and suggested that she should marry Dr. Amboyne, a rising physician of good family. Edith tried to soften him, but he declared that before Raby Hall should become an appendage to a workshop he would settle it on his cousin Richard, a gentleman he abhorred and always called "Dissolute Dick."

Edith plucked up spirit and married James Little, and Guy Raby turned her portrait face to the wall and labeled it—"Gone into Trade."

Mr. Little speculated largely in building villas, overdid the business, and found himself on the verge of ruin. Mrs. Little applied to her brother for money left her in her father's will, but Guy, her trustee, declined the security offered. Little, seeing no hope, committed suicide, and left Edith with one son, Henry, aged nine years.

Edith gave her whole mind to her son's education, taught him to read and to write beautifully, instructed him in the elements of music and art, and even gave him lessons in deportment and dancing. When he was fourteen he showed a great talent for wood-carving, and grew in time so expert that he became discontented with the tools in use and invented others. His uncle, Joseph Little, initiated him into the mysteries of forging, hardening, grinding, handle-making, and cutlery. Henry made beautiful carving-tools and exhibited them in a London window. One day Mr. Cheetham, a master cutler of Hillsborough, saw the tools and offered him regular employment at six pounds a week. The mother demurred at first, but finally consented to return to Hillsborough. Henry found comfortable lodgings, installed his mother in them, and settled himself to work in earnest.

One day a beautiful young girl came to inquire whether he would give her lessons in wood-carving. Henry agreed to do so after hours, and she, buying a set of carving-tools, laid her card upon the table and tripped away to her carriage, leaving Henry charmed with her beauty and ease of manner. He showed her card to his mother: *Miss Carden, Woodbine Villa, Heath Hill.*

"Oh, Henry, don't go near them!" said his mother. "My brother would be sure to hear of it."

"Why, do you know the lady?"

"Yes. Her father is director of an insurance company in London. Her name is Grace: I took you to her christening when you were six years old. My brother is her godfather."

Henry tried to obey his mother, but Grace Carden, not to be thwarted in her wish, came again, and made him promise to give her six lessons at least.

Henry's mother no longer tried to dissuade him, but said: "Only pray don't tell her your name."

Henry did not like this, and replied: "I'll keep my name back, if I can; but I'll never disown it. I'm not ashamed of it, if you are."

Henry was received by Miss Carden politely, but in a somewhat stiff and dignified manner. With her was Jael Dence, a humble beauty of rural type, who sat with her, at a respectful distance, sewing.

This visit had eventually two important results: Henry Little fell in love with Grace Carden, and Jael Dence fell in love with Henry Little.

Henry worked hard and successfully and dreamed of the time when he should become a master instead of a subordinate. Life became to him a sweet delirium, with hope and love at the end of his rainbow. But his pleasant dreams were soon dispelled. The trade-unions objected to the bringing into Hillsborough of a workman from outside. By the advice of the foreman, Bayne, Henry tried to compromise by paying money and by joining the union, but his efforts were unsuccessful, and he soon began to receive anonymous letters threatening his life. He was publicly insulted by other workmen, who refused to grind blades forged by him, and, fearful of personal injury, he went home in a cab so as to escape his enemies. By Cheetham's advice, he secured his forge-room door with two Bramah locks, but this did not prevent the miscreants from accomplishing their fell purpose. Gunpowder was mixed with the cinders of his forge, and as soon as it was hot it ignited and blew him, blackened and bleeding, through the window.

His first words, when he recovered consciousness, were: "My mother! Oh, don't let her know!"

Dr. Amboyne, who had been called, recognized him as the wood-carver he had seen at Mr. Carden's and carried him to the Dences' farm in Cairnhope, promising him to satisfy his mother concerning his absence. Dr. Amboyne went to Henry's home and recognized in Mrs. Little his old sweetheart, whom he had not seen in many years. The next day a letter from Henry reassured her and satisfied her in regard to his absence.

When Henry Little left the Dences' farm he called at Mr. Carden's on his way home. Grace received him rather coolly, as he had been absent two weeks, but when Dr. Amboyne came

in and, surprised at seeing Henry out so soon, referred to his accident, she became conscious that he was the hero of the gunpowder tragedy of which she had heard. She made him tell the whole story, which he did in detail but soberly and modestly, while she supplied it with epithets, such as "Monsters! Villains! Cowards!"

"I despise the wretches as much as you do," said Henry, "but they are too many for me. I am obliged to leave Hillsborough."

"What, let the wretches drive you away? I would never do that—if I were a man."

"You are right," said Henry. "I won't be driven out of this place. I'll live in it, or I'll die in it. I'll never leave it."

When Henry called the next time on Miss Carden she apologized for her foolish advice, and expressed the hope that he would carry out his wise intention and leave Hillsborough.

Every word fell like an icicle on Henry, and he did not reply.

"You don't answer me, sir!" said Miss Carden.

"I answered you yesterday," he said sullenly. "A man can't chop and change like a weathercock."

Mr. Carden came in and greeted Little as the man whose adventure had made so much noise in the town. He was a man of the world, who took a business view of everything, and he easily persuaded Little to insure his life in his company, the Gosshawk, for five thousand pounds.

The trade-unions at last succeeded in driving Little out of business, and Cheetham was obliged to close his forge. In this emergency an idea occurred to Henry, who was looking for a way to beat the unions. He proposed to Cheetham to set up a forge in Cairnhope old church, where he could do the work by night and no one be the wiser. "I can get the blades ground by a friend at Birmingham; and my mother and I can put them together at home."

Cheetham said he had plenty of orders from London and one for six sets for "swells" in Hillsborough, sent by Miss Carden. Henry looked at the letter, the first of her handwriting he had seen, and asked who Mr. Frederick Coventry was, the only man's name in the list.

"He is a landed gentleman, owner of Bollinghope. They say Miss Carden is to marry him."

Little turned cold at this, but did not speak a word. He laid the paper down and went slowly away.

Among the Christmas guests at Raby Hall were Miss Carden and Frederick Coventry. On the morning after Christmas Mr. Coventry invited Grace to go with him to the top of Cairnhope Peak, where she could see Bollinghope House, his own place. After a drive of five miles, they ordered George, the coachman, to await them at the inn, and ascended the Peak alone. They were caught in a snowstorm and took refuge in a shed erected by shepherds. Coventry seized the opportunity to propose to her and received an ambiguous answer. He asked: "May I tell your father—"

"Oh, I can't tell you what to tell him. How dark it is getting! Please take me home."

They started down the hill, wading in three inches of snow. With the setting of the sun they were almost in darkness, and soon lost their way. Coventry slipped, rolled into a ravine, and disappeared. Grace was almost covered by the falling snow when two sheep passed her. She got up with stiffened limbs and followed them. A sound reached her ears and through the gloom she saw a light. She clambered over a wall, reached the porch of a building, and with reeling senses knocked on the door and moaned. The door flew suddenly open and she fell, nearly lifeless, into Henry Little's arms.

Little uttered a cry of love and terror when he saw who it was, and bore Grace swiftly to the other end of the church, where his forge was. He laid her down by the fire, patted and kissed her hands, and drew her head to his heart, and all with tearful moans of love, and fear, and pity. She opened her eyes, smiled faintly, and murmuring, "It's you!" closed them again. He talked to her incoherently, saying the wildest, sweetest things, until her cheeks grew red and she spoke faintly: "Don't be frightened. I promise not to die. Pray don't cry."

He clasped her hand to his heart. She felt it beat and turned her blushing brow away, but made no resistance.

"Hallo!" cried a voice at the door; and Mr. Coventry hobbled in. He gazed in utter amazement on the scene.

When the two were refreshed by food and wine furnished by Henry, Miss Carden proposed that he should return with them to Raby Hall. "I want Mr. Raby to thank you, for I feel how cold and unmeaning is all I have said to you."

Henry explained the reason why he could not go to Mr. Raby, "a bigoted old man, who would turn me out of this place if he knew." He then offered to take them so near to Raby that they could not miss it, provided they would promise not to reveal his workshop in the old church.

"I pledge you the word of a gentleman," said Coventry, "I never will let anyone know that you are working here."

"Give me your hand on that, if you please," said Little.

Coventry gave him his hand with well-assumed warmth and apparent sincerity, but, like a scoundrel as he was, he informed the trade-unions of the forge at the first opportunity.

One night Little was working at his forge, not dreaming of danger, when four masked men stole into the old church and attacked him. Two took him in front and two in the rear. Little had his hammer in one hand and his fire-shovel in the other. He threw hot coals into the face of one, disabled another with his shovel, and ran for the open door. He struck down the nearest man by throwing his hammer at him, but was seized from behind and thrown on the floor.

"Now hold him while I settle him," cried one.

All this time he had fought as mute as a fox. But now he shouted, "Help! Murder! Help!"

As a murderous cudgel was about to descend on his head, the report of a gun was heard and then another. The man with the cudgel dropped it and covered his bleeding face with his hands. Henry, though sick and weak, held on to him until he was seized by men from without, while the other rascals escaped.

Mr. Raby, who had rescued Little with no good will to him, exclaimed: "What! three blackguards to one!"

"I'm not a blackguard," said Henry faintly.

"That remains to be proved, sir," said Raby.

Henry made answer by swooning.

Sam Cole, the only one of the villains caught, and Henry Little were carried prisoners to Raby Hall and arraigned

before the Squire. Cole was consigned to the strong-room, to be taken to Hillsborough on the morrow. Henry declined an offered seat. "Not in this house," he said.

"Your name and address?" demanded the Squire.

Henry made no reply.

"Surely you do not object to tell me your name?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"This is no place for me to utter my father's name. We all have secrets. You have yours. There's a picture, with its face to the wall. Suppose I ask you whose face it is you insult and hide from the world?"

"You insolent young scoundrel!" cried Raby. "What is that to you?"

"Much," said Henry, trembling with anger. "Until that picture is turned to the light, I'll not tell you my name."

Grace Carden, who had asked to see the picture the day before and had been given the key, said: "Oh, Mr. Raby, there is something more in this than we know."

She turned to the picture and, with Jael's assistance, opened it. "Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" she exclaimed. Then, to Henry: "You are right; it was not a face to hide from the world—oh! the likeness! just look at *him*, and then at her!"

"What do you say, Miss Carden?" demanded Raby. "What likeness can there be between my sister and a smith?"

"Why, he is still liker you," said Grace. "Look at all three. If they are not one flesh and blood, I have no eyes."

Mr. Raby was struck with amazement. At last he turned and asked, with stiff politeness, "Is your name Little, sir?"

"Little is my name, and I am proud of it."

"Your name may be Little, but your face is Raby. All the better for you, sir."

He then gave orders to have Henry removed to Dence's farm and properly cared for, adding: "If those ruffians molest him again kill them, and complain to me afterward."

Henry stood bewildered, and before he could say anything irritating Jael Dence hurried him away, while Grace took Mr. Raby's arm and, kissing him, murmured, "How good, how noble you are: and how I love you!"

All this time Mr. Coventry, reduced to a nullity, sat in gloomy silence and watched with chilled and foreboding heart the strange turn events had taken. Little, nephew of Mr. Raby, was very different from Little the smith. He would be certain to suspect him of giving the information that had led to the attack, and the prisoner would furnish some clue. That night he aided Cole to escape.

It was thenceforth a struggle between Coventry and Little for the hand of Miss Carden, the one working by underhand and secret means, the other like an honest man in the open. Grace Carden preferred Little; Mr. Carden believed that Coventry was the better match for his daughter. Still, he recognized Little's worth and promised him that he might marry her when he could make a proper settlement on her.

Little now went to work in earnest. He invented and patented labor-saving machines both in England and in the United States and Canada. He entered into partnership with Mr. Bolt, a wealthy Australian, and began to build a large factory in the suburbs of Hillsborough. But the brickmakers struck and destroyed his property, and the Bricklayers' Union ordered the work stopped. At last Bolt sold the site and bought the Star Works, the largest but one in Hillsborough. Little set up some of his labor-saving machines secretly and the firm began to coin money. The trade-unions got wind of this and served the usual notices, causing Little great anxiety. Then the customary tactics began: leather bands were stolen, machinery was destroyed, a boiler burst. Little's nerves began to give way. His mother was taken ill and was sent to Wales by Dr. Amboyne. He went to Grace Carden and asked her to become his wife and go with him to the United States. She declined to marry him without her father's consent, and he flung out of the room, leaving her half fainting and in tears.

Meanwhile Coventry had been plotting to get rid of Little. He tried to induce Sam Cole to murder him, and finally persuaded him, in consideration of a large sum, to blow up his works. Cole, by means of a boat on the river, attached enough gunpowder to the base of the great chimney to destroy it and an adjoining building in which Little slept. The police examined the ruins and the river, but could find no trace of any human

body; still, it was generally believed that Little had met his death in the explosion.

Grace Carden was at first shocked and stunned by the news, but would not give up hope. She did not believe that Little was dead; but when a human arm and hand, with a ring on a finger like one her lover had worn, were found in the river, she swooned with a piercing scream and became delirious. When she was out of danger, after a siege of brain fever, Dr. Amboyne ordered her to the seaside. Woodbine Villa was put up to let furnished, and Mr. Coventry took it.

Months passed and nothing more was known of Little's fate. Grace's agony was finally blunted and Coventry's assiduous attentions led her to pity him. Carden encouraged him, and he was continually by her side. Their tactics prevailed and Grace at last consented to marry Coventry.

But a day came when Dr. Amboyne received a letter from Henry Little, from the United States, announcing his intended return to England. He hastened to Woodbine Villa with it and was just in time to see Mr. and Mrs. Coventry coming home from the church. He was at a loss what to do when the postman brought a letter which, by the aid of Jael Dence, reached the bride. Grace recognized the writing, exclaiming, "My darling! he is alive! My God! What have I done?"

Before the letter was half read, she tore off her bridal ornaments and trampled them, moaning, twisting, and writhing. "Bring my godfather here," she cried to Jael.

"Won't you see your father first?"

"I have no father. I want a man of honor."

Raby found her with her head lying on her toilet-table, and her hair falling down her back.

He had hardly read the letter when Dr. Amboyne came in. He took out his own letter and read it in a low tone to Mr. Raby, but Grace's ear caught every word of it. In it Little accused Coventry of inciting the trade-unions against him, and declared his intention of killing him if he had to hang for it. He had hardly finished it when Coventry came in and began: "My dear Grace, the carriage is ready——"

Grace seized a stiletto and flew at him like a wild animal.

Jael Dence caught her arm, but the keen weapon pierced Coventry's cheek and his tongue.

Mr. Carden came in. "Oh, my child! my child! would you commit murder?"

"Don't you see I would?" she replied contemptuously. "I hate you all, you worst of all, that call yourself my father and drove me to marry this villain."

"I'll give you every opportunity," said Coventry doggedly. "You shall kill me for loving you so madly."

"Opportunity?" cried Mr. Carden. "Do you know her so little as to think she will ever live with you? Get out of my house, and never presume to set foot in it again."

As Dr. Amboyne refused to let Coventry be moved, Mr. Raby took Grace and Jael to Raby Hall. But on the next day Coventry departed and Grace and Jael returned home.

Henry Little's only thought, when he arrived and heard of what had taken place during his absence, was to kill Coventry. In vain did Jael expostulate and Grace implore. He kissed Grace again and again, and comforted her by saying that she was not to blame. He begged her to return with him to the United States, where he had already made his fortune. "Oh, my darling, don't sacrifice both our lives to a scruple that is out of place here. I have a carriage waiting; and all our misery by one act of courage and trust yourself to me."

She struggled faintly, but suddenly made a desperate effort. "Shame on your love that would dishonor the creature you love! Let me go, sir, or I shall hate you worse than I do the wretch whose name I bear."

When he was gone, she said to Jael: "If you are a woman, help me to save the one thing I have got left to save. Virtue, weakened by love and pity, has but one resource—to fly."

The two left Hillsborough. In three days Jael returned, but Grace did not come back with her. Little tried to find out from Mr. Carden where his daughter had gone.

"Where neither the fool nor the villain, who have wrecked her happiness between them, and robbed me of her, will ever find her," replied the old man.

"You are her father," said Little quietly. "I forgive you those cruel words."

"The villain will meet a worse reception than the fool, I promise you that," called Mr. Carden after him as he left.

Little at last traced Grace to a house in the environs of Hillsborough, and took a house adjoining it. Coventry, who also had discovered her hiding-place, formed a plan to carry her off to a hunting-lodge on his own estate. On the very night that he was making the attempt, a dam above Hillsborough broke away and the flood wrecked all the houses below it. Little saved Grace by cutting his way through the roof and dragging her up to it, from which refuge they saw the white face and glaring eyes of Coventry as he was swept away by the boiling current. When the water had subsided he carried Grace to her home, and then ran to the Town Hall to help in caring for the survivors. In the afternoon he returned to Woodbine Villa to see how Grace was, and found there Dr. Amboyne in attendance on a gentleman who was lying on a lounge in the dining-room. It was Frederick Coventry, with a spine so injured that he never would walk again.

Little, thoroughly disgusted, was about to return to America, when it was discovered that the clergyman who had married Coventry and Grace was a criminal, one Richard Martin, *alias* Lord Daventree, *alias* Sir Henry Gulstone, *alias* "Shifty Dick." The judge before whom Grace was called as a witness said: "You must petition Parliament to sanction this marriage. Until then, pray understand that you are Miss Carden and *not* Mrs. Coventry."

Grace was removed all but insensible from the box. Two days later she was married to Henry Little in Cairnhope old church, at the same time that Guy Raby gave his hand to Jacl Dence. Coventry tried to make trouble and petitioned Parliament, but his petition was thrown out. Little sent Ransome to him and warned him to keep quiet or he would be indicted for felony. He groaned and submitted, and lived long, an impotent cripple, to expiate his crimes. Mrs. Little also rewarded Dr. Amboyne's patience and constancy, and as they had no children of their own, they laid claim to all the young Littles and Rabys, present and to come.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION (1871)

In its day this story aroused much discussion and argument because of the frank treatment of the delicate situation that forms the basis of its plot. Many persons objected to such frankness, while others saw in it the promise of future pen-pictures of real life not drawn especially for the British "Young Person."



THIS ARABELLA BRUCE, a beauty with glorious auburn hair, daughter of Admiral Bruce, had two lovers, Mr. Richard Bassett and his cousin, Sir Charles Bassett, Bart., proprietor of the Bassett and Huntercombe estates. Richard hated Sir Charles, and alleged that the estates were rightfully his. "My father was the eldest son, and they were entailed on him and his heirs; but Sir Charles's father persuaded my old dotting grandfather to cut off the entail and settle the estates on him and his heirs; and so they robbed me of every acre they could. Luckily my little estate of Highmore was settled on my mother and her issue, too tight for the villains to undo."

Sir Charles told a different story: "Richard was not disinherited; he was bought out. My grandfather paid his father's debts again and again, and at last found he was dealing with the Jews for his reversion. My grandfather outbid the Jews and bought the reversion of his estate from his own son for a large sum. Then they cut off the entail between them, and he entailed the mortgaged estate on the other son and on me, his grandson. Richard's father squandered his thirty thousand pounds before he died; my father husbanded the estates, got into Parliament, and they put a tail to his name."

Richard, who regarded Charles as a worn-out rake, calculated that, as he was subject to fits and was not a marrying man, the estates would eventually revert to him as the heir-at-

law. He was therefore greatly shocked one day to hear that Sir Charles was engaged to be married to the lovely Arabella Bruce.

Sir Charles had led a luxurious life, and even at this very time had an intrigue with "La Somerset," a siren whose pony-carriage was often seen in the park. Richard Bassett told this lady of Sir Charles's projected marriage; she was furious and sent for Sir Charles, who acknowledged the truth of the charge, and the siren had hysterics.

Sir Charles finally sent his solicitor, Mr. Oldfield, to La Somerset and settled with her by securing to her the house, plate, linen, etc., and four hundred pounds a year. On this La Somerset agreed to release Sir Charles and not to interfere with the marriage, and when Richard Bassett called on her again she insulted him and turned him out of her house, notwithstanding the fact that he had made a friend of Polly, La Somerset's sister, who was acting as her housemaid.

Richard, foiled there, then wrote an anonymous letter to Miss Bruce informing her of her lover's connection with Miss Somerset, and Admiral Bruce in a fury wrote to Sir Charles, withdrawing from any proposed connection with him and forbidding communication with his daughter.

Sir Charles, ascribing this to Somerset, was enraged and went to her at once. He found her reading the deed of settlement, called her a vile wretch and a heartless monster, and seizing the parchment threw it into the fire. She sprang to save it; and the struggle, in which chairs were upset and vases broken, ended in the Baronet's falling in one of his attacks of epilepsy.

Sir Charles lay ill several days in Miss Somerset's house, during which she watched over him disguised as a sister of charity; but finally he recovered sufficiently to be removed to his own house. These occurrences, related by Polly to Richard Bassett, gave him great hopes, and he already saw himself and his heirs once more lords of the manors of Bassett and Huntercombe through the demise of Sir Charles without issue.

Arabella Bruce, disconsolate and repining at the loss of her lover, was carried off to Baden, the residence of Mrs. Molineux, the Admiral's sister. Mrs. Molineux, a woman of the world,

told her brother that he had conducted the matter with great impropriety; and when Sir Charles eventually appeared she took his part and gave the Admiral no rest until he consented to the marriage then and there at Baden.

Richard Bassett, who had retired to his estate of Highmore, adjoining Huntercombe, believing that his anonymous letter had had its effect, was almost paralyzed when the church-bells rang a welcome to Sir Charles as he brought back his bride to his ancestral mansion. Richard crept home and sat by his fireside, crushed. From that hour he saw no one but his friend Wheeler, a sharp attorney, who was fond of shooting and got an occasional crack at Sir Charles's pheasants as they flew across Highmore. Wheeler said to him: "Hang it, man! never say die. I'll show you how to get land and the money to pay for it."

Through the aid of Wheeler he bought other land contiguous to Huntercombe, sold off the wood at an advance, and planted larches to attract Sir Charles's game, which he and Wheeler shot with impunity. Wheeler also induced him to improve his dress and to go out into the world where, as Sir Charles was as yet childless, he was well received as the direct heir to Huntercombe. At last the two cousins met at a country house, and Sir Charles, angry that the host had invited "a blackguard" to meet him, resented it. In some correspondence he mentioned Richard Bassett as "a dishonorable scoundrel, not entitled to be received in society." This fell into Richard Bassett's hands, and the result was a suit for libel, with damages laid at five thousand pounds. At the trial the case would have gone against Sir Charles but for the production in court, through Lady Bassett's means, of the anonymous letter written by Richard to herself as Arabella Bruce, which very nearly broke up her marriage. Bassett denied the authorship of the letter, but his handwriting was proven and the case was withdrawn.

Richard Bassett, crestfallen, went home and quarreled with Wheeler, discharged his servant, and set out to travel. One evening, in a hotel in York, he fell in with Polly Somerset. The girl was handsome and had a liking for him. He offered her a small cottage on his estate at Highmore, but the girl said her sister, Rhoda Somerset, now Mrs. Marsh, would not own her

if she left service. So he procured her a situation at an inn near his place, where she engaged as Mary Wells. She next took a place in the family of the vicar of Huntercombe and finally at Huntercombe Hall, where Lady Bassett took a fancy to her. Richard Bassett, pleased at this, asked her to meet him by night at a secluded spot where the two gardens were divided by a ha-ha. Richard flattered the girl and, to humor her and to gain his ends, made her a promise of marriage, provided she would learn to read and write. He learned from her that Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were both disappointed at not having children, and that Lady Bassett bore the blame for this. In time Mary Wells proved that she had learned to write by sending Richard a note well written, and she persuaded him to write to her. In one of his letters he referred to her as his wife that was to be.

Richard, who by this time had made up his quarrel with Wheeler, confided to the attorney that he wished to marry, but said nothing of his promise to the so-called Mary Wells. Wheeler found a Miss Wright, daughter of a retired citizen living in a pretty villa near the market town, who was to have seven thousand pounds on her wedding-day. He introduced Richard Bassett there, and he became engaged to Jane Wright almost before he was aware. He was now fearful of the effect of this act on Mary Wells, but, being an egotist, he avoided her, left her letters unanswered, and hastened his wedding. When he brought his bride home, Mary Wells stood on a heap of stones beside his gate, and he saw, as he looked into her glittering eyes, that he had roused a hate as unrelenting as his own.

About ten days after this scene Richard Bassett was surprised to receive a note from her requesting him to meet her at the usual place. He thought it wise to go, and she asked him what he intended to do for her. He offered her fifty pounds and then seventy-five, but she contemptuously declined and threatened to do him an ill turn if he did not do her bidding. "You shall come here, every Saturday, at eight o'clock, and bring me a sovereign, till I get a husband of my own sort, and then you'll have to come down handsome once for all."

Bassett kept the weekly contract and was at first received coolly and haughtily; but in time she became a glowing Hebe

who half yielded to his advances and tormented him to her heart's content.

One day when Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were in the Baronet's study the church-bells set up a merry peal. Lady Bassett went out to inquire the cause, but soon returned pale and wild.

"He," she exclaimed, pointing toward Highmore, "has got a fine boy—to take our place here. Kill me, Charles! I am a barren stock!"

Sir Charles, convinced that he would probably die without issue, determined to sell timber from the estate and settle the money on his wife. He began to fell timber on a gigantic scale. Richard Bassett, through Wheeler, his attorney, remonstrated, but in vain; Sir Charles settled thirteen thousand pounds on his wife and promised to add to the fund every year. In the following winter Sir Charles met with a severe accident in the hunting-field, and was carried home for dead. But he omitted to die and gradually recovered under the careful nursing of his wife, but the concussion his brain had received brought him into a morbid state. Lady Bassett was in despair, when Mary Wells came to her with a proposition which constituted a terrible temptation, but was rejected at first with amazement and terror. In the evening she gave the girl a month's notice to leave.

One afternoon Sir Charles and Lady Bassett were walking in the grounds, when the Baronet overheard a conversation between Richard Bassett and his child's nurse which threw him into an epileptic fit. The Rev. Mr. Angelo, the rector, just arriving to make a call at the house, heard Lady Bassett's cries and hurried to her. The young clergyman, who had been an athlete in college and was an intimate friend in the Baronet's household, bore Sir Charles to the house. When the stricken man came to himself he talked incoherently, and Mr. Angelo sent all the servants away excepting Mary Wells, advising Lady Bassett to let no others come near her husband. So Lady Bassett begged Mary not to leave her as she was at last in a delicate state, with happy hopes for the near future. The two women cried together, and Mary promised to remain with Lady Bassett.

Sir Charles's sequestration set afloat all manner of rumors, and in time, through the machinations of Richard Bassett, he was confined in a private asylum.

Mr. Angelo, the handsome rector, whose visits to Huntercombe Hall had become very frequent, suggested that a certain Mr. Rolfe in London could secure Sir Charles's release. Lady Bassett went to London, to remain several months, accompanied by Mary Wells, and saw Mr. Rolfe, who became interested in the case and offered his services.

When Lady Basset returned after some time to Huntercombe with a baby boy, she was still accompanied by Mary Wells (now Mrs. Gosport, she having been married meanwhile) as wet-nurse.

Sir Charles, who had meanwhile been released, did not understand this, but Lady Bassett explained by saying that Mary's husband had gone to sea and that her child had died.

Sir Charles was so overjoyed at the possession of a son and heir that he rapidly regained his health. In a few months a report was spread that Gosport, Mary's sailor husband, had been lost at sea, and not long afterward Mary married a Mr. Meyrick, a farmer in the neighborhood. Reginald, Lady Bassett's boy, often visited his old nurse, and Richard Bassett, who saw him there, with a sneer at Mr. Angelo, called him "the parson's brat." "Sir Charles and the mother are blondes," he said to Wheeler, "but this boy is as black as my hat."

Richard Bassett lost his boy, and the bells had hardly done tolling for him when they rang a merry peal for the birth of another son at Huntercombe Hall. Utterly disconsolate, Richard shut himself up, and when shortly afterward his wife presented him with a daughter he would not permit the bells to be rung.

Lady Bassett was now the mother of a flaxen-haired boy, named Compton. But Sir Charles's love was centered on his first-born, Reginald, the heir to his estates, fast growing up—a manly boy with the air of an Oriental prince. Sir Charles was ambitious for him and built many air-castles; but the boy did not come up to his expectations: his tastes were low and he had the will of a mule. He picked up the slang of the stable, consorted with gipsies, and even crept out of his comfortable room at night to sleep in a gipsy's tent. Sir Charles was

disappointed, and said to his wife: "He is like no human creature I ever saw. I cannot see myself again in my first-born."

Compton grew up the very opposite of Reginald—polite, manly, and studious. As a child he played clandestinely with his cousin Ruperta, Richard Bassett's daughter. Once the two were lost in the woods together and were found by Reginald, after long search, asleep in each other's arms. Each of the two fathers seized his child and tore it away from contact with the other as if from a viper, and withdrew glaring at each other; and each, intensely mortified, took measures to keep the little lovers apart in future.

Reginald, who recognized no bounds of property, was one night in Highmore garden, and seeing a light in the house concluded to take a peep. He saw Mr. Bassett open a door in the paneled wall of the room and disclose a large display of silver plate. Old Jessie, the Scotch housekeeper, saw the boy's shadow on the window and captured him. His cries brought out Mr. Bassett.

"I was only taking a look," said Reginald, pleadingly.

"You were trespassing, sir," said Bassett.

"Don't hit me!" blubbered Reginald. "I put 'em on the scent of your kid, you know."

"So I have heard. Then this makes us quits. But if I catch you again I shall open a fresh account with a horse-whip."

The boy ran away and Richard Bassett, worried at the thought that his secret receptacle was discovered, connected the cupboard door with a bell by his bedside by means of a catgut string.

Sir Charles, greatly mortified when he heard of this escapade of his son and heir, sent him to a strict school, where he was disciplined severely. This did not suit the youth, and he ran away, joined a gipsy band, and was not heard of for years.

Compton Bassett, when he was fourteen years old, was not very tall and was rather effeminate in appearance, but was well trained in body and cultivated in mind. He met Ruperta again and was captivated by her beauty. Sir Charles forbade any intimacy, but Compton coaxed his mother to take his part.

One day Reginald reappeared. All welcomed him but Lady Bassett, who swooned at the news. From this time her health declined. She refused to talk to Reginald and could not bear the sight of him.

Compton heard that Mr. Rutland, heir to a peerage, was attentive to Ruperta and went in despair to his mother. Lady Bassett wrote a note to Mrs. Bassett, telling her that she was very ill and begging her to come to her. Richard interposed all manner of objections, but the wife and mother brushed them aside and went to Lady Bassett. The two women deprecated the feud that separated the families and put their heads together to end it. The next day Ruperta's mother took her to Huntercombe, and Lady Bassett, charmed with the girl, resolved that Compton should have her. But Richard Bassett had determined that his daughter must accept Rutland (with the prospect of becoming a countess) rather than a younger son.

Lady Bassett, now greatly troubled in mind, sent for Reginald, who expressed sorrow at seeing her look so ill.

"You see me worse than ever to-day, because my mind is in great trouble. The time is come when I must tell you a secret. Forgive me, if you can, for I am the most miserable woman in England; you are not the heir to this place: you are not Sir Charles Bassett's son."

"What!" shouted the young man.

She hid her burning face and scalding tears in her white and wasted hands. Then she handed him a manuscript which she had prepared for her husband's eye after her death and bade him read it. Reginald read the whole story, laid it down, and drew a long breath.

"It's a devil of a job for me," said he, "but I can't blame you. You sold that Dick Bassett, and I hate him. But what is to become of me?"

Lady Bassett then proposed to buy him estates in Australia and to stock them for him, provided that he and his former nurse, Mrs. Meyrick, would sign a paper: "You must acknowledge in it that you are not Sir Charles's son, and pledge yourself to keep the secret so long as I continue to furnish you with the means of living."

Mrs. Meyrick at first bluntly refused to sign the document, but she was finally persuaded, and Reginald went away with a check for five hundred pounds in his pocket and a note to Mr. Rolfe, in London, who had agreed to invest for Lady Bassett three thousand pounds in Australia for Reginald's benefit.

Reginald did not go to London, as promised, but went to Mrs. Meyrick's house, where he planned a little business of his own. Remembering Mr. Bassett's plate-closet, he got an old gipsy to enter that gentleman's house with him one dark and gusty night, and had nearly succeeded in packing the silver in a green baize bag when Richard Bassett entered, pistol in hand, and collared Reginald. The gipsy sprang for the window and fell outside, shot through the shoulder. Bassett locked Reginald up and went to look for the other burglar, but he had escaped, leaving his silver on the grass.

Bassett now planned a sweet revenge. He marched his burglar, with his crape mask on his face, into Sir Charles's justice-room, and give his evidence against him. While Sir Charles was writing the warrant he said, "Remove his mask." When he recognized Reginald the pen fell from Sir Charles's hand. He stared at his first-born and then put his hand to his heart.

"Ah! cruel man! cruel man!" he moaned. "God will judge you for this—as now I must judge my unhappy son."

"No, no, no!" cried a woman's voice, and Mary Meyrick (formerly Polly Somerset) rushed into the room. "Go no farther, or you will all rue the day—you most of all, Richard Bassett. Bid those men go and I will open your eyes."

Richard Bassett, foreseeing another triumph, told the constable and his assistant to retire a few minutes. When they were gone she said to Richard Bassett: "Why do you want him sent to prison? To spite Sir Charles, to stab him through his son."

As Sir Charles groaned, she fell on her knees and grasped his hand. "Don't cry, my dear master. He is not your son!"

"That is no news to me," said Richard. "He is more like the parson than like Sir Charles."

"For shame!" cried Mary Meyrick. "He is *your* son, Richard Bassett, for I am his mother."

Just then Lady Bassett appeared at the door.

"Ah! Bella," exclaimed Sir Charles, "do you hear what she says?"

Lady Bassett gasped and tried to speak, but Mary Meyrick interposed. "What's the use questioning *her*? She knows no more than you do. I done it all. My lady's child died in London. I hid the truth from her then, for I knew it would kill her and keep you in a madhouse. I done for the best; I put my child by her side and she knew no better."

This revelation virtually ended the family feud. Richard Bassett called in the constable and said the young gentleman had satisfied him that the affair was a practical joke, and withdrew the charge of felony. He then half-sullenly acknowledged his obligations to Sir Charles and begged that his old folly with Mary might be kept secret from his wife and daughter.

Lady Bassett was long ill, but Ruperta came daily and nursed her back to health. At the age of eighteen she and Compton were engaged and at twenty they married, and in time the children's love wore out the fathers' hate.

A SIMPLETON (1873)

This is the story of a learned physician who married a simpleton and was brought by her to penury; but who finally made a fortune in the diamond-fields of South Africa.



CHRISTOPHER STAINES, a young physician, in love with Rosa Lusignan, asked her hand of her father; but Mr. Lusignan, a business man, declined on the ground that Staines had no adequate income. Rosa went into a decline, and her father, discovering that she had been raising blood, called in physicians; they pronounced it an affection of the liver and prescribed accordingly. But Rosa grew worse, and at last told her father: "If you really wish to cure me, send for Christopher Staines."

Dr. Staines came professionally, and said her trouble was not from the liver, but was a slight congestion of the lungs.

"But not incurable?" cried her agonized parent.

"It is curable—easily—by removing the cause."

"And what is the cause?"

"The cause?" he said with some hesitation. "Well, the cause, sir, is tight stays."

At this the simpleton took umbrage, declared that her stays were loose, called Dr. Staines rude and indelicate, and told him to understand that all was over between them.

Christopher Staines went home and pined, while Rosa, who secretly left off her stays, grew better, stronger, and gayer daily. She attended a ball given by the officers at Chatham and met there Mr. Reginald Falcon, a gentleman who had run through his fortune, a well-bred, brazen, conscienceless fellow, who talked glibly and danced well. He was pledged in honor to Phoebe Dale, a farmer's daughter, but that was nothing to him.

He danced with Rosa, entertained Mr. Lusignan, who found out that he was the son of an old acquaintance, and won an invitation to Kent Villa. Falcon called several times, and at last made up his mind to propose for Rosa's hand. Rosa walked through Gravesend every morning, usually before Mr. Falcon was up, but one day when she was later than usual he saw her passing and followed her. He had nearly succeeded in overtaking her when she turned the corner and ran plump into Christopher Staines.

The result was a reconciliation, mutual forgiveness, and an invitation to Kent Villa to dinner. When her father came home he found her crying.

"Why, what's the matter now?" he asked.

"Papa, I'm a foolish, imprudent girl. I have been flirting with Mr. Falcon, and he has taken a cruel advantage of it—proposed to me—this—very afternoon."

"Has he? He's a fine fellow, has a landed estate in Norfolk."

"Oh, papa, would you have me marry one man when I belong to another—to dear Christopher?"

"Why, you dismissed him and treated him like a dog. You used him abominably."

"But you need not keep saying so," whined Rosa. "Oh, papa, I am not fit to be trusted alone. I owe all my health and strength to Christopher. I owe my life to him. Marry your simpleton to the only man that is fit to take care of her."

So it happened that Mr. Lusignan consented to a marriage with Dr. Staines, provided that the latter insured his life for six thousand pounds.

After the honeymoon Dr. and Mrs. Staines went to London to begin the battle of life. Christopher had an uncle in London, Dr. Philip Staines, a retired physician and a crusty old bachelor, but as he had not come to his wedding Christopher did not look him up. But one day they encountered Uncle Philip in an auction-room, where they were trying to buy furniture, and he came to their house. He disapproved of the location, told them they had paid twice the rent it was worth, and made himself generally disagreeable. When Christopher accompanied him to the foot of the stairs, he remarked:

"Well, Christopher, matrimony is a blunder at the best; and you have not done the thing by halves. You have married a simpleton. She will be your ruin."

"Uncle Philip, since you only came here to insult us, I hope in future you will stay at home."

"Oh! with pleasure, sir. Good-by!"

Uncle Philip was right. Rosa was a simpleton, and everybody took advantage of it. The butcher, the baker, and all the other tradespeople cheated her, and she ran up ruinous accounts. She made the acquaintance of wealthy parvenus, who persuaded her that she ought to dress better and to keep a carriage, and while Christopher slaved and tried to earn money for her by writing for medical journals, she ran up extravagant bills. At last the end came. He found that she had far exceeded her allowance and he was heavily in debt. A quarrel ensued; he threatened to send her home to her father, and she swooned; at this, away went anger and every feeling but love and pity for the poor, weak creature. He loosened her dress, and made a discovery that brought from him a cry of horror, remorse, and joy combined.

"O my dove, my dove! If I had only known! If I had only known!"

While Christopher was in the dumps, hardly knowing which way to turn in order to make both ends meet, Lady Cicely Treherne, a school friend of Rosa's, came with an offer of fifteen hundred pounds a year to him if he would take her young cousin, Lord Tadcaster, a spoiled boy of sixteen, to sea and look after his health. He accepted at once, but Rosa exclaimed, "What! and leave me?"

"Yes, love, leave you—for your good; and only for a time. My darling Rosa will have every comfort."

But as soon as Lady Cicely was gone Rosa burst out with: "Christie, you shall not see that lady again. She came here to part us. She is in love with you."

But Dr. Staines accepted the place and soon afterward sailed from Plymouth, with Lord Tadcaster, on the *Amphitrite*, bound for Australia, and Rosa went home to her father.

Meanwhile Phœbe Dale's father had died and left his farm to her elder brother, a married man. Phœbe and her younger

brother Dick were left fifteen hundred pounds apiece, on condition of their leaving England and going to Natal. They knew well what that meant—that Phœbe was to be parted from a bad man. But she said, “It is the will of the dead, and I will obey it.”

So she and Dick busied themselves and bought agricultural machines and stores, and even stock, and made a bargain with the master of a good vessel. Dick was pleased that in all this time she never mentioned Falcon, whose debts she had repeatedly paid, and whom she had even saved from prison. But on the eve of sailing he turned up and whined:

“I have thrown away the truest heart, the sweetest, most unselfish, kindest, generous—oh! oh! oh!”

And when Phœbe broke down at his penitence he cried, “I will sail with you to-morrow, Phœbe; and I will make you a good husband if you will have me.”

“Take him at his word, Phœbe,” said Dick; “and if he ill-uses you out there I’ll break every bone in his skin.”

So Reginald went to South Africa with them. He and Phœbe were married and went up country, looking for a bargain in land.

Letters came to Rosa from Christopher for a time, and then failed. At last Lady Cicely received a letter from Tadcaster, saying:

“A terrible thing has just happened. We signaled a raft with a body on it, and poor Dr. Staines leaned out of the port-hole and fell overboard. The boats could not find him, he was drowned; and the funeral service was read for the poor fellow. . . . I thought I ought to write to his wife. I know where she lives; it is called Kent Villa, Gravesend. But I was afraid it might kill her, so I thought I would write to you, and you could break it to her by degrees.”

After Christopher had gone to sea Uncle Philip turned up again and was very kind to Rosa, sold the lease and furniture of her house, and superintended her removal to Kent Villa. He was in charge of Rosa when Lady Cicely called to impart the terrible news, and succeeded in keeping it from his patient until some time after the birth of her son. But at last Rosa became suspicious when no news came, and demanded to know

the worst. She raved and tore her hair, and was carried to bed moaning and screaming. Swoon followed swoon, and that night brain fever set in.

When Dr. Staines fell into the sea, being an excellent swimmer, he succeeded in reaching the life-buoy that had been thrown out from the ship, and by means of this he reached the raft with the corpse on it. The body was fastened to an upright by means of a belt nearly full of what felt like small stones. He secured this, lashed himself to the upright with it, and lay down to die. Several days later he was rescued by a passing vessel, but though his life was saved his reason was gone. He had entirely lost his memory. Captain Dodd landed him at Cape Town and placed him in the hospital, leaving twenty pounds with the governor of it to cure him. But two hundred pounds which he had found on his person, and valuable jewels taken from the belt, he deposited with a friendly banker.

In two months Dr. Staines recovered his strength, and ten months after his admission he was made an attendant, with a salary. In this capacity he was one day wheeling a patient in a Bath chair on the quay, where a vessel was unloading. Phœbe Dale, superintending the landing of her goods and chattels, recognized him as the doctor who had saved Dick's life in London. She called on the hospital authorities, and persuaded them to let her take the doctor to Dale's Kloof Farm, a hundred and eighty miles inland, promising to be good to him.

When Phœbe and Dick, with their caravan of Hottentots, arrived at the farm, they were met by Reginald Falcon, who strolled out, leisurely smoking a cigar, to meet his wife. Phœbe hastened to tell him that her guest was the London doctor who had performed a successful operation on Dick and expressed her joy at being able to help him in his affliction.

Falcon asked his name.

"Christie—Dr. Christie," replied Phœbe, who had forgotten his real name. "My heart yearns for him; and his wife—the sweetest, loveliest creature"—then Phœbe turned the conversation, for she suddenly remembered Falcon's infatuation for this very woman.

But Falcon did not recognize him, and the two soon became

intimate. Staines gradually recovered his memory and his reason, and one day, in looking over a file of old newspapers, he read an account of his own loss from the *Amphitrite*, and later an account of a man picked up on a raft, with money and jewels on his person, but with no suggestion of the identity of the two. He looked at the dates, and saw that he had lost a whole year.

"My God!" he cried. "My Rosa has worn mourning for me and put it off again. I am dead to her and to all the world."

One evening he surprised them all by asking the loan of a horse, a spade, and a few pounds to go to the diamond-fields, three hundred miles away.

"I must make money quickly, Mrs. Falcon," he said. "For heaven's sake, let me try my luck."

"Why," said Phoebe, "if you insist, you shall have the best horse we have, and fifty pounds besides shall be at your service to-morrow."

"And I'll go with you," said Reginald Falcon.

They went to the diamond-mines, and after some months of hard work had collected about three thousand pounds' worth of stones.

"I wish I had these in Cape Town," said Staines.

"Why, I'll take them there," said Falcon.

Falcon was not worth much as a digger, and Staines, believing that he would do better as a traveling and selling partner, sent him with the diamonds to Dale's Kloof, and a letter to Mrs. Falcon, suggesting that she should accompany her husband to England, where a much better market could be found for the gems. He also entrusted him with a letter to Rosa, and in this letter he inclosed a ruby ring she had given him, which never before had left his finger.

"Give me your solemn promise, old fellow, that I shall have a letter from Mrs. Falcon in twenty days, even if you have to send a Kafir on horseback."

"I give you my honor," said Falcon superbly.

"And—why should I conceal my real name longer—direct to Dr. Christopher Staines, Bulteel's Farm."

Falcon wore a strange look. "I think I have heard of you," he said, "at Gravesend, or somewhere."

“Yes, I married my Rosa there; poor thing! God comfort her! She thinks me dead.”

Falcon rode off muttering: “So then, *you* are Dr. Staines.”

Staines waited several weeks for a letter, but none came. Finally one came from Phœbe to himself, enclosing one for Reginald, written later than the date of Falcon’s expected arrival. This aroused his fears, and he set out for Dale’s Kloof. On the way he traded his horse and rifle with a Hottentot for a very large diamond, and reached his destination on foot, weary and travel-stained. To his surprise, he learned that Falcon had not been there. Phœbe, stunned, at first cried:

“The wild beasts! the diggers! the murderers! he is dead!”

But when she heard that he had three thousand pounds’ worth of diamonds she said:

“Thank God! there’s hope for me. Oh, Dick, he is not dead; he has only deserted me.”

Phœbe, leaving Dick in charge of the farm, set out for England in pursuit of her recreant husband, and Dr. Staines accompanied her. But they met with many delays, and did not reach Plymouth until some six months after Falcon’s arrival.

Meanwhile Rosa, quite recovered, had regained her beauty and won the admiration of Lord Tadcaster, who, with health regained, called on her as soon as he returned. He was now Earl of Tadcaster and after a few weeks’ acquaintance he laid his coronet and twenty thousand a year at her feet. But Rosa refused him, and, when asked by Uncle Philip for her reasons, said: “Christopher and I promised each other solemnly never to marry again till death should us part.”

Her father thought her foolish, but Uncle Philip, when he saw her alone, kissed her and said:

“Rosa, it is not lost on me, your fidelity to the dead. Never let money tempt you, for you will have more than enough when I die.”

He altered his will next day, and made her his residuary legatee.

When Falcon arrived in London he disposed of one of the

diamonds for nine hundred pounds, called on Mrs. Staines with a well-concocted story of how he had picked up her dying husband at sea on a raft, while cruising on his yacht, and how he had died in his arms, after writing a brief note which he commissioned him to deliver. The letter he would bring on the following day, but in token of his truth he handed her Christopher's ruby ring, the very one she had given him.

Convinced by this of the truth of Falcon's story, she fell to sobbing and kissing the ring, and thanked him almost passionately for his goodness to her Christie.

"May Heaven bless you for it: and you will bring me his letter, will you not?"

The next day the scoundrel brought her a letter, which he had written meanwhile in a shaky hand, the signature traced over that of Christopher's real letter. This, put into Christopher's envelope, which he sealed carefully, was received without suspicion by Rosa, who read it tearfully. It ran thus:

"MY OWN ROSA: All that a brother could do for a beloved brother, Falcon has done. He nursed me night and day. But it is vain. I shall never see you again in this world. I send you a protector, and a father to your child. Value him. He has promised to be your stay on earth, and my spirit shall watch over you. To my last breath, your loving husband,

"CHRISTOPHER STAINES."

From this time Falcon was always welcome at Kent Villa. He fascinated everybody, including Mr. Lusignan, showed his diamonds, and insinuated his enormous wealth—his thirty thousand acres, of which a hundred were diamondiferous, and four thousand thirty-foot claims, leased at ten shillings a month, or twenty-four thousand pounds a year, etc.

Mr. Lusignan, thoroughly won over by Falcon, brought all his influence to bear on Rosa to make her accept his advances, and finally ordered the banns to be cried in church.

"Oh! papa, you had no right to do that."

"I think I had—for your good and the good of a true and faithful lover whom you jilted once, and now you trifle with his affection and his interests. He loves you too well to leave you."

The banns were cried a second and a third time; but Rosa still declined to name a day for the wedding. While negotiations

were still in progress Christopher Staines and Phoebe arrived in England. Staines went at once to Gravesend, where he arrived at night, and overheard Lusignan and Falcon discussing the latter's approaching marriage. A strange chill crept over him as he heard Falcon speak of his wife by her Christian name, but he waited until the rascal went into the house. Then Staines threw open the door and followed. Falcon saw death in his face, gave a shriek, fired at him with his revolver, and made for the open window. Staines hurled a chair at him, and both chair and man went out with a dull thud below.

Rosa screamed and swooned away.

"Carry her to her room," said Staines, "and tell her by degrees that I am alive."

Violent and continuous screaming from below attracted Staines and Lusignan. They ran down and found Phoebe trying to lift Falcon off the spikes of the villa fence, on which he was impaled. The servants got him off, but he was insensible and the place was drenched with blood.

Christopher Staines was estranged from Rosa for a time, but a reconciliation was effected by Uncle Philip, who insisted on their coming to live in his house. Phoebe found all the diamonds except one, which Falcon had sold, and offered them to Staines. He sold them for three thousand two hundred pounds, and the big diamond for twelve thousand pounds, and, deducting six hundred for the stone that Falcon had embezzled, gave her over seven thousand pounds.

"But I have no claim on that," said Phoebe.

"You and I are partners—you and Dick and I. The money is honestly yours, Mrs. Falcon; but don't trust a penny to your husband."

"He will never see it, sir. I shall take him back, but he will be little more than a servant in the house now"; and she could still cry at the humiliation of her villain.

A WOMAN-HATER (1878)

This is at once a story of a woman-hater who was conquered by a woman, and a plea for the woman doctor.



YNA KLOSKING, a contralto singer, in search of a husband who has deserted her, met at the Golden Star, Homburg, Mr. Ashmead, a theatrical manager, who persuaded her to sing in opera there. At the Hôtel de Russie, Frankfurt, at the same time, was an English party, consisting of Harrington Vizard, a Barfordshire squire with twelve thousand acres, a *divorcé* and a professed woman-hater; Zoe Vizard, his half-sister, a black-haired beauty, daughter of his father by a Greek mother, who died when she was twelve years old; Fanny Dover, Harrington's cousin once removed, who had resolved to be his wife; and Mr. Edward Severne, a handsome young fellow, a model of strength, agility, and grace, but feminine in some respects and a gambler, in love with Zoe. A fifth member was Aunt Maitland, of uncertain age, acting as chaperon.

One day Lord Oxmoor, also a landed proprietor in Barfordshire, dined with them, and went to Homburg, a half-hour by rail, to see *Faust* at the opera. Severne, who had borrowed £300 of Vizard, was anxious to try his luck at *rouge et noir*, and pretending to visit a sick friend left the party, but he came in between the acts and sat beside Zoe. Zoe described to him a beautiful singer who had taken the part of Siebel. "See!" said she, as Siebel and Marta came on the stage, "isn't she lovely?"

To her amazement Severne turned pale and stared at the majestic, dreamy singer. The blood left his lips, and Zoe thought he was going to faint; then he put his handkerchief

hastily to his face and ran out, indicating by a gesture that his nose was bleeding and that he should soon return. But they saw no more of him until they reached the railway station.

Harrington, the woman-hater, was a lover of music, and had been entranced with Ina Klosking's rendition of Siebel. In one of his confidential talks with Severne, who had been at Oxford with him, he told him that he felt he had met his fate in the opera singer. Severne hung his head and thought hard. He felt that for many reasons it was dangerous to stay longer, and said that he would rather sacrifice the £300, which he had lost, than to expose his friend longer to the fascinations of so captivating a woman as Ina Klosking. But he had found a sure way of recovering his £300 and of winning more if he would only lend him £500 additional on some commercial paper he held, which was not yet payable. The result was that Harrington gave him the £500 and took the notes of Herries and Company.

The ladies, having but one more day before leaving for England, proposed a visit to the Kursaal at Homburg. Harrington expressed also a desire to meet La Klosking, "not to feed my mania," he said, "but to cure it. I have seen her on the stage, looking like the incarnation of a poet's dream. Now let me catch her *en deshaille*, with her porter on one side and her lover on the other: and so to Barfordshire, relieved of a fatal illusion."

Fanny Dover having expressed the opinion that Severne would not go, Zoe asked haughtily on what she founded it.

"I know this," replied Fanny, "you will never get Mr. Edward Severne into one room with Zoe Vizard and Ina Klosking."

Zoe turned very pale, but her eyes flashed defiance.

"That I'll know," said she, with a gasp.

On arriving in Homburg, whither they went without Severne, as Fanny had predicted, Zoe called on Ina Klosking at the Golden Star, but the singer was rehearsing at the opera-house. So Zoe left her card, and the party went to the Kursaal.

Ina Klosking, desirous of trying her luck at the Kursaal after rehearsal, had sent Ashmead to secure a seat for her. Ashmead, in a brown velveteen shooting-coat and a flaming

cravat, had seated himself next to a well-dressed young man, with whom he soon was on familiar terms.

When Vizard and his party entered the room it did not take Zoe long to spy out Severne seated beside the man in the shooting-coat, who she saw was not a gentleman. But her face cleared at sight of him, and she put her finger to her mouth, as if to say: "Let us watch our truant, unseen, a little, before we burst on him."

Severne appeared to lose continually, and four hundred of his five hundred pounds were soon gone. He turned to Ashmead, who had been more lucky, and said, with the superstition of a gambler: "For God's sake, bet for me." With that he thrust fifty pounds into his pocket and gave Ashmead five tens.

"But you must tell me what to do," said Ashmead.

"No, no. Bet your own way, for *me*."

At this he suddenly put his handkerchief to his mouth, made a bolt sidewise, and plunged through the bystanders into the next room. As he disappeared Ina Klosking entered and, seeing the vacant chair, sat down beside Ashmead.

Zoe and her friends stared after the flying Severne, then at the newcomer, and then at each other. What was the meaning of this double incident? Severne left the friend; Mademoiselle Klosking joined the friend, and seemed to be on the best of terms with him. They watched her as she played. "What money have you of mine?" she asked Ashmead. Ashmead gave her some notes, and told her of the fifty pounds the young man had left with him."

"Very well," said she. "I shall take my twenty-five pounds and twenty-five pounds of his, and play."

Ina played calmly, boldly, on the system that had cleared out Severne, and won heavily. At last the croupier announced that the sum set apart for that table was exhausted. The Klosking had broken the bank. Her winnings amounted to four thousand nine hundred and eighty-one pounds. When they reached the hotel Ashmead congratulated her.

"You forget," said she, "this money does not all belong to me. The gentleman with whom we are in partnership can claim half."

"Nonsense," said he, "he can claim only his fifty pounds."

Mademoiselle Klosking made many inquiries concerning the young man, and Ashmead described him as closely as he could. At last she went out and returned with a photograph. When Ashmead saw it he exclaimed: "Why, madam, this is the gentleman—the player; I'd swear to him."

"Ah!" she cried, "I thought so—my Edward!" and sat down, trembling violently. "Where is he?" she asked.

"At the Russic, in Frankfort."

"Order a carriage. We have time to catch the train."

They went to Frankfort and drove to the Russic. They were informed that Mr. Severne was traveling with an English party, and that all had left that morning for England.

"Oh! I am unfortunate," she cried. "Why was I ever born?"

Meanwhile the Vizard party were a hundred and fifty miles on their way to England before the ladies told Severne of Mademoiselle Klosking's phenomenal winnings.

"With my money?" gasped Severne.

"Yes, your friend with the red cravat pocketed it. Harrington says he is her *cher ami*."

"The money is mine!" he shrieked. "I don't care who played with it, it is mine. And the fellow had the impudence to send me back my fifty pounds to the Russic. I'll get out at the next station and return to Homburg."

Zoe was shocked at this. She resolved to lose her lover or have him all to herself; share him she would not, nor even endure the torture of the doubt. She took an envelope out of her satchel and wrote on it: "If you go back to Homburg, oblige me by remaining there."

On reading this he fell back into his seat and leaned his head on his hand in a sort of broken-down, collapsed way that moved her pity, though hardly her respect.

When in London Harrington Vizard one day found a young woman in the garden in Leicester Square, in an almost starving condition, relieved her necessities, and, finding that she was a trained physician, took her down to Barfordshire and installed her in a wing of his farmhouse. Her name was Rhoda Gale, her father an American, her mother English.

The father was dead, the mother in Boston, Massachusetts, trying to settle his estate. Rhoda spoke French and German, had studied medicine in several Continental universities, and had advanced ideas concerning women's education.

When Severne first saw Miss Gale a look of recognition passed between them which was not lost on Fanny Dover. The man saw this and it troubled him greatly, for he dreaded female tongues. Should he make love to Miss Gale, or throw himself on her mercy? Arrived in Barfordshire, he soon had other troubles, for Lord Uxmoor, whose estates were in the same county, appeared on the scene as a devoted admirer of Zoe. Severne exerted himself to the utmost in opposition to this man of rank and wealth, exhibiting himself as an accomplished singer and accompanying his songs on both piano and guitar, but Uxmoor courted Zoe as if Severne did not exist.

Rhoda Gale proved herself invaluable on the estate and in the village, bringing to bear her knowledge of hygiene and teaching the tenants how to live properly. She found rheumatic adults and putty-faced children, saw at once that it was attributable to impure drinking-water, and persuaded Vizard to dig a large well. Vizard approved of all her recommendations, and gave her *carte blanche*.

Uxmoor offered himself to Zoe; but she, infatuated with Severne, declined. Severne meanwhile had sent a detective to Homburg. He wrote back that the story of the forty-nine hundred pounds was true, and that the lady who had won it held half of it for a gentleman whose money she had used. As Severne needed two thousand pounds to clear off a mortgage on his property, he felt that he was justified in asking for Zoe's hand. He asked Vizard for Zoe, saying that he had a small estate worth eight thousand pounds, which he hoped to clear of encumbrances if he could get his money. Harrington smiled upon the pair and said: "Well, you have got love, and I have got money. I'll take care of you both. But you must live with me. I promise never to marry."

Shortly afterward came an eventful day. Vizard got a letter from his bankers that made him stare and then knit his brows. It was about Edward Severne's acceptances. He said nothing, but rode into Taddington. While he was gone a

carriage drove up to the door and a lady was shown into the hall. Zoe, who was passing through, caught sight of her and exclaimed: "Mademoiselle Klosking!"

The lady, pale but firm, said: "You have a visitor—Mr. Severne?"

"Yes," said Zoe. "Here he is, to answer for himself. Edward!"

Severne came forward, uttered a scream of dismay, and staggered back, white as a ghost, but still glared at Ina Klosking.

"What!" cried Zoe, "Edward—Mr. Severne—has this lady any right—"

"No, none whatever," he replied. "It is all past and gone."

Ina Klosking caught Severne by both lapels of his coat and held him firmly.

"Speak, have—I—no—rights—over you?"

The wretch's knees shook. Then he turned wild. "Fiend! you have ruined me!" he yelled, and flinging her madly from him, dashed out of the door.

Ina, taken by surprise, fell heavily, gashed her forehead against the corner of a marble table, and lay senseless, the blood spurting in jets from her temple.

Amid the terror and confusion Harrington Vizard came in from Taddington.

"Water, fools! a sponge! don't stand gaping!"

He raised Ina's head from the floor, and gave one wild cry—"Great God—it is—" He had recognized her.

Fortunately Rhoda Gale came to their assistance, self-possessed and keen, and righted things in fifty seconds. When she had stopped the bleeding she said: "Now seat her upright—why, I have seen her before. This is—sir, you can send the men away."

"Yes," said Vizard; "and, Harris, pack up Mr. Severne's things, and bring them down here this moment."

Zoe, all bowed and broken, sat apart, ghastly pale, and glaring straight before her.

"Poor girl!" said Vizard. "We forgot her. It is her heart that bleeds. Where is the scoundrel, that I may kill him? And he rushed out to look for him. But he soon came back and met Harris with Severne's things.

“Get the lady’s boxes out, and put Mr. Severne’s into the fly and tell him to leave them at the Swan in Taddington.”

And so it happened that Ina Klosking became an inmate of Vizard’s house, occupying the very room that had been Severne’s. All was now changed in the house—dead gloom—hurried whispers—everybody scared—not knowing what might be the next calamity. Zoe kept her room, refusing to come down.

“Where is her pride?” asked Harrington of Fanny. “If she doubts that he is a villain, tell her from me that he is a forger and has given me bills with false names on them. I was coming home to order him out of the house when this miserable business happened.”

Ina Klosking recovered slowly but surely. In the mean time Aunt Maitland, who lived sixty miles away, was taken ill, and Zoe wished to go and attend her. Vizard drove her down and went afterward to Lord Uxmoor, to whom he told how Severne had turned out an impostor and had even forged bills. He deposited the bills with Uxmoor, and asked him for a warrant to commit him if he should come that way, which he did not think likely, as he had advertised that he would be arrested if he ever set foot in Barfordshire. He also told him that he had left Zoe in his neighborhood for a few days, and asked him to keep an eye on her.

Mr. Joseph Ashmead, having lost sight of La Klosking for a fortnight or more, at last traced her to Vizard’s house, where, after satisfying that gentleman that he was only her theatrical agent, he was permitted to see her.

Meanwhile Lord Uxmoor, who had called on Zoe and persuaded her to ride with him, and later had saved her life from an enraged bull, had succeeded in his suit so far that Zoe told Aunt Maitland she was virtually engaged to him, and hoped he would *make* her love him. But that very evening she took a walk in the grounds to a little iron gate leading into a wooded walk, and there stood Edward Severne.

Zoe, startled, was at first cool and distant and upbraided him for his conduct. But he soon explained everything satisfactorily to her and made her believe that he was the wronged one.

“Consider, Zoe. Vizard is madly in love with Mademoiselle

Klosking, and I have been so unfortunate as to injure her. It is for *her* he hates me."

The end of it was that fickle Zoe permitted herself to be again deceived by his specious arguments. She promised him that she would write and reject Uxmoor and consent to a clandestine marriage with him.

When Uxmoor received Zoe's letter he was heart-broken, for he had counted on success. His mother advised him to travel, and he accepted her advice. Before going he rode over to see Rhoda Gale and gave her charge of his estates.

"I wish you to be viceroy," he said, "with full power. Act just as you would if the village belonged to you."

Rhoda told Ina Klosking the whole conversation, and the singer remarked that his going away did not look like successful wooing. Resolved to know more, she wrote a line to Ashmead. The result was that when Severne next interviewed Zoe an old man was gathering mushrooms near the gate. Severne paid little heed to him, but he might have acted otherwise had he known that the white-haired villager was Mr. Joseph Ashmead.

At last the day for Mademoiselle Klosking's departure came. Rhoda Gale was to go with her. The carriage was at the door and Ina went to say good-by to Vizard. She found him in his study with her picture before him. The woman-hater said to her in despair: "Do not go, my darling. Stay here forever, and be my queen, my goddess, my wife!"

"Your wife? Am I dreaming, or you?"

She turned her moist eyes full upon him and said, "This is the greatest honor that ever befell me. I cannot take it."

He tried to persuade her, but she was obdurate. Finally she said: "What shall I do? I think—yes, that will be best—you shall go with me to-day."

"To the end of the world!" he exclaimed.

Vizard seated himself in the carriage opposite Miss Gale and Mademoiselle Klosking, with Ashmead on the box. They drove to the Taddington station and took the train to Bagley, where they procured a two-horse fly. Vizard recognized the direction in which they were going and regretted that he had put himself so blindly under the direction of a woman. But

about half a mile from the village Ashmead tapped on the glass window in front. The carriage stopped. Vizard and Ina Klosking got out, and stood face to face with Severne and Zoe, who were walking arm-in-arm.

"You infernal scoundrel!" roared Vizard.

"No violence!" said Ina Klosking, restraining him.

Severne was panic-stricken and dropped Zoe's arm, but the girl stepped before her lover with flashing eyes and her nostrils breathing defiance.

"I take his arm," she said, "because I have accepted his hand. I am going into Bagley with him to become his wife."

"He is leading you to infamy," said Ina. "He is married already."

At this Zoe turned ashy pale. "Married? It is false. To whom?"

"To me."

"I thought so. Now I know it is not true. He left you months before we ever knew him."

"Look at him. He does not say it is false."

Severne uttered a scream of agony and fled as if the demons of remorse and despair were spurring him with red-hot rowels. He fell in a fit by the roadside and was revived by Ashmead and taken to the inn at Taddington. Ina Klosking told Ashmead to give him twenty pounds every Saturday.

"Twenty pounds!" said Severne to Ashmead. "She owes me two thousand pounds and more. The fool!—to go and peach! She had only to hold her tongue and be Mrs. Vizard, and I should have had my darling, beautiful Zoe."

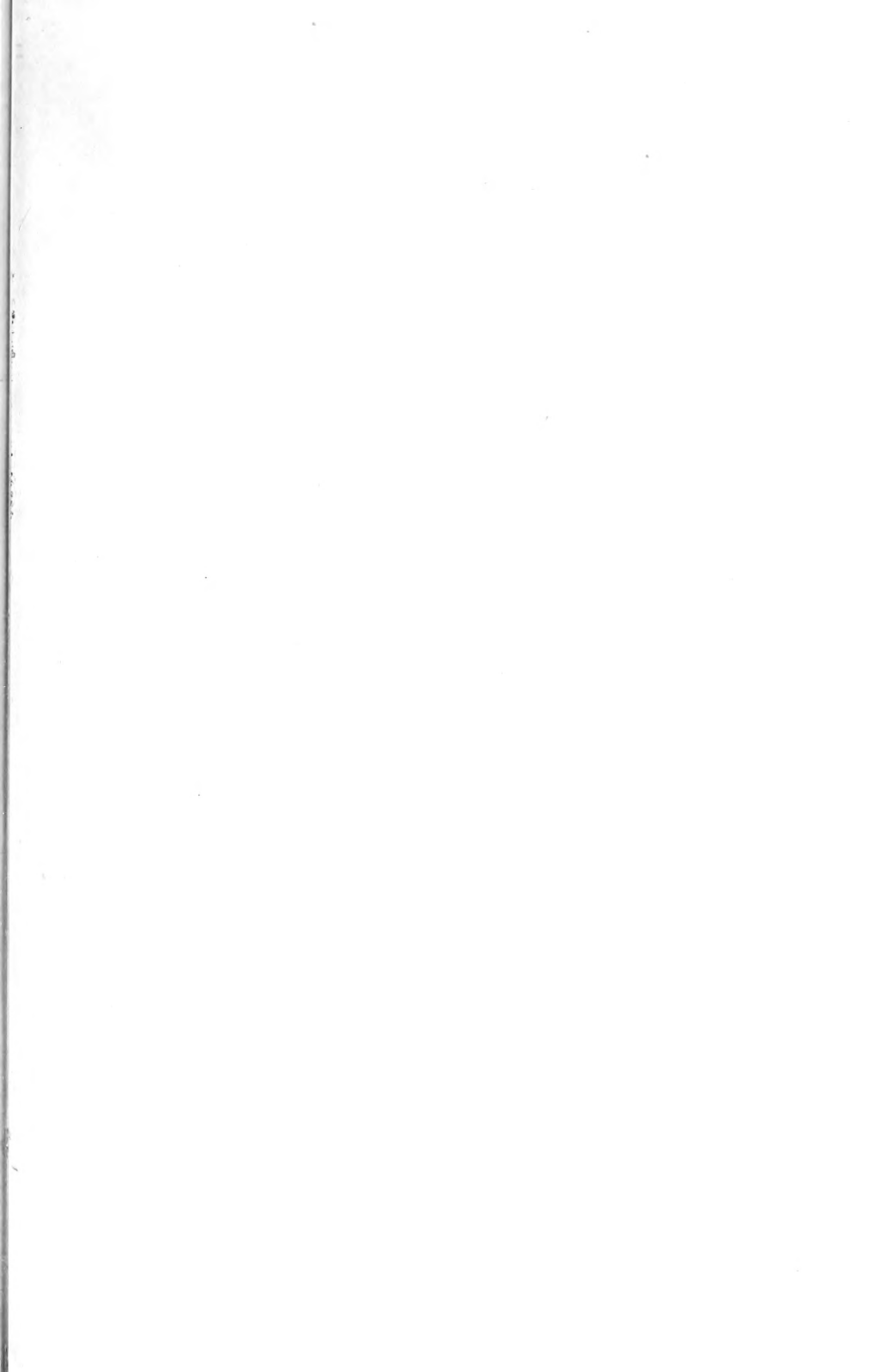
"Then you expected your wife to commit bigamy, and so make it smooth for you?"

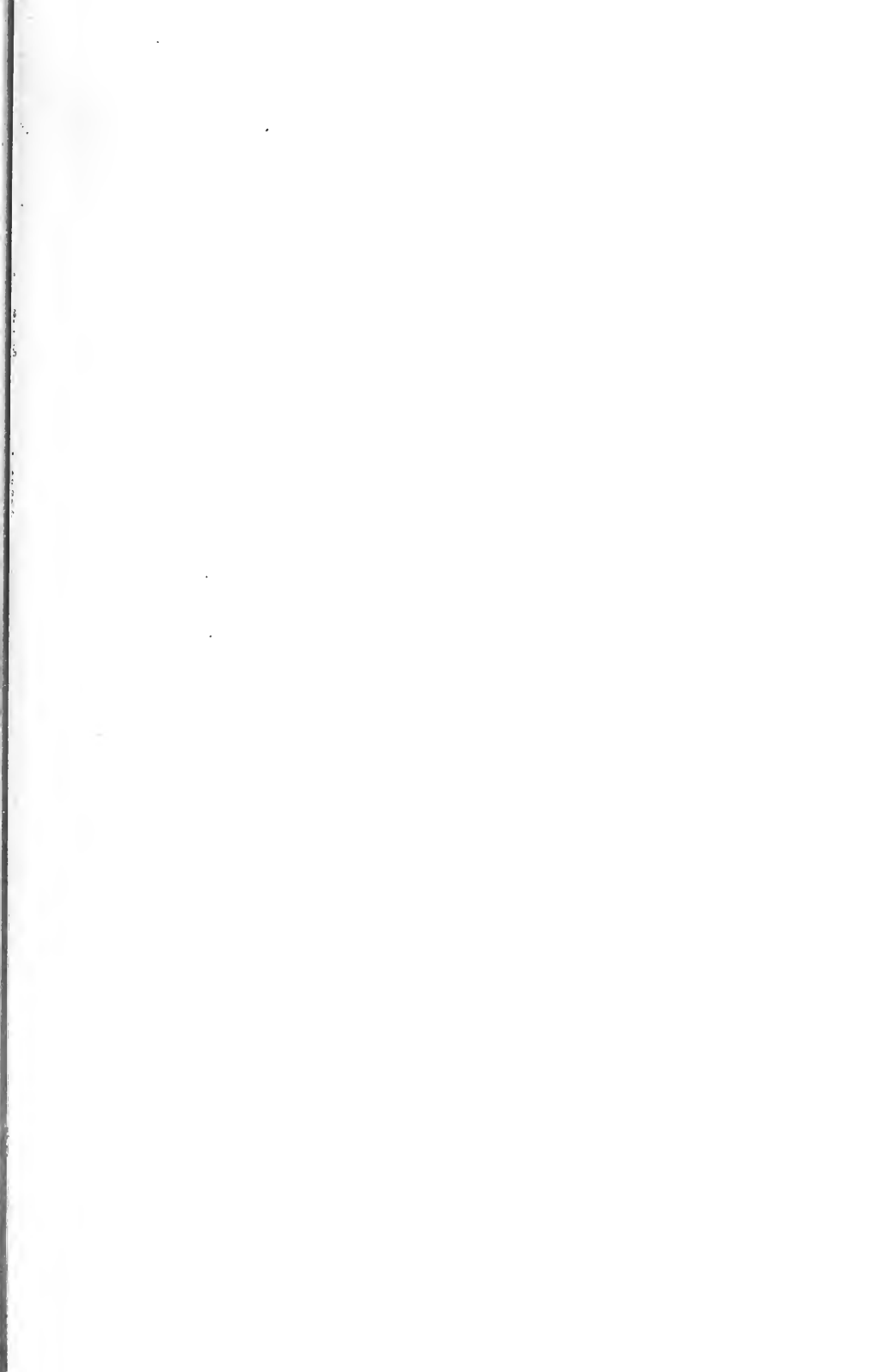
"Of course I did," replied Severne; "and so she would if she had had a grain of sense. Now we're all unhappy—herself included—and it is all her doing."

Ina Klosking returned to the stage and made a great success in oratorio. Severne tried in vain to win her forgiveness, though she supplied him with money to the end. He was finally killed by falling down a trap in the theater while chasing a ballet-girl across the stage. Ina Klosking mourned him sincerely and took her aching heart far away, where she was

lost to the public and to her English friends. But in time Vizard found her in her old home in Denmark and brought her home as his bride.

Meanwhile Lord Uxmoor had persuaded Zoe to forget her troubles, and Ina Vizard and Lady Uxmoor became the acknowledged belles of the county. Fanny Dover, disappointed in her aspirations, consoled herself with Parson Denison, to whom Vizard gave a valuable living. Mrs. Gale, Rhoda's mother, returned from America and leased from Vizard the Hillstoke farm, where she devoted herself to breeding sheep and cattle, while her daughter continued the successful practise of her profession, loved and respected by all.





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