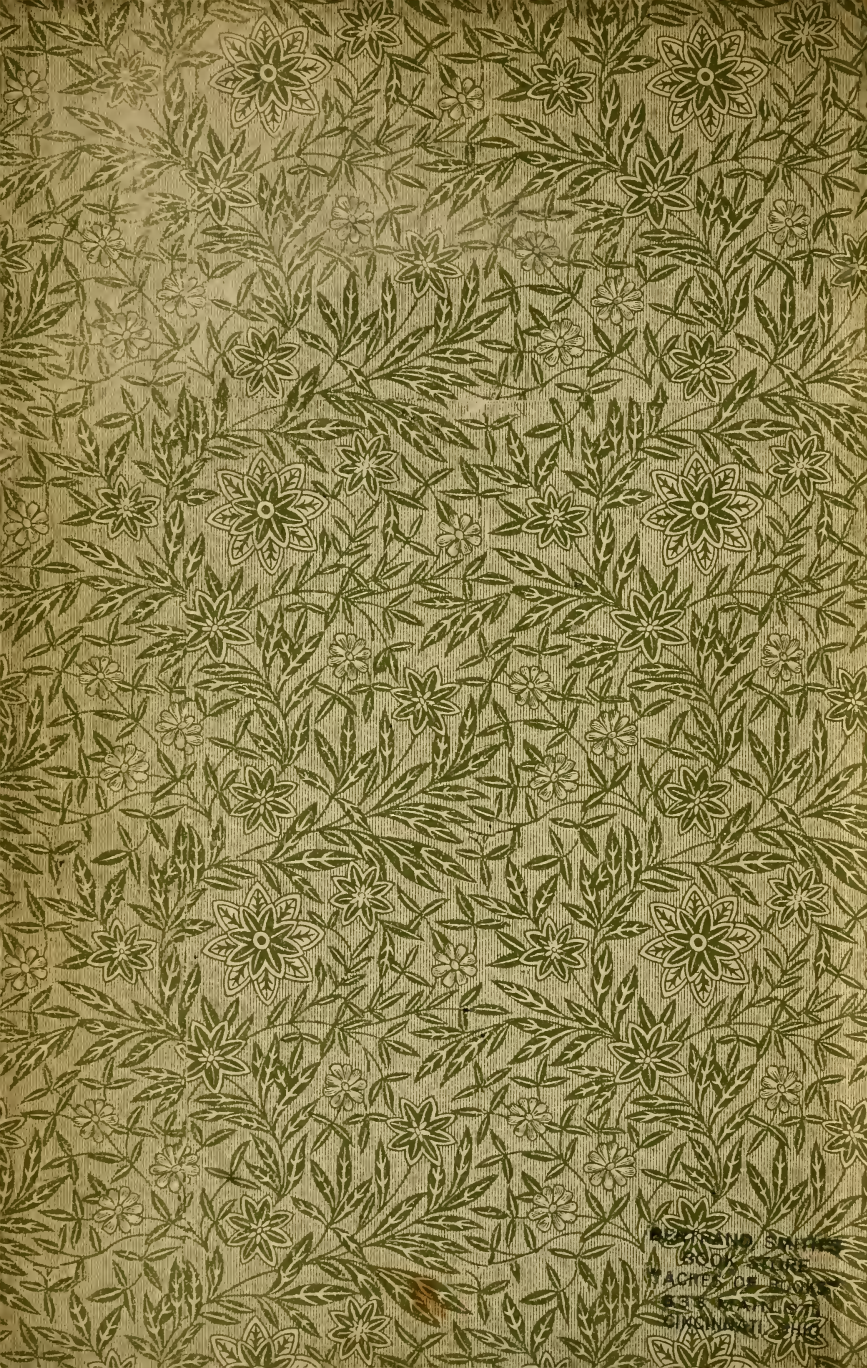
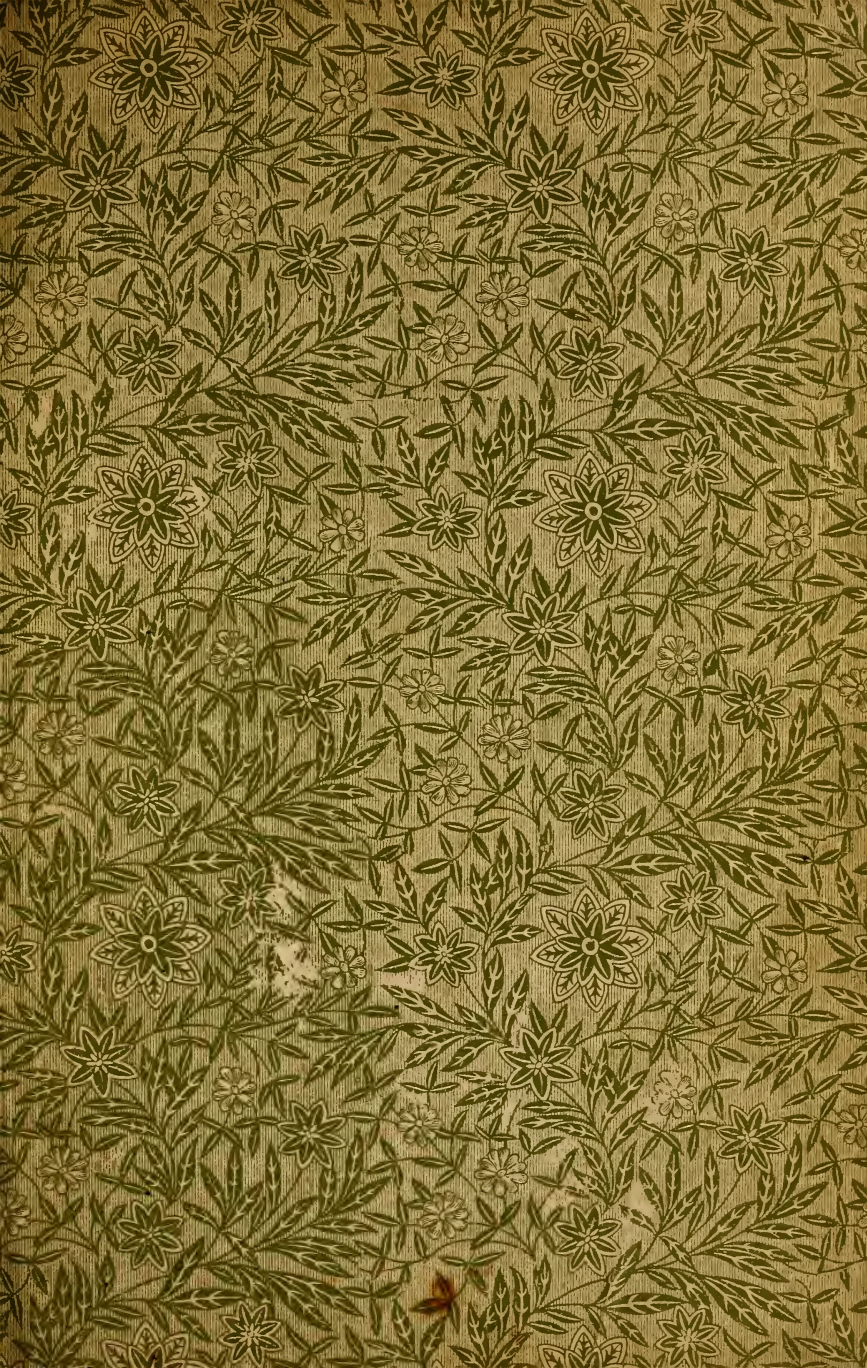




THE BAR-SINISTER



MADE IN SWITZERLAND
FACTORY OF SWITZERLAND
SIX INCHES









THE BAR-SINISTER

A SOCIAL STUDY

“ If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,
'T will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself
Like monsters of the deep.”

—KING LEAR.

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1885

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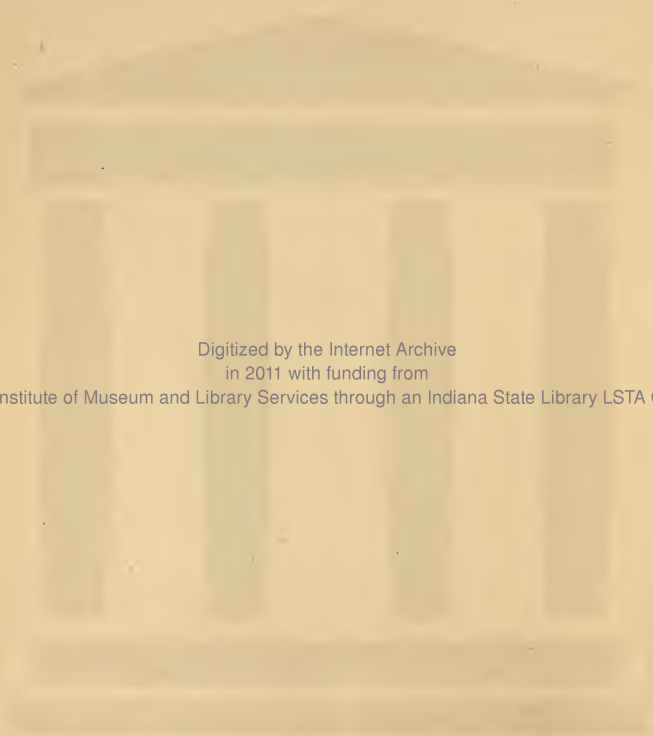
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DEDICATION.

TO REV. GEORGE ALEXANDER, D.D.

Whose tender pity for all suffering humanity ; whose fearless courage in denunciation of wrong-doing, and whose tireless efforts to uplift the downtrodden must always keep him in lively sympathy with whomsoever would strike a blow at recognized evil, this book, which claims no other merit than earnestness of purpose, is dedicated in token of the affectionate esteem of the

AUTHOR.



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PREFACE.

If there be those who complain that the draught herein offered is brackish to the taste, let them bear in mind that men do not draw sweet waters from an impure source. The fountain is brackish and the bitterness of Marah is in its waters!

If there be those who object that the shadows are black and thick, while the lights are pale and shifting, let them bear in mind that men do not look for sunshine under the brooding wing of the storm-cloud!

If there be those who repine at the failure of time to smooth away all furrows and ease every heart-ache herein chronicled, let them bear in mind that men do not gather figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns!

It is but a sheaf of thorns and thistles bound about by a withe of truth that is offered.

THE AUTHOR.



THE BAR-SINISTER.

CHAPTER I.

A TENACIOUS MAN.

ON a certain afternoon of a certain day in a certain month of a year somewhere between 1870 and 1885 Mr. John Quinby, the virtual head of the office in a certain building in New York City, somewhere between Central Park and the Battery, turned the handle of the big office safe to throw the lock off the combination with an air of hurried briskness not often observable in his movements, for Mr. Quinby had reached that altitude of worldly success which entitles a man to a certain amount of latitude in the way of leisurely deliberation. As a rule, Mr. Quinby generally loitered about his snug office after business hours with the air of one whose heart was where his treasure was, and whose body was quite content to linger there also. But on the afternoon in question he got into his light fall topcoat with a decided jerk; crowned his abundance

of short-cropped hair with his tall silk hat with an unusual disregard for its nice adjustment, and drew his gloves on as he walked toward the elevator, projecting an imperative "down!" ahead of him to arrest the machine that threatened to descend without him. All his actions on this exceptional afternoon indicated an undercurrent of impatience that yet seemed entirely devoid of any disagreeable element, unless, indeed, unrest is a disagreeable element, which perhaps it is, but is certainly not so recognized by men who have placed before them a standard of worldly success that they determine to live up to, or a goal they propose to reach, counting all effort, all sacrifice, all privation as nothing weighed in the balances against achievement, or, at best, as so many necessary rounds on the ladder which must be toilsomely climbed to the end.

Mr. Quinby had that day not exactly reached a goal, but he had gotten to a point in that long lane (whose possession of a "turning" he had often doubted) from which he had caught the first glimpse of the goal he had been laboring toward, and the dazzling sight loomed in the near perspective.

No wonder then that Mr. Quinby's usually well-regulated pulse was slightly a-flutter, and no wonder he was impatient to make Mrs. John Quinby a partaker of his pleasurable excitement.

There had been a Mrs. Quinby now for nearly two years. A pretty, gentle-voiced, blue-eyed woman,

something of the Griselda type, but a veritable sharer of his sorrows and partaker of his joys.

The external signs, however, of Mr. Quinby's inward satisfaction were all expended on that brisk "click" to his combination lock, that hurried investment of his topcoat and the putting on of his gloves as he walked. By the time he stepped out of the elevator on the ground floor of Ford, Farnham & Co.'s building he was to all outward seeming the same solidly composed, imperturbable business man, who was as familiar an object in Front street as the blue-coated policeman or the gray-coated letter-carrier of his beat. So assured, indeed, was Mr. Quinby's position as a successful man, that he was already, though still in his early thirties, often utilized to point a moral for the benefit of young men who were not doing as well as might be expected.

"There's Quinby now," some veteran in the ranks of the bread-winners would say to some raw recruit with advisory emphasis, "look at him! Quinby began life as a messenger boy in the house of Ford, Farnham & Co. when he was ten years old at two dollars a week. Yes, sir, *two* dollars a week, and glad enough to get it too. Look at him now! Hale, handsome, happy! Pretty wife, snug home, fifteen thousand a year, not a care in the world! What did he do? He stuck, sir! that is all. Simply stuck; and where is he now? Step by step, round by round, he has climbed the ladder,

the ladder he started on, bear in mind, sir, Ford, Farnham & Co.'s ladder, not skipping all around town to see if somebody wouldn't help him to an easier ladder to climb, until he is just one round below the top. He is as high in the concern now as he can be without being full partner, and that will come before he is much older, for he has made himself essential to them; yes, sir, absolutely essential. They couldn't do without him. He knows it, and they know it, and they all know they know it. That is all you have to do, sir. Find your ladder, plant your feet fast on the first round, take a firm grip of your hand on the next and climb. Do your own climbing. Don't be calling down for some other fellow to give you a boost every round. There's nothing especially wonderful about John Quinby, except his tenacity. He never lets go an idea once he has given it a favorable hearing."

When, with a final "Yes, sir," and a go-thou-and-do-likewise peroration, the veteran who, perhaps, by reason of his own failures in life, felt peculiarly fitted for the position of adviser, would dismiss the recruit with a comfortable sense of having done much toward starting him up the ladder of success. While the recruit would vaguely wish himself John Quinby, or on John Quinby's ladder.

Perhaps Mr. Quinby himself had not so far outlived the struggles of his harder years as to have forgotten the knocks and bruises he endured during the slow

climb which made his later paths of pleasantness all the more agreeable.

Perhaps he even posed for himself as a model worthy of all imitation, not offensively, you know, simply complacently, with conscious unconsciousness; for it stands to reason that each new elevation in the Hill Difficulty, must leave one slightly breathless, and calls a pause long enough for one to give a backward sweep of the eye over the plateau just left behind. Perhaps some such pleasant retrospection as this occupied Mr. Quinby's mind and illumined his fine clear gray eyes as he stood upon the bow of the Jersey City ferry-boat awaiting the dropping of the guard that confined the herded passengers and prevented their impetuous departure from the boat before she was securely windlassed to the pier on the Jersey side of the river, for it was over in the dreamy, pretty, half-forsaken town of Elizabeth that Mrs. John Quinby was nested, and toward which Mr. Quinby was hastening with his burden of good news.

The further behind him Mr. Quinby left the purely commercial atmosphere of his New York office, where every venture was put to the one single test "will it pay?" and the nearer he approached the serene environment of the pretty home in Broad street over which the spirit of love and peace had brooded undisturbed through all his married life, the more conscious he became that there was one mote in the broad ray of

sunshine that had fallen so suddenly across his pathway that day. He wondered if Anna—that was Mrs. Quinby—would mistake this mote for a beam—women are given to exaggerations of that sort, and, as a rule, the better the woman the greater the exaggeration. He should be sorry to have his wife magnify things uncomfortably; not that it would make any material difference in the result, only, he should prefer that what he regarded as a mote, should be regarded as a mote, and nothing more than a mote, in Mrs. Quinby's eyes too. But with all her gentleness and habitual submissiveness Mrs. Quinby had great reserves of obstinacy and self-will that asserted themselves at the most unexpected junctures. He smiled in perplexed amusement to think what a rich juncture he was about to offer for the exercise of both. To make no longer mystery of Mr. Quinby's secret source of satisfaction and of apprehension he had, that day, and without the harsh intervention of death, either, (he had long ago settled the date of his co-partnership as the date of death for one of the firm), been taken into full partnership with Ford, Farnham & Co., who, having resolved to extend their business by establishing a branch house in Salt Lake City, had decided that John Quinby was better qualified than the older heads of the house to take the helm in those untried waters. In all of which Mr. Quinby had fully agreed with them; in fact, had experienced some difficulty in hiding from his heads the full measure of

elation he experienced. But nature does not bestow the iron jaw and square-hewn chin which were among Mr. Quinby's most marked physical points meaninglessly. He had received the great proposition with a fine show of indifference and told Messrs. Ford, Farnham & Co., that he would let them know in ten days whether or not he would go. Go! of course he would go. He repeated this decision so often and with such seeming disproportion of emphasis to himself, as he traveled towards his quiet home in quaint Elizabeth, that he finally turned upon the opposition and stood at bay. Mrs. Quinby unconsciously posed for the opposition. "Anna was a sweet woman but a trifle narrow." As Mr. Quinby thus mentally summed up the moral forces against which he was bracing his nerves to contend, he stroked the long mustache that drooped gracefully away from his upper lip until its foxy red ends rested on his strong, square chin, as who should say, however open Mrs. Quinby might be to the charge of narrowness, Mr. Quinby was singularly free from it. Yes, Anna was rather more than a trifle narrow. More the result of education, he supposed, than any constitutional deficiency, but the consequences were nevertheless unpleasant. Now Mr. Quinby had not been the somewhat masterful husband of his wife for nearly two years without having acquired an intimate knowledge of all the possibilities of every conceivable situation.

The possibilities of the present situation were any

thing but re-assuring. He smiled pityingly all to himself, as he left the cars and struck off afoot up the quiet, shady street toward his home, as he pictured her look of horror and heard her plaintive "Oh! John, Utah!" Yes, he knew well enough beforehand, if a residence in Salt Lake City struck his un-Mormonized mind with just enough of repulsion to produce a mote in his sunlight, it would assume the magnitude of an enormous beam in his wife's view. All women were incapable of taking large views on some subjects. This was one of them. He wished that the grand news of his advancement might have been without any drawback at all. But although arrogantly aware that he was the architect of his own future, he had to build with such tools as he must, not as he would. No doubt Mrs. Quinby would even try to turn him from his resolve. He laughed dryly at the folly of such an attempt. He knew beforehand just what arguments she would use. Anna was not only a trifle narrow, she was entirely devoid of ambition. Perhaps that was very well in view of her sex. She would argue that the house they lived in had been her home ever since she was born and no other spot could ever seem like home to her. Quite, you know, as if a pile of crumbling bricks and mortar that had the one virtue of familiarity, should be allowed to compete with the colossal structure of Mr. Quinby's success in life! She would say she was as happy as she could be where she was, and more comfortable than she

could be any where else. Anna always took such a narrowly personal view of every suggestion! Yes, he flattered himself he had made her happy and comfortable. All the more reason why *now* she should be willing to sacrifice something to his interests. She was sure to say, "they were well enough as they were." But a man is never well enough if a better state of affairs is possible. That better possibility had after all come to him rather unexpectedly after his long waiting for it, and it had not come in just the shape he had asked it of Fate. For the definite demand he had preferred at the courts of destiny some time ago, was for a full partnership in the firm of Ford, Farnham & Co., without the condition of exile annexed. As, however, with all his iron will, Mr. Quinby had never yet been able to bend destiny into subserviency, he was content to take the coveted partnership, annex and all, and pronounce it altogether good.

That Anna would not, he was quite aware in advance. But then, Anna and destiny were in no one particular alike. He was as sure of his ability to manage the one as he was of his inability to cope with the other. "She's sure to kick at first," said Mr. Quinby, settling his wife's status, as he fitted the latch key into his front door, "but she'll soon give in."

Mr. Quinby was not unique in that he was always prepared to accept the sacrifice of his wife's individuality in bland unconsciousness that any sacrifice was involved.

CHAPTER II.

MOTES AND BEAMS.

MR. QUINBY was too shrewd a humanist to undervalue strategy in the domestic circle, and too much of an epicurean to mix emotion with his salad dressing. He preferred to bide his time for the telling of his important news, rather than risk cooling his soup with Mrs. Quinby's tears, or taking the flavor out of his roast-beef by eating it opposite a frowning spouse. Arguments, he judged, were never more indigestible than when served up with cold potatoes. Moreover, the dinner-table is not a good strategic point. One always runs the risk of having a telling point drowned in the clatter of knives and forks, or the loss of dramatic pause, by the exigent hunger of his auditors. So he sat at the head of his nicely appointed dinner-table in self-contained serenity, beaming impartially on Mrs. Quinby, who was looking prettily conscious of a new blue dress just home from the dress-maker, and the one other member of his small household, with very much the sensations of a man whose pockets are full of dynamite of which he intends presently to make active use.

The "one other member" of Mr. Quinby's household was his brother Anthony, his senior by some six years, and his only living relative. Only a fragment of a relative after all, physically speaking, for Anthony Quinby had brought back from the battle of Gettysburg scarcely more than enough of a once handsome person to contain his lofty soul and big heart, useless for all the practical purposes of life, unless it was to act as a sort of moral ballast to his younger and more worldly minded brother.

People who dropped in of evenings on the Quinbys (and, notwithstanding its close proximity to New York City, the social art of dropping in, is still extant in Elizabeth) always went away freshly impressed with the placidity of the atmosphere in the Quinby household. Anthony, who was saved from a galling sense of dependence on his brother by his ability to write acceptable articles for the New York papers and magazines, contributed to the amusement of the family-circle by reading aloud of evenings. Mr. Quinby, slippered and cigared, divested of his Front street activities and Wall street anxieties for the time being, resolved himself, usually, into an amiable absorbent of whatever his wife had to tell him verbally, or Anthony dispense oracularly from the printed page, and was conscious of his own extreme satisfaction with the general management of his affairs by his agent Fate; while Mrs. Quinby accepted the goods the gods provided with un-

questioning belief that so long as she did nothing the decalogue distinctly forbade her doing, she would be left in undisturbed possession of her happiness, her home, and of—John! That her undivided possession of this last element of happiness should ever be questioned never once entered her wildest imaginings.

But on this especial evening Mr. Quinby did not feel equal to listening to Felix Holt for an hour or two without disburdening himself, as admirable as that work of fiction was, and as well as Anthony read it.

“Suppose we give Felix a rest to-night,” he suggested, inserting one plea for the radical and two for himself, as he lighted his own cigar and held the match to Anthony’s. “I have something to talk to you and Anna about to-night, which I think will interest us all much more than finding out how Felix is going to get out of jail.”

“And it’s something very nice, I’m quite sure,” says Mrs. Quinby, looking at her husband with her pretty head very much on one side. But Mr. Quinby’s full gaze just then was fixed upon the gas-flames that danced over the asbestos logs in a pretty conspiracy with them to cheat the ignorant into a belief that they were enjoying a delightful old-fashioned wood fire. His profile was non-committal, so Mrs. Quinby unpinned the handkerchief she had brought from the much be-ribboned work-basket in the corner, and laying its folded corners back, took up a mysterious study in blue floss on white

cashmere that had occupied her fingers for so many evenings now that the most unobservant of men must long since have discovered it to be a thing of parts, with backs and fronts and sleeves, all of the most miniature proportions and fairy-like delicacy.

“Yes; it is something good; something very good I may say. I will give you two guesses apiece. You first, Mrs. Q.”

“West Shore bonds have gone way up!” says Mrs. Quinby in a voice of elated conviction that nothing better could possibly happen for them all, as even she and Anthony have dabbled timidly in that stock.

“No; West Shore bonds are tumbling clean out of sight.”

“Why don’t you sell out then?” Anthony interpolates practically.

“Haven’t been able yet to find any body anxious enough to sacrifice himself for my benefit. Guess again, Anna.”

“They are going to put another window in your office so that you shall not die of malaria in that dark hole.”

Mrs. Quinby offers this second guess with moderate confidence only. She feels sure that, important as it has always seemed to her, and vigorously as she has insisted on it, after every visit to her husband’s rather poorly lighted office, John was not likely to think it worth a guess or a pleasant mystification.

Mr. Quinby's contemptuous laugh told her she had far undershot the mark.

"Well, Tony, it's your turn; Anna's ideas of good news are rather meek and lowly."

"You've got the partnership," says Anthony in a positive voice. He was quite sure that nothing less would account for the gleaming triumph in John's eyes.

"But no!" Mrs. Quinby's voice was full of awed incredulity.

"But yes!" Mr. Quinby turned his illumined face from the dancing gas jets full upon his wife and brother. The dancing light seemed to abide in his clear, gray eyes and make him adorably handsome in Anna's fond estimation.

"Who is dead?" she asks, ready to moderate her transports in accordance with the demands of decency, but prepared to bear the death of either one of the firm with fortitude and resignation.

"Nobody! at least, neither Ford nor Farnham, nor Colfax, our 'Co.'"

"But I thought you said all along, John, that they had no more use for another partner than a wagon had for two tongues."

"Neither have they in New York, but they propose to branch out," says Mr. Quinby.

"Branching out" had such an opulent sound that Mrs. Quinby just gave a little gurgle of satisfaction,

and sat quite mute, ready to receive the magnificent details of the scheme that promised advancement for John.

“In what direction?”

Just there Mr. Quinby found it expedient to close the inside shutters to the front window immediately behind his back. He said something about a draught when he got up, and something else about sand bags when he sat down again. He had rather Anthony had not voiced his interest in the subject in form of so direct a question.

“Yes,” he answered, quite as if they had all had time to forget every thing that had gone before, “we have outgrown New York. We want more elbow-room,” he adds, expansively, while Anna murmurs ecstatically, “delightful!”

“It’s a pretty solid concern, I guess,” says Anthony, contributing a generalization this time.

“I should say so. The rock of Gibraltar isn’t any more solid.” Mr. Quinby is quite willing to dally with his finale.

“There are three very solid men at the head of it, too. Respectable in every way. And good sound Christian principle underlying all their operations. Ford and Colfax are both stanch members of Dr. John Hill’s church. Farnham, I believe, goes to Talman’s over in Brooklyn. Didn’t we hear Mrs. Farnham say so, Anna?”

“I really don't know. Yes, I believe she did, John, but I don't feel at all positive. It's been a year since I saw Mrs. Farnham.” Mrs. Quinby tried to bestir her one-idea'd soul to some interest in the moral welfare of Ford, Farnham & Co., but was conscious of a shameful apathy in that direction. At present *the partnership* was all that her mind could chamber.

“Excellent men, all of them, who would neither do themselves nor ask another man to do any thing contrary to the laws of right and wrong,” says Mr. Quinby, continuing the building of his fortifications against the hour of attack. “I've never had occasion to think any thing but well of them, collectively, and individually, since the day I entered their office as a messenger boy at two dollars a week.”

Mrs. Quinby winced perceptibly, and gave rather a spiteful twitch to the needful of blue floss that was just then defining a scallop in the white cashmere. Of course it was a matter of family history that John had begun thus humbly, but one's antecedents were somewhat like one's ancestors, only to be served up when occasion required, not hauled in for daily inspection or criticism. The days of John's messenger-boy-ship ante-dated her acquaintance with him, and she did not propose to cultivate him so far back.

“Well, to make a long story short, the house sent for me this morning, and told me of the final determination to establish a branch-house with me as its full

head and manager, as the 'Co.' of the New York house of Ford, Farnham, Colfax & Co., with the understanding that the death or retirement of any member of the old firm was to entitle me to step into his vacant place. Handsomer showing or more liberal terms, I could not ask."

"But where are you to branch to, John?" asks Mrs. Quinby, naturally interested, as the branching process must involve herself as well as husband.

Mr. Quinby flung the remnant of his first cigar into the highly ornamental cuspadore that flanked the asbestos logs on his side of the fire-place; bit off the end of a second and lighted it at Anthony's glowing one; assumed an attitude of rather over-done composure and projected his explosive into the bosom of his family: "Salt Lake City!"

"Utah!" Anthony and Anna both demanded in a breath.

"My geography makes mention of no other," says Mr. Quinby, preparing to get behind his fortifications and man his guns.

"Oh! John!"

"Well?"

He turned his very coldest face toward his wife. He had taken unusual pains, he flattered himself, to place the advantages of this partnership before her. He did not propose to temporize any further. Projecting his vision into the future, he saw himself living in the

iniquitous capital of the Mormons, among them but not of them, setting a shining example of monogamic virtue to the weaker brethren around him, even proselyting them, by sheer force of example, to forsake the error of their ways and cleave only unto one wife at a time. Not that he had argued it all out on this base. He simply did not care a continental for the social relations or religious peculiarities of the dwellers in that lovely valley. There was money and preferment waiting for him there and he was going after them, that was all!

Projecting her vision into the future Anna saw her husband surrounded by influences confusing to the most well established principles. Saw him living in an atmosphere of such moral be-fogment that the forms of duty and morality all became distorted and monstrous. Saw John first enduring, then pitying, then embracing the hideous monster of Mormonism. Saw her own husband, her own exclusive, dear husband, reduced to a sum in complex fractions, herself only one of numberless numerators with John for a common denominator. Salt Lake City had but one aspect for her as a woman. That aspect was altogether vile. She sat dumb and white while her husband proceeded volubly to give Anthony a fuller idea of the scope and intention of the new branch house.

Mr. Quinby was rather unprepared for this muteness of protest on his wife's part. It threw him some-

what out in his reckoning. He had expected wordy opposition and had his ammunition all ready for a return charge. But how can a man argue against the white pain in a woman's face, or combat the mournful plea of a troubled eye? She sat near enough for him to touch her. He laid his large warm hand on hers, as she sat with them folded in her lap. Hers were as cold as two little lumps of ice and as unresponsive to the affectionate pressure, which, perhaps, in all their married life had never before failed of its mission. Strategy and coaxing are widely differing agencies. Mr. Quinby frequently condescended to strategy, never to coaxing.

"Your hands are cold," he said, quite as if her physical temperature were the prime thing under consideration, and left his warmer one covering them just long enough to make sure that no response was coming.

"Have you quite decided?" Anthony asked, looking quickly away from Anna's white face to the asbestos logs.

"Quite."

Mr. Quinby's voice was altogether uncompromising.

Mrs. Quinby folded up the study in blue floss with dainty precision, pinned the corners of the handkerchief together, and said as she came back empty-handed from the be-ribboned work-basket:

"I think, John, if you and Anthony will excuse me, I will go to bed."

“Do, my dear. You look tired.” Mr. Quinby got up, and encircling his wife’s waist with his arm, while he held his cigar well out of her face, affectionately kissed her good-night. There was no doubt about it. Mr. Quinby rarely left undone any one of the things a good husband ought to do.

When the two men were alone Anthony drew nearer to the gas logs, and idly poking the shining brass tongs which belonged to the fiction of the wood-fire, into the shooting jets of flames, asked without looking at his brother :

“Will it be a very immediate thing?”

“The opening of the branch house?”

“Yes.”

“I presume it will. They are only waiting for my answer.”

A relieved look came into Anthony’s face. “You have not given it, then?”

“No. I have not given it to them. I have no idea of letting them see how eagerly I nibble at the hook.”

“Anna don’t like it, evidently,” says Anthony.

“I was quite prepared for opposition in that quarter. I’m sorry, but it can not be helped.”

“Perhaps she wouldn’t mind it so much at any other time.”

Mr. Quinby stared.

“You know it will be pretty rough on her to give up

her familiar surroundings and her mother and her own doctor just now."

"By George, Tony, you ought to have been a woman."

Anthony flushed dark red, and the shining tongs fell back alongside their shining comrades, shovel and poker, with a metallic ring. John reached over, and, putting an apologetic hand upon his brother's knee, said with affectionate warmth of voice and eye,

"Don't misunderstand me, old fellow. I simply meant you were so deucedly thoughtful, just like a woman for all the world. You've pointed out a hitch that had never suggested itself to me."

"Perhaps you could get them to let the branching out lay over until you know—well, until after—"

A contemplative silence fell between the two men. Anthony was thinking that if he succeeded in getting the day postponed, perhaps Providence would lend a helping hand to get the scheme broken up altogether. John was inquiring of conscience how things could be worked out so as to leave him void of offense toward the wife who was the dearest woman in all the world, and yet not jeopardize the partnership which would elevate him to the very highest round of the ladder he had been climbing so patiently and hopefully. He finally broke the silence with his most dictatorial voice :

"I have thought of a way, Anthony, to smooth mat-

ters for all of us. I certainly can not afford to throw away the thing I have been working up to all those years, just as it lies within my grasp. I'm not going to say I wouldn't rather the lines had fallen to me here in New York. I am sorry Anna takes it so much to heart. It is quite absurd, you know, and I beg of you not to show her in any way that you share her foolish prejudices in this matter. I can see that you do. I confess I had looked for something a little broader from you. Hang it all! am I a piece of putty to be punched into any shape by a lot of latter-day saints or devils for whom I haven't any more respect than for a herd of cattle? If I find that in order to secure this partnership I must go out immediately, I shall do so. I owe it to myself, to my wife and to our children," he added, projecting his sense of responsibility a little in advance. "Mrs. Quinby can remain here, in her own house, where her mother and her own physician are within stone-throw, until she is able to join me. Then you will bring her out to me, and we will take up in that new land, the old happy life we've led here plus another element I hope. I'll talk to Anna to-night."

And with a sense of having cut the only knot he was not skillful enough to untie, Mr. Quinby stretched his fine legs luxuriously along the Smyrna rug, as he leaned back in his bent-wood chair and sent long wreaths of smoke silently curling ceilingward.

Looking at him as he sat there in masterful serenity,

Anthony Quinby gave fleeting audience to a train of bitter reflection :

How would it have been if he had come back from the wars whole and straight and strong as John was now? John was a mere stripling when he, Anthony, had gone away from Elizabeth with his heart full of patriotism and love for Anna Abbott. He had meant to tell her if he got back safe, but he hadn't gotten back safe, at least not sound. He had gotten back lopped of an arm and with a distorted shoulder and an ugly scar on his cheek. All his beauty gone!

So he had never told Anna, or any body else, about the foolish fancies he had fed his heart on, in the joyless days of bivouac and battle, and he had kissed her for the first time when John had presented her to him as a sister, and with God's help he would be her true and loyal brother unto the bitter end.

"Well," he said aloud, rising, and reaching for his cane, "I suppose you are going to arrange matters to suit yourself."

"I am most likely to do so," says John, smiling up at him blandly through his smoke-wreaths.

"Good night!"

"Good night, Tony."

And slumberous silence soon fell on the little house in Broad street.

CHAPTER III.

TWO LETTERS OF ONE DATE.

ON the evening of August the fifteenth of the year 188—, Mr. John Quinby, sitting at a writing table in the reading room of the Walker House, Salt Lake City, wrote to his brother Anthony as follows:

“ My dear Tony—As my last was to Anna this shall be to you, but as I suppose my letters are common property—at least what is yours is hers, if hers is not yours—it will do for the family. Moreover, I expect more from you in the letter line than from my dear little wife, who, no doubt, is troubled about many things at present. My best thoughts are with her and of her constantly, and I take immense delight in picturing to myself the happiness we will all take up again soon, just where we dropped it a little while back. At present, although living *en garçon*, I am altogether comfortable in spite of my separation from my dear ones.

“ I continue to be charmed with the physical features of this singularly blessed region, and my respect is also imperatively demanded for the men who have in so

marvelously short a period of time, rescued a wilderness and caused it to blossom like a garden.

“As I wrote Anna, I am located at the Walker House, where I have first-class accommodations at very reasonable rates. The city is well provided with good hotels, and in point of thrift, honesty and neatness we Gentiles might take many a lesson from these Saints. The city has an altitude of four thousand two hundred and sixty-one feet above the sea level and the climate is absolutely perfect, in my estimation. The mean summer temperature is about seventy-four degrees, and, although at present we have reached the maximum of ninety, the heat never continues into the night, and I wish I might hope that you and Anna were enjoying the delightfully refreshing breeze that keeps my paper a-flutter. There is no comparison between the comfort of this climate and the average eastern climate of the same latitude, and you know when a man has reached the point of pulling down the scales at one hundred and eighty pounds he is in a frame of mind to appreciate such advantages.

“Bring my sweet wife over to me, Tony, well and strong, for there is much in this curious land for her bright eyes to see, and all the time I can possibly spare from my business shall be devoted to winning her over to a genuine liking for the spot which, in all probability, will be our home for a good many years to come. She will never know what it cost me to come

away without the supreme satisfaction of believing that she finally acquiesced in the wisdom as well as the necessity for this move on my part.

“Salt Lake City is in itself quite imposing, laid off with geometrical precision and yet not sacrificing its natural beauties. Each street is one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, including the sidewalks, which are twenty feet in width. The majority of the streets are bordered with shade trees and running brooks, the foliage of the former concealing the houses so completely at this season of the year that the city has the appearance of an immense grove.

“Mormon architecture is characterized rather by solidity than elegance, and the stamp of Brigham Young's individuality is everywhere perceptible. One involuntarily pays tribute of respect to the mind which could so dominate all other minds that fell within the scope of its magic influence.

“One of the most curious objects of interest to me here is the ‘Tithing Store.’ It is the custom of the Mormons to pay their tithes and donations to the church in kind. The farmer brings the products of his farm, the herder of the increase of his flocks, the merchant of his merchandise and so on ad infinitum, a truly patriarchal system, which, indeed, is the system upon which the entire social fabric rests, with a strong under-pinning of Biblical authority; but the result (of the tithing I mean, not of Mormonism) is a complicated

assortment of produce, grain, vegetables, poultry, cattle and merchandise, which strikes one fresh from the speculative region of Wall street as ponderously inconvenient, viewed as change.

“I am told that the material thus accumulated is paid out to the men who work on the Temples, the public lands, clerks and others; goes toward the support of the poor, is doled out to friendly Indians, and, in short, answers every purpose of exchange as thoroughly well as a more portable currency.

“During the summer season two trains run daily to Black Rock and Garfield Landing, and you, who are familiar with my amphibious nature, can imagine the delight I experience in taking the late train, after business hours, for the sole purpose of enjoying a bath in the buoyant waters of the lake. The least possible effort is necessary to keep one's equilibrium, and sinking is out of the question. In the long sunny days of mid-summer the water becomes deliciously warm, much more so than ocean water.

“I am more than ever convinced that Ford, Farnham & Co. did a wise thing in establishing this branch just at this time. It was a necessity of the trade here, and consequently is meeting with more immediate success than I had dared hope for. The men with whom my business brings me in contact are, as a rule, shrewd, clear-headed, upright and practical, with very decided views on the subject of money making and money

keeping. I have no quarrel with them on that score. So far Utah contains no social life for me. I am little better than a machine without Anna and you, my two good angels.

“Do write to me that she is brave and cheerful and reconciled. She is so thoroughly conscientious that once she yields a point it is never raked up for fresh discussion. That is one of her rare attributes. The sweet and lovable ones are many, but you know the number and the order of them as well as I do. I have written thus fully so that you may see what sort of life your absentee is living in his exile.”

On the evening of August the fifteenth of the year 188—, Mr. Anthony Quinby, sitting at a writing table under the drop-light in the little library of his brother's Elizabeth home, wrote to that brother as follows:

“My dear John—I have the library all to myself to-night and am taking dismal comfort in filling it with tobacco smoke in hopes of driving away a few of the pestiferous musquitoes that make life in New Jersey a burden at this time of the year. They are laying siege to every vulnerable point of me at once, and if I were to write just as I feel I am afraid this would be a stinging epistle. We are having infernally hot weather here just now, which, however, distresses me more on Anna's account than on my own.

“Mrs. Abbott spends most of her time with us lately, and Anna keeps up a pretty fair show of cheerfulness.

We miss you rather more, I think, than when you first left. Then it seemed simply like one of the short trips you so often took. The little woman to-day wreathed your photograph that hangs over the parlor mantel in smilax, remembering what I had forgotten, that it was your birth-day. Thirty-five! What an ancient of years you are getting to be!

“There is literally nothing of interest to write you about. The ‘haps’ of Elizabeth are born moldy. The only ripple on the stagnant pool that floats society here is the return of Dr. Ambrose’s daughter, in consequence of which the clever old fellow seems to have undergone a spiritual rejuvenescence. It is pathetic to witness his happiness at having her back. He says he has just begun to live, and wonders how he existed so long ‘without Effie.’ To a stranger, Miss Ambrose seems scarcely to warrant such ecstasy of devotion, even in a doting old man’s breast, but perhaps you will remember her better and more favorably than I do, for, if I do not mistake, in the callow days of your school vacations she received a large proportion of your attentions. But all that was before you had seen Anna. She is called ‘very smart’ by the boys, who are afraid of her, and ‘eccentric’ by the older men, to whom her physical angularity does not recommend her. She and Anna have picked up the old girl friendship and knotted it together with that easy skill women have for mending things that have been broken

a long time. I think the episode of her return has done your wife good. If you remember she left here at the time of her mother's death to live with a maiden aunt. Maiden aunt is gone too, now, leaving Miss Ambrose quite an heiress in her own right. She is here about as much as Mrs. Abbott is, which is to say pretty much all the time. Dr. Ambrose hovers over them both (our Anna and his Effie, I mean, not Mrs. Abbott) in the most fatherly fashion.

“Veritably I ought to have been a woman, as you half-contemptuously say sometimes. I have sat about the house in my helpless worthlessness until there's no grist left in my mental mill but the shrunken grains of village gossip.

“As for commercial gossip and Wall street *on dits*, *vide The Commercial Advertiser, The Tribune, and The Post*, all of which I mail you with this.”

An hour later, as Anthony, just returned from dropping this letter into the nearest mail-box, was hanging his hat on the rack in the hall, Mrs. Abbott suddenly appeared before him with a face full of importance. “Telegraph to John, please, that his son Abbott Quinby is a remarkably fine child, and that Anna is quite well,” she said peremptorily, and vanished.

“Bless my soul!” said Anthony, standing still, with his arm upraised, quite as if nothing of the sort had ever been contemplated. Then he put his hat slowly on, and went out into the night again, pondering over

the ever old, ever-new mystery of life, and breathing a prayer that all might be well for this last comer into a world where things had such a faculty for getting themselves into a snarl. "Perhaps," he said to himself a little later, as he softly tip-toed through the hall to reach his bedroom noiselessly, "if the time ever comes when Anna needs a comforter—an earthly one I mean—she may find it in the little chap who has just got here."

Who knows!

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOCTOR'S PERPLEXITIES.

DR. AMBROSE walked home that night from the Quinbys' in a sagely reflective mood. He had time to indulge in such, now that he was relieved from all anxiety concerning "John's wife," which was the form in which he always thought of Mrs. Quinby, who had been entrusted to his guardianship by her husband with great impressiveness.

"She has fretted so," he had said, in self-excuse to himself for worrying, "over this idiotic move of John's to Utah, that I did not know what the consequences might be." But John's wife was all right now, and the doctor walked slowly homeward through the sleeping town with no harsher sound to disturb his sage reflections than the fall of his own heavy tread upon the deserted sidewalks, or the quicker and more imperious footsteps of some blue-coated policeman, who watched while honest men slept. Dr. Ambrose was an old-fashioned man, with an assortment of old-fashioned notions, and one of his favorite topics of thought, as well as of conversation, was woman and her destiny. Not a strikingly

original topic, one must admit, but one with which, in his capacity as physician, the doctor came into close and frequent contact. Having forewarned you that he was old-fashioned, you will not expect to find him entertaining any but the most orthodox views on this subject. Woman's prime mission in life, he held, was to marry and to rear children. And she who shirked these duties was little short of reprehensible.

John Quinby's wife, as he had just left her, white, languid, quiescent, with her arms folded rapturously about the small atom of humanity that was so unconscious of its own mission of comforter, such a tiny thing to fill a woman's entire horizon with rosy light; with the mother-love shining in eyes that had just been filled with pain and terror, was to him a consecrated human being. An almost perceptible halo had seemed to encircle Anna's brow when the divine miracle of life had been wrought out once more through her agency. John Quinby's wife was no longer the peevish patient over whom he kept stern watch and ward; she was a mother, consecrated to the sweetest duties that can come into any woman's life, duties which, understood and faithfully performed, would enlarge her heart and brain, elevate her entire nature and leave no margin for unhealthy repinings touching certain things that had not gone according to her wishes of late. He was glad to see Anna welcome her boy as a blessing, rather than as a burden to be borne with what dignity

she could assume. There was too much of the latter feeling observable among women of the present day. Too much downright rebellion against the decrees of Heaven in this respect. Yes, Anna was fulfilling her mission in life. How would it be with his own girl? With his Effie, who was at once a puzzle and a delight to him? He was afraid Effie had picked up some queer notions from that Boston aunt of hers. Queer to him at least. "Advanced notions," he supposed they would be called by people who never liked to call a spade "a spade." There was no denying that Effie was not just what he had expected to find her, though it was hard to find any specific fault with her. She was gentle and good and neat, and had quite a turn for housekeeping, and seemed to have perfect control of what had once promised to be rather an imperious temper; and she was loving enough to him, considering their separation of ten years, but still there was something lacking! She didn't seem to have the average girl's appetite for beaux and admiration; in fact, seemed rather nettled than otherwise at the persistent attention of some two or three "fellows" who seemed a little harder to freeze out than their contemporaries. To the doctor it seemed as natural for young people of the opposite sexes to enjoy each other's society, and to seek it, as for the birds to mate in spring. But Dr. Ambrose, at best, was a simple minded old fossil. A girl who turned away in manifest disapproval of beaux

was a complex organism to him which it was necessary to study as one would a problem in trigonometry. Dr. Ambrose in his most vigorous mental days had never been partial to the exact sciences, and he would infinitely have preferred not to take up the study of his only child as if she were an unknown quantity, which, indeed, he very much feared she was.

Perhaps, he thought, (always ready to assume himself in fault), he hadn't done the right thing by Effie in handing her over so trustingly to her mother's sister. But his wife had asked it of him when she was dying, and he, as a busy practitioner, had so little time to bestow on the lonely child, that it had seemed the only thing left to do. And Effie had been very happy with her aunt, until that excellent woman suddenly died and the girl had been sent back upon her father's hands, leaving him to grope his way into an understanding of her, but ready to take her into his warm, capacious heart all unexplained as she was. He had discovered in the first week of her return that she was not—well, not quite like other young people. "A little too intense," is how he would have described her, if he had been compelled to put his perplexities into words. Considering intensity a sort of malady, you know, subversive of that natural joyousness that goes with all healthy young organisms, he had fostered her intimacy with John Quinby's wife as a most desirable antidote.

"I'd like to have some of the blue rubbed off my

girl," he had informed Mrs. Abbott confidentially, "and it does me good to hear Anna begin to talk John whenever Effie begins to talk ethics."

He did not tell Mrs. Abbott (he was too carefully courteous of that lady's feelings) that her Anna possessed just the element of commonplace which his Effie lacked. And Mrs. Quinby's companionship had seemed thoroughly acceptable to Miss Ambrose. She had known Anna all her life and she seemed to shrink with a most unaccountable distaste from the formation of any new ties. "Quite unnatural, you know! Altogether queer!" the doctor had said in his despair at her obstinacy on this point and her failure to account for it satisfactorily. It distressed him, this unresponsive attitude she had assumed toward the good Elizabethans, who had flocked to welcome her home, some for her "dear mother's sake," some for "their good doctor's sake," and some avowedly declaring that they considered a young lady "reared in the cultivated atmosphere of Boston, as quite an acquisition to poor little Elizabeth."

In those lonely days of his, during his daughter's Boston residence, Dr. Ambrose used to console himself with the building of air castles that always had their foundations in Effie's early marriage. She was to marry some fellow who was to love her very much indeed, and be just as good to her as her merits demanded (which was of course to bespeak super-ex-

cellence for this young man), and they were all to live happily together in the old house where Effie had been born and he had lived all his married life, and he was to begin life all over again in Effie's boys and girls. This vision of patriarchal blessedness did not present itself as a remote possibility of the future. It was simply the finale to this time of lonely probation for him and active preparation for her. For with Dr. Ambrose all education for womankind tended, or should tend, to prepare her for the inevitable conclusions of wife-hood and maternity. As Mrs. Quinby and Effie were contemporaneous, he felt in a sense defrauded that his vision was still nothing but a baseless fabric, while John Quinby's happiness had been an assured fact for some years.

"She freezes the fellows out, one by one; hanged if I know what notion she has got in her head," said Dr. Ambrose this night in a sudden culmination of impatience as he stepped on to his low portico with his mind still running on Effie, and her provoking indifference to the object so near his own affectionate heart. "Maybe Anna's baby will fetch her round," he said, smiling at the conceit as it took possession of him one second, but was forgotten the next, in surprise at seeing so bright a light still streaming through the hall and from the open parlor door. Then he softly tip-toed over the fluffy rugs that deadened his foot-fall with the stealthy habit that he had long since acquired

by coming home all hours of the night and respecting the slumbers of his household.

He glanced into the parlor on his way to the hat-rack. Effie was not there. He hadn't expected she would be. She always sat in the snug little back parlor behind the portières. She seemed to fit into it so prettily; but, since she had filled it up with the easels, and brackets, and be-ribboned wicker chairs, and hand-embroidered screens, and cabinets full of rare bits of china, and big vases and little vases, and Japanese wonders of all sorts, he had felt hulky and out of place in it, and seldom staid there long, as Effie was a foe to tobacco in any shape and that was one solace he could not relinquish. He stopped in the triangle of light made by the looped back portières that divided the two parlors. Yes, there she was sitting by the little spider-legged brass table with its lace-fringed velvet cover, the bright light from the chandelier over her head flooding her with brightness. Her clear cut profile was turned toward him. Miss Ambrose was slightly disappointing to people whose first glimpse of her was a sidewise one. The lines about her chin and the corners of her mouth were so much softer, the nose so much more classic, and a certain droop to the eye-brow so much more graceful than in a fuller front view. She had been reading, but at the moment of her father's invasion she sat with the open book face downward in her lap and her folded hands rested upon its lids. How

pretty she looked in the old man's eyes! She had not yet lost the charm of novelty for her father. In fact, physically as well as mentally, she was an altogether different being from the plump girl with a voracious appetite and two long plaits down her back with knots of red ribbon tied on the fluffy ends, that he had deposited, frightened and sobbing, in Miss Priscilla Waterman's arms a decade before. This thin, delicate featured young lady—chiefly noticeable for the prim erectness of her carriage and the serious gravity of her large gray eyes; who always spoke in the measured tones and the soft, cultured voice of a woman who had cut-grown every impulse to hurry her views into notice—was extremely attractive, but a trifle inaccessible even to him who yearned so for a fuller return of the love he had waited for a long, long time. To the simple mind of the doctor seriousness was but one phase of sorrow. Why should his girl, who, since the far-away shock of a mother's death, had never known a shadow of trouble or care, take life with such tremendous gravity? He was perpetually tempted to ask her what was the matter, but was deterred by fear of making the puzzle still more puzzling. In reality, Miss Ambrose had a most embarrassing way of looking at one, if one did but say the morning was a fine one, quite as if she expected one to follow up that truism with a scientific exposition of the barometric conditions that had produced the fineness in question; and one was constantly im-

pressed with the futility of one's efforts to entertain or enlighten so thoroughly self-contained a young woman. Not that the doctor's daughter was ever consciously rude or lacking in gentle courtesy. She was simply not interested in any thing that was going on about her, and was too thoroughly indifferent to what people thought or said of her to make an effort to conceal it.

"Well, my pet!"

She started convulsively and her book slipped from her relaxed clasp to the floor. She must have been very far away in the spirit for her father's familiar voice and the familiar words to startle her so.

"Caught you napping, hey! you ought to have been in bed two hours ago. Suppose you couldn't sleep, though, until you had heard the news."

The doctor stooped with creaking knee-joints to recover the fallen book, and laid it on the table behind his daughter, as he bent over and kissed her heartily.

"What news?" she asked, in that slow, unhurried way of hers, rewarding his warm caress with a shy fleeting smile. "No, I wasn't asleep, I was startled, you came in so noiselessly. I had just finished reading about Margaret Fuller, and was thinking, that was all. You have been with Anna?"

"Yes. And she sends word you must come over very early in the morning to see Mr. Abbott Quinby."

"Mr. Abbott Quinby! oh yes, but I think I will wait awhile. Babies are only interesting to their

very nearest relatives at this early stage of their development. I am afraid I should find it very hard to say any thing pleasant about it to Anna, poor child, and I shouldn't care to say unpleasant truths to her."

"Why I thought you liked John's wife?" says the doctor with clumsy irrelevance.

"So I do, immensely!" Effie's serious eyes were turned on him questioningly. The doctor had seated himself in one of the most substantial chairs in the room and sat curling the long ends of his iron gray mustache abstractedly while he pondered his daughter's cold impassiveness to her friend's suffering and triumph!

Miss Ambrose's eyes saved her lips an immense amount of exertion. On the present occasion they impelled her father to apologize for his somewhat tart tones of a moment before.

"Beg your pardon, pet, but you are so deucedly undemonstrative. Anna thinks so much of you that I really would like to see you warm up a little more to her baby. I thought all women were by all babies, as all girls are by all dolls—you know, took to them naturally."

"I can't recall that I ever did take to dolls, as you express it. Papa, can you? I remember I had quite a lot in my trunk when I went to Boston, but Aunt Priscilla had so many more interesting things and was

so kind in entertaining me with them that I ended by giving all my dolls away."

"What were Priscilla's more interesting things?" the doctor asked, always eager for any information that would throw light on the mental processes that had evolved this finished young lady out of his very crude darling.

"Oh! I don't know; such a variety of things—microscopes and aquariums and geometrical puzzles, and mission-schools and ——"

"Mission schools! Was that among your amusements?"

The doctor indulged in so hearty a laugh at Miss Priscilla's expense that his daughter's pale face grew decidedly pink with resentment, and she said a little less slowly than usual,

"You knew Aunt Priscilla was *not* a frivolous person when you put me with her, didn't you, papa?"

"I shouldn't have been likely to put you with her if she had been," he said, wiping away the tears that had filled his eyes to overflowing; "but, Jerusalem the golden!" He was off again, brutally merry at the idea of any fun being extracted from a mission-school.

If Miss Ambrose had not been a foe to all emotion that did not have its foundation in some great underlying principle of right or wrong, she would have grown actively angry at this juncture, but her Aunt Priscilla's philosophic teachings were not so far back in

the past that she could forget herself and show her temper. She simply folded her hands and looked a little graver than usual.

Dr. Ambrose, reasoning from a very narrow conception of the female character, had fallen into a very grave error concerning this daughter of his. Her cold imperturbability under the raillery which was purposely exaggerated in order to pique her into some warmth of defense, was mistaken for an indication that no such warmth existed. "She has had all feeling cultured out of her," was his hasty and disappointed conclusion. On the contrary, it had been concentrated and intensified until it filled her heart with a concrete of emotions that nothing but a volcanic shock would convert into a stream of molten lava, destructive in its escape, perilous in its onward sweep.

There was that within this quiet-seeming girl that only awaited the touch of some tremendous inspiration to make her frail form quiver with sensibility. Her nature was like a skiff in stormy weather—a craft badly in need of a strong helmsman.

"I was very happy with Aunt Priscilla," she said presently, "and she was very, very good to me. She was a grand woman, father. She tried very hard to gird up my loins for the battle."

"What battle?" Dr. Ambrose asked, a trifle impatiently, for, to his seeing, there was no call for Effie to do any thing but to enjoy herself like other girls and

be happy in the very placid sphere of life that it had pleased God to place her. He did not like to hear her talk in this unsheltered fashion.

“The battle with the powers of evil, which, sooner or later, I suppose, we are all called upon to engage in,” Effie answers with undue solemnity.

“Tut, child! You’re sleepy. You’re growing owl-ish. Nearly twelve o’clock. Kiss me and go to bed.”

Effie obeyed him to the extent of rising immediately, and as she stood before him, almost tall enough to look straight into his tender eyes and rugged face, she put her little hands on his shoulders, and said in that surcharged voice of hers that had so much wasted tragedy in it, and yet with affectionate entreaty,

“Father, if you love me any better, or any differently from what you did when I was little better than a kitten scampering about the house for your amusement, don’t ever treat me so contemptuously again. I don’t like it. Some men think they have achieved a triumph of manliness when they laugh at instead of frowning down any thing a woman says or does that is not in strict accordance with all their preconceived notions; but I don’t want to class my dear, dear father with the men who can not afford to reason with women. Good-night. I foresee that we are going to differ about a great many things, but we can keep on loving each other straight through it all, can’t we, papa, dear?”

“Straight through all and all, my darling,” says Dr.

Ambrose, folding his great arms about the girl's slim waist and shoulders, and kissing her with pardoning tenderness.

Then she went away from him leaving him more and more perplexed about her. Conscious, more than ever, that the element of placid comfort was not likely to enter largely into his daily companionship with his daughter.

"It's going to be very like living in the close neighborhood of Mount Vesuvius," he sighed, taking his own bedroom candle from the hall table, "with no data by which to prognosticate eruptions. She's a sweet child beneath it all. It all comes of that con——" even in the privacy of his own room, Dr. Ambrose hesitated over completing an entirely condemnatory sentence upon Miss Priscilla Waterman's method of rearing girls.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAY OF DEPARTURE.

“**I** WISH it didn't all look so pretty, you know, in its bright autumn dress! I'd rather have it looking uglier than ugly. Oh! Anthony, will any spot ever be to me what this one has been? Just look at my pretty tulip bed! It is dazzling!”

Mrs. Quinby did not want an answer, for which Anthony was thankful in the extreme. She walked away from him, where he was stooping, paste-brush in hand, sticking labels on the numberless trunks and boxes that were piled in the front portico of the Quinbys' house, even then awaiting the city express to take them down to the depot. Anna's plaintive little wails were quite natural, but they were more than thrice-told tales now, and since the thing had become inevitable, he discouraged all discussion of the “cons” of the case, so far as was possible. He heard her go out into the little garden that was ablaze with tulips and scarlet geraniums and brilliant foliage plants, which she gathered with reckless profusion, filling her hands and straw hat with the costly beauties of which she was generally quite niggardly.

“Who will care to-morrow how the garden looks?” she said, in extenuation of her recklessness as she came back to Anthony and the luggage. “Look, Tony, the tulips are bigger and brighter than ever before. I’ll crowd the tea-table with the beauties. Effie and the doctor are coming to take away the dismalness of this last meal for us. The dear old place seems to be laughing instead of sorrowing because we are going. Oh! Anthony, it is well John is at the other end, or my heart would break at losing its hold of this one. I have to keep on saying over and over to myself, ‘John is there. John wants me. John is waiting. John wants baby and me.’”

Two big tears splashed down Mrs. Quinby’s cheeks, and fell in the gay tulips in her hands. A little choking sob reached Anthony’s ears, and made the hand that held the paste-brush tremble a little. A very big and sprawling “Q” on the end of a brand new trunk was the result.

“Don’t let that one get lost, Tony, whatever happens. All baby’s flannels are in it, and what would become of us if they were lost?” says Mrs. Quinby, anxiously, into whose consciousness it had never yet penetrated that outside New York and its environs the requirements of a civilized life could be procured.

“We don’t propose to lose any of them,” said Anthony, rising from his stooping posture and with paint-brush in hand reviewing the mountain of luggage be-

fore him in the anxious desire to impress the individual features of each separate article upon his bewildered memory ; "but if such a calamity should befall," smiling re-assurance into Anna's face, "I don't imagine young Quinby will have to go flannel-less all the rest of his days. I am afraid that John's efforts to convince you that you are going into a great center of civilization, rather than a howling wilderness, have all been thrown away on you."

"I am not prepared to find one good or admirable thing there," Mrs. Quinby says, very positively. "John has chosen to go there and I am compelled to do so." Then suddenly seating herself on one of the ridgy trunks, she asks abruptly :

"Tony ! do you believe in your heart that we will all, you and John and baby and I, ever be so happy out yonder as we could have been here ?"

"Why what a creature it is to reason in a circle !" Anthony answers vaguely. "I had come to regard John's going ahead of you as quite a bit of strategy. I thought your soul panted for Utah as the heart panteth for the water-brooks. Let me see ! one, two Saratogas, regular dromedaries for carrying capacity as well as general humpiness. One black, flat-topped trunk, one yellow ditto. Two canvas-covered of honest old sole-leather, covers dingy enough to suggest several trips around the world ; very much be-labeled, one marked 'A. A.,' the other, bold 'Q.' I'll venture

to say those trunks went with you and John on your bridal trip."

"They did," said Mrs. Quinby, smiling down on the dingy canvas covers, "and such a trip as it was!"

"You took in the Falls of course. And had your pictures taken there?"

"Yes, oh yes, of course, and I held on to John's legs while he reached far over a terrible ledge to get me a piece of golden-rod."

"Of course you have it put away somewhere pressed."

"Of course! You know it's not every man would have done such a thing, Anthony, especially for his wife. Men are ready enough to risk their necks or heads for girls before they are sure of them, but they do grow so masterful afterward."

"True!" says Mr. Quinby, abstractedly, returning to his labels, while Mrs. Quinby launched into a fuller description of the bridal trip, memories of which had been conjured up by the old trunks. Not that he did not know it all by rote, but he was satisfied to have Anna talk on endlessly about any thing but the ethics of their hegira.

He had done all he could to dissuade John from taking this step when the subject was first broached, but since it had become inevitable he had equally discouraged all discussion of it, with that manly directness that entered into all his sayings and doings. His silent pity was poured out for John's wife abundantly.

He pitied her for the wrench it gave her tender heart to sever all the old home ties ; and he pitied her for what he knew she would be called on to endure in the strange atmosphere of her new home. He pitied her for possessing in such excess the very sensibilities that made her now so thoroughly sweet and lovable. As for himself, this move involved no special hardship. There were no ties to sunder. John, John's wife and John's boy were the trinity of his acceptance. Wherever they were, all that he could ever know of home life and home happiness must be found. So he could very well afford to be placid even in presence of the chaos that had been evolved out of order in the tumult of preparation for their journey. He felt culpable at not bearing a larger share of the suffering involved in this move. He would gladly have borne it all if possible.

Mrs. Abbott joined them presently, carrying the baby on one arm, with the skill of a veteran in service, while with her disengaged hand she dragged after her a light rocker, which she located in the neighborhood of the luggage and seated herself in it with her precious burden of pink flesh and manifold draperies. Her eyes were bright and dry. If she had any tears to shed she did not propose to bedew the baby's new traveling hood and cloak with them. Mrs. Abbott was a thoroughly sensible woman. She held to the time-honored patriarchal notion that the husband is the judicial head. She would rather not give Anna

up so completely, but she meant when she got the other children all settled off, to divide her time equally among them. Salt Lake City was not so far off but she could go there in an emergency. She never distinctly formulated any possible emergency, but she held, in common with the less sensible of her sex, that Utah was a land of every sort of possibilities in the way of emergencies.

“It will be a mercy, Anna,” she said, glancing cautiously back over her shoulder toward the interior of the house which they had all shunned in these last moments, it was so dreadfully suggestive of a wreck in its dismantled condition, “if that creature does not break her own head and this precious baby’s too.” Mrs. Abbott passed a caressing hand over the round head that rested on her arm as if to assure herself it had not already sustained some irreparable injury. “What do you suppose I found her doing? Sitting in one chair with her feet on the round of another, the baby across her lap, while she plaited that long yellow hair of hers! Do look well after her, Tony.”

Mrs. Quinby gave a little horrified shriek and fell on her knees by baby’s long skirts, cautiously feeling her way up to the soft pink toes that were a perpetual delight to her. Evidently the baby was in “good condition,” as we say of express packages. Anthony added one English nurse-maid to the mental list of his responsibilities for the next many days to come. And

then they all fell into wordlessness, staring about them like people who have said all they had to say to each other on every conceivable topic for some time to come. There was an under-current of emotion in each one of their hearts that made "talk" difficult and desultory.

"There's the doctor and Effie!" Mrs. Abbott says in tones of positive relief. The sound of her lazy rocking had been painfully audible for some seconds. "And how handsome Effie is looking. She has quite a color for her," all this, in the short space of time it takes Dr. Ambrose and his daughter to walk across the narrow strip of front yard that Mrs. Quinby has just despoiled of flowers.

"So you will go! we can't keep you!" says Dr. Ambrose, appropriating one of the flat-topped trunks and beaming benevolently around at the disorder about him. "I suppose you've telegraphed John."

"Yes. He knows we start to-night!" says Anthony, while Anna, never losing her affectionate hold of Miss Ambrose's hand, leads her straightway up to the shrine of her own idolatry.

"You've never said he was pretty yet. You must say something nice for him before I take him away forever."

Miss Ambrose bent over, determined to be as effusive as possible, and murmured something inarticulate, while her heart went out in thankfulness for her father's generosity.

“Forever! That’s a stupendous word. We’re thinking of coming out to pay you a visit as soon as you are settled.

“Tell John to write me word how the Saints deal with the question of family doctors, rather an embarrassing one, I should imagine. Effie and I are thinking of going over as reformers. I’ll heal their bodies while she looks after their souls. We are conscious of the emptiness of life in this overdone section of the country, and we feel the premonitory symptoms of missionary zeal burning in our breasts! Isn’t that how it is, daughter?”

Miss Ambrose’s grave eyes rested disapprovingly on her father’s laughing face for a second, then traveled out to the ravaged tulip beds. “Your tulips were so lovely yesterday, Anna: what has happened to them all?” she asked with no lifting of the gravity that seemed part of her facial expression.

“I’ve buried the tea-table under them,” said Anna. “I was foolish enough to think the new people would be getting some of my heart with my pretty tulips.”

“You’ve let the house furnished, I believe,” says the doctor.

“Yes, to some rich Jew! You know the flowers would be thrown away on them,” says Mrs. Quinby, with Gentile superiority.

“For how long?”

“Five years,” says Anthony, “a good lease. Anna preferred not to sell.”

“Best not burn your ships behind you. You can hold it in terror over John, if wives multiply too fast, that you’ve a house of your own to go back to. I’ve heard it said that half those poor devils over yonder—the women I mean—are held in bondage for the want of means to get away or a place to go to.”

To the doctor, as to most men, Salt Lake City was a standing inspiration of poor wit, and the occasion was never wasted. Anthony’s nicer perception showed him how the clumsy jest grated on more than one of the women present. He flung himself into the breach.

“By the way, doctor, perhaps it would help you and Miss Ambrose to picture Anna in her new home, if I were to read you John’s description of it, in the letter that reached us yesterday.” He felt in the inside-pocket of his coat and produced the letter.

“Let’s have it by all means,” and, clasping his arms around the leg he had recklessly crossed, unmindful of his precarious position on the high trunk, Dr. Ambrose assumed an interested attitude.

“What a statuesque creature; who is it?” Miss Ambrose asks in a low voice of Anna, while they are waiting for Anthony to open his letter. It is slow work with his one hand, but he is not awkward about it.

“It is Barbara! and she has come to say tea is ready.

The letter will have to wait, Tony, or you can read it at table. She's baby's nurse," Mrs. Quinby added explanatorily to Effie, quite as if that were cause enough for any one's being.

Standing with folded arms in the open door-way was the girl whom Miss Ambrose had just called statuesque, and whom a little while back Mrs. Abbott had called a "stupid creature." Perhaps she was both. With her superb figure, and full red lips, and ox eyes and crimped muslin cap, she was certainly picturesque, even when not posing motionlessly preferring in her slow, dull fashion to await discovery of her presence and purpose rather than to announce glibly that tea was served, and bring down upon her a battery of eyes. She showed the tips of her strong white teeth in a smile that illuminated her stolid features like a burst of sunshine on a stone wall, in gratitude for being saved any words, and held out her hands to take the baby from Mrs. Abbott.

"For mercy's sake, Barbara, don't drop him, and don't plait your hair over him, either," says Mrs. Quinby, standing still to see nurse and baby safely located in the chair.

Barbara's eyes dropped upon the child's head, her cheeks flamed, but no smile came this time.

"You have hurt her feelings," says Mrs. Abbott, as the three women walked in after the doctor and Anthony, "and these foreign creatures are so resentful."

“Can’t she talk at all?” Miss Ambrose asked.

“Yes, oh yes. She can make herself understood very well when she wants to. I believe she hates to talk,” says Anna, settling herself behind the tea-tray.

“An untenable hypothesis considering her sex,” the doctor says, calling on his stock of patent jests, which is inexhaustible. Then, amid the subdued clatter of the teaspoons and sugar tongs as Anna fills the cups, Anthony reads aloud Mr. Quinby’s last letter, in which he describes the pretty two-storied house, delightfully sheltered by rustling cotton-wood trees, and so situated as to give a charming glimpse of the Lake and the river Jordan, in every material respect a vast improvement on the Elizabeth house, that awaits the coming of its mistress, and in which John has already established himself.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. QUINBY RECEIVES VISITORS AND ADVICE.

ANTHONY'S telegram to his brother, telling him that baby and suite were on the eve of departure for Utah found that gentleman in his normal condition of satisfaction with himself and his achievings. His latest achievement had been the procuring and repairing and furnishing of a house for the reception of his family, which, he quite flattered himself, would compare most favorably with the deserted nest in Elizabeth. He had taken immense interest in every detail of its fitting up, and when he had located a brand new sewing-machine by the sunniest window in the pretty little library, and bought a lovely blue and white zephyr-wool spread for the swinging cradle that cuddled close by the side of the big bed in the chamber that Anna was to occupy, he was morally convinced that no man could do more to insure the happiness of a woman than he had done for Mrs. Quinby. Anthony's telegram found him at the new address of this house, where he slept of nights and was already getting to feel quite as if it was his home, but which he locked up

of mornings when he went off to the Cliff House for his meals. The servant problem was too grave a one for him to grapple. Anna must see to that when she got there. He hoped the house would strike her as especially delightful, coming straight to it travel stained and wearied.

“In every respect an improvement on the old nest,” Mr. Quinby repeated, walking as far as the bay-window of the front parlor and turning to observe from that distance the effect of the curtains that had been put up to the library windows that day. Anna’s forte was color. The portières that divided the library from the front parlor were a rich wine color striped with old gold, and he had ordered the curtains should blend harmoniously. Yes! he believed they did! By the light of the soft shade over the drop light in the center of the room all the hangings seemed to harmonize delightfully. By the way, he mustn’t forget to order book-shelves for Anthony’s room to-morrow. Tony’s comfort was a very important item, too. A ring at his front door made Mr. Quinby start so violently that the ash from the cigar he was smoking fell in a gray shower over his vest front. It was so entirely unexpected, and the sound of his own door-bell had, up to that moment, never smitten his ear. These gongs, striking just inside a front door, were startling abominations anyhow! It could be nothing but another telegram from Anthony. He had left orders at the office for them to be

sent down if any arrived. He hoped nothing was wrong. No disappointment, nor delays, nor any thing of that sort. He laid his cigar down on the mantel in the back library and passed out through that room into the unlighted hall. It was scarcely worth the trouble of lighting the gas just to take a telegram from a messenger, so he left the library door open and a feeble ray of light found its way along the hall to the front door which Mr. Quinby opened and sent out into the darkness made visible a somewhat peremptory :

“ Well? ”

“ Bishop Shaw—Mr. Quinby! ” came blandly from the outer darkness, where Mr. Quinby could just see two dimly-outlined human figures, that stood mute and motionless after that blind introduction.

“ A thousand pardons, Bishop Shaw. One moment, if you please. Just step inside. I hadn't an idea it was any one but a messenger with a telegram or something of that sort, you know. It would be rather inaccurate to say I'm glad to see you, when I've only heard you so far. ” All this in the fleet second it took Mr. Quinby to find his match-safe in the side pocket of his coat, and light the low-hanging hall-lamp, which discovered to view an elderly couple, of the quietly genteel order, standing just inside the front door they had obligingly closed for him while he was fumbling for a match. One of them he was quite sure he had never seen before, the other one he had very especial

commercial reasons for desiring to propitiate. Bishop Shaw was not only a power in the community, but he was in an indirect way useful to the business concern which Mr. Quinby represented.

“My wife Lætitia, Mr. Quinby—the first Mrs. Shaw”—says the bishop, when they all stand revealed to each other, affably indicating by a motion of the hat he had just taken off a diminutive lady dressed in a house dress of black silk, and with only a zephyr hood thrown over her curly gray hair, by which Mr. Quinby knows that they can not have come from much of a distance to pay him this unsolicited visit.

Mr. Quinby repeats his apologies for his seeming inhospitality over the delicate white hand the bishop's wife Lætitia holds out to him, and leads the way back to the library, where he installs the lady in the big plush easy-chair, which he has already come to think of as “Anna's chair,” not without a conscious qualm at the thought of what Anna's attitude would be if she only knew. He turned the gas well up before seating himself, determined to get as much as possible out of this first glimpse of the social life of which he and his wife must partake in a more or less remote degree.

Report had familiarized him with the number of Bishop Shaw's wives—only five! He supposed it was due to atmospheric influences that he felt so little of a shock at receiving under his own roof a member of so

complacent a home circle. But then, he reiterated to himself, the social aspect of this community was fund for his curiosity only, and unless Anna had altered considerably during his few months' absence from her, his chances to satisfy that curiosity would be very much diminished after her arrival. He felt thankful in a degree that Bishop Shaw had selected his first wife for this unexpected neighborly advance. There must always be an air of authenticity about number one that is not transferable, in the monogamic mind, to succeeding wives.

The bishop and his wife presented some very striking physical contrasts that impressed themselves upon Mr. Quinby, as he, seated between them, gave them his attention politely and impartially. The bishop's rotundity was in sharp contrast with his wife's angularity, his ruddiness with her pallor, his soldierly air of command with her gentleness of acquiescence. Not that just such suggestiveness of the man's having the better of things generally was not as frequently to be seen elsewhere, Mr. Quinby assured himself, for no one could look into Mrs. Shaw's serene face and doubt her perfect satisfaction with her lot in life as it was.

She was a pleasing object for contemplation to the young man, whose acquaintance heretofore had been confined to the commercial circles of Salt Lake City. Her soft white hair, arranged in two little bunches of crisp curls, shaded a forehead uncreased by any lines

excepting those traced by the finger of Time. Her clear gray eyes were as untroubled as two mountain lakelets, that have never reflected any thing except the blue of the skies above them. She had a sweet, patient mouth, and a queer little trick of waiting, with the profound respect of a little child, for her turn in the conversation, quite, you know, as if she had learned to be satisfied with a fraction of attention, and was not imbued with any feminine spirit of exaction. But the bishop's leadership, even in the matter of smiles, was always promptly seconded by her wifely co-operation. She seemed quite content, sitting there in Mr. Quinby's pretty library, with her blue-veined hands clasped about a newspaper she had brought with her, to absorb the chat of the men and to smile her appreciation of any good point made by her husband or their host. Not that Mrs. Shaw lacked intelligence of her own or was deficient in the matter of views: she had both in galore, and was a favorite contributor to the "Woman's Exponent," a copy of which she had brought with her and to which she intended Mr. Quinby should become a subscriber before she left the house. But she had outlived the age when a woman considered it necessary to be constantly vindicating herself as a thinking animal by the vigorous action of her tongue, in consequence of which her ideas had time to crystallize, and her mental conclusions were generally as clear cut as

cameos and quite as precious in the eyes of her husband, who was very fond of assuring his friends that "Mrs. Lætitia Shaw was a very remarkable woman, a very remarkable woman indeed, sir!"

While Bishop Shaw and Mr. Quinby talked stocks and trade and the political outlook of Utah with friendly frankness, Mrs. Shaw was taking in every detail of the room they sat in, with feminine quickness of approval.

All this home comfort seemed to lack a vindication. Surely that selfish monster of a man, if he did come from New York, where men were conceded to be more selfish and more monstrous than any where else on the globe, could not have fitted up such a home as this for his own exclusive use! She had heard that he was a Gentile totally untouched by the teachings of the New Gospel; perhaps they had all been culpably indifferent to his enlightenment. It was with a view of remedying her own shortcomings in this respect that she had brought with her the "Woman's Exponent." Surely a Mormon paper in which was chronicled the doings of Mormon women, telling about their relief and charitable societies, and taking a vigorous stand in defense of their political rights, edited by Mormon women, ought to be a powerful agency in removing the scales of ignorance and prejudice from the handsome eyes of this new-comer. But perhaps they—the scales—had already fallen, for if the fitting

up of this elegant home did not mean a determination on his part to be *sealed* soon, what did it mean?

Thus Mrs. Shaw to herself, as her eyes traveled back from a dainty little cabinet writing-desk that was fit for nothing but a woman's pretty papeterie and valueless little notes, to the handsome form and face of the young man, who was listening with grave respect to the bishop's description of the inner workings at Temple Block, which is the sacred square of the Latter-day Saints.

With womankind's ineradicable passion for helping on all affairs of the heart, she began running over in her mind the eligibility of the various unsealed girls within her list of acquaintances. It was a duty she owed, not only to this wanderer from the right way, but to the females of her own circle, who, unsealed, could never hope to attain in this world or in the world to come, any position above that of a menial. Beginning very close at home, she was inclined to think that in classes three and five, of the bishop's own flock, the sweetest and brightest girls of her acquaintance were to be found. She would talk to the bishop about it when they went home. He might have some preferences of his own in favor of class number two, for she was rather inclined to think that of all his daughters, Bishop Shaw was a little fonder of Eugenia in that class than of any of the others. Her own offspring, all boys, enabled Mrs. Lætitia to take

a widely impartial view of this matter in her thoughts. The discovery of a sewing-machine, whose fancy iron-pedals just peeped from under the fringe of an embroidered felt cover, settled her mind conclusively as to Mr. Quinby's intentions.

What a pleasant voice he has! she brought her mind back from the consideration of classes three and five to hear Mr. Quinby say, in a voice of amiable concession, apropos of what, she hadn't any idea:

"The argument is on your side there, sir. There is no denying that if the economy and probity that characterize the administration of your public offices here were infused into similar institutions at home, we would be the better for it."

Bishop Shaw was a singularly upright and fearless man. He was paying no purposeless call this evening. He considered that he had a duty to perform toward this young man who had just become a householder in the neighborhood, and it was with a view to performing that duty as successfully as possible that he had selected the first Mrs. Shaw as his co-adjutor.

This Mrs. Shaw was regarded by the Saints at large as an embodied negation of all the slanders that had been heaped upon their peculiar tenets. Her unvarying serenity, her placid cheerfulness, her active efforts for the extension and strengthening of an institution which had shaped her own life and satisfied her own soul, was the best possible refutation of all calumnies.

And she was always eager to throw the weight of her experience and conviction into the scales against unbelief.

The bishop's eye had been upon Mr. Quinby ever since his arrival in Salt Lake City, but he was too adroit a man to jeopardize his chances of success in any undertaking by bungling hastiness. The two men had been thrown intimately together in business circles, which had afforded the older man a golden opportunity to study the younger one.

He received Mr. Quinby's indorsement of the city government in placid silence. Presently he said, fastening his keen eyes on his host's face :

"I am glad to hear you indorse us from a business-man's standpoint, friend Quinby. We think we've got the best of the outside world on the highest moral grounds also, and I hope, indeed, I may say I infer from what I see,"—embracing the apartment with expanded arms—"that you are imbibing juster views of man's duty, as a social and religious being, than you probably brought with you."

"Beg pardon!" says Mr. Quinby with a mystified look.

"I mean this home," the bishop explains, spreading his hands expansively once more, then folding them with interlocked fingers over his rotund form.

"Yes?" still questioningly.

"Of course, it means that you are preparing to go

through the Endowment House! To be sealed, that is."

Mr. Quinby's mustache twitched convulsively, and nothing but a providential sneeze saved him from detection. What a mercy Anna wasn't there! he thought.

"It's really all very pretty and snug, and evidently arranged with a view to a woman's comfort," says Mrs. Shaw in her soft, purring way, looking at John so coaxingly that he had to supplement his sneeze with a prolonged application of his pocket-handkerchief.

"I hope my wife will like it all," he said, glancing away from them to the sewing-machine for strength. "I was married some two years and better ago, and am just to-night in receipt of a telegram from my brother, telling me he left Elizabeth at eight-thirty with my wife and baby. I have never seen my boy," he adds, more particularly to Mrs. Shaw, as an item of special interest to her woman's ears.

"You must be very anxious," she says, but not with that vivid interest that John thought the mention of his boy ought to excite. There was an absent look in her eyes he had not noticed before. "Elizabeth, did you say, your people were coming from?"

"Yes. It was our old home."

"And mine too. I lived there when I was a girl. Oh, so many years ago! I would like to ask you——"

But Bishop Shaw interrupts her in a somewhat argumentative voice :

“ This is a pretty good-sized house, I believe, friend Quinby.”

“ Yes. A trifle larger than we will need, but unless one builds one can not have things just to suit. I especially decided on this house, because of the fine prospect from the windows in the rear.”

“ Always best to have plenty of room. Women like plenty of space to exert their energies in. It keeps them out of pecks of trouble. My wife Lætitia there now can tell you how we began housekeeping in our big house just across the street from the Lion House, rattling around like two dies in a dice box, but how we gradually grew to the house until it was a pretty snug fit. My wife Lætitia there, now, is your next-door neighbor. All of her boys are big grown fellows that will soon be making homes for themselves. Lætitia has moved out of our large house ; it's a little too noisy for her.”

He paused for Mrs. Shaw to complete the story of their early domestic arrangements. She turned her serene eyes from her husband's face to Mr. Quinby's deeply interested one.

“ Yes,” she said, smiling at him and absently folding the *Woman's Exponent* into yet smaller compass. “ I'm not quite sure that Harriet and I could have kept house so comfortably if we had not been divided into

upper and lower stories. I took the first floor and she the second. I believe this house has two stories?"

"Yes, madam."

That was all Mr. Quinby dared trust himself to by way of response. There were but two ways for him, as a good Gentile husband, to treat these scarcely veiled suggestions. One was to laugh at it all as a huge joke; the other, to resent it indignantly for Anna's sake; for really, in analyzing his sensations, he could not conscientiously find the due amount of horror at the picture of the actual Mrs. Quinby keeping house down stairs and an imaginary Mrs. Quinby holding undisputed sway over his second story, if not over his pre-occupied heart.

But situated as he was, he dared neither laugh nor frown. How could he laugh or frown either in the faces of these two people who accepted the religious tenets of the New Gospel as a direct revelation of God's will, which to accept and to follow was to entitle them to the reward promised the pure in heart? How could he either laugh or frown into the face of this serene browed old lady into whose minutest act he did not doubt there entered more of conscientious performance than had ever informed his loftiest act? How could he either laugh or frown in the face of adherents to a gospel which claimed that "if there is any thing virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after those things"? Was he his brother's keeper

that he should decide for him what was lovely or of good report or praiseworthy? Besides, he dared neither laugh nor frown at Benjamin G. Shaw, as he knew the bishop best in commercial circles. No, there was nothing for it but to grant them grave audience; and when, perhaps fully an hour later, he stood for a second on his front stoop and watched the slowly vanishing forms of Bishop Shaw and his wife Lætitia, as they walked toward their own home, he was conscious that he had been the object of an experiment.

And Mrs. Shaw, as soon as they were well out of hearing of the young man, asked, in a voice of deepest interest, "Well, husband, what do you think of the soil?" And the bishop answered, sententiously: "The seed has been sown in good soil. I have planted, you may water and may God give the increase."

CHAPTER VII.

DISCIPLINE AND DEFEAT.

A FEW more fluttering yellow leaves from the telegraph office reporting progress, and then, toward the close of a bright day made very long, however, by ardent expectation, Mr. Quinby had the pleasure of folding his wife and boy in one expansive embrace.

“You are looking blooming, but I don’t like Anna’s appearance at all,” he said to Anthony, after his first impressions of his son had been put upon record and Anna’s delight over every thing in the house had been breathlessly expressed, and he and Tony were facing each other over their cigars, just as in the old Elizabeth days.

At the moment of his making that remark, however, Mrs. Quinby had gone to assure herself for the third or fourth time that the baby could not by any feat of agility tumble out of the new crib that had received him hospitably very soon after his arrival from the depot of the Utah Central Railroad.

“The boy is something of an absorbent, you know, and I am afraid Anna is one of those women who think

that nothing short of immolation of self will fill the requirements of motherhood. By the way, one of many last things Mrs. Abbott said to me was—‘Tell John he must take a very peremptory stand with Anna at night. She gets no rest and is ruining the child.’ I’ve given you her message verbatim.”

“I shall certainly take matters in hand,” says Mr. Quinby, who feels personally aggrieved at having his wife come to him thin and wan, with the beauty that he especially married her for evidently on the wane.

“Who or what is that you are going to take in hand so promptly?” she asks, coming back just then and drawing her chair very close to John’s. Close enough for her to lay her pretty hand upon his knee in the olden fashion, sure that it will be clasped soon and retained affectionately. It is very sweet to feel John so close to her once more. She wonders how she existed without him all these months. And how well and handsome he is looking!

“You, primarily, and the boy, secondarily. I have no notion of sitting opposite a hollow-eyed wife every morning at breakfast. See how the rings jingle on your fingers! We must do better than this. How old is our son? Three months, or four, is it?”

“Three months and four days,” Mrs. Quinby answered with a woman’s conscientiousness touching things of little import.

“My dear, if I were in your place I should not permit

myself to be made such a slave of to that child. He is quite old enough now for you to begin disciplining him. Fixed hours for nourishment and a little determination on your part are all that is necessary to reduce order out of chaos. I'll undertake him. It is nothing more than right that the pains and penalties attaching to such a valuable possession as a son should be shared as evenly as possible between us."

"Good!" says Anthony. "I am ready to indorse you as a model father on the strength of such noble utterances."

But Anna only smiled into the face of the would-be reformer. It was simply delicious to have John so concerned about her and wanting to help her this way! He wasn't weaned away from her one bit! But the idea of *determination* in connection with baby was too funny! She was altogether too happy, however, to feel like arguing the point. She must forewarn him a little though.

"It might mortify your vanity and lessen your pride of paternity, John dear, to discover, if you really do undertake him, as you express it, to find out how curiously your boasted strength and the baby's acknowledged weakness may become transposed. The battle is not always to the strong, dear."

But Mr. Quinby was wise in his own conceit. He not able to cope with that small, soft, helpless thing up stairs! The idea was too absurd!

“Nothing can be simpler. There’s the baby ; there’s the bottle ; there’s the clock ! Three hours’ interval must be observed. It will be a little troublesome for the first night or two, but after that peace will reign, and you will reap the benefit of it as well as the child,” he says, evidently enjoying this first opportunity to exercise his paternal authority. “I shall take command to-night.”

“If I were an autocrat,” says Anthony, laughing at the consternation in Anna’s face, “I would decree that whenever a man recklessly remarked to his wife, ‘If I were in your place, I would do this, that or t’other,’ he should, by the majestic arm of the law, be put into her place and made to suit his actions to his words, or, in case of failure, be made, figuratively speaking, to eat his own boastful utterances. Then we would find out where the equanimity comes in and where the power to suffer and be strong goes out. Nannie, if you are the wise woman I take you to be, you will enjoy a good night’s sleep and let your autocrat wrestle with that small bundle of activity up stairs. I hope you will give me the benefit of your experience in the morning, John. I expect to find you a sadder and a wiser man at the breakfast table. Good-night.”

“We are all tired enough for one day,” says Mr. Quinby, rising as Anthony disappears, and proceeding to turn off the gas in the parlor and the library, that has been lighted to the point of an illumination in

this night of jubilee. Anna watches him from the soft nest of her easy chair with eyes aglow with happiness.

"Oh! John, it isn't a bit like Utah," she says, winding both hands about his arm as they mount the stairs together.

"What isn't a bit like Utah?" he asks, pinching the ear that nestles close to his shoulder.

"Oh! every thing! This pretty house and you and Tony and I all together again with nobody else."

"Excepting the boy and his nurse. By the way, that girl Barbara is too stunningly handsome to be a good servant."

"And no hateful hotel with horrid Mormon wretches in it thinking themselves as good as any body and staring at you and wondering if you are a man's real wife or his—his—" says Anna, pursuing her own line of thought rather incoherently. "You know, John, there just can't be but one genuine wife in the whole lot."

"I take it your ideas are pretty crude yet, dear. I don't think people waste as much time wondering over every new face as you imagine. I suppose you feel thankful not to find any more Mrs. Quinbys here in advance of you. Is that why it isn't a bit like Utah?"

It was a clumsy jest, and he could feel her wince under it. He had been so elated over the result of his strategic move in bringing her immediately into the

sacred home atmosphere, that he felt warranted in indulging in a little jocularly. What an immensely thin-skinned creature your good woman is at best, he thought, hastening to do away with his clumsiness.

“To-morrow morning I want you to see the sunrise from the bay window in your room, and then I think you will really fall in love with your new home. I selected your sleeping-room with a special view to that outlook.”

The shaded kerosene lamp on the hearth, which seemed to appeal more strongly to the olfactories than to any other sense, supporting its small sauce-pan of simmering milk, the mysteriously stoppered bottle in its close neighborhood, together with the softly undulating heap under the zephyr-wool cover of the crib that was drawn close to the bed-side, combined to give Mr. Quinby his first realizing sense of being a family man, and infused the last touch of peremptoriness into the tones in which he repeated as he adjusted the pillow to the nape of his neck,

“Remember, Anna, twelve o'clock is the hour immutably fixed for refreshments, which I will administer. You must rest, and all I ask is non-interference on your part,” and with the resolution of all the Medes and Persians condensed into the determination to show his wife what a simple operation disciplining a baby might be made, Mr. Quinby settled himself to sleep the intermediate hours away.

About eleven o'clock indications of activity were noticeable in the enemy's camp. A pink fist struck out energetically but rather aimlessly at space, followed at a short interval by one pink foot, which was quickly reinforced by its fellow. A soft, low-murmured prelude, known in nursery parlance as a "fret," broke upon the hush of night. A second pink fist clutched wildly in the direction where the peace-offering was habitually and promptly offered by Mrs. Quinby at this stage of the proceedings. A moment of still surprise! It was evident the baby was reasoning from cause to effect. He would not be too hard on the mother whose shortcomings were so few. Perhaps the lamp had gone out and the milk was cold. It was sure to come. She had never failed him yet! Indignation, surprise, dismay and desolation are distinctly and emphatically voiced in a crescendo and accelerando passage skillfully executed the next moment by Mr. Abbott Quinby under conviction of treachery somewhere. Mr. Quinby senior cautiously raises himself on one elbow to observe this phenomenal (to him) proceeding, and is thankful that poor Anna has not been disturbed by the shrill outcry. He supposes that is the baby's way of protesting, and of course he will go to sleep again now, having protested. Mrs. Quinby's tender heart is lacerated, but she too stoops to conquer occasionally, and as John can only be taught by experience, she will not interfere until he voluntarily re-

turns the usurped scepter into her maternal hands. She buries her head deeper into the pillows to deaden the sound of the coming storm, for no one knows better than she that the boy will *not* go to sleep after that first protest. The springs of the bed creak heavily as Mr. Quinby squirms restlessly in a very un-Mede and un-Persian-like disquiet, while his son makes night vocal and murders sleep. Anna heroically refrains from quoting, "a little determination is all that is necessary to reduce order out of chaos." She feels placidly sure that before thirty more minutes have rolled over her husband's inexperienced head he will have been brought to a knowledge of the fact that determination is not peculiarly a characteristic of the adult male of his species. Finding that masterly inactivity does not conquer a peace as promptly as, in his ignorance he had calculated upon, Mr. Quinby has recourse to terrorizing. One sonorous, baby-blood-curdling "Hush, sir!" mingles with the fray, and as it produces the temporary quietude of abject fear, the semblance of peace is restored and Mr. Quinby turns over on his side in premature triumph, conscious of a growing conviction that there never was a more tempestuous infant than his son, nor a stronger smelling lamp than the one then filling the atmosphere of his chamber, nor a slower moving clock than the one that was deliberately discounting the moments from the bank of time into the exchequer of eternity while he was in sore

travail of spirit. Also, he began to entertain a much higher opinion of his wife's administrative ability. By half-past eleven o'clock the slumber that had been the result of terror and not of satiety, was broken into flinders by the tempestuous wail the baby sent out in fresh assertion of his rights, alongside of which the shriek of the American eagle was as the cooing of a dove. The question of capitulation began to assume grave proportions—not on the part of the infantry. But could a Mede and Persian, as exemplified in Mr. Quinby's resolute soul, surrender unconditionally to a babe and a suckling? Manhood, discipline and dignity forbade it. That child must learn that there were opposing wills in the world. He fell back on strategy. A feeble species of parley was held with the enemy! False promises were extended; flattering endearments were lavished; coaxing insinuations flowed freely. But the enemy scorned a truce. The milk bottle formed the base of his exactions, and he was not to be driven therefrom. The bewildered reformer stood irresolute over the crib, looking down in perplexed astonishment at this turbulent agglomeration of tiny limbs, vigorous lungs, soft helplessness and unconquerable will. He wished that Anna would wake up just long enough to hold a council of war with him, or to suggest terms of capitulation. But while the baby rent the peace of night in twain his mother snored in a gentle, lady-like fashion that filled Mr. Quinby with amazement. Could *he* ever

become so accustomed to this uproar? No signs of weakening or of surrender were observable on the baby's part as the moments sped on. Mr. Quinby felt them numerous on his own. However, according to discipline and the sanitarians, supported by all the best doctors and nurses in the land, three hours should intervene between "drinks." That unsympathetic clock pointed to quarter of twelve. Fifteen more minutes of this pandemonium. Could mortal flesh endure fifteen more seconds of it? Threadbare indeed! Small wonder Anna looked like a shadow of herself. It was a wonder she had a pound of flesh on her bones. Soon Mrs. Quinby hears a splashing as of milk being recklessly dashed from the nursery mug into the bottle, followed by a gurgling sound as of refreshment rather urgently proffered.

"Don't choke him, John, dear," she says, in an intensely wide-awake voice.

"Are you awake?"

Mrs. Quinby laughed. The question was so superfluous:

"Oh, well! I say, Anna, what do you do when he won't take it?"

"I never knew such a thing to happen in all my life!" Mrs. Quinby was standing over the crib by the time her answer had reached it, and she hovered over the small but exhausted conqueror like a dove with outstretched wings.

Mr. Quinby sighed as if the weight of a world had suddenly been lifted from his shoulders, and was wondering if he would be derelict to his duties as a family man if he should go to sleep very immediately. He felt extremely sandy about the eyes. But Anna promptly settled his doubts for him.

“John! he’s sick! Oh, he’s terribly sick! Look, it must be scarlet fever. See those monstrous red blotches! Who knows what horrible diseases we traveled with. Oh, John! do get a doctor! Oh! if mother was only here. I knew every thing would go wrong as soon as I brought baby away from her. Old ladies know every thing, and doctors don’t know any thing,” said Mrs. Quinby, sweepingly, as she gathers the storm-tossed baby into her lap and falls to weeping over it profusely, “and to think how we’ve been torturing him to-night, John.”

“Don’t, Anna! Don’t talk that way,” says Mr. Quinby, with the remorse of a convicted criminal in his voice. “You know babies have to have a variety of things, and no doubt this is just one of them.” He administers this vague comfort while getting into his clothes with tremulous haste. “We’ll have an old lady first, and then all the doctors in town if need be. Perhaps, after all, it’s only bed-bugs,” he says, slapping his hat on his head while he stoops to take a cursory glimpse of the crimson blotches that have so alarmed his wife.

“Oh! John, please don't be so stupid, if you are a man. I tell you something dreadful is the matter with the baby.”

And it is with these last words of his wife's on his lips that Mr. Quinby stands apologetically in Mrs. Lætitia Shaw's presence a few minutes later on begging her pardon for his midnight invasion. “But,” he added, in that winning way which always made it such a pleasure for people to accommodate him, “I thought you could do more toward relieving the anxiety of a young mother than a score of doctors, and if I can leave you with Mrs. Quinby while I hunt up a doctor, I shall be so very glad.”

“We had better see if a doctor is needed, first,” says the bishop's wife, always her most alert self when somebody is to be helped out of trouble of some sort; “if you'll just wait three minutes I will be ready to go with you.”

The three minutes seem very long to John, standing there in the dimly lighted hall imagining all sorts of horrible possibilities in the room at his house; but when the bishop's wife comes back to him, wrapping a great woolen shawl about the pretty white curls that look as if they never knew disorder, and extends a lot of bottles for him to carry, his spirits go up with surprising alacrity, and he is quite sure he did the best thing to be done by calling in Mrs. Shaw.

“I am thinking,” she says, panting a little, but keep-

ing step with his long, nervous stride, "from your description, that it's hives and nothing worse."

"Hives" was mystifyingly suggestive of bees, but as Mr. Quinby was smarting under a sense of general defeat just then, he did not care to invite fresh mortification by acknowledging to ignorance of something that perhaps he ought to have known, so he just muttered: "Let us hope so," and hurried the little old lady through the deserted street with reckless speed.

"Anna, I've brought a friend who will prove quite as knowing as Grandma Abbott, I'm sure," he says, presenting Mrs. Shaw suddenly before his wife where she sat moaning and rocking in a perfect frenzy of helpless misery.

One look up into the sweet, motherly face that was brought close enough for Mrs. Shaw to kiss her on the forehead, was sufficient to inspire Anna with confidence and a sense of relief. The women smiled into each other's eyes, as Anna held out her precious burden and motioned Mrs. Shaw to take the low rocker she had just risen from.

"I'm so much obliged to your husband for thinking of me first," says the bishop's wife; "I have a much better opinion of myself than I have of the doctors."

And while she began her examination with the air of an expert, Anna took in every particular of her delicate, blue-veined temples and hands, her bright eyes

full of benevolence, and the gentle face that seemed to radiate intelligence and sweetness.

"As I thought," Mrs. Shaw says, presently, with her mouth full of pins that she has garnered from the baby, "it's nothing in the world but hives."

"Hives! And what on earth is that, or are those," for the mysterious word has a plural sound, and Anna is so far relieved from anxiety that she can afford to be grammatical.

"An irruption, dear, that is more annoying than alarming. Babies are very liable to it, especially in change of atmosphere. We'll soon have him comfortable. I'm so glad you weren't foolish enough to run after a doctor the first thing." She nodded approval up at John, while she gently soothed the angry blotches with a lotion from one of the bottles she had brought, and while she lulled their baby to sleep, Mr. Quinby and his wife made tremendous strides toward adoring her.

"It is almost as good as having mother near me," says Anna, giving the old lady's hand a little supplementary squeeze, after they have stood together by the crib, to make sure of the prospect for peace at last, and Mrs. Shaw is ready to be taken home again.

"I hope you will always think so, dear, and I am very much obliged to baby for bringing us together so promptly. We can never feel like strangers after to-night."

"No, indeed," said Anna, fervently, following them to the top of the stairs and warning her not to stumble over the mat at the bottom.

"John," Mrs. Quinby rouses herself to ask as her husband once more settles himself among the pillows with a tired sigh, "she isn't, she can't be, not that dear, lovely-faced old lady with the wise eyes and the refined hands, can't be one of them! Is she, John?"

"One of what?"

"Those horrid Mormons."

"She is the wife of a very prominent Mormon, a particular friend of mine. Do go to sleep, Anna."

"*The* wife! That sounds all right. I am so glad."

"So am I," Mr. Quinby answers with drowsy irrelevance, in allusion, perhaps, to the blessed quietude of the room, and lapses into slumber, unconscious that by the use of a definite for an indefinite article he has involved his wife in a mesh of error that is likely to prove misleading.

And the bishop's wife, replacing the vials of medicine she had found no use for at the Quinby's in the medicine chest that ornamented her bedroom mantelshelf, was conscious of a mild sort of dissatisfaction that she didn't have the bishop on hand to discuss with him this little ripple of an event. But it was the bishop's week with class number three, and Mrs. Lætitia Shaw was well disciplined in patient endurance.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN IMPORTATION FROM THE SOUTH.

“I WONDER why Anna Quinby don't write?” Miss Ambrose said one morning, coming into the dining-room about breakfast time and finding her father reading the only letter that had been left by the carrier.

“Good-morning, pet. I don't know. Too much taken up with John yet awhile and getting her bearings among the Saints. Here's something curious.”

Dr. Ambrose answers all in one breath, holding out in his left hand an open letter which he did not offer to relinquish, however, while with his right he screwed his black silk skull cap around until the tassel of it rested confidently over one temple. A sure sign of perturbation with the doctor.

Effie gravely surveyed the fluttering piece of paper, which contained only two or three lines of writing.

“Curious? It looks like very ordinary paper and common ink with some unusually neat writing on it.”

“It is good writing,” says the doctor, looking at the letter again over his spectacles; “but the contents! That's the curious part of it. It's from Ferd Cosgrove's son. His name, the son's I mean, is,” referring to the

letter again, "Ferd, too, by the way. I see he signs it Ferd, Jun."

"An abbreviation of Ferdinand, I suppose," says Miss Ambrose in a tone that condemns abbreviations in general. They smacked of slovenliness in nomenclature, and the doctor's daughter was a foe to slovenliness in any thing.

"Yes, yes, to be sure. But see here, Effie, the boy will be here by the 11.30 train, and I, oh! by George, it is altogether very remarkable." The doctor's cap pirouetted until the tassel reached the other temple, and he stared at his daughter in that helplessly appealing fashion in which the strongest men indulge in emergencies where quick-wittedness is demanded to rescue slow judgment from a snarl.

"Suppose you read your letter aloud, father, or let me read it, and then I can have a clearer understanding of what seems to be worrying you considerably."

"Well, I don't know that you will," says the doctor, moving away toward the breakfast table, where the beefsteak has just been located in front of his plate; "there's precious little in this letter. It's from Ferd Cosgrove's son. You know he and I, Ferd senior, I mean, went to college together. He's a Mississippi boy, from somewhere in Sunflower County, and can't be more than twenty-six or seven at furthest. I've never seen him since we parted at Cambridge—old Ferd I mean—excepting for an hour or two, when we

happened to cross each other at Washington City, he going north and I south; it was when I took your poor dear mother to Florida for her health; and here he turns up in the most sudden and unexplained manner—young Ferd I mean—saying” (the doctor laid down the carving knife which he had been clashing fiercely across the sharpener during this preliminary explanation and took up the disturbing letter once more) “ ‘ My dear sir,—I reached New York last night, and hope to be with you by noon to-morrow at furthest. Will start for Elizabeth by the 11.30 train. My father’s explanation of his wishes and my intentions were so explicit that nothing remains to be said until we meet in person.’ ”

“ And what is his father’s explanation ? ”

“ Hanged if I know! This is the first atom of information I’ve had concerning a Cosgrove since Ferd and I, old Ferd of course I mean, met as I told you at Washington. Then our talk was very hurried and discursive. I do remember his blowing extensively about the talents of his only son, and he said he wanted to make a doctor of him when he was old enough, and I remember I said, ‘ Well, send him on to me when you want him licked into shape ; ’ but that was ten years ago, and all in fun at that.”

“ Well, the time has come for licking into shape, as you call it, and Mr. Cosgrove has sent his talented son on to you. Of course he wrote.”

“So his boy says!”

“And of course you got the letter, father! I’ll venture any thing it is in your pocket at this moment, alongside of no one knows how many others. Oh! papa!”

This in amazement at the rapidly increasing pile of papers, in a more or less crumpled condition, which Dr. Ambrose is piling up on both sides of his plate as fast as he can empty his pockets of the accumulation of months. She got up and brought his coffee to him with a view of helping in the search.

“Miss Effie Ambrose!” she read aloud, in tones of mingled reproach and triumph, singling a letter from the pile on the right of the plate while the doctor is anxiously scanning those on the other side, “and,” with another catlike pounce, “Dr. John Ambrose! Here it is, you careless, careless papa. Post-marked,” turning it round and round, “the dear only knows what, beside ‘Miss.,’ that’s plain enough. And it’s only fifteen days old. Father, this is shocking.”

“It is, beyond question,” says the doctor, disarming reproach by ready concession, while he stuffs the surplus papers back again into his roomy pockets. “Bless me if I can tell how such a thing could have happened. I am very particular about letters as a general thing. In fact I don’t know how I came by them at all. Why weren’t they—yes, I do too, it all comes back to me. It was just as I was going out at the gate in a big rain,

and I met the carrier and took them to save him a few steps to the door. I was on my way to see Watson's baby, I remember. It died, you know, poor little chap, in convulsions. I suppose I never thought of 'em from that moment to this. I'm sure I'm very sorry, darling, for keeping you out of yours so long."

"It don't make the least difference," says Miss Ambrose, whose interest has fallen to zero on discovering the Boston post-mark on her own letter. A letter from Utah must of necessity be very unlike a letter from any other place in the world. She was surprised at the vitality of her own curiosity in this direction. But she had always been fond of Anna, in the commonplace Elizabeth days, and now, Anna with the possibilities of a martyr's crown dimly foreshadowed was an object of intensified devotion to this girl, who, quite unknown to herself, was suffering from a sort of heart hunger that proclaimed her altogether liable to tremendous vicissitudes sooner or later. She poured her own coffee out and sipped it silently while Doctor Ambrose read the long letter from Mr. Cosgrove senior, which explained the short one of Mr. Cosgrove junior.

"Well! no great harm done after all," he says finally, looking relieved, as he puts the letter back in his pocket and swallows his cold coffee in several audible gulps. "Ferd says," tapping the pocket that has ingulfed the letter, "that it would soon be fol-

lowed by his son, who has resolved, with his entire approbation, to cut loose from the plantation and fit himself for a professional career. He wants his son to study medicine under me. He says, he is but poorly equipped to battle with the world and hopes I will keep him as near me as possible. That he will need to exercise the most rigid economy and is prepared to take my advice in any matter concerning his way of living. You know, those people are all desperately poor since the war, daughter. He comes, young Ferd I mean, from a plantation where he has spent his entire life."

"Of course he is peculiar," says Miss Ambrose, prepared for any amount of eccentricity on the part of a young man who has spent his entire life on a plantation in that dark and godless region of the country known as the South.

"Why so?" asks Dr. Ambrose, who is absolutely without sectional prejudices.

"He is from Mississippi, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And you say his entire life has been spent on a plantation?"

"Yes."

"Those people lead very queer lives at best, don't they, father?"

"How?"

"Oh! I don't know just exactly, but I remember

Aunt Priscilla had a great horror of all of them. I've heard her tell so often of a trip she made down the Mississippi River when she and mamma were little girls. It must have been just terrible, you know. And I'm quite sure the papers are always teeming with something awful that has happened down there where the men shoot and chew and ku-klux and are just horrid anyhow." Miss Ambrose shuddered as the vision arose before her, of being brought into close personal contact with the exponent of all these local vices.

"Who has crammed you with such confounded nonsense, child?" Dr. Ambrose looks his very angriest as he asks this.

"I am sure I've gotten hold of a general impression of that sort somehow or other."

"'General impressions' which are 'gotten hold of somehow' are apt to prove very accurate, no doubt," says the doctor, waxing sarcastic in his wrath, "but it is not very difficult to trace your ignorant prejudices to their source. Your Aunt Priscilla was one of the earliest women movers in the abolition excitement. Not that I'm charging that against her. But I'll be hanged if the more earnest a genuinely good woman gets in one direction, the more bitterly antagonistic she doesn't get in another. And the abolitionist women, saintly fanatics, as they were, were incapable of taking very broad views of any subject, and nursed their sympathies for the slaves with such one-sided vigor, that

they came to regard it as a religious duty to malign and blacken the reputation of the masters until the devil himself would hesitate about offering them hospitality. But you and I, my pet, are not going to open that old quarrel. The slaves are free, thank God, but the men who fought for what they thought was right have bitten the dust in humiliation. Far be it from us to plant one more thorn in the crown they've worn so long. This young fellow comes to us almost as an exile. We'll just remember, won't we, daughter, that he is a stranger in a strange land, and forget every thing else? I'm going to drive out to Bridge's this morning. His wife's down again. I'll manage to get back in time to bring Cosgrove up from the depot with me."

"How will you know this young man from any body else?" Effie asks practically, when her father comes back into the dining-room after exchanging his slippers and skull-cap for his shoes and tall, stiff hat in which he did professional penance for his slippered ease. "He has your address. You had best let him find his own way up here."

"That would look sorter chilling, you know. I'll trust my intuitions for picking a Southern boy out of a New York crowd. It's as easy as picking a black bean out of a pan full of white ones. Then he's Ferd's son, and there's nothing I wouldn't do to make him welcome. Ferd, old Ferd I mean, was a jolly good dog, if he did go astray on the secession question. We

chummed it for four years at college in the same room. I guess this boy has had something of a hard tussle to get any education."

"I doubt if he has any," not heartlessly, simply true to her convictions that an altogether abnormal moral and mental condition of affairs held down South. She kissed her father in a perfunctory fashion, and closing the front door on his retreating form, went to the library that constituted the right wing of the old house, where she was soon absorbed in what she called her morning duties.

These consisted in reading a chapter in the Old and New Testament according to the table of lessons for the month as laid down in the book of common prayer, after which so many pages of Carlyle's Frederick the Great, and, in lighter vein, a few problems in trigonometry were studied out. Her Aunt Priscilla had always contended for mathematics as the best discipline for the mind that one could possibly be under, and poor Effie, vaguely conscious of a sense of insufficiency in her life as it was, sought, in more perfect discipline of her faculties, surcease from the spirit of restlessness that haunted her through all the lonely hours that her father's absence entailed upon her.

"I am no better than an aimless child," she sighed in bitterness of spirit this morning, turning unrefreshed from the self-imposed tasks that had filled the morning hours for her, if they had not supplied any higher inner

need. "Surely I must be a poor bit of mechanism. The life that satisfied every need of dear Aunt Priscilla's soul leaves me dry and parched with thirst. But then, hers was a grand soul, attuned to grand issues. She lived for others. She lived to free the enslaved! and she died triumphant! while I! ah, me! I cumber the earth!"

In her enthusiasm over the aunt whose strong personality had dominated her own most susceptible years, Miss Ambrose never stopped to inquire how infinitesimally small that lady's influence had been in bringing about the stupendous fact of emancipation. On the contrary, in her fond idolatry she was rather inclined to exalt the said Boston spinster into the triumphant goddess of liberty, or the heroic exponent of the idea that had carried peace and joy to four million of sable hearts. And not seldom, when she closed the books that were, after all, such unsatisfying companions for a fresh young life, she found herself wondering enviously if her opportunity would ever come to her unsought, as it had come to her Aunt Priscilla.

That our golden opportunity often lies so close to us that our far-reaching eyes fail to note it, was a truism that had not yet presented itself to the doctor's daughter.

The sound of a sudden rainfall that came dashing against the window glass in big, noisy drops made her look away from the open trigonometry in her lap

toward the street. She wondered if her father had gone prepared for this caprice of the elements, and wished she had thought to remind him of his waterproof. He was so careless about himself, so careful for others. There went a foolish man now, holding his unsheltered hat well down against the big pattering drops with one hand, while the other clasped the lapels of his unbuttoned coat over his breast. The listless interest inspired by this rain-drenched walker received no accession from his sudden stoppage at her own gate, which he opened, after a quick, upward glance at the door, and cleared the narrow space between him and shelter at a half-dozen amazingly long strides.

Long-legged people and short-legged people, people of all sorts and conditions, were continually making pilgrimages through that gate to her father's office in the wing of the house, so Miss Ambrose was well back into her problem when her studious vein was once more interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come!" she drawled the monosyllable languidly, and looked up with a pencil in hand to hear what Maurice had to say.

"There's a young man in the doctor's office that give me this card, miss, for your pa," says Maurice, extending his lacquer-ware tray with a visiting-card on it, "and he says he'll wait till the doctor comes in."

"Well, what have I to do with that?" Miss Am-

brose asks, not offering to take the card; "I suppose it's some patient of my father's."

"No'm, I don't think he be," says Maurice, looking down on the bit of paste-board on his tray, as if he would like very much to question it; "he looks too sorter healthy to have any needs for a doctor. He's a stranger to these parts, I take it. He says his train was a little ahead of time, or he *reckons*—that's the word—the doctor would 'a' been on hand."

"Let me have the card," says Effie, quickly for her, laying her pencil down on the open book. Maurice extends his tray with relieved alacrity. Miss Ambrose reads on it, penciled in good, clear characters, "F. Cosgrove, Jun."

"It's all right, Maurice, my father is expecting this gentleman. You can tell him Dr. Ambrose rode to the depot to meet him, and——"

"That's the doctor now a-stampin' the water out of his feet," says Maurice, as a vigorous sound of foot-stamping comes to their ears, and Effie goes out to meet him with the card in her hand.

"You missed your black bean after all," she says, lowering her voice against all possibility of its penetrating to the stranger's ears.

"Yes. He didn't come. There wasn't but four passengers got out at this station. Two old women, Henry Colton, and a long-legged, thin-faced chap that looked as if he might have been raised on a down-

east farm, where they never ate any thing but pumpkins."

Effie displayed Mr. Cosgrove's card and laughed. Her father's acumen in tracing inherited physiognomy was evidently at fault.

"Where did you get this?"

"Mr. Cosgrove is in your office," she said, "and I shouldn't wonder if the poor young man is sitting there in moist misery. The rain was pouring down, and he had no umbrella."

"Bless my soul," says Dr. Ambrose, making shuffling haste along the passage-way toward his office, "it does look as if I was determined to cold-water that young man."

"With the assistance of the elements," says Effie, going with him as far as the foot of the stairs that took upward flight near the back door. "I will see you and your friend at luncheon," she adds, waving her hand to her father as he disappeared through a side door, and bursts violently in upon Mr. Ferdinand Cosgrove, Junior, where he stands coolly drying his dampened legs before the doctor's stove, reading the while a book he has taken from the shelves with an absorption of interest that has made him forget how long he has been kept waiting for the cordial welcome his father had guaranteed him before he had left the plantation, saying—

"Things have changed up North, Ferd, no doubt,

tremendously, since I was a rich young college fellow, with the world in a sling; but there's one thing up there that can't change, any more than true gold can be changed into any baser metal, and that one thing is John Ambrose's heart. God bless him!"

CHAPTER IX.

SNAP JUDGMENT.

“THIS young fellow comes to us almost as an exile. We’ll just remember, won’t we, daughter, that he is a stranger in a strange land and forget every thing else?”

These words of her father haunted Effie long after the sound of his creaking shoes (the doctor’s shoes were chronically afflicted that way), carrying him over the oil-clothed hall in apologetic haste, had died away in the distance and been superseded by muffled voices in conversation that penetrated at intervals through the ceiling and carpet, punctuated occasionally by a rollicking laugh from the doctor.

“They seem to find plenty to say to each other,” she says, carefully folding up her sewing, as the clock struck one, and taking a brief survey of herself in the looking-glass before going down to luncheon. It was a sweet, serious face reflected back at her, with a broad, serene forehead from which all such frivolities as bangs, curls, or even wavelets, were religiously excluded. Smoothly parted, on either side her brown hair was severely out-

lined against the white of temple and brow ; “ of course he’s peculiar ; but, as dear good father says, these people have suffered terribly for their sins and it is the part of charity to judge them leniently and treat them kindly,” with which mis-quotation, she left her own room fully prepared to overwhelm Mr. Cosgrove with the graciousness of her reception. It was a bit of unconscious diplomacy on the doctor’s part, enlisting her pity for his protégé. For Miss Ambrose dearly loved to be magnanimous. This young man had, innocently perhaps, but none the less really, partaken of the crime of slave-holding, but as he had voluntarily come out from that land of moral turpitude, whose dark boundaries she autocratically traced on Mason and Dixon’s line, he should be treated with that gentle consideration due all confessed prodigals ; of course, there would be a great deal to shock one’s finer sensibilities in associating with a young man whose best must be very poor indeed, but then, she hoped Aunt Priscilla’s broad teachings had not been so thrown away on her that she expected to measure every body’s corn in her own bushel measure. The sight of a very broad-rimmed, soft-felt hat, bound about with a somewhat dingy ribbon, hanging on the hall-rack close by her father’s tall silk hat, sent a throb of generous pity through her heart (which was not cold, only empty).

“ How dreadfully poor a man must be,” she said, “ to wear such a hat, and how courageous too,” but she

recoiled a little at the horrible prospect of finding the whole man in keeping with that dissolute looking hat; "if it only had a stiff rim," she sighed, looking with disapproval at the broad, limp brim, "it would look less reckless. What a trial if he should want to go to church with us to-morrow; I'm positive the faintest zephyr would set that brim oscillating. It really looks brigandish! I wonder if he does too." It was with expectation at its lowest ebb that she opened the dining-room door and found herself in the presence of the two men, who had answered the luncheon bell much more promptly than she had. They were standing on the hearth rug waiting for her with a fair outward show of patience. Two strongly contrasting forms and faces. Young Cosgrove, tall, thin, with a certain amount of supple grace about him that seemed altogether disproportioned to the length of his legs, was leaning against the mantle with both hands in his trowsers' pockets, while he looked down into the doctor's face and gave his best attention to a rather long-winded story of something his father and his father's chum had done in the days gone by before his birth. It was a thin, brown face, lighted up by a pair of uncommonly intelligent eyes, that the doctor was looking up into, eyes which, discovering the young lady's presence before her father did, left the doctor's beaming face and calmly rested on that of his approaching hostess.

"Ah! My daughter, Miss Ambrose, Ferd—Mr. Cos-

grove, I should say, but Ferd slips off the end of my tongue so naturally. Effie, you've often heard me speak of this young man's father, my chum, old Ferd, I mean," says the doctor all in one breath, purposely making his introduction very verbose in view of the fact that he had, so far, no intimation of what line of conduct his daughter had mapped out for herself in connection with this ex-rebel, and in case of embarrassment an avalanche of words might serve as a sort of bridge to cross the chasm on. But there was no embarrassment and no chasm. Mr. Cosgrove extended his hand quite as a matter of course. Effie accepted it, condoning the lack of good form in view of the Mississippian's previous advantages or lack of them.

She had entered the room laudably bent upon making her father's guest feel quite at his ease, but if he were not already so he must be a prince of counterfeiters. She quite prided herself on her abstract sense of justice and was prepared to retract the obnoxious adjective "peculiar" so soon as it should be proven misapplied. She was slightly disconcerted at the young man's placid inspection of her. Peculiar seemed to fit him more snugly than ever. Far be it from her to expect a man's manners and his coat to be gauged one by the other, but the peculiarity of this young man lay in his seeming ignorance of the fact that Maurice, who opened the door for him, and who was then officiating at the lunch table, was vastly better

dressed than himself. Maurice, who was only part white, would have scorned to wear that blue coat, grown whitish about the seams and shiny about the buttons, and that did not accord with the striped trowsers that puffed so at the knees with pathetic suggestions of having been worn a very long time! Maurice would never have been caught in a turn-down collar with a narrow silk tie slightly awry, years after standing collars and scarfs were considered the admissible things! She would have approved altogether of this sublimated serenity under so much shabbiness if it had seemed to spring from heroic endurance, but she was afraid, from the airy unconsciousness of the young man, that he really did not know when a person was well dressed. He didn't look at all like a man who was expiating the sins of his fathers in a shabby coat and disreputable trowsers. His manners were quietly composed, without lapsing into indifference, and when he had any thing to say—for Doctor Ambrose, with the garrulity of age, was something of a monopolist—he said it a little verbosely (quaintly, Effie called it), as a man says things who has never been under the necessity of hurrying through any thing; but there were none of those lapses into plantation dialect nor reckless disregard for grammar that she had supposed must distinguish all Southerners from more fortunate people.

She was glad that her father's full flow of reminis-

cence claimed the attention of the young man so entirely that, as he sat at the side of the table, with his eyes turned toward the doctor, she could satisfy her curiosity concerning him fully, if a trifle furtively. She brought to bear upon this furtive examination the intense interest always excited by the first view of any species of animal of which one has heard a great deal, but with which one has never come in direct contact. This young Mississippian, with his brown cheeks, straight, dark hair, combed smoothly behind a pair of rather prominent ears; with his long, brown mustache nearly hiding a mouth of womanish sensibility; with his superfluity of neck held well up above that distressingly obsolete collar; with his long, nervous, brown fingers that kept his napkin ring in perpetual motion, while he listened or when he spoke, belonged to a type that had been held up for criticism and condemnation in her hearing from the earliest years of her life.

“How very different, in every particular, from the young men one sees every day in Elizabeth,” was her mental verdict on the physical man, which may have been in Mr. Cosgrove’s favor and may not have been. She started guiltily when her father, swerving from one subject to the other with the suddenness that was habitual with him, suddenly addressed himself to her.

“Well, Miss Ambrose, what do you say to taking another male under your protection? Ferd and I have arranged every thing to suit ourselves, and—”

“Pardon me the interruption, my good sir, but I can not permit you to say that any thing has been arranged without consulting Miss Ambrose. That I appreciate your kind offer and would gladly avail myself of it, if your daughter fully approves, is the more correct way of stating it.”

“Oh! of course, of course,” says the doctor, starting off more briskly than ever after this interruption, “but there’s no manner of reason in thinking about any other arrangement. We’ve got a big house here. Room for a dozen instead of two. And here’s Ferd,” addressing himself to Effie, “who’s come all the way from Mississippi to study medicine with me; don’t know a soul this side the line. Where’s the sense of his knocking about in cheap boarding houses when we’ve got two or three bedrooms locked up? The one over the library, Pet, with the morning sun, is just the thing for him; and then of nights, when I want to smoke, I need not have to shut myself up like a prisoner in solitary confinement or run the risk of being ordered out of your room with the gim-cracks. She’s down on smoke, Ferd. Excuse me, but it does me good to mouth the old name. Not that you look at all like your father, there’s where I missed it this morning at the depot. Ferd, old Ferd, I mean, has red hair, white though now, I guess—”

“None at all, rather,” Ferd junior says smilingly.

“Bald! Hey! To be sure, he’s not been standing

still while I've been growing old. And blue eyes. I was looking out for Ferd's broad shoulders and short legs."

"I believe I take after my mother's family."

Effie made a note of that "take after," proposing further on to see if its use was warranted by any good authority.

"And so," says the doctor, settling every thing with a final sweep of his napkin across his lips, "we'll telegraph over to New York for his baggage, and make him at home."

"I protest," began Mr. Cosgrove.

"Against what?" Dr. Ambrose interrupts, tartly.

"Against your having taken Miss Ambrose at such a decided disadvantage. By laying the proposition before her in this way, you have virtually deprived her of all power of veto."

This was so exactly what Miss Ambrose was herself thinking, that she blushed furiously and denied it mendaciously:

"I am sure if you think you could be comfortable and happy in such a monotonous household as this, I can agree with father that it would be a good arrangement. You will not find us at all entertaining. We are both very busy people, and correspondingly dull company."

"I hope to be very busy, too," says the young man, not nearly so much overcome by her graciousness as

she had expected, but to him, fresh from the larger handed hospitality of his section, this concession seemed simply a display of ordinary politeness; "and while I am deeply grateful for the arrangement, I should be sorry to have you feel under any necessity of entertaining me. I have come North impressed with an abiding sense of the necessity of making both edges cut for the next few years. I have nothing to fall back upon. The old place is pretty well worn out, and is not inviting to free labor."

"You don't overflow," says the doctor, whose knowledge of Mississippi hills and Louisiana swamps is a trifle obscure.

"No. That's about the only ill we're not heir to," says Ferdinand, with a ripple of careless laughter, which increases Miss Ambrose's desire to know what manner of man this is, who can wear shabby clothes with placid indifference, and discuss his own impoverished condition with the stoicism that is generally reserved for the misfortunes of one's friends.

"Well! if Miss Ambrose considers the arrangement made, I may as well order my baggage at once," he says, as they all come out into the hall together, and he stops in front of the big shabby hat, with arm upraised.

"Do so," says the doctor, "or stay, Maurice can do it just as well."

"But, Miss Ambrose! I'm waiting for her orders."

"The room is entirely at your disposal, and I hope you will be very comfortable in it," Effie says, a trifle frigidly.

"Thank you, I don't intend to be in your way any more than I can possibly help. I'm to be the doctor's cub for some time to come, and hope you will make use of me in any capacity. I'm not an altogether useless limb. And I am thoroughly grateful for this arrangement." With a little wave of the broad brimmed hat, he strode out of the gate with the same long swinging stride that had brought him in out of the rain. Effie and her father watched him out of sight.

"Well, what do you think of him?" the doctor asked.

"I think he is peculiar."

"How? Snap judgments are unkind and unreliable. But how?"

"Every way. He seems to take things very much as a matter of course, even his poverty. Has he always been so dreadfully poor?"

"His father was one of the richest men in the state when the war broke out, and this boy was born to big expectations."

"He doesn't seem to care. He rather makes a joke of his extremity."

"That's not for us to say. Those people have accepted the issue like men, and this boy is proud

enough to hide his scars; but they must be there, daughter, they must be there. I'm glad you were so sweet about his coming."

"I didn't know that you gave me any opportunity to be any thing else. If you had spoken to me privately, it could have been argued for and against."

"But there isn't any against. It's just as if I had a partner."

"As you please, father. His presence will be nothing to me. If he is in earnest about his profession I shall see little or nothing of him except at table. Of course, you will not expect me to alter my evenings for him."

"You'll find him earnest," says the doctor, answering partially. "He comes of earnest stock. With all his seeming carelessness he's fire and brimstone at bottom. It's in his eyes."

"How very uncomfortable! I hope he isn't combustible. We are very serene here at present. I suppose it wouldn't be safe to talk as if there had been a war, or a colored person, or any thing of that sort, you know."

And while he is being so freely discussed, Mr. Cosgrove, with due consideration for the cost of every word, is telegraphing home after telegraphing for his baggage.

"Am all right. Taken into bosom of family. Work hard! Doctor a trump."

CHAPTER X.

“SHALL AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?”

PERHAPS Mr. Ferdinand will never know how much he was indebted to his shabby felt hat, his pathetically thread-bare coat and his unconscious pose as martyr, for the promptness with which he got into Miss Ambrose's good graces and was treated by her with a sweet cordiality that he accepted as a matter of course, while her father marveled greatly thereat. All the girls with whom the young man's decidedly limited experience had brought him in contact were cordial and friendly, totally unversed in those stiff conventionalities and pointless points of etiquette which would have been absurdly misplaced in the free and easy intercourse of one plantation with another; so he had nothing by which to gauge the extent of the thaw in his hostess's icy courtesy, that delighted and amazed her father.

He, the doctor, was secretly conscious of his own daring and the unexpectedly happy results therefrom. He knew that if he had so introduced a spruce young man, with short clipped hair, with wide-awake audacity in his eyes, a dapper, conventional “derby” on his

head and fashionable tweed on his back, into the bosom of his family as unceremoniously as he had introduced this young exile from Dixie, he would have run the risk of being severely and persistently snubbed for his hasty philanthropy, and life would have been made a burden to the recipient of it; for the average young man with his monotony of physique and dress, his hueless mind and flavorless experience was an object of especial dislike to his daughter, to whom Cosgrove, with his store of tragic memories, his quaint acceptance of a lot of poverty and deprivation, such as had never come within her well-sheltered sphere of observation, his unreserved indorsement of the issues of the war, and his quaintly humorous acknowledgment of complete defeat, assumed the proportions of a psychological study; a study which she pursued with all the more eagerness when she found out, contrary to her expectations, that he was not at all averse to talking about things as they were, or had been, or might possibly yet be in that "dark land, the South," a spot which her imagination had always peopled with a race of men lineally descended from the ogres and the earth-demons of the dark ages. Perhaps (it dawned upon her) she had not been doing these slave-holding people full justice all these years. Perhaps Aunt Priscilla's very rigid views concerning them and their iniquities (the correctness of which views she had never dreamed of questioning) might have been a trifle over-done. Per-

haps, like another historical personage, between whom and the slave-holder of the South there was doubtless much in common, he may have been painted blacker than he was. She resolved that it was her duty to give unbiased heed (or as unbiased as possible) to all the young man had to tell, for there was no withholding credence from the simple testimony he bore to the heroic lives and patient endurance of the people to whom he belonged. Not eager or querulous testimony, nor given with importunate eagerness to excite sympathy, only manfully and modestly when asked to do so. The acme of interest and curiosity on her part was reached one evening when Cosgrove had been with them some months, and had made himself quietly entertaining in a descriptive vein over the dessert and coffee. Dr. Ambrose had made an abrupt move to leave the dinner table on account of the heat.

"We can finish our talk in the office, Ferd, over our cigars, daughter will excuse us;" then the two men had gone one way and she another, as usual, they to defile and befog the atmosphere of the doctor's office with cigar smoke, she to sit in dignified and unsmoked loneliness in the sacred alcove where Ferd had never yet penetrated, catching only fleeting and suggestive hints of its splendor as he passed the drawn portière to and from the dining-room.

But on this occasion Miss Ambrose found the contemplation of her pretty but familiar surroundings

cruelly inadequate to her entertainment. Neither plaque nor picture nor book-shelf could win one glance of approval from the serious eyes that were fixed abstractedly on the soft, fluffy rug under her feet while she meditated a very daring step. With a sudden resolve that sent a soft flush slowly up from cheek to brow, she gathered into her arms a brilliant hued pile of wool pierced with two long ivory needles, and swooped down upon the two men where they sat in wordless content over their cigars.

“You were going to tell us about your church going, when father walked off with you,” she said, scorning a false plea for her unprecedented intrusion. “I should so like to have you go on.”

She smiled a little uneasily as the Mississippian sprang to his feet on her entrance and stood courteously with his hand on the back of his chair, while she settled herself into the big upholstered affair that was planted immovably under the drop light. This young man always made it seem such a momentous affair for her to come into the room; it was really discomforting. She was afraid he was a trifle obsolete.

Ferd moved toward the open window with his cigar in his fingers.

“Don’t throw away your cigar, please. If you don’t resume it I shall feel terribly in the way. You see I intruded on your cigar, not it on me. If you refuse to smoke and talk I will go back to my own room.”

"Thank you. Mother and the girls have spoiled us—father and me I mean—by letting us smoke in the sitting-room at home, but I'm not such a muff as to expect indulgence at your hands."

"Smoke, Ferd, smoke in peace! Depend upon it, she means it, or she wouldn't have said it. It is one of my daughter's most striking peculiarities (sex and age considered, a very striking one) that she always means what she says. But as I don't want you to undervalue your blessings, I will tell you that you're the first man that ever got permission to smoke in her presence. It is either a sign of interest in you, of which I hope you will try to prove yourself worthy, or a sign of reconstruction in her, of which you will please make a note. I'm always sure some deep internal motive is surging in my daughter's heart when she appears with Penelope's web in her hand. Penelope's web," leaning over and spreading the gay woolen thing out over Effie's lap, "is expected to eventuate in an Afghan for me. If I die before it is completed, and man's age is but three-score and ten, I will make you my residuary legatee, Ferd."

Effie waited very patiently for this harangue to exhaust itself. The long ivory needles were click-clacking industriously. She leaned back with a sigh. She wished she could enter more heartily into her father's jocularities, but Aunt Priscilla had always classed fun and frivolity together. She fixed her grave eyes on

the flame of the match by which Mr. Cosgrove was rekindling his cigar.

"I am very much interested in all you have to tell me about the South," she said, "and I hope you won't think it impertinent curiosity either."

"I think I quite understand," he said, dropping the burned match into the cuspadore, and resuming his chair, puffing for a second in silence to make sure of his cigar, then clasping one arm about his crossed leg, he added, "I only wish such curiosity had been a little more general before the war. It would have been better for us all."

"Why?"

"Because, if there had been a little more intelligent curiosity among the *people* of the North concerning the *people* of the South, rather than a concentration of im-bittered interest in our one accursed institution of slavery, it would have led to a clearer understanding on both sides. Because, if we had come face to face with each other instead of being the puppets of politicians on both sides, greedy of self aggrandizement alone, it would have been well. Because, if we had reached out after each other's love and esteem with a sincere desire for a better mutual understanding, the same results might have been achieved in the long run without the horrible sacrifices that went to its final accomplishment."

"By the Eternal, I believe you are right, sir!" says

Dr. Ambrose, bringing his clenched fist mercilessly down upon his own knee.

"What did the people of the North know of the people of the South," Ferdinand continued, rising in his earnestness and facing eagerly toward the girl whose sweet, upraised face glowed with answering earnestness, "but what they saw of the wealthy among them, in their butterfly flutterings about some Northern watering-place in hot weather, or what they read about them in partisan newspapers that colored and distorted every statement to suit the exigencies of the times or the tastes of their own constituents? What did the people of the South know of the people of the North, but what they, in their obscure plantation homes, heard in distant echoes transmitted through agencies that lent themselves to the propagation of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness? Why, sir," facing excitedly upon the doctor, "since I've come North I've learned, as a thousand years of theorizing over the whys and wherefores of the lost cause could not have taught me, the utter madness of our people. I've seen enough of the material prosperity of this country to make me marvel at the fatuous daring of the men who precipitated the secession movement. The South was no more prepared to grapple with the North in a death-grip than a starved child could grapple with a well-fed giant. I marvel at the daring, but I glory in the dauntless courage it evoked!"

"You speak of those men as if you were an outsider," says Effie, noting what she gladly hails as a sign of regeneration.

"You mistake me entirely. I, having come to years of discretion since the costly finale has been reached, having been a partaker of the woes that sprung from the war without having participated in the blind passion of its inception, feel warranted in speaking of its results rather than its causes. But it was not the political aspect of the South we were discussing over our coffee. It was the lives of our women." He smiled down into Effie's face. This young man's smile was one of his best points. It was a sort of sudden illumination generally quite unexpected and fleeting, leaving his features all the quieter for its having been. Not that his was an uncheerful face; it was more as if he had not known much occasion for laughter.

"Yes," says Effie, with a nod of unusual eagerness, "You said they never shopped, nor went to theaters, nor churches, nor things, and I wondered how they lived through the days."

"Happily, busily and intelligently," says Ferd, "in spite of it all;" then he found himself wondering if this Boston-reared girl, with a nameless charm of sweet earnestness about her that made him forget her pedantry and her narrowness and her fixedness in a groove that was altogether unfamiliar to him, would indorse his use of those adverbs if she could know his

mother and the girls as he knew them—could look in upon the old plantation sitting-room, with its faded ante-bellum glories in such sharp contrast with its cheap renovations, on evenings when the family was all gathered there; his father and his mother and the three girls and himself, all clustered about the center table, where were always to be found the papers and magazines of the day as fast as their slow moving mails could fetch them: could see mother, with her soft white bands of hair tucked smoothly away under her cap frill, leaning back with her still bright eyes closed behind her gold-rimmed glasses and her hands folded restfully in her lap (such busy hands they were too), while father read aloud from their favorite weekly, and Annie, the pet of them all, sat playing without notes, softly, so as not to drown the reader's voice, on the piano that was almost disreputable for want of repairs they could not afford; and the other two girls puzzled their united brains over the latest fashion book, so that the dresses they must make for themselves should at least approximate the fashions, or Puss—Puss, so intensely black that she looked like a mammoth silhouette outlined against the white-plastered walls, the girls' house-maid, torment and pet all rolled into one—stood mutely by the piano, marveling at the melody "Missannie" evoked from the cracked and yellow keys, with an intensely greasy primer clasped to her bosom—for Puss

was undergoing the agonies that beset the tiresome path of knowledge—and presently when “Missannie” should be tired of the disreputable piano she would take the disreputable primer and hear the lesson Puss was expected to know but never did. Aloud he added, “But it’s pretty hard lines on them and no mistake. A fellow doesn’t realize quite how rough until he gets away from it all himself. I think of mother and the girls every Sunday morning when the church bells ring and the day looks so different from the other six up here, when there’s something beside the stoppage of a plow to mark it. And when you come out of your room, Miss Ambrose, looking so pretty and placid, and go off to the enjoyment of a good sermon and fine music and prayers delivered in a civilized tongue, that you find quite tolerable, even if long, from your softly upholstered pews, I wonder if you know just how smoothly the machinery does work for you?”

It was so utterly impossible to tell from this rather vehemently delivered speech whether she was being complimented on her prettiness or denounced as an ingrate to Providence, that Effie stared at the speaker helplessly for a second, then murmured: “I hope I’m not unmindful of my blessings, Mr. Cosgrove.”

He laughed lightly.

“I didn’t in the least mean to draw any invidious comparisons, Miss Effie, but I can’t help wishing that

some of the good things which come to you as a simple matter of course, could go to brighten the dull lives of my dear ones on the old plantation."

"What do you mean by prayers in a civilized tongue?" Effie asked.

"Oh! well, you mustn't weigh my words too particularly. We are a God-fearing people down South, though you might not think so, and what I say, please understand, has reference only to my own little piney woods settlement, miles and miles from any town. A state of affairs exists there which is inseparable from the fact that it is exclusively an agricultural country, with very few whites, and those so far apart that no community of interest can obtain. You know there's no such thing as regular church-going among us. Maybe two or three times a year word will be sent around that some seedy parson will preach at somebody's house, and we'll ride miles upon miles through the mud or through the dust, as it may chance to be, to hear a fellow that your man Maurice here could put to the blush."

"And the poor colored people?" Effie asks, true to her earliest sympathies.

"Oh! they're a deal better off than we are," says Ferd, with a twinkle in his eyes; "they've got about ten preachers to every plantation, and a regular meeting-house, too."

"Where do they get them?"

“Which? The preachers or the meeting-houses?”

“Both.”

“They manufacture the first, and we build the last.”

“But manufacture out of what?”

“Out of the raw material. Any fellow with a good, strong pair of lungs and an easy flow of language is equipped for the pulpit. You see they are not over fastidious.”

Here the doctor interposed a lot of questions touching the political aspirations of the race, and Miss Ambrose subsided into a thoughtful silence. It all had such an extremely barbaric sound to her, and yet this young man with the delicate profile, and eyes luminous with intelligence, whose voice was so pleasantly modulated, and whose manners were rather oppressively polite, wasn't in the least barbaric! She wondered if the women who never went any where, or saw any body, or heard any thing, could possibly resemble other women in any respect. How very like oysters they must feel! Really, it was a field for missionary labor. She wondered if missionaries would be well received there? It made her shudder to think how empty the souls of such people must be. Somebody ought to stir in the matter.

“Mr. Cosgrove”—she spoke with unusual timidity, but then the ground was unknown and might prove treacherous, “do missionaries ever go among those poor people?”

"Which poor people, Miss Ambrose?" Ferd's mustache twitched tremulously and he glued his eyes to the spark of his cigar with absorbed interest.

"Because," says Doctor Ambrose, warding off the blow, "my daughter is consumed with missionary zeal and it must find a vent. If you won't let her work among your darkeys, she will be starting off to Siam some fine morning, leaving me desolate."

"I was not thinking of the colored people, father," she says with intense gravity of voice, fixing her eyes imploringly on Ferd's inscrutable countenance; "I was thinking of the poor white people, the women especially."

"Define the class you would like to benefit more accurately, Miss Ambrose," he says, looking away from her earnest eyes lest she should detect the amusement in his. She leaned forward, with her smooth, white hands clasped over the gay wools of the afghan; she wished she could utter the thoughts that were in her. She knew she seemed cold and selfish and absorbed in her own narrow circle, but there was that within her that stirred restlessly at every recital of hardship and deprivation endured by others. The world teemed with great wrongs to be righted, and here she sat day after day, dreaming, idling, wasting! A selfish cumberer of the earth!

"Perhaps you won't quite know what I mean, but"—an excited pull at the gong on the office door start-

led them all, and drowned her words. The doctor answered the summons in shuffling haste.

“What the devil——” he began angrily, as the massive form of a hackman that all the town knew was thrust unceremoniously into their presence.

“No time for gettin’ mad, now, doctor. I’ve driv’ up from the depot in a rattlin’ hurry to fetch you. There’s a old lady down there in the station waitin’ room with some hurt about her, and you’re wanted. They told me to whoop you up.”

“You may as well come too, Ferd,” said the doctor, getting hastily into his light top-coat, and reaching for his case of instruments. “If there’s any bones broken, I may need assistance that every body can’t render. Who is she, any how?” he asked the driver a minute later as he clambered into the waiting carriage.

“Don’t know, sir. Stranger. Got off train here. Dark! Fell and broke some of her machinery. Reckon ’twere tol’able rusty, any how. She ain’t no spring chicken,” and banging the door after Mr. Cosgrove in such excited zeal that the young man’s heels narrowly escaped abrasion, he mounted to his box and whipped his horses into a spanking trot.

“Where are your friends, madam?” asked the doctor, having satisfied himself by a thorough examination, that the stranger’s leg was broken and her case likely to prove a serious one.

“Very far away, doctor; none this side of the Rocky

Mountains unless I can claim you. I am traveling alone; I used to live here a great many years ago. My name was Stone; Letty Stone. The pretty Letty of Elizabeth they called me more than a quarter of a century ago; and you, oh! I've not forgotten the name of John Ambrose. I heard them say go for Dr. Ambrose—" a spasm of pain seized her, wringing moans in place of words from her quivering lips.

"Letty Stone!"

The doctor peered inquisitorially over his glasses at the delicate features now pinched and distorted with suffering. It was the face of a pretty old woman, with fluffy white curls clustering on the temples, and gentle blue eyes that looked at him piteously now for help.

"Fetch some men with a mattress, Ferd!" he turned from the settee to say; "and you," to the curious crowding loungers, "get out of here, every one of you!" He closed the door of the waiting-room after the departing crowd, and came back to the sufferer, softly repeating her name more than once.

"Letty Stone! Letty Stone! Here in the waiting-room at old Elizabeth station! Why bless my soul, where did you come from?"

"I came back here to see sister Eliza once more, John, before I died, for we're both getting old, but they tell me she's gone! And when I told them to carry me to Mrs. Levison's, they told me there was not

any Mrs. Levison. And how about Jenny? and brother Jim?" Tears welled in the patient eyes.

"Gone; all your folks gone! long ago! A new set's sprung up, Letty; you and I belong to the old; we're about the only ones left. I'll take you to my home and care for you."

"No! no! not there."

"There's nobody there that you ever wronged. My daughter never heard the name of Letty Stone."

"But that's not my name now, John Ambrose. I've been married this many a year. But you mustn't feel bound to take care of me. I'm not a poor woman. The Lord has dealt bountifully by me. I'm able to buy good nursing. It's a pity I came now, but I got to hankering after a sight of the old place and a glimpse of the old faces, but there's none of them here to greet me, not a hand to clasp mine, not an eye to recognize me. You'll cure me up as quick as you can, John, and let me go away again. It was a foolish woman's whim that brought me here."

"You shall be taken care of, Letty, and not grudgingly either; but if there's any body you'd like especially to have near you I'll telegraph for them, for you are going to have a tedious time of it and my house is open to any body you want."

"It's good of you," she said slowly, "and, it's like you. No! there's no one I want; I can pay for nursing and I can stand whatever the Lord chooses to

send upon me uncomplainingly. Who knows what design He had in bringing me here ; and even with this racking pain on me, John, I can say He doeth all things well."

"You've gotten hold of a pretty strong trust in Providence if you can see the Lord's hand in the midst of your sufferings," said the doctor, not irreverently, simply wonderingly ; " if I remember right, Letty Stone wasn't so meek and unrepining."

"Lætitia Stone was a wickedly rebellious, flighty girl that brought unhappiness on every body that ever loved her. I can hardly think of her as my old self, John. But the Lord has brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings ; I can see His hand in every thing that befalls me and I know He has work for me to do here, or He would not have stricken me so that I am not free to go away again, even now that there's nothing to stay for, humanly speaking."

"Well, if it's active work He's got for you to do, I'm afraid you'll not be a satisfactory tool in the Lord's hands soon. Ah ! here is my man !" as Ferd entered with four men and a stretcher ; " now then, easy, boys !"

She bore the pain of removal unflinchingly, and when finally they had deposited her with womanly gentleness upon the bed Effie had made haste to prepare for her, she smiled bravely up into the pitying faces

around her. "You're all very good to me! Thank you! John's daughter?" she asked, laying her hand on Effie's, that were busy with her bonnet ribbons. "My name is Shaw, dear, Mrs. Lætitia Shaw! I'm afraid I'm going to be a burden to you, but the Lord's hand is in it. Blessed be His name."

CHAPTER XI.

A SAINTLY SINNER.

“THE Lord’s hand is in it. Blessed be the name of the Lord! As my need is, so shall my strength be. He will not forsake me.”

This was the answer the bishop’s wife gave to Dr. Ambrose as some hours later he stood by her bedside, adding a few words of pitying exhortation to patience to the instructions he had just finished giving the hired nurse for the night.

“I’m glad you can take it so serenely. You are sure there’s no one you’d like to have come? Plenty of room. Daughter and I will do all we can to keep your heart up.”

“It’s never down, John. Thank you, no; there’s no one I want.”

She smiled bravely up into his rugged, kindly face, then closed her eyes wearily. The doctor tip-toed laboriously out of the room to join Effie and young Cosgrove in the library. It was long past midnight, but anxiety for the stranger so summarily arrived within their gates banished all idea of sleep from the three. Ferd took a professional interest in the case, having

tried his 'prentice hand on Mrs. Shaw's broken bones and been cordially commended by his master.

"How is she, father?" Effie asked, as the doctor creaked into their presence.

"Pretty comfortable, all things considered. She's not as young as she once was, and bones knit slowly at her time of life. I have told her that she is in for a tedious siege of it, but she seems pretty well fortified."

"She is absolutely heroic in her endurance of pain," says Ferd; "I never saw any thing like it."

"She was always a plucky one," the doctor answers, gazing dreamily before him as he conjured up the vision of Letty Stone's girlhood, "and tremendously set in all her ways."

"Tell us about her, father. She is so pretty and patient and saintly. I am quite sure I am going to love her."

The doctor laughed. Mockery, mirth and tenderness all went into the make-up of that laugh.

"You knew her when she was young," says Effie, by way of launching the story-teller on memory's tide.

"Yes; I knew Letty Stone when she was young. All the boys in Elizabeth knew her, and half of them were in love with her. I belonged to that half. Nobody called her saintly then, though. She was just the merriest witch that ever set a lot of boys by the ears. A man never knew how big a fool he could make of himself until Letty Stone got through with him.

She was an orphan, and lived here with a married sister a little older than herself. She took the town by surprise finally by going over to New York to visit some relatives and never coming back. Her sister gave out that Letty had gone to California with relatives. I never heard of her from that day up to to-night. She don't seem to be over-stocked with kin now. She insists upon it there's nobody to send for. She'll be plucky to the end. There's no discount on Letty Stone, young or old."

"I shall love to attend to her, father," says Effie, with the enthusiasm that she always held in reserve for people or occasions that were *not* commonplace. "I am quite sure she is no ordinary character. She will be a study for me."

"No, she's no ordinary character. She seems to me to be rather an exaggerated sort of a Christian, though. The woman that can trace the hand of the Lord in the breaking of her bones is certainly not the sort of woman one stumbles over every day. She has the spirit of endurance that demands the stake and fagot for full exercise."

"Don't you think, father, that the spirit of endurance is quite as strong now as it was in the days of the early Christian martyrs, only the safe surroundings and commonplace conditions of to-day hold it in abeyance?" asks Effie, always ready to pursue the intense view of the subject; "and don't you believe that

women are prepared to go just as far in support of conscience as they ever were?"

Dr. Ambrose yawned audibly and looked over her head as she stood in front of him, to say: "I shall want you to help me dress the leg, Ferd, to-morrow as soon as the old lady has taken some refreshment. As long as this accident was to befall (as she regards it), you may as well extract all the instruction possible out of it. Come, it is time we were all in bed. Good-night, puss." He stooped to kiss his daughter good-night, but as she turned away in silent displeasure the caress lodged on the tip of her nose.

Evidently her father had not even heard what she said. His whole mind was on that broken leg, and so was Mr. Cosgrove's. She was nothing but a child, a foolish child, to these two men! Her views were not even worth listening to! They could do without her just as well as with her. Ferd sprang to open the door for her. He smiled down into her overcast face as he said:

"I believe in it!"

"In what?"

"In woman's enthusiastic advocacy of what she believes to be right. I think every true, earnest woman has the germ of a martyr in her bosom."

"Oh! thanks! I would quite as lief be ignored, as papa ignores me, as to—"

"To what, as you won't finish?"

“Be laughed at by—any body else. Good-night, Mr. Cosgrove.”

“Please believe I am not laughing at you. I shouldn’t dare do so.”

“You have my permission to dare it, if the inclination seizes you.” It wasn’t very encouraging, but she looked so thoroughly handsome with the red spots of suppressed excitement in her cheeks, with her solemn eyes ablaze, and she was so much more comprehensible when she showed temper just like an ordinary mortal, that Ferd waxed bold to add:

“But, I hope you will never give your allegiance to any cause that can possibly furnish scope for martyrdom.”

“Why?”

“Because, once you think you are right, let you be never so far wrong, you will out-do all the martyrs of old in obstinacy. And then, you know,” he added with twinkling eyes, “saints and martyrs are such excessively uncomfortable house-mates for ordinary mortals.”

“You are not likely to suffer any practical discomfort of that sort, Mr. Cosgrove, as long as you remain with us. We are thoroughly commonplace and easy-going. But I’m glad you think me capable of such great things, any how.”

And so, in the guest chamber of Dr. Ambrose’s house for the next two months to come Mrs. Lætitia

Shaw lay a patient sufferer and cheerful convalescent, ministered to by the father and the daughter with a wholeness of sweet charity that knew no stint nor tiring.

The sick woman wrote no letters, nor did she receive any. No questions were asked her touching her own home, and she volunteered no information. She had come East on a mission. Elizabeth had been made the objective point of her visit simply because it had been her old home. She had gravitated there naturally. The longing to look upon the face of her own kindred had been strong within her. But she found herself more of a stranger in the old place than the young medical student from the South, who helped Dr. Ambrose cure her. Surely then, this drawing toward the old home must have a deeper meaning than the seeking of old faces, the yearning for dear voices, silenced now forever. She had been led thither by the hand of God, direct. There was no such thing as chance. She had been cast helpless upon the mercy of these people for God's own good purposes. The plan of operations that had been mapped out for her by those in authority, who had sent her out to recruit for the ranks of the Saints, had been narrowed by an act of Divine interposition down to the circle of which she formed a temporary member. What was she to think, but that God had sent her to rescue this sweet girl, who hovered about her constantly under a

strange fascination, from the error of her ways? It was from the ranks of the refined and the educated that the Saints must be recruited. It was a reproach which she yearned to cast off from her people, that it was only the ignorant and benighted, or the grossly vicious who accepted the tenets of the New Gospel! This was why, when in conclave of the Elders it was decided to send an emissary East, Mrs. Shaw had volunteered to fill that delicate position. Those whom she brought into the fold should be such as would shed luster upon the Church! Her pre-arranged plan had been to operate in New York City; this coming to Elizabeth had been but for a day's sojourn! A greeting and a farewell! But God had ordained otherwise. His meaning was clearly to be traced. Her work was close at hand. Helpless and crippled, she must be about the Lord's bidding. She must impress the message He sent by her upon the pure white tablet of Effie Ambrose's heart, unmistakably and indelibly. One such earnest nature rescued from the error of its ways, were worth a hundred common converts. This girl once enrolled among the Saints would be not only a disciple but an apostle.

It is characteristic of religious fanatics that by constant contemplation of one view of the subject judgment and conscience become so warped that no other point of view is possible. Remorselessly, persistently, secretly, this woman, whose whole soul would have

revolted at any act of treachery, recognized as such by her own conscience, set about the task of winning Dr. Ambrose's daughter over to Mormonism. Her heart yearned over those who walked in darkness, while she received the full effulgence shed by the New Gospel on all its followers. She was ready to endure misconstruction and obloquy to an unlimited extent so long as it was part of the discipline for her soul that bespoke her one of the anointed. Aware that her field of usefulness, in the particular instance of the doctor's daughter, would be sown with obstructive tares, if, unaided and physically enfeebled, she should be compelled to combat the fierce opposition and masculine scorn of rugged John Ambrose, she wove her mesh of subtle arguments and perilous sophisms about the girl's bewildered fancy with a delicacy of caution and a refinement of flattery that made it all the more durable in the long run.

At first it was but as a listener to delightfully told tales of travel that Effie, morning after morning, sat with clasped hands and eyes attent, while the pretty old woman, with the fluffy white curls and the gentle blue eyes and the softly sympathetic voice, lay back in the big invalid chair and entertained her. Perhaps neither one of them could ever have told at what particular juncture narrative glided into instruction, instruction into persuasion, persuasion into exhortation, exhortation into warning on the one part

or on the other ; curiosity into interest, interest into anxiety, anxiety into approval, approval into acceptance.

It was not with any conscious purpose of deceiving her father that Effie failed to enlighten him about the moral convulsions that were shaking her untried soul to its very center. It was not her habit to show him the workings of her mind. She was only with him a relaxation, she thought, never conscious of how much a study he had made of her before lovingly concluding to take her just as she was. He would never see this thing as she began to see it. It would only be disquieting to both of them to discuss it. She would go with this lovely, refined old lady, as safe a guide as one could have, and spy out this strange land for herself.

“But father, poor dear, he will miss me,” she said, arguing for and against before the moment of final acceptance.

“He gave you up for ten years for your temporal welfare, can he not spare you for your spiritual gain as well? He will follow you. Never fear, dear, but that the separation will be a short one. The Lord’s hand is in it. Plainly and unmistakably He led me to you. You have heard His message, decide for yourself.”

Did she decide for herself? Was it of her own accord that, just the night before the bishop’s wife was

ready to flit again from the old town that thirty years before she had stolen away from so noiselessly, the girl went to her, and with a trembling voice but resolute eyes, said :

“ I will go with you ! If it is as you tell me that there I may find a lovelier, holier, higher consecration of a woman’s faculties than she can ever hope to attain elsewhere, I will accept the gospel of your teaching without one single reservation. For here, what am I ? ”

“ The thrall of circumstances, dear. An imprisoned soul, a wasted organism,” says the bishop’s wife, with that positivism that seemed to the girl the embodiment of a wisdom that was ready with a solution of her every doubt, so soon as it found utterance.

Mrs. Shaw took the pliant, plastic nature into her own vigorous hands. The girl found in her what she had lost in the aunt to whom she had given so generous a share of that enthusiastic allegiance which all strong, unique natures demand from imaginative ones. Once committed to the step of following this silver-tongued prophetess out into that strange country where “ God revealed Himself in special teachings to His chosen people,” Effie grew dreamily indifferent to the minor details of the Hegira. It was the bishop’s wife who settled the order of their going, and timed it so that no disquieting scenes might imperil the success of her scheme. It was the bishop’s wife who con-

vinced her that a letter of explanation left in her father's desk was by far the most sensible form of leave-taking. It was the bishop's wife who lulled her remorse and strengthened her resolution by reminding her of the many years her father had voluntarily foregone her society. It was the bishop's wife who fired that fervent young soul with visions of a life possible here on earth wherein she, as God's chosen handmaiden, might cover herself with light as with a garment. It was the bishop's wife who conjured her to walk by faith—that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. And it was on the arm of the older woman that the rash girl leaned for strength at the last moment of sore trial, when she passed out from under the roof that had sheltered her cradle, to return—When? How? Who knows?

CHAPTER XII.

STRICKEN HEARTS.

“YOU don’t think it shabby of Ferd and me saying good-by now, Mrs. Shaw, nor abuse us for not being here to see you off this afternoon? Effie’ll drive you down to the depot in the phaeton, and Maurice will check your baggage through to—well, wherever you’re going. I’ve got a specially interesting case over in Newark this morning, and, as it’s part of Ferd’s education to go along with me on such occasions, I’m afraid we can’t either one of us get back by luncheon to see you to the train.”

The bishop’s wife looked smilingly up into her old friend’s face while he thus apologized for going about his business, and her gentle blue eyes never quailed as she answered graciously:

“Don’t spend a thought on me, John. I’m used to getting off and on trains by myself, and am not always so awkward as I was here, getting off with a broken limb. But it was a blessed accident, after all! You’ve been very good to me, John, and I thank you for all you’ve done. Effie thinks of going to the city with me.”

"All right. She hasn't done any shopping for an age. How much is it, Pet?" and with the last words, the doctor's pocket-book came prominently into view.

Effie pushed it away with a trembling hand. "Nothing, father, nothing. You mustn't be so good to me. You'll break my heart."

For a second she clasped her arms about his neck in a frenzy of remorseful indecision. How could she go? Mrs. Shaw's voice, cool, calm, incisive, broke the spell with words chosen with the wisdom of the serpent:

"I see you have yet to learn, friend Ambrose, that your dear girl is not of the sort that hasn't an idea above a ribbon or a yard of lace! She has a soul that refuses to be fed on froth. It knows its own higher needs."

"Bless my soul! Who talks of froth?" the old man laughed, as he pushed his daughter far enough away to look into her troubled eyes. She was undoubtedly queer! It must be Priscilla's fault! But the buggy was waiting, and putting back his rejected pocket-book, he kissed her and went off to his case, with never a thought of the treachery he left behind.

Coming back late that evening he turned at the gate to say to Ferd, busy at the hitching-post:

"It's just ten minutes to train time, Ferd; maybe you wouldn't mind driving down to the depot for Effie. If you are tired, though," he added, hypocritically, "Maurice can take the phaeton just as well."

But Ferd had already gathered the reins once more into his eager hands, and with a little laugh of amusement at the doctor's shallow show of apology, turned the horses' heads in the direction of the station.

"It's well to throw these pleasant little opportunities in young folks' way;" and the old man smiled as he recalled the young one's eager seizure of the opportunity. "I'm sure of Ferd. He's just as far gone as a chap needs to be. But the girl! She's inscrutable. Absolutely inscrutable, if she is my own child. She almost makes me believe in changelings."

He had long since begun to look complacently on Ferdinand Cosgrove in the light of a possible son-in-law. Nothing, according to his way of thinking, could be more suitable. A vision of himself taking a well-earned rest in his old age, while Ferd stepped easily and naturally into his practice, was a pleasant vision, and he conjured it up again on this occasion, as he congratulated himself on his bit of harmless maneuvering.

Coming into the office half an hour later to report his failure to find Miss Ambrose at the station, Ferd found him sitting at his desk, staring fixedly at an open letter in his hand.

"Here, Ferd!" he said, in a slow, quiet voice, "read that for me." He held Effie's letter out in a hand that shook as if palsied. "I've read it over two or three times, but it don't seem to get any clearer. Maybe

the fault's in my glasses." He took off his eye-glasses and rubbed them mechanically, while Ferd swept the written lines with a surprised glance.

"Why, it's from Miss Ambrose, isn't it?"

"Yes. Read it! It's from Miss Ambrose."

"She won't be at home, then, to-night."

"Read it!"

"But, my dear sir, she might not ap—"

"Read it! Read it, boy! And if there is any meaning in it, pick it out and hammer it into this old dotard's head!" The old man smote his thin, white locks with clenched fist in fierce emphasis of his command. "Read it aloud, but slowly, Ferd! Perhaps I can understand it better then."

Startled and wondering Ferdinand turned his attention from the doctor's passionately excited face to the letter in his hand. His own lips grew white and a dark flush settled on either cheek as he read:

"MY DEAR FATHER—Don't grieve over the step I have taken, nor seek to interfere with my most fixed resolve. I believe that the Lord has spoken to me by the voice of that saintly woman who was led so providentially to our doors, led direct of God, I do believe, to bring me up out of the miry clay. I have gone with her as Ruth went with Naomi, to make her people my people, her country my country, her creed my creed, and whithersoever she goeth, there also will I go. Under her apostolic leadership I hope to lead that higher and

better life that can only be attained through the mortification of our earthly affections, and the sharp pain of my separation from you, father, is but one of the many stripes I am prepared to endure if I may but be found worthy of acceptance at last. The yearning of my soul for a broader, higher life than that I have led in my lonely self-absorption, (feeling within me a burning zeal and boundless energy to be up and doing, with no avenue for their exercise open to me,) has been more intense and caused me more acute pain than you can conceive of. Such a narrow, sordid, useless life, dear father, I give up without one sigh for myself, but many a tear for you. Tell Ferdinand (I will call him so just this once) that it comforts me to think of him as with you. I want him to be as a dear son to you. If I could have hoped for a patient hearing from you, father, I would have explained my desires and intentions to you in person, but you would just have looked at me with that far away, uncomprehending look in your eyes that always makes me feel as if we were living in two different spheres, and either have laughed at me or stormed at me, and I feel too unnerved to risk either. As soon as I am settled in my new home you shall hear from me, provided you will promise not to vex my soul with importunities for me to return to the old life of unsatisfying luxury and enervating indulgence. Think of me as happy, father, and as stepping heavenward. Do not cast one thought

of reproach toward Mrs. Shaw. She has been but an humble instrument in the hands of Divine Providence. The scales have fallen from my eyes, father, and seeing as I see now, believing as I believe now, it would be the worst of weakness, if not criminal, for me to act differently. You have not lost your daughter. Think of me as gone to school again. Only this time the Saints will be my instructors."

The young man's voice was husky with a passion that made it tremble over the last few words of this cruel letter. He folded it up and methodically replaced it in its envelope. What could he say to that stricken father to soften its cruelty or cloak the treachery of his only child? What could he say to his own heart on behalf of this strangely rash act of the girl who had been to him the embodiment of sweet reserve and womanly dignity?

"Well?"

It was the doctor who uttered it, in such a strained, eager voice, and Ferd only echoed the word dully.

"Well, sir."

"What does it all mean, Ferd? I don't seem to be able to follow it. I'd think she'd gone off to commit suicide if it wasn't for that sentence about my hearing from her! But what did she want to go at all for, Ferd? Wasn't I good to her? Poor little thing, if she'd told me she was lonely, I'd have filled the house from garret to cellar with people of her own choosing. Don't

she say somewhere there," pointing his palsied hand at the letter in Ferd's, "something about loneliness? I loved her though, Ferd; ay boy, that I did, my pretty Effie."

Two big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks and fell on the shaking hands that were folded on his lap. Ferdinand sprang from his chair and walked away to a window where he stood staring out on the darkening street. The two men wrestled silently with their mighty grief. Each heart knew its own bitterness. Dr. Ambrose broke the long silence.

"Ferd! come here, son. Have you studied it out yet?"

The young Mississippian came to him and leaned over the back of his chair. He did not want to look him in the face, for he knew that when he spoke it would be to add shame to the old man's grief, wrath to his sorrow.

"It means, sir, that you have been nursing a viper in your bosom and that it has stung you!"

"A viper!"

It was a roar of rage! The old man was on his feet now and turned upon the speaker his blazing eyes. The young one looked at him with infinite pity and indulgence as he said:

"You don't think I mean Effie? not Miss Ambrose, doctor!"

"Who then? Curse me if I've got one clear idea!"

Ferd opened the letter once more, and pointed with his finger to a passage. "See! let me read it to you: 'Think of me as gone to school again. Only this time the Saints will be my instructors.'"

A shudder passed visibly over Doctor Ambrose's stalwart frame. "Then it does mean suicide! The saints! Oh, my little girl!"

"It means," said Ferdinand, flinging the letter down with an oath, "that you have had an accursed Mormon emissary in your house, and while you were mending her bones she was plotting to break your heart. Not that she would put it that way! She knew when she looked up in your face this morning so guilelessly that she was going to stab you in a vital place before night, but her conscience never pricked her once! She believes that she was God-sent to steal your daughter from you, and she has infused her own conscienceless infatuation into your daughter's enthusiastic soul, but not one throb of compunction stirred her pulses."

Dr. Ambrose broke into a sudden loud laugh and sank down once more into his chair.

"Ferd, you are a fool! I am a fool! We're both fools! Infernal fools, Ferd. It's all right. Oh! yes, it's all right, Ferd."

Ferdinand looked at him in anxious alarm. Had reason deserted her throne so suddenly? The doctor sighed and passed his hand across his forehead with a tired gesture. Then went on in a quieter voice:

"I don't mean it's all right, Ferd. But you've relieved me immensely. I never thought of the Mormons once, but I might have known some nonsense of this sort would seize her sooner or later. I see it all now, Ferd, but it can't be permitted, no sir, it can't be permitted. It was a rash and foolish act and a daring step to take without consulting me."

"What do you see, Dr. Ambrose? What can't be permitted?"

"Why you see, Ferd, that child has had a mania for reforming the world ever since she's been in it, almost. She was trained by a crank, Ferd. Priscilla was a crank about your slaves. If the slaves hadn't been emancipated that would have been Effie's hobby, too. As it is, she's taken up the Mormon hobby. My pure darling, my pretty enthusiast, to think she could grapple with that monster vice. I'm glad the Quinbys are there. She's gone to see Mrs. Quinby, Ferd. Mrs. Quinby was her best girl friend. But she ought to have asked me. Maybe I've made my girl afraid of me, Ferd. I didn't want to. Oh! no, no. But men are such rough brutes, Ferd. And she was such a shy thing. I didn't quite understand her, but I loved her. Oh, my little girl, my little girl! How could you be so foolish!"

Hot tears gushed from the old man's eyes in a blinding torrent, and his white head dropped heavily on the lid of the desk before him. Ferdinand could

stand no more. He could find no words of comfort with which to assuage this storm of grief, and his own soul was stirred with wrathful emotions. He did not believe that Effie had gone forth fired with missionary zeal to rescue others from the horrible pit of Mormonism. He had heard too much of the baleful fascination of these smooth-tongued emissaries who come gliding into peaceful and happy homes devil-sent, devil-inspired to do the devil's own bidding, and leave them wrecked and ruined forever. How such teachings could warp souls as pure as Effie Ambrose's or reach minds as exalted, was one of the mysteries he could not solve, but that they had done so he accepted as a horrible and undeniable fact which must sooner or later force itself upon Doctor Ambrose's comprehension and crush the frail cockleshell of hope the poor old man had just launched upon the troubled waters. He slammed his hat over his eyes and strode toward the door. He would choke if he staid there listening to that old man's sobs. He wanted to get out in the night air where he could think better than seemed possible in there where Effie's cruel letter lay open on the desk and the sound of her father's anguish smote the silence. How long he paced up and down the garden walk that flanked the house, chewing fiercely at his unlighted cigar, he never knew. Long enough to call himself a fool over and over again for letting this cold, shy, passionless girl get such quick

possession of his affections. Long enough to tell himself many times with the rash positivism of disappointed youth, whose vision is concentrated wholly upon its own petty organism, that life was a failure, love a delusion, truth a myth! Long enough to grow calmer, finally, and to think very pitifully of the old man who was wrestling alone with his sorrow. "I will go back to him; but I can not comfort him," he said, throwing the cigar he had chewed to a remnant far out into the shrubbery and going back into the office.

The doctor's chair was vacant. Ferd hoped he had gone to bed. He walked softly, as one does involuntarily in the house of mourning, toward the steps that led to the upper story. Effie's alcove was lighted. He stopped in front of the portière. Could she have come back suddenly? Seized with remorse had she turned back from New York to heal the wounds of her own making? No! She was not there. It was her father! He was sitting in the little beribboned chair where she always sat, toying with the trifles scattered about the table at his elbow, Effie's belongings, all of them. The quaint carved paper knife, and the Japanese card-receiver, and the flat dish with violets in it. She had gathered them and put them there to perfume the room, and then had left the room so desolate. But the perfume lingered.

"My little girl! My little girl!"

The words came with a moaning sound from the old

man's lips as he took up one trifle or laid down another. Ferd crept softly away again. He had never crossed that threshold by her permission, he would not intrude now. It was sacred to her. There she had lived the stainless life that she had cast away from her forever under the influence of a diabolical infatuation. There her thoughts and reveries had been all pure, womanly, feverish maybe, and restless, and craving she knew not what, but pure! There she had sat enthroned in dainty sovereignty too far away and above him, he had thought, for him to weave an aspiration about her, much less avow a passion. And now! And now! He groaned aloud in his pain. He wanted to curse, curse loudly, curse deeply, curse the smooth-tongued emissary who had beguiled this girl whom he loved to her own ruin. Curse the incredulity that had made them all accept a serpent for a good woman! Curse the weakness of a government that could tamely abide such a cancer as Mormonism on its body politic! Curse all the agencies that had combined to bow that honest old head, in yonder, to the earth with grief and shame! Curse his own impotence to remedy the evil or solace the sufferer! He went to his own room and flung himself dressed as he was on the bed. Toward midnight he roused himself from the chilled stupor into which the day's event had thrown him. The doctor was his first thought. Surely the old man had found temporary forgetfulness

in sleep by this time. He softly descended the steps in his slippèred feet. The light still burned in Effie's alcove. Her father was moving restlessly and heavily about the room now. Ferdinand looked in upon him more boldly this time. He must be gotten to bed. He was softly pulling down the shades to the bay window where the pretty fernery caught the early morning sunlight. Then he drew the heavy inner curtains from their cords and let them fall in straight, graceless folds to the floor. With awkward, trembling hands he drew the portières that opened into the parlor close together, pinning them with clumsy slowness. It was a shrouding of the little alcove. And through it all came the moaning plaint :

“My little girl! My little girl!”

With a tottering, uncertain gait he crossed the threshold of the alcove, softly drew the sliding door from its grooves in the wall, locked it and dropped the key into his pocket. It was a sealing of Effie's room. Then he turned and discovered Ferdinand standing at the foot of the stairs, patiently waiting, fearful of intruding upon the sorrow that he shared so largely. The old man's arms went suddenly outward, as if reaching for the vanished form so dear to them both.

“My little girl! My little girl!”

A choking sound. A reeling of the massive form. A heavy thud. Merciful insensibility.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. QUINBY'S ATTITUDE.

“ I MEANT to have taken the first train this morning, Ferd, but here I've overslept myself! I ought to have spoken to Maurice! Had your breakfast yet? My God! I'm a log! I'm turned to stone!”

Dr. Ambrose turned an agonized look up to where Ferdinand Cosgrove stood by his bedside, looking at him with a world of anxiety in his eyes. Powerless to move his lower limbs he clasped his hands in a paroxysm of despair. “Not paralysis, Ferd! Don't tell me this treacherous old body has failed me just when I had such fierce need of all my energies!”

“You have had a slight stroke, doctor, but the doctors all think you will recover from it as soon as your system is built up a little. I am so—”

“The doctors all! How many have you had here?”

“As many almost as you number friends. Drs. Taylor and—”

“But Taylor's over in New York!”

“Yes, sir.”

“How could he get here since midnight? Oh! I

remember, I remember, Ferd. I remember how, just as I was saying to myself, don't break down, don't break down, you've got to go for Effie, I did break down before I knew what I was about. Poor boy, you look about as bad as can be yourself. I'm afraid I gave you a troublesome night. But you needn't have sent for Taylor." He put his hand up to his chin! The beard of a week's growth rasped his hand. "Ferd! Good God! how long have I been here? How many precious hours have I lost? I wanted to get there before her pure soul had been contaminated by so much as a breath of that sin-laden atmosphere. Ferd! How long have I lain here like a log?"

His mind was clearly vigorously wide awake at last! There was no object in deceiving him:

"Dr. Ambrose, it has been six days since that cruel letter came! If you hope to take any active steps in this matter you must be quiet and obedient. Perhaps in a week—"

"Week! By the eternal, man, what do you think I am made of? I must go for her, Ferd! For Effie! Don't you know! Did you tell Corson?"

"I have told no one any thing. But all Elizabeth knows," he added bitterly, "that Miss Ambrose has left her home clandestinely, and that Doctor Ambrose has had a stroke of paralysis."

"If it was the heart, Ferd, that had turned to stone, so much the better! so much the better. But these

accursed treacherous legs, to fail me in my sore need."

Ferdinand made no answer. Why should he? That any good was to be accomplished by Dr. Ambrose following his daughter up, he could not see. She was of age, and the government under which she had taken shelter was mighty to shield and protect all who confided their safety to its strong arm. But he was not going to argue the point with the doctor. In a little while he would see this whole thing differently. Not calmly, for the worst had not yet penetrated his comprehension. As for himself Effie's image was so blurred and blotted by her own rash hand that she no longer stood for the embodiment of womanly loveliness and purity that had won his most exalted esteem and tenderness. Almost any other form of error he could have condoned! His pity was all for the stricken old father who tried so hard to shield his child from reaping the bitter fruits of her own folly. A somber silence fell between the two men. Ferdinand was slowly pacing backward and forward between the bed and the mantle-piece. Glancing toward the first as he turned in his restless tramp, he saw the hot tears forcing themselves from under the sick man's closed lids, and slowly coursing down his rugged, furrowed cheeks. With the tender impulse of a girl Ferd stooped over him and wiped his wet cheeks.

"Ferd! you know—it won't matter now if I say it.

I had hoped, yes, I wanted to hope, Ferd, that you and Effie—you love her, don't you, Ferd?" he asked very eagerly.

"I loved her, sir: I think I never loved a woman so before."

"Don't talk as if it were in the past tense, boy! oh! no! oh! no! we'll get her back and drive all that missionary nonsense out of her head. We mustn't leave her so much alone next time, Ferd. Men are selfish brutes, you know. My poor little girl! My little girl!"

To this Ferdinand had no answer. It was all in the past tense. There was no future tense possible for him and Effie Ambrose. The doctor called him back to his bedside as he walked away from it with the slow, heavy tread of an old man.

"I want you to telegraph for me, Ferd."

"To whom, sir?"

"John Quinby, Salt Lake City."

Ferdinand took out his paper and pencil and held it in readiness for dictation.

"Just ask him if Miss Ambrose has reached Salt Lake City in safety."

"But suppose he knows nothing about it? Aren't you advertising Miss Ambrose's departure unnecessarily?"

"You're right! you're right! But this suspense, boy! This bondage! I'll lose my senses under it, if I'm not even to know her whereabouts."

"I might telegraph and ask if he knows a Mrs. Lætitia Shaw."

"Do it! do it quickly! And as much more as you can ask discreetly, Ferd."

So Ferdinand went off to the telegraph office, and in the course of several hours returned with the result of several different messages:

"Mr. Quinby knew Mrs. Shaw well; she was an honored citizen of Salt Lake City. Yes, she had returned, and Miss Ambrose with her! Both ladies were in the best possible health. Dr. Ambrose might rest assured his daughter was with friends."

The old man smiled as Ferd read aloud to him these gleanings from the wires. It wasn't much on which to satisfy a hungry heart, but when one is resolved to perform the miracle of the loaves and fishes for the benefit of a beloved delinquent, satisfaction can be easily procured. "It was good of John to send that last message, Ferd. He knew I would be perfectly satisfied to know she was with him and Anna." Then with sudden revulsion:—"D—n Mrs. Lætitia Shaw! serpent! ingrate! smooth faced hypocrite!"

"Dr. Ambrose, all unnecessary excitement only retards your activity by so much," says Ferdinand, startled at the frenzied energy of his passion. "If you can not control yourself better you will be a prisoner for life, instead of weeks."

"Right! right! right! I'm hurting myself worse

than any body else, but oh! my little girl! my little girl!"

A day passed—two—three, and Effie's name had not been spoken by either of them. Then the doctor said suddenly, "You must write a letter for me, Ferd."

The hot blood leaped in a flame to the young man's forehead. He could not, would not write to her! "Well, sir?" he said.

"To John Quinby! I must hear something more, Ferd, and I want to make things as right as they can be until I get there," and this was the letter young Cosgrove wrote by dictation, interrupted every little while by comments wrung from the old man's aching heart:

"MY DEAR JOHN—If I had not known you and Anna from the time you were children, which makes me feel almost as if I had a father's claim on you, I could not bare my wounds for your inspection, but I'm coming to you for help, my dear, and I'm quite sure of getting it from you both." (Oh yes, Ferd, I know, even if it crowds them a little, they will make room for her.) "When your Anna was getting ready to join you in Utah, John, I laughingly told her that Effie and I would be coming over there to see you some day, for I was certain nothing short of a missionary's life somewhere would satisfy my girl's fantastic desire to do something, she wasn't quite clear what." (You see, Ferd, there's where the sting comes in! I believe that

infernal clumsy jest set my poor little girl to thinking of this very thing). "I curse the hour when I got off that senseless jest, John, and am willing to bear my full share of blame for Effie's foolishness. And I curse too the hour when I opened my doors to that viper, Lætitia Shaw. No doubt, it was her unfolding the horrors of Mormonism to my dear child, that wrought her up to the pitch of going out there to grapple with that awful vice. What idea or plan of action the poor child has gotten into her poor little head, I do not know, but you and Anna, I know, will take her into your safe and friendly keeping until I can get there. That would be immediately if I were able to travel, but I am sorry to say I am confined to my bed by a slight attack" (call it slight, Ferd, for he might happen to let Effie see this letter, you know, and I wouldn't have her made uneasy for a trifle) "brought on by imprudence. No doubt my little one expects to convert all the Saints from the error of their ways. Tell her she will have to be very expeditious, for I shall be on for her very soon." (You see, Ferd, it's as well to make light of it with a view to sparing her pain. Poor dear, I know she's crushed with remorse and shame, by this time. I'm not going to say one word that can be construed into a reproach.) "If I could know that she was with you and Anna I would feel as well satisfied as any thing could make me in my present frame of mind." (You know the Quinbys are just like kin to her, Ferd.)

“Don't be too hard in your judgment on my poor little girl, John, you and Anna and Anthony. A good deal's to be said for the way she's been reared, and I can't blame myself severely enough for leaving her so much to herself since she lost her aunt and then Anna. She was reared by a crank whose hobby was abolition. No doubt if the darkeys hadn't already been emancipated, she would have found enough work for her rash head and eager hands close at home. As it is she has brooded no doubt over the sin of Mormonism until the desire to mend matters has carried her clear out of herself and away from her poor old father, to do what she veritably believes is the Lord's bidding.” (You see I am being a little prolix, Ferd, but if I don't explain matters fully she won't, and they are liable to put wrong constructions on her conduct.) “Tell Anna I rely much on her common sense, and she must exert it fearlessly to prevent my foolish girl from carrying out any of her wild schemes of reformation.”

Ferd wrote the dictation conscientiously, wondering all the while at the power for self-deception that it evinced. By dint of obstinately taking one view of the matter Dr. Ambrose had reduced his daughter's wrongdoing and his own suffering to a minimum.

“What do you think of it, Ferd?” he asked, after the letter had been read aloud to him.

“I think you have tremendous will-power,” said the younger man evasively, addressing an envelope.

And this is the answer that came back with due regard to promptness :

“ MY DEAR DOCTOR AMBROSE—Mrs. Quinby and I were very glad to hear from you and to know that there was even an indefinite prospect of our seeing you. We had anticipated your wishes by consulting our own happiness and robbing our neighbor of your daughter as soon as we heard of her being here. Mrs. Quinby, as you know, loves her like a sister, and no sooner heard of her being in the city than she sent me to insist on her becoming our guest. Sent me, I say, for I am sorry to say, that in spite of that fund of common sense with which you accredit her, she has imported all her narrow Eastern prejudices against the institutions of this country and refuses to have any thing to do with Mrs. Shaw, in spite of much kindness she has shown us, since she discovered that Bishop Shaw had other wives. So, Miss Ambrose is with us, Mrs. Shaw yielding gracefully in view of the old friendship and Anna's piteous pleading. She, Mrs. Shaw, is a woman of rare tact and intelligence, absolutely fearless in pursuit of what she considers her duty. As your lovely daughter has been with us but a very little while I have had no opportunity to discover what her object in coming was, nor what line of conduct she proposes to follow ; but I feel confident that she will act judiciously and wisely, and rejoice to find her absolutely free from that narrowness of soul and contraction of heart that mars

so many of our best women reared in the conventional schools. Miss Ambrose has utilized her opportunities for reflection most admirably; and I find in conversation with her that she is a remarkably advanced thinker, age and sex considered. I only wish my dear Anna was more like her in many respects. No doubt, now that she is on the spot, she will be able to decide clearly and finally whether to accept the new gospel in all its untrammelled excellence, or whether to do feeble and ineffectual battle against an institution that has withstood the shock of conflict and misconstruction and odium cast upon it by generations of those whose prejudices are more nearly allied to blind ignorance than to intelligent conviction. The less one knows of this institution and its workings, naturally, the harder one finds it to exercise reason or tolerance. I have gone through the phase myself, and am free to say, that the result of patient investigation inclines me to leniency. My present attitude toward Mormonism is that of a serious and unbiased inquirer. What the final result will be I am not prepared to say. I hardly think it will be a voluntary resumption of the old prejudices and arrogant sitting in judgment. No doubt you are thinking of your daughter as environed by a Godless, lustful set who make their religion a cloak for a multitude of sins, to breathe the same air with whom will stain the pure ermine of her womanly nature. Compare a few of their precepts with those of your

orthodox Christian and see if the Saints lose by the comparison. I give them to you, as Joseph Smith gave them to his disciples and followers. I called them precepts. They are in reality articles of faith of the Church of the Latter Day Saints.

“We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

“We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam’s transgression.

“We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists.

“We believe the Bible to be the Word of God, so far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God.

“We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men. We follow the admonition of Paul. We believe all things, we hope all things. If there is any thing virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.”

Ferdinand’s voice was laden with scornful emphasis by the time he reached Mr. Quinby’s peroration, which was a virtual indorsement of the precepts he had been at such pains to transcribe.

“Curse the fellow!” he muttered, between clenched teeth; “a pretty wolf to play shepherd to this poor old man’s ewe lamb.” But Dr. Ambrose only saw the twitching of his long mustache and the angry fire in his eyes.

“Ferd!” His voice was perplexed and troubled.

“Yes, sir.”

“How does that letter of John Quinby’s strike you?”

“As a string of infernal rubbish!”

“Nothing worse than rubbish, Ferd?”

“I don’t see what could be much worse, sir, in such a case.”

“A defense of Mormonism would.”

“I think we’ve got it here, sir. The man who wrote this letter is either a fool or——”

“John’s no fool—but finish your sentence.”

“Or he is about to adopt Mormonism.”

“Then God help him! God help poor Anna! God help us all, Ferd, for the times are indeed out of joint!”

CHAPTER XIV.

CLASS NO. I.

THE morning after Mr. Quinby had robbed Mrs. Lætitia Shaw of her "pet lamb," as she tenderly called Effie, found that lady bustling about her pretty little house with a very wide-awake air of pleasurable anticipation. It was not the bishop's regular week at Elm Cottage (as the pretty little house was called, to distinguish it from the bishop's four other homes), but in his anxiety to hear all about the fruits of her trip East in the service of the Church, he was anticipating a little, and that was the reason she had to bustle about, for she had never yet fallen into the reprehensible habit of making her lord's homecoming a thing of small moment.

She was a little lonely in these latter days with the boys all married off, with wives and homes of their own to look after, and the bishop so burdened with public and private interests that she felt grateful for not being defrauded of her full one-fifth of him, and she would greatly have preferred keeping Effie Ambrose in her own home forever; but that was a selfish, wicked desire which she repressed with all the energy

of her well-disciplined soul. Mrs. Shaw never allowed her private preferences to outweigh the good of the Church, and it was for the good of the Church and the glory of God that she labored so zealously to bring this pure, refined, intellectual girl within its fold. It was meet and proper that she should place her where she was likely to fill her mission on earth most satisfactorily to all the Saints. So she had given Effie up to the importunate demands of the Quinbys with some smiles and tears commingled.

"You know, Mr. Quinby, she has been a sweet ministering angel to me now for two months. We have been together daily, and I hope the companionship has been sanctifying to us both."

"I know it has been to me," Effie had said, clinging around the neck of the elderly "Saint," "and I'm only going to visit Anna for a few days. I love her dearly—oh! so dearly, and the foolish child won't come to me. But under you, dear mother Lætitia, I must take my first feeble steps toward the higher, truer life I have come here to find. Keep your heart and home open for me."

"Always, my darling, always. But remember it is under God, not under me, a poor fellow-struggler, that those steps are to be taken."

"She has taught me what it is to love and to be loved," says Effie, looking up at her escort with wet, solemn eyes as they walk away, leaving Mrs. Shaw

watching them from her open door; and John Quinby answers with flippant gallantry that is entirely lost on the rapt young enthusiast:

“I fancy you will not lack for teachers in that branch of lore.”

Well, Effie was gone, but the bishop was coming. Thus sunshine and cloud chased each other. And now, at last, she was to have the satisfaction of talking it all over with the bishop. Dear, dear, she hoped he would agree with her as to the wisdom of having come back immediately with this one choice convert. Effie Ambrose was worth a hundred commoner women to the Church; and there were so many dangerous possibilities attending delay in this especial instance. John Ambrose himself was a creature of such extremely violent possibilities. And the child's resolution might not have endured too long a strain. And to have forced the company of other and coarser recruits upon her during the journey, might have brushed off the delicate bloom of that enthusiasm that was so rare and so beautiful. Oh! no, it would never have done! She was quite sure the bishop would approve entirely, when he came to hear all the particulars.

So Mrs. Shaw hummed an ancient ditty in a crooning voice, as she bound fresh ribbons about the lace curtains in the parlor, and twitched them into more graceful folds; and patted the cushions of the big chair

(that no one ever sat in but the bishop), into more inviting plumpness; and ordered baked beans for dinner (the bishop would never outgrow his fondness for baked-beans—regular Boston baked beans, you know), and floating island for dessert. (It lay on Mrs. Shaw's conscience rather heavily, that when Class No. 3 had sent to her for directions for making this dessert, so dear to their liege's palate, she had simply sent her the cooking book, with a blue pencil mark about the recipe, which was not exactly the one she followed.) She had so managed it for years now that the bishop's sojourn at Elm Cottage should be marked by a degree of calm enjoyment and æsthetic gratification procurable nowhere else, and calculated to leave an aroma behind it exclusively associated with Class No. 1. No occasion less imposing than his homecoming warranted the bringing out of the moss-bud china with the gilt-band, and the entire silver service, both a little antiquated now, but of genteel authenticity; nor the temporary displacement of the dusty pampas plumes in the big vases on the parlor mantle, to make room for costly roses and ferns from the florist's around the corner; nor the doffing of her muslin cap and the donning of her lace one with the blue ribbons. Blue went very prettily with her silver white hair, and the bishop often declared she was the handsomest of the lot yet.

Well! There she had him at last! And, as she sat

opposite him at dinner, extracting much vicarious enjoyment from the rapid disappearance of the baked beans, she told the story of her wanderings, of her accident, of her providential placement in Effie Ambrose's pathway, and of the gradual leading of that pure soul to a comprehension and acceptance of the teachings of the new gospel, drawing inspiration throughout the recital from her husband's short, quick nods, and bland "Good! very good!"

"And you see, my dear, the remarkable coincidence of these two people, John Quinby and Doctor Ambrose's daughter being brought together here in the land of the Saints. Oh! who can fail to detect a higher agency than my poor feeble voice?"

"How! I don't exactly catch your drift."

"Why, this sweet child, almost unknown to herself, has cherished a life-long attachment to our handsome young neighbor. I'm quite satisfied that if Mr. Quinby had not gotten married while she was living in Boston, she would have been a very different creature, altogether more commonplace, you know. It does look, don't you agree with me, my dear, as if the Lord had arranged to secure them the highest earthly good, so soon as they showed a willingness to accept Him, as He is revealed to and by His Saints. For, if I understood you right, when I saw you just before I left, Mr. Quinby had become an earnest seeker after light?" She paused with anxious inquiry in her tones.

“Yes! oh, yes. Quinby’s all right—or at least in the right road. But about this previous attachment business. How did you find all that out? I take it, from what you tell me, that this girl is the sort that would shy off from any clumsiness or coarseness.”

“I hope I am incapable of either,” Mrs. Shaw answers with just indignation. “But how can I describe the process of turning a child’s heart inside out, examining it and then turning it right-side out, and move just precisely as one would the fingers of a glove.”

“Skilled labor, I suppose!” says the bishop, dividing his attention impartially between his wife and the floating island, with that diffusion of affection which had come easy by long exercise.

“Now then!” she said, a while later on, when her husband was finally installed in the big chair, the picture of placid content. “Let me hear your side of the story.”

The bishop picked his teeth ruminantly for a moment or two. She was quite willing to wait until the spirit moved him to revelation. They understood each other so thoroughly well, and they had long ago gotten rid of that friction that belongs to the impetuous ardor and bungling impatience of youth. His most prolonged attacks of silence never disconcerted her. Her hands were never empty of something in which she could take refuge. A pair of baby

socks to be crocheted gave them occupation now, while the bishop ruminated. They were for her eldest son's oldest child. The blue of the big ball of yarn in her lap made a bright spot of color on her black silk dress. The long ivory needle was scarcely whiter than her long, slender fingers. The excitement of telling about her trip with its momentous results had flushed her cheeks to a rosy tint. Her blue eyes expressed serene joy in the happiness of the present moment. Altogether, the bishop was inclined to think that the best he got out of life, he got at Elm Cottage, and from Class No. 1.

"Wife Lætitia," he said impressively, extending a gracious hand and laying it on her lap, "you are a most satisfactory wife and a pillar of strength to the Church! You have done well, exceedingly well. And you deserve the commendation of the Saints."

"Oh, my dear, no! no! I trust I have been found useful, but I am but an humble handmaiden ready and willing to do the Master's bidding as seemeth best to Him. I would like very much to hear your views concerning Mr. Quinby. It is from the ranks of the enlightened and educated that we desire to recruit. He would be a most desirable acquisition."

"I am hopeful! very hopeful! We have had many long and satisfactory conferences together. He undoubtedly began the investigations in the spirit of scoffing incredulity so common to the unbeliever. But I believe he is ready to accept, provided—"

“Provided what, husband?”

“That no shock to his extreme fastidiousness should be involved.”

“Then I thank God that I have been able to remove the last stumbling-block from his pathway. This dear lamb that I have brought into the fold will complete the good work already begun, my dear. It is plain to be seen that the Lord's hand is in it.”

“Doubt-less!” says the bishop, splitting the word in two syllables with a protracted yawn, after which he sank peacefully into his post-prandial slumber, while Mrs. Shaw patiently and gratefully fanned the august brow that was all her own to cherish—for a little while to come at least.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BLOW DESCENDS.

MRS. Quinby, sitting alone in her pretty library some few weeks after Miss Ambrose had become her guest, engaged in the unprofitable task of idly turning over the leaves of an old photograph album, was suddenly reminded that to-morrow was John's birthday, and she was glad of an opportunity to make amends to him for some very childish outbursts that she had given way to almost involuntarily lately. True, her health was some excuse (if there ever was an excuse for a woman being perfectly hateful and unreasonable, she said to herself, accusingly). But she was ashamed and remorseful and lonely, being all of which, an old photograph album with its melancholy reminders and dismal suggestions of change and loss, was any thing but an engaging companion.

She was ashamed, because in the presence of Anthony and Effie Ambrose, the one of whom had looked at her with compassionate indulgence, and the other with grave surprise, she had that morning launched into a fierce and uncalled-for philippic against the institution of Mormonism, declaring it pollution

to breathe the atmosphere of such a place, and a great deal more, stung into expression by the bolder and bolder defense of it that her husband was constantly setting up of late. She was remorseful, because she eagerly assured herself that she might have known John was only saying those awful things to tease her, and the more temper she displayed the more teasing she was apt to get.

She was lonely, because John and Effie and Anthony had all gone to a concert together, but she had never yet achieved that degree of maternal equanimity that would enable her to enjoy any thing when baby was at home with nobody but Barbara. It is true baby had proudly achieved his second birthday anniversary, but he was baby yet. Anthony would have staid to let her go. He was always ready to sacrifice his pleasure for hers, but she wasn't attuned to music any way on this night, and then—and then, it might have looked, you know, as if she were not willing for John to take Effie any where unless she was along too. And, of course, she was willing—quite willing. She hoped she did not have one grain of hateful commonplace jealousy in her, that sort that made a person a burden to himself and to every body else! She was glad Effie was with them. Really glad, though she couldn't in the least understand why any pure, good woman should come to this vile place voluntarily. She never talked about her reason for coming. She never

talked about her father! She was the most shut-up creature that ever had lived any how. She supposed that missionary craze had died out by this time and Effie was too much ashamed to allude to it. She supposed she would go quietly home with her father, when he came, and no one would ever drag an expression of opinion from her. Whenever the subject of Mormonism was introduced, as it had been that morning, Effie's face would become as white as marble and about as rigid, and her eyes would glow like furnaces; but her lips preserved a stony composure. She was so terribly intense. She would butter a biscuit with such a tragic air of earnestness. But on the whole—yes, on the whole—she (Anna) was very glad to have her there.

“Very, very, very glad!” by token of which Mrs. Quinby burst into sudden and unaccountable tears, bedewing the open album on her lap to the great detriment of the first picture of John she had ever owned, the one he had given her when they first became engaged. The laughing eyes in the picture mocked at her silly tears and she dried them with the gusty energy that seemed to sway all her movements this evening.

Suddenly Barbara, handsome, stolid, statuesque, stood in the doorway, her yellow plaits lying rigidly over her bosom on either side of her head, and her cold blue eyes flashing furtive scorn at the mistress's weakness. For under the yellow glory of hair in which

Barbara took such pardonable pride, was a very acute intelligence, and under the tight white bodice on which the plaits reposed was a heart not nearly so sluggish as the unthinking thought. She saw, understood, and despised every one of those tears.

“*He* don’t seem to breathe quite right,” she said, not offering to advance any further than the open door.

Mrs. Quinby sprang up in anxious alarm. “*He*” was the baby. In the two years she had been his nurse, Barbara had never been heard to call him any thing else. Anna pushed by the girl and sped up stairs to the baby’s cradle. This heavy breathing alarmed her. A hot fever-flush was on his smooth little cheeks and the tiny lips were parted and crimsoned, as he panted heavily for breath. What should she do! Not a soul within call but Barbara, and she worse than no one! No one to go for a doctor! Baby might die before that terrible concert was over! Awful thought—suppose he should die with his father at a public entertainment! Help! Oh! where should she turn? Mrs. Shaw? She had taken a solemn oath that no Mormon woman should ever cross her threshold with her knowledge or consent. Should she keep her oath and let her baby die? There was one compromise possible. She would send Barbara to ask Mrs. Shaw for remedies until a doctor could be procured! That would be an insult! Barbara was too big a fool to be entrusted. A last resource: she must go herself.

Her voice was strung to a pitch of agonized pleading as she asked: "Barbara, will you watch baby very carefully until I run over to Mrs. Shaw's and tell her about him? Mr. Quinby may not be home for half an hour, and we can't get a doctor before he comes."

"Go!" was all the girl said, as she planted herself by the crib head.

"Don't try to rouse him, Barbara. There may not be much the matter. Maybe it's only measles. They're not dangerous, you know. But I always get so frightened." She stooped and laid her lips to the hot baby brow, then with an appealing look at Barbara flew down stairs all bareheaded as she was. The opening of the front door let in a rush of fresh air, that forced her to think of her unprotected head and shoulders. A loose raglan of her husband's hung on the hall rack and the little stiff felt hat that Effie wore in her long morning walks. She seized and put them both on. No one would see her. That part of the town was almost deserted after nightfall. Mrs. Shaw's was just diagonally across the corner. What floods of brilliant moonlight illumined the earth! It was almost as light as day. The double row of shade-trees that bordered both sides of the street cast somber shadows earthward, but above was one liquid sea of silver light. She almost ran down the steps in her feverish haste to get help for her darling, then shrank back in alarm. She heard footsteps. Suppose some rude, prowling

man should be passing! She peered cautiously from beyond the heavy stone pillar that rose from the lower step. These people had already passed. It was a man and a woman. They seemed to be sauntering rather than walking with a specific object. The woman leaned heavily on the man's arm. Anna emerged boldly into the moonlight. Their backs were turned toward her now, and both heads bent in earnest conversation. She cast a look of idle curiosity toward the retreating figures, then stood as one turned to stone. It was John—her husband. It was Effie Ambrosè—her friend. Like a hunted creature she turned her tortured eyes now from them, now toward them. They would turn presently and find her watching them. Whatever else happened that must not. They would never know why she was there, "spying on them," they would call it. With one bound she was on the street side of the tree-box that encircled the thick-bodied elm immediately in front of her door. She had no thought of her errand. No thought of her baby. No thought of her own light slippered feet planted in the wet grass that edged the sidewalk. Her one thought was to be concealed until they should bring their earnest consultation to a close and disappear within doors. The end of the block reached, they faced toward her. It seemed an eternity before they reached the door step in their slow absorption. She could catch their voices—catch their words—John's voice and Effie's

voice. Oh! monstrous treachery! Oh! cruel betrayal of her trust! How distinctly the merciless night air gave the tender words and the passion laden tones of John's voice to her startled ears.

"I love you, my darling, and God has brought you to me almost miraculously. You believe, do you not—"

Then the footsteps drowned the voice once more as the two sauntered past the house again. The wretched wife clung to the slats of the tree-box for support. What was it to her that John, her husband, the father of her child, was there within reach of her hand, within sound of her voice, for her to bid him fetch help for their baby? Should she ever call his name again? Should she ever again lay her hand on the arm that other woman was clinging to now, as she only had a right to do? Would he dare ever to raise his treacherous eyes to her face again? No! no! no! ten thousand times no! They were coming again! They neared her ambush once more! More slowly, with lingering reluctance to end what was so sweet, they walked toward her again. Again the voices above the foot-falls.

"Then your heart has laid by its fears. There will be no more shrinking?"

"None, John! with God's help I will be to you a true and loving wife, to her a true and loving sister." How calm, how clear, how sweet her voice!

"My precious bride! My own!"

Then side by side they mounted the steps and passed into their house. "Her home! Her defiled home!" she almost shrieked the words aloud in her agony. Like a homeless outcast she crept from behind the tree-box at last, and dragged herself up the stairs like a wounded animal. All recollection of why she had come down, those steps had faded from her mind. She peered timidly through the lace that draped the glass of the front door before fitting her latch-key into it. What if she should meet them on entering! Her hand trembled like a drunkard's as she fumbled for the key-hole! If she could only get to her room—get to baby! She would wrap him up and fly with him! All fevered as he was she would fly with him. It would kill him—it would kill her! All the better—the quicker the better! Then John would not have to risk his soul to gratify his passion. Bah! To cloak it under the name of religion! Did God reign and let puny man so insult His majesty! She was back in her own room. No sound but her own faltering footsteps as she dragged herself back up the stairs had disturbed the silence of the darkened house. Barbara was asleep at the head of the crib. No matter! She stood over her child's cradle, conscious of nothing but the desire to fly with him. She was too tired—strangely tired! She was tottering now—she did not believe she could hold him. No matter—she would be rested by daybreak, then they could fly—Tony would help her

get away with baby! The fever flush had deepened, and the poor little head was tossing from side to side! No matter! She could get a doctor now for the asking. John was in the next room. He did not like to sleep in the room with baby of late. He said a man that had to work all day didn't want to be disturbed of nights. Ah! well, they wouldn't disturb him. She did not touch the tiny sufferer with hand or lip. "It might chill you, you know, darling! Mother is turned to ice!" No matter! She walked slowly away from the cradle toward the fireplace. A few coals were smoldering yet in the grate! She dropped on the rug in exhaustion, and clasping her hands about her knees, fastened her burning eyes upon the smoldering coals. The fire in the grate would die out presently, and leave nothing but gray cold ashes in its stead! Gray cold ashes every where—gray cold ashes in her heart—gray cold ashes in her home—the world all turned to gray cold ashes! Hope—love—truth—purity—honesty, all turned to gray cold ashes! No matter! Nothing mattered! She heard the clock strike twelve and one and two! She shivered with cold! No matter!

Barbara, cramped and uncomfortable in her chair, roused herself with a start, and gazed guiltily about her. How long had she slept? There was the lamp burning low. The fire had gone out! The mistress sitting with clasped hands and wide strained eyes on the hearth, gazing fixedly into the cold black grate.

The girl bent over the sick baby's crib. Its breath came in gasping moans! She stole softly over to the silent watcher on the hearth. The dim lamp-light showed her the wide-open eyes.

"He don't seem no better," she said, in what was a pitying voice for her.

"No matter!"

The strange answer made Barbara stare! Then she straightened herself from her stooping posture, and said brutally, as she walked toward the door:

"If it don't matter to you, I'm sure it don't to me," and went away to conclude the night in comfort.

The clock struck three—and four—and five! She did not hear it! She did not feel the pain of her own miserable body! She did not hear the writhing contortions of the little forsaken one over yonder in the crib, as convulsion after convulsion seized the tiny form, with no pitying hand near to wipe the white froth from the poor, purpled lips, nor the drops of anguish and exhaustion from the clammy little forehead! The cold gray light of morning sent its first pallid ray through the unshuttered window—she took no note of it! There was a rustling as of the wind through leafless trees! She did not feel it! She did not know when the angels of love and pity entered that cold, dark chamber, and spreading their wings tenderly over the cradle of her first-born, whispered to him, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will

take thee up," and bearing the pure little soul aloft on their pinions left her bereaved indeed! The world awoke to a new day. No matter! There was nothing in it for her! There was a strange confusion of feet and voices all about her! She was lifted in strong arms—they were his arms! She shuddered and wrenched herself free—she heard his voice saying that their baby was dead—she heard him heaping reproaches on her for not summoning him. No matter!

She tottered toward the cradle where the little cold, still form lay. So beautiful and peaceful is death—so hideous and cruel is life. How good the angels had been to her baby! They asked her some meaningless questions, some expression of her wishes was demanded. She turned stonily away from the cradle. Did she understand? Yes; she understood all they were saying, but no matter! She went away from them and locked herself in with God!

CHAPTER XVI.

COMFORT AND MERCY.

AND then the devils of discord, distrust, hatred and jealousy entered in and took possession of that home. And before very long there came an hour when, up-stairs, wan of face, broken of spirit, rebelliously accusing God of having forgotten the world of his own creation, lay a wife awaiting the hour of woman's sorest travail with no voice but that of a hireling to bid her be of good cheer. God seemed too far off for His tender promises of help in the hour of need to reach her; while down stairs a husband, torn with conflicting emotions of pity and anger and anxiety, sullenly awaited the hour when he could decently force upon the victim of his ruthless treachery the subject of his unalterable decision to be sealed to a second wife.

Two weeks had passed since their little Abbott had been laid away in the Gentile cemetery, and John Quinby had so far been unable to gain admittance to his wife's presence. Anthony, his tender heart surcharged with grief for them both, had been a patient but unsuccessful mediator between them. Through

him Mr. Quinby learned how his wife had become prematurely informed of his monstrous intentions. Through him Anna had sent the defiant message that forbade him her presence. "Tell him," she had said, "to send me word that he has repented of his sin and I will forgive it and try to forget it, though it has cost me my darling's life. If he can not or will not, tell him never to ask me to look upon his face again. I will go back to my mother as soon as I can gather strength to leave my bed! Go back and leave him free to wreck another woman's life;" which despairing utterance had only made Mr. Quinby's lip curl with bitter scorn as he answered: "Tell her, *that* I will never do. I do not repent of what she is pleased to call my sin. I purpose carrying out my promise to Miss Ambrose as soon as it can be done with decent regard for my recent bereavement. And as for her threat to return East, that depends. If the child we are looking for shall survive the tragic performances of its mother, she will have to take the choice of giving it up and returning East alone, or remaining to accept the conditions of wifeness and motherhood as God Himself has imposed them upon her. That is my ultimatum."

And thus matters had stood ever since. She, bruised, brooding over her wrongs, shrinking from the tenderest touch! He, quiescent with a sullen masterfulness; irritable and defiant of opposition! Anthony, in whose crippled body a knightly soul found lodgment, torn

with righteous wrath against the brother between whom and himself had always existed more than a full measure of brotherly love, and yet yearning with infinite pity over the shattered happiness of their little home circle! While across the way, safe under the shelter of Mrs. Shaw's brooding wing, drinking in comfort from those well-disciplined lips, Effie Ambrose, the pure victim of an unholy hallucination, bided her time, serene in the conviction that she was doing her duty by accepting the lot appointed her as a vessel chosen to honor, patiently awaiting the sacrificial hour!

Opposite each other, as they had sat through so many happy, peaceful hours of companionship in the old Elizabeth home, John and Anthony Quinby smoked their cigars, now with only an outer semblance of the old inner peace. They were both vaguely conscious that the tangled destinies of three lives lay infolded in the grasp of an unborn child! The quietness of a suspense that would admit of no pretense had held them spell-bound for a long time. Anthony breaks the spell:

"John, if I should allow cowardice to seal my lips to-night may I never hope for happiness on earth nor forgiveness in heaven," he says with startling abruptness.

"You were never counted a coward, Tony," the younger brother answers with a disarming smile, "you used to fight my battles and your own too."

“Don't try to soften my mood, John! I want to be merciless! It is your battle I'm aiming to fight now, John.”

“That's well meant of you. But don't you think I'm perhaps quite able to fight my own now? I might accept of you as an ally but hardly as a champion!”

“Not when you have the devil for an adversary and he has his citadel in your own heart,” says Anthony, answering the question and ignoring the proffered truce.

“You claim to wield weapons then against so formidable a foe?” John asked, looking across at his brother with a mocking laugh. But his light shafts of ridicule glanced harmlessly from the strong armor of fierce earnestness in which his brother had arrayed himself to do battle against the powers of evil.

“John, I am to be deterred from my purpose by neither flattery nor ridicule. Things have got to a point where silence is criminal. I command you to pause and ask yourself what will be the end of this monstrous step that you propose taking? You are piling up such a heritage of woe and misery for your posterity that I stand appalled at the audacity of the act. I will not plead for Anna. Poor child! her happiness is already a wreck and her heart broken. I do not plead for you; you well deserve the full bitterness of the cup your own hand has flavored. I do not plead for myself; what becomes of me is neither here nor there. Nor, do I

ask one thing for that infatuated girl, who has helped you make a wreck of your own home, after breaking the heart of the noblest old man who ever suffered for a fool's folly. You and she deserve all that——”

“Stop! not one word touching Effie! Confine your abuse, if your tongue must wag, to me. But leave that pure, sweet woman's conduct to be judged by One who sees not as man sees. But bear this in mind, Anthony. Even you may go too far.”

Anthony's face had grown deadly white, and then purpled with passion during this short speech.

“No! I can not go too far, John,” he said, as soon as he was sure of his voice. “You were once a gentleman. It was the recollection of that time that impelled you just now to shield Miss Ambrose's name. Your conscience has made a coward of you! It was cowardice that furnished you with that taunt, that falls blunted and pointless. You *shall* listen to me to-night, even if your wrath makes a Cain of you. I should like to compel you to answer me some questions. That I suppose I can not do?” He paused expectant.

“As many as you please,” said John, writhing with remorse for the taunt he had flung at the brother whose helpless condition should have made him sacred. “Forgive me my boorishness.”

“When did you first become interested in the accursed institution of Mormonism?”

“Don’t ask conundrums! I’m not prepared to answer them. I have had my eyes and ears open ever since I have been living here. I believe it to be the part of common sense to divest one’s self of all prejudice that springs exclusively from ignorance. I seriously determined, long ago, to investigate this thing called Mormonism. In my business relations I have been thrown in direct contact with many of the leading minds of this community. We all know that for the past twenty-eight years the question of Mormonism has been a factor in American politics.”

“Say rather,” Anthony interrupted with fierce energy, “we all know, that, for more than twenty-eight years, Mormonism has been the bar-sinister on the ‘scutcheon of State!’”

John shrugged his shoulders derisively and went on. “So, naturally, as a man of some intelligent curiosity, I applied myself to the task of solving my own doubts concerning its evil influence and corrupting tendency.”

“Well,” says Anthony, impatient of this meager admission.

“Well! I did not propose to enter on a defense of Mormonism, nor on a defense of myself. I thought you had the floor to-night. It is safe for you to conclude from the position I have lately assumed, and mean to maintain, that I, at least, have found nothing evil or corrupting in that influence.”

“No, sir, by Heaven, it is not safe to conclude that! It is safe to conclude, that having settled here and found your greed of money-making growing with what it feeds on, you propose to stay where success, worldly success, marks every effort you make! It is safe to conclude that an unholy passion has overtaken you, when you were so situated that you could gratify it without making yourself amenable to the law, and that you propose to do so. You may deceive that self-deluded girl, John! You may deceive the corrupt and infatuated creatures about you, who license debauchery and legalize lust! You may even try to deceive yourself, but you can not deceive me! You can not deceive God! You can not deceive that heart-broken wife up stairs!”

The younger man rose to his feet with blanched cheeks and eyes that glowed with murderous passion. He made one step forward! then his clenched fist fell powerless by his side! Anthony's eyes never left his face, and his voice was absolutely under control when he said:—

“You may strike, John, and strike to kill, but hear me out first you *shall*. Until eighteen months ago, when I brought your wife and son on here, I knew absolutely nothing about Mormonism. I knew, of course, that it existed to the everlasting shame of the United States Government. I knew, that, as far back as '56, slavery and polygamy were coupled theoretic-

cally as twin relics of barbarism. I offered my life freely to help abolish the one and I would gladly, ay, only God knows how gladly, I would offer up this poor remnant of a body to help crush out the other. I knew that it was a cancer gnawing at the life of the nation. I knew, in the abstract, that it had wrought misery for thousands of men and women; but what I did not know, John, was that it was possessed of a diabolical subtlety, and a devilish sophism that could pervert a man's whole moral and mental organism, and make him see things as right, which in his normal condition, he would pronounce as black as hell itself! Your own case—you were a man of reason—you were a man with a nice sense of honor—you were a kind husband once and an affectionate brother!"

"Personal abuse is not argument! Confine yourself to the text!" John's voice was coarsely resentful. He writhed under this lashing, but the mad impulse to punish Anthony for his freedom of speech had passed away forever with that one threatening gesture.

"Perverted indeed must your nature be, John, when you can say you see nothing 'evil in its influence,' nor 'corrupting in its tendency.' It was founded in corruption and nourished by men's most evil passions. Its pathway, from the hour of its inception up to the present one of its giant growth, has been marked by inhumanities, butcheries, and abominations of every stripe. It has taught that murder can be committed

to advance the cause of the Church, and that its followers may lie in its defense!

“And how a man reared in a Christian land in an enlightened age whose chief glory is the exaltation of its women, can bow to the body and soul-debasing teachings of this infernal sect, passes my comprehension! Woman nature in Utah is woman nature the world over. Do you believe that one in one thousand of the women that have been forced into this accursed mode of life, are other than utterly wretched? Your own case again! You say, that if the child we are looking for lives, its mother—poor little Anna, I wish she had died, John, before you ever crossed her path!—must take her choice of giving it up, or clinging to it and to you too. You will lay this hard alternative upon her when her heart is torn and smarting from the loss of her darling son. It requires no prophet to tell how she will decide. The mother instinct is the strongest in her nature. Your brutal ultimatum, backed up by yet more brutal laws, will give you the victory, a victory that I wish you joy of—a victory of wrong over right—a victory of man’s brutality over woman’s helplessness—a victory of malice over misery! John, you were a mere boy when the civil war broke out, but I have seen your cheek flush and your eyes flash fire over the wrongs of the down-trodden slaves of the South,—you, who are lending the strength of your matured manhood to enslave the women of your own

race in a bitterer, more degrading, more soul-consuming bondage than ever a Southern black groaned under! And that, too—God of power and justice, how canst Thou permit such things!—in the name and under the cloak of religion! Bah! my soul sickens at it all.”

He leaned back in his chair white and trembling, and passed his hand across his forehead with a despairing gesture.

“Have you finished?” his brother asked with a sneering laugh.

“Not quite, John. I have this one thing more to say.”

John leaned insolently back in his chair, stretched his limbs leisurely and lighted a fresh cigar, saying:

“At least you will acquit me of impatience, I hope.”

“I want to ask you, John, to turn back before it is too late. Let us go back to the States, brother, you and poor little Anna and I, before it is too late! Let us go back to the dear old home in Elizabeth where we were all so happy together and take up the sweet old placid life before it is too late! Women are so forgiving, John. Anna will come to thank God for taking little Abbott away from her if it was the means of making you stop to think. You’ll get rich fast enough over there, John. Let me go to Miss Ambrose for you—”

“Stop! once more let me warn you that even you may go too far. Now then, since you have been so

flattering as to allude to my 'brutal ultimatum,' let me give you another ultimatum, which you are at liberty to classify as you please. Not one word that you have said, or can ever think to say, will in any way affect my unalterable decision to live my life to suit myself. A few days will decide the case between Mrs. Quinby and myself. If you will recognize that I am the master of my own affairs, my own house and my own family, all the bosh you have talked to-night will be forgotten, and we will be, what we always have been, the very best of friends and brothers. I have been uncommonly patient with you, Tony, during your long tirade, recognizing, above every thing else, that you meant well. But such evenings as this wouldn't bear repeating, in fact, *must* never be repeated. Whether Mrs. Quinby remains here or goes East you are always welcome to a home with me. You can decide at your leisure."

And Anthony knew, without taking leisure to decide, that if Anna staid he would stay too; for whom had she on earth beside him to lean upon in those dark days of her soul's travail—those days so terrible for them all?

And even while he pleaded with his brother yet once more to listen to the voice of honor and duty and reason, above them, in the darkened chamber, where Anna had kept herself and her anguish shut away from earthly eyes ever since the night of her little Abbott's

death, the "wise-woman" who was her sole attendant bent to tell her that two more little souls had entered upon their earthly pilgrimage! Two baby girls were waiting for her to take up once more the ministry of motherhood! Two little hearts, waiting to warm her own chilled one back into life and love and gladness! Two tiny mortals, consigned to her to make or mar with wise skill or clumsy unskill. Two tiny ambassadors fresh from the realms of light, bringing messages of tenderness and mercy from the Chastener! And she opened every portal of her soul to give them ingress!

"Call one Comfort and the other Mercy!" she said, a smile of ineffable sweetness lighting her wan face; and then she closed her eyes for very weakness, leaving the wise-woman to ponder what manner of woman this could be, who could fasten such remnants of puritanic nomenclature upon two innocent babies.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEDICATION OF A LIFE.

WHEN the venerable physician who had been Mrs. Quinby's almost daily attendant for six weeks came to pay her his final visit, he held her wasted hand in both his own for a silent moment and then asked :

“ My dear, have you a father ? ”

“ No ! ” with a quick, dry sob.

“ Perhaps a mother whom you do not care to burden with a sorrow she can not heal. ”

“ I expect to see her very soon. I have only been waiting for your permission to undertake the journey. ”

“ Physically, you will be able in a few more weeks. ”

She looked at him inquiringly if not resentfully. What right had he to emphasize the word physically, as if he knew of other impediments to her freedom of action ? Did he know ? Did all the city know ? Her wan face flushed crimson. Poor child ! she did not know that her heart, all bruised and bleeding with its man-made wounds, had been to his long practiced eye no more than an open tablet, blurred and blotted but easily deciphered. Twenty years of medical practice

in Salt Lake City had made him wise in the sorrowful lore of aching hearts, ruined lives, darkened homes, and broken ties. The sullen reserve of the husband down stairs and the absence of all wifely eagerness on her part to have him share her anxieties or her rejoicing, had told him in the first days of his ministration that the tragedy so common in that fatal atmosphere was being enacted afresh in the home of the Quinbys, and his tender heart was full of sympathy for the woman who bore her great burden with such pathetic dignity.

“Then perhaps, my dear,” he went on, his great soul illumining his benevolent face, “you will let an old man say a few words not strictly within the line of his professional duty.”

She nodded her assent; unshed tears swam in her eyes and swelled in her heart and choked her voice.

“It is best to have it out, my child! Sometimes when we force the suffering that is crushing our soul into the very dust to our lips, it brings relief in an unexpected shape. Some ray of light may stream into the darkened chambers of the heart, through a window accidentally opened! Some chance word may pierce the armor of the adversary where we least suspected a vulnerable spot. But come what may, try to think that God never lays a burden on us too heavy to be borne. Try to believe that earth has no sorrows that heaven can not heal. Try with all the might of your soul to say ‘His will be done.’”

“Consenting to suffer will not annul the suffering, doctor.”

“True, true, true! you have been good to let me speak so to you and I thank you.” And it was after this talk that Anna had asked her brother-in-law to tell her husband that she would see him that evening. John Quinby blanched to the very lips when the message was delivered, and the hand that was holding his after-dinner coffee cup trembled visibly. Anthony looked eagerly into his brother’s handsome face, its beauty marred of late by a moody unrest in striking contrast to the genial good humor of his old expression. Perhaps that blanching of his face and the tremor in his hand indicated a faltering in his headlong race to ruin. John interpreted that anxious look of inquiry correctly and answered it with one of such flashing defiance that Tony silently cursed himself for a fool in hoping for any loop-hole of escape for them all.

Since that long and stormy interview that had resulted in nothing but heartburnings all around, the subject of their domestic affairs had never been intruded between the brothers. Both consciously looked at each other and held constrained intercourse with each other over a stone wall of partition, that only one of them was powerless to demolish, and he would not.

When Anna heard her husband’s quick foot-fall—that in the olden days had been of itself enough to set her

pulse bounding joyfully—approaching the door so long forbidden him, all the blood in her veins seemed to rush in one red current to her pallid cheeks, deserting them as suddenly and settling in a full, palpitating flood about her strained and aching heart.

She sat quite motionless as he came toward her with outstretched hand and a brave show of the old eager love in his splendid eyes. She looked so inexpressibly lovely with her pretty yellow hair gathered loosely behind her small, delicate ears, her large blue eyes fastened upon him with a passion of longing in their tender depths, and her sweet lips quivering as he had seen them quiver many a time under a hasty word from him, that he could kiss into such quick oblivion. He stretched out his arms with an imploring gesture now. He wanted to gather her into them; he wanted her to rest her poor tired head on his bosom as she had once loved so well to do! He wanted to talk to her about the little son that had gone away from them, and the little daughters that had come to comfort. They had wept over the one and rejoiced over the others apart. That was not as it should be! The little grave in the Gentile cemetery was theirs in common! The baby girls (who by his command were brought to him every morning in the library before he went to his office), with their quaint names and appealing helplessness, were theirs in common. Their tears of sorrow for the one and their smiles of welcome for

the others should commingle. He said to himself, and wanted to say to her, that she had never been dearer to him than at that moment. But beyond that first betraying glance of hungry desire (that by a stupendous exercise of will-power, marvelous in such a fragile-looking thing, had suddenly petrified in stony impassiveness) he might as well have been in the presence of a marble statue for all response he won. He stopped in front of her. His arms fell heavily to his sides. He extended his hand formally; her own remained tightly clasped about each other. He flushed crimson, laughed awkwardly, sat abruptly down in the nearest chair, and asked petulantly:

“Haven’t you a word for me, Anna, after banishing me your presence for more than a month? ’Pon honor, if I’m entitled to nothing else I am to your thanks for my docile obedience. I am sorry to find you looking so thin. You must not let the little girls consume you. I want to see you plump and rosy once more.”

“What for? Why do you want to see me ‘plump and rosy once more,’ John?” She made the commonplace inquiry with tragic earnestness. She leaned forward with breathless eagerness to catch his response. Perhaps he had come to make it all right—to tell her she should once more enter her kingdom in undisputed sovereignty. Perhaps he was going to roll away the stone that was crushing out her heart’s life!

“‘What for!’ Upon my soul you ask queer ques-

tions. I want to see you plump and rosy, because I *don't* want to see you scraggy and pallid. I'm not partial to scrawny wives."

Wives!

She flinched at this use of the plural, which had been entirely inadvertent on his part. He heard the short, quick gasp of pain; saw the sudden pallor of death sweep over the sweet, worn face, and yet kept on his way relentlessly. He would let the word stand for an opening wedge to the understanding he and she must come to before he left the room. There was always this source of comfort open to him: the more tragically a woman took any trouble at first the more complete was her final surrender to a will stronger than her own, whether it was of God or man. He wondered if she was purposely leaving the line of attack with him. Was it tactics or confusion that kept her so mute when he had expected a tornado of reproach? These dumbly resistant women were the most difficult of all to cope with.

"You have selected a most unbecoming style of morning dress," he said, assuming an easy marital tone, when the necessity to say something pressed him imperatively. "You know I dislike black off the street. I hope you don't mean it for mourning! I disapprove of 'putting on black' for any one, but for so young a child as our little Abbott"——

"I did not put it on for Abbott!"

There was no faltering of her voice over her lost darling's name, though it was the first time it had passed her lips since she gave him up. Her baby's death seemed like a mere summer-cloud that had been chased out of sight by the swift rising storm whose reverberating thunders and lurid lightnings had shaken her soul to its very depths.

“Did not put it on for Abbott! For whom then?”

“For the husband I lost on the same night! I shall never wear any thing else.”

“What infernal nonsense you are talking!”

He sprang angrily from his chair, and with his hands thrust far down into his trowser pockets strode savagely backward and forward.

“Is it nonsense, John? Oh, prove it to me, and let me help you call me ‘fool, fool, poor self-deluded fool!’ Prove to me that my place in my husband's heart has not been usurped! Prove to me that my home has not been defiled! Prove to me that my husband has not made wreck of his honor and my happiness at one fell swoop! Prove to me that the sweet supremacy of my wifehood has not been tampered with!”

“I can not prove to you, Anna, that your place in your husband's heart has never been usurped, unless you will take my simple word of honor, dear, that you were never more precious to me than you are at this moment. As your home never has been in the past, nor ever will in the future risk defilement through act

of mine, your second exhortation is meaningless. As for the wreck of my honor and your happiness, so long as the anchor of mutual affection holds good, we need fear no storms nor rocks!" So speciously were his words chosen that a sudden glow suffused the poor chilled heart of the wife only too eager to piece together the shattered idol and cement it with her penitent tears. "As for supremacy—a man's first wife here, you know, Anna, is, by right of priority, in a certain sense always supreme."

She rose majestically to her feet. With one hand pressed against her heart as if to still the pain that threatened to snap the strained cords in twain, she pointed to the door.

"Go! I was weak enough to believe you incapable of persistence in so mad a scheme! I was weak enough to think that you and I, who have been so happy in the past that we might well have been joined by God's own hand—could not be put asunder by man or devil! I was weak enough to hope that you could and would yet ward off the fatal necessity you have laid upon me. Words are so absolutely useless between us, that I don't see why I stand here stringing the senseless, impotent sounds together. But I want never in the future for it to be possible that either one of us should be able to say there was a mistake. A mistake now, John, would be the worst of crimes. Your position, as I understand it?"

She paused for him to define it! It was as if royalty waited for guilt to plead why sentence should not be passed upon it! He took refuge in brutal directness :

“ My position is that of a recent convert to the tenets of the new gospel, a discussion of which it is not necessary for us to enter into. My intention is to go through the Endowment House with Miss Ambrose this day week. I said that it was not necessary for me to enter into a discussion of the tenets I have recently given my allegiance to ; but it is necessary to give you one by way of showing you your own duty, as clearly defined by the great Law-giver : ‘ It is the duty of every woman to give other wives to her husband, even as Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham, but if she refuse them it shall be lawful for the husband to take them without her consent, and she shall be destroyed for her disobedience.’ ”

Anna’s lips had twitched convulsively while he was speaking and her teeth chattered audibly. She looked at him a moment after he ceased, then asked slowly :

“ Do you believe that to be a Divine command ? ”

“ I am no theologian ! I have neither time nor inclination to sift the Book of Mormon through the fine-wired sieve of prejudiced criticism. When I accepted the new gospel, I accepted it in its entirety, and I am willing to be guided by its teachings.”

“ Even when it teaches you to trample under foot

all that is best in your own nature—all that is pure in woman's nature—all that is true and good and beautiful in life! Even when it teaches you to make a mock of virtue and a scoff of chastity!"

"*When* it does all that it will be time to enter upon its defense. I believe we were agreed that our individual positions should be defined beyond the possibility of any mistake in the future. I hope I have made mine quite clear."

"Yes, quite clear, quite clear—oh, so hideously clear, that the marvel is we can stand one moment longer in each other's presence, John, looking at each other with the same eyes, talking to each other with the same voices, that served once to woo us forward to this dreadful hour."

She sank back among the cushions white and exhausted.

He got up to go away from her. They had both stood all they could stand for one time. She understood him. She raised a detaining hand imperatively.

"Stop! It does not end here, John."

He resumed his seat with sullen acquiescence. Presently she began, in a low, intense voice that vibrated with the ground-swell of her mighty passion :

"My position is that of a betrayed woman, a supplanted wife! I have not one word of reproach for the woman who has helped you work this woe for all of us, for, if it was in you to do this thing, I care not who

your partner in guilt may be. I ask nothing from your hands, in future, but the means to take me back to my own home. I will go back there and take up my broken life, and make of it whatever God, my God,—not the false idol you and your paramour have set aloft, and bow before with lying lips and sin-stained hearts—shall bid me make of it. I will take my babies and go away from you and leave you as free as the air, John—ay, free to marry a hundred wives, if that be your lustful ambition. I will go away and dedicate the remainder of my days—may God in his mercy make them few in number—to stamping out this foul blot on our country's fair fame! I will go back and tell them that they who say Mormonism is not a curse, lie! That they who say it does not brutalize both men and women, lie! That they who say women accept it as a Divine command and live placid lives under it, lie! I will go back and tell them that those who say the devils themselves are not purer and better than these western Saints, lie!

Like a pythoress aroused, she stood before him with crest erect and eyes darting flames of righteous wrath upon the man who had sworn to love and to cherish her, and, forsaking all others, to cleave only unto her until death did them part.

“All this and more you can do,” he answered, never once faltering in his evil purpose, “so soon as you see fit.”

“And when,” she turned and pointed toward the crib where on one pillow nestled two little golden heads, “when they grow older and they shall ask me to tell them of their father, as children will, you know, John, what shall I say to them?”

“They will never have to take me at your valuation.”

“How? What do you mean?”

“They will learn to know me by daily association with me. You can not take *my* children with you.”

In the cruel emphasis laid upon that little word of two letters he condensed all the law and the gospel.

“Have you the right?”

“I have both the right and the might.”

“And will exercise it?”

“Most unflinchingly.”

With the cry of a hunted animal she sprang past him, and spreading her arms over the cradle that held her sleeping babes, sank slowly to her knees. Her head dropped upon the pillow by theirs. A long fluttering sigh escaped her tortured lips, and then she sank to the floor insensible.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO CLOUDS.

IT is a fatal sign when a man finds it necessary to be perpetually assuring himself that he is quite satisfied with any course he has entered upon without the entire approval of his own conscience. And John Quinby found himself involved in this species of moral combat at the very moment when he was preparing to extract the fullest amount of satisfaction from the storied sweetness of his second honeymoon.

And yet it would have been hard for a superficial observer to have pointed to one thing amiss in the pretty cottage (mercifully aloof from the spot where Anna brooded over her wrongs in sullen acceptance of her burden) to which he had carried his new wife direct from the Endowment House.

Certainly a man's most artistic cravings must be satisfied with the display of unerring taste and disciplined refinement that entered into every detail of Effie's home-keeping, making of the cottage a veritable house beautiful. Carrying the intenseness that was part of her very being, into the placing of a chair or the draping of a window curtain, she aimed to make the humblest means subserve the most exalted ends.

It was a perpetual ministry of mind unto matter, and she would arrange a dish of flowers for the breakfast table, or pin a carnation to her husband's coat lapel with the sweet solemnity of a priestess performing her vows.

Now, while Iphegenia, ministering in the spacious realms of Barbary, or Aphrodite in her temple, seen through the mythological mists of the centuries, may be pleasing objects of contemplation, a priestess behind one's own tea-tray is another and less agreeable subject for consideration, and a man must be in a far more highly etherealized condition mentally and morally than Mr. Quinby was, to exist comfortably in such a rarefied atmosphere.

But as the possession of a second wife was, in itself, a somewhat uncommon condition for the new made convert, he supposed it would be rather jarring on the sensibilities to have the conditions of their daily life any more commonplace than they already were. There was no danger of the fatal element of disgust attending upon satiety in the presence of a woman like his wife Effie. So, perhaps, things were about as well as could be, and he was quite satisfied with his experiment—would not undo it if he could. While she, thoroughly and humanly in love with her handsome husband, hoping to find in him an active and able coadjutor in all the good work she was laying out to do among the degraded women about her, saw

nothing amiss, recognized but two clouds in her serene skies.

“You know, dear,” she said in one of the many harangues on the subject to which she invited Mr. Quinby’s languid attention, “to whom much is given much will be expected. I have been so peculiarly blessed in the mental conditions that have environed my own searching after the truth and the light, that I feel constrained to return it in some shape or other to my less fortunate sisters. So many of these poor women about us, John, are laboring either under a total misapprehension of the sacrificial nature of such a sealing as ours, or are content to close their eyes entirely to the beauty of the celestial marriage by remaining unsealed, thereby incurring the doom of perpetual servitude in this world and the next.” *

“I must protest, Effie, against your mixing yourself up with outside matters too freely,” says Mr. Quinby, with aristocratic Gentile repugnance to a too democratic saintliness. Then, seeing the swift shadows of sorrowful surprise settling about the face that for him had such a wonderful fascination, he drew her down upon his knee to ask :

“You are not unhappy, my wife, are you?”

“No, oh no, John! Perfectly, perfectly happy! and

* The Mormons hold that the unmarried or unsealed are doomed to perform the service of menials for all time to come.

yet—" The tears never started to Effie's eyes in the impulsive fashion that they flood ordinary eyes. In her most anguished moments, there came only into them a look of pain that pierced the heart of others as no tears possibly could. This look rested on her husband's face in that moment of hesitation.

"And yet what, my St. Cecilia?" It was a pretty nick-name he had given her in the early days of their renewed acquaintance.

"And yet, John, if I did not believe I was being persecuted for righteousness' sake, as the martyrs of old were persecuted for their faith, father's silence and Anna's cold estrangement would break my heart."

John Quinby gathered her close to his passionate, guilty heart with an impulse of remorseful pity. So pure and yet so stained, as the world of unbelievers held.

"My darling," he whispered, "you know they do not see as we see; do not believe as we believe. You must not let thoughts of them darken our home or cast one shadow over this dear face. Your own conscience and my deathless love, Effie, must be your sole dependence through this earthly ordeal."

"Oh no, John. That were poor dependence, indeed! Broken reeds, dear, empty cisterns! I look higher for something to lean on, my husband," and then, with a rapt look that seemed to place an infinitude of space between them, she added in low, soft tones: "At my

first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge!"

"Yes, oh yes, certainly, I know," says John with vague acquiescence in the propriety of her flight or the impregnability of her position.

"But," she added, coming back to him and the earth, "nothing can make me indifferent to the estrangement of the two over whom my heart yearns so, John. I had hoped father would send me one kind word in answer to my last letter. I have written three and not one word of reply of any sort! I want him to come here, to live with us, John. He is getting old so fast, and I'm afraid he does miss me; but then he did without me all the years I lived in Boston. Do you think maybe he is going to come, and means to surprise me, John?"

He muttered something vague in reply. He could not tell her that three letters had come for her from Elizabeth, one after the other, each one couching in yet stronger terms than its predecessor a father's bitter malediction on the man who had sullied her life, and containing his wrathful resolve to tear her from her husband's house dead or alive, even if he had to fire "Satan's stronghold" with his own hand, palsied as it was by her cruel act of desertion. He had received the letters at his office and had destroyed them as subversive of the peace of his own household. He simply

exercised his marital rights in protecting Effie from the ravings of a madman. He did not tell her that he had received a more recent one written by Ferdinand Cosgrove, who told him that upon him developed the sad duty of informing Dr. Ambrose's daughter that her father's mind was seriously impaired and that fears of his losing it entirely were entertained by the attending physicians, unless he could be relieved of the terrible anxiety concerning her, and that, therefore, he (Ferdinand Cosgrove) respectfully submitted the matter to him (Mr. John Quinby) as the *soi-disant* legal protector of Dr. Ambrose's daughter, hoping that her return to the States might be the result."

This letter threw him into such a paroxysm of rage that he answered it in a few insolent sentences:—

"Mr. Quinby could not spare time to accompany his wife, Dr. Ambrose's daughter, to the States, and was not willing for her to undertake so long a journey unaccompanied. He regretted extremely to hear of his old friend's sad condition and would recommend Mr. Cosgrove (his attendant he presumed) to start for Utah with him immediately, where, surrounded by his old friends and ministered to by his daughter, doubtless he would soon be quite himself again."

And there the matter was resting, so far as he knew.

But at the other end of the line Ferdinand Cosgrove was making active preparations to follow the insolent advice given, not with a view of handing the helpless

old man over to the guardianship of the Saints, but because the physicians said that there was no hope of any change unless he could see his daughter's face once more. Once let him do that, and he would be either restored or reduced to that stage of positive insanity that would render the course to be pursued with him sure beyond fear of error.

“If he recovers?” Ferdinand asked.

“He will be strong enough to grapple with a legion of devils.”

“If not?”

“An asylum!”

CHAPTER XIX.

IN DURANCE VILE.

ANNA Quinby did not settle into an attitude of dumb acceptance of her lot as made and marred by her husband, without a fierce resistance that only yielded when she was convinced that nothing could come of a longer struggle against the monstrous social organism that made might right, and vice virtue. She had gone to Anthony first with her anguish and her perplexities.

“Anthony, has the father of my children a *right* to prevent my taking them away with me out of the foul contamination of this place?” (She was never again heard to call her husband any thing but the father of her children.)

“Under the accursed laws of this territory he has.”

“But if I should steal away with them, Tony—steal away some night, you know, as the slaves used to steal away under cover of darkness, from a bondage so much lighter than mine, Tony! You would help me, wouldn’t you, brother?”

“With all the strength of this poor shattered body,

Anna, with the very best drop of blood in my veins—if there was any hope of your success.”

“Hope of my success! Why should you doubt it? I have plenty of solitude, Tony,” she said with a bitter, mirthless laugh, “in which to mature my plans; we might be gone days before he would know it.”

“Poor child, how very much mistaken you are! You have not drained this cup to its bitterest dregs yet, Anna. Ah! I curse the day when John ever crossed your path, and I will help you; but, unless you are prepared to give up your children, cease struggling against the inevitable.” Great sobs shook his frame as he walked abruptly away.

“But I don’t in the least understand you,” she said, looking after him with grave wonderment. Under the severest trial of his nerves she had never seen Anthony give way in this helpless fashion before.

“It is hard lines for us all, Anna,” he said, coming back to her with a calmer exterior. “It is repugnant to me to stay in a man’s house and play informer. If I did not think that by staying I could ameliorate your hard lot in a measure, I would go this moment, dear.”

“Oh no, oh no, don’t go, Tony;” her soft eyes swam in tears as she held both hands pleadingly toward him.

“I am not thinking of it. But I want you to know, Anna, that you are under strict surveillance all the

time, and any attempt to escape with your children would only end in defeat and added indignity."

"Surveillance! I! How dare he?"

"He dares any thing, now, Anna: it is only the first step in wrong-doing that a man of honor falters over. That once taken, each successive downward step comes easier. I think my brother had hoped to find you more tractable. Your course (the only one open to you as a true woman) has inflamed his imperious temper. He would have preferred retaining your affection. That gone, it is simply a question of mastery with him. I forewarned him that I should not leave you in ignorance of the fact that the woman whom he put here as head nurse over Barbara is nothing more nor less than a spy on your every action. He anticipated your desire to take the children away without his knowledge. This was his way of preventing it. She would report your first step to him."

She stared at him incredulously a long second. The new nurse had been so gentle and deferential and altogether satisfactory, that she had numbered her among the few sources of satisfaction left her.

"How dare he?" she said again, crimsoning to the roots of her hair with indignation. "I will dismiss her this very moment." She sprang from her chair to execute the threat.

A pitying smile played about his lips, but his eyes glowed with an answering indignation.

“Poor little bird, beating its heart out against its prison bars, so uselessly, Anna, so uselessly! You are only unfitting yourself, sister, to take care of little Comfort and Mercy! You will dismiss this woman only to have a less endurable one put in her place.”

“Then I am to live my daily life under the vile espionage of a Mormon spy! My pure little darlings are to be cradled in Mormon arms! Oh, Anthony, is there no way out of it? Must I endure this ignominy? Is there no way out of it?”

“Only one, that I can see.”

“And that?”

“Is to give your voluntary promise that you will make no effort to escape with your children.”

“And that is your way out of it?”

“No! but that is your only hope of relief from espionage. Perhaps God will show us some way out of it, Anna, but mortal eye can not pierce the black veil now. May I tell John you need no—may I say you will stay?”

And so John Quinby scored one more triumph! And yet, when he came as a conqueror to the fireside where he had once been lovingly acknowledged as a tower of strength, and a very present help in time of need, his victor's crown sat uneasily on his brow, and for all the joy it brought him might have been a veritable crown of thorns woven by the hand of Nemesis. As perhaps it was, who knows?

“You are grown quite a literary character of late,” he said, on one of these uncomfortable occasions. “I find you writing every time I come, and if I did not I think I could tell in other ways that you were becoming absorbed in literary pursuits.” He glanced slightly at the plain black dress with its carelessly tied black scarf and crumpled crape collar.

“I am collecting some statistics,” she said, “that I may find useful some day. I have not grown literary. I have neither talent nor inclination for original composition. Life is such a fiercely earnest thing and its colors so somber, that I feel like laughing the novel writer’s task to scorn. Why should people waste time writing or reading about imagined woes or manufactured tragedies?”

Having cast her dart with direct aim, she bent again over the portable desk in her lap. She made no effort at entertaining her visiting husband. She was his bond-slave, and she performed all her duties as a slave in a passionless, perfunctory manner that blessed neither the doer nor the receiver. He would have hailed with delight the most violent outburst of temper or reproach. But none ever came. Anthony and he talked and smoked through the dull evenings, and dallying with his pretty babies brightened a few moments at a time for him; but master as he was he could not command one smile to the lips of his unforgiving wife, nor win one glance of love.

"'Pon honor," he said, after a long silence in which the scratching of her pen had become audible, "you are growing shockingly indifferent to your personal appearance, Anna. It is bad enough to find you always in that hideous black dress, but your hair, such pretty hair as you have, too, is as frowzy as a kitchen maid's."

"I must be a little more particular," she said, caressing the head of little Mercy as it lay within reach of her hand on the sofa, "as soon as these pretty ones begin to notice such things. I don't want them to underrate the beauty of neatness."

"Then I suppose my wishes on the subject are not to be taken into consideration at all," he flashed angrily.

"Decidedly not," she said, with that calm look of defiance that always made him feel the impassableness of the gulf himself had dugged between them and that had served to shorten his visits to her materially.

"I, too, have a little curiosity, Anna," said Anthony on this particular occasion, when Mr. Quinby had taken his departure sullenly, "concerning your absorbing writing. I am quite sure that you know my interest is not idle curiosity."

"I haven't the slightest objection to telling you. I have dedicated my life to the exposure of the domestic misery and absolute degradation existing among the women of this city. If, by my persistent efforts

and patient compilation of facts, I can throw one ray of the light of *truth* upon this loathsome institution, I will feel that perhaps my own sufferings have borne fruits worthy of the Master's acceptance. Who knows, brother? it may be part of God's plan that my heart should be pierced that others might be spared. But even should nothing come of it, it gives me an occupation that fills full the dreadful joyless days of my life. My darlings are so healthy and so good that I have too much leisure. And, oh! the worse than emptiness of the hours when I look back or forward, Tony! I must work! and into this work I can throw all the heartiness that's left to me. See," she added, turning excitedly to her desk and selecting some penciled slips. "I have but just begun this work of visiting among the Mormon women, whom I find quite ready to talk to me. You know I enjoy an enviable position in their estimation as wife No. 1 of the rich Mr. Quinby!" (Oh! the flashing scorn of eye and lip!) "No, I have no difficulty in getting the poor things to talk to me. It would tire you to read all that I have gathered in the way of personal evidence, so I will give you one day's gleanings only. It is only the strongest points in each conversation that I have taken down, otherwise my proposed exposé might swell to the proportions of an unabridged dictionary.

"In one home (God save the mark) I found a brow-beaten, wretched creature trying to run her sewing-

machine with a sick baby across her knees. She is one of a batch of seven—bah! ‘My husband tells me,’ she said, ‘that I need not expect love from him. It was sufficient honor to bear children to the Saints; but I sometimes think, if this is all the honor and happiness that’s to come to me and it’ (then she gathered her poor little mite of a baby to her bosom, Tony), ‘it wouldn’t be very much of a sin to dash its brains out against the wall yonder, and then to follow it out of the world. Only I’m scared of the hereafter!’ At another place, Tony, I found seven women living together in one room, the wives of one man, whom they support by their united labor. They had one bond in common besides their husband—that was, their common degradation! But so besotted with ignorance were they that it frightened them to have me cast any doubt upon the divine origin of this hideous dogma of polygamy! One poor, half-crazed girl I found, who firmly believes that she has been sealed to Achilles, by proxy, and that the children she shall bear to the man called her husband in this world, will really be the offspring of that Greek hero! She is a devout believer in the celestial marriage, but admits that if it were not for the sacrificial nature of her bond here on earth she would sink beneath the burden of her existence. So far, I have found but one woman who will say in so many words that she likes the institution, and she is a low virago, who, with no appetite above the brutes of

the field, is glad of assistance in her labors. Oh, Anthony, I could go on for hours torturing your ears with the revelations I have gathered in these homes where bestial lust masquerades as marital affection, and the glibness with which its advocates will quote you scripture for authority makes one pause in shuddering wonder at God's marvelous patience. But I must work—must work hard and fast and unceasingly. I count every moment lost that is not spent on this compilation; and when I have gathered enough, Anthony, and have strung the black facts on a single strong string of statement, just enough to hold them together, your part of the work will begin."

"Mine?"

He had followed her with minute attention. He could understand how, in her sore and morbid frame of mind, she might well derive satisfaction from this dreary occupation. But what had he to do with it all?

"Yes, yours! When I get my facts into book shape you will take them to the States, Tony. You are not a prisoner, you know, and you will publish them, and the world will know how women suffer here and drag their chains about with them in helplessness. And men's pulses must be stirred to break their bondage as they were just a little while ago, Anthony, to break the chains of those other slaves down South; and Mormonism will come to be known for what it is as a hellish

device for the destruction of women, bodies and souls. And good men will rally under Christian standards to stamp it out, and I shall be free to go away with my babies, where I may never again have to look upon the face of the man who has broken my heart, Tony, broken it—broken it—broken it!”

A passion of sobs took possession of her and shook her frail form convulsively, and Anthony wept with her.

CHAPTER XX.

FACE TO FACE.

ARRIVED in Salt Lake City with his helpless charge Ferdinand Cosgrove found himself environed with difficulties. He had hoped that the journey through a new and attractive region might arouse the old man from what seemed more like settled melancholia than any other phase of dementia. His recovery from the paralytic stroke had been only partial. He could walk, but it was with the slow, uncertain step of a very old and feeble man. His impressions of new faces and new places were vague and fleeting. His childish prattle was all of things and people belonging to his well-spent, vigorous past. His one desire was for Effie—always Effie.

And now they were breathing the same air with Effie. Perhaps she was but a few blocks away from the hotel he had selected, and how was he to bring about the interview between the father and daughter that meant so much to them both? He had no desire whatever to spare her one single pang. All his solicitude was for Dr. Ambrose. It was not hard to find

the pretty little cottage that they told him was Mrs. Effie Quinby's home. He walked by the house irresolutely three or four times on the opposite side of the street. He almost hoped she might discover him and come forward of her own accord and make his hard task easier. But the lace curtains at the front windows hung unmoved and the door remained inhospitably closed. A well-formed, handsome-faced man, coming from the business quarter, brushed past him, crossed over and entered the gate, feeling in his pocket for his latch-key, probably, thought Ferdinand, who stood watching him as he mounted the steps. But the key was not needed. The door opened noiselessly from within, and Effie, lovelier than ever, with a certain roundness of outline and glow of happiness that had only come to her of late, stood waiting to be folded in her husband's arms. Then they turned away and went in, he with his arm around her slender waist, and closed the door behind them. The man on the other side of the street ground his heel fiercely into the brick pavement as he turned and walked rapidly out of sight. He went back to the hotel, his course resolved upon. He would make no effort to soften the shock her father's sad condition would be to this most unnatural daughter. It was useless to confer with the doctor and he would not confer with John Quinby. He would simply dispatch a card to Effie telling her that her father was at the Clift House. Then they might come

together as they chose. No harm could come to the doctor. He wished he could wash his hands of this whole affair, but he felt in honor bound to stand by the old man who had come out to him with such whole-souled sympathy and kindness, when little over a year ago, he had come North, a heart-sick stranger, bent on building up the war-shattered fortunes of his house.

Mr. Quinby's noonday stay at home was always short. The business of Ford, Farnham & Co. was growing in his hands to mammoth proportions, and he had come lately to feel that his happiest moments were those he spent in his office, where life was reduced to a question of facts and figures, and no problems more harassing than the balancing of a ledger or the proving of a day-book confronted him. So he had already gone back to his business place when the hotel messenger put into Mrs. Quinby's hand an envelope which she tore open with nervous haste. There was no one to write to her now but father, and he had been cruelly silent. A card with the Clift House imprint was all it contained. These words were penciled on it:

“Your father is at the Clift House. He would be glad to see you if you will come to him. His room is 20.

“F. COSGROVE.”

The messenger stood stolidly waiting for a reply.

“Papa must be very angry yet,” she thought, “to let Ferdinand write for him, and to make me go to

him. But he will not be after I have talked to him. Wait," she said to the stolid messenger. "You must show me the way to the Clift House. I shall not keep you waiting long." She came back to him presently, bonneted and gloved, and set off at once at a brisk pace.

Ferdinand's room connected with the doctor's. He would not stay to see Effie. He would try to prepare her father and then go away and leave them to make what they could of the interview. There was one chance in a thousand, he thought, that any good would come of this meeting.

"I saw your daughter this morning, sir," he began in that slow, distinct manner necessary now to enchain the poor, wandering mind.

"Effie? Yes, my daughter Effie. She's a sweet girl, Effie is, but a little queer. Don't speak of it out of the house, Ferd, but——" and here the old man's palsied hand tapped his own forehead significantly, "it was all Priscilla's fault; Priscilla was a crank, you know, and——"

"I think she will probably be here to see you this afternoon, doctor."

No one ever waited for the doctor to finish his sentences now. He would ramble on inconsequently for a wearisome time. But his rugged face beamed with pleasure at Ferd's last words.

"Coming, is she? Effie coming to see me? That's

good. You know she went away a long time ago to become a missionary among the Mormons, Ferd. She was always a little visionary and wanting to do something out of the common, but——”

“It will not be necessary for me to stay with you, sir. I am going to leave you now, and your daughter will come very soon, I expect,” says Ferd, with an interruption that the doctor does not resent.

“Yes, oh yes. Effie will come. She’s a good daughter, Ferd. I knew she would come back to me, oh yes.”

“You won’t leave the room, you know, sir, for she wouldn’t know where to find you.”

“Oh no, here I am.” The poor, palsied hands clutched the arms of his chair with exaggerated show of patience, while a glimmer of the old ready fun flickered in the eyes that were raised to Ferd’s face. “I shan’t budge, I’ll just keep saying, Effie’s coming, Effie’s coming!”

And so Ferd left him, crooning the words to himself, and went away to avoid meeting the woman who had at one time been scarcely less dear to him than she was yet to that doting old man in the chair. He put only the closed door of his own room between them, for in case the interview produced too violent an effect on the doctor, he must be within call.

In uncontrollable agitation he walked the floor with bowed head and hands clasped close together behind

his back. He was conscious of three sensations, which served at times to blot out all thoughts of his own plans in the past or hopes in the future: Pity for Doctor Ambrose, withering contempt for Effie, and a murderous desire to deprive John Quinby of the life he was leading to such evil purpose. "Bah!" he said, in a paroxysm of self-disgust, "I would throw away all hope of helping those pure, sweet girls down South, struggling so bravely with adversity, for the sake of revenge that would promptly be punished in this sanctified region by hanging. She's not worth it."

He stopped involuntarily as the outer door of the next room was opened and closed again quickly. She had come. He heard her call her father's name with eager pleasure once, then again in tones of startled surprise. He heard through the thin partition the plaintive moan that had become so sadly familiar to him of late, fraught now with the pathetic eagerness of the father's welcome.

"My little girl! My little girl!" It was followed by a cry of pain in a woman's voice. Then a heavy fall and—silence!

The next moment found him on his knees by Effie's side, as she lay white and pulseless on the sofa where he had laid her, gathering her tenderly in his arms from the floor where he had found her at her father's feet unconscious. The old man tottered after him as he bore her to the sofa by the open window,

the unchecked tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks.

“She fell all in a heap, Ferd, before I could catch her. I don't seem to be very strong lately. I expect she's been working too hard among the Mormons, you know. My daughter's a missionary, you know, Ferd. It's just a faint! Cut her stay-laces and give her air! Don't be alarmed, Ferd! Her mother used to swoon just as easily. There's sal-volatile at her belt. She never went without her bottle. It was my command. Effie was always an obedient child until she got this missionary craze on her. It's all Priscilla's fault. Priscilla was a crank. Don't get agitated, Ferd, she'll come round presently and then we must start right home with her. This place don't suit her.”

“Ah! if they only could! If they only could!”

It was only the senseless babble of an old man gone daft from grief—but if they only could! If they could only gather her up to their aching hearts, father and lover, in a burst of forgiveness, divine in its fullness, and carry her back to the home she had made desolate! How beautiful she looked in her helplessness, utterly dependent on him; *him*, he thought with fierce joy, for ministration. At last he had held her in his arms—she had lain there unresisting! If she would only die in that swoon—if she might never again open her eyes upon a sin-stained world—if she might never again return to the consciousness of her own degrada-

tion! He heard the old man babbling on unceasingly, now giving directions and calling for remedies and reassuring his fears, with a ring of the old professional decision in his voice, now crooning loving words as he hovered tenderly over the prostrate form, with trembling hands that only marred their own good intentions. He watched the soft bosom rise and fall with the return of consciousness. Not yet, not yet! With consciousness would come back sin! She would get up and go away presently, back to him! Where was all the bitter wrath he had been nursing against this fair fanatic all these months! Why was it that he could see in her now, as she lay there with white lips and sealed lids, nothing but a broken lily, that he wanted to take up with healing intent! She would never again touch his life as nearly. He would gladly prolong the sweet bitterness of those moments. A long, shuddering sigh—a sudden up-lifting of her white eyelids—a look of wondering inquiry into his face, as he still kneeled by her side. Then, with a smile of ineffable sadness she put her hand into his and held by it until she had lifted herself into a sitting posture.

“You have been very good to father! But, oh! you should have told me, you should have told me! It was cruel to let the shock of his illness come upon me unprepared.”

She reached up both hands and drew the old man to her side on the sofa. With her arms around his neck

and her cheek laid against his rugged one, she poured out a torrent of remorseful affection.

“He must have been very sick; hasn’t he, Mr. Cosgrove? He seemed so weak, and even now his hands tremble so. Oh, papa! you ought to have made them write to me.”

So, after all, the hard task of explanation was thrust upon him, Ferd thought, with a soul full of bitterness.

“Have you heard nothing at all of your father’s condition, Miss—” The difficulty of addressing her overcame him with confusion.

“Mrs. Quinby,” she said, with simple directness and a steady glance, that meant to say, “I understand your position and you must understand mine.” It had the effect of steeling his heart and lightening his hard task. For Mrs. Quinby he felt no pity.

He moved slightly away and stood looking down upon her with folded arms and eyes full of merciless decision.

“You have not then received the four letters written you, giving you in detail an account of the havoc you have wrought there?” His glance fell on her father, as he sat by her on the sofa, caressing her hands and smiling broadly in the fullness of his content.

“No! Not one. Havoc! Papa is only unstrung by this meeting. I know him of old; you do not. Strong agitation always made him wordless. You are

well now, father, aren't you?" She took the withered face in both her hands and scanned it anxiously.

"Quite well, dearie, quite well. A little shaky yet, that's all. Tell her, Ferd. You know I've been sick, daughter, oh yes, quite sick. Let me see. Oh yes, now I remember. It was just after she went off to be a missionary among the Mormons that I took sick, wasn't it, Ferd? But I'm all right now, darling. Ferd stuck to me like a man. Tell her about it, Ferd."

He smiled fatuously upon them both, then fell once more to patting the little hand that lay trembling in his clasp. His happiness was complete. Effie was once more close enough for him to touch her and he asked nothing more at the hands of fate.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, turning her eyes once more upon Ferdinand. "He does not seem at all himself."

"No. Nor will he ever be himself again. All hope for him has died out in my heart within the last half hour. Your work is complete."

"*My* work? Don't look at me so mercilessly, please. Don't answer me so mysteriously. Remember that from the moment I left my father's house impelled to obey a higher mandate than that of any earthly parent, up to this one, I have not heard one word from my old home. I have supposed my father living the life he led during the ten years I was away from him in Boston,

active in all good works, blessing the poor, comforting the sorrowing of all ranks and stations."

"That was the life of his own choosing; this is his life of your making! That his state of mind should come on you with the shock of a surprise is not my fault. On the night that you so inhumanely deserted your father—stop! don't interrupt me! You have asked me to tell you all about it, and so has he. I must do it my own way, and as Mr. John Quinby has evidently judged best to destroy the letters written you, without letting you see them, I must necessarily be a trifle prolix."

"That insulting charge my husband must answer in person!" she said, flushing indignantly.

"Nothing would give me more entire satisfaction. But to go on. The night of your flight your father was smitten with a stroke of paralysis that rendered it an even thing for weeks whether he would live or die. From the moment of reading your letter, either with a view of shielding you from suspicion, or in a pitiable effort at self-deception, he has insisted upon it that you had come here in the capacity of a missionary. I allowed the poor old man to comfort himself with the delusion. It will be an act of mercy if you do not undeceive him. As soon as he was able to give any commands, he made me write to Mr. John Quinby asking him to take you under his protection, until he, your father, was able to come for you. Mr. Quinby

has acquitted himself worthily of the trust reposed in him."

His words came thick and hot as thunderbolts as he hurled them at her with fierce rapidity of utterance.

"Just about the time when your father's naturally robust physique was promising him a triumph over his first attack came your letter, telling him that you had been sealed to John Quinby, the recreant husband of your own best friend! And then indeed the iron entered into his soul and there it rankles now! They told me that there was one hope for his recovery. It lay in his seeing you again. I loved the old man so that I wanted to give him that one chance. And I thought—oh! while I am about it, let me lay bare my soul too! I thought that, maybe, when you saw what you had done, nature would assert itself and in your remorse you might heal the wounds of your own making by going back to your home with him, and letting time help to restore you both to the peace you threw away from him and yourself too. Yes, yourself too. If you do not feel it yet, you will—you must, as inevitably as there is a God in Heaven and a God-implanted conscience in your breast! You think, and I give you credit for your hallucination, that you are acting up to the instincts of that conscience now; but the scales will drop from your eyes and reveal yourself and your so-called religion in such monstrous hideousness that then your very worst enemy will be com-

pelled to pity you. Doubtless you think I am insulting you, insulting your creed—insulting the Saints all at once! If I thought that by heaping curse upon curse, or word upon word, I could turn you from this strange hallucination and give you back, all stained as you are, to that poor old man, how my tongue should wag! As it is, I have brought him to you a physical and mental wreck. What he is now you have made him. He was meant by God to be a benefactor to his kind. He was one until you, led astray by that emissary of the devil whom your father nursed back to life, broke his heart and clouded his intellect. Religion, I take it, is meant as a solace for all earthly ills, as a purifier of unclean hearts and a source of strength under the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil. What has the religion (God forgive me for using the word in so vile a connection) you practice done for humanity—done for you? It has cursed your home—stained your soul, and left you at the mercy of man's most brutal instincts."

She raised her hands as one does when warding off blows.

"Spare me! I can not stand it! If you have no mercy on me as a Mormon wife, spare me as a woman!"

His arms fell apart and dropped listlessly by his side! She had exorcised the demon of his wrath! Exorcised it in the name of that which he had held in holiest veneration through all his chivalric young life.

The name of woman! Infatuated, mistaken, erring, all wrong she might be, she most certainly was, but yet a woman, so appealing in her very powerlessness. He was himself but another sort of brute! His eyes rested on her remorsefully as she dropped her head in her hands, in a sudden revulsion from angry scorn to yearning pity.

“Effie!”

She raised her face to look at him. It was white and drawn, but tearless.

“Go back to your old home with your father, will you not? Never mind what the man you call your husband says or thinks, go back to the old life and win your way back to peace of soul! Never mind what the oily tongued sorceress, who took advantage of your dreamy transcendentalism to fire your undisciplined imagination, says or thinks—go back to the old home! Never mind what the legion of devils that encompass you, blasphemously calling themselves saints, say or think—go back! It is your one hope of peace on earth or rest in heaven!”

She stood up before him visibly trembling. Clasp- ing her arms around her father’s neck she kissed him again, and again, and again! Then she gave Ferdi- nand the answer he was waiting for with sickening anxiety.

“I have given you a weapon by my cowardly pas- siveness. I have allowed you to say things you had no

right to say, ignorant, cruel, wicked things. My father's sad condition startled me so that I lost all command of myself. Your greatest error lies in your thinking I look upon marriage as an avenue to earthly gratification of any sort. I regard our bodies as given to us exclusively for purposes of divine discipline. Long since, in my lonely girlhood, it came to me to believe that, as worldlings talk, I could never be happy. I never seemed to extract enjoyment out of things that pleased others. I do believe that there is happiness in store for her who sacrifices all earthly delights to attain it. The more complete the sacrifice here, the more refulgent the glory there! I have a mission to perform here below, and God led me here direct to show me where my work lay. My mission is to 'impress it upon the women of my sect that the celestial and the eternal marriages into which we are sealed here are purely symbolical, their true significance dawning upon us only after we have passed beyond. My father is my natural charge. I thank you for all you have done for him. My home must be his home." She turned toward her father, whose face, during the while Ferdinand had been swept away by his wrath, and when she was defending herself, had been full of perplexity. It was all so unmeaning to him. He grasped but one idea: Ferd seemed very angry and Effie very much distressed. That was enough to banish the child-like smile from his mild face and leave it full of trouble.

"What is it, dears? My little girl, what is it?"

"I want you to go away with me to my home, father; will you go?"

He looked appealingly toward Ferdinand. Ferd settled every thing for him these days.

"Will we go, Ferd? Go to live with Effie, always?" he asked eagerly.

"You'd best think about it first, sir," Ferdinand said, laying his hand tenderly on the stooping shoulders. "Tell her you'll think about it."

"Yes, yes, that's best. Always best to think about a thing before deciding, dearie," nodding sagaciously toward his daughter. "I'm afraid my people would miss me. They've got used to my ways and my pills, and some of them are actual fools about the old man, Ferd, yes, actual fools—won't send for another doctor under any circumstances. I told them my daughter Effie had gone off as a missionary, and that I was going to fetch her home, but——"

The tears were streaming down Effie's cheeks. Her father put his palsied hand up to wipe them away.

"My little girl! Why, my little girl, what brings the tears?"

She could stand no more. Winding her veil tightly about her face, she murmured something about coming back for him, and then went quickly away from them, sick at heart.

CHAPTER XXI.

TOTTERING IDOLS.

IT was with a sense of taking shelter from a storm that she once more gained her own home, and locking herself into her bedroom poured out the pent-up agony of her soul. The rare relief of tears came to her, and she let them fall unchecked. Ferdinand Cosgrove's words pursued her like so many Furies. The flashing scorn in his eyes haunted her. She wished that by burying her head in the pillows she could lose the ringing disdain in his voice. No one had ever talked to her so before. No one had ever dared. He had given her faith in herself a tremendous shock. Could it be that while she had only thought to step heavenward by soaring above the petty loves and joys and conventionalities of this world, she had been working woe for others—above all to the venerable author of her being? Oh, where should light be found! He had given her faith in her husband a tremendous shock. She had hardly thought John could do wrong. Her idol was toppling to its fall! To suppress her letters was to show himself capable of a cowardly act. She could forgive any thing in a man sooner than a lapse

from moral courage. He would say, perhaps, that "it was to spare her." She had never asked to be spared one pang. She was ready to suffer all the pains and penalties, if any attached, for her own coming out from the fold of her fathers. If he had known of her father's mental condition, and yet kept her in ignorance of it, what excuse would he offer in self-defense? She was impatient for his self-vindication.

So, it was rather with an accusing angel than the officiating priestess he had come to regard her, that Mr. Quinby found himself confronted that evening when he got home. As child and woman Effie had always been singularly direct in her words and actions. She only waited for him to seat himself with his slippers on and his evening paper in his hand.

"John," she said, standing before him with interlocked hands, "have you ever received any letters from Elizabeth for me, or to you, telling about my father's having had a paralytic stroke?"

The attack was altogether unexpected, and he quailed under it perceptibly. His handsome face flushed darkly. He made an unnecessary ado over the nice adjustment of his paper.

"Have you, John?"

"Letters! bless me, why, I don't recall any thing of the"—the lie would not come with those clear, serious eyes searching his face—"not—ah—very recently, that is."

“Not very recently then, John! Any time since our marriage?”

Should he be badgered into telling a lie to shield himself from a woman? The idea was wholly absurd. He looked defiantly at her.

“Yes! I don’t know but I did! But where was the use of bothering you with them? There was nothing very cheering or pleasant in them.”

“But they were *my* letters, weren’t they, John?”

“Certainly, my dear, certainly; but as the request was totally unreasonable—”

“What request?”

“The request that you should go to your father.”

“*Did* he write for me then?”

“Why, of course he did, child; but I was not going to permit you to undertake such a trip by yourself, and”—with sudden exasperation, “what are you driving at, Effie, any how?”

“Then he was right.”

She had been standing in front of him with a wistful, eager look in her solemn eyes; now she slowly crossed the rug, and sat down remote from him.

“Who was in the right?”

“Mr. Cosgrove.”

“Confound Mr. Cosgrove! Who is Mr. Cosgrove? And where is Mr. Cosgrove? And what has he to do with our private affairs any way?”

“Mr. Cosgrove is the young Southerner who was

studying medicine under my father. He is at the Clift House with father now! He has been like a son to poor, poor papa!"

"Your father at the Clift House! Why, bless my soul, we must have him here." He consulted his watch. "I'll go for him as soon as we're through with dinner. Have you seen him? Why didn't you bring him right along home with you?" He was volubly anxious to pursue this phase of the subject! Any thing to prevent her going back to the intercepted letters in that persistent, catechetical fashion of hers. "How is the old gentleman looking?"

"He is a mental and physical wreck, John."

"What?"

"And Ferdinand says it is my work."

"Ferdinand be d——d! I will close his intermeddling lips for him!"

"But suppose he is right, John?"

Mr. Quinby turned from her in speechless wrath. Were the dragon seeds of discord to be sown here too? Was life to be one perpetual combat for him, henceforth? Effie had been a gently considerate wife to him up to this moment. He owed her some recompense for having deceived her about her father. He would make the amend as far as in him lay. He would even compromise with that impertinent intermeddler Cosgrove, for the sake of Effie's peace of mind. It would be a bitter pill, but he would do it. He had yet

to recognize that he who once compromises with dishonor, must consent to make of all his after life a thing of shifts and subterfuges and dodges and lies! He walked over to her chair and stooped to give her a placating kiss :

“ My sweet wife, one’s best intentions are liable to misconstruction often. My chief aim, since you have been my wife, has been to spare you pain. Perhaps I did wrong in keeping the details of your father’s sufferings from you, but it was meant in mercy to you. We must have him here. I will call at the Clift House immediately after dinner, Effie, and between us we’ll soon bring the doctor round.” And call he did and sent his card up for Dr. Ambrose and Mr. Ferdinand Cosgrove. The attendant returned with a blank envelope on his card-tray :

“ The old gentleman was asleep. The young gentleman sent that.”

Mr. Quinby opened the envelope. It contained his own card torn half in two, nothing more! Purpled with rage, he left the hotel. What should he do? Go back and tell Effie that this insolent, fire-eating Southerner had come off conqueror? In his perplexity he thought of Anthony. And to Anthony he went for consolation.

An hour later Mr. Anthony Quinby’s card was carried up to Mr. Ferdinand Cosgrove. Under the name was penciled :

“The interests of all concerned will be best subserved by your seeing me.”

Ferdinand came down promptly. One glance into the pure, clear eyes of the man who came toward him with halting step, holding out his left hand in greeting, for lack of any other, was enough to satisfy him that he was in the presence of a gentleman. Their hands met in a warm, lingering pressure. When they fell apart, both men felt that a new and lasting friendship had come into their lives. There was no pretense of making talk. Anthony had come with a purpose. Each recognized in the other an under-current of earnestness that would brook no trifling, no skimming over thin ice.

“My brother called this evening,” Anthony said, taking the initiative plunge, as they seated themselves on one sofa. “I have just left him. He has told me all about our dear old friend’s condition.”

“Yes?”

“You refused to see him? John, I mean.”

“Yes.”

Anthony looked wistfully into the almost boyish face before him. It glowed yet with the fires that had been kindled by the events of the day. He laid his hand on Ferdinand’s knee.

“My dear Cosgrove, I hope we understand each other very fully in this matter. You and I are powerless to remedy the monster evil that has engulfed so

many that are dear to us both. Do you not think that where cure is impossible, amelioration is advisable?"

"What amelioration is possible? God knows I would gladly ameliorate matters for that poor old man up stairs. It is what brought me here with him."

"There is but one way to do it. And I am here to advise with you about it. Dr. Ambrose seemed happy to-day in his daughter's company, did he not?"

"Yes, I was pained to find that her presence stirred no harrowing recollections in his mind."

"Why pained?"

"Because his fatuous happiness precludes all hope of final recovery."

"I should think that where restoration meant return to misery, you would rather have him enjoy his imaginary bliss."

"I don't know but you are right."

"That being the case, if you consult the doctor's happiness, you will leave him with his daughter. My brother is anxious to have him with her."

"The sight of John Quinby must inflict pain on him. I do not believe, even in his crazed condition, the sight of that foul destroyer of his peace and home could fail of torturing him."

"I have not one word to say in defense of John Quinby. But bear in mind that Doctor Ambrose's daughter declared for Mormonism in total independence of my brother's views."

“True! true! Monstrous, incomprehensible infatuation! Tell me,” he went on with sudden fierce fervor of eye and voice; “you have been on this accursed soil now for nearly two years, is this thing, called Mormonism, any more explicable to you now than it was before you came?”

“On the contrary, the wonder grows! The more one sees of its thorough vileness, its bestial corruption and wide-spreading influence for evil, the more one marvels at the complacency of the United States Government. Charles Sumner in speaking of your slaves long ago said that it was a cancer so deep rooted in our body politic that no rosewater methods would ever uproot it. It was abolished by the war power, as John Quincy Adams predicted it would be.”

“And you think that will be the only solution of the present problem?”

“It is hard to foresee any other. This institution is as alien to our system of government as the cannibalism or the fetichism of Western Africa. And, although it has been a factor in our politics for many years past, nothing but discussion comes of it.”

“There must be some cause for this damnable apathy.”

“I find it in the two facts, that the horrors of Mormonism do not appeal violently to the voting class in the country, and the non-voters are either Gentile women, ignorant of the true state of affairs, or Mor-

mon women, either sunk into the degraded indifference that comes from a sort of moral paralysis, or who are in such abject bondage to their superstitious fears that they shrink from touching the subject which they are taught to believe has a divine origin."

"But to the women one would naturally look for that invincible protest of right against wrong that gives the battle to the weak. No evil has ever yet withstood a determined onslaught against it by women. And these women have the right of franchise!"

"Another Mormon outrage! It is the veriest sham on earth. The women are so absolutely under the control of the men, that granting them the franchise was simply multiplying their own votes. When the Pacific Railroad was completed, this city was overrun with Gentile miners, who threatened to sweep the Saints out. By investing their women with the privilege of voting the Saints retained the balance of power in their own hands.

"What the world knows of Mormon life and character falls far short of the truth," he added, gloomily.

"Then whosoever sheds the light of searching investigation and fearless denunciation upon this dark plague spot, will be hastening the hour of retribution?"

"I think so."

A thoughtful silence fell between the two men. Anthony broke it by rising to go.

"To return to my errand, Dr. Ambrose has a de-

voted friend in my sister-in-law Anna and in myself. Effie, of course, belongs to those who have claims on him."

"Forfeited claims."

"Perhaps! But it is hardly likely that you are in a position to devote your life to Dr. Ambrose."

"No! It has received an impetus in a new direction—but the doctor—"

"Yes! Let us settle about the doctor first. If you think well of it, he shall spend his time impartially between Anna and Effie. He will be affectionately cared for by both women—and—"

"And?"

"It shall be my care that John never crosses his path. It will be easily enough managed under the peculiar domestic regulations that hold good here."

"I have no legal right to settle this matter for my friend and benefactor. It must be just as his daughter says," Ferdinand said coldly.

"It is her expressed wish that the decision be left in your hands. She says you have been a better son to him than she has been a daughter and your decision shall be accepted as final."

"She is very good to me." There was a lurking irony in his voice that did not escape Tony's quick ear.

"She is full of remorseful affection for her father, and good may come of their companionship."

“Let it be as you say. I feel as if I were handing him over bound into the hands of his enemies. But since we have been talking my life has shaped itself to a definite object.”

“And that is?”

“A full, entire, truthful and absolutely fearless exposition of the workings of this foul system.”

“I wish you God speed! It is only the hidden sources of corruption that defile and endanger life. Once lay bare the sore and remedies may be found.”

“Must be found!” says Ferdinand with the absolutism of youth and inexperience.

And so it was arranged that Dr. Ambrose should go to his daughter Effie the next morning. Anthony was to come for him. The old man's satisfaction in the arrangement was without alloy. His face clouded over temporarily when he found Ferdinand was not to accompany him, but cleared again when told that he should see him every day at the hotel.

“I shall not return to the States yet awhile, at least,” he said to Anthony. “I must see how this experiment affects the doctor's happiness.”

So he staid on—exploring, investigating, pondering, accumulating mountains of evidence against the Saints—biding his time.

While John Quinby, congratulating himself on having purchased peace at home on such easy terms, devoted himself more and more eagerly to the accumulation of

money, waxing richer and richer, and was regarded by Ford, Farnham & Co. as a thoroughly satisfactory partner in every respect; and was held in high esteem by all the Saints as a man in good repute in the matter of tithes and a prominent figure in the Council House of the Seventies; and, in short, had every thing in his clutch but that most illusive of all phantoms—happiness!

And what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose that one thing?

CHAPTER XXII.

CLASS NO. 3.

“EVERY thing in his clutch but that most illusive of all phantoms—happiness!”

What was happiness after all but the adjustment of one's material resources to the peculiar necessities of one's material organism? And what limit was there to a man's power to so adjust matters, save the limit of his capacity for enjoyment? With wealth enough to warrant a certain latitudinarianism and an elastic creed by which to adjust an elastic conscience, why should he despair of yet wooing the phantom to become his bosom's guest. Because it floated further and further away from Anna's frozen breath, because his solemn-eyed Effie frightened it away with her sacrificial attitude, must he give over the pursuit? He never gave over *any thing!*

What Juno and Iphegenia denied him, Hebe should supply! There are some things that no amount of preparation prepares for. So it was without any useless preamble that Mr. Quinby said suddenly to his wife, Effie, one morning, standing hat in hand, ready for departure:

“Effe, I have decided to go through the Endowment House in a week from to-day with Barbara Hickman. It will be scarcely worth while to establish her separately, we being all of one faith, and she will be to you as a younger sister. You will, I am quite sure, find her docile and helpful. She has much to learn, and I trust in you she will find a friend both willing and able to be her guide and counselor in material things as well as spiritual. The small room over the library will answer for her accommodation. Be so kind as to see that it is put in a state of readiness for her, will you, dear?”

Then he had kissed her, and gone away. She sat a long time white and still where he had left her! What did this wild protest in her heart mean? Why had she not borne in mind that this chalice would some day, sooner or later, be presented to her own lips—lips that closed themselves so rebelliously against the draught! Now for the first time it dawned upon her, how bitter the cup her own hand had held to Anna’s lips! She sank slowly upon her knees, and implored God not to forsake her in this the hour of her sore need. She reproached herself in bitter self-abasement for shrinking back in cowardice when the hour for vindicating her faith came upon her. She importuned Him to grant her strength in proportion to her mighty need. And when, a little later on, Mrs. Shaw made her appearance, she thought (naturally, as she could not know that the

bishop's wife was only complying with Mr. Quinby's request) that God had sent His prophetess to rebuke her for her faltering faith in His divine plan of redemption.

Mrs. Shaw spent the day with her. John did not come home to lunch. When he did, his wife twined her arms around his neck, and said, in that low, tense voice of hers, that seemed forever attuned to tragedy:

"I felt rebellious this morning, husband; but I think God has forgiven me. You will find things in readiness for Barbara when you bring her here as your wife." Her voice faltered over the last word, and she grew so ghastly white that he clasped his arms tightly about her to prevent her falling. She smiled faintly up into his anxious face. "It is nothing," she said, "I am ashamed of my own weakness! I will be better pres—ent—ly!" Her head sank heavily on his bosom—she had fainted!

On the morning when her husband was to bring his new wife home, Effie fluttered about her pretty cottage in a state of restlessness altogether uncontrollable. She was glad, she told herself, with pathetic humility, that John had given her a week in which to prepare for *it*. Mrs. Shaw had spent a great deal of the time with her, and had said many comforting and strengthening things. Mrs. Shaw assured her that after the first wrench of seeing Barbara sharing equal rights and privileges with herself, she would come not to mind it.

Mrs. Shaw had been through it all herself, and had found peace and happiness behind what looked like a very black veil. It was only her inexperience that made it seem so hard to bear. Perhaps God had laid this trial upon her that she might be instrumental in Barbara's sanctification. Had she, Effie, been giving the martyrs of old her almost envious meed of praise and adoration all these years, to shrink back in terror at this first opportunity of winning a like crown with them? Whatever else befell, the new wife must see nothing of the commotion her coming had caused in her predecessor's bosom.

She was in the pretty bedroom over the library, waiting there to receive the bride when John should bring her from the Endowment House. They must meet first of all alone. She had stipulated for that when her husband had gone away from her to repeat the vows he had made twice before.

"When you bring her back, John, tell her to come up stairs and to enter, without knocking, the door that has a white satin ribbon tied about the knob."

"Don't fire over her head, Effie," he had said, laughing nervously; "you know Barbara is nothing but a simple, modest peasant girl, and your transcendentalism will be so much Greek to her. All I ask for her, and all she will ask for herself, is kind treatment at your hands."

But it was not a "simple, modest peasant girl" who

entered "without knocking," and stood unabashed in Effie's presence, taking in every detail of the pretty room, after one cool nod toward the quiet lady, who stood for a second in anguished irresolution. How handsome she was, this English peasant girl, with her large, unimpassioned ox eyes, her brilliant complexion, and her red, red lips, now wreathed in triumphant smiles! And how voluptuously beautiful the full round outlines of her youthful form were! A trifle coarse, perhaps, and the face altogether unspiritual, but a handsome woman by every rule of physical perfection.

"Barbara!" Effie said, walking resolutely toward her with extended hands. "Your rights here are now the same as mine, and, God helping me, I will try to never lose sight of that fact. I will treat you as a sister and ask you to do the same by me."

"Oh! I dare say we shall get on well enough together," says Mrs. Barbara Quinby, seating herself placidly on the side of the bed, as she wrestled with her new kid gloves. "I never heard that you was particularly fussy, and I ain't overly given to wordiness myself. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to John for bringing me here, 'stead of taking me to Anna's. She and me couldn't 'a' got along a week together. It's real handsome of you to fix my room all ready for me."

Her gloves disposed of, she threw her new bonnet beside them on the bed, and walked over to the mirror to re-arrange her shining yellow hair. She was hand-

somer without her bonnet than in it. Her fair hair was so abundant and glossy, and she had made such a study of its arrangement. Effie followed her motions in wordless attention. What should she say next? How hard it was to have to say any thing at all to that coarse, beautiful usurper, standing there smoothing her pretty hair down with her large, well shaped hands, that were rough from a lifetime of menial labor. What she did say caused the new wife to stare at her in a puzzled way :

“Barbara! will you tell me why you wished to marry my husband?”

The new Mrs. Quinby stared, laughed loudly and said candidly: “Because he is the only man I ever loved.”

“Then you do not regard this step of yours as taken in obedience to a Divine Command?”

“I don’t think of it at all in that way. I’m glad Mormonism has made it possible for me to be happy with the only man I care for. I fell in love with John’s picture way back yonder in ’Lizabeth, when I hired to Anna to nurse little Abbott, and if it hadn’t been for the hope of the very thing happening that has happened to-day I shouldn’t ’a’ budged one step out of the State. But I hope,” she added irritably, “we’re not going to be a discussing the rights and wrongs of the thing every day of our lives.”

“No, oh no. That would be not only harrowing,

but very unprofitable. I hope some of these days you will see the spiritual significance of the tie you have formed to-day. I want to help you to that knowledge."

"Oh, mercy! John told me so!"

"Told you what, Barbara?"

"That I mustn't let you make me miserable with your tran—tran—oh, fudge, I don't know what the word was, it was so everlastingly long, only I know it meant cranky. I hope you ain't cranky about every thing else too. I assure you I mean to do my part toward keeping things smooth and easy for poor John. Come, let's kiss and be friends. You don't know how good I can be, when folks treat me right, and that's what Anna never done. She was always roughing me up the wrong way. Come now, do be jolly. You know men-folks can't abide sour faces at the dinner table; it don't agree with their digestion. I'm hungry as two bears. Wasn't that our bell I heard?"

She stood still waiting for Effie to take the lead. She had never willingly sustained a share in an argument in her life. She wasn't going to begin now. She was quite aware of her mental inferiority to her husband's other wives, but, she reflected in triumph, "John had married her for her beauty, and as long as that lasted, she could wield an influence more potent than either of her rivals." She moved suggestively

toward the door. She felt restive under the spell of those grave eyes following her every motion.

“I’m going to hunt up our lord and master,” she said with a flippant laugh, looking back over her shoulder as she disappeared through the door.

Effie followed more slowly. She was just in time to see Mrs. Barbara spring lightly from the third step into her husband’s arms as he stood in the hall below, apparently waiting for them. She kissed him with audible rapture, then moved on into the parlor with childish curiosity to examine things. How hard it was for Effie to descend the stairs and join them. How hard it was for her *not* to refuse the kiss her husband offered as token of fond impartiality. How hard it was for her to open her tightly closed lips, and assign Barbara her seat at the table. How hard it was for her to believe that Mrs. Shaw was right in saying all the pain was in the first wrench. How hard it was for her to keep from screaming aloud in her agony at the thought of hourly companionship with this flippant, unspiritual woman. She, who had always shrunk from coarseness as from contamination. Oh, if John had only brought a lady to be her daily companion—one who, like herself, could have realized that life meant more than eating or drinking or dallying—one who would have helped her, and whom she could have helped to a better understanding of woman’s mission on earth! How he seemed to enjoy the ignorant prat-

tle of this beautiful girl! Even her loud laugh did not seem to shock him. Was John, after all, himself of the earth, earthy?

Ferdinand Cosgrove's words rang in her ears day and night. They pierced her flesh like thorns—pursued her like tongues of flame!

“What has the religion you practice done for humanity, done for you? It has cursed your home, stained your soul, and left you at the mercy of man's most brutal instincts!”

Why was it that of all the fierce hot words he had spoken to her on that dreadful morning those only remained and would not be forgotten? Was it because the spirit of immortal truth informed them and they could not die? Had it cursed her home? The remorseful tenderness with which she hovered about the wrecked and ruined head of that home was her plea of “guilty” to the charge. Had it stained her soul? The fierce human hatred and jealousy and envy of her husband's new wife that she felt stirring within her, to her own shocked surprise, made her doubt for the first time since her fanatical adoption of the new gospel that she was achieving that triumph of the spiritual over the carnal which was to be her reward for mortifying the flesh! Had her religion left her at the mercy of man's most brutal instincts? She read the answer writ in letters of fire upon the face dearest to her on earth. She read it in her husband's fierce, consuming,

sensual passion for the low-born beauty whom he had taken to wife and who rapidly gained that ascendancy over him that is only gained by women of Barbara's type when man becomes false to his own better self and sinks to the level of brutes.

From the moment that doubt entered the pure, if mistaken soul of Dr. Ambrose's daughter; doubt of the purity of the dogma to whose support she had given the unquestioning allegiance of an undisciplined heart, hungering for other food than her starved surroundings had ever furnished her; doubt of the sufficiency of the new gospel to supply these cravings; she began slowly but surely to fade from off the face of the earth.

Poor Effie! the problem of her life was too hard for her to solve in Christless effort.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

SLOWLY but surely—not flinging away the faith that had proven to her but a broken reed, with the petulant haste of a disappointed child—not with the imperative disdain of a high-strung nature thrown rudely back upon itself in an anguish of despair over its own blindness—surely but slowly Effie was coming to doubt the divine origin of the dogma which, stripped from that all-sufficient cause, was revealed to her in its true hideousness, leaving her bereft and comfortless.

It was only after many days that the change in her became apparent to Barbara, absorbed in her own recent exaltation to the pinnacle of happiness, and through her was made known to Mr. Quinby in a burst of petulant anxiety not altogether selfish.

No one had ever heard Effie utter a complaint. Her gentle consideration for all who came within the sphere of her influence was absolutely unflinching. She only gave over her earnest efforts to arouse Barbara to a less groveling conception of life and its terrible meaning, when she found those efforts entirely thrown away on the obstinate and obtuse beauty. Gradually her

supremacy in the household slipped into Barbara's more vigorous hands, and she was content it should be so. That look in her eyes as of one still searching after the unattainable, still seeking to know the unknowable, deepened day by day. And the look of resignation that came into her sweet, sad face was unsanctified by the joyousness of the Christian's sure hope. It soon got to be a formula with her—"When I am gone." She said it quietly like one who foresees the date of a long journey, but it was depressing to the robust Mrs. Barbara Quinby, and Mr. Quinby was called upon to lighten her depression.

"John," she said as they two walked the veranda, as he smoked his after dinner cigar, "have you noticed that your wife Effie is looking white and peaked of late?"

"No! She's never particularly robust during warm weather. Perhaps she's in need of a change. I'll speak to her to-night about it. Has she complained of any thing in particular?"

"Oh! Lord no, she never complains. I wish she would. A body would get a chance to jaw back then. But she'll kill me, John, with those eyes of hers."

"I told you of Effie's peculiarities, my dear, before I brought you here. She is what we may call a religious crank. But I hoped your good sound common sense would make a counteracting influence in my home that would make things a little more cheerful,"

“And haven’t I, John?” she asked, with jealous resentment, “haven’t I bettered things for you? Ain’t you happier, John, than you was before I came?”

“Certainly, my darling, certainly. I’m not complaining of you, Barb, my beautiful Barb!” He removed his cigar long enough to submit to one of those explosive caresses that generally punctuated his talks with his last wife.

“There’s got to be a change some way or other, John,” she continued, linking her arm in his as they renewed their walk. “If my baby’s born under this roof it’ll be a religious crank too, and’ll be a spouting scripture at us before it gets through with the bottle.”

No better proof of John Quinby’s deterioration could be given than his ability to laugh at this coarse wit. That he was deteriorating both mentally and physically was unquestionable, although he still maintained his position with the outer world as a man of shrewd sense, strict probity, and “thoroughly reliable.” Messrs. Ford, Farnham & Co. never ceased to congratulate themselves on the success of their Utah venture. They smiled in amusement at the reports which reached them of Quinby’s having turned Mormon and taken unto himself two more wives. They exchanged stale jokes about the difficulty of getting along with one woman, and counted it another mark of Quinby’s enterprise that he should undertake three. He was still quoted in Wall street for the benefit of struggling

young men. It was whispered in commercial circles in Salt Lake City that "Quinby was in the habit of taking a little too much." The Saints are quick to notice any lapse of morals in certain directions. They are adepts in condoning "the sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to." Certainly he was not the suave, genial gentleman he was when he left the States. His once elegant figure had grown obese in outline and his movements were correspondingly clumsy. The ruddy freshness of his complexion had deepened into a purplish tint, which, combined with his short, thick neck, made apoplexy a not improbable contingency.

He looked none too refined now for the handsome woman clinging to his arm with wifely devotion, as they walked, and his growing carelessness in the matter of dress was more than counterbalanced by Barbara's excessive dressiness.

Far back in the parlor, whose opened windows gave them to her view as they paced to and fro, lay Effie on a sofa, very white and tired looking, as of one who has fought a hard fight, and lies acquiescent under defeat, conscious of but one desire and that, for the end. She wondered why she suffered no more pain at the sight of those two, walking and talking and enjoying each other's society, as she and John used to walk and talk and enjoy each other. Not that Barbara had usurped more than her share in their husband—not that this

privilege of associating with John was less hers now, than when she prized it so dearly. It was only that her time had come to drain the cup of humiliation, and the dregs had sickened her nigh unto death. She had dashed the cup away of her own accord. But yet a little longer tarrying on the battle-field, worn and wounded, and then there came a soft, tender afternoon in the spring time, when the windows were all opened wide to let in the air laden with the breath of jonquils and hyacinths—when the elms that shaded the cottage from the street were tasseled with pale green—when the birds were twittering and fluttering in anxious quest of desirable nesting spots. When the day of resurrection was hailed by all Christendom with glad anthems and rejoicing—when Effie Quinby, propped in her easy-chair, looked out upon the bright Easter sunshine, knowing that no other sun would ever rise for her, and rejoicing in the knowledge.

The little parlor was full. They had all come at her bidding, Anna and Anthony, and the twins, and Dr. Ambrose and Ferdinand Cosgrove, and Bishop and Mrs. Shaw, and John Quinby and Barbara, and the family physician of the Quinbys,—the same who, years before, had begged Anna to believe that earth had no sorrows that Heaven can not heal—and for the time being all the warring passions of their souls were, if not quelled, quieted, as they waited for the end, sorrowing with a common sorrow.

She had greeted each arrival with a tender smile of welcome, and then, when they were all there she stretched out her poor, thin hands, the one to her father, the other to Anna, and said in a clear, sweet, firm voice:—

“I want the two whom I have wronged most to sit close by me while I talk to you all. Father—Anna—will you hold up my hands yet a little while? I shall cease from troubling soon.”

Anna sank upon a hassock close by her side, and gathered one of the little hands in both her own. Dr. Ambrose, on the other side, smiled apologetically on the anxious faces about the chair, as he patted the hand Effie laid in his. “My little girl is tired, you know. She’s worked too hard among the Mormons! My daughter was a missionary, you know, sir,” this by way of formal introduction of his darling to the doctor, whom he recognized as a stranger among the familiar faces. “My little girl! my little girl! We must take her home. Ferd, we must get her home.”

“Thank God she *is* going home, sir,” said Ferdinand Cosgrove, in a burst of uncontrollable grief; then turned to leave the room.

“Don’t go, Ferdinand, I want you here. I want you to hear what I have to say. Perhaps it will make some things a little clearer to you. Perhaps it will make it a little easier for you to think kindly of me when I am gone,”

“You’ll break my heart! Oh, Effie, Effie! Between us all we’ve killed you. I didn’t mean to be so savage that day, but the words leaped out of their own accord, and——”

“I am glad they did! oh, so glad, my friend. And I am glad to go. If you *could* unsay those words and I *could* go back into the error of my ways, do you think I *would*, Ferdinand? Do you think I would give up the light and the truth that has shone upon me only when all other light and comfort failed me, for all the world holds dear? I am glad God did not smite me hastily, in his wrath. I am glad He chose rather to rack this poor frame with slowly consuming weakness, else I had had no occasion for that dear friend” (her eyes rested lovingly on the white haired doctor, who sat with his arms intertwined about Anna’s twins, while the unchecked tears dropped on Comfort’s yellow curls), “nor would I have come to feel that personal love for the Saviour, that makes it gain to die. Yes, gain to die! But there is so much I want to say to each one of you, and I am so afraid that my strength will fail me before my apology is made. Yes, apology, dears—an apology for my whole mistaken life.

“I don’t know how long ago the foolish idea got into my foolish head that God had some special work for me to do in this world. I think it must have been after mother died and father was such a busy man and

I such a lonely child, that I took to reading all sorts of books. I remember reading Fox's Book of Martyrs over and over again, until my fevered fancy was fired as a boy's is, I suppose, when he reads of soldiers and battles, and wants to do such deeds himself. Then when I went to live with Aunt Priscilla, I found she was just the same sort of woman I'd been reading about. She would have been a martyr if she'd lived in the times when martyrdom reflected glory, and so, instead of getting cured of my morbid fancies, I brought them all home stronger than ever. I did not know of God as a loving, tender, uplifting friend, putting us into a glad world to be glad ourselves. I thought I had to work out my own salvation through anguish of spirit and mortification of the flesh, and self-abasement, and all that sort of thing. I had no one with whom to talk about my foolish fancies until you came, Mrs. Shaw. I do not reproach you. You only taught me what you believed yourself and what I so gladly seized upon as the long looked for guidance for my own walk in life. I do not blame you. But oh, I beseech you to look well into it, you and John and Barbara, I beseech you all, look well into it and see if the religion I professed and you still hold by is not all a foul mistake, a dark tissue of lies from beginning to end. It has cost me my life; but I count that, too, as gain, if it will be the means of making any one of you in this room turn from the error of its teachings before

it is too late. But my life is the slightest of all the penalties that have been laid upon me by an angry God. This dear head"—her eyes turned wistfully upon her father's bowed head—"has been bent and whitened by my awful mistake. I left him desolate and broke his heart. I darkened his life and destroyed his intellect. The religion I adopted cursed my home." Ferdinand Cosgrove started convulsively as the words of his own cruel denunciation of her fluttered over her white lips. "Don't be sorry that you said it first, Ferdinand; it was a trumpet-call to my conscience. It was an awakening thought you implanted, that was all. Be good to father always, Ferdinand, won't you, for his own sake and for my own, too? When I am gone, take him back to the home I left desolate. Bring there one of those sweet, pure girls from the South, one of the sisters you used to talk to me about, and put her in my place. Open my rooms and let her enter in and brighten them. Ask her to minister to father as I ought to have done. I leave my father and my home to you as my legacy."

As Ferdinand, sobbing, kneeled and pressed his lips reverently to the hand that rested on her father's white locks, John Quinby made a step forward, his moody face flushing darkly. A smile of seraphic pity played around his wife's wan lips.

"My poor, unhappy husband! John, since the true

light shone in upon my benighted soul I have prayed earnestly—oh, so earnestly—that God would be as good to you as he has been to me. You will soon conquer the grief you feel now. Yes, I know what you would say,” as he strove to interrupt her; “you would ask me to forgive you. Ask God, John. Your sin has been against Heaven’s first law of order and I was a partner in your guilt. It is not too late. For the sake of all you love, turn from Mormonism, take Anna and your children back to the States.”

A passion of angry grief from Barbara, tempestuous and undisciplined, drowned her feeble voice..

“Peace, woman! You are in the presence of God and his angels!”

It was the Christian doctor whose stern voice subdued the tumult of Barbara’s passion and sent her abashed and trembling to a far corner of the room. But Effie called her back. She was too far removed from all this petty strife called life, to resent the childish outburst.

“I am talking for your good too, Barbara, and for the good of your unborn child. You have been happy with John—so was I. You think yourself indispensable to his happiness—so did I. I wish I might think that you, too, as I did, believed in the sacrificial nature of marriage here on earth, but you would not let me believe it of you. You laughed at me when I talked to you about it. You have not been unkind to me,

Barbara, especially since I have been so weak and helpless. When I am gone there will be no one to dispute your supremacy in my pretty home; no one to share your husband's smiles and tendernesses, but oh, Barbara, what will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul! Think of it, poor, ignorant child, and go to a long suffering Saviour for guidance. He will hear you and He will help you, as none on earth can, Barbara."

Her voice was growing perceptibly weaker. It had sunk almost to a whisper. The words came at longer and longer intervals. She turned her face toward Anna silently weeping by her side.

"Tears, Anna! Tears for me! My poor Anna, whose heart I helped to pierce! What can I say to you? How can I beg your forgiveness humbly enough? I think, dear, I will know that my peace is made with you, if you will let me lay my hands on the heads of your darlings and ask God to bless them and keep them in the hollow of His hands. They are girls! They will grow to be women, perhaps, and will come into a heritage of suffering. My prayer for you is that you may be made strong enough and true enough, may have wisdom from on high given you to help you rear them. Bring the little ones closer, please."

They brought the twins to her knees. In unquestioning obedience to the mother, whose loving sway

was all they knew of the law of life, they kneeled before the dying penitent. Effie laid a hand on each shining head, and with her illumined eyes upraised to Heaven she asked God to fill each tiny soul with knowledge and truth and love and light.

“Light!”

She repeated the word in a clear, ringing, triumphant voice! It was the last sound that her lips ever formed; her head fell back upon the cushions of her chair; a tired sigh fluttered from her tired heart; twice—three times the soft lids rose and fell over the filmy eyes. With the anguish of a condemned soul traced in every lineament of his face, John Quinby fell on his knees before his dying wife, and Esau’s bitter cry burst from his quivering lips: “Bless me! even me, also, O my wife!”

But Anthony laid his hand upon his arm and drew him upward: “It’s too late, John! She is a saint, indeed, now!”

While Ferdinand Cosgrove, lifting his streaming eyes heavenward, exclaimed in a voice of fervent rejoicing: “O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!”

And over it all rose the heart-broken wail of the lonely father: “My little girl! My little girl!”

Barbara stood alone, forgotten!

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

WHEN Ferdinand Cosgrove turned from the grave where all that was mortal of Dr. Ambrose's daughter had just been laid, his chief desire was to take the heartbroken old man back to Elizabeth with as little delay as possible, and he set about making immediate arrangements to that end. His individual affairs were easily controlled. To give notice to the proprietor of the drug store where he had been head clerk since a short while after his arrival, that he must provide a substitute within one week, and then to dispose of that week so industriously as to leave no time for brooding over the sorrow that had altered the entire complexion of his life, was all there was to do.

This last week Anna claimed the doctor for her own, so Ferdinand was alone at the hotel, and finding solitude unendurable, haunted the reading rooms more than was his habit. An unusually animated conversation was occupying the attention of the regular loungers in that apartment one evening as he dropped in, in search of better company than his own. He was

listlessly indifferent to it until he caught its general drift, and then his eager interest outstripped that of the eagerest listener there.

The arrival of three United States Commissioners to enforce the new law was the topic under discussion, and the constitutionality or the unconstitutionality of that law was being hotly debated.

He had often, in the bitterness of his soul, stigmatized the government that failed to grapple with this hydra of Mormonism as cowardly and supine! He had marveled at the apathy which rendered the nation at large so indifferent to this foul plague spot. But since the institution of polygamy had touched his own life so nearly, scorching and shriveling its freshest and brightest aspirations, he had been painfully alert to every word concerning it. He knew that the new bill, aiming a deadly blow at polygamy, had achieved the dignity of a law. But that it would ever be any thing more than a dead-letter law was what he most feared. The difficulties of conviction under a jury system where it would be impossible to impanel twelve men adverse to the system would virtually nullify its good effects. With all his soul he wished it God-speed, and with all his mind he doubted its efficacy in a community where lying was regarded as admissible for the defense of the Church institutions, and where even the women, controlled by terror, rallied to its support.

But his heart leaped within him at this first indication of a decided step toward the enforcement of the law against a plurality of wives! With savage joy he said to himself, that, if he could "once see John Quinby's baleful eyes gazing upon the world he had made so dark for others from behind prison bars, he would be satisfied."

Brooding sorrow for the dead was swallowed up in burning desire to visit the full penalty of this law upon the guilty living. He was willing to continue on with clerking in the drug store to maintain himself, while he labored to this end. He was willing to postpone his home-going indefinitely if he could but carry away with him, when he did go, John Quinby's punishment as a sweet morsel to roll under his tongue. Having gathered all there was to gather from the reading room gossips he went back to his own room to mature his plans. He would have to work without that coadjutor in all his previous attempts, Anthony. For disapproving of polygamy was one thing; bringing a brother to judgment was another. It would not be easy to work up a case against John Quinby. He was a man of wealth and position. He was not without influential friends both in Salt Lake City and in the States. It would be hard to procure an indictment against him; still harder to secure his conviction as a bigamist. But the game was worth the candle, and he would play it out to the bitter end, come victory or defeat!

A night of sleepless meditation on the subject resulted in a decided plan of action. He was eager for the morning to come that he might put it into immediate execution. His first step toward it was to ingratiate himself promptly with the most accessible of the commissioners and to intimate to him that if he had come there desirous of vindicating the majesty of this law, it was in his power to deal a trenchant blow in a direction where the effect would be far-spreading and lasting.

The commissioner was conscientiously minded to perform his duty without fear or favor, and followed the Southerner to his own room, where the subject could be pursued leisurely and privately. Ferdinand placed a box of cigars at the officer's elbow, and lighting one himself, began bluntly enough by saying:

“ I will make no pretense of disinterestedness in this matter. The especial case I propose to assist you in working up, is that of a man who has wrecked the life of one of my dearest friends, and has planted thorns in my own pathway. But apart from that I hold it to be the duty of every man who has, by any means whatever, obtained any light on this subject of Mormonism, to give the world the benefit of that light; and God helping me, I shall never fail to do so. You will find, if your investigations are made in the spirit of earnestness, that what you have heard of Mormon life and character falls far short of the truth.

Mormonism is a hideous menace to the institutions of the rest of this country. It has taught that murder can be committed to advance the cause of the Church, and that its professed priests can lie to serve it. The doctrine of the Church affords its devotees every opportunity to indulge in vice, if only they have a sufficient number of wives sealed to them. Blood atonement is a doctrine of the Church that has been openly practiced and secretly taught. To the apostate the dreadful doom of death will be accorded in this new dispensation. It is told you that Utah women accept polygamy and are satisfied with it. They are terrorized into acceptance of it as a cross put upon them for their sins. When polygamy was first proclaimed, they objected to it. A prophet was turned loose upon them who announced that the new order was the dispensation of God and must be obeyed at the peril of the Saints' souls. Whoever questioned the morality of a plurality of wives should be damned. They make one think Brigham Young was right in saying that women have not sense enough to judge a religious system intelligently. The trouble is it is not a question of the intellect with them. It is altogether a matter of the emotions, and it is easy to see how years of terrorizing debase their emotional natures into seeming acquiescence with this vile order of things. But occasionally the poisoned virus of Mormonism touches the sensitive flesh of those who by every law of nature and

of reason ought to be secure from the foul infection ; and then—oh, God, the subject sickens my soul !”

“ Let us come to the individual case you hinted at,” said the commissioner, not unkindly, for it was not hard to trace the marks of personal suffering on the handsome young face before him.

“ Yes—yes. Let us come to that. I want to place in your possession the points that may, that ought to, and by heaven ! I hope will, lead to the conviction of one of the wealthiest men in this city as a bigamist.”

“ His name ?” The commissioner took out his notebook with business-like alacrity.

“ John Quinby.”

“ I suppose, Mr. Cosgrove, you are prepared to substantiate all the statements you make concerning this Mr. John Quinby ?” said the commissioner as he entered the name.

Ferdinand flushed ominously and his voice was thick with passion as he answered : “ Not only prepared to substantiate them, sir, but to be personally responsible for them if need be.”

The commissioner, a mild-mannered, elderly man, laughed in amusement at this ready wrath.

“ My dear fellow, don't fly off so readily. I merely meant to intimate that the assertion of your belief that Mr. John Quinby was a bigamist, as *we* call it, would go a very short way toward accomplishing the ends of justice, or,” he added, significantly, “ of revenge, either,

unless you can prove it so by the most conclusive and irrefragable testimony. I suppose you are prepared to do that?"

"If the acknowledgment of a woman as a man's wife, the bearer of his name, and her presence under his roof during the life-time of other wives, proves any thing, I am ready to prove that."

"So far, so good! Now then, my young friend, since you have declared your willingness and your ability to prove this charge, perhaps you won't mind telling me *how* you are going to prove it."

"How!" Ferdinand looked at the shrewd face before him with momentary perplexity. In his youthful inexperience it had never come to him to observe what wide margins lie between law and equity, and what labyrinthine mazes one must thread to reach the crystal palace of truth.

"How!" he repeated; "why, I can take you to one of this man's houses and introduce you to a Mrs. John Quinby, and then to another, and introduce you to another Mrs. John Quinby."

"Good! And will?"

"And will."

"This evening let it be, then."

And that evening for the first time since the day of Effie's funeral Ferdinand lifted the latch of the front-gate to the house he had thought never to enter again.

"I shall simply say that two gentlemen want to see

Mr. and Mrs. Quinby," he said, as they reached the front steps.

"All right. You're in command of this expedition. But this looks to me uncommonly like a vacant house. You don't suppose your friends have retired this early in the evening?"

No glimmer of light was visible. The shutters were closed, and the side-lights to the front-door revealed an impenetrably dark interior.

Ferdinand rang the bell sharply. No response rewarded his repeated pulls of the handle.

"Hallo, here's a placard!" said the commissioner who had been slowly pacing the veranda, awaiting developments.

Ferdinand fumbled for his match-box, hastily struck a light and held it under the placard. *To Let* stared at them in big black letters. He gazed at them silently until the match burned to his fingers, and then he threw it away with a wrathful imprecation on John Quinby's head.

"Flown!" said the commissioner. "It's hard to catch a weasel napping:"

"But he can not have left the country. He has a family here—a legitimate family—wife and children and brother."

"And doubtless," said the commissioner, with a laugh, "will be for some time to come the most domestic of men in the bosom of that family."

“But is there no other way of working this thing up?” Ferdinand asked, grinding his teeth in the bitterness of defeat.

“None that I can think of on the spur of the moment. Of course, it will be the business of the prosecuting attorney to work this material up, and, to the end that justice should be meted out impartially to the wealthy criminal as well as the poor one, I was disposed to help gather the material. But as it is—hold on though, do you happen to know whether our friend”—nodding toward the dark house—“has any children by this—”

“Class they call them,” said Ferdinand, in a voice of disgust. “No, yes, that is I don’t know. Perhaps he has.”

“A trifle vague. I hope you have a better understanding of your own meaning than you have given me.”

“What if he has?”

“Proof of the paternity of the child may lead to the conviction of the father: that is your only hope. And your first duty is to find the mother. I wish you joy of the search. But as a longer stay on this dark veranda is not calculated to forward the interests of society or morality, suppose we walk back to the hotel.”

“You don’t care then that I should take you to the other house there?”

“What for? I don’t in the least doubt we would

find every thing just as it should be there. Papa in the bosom of his family, a model of all the virtues for the time being, etc., etc. But to go there would amount to nothing more than an impertinence without an object."

"Doubtless you are right. But the thing does not stop here." And in crestfallen silence he led the way back to the garden gate.

To find Barbara—to unearth this whole affair, that was his task. He was impatient of the delay forced upon him by the night. The next morning, as he sat moodily over his solitary breakfast, the friendly commissioner walked over from his own seat at another table, and laid the morning's paper down before Ferdinand, pointing, as he did so, to an item among the short paragraphs:

"Mr. John Quinby, our esteemed fellow-citizen, has gone East on business for the firm of Ford, Farnham & Co. We trust the trip will prove beneficial to Mr. Quinby's health, which has not been as good lately as his host of friends would wish."

"Curse him!"

That was Ferdinand's low spoken comment on the friendly paragraph, and the officer returned to his own place, ruminating over the wide reaching of the evil that not only contaminated the lives of those who accepted it, but warped and marred all that was purest and best in those who suffered from it.

“That boy,” he said to himself, “a sweet-natured soul as ever lived naturally—one can see it in his face—is consumed by a fiery thirst for revenge. It will become his ruling passion.”

It was quite clear to the commissioner’s mind and to Cosgrove’s, that John Quinby’s sudden departure East on business for his firm, amounted to nothing more nor less than a fleeing from justice. In this they were altogether mistaken. Sunken as he was from his high estate of honor and manliness and probity, no overt act of cowardice had yet added its lash to the many with which his conscience smote him.

It was at her own request that Barbara was removed from the cottage which her ignorant fancy peopled with haunting sights and sounds, until her often repeated declaration that “she would go crazy if she didn’t get away from there” seemed in a fair way to be realized.

Coming home from his business place a week after Effie’s death, Mr. Quinby had found her in violent hysterics. She threw herself into his arms moaning and sobbing, and talking by turns :

“I can’t stand it any longer, John. I can’t—I can’t! She’s looking at me all day long, with those wide-open, solemn eyes that used to give me the shivers when she was here in the body. She’s no more silent now than she was then, as far as reproaches goes—but her eyes—oh, those eyes! If I go back to the little room that

was mine when I first came I see them looking at me from the chair by the window, where she sat that first day, when she asked me why I wanted to marry her husband! If I go into the room that used to be hers, I see her lying back upon the pillows, so white and patient, a following me about with those eyes, those eyes! If I walk on the gallery, even when you are by my side, John, I catch the gleam of those big, sad eyes, as she lay in yonder on the sofa, watching you and me passing backward and forward! It used to hurt me a little then, John, but I could laugh it off then, for I knew I had as good a right as she had to you, for the Church people all say so, and if them that's been studying about it all these years make it right, it's not for me to say it's wrong; and maybe, after a while it will all seem right again, John. But not here! Never here! I can't laugh it off here, John. I doubt whether I'll ever forget her dying words. I tried to put myself in her place before she went, and it helped me to wait on her more like a servant than her equal in rights. I tried to think how I'd 'a' felt if I'd been here first. And I know I'd a been a devil to her where she was a angel to me. That's what makes it hurt so bad now, John. Oh! it's the staying on here where she belonged, where her books, books that I don't even know how to read, John, are laying all around, like they was waiting for her to come back and read in 'em again. It's the piano, staring at me like

nothing more than a big lump of rosewood, now she's gone, and I too stupid and ignorant to bring any thing but horrible discord from it. It's the flowers that she tended and loved, that curl up their leaves and drop dead and withered as if it weren't worth their while to bloom any longer now that Effie's gone. It's the pretty trumpery all about the house that seemed to feel her touch and always looked their best, if she did but turn one of 'em end for end. You go out to your office where you never saw her in the flesh, and she don't come to you in the spirit, so you can't tell what it is, but it 'll kill me, John, if I stay on here. I can't stand it—I can't—I can't!"

And even while he soothed her in his arms and promised her that she should be taken away from the cottage, with all its haunting memories, his soul was up in bitter protest against her childish assumption that oblivion had come to him already. Did Effie *not* come to him in the spirit? Did she not follow him away from the home where she had endured, sorrowfully of late, with the pathetic dignity of a de-throned queen, out into the street, out into the business mart, down among the money changers? Everywhere, everywhere—always, always. Was not his daily life one frenzied effort to forget the words of solemn exhortation she had addressed to him and Barbara conjointly? Was not his remorse-burdened conscience turned into a battle-field, wherein the powers

of evil and good did perpetual combat for supremacy? Was not the cold and passive hand of flesh that Anna conceded to his clasp, less real to him than the phantom hand of his dead wife, held up in warning of the abyss toward which he was plunging? Turn where he would could he lose sight of her?

Barbara was right. The house had much to do with it. Neither one of them could ever recover their equanimity in that spot. They would give up the cottage so soon as he could find new quarters for her. It was her preference to board, for the present at least. So Mr. Quinby had, without much difficulty, found a desirable place for her, far in the outskirts of the city, to which he removed her with as little delay as possible.

That a telegram from Ford, Farnham & Co., demanding his presence in New York for consultation in some proposed changes in their business, should have taken him out of the city, within a few hours of the arrival of the United States commissioners, of whose coming he was in profound ignorance, was merely one of those accidental occurrences that force of circumstances colored into circumstantial evidence of his cowardly flight from the wrath to come.

CHAPTER XXV.

STORM TOSSED.

BARBARA QUINBY had been for nearly a month the proud mother of a son in whose tiny features it was her perpetual delight to trace his father's lineaments, when the woman with whom she was boarding, hitherto the most obsequious of landladies (for the Quinbys had her best rooms and were "good pay"), entered her room with a clouded face and asked abruptly, as she closed the door after her somewhat boisterously :

"When do you expect your husband back from the States, ma'am?"

Barbara looked up at her in angry surprise. She was sitting, as she sat pretty much all the time now, with her boy in her arms, his tiny head pressed close to her round, white breast, while with her right hand she plied the softest of downy brushes over the softest of downy heads. It was delight enough for her to sit this way hour after hour watching the boy, like some beautiful leopardess with her young. She said now, with a pout on her full red lips :

"I think you might be a little quieter, Mrs. Westlove, when you see baby is asleep."

“There’s reason in all things,” says Mrs. Westlove, rather inconsequently. “I didn’t mean to disturb the boy and I don’t see as I’ve done it either, seeing he’s never so much as batted a eyelid. But what I come in here to ask you, Mrs. Quinby, and what I want a answer to, is, when is your husband coming back from the States, ma’am?”

There was no mistaking the acerbity of eye and voice. Barbara was at a loss to account for it.

The long years of her previous servitude and poverty made her peculiarly alive to such influences. The rich Mr. Quinby’s wife answered the aggressive landlady almost timidly:

“I really can’t say positively, Mrs. Westlove. You know when Mr. Quinby left he told you that you must look after baby and me carefully, for he was going on business that might keep him from us for two months, maybe, and baby was only two weeks old when he left. Is it money you want? An advance, perhaps? I can let you have it. I expect I have given you extra trouble, my meals brought up stairs and all that, but you don’t need to wait for Mr. Quinby’s return for that. I have my own check book,” she added quite proudly.

“Oh! bother your money,” said Mrs. Westlove, who, as is the way with coarse-grained folk, waxed ruder in view of Barbara’s timidity; “money can’t help a body out of every sort of strait. I doubt whether it’ll do

any good this time, 'less," she added reflectively, "it might help you to buy 'em off."

A look of alarm came into Barbara's face. The steady motion of the ivory backed brush over the baby's downy head ceased; she encircled him with both arms. Every possibility of danger involved harm to her boy. "Please talk plainer, Mrs. Westlove, I don't seem to make sense out of what you are saying. What sort of strait are you in? And who is it you think money maybe won't or maybe will buy off?"

"Well, you're about right, plain talking is the best way." She walked over to the window, and holding the curtain cautiously aside, she peered silently out for a second, then suddenly, and without turning her head, she sent her voice cautiously back toward Barbara:

"Put the boy down on the bed and come here. I've got something to show you."

Barbara obeyed her quickly and unquestioningly, then joined her at the window.

"Do you see that fellow over yonder?" Mrs. Westlove asked, "directly in front of old Shannon's gate,—there, now he's walking toward Elm street—the one with the gray baggy trowsers—now he's smack under the lamplight."

"Yes! I see him," says Barbara, impatient of this unnecessary minuteness, "but what of him?"

"A good deal of him," says Mrs. Westlove, following the man in the gray baggy trowsers with resentful

eyes. "He's a spy! He'll tramp there till midnight, then leave."

"A spy! Spying what and who?" Barbara asked amazedly.

"That's what I come here to talk to you about, ma'am," says Mrs. Westlove, dropping the curtain and settling herself rather forcibly in a chair. Facing toward Barbara, with a hard fixedness of purpose in her eyes that bespoke unflinching determination to unburden her mind of all that was still on it she began:

"I've been supportin' myself by takin' in boarders ever since Dave Westlove, that was my husband, departed this life, and I ain't never yet had a breath of scandal blow toward me or my house, which brings me in a good 'nough income for a poor lone widow woman with only one mouth to feed, and so, ma'am,—"

"Scandal!" Barbara brought her back to her text with summary decision. She was in no mood to submit quietly to Mrs. Westlove's diffusive style of narration.

"Yes, scandal! I don't mean along of your being a Mormon gentleman's wife, that's all right 'nough until folks gets to stirrin' up musses with their new-fangled laws and bothersome notions 'bout right an' wrong. I don't say but what you've been good pay and no particular trouble to me either, but folks is that squeamish, that if it got out that there'd been an arrest made from my house, it might affect my lettin' of my rooms

so easy, you see, and that's what made me ask you—plump out—when your husband was coming back.”

“But I don't see yet,” says Barbara, quite bewildered, “what all your talk has to do with me or my husband either!”

“Oh, bother, it takes a deal of plain talking to make some folks see through a grindstone even when there's a hole in the middle of it. You've been so took up with that baby that you never read the paper, I s'pose?”

This questioningly. Barbara blushed to the very roots of her blonde hair. She did not dare to acknowledge that she never read any thing, she simply said deprecatingly :

“I reckon I have slipped behind the times since John left.”

“Well! the trouble's all along of this new law that makes it bigamy for a man to have more than one wife. I knew there'd been no end of gabbling about it, but it seems now the folks at Washington has sent some men over here to carry it out, and I do hear they're stirring things up purty lively for the Saints.”

Barbara blanched to the very lips but said nothing ; getting up and walking to the window she looked out again into the lamp-lighted streets. The man in the gray baggy trowsers was still pensively promenading up and down on the other side. Every now and then he stopped and cast an anxious glance skyward. She

followed his gaze. Stormy looking clouds were scudding after each other in wind-driven haste.

"Who do you suppose he is waiting for?" she asked, trying to make her voice sound altogether careless and indifferent to Mrs. Westlove's ears.

"Your husband!" said the woman with coarse directness.

Barbara staggered back to her chair as if she had been struck a mortal blow.

"My husband! How dare you say so? No one would presume to trouble Mr. Quinby. He has powerful friends, and plenty of money, and you don't know that that horrid wretch is even watching this house. You're just trying to kill me while John's gone. Yes, you are, you are!"

Mrs. Westlove looked at the hysterical creature with placid contempt for her utter lack of self-control.

"Kill you! I'd like to know what in the name of common sense I should want to kill you for? How'd that help me to save the good name of my house, I'd like to know? And that's about all I can afford to look after now. I didn't even come here to pester you until I couldn't help myself. But charity begins at home, Mrs. Quinby, an' I'm a poor lone widow woman which can't afford to have spies hanging around her house day and night like she was suspected of harborin' criminals, or thieves, or murderers, or the dear knows what beside."

“But how do you know they are watching this house?” asks Barbara, anxiously.

“Because I’ve got sense ’nough to put two and two together and tell whether it makes four or don’t. Your husband hadn’t been gone out of town more’n a week when a gentleman (a outer an’ outer he was, too) called here one morning and asked if Mrs. John Quinby boarded here? I said yes, but I didn’t think you’d care to receive visitors as you hadn’t been down stairs since your baby was born, but I’d see, an’ he said he was much obliged, but he didn’t care specially to see you. He just wanted to ask if I could tell him when Mr. Quinby was expected back, an’ I said I couldn’t just exactly, but I thought when he left he allowed to be gone just about a month or perhaps six weeks or thereabout, an’ ever since that blessed day, there’s been an eye on this house.”

“Mrs. Westlove,” says Barbara with frightened eyes, “if John was here what would they do?”

“Arrest him for bigamy.”

“And then?”

“Put him in jail.”

“And then?”

“Send him to the penitentiary for life, I s’pose. The folks at Washington do seem to be gettin’ into purty hot earnest about it.”

“But you have to prove things before you can punish a man for them, don’t you, Mrs. Westlove!”

"I s'pose you do. But there wouldn't be much difficulty about that once they tracked him to this room," the woman answered brutally, nodding toward the sleeping child.

Barbara looked at her with eyes that seemed to plead for pity, but she did not speak again for a long time. Then it was to ask:

"What sort of looking man was it that asked if I boarded here!"

"Oh, bother, I don't carry a photograph gallery in my head. He was tallish, and darkish and slimmish—"

"With big black eyes?"

"Yes, eyes that looked like blazing coals was hid behind 'em somewhere."

"And a trick of pulling at his long mustache while he talks?"

"Yes! that's him to a dot. Know him?"

"Yes," says Barbara through her clenched teeth, "I know him."

"A friend of your husband's?"

"The worst enemy he has on earth."

"Then it's a bad showing all around," says Mrs. Westlove moodily. "I thought maybe it was somebody that wanted to put him on his guard; but if it's an enemy I wouldn't care to stand in the Quinby shoes. Now if it was a question of abstract justice your money, if you used it free enough, might help you over what looks to me like a purty rough row of stumps, but if

there's personal spite mixed up in it, I wouldn't give shucks for your husband's chances," with which bit of acrid moralizing the landlady flounced out of the room, mentally resolved that so soon as day came again, she would give Mrs. Quinby warning that she wanted her rooms vacated immediately. She wasn't going to risk the reputation of her respectable boarding house, by having a man arrested for bigamy under its roof.

Barbara sat for a long time when the landlady left her, stunned almost beyond the power of connected thought. That Cosgrove was at the bottom of what she called in her bitterness this persecution, she did not doubt for a moment, nor did she doubt that he would pursue her husband with the patient perseverance of a sleuth-hound. She shuddered as her imagination conjured up a horrible vision of John seized on his return, by the merciless officers of the law. John imprisoned—convicted—sent to the penitentiary for life! But to bring this fearful doom upon the idol of her heart they must prove him a criminal. With Effie dead and herself invisible how *could* they *prove* any thing against John? She could save him—she alone could save him. She would fly with her baby; fly this very night. But where? She did not know—she did not care. Any where, any where, only so that, by her disappearance she could blot out all testimony against John. She laughed in triumph at the thought of defeating John's enemy, and springing to her feet began

excitedly to make preparations for a midnight flight. She peered out into the dark night once more. The flame of the street lamp flickered tremulously under its glass shade as the rising wind fanned it through the crevices. The rack of storm-clouds was blacker and heavier than when she last looked out. The man in the gray baggy trowsers was nowhere to be seen. She cautiously raised the sash and leaned over to obtain a better view of the street immediately under her own window. He was standing motionless before Mrs. Westlove's door. She drew her head back with a low cry of alarm. There was no longer any room for doubt as to his errand; but she would defeat it yet. The night was black and threatening. She was far from strong yet. She tottered even now as she went about hastily dressing herself in a plain black dress and making up a bundle of clothes for her baby, and concealing her money on her person and making every thing ready, so that when the house should become quite still and the spy out yonder should have gone away for the night, she could slip out and go—where? She had a vaguely defined purpose of finding her way to a railroad station and taking the first train that left the city for any direction, it didn't the least matter which, and then, when she had put a safe distance between them, she would write and tell John where she was and why she had done this thing. She would not leave a single word in writing for him, for, in her child-

ish ignorance, she did not know what sort of a missile for John's destruction it might turn to in the hands of his persecutors. She could not notify him beforehand of her plans, for he might appear at any moment, and then—she moaned aloud as the horrible possibility of his arrest stared her in the face. The clock on the mantle struck twelve. She made one more pilgrimage to the window; the street was silent and deserted. Tying her bonnet-strings tightly under her chin with trembling hands, feeling in the bosom of her dress to make sure the roll of bills was where she had secreted it, she gathered her sleeping baby in her arms and stole silently down the stairs, feeling her way by the banisters, fearful that a mis-step might disturb the child and arouse the household. She noiselessly unbolted the front door and crept through it out into the dark and blustering night. She stood still for a second only and trembled as the rude wind seized upon her shawl and set it flapping violently about the little form she held in a close, firm clasp, then she walked resolutely down the steps and out into the street. She was in a part of the town she knew nothing of. Her husband had brought her there in a carriage from their old home. She scarcely knew which way to turn to find the railroad station she aimed for. The storm that was now advancing with low, distant mutterings, frightened and bewildered her. All through her ignorant life a thunderstorm had been fraught with mysterious terrors for

her. For one irresolute moment she harbored the wish to go back to the shelter of Mrs. Westlove's house and let things take their course. Then she reproached herself bitterly for treachery to John. The lurid lightning flashes that illumined her way gave her confused glimpses of darkened houses, closed doors, deserted streets. She walked on with her head bowed to ward off the big, heavy drops of rain that were beginning to fall at long, sullen intervals with a loud splash on the pavements and against the sides of the houses she was passing. If she might only ring at one of those bells and ask shelter for herself and baby just until the storm had spent its fury. But if they did not refuse it, they would take her in and question her. Questions might lead to revelations that would harm John. If each drop of rain that fell should turn to a heavy hail stone she would stagger on and let it pelt her to death rather than risk one hair of that dear head. Whenever she felt her strength of purpose flagging and the desire to beg shelter assailing her more fiercely, she conjured up a vision of John in the penitentiary, and her resolve petrified. On and on and on she walked, wrapping her thick shawl more tightly over her baby's head, and, as the blinding lightning gave him to her view every little while, eagerly assuring herself that he was warm and dry. On and on, turning corners when she came to them, simply because she came to them; peering, by the lightning's

aid, far ahead of her through stony vistas of houses, girded about with wet and glistening trees, she longed for the coming of help in some shape or form, if only in the uniform of a night watchman. Any body, somebody to speak a word of human comfort to her and help her in her dreary search for a railroad depot. If she could stand still and cry aloud for help, she thought she would feel stronger, but the thought of John's peril sealed her lips and inspired her faltering steps. She must get away from there, far away from there, so no one could force her to say she was John Quinby's wife. The pitiless storm drove her forward with unre-sisting speed. Her skirts clung heavy with rain about her tired ankles, making every step a weariness and a task. Gradually the defined purpose of reaching a railroad station resolved itself into a longing for rest. Any where, on the wet stone steps of the houses she reeled rather than walked past, if only they gave her rest. The street suddenly widened into a square set about with trees. A grove of shining trunks and dripping branches surrounded her. There were benches under the trees, cold, wet, hard, iron benches, but free, free for her to rest on, to sleep on. She flung herself upon one of them in a state of exhaustion bordering on unconsciousness. The storm had sobbed itself out and there were no electric flashes by which she could examine her surroundings. The cessation of movement disturbed the sleeping child. He murmured

querulously. He would awake and cry. She bared her breast to the damp night air to give him comfort. She passed her icy hand over the little form in the darkness to see if he were still dry and safe. No harm had come to the boy from the driving rain and pitiless wind. No harm should come to John. The night must be almost spent now. She would rest there under the wet trees until it was light enough for her to see and then she would find somebody to show her the way to a depot. The fierce storm that she had braved with her baby clasped to her bosom had driven all the rest of the world to cover. Not a human footfall had comforted her ear with a sense of companionship in misery, not a moving thing beside herself and the spirit of the storm had been abroad that woeful night. She shivered and drew the shawl closer yet about her bared bosom. Oh, for daylight, that she could find food and warmth for herself, shelter for her child. Her head fell over to one side, the cold, iron back of the bench held it and sustained. The cold, hard contact made her moan with pain. Her lids dropped heavily. Barbara, as undisciplined as the winds that had buffeted her weary feet and smitten her cold wet cheeks, as passionate as the storm that had spent its fury on her unsheltered head, loyal in her devotion, grand in her self-abnegation, slept!

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE TOILS.

SHE was aroused by the flashing of a policeman's "bull's eye" full in her face. She opened her eyes with a start and sat bolt upright, then uttered a sharp cry of pain and placed her hand on her side.

"What are you doing here?" asked the watchman, laying his hand ungently on her shoulder. His face was harsh and his voice threatening.

"Looking for a railroad depot," Barbara answered, gasping with the pain each word produced. "I'll pay you well to take me and my baby to the station."

"What station?"

"Oh, I don't care which one. Only be quick about it. I don't care where I go."

A brutal laugh was his only answer. He lifted the corner of the shawl to look at the baby, then asked: "What's your name?"

"What's that to you? I tell you man, I'll pay you, pay you well if you will take me to the nearest station."

"Come now, that's liberal! But let me show you

how much more liberal I can be. I'll take you to the nearest station without any pay at all. Come, get up! Move on! Tain't far from here any ways."

She tried to get up, but staggered back to her seat. She was stiff from the exposure to the storm, and the pains that began in her side were shooting through every part of her body. She moaned aloud.

"Come, none o' your gammon with me. Give me the kid, and then step out lively."

"Couldn't you get a cab for me?" she asked piteously. "I assure you I am quite able to pay for a ride to the station."

"That would be sorter stylish now," said the man, preparing to take the child forcibly from her clasp; "but we don't lay much store on style at my sorter station. It's a likely story for the horse-marines, that a lady which can afford to ride about town in cabs, would spend the night on this 'ere iron bench in Washington Square!" He had the child in his arms by this time, and lifting Barbara to her feet with one strong hand, he retained his hold upon her arm, as he propelled her along the streets that were gleaming, cold and wet, under the first rays of daylight.

"Am I under arrest?" She recoiled from him as the words came with almost a shriek from her lips.

"That's what we call it in this part of the country."

"But I've done nothing! I'm a perfectly innocent woman!"

"Then you ain't got nothing to be skeered about. We're altogether too hospitable, though, in this part of the country, to let a lady set out a wet night under the trees, when we've got good dry quarters for her accommodation clos't to hand."

"But I will pay you any thing you ask, any thing you want, if you will just go away and let me find my own way to the station."

She fumbled frantically in her bosom for the roll of bills. The officer's voice was doubly stern as he saw this action.

"Come, have done! As it is, you'll be committed for vagrancy only. How you come by the money you're making such brags of I'll find out later on. Only, don't you be trying to bribe honest folk than yourself with it."

His words sealed her lips. Dumbly she followed him a few blocks, racked with physical pain, filled with horror at her situation, dazed with fright.

When they reached the police station she was handed over with very little ceremony by the watchman, who had found her asleep in the Square, to the station officer. "Your name?" that officer asked, with that coldly investigating stare he bestowed upon all such offenders against the proprieties. Barbara answered his stare with a look of sullen stubbornness, and silently reached out her arms to take her boy from the policeman's hands.

“Your name, I asked?” The thundering tones frightened her from her resolve to be dumb. There was no limit to the power of the law, she warned herself tremulously. She raised her eyes defiantly to the officer’s face, saying slowly and distinctly :

“Barbara Hickman.”

And in the records of the police station books, for that night, this entry was made :

“Barbara Hickman ; blue eyes, blonde hair, dressed in black cashmere, child one month old in arms. Arrested half past three A. M. in Washington Square by Patrolman Larkins. Committed for vagrancy.”

The next morning when the turnkey had made his rounds with the prisoners’ breakfasts, he reported to the officer of the day, that “No. 10 seemed to be in a bad way. If she wasn’t wrestling with a tough case of pneumonia he’d eat his hat.”

Examination by the jail doctor proved the man to be correct. Barbara’s exposure to the storm of the night before, when she was already in a reduced state, had brought on that dreadful disease. Inured as he was to every phase of human woe and human frailty, the jail doctor found his sympathies stirred to an unusual degree as he watched this new patient, waiting for her to show some recognition of his presence. He had found her tossing with high fever, and moaning with pain when he entered her cell. Her cheeks were ablaze with the heat that was consuming her. Her

lovely hair had escaped all bounds, and enveloped her like a silken scarf of pale gold. Her parted, panting lips were crimsoned with the fever. Her eyes were closed, and her long lashes were wet with tears, that she had no strength or will to brush away. Her baby was clasped close to her white, bare bosom. She was sleeping unrestfully from sheer exhaustion. He knew this sleep would not last long. He would question her when she awoke as to her friends. This was no place for a woman who was probably "in" for a protracted siege. When Barbara opened her eyes and saw him, she gave a low cry of alarm. It was another one of those stony-hearted officials come to torment her.

"Don't be alarmed," said the doctor in his kindest manner. "I am the attending physician here. I am afraid you have caught a bad cold, and maybe will be sick quite a little while. If you will give me the names of your friends, I will see that you are conveyed there quite privately. No questions asked, you know," he said reassuringly.

"I have no friends," there was more of stubborn resolution than of desolation in this forlorn answer.

"Acquaintances then, or home? Where would you prefer to be taken to? Come now, say that we are in for a spell of sickness, where would you be most comfortable?"

"Right here!"

“That’s most extraordinary. You certainly must have some relative.”

“Not one this side of England.”

“Dear me! dear me!” said the doctor, aghast at the unavailability of such very far away kin. “Well, then, now, the little boy’s father? Surely your—a—husband would not be willing to let you be sick in a police station if he knew?”

Barbara eyed him suspiciously. All this pretended interest in her was just to find out where John was. They were all hounding after John. If she died in that prison cell they should not wrench one word from her that would help them run him to earth. She shook her head resolutely.

“I assure you, my poor woman, I have no desire whatever to pry into your private affairs. I believe that you are going to be ill. It would be best for you to name some place or friend to whom I could take a message for you. You might die here, and your dearest friend know nothing about it. Off the station books you are nothing but No. 10—even I do not know your name.”

A strange light, as of increasing satisfaction, came into Barbara’s face. If what he was saying was true, she was as much out of John’s way, there in her prison cell, as if she had gotten away that night. And then, if things straightened themselves out again, she didn’t exactly know how, but they might, it wouldn’t take

her so long to get back to John's arms. She was glad she had not gotten further away.

"Doctor," she said suddenly, feeling under her pillow as she spoke, "I'm not going to tell you any thing about myself, except this much: I was aiming to get out of Salt Lake City, last night, and brought up here accidentally. If it's a good hiding place, it will suit me better than the finest room at the finest hotel in the town. I'm not a pauper. If you'll take this money and look after me and the child until I'm able to get on my way, you'll be doing something God won't blame you for. You say I am going to be sick. I feel like I was being torn limb from limb now, whenever I draw a long breath. If I get delirious, don't mind any stuff I talk. I ain't got any kin in this country. My name's Hickman. My baby's name is John Hickman—we don't know any body of any other name. I was a nurse in a lady's family—I came here as a nurse, and I'm tired of the place, and I want to get back to the States where my baby's father is, that's all—that's *all*; and any thing more and above it that any body says, if it's me, myself, is lies—lies, do you hear, doctor, and nothing more! Take care of us with this."

She grasped his hand imploringly, and thrust the roll of bills into it. She had used up what little mental and physical strength was left her in fabricating a lie to protect John; she fell back upon her pillows

laughing hysterically, as she babbled in a delirious and disconnected fashion, of persons and places in far away England.

It would seem as if her will power to protect John held good even during the wildest of her delirium, for never the faintest allusion to him escaped her parched and fevered lips.

Long, fiercely and successfully she wrestled with the malignant disease that had seized upon her with what at one time seemed a fatal grip. Her magnificent constitution helped her fight back death. When the fever abated and the fogs of delirium cleared from her brain, she looked around her apartment in languid amazement. She was still an inmate of the county jail, but her apartment had been converted into a luxurious bed-chamber as far as a prison cell was susceptible of such conversion. Soft, crimson woollen hangings hid the sinister iron bars of the window—gay rugs covered the hard, bare floor—flowers occupied every available coign of vantage—a basket of mixed fruits occupied a little center table that had also been added mysteriously to her belongings. The coarse prison fare that had been brought her on her first morning had given place to delicate nourishment suited to an invalid's capricious appetite. Books and pictures began to come in so soon as it was observed by the doctor that she needed some sort of entertainment.

“Doctor,” said Barbara, motioning the nurse to leave them alone, “when I asked you to take care of me and my child, I didn’t expect you to be so free handed with the money.” She glanced disapprovingly at her improved surroundings. “I could have weathered it out in No. 10 just as it was, so you’d paid for a nurse for my child, but when it comes to gim-cracks——”

“You are making a mistake,” said the doctor; “not an unnatural one, probably. Your friends, it seems, have found you out, and testified to their interest in your case, as you see.”

Barbara’s eyes dilated with terror. Was John expressing himself in this rash way to make her more comfortable?

“I told you I had no friends,” she said, with savage impatience, “and you’ve been letting some impertinent stranger meddle in my affairs, when I was too sick to protect myself.”

“Tut, tut! don’t go to working yourself into another fever. You have *a* friend if not more, and I’ve promised her she may sit with you for half an hour this morning, if she does all the talking.”

“*Her!*”

“Yes, *her*. A very nice old white haired lady, who has taken a good deal of interest in your case. She was to be here by ten this morning. It is three minutes of that now, and—ah! punctuality itself, madam.”

This last to Mrs. Shaw, who bustled into the room at this juncture, laden with fresh flowers and more fruit. "Here is your friend of the flower mission," he said to Barbara; "now then, I will leave my patient in your hands, madam. The condition of your being permitted to stay a second time as long as you please, is, that you do all the talking. The patient is naturally excitable, I take it—" He paused, hoping Mrs. Shaw would volunteer some information. She merely nodded in the affirmative, so he concluded his sentence rather tamely: "—and must not be excited."

"And so it's you," said Barbara, as soon as the doctor was out of hearing, "that's been taking such kind care of me. But I'd rather you hadn't."

"In the first place," says Mrs. Shaw, briskly, "it's not me. It's all the faithful who glory in the stand you are making for the faith. They've been sending you these things by me."

"But I'm not making any stand for the faith," says Barbara, with creditable honesty. "The woman where I boarded told me that they were watching the house to arrest my husband for bigamy, and I ran away so they shouldn't be able to prove any thing on him."

"Yes, yes, yes! It was easy enough for us to understand why you got out of the way. These wretches would like the best in the world to strike a fatal blow at John Quinby. They want a shining mark. But if you'll only stand firm, they'll not make

as big a haul as they expect," says Mrs. Shaw, proceeding to feed the sick woman on some jelly she has brought with her.

"Stand firm! Why, what more is there for me to do? What connection can they make out between John Quinby and the vagrant Barbara Hickman?"

Mrs. Shaw got up and looked cautiously out into the corridor. No one was within hearing. She came back to the bedside and said impressively: "Effie's old lover, Cosgrove, is giving them all the points they want. But spying is a double game. We are pretty well up in points ourselves. One week from this is the day they've set for examining you. I wanted to let you know long enough beforehand for you to be prepared."

"Who is 'they'? And what do they want to examine me about?"

"They are the commissioners who have been sent over here with powers to work up cases against our people by any means in their power, and they don't care how they get evidence just so they get it. Their intention is to force you to tell who the father of your child is. They fancy that rather than be kept in jail you'll make a clean breast of it."

"Then they don't know me, that's all," Barbara interrupts fiercely, "and neither do you, if you thought it was necessary to ask me to stand firm. If they was to chop me limb from limb I wouldn't tell 'em any thing."

“Well said!” says Mrs. Shaw, enthusiastically. “You are of the stuff God’s chosen people are made of. The enemies of the Saints can not prevail against such a spirit. The saints are praying for you day and night.”

“But I want to know only one thing. John—where is he? Has he been heard from?”

Mrs. Shaw smiled mysteriously: “The children of this world think they have all the wisdom. We Saints think we have a small share ourselves. Our spies are everywhere. Anthony Quinby has done the Church he despises one good turn without meaning it. He does not know that every telegraph line in Salt Lake City is under the control of our Taylor. He telegraphed to Quinby’s heads to keep his brother in New York City at all hazards, until they heard from him again. He meant only to protect his own name from the disgrace of having one who bore it arrested for bigamy, but we thank him all the same. If John was here he’s just hot-headed enough to stand up and proclaim his rights in you and the boy. Nothing could keep him from it. He’s better out of the way. The Lord is permitting his Saints to be sorely tried just now. But praised be His name, we will come out triumphant!”

Barbara clasped her hands fervently together.

“Thank God!” she said, “for Anthony Quinby’s wise act. Now let them do their worst.” She lay

back upon her pillows with a peaceful smile on her lips.

“My half hour is up,” said Mrs. Shaw, placing an orange she had just skillfully peeled within Barbara’s reach. “I’m not coming here again until I’m ready to take you away.”

“Take me away! But I don’t want to be taken away! As long as they keep me here where John can’t find me, he’s in no danger. Besides, you talk as if you could.”

“I can; only if those commissioners give over bothering you they’ll turn you out of their own accord. It’s the Grand Jury that’s having you held now. And, whatever comes, bear this in mind: I’m working for you and the Saints are praying for you. You are the greatest woman in Salt Lake City this day.” Mrs. Shaw kissed the woman who had had heroism thus thrust upon her, and went away after a few more impressively delivered injunctions.

As soon as Barbara was pronounced strong enough to leave her room and well, beyond any fear of relapse, she was conducted to the Grand Jury room, where she was severely and judicially catechised as to her antecedents, her marriage and the paternity of her child.

To the string of carefully-worded questions that were meant to beguile some damaging admissions from her, she returned a defiant stare and mute resistance.

“Do you know that you are rendering yourself

liable for contempt of court?" asked one of her examiners severely, when all hope of opening her lips failed.

"What's done to people when they show the contempt they feel?" she asked with an ugly sneer.

"They are imprisoned."

"Until when?"

"Until such time as the offender shall come to his or her senses and answer the questions put by the Court."

"Then," said Barbara, with a flashing smile that showed all her strong white teeth, "you may as well commit me for life and be done with it. For we'll all die natural deaths right here in this room before I answer you a single question."

Such displays of defiance were not very impressive, taking into consideration the sex of the offender, so it was with full expectation of bringing her to speedy terms that Barbara was remanded to her cell by the United States District Attorney, and an early date fixed for her second examination. But when a second and a third, a fourth and a fifth time the farce of questioning on the one part and defiant dumbness on the other left the matter where it had been in the beginning, the attorney began to think then that it was more than mortal obstinacy against which he was waging such futile warfare. The day fixed for Barbara's sixth appearance before the Board of Examiners dawned to

find her once more prostrate with fever. The strain on her nerves had been too great.

With sullen acquiescence in the doctor's commands that she must not be disturbed, the men who were zealously anxious to bring to justice so prominent an offender as John Quinby, turned their attention to other parties for the time being, holding the case of Barbara Hickman in abeyance.

It had been through the services of Ferdinand Cosgrove that the identity of Barbara Hickman, arrested for vagrancy, and the third wife of the rich John Quinby, had been established.

Waking up from a long sleep that partook largely of exhaustion, Barbara found Mrs. Shaw sitting quietly by her side with the baby in her lap. Her troubles had worn out what little of unselfish mother love had ever found lodgment in her undisciplined soul. She looked at the child almost savagely.

"I could 'a' done it but for him," she said. "I could 'a' got away. He broke me down. I slept when I ought to have been walking. If I don't get away they'll do something to John any way, they're just that bent on it."

"Yes," says Mrs. Shaw musingly, "that is your husband's only chance. Once you're out of the city they've got no case. He's coming back in two days."

"But if I couldn't do it when I was well and

strong and free, how can I do it now?" Barbara asked, wringing her hands in impatient misery.

"I am going to accomplish it for you," says the bishop's wife with that placid air of confidence in herself that always inspired it in others. "That's what I'm here for to-day. That's what I've staid away on purpose for until to day. I didn't care to seem too much interested in you. The rest of them could bring you flowers and jellies and pictures. I've been saving myself to save your husband—yes, and to save the Church, too, the loss his conviction would bring on it. We need more such: we can not afford to lose John Quinby."

Barbara raised the hand that lay in hers to her lips and kissed it fervently: "Save him! Save John! I don't care what becomes of me."

"I knew I had a sensible woman to deal with. How long do you suppose it will be before you can walk?"

"How far?" Barbara asked; conscious of total lack of strength.

Mrs. Shaw laughed softly to herself, much as if she were enjoying a joke too good to be shared with any body.

"Oh! not very far. Say from your bed here, to a carriage down about Washington Square."

"Soon! Just as soon as you please. If it's for John's security, I could do it this moment."

"Not so fast! Not so fast! There must be no

failure this time." Suddenly leaving her chair by the bedside, Mrs. Shaw went into the outer corridor, and beckoning to her the nurse who took advantage of the visitor's presence in the sick room to get a little change of scene herself, requested her to summon the jail physician.

When that functionary stood in her presence, Mrs. Shaw said, in a gently judicial manner:

"Doctor, I suppose the officials have no moral nor political ends to achieve by detaining this poor little baby within prison boundaries, have they?"

"I answer no questions aimed at the prison officials, madam. In my own capacity as physician, I would have sent the child away long ago, both for its own sake and the mother's, but she has resisted every effort to that end fiercely."

"Yes," says Barbara, with blazing eyes, "you would have sent it to some institution for pauper orphans, I suppose."

"Hush! child, hush!" says Mrs. Shaw, soothingly. "Then I shall take the little thing home with me. It is pining away in this atmosphere. I only wanted to be authorized by you, doctor," says the bishop's wife, with a fine show of moral obligation to obey the powers that be which was calculated to impose on any one.

The physician bowed stiffly, examined Barbara's tongue and pulse, and went his way. Mrs. Shaw busied herself getting the baby ready for removal.

"I shall be here day after to-morrow," she said, almost whispering the words to Barbara, as she bent over her, smoothing the tangled waves of her hair. "I shall come about dark. Bishop Shaw will be with me. You must be very strong that night, for John's sake. The baby would spoil all."

A look of passionate determination illumined Barbara's eyes. And the smile which was her only answer spoke volumes.

Mrs. Shaw carried out her programme to the letter. At dusk of the day appointed she and Bishop Shaw craved and obtained permission to visit Barbara Hickman in her cell. They staid perhaps an hour, and then walked out as they had come in, arm and arm, a quiet, slow-walking, elderly couple. The nurse had been dismissed some days before. The inmate of the sick ward remained undisturbed until breakfast time the next morning.

When the turnkey reached that room with the prisoner's morning cup of muddy coffee, Mrs. Shaw's mild blue eyes and fluffy white curls and serene face confronted him in place of Barbara Hickman's more youthful beauty and turbulent glances.

She smiled placidly at his consternation and requested him to summon the station officials. When they came she said to them with unruffled eyes and voice :

"You have cruelly imprisoned an innocent woman, and

have been holding her to persecute her yet further for no other reason than that she advocates and practices a religious system that you disapprove of. I have assisted her to escape. The Lord never forsakes him who puts his trust in Him—as the angel delivered Peter from the hands of his persecuters, even as he lay fast bound between two armed soldiers, so have I, the humble handmaiden of that same all powerful One, been chosen to free His chosen servant from your hands. You can mete unto me whatsoever punishment you see fit. I rejoice to know that Barbara Hickman is beyond the reach of your malice. At eleven o'clock last night she left Salt Lake City with her child bound for——” With a rippling little laugh of the most exasperating merriment, Mrs. Shaw closed her incomplete confession. Folding her hands in affectation of patient submission she regarded the outwitted officials with her most benignant smile.

“Well, gentlemen?” This questioningly, as the men stood dumb before her.

“I suppose you know your own way home?” one of them said, with a sense of the ludicrous fast getting the better of his wrath.

“Yes, quite well, thank you.”

“And I suppose you know this isn't a case for vicarious atonement?”

“Yes, I know that, too.”

“Then I guess we may as well sing a doxology. It's

plain to be seen whose friend you are; and that ain't the United States government. You've used your gray hairs and smooth tongue to help a rogue defeat justice. I hope you'll enjoy your reward among the Saints."

Says the bishop's wife, raising her soft eyes heavenward:

"Young men, I look higher for my reward!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE END OF A STRUGGLE.

WHEN Bishop Shaw had accompanied Barbara as far as Logan, one of the outlying strongholds of Mormonism in the Territory of Utah, and had established her and her child in comfortable quarters, and supplied her with money for her immediate wants, and returning to Salt Lake City, had himself gone to Mrs. Westlove and put a note into her hands for instant delivery to Mr. Quinby on his return, he considered that he had performed his entire duty to his neighbor and to the imperiled institution so dear to his own heart, and subsided into a species of monogamic domesticity in the home of his wife Lætitia, which he found more than usually congenial after the exertion and excitement attendant upon Barbara's affair, and altogether expedient for the time being.

In consoling classes two, three, four, and five for their enforced isolation from his benignant presence temporarily, the patriarch said :

“This flare-up on the part of the authorities will expire soon for want of fuel. Convictions with neither proof nor witnesses will be hard to make. Bear in

mind that you are being persecuted for your faith's sake. Stand firm as Barbara Hickman stood, preferring imprisonment and exile before yielding one jot or one tittle, and we will prevail. The constitution protects the sacredness of contracts; plural marriage is a contract of the most sacred character, being for time and eternity. Fear not what evil men may say of you. Abide in the faith and all will yet be well with you."

And, as terror of the law as expounded to them by the priests of the new gospel, was a much more real and powerful element in their lives than terror of the law as set forth by the malicious intermeddlers who had come from the States to persecute the Latter Day Saints, Bishop Shaw's wives held themselves in readiness to endure buffetings, and scorn, and persecutions; yea, even stripes, if need be, for the glory of the faith or curdling fear of the horrors of blood atonement!

Mrs. Westlove being one of those complaisant mortals who never permit principle to militate against profit, had cordially consented to charge herself with the secret delivery of a letter to Mr. Quinby, the more readily when informed that it was to explain his wife's sudden departure. She was thankful enough to be absolved from all necessity for making explanations that might not explain her own share in Barbara's flight. If things should settle down and leave the "Saints on top," it would be a pity not to be found on

the good side of such people as the Shaws and the Quinbys.

This is the note that sent John Quinby, all tired and travel stained as he was, straight from Mrs. Westlove's to Bishop Shaw's house immediately on his return to the city, before even he had ventured into the frigid atmosphere of Anna's home. The ardent embraces of his impassioned Barbara had promised much in the way of welcome to a returned traveler, and he had made no halt on his arrival. The note was from Bishop Shaw's own august hand :

"You are to feel no uneasiness at not finding your wife where you left her, but are to come to me immediately on your arrival, no matter what the hour, for a full explanation. You will find me at Mrs. Lætitia's. Your true friend and brother in the Church."

It was midnight by the time Mrs. Shaw and the bishop had put him in possession of all that had happened during his absence, and explained to him the situation as it then was. Told in Mrs. Shaw's soft, purring fashion, whose desire was to rob it of every detail calculated to disgust, he saw in Barbara the sensation of the hour—the heroine of the day! Had his adoption of the new gospel tenets been tingured with more of spirituality and less of sensualism, this glorification of his wife might have added to her value in his eyes. As it was, he was conscious of nothing but a severe nervous shock that he was in nowise relieved from

when Bishop Shaw, taking from his side pocket a letter, extended it to him, saying: "The brave girl said, just as I was about telling her good-by, that 'she was afraid I wouldn't put it strong enough that she didn't want you to follow her so long as these fellows were here,' so she had written you herself."

A flood of burning mortification swept over John Quinby's clouded face as his eyes rested on the almost illegible scrawl in his hand. Barbara had never before had occasion to write to him. Her natural quickness, which during the silent years of her servitude she had expended in intense observation of women whose advantages had been greater than her own, had enabled her to cover her own educational deficiencies to a great extent. Every word in the rude scrawl before him had been dictated by the most unselfish devotion for himself, but, stripped of the dazzling blandishments of her voluptuous beauty and lavish caresses, the fact of his wife's woeful ignorance struck him with the force of a blow. After one hasty perusal of the letter he crushed it savagely in his hand with a sense of absolute disgust, which obliterated all appreciation of her sublime self-sacrifice. And this was the mother of his only son! This the woman who was to rear the future bearer of the name of Quinby! Poor child, she had not ventured very far in the thorny, epistolary path. It was a short note, but a potential one. It ran:

"MY PRESHUS HUSBAN. I'm fraid Bisshup Shaw

won't make it cleer to you that I'm purfectly happy here in Logun with my deer little babie. Dont frett about us deer John, until things blow over, and then we will be happy together agane. Your loving Barb."

Why was it that as John Quinby crushed this scrawl deep into his pocket, there arose before him Anna's image? Anna, as he had seen her just before he went East, and as he would see her again to-morrow; calm in her resignation; majestic in her self-poised dignity; ministering to the wants of her household with wise discretion; swaying her little daughters to her lightest wish by the gentle firmness of her rule; shedding a halo of peaceful happiness about the stricken head of Effie's father! A beautiful embodiment of virtue and purity, the hem of whose garment he was not worthy to kiss! Thinking of Anna he felt as one who, prone in the bottom of a horrible pit, looks up and sees the stars shining above him serene, cold, divine, far, far away!

He would be under the same roof with her to-morrow, but would any thing ever bring them nearer together than the stars to the pit? The night was one of tumultuous unrest for him, the demons of remorse and self-reproach and perplexity holding high carnival in his breast.

The next morning found him installed with his family. Anthony, careful only to protect the name of Quinby from fresh defilement, urged upon him the

necessity of walking circumspectly while he was under espionage. And it was not hard to persuade him to follow Bishop Shaw's advice and take no steps to communicate with Barbara at that time.

Any one chancing to look into the Quinby library on a night of the week following Mr. Quinby's return from New York, without knowing any thing of their family affairs, would have pronounced it a serenely happy family gathering. Mr. Quinby, known to his children as the never-failing source of all sorts of material blessings, and, in consequence, an object of tumultuous affection to them, was sitting under the gas-light by the center-table, with the little Comfort curled up luxuriously in his arms, joyously amusing herself with his watch, now held to her tiny ear, now slowly swung backward and forward by its glittering chain. Anthony near by, with Mercy between his knees, was telling her a wondrous story to which the tiny mite was listening with fascinated ears. Dr. Ambrose, whose long white hair flowed in waves nearly to his shoulders, dozed placidly in the most comfortable chair in the room. The old man was slowly and restfully sinking into oblivion of every thing that pained him. Anna's sewing lay neglected in her lap; her hands folded about it, her eyes following the motions of Mercy's restless feet, but her thoughts far, far away.

She was thinking—with the divine pity of one who

has passed through the fiery furnace, and come out as silver tried and purified by the ordeal—of Barbara, ignorant, passionate, misled, suffering! She was thinking of the monstrous crime of Mormonism, which selected for its victims women—always women! The more helpless, the more credulous, the more ignorant, the more degraded—the more acceptable! It was women who bore the brunt of its curse! It was women who suffered in its success! It was women who would be crushed when the temple should fall and bury them under its ruins! It was women who must cower beneath the obloquy that wrapped it about as with a pall!

As the clock struck nine, the twins, the one gliding from her father's arms, the other demurely leaving her place by Anthony's knee, approached their mother with eager expectancy in their faces. Anna, roused from her reverie by the touch of their little hands, said to her husband in that coldly even voice she reserved for him alone: "I always sing to the children the last thing before putting them to bed. If it will annoy you——"

"On the contrary, I have been hungering to hear your voice in one of the old tunes. May I select the tune to-night, Anna?"

He caught her hand as she passed him on her way to the piano, and held it while he looked up pleadingly into her face.

It was a long time since he had pleaded to her for any thing. It was a long time since she had allowed her eyes to rest on his face in any thing but the most cursory glance. As she stood immediately over him now, she could see the gray thickly flecking the brown hair with which once she had dearly loved to toy! His eyes too looked haggard and worn! Perhaps, after all, he was learning that the way of the transgressor is indeed hard.

“You may select the tune,” she said, “but Mercy and Comfort must not lose Home, Sweet Home, it is their favorite. After that——” she drew her hand away and walked toward the piano. Ah, what a mockery this very man had made of home, sweet home for her. Tears were in her voice as she sang the tender old melody.

And outside, her face pressed close to the cold glass that divided her as by an impassable gulf from all this brightness and refinement and melody, stood Barbara Hickman!

Poor, storm-tossed Barbara, who could not stay at Logan because it was too far away from John! Indiscreet Barbara, who had come back to the city that morning, and taking up her quarters in a mean hostelry that was full of the noisy, brawling miners who had inundated the place on completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad, had crept out to her old home eager to verify with her own eyes the grief with which she

fancied John overwhelmed, bereft of her society! Tortured Barbara, who, taking her stand where she had often taken it in the days when she had loved this man so passionately, with no dream of ever being exalted to the bearing of his name, saw now how easily he had found consolation, realized for the first time how soon we are forgot.

She stood motionless for a full hour secure from discovery. The lights were all in the library, the parlor windows were in darkness. When John seized his wife's hand and held it while he looked up so pleadingly into her face, that tortured soul out there in the dark night found relief in a stifled moan! She turned and fled back to the tavern where she had left her baby in charge of a friendly miner.

In the quietness of her own room that night she calmed her anguish of jealousy by all the fond arguments of a woman's heart when it wishes to shield its idol of clay from blame. What did she want? Hadn't she begged him not to fret, and now was she to make herself miserable because he was obeying her? She was a most exacting, unreasonable simpleton! Did she want John to run his neck into a noose just to satisfy her that he loved her? Of course he loved her! Had he not said so over and over again? And so, night after night, tortured, fascinated, driven back to her spying in an agony of longing, driven away from it in a passion of jealousy, Barbara paced the weary

way from the tavern to the Quinby cottage and back again, more desolate for every going.

Returned from one of these harrowing pilgrimages one night, the miner who always volunteered to "watch over the kid" for her while she was away looked boldly down into her face as she took the child from him, and asked :

"How much longer is you going to keep up that blamed foolishness?"

Barbara blanched to the lips, and fastened a frightened gaze on him.

"I don't—I don't know what you mean," she stammered.

"Oh, gammon! yes, you do. If you don't, I'll tell you. Maybe you think I don't know you're Quinby's handsome wife, that old Shaw run out of town. Leastways you're not his wife, you know: a fellow can't have but one wife."

Barbara turned as if to fly out again into the dark night. Was there no more rest in this world for her? His strong hand was laid on her arm. He drew her down on the bench by his side and said, not harshly, but in a roughly masterful fashion :

"Hold on, now. Don't go to making matters any worse. I'm free to say you've struck my fancy. Blast John Quinby's eyes, if it was only him was concerned, I'd 'a' peached on you, long ago. I see what you're wearing your heart out about. I tell you, it's a relief

to the scoundrel to be shet of you. There's one comfortable and safe road out of this mess for you, and only one. You needn't hope them commissioners is going to go back where they come from and let this rotten old concern called Mormonism go on crushing out women's lives just for the beastly pleasure of a lot of beastly men. I tell you, polygamy's got to go. I'm sorry for you, blest if I ain't. I'm sorry for every woman that's been took in like you have. I like you, you're as handsome as a picture. You've got go in you, too. Say the word and we'll be out of this accursed hole in twenty-four hours. I'll look out for you."

A tigress about to leap upon her prey could look or feel no fiercer than Barbara Hickman as she sat looking up at the man who made this insulting proposition to her. Gleams of light flashed from her eyes, her hands writhed in and about each other in a fury of restlessness. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, but no words came to her relief.

The miner regarded her curiously. She made him think of a beautiful panther at bay. Then he said coolly:

"I see you're on fire now. But the time will come when you'll think it good luck to be asked in decent marriage by a miner. Only this one thing: don't you go to try to get away from here. You can't succeed. I ain't a going to lose sight of you, that's all. You'd best

go to bed now. You can't slip me, you needn't to try."

A week had passed since this strange offer had been made Barbara. Night after night the miner, holding the child of John Quinby as hostage for the mother's return, watched Barbara's departure for the house from which she always returned more haggard and miserable than when she went. On this night her whole appearance was that of one worn to the last edge of endurance.

"Something more'n common 's up," he said, looking at her with contemptuous pity, "and I can tell you what it is."

"You don't need to tell me," she said, in a slow, stubborn voice. Then without any change of mien, no more brightness coming into her tones, she added, "Does your offer hold good? I'm worn out! I'm worn out body and soul! He don't care for me any more than he does for the mat he wipes his foot on. If polygamy didn't come from divine command, as they made me believe, then my soul's lost any how, and it don't make much difference what else happens, I reckon."

"My offer holds good," said the miner. "I'll make you happier than you are now, any ways."

It was a strange wooing and a stranger winning.

A low, bitter laugh escaped Barbara's lips, then she sat quite still for a long time lost in reverie. What

was to be the end of it? For two months now she had led the life of a stray dog. If polygamy was to go as this man and so many others were insisting, what had she left to hope for from John Quinby? Had she not heard him that very night, the window being open, say to his brother, that if he could find "that poor girl Barbara and make matters smooth for her—" She had not wanted to hear more. She was only that "poor girl Barbara," he did not say "his wife Barbara." It would be no hard task for any man to make her happier than she was now. She was too tired of brain, too sick of soul to map out a future for herself.

"Will you give me one more night?" she asked of the miner, getting up to go away from him, with her baby in her arms.

"Yes. But don't you try my patience to be helping that——"

"Don't call him names, please. I don't never expect to see him after to-morrow night. Good-night, Williams, and thank you."

The next night Barbara did not bring the child to be cared for by the miner. He saw her go out of the tavern door with it in her arms. He followed. What was she up to now? Did she have it in her poor head to destroy herself and the kid too? No; she went straight up to John Quinby's door. Stooping, she laid her folded shawl on the cold stone threshold, then laying her child upon it, she kneeled over him, kissed him

once, twice, three times, then stood up and raising her clenched hands high over her head, called down heaven's curse on that house and all its inmates. Giving the door bell one fierce ring she turned to fly and ran faint and gasping into the miner's arms.

"Don't be scared, my girl, it's me, Williams. I followed you to see you done yourself no hurt."

"Take me away from here! Quick, quick, quick! Any where, any where only so it's where I'll never hear of him again!"

He took her at her word—took her away from there, out of John Quinby's life, out of the ken of this chronicler. Poor Barbara, untutored of mind and heart and soul; more sinned against than sinning.

Drawn to his front door by the violent ringing of its bell, Mr. Quinby almost stumbled over a bundle lying there. Stooping to examine it, his hand passed over the soft, smooth cheeks of a little child. Hastily gathering the bundle into his arms he carried it to the hall lamp. A thick veil almost concealed the baby face. A note was pinned to the shawl. He staggered under the weight of the child as he recognized Barbara's handwriting. Laying the waif upon the hall settee, he unpinned the note and read it by the light over his head. This was all there was in it:

"You hate me and I've gone where you will never hear of me again. You're better able to take care of our child than I am. I would get to hating it after awhile, for its likeness to you."

That was all. How long he stood there he never knew. The child awoke and lifted up its voice. The strange sound brought Mrs. Quinby and Anthony out into the hall with amazed faces. Mr. Quinby laid Barbara's letter in his wife's hand. She read it once and again, then stood with hands clasped and head bowed as if in prayer. Whatever the conflict in that pure soul God gave her the victory. Going over to the settee she kneeled by the wailing infant, and gathering it in her arms said, in a sweet, solemn voice :

“Child of sin and sorrow, I adopt you for my very own. God helping me, you shall never know of the cloud that has enveloped your infancy.”

And surely if the recording angel had aught set down in his book against Anna Quinby's name, in that moment he must have blotted it out forever.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PARTHIAN DART.

IT soon got noised abroad that Mr. Quinby's wife Barbara had fled to parts unknown, leaving her child at her husband's door. When Ferdinand Cosgrove corroborated this rumor by the direct testimony of Anthony Quinby, he relinquished all hope of seeing John Quinby brought to justice. There was no longer any reason why he should linger in a place fraught with nothing but painful associations. He began to make preparations for his immediate return to Elizabeth, where he proposed to settle as a practitioner, taking Dr. Ambrose with him, of course.

In consultation with Anna and Anthony Quinby, between whom and himself a warm and abiding friendship had sprung up, it was decided that Dr. Ambrose's happiness would best be secured by the carrying out of Effie's wishes that one of Ferdinand's sisters should take her place in the home she had deserted, and fill a daughter's place toward her father.

In numerous letters home, Ferdinand had made the quiet dwellers in that obscure plantation house far away in Mississippi familiar with the darkly exciting ex-

periences that had come to him since leaving New Jersey. Effie's desire had long since been submitted to them, and now there was nothing for him to do but to write and let them know the date of his proposed return to Elizabeth, petitioning that the sister of his choice should be there in advance to make the homecoming as bright as possible for the desolate old man whose own life, until its darkening, had been one long ministry to the comfort and happiness of others.

It was the night before leaving Salt Lake City. The doctor was spending his last evening with Anna, his packing all over. Ferdinand Cosgrove paced the narrow confines of his dismantled hotel room in moody abstraction. He was writhing under a sense of defeat! The failure of the case against John Quinby made him feel savage. He was also bitterly conscious how much more largely revenge entered into his motives than a sense of abstract justice.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, in loud self-denunciation, "am I too becoming dehumanized in this vitiated atmosphere? Can any creature breath under the Upas tree of Mormonism and not lose all sense of honor, virtue, purity and justice? If I could but make the world see it as I have seen it, feel it as I have felt it in my heart and soul and life, I'd speed one Parthian dart!"

Suddenly seating himself, he drew writing materials close to him and began writing with fierce rapidity.

Without pause or hindrance he wrote on and on, and in due course of time the closely written pages lay piled up before him ready for mailing to the New York paper, that accepted his article on Mormonism as they would have accepted any item of *novelty*, touching the king of the Cannibal Islands or the fabled sea serpent!

Few who read his fiery denunciations of the Mormons in the columns of the daily *Argus* from time to time, ever knew how much of an ardent young soul's bitterest disappointment lent lurid force to those denunciations. Few who read his bitter tirades against the mockery of justice, as meted out to polygamists, knew that it was from the fullness of an embittered heart that Ferdinand Cosgrove wrote such lines as these:

“No one who has spent any time in Utah, or whose opinions are based on personal observation, can ever hope to see polygamy abolished without bloodshed. No amount of legislation, no amount of public pressure was found sufficient to stamp out slavery until put to the arbitrament of arms. The passage of laws against this institution must perforce remain only partially remedial so long as the farce of trial by jury, where it is next to impossible to empanel a jury of twelve men opposed to it, stands in the way of justice, or where, priest-ridden as they are, the Mormons openly boast of their contempt for such legal efforts. Doubtless if the Endowment House books were as

accessible as the records of our civil courts, convictions by the thousand could be made and the Saints would crowd the jails. But these destroyers of men's consciences and women's souls keep sleepless vigil over their own. I have heard it said that these records are surrounded by dynamite, so that in event of danger, all written evidence against the Saints can be blown out of existence. Without proof what hope of convictions! Nowhere is a man called on to criminate himself, and here to lie in defense of one who holds the tenets of the New Gospel is esteemed a prime virtue. Controlled by a terror of their bishops and elders, which far surpasses any a civil magistrate can impose, the women are worse than valueless as witnesses. They are but so many tools in the hands of the men.

“Believing, as the most intelligent Mormons must, that it is but a question when the institution so dear to their own souls shall become utterly untenable in a country to whose religious and civil regulations it is so utterly antagonistic, there is an under-current of tremendous fear pervading all ranks, which is produced by the attitude of the authorities at Washington.

“Taylor denies being a practicing polygamist; also, that he does not inculcate it in the doctrine of his church. Taylor has seven wives, and is, it is rumored, about to be sealed to an eighth. What credence can be given to the statements of a sect which approves of lying in defense of its Church? What hope of a com-

munity where priests, the conservators (or should be conservators) of public morals compel polygamy? Yes, compel! It is not simply optional. Intimidations and threats are brought to bear upon the vacillating or the doubtful. Parental authority is brought to bear upon the young and malleable. They are early taught to regard this devilish institution as the embodiment of wisdom and purity. Women, steeped in spiritual ignorance are taught that they can not enter the kingdom of heaven unless they are sealed to a polygamist. To readers of such statements at a distance they seem marvelous, and that intelligent beings in the nineteenth century can be brought into such mental servitude surpasses the marvelous, but the facts are as here stated and are the common property of any intelligent observer of life among the Mormons.

“And what would you expect from the homes of such a people? What could you hope from an institution that permits such beastly practices? What would you think of seven families in one room? What hope for children reared in such an atmosphere? Oh, men and women of Christian lives and Christian hopes and Christian fears, arise in your might and demand that this foul blot be wiped from the fair fame of our country! Do not enter your feeble protests, and then subside once more with a criminal indifference! Unite in one resistless onslaught. Demand, and refuse to be

denied, that the country you live in and love, the land your children are to be reared in shall not be contaminated by the foul infection of Mormonism. Yes, infection! Choose which you will. Either stamp it out or submit quietly to its spread! For the spirit of Mormonism is the spirit of unrelenting conquest. To-day your cities swarm with its emissaries. North, South, East and West, the serpent brood glides, noiselessly, secretly, fatally, poisoning the pure fountain of home affection, destroying, everywhere the hallowed bonds of domesticity, leaving desolation and ruin always in their track. Is the religion that makes the daughter desert the father, the mother abandon her offspring, the wife turn in abhorrence from the father of her children, the brother heap curses upon a brother, a religion to be fostered or even endured in the same land that knows Jesus of Nazareth, and accepts His law of love for its law of life? Is the word Liberty, the watch-word of a nation's security, to be travestied and besmirched into meaning license for a bestial form of worship that degrades humanity and insults the majesty of Heaven? If ignorance of its blackness lies at the root of the nation's apathy, then let whomsoever can, lend his might to rend the veil of mystery from this hideous thing called Mormonism. Let no one handle it with kid-gloved caution. Let none hope to heal the cancerous sore with gentle emollients. Let him who knows it in the depth and breadth and loath-

someness of its reality paint it in the colors of truth, though the words flame and scorch wheresoever they may fall. Dante's Inferno is not to be depicted in the smooth moving measure of the madrigals, nor does one warn his fellow creature from the brink of a precipice by crooning a lullaby over him!"

This impassioned plea for the purging of our land from the crime of polygamy off his mind, Ferdinand flung himself on his bed and slept heavily until late in the morning of his last day in Utah!

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PARTIAL ATONEMENT!

THE 10.30 P. M. train was the one Ferdinand had tickets for. A long, idle day stared him in the face, when he finally awakened. It was in early June, and he thought with satisfaction for the doctor, of how pretty the flowers, in the little garden at Elizabeth, would be looking on their arrival. The old man was filled with the prattling delight of a child at the prospect of returning to the homelike place! As for himself, there was nothing specially alluring in any direction for him. Conscious of excessive mental and physical heaviness on this morning his mind reverted, somewhat eagerly, to his chief source of physical enjoyment since his enforced residence in Salt Lake City. It had consisted in running down, by train, to Black Rock, to bathe in the delightfully buoyant waters of the great Salt Lake. The day promised to be a sultry one. At this season of the year the waters were of a delightful temperature. The thought of one more plunge off the pier at Black Rock assailed him in form of a temptation. It would brace him for the

coming ordeal by rail, with its wearisome guardianship of his helpless fellow-traveler. He would run down and take one more glorious plunge. There was ample time. It was only a swift ride of twenty miles by rail. He would be back by six at the furthest.

Arrived at Black Rock, he walked leisurely toward the long wooden pier that stretched far out into the waters of the lake. He congratulated himself that it was both too early in the season and the day for many bathers to be on hand. Before reaching the pier he became aware of some excitement among the few loungers to be found there at all times. There were wild gesticulations and excited cries! Then, rapidly advancing toward him, one after another, three men, who, from rapid walking, increased their speed by rapid running before they got abreast of him.

"What is it?" Ferd asked, halting the first runner, who stopped only long enough to gasp out, "Man drowning! Hunting boat! Never to be found when wanted!"

"But a man can't drown in this water unless it is his preference," says Ferdinand, incredulously, "and what are you running this way for? why don't you swim out to him?"

"Maybe it is his preference," says the second runner, halting to mop his forehead, "but if it is, he's about gratified! Couldn't swim in for him. He's too heavy! He'd a been a dead weight on any man in his fix."

“If he drowns, you’re all responsible for it,” says Cosgrove, speeding forward toward the pier, divesting himself of his coat and vest as he ran. The swimmer might have been seized with cramps, or he might have inadvertently inhaled the salt water into his mouth and nostrils, and was strangling. That was the only element of danger in bathing in this lake. Be the trouble what it might, a plunge after him was a speedier rescue than a boat. Hatless and coatless he reached the end of the pier. Only one man was to be seen on it, and he was kneeling motionless, his body bent far forward, and his strained eyes fastened in an agony of terrible apprehension upon a spot where the disturbed waters gurgled and boiled, but no swimmer was visible! At the sound of Ferdinand’s rushing advance and panting breath, the watcher on the pier staggered to his feet, and turned a white face toward him! It was Anthony Quinby! Ferdinand spoke without taking his eyes from the water. He was watching for the bather’s reappearance:

“Ah! Quinby, you here! They tell me a bather’s gone down. How many times has he sunk?”

“Once! It’s John! My God, he’s gone!” It was a brother’s cry of agony.

“John Quinby!”

Cosgrove’s eyes left the lake for the first time, as he faced toward the helpless cripple whose strained gaze had gone back to the water. A dark, ugly gleam came

into his black eyes. He folded his arms rigidly, as he muttered between clenched teeth:—"John Quinby, out there in the bubbling waters! Thief! Murderer! Liar! *Let him sink! Let him be swept from the world he contaminated!*"

Anthony seized the locked arms and shook them in his torture, as he cried hoarsely, "Cosgrove, it is a demon in you that uttered those words! You would not let a dog die so! If you fail to use your strength to save him, loathsome as he is in your eyes, this hour will haunt you to the day of your own death! Helpless cumberer of the earth that I am, I could not succor him. But for Anna I would be willing to try it! Save him, Cosgrove! Save him, as you would a dog thrown helpless on your mercy!"

"You are right! I have saved a dog's life before!"

This fierce colloquy had consumed but a moment of time. The two men stood side by side on the edge of the pier. Ferdinand was stripped for the plunge to rescue his enemy from death. In the gleaming sunlight a pallid face shone once more on the surface of the dancing wavelets. Swinging his agile arms far above his bared head, the Mississippian leaped boldly into the buoyant waters, then with long, swift strokes of arms and legs struck out for the exhausted swimmer. He was by his side, just as the waters parted to engulf him again! Clutching him firmly by the collar, he swam back with his heavy burden to the pier, where

crowds were now flocking to see the end of the tragedy. Strong hands lifted both men from the water on to the planks of the pier. Ferdinand stood for a second, looking down upon the limp and motionless body of the man he hated no less in death than in life, then turned toward where he had thrown his garments. There was no sign of life in John Quinby's body. There were plenty of hands ready to engage in the task of resuscitation, if resuscitation were possible. Anthony kneeled by his brother's side, forgetful of everything but that it was John lying there cold and white and still! John! the brother whom he had loved with more than a brother's affection all his life! Erring, gone astray, but John still. Ferdinand drew him away from the prostrate form, apart from the crowd! He held out his hand as he said:

"I'm going, Quinby, and I want to say good-by. Perhaps we may never see each other again. As you stay and I go, I'm glad for *your* sake that I mastered the devil in me just now!" His glance turned toward the form on the pier. "Perhaps he did it on purpose! If he was any thing of a swimmer he must have done it on purpose. Perhaps, after all, it has been my good fortune to thwart John Quinby's desire? I should think life would be fuller of terrors than death to a man with his stained conscience! You said it was a demon that held me back from saving him. Perhaps it was, but it was a demon of his creation I see

there, in that wet, limp form only the destroyer of the woman I loved, and the wrecker of my own happiness. Whether he lives or dies, I do not care a toss-up! What I did I think I did for your sake. If he lives, tell him I hope it will add one drop of gall to his cup to know that he owes his life to a man for whom he has blighted life! If he dies——”

Anthony's lips finished the sentence in feverish haste:

“May God have mercy on his soul! Say it, Cosgrove! Say it and it will exorcise the demon of his creation. Say it for my sake, Ferd!”

Tony's sad eyes rested pleadingly on the dark young face before him: “After all, my lad, you will come to pity him; I don't wonder at the hard things that have been wrung from you in your pain; but shall mortal man be more just than God?”

Ferdinand's relenting gaze met that upward, pleading look. He laid his hand on Tony's shoulder. “God bless you, Tony! You restore a man's faith in his kind. If he dies, may God have mercy on his soul. Good-by and God keep you!”

With long, quick strides he walked away from the group of men who were laboring with all the devices known to them to restore the drowned man to life. A few hours later on he had shaken the dust of Salt Lake City from his feet forever.

John Quinby had done it on purpose. In an agony

of remorse, intensified by the drinking he had done to drown reflection, he had taken the rash step which his worst enemy rendered futile. Cosgrove had thwarted him at last. He did not die. Slowly winning his way back to health and strength he had ample leisure for reflection on the misery he had instilled into the lives of others, on the wreck he had made for those who should have been spared every pain at his hands. In bitter self-abasement he reproached God for allowing him alone to go scathless: he, the only one who should have punishment meted him with merciless severity.

"You should have let me die, Tony," he said remorsefully. "It would have seemed like some sort of expiation. It is hard to face life again as things are. It is hard to endure Anna's calm scorn. It is hard to know that I've reached the summit of worldly prosperity only to find that all my hoard can not purchase me one little half hour of unalloyed happiness."

"Perhaps, John," says Anthony, with the persuasive gentleness of a woman, "God has some good end of His own to subserve in sparing your life. Remember that He does not judge as finite man judges. It is in your power still to make atonement to the greatest sufferer of all by your strange apostasy from the faith of our mother."

"You mean Anna."

"I mean our saintly Anna."

"And the atonement?"

“Is to return to the States with her and your children to live.”

“It is her wish?”

“Her most ardent wish.”

“Will she ask it of me herself? Oh, Tony! if I could but once more in life hear her say ‘dear John,’ in the coaxing, winning fashion of the early days, how gladly my heart would respond to her lightest request. If I could only win the light of other days back to her dear eyes! If I could only bask once more in the sweet smiles and tender words she lavished on me before I threw them away in my cursed infatuation. If I could win Anna back to my heart, Tony; win my pure, serene, star-like wife a little closer!”

“That you may never hope for, John. The iron has entered her soul too deeply. You brought her here a loving, tender, dependent wife. You will take her away from here a strong woman, purified as by fire from all the petty weaknesses and frivolities that made her dependent upon you for her happiness. She will never lean upon you again. Her heart, the heart that you trampled upon in your insolent surety of possession, and laid aside to be used at your own masterful convenience, has soared above your reach forever. You can never again make it throb with anguish or pulse with joy. It has found a surer foundation for its trust and love than you could ever afford. And the joys that are now hers are such as earth can neither give nor

take away. While you have been groveling in the mire of sensuality, she has been stepping steadily and surely heavenward. Your only hope of happiness lies, not in uselessly striving to win her back, but in seeking to mount to higher planes of morality yourself. That is your only hope of lessening the immeasurable distance yourself has placed between your wife and you."

It was his own vision of the pit and the star voiced by Anthony.

"One source of gratitude to God you have that can not be over-estimated," says Anthony, breaking the long silence that fell between them.

"And that is?"

"The inestimable privilege of having your son reared by such a woman. All that is true and good and noble in manhood your boy will learn at the knees of his more than mother. For him, I have heard Anna say, she asked God to grant the prayer of Socrates: 'Make me beautiful within.'"

And thus it came about that the Quinbys once more became citizens of Elizabeth. People flocked to see them on their return and commented freely on them behind their backs. All agreed in saying that Mrs. Quinby was lovelier than ever, although much graver and older, but then, "the loss of little Abbott and the care of three more children would account for that." All agreed that a more considerate or devoted husband

no woman ever possessed than was Mr. Quinby, who was quoted as of old as the ensample worthy of all emulation, a man who gave freely of his wealth to every form of charity. All agreed that it was a species of injustice done the community that the vague rumors concerning Effie Ambrose's death on the other side of the Rocky Mountains should not be cleared up by the Quinbys. But no one ever suspected the tragedy that the two households had played out to its bitter end in that far away theater.

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
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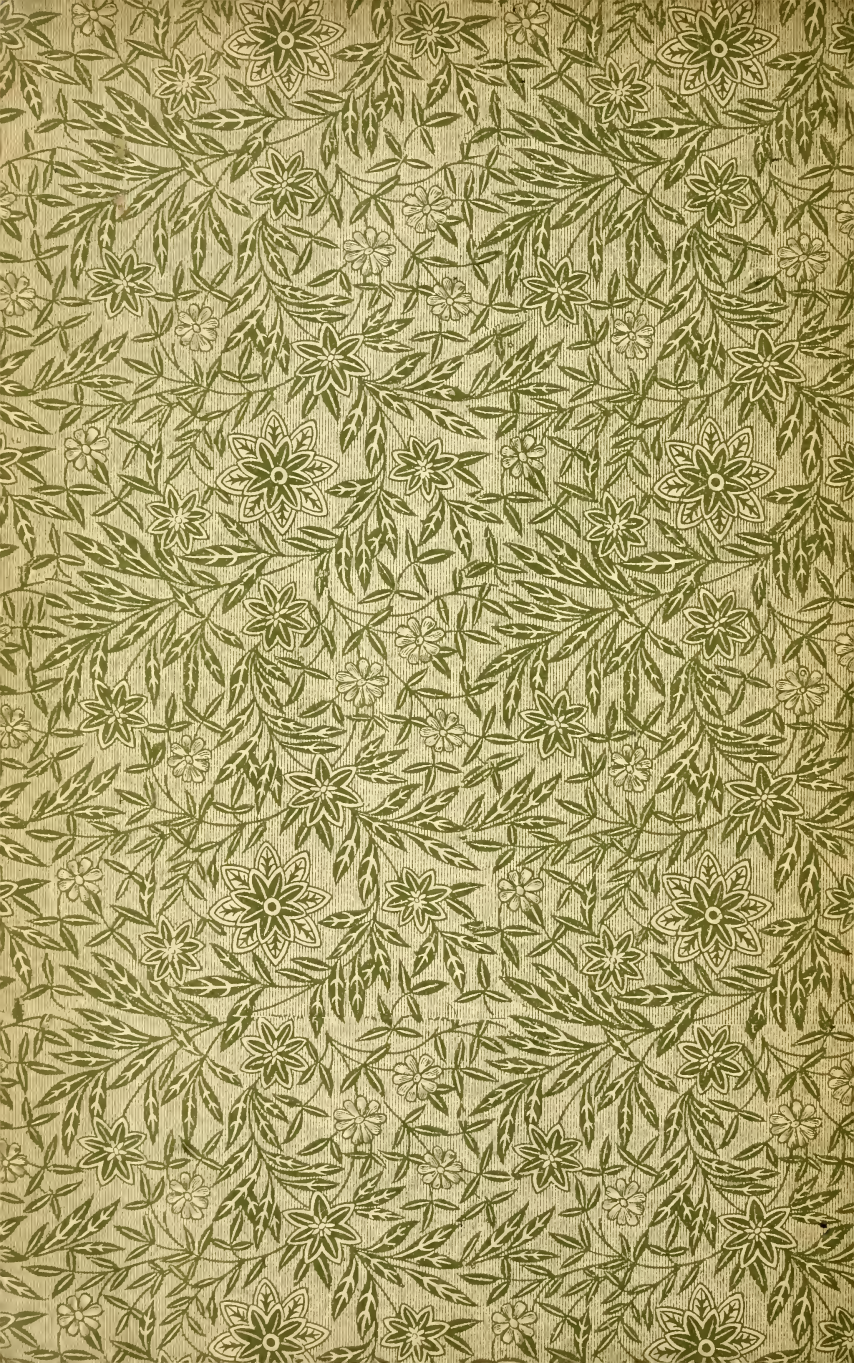
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