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DIANE

PRIESTESS OF HAÏTI

BY

JOHN S. DURHAM

PHILADELPHIA
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1902

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DIANE, PRIESTESS OF HAÏTI

BY JOHN S. DURHAM

I.

MINISTER HAUFFMAN had the early-rising habit. It is easily acquired in the tropics, and Hauffman had lived in the tropics half his life. German trade had followed his long and arduous travels in Africa; and because of his success in learning the wants of the peoples who do not clothe themselves, the Emperor's advisers had advanced him in rank and sent him to Port au Prince to combat the sale of American goods in the Haïtien markets.

He stood on the porch in the early dusk of the morning, enveloped in a luxurious bath-robe. He called loudly for coffee. The scent of the roasting berry from the kitchen told him that the daily preparation of his morning refreshment was a trifle behindhand, and the daily roasting was imperatively necessary for the comfortable beginning of his day. He waited long enough to see a boy energetically begin the grinding in a rude mortar, and then he entered the bath at the side of the house. It was a great pool, like a mammoth cheese-box, and through it flowed continually a stream of clear water. Throwing off his robe and slippers, he plunged in, stuck out his head to breathe and to swear at the coldness of the water, and dived deep to enjoy it the more. He paddled around and splashed with all the abandon of a boy. After a turn or two around the bath and a hearty rub-down, he was soon again on his porch, his black coffee and his big pipe before him, the picture of European comfort and ease in an uncongenial latitude. It was now quite daylight. He drank in the wine of the air of a fine winter morning. Great curtains of gray hung along the mountains to the south, while varying shades of green down the side of the

slope and along the valley rested the eye with their crumpled, velvety effects. Off to the east, masses of mist, like the smoke from the artillery of great armies, made battle against the approaching sun, a magnificent red ball, irresistibly forcing his way to daily dominion. This silent battle of the forces of day against the forces of night was accompanied by the sounds of mountain streams following their health-giving mission down the valley through the filthy city into the sea.

"Will the Minister ride this morning?"

Alcide had served the morning coffee and was apparently familiar with Hauffman's habits. He filled the big pipe as he spoke and placed the matches close at hand. He was dressed in the blue denim of the working classes, but there was a bit of self-consciousness in his way of grooming himself. The face of the youth was most pleasing in its affable composure, and his entire make-up suggested vigor and intelligence. The natural sweetness of his voice was made more agreeable by the liquid quality of the patois and by a manner which combined deference to his employer and a manly sense of comradeship.

"Yes," said Hauffman, "but I am going to the city, and it is not prudent that you go in that direction."

"Must I serve as a soldier?" asked Alcide.

"I fear that you must." And Alcide, true to the stoicism of his people, accepted the verdict without a sign of the deep disgust which surged through him. But Hauffman knew. As Alcide turned to go the Minister detained him.

"You may ride with me at eight if your work will permit," he said. "At that time I shall be able to speak definitely. Prepare your mind, however, to do your duty like a man." And, looking up, he added, smiling:

"Here comes Diane. You will have entertainment until I return."

Up the walk from the road gate came the girl, dressed in the loose gown of the country; but as she approached she attracted attention as being out of the ordinary. Her superb height and statuesque figure were the more striking because of her simple covering. Her features were almost Grecian in their outline, and the thick fleece of hair was soft and tractable. She was of a type rarely seen among the blacks, the facial angle and delicate hands and feet being almost peculiar to a few families residing near Aux Cayes on the south side of the island. She had the erect carriage of the people, but she had not the jerking movement of the hips generally seen among women accustomed to carry burdens on their heads.

"I came to see Alcide," she said, after bidding them good-morning. She sat on the steps leading to the porch, her chin resting on the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed on the ground. Alcide left to look after the horse.

"How is Pierre Louis?" asked Hauffman, for he knew everybody on the mountain side.

"He was well yesterday."

"Isn't he at home?"

"I don't know where he is."

"And you slept alone at home?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps there is a dance?"

"I don't know anything."

And Hauffman, not finding the conversation edifying, disappeared to dress for the morning ride. He returned to find Diane in the same posture, her knee supporting the elbow, her chin in the palm of her hand. Alcide was coming up with the horse. As the Minister mounted she raised her head and asked,—

"Is Papa Pierre right when he says that Alcide must be a soldier?"

"I am not sure," said Hauffman with interest. "When did he say so?"

"I don't know."

"How did he come to say so?"

"I don't know."

With an impatient word to his horse, Hauffman rattled down the lane and disappeared.

"I came to talk with you," she said simply.

Together they walked into the bath-room—properly, the enclosure, for the place had no roof. They sat on a wicker couch covered with a large bath-towel, he looking at her expectantly and she contemplating a very black and shapely bare foot which obtruded from her single skirt. He awaited her words very patiently, after the habit of his people.

"Papa Louis slept out of the house last night," she said finally.

He remained silent.

"I know that he had a dance somewhere."

Alcide waited.

"He didn't say anything to me."

Alcide looked at the perfect foot with its strong instep and finely developed toes.

"He said that you must be a soldier; and when I said he must not let it be, he became angry. Now he punishes me by going away without me. He knows that I want to do the cures and be a Mama-loi."

Alcide frowned.

"That Meissner, the white German, and that Tinceau, the black Minister, have something to do with it. But I don't like them. I like you."

He put his arm over her shoulder in a protecting sort of way, but said nothing. She began to cry.

"Papa Pierre has taught me all the bells for the cures and all the steps for the dances. I can do them better than he. Now he says that I must give them up or make you think as we do. He says that you are not Haïtien, but foreign."

"Think as he does! Not Haïtien, but foreign!" Alcide's tone was from the heart contemptuous; but he did not underestimate the influence of the Priest.

"That is what he says," said Diane in her simple and direct way. "He says that you have power over me. He thinks that you will take me away from the dances and the cures. He did not take me yesterday. Yet I know that he had the cures all day and a dance last night. There will be another to-night. He wants to punish me and keep me away from you. That is the reason too why he wants you to be a soldier. Minister Hauffman knows something about it, for he asked me questions just now and I lied."

"You must not lie, Diane," said Alcide gravely.

"That is just it," she said in reply. "When I am with you, I want to be good. And Papa Pierre does not want me to be good. I don't want you to be a soldier. I want to see you every day and hear you talk."

"Don't I preach too much?" he asked, smiling his assurance of her reply.

"When you talk to me, I go home and think. And then I don't want so much to be a Mama-loi. And I don't want to do the cures and the bells and the dances—not so much."

"Is that why you came so early this morning?" he asked.

"Yes. Papa Pierre will be home soon. He may have passed already. He will scold me and say that he will not let me be a priestess. And then I will think of you and it will not be so hard. It is because I love you."

She had never spoken so to him before. His throbbing heart rose and struggled for utterance. The words would not come.

She was sobbing violently now, but Alcide only held her close and said nothing. As she became calm, he began speaking slowly, as if searching into himself for his deepest thoughts and feelings.

"Diane, why is it such a hardship for you to give up this quackery? You know what a fraud it all is. As children we began to learn it under Papa Pierre's roof. Since I came to the Minister I have learned better. You too know what a fraud it is. You have remained with Papa Pierre, and your ambition to shine among the people makes you deaf to me. If I must be a soldier, I can do my duty. It is a disgusting experience to anticipate, but it is nothing. What is everything to me is your own choice. Suppose you had to choose between Obi and me?"

She flung her arms around his neck and tearfully stared him in the

face. He wound his powerful arms around her and drew her prostrate on the couch. He kneeled beside her and looked deep into her eyes. The great man-feeling held him. The universal husband-love possessed him. He covered her forehead with kisses, and she with open lips drank in the breath of his life.

"Kiss me," she murmured.

Gently he warned and advised her as she became more composed. He told her of Minister Hauffman's family life. He pointed out in the most intimate way his dreams of their own future life together, dreams that had never before been told, if they had ever taken conscious, definite form.

It was all so new to her, this picture of herself at the head of a house, of a home life illumined by the steady, serene glow of a mutual habitual affection. She looked through her tears deep into his earnest eyes, the wonderment of a child in her gaze as her instinct read to her mind the marvel of the revelation.

"It is very beautiful," she murmured.

"Contrast it with the Voudou deception and think how happy we shall be!" he urged with quiet intensity.

"Yes, we shall be very happy," she said, looking out from within herself at the great life vision. He had raised the curtain. She had in her the woman to see and to feel its significance.

Gently he warned her of the Priest's hypnotic influence over her. He advised her to be patient and discreet. He led her to the gate at the road and returned to his work. In his exaltation he had parted with her without even a touch of her hand.

II.

Two men met in the early dawn of the morning on the edge of the Champs de Mars at the gate of the avenue leading up to the Hotel Bellevue. The great open space was deserted, except that a few countrywomen, their heads and shoulders burdened with vegetables, were silently striding from the Turgeau road across the park in the direction of the famous market-place of Port au Prince.

"I decided to start for the dance and to get through the city before daylight," exclaimed one of the men impatiently. "What detained you?" He spoke with a distinct German accent.

"Let us go to the hotel and put on night-clothes," replied the other, leading the way into the avenue. "We must be careful about appearances now," he continued in a satisfied tone, "for all our plans are in motion."

Silently they entered the hotel past the sleeping watchmen in the bar-room, and they relaxed their caution only on entering a large room on the second floor.

In a leisurely manner, talking about the heat of the season, the laziness of the servants, and other subjects of universal but innocent concern, they began to undress. Voices from other rooms and the noises of opening windows and doors below showed that they had had but little time to spare in entering the hotel unobserved. When they went downstairs they met several men in pyjamas and slippers, sitting at little tables on the balcony sipping their morning coffee.

After the morning salutations they selected a little table apart, at the end of the balcony, and called for coffee.

"I am dying with impatience, Tinceau," exclaimed the German; "I would expect a Haïtien to be more impulsive than a German, but I seem to be the hot-headed one of this pair."

"Well, Meissner, when you enter into a plot to make yourself President of Haïti you will keep your head cool," said Tinceau meaningly. "As we now stand, we have slept here. The devil of it all is that the President's son looked in on us at our meeting in the woods."

"Tell me what you did," said Meissner, his clear, blond complexion reddened with excited interest and his fine blue eyes looking intently into the face of his companion.

"Don't appear so serious!" warned the Haïtien. "Lounge back in your chair. Light a cigarette. Now smile. That's better! What would people say to see you talking seriously with the Minister of War at this hour of the morning? If we are laughing and chatting here—well, you and I have had one of our late nights. That laugh is all right." And the War Minister's comely black face was very bright and attractive as his teeth gleamed in response to Meissner's hearty burst of laughter.

"Now to my story," said Tinceau, still smiling. "First of all, I know that Hauffman, the German Minister, and Jules Pirot, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had a long talk about the boy Alcide yesterday."

"Yes, and Hauffman and Pirot together can prevent us from getting that boy out of the way," mused Meissner.

"Not while I am Minister of War!" exclaimed Tinceau. "I don't meddle in foreign affairs, and Pirot shall not meddle in my department."

"Well, you must get him out of the way. Papa Pierre will have no influence over her so long as she sees Alcide. Why, the old man promised me the girl and I gave him his price, but he keeps putting me off until after the boy's conscription. That is a virtual admission of Alcide's influence over Diane."

"Papa Pierre is very sensitive on that point," replied Tinceau, smiling, "and he says that he will fulfil his promise if you will go to his house to-night after dinner. He is having a great dance in the

woods, and it was that which detained me from meeting you in our room here last night as arranged. He has announced the next great dance to take place near Jacmel. He promises me that, as the President has been so fascinated by Diane, she will have no trouble in persuading the Chief of State to follow her to that dance."

"That is vital," muttered Meissner.

"Don't look so serious," warned the War Minister, carelessly flipping the ashes from his cigarette. "Then after Papa Pierre had kept me waiting while he went through his antics as priest, curing the faithful in the name of the Voudou serpent and starting the dance, we had the meeting with Maillard and started him off to raise the insurrection."

"So the ball is set rolling," said Meissner in a tone of relief.

"Yes, every man has his part. I will see to the revision of the constitution, that your German capitalists may have their return for the money which you have spent. Maillard, who is a priest of the Inner Circle as well as a brave soldier, will start the movement from Port de Paix, where you have deposited the money for him and stored the arms. He will arrive on the sixteenth. In the mean time, Papa Pierre will have brought Diane and the President together and induced him to leave the capital for the Jacmel meeting. I have sent Duport, a trustworthy man, to watch Maillard and to come on ahead to report Maillard's movements; for it is understood that the insurrection is to raise nobody's name as its candidate for President, but is merely to declare its purpose to throw out the present government." As he spoke he looked through the trees, following a figure which was passing down the Turgeau road. It was the German Minister; and when Tinceau saw that Hauffman did not cross the Champs de Mars towards the legation, but went straight on towards the National Palace, he became very pensive.

"Now you are the serious one," said Meissner. "What is the matter?"

"Hauffman just passed, and he took the direction of the Palace. I think I will follow him."

And as the two striking figures, whose superb symmetry and power even the folds of the gaudy pyjamas could not conceal, entered the hotel, one man after another turned from his morning coffee to say a word of admiration to his neighbor.

III.

After his unsatisfactory talk with Diane the German Minister rode slowly into town, skirting the Champs de Mars towards the National Palace. He kept at prudent distance from the iron fence enclosing the grounds to avoid the challenge of sentinels stationed behind it every

few feet apart. Reaching the main gate to the west, he stopped to await the coming of the officers on guard. He was immediately recognized. The guard was turned out, the gate thrown open, and Hauffman entered, stopping for a moment for a word of salutation with the officers. Word had been sent ahead, and he saw active preparations in the Palace to receive him. A highly adorned officer of the staff greeted him effusively. Of course the President would receive the Minister; and Hauffman, waiting to be announced, smiled at three spiteful-looking machine guns which pointed directly at him. A score or more of slovenly soldiers stood at attention as he followed the officer up the winding staircase. At each turn and corner sat a soldier on a three-legged stool. Hauffman remarked to himself that only one was asleep, but a sharp kick on the shin from the officer leading the way awoke the poor wretch from his nap in time for Hauffman to return the awkward salute.

They had scarcely entered one of the private rooms on the second floor when the President walked in through another door. His manner in greeting Hauffman was, as usual, cordial, but the foreigner detected something of reserve. The face of the dreaded Chief of State was comely and distinguished. The fine sphere of a head was covered with closely cropped white wool, and this, with mustache and military imperial of the same whiteness, contrasted strongly with the clear black skin. The features were uncommonly regular for one of his race. The eyes at once bespoke the character of the man—wide open, alert, the cornea as clear as that of a baby. In backing himself out of the room the officer stumbled over a chair, and the President expressed his displeasure by a glance of the eye that was like the crack of a whip. Hauffman knew the terrible man. He had given the President asylum when the game of politics was against the now successful leader, and when the lives of the defeated conspirators depended on the precarious protection of friends or the more secure sense of humanity of foreign diplomats. He remarked that the President wore his house slippers and a long linen "duster," a friendly concession of informality from a rigorous observer of forms.

"General, I have come to try to save my boy Alcide," said Hauffman. "Can I succeed? Pirot has spoken for me."

"I cannot understand the interest which centres on that boy," said the President reflectively. "What is Tinceau's interest?"

"I cannot find out," replied Hauffman.

They talked twenty minutes. Hauffman pleaded. He urged the character of the boy, his training, the danger of the associations. Alcide was fit to be an officer. The President would promise only to do the best he could.

The staff-officer returned with two glasses of champagne, indicating that the time allowed by the President had expired.

Hauffman immediately arose. The President bowed formally as his visitor bolted a swallow of wine and offered his hand in parting.

"Hauffman, compère, chita encore!"

There was something pleading in the old man's voice, and a cariño in the patois which the Minister had not heard from his former protegé in years.

"You have pleaded for the boy Alcide most eloquently," he continued in the language of the common people, "but you have studiously omitted one appeal which would have been your first ten years ago. You have not asked his release from service as a favor to yourself. No, don't interrupt me. For months I have wanted to say this to you, and I have not been able to bring myself to it until now. We have drifted apart since I became President. Do you suppose I forget what I owe to you? Do my worst enemies call me an ingrate? Do I forget I was hunted for weeks in this capital, that I lay in hiding, fed through a hole in the floor? Can I forget your welcome when I reached your home in disguise? Why, compère, my bath that morning was the first in weeks—one of the delicious memories of my life! Do you forget our close companionship while I was an intruder in your house, while you were arranging the amnesty?"

Hauffman's face had a responsive expression, but he was thinking behind the President's mood. He had never known the man to lie. Yet he had never seen him give way to gush. Still, whatever the thoughts might be, there was only one way to meet such a flow of sentiment. He would have no reservation. So he prepared himself as the President concluded:

"You may forget your humanity in the face of your own government's technical disapproval. I cannot forget. I will do the best I can for your boy. I mean just that. Regardless of what seems to be the present policy of your government, I will serve you personally. I cannot forget. I have no reserves from you—until recently I had none."

"Why until recently? What about my present policy?" Hauffman spoke patois and with candor. The President spoke rapidly as he concluded his talk, almost hotly, and Hauffman caught his words on the wing and quickly flung them back in question form.

"You know me," continued the President, disregarding the questions with a courteous gesture. "I am a hard man. My enemies say I am a cruel man. I know my people, and I can preserve public order. Am I a cunning, a crafty man? Am I an intriguer? Do I not prefer a fight to a plot?"

Hauffman remained silent. The two men closely regarded each other. Then the President leaned forward and asked,—

"Tell me how far your government is supporting the German syndicate?"

Hauffman threw back his head and laughed. It was a laugh of relief. He had feared some intrigue involving himself. He explained that the syndicate was a combination of Hamburg capitalists who had no political designs. They merely wanted to acquire possession of lands for cultivation. Their ultimate object was to control commerce by exchanging their own Haïtien products for imports from Germany, thus protecting themselves from fluctuations in exchange. It had the legation's most hearty support.

"Is that all you know about it?" asked the President.

Hauffman said that there was no more to be known.

"Well, I ought to have known that you would not mix in our politics. I will tell you, and I want your help. The proposition made by the syndicate is not the mere possession of the lands, but their ownership. The Constitution forbids alien ownership, and I alone stand between them and the annulment of that clause of our fundamental law. We are a nation of blacks. We prefer our independence, with all its present shortcomings, to the bonds which white civilization under the present system of commercial exploitation would bring to us. To attack that law I suspect it has been necessary to use large amounts of money. That Pirot and Tinceau, the most bitter political enemies, should unite in urging the violation of this our dearest tradition confirms my suspicion as to the use of money by the syndicate. The Congress seems to have been convinced by them. In some way the scheme centres on your boy Alcide. Have you any idea how or why?"

Hauffman frankly said that he was puzzled. No, he had no idea; but the President could feel assured that, while he stood ready to assist legitimate German enterprise, the legation would not countenance such corruption as the President suspected.

"Then take my way to help me," resumed the President. "Let your boy enter the army. I must give these people more rope. Let them feel that they have influence with me, and out of their confidence may come the exposing blunder. I promise you to relieve the boy of service as soon as possible."

Hauffman agreed.

"I am glad that I spoke to you, compère," said the President, smiling wearily. "You always did ring true."

"Yes," said Hauffman heartily, grasping his hand, "count on me for anything—except enjoying this hot sweet champagne at this hour of the morning."

The diplomat had scarcely reached the post of the stairs when the

Minister of War was announced. The President quickly put on a pair of dark smoked glasses. They are watching Hauffman, he thought. The German told me the simple truth: he knew nothing about it.

"The German Minister was just here. He says that the syndicate is composed of estimable men," he said, opening the talk.

"So it appears," replied Tinceau, "and, strange to say, the proposition grows in popular approval. The people evidently want systematic work."

The President drew him to a chair close to his own. Tinceau tried to study the face so close to him; but the dark glasses hid the marvellous eyes and it seemed as though he were talking to a mask. The use of those glasses was well known, and the Minister felt uncomfortable.

"I want to talk to you, my son," said the President, and taking off the glasses he looked his man straight in the eye.

"Nous sommes deux negres, n'est ce pas?" he said, putting a hand firmly on the knee of his listener. "The freemasonry of race affinity and loyalty requires that you be perfectly open with me. How comes it that you, a national, and Pirot, a liberal of liberals, should be so united for this thing?"

Tinceau did not like the appeal to color. He knew, and he knew the President knew, that that demagogic appeal was for leaders to followers, not for equals dealing frankly. He resented it that the President should adopt it with him. Still, the old man might be sincere as opposed to Pirot.

"Surely, President, each of us is too patriotic to oppose a good measure merely because the other supports it," he replied with dignity.

Then the Chief of State tried another tack.

"Is it at all possible that Pirot has been approached? The entire ambition of the man seems to be to get money."

The Minister became very grave. He had remarked that weakness in Pirot, but such a subject could never be a matter of confidence between them. All the world knew how bitterly he had denounced corruption in Haïtien politics.

"Well," said the President, rising to end the interview, "watch him and crush anything of that sort."

"By the way, President, did the German Minister make any plea for Alcide?" and he turned back to say it, as though it were an afterthought. .

"I told him that I prefer to see your orders obeyed."

And so the visitor withdrew. The President walked to the side balcony and looked out upon his soldiers going through the morning work. Gazing wearily over the great square before his Palace, he wondered, of all the officers lounging there, how many really could be trusted.

IV.

"Has Diane gone?" asked Hauffman as he returned from the Palace.

"Yes," said Alcide, his soul still in his eyes. He mounted and they started off on their morning excursion.

The Minister told him that he must serve in the army, and, after a vigorous protest, the boy forced himself to be resigned to the experience which he so detested.

"You are a Haïtien," said Hauffman firmly. "At the moment of the general alarm, your place is at the front to defend your national government."

Alcide grasped his patron's hand affectionately on their return as they parted at the gate of Hauffman's residence. The Minister continued down the road for the work of the day at the legation. The youth returned to the house and went about his morning duties as usual. Finishing these, and taking leave of the family, he walked firmly down to the public road and turned towards the city. Then he stopped; and after some hesitation he walked rapidly up the road through the residence district of cultured Haïtiens and fashionable foreigners. Passing the "source" where a magnificent burst of water starts to join other streams from the mountain side, he struck off into a section which appeared at first glance to be uninhabited. Now and then he passed a hut of a native, and presently he stopped before one not differing from the others in material. It was larger and was surrounded by a garden in which were cultivated herbs and weeds. He stopped in the garden and called for Diane. She immediately came out to meet him. She seemed much disturbed. Before he could tell her his errand she began almost hysterically:

"Papa Pierre has come. He says that he does not want to speak with me. Go in. He may talk with you."

Alcide entered and saluted the old man. Diane followed timidly and stood in the door-way. It was a large cabin of two rooms, mud walls with a roof of palm-thatch dexterously woven. The furniture was sparse, but the old man had a modern bed whose appearance indicated that Diane knew how to take care of it. Through the door-way it could be seen that her own room had been adorned with coquettish touch.

That of Pierre Louis was evidently museum, bedroom, laboratory, parlor, and consultation-room all in one. Dried snakes were very much in evidence on the walls, twisted into all sorts of shapes around large nails and staples into an effect that was absolutely artistic in its repulsiveness. Toads and lizards, impaled helter-skelter, greeted the visitor from four sides with inquisitive smiles. These, it seemed, were decora-

tions, but they were also calculated to have their effect upon the minds of votaries and clients. Nobody but a Papa-loi would sleep in the room with all these things! Crowding these decorations on the walls and hanging from the rafters were the vital organs of animals, some in various stages of desiccation, others undergoing decomposition. No Haïtien of the country type could enter that room without a thrill of dread. The impression which it all made on Alcide was that the odor was decidedly objectionable.

The Priest was intently watching an iron pot, the contents of which he was stirring as it simmered over a little charcoal stove. Alcide stood watching him, and the longer he stood the more indignant he grew, the odors telling him of rotting tissues, which were to be generated into deadly poisons for the convenience of high-class clients. Alcide stood there sullenly, remembering many of the things which he had seen in this same room, the cures, the trade in poisons, the impositions on the poor people when he and Diane played there together, little boy and girl. It was the same bitter mood which had held him all the morning, but the old Priest was now the object of his resentment. Presently, without changing his position, without even raising his head, the old man grunted,—

"I thought you would be in town with a gun in your hand by this time."

"I came up to bid Diane good-by," said Alcide quietly. "I am going now to report."

"You are?" and the old man left his wizard caldron to look steadily at the young man.

"You don't want to go," he said sharply, after a few seconds' study of his face.

"No," was the simple reply.

"You ought to be ashamed to say so!" The old man's voice became shrill with anger.

"Did you ever serve?" said Alcide. "You don't answer," he continued. "I know that you never did. I know that you ran away into the mountains to dodge service and that troops were sent after you. You have no right to reproach me. I have the same aversion to it under this government as you had under Boyer, yet I never thought of running away. I remained at the Minister's house, hoping to get an honorable release. Failing in that, I am now going to do my duty." He spoke very quietly, and there was a superior ring in his voice which the Priest rarely heard when addressed by a Haïtien. He straightened up as the young man proceeded. He paused as if restraining himself, but he was studiously observing the impression on Diane.

"Your statement is not only false," he began slowly, furtively watching the girl, "but it is positively irreverent. I possessed powers

which were ordained for conservation for the good of the people. When the troops came for me, I did not run away, I retired. I retired to the shrine of the All-Wise Serpent, and there I perfected myself in my arts. I returned to the people invisible. I knew the inner working of their hearts. I controlled their thoughts by day and their dreams by night. I then appeared to them in flesh, and they worshipped me. If they were sick, I cured them. If any desired to die, I provided the means. You, you scoffer, you have been ruined by your love of the white man. You are a black imitator of white men, a dog! If it served my purpose you would drop dead where you stand. I spare you for more horrible things. To-night I shall denounce you to the faithful as accursed by the spirit of Obi. Living, you shall suffer the tortures of hell, and your death shall be by violence. Leave me and go to your death!"

He was now speaking rapidly with dramatic intensity, his piercing eye fixed on the youth, but he kept the girl clearly in view. She was holding to the door-post, faint with the horror of the awful curse.

Alcide's reply was a shrug of disgust. He turned to bid Diane good-by. The girl had fallen to her knee at the side of the old man's bed, her face buried in her hands.

"Don't speak to her," shrieked the Priest in a horrible tone, "she is one of the faithful."

Alcide turned and walked slowly back to the path and down the mountain side.

The old man made an impulsive spring to the girl's side and drew her to her feet. He held her head on his shoulder and called her endearing names, in which the patois so abounds. He caressed her tenderly, and gradually she became composed.

"You are well rid of him, my pet of all gentle doves," he said assuringly.

"But I don't want him to die like that," she murmured tremblingly.

"He may not, dear, he may not. If you prove faithful, you will have power too. But go to your bed and sleep. Take this. Yes, that will make you sleep and it will refresh you. And when you awaken bright and fresh, with your devotion to ouanga as before, we will talk about your baptism."

She did sleep, and the Priest was prompt to take advantage of her waking impression.

"Ah, your rest has done you good," he said. "You see I know my medicines. You shall know too in time, and be a great priestess among the people. Already they look up to you. We are having a great meeting now and they miss you very much. Already they know you as one born with gifts. To-night you shall have your baptism, and the middle of next month, when we meet in the south, you shall make the cures for

the first time. It is all arranged. The people will meet between here and Jacmel. You shall be my chief assistant."

"But your chief assistant is Maillard," she protested, showing a sudden interest in the programme.

"Maillard has gone on a long journey, my dear," he said. "He will be exposed to many perils, perils which will test his power over the people. Of late he has grown greatly in his estimation of his priestly powers. His followers have even gone so far as to proclaim him my equal. That will never do, my dear. Maillard is a great fool, my daughter, a great fool. He sets himself up as my rival and then trusts me. I have advised him to raise the insurgent standard in his own name as a priest in order to hold his men together if they should mutiny. That insurrection will fail, my love, and Maillard will be either a fugitive from justice or a dead man. You see I tell you my secrets. It is due you. Under no circumstances must you reveal them to anybody. You will be my first assistant, my dear, not Maillard. You shall make the cures and the people will worship you, Diane the Priestess, the beautiful Mama-loi."

She was under the spell. Her love of power held her, and the old man knew that he was in control.

"Go bathe and put on your best gown," he said. "This evening Meissner will be here. He is one of the faithful. He is in love with you. He is very necessary to our plans. Beautiful silver jewelry he will bring you. I have seen it, jewels for the wrist and the neck and the hair. I want you to be ready to meet him."

"I don't want to meet him," she said faintly; "he wants me to be bad."

"There you go again! There you go again!" repeated Papa Pierre patiently. "You are thinking of the dog of a black German. He has put those notions of goodness and badness into your head. If you are to be a great priestess, you must become one of us. You must enter into our plans. You and I will control great movements in the future. It will be through Meissner. He may not succeed in his present projects, but he will some day be a very rich man. You will control him as you will your Haïtien worshippers. Maillard must pass away soon, for I will have no rival. I must die some day. You will be the power in all Haïti. You will have power with the people and you will have the power of wealth, the beautiful Mama-loi."

The girl stood looking at nothing. She was thinking back into the Hauffman bath-room. The old man became furious at her indecision.

"Do as you please!" he cried. "Turn from power and love and wealth to the black scoffer whom I have cursed. Turn your back on the road which I have spent years in opening up for you! You shall see your Alcide wither as withers a man of ninety years whom they set

out in the sun that he may be warmed into life. You shall see him in pain, longing for death, which I shall hold at arm's length from him. You shall see——"

"Stop! Stop!" she moaned, pressing her hands to her ears to shut out the awful prophecy. She saw vividly again Alcide's picture of their future. It was very beautiful. She shuddered at the thought of the Priest's curse. The old man was watching every change in her face. He broke the silence again to appeal to her vanity and ambition.

"You shall reign over Haïti," he said with ardor. "Presidents shall sue for your favor, for they will recognize your power. And I shall rest quietly in my grave, contented in the satisfaction that you, my disciple, you, the child whom I have reared as if you were my own daughter, you, whom I love so fondly, will be carrying on my great work."

The ardor in his voice had softened into caressing endearment; but the girl's face showed no response as she stood silent, looking out into the glare of the hill-side.

"I do not want to be a Mama-loi," she said sullenly.

"And there is Meissner, the German who loves you," the Priest purred on, ignoring her words. "He will be a power in Haïti and you will control him. He has beautiful jewels for you. He will come to you."

"I do not want to see him. I do not want to be bad. I want to be good." She scarcely heard her own words. The show and power of the priesthood no longer attracted her. With her live feeling, she saw Alcide suffering all the tortures of the Priest's prediction. And the old man was too quick with sympathy not to turn immediately to her dread of his powers. It was this same sympathy which impelled him to be gentle and to make a show of reasonableness as he proceeded to play upon her fears.

"I cannot allow your Alcide nor any other man to stand in my way," he began with a quiet severity. "You know that. You have seen men meddle with my plans and you have seen them die. All of your notions that oppose my plans for you have been put into your head by Alcide. Because of his meddling, he shall die. Because of his irreverence to me, he shall writhe in torture before I let him die."

The girl fell on her knees at the side of the bed and buried her face in her hands. The Priest leaned over her, holding her shoulder in a firm grip.

"He shall die, but first he shall suffer. You shall see him walk the streets of Port au Prince, daily withering away to nothing. He shall become a babbling idiot. He will look at you, but he will not know you. He will be a mere brute in pain and torture before I let him die."

Diane's great form trembled. She had seen men suffer so and slowly die. She did not cry. The thing was so awful. She arose from her kneeling posture and looked the Priest straight in the face. He meant all he said. She saw that. She knew that he was capable of any crime.

She decided on a plan of action. She must see Meissner.

"I will do all that you want me to do," she said in an intense calm, "but you must promise that you will not hurt Alcide."

"With you at my side I will forget the boy," said the Priest.

"You promise?" she repeated.

"I swear by the Serpent," chanted the old man fervently.

"Then I promise to do all that you want me to do."

Diane sat on a low creole chair in the door-way, looking blankly at the shadows from the edge of the wood as they flowed out towards her. Her mind was alive with plans to save Alcide. She had passed the entire afternoon, passive in posture, her thoughts a tumult of hope and despair.

She heard the approach of a horse. She felt that it was Meissner on this unsought mountain path. She rose to meet him as he came up and she remarked his clear complexion, reddened by the tropical sun, the perfection of his white riding-suit and helmet, and his fine military bearing.

"Diane, Papa Pierre said that I might come," he said, smiling as he held forth his hand in greeting. "Do you approve?"

"I want to talk with you," she replied quietly, "but I will not be bad."

Meissner laughed good-naturedly and turned from her to throw his reins over a staple near the door-post.

"And why this virtuous warning?" he asked in a bantering tone as he drew a chair near to hers. "Come, sit near me. See what I have brought you. Will you take them as a present from me?" She looked sadly at the box of brilliant silver ornaments and laid it on the ground at her side.

"Do you give these beautiful things to a woman who does not care for you?" she asked calmly.

"But I purpose to teach you to care for me," said Meissner.

"But if I should never care for you?" she asked earnestly.

"Then I will wait until never ends," he laughed back. But he began to feel uncomfortable. He had seen the girl often and had talked with her; but he had never seen her so serious before. He decided to humor her.

"I will wait till never ends," he repeated. "We will have a nice little house. And you will learn to care for me when you know me. I am not a bad fellow, Diane!"

His light way of speaking did not make the impression which he sought. She was looking at him searchingly. She said with conviction:

"No, you are not a bad man. You are a good man. We will have a house as you say. I will know you. You will not make me bad. You will wait until never ends before you will do me harm. Is it not so?" She spoke so gravely that he shared her mood.

"No, Diane, whatever there may be between us will be with your consent," he said earnestly.

"Then listen," she said quietly. "We will go to our house. It will be well kept for you. The world will say that I am bad. Let that be. You will wait. It is because of Papa Pierre that I do this. Do you understand?"

Meissner said that he understood, but he said so expectantly.

"Papa Pierre will not know. You will not tell him. You will be my friend, will you not, Meissner? And I will be your friend. Will it not be so, Meissner?"

There was a mystery behind it all, but Meissner could not resist the earnest simplicity of the appeal.

"I will do whatever you say, Diane. But tell me what it all means," he protested.

"I will tell you when we know each other better, and you will be glad that you do what you now do." She said it with a smile of sadness and relief which Meissner admired while he could not interpret it. "Now go," she added. "Do not stay. I will keep the beautiful silver things and I will wear them to-night to my baptism. Go, and soon we will meet; and when I know you better I will tell you what you want to know. But not a word to Papa Pierre or to Tinceau!"

She held his hand confidingly and smiled back into his eyes with a radiant sadness in which the eyes and the lips belied each other. Meissner mounted and gallantly saluted her as he rode away into the deepening shadows. She followed him with her eyes until he disappeared into the evening dusk near the mountain stream, and, lifting her casket of silver, she walked heavily into the hut to dress for her baptism into the Voudou priesthood.

V.

The coercion necessary to the conversion of Diane decided Papa Pierre to act at once. He had sent a message to Meissner to come without delay. This done, he started immediately for the woods, spreading the news along the roads and through the city as he went that there would be but two nights, and that Diane's baptism that night would be the closing ceremony.

It was nearly midnight when Meissner and Tinceau arrived at the

Voudou gathering. A clearing had been made in the thick brush and on two sides rude huts had been thrown up. In front of these a half-dozen or more women had set out their wares, and it was evident that eating and drinking were to be among the features of the exercises. Fresh, clay-like earth had been packed down in even layers, and the bright light from the many flaming torches along the sides showed that many bare feet had contributed to the making of the primitive flooring. This dancing-floor was enclosed by rough posts sustaining a rude but picturesque trellis or bower of leaves of the palm. The entrance to the square was open.

At the head of the square stood a small hut. Its door-way was entirely covered with palm-leaves. On one side of the hut was a large cross, intertwined about whose arms was the body of a long, thin snake well known in the neighborhood. On the other side of the portière palmire was a small tree transplanted. A woman clung to this, weeping noiselessly, the kneeling figure a most touching expression of abject self-abandonment in grief. It was the itinerant shrine of the Papa-loi, the high priest of the Haïtiens, the magician of the African Voudou. Meissner and Tinceau looked on at the waiting woman a moment, and heard the voice of Pierre Louis from behind the palm-leaf door-way and the tinkling of bells as he worked the magic of his fetichism for the benefit of the weeping woman.

Crowded outside of the enclosure were the faithful, waiting for the conclusion of the cures and the beginning of the dance. The three performers composing the orchestra were already waiting, listlessly sitting astride of their native drums. Tinceau and Meissner looked on a while, and when the dance began they went back into the shadow, where they were promptly joined by Pierre Louis. They retired to a hut near by, apparently the permanent residence of an old couple, who greeted them cordially. In the inner room of the cabin they sat at a little table and talked at length over their plans. Meissner drank heavily, Tinceau sparingly, and the Priest not at all. Every detail of the plot of the night before was checked against its seeming probability, and there seemed no possibility of failure. Maillard would raise the insurrection and make a feint movement towards the north with the capital as his objective. Tinceau would use his authority as Minister of War to send troops by sea to the north and leave the capital undefended. Diane would entice the President from the capital to see her do her first cures. Papa Pierre would control her and the War Minister would keep Alcide in the army. On the entry of Maillard, Tinceau would make the coup d'état, assume the Presidency, and push the legislation required by the Hamburg syndicate. Meissner assured them repeatedly, in maudlin voice, that there was plenty of money as he called for more rum.

"I think you and Pierre Louis are right in thinking as you do about the girl and her probable influence over the President," remarked Meissner, reflectively toying with a thick and heavy tumbler. His face was flushed and his eye uncertain. Tinceau smiled.

"You think I speak from experience, eh?" Meissner went on. "Well, what if I do? I left her only two hours ago." He spoke in a half-drunken tone of defiance. And with a complacent chuckle he asked,—

"You are not jealous, are you?"

Tinceau's reply was that the rum had come. He poured out the grogs. He evidently wanted his companion to talk. Drunk or sober, Meissner could not discuss his conquests. He was too much a man of the world for that. He did drink deeply and frequently, however, and he did talk much. He said nothing of interest to Tinceau, however, and the Haïtien proposed that they join the dance. The German was just about fit to be one of the faithful: and he had been so recognized by the congregation since his initiation, when Tinceau vouched for him as a friend of the people.

The occasion was recognized as important. The men wore shoes. Some of them wore white trousers. The women uniformly wore white gowns. The skirts were cut high in front, giving the feet entire freedom of motion, while behind the stiffly starched train of a half-yard scraped and crackled over the ground.

Tinceau carefully looked around, evidently seeking someone for other reasons than mere pleasure. Meissner caught the rhythm of the drums, beaten with skilful fingers and flat of hand, and danced up to the first woman who seemed to be unaccompanied. He soon tired of her, gave her a drink, and started off with another. Such a generous patron of the booths was not ignored by the women—even though he danced like a goat, as one confidentially observed to her lover.

Roast pig, cooked over an open fire on a long pole turned as a spit by two cheerful youngsters, gros bouillon, roast plantains, cooked in ashes to an inviting brown, and white tafia were liberally consumed; and as midnight approached the crowd was in the condition to accept anything which Pierre Louis Jacques might dare to offer as a religious attraction. But Papa Pierre had long ago decided—though Diane's wilfulness for a while threatened to spoil his programme—to close this successful meeting with a very simple ceremonial, the Voudou processional and the christening of his protegée for the priesthood.

The music ceased with a startling suddenness and the dancers retired from the floor. There was an impressive pause of quite two minutes, and then the drums started again. It was a well-set movement in double measure, a slow, deep rumble, the baby drum running a rapid tattoo of variations to an obligato from one of the performers'

marvellously trained great toe. From behind the palm-leaf door-way came the voice of Papa Pierre singing an inarticulate chant to the time of the drums; and the crowd, now forming into single file under an experienced leader, took up a refrain when the Priest paused. It was a curious gait with which they entered again upon the dancing-floor, making short leaps from one foot to another, their hands on their hips, their bodies bent slightly forward, the marching and the swaying in perfect time with the music of the drums. The leader made them follow a sinuous course, and the effect was not unlike that of the crawling of a great serpent. In the flare of the flambeaux the black skins under head-cloths of every combination of colors which aniline processes make possible would have been merely ludicrous if it were not for that expression of resigned sadness which had been stamped into their faces in repose through generations of pain in unrequited, hopeless labor.

Now the great line extends outside of the enclosure, the leader guiding it out under the trees into the darkness. They keep up the same refrain. The voice of Papa Pierre floats with feathery lightness above their heads. They come back into the glare, and each time they pass the head of the enclosure there are three genuflections, one for the cross and serpent, one for the shrine, and one for the sacred tree. Three times the serpentine line of humanity in a concert of mass sway winds in and out and around the circuit.

As the head of the line approached again, Papa Pierre appeared quietly leading by the hand Diane. She was in spotless white. Her hair was done in a great loose knot set low. A large silver band, sprung low just above her forehead, held the front hair close and brought out her remarkable features in striking severity. Her neck was decorated with a long string of minute silver beads, falling down on her sturdy chest, generously exposed. On her wrists jingled bangles of silver coins; and the silver, in all the glint of newness, and the plain skirt, bleached to dazzling whiteness and set against the fine satin-like texture of her skin, put her as one apart from the other women. Surely she was born a priestess, a goddess in black, the personification of youthful strength, beauty of form, and agile grace.

Hand in hand they swung out into the enclosure. The old man was a marvel of motion; and the effect which the two made was a gliding without apparent break, which nothing short of most painstaking practice could produce. Her gown was fitted close over her body, and the modulation of her hips and the movement of her thighs attracted furtive glances from the men as all bowed their reverence and passed on. Meissner was an atom in the moving mass, but his eyes were fastened on her in half-sodden satisfaction.

Papa Pierre led the chant into a swinging chorus and suddenly

dropped out from the line, taking a position under the sacred tree, leaving Diane in the lead. Higher and higher his voice rose. Swinging his body to beat time, he gradually increased the rapidity of their motion until soon he had them worked up into a frenzied mass under his complete control. His alert eye was never more calm. He saw everything; yet he too seemed to be carried away by the common ecstasy. Diane was influenced by the common impulse, drunk with the sense of realizing her most cherished dreams. Papa Pierre's eye was on her as she glided by him, making a deep bow of reverence. How graceful she was! How well he had taught her! Yes, she would control the crowd. With lips apart, her perfect teeth gleaming, her statuesque bust rising and falling, with her chest now heaving with excitement and violent exertion, she appeared again from out of the darkness into the glare of the flambeaux.

Papa Pierre uttered a command, scarcely audible, and a large white cock fell at his feet. The crowd looked on in awe as they rushed past him, fairly shouting their inarticulate song. The head of the line with Diane in the lead was only thirty feet away, winding its rapid, sinuous path outside the column, retreating from the Priest into the darkness. Quietly and firmly the Priest grasped the fowl, and leading the song in a voice like a grand organ, he began beating its body against the trunk of the sacred tree. There was only one man in that crowd who thought of the mortal agony of the sacred cock as its bones were crushed to the time of the song; but even Meissner was too thoroughly soaked in the excitement and rum to give it more than passing thought.

Diane was now only a few paces away. The Priest drew a large knife from the girdle under his gown. He stood a moment with the quivering fowl held forth towards the crowd, the blade held high above his head, quiet now, composed, the personification of the acting art. As she reached him, one sweep of the knife whipped the head from the neck of the still struggling cock and a deft swing brought the fowl aloft just over her head. She was truly a born priestess: her upturned face caught the first rush of blood from the baptismal sacrifice. She gulped down a mouthful without losing the rapid gait. She flung it out her eyes and nostrils and it trickled down her face and over her ordination gown. She took a few paces, swept in a curve out of the line, and let it pass on, taking her place at the side of the Priest. The devotees rushed madly by, each eagerly reaching up his lips to catch some of the sacred blood. Meissner's caught him just above the forehead. It stained his blond hair and smeared his brow. He had seen service as a good soldier. His face gave not the slightest sign.

The end of the line approached, and Pierre Louis was squeezing and kneading the crushed body of the fowl that nobody should be missed. As the last one passed he suddenly raised his hand. The

drums stopped on the instant. The crowd stood still and was mute. In the impressiveness of this absolute silence the Priest took the hand of the Priestess and the two slowly disappeared behind the palm-leaf door-way. The silence continued a moment. Then the frenzied spell broke. Women fell in hysterics, some swooning dead away, others shrieking or laughing like fiends. Great, strong men, quivering with excitement and panting from fatigue, stood dazed and blood-smeared in a huddled crowd.

The only self-controlled one was Tinceau, who pushed his way through to look for Meissner. He had been merely a spectator, and he had looked on in cool disgust. He could afford to stand apart. He was sure of his position with the people. He looked on all sides, and, failing to find his friend, he left the enclosure to go to the meeting-place of the conspirators, the hut near by.

As he came out into the starlight he recognized the forms of the German and the girl ahead of him. Meissner's arm was around her. He followed them. They entered the hut of the old couple together. Then he turned and started at a good pace through the woods towards the city. And when he was well on his way the deep, distant rumble of the drums and the droning of the human voices told him that the dance was on again.

VI.

Alcide's army life was a dreary monotony of sloth and universal gambling. He had been well drilled by Minister Hauffman, and a young Colonel to whom the government had entrusted the setting up of the raw recruits took a decided fancy to Alcide the first day. This officer had been trained in France, and the novel experience of meeting a recruit who actually knew the manual of arms attracted him to Alcide at once, and the boy was constantly reminded of his personal interest by little kindnesses which only a superior officer could extend to soften the hardships of the army life.

In the gossip of the ranks there was much talk about a conspiracy in the North; but Alcide put no confidence in what his comrades said. When he approached the Colonel on the subject, the kindly but firm manner of the officer rather than his words brought Alcide back to an appreciation of military discipline.

One morning there was a serious meeting. The Generals of La Place and of the arrondissement conferred with the Chief of Police. There was general gossip among the common soldiers about conspiracy, the movement of troops, and the call of the President for volunteers. It was all new to Alcide, these details, and for the first time he found himself awakened to an interest in his new life. After the conference his company was broken into detachments, each under a lieutenant, with orders to go out and secure volunteers for the army. Each man

carried a rifle. The officer wore his sword at his side and he carried in his hand a cane of cocomacaque, a walking-stick affected by foreigners and by Haïtiens of position.

The soldiers sauntered in any fashion at the heels of the officer until they reached the market-place near the Cathedral. The place was a babel of women's voices. All kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables and herbs and spices were exposed in little heaps to the fierce sun, the owners squatting beside them, talking to purchasers and neighbors at the same time. It was the friendliest kind of competition which they maintained, and there was a sturdy independence in the matter of driving bargains with the buyers. "That is my price," the seller would say, and go on talking to her neighbor about the dance in the woods with most provoking indifference to the prospect of a sale. There were many half-grown children who had helped to bring the things to market, and there was a swarm of nude babies rolling around in the glare and dust, sucking at anything within reach, models of infantile deportment.

Seeing a likely looking young fellow sitting near one of the market-women, the soldiers grabbed him under orders from the officer. Immediately the place was in an uproar. The mother, for such she proved to be, shrieking with rage, pounded the officer's face with an over-ripe squash. Howls of indignation came from every side. Volleys of stones, vegetables, and eggs poured upon the wretched detachment, who formed around their capture with bayonets presented, retreating slowly as they dodged the missiles. The officer walked last, his sword in one hand and his cocomacaque with its silver head in the other, swearing vigorously at the women in all the rich and original profanity of the patois.

"He is a volunteer," yelled the Lieutenant above the cries of the women, "and if you don't stop I'll fire a volley into you."

Before they had gone the length of the market-place ten poor wretches, too curious to run away, as most of the youngsters had done, had thus entered the volunteer service of the Republic to the accompaniment of the weeping and wailing maledictions of a host of female relatives and friends. Alcide's indignation was hard to restrain, but he held his rifle firmly and obeyed orders with a military precision that elicited words of commendation from the Lieutenant.

One block before reaching the Bord de la Mer they encountered a youth standing in front of a show-case in which were exhibited wonders of cheap and showy jewelry. The youngster was feasting his eyes on the beauty before him and tearing away with his teeth the skin of a mango. He evidently had been making his breakfast off the fruit, for his hands and face were shiny and sticky with the gummy, fibrous juice. He was too deeply absorbed in his double occupation to observe the approach of the soldiers, when the Lieutenant appeared at his side,

and ordered him into line with the other captured miserables, who were easily handled by two of the armed soldiers. But he sturdily refused to go. He explained that he did not belong to Port au Prince and that he did not purpose to enter the army in the capital.

"You are a volunteer," screamed the officer excitedly. "Fall in! Fall in!"

"I am not a volunteer," shrieked the boy; "I won't fall in!"

The officer raised his cocomacaque and dealt a vicious blow at the boy, but it did not land. Alcide's bayonet caught it, parried it, and deftly flung the stick into the middle of the street. He was strong in the bayonet drill. The boy turned to run, but Alcide caught him by the shoulder and swung him into the group of volunteers.

"How dare you, you ——!" cried the officer, dashing at him with drawn sword. The point of the same skilful bayonet stopped his mad rush, and the crowd which had gathered from all directions howled with delight at the spectacle. Officers ordered a-gunning for volunteers are not popular characters in the streets of Port au Prince.

"You had no right to strike that boy," said Alcide. "You have him safe with the others and your duty is done. Had you struck the child you would have injured him seriously—perhaps killed him. You ought to be glad that I saved you from what would have been the result of your anger."

"Surrender your rifle. You are under arrest. I will return you under guard." Alcide handed over his rifle, saluted, and entered the group of volunteers.

In the crowd was the Colonel who had been so pleased with Alcide's bearing and attainments several days before. He spoke quietly with the Lieutenant for some time and turned away without addressing a word to his protegé. On their arrival at the arrondissement they found nearly the full regiment assembled and hurried preparations for a march in progress. The General was too busy to look into Alcide's case, and ordered him to prison awaiting examination. The low barracks, opening into a large square, to which he was taken contained a large number of petty criminals who enjoyed at least the sunshine and the open air. No such freedom was in store for the military prisoner, however. The openings into the barracks were from the square, and it was through one of these that Alcide was thrust and the doors were shut upon him.

The place was filthy, dark, and altogether forbidding. A few minutes after the door had closed upon him he became accustomed to the dim light which streaked in through chinks around the doors and which seemed at first to be absolute darkness. Several prisoners lay at full length on the floor, their legs fastened to an iron rod which ran the length of the room. He peered around the room and wondered

what crimes his associates had committed. He at least was free to move about, the only person who enjoyed that liberty. His accuser had followed him to see him safely bestowed, but he did not ask that Alcide be chained to the wall.

His eye fell upon a man who immediately became conspicuous because of his dress. He wore the uniform black and the long coat of the professional class, and a silk hat lay on the earthen floor near by. Alcide approached him and recognized him as a man well known in society and distinguished as one of the leading lawyers in Port au Prince. He had served this man many times at the Hauffman residence. The lawyer did not recognize him at first, but he afterwards explained that he had been arrested that morning on a charge of conspiracy against the government. His life was not worth thinking about, he said, as he was expecting at any moment the order for his immediate execution.

"But never mind me. Why are you here?" asked the lawyer. "I see you are in uniform." Alcide explained that he had begun his service in the army and recited some of his experiences during his few days of army life, closing with what had happened while drumming up volunteers.

"Grave matters at this time," observed the lawyer. "They would shoot you sure if you had not Hauffman at your back. You should send for him at once."

Alcide replied that he would take the consequences, and that he was determined not to embarrass Mr. Hauffman any further. The Minister had committed himself enough in his effort to secure a reversal of the order to recruit him. The two talked on, and finally Alcide settled down to sleep, an accomplishment which he had now thoroughly acquired during his short soldier life. When he awoke it was quite dark in the cell and he was ravenously hungry.

"Ah, my boy, you sleep well. I envy you that faculty."

"Yes, but I am hungry too," replied Alcide, rubbing his eyes and trying to penetrate the darkness.

"I have been waiting to hear you move," said the lawyer. "It is infernally monotonous lying here after this fashion, and it is positively exasperating to know that you, my fellow in distress, can sleep so easily. One would think that you had seen years of service in the Haïtien army instead of a fortnight." And Alcide heard the lawyer laugh.

"Well, you have the advantage that you can be philosophic and can laugh. I can't. I'm hungry." And Alcide's tone was very moody.

"You will get food. It is early yet, and my wife will bring enough for two," said the lawyer. And at that moment Alcide felt a hand grope across his body, grasp his arm firmly, and draw him in the direc-

tion of his distinguished fellow-prisoner. His head was drawn over until the lips of the lawyer touched his ear.

"Listen quietly. There may be a spy here chained to the wall to listen to me. All may not be sleeping. You must have remarked that I have talked with none of them. I have heard the voice of my wife twice. She is here in the enclosure. She has food, I am sure, but there is something else afoot to cause her delay. It may be that I am sentenced to be shot during the night. In that case she has dropped everything to go and plead for me at the Palace. Or she may be bribing the jailer, as I planned. When I go out, make no movement. It may be good-by forever."

"I wish that food would come!" said the lawyer aloud. "And when a man is hungry all other subjects of conversation seem to fly away. My wife ought to have been here an hour ago. It is not yet seven o'clock. Yet I do wish she would come for your sake as well as my own.

"In no case are you to make the least sign of being awake," he said, resuming the whisper. "The food will be left where you can reach it. I will attend to that. If I get out—and, if it be by any means possible, my wife will arrange—Hauffman will know all about your situation at once. I will take refuge in a legation whether the diplomats like it or not. I'll get Hauffman by telephone. If I am to be shot—well, good-by, my fine fellow!" They grasped hands and Alcide slowly and silently withdrew to some distance, but still within reach of his friend. It was a curiously made friendship. They had met many times at the Hauffman residence, but their relationship would have continued to be that of menial and superior. Common distress and common peril had brought them in a few hours to the equality born of mutual understanding. Thinking out into the future, thinking of his ambition to be a distinguished black scholar like his fellow-prisoner, known in the European world of scholarship, Alcide almost forgot his hunger, when footsteps approached and the door opened. It closed on a man carrying a lantern and a woman holding with unaccustomed solicitude a large bowl-like dish covered with a napkin. He had a glimpse of starlight and a breath of the evening air.

"Where is he?" she asked in a controlled but agitated voice.

"Here, dear," said the lawyer, smiling into the feeble light of the lantern. "Be calm. I am all right."

"I bring you food. But they will not let me stay. This gentleman has been very good."

"Very good?" asked the lawyer, with an emphasis which Alcide readily noted as significant.

"Yes, very good," she said, smiling through her tears. And as she stooped to place the dish upon the floor she slipped her hand into that

of her husband. They parted hurriedly. The uniformed jailer had not uttered a word. Another glimpse of the starlight, another gulp of fresh air, and again the darkness and the stench.

The lawyer's hand reached that of Alcide, pulling it towards the dish. He was not slow in fishing out a monstrous leg of turkey and a piece of firm, crisp Haïtien bread. He ate ravenously but silently. He was amazed at the gluttonous noise with which his companion attacked the food. Crunching on bones, snapping them, as it seemed, on the iron rod at his feet, the lawyer was suddenly taken with an all-devouring mania; but Alcide understood when through these noises he detected the gentle click of a lock. Then in a loud voice the lawyer offered Alcide food and passed some down to the other prisoners. Alcide understood there was no need for further silence. He talked and ate and was contented. His friend had taken the first step towards freedom. The devoted wife had done her work thus far at least.

With the exception of his coffee and eggs, Alcide had been more than twenty-four hours without food. He had eaten fine dinners at Hauffman's, but never such a feast as that meal with his fingers in the foul, dark cell. If he should live to thank that wife, how could he ever put his gratitude into words? He thought of her beautiful devotion and of the husband's absolute confidence that she was working for him. He stretched out on the damp floor with a thought of envy for the blessedness of that happily married man. And then Diane came in, her presence diffusing a great, bright light around her. She kneeled and held his head in her arms. She kissed him fondly on the forehead and soothed him with her pure voice. How sweet she was! How tender his wife to be! How he rested on the dignity of the wife-touch, and how weak he was, after all! He stretched up his arms to her longingly. A chill draught awoke him. The door was closing. The starlight was waning and there was the smell of the dusk of the dawn. He reached out in the darkness. He felt glad. The lawyer had gone.

He reached out again, splendid animal that he was, for more food, and he found not only that but also a bottle of coffee—Haïtien coffee! Who will adequately describe it? It goes right to the heart. He took a long pull and settled down, comfortable again.

He was started to his feet by a great row, the sounds of angry voices. Among them he recognized Minister Hauffman's. "It was an infernal outrage," the German was saying—swearing in German, French, and patois in a way which Alcide recognized as indicating that his employer was dangerously angry. "Damn your orders! Open the door and let me to him. I speak for Germany! Open, I say!" That was the Minister over and over, thought the boy as he felt the hot tears start and run down his cheeks.

The door was flung open and the precious daylight flooded into the place. Hauffman was on its heels, in the full uniform of his military rank—his war paint, as his wife called it. In a moment he had the boy in his arms, sobbing over him, caressing him, damning him roundly.

"You infernal ass! You magnificent idiot!" he cried in the fluency of his native tongue, kissing Alcide and straining the boy's head into a mass of decorations on his breast. "Would not send me a word! You precious fool! You ought to have run your bayonet through that brute. And you were going to let them shoot you full of holes! And you parried, did you? Disarmed him, eh? And you were going to let them murder you without a word to me? You sentimental jackass! I'll bet he wondered where you learned that trick! By God"—reverting to French of a very guttural fluency—"by God, the man who touches this boy responds to me personally! Do you understand? I'll bring out a school-ship and annihilate you! Yes, all boys, clean, trained German boys, to lick the thunder out of you! He is under my protection, say what they please. You are dirty, filthy! I expect you are lousy, like the rest of them." And Hauffman held the dirt and the lice all the closer to his unblemished uniform.

Alcide was crying softly, smiling contentedly, unnerved by the excitement, all gone to pieces now that relief had come. The German tried to calm him, and in soothing the boy he regained control of himself and reflected on his incoherent outburst.

"I am making an ass of myself," he said in German, and turning to the jailer he said:

"Get him a tub of water—plenty of soap. Give him all he can eat. Telephone to my house for clean linen for him. Here's money!" And that spoke for Germany too. The jailer was very reluctant to take money for doing his simple duty, and particularly from so distinguished and courteous a visitor as his Excellency, whom it was a pleasure to serve. Still, the Minister with his knowledge of all things must know that the government had not paid any salaries to employés for six months past.

"Well," said Hauffman, drawing a long breath, now that he had to some extent relieved his pent-up feelings, "when your fellow-prisoner sent me the telephone message I was just out of bed. My first thought was to go to the President for an order to admit me here. I am glad I came without it. I see your prison and your prisoners and I see how you do your simple duty." With this parting shot at the jailer he started to go, assuring Alcide that he would at once set about his release.

"It is not necessary, Mr. Minister," said a voice at his elbow; "that has been arranged. I have been looking for Alcide." It

was the young Colonel who spoke. Alcide introduced the two men. They had a long confab apart, and Alcide marched out with them, taking his dirt with him, the jailer holding firmly to his gold coin, as he did his simple duty in bowing the visitors out. They separated on reaching the street, the diplomat taking his carriage and the two soldiers going afoot towards the arrondissement.

VII.

With hammocks turned into travelling-bags and swung over shoulders, Alcide's company would have looked a troop of pedlers had their packs not been swung from rifle-barrels. They had been ordered out for night duty to guard the street-corners, for the President had declared martial law.

Alcide and two comrades were placed at the corner of two important streets. They immediately occupied the porch of the house, swung their hammocks, and then took their places on the street in order to challenge anyone who might approach. His companions were two veterans and Alcide's admirer, the rescued volunteer. They explained that it was the custom to divide the night into watches, in order that one sentry might sleep quietly in his hammock while his two comrades stood guard and watched for the coming of officers. Alcide accepted the arrangement, and as he was granted the first watch off he soon fell asleep with the "Qui vive?" still ringing in his ears.

When he awoke he was startled to find his corner quite quiet. The "Qui vive?" was ringing through the city. He sat up sidewise on his hammock and reached for his rifle. One of the veterans lay sprawling in the street, his head resting in the mud at the edge of the rigole. The other had maintained his sitting posture and was muttering the "Qui vive?" in his sleep.

"Qui vive?" cried Alcide as two persons approached.

"Foreigners," answered one of them, resuming the conversation with his companion in German. Alcide recognized the form and voice of Meissner.

"Be on board early in the morning," he was saying. "The Ville de Tangiers has a good cook and the Captain, an old friend of mine, is a delightful fellow."

"God! How can you talk so lightly when you are leaving the enterprise practically in the hands of Haïtiens?" The speaker was deeply in earnest.

"Of course, I am sure," was the reply, clearly heard by Alcide. "The personal ambitions involved are sufficient guarantee. Besides, I have put out a lot of money and gossip is already lively. I must get away to quiet suspicion."

"Are you sure that your arrangements are well made and that there will be no bloodshed? We may speak safely in German."

"Sure as death," said Meissner, stopping at the corner, which they now reached, walking slowly. "Diane is a jewel. She has worked the President beautifully and he is crazy over her. He will go to see her make her first cures. Damn the cures! I am going to Jacmel to have a good time. She may go to the dance, but the rest of her time is mine. The rebels will find the city without defence and the President absent. We will come back to pay our respects to President Tinceau. Is that not simple enough? How many times do you want me to go over the programme? You won't lose your people's money!"

Alcide sat fixed to the side of the hammock. What was this horrible thing? Was he dreaming at his post? Diane! "The rest of her time his! The cures! The President crazy over her! The city undefended! President Tinceau!" The veterans had awakened, and they came up to the balcony vigorously crying "Qui vive?"

"Here, you fellows, wake up and give us a chance," protested one of the veterans.

"What is the matter, are you sick?" He addressed Alcide, who was sitting doubled up on his hammock, his eyes fastened on the floor. The fellow had suggested an idea. He groaned out his reply.

"Take me across the way and call up the druggist." The volunteer helped very tenderly to lift him and fiercely admonished the veterans not to be so rough. Alcide was not ashamed of the deception. He was thinking too rapidly to have any feeling. His plans were taking shape.

The druggist was a kindly man. He came down promptly and opened his little shop. He poured a fiery cholera mixture down Alcide's throat, and the patient no longer had reason to simulate his torture. The medicine was a roaring flame within him, but he was grateful because he knew that he was a poor actor.

"Doctor, I know that you have a telephone," he said feebly. "Won't you call up the German Minister and tell him that his boy, Alcide, is here very anxious to see him?"

"German Minister? Alcide? Why, sure, it is! I know you, boy. In the name of God, what are you doing exposed to this horrible soldier life? Of course I'll call him up if I can get that lazy crowd at the central to connect me up." And the veterans returned to their vigil.

Alcide was really ill now. He felt a nervous chill run through his body and a ringing sound in his ears. Diane! The cures! And the rest of her time his! She had worked the President beautifully! Tinceau! So he and the Priest were the ones who had made him a soldier to get him out of her way. God, how he suffered! Yet he

smiled as he waved off the druggist's assistant, who wanted to administer another dose of the liquid fire.

Yes, the central station had answered. They were switched to the Hauffman residence. That was all right. There was a second telephone in the bedroom and, besides, the Minister heard everything through the night. The night the thieves broke into the chicken-house the Minister heard them. And he caught one too, and made him eat all the eggs on which the hens were setting—shells and all. How the Minister enjoyed poking one egg after another into the fellow's mouth whole! Alcide laughed hysterically and fell off into a doze. Then there was a sharp ring-off and the German Minister himself had answered that he would be down in ten minutes.

"Give me something for my nerves," Alcide begged of the druggist. "He saw me cry this morning, and when I think of his goodness I want to cry now. He won't be long—and the sentinels won't stop him, either!"

He took the sedative and tried hard to compose himself. Long before the Minister reached him he imagined he heard the footfalls between the cries of the soldiers. Hauffman threw himself from his saddle and entered the little shop very quickly, his great woman-heart all concern for his boy. He knelt down beside him and talked to him gently, and Alcide was bursting with shame and unnerved with affection. "Well, I'll get you home if we have to call a cabinet meeting," he said quietly. "Doctor, will you certify that this young man is not fit to be exposed to this night duty?"

"Why, certainly I will, Minister," said the druggist. "At his best, he has been too well treated by you to stand it. All Port au Prince is very reconnaissant of your treatment of Alcide."

"He deserves all I can do for him. He is my son," said the diplomat feelingly. "Please make the certificate. My carriage will be here presently."

The officer of the guard in making his midnight round had missed Alcide and had come to the drug-shop. Certainly he would permit the sick soldier to accompany the Minister to the arrondissement.

The carriage drove to the arrondissement and a mob of sentinels rushed out into the street to intercept it. "Look at the lamps! See the flags! I am the German Minister and I must see the General of the arrondissement," cried Hauffman. There was a great deal of confused talking, and Hauffman remembered that he had left his pocket-book at home. A window opened in the upper balcony of the arrondissement, and then a door was thrown open violently.

"What is all that noise down there?"

It was the dreaded General, his thin legs shrinking in the night-air under his flapping night-shirt. Hauffman stuck his head forth and

explained. The General removed his highly decorated smoking-cap, bowed politely, and asked the Minister to wait.

Presently he appeared on the lower balcony, wearing the coat of his full-dress uniform over his night-shirt, his legs still bare, and his feet stuck into a pair of heelless slippers.

Hauffman handed him the doctor's certificate and the General called for a light. A candle was brought, the wick protected from the wind by a neat glass globe. The Minister was once more seriously concerned for Alcide, as that young man buried his face in the lap-robe and shivered with a convulsive fit of laughter when the General took the certificate and with grave deliberation went through the motion of reading it. This performance carried through to his own satisfaction and nearly to the death of Alcide, as it appeared to Hauffman, the General put on his heaviest frown and looked from the paper to the Minister a silent, profound inquiry. Hauffman answered very politely that he would like to take the boy home. Permission was accorded. The German fired an avalanche of apologies at the General for the trouble he had caused, and the General exhausted his vocabulary of patois and French mixed in assuring the Minister that he was entirely at the German's orders.

"I am not sick at all," the wretched Alcide blurted out in German, that the coachman might not understand. "I am only nervous. But it was necessary that I see you alone and at once."

VIII.

Minister for Foreign Affairs Jules Pirot arrived at home one morning deeply disturbed after a talk with the President and the Minister of War. His wife said nothing, knowing that he wanted to think and that he would tell her all as soon as he could reach a definite conclusion concerning the situation. She had passed a fortnight of great anxiety. The arrest of her husband's former law partner, the husband of her chum while at school in Europe, had seemed to confirm her worst fears. She sat sewing, and Pirot joined her. He sat looking over the pages of a law-book.

"Dearest, things are looking bad," he said presently. "Tinceau openly expressed his hostility to me this morning in the presence of the President. I kept myself fairly well in hand, however, and came out of the difficulty without violence."

"Was it as bad as that?" asked Mrs. Pirot anxiously.

"Yes, it was very threatening while it lasted. I protested against the despatch of our best troops for the north by sea and the leaving of the capital exposed to a rebel attack. Tinceau became very angry and insinuated that I should leave such details to soldiers. I replied that I could give him some lessons in the use of the sword he wears, and that,

with the thought that I am the best swordsman in Port au Prince, probably calmed him. At any rate, the President interposed and we parted without further trouble. How I do wish it were all over! There is just one more claim which I want to settle before I leave the government. Then we will go to Paris."

"Why not leave now, to-morrow? The Ville de Tangiers is in port and sails to-morrow. We can connect with the St. Simon at Fort de France. I want to get away. Your life is greatly exposed." Mrs. Pirot made no effort to hide her alarm.

"No, not yet," said Pirot confidently. "I'll know when it comes to that. Hello! The telephone! It is the signal I expected. No, the moment of real danger has not come yet. No, I need a little more money. Just this one case and fifty thousand francs for my humble service!" He laughed nervously.

"I'll never enjoy that money," she said with conviction. "It is not earned. The way in which you take it is not honest. I shall never be happy, nor will you be, until you are really earning your living again."

"Fault of your Teutonic education, my dear. The Europeans with their gunboats would force us to pay, right or wrong. If the beneficiary choose to give me a little gratification, why, that is his affair." He tried to speak gayly, but she shook her head dubiously and went on with her embroidery.

Pirot continued with his show of legal research. He knew that she was right. She was always right on moral questions; yet he always said to her that the man with his tastes who could patiently endure poverty is a lunatic or a god. Criticism from his wife struck deep,—he loved her so and lived in her good opinion of him. And his reflections ran on so while he turned the pages of his law-book and wondered whether he could say anything to reconcile her to his political savings. Did he really want to see her reconciled? The telephone rang again. He answered the ring, but did not touch the receiver. "Serious! Send a trusted messenger to the Palace on any errand." His wife looked alarmed. He answered the ring and went into his study. He sent the President a report concerning the international claim. It was from the Minister of Justice to the Minister for Foreign Affairs discussing the law on the case. Pirot held both portfolios.

He had to do something. He could not wait a half-hour in suspense. He would make a call on the Spanish Consul, the most guileless of all the corps. He kissed his wife good-by and rode away. When he returned the message was there. Tinceau had reported Maillard to be the leader of the rebels and that he was but the fighting man for Pirot. The President had refused permission to arrest him, but had ordered a French and an English spy to be put on him.

He slowly twisted the paper, lit a cigarette with it, and watched it reflectively as it smoked itself into a crisp cinder. "Two hundred and fifty thousand francs in two years. So much for frugality on a meagre salary!" he murmured to himself. If he could only get to the bottom of the thing. If Hauffman were in it, he had covered his tracks admirably. Yet the German would not have implicated him in such a devilish way. He would go directly to the President.

He greeted an Englishman as he went out and smiled grimly as he entered his carriage. The fellow was an over-zealous little cockney, well known as a spy, who sold the little he knew about affairs and a great deal he did not know to anybody who would buy.

The President received Pirot at once and began talking about the international claim. Pirot explained the matter at length and then exclaimed abruptly:

"President, my purpose in coming is not to talk about the claim, though I am glad to have the opportunity to do so with you. What I want to do is to urge you seriously to consider the risk which we take in exposing the capital as Tinceau purposes to do. I don't pose as a soldier, but you know better than Tinceau what a good military training my father gave me. You were his friend, and you have shown your interest in me since my boyhood. I have a right to an opinion as a student of military science; but I don't urge that. I put it on the ground of ordinary common-sense that you are taking grave risks."

The President took off his goggles and wiped his eyes. "You touch me deeply," he said, "when you speak of your father and of what I knew about you as a boy. Frederick Pirot and I were strongly attached to each other, and my first meeting with you was when you played horse on my walking-stick during one of his rare visits home. I know that he was very careful in the matter of your education and that he had an eye single to your fitness to serve your country as he had done. But you, you want to get away!" He flung these parting words at the young man and looked at him earnestly to note their effect.

Pirot was very calm as he replied, for he did not know on what dangerous ground the President was leading him. "Yes, I want to go," he said; "I have told you so and I have told you my reasons. You have been my friend because you loved my father. I have shown my gratitude in every way that I could conceive, but you will never know how deeply I appreciate your kindness. I want to go because my presence here is distasteful to the leading men in public life.

"You are the only man I know capable of preserving peace in Haïti," continued Pirot. "I don't agree with your politics. I believe in throwing the country open to foreign capital. Still, I must concede that you represent the traditional sentiment of the people. I purpose as a part of your government to do all in my power to support you to

the point of dying at your side if need be. But I don't want to risk that unnecessarily, and it need not be considered if you decide to keep your best troops at your side, where they belong."

"Let me think," said the President musingly; "let me think. Leave me and come in to-morrow."

So the day passed at the National Palace. Military preparations filled the air with their sounds of horrible suggestion.

Alone in his private apartments sat this self-contained Chief of State, carefully weighing the value of men and of events. His face gave no sign of the anxiety which controlled him. He received visitors and despatched orders with the same suave gravity which had always commanded the respect of his followers. And when evening came he ate his frugal creole meal and drank his rum-and-water as heartily as if he had not a care in the world. Now the "Qui vive?" had started. He must give orders that the girl be admitted.

"Good-evening, your Excellency." Pierre Louis was actually before him.

"The devil!" exclaimed the President with emotional logic.

"At your service," replied Papa Pierre. He was dressed in the ordinary blue denim, and he might have been taken for one of a score of old men one meets on the public roads. He was perfectly self-contained as he faced the cold scrutiny of the man on whom he had intruded. Presently the President laughed.

"Up to your old tricks, Papa Pierre, up to your old tricks, I see!" he said, smiling. "I don't ask you how you managed to get in. One of your miracles, I suppose."

"I have come to cure your scoffing. I was proud when I heard that you were thinking seriously of coming to the cures. Lust is stronger than faith."

The President leaped from his chair and faced the Priest, his terrible eyes gleaming. Looking back into that murderous glare, the eyes of Pierre Louis were perfectly calm. He seemed to be speaking through inspiration.

"Yes, my black Solomon, the girl could do what I never could with you. I was proud when I heard that she had converted you. I wanted to see you at the cures. But I have had a dream. I have seen men die under fire of many guns. I have seen you helpless, at a distance, receiving the news. Much as I want to see you at one of my meetings, I tell you not to go to the cures. Tell the girl to-night that you will go. You must deceive her. Stay here and look to your defences. If my dream directs you aright,—and it cannot direct you to harm,—then, some time in the future, come to the cures as one who believes, at least as one who recognizes my power. I have spoken."

The Priest went out of the door like a shadow and down the hall-

way towards a back staircase. The President called an officer from the main entrance.

"Go quickly towards the rear entrance. If you see a man don't disturb him. Search for him thoroughly and merely let me know how he gets out." The President paced the floor in an agitated way for fully twenty minutes, when the officer returned and reported that no strange person had been seen within the grounds.

Pierre Louis went rapidly down the stair and out into the night. He turned short in the shadow of the house, and reaching up to a neighboring window he mounted with agility and glided into the room. A woman servant closed the window quickly. Pierre Louis sat watching through the crack between the shutters. He saw an officer emerge from the shadow of the house, looking in every direction and finally going off towards the nearest sentry. There was a sharp "Qui vive?" and a muttered consultation. The officer moved on. After a while he came back and entered the house. Still Pierre Louis did not move. The room was quite dark, and the sound of the woman's even breathing told him that she was sleeping. He did not disturb her, but kept his place, his face glued to the crack between the shutters.

Not the slightest sign of impatience escaped him. He seemed something inanimate as he leaned there. The hours passed by and he did not stir. It was nearly midnight when he heard the quick "Qui vive?" a muttered reply, and the sound of footsteps approaching. Diane came, accompanied by an officer. The door closed on them. Papa Pierre waited some time longer.

Then he opened the door of the room and examined well the hall-way. Nobody was in sight except a sentinel doubled up asleep on his little three-legged stool. He returned and bolted the shutters of the window. It would give the faithful woman something to think about in the morning. He went out into the hall, closing the door gently on the sleeper within. Reaching into one pocket, he drew out a scarlet cap and fixed it firmly on his head. From another pocket he drew out a quivering Nuremberg serpent, with glittering glass eyes and flaming tongue protruding.

Thus armed, he glided down the hall-way to the sleeping sentinel. He put himself into position to get the full value of the dim light effect, and then touched the man with the head of the toy. The startled cry was choked in the throat, held in the firm grasp of the Priest.

"Do you know me?" whispered Pierre Louis, nearly throttling his victim.

"Yes, Papa Pierre," replied the terror-stricken wretch.

"Well, follow me! Not a sound, or you will die the slow death! Come! Lock this door after me. Not a sound!" and he crept into the shadow of the house.

Diane came out, and the Priest lay in the shadow awaiting the return of the officer who accompanied her. The man safe within doors, he crouched there some time watching the sentinel. It was the same whom he had passed on entering. Closing one hand, he began playing a Voudou drum-tune upon the fist with the fingers of the other. It was a very slight noise; between the cries of the "Qui vive?" it was quite sufficient to carry itself to the ears of the sentinel. The fellow soon heard, listened a moment intently, and then approached. Without a word he led the Priest to the next sentry, and so he passed on to the limit of the grounds. It was a high iron fence which enclosed the grounds, but he vaulted it easily and started off across the Champs de Mars.

As he turned into the Turgeau road a carriage drove by rapidly. The flags on the lamps marked it as belonging to the German legation. "Big dinner somewhere to-night," he observed to a man who joined him. "Did you get the horses?"

Together they went afoot up the Turgeau road out into the mountain path to his house. He lighted his lamp and began to pack up his drugs. He was preparing for the cures. Powders and herbs and roots were in abundance. These simples were for the genuine treatment of the faithful; but jumbled into the same pack were the dried snakes and lizards from the walls to play upon the imagination of the people. He collected the things and packed them with simian dexterity into a pair of paniers which his attendant held open for him.

Then a visitor came. His appearance showed that he had had a long journey in the saddle and there was blood on his bare heel, over which was strapped a large spur with a brutal rowel. Pierre Louis took the letter which the messenger presented and recognized the handwriting of Maillard.

"You are tired and hungry," he said. "Sit down and I will get you something to eat."

At this moment Diane entered. She looked around at the evidences of preparation for the journey and asked for Pierre Louis. The old man heard her voice and returned instantly.

"He will go to the cures," she said quietly; "come with me." She led the way into her own room and dropped the curtain between them and the man in the other room.

"You have done well," he said. "Now get our visitor food. He has had a hard journey."

"Papa Pierre!" Her voice was very tremulous.

"Why, what is it, child? What is the matter? You are nervous as a kitten," said the Priest.

"Papa Pierre, do you know that Alcide is very ill?"

The old man looked at her in angry astonishment.

"Did I not tell you never to mention his name to me?" he growled. "He is a mahogany-colored German. How dare you to bring up his name at such a time? Get food for the man and prepare for your journey! The night is going."

"I will mention his name to you, and it may be for the last time," she replied, firmly but in a tone of deep grief. "You must hear me and you must answer me. The world now thinks me a bad woman—bad, bad, bad! But I love him as I never did before. I am not fit to speak to him now, but he would have made me—a good woman." The Priest turned to go, a look of deep disgust on his face.

"Stop," she hissed, catching his arm in an iron grip. "Stop! Hear me! I am going to do all you want me to do. I have left Alcide forever. Do you understand?"

The Priest was stupefied with amazement. He had never seen her so before.

"I love him. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," he said sullenly.

"If you have harmed him, I'll kill you. Do you understand? Yes, kill you, kill you with my own hands! Do you understand?" The girl's grip benumbed his arms as it tightened itself with her repetition of the threat.

The Priest did understand and he did not. He knew that the girl was dreadfully in earnest, that she meant all she said. He saw that she meant no rebellion against his authority. She was too strong a nature to permit herself to suffer remorse. He understood all that. He could not understand why she should so suddenly and apparently without suggestion imagine that he had harmed the foolish boy.

"Why, my dear, you must calm yourself," he said caressingly. "I have not hurt the boy. Take my word for it. I will let him alone as long as he lets me alone. What is the matter?" She was watching him with a vicious gleam in her eyes.

"Listen, and I will tell you," she said more calmly. "I did not stay long at the Palace. I have been at Hauffman's. As I came up the road, I saw the house lighted up and I saw a light in Alcide's room. I looked in at the gate. I thought it was a party and I wanted to see the dresses of the ladies. Then I saw it was not a party. Only the servants were there and Mrs. Hauffman. They were running about. A carriage came very fast into the yard. I hid myself behind the carriage and watched. They took a sick man out of the carriage, and it was Alcide. The Minister moved around Alcide's room. Then the Minister came down and spoke in German with Mrs. Hauffman. She went to her rooms. I was about to leave, when Celeste, the cook, came out. I called her to me and she told me all about it."

"Well, what did she tell you?" asked the Priest. The girl was

crying softly, forgetting her narrative in the burden of her undercurrent of thought and feeling.

"What did she tell you?" insisted Pierre Louis.

"Why, the Minister had been called by a doctor at midnight. He said that Alcide had fallen very sick. Did you make him sick?"

Again there came that fierce gleam in her eye and the grip on the old man's arm.

"By all the oaths to the sacred Serpent, I swear that I have done no harm to that boy except to insist that he be put into the army," said the Priest solemnly.

"Then listen and I will tell you," and she seemed greatly relieved. "He was doing the 'Qui vive?' on the Grand Rue and he suddenly fell with a pain in his stomach. That is what made me think you had given him the quick dose."

"No, I swear I never thought of it. I had forgotten him," interrupted the Priest.

"Well, the other soldiers picked him up and took him to the doctor-shop. The doctor, he talked over the wire machine to the Minister, and the Minister made a great noise and went to Alcide on his horse. Alcide vomited, and I thought that saved him from the quick dose."

"No, no, child! Get that out of your head," protested Papa Pierre. "I did the boy no harm."

"And then the Minister saw the arrondissement, and the arrondissement let him bring Alcide home. That is what Celeste told me, and the Minister called out of Alcide's window to put away the horses and lock up the house. Then I came away.

"Oh God," she moaned, "no other man will ever kiss me as he did!" and fell on the bed, burying her face and sobbing violently. The old man looked on helplessly and then approached the bed. She turned to him and drew him down to her side.

"Tell me again," she cried imploringly, "tell me again that you did not do it!"

"I did not," said the Priest.

"Promise me that you never will!" she said sternly.

"I do promise you, my dear," he replied.

"Now, then, I tell you that I will never mention his name again. I will never see him again. He thinks that I am bad, bad, bad! I shall always love him, love him, but I will never see him again. Do you understand?"

The Priest said that he did, but he said to himself that he never did understand a woman.

"He wanted a marriage in a church and a family just like the Minister," she continued in a retrospective sort of way. "He would never look at a femme placée like me. So you need not fear. I am all

for you and your work. Go tell the man that his food will soon be ready."

It was soon ready, and she was perfectly composed when she brought it in. The man had heard the sounds of weeping and of voices that appeared angry; but the appearance of Diane dispelled all idea of a quarrel. She was all graceful attention to the visitor.

As she served him, the Priest took the letter which he had brought and read it carefully. Maillard told him that they had suffered great hardships, that the men had been ready to disband. While they had plenty of arms and ammunition, there had been great scarcity of food on the march. The men had talked so generally of returning to their homes, that he had adopted Papa Pierre's suggestion and raised his own name to keep them together. He had felt compelled to do this in order to use his influence as a priest of the Inner Circle. Would Papa Pierre please make this explanation to Tinceau?

They had crossed the frontier into Santo Domingo to seek cattle for slaughter, but the people had heard of their coming and had moved everything eatable. The men were so reduced that he had stopped to give them rest. In order to keep up their spirits, he was giving a dance, and women had come in from the neighborhood. They had brought some vegetables and some rum, but not nearly enough.

He felt that he could hold them together. He urged Papa Pierre to see Tinceau at once, to show him the letter, and to assure him that the column would be there on time.

The old man knew too much to write a reply. He did not purpose to have his handwriting found on the dead body of his rival. Please make the explanation to Tinceau! That was funny! He turned to the messenger and bade him to explain to Maillard that he was about to start for the cures and that, therefore, he did not have time to write. Tell him—but what the devil could he tell him?

The messenger protested that he must have a written answer; Maillard told him that he would give him the slow death if he failed to return with a written answer. He fell on his knees before the Priest and implored him piteously to write, if it were only a line. The attitude of the man, his demonstration of terror of Maillard, fired the old man's jealousy of the younger rival.

"Who taught Maillard?" he asked severely.

"You, Papa Pierre."

"Who gave him his powers?"

"You, Papa Pierre," cried the man, grovelling under the angry voice of the Priest.

"Then stay right here in my house until I return. You shall see Maillard suffer under my anger. You will see that he has no power but by me. No harm shall come to you, my son!" The old man gave

him his benediction, and the man rose with a resigned look on his face.

The pack was ready. The messenger had been sent to an outhouse to sleep, and Pierre Louis was locking up the house, when Tinceau appeared before the door. The Priest merely remarked that the Minister was an early riser, for the flush in the east announced the appearance of day.

"I received your note telling me that you would leave before daybreak," he said. "I must talk with you alone a while. Diane will wait, won't you, dear girl? What a charming woman you have grown to be! I tried to get out before evening came, but I have had awful days. Pirot is doing all he can to upset our plans, and he urges the President to keep the best troops here. I have had a terrible day, and the best I have been able to do is to have everything ready for a movement to Gonaives or to St. Marc. I tell you Pirot is a great nuisance."

"Prove him a traitor and shoot him," said the old man decisively as he struggled with an intractable padlock. "That is the best recipe for those fancy mixed bloods. Or if you would like a little sugar for his coffee, I have it right here."

The Priest was expeditious. He wanted to get away. He took a small package from the panier, selected a little folded paper parcel, and handed it to his visitor.

"I have about concluded that Maillard has proved false to us," resumed Tinceau hurriedly. "He has the money and he has the troops. And now I have news that he has proclaimed himself as a candidate for the Presidency." Tinceau was greatly excited, and the Priest was quite calm as he replied persuasively:

"You are quite young. Don't be in too great a hurry. If you can count on the accuracy of your news, you must change your plans and stick to the President. I am interested in you, and you will thank me if you follow my advice. Are you sure that he has proclaimed in his own name?"

"There is no doubt of the accuracy of my report."

"Then you must kill him too," said the Priest seriously. "You cannot become President now if he has done that. You must get Pirot out of the way, as he is your natural enemy. Then you must kill Maillard. It will be better to kill him in battle defending the President. That saves your hide from being riddled with government bullets, for the Chief will otherwise suspect because of your former plan of campaign. You will have a chance another time. I purpose to make you President."

Tinceau was frankly troubled.

"You advise the President to stay," continued the Priest earnestly.

"Tell him that your recent advices indicate Port au Prince to be Maillard's objective. Tell him to remain to look after the city and let you go to defend his person. Maillard's men are sure to be hungry and tired. You will have no trouble in defeating them. But you must kill Maillard or he will ruin all of us."

The War Minister accompanied the party a little way on the road, talking over details with Papa Pierre. Diane and the man with the pack rode on ahead.

"But Meissner will be angry if the thing fail," said Tinceau; "and besides, you have not received your share of the money."

"My dear Tinceau, I repeat that money is nothing to me," said the Priest. "All I want is to be able to practice my religion in peace. I did all I could for you, but the situation is against you. We fail this time, but you will go up still higher in the estimation of the people. You will lose nothing. It is true that Meissner will have lost some money, but he loses to Haïtiens—you among them."

Tinceau left the party and went straight to the Palace. Few officers were in sight. He went upstairs. The President was just coming from his morning bath.

"President, pardon my intrusion," he said, "but I could not wait. Your prudence and superior judgment in holding back orders have been justified. The attack is to be made on Port au Prince. I think I have intercepted a letter from Maillard to Pirot. They tell me it is in cipher, detailing plans, but they have yet to make out the destinataire. I am sure of the attack on Port au Prince. I ran up to tell you this and I will report definitely later. If I can only get that letter clearly deciphered!"

The President only wrapped his bath-robe closer, and he answered, without the slightest change of countenance:

"The troops are ready and so am I. If that letter prove to be important, let me see it and its translation. If I agree with you as to the implication of Pirot, I will execute him at once. As you go down, tell the officer on guard that the barber may come up."

Tinceau looked for one of the officers of the guard. None was in sight. He heard the ringing of the telephone, and went to the closet in which it hung. He found Pirot's friend there just hanging up the receiver, swearing because the telephone was out of order again.

"Where is the President's barber?" the Minister asked. The officer replied that the man had been there a moment ago. They walked together until the barber was found.

"Now report with me at the gate," said Tinceau; "you are under arrest."

The young man turned pale, recovered his self-control in a moment, and saluted. He ungirted his sword and handed it to the War Minister.

IX.

Alcide told his story. Hauffman sat silent, smoking steadily and looking out into the darkness. The boy told all that he had heard except the references to Diane. They were his affairs—and Meissner's.

There was a characteristic medley of emotions depicted on Hauffman's face as he smoked on and listened to the recital,—paternal concern for the boy, serious fears over the political revelation, humorous appreciation of the cholera-mixture incident and of Alcide's dolorously dirty plight. He snapped out short, imperative interruptions between his pipe-puffs, but he really said nothing. The burden of his thought was the political situation; Alcide's eyes followed every turn of his patron's head, waiting for him to pronounce himself. Hauffman thought on and on. Then, turning suddenly on Alcide, he said with an affectionate sharpness:

"Go and wash thyself! I will come back."

Hauffman went downstairs to explain the situation to the members of his household, who were greatly alarmed, and sent the servants to bed, allowing them to hold the impression that Alcide was seriously ill.

It was late towards morning when they separated. Hauffman had made him repeat the story of the cholera mixture and questioned him again and again as to his certainty that he had heard the name of Tinceau. The boy went to sleep, and the diplomat went to his little den, where he spent the remainder of the night studying papers bearing on the proposed German concession. Daybreak found him fresh and vigorous after his bath, sitting on his balcony, his coffee and big pipe before him. For the first time in weeks Alcide had the pleasure of serving him.

He took his usual morning ride and then went to the Palace. He was so familiar with every detail of Haïtien life that he took in at a glance any change from the routine, whether public or private. He saw at once that the President was not confining himself to merely offensive operations, as had been reported throughout the city. The little stone-and-mud fortress to the south of the gate had two little vicious-looking, rapid-firing guns mounted to command the entire block. It was crowded with soldiers, who were really actively moving about.

At the gate was a uniformed mob of not less than five hundred men, and their belts contained the full supply of cartridges. The young Colonel whom Alcide had introduced to him was drilling a squad in open-order firing upon the knee. Hauffman waited until the young man noticed him. They greeted each other pleasantly, and the German complimented him on his work.

"By the way," said Hauffman, "I know that young officer there

under guard. I have met him at the house of Minister Pirot. Is he in disgrace?"

"He has been standing as you see him two hours or more," replied the Colonel. "He was put under arrest personally by the Minister of War. He is an old friend of mine, and one of our few well-drilled, well-informed officers. He says that he knows of no charge against him. None of us knows. Poor chap! I would not give a fig for his chances of being alive an hour from now. Tinceau has evidently not had things all his own way, and God help the man who crosses his path now!"

Hauffman spoke with several others of the officers, among whom he was a great favorite, and then rode slowly up the carriage-way to the Palace entrance. The little brass machine guns were no longer mere ornaments. Boxes of cartridges in all their disfiguring but business-like rudeness were stowed behind the weapons, broken and ready for use. The work of polishing had been neglected this morning. Instead a man was carefully oiling the working parts and testing the movement of each. The visitor watched the process while waiting to be announced, but he was promptly admitted to the presence of the Chief of State.

"I am so glad to see you, Hauffman," he said, greeting the German cordially. "I want to talk with you about the proposed concession. In some way the thing is connected with conspiracies here in the capital and with uprisings in the north. I cannot yet determine what the connection is, but I want to repeat to you that the concession cannot be granted."

"I did not come to talk about the concession," said Hauffman; "I came to talk about something more important."

"Nothing else can be more important at this time," said the President.

"Your life is," said Hauffman quietly. The President looked him straight in the eye.

"Go on," he said.

"Information has come to me warranting this statement to you by way of warning. I shall mention no names. I shall tell you what I think you should do. You must make your own inferences. First of all, on no errand should you leave the capital until this trouble is over; nor should you permit to leave your side those troops on whose efficiency and loyalty you can absolutely rely. Do not communicate to anyone that I have spoken to you on this subject, as you might expose the person who is the source of my information.

"Excuse me a moment," said the President. He walked from one door to another and threw each wide open. "Come to the balcony. Your habit of speaking in a low tone of voice saved you from being

overheard. As a rule, I prefer to let them hear. One side plays against the other, and I get the advantage of the result. Go on."

"Send out trusted men, without the knowledge of any member of your Cabinet, to determine the precise position of the insurgents. Concentrate your light artillery at a convenient point to enfilade any road entering the city. Hold your best troops, and plenty of them, as your reserve, and take command of them in person; let the others go to meet the rebels, their movements determined; and thus hold the entrances until the batteries can be brought in. You and your reserve can take hold of any movement which may be made in the capital itself. It should be strong enough to take care of the rebels and the troops you send out, if need be."

"I can't express my gratitude," said the President. "Will you answer one question? Is Pirot behind this thing?"

"My opinion is that he is not," was the German's prompt reply. "I have no reason to suspect him. I know him well. I know that he is very grateful for the opportunities which you have opened up for him. He is the last man I would believe guilty of such a thing, and, besides, with all the information which has come to me, there is nothing which points to him as possibly implicated."

The President looked over the grounds musingly, his face as calm as if he were merely enjoying the view over the bay.

"There is only one other man near me to suspect. The others of my Cabinet are mere figureheads," said the President musingly.

"General, I beg you not to mention names to me," protested Hauffman. "My purpose in coming is to warn you. I answered your question concerning Pirot simply because silence on my part might have done him the injustice to impel your suspicion."

They talked on earnestly, the President repeating charges of ingratitude against Pirot and Hauffman warmly defending the Haïtien diplomat. The President bluntly told the German that Pirot would be arrested and probably executed if a cipher letter from the insurgent leader, Maillard, should inculpate the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"That would be murder!" exclaimed Hauffman. "Pirot wants to make money, but he is not in this thing. Take my word for it. It appears that I know more about the affair than you do. Have you ordered his arrest?" He asked this question suddenly, for the thought had just occurred to him.

"No, he is not under arrest," said the President, "but he is under close surveillance. I promise you this: he shall not be touched until I shall have shown you the proofs and satisfied you of his guilt."

"I thank you," cried Hauffman. He shook hands hurriedly and darted out of the room to hide his weakness.

As he went out of the grounds he remarked that the young man

whom he had met under arrest had gone. Soldiers were lying around, some sleeping and others gambling; but weapons of all kinds were in evidence, and there was no mistaking the nature of the preparations. He decided to go home to be near his family instead of spending the day at the legation. The thought of Pirot's fate unnerved him, and his active imagination pictured his friend in all sorts of ghastly shapes, filled with gaping wounds. He had the President's promise. He could rely on that.

As he approached his garden gate a carriage stopped, and a young man alighted just as he came up.

"I am looking for the residence of the German Minister," said the new-comer. "Will you kindly tell me whether I have come to the right place?"

"I have the honor to be the German Minister," said Hauffman pleasantly. "How can I serve you?"

"I bring a letter of introduction from the German Consul at La Guayra," was the reply. "I believe that he is a friend of yours." Hauffman recognized the handwriting and invited the young man to the house.

"So you are an American journalist," said Hauffman, smiling. "I have met several correspondents here. Are you on your way north?"

"Yes and no," replied the reporter. "I was down in Venezuela during the revolution. Fine country, Venezuela! I had enough of it, however, when the war closed. Hard work and plenty of it. It was while doing this work that I met your friend. He is an active man at La Guayra, and he has done a great deal for German commerce. Then I was ordered back to New York. I came up by way of the Leeward Islands, picking up materials for magazine articles."

"It must be very fascinating work for an unmarried man," remarked the Minister.

"Yes, it is—very," said the young man enthusiastically; "but it is not appreciated. The men who stay at home have the inside. Unless something unusual turns up off the earth somewhere, all of us who were in Venezuela will have to hustle to get regular work, even on our own papers. I am getting tired of it. I was about to say that I was in Martinique picking up snake-stories. A former Chicago reporter made himself and the snakes famous by writing them up. The stories sell well. First, because they are snake-stories. The snake has an attraction for all human beings. Every religion must have its snake somewhere in its Bible. Then the Martinique snake-stories sell well in the United States because they are particularly horrible."

Hauffman was deeply interested in the readiness with which his visitor made himself at home. "I shall be glad to see your article when it is printed, Mr. Wiley," he remarked.

"You shall, Mr. Minister, you shall," cried the young man warmly. "Well, while there," he resumed, "I had a telegram to change my route and come over here to look up an uprising which was threatened. Do you know anything about it?"

Hauffman answered promptly. He knew that a moment's delay would make the keen searcher for news follow him with questions day and night. He smiled inwardly at the sudden and adroit directness of the question, but he answered at once.

"I know that many arrests have been made and that some troops have been sent off to the north. The city is full of rumors. You must have heard them. If you hear anything definite you must share with me. You know my work makes me a correspondent too. How long have you been here?"

"Yes, I have heard rumors. I came by the Ville de Tangiers. Just had time to telegraph from Martinique to La Guayra for this introduction to you. But I want a story, something definite. Can't you tell me something about the German concession?"

"The details have been reported faithfully by your legation here and the facts given out by your State Department at Washington," said Hauffman. "The Haïtien Congress is now in session debating the proposition. I can give you news, however, and you may quote me. The President says that he will oppose to the last any change in the Constitution to help this concession."

"Thanks," said Wiley, in the disgust of disappointment. "That is news in Haïti. It would go for a half-stickful in New York. What I want is a story. You see, in answer to your first question, if I cannot get any stories, I'll go north by the Dutch steamer. If there be any good ones in sight, I stay. It a battle likely? Are troops in motion?"

"It is hard to say what will happen next in this country," replied Hauffman.

"Well, how about a good Voudou story, eating babies and all that sort of thing—the 'goat without horns'? Why, they just revel in that sort of thing up north. 'Our special correspondent at Port au Prince and the Loup Garou' and that sort of thing, you know! Can't you give me a story about human sacrifices and that sort of thing? We have the cuts already in the office."

Hauffman felt very relieved when a carriage drove in at this remark, serving to check what would have been an indignant reply. He took advantage of the interruption to arise and await the arrival of the carriage, an ordinary public "bus." A lady decently dressed stepped out, paid the driver, and said that he need not return for her. She asked for the German Minister.

"I have the honor to be the German Minister," said Hauffman with quiet courtesy. "Please come up. How can I serve you?"

She walked to the balcony with a pretty, mincing step, and took a chair at some distance from Hauffman. She threw back her veil, which covered her eyes, and looked straight at him.

"Don't you remember me?" she asked sweetly.

Hauffman was plainly embarrassed that he could not recognize her, and he began talking about his wretched eyesight. He was interrupted by uproarious laughter from the dainty one with the mincing step.

"One on you, old man!" she laughed.

"Thunder! Pirot!" cried Hauffman, rushing to him and grasping his hand.

"Only Pirot, and a refugee taking asylum in your house."

"You know that my government does not countenance this application of the doctrine of extraterritoriality," said Hauffman severely, holding Pirot's hand all the while.

"Yes, and I know that your government will not order you to turn me out of doors to be shot down like a dog," said the refugee with composure.

"Well, how did you manage it?" said Hauffman. In his excitement he entirely forgot the presence of his other visitor.

"I have been under the eyes of spies and a victim of lies," said Pirot. "I took precaution to be well informed. I have known more or less the charges which have been made against me and the attitude of the President. This morning the order to arrest me was proposed to the President and he promised to consider it. They probably would have sent me to kingdom come without a chance to bid you good-by, so I decided to make you a call. It may turn out to be a long visit."

"But how did you manage? These clothes? Your mustache gone as if it had never grown?" asked Hauffman with increasing interest.

"I must thank Heloise for all that. She and I are the same size nearly, you know, and our complexions are about the same. She has done it all, and for weeks she has had this dress, wig,—the whole outfit,—ready in her wardrobe. I let her have her way and rather enjoyed the masquerade and the fun of being laced and fitted up by her at intervals. We had lots of sport out of the thing, but when my feminine wardrobe was once complete, I forgot it. But she and I thought of it at the same moment this morning, I tell you!"

"But how did you escape the spies?"

"It was very simple, as she arranged it. The signal came over the telephone early this morning. It told me that my arrest might be ordered at any moment. I was shaving upstairs, but I heard the signals. Heloise answered the rings. Later, my informant was arrested."

"Most women would have fainted," said Hauffman.

"Not a bit of that in her!" said the Haïtien with enthusiasm. "She just marched upstairs and told me to shave off my mustache, and

I whipped it off, I tell you. She has a dress just like the one she made for me. She put that on and then began to fix me up. She put the wig on me, and the hat, and filled my face with powder till she choked me—just as all the women pile it on here. She buckled me up in this infernal corset while I held up my arms to make myself as small as possible around the waist, and then she put on the dress. She told me to wait while she went to the balcony. She called a servant and sent him for a carriage. She spoke in a loud tone of voice, bidding him hurry, as she did not have time to wait for our carriage to be hitched up. She came in. The carriage came up. I stepped out in the teeth of the spies and we drove off."

"That was splendid!" cried Hauffman. "But you have been a long time getting here."

"Yes, I did not trust myself to drive through the city. I went out into the country towards the plains. Then I came back and went around to the Petioville road and cut across to Turgeau. I took my time, as I did not expect to catch you at home. For Heaven's sake let me wash off this powder and get out of these corsets and wigs and things. I have suffered enough for my country!"

"Capital!" cried Wiley. "Capital, sir, Mr. Pirot! Oh, I know you. Sure to have your picture among our cuts! Every Cabinet officer in the world we have there. You can gamble on that. Great story! Clean scoop! Good-by, gentlemen. Excuse me, I'll see you later. This must be on the wire before two o'clock. Gad, what a beat!" and the correspondent darted down the garden path.

X.

Meissner's trip to Jacmel on the little French steamer, the Ville de Tangiers, was a joyous yet restful experience after the excitement of his political scheming and active lobbying at the capital. The officers on board and the merchants at the ports all were eager to show their appreciation of the most hearty entertainer in all Haïti.

Koffel, the German Consular Agent at Jacmel, received him cordially, and the little foreign colony immediately set itself to planning entertainments in his honor. There was to be a ball, of course, and as they sat in the soft evening air planning the entertainments between the hands of a game of poker somebody proposed a bachelor dinner. Immediately a thought came to Meissner. He would prepare a surprise for them: he would have Diane dance!

The more he thought of it, the more it pleased him. He had not had a real German debauch in a long while. He would take the servants into his confidence, secrete Diane in the house, and have her come out and dance in the height of the fun. He expressed such interest in the dinner suggestion as to assure its adoption, and resumed his

activity in the game. All were enjoying their peaceful recreation after the hard work of the day, when they were interrupted by the cry of fire.

The players dropped their cards. No other danger carries such universal dread in Haïti as that of fire. It is the forerunner of revolution, the opportunity of robbers and assassins, the paralyzer for the time of honest human activity. Each man had his own place of business in mind, and all started downstairs in a rush. On reaching the street three shots were heard fired in a rapid but distinct succession. That meant serious trouble, and at Koffel's suggestion they returned for revolvers. Meissner went on unarmed.

He had gone only a few feet when he met Papa Pierre. The Priest seemed anxious to avoid meeting people, and he drew Meissner to the shadow of a balcony on the other side of the street. Men and women were rushing wildly in the direction of the blaze along the lateral streets and stumbling over those leading up the steep hill-side. Pierre Louis hurriedly told Meissner that there was no danger, that the blaze had been all arranged.

"What devilment are you up to now," demanded Meissner, "that you should want to scare people out of their boots?"

"You see, it looked as though the General of arrondissement here proposed to make some kind of movement of troops. I did not know what he wanted to do. In the face of this panic he will stay right here. This fire will do no harm, and the three shots were fired by men who made off to the woods immediately. We may be sure that the General will remain at his post."

"You would die if you could not intrigue," said Meissner, laughing. "Where is Diane?"

"She is here and crazy to see you," said Pierre Louis. "But you must not have her come to you—not yet. You must go to her. We have a safe, cosey rendezvous. I will let you know in the morning."

Meissner joined the crowd of people who were making their way up the hill-side. He did not look for his friends, as he knew that they had gone to protect their stores. He observed that the fire had been set to leeward, where the prevailing night-wind would really protect the town. With the whole Caribbean to draw upon, there was not a public fire-pump in the place. He forced himself through the crowd and saw that there was no danger.

He passed within arm's length of Diane, but did not see her. She saw him, however, and kept within reach. He looked on while the excited Haïtiens fought the fire in their awkward fashion, and then decided to hunt up his friends. There seemed no possibility of returning through the streets by which he had come, for the crowd grew more compact every moment. Men, women, and children, attracted by the excitement, could scarcely move. He decided on a detour. He worked

his way past the fire easily; and as he moved around the outskirts he gave himself up to the wild beauty of the place, the town and the port at his feet, silent in the soft and clear tropical moonlight. For the time he thought of nothing. His feelings were purely the rapturous response of sense. He had gone some distance from the fire in the direction of the wind. A blaze broke in on his abstraction. A small, isolated hut was on fire.

Mechanically he quickened his pace, and with accustomed skill picked his way to the wretched little shanty. Sparks from the other fire had caught on the dry palm-thatch. It was a pretty sight, he remarked to himself on approaching, as he watched the dried leaves, so skilfully interwoven to resist rain and sun, twist and crackle into flame, freeing themselves into fluffy flakes of fire to be carried off into the air along the mountain side. The rude rafters were beginning to expose themselves and the edges of timber were beginning to blaze, when a woman dashed by him shrieking and burst into the burning hut.

Surprised for the moment, he stood still. Then he went rapidly forward. No human being could live long in that place. He heard no sound from within. He dashed through the blazing door-way. The stinking smoke both blinded and suffocated him. Where was the fool of a woman? He stumbled over something. It was a human body. He grasped it and dragged it out into the foot-way. How grateful was the fresh air! The woman quickly revived.

"My child!" she cried, "my poor child!"

"Where?" demanded Meissner. And without waiting for a reply he dashed into the flaming hut again.

He knew the structure of these houses. He had slept in them too often not to know where the woman had probably left her child when attracted by the big fire. In his rush he went straight through the burning partition to the inner room of the cabin. God, what a heat! How the smoke stung the nostrils and throat! He was growing faint. He had gone to the wrong corner for the child. He must try again. He had it. Its little, bare body had not been burned. He turned to get out. He could not go back as he had come. He could kick out the side of the house. Why had he not thought of that before he had lost his strength? He kicked. He was falling. To die like this! He raised his foot. He heard his name. "Meissner! Meissner!" It was the voice of Diane. Was he going mad? He answered feebly. He kicked again and fell headlong through the side into the burning trash, holding the limp body of the child at arms' length that it might not be crushed.

Diane blindly followed the voice and fell in a heap over him, her skirts ablaze. She was on her feet at once, and with magnificent

strength dragged him and the child beyond the danger line. The woman ran to them.

"My child, my child!" she cried wildly. "Does it live?"

"Take your cursed brat!" shrieked Diane. "You have killed my man!"

And there, alone with him on the hill-side, she cared for him tenderly. He was breathing in feeble and short gasps. She tore away the charred pieces of clothing and saw that the shoulder, whose skin was as soft and white as a woman's, bore an ugly mark running down the arm to the elbow. She raised his head and gently placed it on her thigh. She felt so helpless. The "cures" were no good here. What a humbug the magic of the ouanga was, after all! How she hated it all! Alcide was right. Alcide! She must not think of him. He was so good. And people had told him that she was bad, bad, bad! And then the shock of tension suddenly relaxed quite overcame her. She sobbed out her excess of feeling and covered Meissner's unconscious face with hysterical kisses.

As consciousness slowly came to him he felt the keen, pure air cutting its way into his lungs, and then a great, dreamy relaxation, a desire to sleep, overcame him. He heard his name. It was the voice of Diane again. He heard his own voice murmur a reply. Was he dying? Was this the death of suffocation? He had always heard that it was painless, even pleasant. But he felt no pain from the burning. He tried to rise. He could not move a muscle. Then he began to think more consciously. He saw clearly, and recognized the lovely hill-side, the smouldering hut, the little French steamer riding at anchor, the fading glare in the distance, and the murmur of the crowd.

He looked up into the face of Diane. It was she, and no disordered image! It was she, and she was kissing him with an abandon she had never shown before.

He stretched out his arms and drank in more air. He was safe in her arms, too weak to raise himself. He tried to speak, but the words seemed crushed with soot and they stuck in his throat. She was rocking his head gently and stroking his face and humming a curious, crooning song. It was very grateful in his helpless condition, the touch of this strong, magnetic woman.

He felt himself completely under the spell of her presence. He felt his strength rapidly returning. He knew that he was not seriously hurt. She pressed her finger firmly and gently on the artery near his throat and noted eagerly the uniform improvement in the strength and regularity of pulsation. She saw that he was conscious and that he was observing her closely. She drew back within herself. She shrank instinctively from revealing herself to him. She became quite calm. She kissed his cheek gently and smoothed the hair from his brow.

"Diane, you have saved my life," he said at last with effort; "how can I thank you?"

"I saved my own," she said, smiling. "If you had died, I would have swallowed the quick death. You are all I have."

"But you do not love me," he said.

She looked deep into his eyes, a hunted, searching look. Her face betrayed to him her doubt, her absolute uncertainty of herself for the moment. Candor, an uncivilized directness and simplicity, was among the great charms which she had for Meissner; and after his own misgivings and perplexities concerning their future he readily understood her feeling.

"It is true that I did not love," she said finally, "but now—well, now I don't know. When I saw you in the crowd I followed you. I was right behind you. Yet I did not know whether to call you or not. I was not sure of you or myself. Then when I saw you bring out that woman and go back for the child I felt differently. I wanted to be with you in the fire. You are a brave man."

He felt flattered by what she said in her simple way. Yet he did not want her to fall in love with him. It was a mental struggle between his desire to free himself and his love of the chase.

"But you loved Alcide," he persisted. "You have really loved him while you have been placée with me."

"Yes, I loved him. That is true. But I have left him behind. You are all I have left. When you go back to Germany I will kill myself. When I came to you I left Alcide behind. It is all so different. And you do not love me as you will love a German woman."

She said it all very calmly, but he felt a desire to get out of it all. She was submitting to him an analysis. He could not stand that. He looked out over the quiet bay and wondered what he should say. It was a perfect panorama, and the little French steamer lay quietly where he left her, the messenger to the outside world he loved so. How could civilized men be contented here? How different that world! She could not share it, even though it were possible to ask her to do so. She could barely read and write. Though she spoke the patois with such picturesque simplicity, she scarcely knew French. What right had she to reproach him, to compare herself with German women? He had bought her and paid well for her. He had been generous with her—lavish even. She had accepted the bargain, even though she had maintained her absurdly virtuous attitude. How did she differ from other Haïtien women? What idiocy to talk about suicide! She could not reproach him with having wronged her. He had humored her notions and amused himself watching her learn things. A strong feeling of resentful irritability took hold of him; yet beneath it was the consciousness that he was not entirely satisfied with himself.

"You may have deceived yourself," he heard himself say, "but I have not deceived myself. You have loved that boy Alcide from childhood. You love him now. You and I have had some good times together and we will have more of them. But some day you will be placée with Alcide and you will be very happy. Though the deep waters be between us, I shall never let you want for anything."

His gaze was on the little French steamer, and his heart on the weird scene in which he was defying the promptings of his better nature. How he despised himself! He, himself, it was who had pursued the girl, he who had tried to betray her through the influence of Pierre Louis. Instead of meeting a mistress, he had found a woman making the vital sacrifice for the man she loved. She was a woman,—he had to confess it,—a bigger woman than he had ever dreamed of finding her. He did not look at her, but he felt from sheer sympathy the shock of pain he was causing her. She said with a quiet intensity:

"You do not mean what you say. You hope for it because you would not care. You know Alcide and you know me. He would never be placé with any woman. He thought of me as you foreigners think of your women. I promised to become placée with you to save him. I told you, and you were good to me. I am not bad; but people think me bad and they will tell him. He will never look at me. You are all I have, and some day we must leave each other."

On that same deck, he thought, this same question had forced itself upon him, and here was this crude, unlettered woman reading his very soul as though it were an open book. If she would only accuse him and rail at him, he might get angry and answer her in kind. If she would only threaten him, as she with the resources of Pierre Louis could threaten, he could defy her and leave her. But she clung to him! How could he throw her off? With twenty thousand marks a year he would be able to go by that steamer and leave Haïti forever. Could he forget her? Would her dead face haunt him through life? He had not harmed the girl. How could he reproach himself for what people thought of her own voluntary act?

"Diane, why borrow trouble?" he asked. "We are happy together. Why look into the future?"

"Because now I know why I was sent to the President. Pierre Louis has told me about your big machines which you will buy for Haïti. And you will make money and go home and forget me. Then I must die, for I am already tired of the dances and the cures. You will go and there will be nobody else."

"There is Alcide, who worships you," he said with relentless cruelty and for the want of anything else to say.

"I am a different woman in these weeks. I know so many things which I did not know before. So long as you are with me I shall like

them, for you taught me to like them. When you go, though somebody else should offer me dresses and jewelry and wines and gay nights, I shall not want them. I shall be tired of them too. They would not be the same without you."

He was sitting at her side now, holding her hands. He looked steadily over the bay at the little ship, the sign and token of his life that was to be. He could not bear to look at her face. The thought of another man offering her what he was giving her stirred him deeply. In his vanity over the appearance of conquest, he had allowed his friends to believe her his mistress. He could have protected her in the beginning. In his heart he respected the simple beauty of her character. He felt so small before her when he thought that to save the man she loved she had made the greatest sacrifice possible in human experience, that of the loved one's esteem and respect. She detested Pierre Louis and she was tired of the charlatanism. She was right. He was all that was left to her. She had thought it all out too. Yes, almost all of his friends would be rivals, jumping at the chance to teach her all the refinements of civilized vice. He knew that she would not be placée with any other man.

She had drawn up her knee and was leaning forward, her chin supported by the palm of her hand—her accustomed attitude when thinking seriously or deeply moved. He sat by her side tracing out line by line the curves of her body, always marvellously beautiful to him. Her neck, a powerful column, was exposed to him by the turn of her head. He looked a moment longer and then buried his lips in the firm, resisting throat.

She did not respond to the unfamiliar caress. He was disappointed. The abandon of grief which she had shown while he lay half unconscious there would have its corresponding feeling, he thought, if he should appeal to it. Instead, she threw her arm about him in a tender, clinging way, and looked him straight in the face. He could not help looking at her now. That strained, sad, yet resigned expression had a terrible fascination for him. He was in an inextricable position. What could he say? She came to his relief.

"It is getting chilly," she said, "and you must be careful and not be sick after what has passed. We had better go. Don't fail to cover your shoulder well. Take this shawl."

He rose as she did. It was with a helpless, guilty feeling that he did so. The fire was out. The little streets were deserted. On the outside of the town a few soldiers cried their "Qui vive?" but the streets of Jacmel were not infested by the noisy guardians of the public peace who make life in Port au Prince a burden. The hut, the scene of the rescues, was ashes and a few coals.

Hand in hand they walked, he leading her down the mountain path

as though this were her first experience in Haïtien footways. It never occurred to him to be other than polite to a woman, whatever her station, but he felt particularly deferential to Diane now. He could have protected her if he had believed her capable of remaining faithful to her black lover. Was she about to fall in love with him? He did not want that now. She had not lived with him. And yet he let the world believe her to be his mistress. They walked on silently. He was at high tension with excitement and the burden of helplessness before this strong nature. Disgust with himself, which he could generally so easily subdue, this man of the world, mastered him for once. They came to a street leading up and along the mountain side.

"I am living here. Good-night!" she said.

"Stop!" he said fervently. "Is that all? Will you not kiss me? Shall we not make an appointment for to-morrow?"

She smiled as he kissed her, and she told him to come during the day, as she was making the cures at night, and she did not know but that the President would come ahead of time.

"And I want to send up some wines and other nice things," said Meissner. "You must tell me too the name of the people with whom you are stopping. And I want to bring some friends for a gros bouillon. We must have a good time while we are here, Diane."

"You know that I am ready for anything with you," she said, "but you must promise me one thing."

"Why, certainly; what is it?"

"You must tell me before—long time before—when you make up your mind to go."

"I promise," he said.

"Then you have not made up your mind yet?" she asked timidly.

"No, you goose!" She kissed him heartily and told him that she would look for him.

He held her back. He drew her to him and kissed her lips again. She tapped his cheek in coquettish reproof and disappeared in the shadow of the houses.

As he turned to go home a woman stopped him. He turned on her with an angry exclamation. She had seen him caress Diane.

"I only want to thank you, M'shay," she said, shrinking from him. It was the mother of the rescued child.

"Did the child live?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, M'shay, and M'shay saved him. M'shay brav' blanc li," she said with such genuine gratitude that he wanted to make amends for his rudeness of a moment before.

"Will M'shay accept this? It is very little, but it is from my gran'-gran and it is all I have. I give it to you because it has no price. It was blessed by the Papa-loi."

It was a dagger sheathed. He did not examine it. He merely remarked that it was very heavy. He protested that she should not give away a heritage from her grandparents, but he soon saw that to refuse the gift would wound her deeply. So he thanked her and told her to bring their baby to see him at the German Consul's, at Mr. Koffel's private house, the next morning.

He walked slowly home, trying to think it all out. He decided to consult Papa Pierre. The old man could engage the girl in some of his ambitious schemes, and perhaps she would not take the prospect of this separation so seriously.

The house was still brightly lighted. The servants said that the gentlemen had not returned. He took the news gladly and hurried to his room.

He stripped and examined the burn thoroughly. It would leave a bad scar, but it was not serious. He applied a soothing mixture and put on his pyjamas. He stretched out on a lounge under a lamp and tried to read. Nothing interested him.

Then the men came in. All were intent on the discussion of the probable cause of the fire. Meissner did not want any of that talk and decided to remain quiet in his room. Koffel was the last to come. Unbelting his revolver and laying it on the table, he remarked that it would be wise to remain awake until morning. He had been investigating. The men who probably had set the blaze had made off up the mountain side. They must have come from the dances in the woods. They could not have known Jacmel well, or they would have started the fire at the other end of the town.

"Do you think we had better stand by the stores?" asked one.

"No," answered Koffel. "We have reliable people stationed around. We need only to be ready in case there is another alarm."

Somebody suggested that they resume their game. They called for beer and cold luncheon and took their seats.

"Where's Meissner?" asked Koffel.

"Here I am," he called out. "I might have dropped overboard and you would not have missed me had you stayed away from the poker-table."

He came out laughing heartily. The prospect of having something to do until morning was a relief.

XI.

Hauffman settled himself at the porch table to enjoy, as usual, his pipe and his early morning reflections. He noticed that the waiter-boy served the coffee. He asked for Alcide. The boy had not seen him. A strict disciplinarian, Hauffman gulped down his coffee impatiently and sent the boy to find the dereliet favorite. He reached for

his pipe, which had been set at the centre of the table. Under it lay an envelope addressed to himself. He opened it hurriedly, his fears anticipating its contents:

> "Dear Minister: Please pardon my going without asking your permission. I am going to do my duty. I am a Haïtien and I belong at my post. If I live through the battle, I trust that you will take me back.
>
> "Your affectionate and obedient
>
> "Alcide."

Hauffman read and re-read the little, simple note and smoked furiously. Presently Pirot came down. Hauffman heard him splashing in the swimming-pool, and his good-humor annoyed him. When Pirot came out he joined Hauffman at the table to take his coffee. The boy served him.

"Where is Alcide?" asked Pirot.

"Gone to be a soldier, damn him!" snapped Hauffman, pulling away at his big pipe. The Haïtien saw that it would not be prudent to push inquiries for the present.

"Infernal ass! Schafskopf!" muttered Hauffman. Instinctively Pirot remained silent that Hauffman might work off his fit.

"Not a cowardly bone in his body! Sentimental jackass! Sure to be shot full of holes!" Pirot knew that the young man had acted simply in accord with Hauffman's teachings, but this was not the moment to remind him of the fact.

"Under the protection of the legation too! I registered him myself last week." Not a sound from Pirot. Only the chirping of birds and the rippling of the mountain streams and the voices of the refugees in the grass-piece and the whiff-whiff from Hauffman's pipe.

"Going after him! Legation registration must be respected!" And the German Minister, purple with excitement, was not a very dignified figure as he pounded away into the house and up the stairs in bath-robe and felt slippers.

Pirot hastened to his room to dress that he might be ready to watch developments. If there was to be a promiscuous street firing, it would be dangerous to go in search of the boy. As Wiley had remarked, the Haïtien bullet has no respect for the person of the German Minister. When he returned he found Hauffman in boots and spurs, ready to start, but seated on the porch, Mrs. Hauffman at his side talking quietly. The face of the old soldier had an obstinate set, but the hands belied it. They were hanging limp between his legs, most eloquent in their irresoluteness.

"I have suggested to the Minister," she said, turning to Pirot, "that he wait until the clerks shall have opened the consulate general.

He can then learn precisely what is going on in the city. Do you not think so?"

Pirot did agree with her heartily, but she knew that she did not need his support to convince Hauffman. The German gave way with poor grace, and immediately began to torture the switchman at the central telephone station. Of course, nobody had arrived at the consulate. He had little to say as he chafed under the delay. Then he went off to the stable to look after his horse. He trusted nobody but Alcide and himself to girth a saddle for him.

It was only a minute or two after eight o'clock when he received an answer from the consulate. There had been a general jail delivery. The political prisoners had all found refuge. There had been a short panic, but order had been restored. The President had taken charge of the streets in person, and more than one hundred men were already reported dead—killed on sight. They were rapidly rounding up the liberated criminals. Several of these had been shot also. Tinceau had won a decisive victory the night before, and had expected to capture the fleeing rebels at daybreak.

At this moment Wiley, the tireless correspondent, trotted up the garden path. He had seen the entire military movement and was impatient to get to the telegraph office. As he took his coffee he told how Tinceau had beaten back the rebels by moonlight, slept in the woods, and captured all the enemy at daybreak.

"The end was most dramatic," he said; "nothing but a shot from one of the government rifles saved Tinceau's life. By a clever bit of night scouting, Tinceau located the enemy, and he surprised them just at dawn before they were thoroughly awake. The rebel pickets gave the alarm, but he was on their heels with his entire force."

"So they were captured without a struggle," exclaimed Pirot. "Now people will know from Maillard's own lips whether I had any understanding with him."

"No; Maillard was killed in a duel with Tinceau. As each saw the other about the same time, they drew and fell to fighting furiously, calling each other 'trompeur' and 'traitre' in a way that bespoke deadly personal hatred. Neither handled his sword very well, but both were giants in strength. The soldiers of both sides stopped fighting and crowded around to see the duel.

"Haïtiens do not want to fight one another if they can avoid doing so," observed Pirot.

"Maillard was the stronger and he forced the fighting. Tinceau, cautiously retreating, stumbled. Maillard would have run him through, but a shot from the government side broke the rebel's sword-arm. Tinceau's men rushed forward to seize him, when he drew his revolver with his left hand and killed himself."

The group on the porch were excitedly talking over Wiley's report, and Hauffman had even delayed his start for town to hear it.

"Where is Alcide?" asked Wiley, as he noticed the serving-boy. Pirot explained.

"I shall go, dear," said Hauffman, turning to his wife. He had repeated, sentence for sentence, the telephone message. He held her hand a moment in a shy, surreptitious way and walked quickly to his horse. Wiley mounted too, and they paced briskly down to the road gate. Mrs. Hauffman went to the telephone and called up the legation. The attaché happened to be early at his desk and answered in person.

"Please mount at once," she said, "and go to meet the Minister in the Champs de Mars. He has just started down. Don't fail to take the national colors with you. Please let there be no delay."

Through the dreadful night of suspense Alcide had not slept. He had put out his light and watched over the city, expecting at any moment to see the capital burst into flames. He had heard the firing on Chemin Lalue early in the evening and the comments which the gentlemen had made concerning the attack; but the night had been quiet enough, a painful contrast to the storm of questionings which convulsed him. Occasionally an irresponsible shot was fired, and all through the city the wind carried the shrill tones of the "Qui vive?" but there was no exciting incident. It was evident that the government troops had checked the advance of the rebels.

No bitterness of material warfare, however, could approach the moral struggle through which he was passing. If he could only get to Jacmel! He should now be at his post. Any excitement would be welcome, now that he could get no news of Diane. But that should not be his motive, mere thirst for excitement. At the moment of general alarm, his place was at the front to defend the national government. The Minister was right. And Diane would wait for him. Pierre Louis might drive him from his house, but he could not drive him from her heart.

How beautiful she was! And how she clung to him and begged him to kiss her! He would make a home for her. He would convince her of the folly of the priestess quackery. Meissner had called her a jewel and had said that her time was his. She would never forsake the playmate of her childhood for a foreigner! No foreigner could love her as he loved her. Dear Diane! What a child she was! If he could only know what she was doing at Jacmel!

And if he should go to his post he might attract the attention of the President and be promoted. He might have a chance to carry out some of the reforms which he had planned for Haïti. And Papa Pierre would have to admit that he was a true Haïtien. And Diane would

love him all the more if she could see him do great things. How he despised these politicians! What a mockery to die fighting for them! "At the moment of the general alarm, your place is at the front to defend the national government." He made a light and wrote a note to tell the Minister his decision.

Diane had looked so pained when Papa Pierre had called him no Haïtien. She must have learned since that he had served in the ranks and that he had gone to prison for doing his duty. He had arranged the Minister's cup and pipe and had left the house noiselessly and was now cautiously making his way down the Turgeau road. If she could see him now actually stealing away to do his duty! They must marry as soon as this trouble should be over. He was so sure of her trust in him. He would not let her deny him. He would kneel at her side and plead with her until she would give up that ouanga for the great love she bore him.

"Qui vive?" He had stumbled on a new outpost.

"Haïtien!" replied Alcide calmly.

"Au poste!" muttered the sentry. He walked over to the post and saluted the officer in command.

"Where are you going?" demanded that bundle of decorations.

"I am on my way to my post. It is at the Glacierre," replied Alcide.

"You lie!" said the officer, on general principles.

"If I wanted to escape duty, I should go the other way."

"All right," said the officer, convinced by the argument. "Don't go through the city. They are shooting all delinquents on sight."

The warning came at a good moment. It was easy to go off to the right and pass by the Petit Four to make a complete detour of the city. He passed along the road rapidly, for the early-morning air was uncomfortably chill to one who had not slept. His heart was thumping with excitement as at short intervals he heard small volleys in the city.

He was passing the house of an English resident, a frequent visitor at the house of the German Minister. A great British ensign floated lazily over the roof. There he would be safe. Why not enter and remain until after the fighting? If Diane should see him now, hesitating before a foreign flag, she would remember all of Papa Pierre's bitter reproaches.

He hurried past the house, by the Post Marchand, where he was recognized and allowed to pass on, back again through Bel Air road to avoid the built-up portions of the city, and after a short turn by the Hotel de France to the extreme north of the Bord de la Mer near the Post of the Glacierre, where he belonged before the Minister had arranged the registration. A cloud of dust and the noise of the trumpets and drums announced the approach of the President. Officers were shouting their orders and troops were running out to receive the

Chief of State. Alcide wanted to join the line which was forming. He ran towards the military post to secure a gun. An officer stopped him.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To the post to get my gun."

"You lie! You were about to run. You ought to have reported last night."

"You saw the direction in which I was going," answered Alcide hotly.

"Insolent! Go ahead of my horse! You are under arrest."

The President had arrived. He was consulting with the officer in command. Two ragged blacks stood by looking sullenly at the ground.

"Who are they?" asked the President.

"Two criminals who escaped when the enemy liberated the political prisoners, your Excellency."

"Execute them!"

The condemned were backed to the side of the street and a firing party told off for each.

"Whom have we here?" asked the President as Alcide approached ahead of his captor.

"A vile Haïtien who has learned French to insult his superiors, your Excellency. I stopped him as he was about to desert."

"Execute him!"

The words came to Alcide as though from a great distance. The quick movement of things had benumbed every nerve of sense and action. What had happened? Would he awaken and find himself safe at the Minister's house?

The preparation for the execution of the two criminals brought him to his senses. They faced the soldiers with a stolid sullenness.

"Fire!"

Alcide was thoroughly awake now. One of the men was apparently dead. The other seemed to be in great pain. He raised himself on his elbow and beckoned for an officer to come and end his agony. A young lieutenant sprang forward and drove his sword into the breast of the criminal. He turned to the President and saluted.

"Brav' ga'çon!" murmured the Chief of State.

"It is a brutal outrage! It is violence to every human right!" A terrified silence followed Alcide's ringing protest.

"You speak French, my fine Haïtien," said the President, looking intently at the boy, who was trembling with passion before him. "The patois of your fathers was not good enough for you, you vile deserter!"

"Shoot the deserter!" cried the soldiers, taking their cue from the officers. "Vive le President! Vive la Republique! A bas la Revolution!"

"Execute him!" repeated the President quietly. He started down the street, followed by his troop of aides and cavalry and the infantry from the Palace guard and discords of drums and trumpets.

The eyes of the crowd followed the movements of the President. Alcide saw nothing. One word with Diane before dying! She must not remember him as a deserter. The humiliation was maddening. He must live.

He made a dash for life. The noise of the firing and the ping-ping of the bullets gave him wings. He seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he sped on, the soldiers in full cry. As he reached the Bureau du Port he ran straight on, dodging around the head of Hauffman's horse. He heard his name, but he thought he had been headed off. He recovered his balance and dashed down the long wharf. The troops were on him. He leaped into the water. The foul, sticky mud made underwater swimming impossible. He raised his head for more breath.

How they missed the target! The bullets struck all around him, but not one touched him. Were they really trying to miss him? To die like this! Diane! He was a deserter! Papa Pierre! He must have more breath. He raised his head, escaped another shower of bullets, and rolled over under the water again. How the vile mud stank!

Hauffman was at his heels and leaped from his horse.

"No you don't," cried Wiley, kicking off his shoes. "Undignified for you! My job! You stop the damned firing. I'm off!"

Hauffman wheeled and ordered the soldiers to cease firing. When he returned again towards the water he saw two figures rise to the surface, exchange violent blows, and disappear. He dismounted to join in the rescue, but Wiley's form soon appeared. He was holding the limp body of Alcide and confidently making for the shore.

XII.

News travelled slowly from the capital to the south coast, and the regular couriers who brought the routine mails to Jacmel were almost overtaken by the express messengers sent out to announce the defeat of revision and the downfall of the German syndicate. Meissner's disappointment bore down heavily upon him. He had spent a considerable sum of other people's money on the working up of the scheme. He was mixed up with the conspiracies in the capital too, and that relationship might cause his expulsion from the country any day.

He had talked the whole question over with Papa Pierre. The Priest could give him but little explanation. He believed that their scheme had failed because the President had refused to leave the capital. Beyond that he could explain nothing. There had been no hope of success unless Diane had succeeded in drawing the old man away.

If he had come to the dance and the cures, as he had promised Diane to do, revision would now be a fact and Tinceau President of Haïti. Just what had induced Tinceau to run to cover, as he clearly had done, nobody had as yet explained.

"By the way, what about Maillard?" asked Meissner. "If you feel sure of Tinceau's change of front, I trust that Maillard was warned in time."

"Oh, I did not tell you?" purred the Priest. "My memory gets worse and worse as I get older. Just before I left Port au Prince I heard that Maillard had raised his own name in the interior and that he proposed to make himself President. Tinceau was about to investigate when I left."

"Odd trick for him to play on our money!" said Meissner. "And you had such confidence in him too."

"Yes, it was, my dear, very odd. I did have confidence. Still, ambition is a canker which breeds on the conscience of men, and that consumed eats on to their destruction. I merely suspend judgment. Tinceau will find out. He will determine what course is best to be pursued with reference to Maillard."

Meissner had not mentioned the matter again to the Priest. He was a good loser, and there was little change in his demeanor. He apparently enjoyed the various entertainments prepared in his honor; and if he could have been persuaded to get out of his martyr mood, he would have admitted that he had entered into them with his accustomed vim. With his intimate friends he had entered upon a course of dissipation but little short of luxurious. All of this gayety centred on Diane. It was she who did the entertaining, and it was she who made the punches. She had indeed been an apt pupil. Her unusual beauty and her quick wit, her taste in selecting her gowns and her style of wearing them, were the admiration of the foreign colony. This appealed to the vanity of Meissner and excited the envy of the native girls of Jacmel.

So the time had passed with him while he awaited the arrival of the Dutch steamer from Curaçoa. He was impatient to get back to Port au Prince to have an explanation from Tinceau. His engagements would not permit him to gain time by going overland, even if he had not been too lazy to make the trip in the saddle. He did not expect that skilful politician to commit himself to writing. The bachelor dinner was to be the last of the entertainments, and he had looked forward to it with most pleasurable anticipation. The announcement of the death of the President's son caused a postponement until after the day fixed for the funeral; but it was not a thing to be missed, and he was glad that all insisted upon having it.

Knowing that the greater part of the afternoon would be devoted to

preparations for the feast, Meissner decided not to remain at the house after the early breakfast. He bade his friends not to expect him at noon, as he had another engagement. He spent the entire day with Diane. Since the news of the defeat of the revision had been communicated to her by Papa Pierre there had been a great change in the girl. Her moods of wistfulness and abstraction did not come to her. She was as light-hearted as a child and delighted with everything.

He remarked the change, but he did not take the trouble to analyze the cause of it. He was inwardly dejected and continually bored with the necessity of appearing indifferent. It was enough that Diane asked no questions, that she was always cheerful and bright and glad on seeing him. She was his salvation in these days, he often remarked to to himself. This morning on his arrival, after the early breakfast, she was absorbed in her work upon a filmy silk which she had decided to wear in her dance at the bachelors' banquet. He was not permitted to examine it. At every approach he was driven away with an exaggerated cry of alarm. He understood that he was to let her alone, that he was to know nothing about it, and that when it should be spread before him he was to make a great show of surprise and admiration.

So he idled away the morning, reading magazines which he had sent up from Koffel's, talking with Diane,—always at a respectful distance from the gown,—smoking, and otherwise doing his utmost to get away from the persistent burden of his own thoughts. The defeat of his project, he thought, meant years more of this hell of waiting. He could not content himself, as his friends seemed to content themselves, setting aside a few thousand marks a year squeezed out in the handling of coffee and drafts. Yet wait he must, or return to the drudgery of a desk in Hamburg. This he would never do! He must wait, that was all, and Papa Pierre said that only gods know how to wait; and in waiting he must make himself as comfortable as possible. He looked into the adjoining room of the cabin. Diane was still bending over her finery, as busy as a child with a new toy.

His reflections and his struggle to get away from them were interrupted by the call to the mid-day breakfast. His own boy had prepared it, and Diane had already acquired the art of presiding at a meal. Only a few weeks before he had taught her her forks; and now he watched her admiringly as she directed the boy, whom he had trained thoroughly. He marvelled at the adaptability of the woman, the ease with which she made it all natural to her. At that rude table, in the unfinished cabin, the arrangement of linen and silver and glass was all that could be required by even his fastidious taste.

He slept after breakfast, as was his custom, and on awakening he found the fluff of silk ready for his admiring comment. He was dutiful in his enthusiasm, and he did not tell her that he found more keen

enjoyment in her own manifestation of delight than he did in the thing itself. He had only an hour or so to spare before returning, and he passed most of the time planning with her for the return to Port au Prince.

"I have fixed my mind on a house of my own," she said. "You must build it for me. It must be near Papa Pierre. Papa Pierre has plenty of land, and he will give me enough for a house and a garden."

Meissner consented with an indulgent smile. He was in for a long wait, and he might as well do the thing thoroughly, he thought. The little money which he would spend for the house and its furniture, some good wines, and other liquors would be saved, for he would spend less time at the club gambling, and less in what was at least his ostensible residence in Port au Prince, where he was a lavish entertainer. It did not require a moment's thought to calculate the real economy of the project.

And so they arranged it all—rather, she did the arranging. She was to have her little house—all her own! And he was to spend much of his time there. And when he was not there, she would have Papa Pierre for company. And she would fill the house with pretty things. She must have a brass bedstead and a long mirror like Mrs. Hauffman's. And he would bring his friends and they would have good times. He looked at his watch. He had actually killed off two hours listening to the ecstasies of her charming prattle.

"Well, I must go, mon chérie," he said, rising. "Be ready when the boy comes for you. You can put on your new dancing-dress here and come just so in the carriage. Throw a warm shawl around you. The boy will come early. You must hide, you know. He will serve you your dinner and all the champagne you want—I know your capacity for that! When the drums begin, you wait for him, as I will give him the signal. Don't forget!" She was too eager for the fun with the foreigners to forget.

He hurried over to Koffel's to dress for the frolic. His friends were still busy with the decorations. Growing palms, young cocoanuts, and luxuriant little cocomacaques had been set around in a charmingly promiscuous way; and screens of varying greens had been put at windows and doors to permit free movement of air while giving a sense of privacy as well. The large centre lamp of the room had been draped with slender vines. The table had been set at one side of the large room near the rear balcony for the convenience of service. The side table, on which extra silver and china had been placed, was out on the balcony and out of sight of those seated at the table. A little chandelier of beaten iron with spreading branches, exquisitely wrought, holding oval lamps of polished brass, had been suspended over the middle of the table. From the centre of this was suspended a portrait of the German

Emperor. Koffel was at work balancing two swords to complete the decoration.

Meissner had been walking around expressing his pleasure over everything, but the two swords balanced under the portrait of the Emperor particularly caught his fancy. The chandelier was strikingly favorable for the effect which Koffel had sought and secured. Meissner watched him as he worked the wire with skilful fingers, balancing the two swords, one of ancient French pattern and the other Koffel's own, which had seen active service. He gave the finishing touches and then made a running border of small ferns around the table.

"That is fine, Koffel!" exclaimed Meissner. "Where did you get the idea?"

"I don't know," said Koffel, smiling appreciatively. "We raked up everything at hand for decoration, and I stumbled over these two swords."

"Of course, I know yours, and you have reason to be proud of it, old man!" said Meissner heartily; "but this old one interests me curiously." He examined it closely, fearing to touch it. The wires were practically invisible, and the weapons seemed to be balanced in air. The others, attracted by Meissner's comments, came to look at the work.

"Yes, I bought that old sword from an old coffee-buyer here in the mountains. Do you know that some of the poorest of the country people preserve very interesting things, handed down from the days of the French? And they guard sacredly these heirlooms as a rule—from their 'gran'-gran,' as they say."

"By the way, that reminds me that I have a curiosity," exclaimed Meissner. "It came to me recently, and I have not examined it thoroughly. I'll bring it out."

He returned from his room with the dagger which the mother of the rescued child had forced upon him. The handle was apparently silver, oxidized nearly black by age. It fitted snugly to the grasp of the hand, and it was so heavy that it must have been loaded with lead. While time had been permitted to work its mark on the handle, there had been no neglect of the blade. It was a long, slender bodkin of the poignard type, a firm yet flexible body glancing off to almost a needle-point, a thing of grace with all its suggestions of possible kinetic deadliness. The men were all fascinated by the vicious little weapon, and they urged him to leave it in front of his plate that he might show it to the guests of the evening.

They had changed their original plan and had invited a few men who had been attentive to Meissner during his stay, and Koffel had but little time to jump into his evening suit and receive them. Meissner took his time, and from the seclusion of his room he listened to the

bright talk of men who seemed actually contented in this isolation. Besides, he had had a heavy Burgundy at breakfast, the mid-day meal which is really a luncheon, and he was glad to escape the cocktails which were repeated with every new arrival. They were all in for a good time —that was evident. And they had spared no pains to make everything nice. Well, he would have them in Port au Prince some day and get even with them.

It was quite eight o'clock when they sat down to dinner, a fine company, fresh-skinned, clear-eyed, bearing all the marks of vigorous young manhood. The effective arrangement of the lights, the tasteful decorations of the room, and the dainty setting of the table were in perfect keeping with the correct evening dress of every man present. The soup was served as they sat down, a clear consommé accompanied by a Château Yquem reserved for special occasions. The beginning of the meal was marked by the touches of formality which nearly all young Germans bring with them from the army. Koffel raised his glass to the level of his chin, and sat bolt upright and looked around the table. Every other man sat bolt upright, raised his glass, and looked over its edge at Koffel. Then Koffel turned to Meissner, the guest of the evening. It was a nice, deferential bow with which the host greeted his friend, though a bit stiff, and every other man jerked his head forward in a cordial nod of welcome and sipped from his glass. Thus was the dinner begun, and its manner of starting indicated that there were to be no speeches.

With a magnificent red snapper came the German white wine. The course was not quite served when Koffel arose:

"Gentlemen, to the Emperor!" he said quietly.

"To the Emperor!" came the hearty response, and every man stood to drink the toast. Koffel went to the piano, ran off a little prelude, and the entire company took up the Emperor's hymn:

"Heil Dir im Siegerkranz,
Herrscher des Vaterlands,
Heil, Kaiser, Dir!"

The choral which the patriotic hymns of three nations have made familiar around the world was sung with deep feeling, and the effect of the trained voices attracted an audience from the street. With tropical freedom and assurance they grouped themselves at the head of the stairs, entering the balcony to enjoy the merrymaking of the foreigners and to share the feast later on. The courses seemed to them like so many independent meals, for after each the foreigners lighted their cigarettes and sang and even left the table to group themselves around the piano. Instinctively they sang the songs of their youth, the Volks-

lieder which have done more to make the German nation than laws or courts. As the dinner progressed, however, the moods changed, until drinking-songs and patriotic choruses were sung in seemingly exhaustless repertory. They had just done "Im kühlen Keller sitz ich hier," when Meissner's boy entered and deferentially awaited the chance to speak with his employer.

"Diane is impatient," he said, when Meissner joined him. "She says she has eaten and drunk enough and that she is tired of being alone."

"When comes the Haïtien course?" cried Meissner.

"It is the next," said Koffel, "and they are bringing it in."

And the company resumed their places, while the gaping Haïtiens marvelled that the foreigners could eat and drink so much.

Meissner arose and started the song:

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

There was a rollicking effect in their singing of the several verses with the refrain:

"Oh nein! Oh nein! Oh nein!
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein!"

But when they came to the last verses they seemed to sober themselves and to steady themselves for the solemn invocation:

"Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein,
Oh Gott vom Himmel steh darein,
Und gieb uns echten deutschen Muth,
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut!
Das soll es sein! Das soll es sein!
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!"

"The Gros Bouillon!" cried Koffel, pointing to the Haïtien dishes for which they were waiting. This course was evidently the Haïtien feature of the evening. Knives, forks, and large spoons were passed and deep soup-plates piled at the head of the table. Chicken and goat and plantains and sweet potatoes were skilfully portioned out by Koffel, and a waiter started around the table with an immense dish of "the national," rice and red beans, the rice garnished off with minute purple mushrooms much prized throughout the Republic.

As they now began the course, skilfully using knife, fork, and spoon, decanters of native white rum were passed around and an orchestra of Haïtien drums, hidden somewhere in the palms, started up the rhythmical invitation to the dance.

The white rum was not slow in manifesting its power. Before the course had well begun, the entire party were passing from exhilaration

to a noisier stage. Meissner asked permission to be master of ceremonies at this point, as he wanted to contribute his part of the entertainment. Evidently the servants had been coached privately by Meissner, for at a signal from him they began putting out the lights. The low mumble of the drums continued, and the guests watched with amused curiosity as they sipped their tafia.

The room was dark except for one lamp, which was left burning in the chandelier over the table, and for the large lamp in the centre of the room, which was draped to throw a brightly illuminated spot on the floor beneath it.

The spectators on the balcony joined the party at the table in applauding Diane as she floated out of one of the side rooms to the rhythm of the drums. Her arms were raised in graceful posings as she performed a sort of gyromancy back in the shadow. She made the circle of her movements smaller and smaller until it became a merely pivotal movement, the entire body supported by the toes. The men applauded frantically as she continued this movement back in the shadow, sustaining the strain with an easy grace, fairly swirling around, her arms extended, her body in perfect poise. And as the applause reached its height, she made a quick run, still on her toes, down from the shadow into the bright projection under the centre lamp, and stopped with a sweeping courtesy to the men at the table.

Koffel stepped to the centre of the room and led her to the table. The men had all become acquainted with her during her stay in Jacmel, and they crowded around her chair to compliment her. Champagne was thrust upon her from all sides. One toast after another was proposed, her grace, her gown, her beauty—anything, everything, so long as it served to require more drinking. And though in the adjoining room she had followed the changes of wines, she drank every toast with a gaillardise befitting the occasion.

All were now in the mood for an orgie, and Diane herself was the one to give the cue for throwing off all restraint. She left her chair and went over to Meissner, throwing her arm around him as she lighted a cigarette. He drew her down towards him, and she sat on his knee nonchalantly smoking and chatting. Wine was not wanting, and presently Meissner continued his part of the entertainment by starting a patois song. The foreigner sang the thing with gusto, but not naturally. His accent and the really musical quality of his voice made the effect artificial. She made up all for him, however, taking up the refrain after each line with voice, gesture, and facial expression. She sat on the foreigner's knee as she sang and she looked into his face with the irresponsible leer of partial drunkenness.

Meissner watched her curiously as he followed her lead with the song. He had never before seen her so affected by wine, and it was with

a twinge of conscience, even in his own exhilarated condition, that he remarked how undefiled she was. In spite of the pace which he had led her, she was still the same simple child of nature. How long could she stay so under his influence? It was only a passing twinge, however, though disgusting enough while it lasted. He was soon carried away in the swirl of sense which carried all, even the street audience on the balcony, along with the swing of the song.

The excitement grew. The musicians swayed their bodies to the movements as they bent over their drums. The men were swaying and singing. The native on-lookers were swaying in sheer physical sympathy. And Diane, her arms loosely curved forward, was swaying with a sensuous grace that was the permeation of the spirit possessing them all.

She leaped from Meissner's knee as if she could restrain herself no longer. The drummers caught her feeling, and their music graded itself down to a softly modulated rhythm. They were all under the spell of her physical sympathy and her marvellous grace. She was drunk with the consciousness of her power. She abandoned herself to the feeling, and just back of the centre lamp in the dark shadow began the body-dance of the country revels. There was no perceptible motion below the hips. Ease and power were eloquent in their expression. The place was silent except for the low, voluptuous rumble of the drums. She was moving forward. There seemed to be no movement of her feet, yet she was appearing in the light with a curious gliding. The men were straining forward in their chairs, held by the apparition, so ethereal in its drapery, in its motion without movement, so carnal in its suggestiveness to them.

Because it was so suggestive to the men Meissner found himself gradually growing more disgusted with himself. He knew what was carrying away the girl, and he knew what the men did not know, what, in his vanity, he had withheld from them. As he watched her, his mind went back to the hill-side beside the smouldering hut. The same helpless, guilty feeling came over him. Again he looked out at the little French steamer riding at anchor at the foot of the hill. She had said that no other man could offer her wines and gay nights. They would not be the same without him.

She was still gliding towards him. God, that half-drunken leer! Yet how clean she was, the simple child of nature! But his friends did not see her so. It was he who had brought her to this, and she was clinging to it because it was a part of him.

The reflection sobered him. He would redeem himself as best he could, redeem her as best he could. Here before his friends he would confess his crime. He would lead her away from the debauch into which he had led her.

Firm in his resolve, he turned his chair to rise, to go to her, and before his friends to do his duty by her.

XIII.

"The devil of it all is that it was the President whom he insulted before that crowd!" Hauffman was very serious as he talked over with Pirot the encounter of Alcide and the President. Wiley had been an hour in the bath. Alcide had scrubbed himself and gone to bed. "I cannot protect him here. What could I say to the President? The boy told the truth. He would not apologize even if I should ask him to do so. Now, Pirot, help me out. What can I do? I must decide at once."

"Yes, all Port au Prince is talking about the incident, you may be sure of that. And the rescue identifies him with you. For some reason or other Tinceau is determined to persecute Alcide. Could you not see the President, bring up the incident, and let your course be governed by the drift of the conversation?"

"No, I have thought of that," said Hauffman, inwardly amused that Pirot knew his method so well. He had often followed that plan with the Minister for Foreign Affairs. "If I see him, the burden of the explanation would have to be of the nature of an apology. That I will not make. I could speak for Alcide and for myself. I might say that he is young, that he is pursuing his studies, that he is still in the visionary stage, and that he does not see all things clearly. I might even go so far as to say that the President's method of striking terror throughout the community is probably the only way he can govern Haïti now, that the two or three hundred deaths of to-day probably obviate the necessity for two or three thousand to-morrow. I might say all that, but that would not be an apology. I cannot see my way out of it."

Just then Wiley joined them. He looked bright and cool in fresh linen and flannels, but he was still intently working away at his finger-nails.

"Did you get it all off?" asked Pirot, laughing.

"Yes, and half of my skin with it," exclaimed Wiley. "Of all the foul mud! If I had known, I would have gone feet first. But I dived! Ugh! It must have taken quite ten seconds to get my head clear of the stuff. Then when I tried to look around under the water I was blind."

"How did you manage to find him?" asked Pirot, for this was the first chance to talk that had presented itself.

"Well, I stuck my head out for air. He did the same. We were side by side. I had judged my distance right enough. But he had rolled over to dodge the bullets. As he saw me coming he grabbed me by the throat and began to pommel me. I thought he was crazed, and I jammed his head under water a half-minute to weaken him a bit.

That boy is as strong as a bull. On the way up in the carriage he explained that he thought I was one of the soldiers. The truth is that I was as black as he, I guess."

"It was a fine rescue, however disagreeable the mud," said Pirot heartily. "I envy you that you have been able to do something. I, who ought to have been one of the most active down there, have had to chafe here holding my hands. The boy was right. If it were not for the violence, if we had law here, I would have had a chance to do my duty. I should have liked to see the old man when Alcide poked that hard truth down his throat."

"I'll bet he looked the same sphynx carved out of anthracite," said Wiley; "but he was doing some tall thinking, you may depend on that. I'll bet he will not sleep until he does something about it. What are you going to do, Minister?"

"I don't know," said Hauffman gravely; "there are some things which a diplomatic agent cannot do."

"Get wet and black with mud before a crowd, for instance, and look dignified though bedraggled. I couldn't stand that thought. That's why I took the dip. Gad! I can taste the stuff yet!"

"You see," said Hauffman very seriously as he continued expressing the thoughts that troubled him, "you see I cannot intervene for a Haïtien citizen who has grossly insulted or at least gravely attacked the head of this government. As yet, of course, I have no official knowledge of the incident and so have time to think. I can see no way of avoiding compliance when they ask me to deliver him over for punishment."

Wiley took no further part in the conversation, and presently he went off to his room. He did not remain long, however. He stole upstairs to Alcide's room and found the young man well scrubbed and resting.

"Well, my chased patriot, how do you feel?" asked Wiley.

"All right,—a bit unstrung, but all right," replied Alcide cheerily.

"You are in a bad fix," said Wiley. "You must get out of it, and the Minister must not know anything about your movements."

"Yes, he is seriously compromised," said Alcide sadly. "I feel I owe it to him to give myself up."

"Don't be an ass!" exclaimed Wiley. "You have added a yard to your ears already this morning. Do you know the road to Jacmel? Does the German Consul there know you?"

"Oh, yes," said Alcide, "his name is Koffel. He knows me well. Besides, I have my paper from the legation which identifies me. It has the visá of the Foreign Office here and takes me everywhere."

"Good. Can you get on the road without passing through the city?"

"Yes, I can work my way around to the south over the hill-side and come out below the Bisoton."

"Good! Now you must describe a safe place where I may meet you and tell me how long it will take you to reach it afoot." So they hurriedly planned their meeting. They were to have no words. On the approach of Alcide, Wiley was to start back to the city afoot. Alcide would mount his horse and get off.

"Here are ten twenty-dollar pieces," said Wiley. "The money will see you through to New York and support you for a while. Get the German Consul to secure you a transport as a Dominican or as any old thing. Get on board either the Royal Mail for Jamaica or the Dutch steamer for New York. If you pass here on the Dutchman, keep in your cabin while in port—deadly sick, you know. It may be that I will join you here. If not, use this card on your arrival in New York and you will not want for anything until I get up. Then I'll look out for you and get you off to the German school you are so crazy about." Wiley wrote on one of his cards:

> "DEAR TAYLOR: Spread on bearer's story. You may believe every word he says. Scareheads for a week. Thanks for complimentary telegram. Copy goes.
>
> "WILEY."

"Of course, if I meet you on board, you will not send it. Not at all! Swap the story for the service. Good-by, dear boy! Not another word until we meet in New York or on board ship. Good-luck!"

Alcide wrung his friend's hand and immediately began his preparations. Wiley joined the party on the porch, where the ladies were waiting to hail him as the hero of the day. He laughingly complied with their demand that he tell them all about the rescue. He protested that it was only the making of a story, and remained on the porch long enough not to appear lacking in appreciation of their approval. He asked for his horse and started for the city.

Alcide had calculated that by hard riding he could be safe in Jacmel by dark. Fort Bisoton lay before him, a little fortress built three or four hundred feet above the sea level. No trouble was expected from the south, and the fort, as seen from the road, seemed deserted. He did not try to bring himself to realize that he was fleeing from home to a strange country. His heart was in Jacmel. Diane was there.

Little houses began to show themselves along the trail and small patches of coffee, legacies from the days when the French had such a grand cultivation throughout this district. He passed several men and women on foot and overtook quite a party on donkeys. None of them knew him, and he joined them to kill the time into Jacmel.

"We ought to be in town in an hour," he remarked for want of something more informing to say.

"In town? We are not going to town," replied one. "We are going to the dance. It is right off this road and only a half-hour from here."

"The dance?" exclaimed Alcide. In the instant his whole being was possessed of Diane.

"Yes, Papa Pierre himself is here and he has done great things. Why, my brother had a big swelling in his neck and Papa Pierre gave him nothing but a blue grease to rub on his legs. Think of curing the neck by rubbing the legs! But brother is better already. Then he has a Priestess with him, Maman Diane. She is beautiful, and she has a devotion so that nothing can kill her. The devotion is so powerful that it makes her stronger than the strongest man."

Every word struck deep. So, after all, Diane had gone in for the quackery! And she had done it as she did everything, thoroughly. She had even taken advantage of her phenomenal strength to delude these poor people. He groaned inwardly as the others took up the conversation and told of the marvellous things she had done. The familiar yearning to lead her out of it seized him again. He would go to her. He would see her in her role of priestess. He would take her aside and expose to her her own charlatanism. He would open her own eyes and awaken her from her own self-deception.

He would rebuke her with the severity born of rational fondness. He would plead with her. She would not resent it. She loved him. He no longer heard the talk of his companions. He pressed his horse forward and they changed place with him. What though Papa Pierre should interfere! He would talk boldly to him and tell her to make her choice. She would not prefer Papa Pierre! He smiled confidently at the thought. Again he saw her sad, strained face as the old fraud had hurled him curses. The old wretch! Dear Diane!

"And Maman is not like the others," said a woman who rode over in order to address him directly. "She will not take money nor anything else until we tell her that her cure is good. My little Henriette had such pains that she cried every night and could not sleep. I took my best goat, a beautiful goat that gives two bottles of milk every day, and I offered it as a promise to the Serpent if she would cure Henriette. She told me to take the goat home and bring the child. I took Henriette, and she gave Henriette a little white pill and Henriette fell asleep in her arms. And she gives me a pill every night to give Henriette the next night. And I give her the pill and she has no pain and she sleeps. And to-morrow night I am going to tell her that her cure is good and I am going to take her the goat."

They approached the enclosure. Alcide had seen the celebration often and he had no difficulty in entering. He knew no password, but the word of one passed all. The drums lay idly at one side of the enclosure and the little booths had not begun business. A large num-

ber of sick and lame had assembled; and the tinkling of the bell within the shrine and the incantations of Papa Pierre told him that they were making the cures. He stood at the side of the enclosure, holding his bridle and nervously trying to decide what he should next do. One of his companions of the road, the mother of little Henriette, came to him.

"She is not here," she said in a tone of disappointment. "She stayed in Jacmel to-night. She will make the last cures to-morrow night."

XIV.

Depressed with the thought that he must wait to see Diane, Alcide at once mounted and started for the Jacmel road. Alone in the woods, he became conscious of the excitement with which he had awaited seeing her. It was too late to hope to see her that night, and he would be in hiding during the day. He made a few more fordings of the serpentine Oranger and skated down the hill-side into the town of Jacmel. Two or three sentinels stopped him, but they passed him as the messenger of the German "Consit." Everybody knew Koffel as the German Consul and liked him. Though only a commercial agent for the consulate-general at Port au Prince, he had a way of making the consulate known and respected.

He found Koffel's house, usually ablaze with lights, almost in darkness. There was no sound from within except the low murmur of native drums. He cautiously made his way to the rear stairway. At the top he stumbled into the group of native loiterers, who recognized him as one of themselves. He took in the scene at a glance. It was a dinner-party, and a woman was dancing.

In order to see well he arose and stood by the little side table. Back in the shadow he saw a tall woman in a loose, soft gown dancing with marvellous grace. The figure reminded him of Diane. It could not be Diane! It must be Diane! There was Meissner, easily recognized, though his back was turned. It must be Diane!

As she approached the half-light his heart stood still in dread of the impending confirmation of his fears. It was her face. He had never seen it relax under the spell of alcohol.

The dead silence of the place, except the deep, low rumble of the drums, intensified the magic in which that woman held them all. It was Diane! He could deny it no longer. Meissner was right. She might go to the cures, but the rest of her time was his! She had fallen to this!

In their excitement the Haïtien on-lookers rose to their feet. Alcide was standing too, transfixed, hugging to his breast his death-stricken husband-love. She was coming, coming towards him. She was on the edge of the spot of light. She was in it, the marvel of suggestive undulation, holding everybody to absolute silence. He could

see her distinctly now. Her head thrown back, her eyes drooping, her lips apart, her pure mouth a lingering smile of passionate invitation.

Alcide seized a carving-knife which lay on the side table near him and took an excited step forward. There he stood irresolute, fascinated by the horrible ghost of his love. A servant grasped his hand. That decided him. He threw the man violently from him.

Meissner was about to rise from the table. As he turned his chair he heard the noise and looked towards Alcide. In the faint light on the balcony he saw the boy, his face, the knife. He knew. Instinctively he reached for something with which to defend himself.

He grasped the ancient stiletto and rose from his chair. He stumbled slightly over it. Before he could recover, Alcide had silently darted forward and was upon him.

But his murderous blow did not fall upon Meissner. Diane had rushed forward, and the ugly blade in Alcide's hand was buried in her shoulder as, with power and precision, she swung Meissner out of reach.

In his fury the boy leaped over her falling body to resume his attack. He was promptly seized and held by the guests, while Koffel knelt beside the unconscious woman and examined the wound.

"It was an ugly cut," he said finally, "but it does not extend beyond the muscles of the shoulder and back. My God! It is Alcide!"

On rising he had recognized the Minister's favorite for the first time. Meissner was busily at work reducing the hemorrhage from the wound while waiting the coming of the doctor. He had recognized Alcide and he would have killed him in self-defence. But now his whole heart went out to the boy, who, firmly held as he was, stood with every muscle quivering deadly hatred.

"I am sorry, my boy. This is bad work that you have done," said Koffel. "It is my duty to hand you over to the police. Have you despatches from the Minister?" Alcide did not reply. He merely regarded the entire group with sullen defiance.

The doctor came. His orders were that Diane should not be removed from the house. He confirmed Koffel's diagnosis. Tenderly she was lifted and carried to a room, where the doctor was left alone with her.

"You must not arrest Alcide, Koffel," said Meissner on returning from Diane's bedside. "Nor may your guests leave until I tell you a story. It is a story of the beautiful devotion of a pure woman. And I want to get on my knees and beg that boy to believe me while I confess myself the infernal villain that I am."

XV.

The day after the battle and the death of Maillard all Port au Prince was in holiday dress. Tinceau's return in the afternoon was a triumphal entry. The Palace had been thronged with citizens profuse

in their felicitations over the victory and the restoration of order. The President had been unsparing in his praise of his brilliant Secretary of War, and the community made the satisfying inference that there was an end to present intrigue.

In addressing the crowd the President was brief. He formally announced the suppression of the insurrection and the suicide of its leader. He assured his hearers that the policy of the administration would be free from any suggestion of the spirit of retaliation, that even ex-Minister Pirot, who had sought asylum at the critical moment, would be accorded safe escort on board the first steamer sailing for Jamaica.

Hauffman waited his opportunity to draw the President aside in order to thank him for his clemency to Pirot.

"I did think of your friendship for him," said the President, "but I owe it to you to say that I would have let him go had he been friendless. I know all about this affair now; but Pirot must leave the country innocent while I draw the guilty closer to me. This is to you and to you only, Hauffman," he concluded, as he grasped the German's hand cordially. Hauffman thanked him and started to go.

"Don't go yet," said the President. "I want to tell you about Alcide."

"I have not the remotest idea where he is," said Hauffman with embarrassment.

"I know that you have not. They have kept the secret from you. That American reporter helped him out of the city and he took the road for Jacmel. Send for him. I want to know that boy. I like him. I will want him near me soon if you will let him come." Hauffman could only look his gratitude as he grasped his hand and turned away to marvel again at the strangeness of the character which all Haïti dreaded as the Chief of State.

The last of the voluble congratulators had gone. The smart breeze from the sea brought rest after the terrible work of the day. The President and War Minister sat near the balcony, facing the breeze and the glory of the setting sun in sea and cloud. The President sat silently looking out, and presently he turned to Tinceau with his quiet, wistful smile. He said:

"Eh, bien, mon fils! nous sommes deux negres, n'est ce pas?"

XVI.

Hauffman had come over the mountain from Port au Prince as fast as his horse could bring him, and it was he who had dissipated the shadowy doubts which had lingered with Alcide in spite of Meissner's explanation.

Alcide and Diane were the theme for Jacmel during the three weeks which she spent in the Koffel house. The boy's protest in the

face of the President and the clemency which had been extended him unsought aroused public curiosity for a look at him; but he did not leave the home of the Consul. He had been a devoted nurse, and his patient had promptly responded to the treatment directed by the skilful Haïtien surgeon of the town.

One day he sat by the side of her bed reading as she lay sleeping, drinking in the tonic breeze from the sea. She awoke slowly, and she reached out her hand for his, her smile speaking her confidence that he was there.

"The doctor has been here, Diane," he said, returning her caressing hand-clasp. "He says that we may start for Port au Prince by the French steamer to-morrow. Meissner went by the last Dutch boat. You were too weak and I could not tell you. He explained everything to me. You are a fine, strong woman, Diane."

She smiled in a contented way, and then they suddenly started. Hauffman's voice was ringing through the house as he pounded up the stairs, his jangling spurs punctuating every sentence.

"I have been off to see the woman whose child you rescued, Diane," he cried admiringly on entering the room. And reaching forth a boot for Alcide, who bent to remove the beaming German's spurs, he added to the boy,—

"And I tell you, sir, you are getting a fine, strong woman!"

"I was just telling her so," said Alcide, radiant, "and in precisely the same words."

And as he set Hauffman's big pipe on the table and turned to take the inevitable mug of beer from the servant, who had soon learned the penalty of delay in extending this attention, Diane looked out through the open door-way, over the quiet green harbor, out to the leaping, glistening southern sea. The French steamer, now on her return trip to Port au Prince, lay riding at anchor. The little vessel was now bright and clear in the glint of the setting sun, and she was bound for home.

IN APRIL

BY W. N. ROUNDY

OUT of the earth a song came,
Soft and sweet and low,—
A fragrance faint of melody
Such as the angels know.

Entranced, I turned to see
Whence came the fairy sound,—
And lo! I saw a violet
Come peeping from the ground.

SOME ADVANCE HINTS TO TRAVELLERS

By William Howard Francis

TO an American, accustomed to the varied luxuries of his Pullmans, the English method and equipment appear almost without redeeming qualities.

At first view the whole thing induces the sense of shock, not unmixed with a ludicrous quality, which one feels in beholding objects in miniature. The locomotives run about like little green parrots with little yellow beaks, and having no pilots, one wonders what would happen if a train should run into a cow. Upon mature reflection I have concluded that I should prefer the chances of the cow to those of the engine.

Then the carriages, with their menacing side-doors and incommodious interiors, inevitably carry the imagination back to childhood's days, when one experienced the unique delight of dragging toy trains of brightly painted tin across the nursery floor with the aid of a friendly bit of twine. To travel on one of these carriages is to heighten the resemblance, for the very rattle and jingle of the tin toys are here,—a noise more exasperating in its quality than even the loudest rumblings of our heavy American cars,—and it appears quite impossible to compass a high rate of speed without imminent danger of leaving the tracks.

The furnishings of the carriages are always mediocre and, in the second class, of the cheap cheapy. As to the third class, they are little more than boxes on wheels, while a fourth class which is in use on some of the roads consists of vehicles no better than our cattle-cars. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that the average English first-class carriage is quite inferior in its construction and furnishings to our ordinary day-coach, even on our minor roads. With the day-coaches on the great trunk lines no comparison is possible.

The English arrangement of seats is such that one-half the occupants must always ride backward, and the available space for one's feet is usually so limited as to render necessary a nice mutual adjustment of the pedal extremities of all concerned. Most extraordinary of all are the racks for hand-baggage,—small arrangements with netting bottoms,—surmounted by signs whereon it is written that disaster

will follow an attempt to deposit anything other than "light articles" therein. The adjective "light" has so elastic a significance that the traveller hesitates about trusting so much as a shawl or a hat to the insidious meshes of the net. The weighty impedimenta, such as grip-sacks and dress-suit cases, which every traveller must perforce carry, become dreadful nightmares to be huddled on the floor or carried on the knees, to the discomfort of one's neighbors or the misery of one's self.

A yet more serious deficiency is in the frequent lack of the most ordinary conveniences. Many of the carriages, especially those below first-class, have no toilet appliances, and unless one is so fortunate as to get a carriage with a side corridor (a partial adoption of the American idea), one is likely to have much needless discomfort added to the unavoidable fatigues of travel. It is true that certain English railway companies, notably the London and Northwestern, are doing much in the way of improvement through the adoption of a carriage modelled in certain particulars upon the American plan. The compartment division is partly retained, but a central aisle running the entire length renders communication possible and permits of a toilet-room accessible to all. The carriage is as yet among the luxuries, however, and is not general. It is to be remembered that first-class people often travel in second-class carriages; indeed, the practice of travelling second-class has become quite customary all over the Continent as well as in England, so that comforts confined to first-class travel hardly can be said to have been adopted in a sense applicable to the general system of railway management.

That a real danger exists in the compartment carriage is shown by the numerous instances of murder, robbery, and other outrages with which European police records abound. It frequently happens that two persons, entire strangers, are shut up together in a compartment, thus affording opportunity for crime, the chances of which are increased through the circumstances of high speed, the racket of the train, perhaps the darkness of night. The provision of an alarm-bell, "to be used only in case of extreme necessity," is a delusion and snare. A villain intent upon evil will be sure to get his victim out of reach of it before he begins his nefarious operations. The protection is wholly inadequate to a danger which menaces solitary travellers, especially women, to an extent not always appreciated.

The great advantage which the Englishman invariably claims for his railway carriage is its privacy. That the Englishman is fond of his privacy is certainly no discredit to him,—many of us share in that predilection; but the claim that he attains it in this instance is based upon a fallacy. Unless your own party is sufficiently numerous to fill a compartment, or unless you secure the sole use of one by the judicious tipping of an accommodating guard,—possibilities always

but probabilities seldom,—you are likely to be placed in so close a juxtaposition with other parties that privacy is out of the question. You might travel all day in a car with fifty other people, and no one could regard you as churlish or misanthropic if you kept to yourself or buried yourself in a book. But when you sit face to face with one or two other people, entirely apart from the rest of humanity, it is almost impossible to avoid drifting into an acquaintanceship which may be not at all to the liking of one or either of the parties to it. For the man who desires privacy in a true sense and who wishes, without rudeness, to avoid promiscuous association, the American railway car is the ideal vehicle of travel.

On the Continent the conditions which render English railways so uncomfortable are in some respects accentuated; the carriages are no better and the attention to convenience even less. The baggage system seems to have been devised with a view to engendering the maximum degree of exasperation to all concerned, and in view of the unnecessary difficulties which it imposes upon railway employés as well as upon the travelling public, it is marvellous that it should be continued in the old ruts despite the object-lesson of our own excellent system. One English railway has introduced the use of the American metal check, and it may be hoped that the example will be imitated, but on the Continent the railways seem to be wedded to the old sticky labels, whose main usefulness consists in recording the itinerary after one's return home. That the traveller ought to have some tangible title to ownership in his trunk does not appear to have dawned upon European intelligence, and that baggage so seldom goes astray can only be attributed to that special providence which, we are told, has the especial care of children and fools. To the man who is wise enough to essay the European tour with a grip-sack and an umbrella there are few funnier sights than the unfortunates who have trunks running frantically about the platforms of way stations, some to see that their baggage goes off, others to see that it stays on, and all to make sure that somebody's property isn't carried off by somebody else.

When it is considered that over a great part of Europe one has to pay a heavy charge for the transportation of every ounce of baggage not carried in the hand, it would seem that the responsibility for safe delivery should rest upon the companies rather than upon the individuals who thus pay for a service not performed.

In turning from the railways to the hotels, especially those upon the Continent, we enter upon a discussion wherein much honest difference of opinion is possible. Some of the larger Continental cities possess hotels which approach closely to the American standard, and in certain countries, notably in Switzerland, it must be admitted that we have something to learn. The immaculate cleanliness of the Swiss

hotels, the excellence of cuisine, the universal politeness of the employés, and the general attention to the comfort of guests are points of excellence which hardly can be overpraised. When one gets up into Germany, however, the cleanliness is mainly apprehended through a reflection upon what might have been, and the cuisine, being invariably pseudo-French, is usually mediocre. One misses too the Swiss politeness and constant courtesy,—a manner wholly different from the offensive servility of the English servant, being, indeed, a civility which seems born of a genuine desire to promote the comfort and convenience of the guest.

Something of the same kind is observable among the Dutch. At Amsterdam and The Hague I noted it, as I had done at Interlaken and Lucerne,—a manner which imparts the sense of being competently served by people whose business and pleasure it is to serve you,—a manner which injures neither your self-respect nor your respect for the manhood of the servitor,—a manner not observable in Germany and wholly obscured by the servile insincerity usual in England. Indeed, in the latter country one becomes as weary of the stereotyped "Thank you" of the hotels and shops as he does of the stereotyped demand for gratuities from all sorts and conditions of men.

Considering hotel management as a business apart, and taking such a general view as enables a comparison between European and American methods, I think we may justly claim that our standard is much the higher. The scale is more liberal with us, the business on broader and more generous lines. The sumptuousness (as distinguished from a too frequent gaudiness) to which we are accustomed is not found abroad; the promptitude which we demand here is absent there. Throughout Europe there is more of the personal and less of the corporate in the running of hotels. There is a certain survival of the old hostelry days when the landlord came out to the coach-door to welcome the coming, as he speeded the parting, guest,—an element which undoubtedly has its charm but which brings its retributions. In an American hotel you get what you want by touching an electric button; in a European hotel you must hunt up the proper sub-official with a gilt band about his hat and an air of injured dignity about his person. Here if you need a postage-stamp you buy it at "the office;" there you must obtain it from the "portier,"—and so on throughout the category. Things are done on a more personal, a less liberal scale. What we regard as ordinary essentials to our comfort are there regarded as luxuries only to be obtained by people extravagant enough to "pay extra."

A notable instance is in the use of ice,—a somewhat threadbare subject, but one aptly illustrative. There are few American workingmen so poor as not to have ice-water in their homes, yet some of the most fashionable hotels in Europe do not furnish it unless especially

called for, and even then it comes grudgingly, as though the guest were assuming an effete elegance wholly out of keeping with his vaunted democratic institutions. It strikes an American observer oddly to see a party of English gentlemen drinking costly champagnes in the absolutely tepid condition in which the restaurants usually serve them.

◆

I recently met an Englishman who told me he had been interested in a company formed for the purpose of serving ice by wagon in London after the American plan. He said that the company failed of success because householders did not know how to keep the ice after they had bought it. The refrigerator idea had not yet dawned on the British mind. My informant went on to say that his company had now turned its attention to the introduction of refrigerators as a requisite to the use of ice. I asked him if he expected success in this second venture despite the failure of the first. He answered:

"Yes, because we have prepared statistics showing the annual waste of thousands of tons of provisions in London because of the lack of means to preserve them. When we have touched the Londoner's pocket-nerve we shall win."

The statement struck me as an exaggeration at the moment, but I received a confirmation of it a few days later in London, when I passed a large house-furnishing shop at whose door was hung a placard reading thus:

"THE PUBLIC IS INVITED TO STEP INSIDE AND INSPECT A REFRIGERATOR IN OPERATION. NO CHARGE."

Here, at the very centre of civilization, in the metropolis of the world, a refrigerator was a curiosity to be gaped at like a Marconi battery or a six-legged calf!

Yes, my English friend was right. The uses of ice are practically unknown in Great Britain.

It is not so bad across the Channel. Paris has some mercy for the American throat, and one can procure cold liquids without the odium of being thought a degenerate.

The main annoyance in Paris is the uncomfortable method of local transit. One misses the dear old delightful 'buses of London (to which the Paris 'buses bear no resemblance) and finds the rickety cabs a poor substitute for the London hansoms. Indeed, the Paris cocher with his tin hat is a sort of perpetual menace. His tariff of charges is conspicuously displayed, but that counts for little in view of the eternal "pourboire." Everybody knows that it has to be paid and everybody understands that it is really a part of the fare. Neither has anybody the slightest disposition to evade payment of it. The trouble is that, despite all assurances as to the percentage which the "pourboire" bears

to the fare, the cocher never seems quite satisfied, and one inevitably dismisses his cab with one of two uncomfortable sensations,—either one has been mean or one has shown himself to be the proverbial fool who parts with his money at the first available opportunity.

The "pourboire" of the Paris cocher is certainly the most vexatious manifestation of the vicious "tipping" system which prevails all over Europe,—a system only partially prevalent here, and one which, for the honor of American manhood, we may hope will not spread. Gratuities which destroy the sense of independence are inimical to American ideas. Carried to their logical conclusion, they lead to the degradation of Italian beggary.

◆

A matter of much graver importance than any of the points which we have been considering, and one which must arise in a comparison of American and European methods of life, is found in the wholly different position occupied by woman on the two sides of the Atlantic. Among all civilized peoples there is a certain expressed respect for womanhood and a certain tacit understanding that man is the protector and bread-winner, and woman the bearer of the lighter burdens of domestic life. This pretty theory is not always exemplified in practice even in the United States, but certainly we come much nearer to its practical working out than our brethren over seas. We do not put our women in bar-rooms to serve liquors to profane masculine humanity, as in London. We do not hitch them to plows, as in the fields of sunny France. We do not put them to unwomanly tasks, as in Germany, or to degrading tasks, as in Holland. The result is found in a type of womanly delicacy which—despite the thousands of pitiable exceptions—is on the average finer in America than in Europe.

It is a common sight in London to see scores of women, many of them with babies in their arms, standing at public bars drinking gin. If the women were taken from *behind* the bars, the women would not stand in front of them. This is the proposition which the British reformer does not seem to have acted upon.

In France one wonders where the men are, as the women appear to be doing all the work. It is much the same in Germany. In the city of Munich I recently saw women mending the streets, adjusting the rails of the tramway, and handling the heaviest tools of the trade. I saw no men at this work. Those who were not walking about in military uniforms were mainly driving cabs.

The reflection upon this sort of differences in national points of view tends to a certain inward satisfaction in the American breast, and perhaps the natural gratification which one feels upon regaining his native shore is mingled with a touch of that pride which needs to be regulated but not necessarily suppressed.

MEETING IN THE WOODS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THROUGH ferns and moss the path wound to
A hollow where the touch-me-nots
Swung horns of honey filled with dew;
And where, like footprints, violets blue
And bluets made sweet sapphire spots—
'Twas here that she had passed, he knew.

The grass, the very wilderness,
On either side breathed rapture of
Her passage: 'twas her hand or dress
That touched some tree,—a slight caress,
That made the wood-birds sing above;
Her step, that made the flow'rs confess.

He hurried till across his way,
Foam-footed, bounding through the wood,
A brook, like some wild girl at play,
Went laughing loud its roundelay;
And there upon its bank she stood,
A sunbeam clad in woodland gray.

And when she saw him, all her face
Grew to a wildrose by the stream;
And to his breast a moment's space
He gathered her; and all the place
Seemed conscious of some happy dream
Come true to add to Earth its grace.

Some joy, on which Heav'n was intent,—
For which God made the world,—the bliss,
The love, that raised her innocent
Pure face to his, that, smiling, bent
And sealed confession with a kiss,—
Life needs no other testament.

BILLY BAXTER'S HOLIDAY

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "'Twas in Dhroll Donegal"

BILLY'S holiday was taken in New York.

His nephew Andy—Andy MacCarthur, son to his sister Nannie—was comfortably circumstanced there,—foreman in a printing-office down-town, married to an American, raising a respectable family, and occupying a fine house on a quiet side street in the Fifties and Eighth Avenue. Andy, who was a good-natured soul, had always been inviting Billy to take a trip out to America for a few of the summer months. And at length, one year, after Billy had got down his little crop successfully and early, he turned the key in his cabin door in Cruckagar and went off on a visit to America and Andy—just "to see the lie i' the lan'," as he put it to the neighbors who convoyed him far on the way to Derry and cheered him off. Billy was of Scotch-Presbyterian descent, but we treated him like one of ourselves.

The sense of happy relief that possessed Billy's breast on the first morning he opened his eyes in a cheery bedroom in Andy's and reflected that, without delving or drudging, this day—and many a sweet day after—was going to provide for itself was exquisite.

This was almost the first time in a weary stretch of half a century that Billy could rise and "throw his duds on him" without having his mind laden with fifty cares and five, and puzzling which he would attend to first.

As light as an air-ball and as bright as a button Billy felt when he stood at the hall-door, taking deep breaths of the fresh air, and with beaming countenance taking in the details of Andy's street. As all his life a coat had been a troublesome piece of affectation when worn in the house,—or even out of the house, when it was not raining, or when he was not going to pay his rent,—Billy was now, of course, in his shirt-sleeves. Every morning it was Billy's delight to take the air thus, and get a glimpse of the world before breakfast. Billy had been told that the Americans were cold and distant, and that, even if they felt inclined to notice you, they couldn't lose the time necessary. But he found them otherwise. Few hurried past on either side of the street without taking a glance up at him. And they smiled too. Billy was pleased to have the Americans rise in his opinion. He, of course, saluted all of them.

"Good-mornin', ma'am. Isn't that the purty mornin', glory be to God!" he said to one; "The top i' the mornin' to you, sir," to another; and "How does the smell o' that mornin' plaise ye?" to a third. To a couple of young men who paused to inquire when he landed, Billy, coming down to the lowermost step, gave a detailed account of his voyage, and pictured the horrors of sea-sickness, and gave an account of how his crops were looking when he left, dwelling in particular on the fine show of praties there was goin' to be in the "lea-lan' on Patchy Gallagher's mearin'." They were deeply interested, and promised to come and have a longer chat with him again. To his surprise he discovered that they were not personally acquainted with Andhra—"me sister Nannie's son, Andhra. Why, he's in Ameriky this twinty-siven years, or it'll be twinty-eight come Lammas Day!"

They confessed that it was very stupid of them not to know one who had been in their country so long, but they refused, just then, to go in to see Andhra, as they were particularly hurried. Billy was very pleased with them, and as he gave them a parting hand-shake assured them that they were two "brave, sthrappin', modest young fellas, an' a credit to their mothers." When, then, Billy crossed over the street to admire Andhra's house from the opposite sidewalk, and likewise scrutinize more closely the houses on that far side of the way, Mrs. MacCarthur saw him, and ran hastily to the door to hail him in. She reprimanded poor Billy severely for going out in his shirt-sleeves, and he smiled inwardly at her foolishness.

After his breakfast Billy took up his position on the sidewalk with his back against a friendly lamp-post, and on the passers-by bestowed freely his opinion about the morning and his prognostications for the remainder of the day.

When a gentleman whom he assumed to be the man of the house appeared at a door opposite Billy crossed over, and, mounting his steps, shook the gentleman's half-reluctant hand, informing him that he was uncle to Andhra beyant (motioning over his shoulder with the thumb of the disengaged hand), that he had only arrived yesterday, and that his name was Billy—Billy Baxter—"William, indeed, to the sthrangers, but"—and he gave the gentleman's hand an extra squeeze as he made the concession—"to friends always plain Billy. An' I'm happy to make your acquaintance, sir,"—for Billy prided himself on knowing the correct thing to say and to do.

"That's a fine house iv Andhra's, isn't it? God spare him! Why, Misther Russell himself can't brag of a much betther house nor that."

His friend did not know who Mr. Russell was.

"Misther Russell! Why, Misther Russell's our agent—agent for all the Banagh property; an' likewise for Loughrossmor an' Lough-

rossbeg in Boylagh. This is a brave house i' yer own; good-luck to both you an' it! What rent's on it now, be yer laive?"

The gentleman smiled good-naturedly and said he believed it paid five hundred dollars. When, on the basis of a score of pounds to a hundred dollars, Billy grasped the idea of five hundred dollars, he gasped for breath. He went down the steps, and from the middle of the street took a survey of the house. Then he came up again.

"Are ye tellin' the truth?" he said.

"Yes."

He whistled under his breath for some moments as he tried to realize the astounding thing.

"Ye have a turf-bank * into it, of course?" then he said, looking up at his friend.

"What?"

"Ye have a turf-bank, I say, into it, of course?"

"Well, I can't say there is—I should say no."

This set Billy whistling fiercely. He went onto the street again and strained his eyes looking at the house, still whistling forcefully under his breath. And when he mounted the steps again he said,—

"Ye're *sure* ye have no turf-bank into it?"

"Sure," said his friend.

"An' five score i' pounds rent?"

"I believe that's it."

"Well," Billy said, "I'm rammed!" He passed the gentleman and went in the open door-way and looked around the hall observantly and all over it from floor to ceiling, still whistling lowly. Then he pushed open the parlor-door and thrust in his head, soliloquizing, "An' no turf-bank!" But there were some young ladies in the parlor, so he hastily withdrew again—but, of course, not without having first taken off his hat and said, "A good-mornin' to yez, gissachs,† wan an' all. I hope the mornin' agrees with yez."

"An' no turf-bank?" he said again, but this time resignedly, to the gentleman at the door.

"No turf-bank," the gentleman said.

"Do ye know," Billy said in a warning tone, "how much they're chargin' ye for that house? Aren't you the fearthee?" he said on second thoughts.

"The what?"

"Aren't you the fearthee? I say—the man i' the house?"

"Oh, no, I only board here."

"Oh, then I beg yer pardon," Billy said. "All the same, ye'd be

* Almost all our little farms in Donegal have turf-rights, or permission for their holders to cut turf free in some bog.

† Girls.

doin' the fearthee a good turn if ye'd tell him from me that they're chargin' him for that house as much rent as is paid be the three townlands iv Tievahurkey, Corracliave, and Meenawulldharrig!"

Andrew's wife's name was Marguerite, but Billy simplified it to Marget, much to the disgust of the person most interested. Finding that her virgin name was Purdon, he, when wanting to be unwontedly confidential or impressive, addressed her as Marget Purdon.

A tramp solicited Billy for a nickel "to get a crust, boss." Billy eyed him closely. "Tell the truth an' shame the divil," said Billy. "Isn't it that ye wor on the tear las' night, an' want a cure this mornin'?"

The tramp, with becoming blush, shamed the devil; whereat Billy took him fraternally by the arm and helped him up Andrew's steps.

"Come along with me, frien', till I see if Andhra's missus hasn't got somethin' 'ill do ye good. This," he said, "is Andhra's—my nephew's."

The tramp said, "Oh! is it?" with interested surprise.

"It is," Billy said. "Come in. Marget," he said, when Mrs. MacCarthur, all frowning, appeared, "if ye've got a good bowl i' thick milk, I want ye to give it to me frien' here. Arrah, don't look so sore at the poor divil. He was at a wake or a weddin' or some wee friendly spree or other las' night, an' the best iv us 'ill forget ourselves an' smell the bottle wanst too often at sich times." But Marget sternly pointed to the door, and the wanderer obeyed the signal and went out. Billy, who had sat down on a hall chair and was mopping his forehead and wiping the inside of his hat with a red handkerchief, got up here with a sigh and followed his friend.

"Hilloa! Hilloa!" he said, "take yer time, oul' fella. Marget isn't in humor this mornin'. That's a public house, isn't it, at the corner? An' I've got a few sthray pince in me pocket. Don't blame her; she's as good-natured—Marget is—as ye'd meet in a day's thravellin' when she's in humor."

"I know it, boss," the wanderer said.

"Of course ye do. Here, guvernor, give me frien' here a cure."

"Give him what?" said the barkeeper.

"A cure—a half-wan—a half-wan i' whiskey."

When Billy saw a whole bottle of whiskey put before the man he got nervous, and objected that he did not order a bottle. But the barman explained that this was American custom. Billy heartily enjoyed the idea.

"Well, I wish to the Lord," he said, "that ye kept a public house in Donegal town, an' laid a whole bottle afore the boys when they come in an' ordhered half-wans! Let me tell ye, ye'd do a roarin' thrade—while ye'd last. I'm Andhra's uncle, up-bye," he said, calling his

thumb into requisition again. "I'm come over to spen' a month or two with Andhra an' Marget till I get to see the lie i' the lan'. I've already discovered wan fool in this street. He lives fornenst * Andhra's: he pays five score i' pounds rent (as much as half the parish i' Killymard) an' hasn't a turf-bank into him! Now, me good boy," he said, clapping his friend on the back when he had finished his drink, "go on, an' go to yer work; an' if anything's sayed again' ye bekase iv bein' late, just tell the truth an' shame the divil." Before he left the saloon himself he complimented its keeper on the elegance of it, and asked him how it paid him, and warned him always to keep good stuff and give no drink on trust—in which case, he assured him, he would do well.

Being warned by Andrew, Billy did not for several days venture alone out of his own street. He frequently went as far as the corners of Broadway and of the Eighth Avenue, where he stood to watch the cars pass, and nod or speak an encouraging word to the motor-men. He gave them timely warning too when they were in imminent danger of being run down by succeeding cars. Often too when there seemed risk of cars going opposite ways colliding or brushing against each other, he exhorted the motor-man to keep her head off—with entirely successful results always. Ever possessed with innate gallantry, he never hesitated about assisting a lady or old gentleman off a car; and when he had put one in, he invariably requested the conductor to provide for her or him "a good sait." On the third morning he saw Andrew on the car,—insisted on doing so,—and then warned the conductor to "keep an eye to Andhra, an' see an' stop the car an' let him off at his office, now. Good-mornin', Andhra, an' watch yer step when ye're comin' off the car again. Good-mornin'."

Billy resolved one day to explore a little for himself and, of course, got hopelessly lost. He found a street, indeed, that should have been Andrew's street—it had all the marks and tokens of it, to the saloon on the corner—and the house that should have been Andrew's; but he could not recognize the woman who opened the door for him; Andrew did not live there. Even the saloon-keeper was *not* the saloon-keeper who should have been there. It was very, very strange. He remembered how Rab McGunnegan of the Glibe had been taken away by the fairies, and Paddy Loch-beag of the Dark Moor, and he knew that he was now under their spell. After wandering a while longer, he took courage to stop a gentleman and inform him of his dilemma. The gentleman, to Billy's surprise, did not know Andhra, and Billy could not remember Andrew's number or the number of the street.

"Come with me, and I'll soon find where he lives," the kind gentleman said. Billy found himself led into a grand shop, where the gentleman opened a book, which, he informed Billy, would tell all about

* Opposite.

Andrew. Billy was a bit incredulous; but when the gentleman read out of this big book that Andrew was a foreman, that he worked at No. So-and-so Liberty Street, and that he lived at Such-a-number in ——th Street (all which Billy recognized when he heard) he was astounded. Before he would leave the store he had to touch the book, and feel it all over, and stand back to admire the bigness of it. "Lochains O!" he said. "An' to think iv Andhra havin' a great book lake that prented about him." When he learned that every drug-store in the city kept one of these books that told all about Andhra his amazement was only equalled by his pride. His good friend put him on a car and gave the conductor instructions where to drop him. And, sure enough, just where the book had told he found Andhra's house!

Afterwards Billy took a perennial delight in getting lost—the more hopelessly the better. Then he would go to a drug-store and get them to read out from the book about Andhra, where exactly he lived; and when he had journeyed as directed, and so corroborated the statement in the book, his delight was complete.

"Where does Andhra live?—Andhra MacCarthur?" he would inquire of the druggist. When satisfied on that point he would ask, "Where is hees office?" and then, "What does he do?" The correct answers to all which having been heard by him with sincere pleasure, he loved to straighten himself out and astound the druggist with the startling information, "I'm Andhra's uncle!" Billy was anxious to know how much Andrew earned, but his sense of delicacy prevented him putting the question to his nephew. One day he was emboldened to satisfy himself somehow; so, after he had put his usual questions about Andrew in a drug-store, he nerved himself and asked,—

"An' what wages is Andhra makin'?"

The druggist looked so hard at him that Billy at once knew he had been too inquisitive, so he was not either surprised or angered when the druggist said sharply,—

"Come, get out of here!"

"It's no matther," Billy said apologetically as he backed out, "but I'm uncle to Andhra."

Jeremiah Johnston had left Cruckagar, quite a lad, a score of years before. He had been successful, and was well known on Wall Street, where his faultless vests were the admiration and envy of every young buck who worshipped dress. Billy had twice met Jeremiah, and had been as heartily glad to see him, the son of an old friend, as he should. But, unfortunately, Mr. Johnston was in haste to overtake an engagement on both occasions, so that Billy had not the satisfactory chat with him he would have liked. But on an evening that Billy entered a pretty crowded Broadway car he was pleased to behold Mr. Johnston there, though he held a strap at the farther end of the

car, to which Billy could not push his way. But Billy's voice used easily to carry from his own hill of Dhrimaherk to that of Ednamoe on occasions when he wanted to announce to Pat Gillespie's household (in the latter townland) that their sows were in the corn, so he had no difficulty in chatting across a car.

"Musha, Jaramy," Billy shouted, "is it yerself's in it?"

Mr. Johnston acknowledged by a nervous nod of the head that it was himself. Some bucks with him, as artistically dressed as himself, clapped him on the back and roared with laughter at something or other.

"Throth, Jaramy," Billy proceeded, "ye're a well-picked-up man from thon (yon) day long ago that you an' yer father's donkey back-loaded the manure to Charlie Burn's Long Bottom. A fine, big, bare-footed buachaill ye wor then, with an appetite like Shan Ruadh's story —no end till it. But, Jaramy avic, ye would niver guess who got married last Cock-Chewsda?* Shan's daughter, Avaleen, married to Peggy McGroarty's ouldest son iv Tullinagraina, Thaidy! Ye mind ye had a notion iv her oulder sister, Soragha, yerself. Many's the pair i' brogues ye wore out, goin' on the batther up to Meenadhrim, to Shan's, after Soragha. An' throth an' if she saw ye now, it's she'd be the sorry girl that iver she refused ye for miserdly Pathrick Melly iv Tullyfin. An' say, Jaramy, do ye mind—— What! sure it isn't gone ye are, Jaramy?"

But it was gone Jaramy was. He showed as clean a pair of heels as ever a thoroughly frightened man did.

Billy, with Irish optimism, could not at all appreciate American grumblings at the weather. If in his presence anyone in the cars or the stores complained that it was "beastly warm,"—"Arrah, man," Billy would say, "this is the weather that the young praties 'ill make in." And if complaint was made that there was too much rain, "Thanks be to God for the dhrop i' rain," he would say. "It's the best spell iv weather ever was known for the kail—ye could see it growin' now."

On a Sunday Andrew had several friends to dinner. Mrs. MacCarthur had outdone herself in preparing an elaborate repast. When they were all seated Billy came down. He had that day put on a fine linen shirt, and it was as much from motives of pride as those of ease and comfort that Billy had left aside his coat. Mrs. MacCarthur, in consternation, whispered to him that he could not sit at table in his shirt-sleeves.

"The sorra bit iv harm it'll do them," Billy whispered back, his pride flattered. Mrs. MacCarthur then put her meaning more clearly.

"Musha, Marget," said Billy, speaking out, with the least little

* The Tuesday immediately preceding Lent was set apart in Ireland for cock-fighting, and is still known as Cock-Tuesday.

show of indignation, "there's nothin' to be ashamed of in the stuff that's in them shirt-sleeves. Just feel it, ma'am," and he laid an arm before a lady who sat on his left.

"That," he assured her, "is Mary Jane Brinnan's own spinnin' an' Owen McDiarmend's weavin',—Owen iv the Esher,—an' it grew on me own lan', in the Stony Park." But from Andrew's pained expression and head-shake Billy suspected it was better to humor Marget, and so, with the resignation of a martyr, sat down again in his coat.

During each of the preliminary courses Billy in a stage whisper admonished his immediate neighbors to "dail lightly; take my word for it, an' only take of these what 'ill fill the far-lands," strengthening precept too by example. But the draft which these courses drew upon Billy's patience did not warrant the humor of them. His patience gave out, and he said, "Marget, this is all very fine, but we all know ye've got a leg iv mutton an' three ducks, so ye may as well have them thrinnled * in at wanst." And when at length they did come in, Billy rubbed his hands gleefully and crowed triumphantly. "What did I tell yez, boys an' girls?" he said. "Now, if I had let yez go on fillin' yerselves up with all the nonsense was bein' carted in to yez (an' yez were makin' good shape at that same), yez would be now cryin'—like wee Johnnie Managhan iv Tamnatallan, the time Mrs. McCoy iv Tullinalagan set the tay an' buttered bread afore him afther she'd let him fill himself up with praties, without givin' him warnin' that there was tay to come afther."

As the children in the parks were deplorably ignorant of the proper childish games, Billy spent very profitably a series of evenings bringing them forward on "The Widow of Athlone," "The Sittin' Brogue," and "Barney, Barney, buck and doe." A squad of poor children at the North River, whom he had been teaching one evening, were so infatuated with "The Widow of Athlone" that they followed Billy to his own street and induced him to continue his tuition there—which the kind-hearted Billy did until the inhabitants sent for the police.

But Mrs. MacCarthur was gradually breaking Billy in, and Billy's spirit was pining proportionately. When she at length got him inveigled into a stiff American dress, with painfully superfluous collars and cuffs, poor Billy's sorely tried spirit was nigh broken, and he expressed the wish to get home to old Ireland again.

The longing for home and the neighbors, he said, was overcoming him; and—though he did not confess this till years after—he sat down on a seat in Central Park one evening that the home-thoughts crowded on him and wept.

Andrew filled both his box and his purse; even Mrs. MacCarthur

* Trundled.

did not forget him. Billy brought presents for every man, woman, and child, almost, in Cruckagar.

The coming of a king could not excite the enthusiasm that was created amongst us by the return of Billy. We led him home in triumph, and held high carnival for a week after.

And round the hearth on winter nights Billy's wonderful tales of adventure in "furrin" parts hold us fascinated ever since.

THE NAMESAKE

TO W. L. B., OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH VIRGINIA

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

"Vigesimum post annum in obscurum correpto lvcem vigesimi gaudens percipisse"

TWO by two and three by three
Missouri lies by Tennessee;
Row on row, a hundred deep,
Maryland and Georgia sleep,
And the wistful poplars sigh
Where Virginia's thousands lie.

Somewhere there among the stones,
All alike, that mark their bones,
Lies a lad beneath the pine
Who once bore a name like mine,—
Flung his splendid life away
Long before I saw the day.

Once my mother told me how
Hair like mine grew on his brow.
He was twenty to a day
When he got his jacket gray,
He was barely twenty-one
When they found him by his gun.

Tell me, Uncle by the pine,
Had you such a girl as mine,
When you put her arms away
Riding to the wars that day?
Were her lips so cold, instead
You must needs to kiss the lead?

Had the bugle, lilting gay,
Sweeter things than she to say?
Were there no gay fellows then,
You must seek these silent men?
Was your luck so bad at play
You must game your bones away?

Ah! you lad with hair like mine,
Sleeping by the Georgia pine,
I'd be quick to quit the sun
Just to help you hold your gun,
And I'd leave my girl to share
Your six feet of glory there.

Proud it is I am to know
In my veins there still must flow,
There to burn and bite alway,
That proud blood you threw away;
And I'll be winner at the game
Enough for two who bore the name.

A GARDEN OF NATIVE PLANTS

By Eben E. Rexford

DURING the last few years a decided change has taken place in one phase of American gardening. The attention of the home gardeners has been called to the beauty and other good qualities of our native plants, and it is becoming quite common among those who are setting out shrubs and hardy plants to give the preference to those of American growth. This is as it should be. Our national pride ought to influence us to choose native plants instead of foreign ones whenever equally desirable and meritorious specimens can be found at home. That we have many plants quite as desirable as foreign ones comparatively few Americans understand. They have seen the discrimination which has existed so long in favor of imported plants and has practically crowded out our native species, and, quite naturally, they have come to the conclusion that this discrimination must be based on the superiority of the foreign kinds. But such is really not the case.

In this paper I shall name a few only of the shrubs and plants which can be procured in most localities at the North which will be found best adapted by the amateur to lawn and garden culture. After experimenting with these for a season or two, he can enlarge his collection and add to it year by year from the almost inexhaustible stock which can be drawn on from field, forest, and pasture.

The white-flowered elder grows almost everywhere. It is a pleasing shrub as to foliage. Its habit of growth is spreading and rather symmetrical. When in full bloom it is almost covered with immense flat panicles of creamy white flowers so delicate in form and so arranged that the sight of them suggests lace of the finest pattern. The flowers last for about a fortnight. They are followed by fruit. One variety has scarlet berries, the other dark purple ones. The scarlet-fruited sort is most showy. Well-grown specimens of this shrub are quite as ornamental, when in bloom, as any hydrangea, and their flowers are a thousand-fold more dainty and beautiful. In fall, when the berries ripen, they make the shrub most attractive. The elder is very easy to transplant, very easy to grow, and adapts itself readily to any soil.

The sumach is a strikingly beautiful shrub. During summer its tufts of long leaves are suggestive of the fronds of some of the larger ferns. In fall it takes on the richest shades of red, yellow, maroon, and bronze. A bush of it always makes me think that Mrs. Browning must have had it in mind when she wrote that line in "Aurora Leigh" about

"The wayside bush afire with God."

We have but one other native plant that can equal it in splendor of autumn coloring, and that is the ampelopsis, or Virginia creeper. When the sumach bears fruit it has an additional attraction. Its berries are small individually, but there will be hundreds in a cluster, and the velvety coat of glowing crimson which incases them makes the spikes in which they are borne a striking feature of decoration, especially if the plant is so placed that it can have the background of an evergreen for the display of its beauty. As this plant often grows to be ten, twelve, or fifteen feet tall, it is better adapted for locations in the rear of the grounds than for a more central position.

Viburnum opulus, better known in country neighborhoods as high-bush cranberry, is a shrub of very easy culture. It is a near relative of the viburnum, more commonly known as snowball or Guelder-rose. In that well-known variety the whole cyme is turned into a showy mass of sterile flowers, and no fruit is ever produced. The native variety is quite as attractive as the cultivated kind as regards habit of growth and foliage. In fall it is far more attractive, for the leaves change from green to pale yellow and red. But the most attractive feature of the plant is its great clusters of bright crimson berries, which generally remain on the branches all winter. We have no better plant for the winter decoration of the lawn. Its berries are quite as brilliantly effective as any flowers could be, and especially so when the chief color in the landscape is white, whose contrast throws them into vivid relief. The great value of the shrub will be readily recognized by those who have given some study to the selection of plants suitable for the winter decoration of the grounds about the dwelling. In winter we cannot have flowers out-of-doors, but by making use of fruit-bearing shrubs we secure good substitutes for them, and the garden may be relieved of the monotony of color which has heretofore characterized it. By planting these brilliantly fruited shrubs near evergreens or in front of them we get a combination of colors which furnishes contrast and brings out the artistic value of each in a most delightful manner. It is high time we gave this phase of gardening more attention, for our yards ought to be so planted as to be beautiful at all seasons. There is no reason why they should not be if we are willing to study out the problem of selection and combination carefully and intelligently.

The golden-rod makes an excellent garden plant. To bring out its beauty fully, associate with it the aster, which is almost everywhere found growing alongside it. The pale rosy violet and lavender of the latter heighten the yellow of the golden-rod and make it truly golden in its richness of depth and tone. If you have an out-of-the-way corner, I would suggest that you give these two plants a place in it where they can have everything their own way. Don't attempt to train them, —simply plant them and let them take care of themselves; they will do it, and surprise you with the luxuriance they take on in their new quarters. The fact is, they never have half a chance in roadside and pasture, and they are quick to take advantage of an opportunity to do themselves justice. You will find that a corner given up to these two plants will prove one of the most attractive places in the garden.

Thalictrum — meadow rue — is one of the most beautiful border plants I know of. Its abundant foliage has all the grace and delicacy peculiar to certain varieties of the fern family, and so close is its resemblance to some of the ferns that most persons consider it one of them. It is, however, in no wise related to them. It grows in a compact mass, above which its tall flower-stalks are lifted to a height of two or three feet, bearing plumy tufts of greenish-white flowers tinged with purple, with yellowish anthers drooping from fine filaments in such a manner as to give the plant an extremely airy and graceful appearance. A more delightful plant cannot be imagined. Nothing equals it for cutting for use in vases containing flowers of rich color. Its neutral tints harmonize with them perfectly and afford all the contrast needed to bring out fully all the beauty of the colors used in combination with them. Its foliage is as useful in cut-flower work as its blossoms are. Whoever gives this plant a place in the garden will be delighted with it.

Clematis flammula, better known as virgin's bower, or traveller's joy, is one of the loveliest flowering vines I have ever seen; not because of a wealth of rich color, but because of simple beauty. It grows rapidly under domestication, often making a growth of twenty or twenty-five feet in a season after becoming well established. In September it is covered with pure white flowers borne in spreading clusters along the branches sent out from the main stalks. These flowers, seen against the background of green foliage, are always sure to attract attention because of their profusion and the airy, graceful disposal of them over the plant. The effect is quite like that of great flakes of snow lightly adhering to the many branches. I much prefer this native clematis to any of the hybrids of the Jackmanii type. We can *depend* on this under all conditions. This cannot be said truthfully of the large-flowered section. This clematis will be found one of the most useful of all plants for cutting from with a view to using it in vases in com-

bination with other flowers. Its bloom, because of color and daintiness, harmonizes with all other flowers and is never obtrusive. Flowers of this kind are always needed where much of the beauty of effect in the combination depends on contrast and relief. As a general thing flowers having the qualities needed to afford contrast and relief are so self-assertive that they are not willing to take a subordinate position. This the clematis is willing to do, and it does it so charmingly that it never loses anything by its unselfishness.

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I have mentioned the ampelopsis as being very attractive in fall, but it deserves a more extended mention in order to call attention to its many other merits. It is of the easiest culture. Obtain a small plant with a bit of root attached and it will seldom fail to grow. As soon as it becomes established it will send up vines which grow twenty feet in a season, and spread out in all directions to such an extent that the growth from one root often extends across the entire side of a good-sized house, and can be made completely to cover it. There are two varieties in cultivation. One has little sucker-like discs which attach themselves to boards, brick, or stone, thus furnishing support for the branches which send them out. This variety needs no assistance in climbing, as it is fully able to take care of itself. The other sort has tendrils like those of the grape. These furnish support for the vines by twining about something or by thrusting their fingers into cracks and crevices. But as these cracks and crevices are not always at hand, and there is not always something in reach about which the tendrils can twist themselves, it will be necessary to assist the plant by stretching wires from point to point or tacking the vines here and there to the wall. This variety is most luxuriant in growth and is therefore most popular among those who like a great show of foliage, but the other variety is really the most satisfactory in the end, as it makes a closer, shorter covering for a wall, and is in this respect an excellent substitute for the English ivy. In October both varieties take on a magnificent color, in which crimson and maroon predominate. No flowers were ever more vivid than the foliage of these vines in mid-autumn. English people are beginning to appreciate the wonderful beauty of this plant, and it is being used in England extensively; but I fear the climate there will not bring out its beauty as strikingly as our frosty climate does. If I were asked to choose one vine, foreign or native, for general use, I should select the ampelopsis. Anyone can grow it. It flourishes in any soil except a very dry, sandy one.

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Another excellent vine is Celastrus scandens, commonly known as bittersweet. It will grow to almost any height provided it is given

something to twine about. It is prodigal in its production of branches and foliage. We often come across it in its native habitat with a small tree as its support, and the tree is so laden that it fairly bends beneath the weight of the vine. Its foliage is a bright, pleasing green. Its clusters of small, greenish-white flowers are succeeded by fruit which is enclosed in a shell of orange. In fall, after frost comes, this shell divides in three pieces, and the sections are reflexed enough to show a red berry within. The effect of these orange-and-red clusters pendent from every branch and borne in great profusion all over the vine is very charming. In this vine we have another plant with which great things can be done in the way of making home-grounds attractive in winter.

Vernonia, or ironweed, is a vigorous plant, suited to any soil, with large heads of intense purple flowers. It is well adapted to the back row of the border or for planting among shrubs.

The asclepias are of easy culture, growing in any ordinary soil and obtainable almost anywhere. For the border they are far superior to nine-tenths of the plants we import.

Cornel, or dogwood, which can be found growing plentifully in almost all swampy places, is well adapted to the garden. There are several varieties, some having yellow and some white flowers, succeeded by scarlet, blue, and white berries. One variety is the red osier, which has branches covered with a brilliant red bark. The effect of these branches when seen against a snowy background in winter is very pleasing.

The amelanchier, better known as shad-bush, whitens the places in which it grows with a profusion of bloom in early spring. It is an excellent shrub for the lawn. It can be transplanted with ease and safety. Because of its vigorous habit it is advisable to give it a place somewhat in the background. In time it becomes quite a tree.

The Andromeda is one of the most beautiful of all our native shrubs. It blossoms in April. Its flowers are drooping and bell-shaped. Of this plant Emerson says, "Few exotics have such elegance of appearance as this," and he was a close observer of nature.

Clethra alnifolia, or sweet-pepper bush, is worthy a place in any garden, and ought by all means to be included in every collection of American plants. It has fine foliage, and its spikes of white flowers, produced during nearly the entire summer, are as attractive to us as they are to the bees, which delight in its spicy sweetness. It is of the easiest culture.

Hamamelis, or witch-hazel, is a native shrub which has many and peculiar attractions. It is equally interesting to the farmer, who finds it putting forth its fringy flowers just as the first snows begin to fall; to the artist, who sees in it most fantastic lines of leaf and blos-

som, and to the botanist, who sees in its strange habit of flowering at the beginning of winter a hint of a descent from some form which had, no doubt, climatic conditions to contend with quite unlike those of to-day. Have you ever noticed its habit of shooting its smooth, black seeds, when ripe, to a distance, thus distributing itself over a wider territory without the assistance of man or bird? As a purely decorative shrub few things can excel it. Its large leaves of golden-green, changing to a bright yellow in fall, its double crop of blossoms and seeds at the same time, and its vigorous habit of growth will be made the most of by every wise amateur gardener.

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The lover of ferns will find it an easy matter to domesticate many of the most attractive varieties if he or she will be content to take young plants. They should be removed from their native haunts with a good amount of soil adhering to their roots. Give them, if possible, a shady place to grow in, and make the soil as light as that in which they originally grew. It is well worth while to get a wagon-load or two of soil from the woods for the especial use of these plants. In lifting them, wrap each one as soon as lifted in stout paper and set them in a deep basket, applying enough water to saturate the soil clinging to the roots. Do not plant them in the border until after sundown. If the next day is sunny, shade them well and shower them frequently. In some instances most of the old fronds will die off, but if care is taken in lifting and planting, and the necessary amount of shade and water is given, few of the leaves will be lost.

All the shrubs and plants mentioned can be removed safely in spring. In planting them have the soil mellow, make the hole large enough to accommodate all the roots without cramping them, and settle the soil about them by applying water after you have them covered to the depth of two or three inches. Then fill in with the dryer soil and press it down well with the foot all about the plant.

It will be found that all native plants take on a strength and luxuriance of growth under domestication such as they never exhibit when growing wild.

THE QUIETIST

BY ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN

MEN blame my songs because they find no strain
Of censure for the evil and profane.
Why should I give their wickedness a tongue?
The good I praise; the base I leave unsung.

WHY WE READ SAMUEL RICHARDSON

By Mary Moss

APROPOS OF THE NEW EDITION OF RICHARDSON'S NOVELS

THAT part of the community mistakenly called the reading public, because it has acquired the mechanical function of transmuting letters into words, is going about its business happily unaware of impending trouble.

We (by whom I naturally mean those superior beings whom Mr. George Moore names "The Elect," allotting some thirty to a generation) have long foreseen a Richardson Boom, the first shock of which even now vibrates through the "Literary Supplements."

This boom will compel a great many people to buy, and perhaps read, the new editions of an exasperating classic which, in spite of every hour of tedium, artificiality, and revolting impropriety, comes to life as regularly as it is buried. Since they can scarcely hope to escape this effort, it may cheer the victims to have a ready-made reason or two for being at such pains in their pleasures.

To begin with, it is common-sense, not intellectual snobbishness, to suspect that an author cannot be lightly dismissed as tedious, artificial, obsolete, in fact, who continues to inspire thoughtful criticisms for over a hundred and fifty years.

Undoubtedly each new criticism partakes of the nature of a discriminating obituary, but the paradox of a series of obituaries extending from the year seventeen forty-odd to nineteen hundred and two suggests a possible basis of truth in the fantastic valuation of Richardson's contemporaries.

Paradox, indeed, is the pivot of his position, both in the world of romancers and moralists. That a worthy little middle-aged printer should undertake to reform society is not perhaps surprising; that he should have a measure of success—no small one, either—is out of the realm of possibility; yet exactly that happened.

Of course, as Mr. Dooley justly observes, the mill does not make the water run, and no mortal man creates public opinion; but a great man's work must be the full, sincere expression of contemporary life, visibly focussing hitherto dormant tendencies. If to this gift is added

taste, restraint, and sense of beauty, greatness becomes imperishable genius.

Richardson was great. His influence not only revolutionized the literature of his own country, but was frankly acknowledged both in Germany and France. In Italy he was even dramatized by Goldini. So late as 1846 Jules Janin made a new French translation. Balzac was an avowed admirer. Alfred de Musset worshipped at his shrine, though hardly paying the homage of imitation. Undeniably he stands progenitor to an entire school, including Eugène Sue, Charles Reade, Victor Hugo, Madame Sara Grande, and Miss Susan B. Anthony, besides indirectly (by reaction) preparing the way for Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and that innocuous fashion which reached its fine flower in the "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and perished miserably at the hands of Barrett's "Lady Cherubina de Willoughby."

His influence on public taste is the most whimsical in literature. I do not think any ordinarily constituted woman could now read aloud to her own sister the description of—of certain things in "Clarissa" or "Pamela," yet, as we all know, the manners of Richardson's day permitted his trotting out to the summer-house, penning one of these scenes, and reading it hot from the griddle to an assembled court of young ladies and their mammas.

He was reviving the idea of manly chastity, which had suffered an eclipse since Sir Galahad's time, and scourging vice both in life and literature,—scourging to such purpose that forty-five years after the publication of "Clarissa" poor "Monk" Lewis was almost hooted out of existence for tampering with illicit passions in fiction. Even in modified form "Ambrosio" was looked on with disfavor, though now it seems tame enough alongside of Miss Harlowe's experiences.

It is only fair to confess that while greatly admired in France, Richardson has not so far perceptibly chastened the tone of French novels. The change of English views cannot be better realized than by reading Mrs. Barbauld on Le Sage and then imagining how Miss Yonge must have felt towards that pleasant incorrigible. Mrs. Barbauld merely found Gil Blas "of doubtful morality;" of Richardson she says:

"If we were to search among the treasures of ancient literature for something similar to the modern novel, we should find none more nearly resembling it than 'Theagenes and Chariclea,' the production of Heliodorus, a Christian Bishop of Trieca." Probably this is true; I have not verified it; neither do I see the justice of Diderot's classification, in which he places Richardson with Moses, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles, though at core this over-praise may be as near the mark as Thackeray's contemptuous estimate, given inferentially in describing Macaulay's enthusiasm for "Clarissa."

In writing of "Pamela" Sir Walter Scott says:

"Hitherto romances had been written, generally speaking, in the old French taste, containing the protracted amours of princes and princesses told in language coldly extravagant and metaphysically absurd. In these wearisome performances there appeared not the most distant allusion to the ordinary tone of feeling, the slightest attempt to paint mankind as it exists in the ordinary walks of life. . . . It will be to Richardson's eternal praise, did he merit no more, that he tore from his personages those painted vizards which concealed under a clumsy and affected disguise everything like the natural lineaments of the human countenance, and placed them before us barefaced, in all the actual changes of feature and complexion, and all the light and shade of human passion. . . ."

Later he adds:

"The inferior persons are sketched with great truth and may be considered as a group of English portraits of the period . . . . and the interview of Pamela's father with his landlord would have immortalized Richardson if he had never wrote another line."

His opinion of "Clarissa" is even higher. It begins:

"Eight years after the appearance of 'Pamela' Richardson published 'Clarissa,' the work upon which his fame as a classic of England will rest forever."

To name Richardson's critics would be an endless task; they range from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's lively objections to his pictures of high life to Mr. George Moore's solemn appreciation. Even Dr. Johnson grew a trifle restive at his long-windedness, but one and all they are held by some quality, human rather than literary, which brings about constantly recurrent interest.

There is no greater pitfall than criticism. If a book is worth thinking of at all, it is worth reading at first hand. People who seek mild relaxation in costume plays, vaudeville, Bumblepuppy, and autobicycles do well to stick to "the best selling books," leaving Richardson severely alone. He can only interest readers who take their pleasure strenuously, whether it be golf, Wagner without cuts, bridge, or the writings of Stendahl and Flaubert, readers to whom literature is a vital matter, a history of our fascinating selves, which, though fictitious, is truer than truth.

IN LEASH

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN

BE not too orthodox. The thought confined
Doth hold in leash its jailer's narrow mind.

NOT YET

BY GEORGE SEIBEL

I DO remember, when I was a lad,
After the noisy pleasures of the day,
After the brimful hours of chore and play,
When the still, dreamy hour of twilight had
Faded, and father's earnest voice had said:
"Come, little one, it is the time for bed!"

I do remember how I used to plead:
"Just a few minutes more I want to stay;
Just a few minutes more I want to play;
I will be very, very good indeed."
With all my childish heart would I implore:
"O let me stay just a few minutes more!"

Now I am old, and on my shoulders laid
Are many heavy griefs of many years,
And down my cheeks the often rolling tears
Have deep and dark their fearful furrows made;
And God's dear voice down in my heart has said:
"Come, little one, it is the time for bed!"

I've played the glad games of the brimful day,
Have done the chores that fell unto my lot
And borne the burdens all, complaining not;
Now am I weary both of toil and play,
And God has said, who means it for the best:
"Come, little one, it is the time for rest!"

And yet in childish treble do I plead:
"Just a few minutes more I want to stay;
Just a few minutes more I want to play;
I will be very, very good indeed."
And still my lips pray as they did of yore:
"O let me stay just a few minutes more!"

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

A TALE OF THE DRAFT

By General Charles King

Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "Marion's Faith," etc.

IT was a moist evening in May, soft, warm, and hazy. A little crowd had gathered about the recruiting station in Hudson Street. It was 1864, the blackest year of the great war. Over a million men had gone to the defence of the flag, and still, so long as he stuck to Virginia, Lee was invincible. Five hundred thousand more had been called for, and though men sang "We're Coming, Father Abraham," they came but slowly. The government was paying millions for its new levies. "Bounty jumping"—that liveliest industry of the war-days—was in its glory. The recruiting officers had great sums in greenbacks to pay out to acceptable recruits. The Nation, the State, and the county each had subscribed its share, to the end that there were places where over one thousand dollars, "cash on the nail," was given to recruits who could be "credited," as the saying was, to the quota demanded of certain wealthy districts. It was no uncommon thing for the expert to enlist under a different name in half-a-dozen different places within the month, and finally escape with the plunder. It was an era of glaring fraud and corruption, a time when officials were able to pocket thousands intended for families of recruits hurried away to the front. But the Captain commanding the rendezvous in Hudson Street had thus far, at least, figured only among the victimized.

This evening there was trouble at the office. A young and comely woman was weeping at the front steps. A policeman was striving to coax her to come away. Two sergeants and an armed sentry had refused her admittance, and the curious little crowd was impartially guying the "cop" and the soldiers.

The reverend Rector of a parish whose sanctuary was but a few squares away came driving up at the moment. He had just said adieu at Cortlandt Street ferry to a gallant son, a lieutenant of regulars returning to his regiment after a brief sick-leave. His boy and the Captain on recruiting duty were strangers,—the one in the regulars, the other in the volunteers,—but the father's heart was in the service, and just as he and the Lieutenant were leaving the rectory for the

ferry they were stopped by a wan and almost breathless girl, who had begged them to come to the aid of her brother, in prison, she said, at the Hudson Street recruiting office, while their mother lay dying. There was no time then. Dr. Ormsby gently said, "I will come at once after seeing my son to the ferry," and, true to his word, within the half-hour he was here at the rendezvous.

A sergeant came to the carriage door and explained: "This young woman says that she is the sister of a man who enlisted yesterday. She wants him to go home with her, and we can't let him. That's the way we lose men every day, sir. They 'list, get their money,—part of it, anyhow,—and then skip. Captain Pollard makes them tend to all their affairs before they 'list, and once they're signed they have to stay. The sister got her money yesterday—now she's back and wants *him*."

And by this time the girl herself had managed to push her way to the carriage, and now, with streaming eyes, was repeating her story. It was all as the sergeant said,—her brother had enlisted; he felt that he could no longer stay when his country needed him; besides, the money was a great object. Oh, yes, they had given her money, but what was that when mother lay dying and weeping for her boy? They had promised he should have leave to go to her, and now they had him locked in an upper room like—a—like a thief, and the poor girl's sobs broke forth afresh.

"Ah—h, let the man go!" cried the crowd, ever sympathetic with sorrow, if not aggressively "ag'in' the government." "Ah—h, ain't it enough to take a man off to be kilt, without lockin' him up like a jail-bird?"

"Dear me," said the Rector in genuine sympathy, "this does seem a hard case. Are you sure, sergeant? Couldn't you let the man go with a guard, say?"

"Did that last month, sir. Sent two of our best men to the Sixth Ward with a fellow whose sister was dying—our men are in hospital yet. Captain's orders were that after that we're to let nobody out. We take the whole squad over to the Island to-night."

At this the wails of the poor girl were almost despairing.

"Where is the Captain?" queried the Rector. "I might venture a word——"

"Closed his desk at five o'clock, sir. Been here since nine this morning. Probably dining out, sir, but I couldn't say where."

"Dining out!" cried the sister, "and my brother locked in there, and his mother dying! And the girl he's—he's promised to marry——"

"Where do you live, my poor child?" asked the Rector kindly. Many a case had he heard of among the rude, the unlettered, the lowest of the lowly leaving their families to the bounty of the nation,

while they, with well-lined pockets, rode off to the front. But this was different. This girl seemed of finer texture; her face, her garb, her accent, were all those of a better station in life. "Where is your mother?" he concluded.

"312 Rivington Street, sir," was the prompt reply, "third floor, front. Oh sir, it was Heaven that sent me to you for help. I can't go back—I can't go back and tell his mother she can never see his face again."

"No, no—indeed no!" cried the Rector. "The government cannot afford to give such pain. I'll go myself to General Wool's office if I don't find the Captain. But first I'll see your brother. Sergeant, you'll let me speak with this man, of course?"

"Certainly, sir, if you wish. I have no orders against that," was the soldier's answer.

"Then here, my girl, return at once to your mother. Driver, take this young woman to—312, is it? yes—312 Rivington Street, and then return for me. I'll bring your brother, my child, never fear. Go and comfort your mother now—go," and with his own dainty hands the good Rector aided the grateful, hopeful girl to her seat and waved the driver away.

Two minutes later, escorted by a corporal, the recruit in question was ushered into the office, and the Rector looked at him in surprise. Humbly—even poorly dressed—the young man had the face and hands of a scholar rather than those of the shop. His eyes were fine, bright blue; his complexion, though pallid, was fair; his features were good and clear-cut. He stood nearly six feet in height, slender and with a slight stoop that told of the desk, and his voice when he spoke was soft and modulated. The light of a great hope beamed in his fine face at sight of the revered gray head and the snow-white necktie. Without, the rattle of trucks and drays speeding homeward over the cobbles and the cajoling words of the policeman, striving to disperse the inquisitive populace, prevented talk for a moment, but presently Recruit Farley had his say. Trembling with suppressed emotion, he stood and faced the churchman, the first kind and sympathetic presence he had met that long and trying day.

"I ask only to go to my mother's bedside," he said. "Surely it is little enough to ask when a man is going to fight his country's battles. It is true I told the Captain yesterday that I was all ready to go. I admit that I signed the papers and received the money, but this fatal seizure came after—perhaps because—I left her, and now these heartless men declare I shall not see her again."

Dr. Ormsby was a man of action as well as sentiment. "Sergeant," said he, "I am going at once to General Wool. We are old friends. I know where he is to be found at this minute, though I haven't the

honor of your Captain's acquaintance. If he should come in, give him this card, if you please, and say I should not presume to appeal to the General if I could but find him. As it is, I feel sure he will pardon me."

And again the Rector was as good as his word. Before it was fairly dark he was back at the recruiting office, with an aide-de-camp of the commanding General and an order that Recruit Farley be allowed to go with him under suitable guard. The sergeant grimly directed a corporal and one man to get their side arms and go with the gentleman. "When will they bring him back, sir?" he felt it his duty to inquire.

"In a few hours at most," said Dr. Ormsby. "Thank you very much, sir," he added, with a bow to the aide-de-camp, who, glad to escape, hurried away, leaving the good Rector, Recruit Farley, and the two soldiers to go to Rivington Street.

"That meeting between the dying mother and her son was something," said the Rector to his vestrymen, an hour later, "to touch the hardest heart." In the dim light of the sick-chamber the young man knelt by the bedside of the feeble woman whose spirit seemed fast flitting to the great beyond; whose words were even now mere broken whispers. The two soldiers, silent, grim, and armed as they were, seemed sorely out of place, but their orders were imperative not to let the recruit out of their sight and reach. They followed him almost to the bedside and stood there in the shadows, unhappy, full of self-reproach, yet unrelenting. The sister, grasping the Rector's hands and covering them with tears and kisses, detained him at the door-way.

"You have your physician?" he asked.

"Ah, yes," she answered, while the heavy drops chased each other down her soft, rounded cheeks. "He left us only a few minutes ago, but—he offers no hope. We have been very poor," she said. "This is all we have in the world, these three little rooms in this poor tenement, but even with these we needed—sorely needed—money for mother, and this seemed the only way." And the fair head sank upon the Rector's sleeve as the sobs broke forth afresh.

Eight o'clock was close at hand, the hour for that important vestry meeting. Though almost in extremis, the dying woman seemed comforted by the coming of her precious boy, still kneeling by her side. "I shall return soon," said the Rector, laying a benevolent hand on the shapely, grief-bowed head. "I shall leave you only for an hour or so."

"It was so kind, so good of you to come!" murmured the girl. Like Mary, she could have bathed that kindly hand in the flood of her tears and dried it in the wealth of her tresses. "It is selfish in us to ask you to stay when your duties must call you. But the doctor will soon be back."

"And I too," he murmured; then, with uplifted hand and eyes, in mute prayer and benediction, left the humble tenement. A whispering group gave way for him on the landing. Others stared as the carriage drove away. Others still, and more than before, were gathered as, belated, he came back at ten o'clock, to find the narrow stairway barred by a policeman.

"I wish to go to the woman—dying—on the third floor," said he, mildly nettled that this East Side guardian of the night should stop him whom all the West Side held in reverence.

"You'll have to see the Captain," said the policeman. "There's no woman dying here. There's a couple of greenhorns being patched up after the row—some kind of soldiers that thought they knew how to handle our business," and the metropolitan spoke in aggrieved tone.

"Do you mean——" began the Rector in bewilderment.

"I mean that two soldier men thought they could tackle the Tenth Ward," said the officer. "Here's the Captain now," and the officer touched his visor to the burly superior, who, for his part, recognized the Rector at once.

"Was it *you* they worked, Doctor?" he whimsically inquired. "Well—well—well; that was sleek!"

"The recruit—the dying mother," gasped the churchman, with pallid face and dropping jaw.

"Skedaddled," was the sententious answer in the vernacular of the day. "Recruit is a veteran at this lay, anyhow. Dying mother did up one of the soldiers and their gang did the rest. Come up if you like."

The Rector went. The sister at least could explain, but the police officials grinned at mention of that sister. The sick-chamber was a sight, and so were the two soldiers. One had wits enough left to tell the story. The "Doctor" had come back with two friends for consultation. On a sudden the soldiers were pounced upon, pounded into insensibility, and by the time they (and the police) came to the gang was gone, the plot was out.

"That fellow," said the police and the Provost Marshal's people, "has probably been enlisting, getting his bounty, and skipping from one town to another for the last month. The girl's his wife, the others confederates. They were in a tight fix for once when they tackled Captain Pollard, so they sent her to enlist you, Doctor." And the hardened officials smiled and shook their heads.

Abashed, the Rector went his way. He did not call upon the recruiting Captain in the morning. He sent his excuses both to him and to the General, but though the story never went to press it did to the front, where Lieutenant Ormsby, —th United States Infantry, was on duty with the head-quarters guard of a famous fighting General, and

that graceless subaltern had the hardihood to write facetiously to his father about the lady in the case. It showed a spirit of irreverence most reprehensible in the young, and it brought its own reward.

New and stringent regulations, based on Captain Pollard's practice, made short work of the bounty-jumping business in Gotham. Many expert practitioners were laid by the heels, but the tall, slender, scholarly young man, the comely blonde girl,—his wife,—and the emaciated kinsman and "pal" who personated the dying woman had disappeared. The Rector took his lesson sorely to heart. Perhaps that amiable matron at the head of his table saw to it that the matter was not too soon forgotten. The recruiting officers put their heads—and experiences—together and ascertained that a man closely answering the description of Recruit Farley had within the month of April and the first week of May enlisted for the volunteers at Boston, New Haven, Albany, Jersey City, and Elmira, had managed to slip away with much of the bounty money every time, and was doubtless now a few thousand dollars richer as the result. In three of the places named a blonde, comely girl, variously described as wife, niece, and sister, had been mixed up in the case, but what had finally become of them nobody seemed to know.

Now, it happened that in the fall of 1864 large numbers of officers, wounded or sick, were absent from their commands, and the great War Secretary was bent on "rounding up" all absentees and sending them where they belonged. Several found to be shirking without valid excuse were summarily dismissed. Others suspected of like practices were ordered before courts-martial, and just before Christmas Lieutenant Ormsby, —th United States Infantry, was ordered up to Washington as witness in a very important case. It was a godsend to get away from the trenches. The boat to Fort Monroe was filled with officers going on duty or sick-leave, and among them was a tall, slender, clear-eyed First Lieutenant of volunteer infantry, who seemed oddly nervous, if not ill. He too, so said the orders closely examined by the Provost Marshal's assistant at the pier, was ordered to Washington and to report in person to the Adjutant General. The examining officer scanned him narrowly but said nothing. Ormsby neither scanned nor spake. It was the stranger who broke silence, asked for a light, and showed a disposition to talk. Ormsby only shortly answered and then sought a place to sleep. Next morning, when a very stylishly dressed young woman, with deep-blue eyes and fair hair, joined the stranger at Fortress Monroe Ormsby wished he had been more cordial. She was most attractive, and he hadn't seen a pretty woman since May.

Not until the following day did he see her again. The case in which he was to testify was not to be called at once, and even that

flinty-hearted War Secretary had granted him permission to run on to New York. So he had wired to his father. He had the orders in his pocket as he hurried away, rejoicing. He would take the nine P.M. train and be at home for Christmas dinner.

A lady with swimming, tearful blue eyes came away from the War Department as he made his exit, and he knew her at once,—the wife of that volunteer officer who came with him from City Point,—and he was more than half disposed to ask her if he could be of any service. He hated to see a woman—a pretty woman—cry. But the sight of him seemed unwelcome. With bowed head she hurried away.

And so he was more than surprised when, three hours later, at Willard's, just as he was leaving his room and going down to a late dinner, he met her in the corridor face to face. He was astonished when she who seemed to flee from him at four o'clock now stopped and eagerly accosted him.

"Forgive me," she tremulously said, "but I know you are Captain Ormsby, of General Warren's staff. My husband belongs to his corps. He came with you on the boat from City Point, and we are in such trouble. We were to dine at Senator Harris's to-night, and there has been some dreadful mistake. They have arrested my husband for another man as a deserter, and they insist on taking him to the boat for Fortress Monroe. There isn't a minute to spare and he's sent a carriage. *Could* you—*would* you—drive there with me? I have all his papers here. And then we can take you to your train or—anywhere."

What staff officer and soldier could refuse such a plea? In five minutes, through a pelting rain and the squashy mud of war-time Washington, he was whirling away in a close carriage with Beauty in Distress palpitating at his side. They stopped at a dark and unfamiliar corner. The door was quickly opened. Two men sprang in, the door slammed behind them, and—that was all Lieutenant Ormsby could remember until, deathly sick at his stomach, sore, bedraggled, wet to the skin, and robbed of his uniform coat, cap, overcoat,—and their contents,—he found himself in a negro hovel, whither, still insensible, some time in the early morning hours he had been carried out of the mud and rain. Ormsby didn't go home for Christmas dinner. Another officer travelled on his order, passed the scrutiny of the Provost Marshal's people at the station, and reached Philadelphia, at least, and left the train before it was discovered that Lieutenant Percy L. Fenno, Two Hundred and Fiftieth New York Volunteer Infantry, summoned to Washington to explain matters the War Department found most mysterious, had managed to escape. No such officer left the city by road, boat, or railway, said the Provost Marshal's people, but they were silenced when it appeared that Lieutenant R. B. Ormsby, —th United States Infantry, whom they reported gone to Gotham by

the nine o'clock train, was lying robbed and still dazed and half-stupefied, a victim of chloroform, apparently, in the hands of the police.

Then came the Rector and a comparison of notes 'twixt father and son, then—mutual forgiveness.

Ten days later the Secret Service landed their fish, and as brilliant, daring, and successful a bounty jumper as the war produced was arraigned before a military court and sent for a long term of years to the Dry Tortugas. Holding the rank and commission of a first lieutenant of volunteers, he had utilized his leave of absence to vast advantage financially, but to his ultimate destruction. As for the lady in the case—but even the Rector's wife no longer refers to her; it is so much easier to forgive a son.

EHEU FUGACES

BY PHŒBE LYDE

HOW strange to think that you are dead,
Now that the spring-time wakens here,
The windflower in its woodland bed,
The pink arbutus trailing near.

The air is sweet with song of bird.
With lilting leaf, and gurgling rill,
While every blade of grass has stirred,
And only you are still, so still.

The eager heart that held no care,
The wandering feet that loved to stray,
Those eyes which saw God's world so fair,
Alas, they come not back with May!

Was it indeed because you knew
How short the time you might not waste,
Finding the hours all too few,
You quaffed life's cup in joyous haste?

With gay disdain you put it by,
Leaving the lees for us to drain—
And still the hill-side where you lie
Is starred by daffodils again.

MADEMOISELLE FAME

BY R. V. RISLEY

SHE laughs at me and vanishes,
She flits between the trees,
She hides around the corner,
She whispers in the breeze;

Disguised, she passes in the crowd,
She kisses me in sleep,
I hear her sighing in the dusk,
At night I hear her weep;

When I am all alone her step
Comes softly up the stair—
I open wide my attic door—
And there is no one there.

GERMAN INFLUENCE IN AMERICA

By J. G. Rosengarten

Author of "The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States," etc.

RECENT events show a strong and increasing mutual interest between Germany and the United States, and this may well renew inquiry and suggest a better knowledge of the early relations of the two countries. As early as 1670 the first German that set foot in Carolina, John Lederer, made a tour of exploration under the direction of Governor Sir William Berkeley, of Virginia. Once a Franciscan monk, Lederer was a man of learning; his journal, written in Latin, was translated by Sir William Talbot, Governor of Maryland, who speaks highly of his literary attainments. His book is now a very rare one, and copies fetch a high price among early Americana, but it has been reproduced in a variety of editions, among others by Force in his tracts, and it is now easily accessible in all American collections.

Of the Germans in Pennsylvania much has been written and printed of late, yet there must still remain in the archives of German churches more of the correspondence largely printed in the "Hallesche Nachrichten," through which the tide of German emigration was for many years directed to Pennsylvania. New York had discouraged it by harsh treatment of the early emigrants, but Maryland and Virginia and the Carolinas and Georgia all benefited by the large number of Germans who settled within their borders. To Louisiana and the vast territory then known by that name Law's Mississippi scheme brought, it has been estimated, more than seventeen thousand Germans, who settled in that region as far north as the present State of Illinois.

In the old French war, the Seven Years' War, from 1756 to 1763, Great Britain organized the Loyal American Regiment, to consist of four battalions each of one thousand men, principally the German settlers in America, officered by foreign Protestants. That regiment still exists and is known as the Sixtieth, or King's Royal Rifle Corps; it fought at Louisburg and Crown Point and Ticonderoga, at Fort Duquesne and under Wolfe at Quebec, where it won the motto "Celer et Audax," which it still wears; it took part in the battles of Martinique and Havana, and later during the American War of Independence at Sa-

vannah, Mobile, Hobkirk's Hill, Guilford, and Yorktown; among its officers were men afterwards distinguished both in the mother country and in the later history of the American Republic.

During the ante-Revolutionary period between 1745 and 1770 more than fifty clergymen, educated in Germany, came to this country. The Harvard professors of that day spoke with admiration of the thorough mastery of the Latin language shown by these Germans in speaking and writing. One of their number, Dr. Kuntze, long the pastor of the German Lutheran Church in Philadelphia, was the founder of Hebrew and Oriental instruction in this country.

The Muhlenbergs were educated at Halle, and long maintained a close correspondence with their old school and mission-house, securing there new assistants in their great task of providing educated clergymen for the large and growing German population of the Middle and Southern colonies.

Naturally the events of the American War of Independence were closely followed in Germany. Schlözer's "Briefwechsel," in ten volumes, 1776-1782, and his "Staats Anzeigen," a continuation in eighteen volumes, contained many papers of interest relating to the struggle between Great Britain and her colonies; families supplied letters and journals of their sons serving in this country, and both sides were fairly represented in the prompt reproduction of state papers and official reports. The Frankfort *Neueste Staatsbegebenheiten,* Reimer's *Amerikanische Archiv,* and other journals gave their German readers a current knowledge of the events in which so many of the German settlers of this country were taking an active part. German maps of battles and sieges and German portraits of American heroes and worthies were printed in large numbers to meet the demand and to-day form part of every collection of Americana. The war over, many of the officers who had served here published their accounts: Schöpf's "Travels," Ochs's and Ewald's books, full of their personal experiences, Wangenheim's "Description of American Trees," even a comedy, "The Hessian Officer in America," and that charming book, Madame von Riedesel's "Berufsreise in Amerika," were only a few of the results of personal experiences. The German archives are full of the personal and official correspondence of German officers, for their families were directed to send to them all letters for preservation, and many of them have since been printed.

Recently the Emperor of Germany spoke of the good record of the German regiments that had served in the War of American Independence. The Colonel of one of these very regiments gave its officers a lecture on the part it had played in the American Revolutionary War. At the recent anniversary of the German Gymnasium at Pyritz the Rector read the diary of one of its former students during his service

with his regiment here. German novels dealing with the events of the American Revolution have become quite numerous. A recent translation of E. J. Lowell's capital book on "The Hessians in America," has been published by an officer of the German general staff,—a fitting tribute to a capital example of American historical research. To Lowell's suggestion is due much of the reprinting of the numerous diaries and journals of the German officers who served here. Germans too who served here during the Civil War, Colonel Heros Von Börcke and Estvan on the Southern side, and a much longer list of those who were in the Northern army, have published books on the war. While Von Holst represents and typifies the German student and teacher in a succession of works dealing with our constitutional history, there is hardly an event or a question in recent American history, social, economical, or political, that has not been discussed by Germans, fully masters of all that is of interest in our contemporary history.

A country that has New York, with more Germans than in any German city except Berlin, and a larger German population scattered throughout its length and breadth than any single German state or all its colonies put together, cannot fail to keep in close touch with the mother country and to influence and to be influenced by all the movements, financial and political, that have a common interest for the people of both countries. The literature of the two countries is largely common to the people there and here, and a German who comes to Harvard as a professor follows the good example set by Lieber and Vethake and Seidensticker here in Philadelphia, and may well find the same hearty welcome.

The interdependence of two nations with so much in common in their past and so many ties in the present cannot fail to be an important factor in the future. Allied for the industrial development of the parts of the world hitherto remote from commerce, and united in many matters of education and training, Germany and America may well move forward in harmony, each maintaining all of its independence of method and thought and action, yet both gaining strength from a better understanding and mutual self-help by which each may supplement the needs of the other.

LIONS

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

I CANNOT reach the goal for which I strive,
There are too many lions in the way."
"Lions," he cried, "had they but crossed *my* path,
I could have fought to what I miss to-day!"

"AND OTHER CONSIDERATIONS"

By Mary Catharine Hews

"YOU sent fer me, I b'lieve, Ephraim," said Stephen Chesley, hesitating in the door-way of the sick-room.

"Yes, I sent fer ye," answered Ephraim Buckner. "Come in," he added, after a moment's silence; "I've got somethin' ter talk over with ye."

The new-comer sidled towards a chair, on the extreme front of which he balanced himself uneasily. He drew out his handkerchief as he sat down and began to wipe his forehead, being careful, however, not to disturb the damply plastered locks of hair upon his temples. The sudden summons to his neighbor's bedside had taken him wholly by surprise, and he was laboring now under the twofold discomfort of his Sunday clothes and the obviously alarming condition of the sufferer.

"How be ye ter-night, Eph, anyway?" he inquired, returning the handkerchief to his pocket and endeavoring to speak with moderate and casual interest, as if the idea had just entered his mind. "Gainin' any yit?"

The sick man made no answer. He was a very sick man indeed, and was bolstered up in bed to aid his labored and flagging breath. There were patches of distressful crimson upon his cheeks and his eyes were feverishly bright, but Stephen Chesley noticed that the firm shut of his mouth remained unchanged. The chamber in which he lay was large and low-studded, with shutters at the windows instead of curtains, and sparsely furnished in mahogany. The single lamp which burned by the head of the bed served only to drive back the shadows. Beyond the narrow radius of its light they grouped themselves grimly, with a sombre and melancholy effect which weighed upon Stephen's spirits from the moment he entered the room.

Still ignoring the well-meant question of his caller, Ephraim Buckner's gaze rested now upon the woman who was hovering anxiously about the bed. "Water," he murmured feebly.

With some trepidation of manner, but confident that she was obeying the highest authority, she brought him, instead, a glass of the soothing drink that the doctor had ordered an hour before.

"I said—water—Lyddy," he repeated, and this time with some severity.

"I know you did, Mr. Buckner, but I do wish you'd try this in place of it—jest once," she pleaded. "It'll ease up yer cough in no time, it's so healin'." She held the tumbler to his lips with a gesture of entreaty, but he turned them obstinately away from it.

"If he said water," suggested Stephen Chesley, in a voice that deprecated his own interference, "p'r'aps flaxseed tea—ain't—percisely—what he hed in mind." The sick man half smiled, then caught his breath in a paroxysm of hoarse coughing. Stephen went hurriedly downstairs, took the half-emptied pail from the sink-shelf in the kitchen, and ran out to the well. He was back again directly with a dipper of freshly drawn water in his hand, which he carried to the bedside. "Here, neighbor, try this," he said, reaching his right arm under the pillows and lifting the patient into an easier position.

Ephraim Buckner drank as well as he was able, choking over it as he did so and really swallowing but little. Still, it seemed to comfort him, and his face relaxed into an expression of relief. Stephen remained standing by the bed. His self-possession had disappeared with the opportunity for helpfulness, and the muscles of his body began to stiffen again in a fresh access of embarrassment.

"I s'pose—from what Jerry said—that—you——" he stammered at last; then, unable to finish the sentence to his own satisfaction, relapsed into silence. His eyes sought the floor, while he wondered dejectedly what was to be required of him. If any ghostly comfort were to be doled out to the sufferer,—which was not likely,—it would certainly seem to come within Elder Hutchinson's province rather than his. If, on the other hand, it were a matter of business,—but that was hardly possible, for whatever estimate Stephen might place upon his own ability as a business man, he was sure that his thrifty and successful neighbor held it in but light esteem.

Ephraim Buckner lay with closed eyes for a moment or two before he answered. At the best his voice sounded like a husky and far-away echo of itself, but it still held the force of an assured intention. "What I wanted ter see ye fer," he said at last, quite ignoring the amazement of his listener, "was ter settle on a price fer thet plains lot o' yourn. We didn't rightly finish up our talk Wednesday."

So the conversation was to be worldly and matter-of-fact after all. Stephen's legs straightened themselves involuntarily to their full length, and he barely refrained from humming the first line of his favorite "Old Grimes" in his relief. "Sartin', Ephraim, sartin'," he said. "That'll suit me—to a dot. I guess I'll resume my settin'."

The man on the bed raised his feeble right hand slowly, inch by inch, till it was on a level with his eyes, and gazed at it fixedly.

"You're expectin' more fer that land than 't'll ever bring ye—in my opinion, Steve."

"Think so? Wal, I don't egsackly know——"

He was interrupted by Lydia Kelley, the housekeeper, who came back at this point, making no effort to hide her dismay at the turn affairs were taking. "It's time fer yer stim'lant, Mr. Buckner," she said briefly, as Stephen turned sidewise in his chair to broaden the passage between himself and the bed.

"You'd better double the dose this time, Lyddy," suggested the patient more naturally than he had previously spoken, "I'm goin' to talk a little while." The woman shook her head as she obeyed, making it evident, however, that her disapproval was meant entirely for the third person present.

"It comforts Lyddy ter call it 'stim'lant,'" remarked her employer as she crossed the entry on her way downstairs. "Bein' a Presbyterian, the word 'whiskey' seems ter kind of upset her. Now what was you sayin', Stephen?"

"Oh, abaout thet lot? I've allers looked on it ez the pootiest piece o' medder land and pastur' together 't there is this side o' Cowan's Holler."

"Nobody else has got such a good opinion of it, I c'n tell ye that," Ephraim answered with exasperating promptness.

"An' 't lays dretfle handy ter your south field too."

"Handy for the crows, I'll allow. They can fly across ruther better'n an ox team. But that don't make much difference either way. How is it when 't comes hayin' time? I s'pose you don't claim thet much of it is wuth mowin', do ye?"

"Wal—I ain't reck'nin' on't—specially—fer fodder; thet is, fer winter fodder."

"I sh'ld think not!" The excitement of the born land speculator began to kindle in Ephraim Buckner's eyes. "Got that deed you hed drawed up last week still?"

"Yes—I've got it—so fur's that goes."

"Not that it's wuth much, one way or the other. I went down there Thursday an' paced that ground all over ag'in. It lacks consid-er'ble o' the width yer surveyor allowed—if you should sell it by the acre."

"I guess Brown hain't made no gre't of a mistake," protested Stephen uneasily; "an' I sh'll more'n likely sell it lump sum, anyhow."

"What's yer askin' price fer it, lump sum, then?"

Stephen laid the fingers of one hand against the fingers of the other, bringing the tips of the nails together with exactness, as if nothing else occupied his thoughts.

"The path out ter the highway's pooty poor, ez I remember it,"

continued Ephraim. "My wheels went hub-deep more'n once when I was haulin' wood through there with ye last spring."

"There ain't many dry paths raound here, ez a rule, in March," retorted the owner of the land. "An' one thing I c'n say abaout thet piece withaout boastin': 'tain't ev'ry pastur' thet furnishes vittles an' drink together so handy's that one does."

"Such vittles as 'tis"—sarcastically. "An' how much young stock's be'n drownded, fust an' last, in thet pond o' yourn, Steve?"

The caller looked uncomfortable. "Only two fool calves, when all's said," he owned with some reluctance, "an' they the same's committed suicide,"—becoming suddenly interested in flicking off a few bits of straw that clung to the sole of one heavy cowhide boot.

"Ez I was tellin' ye Wednesday, I don't like the way you've fenced in thet piece. A good stone wall would 'a' be'n wuth spendin' yer time on, while ye was abaout it."

"'Twas on accaount o' them spotted alders I put up a fancy fence," explained Stephen. "They finish up the north corner as slick's a mitten—an' they're increasin' in valoo too every year't they stan' there. When you climb up on my knoll an' look daown through 'em onto the water, it's a gre't view—allowin' me ter be the judge."

"Yes, 'tis—especially in mosquiter season," put in Ephraim drily. "I never see the sense o' spotted alders growin' there anyway, myself. Looks as if yer slope started out ter be woodland an' mowin' lot an' pastur' all in one, an' ended by bein' plaguy poor fer either. "Well," —after a moment's pause,—"I'll tell ye what I'll do with ye. I've sized up that piece o' land,—muddy bottom, poor feed, spotted alders, an' all. 'Tain't wuth what you're calling it, by a long chalk. But, such as 'tis, it jines mine, an' I'm e'enamost tempted ter make ye another offer for't—if you really won't close with my fust one. You're quick enough ter say what you won't take. Now tell me what you *will*."

For several seconds Stephen Chesley's lips had been trying to shape the words "eight hundred dollars," so as to toss them off lightly when the crucial question should come. The magnitude of the sum appalled him, but these wholesale slurs upon his property had goaded him almost to the verge of naming it as his lowest price. It would at least end the discussion, being nearly double what Ephraim Buckner had previously offered.

"What do ye—say,—neighbor?" came the hollow voice from the bed.

Stephen cleared his throat in futile preparation. Fidgeting uncomfortably in his chair, he brought its front legs to the floor with a jar, which struck him as wholly disproportionate to the cause that had produced it.

Ephraim Buckner had closed his eyes and was breathing heavily.

When open they guarded his face like sentinels. Now it looked as if an invisible iron hand had been drawn over it, indenting hollows about the nose and mouth, and leaving purplish traces, here and there, amid its pallor.

Painfully conscious of all this,—conscious too of Lydia Kelley's motionless and reproachful shadow outside the door,—Stephen almost decided to effect his escape in silence; but the sick man's eyes were wide open again.

"Ready with yer lump sum, Steve?" he asked.

Stephen determined to evade the issue. He knew from experience that he would not be likely to secure any material advance upon Ephraim's previous offer. In any case he shrank from concluding the bargain in this summary way. Great as was his need of ready money, he hated to forego the dear delight of dickering; and he had recently begun to entertain hopes of a sale in another direction. With the instinct of a timid and wavering nature he avoided a direct reply.

"Why—I don' know but I be—so fur's I'm consarned,"—with cautious reservation; "but what abaout your talkin' so long, Ephraim? You're ruther weak ter-night—not ter say sick; so hadn't ye better let it wait a day or two?"

A transient smile lighted the face of Ephraim Buckner. "We ain't talkin' health, Steve, we're talkin' medder lots. Now, I've a notion ter buy thet piece o' yourn. An' I've made up my mind jest what I sh'll offer ye. 'Tain't as if ye was tryin' ter sell the Howland field, ez I was in hopes, one while, you'd decide to. That's got some value. But this pastur' land——"

A sudden inspiration came to Stephen's relief. "I don' know ez I'm bent on sellin' jes' naow, Ephraim, 't any figger," he said, moving cautiously in the direction of the door; "but I'll think it over an' run in ag'in ter-morrer night. Most likely you'll git it at your own price in the end," he added guilefully.

"This ain't jest a blind, is it?" To the guilty consciousness of his listener the words sounded like an accusation.

"Not much 'tain't! Now, I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll be raound here at sharp seven ter-morrer night, an' if you want the land you sh'll hev it! By jinks, Eph, you sh'll hev it at yer own price! Now, bear that in mind ter go ter sleep on—at yer own price!" repeating the words with reassuring and cordial emphasis.

The sick man looked gratified. "I sh'll be on the lookaout fer ye," he answered, "an' ready ter wind up the trade. You're property poor anyhow, Steve. I've be'n wantin' ye ter part with some o' yer land this five years." His voice was growing weary and indistinct. "P'r'aps you think I'm tryin' to Jew ye—now; if you do yer mistaken—that's all."

"It's all up with Eph, I'm afraid; don't look ez if he'd last much beyond sunrise. Mebbe he was wanderin' in his mind when he planned up thet trade with me ter-night—but I'm afraid not. He hung on the same's ever when 't come ter the price, I noticed." Opposite the corner of his own garden he stood still suddenly, as if arrested by an unwelcome suggestion. "Folks do hold aout unaccaountably sometimes! What if—what if Eph's livin' an' clear in his mind ter-morrer night, an' tries to come some sharp dodge on me abaout the medder, arter all? I did say it—his own price! An' Lyddy Kelley heard me! I meant ter be smart fer once, an' I've made a bigger fool o' myself 'n ever. Wal, I won't tell Lucindy. She sha'n't lose her sleep over it—yit. Ez fer me, I might ez well go 'n hang over the aidge o' the harrer, fer all the peace I sh'll hev ter-night. 'Twas a skunk's trick in me tryin' ter please poor Eph up thet way, jest because he's goin' ter die. 'T'll serve me right if he gits the better uv me, an', by gum! I'll bet he'll do it. Eph Buckner's own price—on a piece o' land!"

He was going on again now, with shambling and reluctant steps. "You couldn't ask fer a better neighbor 'n Eph Buckner's allers be'n ter me," he mused remorsefully. "He'll git the best end o' the bargain every time when it comes ter tradin'—but that's his natur'; an' he's done me more favors than I c'n caount. I set by Eph, an' I wish he was goin' ter git well—but he ain't! An' so I hope 't he'll give up seein' me ter-morrer night an' squeezin' me on a trade that never'll do him a cent's-wuth o' good." The sweat stood upon his forehead. "'T'll be a curious wind-up o' things if money's got ter go out o' the slim purse inter the full one. Eph won't leave no heirs—except Tobias's sons,—an' he don't keer a cent about either of 'em. I can't see why he sh'ld want ter rob me fer the sake o' helpin' them. I can't—no way!"

It happened that Stephen Chesley had to go to mill the next morning. The roads were heavy and the "colt" had cast a shoe, but he took the long drive over Houlton Uplands both going and coming rather than to pass the meadow lot at the foot of the hill. Reaching home a little before noon, he unharnessed dejectedly and went up to the barn chamber, shivering there in shame-stricken and unhappy solitude till he was summoned to dinner at twelve o'clock.

Mrs. Chesley had roast spare-rib and onions that day, followed by Stephen's favorite Indian pudding, but his almost total lack of appetite lessened the cheerfulness of the meal. His wife sought him in the shed a half-hour later, insistently proffering the contents of a blue-and-white mug which she carried in her hand.

"You ain't eat a bird's pickin' to-day, Stephen, an' you look as floppy raound the gills as a last-week's haddock. Now swaller this herb-drink while 't's hot, an' the minute you begin ter sweat make tracks fer

the settin'-room. I'll draw the sofy up in front o' the fire, an' we'll steam the cold out uv ye—if we kin—before ye git daown where poor Eph Buckner is. To be sure, they're sayin' to-day that mebbe he'll pull through, but it stan's ter reason 't he won't never be ez tough 's he has be'n."

Stephen Chesley groaned. "I don't feel ter drink this, Lucindy," he said—the last words gurgling plaintively, however, through bitter waves of thoroughwort and wormwood. "Ef you'd rightly known my feelin's I guess you'd 'a' spared me;" and for a moment, as he rubbed his jacket-sleeve across his lips, he was able to regard Lucinda's share in their impending misfortune with tolerable philosophy.

The next three hours were spent in abject misery upon the old hair-cloth sofa in front of a roaring fire. Then—Mrs. Chesley having gone to a neighbor's house for a friendly gossip—he got up, unlocked his desk, and drew forth the ill-omened and fatal deed, whose existence he had been weak enough to admit. Having tucked it inside his jacket and buttoned it securely out of sight, he felt his mood changing gradually to one of desperation and dogged indifference. This continued till supper-time. He ate heartily enough, and talked even more than was his custom, but his furtive glance was turned every now and then towards the clock. The milking was done and the wood-box already filled, but at twenty minutes of seven he muttered a few indistinct words about the "chores," and reached up to the peg where his hat was hanging, just inside the door.

"Lucindy,"—for she was approaching him with opposition in her eyes,—"I ain't crazy an' I ain't sick, but I perpose ter *do* them chores! An' ef you don't let me alone—and go 'n set down—I don' know but I sh'll hev ter set ye down—by main force."

Startled beyond measure by such unheard-of defiance, Lucinda said nothing; but she looked at him sharply through her spectacles, her anxiety diverted upon the instant into a fresh channel.

"It's his head, Rebecca, an' the herb-drink hain't broke it up a mite," she admitted mournfully to her sister when the shed-door slammed to with a violence that shook the kitchen.

"I sh'll try a rousin' dose o' salts ez soon's he comes in. The old Peter'll be to pay before he takes 'em, I'm afeared; but in my opinion it's a choice now between dosin' an' pneumony, fer he hain't acted like hisself a minute to-day;"—and the sigh with which she began to wash the supper-dishes was a heartfelt one.

It lacked three minutes of seven when Ephraim Buckner heard the rap at the door for which he had been listening. "There's neighbor Chesley," he said with more animation than he had manifested for several hours. "Show him in, Lyddy—an' call the Square too."

There were three lamps in the sick-room to-night, and Stephen

noticed that writing-materials had been placed upon the table. He greeted the sick man with such composure as he could summon, acknowledging Squire Wheeler's courteous bow by a stiff jerk of the head. A few desultory remarks were hazarded by that gentleman, though he had too much tact to attempt any continuous conversation, and each time the patient opened his eyes and forced himself to respond.

A marked change had taken place in Ephraim Buckner's appearance during the last twenty-four hours,—so marked, indeed, that whatever intention of argument or entreaty poor Stephen had been cherishing was vanquished by it. It struck him as significant also that Doctor Archibald was sitting in the arm-chair by the bed, and that he maintained an unbroken watch upon his patient, even though he spoke now and then to the others with an air of easy and indiscriminate cheerfulness.

It was the Doctor who presently suggested—more cheerfully than ever—that as they had met for a little matter of business, and as his patient would feel more or less anxious until it was finished, it might be well to attend to it at once. He rose as he spoke and began to pour something into a tumbler—first from one vial and then from a second. "Try a sip of this, Mr. Buckner, before you exert yourself to talk much. It's the best cordial I've ever run across. Quite too good for anybody but sick people," he added pleasantly, as the glass swayed in Ephraim's weak but determined fingers. "Now, Mr. Wheeler, we're ready for you."

"Yes, Square, I guess we be; thet is, if you've minded to stick to yer agreement, Stephen," supplemented the sick man.

Stephen Chesley winced. He was too excited to recognize the physician's extreme uneasiness, or to realize how entirely the imperious will of the patient dominated the situation. He felt only a hurt, sore sense of injustice. The man whose face was changing into a rigid and ghastly pallor before their eyes was his neighbor and—had not the meagre phraseology of the region been chary of the word—his friend. Preparations for business at such a moment would have impressed him drearily enough had he been but a looker on. Regarded as the final evidence of a shrewdness which had him for its object, they seemed nothing less than hideous; and though all this was, in a certain sense, but the outcome of his own folly, he recoiled helplessly from its cruelty. His hand shook, and there was a frown upon his forehead as he drew the crumpled paper from his breast and passed it to the lawyer.

The latter glanced rapidly over its contents. "One dollar and other considerations—land situate—h'm, h'm—bounded on the north" —and so on to the end. "This deed is complete, as I remember it, except that you now desire to specify the amount paid." He dipped his pen in the ink-well and waited, his eyes turned inquiringly towards the

bed. Standing behind the patient, Doctor Archibald motioned for them to proceed quickly. "What sum am I to insert, Mr. Buckner? We'll be ready for your signature in a moment," nodding to the unhappy Stephen. "Call in the housekeeper, please, for another witness. Now—what amount do you say, sir?" raising his voice to penetrate the mist which seemed to enwrap the sick man at intervals, like a mantle of dreams.

"Three—thousand dollars,—spot cash!" answered Ephraim Buckner clearly and deliberately. "An' the Doctor's got it, ready to pass over as soon's it's wanted."

Not knowing the history of the transaction, and anxious only to have it safely concluded, the lawyer and the physician displayed no surprise. But to the heretofore reluctant seller of the land those slowly dropping syllables carried with them amazement, relief, and an aching throb of remorseful comprehension.

"Eph—why, Ephraim!" he began eagerly, "that ain't no trade;—it's an out-an'-out present!"

"Sign," whispered Mr. Wheeler with an uneasy and imperative gesture; and the shaking hand of Stephen Chesley scrawled his name. Doctor Archibald and Lydia Kelley added their signatures as witnesses, and the folded paper was laid upon the table in silence. In silence too this time the physician administered another spoonful of the cordial, to whose power the feeble heart and brain responded but briefly.

"I got it on my own terms, didn't I, neighbor?—on my own terms?" said Ephraim a moment later, his eyes seeking for Stephen Chesley with something of quizzical amusement in their expression. "I know I've overpaid ye fer them spotted alders—but, after all, I'm ruther pleased with my bargain."

Heedless of the thick package of bills which Doctor Archibald was holding out to him, Stephen shuffled to the bedside. "Oh Eph!" he faltered; then reached out impulsively and drew the cold hand that lay upon the quilt into his own warm and grimy clasp.

The man who had sunk back amid the pillows looked, or seemed to look, upon those contrasted hands. "Satisfied—be ye—Stephen?" he asked—and not one of those present would have recognized the voice in which he spoke. "Well—I wanted ye ter hev—a—keepsake; an' somebody'd got ter name a price—fer 'twas—clear 't—you—couldn't."

"But you've set me up fer life, Eph—fer life! You've made me downright forehanded—arter all my hard luck." His eyes filled with tears, and his irresolute lips trembled. "I hope the Lord'll bless ye fer thinkin' of it—an' I b'lieve He will," he murmured chokingly.

This time Ephraim Buckner attempted no reply. But a smile that was both kindly and contented lingered still upon his lips, softened the lines of his rugged face, and seemed to lurk even in the hollows beneath his half-closed eyes.

FRESH FROM THE PRESS

THE series so auspiciously inaugurated about Christmas time is continued this month by a volume containing the Old Testament books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, and one comprehending the Johannine books, being the Gospel, the three Epistles, and the Revelation of St. John.

Temple Bible.

The absorbing narrative of the return from the Babylonish captivity occupies the first volume, taking in the period from about 537 B.C., when Cyrus the Median, having overthrown the Chaldean king, Belshazzar, made a decree restoring the Jews to Palestine, down to the final secession of the Samaritans and the commencement of their rival temple on Mount Gerizim, about 408 B.C. Stirring events in Jewish history belong to this century and a quarter. The Temple and the city of Jerusalem itself were rebuilt, despite the obstructive tactics of the Samaritans, and the Temple was dedicated. Ezra and Nehemiah were sent to Judæa. The first separated the Jews from their foreign wives, and brought out a new edition of the Laws; Nehemiah, as Governor of Judæa, rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem and repeopled the city, and then turned his attention to the reform of church and state, accomplishing finally the reformation of the Temple services. During this time also occurred the incidents narrated in the book of Esther, which are commemorated to this day in the Jewish feast of Purim. The volume is edited by J. Wilson Harper, D.D., of New College, Edinburgh, and the photogravure frontispiece is from "Esther before Ahasuerus," by Paul Veronese.

The volume containing the Johannine books is issued under the editorship of the Reverend Canon Benham, D.D., London, and comprehends, as we have stated above, the Gospel, the three Epistles, and the Revelation of St. John. Upon the first and last of these, especially, the editor's introduction and notes furnish a wealth of illumining information. In the Gospel we have, he says, not a supplement to the other three so much as a completing Gospel, which gives many new facts and throws new light on old facts. Writing in the latter decades of the first century, St. John sought to deal with the flood of heresies concerning—in their ultimate analysis, at least—the nature of the Person of Christ, and "to show that Jesus was very man, but also the Eternal Son of God, in the beginning with God; was made flesh, and showed forth the glory of God in its fulness; and that He came from God to bring the desolate and dying world the gift of eternal life." . . . . "St. Mark, whose Gospel was very probably the first written, shows us Christ in His humanity, the present Christ in His

strength, His activity, His ceaseless work—the *strong* Son of God." . . . . "St. Matthew is retrospective. His subject is 'Christ the fulfilment of the ancient law, and the Old Testament.' St. Luke's is the Gospel of the future, the call of the heathen into the household of God."

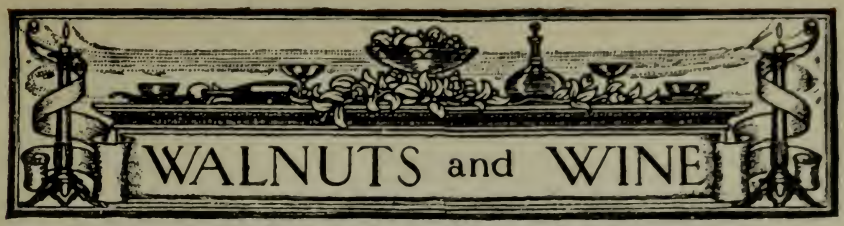
The Book of the Revelation, Dr. Benham tells us, is the New Testament book of Christian Prophecy. "St. John looks upon the world as it is, and by the light of God's Word sees what is *at hand*, and interprets the signs of the times in which he lives. The book is not a book of puzzles and conundrums which we, in this twentieth century, are to weary ourselves in solving. It had a meaning for that time, and the more we see what that meaning was, the clearer might any century, from then till now, view its own doings in the light of God." Through twenty pages of introduction, Dr. Benham traces the symbols to their originals, elaborating minor points in the notes, and makes it possible for lay-people to comprehend something of the content and meaning of this most difficult book. The frontispiece to the volume is from "The Rider on the White Horse," by G. F. Watts.

Of the twenty-four volumes proposed (to which may be added one on Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture, and one, Ecclesiasticus, an apocryphal book, making twenty-six volumes in all), the books of Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, and this on Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, have been published in the Old Testament, with the volume containing the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and this, comprehending the Johannine books, in the New Testament; the remaining volumes are announced to appear, two each month.

The Giant Fish of Florida.

From the pen of Mr. J. Turner-Turner, an enthusiastic sportsman with the line and hook, comes this beautifully illustrated volume of experiences among the game fish of the Gulf of Mexico. "The tarpon, of course, stands first," he writes; "indeed, there are many visitors to those parts who will fish for nothing else, thus losing many excellent opportunities of sport on days that are too rough for them to get out on the tarpon grounds." . . . . "Only fish that are likely to attract the notice of the angler have been figured and briefly described, and this from the sporting rather than from the natural-history point of view."

The chief interest of the work, however, centres in the author's beautiful photographic illustrations, taken from the natural (not mounted) fish. Believing that even the recent achievements in photographing living fish under water are not entirely accurate, owing to the cramping tendency of the aquarium tank, Mr. Turner-Turner has prepared his subjects by pegging them in the attitudes they assumed before his eyes but an hour or so before, while they were yet in their native element. The resulting photographs are full of action, and seem to indicate that,—in the hands of one as able as he, at least,—the author's method for photographing fish is the best yet attempted.



Whose 'Possum Was It?

"COMPANY A," Confederate volunteers, was stationed at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, to guard the thoroughfare from Kentucky to Tennessee. As there were few Federals in that section at the time, Company A's duties were merely nominal, as, likewise, were its rations. The surrounding country had been effectively drained of such things as hungry soldiers find necessary to existence. Bacon was two dollars a pound, and hard to obtain at that; fowl-yards had been depleted by the soldiery of one side or the other; and the rigors of a Cumberland Gap winter were intensified by the rigors of scant fare. "The boys declared that even the rabbits had fled the country to escape immolation, while the capture of a good fat 'possum brought greater rejoicing than the capture of a squad of bluecoats.

Captain Hatterson was the wag and wit of the brigade—the practical joker with whom all his comrades tried to "get even." But as Pete, the Captain's body-servant, avowed,—

"Yo' hatter set up late an' git up yeahly, an' be pretty spry in de mean time, for' yo' gwine git ahead o' Mas' Rob't in a joke."

As Captain Hatterson had made up his own company from among his friends and relatives, it was somewhat lacking in that military dignity that is supposed to prevail among soldiers. They were all "the boys" together, and the man who forgot and called the Captain "Bob" was by no means a rare offender.

One raw January day, after about two feet of snow had fallen, "Captain Bob" came over to Lieutenant Kincaid's tent and said,—

"Boys, my man Pete has just caught the finest 'possum I've seen since I was a boy."

Thereupon Captain Bob descanted at length upon the qualities of the 'possum, its fatness, its great size, how it would taste flanked by a generous battalion of sweet potatoes, etc., etc., never once intimating, however, an invitation to his comrades to come over to his tent the next day and enjoy the feast; which was a pure act of absent-mindedness on Captain Bob's part, for a more hospitable officer never donned straps.

"Well, I like that!" said Lieutenant Kincaid when the Captain had returned to his own quarters,—"coming over here to blow to a lot of hungry Rebs about his 'possum, and then to march off without saying a word about giving a fellow a taste. I call that shabby of Captain Bob. Blinks, how about it?"

Blinks was the only one in the company who had ever "laid out" the Captain in a joke. He was a great, hulking, raw-boned fellow, who told side-splitting yarns with the face of an undertaker, and looked really hurt when people laughed. Blinks chewed his quid of tobacco a little harder than ever, but otherwise made no sign. In a moment he went outside and held a confab with "Little Billy," the colored cook of the mess.

"Blinks is incubating," said Lieutenant Kincaid to Shackleford; "he'll fix Captain Bob. Don't you give him out."

Just then Blinks entered and said in his peculiar mountain drawl:

"Let's mosey over and see the Cap's find. I don't reckon he'll refuse to let us look at it—though that ain't very fillin'."

So the squad proceeded to the Captain's quarters in a body. If Blinks winked at Little Billy, nobody was the wiser but Blinks and Little Billy.

Captain Bob took them out to where the treasure was securely hidden under an upturned washpot. While they were giving it their meed of admiration, Blinks, to the horror of all and especially of sympathetic Captain Bob, then and there proceeded to have a hard fit. At least, if it was not a genuine fit, to Captain Bob it was not a counterfeit. They carried him inside and ministered to him as such an exigency required. In the excitement no one thought of the 'possum and no one observed that Little Billy was absent from the ministrations to the stricken Blinks. In a surprisingly short time, considering what a desperate "fit" it was, Blinks had rallied sufficiently to return to his own tent.

About dark Captain Bob rushed over to Lieutenant Kincaid's tent, in what Pete would have called a great "miration," to tell that his 'possum was gone! "Did any of them remember whether the pot was up or down when Blinks was taken sick that morning?"

Nobody was absolutely certain, but Blinks recalled distinctly that the Captain was holding the pot *up* when Blinks became unconscious.

"Isn't that too bad!" ejaculated Captain Bob ruefully. "It just occurred to me that I'd forgotten to ask you boys over to help me eat him, as, of course, I fully intended to do, and I thought I would go out and take a peep at the gentleman to see just how many of us he would feed. And, lo and behold! he was gone and the pot turned down over the place where he ought to have been. I do wonder if he slipped out as I turned to help Blinks."

"Most likely," they all agreed with solemn faces, and ostentatiously offered Captain Bob such sympathy as the greatness of his loss would warrant.

Before the Captain left Blinks suggested:

"Better come over and take pot luck with us to-morrow, Cap. It'll sorter divert your mind from broodin' over what mout 'a' been."

The Captain declared he would be delighted, and the next day was promptly on hand at the dinner-hour. Of course, all the "mess" were into the joke. Only the Captain remained to be enlightened. When they were seated and had asked a soldier's blessing on "what we are about to receive," their guest surveyed the spread with open but unsuspecting admiration. The "piece de resistance" was a fine fat 'possum, bountifully flanked with sweet potatoes; a juicy, succulent, redolent 'possum—just such a one as Captain Bob had hoped to offer his friends. Lieutenant Kincaid was ready with a story of how a boy had come "across the mountain" just that morning with a 'possum, and how it had taken a twenty-dollar bill to put such richness before them! Captain Bob walked with unsuspecting feet into the lure laid for him. He ate the 'possum as only a hungry Rebel could; complimented Little Billy's culinary skill; said he believed their 'possum was even larger and fatter than his—to which they all assented except Blinks. Blinks "'lowed yourn would 'a' been the

Three Years Ago we said

Uneeda Biscuit

Millions of people read our advertisements, and said "We'll try **Uneeda Biscuit.**" They tried them, and then they said "We'll use **Uneeda Biscuit;**" and then they were so pleased that they kept on using them, until now more millions of packages are sold than anybody ever dreamed possible; but that isn't the end of the story. **Uneeda Biscuit** are better to-day than ever. If everybody knew how good they are everybody would say to everybody else:—

Uneeda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

match of any 'possum I ever seen of it had only got into the pot after death instead o' before!"

Little Billy was clearing away the débris when Blinks made this remark, and his inward and long-suppressed mirth exploded and went off in such a "Yah! yah!" that it caught like tinder around the circle. In an instant Captain Bob was enlightened. He had eaten his own 'possum, and Blinks was one ahead of him! But, like the gentleman that he was, he joined in the cheers at his own expense, winding up with:

"You've got the drinks on me this time, boys. I'm glad Little Billy cooked my 'possum instead of Pete, for Billy is the better cook of the two. But if Blinks ever perpetrates another 'fit' around me, I'll put him in irons, you see if I don't."

Eva Williams Malone.

"In the fifteen years we lived together my wife never gave me a single cross word."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. I married a mute."

Unsophisticated

Because the Girl was young and shy and wondrously lovely, the Man (who was a Man of the World) could be forgiven the impulse to improve the opportunity of their being left alone together for the first time in their four-weeks' acquaintance.

So he threw away his privileged cigarette and drew nearer to watch the bewildering lights and shadows that the June moon, shining through the clematis vines, was putting on the Girl's pure, young face.

It may have been the wine-like sweetness of the red roses near them that stole intoxicatingly through all his veins—perhaps he was moved by the maddening beauty and grace of the white-clad Girl, serene in her innocence.

She was so utterly unsophisticated that he wondered what new expression would flash into the violet eyes, shadowed with girlhood dreams, were he to attempt any love-making.

At a venture, he drew still nearer, so that her yellow hair—the little tendrils of it that were unconfined—was caught up by the evening breeze and blown in shining meshes against his face as he leaned over the veranda railing beside her.

The soft touches thrilled him. So did the warmth of her pretty arm, glowing palest rose-color through the thin sleeve of her evening-gown against his fingers lying idle on the railing.

Impelled by an uncontrollable impulse, he put his arm about her and drew her to him, putting back the riotous, shining hair to look into the shadowed purple of her eyes.

The Girl dropped her head to hide the flaming scarlet of her cheeks, while with palms outspread upon his shoulders she tried to thrust him away.

He felt her trembling, and held her a little back within the circle of his arms, to watch with smiling delight the new beauty in her drooping, flower-fair face and the tremor of her lovely lips.

HAND SAPOLIO

THE makers of Sapolio (a product which through special merit has gained more friends than any other household commodity in the world) call attention to its sister product, Hand Sapolio, of equal merit in its own sphere, the toilet and bath. It is a pure soap, a necessity to those whose hands become frequently stained, yet equally desirable for general family use, from the delicate-skinned baby to the romping schoolboy.

It removes roughness, stains, and dead skin, prevents chapping, ensures an enjoyable, invigorating bath, one that makes every pore respond, energizes the whole body, starts the circulation, and imparts the vigor and life sensation of a mild Turkish Bath.

He took her chin in the curved hollow of his hand and turned her face up to his, striving to look into the shy, purple eyes.

And then, because the red sweetness of her mouth was so temptingly near and the charm of her shyness so great, the Man bent his handsome dark head and kissed the pure lips eagerly.

The Girl flung herself violently out of his embrace and stood at arm's length, a look of supremest injured dignity on her face.

Four pretty fingers were laid upon the red beauty of her lips—perhaps to check another like advance on his part.

The Man's heart smote against his side in terror. Was she going to scream aloud and denounce him before all those people back there in the brilliantly lighted room?

She found her voice at length.

"You wretch!" she said in a low, tense tone that trembled with indignation. "To kiss me when you haven't been shaved for ages!"

C. Grace Kephart.

AMBIGUOUS.—"Tom Mason has named his race-mare after Dolly Maddox."
"Yes, they say she's awful fast."

A STORIED RELIC

By Truman Roberts Andrews

SOME long years ago, in an old relic-store,
Where homeless antiquity littered the floor,
Where walls and the ceilings were hung with the hoard
Of the wizened collector, there swung an old sword.
Dinted and rusted with strange dark-brown spots,
Where doubtless the blood had once clung in great clots,
It waited a purchaser, one of such mould
As not only doth rev'rence but worships the old.

Smith chanced by the store, and the sword caught his eye.
It thralled him; he'd buy it an' 'twere not too high.
I know not the price, but the dicker once o'er,
With flushed face and the sword Smith escaped from the store,
Hied him homeward and there hung his spoil on the wall,—
"Just a curious old weapon that caught me, that's all."

Years went by, two or three, 'nough to gather a haze
Round the relic, the antique, the ancient of days;
And lo! after dinner hear Smith to a guest.—
"Yes, found on the field where Burgoyne lost his crest."

But e'en as we wonder roll years a few more;
Again see the relic, still spotted with gore,
And hear Smith with fervor declaiming again.—
"My father's good blade in the Vicksburg campaign!"

After a winter of pleasure, or a winter of work, spring is apt to find you tired. Just here is the indication for

Pabst Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

It has positive nutrient elements, and feeds the tired brain. The weary body gets from it just the stimulation necessary to fit it to assimilate food. It combats lassitude, and enables you to go through the early spring days in good shape. Try it just once — and you will be converted to its use.

I wish to say that I am more than ever convinced of the valuable tonic properties of "Best" Tonic.
E. S. KELLEY, M. D., Com. of Health, Minneapolis.

I am constantly using The "Best" Tonic, and find it very helpful in cases of anæmia and nervous prostration.
JULIA HOLMES SMITH, M. D., Chicago.

Pabst Malt Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wis.

Easel Free

We have a beautiful ornament, an easel of most unique design, which we send **Free** to any address, upon receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps to cover postage and packing.

Friend, have ye the prescience, the foresight to see
The vision of Future which opens to me?
Can you see our fat friend, our friend Smith of the sword,
With the guests who have just had their knees 'neath his board?
Note his air as he says with complete nonchalance,—
"Yes, I used it a bit in the war with the Dons!"

Gee Fung's Letter

A BOSTON man who went to the country for the entire summer last year was thoughtless enough to take his departure without bidding good-by to the Chinaman who does his washing. In some way John secured the address of his patron, and soon after his arrival in the country the gentleman received the following epistolary effort from John:

"DEER CUSTOMMER: i hear me you go off an' i let you no i like to wash you some more When you be back. My respecks to you an' I hope you let me wash you just the samee for you nice genelman an' a coustommer i like. when you be back some more you let me no an' I be there to get your londrey for i have adoration for you an' i make you my friend. I now go to Sundy shool to learn to read an' rite so Melican christun not sheet me in my londry works. My teachah velly nice lady so i hope i wash you all the time.

"GEE FUNG."

"AND so Dick de Gai and Kitty Spitfire are really going to marry? I didn't know they even knew one another."

"They don't."

Hypnotic Protection

PRICE, criminal lawyer and clubman, was sitting in the library of his suburban home, smoking and reading. It was two o'clock in the morning, and he had returned from the club half an hour previously. As he shot a ring of smoke ceilingward the lawyer thought he heard the light tread of footsteps. He listened, but the silence of night was broken only by the loud ticking of the hall clock.

He read another chapter of the novel, when suddenly and to his great astonishment the curtains separating the hall-way were parted. A rough-cast face peered into the room. There was no mistaking it: it was that of a burglar.

Price dropped his book and was apparently embarrassed by the presence of the intruder. The stranger was equally surprised, but he gave no indication of fear. He crossed the threshold and advanced within ten feet of the lawyer.

"Not a word from ye," he said cautiously, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, "or I'll pour some lead in ye."

Such a warning was unnecessary, for Price had been fully convinced that resistance would be unwise. He was ready to effect a compromise with the visitor, although he speculated mentally upon means of defence. His only weapon was the book, which he had dropped to the floor.

The clock in the hall-way ticked louder, forebodingly, in Price's imagina-

Pure Beer is Healthful—

Barley in it for food; Hops for a tonic; just enough Alcohol (3½ per cent) to be a help to digestion. There are no germs in pure beer; in sweet drinks there are myriads.

Pure beer is a strength-giver — essential to the weak, helpful to anybody.

Schlitz Beer is Pure

We brew beer in absolute cleanliness; cool it in filtered air, in plate-glass rooms. Then we filter it. We sterilize every bottle after it is sealed. We use the finest materials that money can buy. We age it so long that it cannot cause biliousness. Schlitz beer is *good*—good for *you*.

—Ask for the brewery bottling.

tion. By no means a coward, the lawyer finally refused to surrender. He thought how he might outwit the intruder. The man's big blue eyes blinked as a sort of prelude to a fight.

Price was a man of good proportions. His midnight visitor was small, but a loaded revolver covered a multitude of physical shortcomings. Then for some reason the burglar lowered his pistol. Price determined upon a hand-to-hand fight, but another idea offered itself.

The lawyer's hobby was hypnotism, and he was a firm believer in that sort of thing. He had never had the opportunity for a practical demonstration of its merits, but here was the chance to subject it to a test. Why not try hypnotic suggestion on the burglar? That he did. Slowly he raised his hands and made several undulating passes.

Not a word was spoken by the two men. Price had concentrated his whole mind upon his subject. Had the burglar again raised his pistol it would have been unnoticed, probably, by the lawyer. The intruder took a step backward. He dropped his revolver and turned slowly into the hall-way. He tread noiselessly through the house, cleared a window, and was off.

Price, astounded at the success of his experiment, ran after him and saw him tracking across an open lot in the moonlight. The lawyer hardly realized the importance of his work until he returned to the library.

He delighted in his triumph, and smoked two big, black cigars in celebration of it before he retired. Popular as he was at the club, his story met with ridicule. But often as he told it, he never wavered in the details, and it came to pass that the tale was finally accepted at its face value.

There were some among Price's clients who required a lawyer, not so much to defend spotless characters as to tear down a prosecution. It was one such he went to see several months after his adventure with the burglar.

He was passing by a tier of cells, when he glanced into one.

"Hey, there!" shouted the inmate, with a show of enthusiasm.

Price halted. The man's face was familiar. His hand was extended and Price shook it.

"Well, what's the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh, nuthin'. I've been caught, an' when I saw ye goin' along I thought ye might be glad to know it."

"Why," said Price, "you're the fellow,"—recollection made him boastful and he continued,—"you're the fellow I sent away by hypnotizing you. Oh, yes, I know you. How are you?"

The burglar grinned. Price talked on—actually told the man over again how he had ejected him by a scientific process. The burglar grinned more. Finally he spoke:

"I'm sorry, pard. I hate to spoil your fun an' I don't like to offend ye, but ye're a little strong on the truth. When I was in your house that night I didn't expect to find ye home. Ye surprised me, an' I was ready to shoot if ye showed fight. As I raised me gun I found that she was broke an' useless. I knew the game was up. Then when ye did that funny business I was on. Ye see, I ain't no fool. I just took the chance an' slipped away."

When the lawyer went home, he took the pistol from the table, where it

Mellin's Food

A Mellin's Food Little Girl

"Our baby bounded from a puny sickly child to one strong and healthy. We give Mellin's Food all the credit."

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY Sample of Mellin's Food Free BOSTON, MASS.

A MAGNIFICENT new passenger station will be erected in Chicago by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway on the site of the present building on Van Buren Street.

That passengers may not be annoyed by the confusion incident to such work, beginning December 29, 1901, all through trains over the Lake Shore will arrive at and depart from the Grand Central Station in Chicago on same schedule as at present in force. This station is located at the corner of Harrison Street and Fifth Avenue. Surface street-cars in Fifth Avenue pass this station and connect by transfer with surface cross-town lines on Van Buren, Adams, Madison, Washington, and Randolph Streets.

Stations on Union Elevated Loop, where trains on elevated lines may be taken to practically all parts of the city, are located about four blocks away, one at corner of Fifth Avenue and Quincy Street, the other corner of Van Buren and LaSalle Streets, where the new station is to be erected.

The same arrangements for the transfer of the passengers and baggage to stations of other lines or to hotels, etc., will obtain as in force at the old station.

PURE COW'S MILK made sterile and guarded against contamination, from beginning to baby's bottle, is the perfection of substitute feeding for infants. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has stood first among infant foods for more than forty years.

lay as a memento. The trigger refused to work and the chambers were filled with empty shells.

Louis Seaber.

"HOWDY"

By Charles W. Stevenson

"Kind o' like to hear 'em say it!—
'Howdy, howdy!'
Know who's who right there an' then,
That's the moral truth, now, men,—
Put my trust right *in* him when
Man sez, 'Howdy!'"

"Yes, sir, sounds like ol' times comin',—
'Howdy, howdy!'
Hez the heft, an' makes you feel
Like yore rely in the deal,
An' yore friend kin sort o' 'spiel',—
Sayin', 'Howdy!'

"Folks all say it in Mizzouree!—
'Wal, wal, howdy!'
Hearty, honest, homely, gruff,
Gentle, kindly, yard-wide stuff,—
Man that sez it's good enuff,—
'Ol' boy, howdy!'

"Yes, sir, like to hear 'em say it!
'Howdy, howdy!'
Hez a cheery, earnest ring,
No put-on, the A-I thing,
Gives yore own good-will a swing,
'N you say, 'Howdy!'"

At the Altar

An elderly minister is fond of telling of a "break" he once made at a double wedding of two sisters. It was arranged that the two couples should be married with one ceremony, the two brides responding at the same time and the two bridegrooms doing the same. There had not been any previous rehearsal, as the minister had come a long distance and had reached the church but a few minutes before the time for the ceremony.

All went well until it came time for the minister to say, "And now I pronounce you man and wife."

It suddenly became obvious to the minister that the usual formula would not do in the case of two men and two wives, and he could not think of any way of making "man" and "wife" plural in the sentence. In his desperation and confusion he lifted his hands and said solemnly,—

The Travelers Insurance Company

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What a Policy in The Travelers Means:

A plainly worded Life Insurance contract, with an absolutely safe Company on the most liberal terms, and at the very lowest rates at which such a Company can afford to do business.
Nothing indefinite; no uncertain "dividends;" "so much insurance for so much money," every cent of which is guaranteed and promptly paid when due.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE. The most liberal form of policy written for a day or a year, as purchaser elects, in the largest Accident Insurance Company in the World.

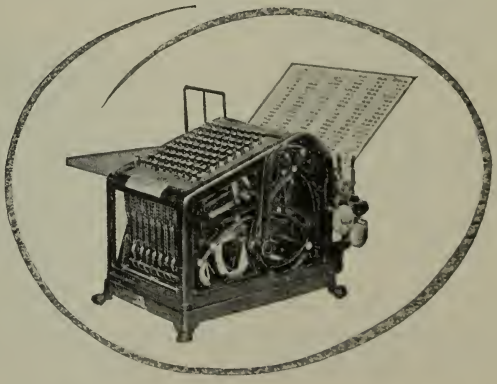
You want the BEST, of course
Why not be sure and get it?

AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

THE BURROUGHS

NO NIGHT WORK

NO CHECKING FOR DIFFERENCES



THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

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IT WILL SAVE *YOU* TIME AND MONEY.
ADDS ALL YOUR BOOKS, INVOICES AND TRIAL BALANCES.
WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF ITS WORK, WITH LIST OF YOUR FRIENDS WHO USE IT.

AMERICAN ARITHMOMETER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

"And now I pronounce you, *one and all*, husband and wife!"

A minister whose first parish was in the backwoods of the West some years ago says that he once married a very seedy-looking bridegroom to a buxom girl of perhaps twenty years. The ceremony was performed in the log-cabin home of the bride's parents, and there were many guests present. When the bridegroom repeated the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," a tall, lank fellow with a huge tobacco-cud in his bulging cheek drawled out nasally,—

"Thar goes Hank's bull terrier, by gum!"

M. W.

The Drift of Modern English

A WASHINGTON resident, who is so proud of her home that she sometimes sins against the rubric of fashionable form by remaining in town the year round, was recently assailed by an ultra-conventional friend in ultra-modern language.

"I knew that you usually wintered here," she said, "but I was astonished to hear that you had summered here."

"I have not only wintered here and summered here," answered the recklessly unfashionable one, "but I will astonish you still further"—and the threat was borne out—"when I tell you that I always fall here, and I have sometimes sprung here."

Althea Lowber Craig.

THE COÖPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPERS

Ey Elliott Flower

TEN thoughtful women, ever wise,
A wondrous scheme did once devise
For ease, and to economize.

"Coöperation!" was their cry,
And not a husband dared deny
'Twould life and labor simplify.

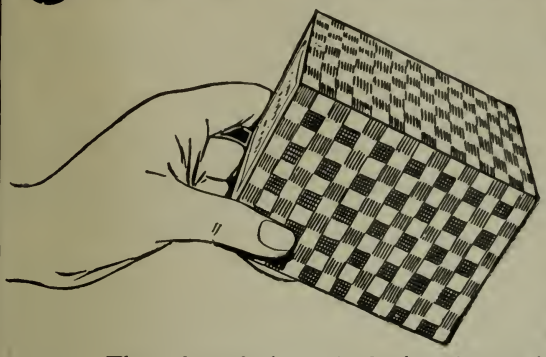
One gardener, the ten decreed,
Was all the neighborhood would need
To plant and trim and rake and weed.

The money saved they could invest
As vagrant fancy might suggest,
And each could then be better dressed.

So well this worked that, on the whole,
It seemed to them extremely droll
To pay so much for handling coal.

One man all work then undertook,
And former methods they forsook,
Deciding even on one cook.

COX'S "Checkerboard" Sparkling Gelatine



The Friend of Our Foremothers

"Old Books to read
Old Wine to drink
Old Wood to burn
Old Friends to trust."

"Cox's Checkerboard Gelatine" has stood the test of generations. In making gelatine some modern methods have produced brilliancy and whiteness at the expense of nutriment. The value of wine jelly for invalids lies in the nutriment in the ***gelatine*** used as a basis. The cost of wine jelly is not the gelatine — but the added ingredients. Perfect results are attained in the use of ***Cox's Checkerboard Gelatine*** as the basis. To obtain "Cox's Sparkling Gelatine" consumers are requested to ask for the "Checkerboard packet."

"Desserts" (elaborate, rich, simple or plain) are embraced in the recipes by Oscar, of the Waldorf-Astoria — sent free on request. Booklet and package of Gelatine for trial sent to any child desiring to make jelly for invalids. Address

THE JOHN M. CHAPMAN COMPANY, 105-107 Hudson Street, NEW YORK

(American Representatives of J. & G. Cox, Ltd., Established 1725, Edinburgh, Scotland)

Two Editions Sold Before Publication

NOW READY

$1.50

Mlle. Fouchette

A NOVEL

By

Charles Theodore Murray

Illustrated by Richardson, Day, Benson-Kennedy

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Philadelphia

One dining-room was next in line,
Where, free from care, they all could dine
At less expense, as you'll divine.

"Two maids," they said, "could quickly flit
From home to home, so why permit
Expense that brings no benefit?"

Economy of cash and care
Became a hobby of the fair,
Until their husbands sought a share.

"Although," the latter said, "all goes
For luxuries and costly clothes,
The method still advantage shows.

"While we've not gained, we apprehend
Good Fortune will on us attend,
If we continue to the end.

"If you've succeeded, why should we
From constant toil be never free?
One income should sufficient be;

"And, taking turns in earning that,
We'll have the leisure to wax fat
And spend much time in idle chat.

"So let us see the matter through,
And, in this line, it must be true
One house for all will surely do.

"And if one house means less of strife,
To gain the comforts of this life,
Why, further progress means one wife."

. . . . . .

Ten women now, their acts attest,
Prefer ten homes, and deem it best
To let coöperation rest.

Trousers Reversed

Representative John F. Lacey, of the Sixth Iowa District, tells the following:

"A funny thing happened at one of the Presidential receptions last winter. One of my constituents was doing Washington for the first time, and I was exhibiting the lions,—in fact, the whole menagerie, for it is not exclusively lions that are on exhibition at our high society functions. As we circulated among the crowd we met Dr. Mary Walker,—yes, she was in full evening dress—of the bifurcated variety: décolleté too, in her low-cut vest.

The INTERNAL BATH

More Important than the External

If external cleanliness is essential to health, how much more important is internal cleanliness! Every disease arises from the retention of waste and foreign matter in the system—Nature's drainage being clogged. In the vast majority of cases the clogging is in the colon or large intestine. Positively the one harmless and efficient means of clearing away this waste is the internal bath given with the

J. B. L. Cascade

This treatment is a sovereign remedy for and prevention of 90 per cent. of all Digestive derangements. It is hygienic, scientific, and logical. It is a perfect tonic, with no after depression. Its action

Prevents and Cures Appendicitis

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Obesity, Headaches, Constipation, Etc.

It is recommended and prescribed by such eminent physicians as Loomis L. Danforth, M.D., Prof. Obstetrics, Homœpathic Medical College, N. Y.; Dr. Herman J. Boldt, Prof. Post Graduate Hospital, N. Y.; Dr. W. B. De Garmo, Prof. Post Graduate Hospital, N. Y.; Dr. Cyrus Edson; Dr. G. W. Brooks, late of Board of Health, New York City, and many others, among whom are the following well-known people: Major Chas. C. MacConnell, Morristown, N. J.; Ex-Governor Goodell, of Vermont; U. S. Senator A. P. Gorman, of Maryland; General Williams, G. A. R.; Miles Devine, City Attorney, Chicago, Ill.; Judge W. H. Tedford, Corydon, Iowa; Admiral Tyrtoff, St. Petersburg, Russia.

Were it possible to reproduce here our file of voluntary letters of commendation received from prominent people who do not ordinarily permit the use of their names in advertisements, no doubt could exist in one's mind as to the extraordinary merit of the **"J. B. L. Cascade"** treatment. As proof of what the Cascade treatment will do we call your attention to the following letter from H. A. Joyce, one of the prominent merchants of Cambridge, Md.

The Ralston Health Club, which as an organization has had the greatest growth of this or any age, having almost TEN MILLION MEMBERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, authorizes us to say: "Our Cascade is not endorsed by the Ralston Health Club of America, as that Club never endorses anything, no matter how good, but it has been officially adopted by the Club for use in the inward bath treatment, which is one of its many systems of natural cure."

These facts are set forth in detail in a booklet entitled *"The What, The Why, The Way,"* which we desire to send free to every reader of this publication. It is a most noteworthy statement of what progress has been made toward a medical system without drugs—an end which is naturally desired by all.

H. A. JOYCE.

CAMBRIDGE, MD., Aug. 7, 1900.
PROF. CHAS. A. TYRRELL
Dear Sir,—I deem it a duty I owe you, as well as my fellow man, to say I have been restored to perfect health by the use of the flushing treatment so easily accomplished by the "J. B. L. Cascade." Previous to its use I was in very bad health, suffering from dyspepsia, nervousness, constipation, insomnia, and in fact was almost in despair of ever getting well, but thanks to you and your wonderful invention, and the loving kindness of a merciful God, I am now in splendid health. Gratefully yours,
H. A. JOYCE.

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, Dept. 64, 1562 Broadway, New York

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of ninety per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, New York.

USEFULNESS and good-looks are wedded in the unique "Blue Book on Advertising," issued by the J. Walter Thompson Co., the well-known advertising agents of New York, Chicago, and Boston. In its handsome blue cover, with blue paper and blue ink, to which artistic typography and fine presswork add their part, the volume is a most attractive one. The contents are similarly choice and out of the ordinary. Not attempting to be encyclopedic, the book makes its leading feature a very carefully-selected list of the best advertising media in the United States and Canada. The best dailies, weeklies, and monthlies are given, with their estimated circulations and rates of advertising, while space is left for personal memoranda opposite each publication.

Some excellent advice as to methods of advertising, and nearly forty pages of samples of advertisements placed by this firm add to the value of the book, which will be a constant desk companion of every progressive business man.

"My friend, like many others visiting Washington for the first time, had been very anxious to meet her, and, indeed, I suspect he would rather have missed a peep at the President than the sight of her; for we have had twenty-five Presidents, you know, and there is only one Dr. Mary Walker. So I introduced him. Just at that moment Minister Wu approached, and, stopping to shake hands with me, was introduced to her also.

"The spinal inflection was barely completed when the little Doctor stepped back a pace, and, drawing her rather slight anatomy up to the uttermost semblance of dignity that she could command, with an expression too of utter disapprobation upon her countenance, eyed the big Chinaman most severely for a moment.

"With a look of astonishment at this attitude, to which the popular diplomat is so little accustomed, he waited in curiosity for what was coming, for Dr. Mary's expression was portentous. At last she let him have it, with a look that might have annihilated one less a philosopher:

"'Why do you wear petticoats, Mr. Wu?'

"The Minister, smiling blandly, as only a Chinaman can, replied:

"'Because it is the custom of my country, Madam;' and then, after a slight pause, to give his words all the effect possible, 'Why do you wear trousers, Madam?'"

Margaret Sullivan Burke.

ANNETTE, after the third baby sister had been duly presented to her,—

"Mother, are all of my little sisters going to be girls?"

Strange Bedfellows

LITTLE TOMMIE had been put to bed alone. It was upstairs, and the thunder rolled and lightning flashed unmercifully. He lay quietly until he could no longer stand it, and then his little nightgowned figure appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Ma!" he cried.

"Yes, my son," came the calm rejoinder.

"I'm afraid, ma. It thunders so, and I'm all alone."

"Go back to bed, Tommie," came his mother's voice. "Don't you know nothing can hurt you?"

Tommie went back to bed, but not to stay.

"Ma!" he cried again, and this time the little figure was half-way downstairs.

"Tommie," called his mother, "don't you know I have told you nothing can hurt you, God is always with you?"

"Then, ma," and this time there came an audible sniff from the weeping Tommie, "you come up and sleep with God and let me sleep with pa."

Katherine Louise Smith.

INVITED GUEST.—"The house and table looked beautiful."

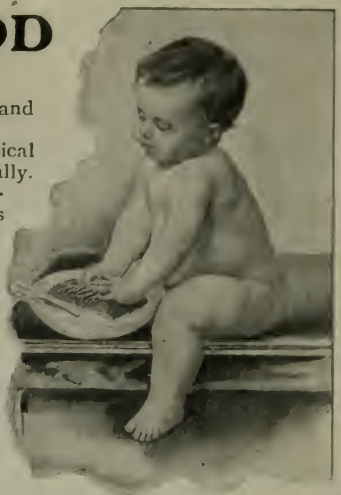
UNINVITED GUEST.—"Yes, I heard they borrowed from all the neighbors."

NATURAL FOOD

builds strong bodies and healthy minds.

Disorganized food causes weak bodies and weak minds.

Logicians tell us that there can be no physical defect without a corresponding defect mentally. All criminal tendencies come from disorganized minds. Scientists of several nations declare that "what we eat, we are."



"Deny me not my birthright,
I want to be a man.
My birthright includes Natural Foods."

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

gives mental as well as physical health because it is a Naturally Organized Food; that is, Contains all the Properties in Correct Proportion necessary for the Complete Nutrition of the human body and mind. White flour is a disorganized food because properties that build strong bodies and minds have been removed from the wheat.

Sold by all grocers. "The Vital Question" (sent free) is a hand book of right living. Send for it.

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

OLD DOMINION LINE

OCEAN ROUTE

NORTH AND SOUTH

POPULAR LINE TO AND FROM NEW YORK AND

Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Virginia Beach, Richmond, Va. and Washington, D. C.

STEAMERS SAIL DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY IN BOTH DIRECTIONS

H. B. WALKER, T. M. J. J. BROWN, G. P. A.

81 & 85 BEACH STREET NEW YORK

BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL

BOMOSA BEST GROWN COFFEE

Only 33c. a Lb.

In absolutely air-tight 1-lb. trade-mark bags, preserving strength and flavor indefinitely, even if opened.

Other Good Coffees . . . . 12 to 15c. a lb.
Excellent Teas in the Cup . 30, 35, 50c. a lb.

COOK BOOK FREE to Customers. Bound in cloth, 325 pages, 2,500 receipts.

For New Terms, address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.
P. O. Box 289
31 & 33 VESEY STREET NEW YORK

CLUB WOMEN CALIFORNIA

$50. ROUND TRIP FROM CHICAGO

The National Convention, Federation of Women's Clubs, meets at Los Angeles, May 1 to 8, 1902.

Round-trip tickets to Los Angeles and San Francisco from Chicago, $50.00; St. Louis, $47.50; Kansas City, $45.00; Denver, $40.00. On sale April 20 to 27, inclusive; return limit June 25. Open to everybody. Choice of routes returning. May is a delightful month in California—a season of blooming flowers, ripening fruits, singing birds, and soft, enchanting airs.

The journey thither, through New Mexico and Arizona, is a memorable one. En route see Grand Canyon of Arizona, world's greatest scenic wonder.

Tourists going earlier to escape inclement weather in East may buy tickets good nine months.

Special accommodation for club women and their friends on The California Limited, best train for best travelers, daily, Chicago to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco.

Apply to Agents, The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway System, for descriptive books—"A Book for Club Women," "To California and Back," "Golf in California," "A Climatic Miracle," sent for ten cents postage.

NEW YORK, 377 Broadway; BOSTON, 332 Washington St.; MONTREAL, QUE., 138 St. James St.; PHILADELPHIA, 711 Chestnut St.; DETROIT, 151 Griswold St.; CLEVELAND, Williamson Bldg.; CINCINNATI, 417 Walnut St.; PITTSBURG, 402 Park Bldg.; ST. LOUIS, 108 N. Fourth St.; CHICAGO, 109 Adams St.; PEORIA, 103 South Adams St.; KANSAS CITY, 10th & Main Sts.; DES MOINES, 409 Equitable Bldg.; MINNEAPOLIS, 503 Guaranty Bldg.; DENVER, 1700 Lawrence St.; SALT LAKE CITY, 411 Dooly Blk.; LOS ANGELES, 200 Spring St.; SAN FRANCISCO, 641 Market St.; SANTA BARBARA, 635½ State St.; GALVESTON, 224 Tremont St.; DALLAS, 246 Main St.; SAN ANTONIO, 101 E. Commerce St.; ATLANTA, 14 N. Pryor St.

SANTA FE

THE
LAND OF THE SKY
VIA
SOUTHERN
RAILWAY

TRAVEL DE LUXE
BETWEEN
NEW YORK
AND THE
PRINCIPAL
CITIES OF THE
SOUTH
AND
SOUTHWEST

DINING
& SLEEPING CAR
SERVICE THE YEAR ROUND.

The Direct Route to the Glorious Mountains of Western North Carolina

Asheville Hot Springs, Tryon Hendersonville, and the Sapphire Country

Popular Route to Charleston, S. C., the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition.
Excursion Tickets on Sale at Greatly Reduced Rates.

NEW YORK OFFICES: 271 and 1185 Broadway

ALEX S. THWEATT, East. Pass. Agt. J. M. CULP, T. M.
W. A. TURK, A. P. T. M. S. H. HARDWICK, G. P. A.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE
EQUITABLE
"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

J.W. ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT

J.H. HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT

According to the Bulletin issued by the Census Office 1,038,094 deaths occurred in the United States during 1900.

ONE MILLION PEOPLE!

This is about the number that will die this year in the United States.

It is not *probable* that you'll be one of them, but it's *possible*.

Had you not better provide against the possibility?

Whilst doing so, you can provide for your own old age —

By means of an Endowment Policy.

Send for Particulars.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept. No. 10.
120 Broadway, New York.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $..... if issued to a man .....years of age.

Name.....

Address.....

R. YOOR

THE MANY-TONE

PIANO

"CROWN" PIANOS embody in the most practical way the highest and best attainments in piano development.

"CROWN" PIANOS have attained Their Great Success because of thorough construction, perfect tone qualities, enlarged capabilities, great durability.

"CROWN" PIANOS are distinctive, attractive, reliable, and always give satisfaction.

"CROWN" PIANOS invite the most thorough investigation, the most exacting tests, and the most critical comparisons.

EASY TERMS. OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN AS PART PAYMENT
CATALOGUE FREE, ALSO A SET OF DOLLS FOR THE LITTLE ONES

GEO. P. BENT

MANUFACTURER

Bent Block, Washington ; Bond and Sangamon Sts., Chicago, U.S.A.

The Real Estate Trust Company

OF PHILADELPHIA,

S. E. CORNER CHESTNUT AND BROAD STREETS.

Full-Paid Capital $1,500,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits 1,200,000

RECEIVES Deposits of Money payable by check, and allows Interest thereon. Collects Interest, Dividends, and Income of all kinds whatsoever.

Receives for safe keeping Securities and other valuables, and rents Safe Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof Vaults. Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Assumes general charge and management of Real and Personal Estates.

Executes Trusts of every description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under Corporation Mortgages. Receives Wills for safe keeping without charge.

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SIZE 22 X 28 INCHES

Presidents of The United States

AMERICA'S GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE, ENDORSED BY PROMINENT OFFICIALS OF THE GOVERNMENT

Every art lover and every patriotic American should own this magnificent photogravure reproduction from the famous oil painting. The historic group includes fine portraits of PRESIDENTS McKINLEY and ROOSEVELT

The above miniature illustration gives but a faint idea of the beauty and artistic merit of this great work and of course does not bring out clearly the features and dress of the subjects, or the details of the background.

The portraits of the Presidents were made from the most authentic originals. The clothing accurately represents the style of the period in which each lived. The background is made up of a splendid series of **Typical Scenes in American History**, dissolving one into another, beginning with the **Liberty Bell**, as if sounding the note of American Independence, and closing with **Admiral Dewey's Victory at Manila.** Other scenes represent the **Boston Tea Party, Battle of Bunker Hill, Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, Perry's Naval Victory, the First Locomotive, Capture of the City of Mexico, Fulton's First Steamboat, Battle between Monitor and Merrimac, the Westward Migration, Battle of Gettysburg, Capture of San Juan Hill, making fourteen complete historical pictures in one.** These are all indicated in margin at top of picture. In the margin under each President is placed the **name, date of birth, inauguration and death.**

The posing and arranging, according to critics and press, could not have been more perfect, from an artistic point of view, had the Presidents been grouped in life.

The picture is made by the **costly photogravure method**, a process which brings out the strong points of the original painting very attractively. It has the soft, delicate finish of the finest photograph and is in an appropriate shade of brown, with a brown tint border. It is printed on the **finest quality** of heavy plate paper.

The photogravure of **THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES** is an **historical lesson for the youth of the land** and an **inspiration to patriotism**, a feature that should interest particularly parents and educators. The picture **should be on the walls of every home, school, library and business office** in the land. Every one who sees it wonders how it can be sold for one dollar.

Fill out ORDER A, while offer holds good.

TEMPLE PUBLISHING CO.,
672 Woman's Temple, Chicago.

Send me, postage prepaid, the Photogravure group picture of **The Presidents of the United States.** I enclose $1.00 in payment for same.

Name _____

P. O. Address _____

(This company wants reliable agents.) State_____

In Principle and Practice the

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

is superior to any suspender you can wear. Constructed on a scientific principle. Adjusts itself to every bend of the body. The genuine has **"President"** on the buckles. Every pair guaranteed. Trimmings can not rust. Price is 50 cents. If your dealer hasn't got them, send us the price and we will send you a pair. We pay the postage, and you get the very latest designs. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 269 Shirley, Mass.

This is the kind of photograph

made with

The AL-VISTA Camera

The revolving lens sweeps from side to side and makes in *one picture* more than your two eyes can take; or, you can stop the lens at five different places and take only just as much of the view as you want to. No wasted film, the **Al-Vista** is the most economical camera ever invented, and we allow big discounts to a customer ordering a camera (or supplies) direct. We also sell on **easy installments,** so there's no reason why everybody can't own the best camera, in reality *"the best five cameras in one at the price of one."* Our catalogue shows all the styles and sizes we make, and gives samples of the work they do.

MULTISCOPE AND FILM CO.,

1204 Jefferson Street, BURLINGTON, WIS.

The Makers of

The Chase & Baker

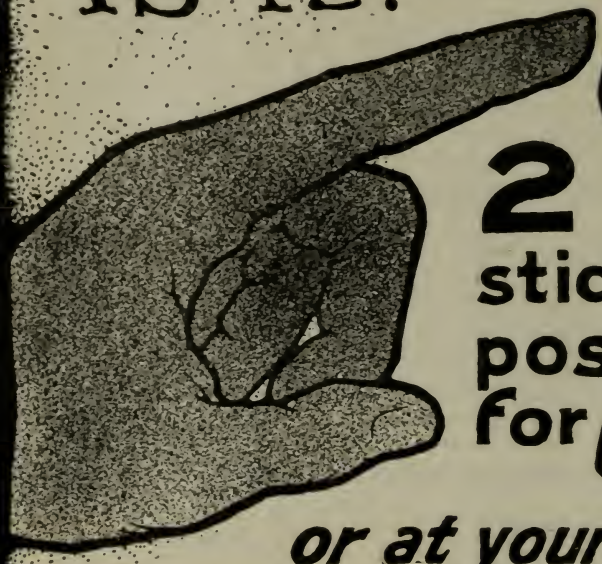
PIANO PLAYER

Present to the discriminating musical world an instrument for playing the piano that enables you to render the most difficult music with the art, the richness of tone coloring and brilliancy of the virtuoso's performance.

Drop a postal to-day and learn about it. We will send you free by return mail the book describing it.

BUFFALO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.
Jewett Ave. and Belt Line
Buffalo, N. Y.

That is it!



2 sticks post paid for 10¢

or at your Grocers

It is the very best ironing Wax because,

IT'S ODORLESS, LASTS LONGER,
NEVER DRIPS, CLEANS THE IRON,
IS IN A PATENT AUTOMATIC HOLDER

And gives that beautiful soft silky gloss to the work that no other Wax will. Yes, it's the best Wax and something else, for we chemically treat the Wax, that's the secret

FLAME PROOF CO.
1 UNION SQ. NEW YORK

R G

Ess-See-Ess Shoes

FOR WOMEN

Every pair sold brings new customers. There's nothing on the market at the price that equals them. They are the equal of any $5 shoe. They possess many features of merit not found in most $5 shoes.

Ess-See-Ess shoes are specially constructed under our direction for comfort, wear, and elegance. The remarkably smooth innersoles used in them and the satine linings effectually prevent that burning sensation so often found in some shoes.

Ess-See-Ess shoes come in patent and enamel leather, glacé kid, black Russia, and chrome calf skin. There are 40 styles of shoes, 20 styles of ties, and 20 styles of slippers suitable for evening and dress occasions. One price - - **$3.50**

For boys and girls we have shoes of excellent quality, serviceably made, and at very moderate prices.

Simpson Crawford Co.

Sixth Ave., 19th and 20th Sts., New York City.

PATENT SUSTAINED

BY U. S. CIRCUIT COURT

ASK FOR AND INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE

Velvet Grip

Sample pair, by mail, 25c.

CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

GEO. FROST CO. MAKERS BOSTON

Look for the name on every loop, and for the Moulded Rubber Button.

"Big Four"

Not only operates in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky,

2,400 Miles

of the best constructed and finest equipped railroad in America, but also maintains magnificent through train service in connection with the New York Central, Boston & Albany, and other roads.

Write for folders.

Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.

W. P. Deppe, Asst. Gen'l P. & T. A.

CINCINNATI, O.

Fifty cents a year. Send five cents for a sample copy to George H. Daniels, G. P. A., Grand Central Station, New York.

Cook's Flaked Rice

The most nourishing and easiest food to digest

A Mother's Experience

MR. COOK:

On account of sickness I was obliged to stop nursing my six-months-old baby, which was done in great fear, because the infant was very delicate.

After using various advertised foods for a certain time with no results, I thought of your Cook's Flaked Rice.

I must acknowledge it is a perfect substitute for mother's breast. My child is now one year old and is in the best of health.

Assuring you that I have since recommended your Cook's Flaked Rice to many of my friends, who met with the same success, I remain,

Yours thankfully,

Mrs. Emelia Matzner,
2816 Leithgow Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Physicians Say: : : :

Cook's Flaked Rice is an excellent food and deserves to be highly recommended.

Carl Weiland, M.D.,
Former Chief of Clinic at Jefferson Medical College Hospital,
315 North Sixth Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Cook's Flaked Rice is certainly the cleanest and purest food product I ever saw. I can heartily recommend it as highly nutritious and easily digested. For children during the summer months there is no better food.

Chas. A. Hinks, M.D.,
Of the Board of Health,
Fall River, Mass.

To prepare for breakfast without cooking, see illustrations


Put in colander


Salt the water


Pour water through


Empty into dish

BABY'S BEST FOOD TOO . . .

Infants: One cup COOK'S FLAKED RICE, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

Three-months-old child: Use double the quantity of COOK'S FLAKED RICE (two cups) and do not strain.

FOR SALE AT . . . . . YOUR . . . GROCERS'

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CURES WOMEN

SIMPLE COMFORTABLE ECONOMICAL

It is an external brace that supports the whole body and holds all the internal organs in correct position as nature wants them and as nothing else can do—that brings strength to back and loins, lungs and abdomen, cures ailments of the digestive and generative organs.

To Illustrate How It Feels:

Press a hand on the small of the back, throw your shoulders back, put the other hand under the abdomen and lift it up. What a relief! By the use of the Natural Body Brace women secure

COMFORT—physical and mental—comfort in work, walking and any exercise—in any position—comfort in living,

HEALTH—It cures female troubles, inflammations, internal pains, lassitude, backache, headache, nervousness, indigestion, melancholy, lung and other diseases,

BEAUTY—It assures erect form, graceful carriage, shapely bust, bright eyes, happy disposition, takes away the wrinkles that care and illness bring.

It is a complete cure in itself, requiring no medicine, involving no publicity, no tedious delay, nothing objectionable. **Fits any figure. Invaluable to the prospective mother.**

Thousands of letters like this come to us yearly:

Rushville, N. Y., July 2, 1901.

"I had been ailing 15 years, from backache, headache, bearing down pains, constipation, leucorrhoea and prolapsus of both womb and bladder. I had been treated by some of the best specialists in the country without avail. Your Brace cured me. The organs have gone back to proper position and remain there. MRS. G. C. SHUMAN.

FREE TRIAL FOR THIRTY DAYS to prove that you need the Brace. Write today for our Special Trial Offer, prices and illustrated book, all mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Address

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.,
Howard C. Rash, Mgr., • Box 221, Salina, Kansas.

WORN WITH OR WITHOUT CORSET

TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL allowed on our bicycles. We ship on approval *without a cent deposit.*

1902 MODELS, $9 to $15

1900 & 1901 Models, best makes, $7 to $11

500 Second-Hand Wheels all makes and models, good as new $3 to $8. Great *Factory Clearing Sale.*

RIDER AGENTS WANTED to ride & exhibit sample. Earn a bicycle & make money distributing catalogs. Write at once for prices & special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 229 B. CHICAGO, ILL.

CAPTURED MAUSERS and MILITARY GOODS CATALOGUE, 1,000 Illustrations, Regular Cyclopedia, mailed free. F. BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

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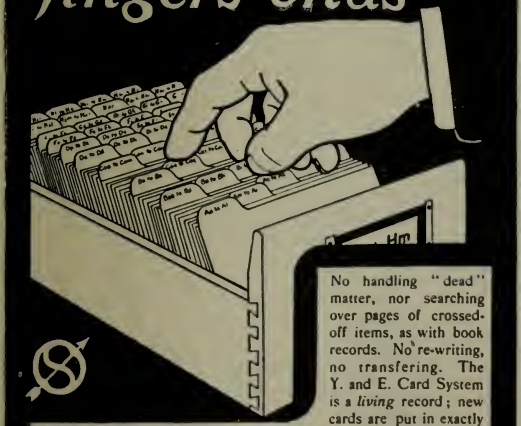

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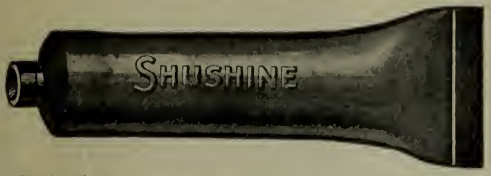

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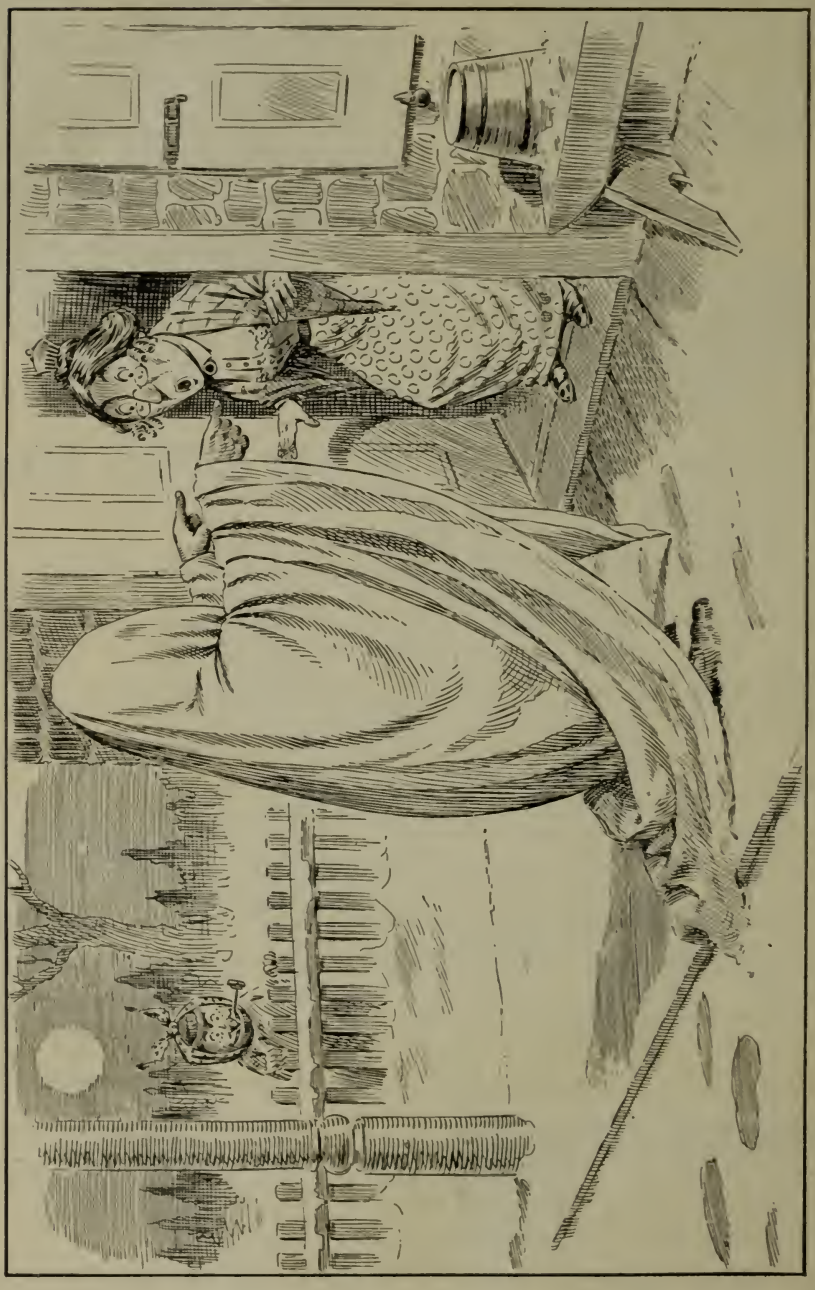

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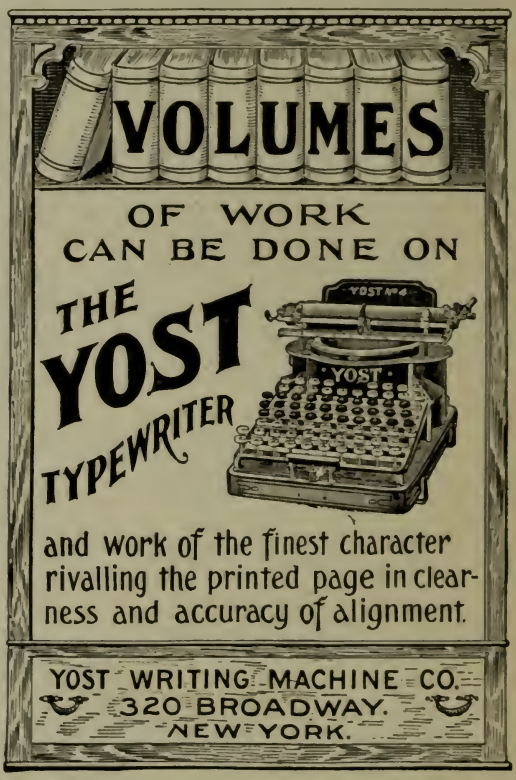

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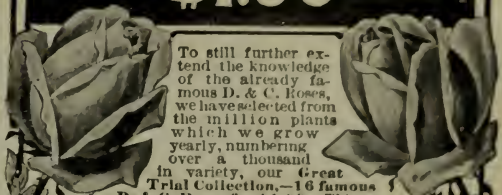

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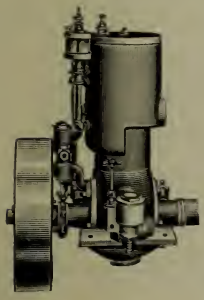

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