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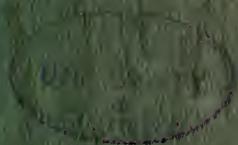


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COMRADES

The feast of San Juan

An Adventure in
two parts. Part I.

FIERCE glowed the mid-summer sun. Its level rays blistered the adobe of the old mission walls and the white glare fell mercilessly on road and field and focussed in the square where the old San Gabriel Mission stood. Gilbert Ford threw himself from his foam-flecked horse and retreated into the shade, gasping. It was San Juan's day. The plaza before the mission was alive with gay colors and moving forms. The last tones of the Mass resounded from the open windows of the mission and a motley crowd was pouring forth from its doors. Swarthy faces, gleaming eyes and bits of brilliant color lit up these sons and daughters of New Spain into the semblance of their gay progenitors, and the broad plaza with its glare of white sunlight and eager revellers celebrating the festal day of San Juan might have been a corner of old Toledo, breathed upon by the soft airs of Mother Spain and shadow-haunted by spirits of by-gone centuries.

"Picturesque," muttered Gilbert, wiping his forehead. "Romantic—it has possibilities, if I were a writer instead of a politician. I wonder if that black old duffer there sells his votes for a glass of whiskey."

The "black old duffer" turned at this moment and seeing Gilbert regarding him curiously, approached with a flashing smile. "The Senor is warm," he said in Spanish, "he has ridden far?"

"From Los Angeles," answered Gilbert haltingly in the same tongue. "I heard you were making merry here and stopped off to see."

"Ah, the Senor would pay his respects to the blessed San Juan? We make merry in his honor."

"You do!" exclaimed Gilbert.

A certain vague excitement was communicating

itself to him out of that gay, shifting crowd. He had heard of San Juan's day, the famous old Mexican festival, was it not the day of miracles? His pulses thrilled unexpectedly. He fastened his horse under the shade of the drooping pepper tree where he stood and turned to his swarthy companion.

"Yes," he said, "I've come to pay my respects to the blessed San Juan. And now, have you anything cool to drink?"

"That booth yonder, beneath the trees. Pepita will serve you."

"Pepita will serve me," muttered Gilbert striding out into the white sunshine. "I hope Pepita is as pretty as her name. That will add a flavor to what she serves." In another moment he was in the midst of the merry-makers, elbowing and jostling his way good-humoredly across the crowded plaza. New Spain was in holiday attire. Dashing caballeros had donned their best velvet jackets and newest sashes, with silver trimmed sombreros held by a strap beneath the chin. Demure little dark-eyed maidens had wound the lace rebosa about their heads with a more perfect grace, a rose or gay pomgranate blossom caught in its folds. Curious glances fell upon Gilbert as he passed; admiration flashed from soft eyes, resting upon his stalwart figure. The noon was still and hot, the air heavy with the intoxicating scent of orange blossoms. The outer edge of the plaza was flanked with gay booths where flowers, fruits and sweetmeats were displayed. Toward these he made his way and stopped where a drooping pepper tree formed a cool background of green. A clinking of glasses sounded

from this corner where a group of men had gathered. Gilbert entered the group. A pair of flashing eyes set in a perfect face and framed in the green background met his for a moment, then vanished as its owner turned aside.

"Pepita, by Jove!" exclaimed Gilbert half aloud, "and a thousand times prettier than her name." A slim young fellow at her elbow turned and looked at him curiously. Then he spoke in Spanish across the green barrier to the girl and laughed a little. The effect was sudden. The girl turned and fixed her glorious eyes full on Gilbert. Her slim, young figure clothed in red was beautiful as a slender lambent flame is beautiful, all crimson changing lights and swift movements with an inner glow that warns and yet allures. About her neck hung a curious golden chain that rose and fell with her quick breathing.

Gilbert stared at her in open admiration. She was a type outside his ordinary experience of women. Again that vague excitement thrilled through his veins. It was San Juan's day. After all he took a holiday so seldom—he would seize all this one had to offer.

He pushed his way close to the counter and spoke to her in his most engaging tones, lifting his hat high.

"Senorita, I pray for a glass of something cool from that fair hand for a thirsty man who has ridden far."

The girl looked at him a moment and then answered coolly: "All in your turn, Senor. Many a man with better manners is awaiting his before you."

A shout of laughter went up from the listening group as they looked from Gilbert's flushed face to the



girl who had turned her back and was calmly washing a mug. Stragglers from the square outside hearing the laughter strolled up to learn the cause and stayed to watch until quite a crowd surrounded them.

Gilbert's blood quickened its pace. He was amused and yet disconcerted by this rebuff, and while he acknowledged the justice of it, a sudden masterful impulse came over him to conquer this girl's resistance. Deliberately he turned and seated himself on the green counter where the mugs were placed, facing calmly the grinning circle that hedged him about, and tapping his boot with his riding whip. The swarthy fellows watching him seemed to divine his purpose and moved nearer with delighted interest.

The girl had brought a pitcher of thin, red wine to the counter and mixed it with cool water from the olla hanging beneath the green branches. Then she came forward bearing two mugs brimming with the cool, red liquid.

"Here, Jose," she called, "these are yours."

Gilbert swung around quickly and laid a restraining hand on the mug nearest him. She looked at him with a brilliant flash of anger from the dark eyes.

"I am waiting," he said.

"You shall wait until you are tired," she retorted with a quick gesture toward the mug.

"I am tired now," said Gilbert, never removing his hand, "and very hot," he added pleadingly, keeping his steady gaze fixed upon the angry face before him. She paused, irresolute, and he drew the mug slowly toward him.

"You would not be cruel?" he said insinuatingly.

Anger and amusement struggled in her eyes at his unexpected audacity. Finally, with the unwilling but graceful submission of some half-tamed forest creature, she pushed the mug petulantly toward him. Amid the laughter of the surrounding group he raised the glass to his lips and bowing low to her drank it.

"Sapristi," exclaimed a gay voice at his elbow, "it is well Martinez did not see that."

Martinez—the name struck with a curious sense of familiarity on Gilbert's ear. He turned to see who had spoken, but the restless crowd, its curiosity satisfied, was moving away. He stood almost alone beside Pepita. The girl's face was flushed, her eyes resentful and she busied herself among the mugs and pitchers.

Gilbert leaned forward with a desire to propitiate her. "You are not angry?" he asked gaily. "No, Senor," she answered shortly. "Ah, but I think you are," said he, studying her down cast face.

She answered nothing, but raised her eyes and looked at him, still with that curious expression of unwilling amusement and resentment.

Gilbert's desire to propitiate her increased. He wanted to see her smile before he left her.

"Yes, you are angry," he exclaimed decidedly, "for you won't talk to me. I am an unfortunate fellow. This was to have been my holiday."

"And why not now?" she was surprised into asking.

"Because I have made you angry and you won't talk to me."

"I am busy, Senor."

"Then you won't tell me what I want to know?"

"What can I tell you?" she asked impatiently.

He moved nearer. "This is San Juan's day. What do they do on San Juan's day?"

"Go to Mass and then make merry."

"But how do you make merry?"

"We eat our dinner under the trees, we visit the booths and have music and at sunset we dance in the plaza."

"That sounds festive!" exclaimed Gilbert, "why it's almost like our Fourth of July."

The girl looked up with some show of interest and Gilbert, seized with a sudden inspiration, began to describe the recent celebration in San Francisco, of the flags flying and the bells ringing and the soldiers parading in the streets, even mentioning incidentally that he had been the orator of the day and had made a speech in the city hall to thousands of people, at which she seemed far less impressed than she should have been. But he succeeded in interesting her. Long practice had taught him how to hold the attention once gained and both were equally surprised when a sudden call rang out: "Barbecue, barbecue, all to the tables!"

They both looked up. The shifting crowd was moving rapidly to the rear of the mission where rude tables, hastily constructed, were heaped with varied foods, while a circle of leaping flames and clouds of smoke showed where the great ox was roasting whole and filling the air with savory odors.

"It is the barbecue! We have talked long," exclaimed Pepita moving quickly in the direction of the mission.

"What do you do at the barbecue?" asked Gilbert.
"Come and see."

Gilbert quickly overtook her and put a detaining hand on her arm. "Let me follow you," he said appealingly. "Be my guide through the mysteries of San Juan's day. I am a stranger and alone. Prove to me that you are not angry with me and let me put myself under your protection." He had counted cunningly on the well known Mexican hospitality in making this appeal and not without reason. The girl hesitated and looked at him a moment with her curiously unwilling glance.

"Come, then," she said briefly and moved swiftly away. A warm, languorous breath, heavy with the scent of orange blossoms, drifted across the sunny plaza. Gilbert smiled a little to himself and followed the lithe, beautiful figure of his guide into the restless crowd. Curious looks followed them and again there came to his ear a half formed murmur:

"If Martinez should see—"

It was late afternoon. The intense, tropical day was drawing to its close. From distant, purple seas a cool wind was trailing its spray-washed wings across the languid earth, heralding the approach of twilight. All the dreamy, golden afternoon, Gilbert had made holiday amid his novel surroundings as he followed with ever growing interest, the revels of New Spain on this, her festival. With a calm audacity born of his holiday spirit and his desire to enjoy all that this new experience had to offer, he had appropriated Pepita to himself and in her office of guide had claimed her entire attention.

As for the girl, some subtle change had crept into her manner. She no longer rebelled at his companionship but accepted it with a calm which matched his own. It was as if her look said to him, "You wish to amuse yourself and choose me as your instrument. Very well, you are playing with fire and it is a dangerous sport but you have chosen it." In fact there seemed a lurking element of danger somewhere that constantly stimulated Gilbert's interest and enjoyment. Otherwise he might have wearied earlier in the day and betaken himself to his journey's end. But Pepita's companions were evidently uneasy and looked after the two with apprehensive glances. Once or twice, some one in passing, caught her by the arm and whispered what seemed to be a remonstrance into her ear, but she replied briefly in a single sentence, "Let him have it." And more than once he caught the muttered word that accompanied a curious glance, "Martinez."

He had bought trinkets for her at the booths, he had filled her hands with flowers, and now they were dancing. A rosy light filled the plaza and fell upon picturesque groups of varied forms and colors. Soft music from guitar and violin floated out on the evening air. With a smile, Gilbert led his beautiful partner into the center while the other dancers formed a ring about them. His Saxon length of limb ill fitted him for the supple, sinuous windings of this southern dance. Pepita, half smiling, pushed him and pulled him along and he stumbled good-humoredly after her. He was thoroughly enjoying himself and his imperfect Spanish tumbled out unceasingly in a mixture of queer idioms to

answer the music of her low speech. He asked innumerable questions, as curious as a schoolboy. He made pretty speeches to her and laughed at his own flattery, he caught up the tune of the violins and whistled a joyous obligato and followed his companion through the dance with an abandon and an air of complete possession of her that made the dark-browed Mexicans about them open their eyes in wonder. In short, he was amusing himself.

But on a sudden the twilight fell. A thin line of fog crept up the horizon and the air grew chill. The music died away and the dance came to an end. As the last note sounded, Pepita turned with a sudden motion and glided away among the group of dancers gathered at the steps of the mission.

Gilbert found himself alone in the center of the square. He looked about for Pepita and not seeing her shrugged his shoulders with a sudden sense of cold and drew his watch from his pocket. Then he crossed the plaza to where his horse was impatiently pawing up the ground beneath the drooping pepper tree. "Well, my girl," he said untying her, "you're anxious to be off, are you? It is time. One holiday, as all good things will, has come to its end." He drew the bridle rein across his arm and led the horse out into the plaza toward the group at the foot of the mission steps. Pepita was standing in their midst, her hair loosened, her face still flushed with dancing. The leaping flames of the huge bonfire just kindled near by threw a wierd light over the group and lit up her form with a red glow. The curious golden chain about her neck caught the reflection of the

flames until it seemed to surround her with a circle of fire. At no time had she seemed so beautiful, so dangerously alluring.

Gilbert's eyes noted the details of this picture as he led his horse across the plaza. He noted the flaming chain about her neck and a certain daring resolve brought a smile to his lips and eyes. He approached her and stood before her. "My holiday is ended, Senorita," he said bowing low "but I cannot go without thanking her who has been my guiding star through the mysteries of this day. From my heart, Senorita, you have my gratitude. Without you, I had been indeed lost."

The girl regarded him with sombre eyes and answered briefly, "The senor is over-grateful."

Her companions pressed curiously nearer.

"I cannot bear to think," continued Gilbert, slowly, "that my happy day is really at an end, and that in a few moments more I shall have only the memory of it to assure me that it has been. I can not hope that you will think of me again," he drew closer to her, "but I—is there not some little thing you can give me to carry away as a memento of these past hours? Some little thing—this chain for instance—" and he touched the flaming circle with his finger.

A moment of what seemed utter consternation followed these bold words. A half suppressed exclamation ran through the group that surrounded Pepita. They held their breath and turned their gaze upon her. The girl had grown perfectly white, her eyes narrowed to gleaming points and she cast upon Gilbert a look that

chilled him for a moment. He felt that he had gone too far and with a quick instinct of repentance would have recalled his words. But his time for repentance was brief. Amid a low, but gradually swelling murmur, the girl, with a swift movement, stepped forward and unwinding the chain from her own neck flung it over his shoulders. "Take it," she cried, in a voice that rang like a deep-toned bell—"you wished something to remind you of me—it is yours. Rest content, senor, I promise you that you shall not forget Pepita."

A storm of what seemed to be remonstrance from her excited companions followed this act, but the girl turned upon them with a mocking laugh, "Let him have it," she cried, and again her laugh stung him with its sharp mockery—"let him have it." Then turning, she darted up the steps and disappeared within the door of the mission.

Amid an uneasy and ominous silence Gilbert mounted his horse and gathered in the rein. "Adios, senors and senoritas," he called cheerfully and waving his hand to the watching group he rode away into the gathering dusk. And from the heart of the plaza a low, awed murmur was borne to his ears, "What will Martinez say!"

As the steady beat of his horses hoofs resounded from the hard road, Gilbert settled back in his saddle. the expression of his face became alert and serious. "Well, that piece of foolishness is over," he said to himself. "I suppose we are all fools once in a while. A holiday is so rare a thing with me that it goes to the

head like wine. Come, old girl, we must be at the ranch house within half an hour."

He unwound the golden chain from his neck and buttoned it carefully into his coat pocket. "I wonder," he said with a smile, "I wonder who Martinez may be."

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN.



MAETERLINCK, the head of the symbolistic school is an undoubted genius. He has written plays that are unique in thought and treatment, strong in their compression of much meaning into a few words, beautiful for originality.

He is the most remarkable of our modern dramatists, and the wonder is how this peculiar genius can be the outgrowth of our rapid, artificial, surface-brilliant century at all. He seems to have nothing in common with our fin-de-siecle civilization, but looms up amid the little card houses of our clever writers as stern and uncompromising as a block of granite. He is a cosmopolitan, a frequenter of the most brilliant, capricious, fascinating city of the modern world, the center of intellect, the home of the nineteenth century Muses—Paris, the magnificent. Yet he produces pictures of life that for their fantastic strength and sternness are fairly mediaeval.

Maeterlinck's plays are about seven in number. Of these two are representative of his best work, *The Princess Maleine*, and *The Blind*. Each differs widely from the other, and the two cover the whole range of his genius.

Of *The Princess Maleine* the *Paris Figaro* says: "It is equal to if not superior to the best in Shakspeare, stronger than *Macbeth*, fuller of suggestion than *Hamlet*."

The plot is as follows:

Hjalmar, the old king of northern Holland, has received into his court Queen Anne, the unscrupulous wife of the deposed king of Jutland. By her superior



mental strength she gains complete ascendancy over the old king, and determines to become queen of Holland, in fact at least, in name if possible, and to seat her daughter Uglyane on the throne at her death. When she comes to Holland she finds Prince Hjalmar betrothed to Princess Maleine, the daughter of the king of Southern Holland, by whose marriage the two old kings hoped to see the country united. Queen Anne's first move is to break up this marriage. She inflames King Hjalmar against the rival ruler by the relation of fancied slights and war is declared between them. This war is long and deadly. Queen Anne in person conducts the campaign, and at its close there is neither stick nor stone left of the beautiful city of Marcellus. A desolate, ruined country alone remains to bear witness to the recent conflict, while of all Marcellus' household not one is left alive but poor little Princess Maleine and her old nurse. Maleine, once married to Prince Hjalmar, cannot forget him, and longs in her desolation to be within sight of his face and sound of his voice. She and her nurse wander to old Hjalmar's court. They find Queen Anne in full possession of the reins of government, and bending all her energies to bring about the marriage of Prince Hjalmar with her own daughter, Uglyane. Maleine conceals her identity and enters the palace as waiting maid to the queen. But once there she finds that Hjalmar still loves her, and discloses herself to him. He receives her joyfully, and places her at once in the court as his future bride. The rage of Queen Anne at seeing her careful schemes thus overthrown is silent but terrible. She takes counsel with the king, her complete slave. They

dare not coerce Prince Hjalmar, whose distrust and scorn they have already been made to feel, so they determine that Maleine must die. Anne procures a slow poison and secretly mixes it with the food of the little princess, whose innocent soul suspects no evil. But here the old king weakens. He has grown fond of Maleine, and his nerves will not endure the strain of witnessing her slow torture. He becomes almost imbecile, and his actions and unguarded words threaten to disclose the whole secret. Anne decides to act at once, and in the midnight hour, during a terrific storm, she leads the old king to Maleine's room, in an obscure corner of the castle, where she lies sick and alone, and together they strangle her and leave her lying dead. The storm roars on. After a while Prince Hjalmar and the nurse come to the door of Maleine's room. No noise of calling or knocking brings an answer, and at last they open the door and discover the dead princess. In the corner of the room is a red cloak which they recognize as belonging to the queen. Hjalmar's cry of despair brings the court quickly to the spot, and among them the king and queen. The old king, at sight of the assembled throng and the dead princess, loses his head entirely and confesses the whole crime. The queen in alarm declares him mad, but Prince Hjalmar, desperate with grief, charges her with the murder, and shows her the red cloak. She hesitates, falters, and with a sudden fury he plunges his dagger into her heart and then into his own.

The tragedy is complete, and the old king is led away moaning like a stricken child.

This mere outline of the plot will serve to give a general idea of the purpose of the play. Many scenes are remarkable for strength and beauty.

The play opens, as does Hamlet, with a night watch on the palace ramparts. Two soldiers, Stephano and Vanox, are keeping guard in the gardens of the castle of Marcellus. Within the castle a feast is in progress. King Marcellus is entertaining Hjalmar in honor of the betrothal of Prince Hjalmar and Princess Maleine. A supernatural storm rages without, and the shadow of coming trouble seems to brood over all.

Scene—Gardens of the Castle.

VANOX—What time is it ?

STEPHANO—It must be midnight, judging by the moon. . . . Oh, oh, Vanox!

[A comet appears over the castle.]

V.—What is it ?

S.—Again the comet of the other night.

V.—It is enormous.

S.—It looks as though it dripped blood over the castle.

[Here a shower of stars seems to fall upon the castle.]

V.—The stars are falling on the castle. Look, look!

S.—You would say heaven wept over this betrothal.

V.—They say all this presages disaster.

S.—They say—they say many things.

V.—Princess Maleine will dread the future.

S.—I dare not say all I know

V.—Then poor little princess!

S.—O, I do not like the looks of this betrothal. See; it is raining already.

V.—The sky is turning black . . . the moon is strangely red.

S.—It rains in torrents.

In the palace of Ysselmonde Anne applies all the arts of which she is mistress, to win Prince Hjalmar's friendship and pushes his betrothal to her daughter. But he has caught a glimpse of Maleine in her disguise and it stirs strange memories in his heart. Anne appoints a meeting between him and her daughter in the park at sunset. With a sort of careless desperation he goes hither, hardly caring to struggle against his fate, but weary of his life. And there in shadow of the woods where the moon scarcely penetrates he finds awaiting him, not the proud, ambitious Uglyane with the kitchen maid's soul at the bottom of her green eyes—but Maleine—little Maleine, his own early love whom he never thought to see again. The scene between them is beautiful in its tenderness.

HJALMAR—I cannot see you ; come this way, there is more light here. Throw back your head a little to the sky. One would say my eyes had just opened to-night—one would say my heart was opening to-night—Oh, you are strangely beautiful, Uglyane, I think I must never have looked at you till now. There is something about you—let us go somewhere into the light, come !

MALEINE—I am afraid.

H.—You are sad ; what are you thinking of, Uglyane ?

M.—I am thinking of Princess Maleine.

H.—Do you know Princess Maleine ?

M.—I am Princess Maline.

H.—You are Princess Maleine? You are Princess Maleine! But she is dead!

M.—I am Princess Maleine (the moon comes from the clouds and reveals her face.)

H.—Oh, Maleine!—whence come you? How have you come so far? How can you have come so far?

M.—I do not know!

H.—O God! O God! What have I escaped to-day! What a stone you have rolled away to-night! Maleine! —Maleine! I believe I am in Heaven up to the heart.

M.—Oh—and I, too.

The suggestion of Macbeth comes quite spontaneously as one reads the fifth act, only that for strength, rapidity and accumulation of horror, the murder of Duncan is less remarkable than the death of Maleine, and even Shakespeare has conceived no woman so strong in evil as this murderous queen of Jutland—even Lady Macbeth weakened under the pangs of a tortured conscience, but not so ^{as} with Anne. Like the She-Wolf of France, she knows neither pity nor remorse. As in the first act, a terrible storm is brewing and to put the finishing touch to a picture complete in horror, the day is Sunday.

The first ^{two} scenes are studies of the workings of conscience and remorse in the breast of the feeble old king as he tries to play his part before the court. It is a mas-



terly analysis, perhaps the cleverest touch of the whole play though it delays the action a little and we are conscious of the heavy events still crowding in the background. It is with the last scene that the climax is reached and a more tragic ending to a perfect tragedy, I have never found in literature. King Lear is perhaps as sad but at least the curtain falls upon a struggle that is ended, a life that has done with sorrow, while here the picture of the imbecile old king, tottering away in all the anguish of a never ending torment, seems to stamp indelibly upon the reader an impression of hopeless gloom, of the awful retribution of an outraged Heaven.

Thus ends the play, the masterpiece of a genius whose work is doubtless scarce begun.

The play called *The Blind*, deals with the downfall of the church and is probably more complete in its symbolism than any Maeterluick has written. The symbol is that of a blind world, lost in the dark forest of doubt and ignorance with its ancient guide, the church, sitting dead in the midst of its blind devotees who have substituted for the clear vision of faith the uncertain gropings of reason, trying expedient after expedient to bring them to the light but failing in all. The play seems to be intended as a study of society and the church and could not be designed for presentation. The setting is wierd and unusual to an extreme and the opening scene and dialogue are worthy of consideration.

(An ancient Norland forest with an eternal look under a sky of deep stars.)

FIRST BLIND MAN—He hasn't come back yet?

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(An ancient Norland forest with an eternal look under a sky of deep stars.)

FIRST BLIND MAN—He hasn't come back yet?

SECOND BLIND MAN—You have awakened me.

F. B. M.—I was sleeping too.

THIRD BLIND MAN—I was sleeping too.

F. B. M.—He hasn't come yet?

S. B. M.—I hear nothing coming.

T. B. M.—It is time to go back to the asylum.

F. B. M.—We ought to find out where we are.

S. B. M.—It has grown cold since he left.

VERY OLD BLIND WOMAN—You do not know where we are?

T. B. M.—I am afraid when we are not speaking.

S. B. M.—Do you know where the priest went?

T. B. M.—I think he leaves us for too long a time.

VERY OLD BLIND MAN—He has gone a long way. I think he said so to the women.

T. B. M.—It must be very late.

FIFTH BLIND MAN—Pity the blind!

The hours wear away and their guide does not return. They wait and hope and long for his footsteps and the sound of his voice, but he comes not, and at last in their impatient groping, they discover him sitting dead in their midst. Just so the world Maeterlinck would say, waits and hopes for a second revelation while the church to which they look even while they scorn its teachings is dead and cold because of their lack of faith.

Thus in a few lines does Maeterlinck give a vivid symbol of the tendency of one half the century to doubt and question. It is not a flattering picture. The

healthy young Maurice himself, bicycling and skating in the keen air of his Belgian home, is far enough from an example of the weary, blase, helpless and doubting denizen of his gloomy forest. We object to being classed with this melancholy company, we revolt from his bold generalizations, but the very attitude of revolt does us good. It wakes us up and rouses us from the state of mental stagnation into which we too often fall. The very excess of his pessimism stings us back into healthier views of life, and the more disagreeable the picture the more careful will we be to avoid giving it a semblance of truth. The symbol is strong and does its work well, leaving an indelible impression on the minds of those who read.

This, in brief, is the outline of Maeterlinck's two most famous plays. I have read lately that Maeterlinck intends to drop symbolism as overdone. Certainly he is a wise young man. In that case, if he will only consent to turn his attention to the brighter, gayer aspects of things, he may yet sound some of those master strings that are necessary to complete harmony, and prove still more forcibly his power in his chosen art. For apart from the monotony of his work and its vague, impersonal character, there is no writer of our age so strong nor upon whom the seal of genius is more plainly set than upon Maurice Maeterlinck. Let him throw off the outer husk of symbolism that hampers the free flow of his thought with the too evident purpose; let him give us real, living and breathing men and women, such as are foreshadowed in the Princess Maleine and then indeed may he lay claim to that title which the world concedes to him—The Belgian Shakespeare.

ANNA R. BOYNTON.





GOLD-OF-OPHIR ROSES

I.

O FLOWER of passion, rocked by balmy gales,
Flushed with life's ecstasy,
Before whose golden glow the poppy pales
And yields her sovereignty,

Child of the ardent south, thy burning heart
Has felt the sun's hot kiss,
Thy creamy petals, falling half apart
Quiver with recent bliss.

For joy at thy unequalled loveliness,
He woos with fierce delight,
And thy glad soul, half faint with his caress,
Yet glories in his might.

Thy sighs go out in perfume on the air,
Rich incense of thy love,
And mystic lights, an opalescence rare,
Play round thee from above.

II.

So dost thou riot through these glad spring days,
Sun-wooded and revelling in eager life,
Till all the shadowed fragrance of the ways
With thy rich tints is rife.

A joyous smile that hides a secret tear,
A note of music with a minor strain,
A heart of gold where crimson stains appear,
Thou breathest all love's sweetness and its
pain.

Yet suddenly, e'en at thy loveliest,
Thou palest with thine own intensity.
Ah, Passion's child, thou art most truly blest,
To bloom one perfect day, and then to die.

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN.

MO MOST sensitive people there is an inalienable thought of sadness connected with the autumn of the year. The falling of the leaves suggests only images of decay and death to their minds while the sighing of a November wind through the denuded tree tops seems a requiem of youth and gladness. But even to the most morbid there can be little sadness associated with this season in semi-tropic climes. It is simply the harvesting time of the year's rich fuitions. The sun keeps his summer fervor all through the September days. The slow breeze flutters the leaves of the vines only to reveal a wealth of purple and waxen fruit. The bees are still, honey-gathering; the roses bloom untiringly. Great wagons, laden with grapes, leave a trail of perfume behind them as they go their creaking way toward the wineries or the railway. The silence of the orchards is broken all day by the cheerful voices of fruit gatherers and at night by the occasional thud of an over ripe peach or fig returning to the ground whence it came. The shorter days of October smile upon vast beds of grapes slowly curing in the sun; and the white tents of attendant Chinamen dot the vineyards. The near hills sit in a brown dream. The distant mountains are almost withdrawn from sight, awaiting the first rain to clear and cool the atmosphere. November brings a golden shower of Poplar and Locust leaves—poor, faithless leaves which cannot believe that winter will not come! Coy clouds haunt the horizon and seem afraid to mount the steep blue vault so long a stranger to their shadowing. There have been scurrying showers ere this, but now comes the first refreshing rain. A fairy godmother,

truly! The world is painted anew; the very air is washed to crystalline clearness. Winter has come with garments of tender green!

October was still in its early glow when the Bartons returned to their village home. Therese, working in her vegetable garden, straightened her bent back and shaded her eyes to watch them arrive. The voices and laughter of the children reached her where she stood. Two horses came clattering by, adding Arthur and Mrs. Barton's guest to the group. Therese watched him swing himself from the saddle and putting Ned on his shoulder pass through the shadow of the porch into the house. If any one had asked Mr. Howard why after all these weeks he was again in the village he would have been unable to answer very clearly. He had enjoyed the hunting and bathing; had grown to covet idleness, he said in excuses for his long lingering. Now he must move on again once he had seen his friends established in their home. And yet this home was not an easy place to leave. It seemed to this restless man a very island of peace in the sea of the world's turmoil. But was peace without progress enough to satisfy a man's soul? No, not for long.

"Are you walking for a wager Lysle," asked Mr. Barton as his friend paced the veranda that evening.

"Yes, walking against time. I am planning to leave your quiet nest and start on my way once more."

"Whither now?" asked Mr. Barton briefly.

"I am not sure. My scheme of travel has some way lost its zest. I sometimes think I will go back and begin work in earnest. I have idled a great deal. John are you always satisfied to plod along quietly this way? You loved excitement in the old days."



"Satisfied is rather a comprehensive word Lysle. Its true equivalent is rarely found; but this quiet life suits me for the present. By and by when the children are older we may seek other things. But it seems to me that you are restless because you have set yourself no definite aim, no goal which you are determined to reach. Is it not so?"

"I suppose it's rather premature to call myself a failure at thirty-five, but so far it is true. My life has been a succession of mistakes through no particular fault of mine either. First there was Dick——" Mr. Howard stopped suddenly as though surprised at what he found himself saying.

"Yes, there was Dick," said Mr. Barton quietly. "I have wanted to ask you about him. You know he left college the year I entered it so I knew him only through the veil of awe which hangs between a freshman and a senior. He was called the brightest man in his class."

"If science would penetrate the law of inherited tendencies it would explain many mysteries," said Howard moodily. "Dick left college with the most brilliant prospects a fellow ever had. He had money, education, talents and a host of friends. It must have been a streak of madness which led him to forge a friend's name for money he did not need. Dick would have never been suspected, but circumstantial evidence pointed the blame to an innocent person and he confessed voluntarily. The matter was hushed up, but the shame of it killed our old father. Dick went away suddenly and has not since been heard of. He had secretly married a young shop girl, and after he had been gone for some time she ap-

peared upon the scene a baby in her arms, and proved beyond doubt her identity. I had just left college when this happened; father had been dead but a few months, and I was the only one left to shoulder this burden, so I established her in the empty home with the old servants there to wait for her husband's return; and then I went abroad. You know I have wandered about ever since. Dick's wife died two years ago, and the boy is at school now. Did you ever hear of such willful, gratuitous badness?

"What kind of a woman was his wife?"

Lysle Howard's voice softened and the bitterness passed from his face.

"One who had a genius for love and endurance. What she would have been had she been happy I do not know; sorrow has a wonderful refining power. As it was she locked her heart in silence and lived and died the gentlest, sweetest woman I ever knew. Her boy is like me in looks, poor little chap! I hope he'll not take after either his father or me in character."

There was silence between these two friends for several moments. The warm still air seemed aglow with stars, the lute of a waking bird touched the silence, a light shone in the window of the cottage opposite. Mr. Howard stopped his restless walk to look at it.

"Isn't that where your will-o-the-wisp school mistress lives," he asked suddenly. "I ought in justice to have a look at her before I go."

"Time enough for that, Lysle, you are not going yet, suppose we walk to the post office and see if the world remembers us, at least to the extent of some newspapers."

seemed an aureole about the fair face, whose eyes were brimming with unshed tears, as she looked down at the child upon her breast. She sang softly, rocking slowly and changing the air whenever the child moved restlessly. She was quite unconscious of the other presence in the room, and of the dark gaze in which surprise, pain and anger were strangely mingled. It was only when Ned seemed at last asleep that she stopped her song, and raising his little hand to her lips kissed it softly. Then looking up she met Lysle Howard's gaze. All the holy tenderness left her face in a flash; scorn, pride, defiance usurped its place. The man before her raised his arm as though to strike, then dropped it to his side and laughed.

"One can not strike a woman nor crush her under foot like a worm," he said slowly. "But one may question and demand an answer for——"

"Not now," said Mrs. Alford calmly, although she trembled visibly at the sound of his voice. "No bitter words shall be spoken over this young head. If your conscience has not power to keep you silent, I will answer any question you dare ask me at some other time."

"He is asleep now, Doctor, and I hope that you will find that I have been unnecessarily alarmed," said Mrs. Barton's calm voice, smiting strangely upon the strained nerves of the two excited people in the room. Mr. Howard stepped through the window to the veranda. Mrs. Alford, as is common in woman's lot, found no escape from her necessity for self control. As soon as she moved to give little Ned to his mother, he clung to her with cries and could only be calmed by her promise to stay with him. Not that night only but for many more

was Mrs. Alford needed to soothe the delirious child. An obstinate fever had seized upon him and disordered the little brain. And so this woman put aside her own anxieties to sing to the baby and aid his gentle mother to bear the care and pain of nursing. She never left his bedside saying when urged to go out for exercise and air. "As long as he needs me I will stay. When I go I can not come back again." A hush fell on this merry, happy household. The children came in and out on tip toe. Little Ethel nursed her doll just outside the sick room door watching for her mother to beg for a kiss or just one look at Ned. The home life, so sweet and orderly, was quite broken up. Ah! how tight is the hold of baby hands upon the heart strings. Yet mothers part with them and live! God help them!

On the tenth day little Ned's illness reached its crisis. "If he sleeps to-night he will live," said the doctor. The little curly head turned ceaselessly upon the pillow, the fluttering hands were never still. The slow hours of the night seemed endless to the watching household. But the Father's will was mercy, for the morning light found little Ned asleep, one hand clasped fast in Mrs. Alford's.

X.

When Lysle Howard stepped out onto the veranda leaving Mrs. Alford to face the light which Mrs. Barton held in her hand, he paused a moment and looked at the face thus clearly revealed to him, the face which had once waked within him the only love of his life. It was upturned now and every line of its fragile beauty accentuated by the down falling light. "She keeps her Ma-

donna look," he thought, "not a trace of falsehood shows in it; a mask of beauty laid upon a will of iron. And yet—"

The group within the room had changed. Mrs. Barton took her child and with the doctor moved to the bed. Mrs. Alford stood where they had left her. She was clasping and unclasping her hands in an unconscious movement of pain; her face seemed rigid with the struggle for self control; her very lips blanched. The man watching her felt a great yearning rise suddenly in his heart, a passion which was half love, half anger. With an impatient movement he swung himself over the railing to the ground and walked off into the night. He did not care where he went, he never afterwards could remember; only motion was necessary to his life. A woman finds vent in tears, a man uses his muscles.

Lysle Howard was one of those unfortunate creatures only too common in this world of contrarities whose nature had always been at war with his circumstances. Morbidly sensitive in personal matters and endowed with an unusual capacity for loving, he had never known a mother and was brought up by a reserved, self-absorbed father and over-indulgent servants. With a passion for study, he was but fairly launched in college life when his older brother overwhelmed him with disgrace by his inexplicable propensity to badness. Lysle refused to raise his head again among his old companions, and having seen his father die broken-hearted, rushed abroad to hide his shame among strangers. Here he studied or amused himself as the mood was upon him, but quite without object or ambition. "What is the use of plan-

ning a career when I can only hope to be pointed at as the brother of Dick Howard, the forger. The old name had better die now." He was still in this mood when he accidentally fell in with the Bartons and yielded for a while to the sunny charm of their society. It was a new delight to belong to a circle where his coming was expected, his presence desired. His friend's young wife never knew the intense pleasure he took in her fresh prettiness, radiant in bridal finery. To see her brewing tea from the brass bouilloire set on a shabby table in their lodgings; moving about the room in her graceful youth, putting a feminine atmosphere of home into whatever quarters their travels led them; ready to welcome them on their return from long tramps; this was an exquisite joy to the moody young man who had never known a home. When the Bartons returned to America he felt a lonely longing to follow them. He did, indeed, go back for a short time, but Dick's patient wife was a constant and intolerable reminder to him of the unworthy brother who had so blighted the lives of all connected with him; so he took up his wanderings once more. If he had been poor he would have found an object in work, but his father's ample fortune had descended undivided into his aimless keeping. For a year or two he studied steadily at a German University, but when he began to be remarked upon as a genius he suddenly packed up his belongings and started off, deeply despondent, to seek for some life more congenial than that of a student. "I have no object in attainment; I do not care to be famous. I want to be amused," he said to himself, as he sped away southward. He was not going anywhere in particular.

He went south because others did in winter. It was on this journey that he met with a man who largely influenced his future life, although the meeting was a mere incident. Lysle had been some weeks in Venice, lodging in one of those magnificently shabby old palaces which shelter only "foristiere" now. He was getting weary of floating about the Lagunes and dreaming over pictures; he was considering where next to turn his idle steps, when one day his Padrona informed him that a compatriot of his was ill on the floor above and had asked to see him. He obeyed the summons the more willingly as he had nothing else to do and followed the woman up the marble stair case to one of those lofty apartments which banishes comfort from Italy and establishes dignity in its stead. In a large gilt mounted chair, hovering over a brazier of coals sat one of the handsomest men Lysle Howard had ever seen. Even the inroads of disease, which were very marked, had not robbed the splendid form of its dignity nor the fine eyes of their flash.

"You will pardon the liberty I have taken in sending for you," he said courteously waiving his visitor to a chair, "when I tell you that I am dying of loneliness in this dreary prison. I was taken ill here on my way to the Riviera, and hope soon to start on again. Hearing from my servant that there was an American in the house I ventured to intrude upon you to beg an hour of your society."

So began an acquaintance which grew into an intimacy of a certain kind. Howard was amused and charmed by the brilliant man whose conversation was always witty and entertaining. They played cards occa-

sionally, and the younger man was always the loser in a moderate way, but this was a mere incident of the acquaintance. It seemed quite natural at last when the sick man grew better that he should invite Howard to accompany him to San Remo where he made his winter home. "Dull little hole," he said, "but great in scenery and pretty women. You are at an age to appreciate that. If my own daughter were a little older I would not venture on the invitation, but she's just out of pinafores, at the age most uninteresting to all mankind." Howard was vaguely surprised to find that his friend had feminine belongings of any age, as this was the first mention of any; but he was conscious of many peculiarities in this acquaintance of his. That he maintained his comfortable ease by moderate and gentlemanly gambling he was already aware, but the man was so altogether fascinating to him that this seemed for the moment but an amiable weakness. He did not actually accompany this new friend to San Remo, but within a week he followed him thither, and leaving his baggage at an hotel made his way at once to the villa whose address was carefully jotted in his note book. The servant who admitted him showed him unannounced into a room where a young girl sat by an open window reading. Lysle Howard stood a moment in the doorway undeniably staring at her. Her fair young head was outlined against a patch of vivid blue sky. A white dress fell away from her supple throat, leaving it bare. She seemed to Lysle' astonished gaze a Santa Margarita just stepped from some old canvas. If this was the girl in pinafores, surely pinafores weredivine. Lysle did not guess that this

surprise had been deliberately planned for him in the old Venetian palace when his charming acquaintance had possessed himself of all the necessary facts concerning the young man's birth and fortune. "The girl's of an age to become a nuisance to me; I had better provide her with a husband and be rid of her. She has always been a tiresome burden with that rigid old duenna of hers," and so he had refrained from playing much with his young acquaintance, but had invited him to the villa in San Remo. Quite unconscious of all this Lysle Howard went on to meet his fate. A queenlier woman than this girl, in all the qualities of heart and person which crown a woman queen, never stood upon the verge of womanhood. In her lonely life, neglected by her father, uncherished by any love except that of her old nurse, she had fed her heart on dreams. She was as untouched by consciousness of evil as when she lay a babe upon her mother's bosom. Her grave and tender nature had grown strong by repression. Unloved, she loved all things; a primrose in a forest grows as she grew. Is the flower less lovely because no loving eye bends over it? or because a careless foot will by and by crush it to the ground? This girl's intense nature found but one expression, and that was song. She sang as the birds sing, for very love of sound. She had the best of masters, but she seemed to owe little to them. Her voice was her soul, and it was altogether lovely.

Such was the girl who rose up from beside the open window to welcome Lysle Howard to the villa at San Remo. In the two months which followed the young man spent part of every day in that sunny salon over-

looking the little grey town and the vast blue sweep of the sea. He brought great bunches of purple hyacinths to perfume the room and to lie sometimes in the gold of the girl's hair. The father was seldom there. He came and went apparently quite unconcerned as to their movements, nor did he object to their long walks up the stony steep of the lemon groves, gathering wild flowers and fancies. He was too clear sighted not to see he could trust the man he had introduced into his household.

For two months this quiet intercourse went on. There was no love-making between this grave-eyed girl and her companion. They were living in a paradise of dreams into which facts had not yet forced their way. Marriage seemed to associate itself as little with thoughts of this calm young maid as with one of the exquisite painted saints she resembled. But an interruption to this state of things came at last. The father whose parental duties had set so lightly on him during life, felt them heavy when he found himself suddenly on his death bed. He had been ill for some days when he sent for Howard to come to his bedside. "The doctor tells me I have but a few hours to live," he said abruptly. "I can not leave my daughter unprotected. Do you intend to marry her?"

Marry her? This snow maiden weaving dreams in an ice palace. Lysle felt his heart leap with sudden fear and longing at the thought.

"I intend?" he said with a hot flush. "Had I not better ask if your daughter will marry me?"

"This is no time for formalities," said the sick man impatiently. "She will do as she is bid. I must see her married before I die."

"I will not take her from any hand but her own," said the young man. "Let me speak to her."

He sought her in the little salon where his flowers lay upon the piano. She was sitting by the window as he saw her first. He was too agitated to approach her calmly and win her gently. He asked his question briefly with only his eyes to tell of the love he bore her.

"Else will you give yourself to me? Will you be my wife?"

She raised her calm, unshadowed eyes to his, a flush growing slowly in her face as she read the story written in his. He saw her child-heart burst its chrysalis in that moment and awoke a woman's. For answer she laid her hand in his.

A few hours later she was fatherless, but her husband's arm protected her and held her close.

Howard and his young wife lingered for some months in San Remo. The spell which bound them was too exquisite to make them wish for change. The long need of love which had hungered him all his life had at last met its fulfillment. He gave himself up to it utterly. The girl he had chosen was rich in reserves. She gave of her sweetness freely, yet she left always more for him to desire. Life was no longer dull to him but full of delicious surprises. At last business called him home. "We will be back in San Remo before another winter," he said when he saw tears in his wife's eyes at parting. "I do not care where we are, so it be together," she had replied. They had been at home three months when, returning from a few days trip to a neighboring city, he found for his only greeting a note upon his dressing stand contain-

ing these words: "I have left your home forever. To follow me will be but to cause me to end the life you have ruined." He rang for a servant.

"When did Mrs. Howard leave and who went with her?"

"She went two days ago with the old French woman. Master Richard is here, Sir, when you like to see him."

"Not tonight; tomorrow; some other time," said Lysle Howard, feeling his senses reel.

The next time he looked into his wife's face she was singing little Ned to sleep.

These were some of the scenes Lysle Howard reviewed as he tramped across the fields through the bouyant stillness of the southern night. A hundred long forgotten details rose to mock him. He remembered the first time he had passed his hand through the silken sheen of her hair. It was the night of their marriage when her father lay newly dead. She was weeping with her head bowed upon the table by which she sat—tears which found their source more in weariness and fright than in grief, for she could not remember a tender word that her father had ever spoken to her. Lysle longed to comfort her, and yet a strange embarrassment held him silent. She was still a dream maiden to him, unapproachable to a caress. Her hair fell about her shoulders. He touched it softly with a strange timidity. So would he have touched the hem of an angel's garment. "And yet she proved false to such a love as that," cried the man as he plunged through the darkness. Never once in the blackness of his first despair had he doubted his wife's purity. Having known her he knew that not for

love of any man had she left his roof. He believed that love was impossible to her and she had fled from the burden of hypocrisy which had become intolerable to her. The sweet feigning which had duped him found its limit and she escaped. This had been his solution of this mystery which he had never tried to probe. Faith and love died within him as he shut his bitter heart in silence. The world was told that Mrs. Howard had returned to friends in Europe and her husband would follow her immediately. Soon after he shut up his deserted home, dismissed the servants and went his way, few even suspecting that there was anything strange in the history of his leaving.

And after three years they met upon this western shore.

TO BE CONTINUED

GIBRALTAR, March 12, 1899.

WE have had a perfectly delightful time, from the moment when we landed in Gibraltar, on Washington's Birthday, until now that we are obliged to leave. We are the first Americans to really make the tour of Spain since the war, for the few others who have landed have only been to Seville and Grenada, with the exception of a few gentlemen on business errands. We are the recipients of a great deal of praise for our courage, which we accept, although totally undeserved, for our trip has been one round of pleasure, unmarred by a single disagreeable incident. To be sure I think we have generally been taken for English—(we have taken a great deal of tea, and then the Europeans are not able to distinguish as deftly as we can between the broad accents of our British cousins and our more clearly cut words)—but even when our nationality has been clearly shown there has been no change in the uniform courtesy of all with whom we have come in contact. We find the Spaniards very delightful people—so affable, polite and really kind, finding it no trouble to go several blocks out of their way to show us a direction.

Instead of having stones thrown at us, as some of our friends predicted, we have rather been inclined to throw them ourselves, at the beggars, who have really been our only source of annoyance. Such swarms of them as there are in every city, hanging about the art galleries, lining the church entrances, lying in wait for you when you get into a carriage and when you get out, always with the same whining "Senorita, seniorita!"



SPRING

with such a painful drawl on the third syllable. The lame, the halt, the blind, are all here, especially the blind. I have seen more blind people here in one day than in all my life put together, but still they seem to know just how to reach you and at just the right moment. An English gentleman tried to make me think I ought to give generously, especially to the lame, as our country was so largely responsible ;—he considered that a huge joke ;—but the lame ones are usually young boys or dreadfully decrepit old men. Some way the beggars have been a very interesting subject with me, disgusting as they are ; but if I tell you anything of the pictures in Spain I must certainly begin.

Every city that we have visited has its own intensely interesting features. At Gibraltar are the wonderful subterranean passages cut in the great rock, and the fortifications, to say nothing of the regiments of fine English soldiers who swarm everywhere, making bright spots with their fiery red coats. Over three hundred of them marched past here a few minutes ago like one man, and we were lost in admiration over the man with the big drum, for he was gorgeousness itself, robed in a whole tiger skin, the back hanging in front like a big apron, and the great head forming a shield in the center of his back.

In Grenada there is the Alhambra, perfectly unapproachable in its own fairylike elegance, but it is not until you reach Seville that you begin to find the art treasures of Spain. Seville was the home of Murillo ; there he produced his greatest works, and there is really the best place to study his different periods and styles.

The first one we saw was in a chapel of the immense cathedral, where it was too dark to be really appreciated. It was the Guardian Angel, a glorious seraph with spreading wings leading a lovely little child by the hand—a picture that is said to have caused the tears to flow from more mothers' eyes than any other in the world.

It is so rarely that the great masters' pictures can be seen hanging in the places they were designed for, but almost all of the Murillos in Seville are in situ, and I expected a great deal of satisfaction from that fact ; but really I think it is better after all to have them collected in art galleries, where the light is good, for in the churches it is often too dark to really do them any justice. The celebrated " St. Anthony of Padua " hangs in the Baptistry of the same cathedral, a horribly dark place, but not so dark but that one goes away feeling that he has had a vision himself. The little Christ descending in the midst of a group of angels throws out a heavenly light, that seems to illuminate the whole chapel, and the kneeling St. Anthony is looking up with an expression of fervor that once seen can never be forgotten. It is an immense canvas, and it is impossible to detect where the portion enclosing St. Anthony (which was taken out by a thief and taken to New York), was replaced.

The celebrated pictures in the chapel of the home for old people, known as the Caridad, are too high up and too badly lighted to be appreciated ; and it is too bad, for they are of his best period. The Museum contains twenty-three of his choice works, among them the one

that he considered his best, where St. Thomas of Villanueva, an archbishop, is standing at his door giving alms to a group of horrible beggars. The contrast between the refinement of the archbishop and the sickening poverty of the beggars is as strong as the contrast of lights and shadows in Rembrandt. He often balances his pictures in that way by contrasts of sentiment. The idea is much the same in his "St. Elizabeth" at Madrid, where the royal lady is delicately bathing the sores of the poor afflicted; but this picture is more attractive, from the loveliness of the queen and her suite.



The museum of the Prado in Madrid certainly contains the choicest collection of paintings of any gallery in the world, and no one can really know all the old masters unless he has been there. This is emphatically so as regards Murillo, Velasquez, Titian, Rubens, Le-niers and others. There are sixty-five there by Velasquez and forty-six by Murillo, all of such power that to but once go through the gallery is to impress them on your mind as few others do. And they are not such as demand the eyes and knowledge of a connoisseur to be enjoyed, for they appeal to every class and to every age.

It is interesting to watch the common people, to see how they are interested and detained before some of the great pictures.

I tried to make a conscientious study of the Spanish school, including Ribalta, Ribera, Zurburan and the others, but in the face of all those magnificent canvases of Murillo and Velasquez it required more moral force than I could bring forth, and I found myself constantly



going back to some favorite picture. Murillo is called the Painter of Immaculate Conceptions, because he painted at least sixty of them, and there are four most lovely ones in the Prado, two of which are simply beyond any attempt at description. One of these is rather small—half length—and the crescent is about the waist instead of at her feet, as usual. The upturned face is of surpassing beauty, and it was before this picture that De Amicis, the great Italian writer, acknowledged that he had never before been so impressed or overcome, and so helped to a better life, as before this wonder of art. He wrote that his heart softened and his mind rose to a height which it had never attained before. This Conception would be better known if it photographed better, for instead of the black background I have always seen, her head really seems to rest in the fleecy clouds of a golden sunset, with the dearest of little angel heads peeping out all about.

The other Conception is a large full-length one, and differs from all others that I have ever seen in that here Mary is pictured as more youthful and girlish, and is the absolute personification of innocence and modesty, startled by the great revelation that has come to her. Her face is said to be the purest expression of girlish loveliness possible in art, and no one can ever stand before the "Purissima" unmoved, or go away without feeling a step higher.

I have no time nor space to write of the masterpieces of Velasquez, before whom I spent so many hours of delight. Almost the opposite of Murillo, but so fascinating! He paid little attention to the ideal, but simply

held up "the mirror of nature," and the result is that to-day in the Prado we know Philip IV., his numerous wives and children, his courtiers, his warriors, and all about him, almost as intimately as if we had lived in the palace with them. There is a whole gallery of dwarfs, beggars, imbeciles and drunkards, all as living and natural as if we were just looking at them through glasses. His colors are just as crisp and fresh as if laid on yesterday, for both he and Murillo understood the art of doing work that would last.

CECILIA A. WHITE.

It is Like This

Chinese
Politeness

OUR friends across the western ocean are now two thousand years ahead of us in the development of that flower of civilization termed urbanity. They have cultivated to its extremest limit the desire to be agreeable, and because of such long continuance the idea may be imagined even to have gone to seed.

Since we of the occident are many years younger, we may not hope to equal the finish of their breeding for centuries to come; but we are beginning to grasp the principles of their behavior and to conform somewhat in speech, at least, to the excellent example laid out for us. We, too, are governed by the fear of giving offense and by the desire to put ourselves out for people, through showing the courtesy which is their due. But far as we have gone in language we are still unlettered children in action.

When two Chinese gentlemen see one another as they go abroad in their Sedan chairs (they usually look the other way), each must instantly descend and offer to the other his own vehicle; furthermore they must be urgent and persistent, so that in mutual tenderings and refusings a half hour is consumed, after which each retires to his own chair and goes his way. This is being truly polite, and any one in China omitting such a ceremony is rated at once a boor. What if a half hour of valuable time has been wasted, time is of no consequence before courtesy.

The same method is pursued at a dinner. The Laws of the Medes and Persians are ropes of sand as compared with the fixed rules of precedence and each man knows his own rank perfectly; but no one ever

dreams of the vulgarity of taking his own seat and keeping it. As each guest enters all the others already seated must rise and offer to the late comer their places, after which, when courtesy is satisfied, all settle down in the seats provided for them a thousand years ago.

In the manner of these high bred squabbles we are far behind; our performances being limited as yet to the payment of car fare and a few other things equally unimportant. But even in the matter of urging guests to stay longer the Chinese are ahead of us though it is part of the game never to accept such invitations. The cousin of a mandarin once dared to presume on his relationship to break this rule and remain, but for his ill-breeding he was at once forcibly ejected from the house.

These laws are all crystalized among the Celestials and perfectly understood by them; they know exactly how much to discount and so make a fair average guess at the fact. But with us we are not always certain. The Anglo-Saxon, being still somewhat savage, is inclined to take statements at their face value; so that when a woman says to a man "Charmed to see you!" he imagines she is; which makes some women think a man can be easily fooled.

We are learning, however, and I have frequently heard the proper thing said in the proper tone and with the most deliciously automatic manner; but this accomplishment is seen at its best, as a rule, when the conversation takes place between two women, since they are considered more refined than men. Yet in this country there are some women, still somewhat barbarous, who fancy that truth is easier than fiction, in society; and it no doubt is, for them.

But in spite of this there has gone abroad the notion that we are so far on the road toward emulating the exquisite high bred courtesy of the oriental that only buds and parvenues are supposed to be ingenuous. The law of society is to avoid giving offense, now why is it that so soon as one becomes skilled in urbanity his reputation for truthfulness suffers? The Chinese nation have been said to have lost their credit as a people of integrity chiefly on account of that principle of their social code: "Do not give offense."

One would be inclined to argue from this that the thoughts concealed must have been disagreeable, if the truth uttered would have broken that rule. This necessity for extreme care in dealing with the susceptibilities of our fellow creatures elevates the subject to a position of such delicacy that needle pricks become national calamities. In that way one might tell who are truly refined by the suffering they endure at the touch of cobwebs.

People who have not attained this perfection reveal their coarseness of fiber by insisting that a needle, provided that it is clean, does not count for much as a weapon, and they fancy that a brusque manner is not necessarily brutal. To these unenlightened ones a stiff bit of censure is often nothing but a needed reproof and not a venomous tirade; and what would drive a celestially refined person into hysterics is regarded by them as a mere brush.

These people are assuredly barbarians; by being unsuspecting of their fellow men they overlook many signs of civilization, but they are comfortable, and so are blind to the pitfalls which will be likely to beset the paths of their more knowing descendents, if those are tempted to follow too closely the laws of oriental courtesy.

Editorial Department

We have heard much in the last ten years of the tardiness of development of American art and literature. We have been told that we are mere copyists of the work of our English cousins, that our individual growth was a plant exceedingly small in size and stunted by nature. Whether this may be considered true of the present is an open question. With the wealth of literary and artistic material stored away in the nooks and corners of America's great, teeming distances, it should not be true nor possible.

There is one feature lacking in the development of American art which we must envy countries older and farther developed than we, the support and encouragement of our government. Other countries have government schools and academies where the child who shows unusual talent for art, music or literature may be trained and developed. Other countries have prize contests appointed by the government and rewards and medals presented by the government to stimulate and encourage vigorous effort. Other countries have their court theatres and music halls.

The Elizabethan age of literature, the glory of England, was fostered and developed by the patronage of Elizabeth, to whom all the finest compositions were dedicated, before whom they received their first rendition and by whom their composers were pensioned.

In France the revolution first gained headway when the brush and pen, divorced from the court, sought refuge in the salon among the people.

When the government takes an active, discriminating interest in the literature and art of the people, de-

manding and rewarding the brightest, will not the people respond? And what are the art and literature if not the best expression of the life of the nation?

among the books

There seems to be but one book engaging the attention of the reading world in these days and that book is David Harum. Everybody is reading David Harum. But when one has followed the example of the rest of the world and has read David Harum one is conscious of a little wonderment as to the reasons for this universal interest. The book is a good character study, introducing another of those rough but keen and generous-hearted "self-made" men of the middle class. All of the story that has to do with David is well told and interesting but there is nothing novel in material or treatment.

A pretty and bright little story for a summer day is Miss Archer Archer. It is the usual love romance, told with some clever variations of the ordinary methods and will amuse if it does not instruct. Such books have their uses.

When Knighthood Was in Flower seems to be gaining increasing favor and commendation as the months pass. It has won an enviable reputation as a strong and sweet story and one that holds its place.

It is unnecessary to comment upon the overwhelming popularity of Kipling developed by his recent illness. Such a demand for his books has resulted however that they head the list in the month's sales. The Day's Work especially is breaking the record for phenomenal sales.

Among the magazines, Lippincotts offer an interesting array of fiction and poetry with another of its bright novelettes, *The Princess Nadine*.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* begins a promising romance by Anthony Hope, *The Countess Emilia*, and contains a most interesting sketch of Helen Keller.

We take pleasure in announcing that a new serial will make its appearance in the June issue of *The Ebell*. This serial is from the pen of Harryet Strong, whose clever sketches have frequently appeared in the columns of *The Ebell* and eastern publications. The serial is called *The Tower at Velandro*, and is a strong, stirring romance of mediaeval Italy.

Ebell Notes ❁ ❁

Cooking and drawing in the public schools were the subjects considered Thursday afternoon at the general meeting of the Ebell Club. The economic section was in charge of the program, and Mrs. G. Aubrey Davidson gave a resume of the recent lecture on school decoration that was delivered before the club by C. C. Davis, president of the board of education. Mr. Davis had suggested that women who are interested in artistic school room decoration should contribute something toward rendering the room attractive. If the women did not feel able to give works of art Mr. Davis said they could lend them to the schools.

A discussion followed Mrs. Davidson's report. Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt suggested that women might undertake the decoration of school rooms in their own wards, each looking out for the work that is nearest home. At the close of the discussion, Miss Ada Laughlin of the Normal school gave a talk on drawing.

"Clay modeling," she said, "is carried through all the grades. The child's artistic qualities should be developed through the senses. He should be taught form and color as early as possible. When the child's attention is at first called to the difference in the primary colors, he can usually distinguish only three."

Miss Laughlin said that she had never known a case of total color blindness. Two boys in her school experience had not been able to distinguish red from green, but they could readily recognize the difference between all other colors. So-called color blindness, she said, is want of education in most cases.

"The best part of training in the different departments of drawing," said the speaker, "is lost if the creative genius of the child is not developed."

Miss Laughlin illustrated her talk with samples of work done by the Normal School students. The course in drawing begins with clay modeling, in which the children are taught to make many intricate articles. When this part of the study is completed, they begin to cut designs from paper. Thus they advance to free-hand drawing. Some clever work was exhibited.

Mrs. Grace Dutton, the teacher of cooking at Throop Institute in Pasadena, followed with a paper on "Domestic Science." "Fifty years ago," said Mrs. Dutton, "food was prepared in a palatable and attractive manner without regard to the effect that it might have on the digestive organs of the body."

Even in the imperfect domestic training that had in former years partially fitted the girl to become a homemaker was now neglected. Today many are crowded into stores and offices and live on poorly cooked food that robs them of the clear, beautiful complexion that should be the possession of all healthy women. "Is it any wonder," concluded Mrs. Dutton, "that we have so many pale faces among us, and that so many women break down?"

In the discussion that followed Mrs. Dutton explained much about her methods of teaching.

Mrs. C. P. Bartlett rendered several vocal selections and after the close of the program, tea was served by members of the Economic section.

PROGRAM FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Thursday, May 11, not assigned.

Thursday, May 25, Report of Social Development Section.

Literature Section—Each Monday, 2:30 p. m.

Story Tellers' Section—Second Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.

Economics—Fourth Tuesday, 2 p. m. ■

Conversation Section—Second Saturday, 10:30 a. m.

Music Section—First and third Mondays, 3:30 p. m.

Current Event Section—First and third Tuesdays, 10:30 a. m.

Tourist Section—First and third Saturdays, 10 a. m.



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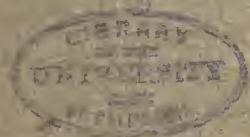
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GRACE A'THERTON DENNEN, EDITOR

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I.

The Beginning of the Wedding Journey.

I JOHN AMBROSE, Earl of Courtmoor, in the County of Cumbria, England, being stout of heart and sound of limb, am now about to write down the most remarkable adventure of my life, which took place, and in truth is still taking place, in this, the land of Italy; first at Ferezza, but chiefly in my Tower of Velandro, where now we rest.

My wife sits opposite me at the table knitting, while our infant daughter, another Magna, sleeps above; and I hereby chronicle, perchance for my daughter's benefit, what now occurs, since it may be that I shall see her no more after childhood, so that she may know these things came not by any adventurous ambition of her father, but through his wish to serve his sovereign dutefully and with loyalty.

I am English, my father being Earl of Courtmoor; but am claimed also to be Italian through my mother, the Contessa di Velandro, the only daughter of his old companion in arms, whom he married in middle life.

This Italian mother of mine I little remember, but I do recall much of the first ten years of my life spent in the old castle and in the hunting tower on the Velandrian estates.

It was a pretty story in its day, this marriage of the old campaigner with the young countess, but nothing to mine. I, too, being sent from home like my father,

with my king; for it seems to be fate that the Ambrose family are doomed to constant exile for their religion, and with the Stuarts they must go pack.

Well, that is what came to me, one year and some months ago; when I followed the king across the Channel, stopping a bit with His Majesty in France, until he started for Ireland; and afterwards went on to Italy, where I was to take the lands and titles left me by my grandfather, I being his only heir; which estates lay partly in Ferezza, and partly in the territories of the Duke of Altramontagna. Although I had spent much time here when a child, and had chattered in Italian with the best, I came back in doubt to a half-forgotten land and a rusty tongue. And well it was, too, that the saints should have sent me at this time, for events quickly polished my speech and sharpened my memory and my wits, till I could use both in the service of my Lady, whom to save I needed all I could lay my hand to. The reason why I and no other should be the husband of the then reigning duchess of Ferezza, and touch through her the thrones of France and Lombardy, comes like a dream in the midst of dreams. And thus I protest for my vindiction, that it was none of my designing, this mad prank of fortune; but all was done at the command of the lady herself, both to save her life and to extricate her from a predicament painful as embarrassing.

Ferezza is the city lying nearest to my Italian estates; the grand castle of our family being not more than fifteen leagues to the northeast. Ten leagues due north from thence into the mountains, but in Altramontagna, stands this small tower, built, no doubt, by bandits, as a stronghold in the middle ages, but kept

for many years by the lords of Velandro as a hunting lodge.

I had but reached the ducal city late in the day from Genoa, where I had come by ship from Marseilles; and had taken lodging at an inn, attended by my confessor, Father Aurelian, my gentleman, Thomas Humes, and my servant, Jock.

This hostelry was built on arches, after an Italian manner, and lay by the side of the ducal palace, where, I had been told, the grand duchess, just out of the convent, had been two days before installed. I had noted, when we changed money at the borders of the duchy, that the coins given me were new, and bore the profile, very good, of a young woman; and I looked at the face of my future sovereign with some interest and curiosity till I got the features well in mind.

I travelled as befitted a gentleman of quality but lately come from the court of the French king, though soberly withal; having a seemly array of clothing fine and new, and all in the latest fashion, and with a goodly assortment of the best periwigs and laces. The steward of my Ferezzan estates, Giacomo, an honest Lombard, as was my grandmother, had forwarded to me at Paris a large sum of money by bill of exchange, which I had turned into gold, partly that I might save the return rate, and partly that I might indulge in a boyish pleasure of handling coin. But of this sum I had not consumed the half in expenses, and I was therefore, in my own eyes, quite the fine gentleman, assured of a lordly welcome at the castle of Velandro, and prepared to fulfil my part in both array and manners.

Being mindful of many wild tales concerning Ferezzan treachery told me in my childhood and after, I had

taken care that my passport should be made, not to conceal my quality, but still sufficiently vague to guard my rank and fortune; it granted permission to John Ambrose, a gentleman of the English king, with a train of three persons, to travel through Italy to Rome and back, and to cross Ferezza without molestation.

The journey up from the port having been hot and tedious, I directed that a fresh relay of horses should be ready at five of the clock next morning, hoping by an early start to escape both dust and heat.

The four of us then, being fatigued from our journey, and having little faith in any strong arm of government to protect us in the event of brawls, the land having been long under a regency, retired early to our rooms, and in fear of this expected lawlessness, we even ordered our supper served therein, soon after which we composed ourselves for sleeping.

The two apartments which had been assigned us, adjoined, and were on the first floor in the corner; in one lay my gentleman and the priest, in the inner and the one next the palace wall, I slept, with Jock on a pallet across the door for safety. This inner room opened on a balcony, from which to the ground was a pretty leap for all but the boldest, though not impossible to a man who might stand six feet two inches in his stockings as do I. All this we noted before we slept; also the strength of the locks and bars. For quickness and safety I had ordered that we should undress only in part; I laying off but my riding boots, with coat and periwig, my sword and cloak being placed near my hand; while Jock saw to it that his pistols, well primed, should lie in easy reach.

With all these preparations against surprise com-

plete, I yet found myself, clad only in half-shirt and breeches, sword in hand, dropping over that same balcony about three of the clock, next morning, before I had wrestled with and conquered sleep, because?—Because I had heard a woman's loud scream just beneath the window

What I leaped into when I reached my feet and wits, was a struggle between two ruffians and the woman, whom they were attempting to drag under the arches of our inn, and to muffle as well.

My light was the waning moon, but it proved sufficient, for the men, hampered by their burden and caught with surprise, made not the best resistance, and I was easily enabled to dispatch one, while the other made good his escape by flight; leaving us, the woman and I, standing breathless and alone under the shadow of my balcony, the grayness of dawn beginning to be felt about us

Then I perceived that near by, at the corner of the palace, was a small street door, that it was open, and that from behind it came a shadow gliding towards us. I quickly resumed my guard to be ready against attack, when the woman near me whispered, "A friend," and moved towards the shadow, in which I now recognized the figure of another woman. They spoke a few words together, and then the second comer stepped up to me and merely breathed a whisper, "Can you not hide us, Signore, and quickly?"

"I have no place but that window, Madame," I replied as softly as she had spoken.

"Then hide us there at once!"

The two withdrew under the shadow of the arches; on the balcony above stood Jock, peering down upon

us. I motioned to him; he took in the turn of affairs and disappeared. In about a minute he had swung a large chair over the railing by a cord from our luggage, which he made fast to the iron work; and then, when I had stood upon the chair as a base, the rope formed a firm holding place. When our ladder was ready the younger of the two women came forward and I grasped her arms to lift her upon the back of the chair. As I swung the girl into the light I saw her for the first time clearly, and her face in profile was the profile of the coins!

I was startled, but I slackened not my speed, and I assisted her from the chair-back to my shoulders, the rope steadying her until she could reach the outstretched hands of my servitor. After a deal of scrambling and balancing the young lady made shift to reach the balcony and to be pulled over the side. Next the older woman, with more difficulty, and then I, clambering up the rope, and the chair last of all, were landed on the balcony without mishap. All this happening in the public street, of an early morning, and in plain view of any one that might chance to pass; though luckily there were none, and not so much as an eye that we could know of, peering from behind the closely barred shutters,—and that wild scream seeming to go unheeded. I wondered much at this silence afterwards.

When we had all reached the balcony and so inside, I was asked by the elder woman, the duenna, as I supposed, if I was English (our conversation being held in Italian).

I said "yes"—and married? I answered "No."

Then she begged me to tell her of a safe retreat,

where they might lie quiet for a few weeks, until they communicated with friends.

I replied that I knew of none in the city, but that on my estate, about twenty-five leagues to the northward, I bethought me of my old hunting tower, and that, too, on Altramontagnan soil, where they could, no doubt, rest for a few days unmolested.

All these answers I had made in dullish tones, being dazzled with what seemed to be the startling facts; but wishing to make sure that what I thought I saw was true, I stepped to the window and furtively turned a coin to the dim light, and the profile on it was that of the girl. Then was I certain that I stood in the presence of the Grand Duchess herself, in whose territory there appeared to be no hand to guard her save that of a stranger Englishman at an inn.

Then the lady herself spoke. "Can you take us thence, and now?"

And I answered, "Yes, Your Highness, so soon as the horses are made ready."

"He knows me," whispered she to the other; and then the two ladies conversed apart, while I stood helpless, awaiting their pleasure, and Jock, although he understood no word, busied himself about the room, tying and strapping, as making ready for instant departure. He also brought my coat and periwig and offered to assist me with my riding boots. I then awoke from my daze, and while my guests were deep in talk, I permitted him to make me somewhat more presentable.

When that was finished—it occupied an hour, to my imagining—the older woman came forward, while the Duchess, with her face averted, lingered in the shadow.

I was now put through a rigid catechising.

"Are you of our Holy Religion?"

Reverently I answered "Yes."

"And your name?"

"John Ambrose, Earl of Courtmoor."

"Your business here?"

"To take possession of my grandfather's estates."

"Who was he?"

"Giovanni, Conte di Velandro."

"Ah," said the waiting woman, "show me your passport, also your seal."

I took my ring from my finger and handed it to her, and likewise produced my passport. She retired to the window, and, after a careful scrutiny, she resumed her whispered consultation with her mistress, still holding my seal.

They stood silent an instant, and then the older woman put into my hand the self same ring that I had given her (as I supposed), but when she whispered, "Look at it;" I saw that it bore the arms of the ducal family of Ferezza.

"Do you still believe that you stand in the presence of the Grand Duchess?" she demanded.

"I do," I answered.

"Do you consider that seal sufficient proof?"

"It is sufficient proof," I said.

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely."

"Will you back your faith with your honour and your life if need be?"

"I will," was my confident reply.

The woman hesitated another moment, then she

said in Italian so rapid that I scarcely caught the words:

"Did the Signore but know a priest, it were better that Her Highness marry the Signore at once, before he takes her away--that is, if the Signore is willing--there could then be no untowardness in his rescue of her."

I could not credit what the duenna said to me, I answered her, however, that my Confessor lay but in the next room and if the Duchess desired such a move--my astonishment was so boundless I hardly realized the words I was whispering.

The two women conversed apart but a moment longer; then the duenna turned to me yet again, "Her Highness wishes me to signify her assent to an immediate marriage. The Signore may summon the priest," she commanded.

I looked at the Duchess. "Do you desire this, my lady?" I questioned.

She inclined her head slightly. There seemed nothing for it but instant acquiescence on my part. "It is to save my life that I ask it," she said.

I therefore, on the instant, sent Jock to awaken Father Aurelian, and a mightily dumfounded man he was, when, rudely shaken out of a sound sleep, he was summoned to marry the Master to a strange woman, who was said to be Her Highness, Magna, Grand Duchess of Ferezza, in an inn chamber at three of the clock the morning following his entrance into her ducal city.

The priest was for demurring, but after I showed him all that happened, and also the ring and the coin to establish the lady's identity, I finally induced him to perform the ceremony.

The thing was done in few words. My Lady knew no English and the priest no Italian, but the knowledge of Latin by us three sufficed for the comprehension of those hastily spoken vows, in that gray dawn, which made us man and wife, and for which I now thank God.

I wedded the Duchess with that seal ring which I had plucked from my smallest finger, and promised fealty to her and she to me, who had, but one short half hour before, been strangers to sight and hearing.

* * * * *

After the matter of the marriage had been disposed of came the manner of getting out. There were now two more in our party than had been the night before, and the sky was growing so light that we could not use our balcony ladder, but were forced to essay the courtyard.

I sent Jock about this delicate business at once, knowing that what could be done he would do, in spite of his lack of language, such trust I put in his sagacity. I gave him much gold to ease matters, in case he should find any awake and likely to hinder his preparations, also a stout hunting knife, should he be forced to try conclusions with a Ferezzan dagger in the hand of some suspicious attendant.

He was ordered to resaddle the post horses which had carried us from Genoa, since they were proven doughty travellers, being strong and gentle, though not unduly mettlesome, and thus were safer in a ticklish job of the sort, with women concerned, than would have been fresh steeds, untried, which might be apt to cause us trouble on the road. I also charged my serving man to find a couple of women's saddles, or pillions, if it

were possible, since our new passengers being women, we had need to transport them somewhat more carefully than bags of meal. All these matters in detail I left to him to accomplish as quickly as might be, considering the fact that he was to work in a strange stable in the darkness.

My gentleman, Thomas Humes, I also sent to act under Jock's instructions, he being slow of wit; and for this reason I proposed to leave him behind, and to give his horse over to the use of one of the women. I instructed him, therefore, to pay our count when it should grow light, and the price of the post horses, and to make as though he were to follow us at once to Rome, whence we purported to be summoned in haste, since our passports had been seen to be made out for that place; but, plainly, to go there and await our coming. I gave him the charge of all our baggage too bulky to be taken by us into the mountains, which therefore included all my fine wardrobe. I also left with him gold sufficient for a long stay, and ordered him that if I came not soon, he was to find his way back to our exiled queen at Paris. Such was all I thought to do with him, in our haste of departure, but had I known more, I should have sent him direct to His Majesty, the King of France, and at once.

This parting with my goodly apparel was done but somewhat ruefully, and proved to be my first grievance, when I had leisure to give thought to grievances.

After the departure of the gentleman and the servitor, the priest and I were left to arrange for the comfort of our guests. We needed, assuredly, to smuggle them out of the inn in a manner that they should remain unknown, and as they had no riding masks we

were put to it to provide a sufficient disguise. At length, after some pulling over of the luggage in the outer room, Father Aurelian appeared, dressed in a complete suit of the clothes of Thomas Humes, with periwig, (the two being about of a size); while over his arm he carried two cassocks of his own and his two per-ruques d'abbe, which he had bought in France. Although these garments, being a priest's habit, had been blessed, he granted a dispensation to the women to wear them, and I advised my charges to put them on at once. When they had complied with my desire and we were summoned to mount, the three, thus transformed, would have baffled a shrewder brain than our sleepy porter's in attempting to discover their identity.

We found Jock in the dim courtyard holding four steeds, already saddled, but only one carrying a pillion, which would compel one woman to ride alone on a man's saddle. This the waiting woman declined to do. She had never been on a horse, she said, in all her life before; which left nothing for it but to mount the Duchess on the steed which had been ridden by the priest, as being the most docile. When the lady had seated herself sidewise the matter appeared not difficult, since her saddle rose high, front and rear; although the strangeness of it proved so great that for the moment I feared lest our whole design should fail; but directly, with lips set firm, Her Highness signed for us to proceed.

We then awakened the porter, who undid the gate, and while I in a dark corner attracted his notice by the clink of coin, Jock slipped three horses out the gate, hiding as best he could behind the others, that one bearing a double burden. I then mounted and followed.

Before we started I had learned from the maid that she knew a route which led first south and then towards the east gate, through a course of winding streets; by which way we could avoid passing the palace and also give colour to a story of journeying towards Rome. I therefore placed Jock in the lead, behind whom the waiting woman rode, with instructions that she should touch his arm, right or left, when she wished to change direction.

We set out at a sober pace, lest haste should excite question, and also to save our steeds. Upon these good fellows and their strength of limb, our lives and safety lay; and I therefore hastened their speed with the greatest caution. We had yet nearly two hours before sunrise, and I hoped by careful travelling, and allowing for rest and hindrances, to make my castle about noon, my only hope against pursuit being the time gained by our early departure and the uncertainty as to our destination.

We did not count much on our stubbornness of resistance; for although we were well provided with swords and pistols, and muskets for deer shooting, only two of us could fight, so we prayed for a peaceful passage.

Before we reached the gate of the city, Her Highness whispered me the password, given out by herself the evening before. When, therefore, the guard gave the challenge "Who goes there?" I answered readily enough, "A friend."

"What is the word?" he demanded.

"'Ever faithful Ferezza!'" I gave with a brave heart.

For a wonder this appeared sufficient. The sleepy

guard said nothing about passports, but let us through without question, and I began to fancy it rather an easy matter to kidnap a grand duchess, or indeed any one, in the midst of such indifference, which I could not at all comprehend—no one seeing, no one questioning, and so we passed out into the open country.

(Edited by) HARRYET STRONG.

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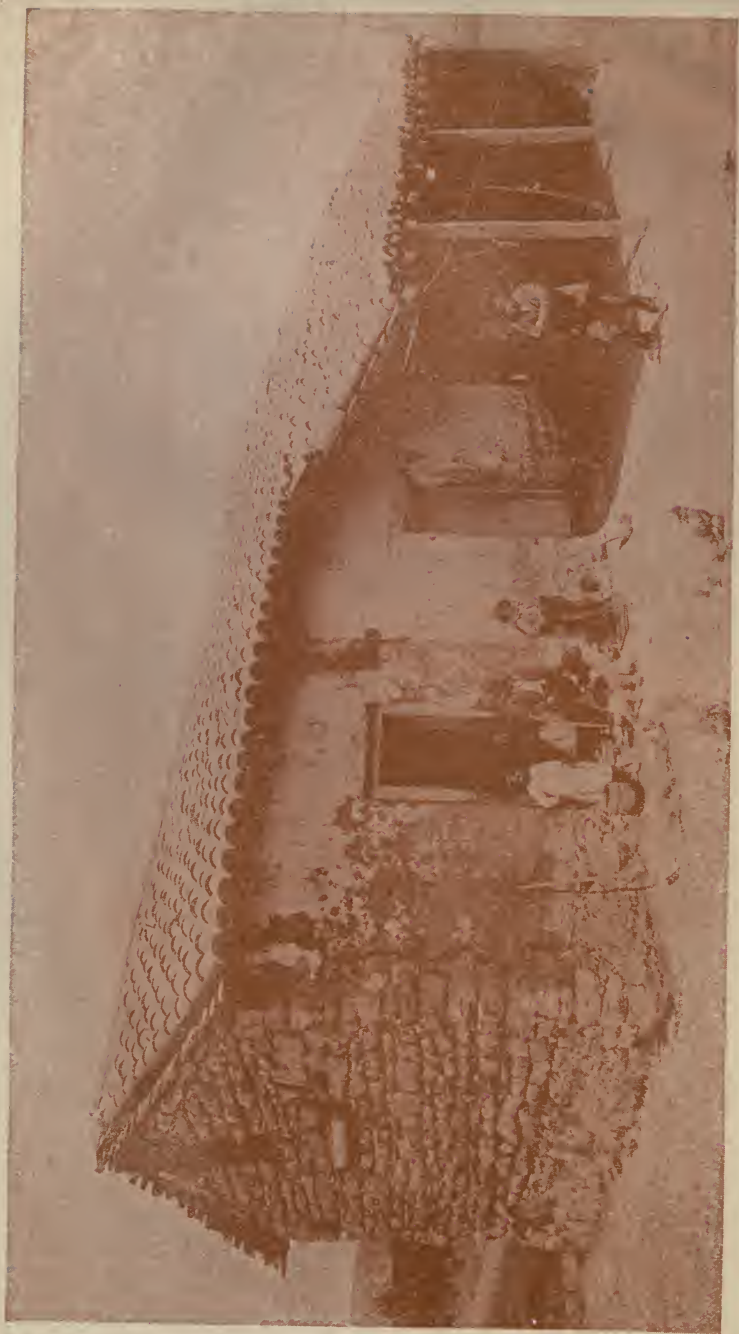
Chopin's Nocturnes

A Memory of the Symphony Concerts.

ESTATIC breath of melody divine!
Within thy keeping
Lurk haunting tones compact of rapture fine
And passion sleeping:

The mighty yearning of an infinite pain
Too deep for any tears,
A moment's awe, a startled, sweet surprise
That lies beyond all fears.

C. B. BENSON.



DINNER was over at the ranch. In spite of his delay, Gilbert had been in time to enjoy the cosy meal by the light of the candelabra that always seemed to him to frame his impressions of Margaret. He had seen her first in the glow of such a light and it seemed to him ever afterwards to float about her face as a sort of halo.

They had talked over old times tonight, she and her mother and the brothers, and following the road of memory had wandered very far from the present. Then they had music and he had sung to her the gondolier's song. He was humming over the refrain now as he lay back in the easy chair of the large central room, smoking a last cigar.

The house was quiet, all but himself apparently buried in slumber. From without the occasional night song of the mocking-bird filled the air with melody. A magazine lay open on his knees, but he was not reading. He was lost in thought and so far away that he did not hear a slight movement behind him nor even look up when a board creaked with a sudden snap. For some moments longer his thoughts held him oblivious to outside impressions, then he stirred, yawned a little, shook the ashes off the end of his cigar and turned to find a dark face confronting him at the other end of the table. Gilbert stared at this apparition in undisguised amazement. The man who had so suddenly appeared out of the surrounding darkness was a tall, slender fellow, bronzed with exposure, whose clear-cut features contradicted with the hard lines of mouth and chin, a certain something noble about the brow. As he sat there quietly puffing a cigarette, in his velvet jacket heavily embroidered with silver, he suggested a handsome toreador.

The Feast of San Juan

An Adventure
in two parts
Part II.

"You were deeply absorbed, señor," he remarked coolly. "Don't let me disturb you."

"But who are you and how did you get here?" demanded Gilbert. The other laughed musically.

"It was quite simple," he said. "You should really have a guardian. I have been here—let me see—" he drew a large silver watch from his pocket. "Yes, fifteen minutes. It is well you roused yourself. Time presses."

"What do you want of me?" asked Gilbert.

"Your company on a short trip I am about to take."

"My company? What have you to do with me?"

"The fact is," drawled the other smilingly, "you have something that belongs to me."

"I ——" said Gilbert.

"Yes," moving nearer, "in your inside pocket—a chain, a golden chain."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gilbert, the events of the day returning to his mind with a rush, "a golden chain!" Then, with an amused smile, "So you are Martinez."

"Yes, I am Martinez. I have come for that chain."

"And what if I refuse?" asked Gilbert smiling more broadly. He was beginning to enjoy the situation.

"You see," he added insinuatingly, placing his hand over the pocket in question, "this chain represents some very pleasant hours to me. I should be sorry to part with it."

A sharp, steely gleam flashed into Martinez' eyes for a moment. Then he smiled brilliantly.

"You will not refuse," he answered pleasantly. "You will not be so foolish."

"But if I should?"

"You will not. First you will give me the chain and then you will take your hat yonder and come with me

for we have some distance to go before morning."

"Go? Where? I am sorry to decline your pressing invitation, but really——"

"You will not decline," said Martinez, throwing away the end of his cigarette and straightening himself with a sudden movement. His careless languor vanished entirely.

Gilbert retreated a little, throwing away his cigar also. The aspect of things had somehow changed. "My dear sir," he said with an imperceptible movement of his hand toward his hip pocket, "possibly you intend this as a high compliment and if you will kindly explain your grounds for these requests we may come to some conclusion."

"We may," assented Martinez, quietly, following the motion of Gilbert's hand with a glance. "As for the chain, I placed it last Christmas day about the neck of the girl who is to marry me."

"Oh, in that case," said Gilbert with a sudden sense of shame, "I can only return it to you with a very inadequate apology for having it at all. I didn't think ——" he unbuttoned his coat and taking the chain from his pocket put it into the other's hand.

Martinez' face softened. He ran the chain lightly, caressingly through his fingers. "That is well, senior. And now for the hat. We waste time." Gilbert's face flushed angrily and he set his teeth. "See here," he said shortly, "this thing has gone far enough. I took the chain foolishly, I acknowledge it. I have apologized and given it back to you. Now let us call the affair ended. As for going anywhere with you ——" he suddenly drew his revolver from his pocket.

With a motion as swift and sudden as a panther's

Martinez sprang upon him. The two men, locked together, struggled for a moment, then the revolver flew half across the room while Martinez pinned Gilbert against the wall with arms of steel.

"Pah, you are easy prey," he said contemptuously, and uttered a low, peculiar call. Instantly there sprang into the room through the open window three men. Martinez uttered a sharp command and they leveled three revolvers at Gilbert's head. Martinez turned to him with a smile. "Will you come with us?" he asked.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Gilbert, breathing hard. "Martinez,—where have I heard that name?"

"Perhaps in connection with the late robbery at Cahuenga Pass," suggested Martinez pleasantly. "I was somewhat prominent in that affair. Or the looting of the San Fernando banks."

"Yes, by Jove!" exclaimed the astonished Gilbert. "What, are you that notorious highwayman who is said to haunt these mountains? Why I never supposed he existed except in the minds of the people."

"He stands before you," answered the other drawing his lips into an unpleasant curve. "You have bigger game to deal with than you thought, young man. And now, I desire your company. I am accustomed to gratify my wishes. I give you five minutes to be mounted."

Five minutes later a group of horsemen rode quietly down the long aisles of the orange orchard and out into the road. At their head rode Martinez on a handsome, powerful black horse, with Gilbert by his side. The moon lit up grove and field with a soft radiance, the hush of night was upon the land. Gilbert wondered if he were dreaming. So absurd, so impossible a situ-

ation he could not make himself realize. Captured by highwaymen at this end of the civilized Nineteenth Century, and that, too, not in Greece, not in Italy, but in California, within forty miles of a populous city—the whole thing was preposterous! The lights in the house they had just left were burning peacefully. Within were safety, comfort, the woman he loved, while every step took him further away, unseen, unmissed, into the darkness—whither? Involuntarily he reined in his horse and looked back. The sharp click of a pistol sounded at his ear and a swarthy face confronted his. At the same moment Martinez called him from the darkness, "Hasten, senor, I lack your company." He spurred ahead once more, but as he did so it seemed to him that he heard a subdued noise from the house, and that the lights flickered to and fro as if somebody moved them.

For a little while they rode in silence; then Gilbert spoke: "I suppose I am your prisoner." "Don't call it by so hard a name," answered Martinez, gaily. "Say my guest. It sounds better," and he began to hum a little tune.

"What are you going to do with me?" persisted Gilbert.

"You are going to visit me in the mountains for a short time," answered Martinez, coolly, "until your friends find out if they value your society as highly as I do."

"That is, you demand a ransom, and how much?"

"Surely so valuable a man must be worth to society five thousand dollars at least."

"Five thousand dollars!" exclaimed Gilbert, "why, it will take weeks to realize it. Martinez, you are a villain, a deep-dyed, unmitigated villain!"

Martinez smiled. "If you stay with me long enough you will learn to know me better than that."

"Five thousand dollars!" groaned Gilbert, "and the elections coming on!" and he relapsed into a gloomy silence.

They had just reached a turn of the road where the rising land begins when Martinez suddenly halted, motioning his men. They all stood listening. In the sudden silence that followed the beat of horses' hoofs was distinctly audible in the distance, and drawing rapidly nearer. A clump of trees grew by the roadside, casting heavy shadows. Martinez gave a sharp command, threw a hair lariat about the neck of the horse that Gilbert rode and plunged into the shadows behind the trees. Then he drew two pistols from his belt and stood waiting. The sound of the hoofs drew nearer. In the soft moonlight the road was plainly visible for a quarter of a mile and galloping toward them there now appeared two figures on horseback. Gilbert watched them with interest. They came from the direction of the ranch. What if he should call out to them as they passed? A look at Martinez showed him the futility of the thought. He stood there, mostly concealed by the shadows, a picturesque figure, but instinct with dangerous vitality. The gleam in his eyes matched the gleam along the barrels of the pistols he held. Gilbert shrugged his shoulders resignedly and turned to watch the approaching horsemen. As he did so, he started, and a sudden thought turned him sick with terror. One of the approaching figures was that of a woman. Could it be—was it possible—was she so mad? Yes, it was she beyond a doubt or a question. She must have heard the noise of their departure and

was riding now for help, brave, brave that she was, but, oh, how fatally rash! For Martinez saw her, he would divine her purpose, he would stop her of course—his “rare, pale Margaret” in the power of those reckless men! He turned to Martinez with desperate, imploring eyes! he could have flung himself at his feet in passionate supplication, failing that, he could have killed him where he stood. Martinez laid a restraining hand on his arm and gave him a steady look. “Be calm, senor,” he said low, but distinctly, “I never molest a woman.”

Almost as the words left his lips the two were upon them. Gilbert saw her pass, he saw her sweet face uplifted a little in an intense, forward gaze and her hair blown by the wind as they swept by; then the moonlit darkness absorbed them and they were lost to view again. Gilbert looked after them and raised his hat. “There goes the woman I am to marry,” he said turning to Martinez. “I shall not forget.”

Martinez gave him a long look. “Women are sacred to me,” he said slowly, “for the sake of the mother who bore me and the girl whose chain you wore.” Gilbert understood the rebuke. With a sudden impulse he held out his hand. “It was a piece of childish folly,” he exclaimed. “I am properly shamed and your debtor in generosity.”

Martinez took his hand with a glance in which a frank kindness gleamed for a moment. “The woman you love rides to bring you help, senor. She has more faith in the highwaymen than you, it seems. And since it is so, we must hasten. They took the further road, then we take this. Forward to the mountains! We must be in safety ere the moon sets.” He dug the spurs

into his horse and sprang forward at a gallop. His companions, talking volubly among themselves galloped after. So they struck out into the open country.

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For more than an hour the steady beat of the horses' hoofs had echoed from the sun-baked ground rising steadily beneath their feet. The country now lay far below; they were approaching the highest point of the mesa and the great, solemn mountains towered above them. The canyon whose shelter they were rapidly approaching, seemed to yawn before them like the opening to regions of outer darkness. Martinez and his band now felt themselves secure; they were on the threshold of home. They chatted and laughed and told anecdotes in a Spanish too idiomatic for Gilbert to understand. They rolled and lighted cigarettes and puffed them contentedly. Martinez seemed the gayest of the gay. Gilbert had resigned all lingering hope of pursuit and resolved to take this new experience philosophically. Believing that he should fare better by gaining the good will of his captors he exerted himself to seem cheerful and even essayed a joke or two of his own. And as he thus became more at ease with his captors, his wonder grew how Martinez, so fine and handsome a fellow, with so much genius for command should be engaged in such a profession. Martinez himself answered the unspoken thought. Reining in his horse on the summit of a steep slope, he looked back over the moonlit country while an expression of intense bitterness distorted his features. "A fair and lovely country," he exclaimed, "an earthly paradise and all ours, ours by right! Do you wonder, senor, that

I hate these strangers who come here to rob and plunder us of the fairest land God ever created? Is it not justice that I, who have lost all, should force mine own from them again!" The band stood in silence for a moment, looking whither he pointed. Suddenly one of them clutched his arm. "Captain, look yonder! We are followed."

Martinez turned in his saddle, looked and uttered a ringing oath. There, a hundred feet below them, as if they had sprung from the ground, so noiselessly and swiftly had they come, rode a band of horsemen. The light glinted on rifle barrels and stocks. They approached swiftly, steadily. Martinez' expression changed to one of concentrated fury; all the wildness of his nature blazed to the surface. Perhaps none but he realized how nearly they were trapped. He seized with a grip of iron Gilbert's lariat and dashed the spurs into his own powerful horse. "Ride for the canyon," he shouted, and away they went at a pace that took Gilbert's breath. An answering shout from below told them that they had been seen and understood, and now the race began, over rock and hill, crashing down into rain-washed gullies, jumping the trunks of fallen trees, headlong, blindly, madly. Gilbert clung tight to his saddle in desperation. The noise of their own wild rush deadened all sounds else. It might have been a moment or an hour that they raced thus headlong into the darkness and then Martinez slackened pace to listen and look. Loud and clear close behind them rose the thundering beat of other hoofs. Wild as their flight had been, their pursuers had gained upon them, while still a few yards distant loomed the canyon. Martinez looked about in desperation. Suddenly his eye caught

a faint line of white which ran zigzag across the wall of rock that faced them. It was the trail that led to the head of the canyon. He turned in his saddle. "Make for the trail," he cried. Then reining in his horse he called sharply to Gilbert: "Dismount!" Gilbert obeyed mechanically. With a swift movement Martinez, covering him with his revolver, loosened the hair lariat from the neck of the horse and cast it once, twice, thrice about Gilbert, pinning his arms to his sides. "Now," he said still more sharply, "Mount here behind me and hold on to my belt for your life!" But from his men arose a chorus of remonstrance. "Across the trail! Are you mad, captain! You will be in plain sight, they will shoot you!" "Not with him behind me," said Martinez grimly. "It is that or this," lifting his pistol significantly. "I will never be taken alive." And as Gilbert scrambled up behind him he turned his horse and dashed straight for the wall of rock. The wind whistled by them and from behind a rifle shot awakened the echoes. A moment's mad gallop and they reached the trail. Then began a ride that Gilbert's experience never equalled. Up, up, up, over rocks and boulders, past chasms that turned him sick and dizzy, rounding corners so sharp that their jagged edges threatened to hurl Gilbert from his seat to the depths yawning below. He clung with the strength of desperation and shut his eyes to avoid the sick horror of those chasms. On, on, on, up, ever up! But the strength even of the fiery animal they rode was not equal to such superhuman effort. He lagged, he faltered, and Martinez unwillingly drew rein to breathe him for a moment. Only a moment and yet 'twas Gilbert's chance. The awful jolting of their wild ride had

loosened his bonds. Slowly, carefully he worked one elbow free. The gleam of a pistol stuck into Martinez' riding-boot caught his eye, and in an instant his plan was formulated. He leaned over to seize it. Martinez alarmed by the movement leaned over also, throwing back his other foot to catch the spur into the saddle as a brace. As he did so, the knife and pistol concealed as Gilbert had hoped in this other boot were right beneath Gilbert's hand. He seized them and quick as a cat slipped to the ground. Martinez turned to find himself covered with his own weapon. "If you stir a finger," said Gilbert, "I'll shoot the horse and his fall will land you down there." He pointed to the black depths below them. Martinez turned his head and saw that he spoke the truth. He also felt in his voice the ring of a determination that would not flinch. Behind them they heard hoof-beats. He gave a sudden call: "Juan, Manuel, Gonzales!" There was no answer. "They deserted you at the foot of the trail," said Gilbert. "The cowards!" muttered Martinez. "The hoofs you hear are not theirs," continued the other.

Martinez drew in his breath with a sudden hiss, then shrugged his shoulders. "You have won, senor," he said softly. "But I will not be taken alive." A sharp pang smote Gilbert's heart. He caught at the bridle. "Martinez," he said. There was something in his voice that made Martinez quickly turn his head. The eyes of the two men met again and in the one there gleamed for a moment a proud appeal. Gilbert spoke again.

"Heaven knows I am doing a foolish, perhaps a wicked thing, but you spared her there on the road and 'twas my own folly that brought all this about. Ride for your life!" and he lowered the pistol. Martinez

stoop up in his saddle for a second, then he raised his hat and calling gaily, "Adios, senor," disappeared around the next turn.

In another moment Gilbert was accosted by an eager, breathless group of horsemen, but to all their questions he answered simply, "He is gone."

Just as the sun rose over the eastern hills, Gilbert, pale and unutterably weary, rode up to the ranch house where Margaret awaited his coming on the rose-covered veranda.

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN.

THERE is no French writer whose genius has given to the world the realities of life in a more marked degree than Bernardin de Saint Pierre. His life is so unusual, interesting, suggestive and amusing, that no series of great French writers would be complete which did not contain the name of the author of Paul and Virginia.

Born at Havre, on the 19th of January, 1837, he, at an early age, took a fancy to the sea, and his uncle being a sea captain, gave him the opportunity of gratifying this desire. But a single trip to Martinique dispelled the charm, and he returned home and entered the Jesuit college. Here he became friendly with one of the priests, Father Paul, and often took long walks with him, visiting the sick and the needy. At the close of his school life he wished to become a missionary priest, but his parents, who had probably taken the measure of his enthusiasm from his sea experience, strongly objected and persuaded him to study engineering, which for a time he followed as a profession, establishing himself at Rouen. Being dismissed for insubordination, and having quarreled with his parents, he became a rolling stone, visiting Malta, Warsaw, Dresden and Berlin, where he held brief commissions, and rejoiced in romantic adventures.

At the age of thirty he returned to Paris, poorer than when he set out. It was at this time he began his literary career, his wanderings supplying him with what might be called his stock in trade.

His nature being very sensitive, he was easily offended, and formed few intimate friends among literary men, the exception being Rousseau, of whom he saw much, and from whom he formed his own character and style of writing.



His first work of any importance, *The Voyage to the Isle of France*, appeared in 1773, and gained him some reputation. It is the most sober of his writings and consequently the least characteristic.

The "Studies of Nature," which made his fame and assured him of literary success, did not appear until ten years later, and his masterpiece, *Paul and Virginia*, not until 1787.

In 1792 he married a young girl, Felicite Didot, whose father, being a rich man, bought for his son-in-law a small island off the coast of France, where Saint Pierre and his wife and two children, Paul and Virginia, lived until he was appointed superintendent of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, when the family returned and took up their residence at a villa near the city.

His wife having died, he again married, his second wife being his junior by many years. But this union seems to have been even happier than the first, his young wife ministering to his declining years and he reaping the benefits of literary fame. He still continued to publish and became a great favorite with Napoleon, who admired his genius, and is said to have asked him "When are you going to give us more Pauls and Virginias?"

His death occurred at his country seat, near Paris, in the year 1814.

Saint Pierre was no ordinary person, either as man or writer; his was a strong and original character, more bent on action than on literature. His writings breathe the air of the country, the woods and the songs of birds. His poetic nature observed the circling of the doves above the cathedral spires rather than the architectural design of the building.

He is a painter of words rather than a builder of sentences.

A theorist who lived up to his theory, which was that Providence had fashioned the whole world with one intent only, the happiness of man.

He admitted that man was not happy, but there was no reason whatever save his own folly why he should not be as happy as the days are long.

In other words, Saint Pierre believed that God created man an innocent being, and that he became evil through environment.

The sombre view of life which drove Voltaire into revolt never affected the imagination of Saint Pierre, who none the less had a tender heart and had often laid down his head with the poor and miserable.

Such was the man who has given to the world the whisperings of nature as he heard them in the open fields and the unfolding of the human soul, unbiased by the opinions of his countrymen, and unmoved by the taunts of his enemies.

Let us forget the faults of Saint Pierre in the presence of his great genius.

LOUISE Y. PRATT.



WHEN little Ned awoke refreshed from his first natural sleep, Mrs. Alford returned to the grey cottage under the sycamore trees. Therese greeted her with anxious care. She brought her a cup of chocolate and placed a cushion under her feet as she sat in the red chair, quite passive from weariness. The French woman brushed out the sunny hair which she had cared for ever since it clustered in rings about the baby brow. She told her the village news, and how many eggs she had saved and sold during her mistress' absence. "There is some good in everything and four eggs a day are not bad," said the cheerful economist. "I have laid by quite two francs a day by your being away. Those violets were brought by one of your scholars. He said they were the first of the season. That young man has been here twice—Mr. Leith, I think he is called. He left some papers; they are there on your desk." Mrs. Alford closed her eyes and listened to Therese's chat in the language she loved above all others. She did not follow what she said, but she liked the voice which held always a caress for her whatever the words. Presently she felt her troubles slipping away from her and a vague consciousness of the perfume of violets upon which she floated, floated. Mrs. Alford was asleep in the big chair, with her shining hair pillowed upon the satin. A calamity dreaded rouses every sense; one accomplished brings ever the relief of exhaustion. Therese slipped out of the room leaving her to rest.

The sun was dropping low in the Western sky when Mrs. Alford awoke with every sense quickened and refreshed. She took her hat and went out into the cool air. Her plans grew clear as she walked away from

the village toward the hills. She would go away. She had been very happy here, very full of hope for the future. But that was over now and flight was again before her. She began to calculate her resources; they were very slender. Therese had doubtless a little fund saved in housekeeping, and she had one hundred dollars. There was the piano, but how could she dispose of so costly an article without attracting more attention than she desired? Should she confide in Mrs. Barton? No, she was his friend; what sympathy could she have with her? Deeply absorbed in this problem, she was not conscious of an approaching figure until it stood quite at her side, when looking up she recognized Lysle Howard. He raised his hat courteously, and addressed her calmly.

"I saw you leave the village and followed you for a few words of explanation," he said. "Shall we walk on, or do you prefer to stand?"

"I will stand here," she said. "I think our conversation will not be long."

"You will grant that it is natural for me to have some curiosity concerning the motives which have actuated your singular course," he said. "I have respected entirely your desire to be left unmolested, but since accident has thrown us together, I ——"

"Do not dare to ask me that question," cried the woman before him, suddenly losing her self control as women do, and finding her voice tremble with the emotions which swayed her. "Ask your own heart if I could have been true to myself and done aught else."

"You can well imagine that I have asked myself that question many times during these three years," replied Howard. "I acknowledge that the bond you found so unendurable was in a measure forced upon you by the

circumstances of your father's death, but even that can scarcely excuse the manner in which you broke it. You should at least have appealed to me for freedom, before bringing dishonor and ridicule upon my name. I have not come here to reproach you. The wrong you have done me lies too deep for words. You have crushed under foot the purest love a man ever lavished upon a woman. I only ask your reasons. Surely you owe me that."

Mrs. Alford's dark eyes grew large with amazement; she stood speechless looking into the darkening face before her.

"Do you think I was a man to force the bond of a loveless marriage upon you? Could you not have taken some gentler means of proving I was odious to you?"

"You look as though you were speaking the truth," said the woman with a gasp as though for breath. "Is it possible you think it was lack of love for you which drove me from your roof?"

"What other reason could there have been?" asked Lysle Howard.

A hot flush rose slowly to her very brow, as she turned her eyes from him toward the golden sunset. Her hands were loosely clasped before her; her noble head was lifted proudly.

"How blind a man must be to ever call a woman wife, and so misjudge her. You found me an unloved child, and won from me all the accumulated tenderness of my life time. It dominated my whole being until I looked into that child's face and knew you false to me. No hand but your own could have slain it."

"That child? what do you mean Ilse?" he demanded shaken in his turn by amazement.

She did not seem to hear his question as she continued.

"When the woman told me the story I did not believe it until she brought me the boy and said his mother was to be under the same roof with me. Was I the woman to brook such an insult? How little you knew me."

Lysle seized her rudely by the arm in a frenzy of impatience.

"Ilse, of whom are you speaking? Can it be of little Richard? Who told you this story?"

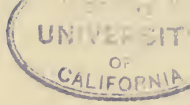
She trembled with a great fear as she looked into his face.

"The child's nurse told me and showed me the boy's eyes in proof. I asked no other. I dared not wait to see you, lest my love should conquer my pride. I felt you needed no word from me, with her in the house."

He looked at her for a moment in silence then flung her arm from him with sudden passion.

"*Your love?*" he said. "You talk of love, and yet believed such a thing of me from the lips of a servant? Had an angel from Heaven accused you, I should have defied him; and *you* believed a nursery maid's lie! That my brother's child had eyes like mine was proof enough for you! I had bowed down before you as a saint, and you believed this!"

Blanching, trembling, the unhappy woman stood before him silent. She was grasping slowly the terrible fact that she had ruined her own life and his, through a mistake. The man she had learned to loathe stood before her a judge. The wrong she had done him was irreparable. A cry escaped her lips, one of such anguish as is rarely heard. She felt her fault was greater than he as yet knew.



"I robbed you not only of your wife but of your child," she said slowly. "My baby died when he was six months old." And then she sank down on the ground at his feet.

Lysle Howard stood looking at the bowed head a moment, wrestling with an overwhelming impulse to strike it to the earth. And then he walked away hastily, leaving her where she lay.

Night had fallen before she stirred, and then it was the memory of Therese which brought her to her feet. "She will raise an alarm if I do not come in soon," she thought. Her limbs trembled as she moved; she felt ill and broken. What tears so hopeless as those we weep over our own mistakes! And yet this woman's sorrows grew out of her training rather than her faults. Entirely ignorant of the world, full of impossible ideals; supremely uncompromizing in her ideas of right and wrong, altogether ungoverned in judgment, she had been left quite without advice in the moment of her trial. Impulse ruled her now as then. She believed him without proof, just as she had doubted him. She was not stirred to tenderness but to intensest pity and remorse. Her young dream was dead within her; all her thoughts were for him; she had robbed him of everything; was there no atonement possible!

"Make a fire Therese. I am chilled to the bone," she said when she entered her house. The astonished French woman did as she was bid, asking no questions. She could guess how deeply her mistress was suffering. She needed no knowledge of details. So she still held her peace when next morning she entered Mrs. Alford's room and found her sitting before the ashes of last night's fire.

“Here is a note that was left for you this morning,” she said, setting down a breakfast tray.

The well known writing thrilled Mrs. Alford with strange dread, but its contents was but a line. It read: “I request you to remain here until I can see you again.”

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When Lysle Howard left his wife crouching on the ground he was conscious only of a desire to get out of her presence, and think of this thing which had befallen. He must adjust himself to a new aspect of the circumstance over which he had so long brooded. To think her unloving; to believe all her pretty tenderness a lie,—this he had taught himself slowly and painfully. In the great need for love in which this man stood by nature, he found himself thrilled by a bitter joy that he had not been deceived in the girl who had put her hand in his that day in the Villa at San Remo. “She at least loved me *then*,” he said to himself; and then he remembered how that love had failed at the first test, and how his child had died without his knowledge of its existence, and a great bitterness blotted out every other thought. This he never could forgive her; never. How like the old Ilse she looked as she faced the sunset and flushed at the mere mention of the love she had borne for him. Her hair had the same sheen as when he touched it first; he thought of that, even in that terrible moment when he had seen her head bowed at his feet. She had been falsier than he had ever dreamed, for she had betrayed her own heart as well as his. How she must have suffered when she had felt her faith in him outraged and shattered! With what courage had she braved the world to save her womanhood! And yet she had understood him so little as to believe this

thing possible; had never relented towards him, when his child lay upon her bosom! No, he could never forgive her! And yet that golden head must not lie bowed to the ground; he would go back and see that she had protection to her home.

Thus pain, anger, tenderness, wrestled in this man's breast, proving how infinitely stronger he was to love and endure than the woman who had wrecked his fate. It is not often so; it is rarely so; but God has made a few men with power to love as a mother loves, forgetting all faults, forgiving all wrongs; natures whose depths are fathomless. Lysle Howard was neither a good nor a great man; but the love he had once given this woman was great and good beyond all human measurements. He could never forgive her, he said, but he walked back over fields to see that the dews of night should not fall on her curls. But she had already started wearily homeward and he did not find her. Returning to Mr. Barton's he penned her the few words we have read; he had no plan; he must think this problem out in quiet. How could best be remedied the terrible wrong of the past?

XII.

Winter had come in the great South land; a winter of tender greens and succulent growths. The sun-burned hills and plains had been cooled by showers; the dusty, golden atmosphere had been washed to crystalline clearness through which the purple bulk of the mountains shone with deceptive nearness. Every ravine in their rugged sides was sketched in tree-fringed shadows, and a single patch of snow capped the loftiest summit. In the dark-green groves the oranges were beginning to yellow; but the vineyards were as ragged and dishevelled as though the days gone by had been

spent in a long carousal. Young barley was springing in the fields, where an occasional meadow lark cleft the silence with a liquid gurgle of song. The wild ducks flew in wedge-shaped phalanxes high over head, seeking the neighboring marshes. The chrysanthemums shamed the roses in the gardens, and the violets sent forth their fragrance. The sun had lost its fervor and indoors cheerful wood fires burned morning and evening. Later in the season the clouds would gather in lowering force, and the rain would fall for days together, but as yet winter had come in name alone. There seemed scarcely a hint of chill in the air which fanned Mrs. Alford's cheek as she came down the schoolhouse steps, and after a moment's hesitation turned up the road which led away from the village toward the plain. She walked rapidly, but her restless eyes sought the familiar beauty of the scene with an absent look, showing that her thoughts had out-traveled her steps. The passing months had left heavy lines about her mouth and brought an anxious look into her face. The long day's teaching in a crowded school room was trying to strained nerves; she was seeking relief in exercise, and the stillness of a wide horizon. To get beyond the human and catch a glimpse of the illimitable, this is what she always sought on the plain which undulated in purple vastness, eastward of the village to the distant hills which bound the sea. She was growing impatient of this long suspense. She was not conscious of hoping or wishing for anything; every emotion seemed dulled by the sudden shock which had changed her view of life. The one thing she had always been sure of was the perfect right and justice of her own conclusions and subsequent acts. Now she alone of all around her seemed in the wrong, and the

revulsion of attitude bewildered her.

Mrs. Alford had walked scarcely half a mile when her strength seemed suddenly to fail her and with lagging step she turned homeward. The setting sun shone in a golden glow level with the orchards; the air was growing chill. As she entered the village Mr. Leith joined her. The schoolmistress smiled him an indifferent welcome; she was too self-absorbed to realize how often he met her when she went to walk.

"I was going to the schoolhouse in the hope of meeting you," he said eagerly. I want to tell you that my book is finished."

"I am both sorry and glad," she said rousing herself to interest. "It has been such a good friend to you; how can you bear to part with it?"

"I have never succeeded in anything in all my life; but I feel I have conquered at last. Can you understand the joy of it? No, I fancy success has always been easy with you."

Mrs. Alford smiled bitterly. "What will you do next?" she asked.

"I don't know yet. When the book is published and is talked about, I believe I will go away from here. I am tired of solitude; tired of thought. I'll begin life over again." He spoke quite gaily with an eager light in his face.

"I hate small things," he continued as she made no reply. "I was made for a large field, and some way. I have never found it. The world has been always against me.

"Do you call yourself the world?" Mrs. Alford asked gently. He looked at her a moment in silence.

"You mean that I am that despicable wretch we hear

of so often—'my own worst enemy.' And yet I have shown my best self only to you."

There was such despondency in his tone, that Mrs. Alford looked up to see the happiness quite gone from his face, and a sullen misery there, which filled her with regret for her words. She was thinking so little of him and his moods, that she had uttered them almost unconsciously. "Forgive me. I did not intend to wound you," she said. "It seemed strange to me that a strong man could not conquer the world. I think a woman often over-rates the advantages of being a man."

"Indeed she does," he affirmed hastily. "You, for instance.

You have only to be yourself; to look beautiful and speak kindly, to vanquish all opposition. I too could be strong if I had you to help and inspire me. Mrs. Alford ——"

They had reached Sycamore Cottage as he spoke, and stood at the gate under the bare mottled branches of the great tree. He had taken her hand to say good night, for he knew he would be asked to go no farther. His hat was lifted and his head was bent to finish his eager plea, when a quiet voice from the door step startled them.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Alford, if I interrupt; I was waiting to see you."

From the deepening shadow of the fast descending twilight, Lysle Howard came forward, his face very stern and white. He turned to Leith with a bearing and look which seemed a challenge, and then he started as though from a blow. Leith reddening with anger met his gaze with a surprised stare. It was but an in-

stant before Howard exclaimed in a strangely agitated tone, "Is it possible that we meet here, at last." Leith looked at Mrs. Alford as if for explanation, and then back to his interlocutor.

"You have the advantage of me," he said in a tone of inquiry. "I unfortunately forget faces easily."

"Unfortunately you forget everything easily," said Lysle in a hard tone. "First, you forgot your wife and child, and now you have forgotten the man who in unhappy enough to be your brother."

A look of pleasure rose in Leith's face.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed joyfully, "this can't be little Lysle! Why, I left you such a kid you can't wonder I didn't know you. I haven't changed half as much as you have. I was just thinking of seeking you and here we meet at the ends of the earth. Shake hands old fellow; I am awfully glad to see you."

Leith was a handsome man at all times; now with his face bright with pleasure, his dark eyes glowing, he was good to look at, and the stern face before him softened a little, although the outstretched hand was not taken.

"Unfortunately I do not forget easily," Howard replied wearily; then turning to Mrs. Alford, "May we go inside, where we can talk at ease. You are already shivering."

Even in this moment of excitement Leith resented, and wondered at, the ease with which his brother claimed the favor so long denied him, and he felt a sullen anger succeeding his first emotion of pleasure. "It was always so," he thought; "as a child Lysle hated me and never would accept an advance from me."

Mrs. Alford led the way into the little sitting room, where a bright fire was crackling, throwing long shad-

ows and half lights upon the ceiling. Lysle felt a thrill as he entered this poor little room with its dainty furnishings which reminded him strangely of other days. He pushed a chair near the fire and motioned Mrs. Alford to it. Then he stood leaning on the tall back looking down at her. Leith standing on the other side of the fire was devouring her with his eyes. She had thrown off her hat on entering, and her fair hair, somewhat disordered, gleamed in the firelight against the red cushions. She sat thus between the two brothers, who had played so tragic a part in her life, and whom she had so unconsciously led together.

Lysle, raising his eyes suddenly to his brother's face, caught the love light in it and felt his heart turn to stone. All this time that he had been wandering Dick had been here winning that of which he had first robbed him.

"Perhaps," he said in a cool, level tone, "you would like to inquire for your wife and child."

"Poor little lad, where is he?" said Dick Howard easily. "I meant soon to go back and claim him. I heard of his mother's death soon after it occurred. She was another of my mistakes; though that was more her fault than mine. All that is over, Lysle, and you'll be proud of me yet. Mrs. Alford may I see you tomorrow and explain this strange interview?"

"No," said Lysle Howard harshly, "my wife has no need of explanations except such as I can give her."

Dick Leith looked from the one to the other with dilating eyes. He felt like a drowning man, who, having just touched shore, was swept back again into the waves. Mrs. Alford had half risen and made a gesture of protest; but before she could speak he burst forth.

"*Your Wife?* I do not understand. And yet it is

fate. In all my life, Lysle, whatever I have wanted you have gotten. Your saintship always formed a luminous background to my sinning; you stole my father's love from me, you inherited the fortune which should have been mine; and now ——"

"That will do," said Lysle with a strange sadness in his voice. "Don't envy me, Dick; I never got anything until after you had ruined it. Fate has been very even-handed to us. It has all been a maze of wrongdoing and mistakes, and I do not see that I have come out much ahead. It was your sin which parted me and my wife three years ago and gave you a chance to woo her in my absence."

"That is false," said Mrs. Alford with a proud glance into her husband's eyes; "your brother has never wooed me and I did not know until tonight that he thought he loved me. Your happiness I took little care of, but your honor was safe in my hands. I never for one moment forgot the bonds which held me."

Lysle's face blanched at her last words, but he returned her look with such sad tenderness that her eyes fell, and the flush of indignation faded.

"Forgive me," he said gently. "I never doubted *that* even in the years when appearances were most against you. I cannot doubt it now."

Richard Leith stood looking at the two who for the moment had forgotten him. Like a vision he suddenly saw before his mind's eye the years of his squandered life; for the first time he realized what it had meant to himself and others; the splendid possibilities wasted; the opportunities passed by, the ruin wrought. Why had it been? "And yet it could not have been different and I have been myself," he thought with the intense self pity which was his natural mental attitude.

"But I will bring no shadow on her path—the only creature who ever made it possible for me to do a noble thing."

"Lysle, you have nothing to reproach her with," he said. "If I did the indirect wrong you intimate, forgive me; I repent for her sake. It is the last time you will be harmed by me. Give me your hand, Lysle, before I go. We were one mother's sons; we cannot part in anger."

Lysle took the extended hand almost mechanically. It was always so; he had often been called upon to forgive Dick—until next time.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Alford. Always remember the good you have done me. I owe you the one accomplishment of my life."

He walked to the door, but on the threshold he turned and looked back. His glance took in the drooped golden head with the fire light playing upon it; the tall figure by her chair bent towards her, the warmth and brightness; then he went out into the night, and the shadows closed about him.

THE SOCIETY WOMAN VS. THE WORKER.

It is
Like This

FOR some time I have been observing what magnificent successes many women have been making of themselves in other lines of effort who not so long ago were eking out a miserable existence in society; and the more I considered the case of these former "social misfits," the more I wondered if it really required less ability to run an opera company than to reign one season as a belle. But after observing the quality of the success in either instance, and the environment of each I have been forced to the conclusion that the failure socially is due to an excess of ability rather than to a lack thereof.

The art of succeeding in society requires the adaptation of oneself to the ways of persons more or less commonplace, and often more or less uncongenial, and this smoothness of manner is gained, as in pebbles, by constant attrition. This is very desirable as far as it goes, but it is only to pebbles that we permit such treatment. The precious stone we cut to increase its angles, and we keep it by itself to preserve them.

Therefore, when we find a girl, sometimes an older woman, who sees too much, or feels too much, or imagines too much to play happily with her fellows, so that by her actions she excites ridicule or commiseration, and thus comes to heartbreak, it may be that she is really a faceted gem and no pebble; and for this reason belongs in a different environment.

Granted that fine fathers hand down their genius to their daughters, a woman inheriting the fitness to command an army will not be content with nothing but social obligations; she must find something worthy of her or—The only thing is how to reach her proper place

where the excess of energy which has made her wretched can be employed.

Many a fine painter, actress, journalist, or opera singer has been jolted out of her social sorrows by material misfortune; a few women have stepped out of line voluntarily and have sought and found in hard work a satisfaction for their needs. However the thing has been achieved, it still remains a fact that if a woman recognizes that her own forcefulness is the cause of her social unrest, she should without delay seek until she finds her metier if only as the leader of a club, thereby saving herself much heartburn, and it may be depriving captious criticism of a subject for ridicule.

But it must be said that "society" has often gotten the worst of it in the tussle with unruly members; for it has happened that much of the writing on such matters has been done by people who had been socially misunderstood and so dealt not kindly with the foibles of their set.

F.

Editorial Department

THE contribution of the Nineteenth Century to literature is the Short Story. An outgrowth of the novel, it has grown and developed and added new forms year by year, until it has reached the high state of perfection with which we of the present are familiar. It predominates our literature; it holds the nearest place in the public heart; it is the form which best satisfies author and public, taking the literary world as a whole.

The Short Story originated with our century because it is the best expression of Nineteenth Century life in all its phases. In the days of our great-grandfathers, or even of our grandfathers, when men and women lived out their three-score years and ten, when travel was by stage-coach, and a shopping expedition was an affair of village importance, then, during the long, quiet evening that followed the day's labor, there was time to read the twelve volumes of *Clarissa Harlowe* or the seven of *Sir Charles Grandison*. But fancy such an undertaking in these days! It would be a curious study to discover how the world ever came to be in such a hurry. But the fact is not to be disputed, and a people who cross a continent in six days, talk around the globe with ease, and read the morning news from every part of the known world with their coffee, must take its literature in small, if frequent doses. In the multitude of new interests every day crowding upon us, each must be divided and sub-divided to make a whole: a bit of an interior, the meeting of the man and the woman, the clash of opposing passions, the supreme moment of a life—these are what we crave, what refresh us. The

details our grandfathers loved are wearisome, intolerable to us—we have no time for them. We would compress our whole complex civilization into one sparkling, delicious draught, and drain it at a sitting. The Short Story satisfies this craving. It is to the complete novel as the sketch to the finished picture. It is a little water color, a pastel, an impressionist bit, full of delicate coloring, graceful form, but blended and blurred into a misty suggestiveness that charms by its very incompleteness. The strength of the short story lies in this very suggestiveness. Where so much of thought and feeling is compressed into so little space many details must be merely implied or left entirely to the fancy of the reader. And wherever much is expressed in a few words, there is gain in intensity, in force. The most perfect picture is that which the imagination paints for itself. No strength or beauty of language, no careful finish of detail, can give the delight of that swift intuitive flash in which we see what the author leaves unwritten. The pause, the eloquent silence full of unutterable things, the simple act that covers an emotion too deep for words, these are strong and suggestive. They stimulate the mind, they economize force and offer a wide range of beautiful possibilities.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

AND still David Haram holds the first place in the month's sales, while the Day's Work of Kipling pushes it hard! It seems to be a deep and abiding interest that the reading public feels for these books and perhaps the fact that the author of the first will write for us no more makes us doubly value and cherish the work he has left behind,

while the renewed vigor of the author of *The Day's Work* gives us the greater cause for rejoicing. Apart from the great popularity of these books and the interest roused in Kipling's suit with the Putnams', the literary month has been quiet. Special feasts of good things are promised in summer editions of the magazines, *Century*, Harper and Scribner's leading with announcements of new material from widely-known pens. *The Ladies' Home Journal* is publishing an interesting serial by Anthony Hope, which promises to be widely read.

EBELL NOTES.

A

MOST interesting and instructive program was rendered by the Ebell members for the general meeting on May 25th. The subject discussed was What has America done for the Nineteenth Century in Literature, Art, Music, Science and the Drama. Very able and comprehensive sketches of the achievements of America in each line were given by different members, and an animated discussion followed each paper. It was a surprise to find how much America had to be proud of, what great and noted names she had added to the annals of poetry and fiction and philosophy, to science and art and music, enough surely to confute the fiction that American art does not yet exist. This program made a most excellent resume of the year's work, and was much enjoyed.

PROGRAM FOR JUNE.

GENERAL MEETINGS.

Thursday, June 8, Social Thursday.

Thursday, June 29, Annual business meeting.

Literature Section—Each Monday, 2 p. m.
Story Teller's Section—Second Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.
Economics—Fourth Tuesday, 2 p.m.
Conversation Section—Second Saturday, 10:30 p.m.
Music Section—First and third Mondays, 3:30 p. m.
Current Events Section—First and third Thursdays,
10:30 a. m.

Tourist Section—First and third Saturdays, 10 a.m.

The near approach of the National Educational Convention in our city is a cause of congratulation for us all. The Ebell will celebrate the great gathering of our educators with a special convention issue, consisting of a double summer number, containing many articles of interest to convention members visiting California. This double issue will appear about June 28th, and offers special inducements to advertisers wishing to reach the eyes of our visitors.

THE AUSTRALIAN NIGHTINGALE—MELBA and all the visiting Prima Donnas, always prefer our KNABE Piano for private rehearsals. No one is a better judge of a sweet toned, melodious instrument than the queens of the operatic stage and their preference is all in favor of a KNABE



The Ebell



A Monthly Journal of Literature
and Current Events



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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

29 Mar 1902

not at home when car
came.

Most cordially yours
Mary L. Jones



II.
OUR FIRST TERRORS.

The
Tower
at
Velandro.
(Continued)

THE moon had set and the dawn gave little help to our journeyings, but we made shift to keep the northern road ; and I confess that in those next two hours before the brave sun rose, as we rode along in the silence, I had an abundance of time for gloomy and disgusted thoughts.

Aside from leaving my fine wardrobe, and the failure of all my brilliant plans, there came a feeling of suspicion and uneasiness lest I might be the sport of a girl's caprice ; and the more I dwelt on this the more I seemed the one aggrieved, and a victim of high-handed proceedings. I then bitterly repented of my hastiness, and wished more than once that I had been more ready to heed my confessor's protest, as I had been wont to do in the times gone by. My sulkiness sat with me all the morning, that I, a great lord, should be stealing into my ancestral home like a felon, rather than entering like a grand seigneur, as had been my intention. The thrill of adventurousness that I, a youth of twenty-one years, should really be carrying off a grand duchess from her own domain, for her safety and by her wish, a thing which would try the wits and courage of a man of fifty, only partly assuaged my displeasure.

Indeed, however, the thing had happened so quickly, and with such ease, I had not as yet had time fully to realize the situation, or to regard it from any other standpoint than that of dazed acquiescence. But now, when the circumstances presented themselves to me in detail, the more angry with myself I grew and more dis-

posed to quarrel with my fate ; as though the old lady Clotho had set a trap and, opening the door, had showed us in for her own whimsies. I then began to view the duchess as a sham, until, with the coming of the light and the need for greater caution, I was in a fine way indeed.

Had the duchess been to my eyes beautiful, with the brilliant skin and golden locks as the lady of my dreams, I could have thrown myself into her service with all the romantic ardour of my youth ; but as it was I cared not for these little brown women with their selfish ways, though it seems from my mother's portraits that my father had fancied this type and had been caught by such an one.

However, I relaxed not one whit of my caution, although in such a fume, but urged the steeds, or slackened them as seemed needful. I also peered about me for old landmarks ; although I had been absent eleven years, a country can not change as does a child, out of remembrance. In my glancings around and back, I discovered just as the sun rose, a cloud of dust also rising behind us. Should it prove a rescue all was over for us, we could make little resistance with two women and a priest, and flight would be useless since there was nowhere to fly. I carefully surveyed my party in the first rays of sunlight and, seeing that with their excellent disguises even in broad day they might bid fair to pass for peaceable pilgrims, we pursued our journey soberly.

When the party approached us, we could hear the clank and rattle of men at arms ; and in a mighty fear

we were, lest they be a rescue; but as they came out of the dust, the duchess, glancing back, recognized them by their dress. "Pope's guards!" she whispered to me, which caused me a new uneasiness. We halted to let them pass, when the leader drew rein. He was a big, good-humoured looking man enough, and he just whipped off his hat and asked the maid, who was nearest to him, for a blessing.

Quick as thought, from the other side, where rode the duchess, came a neat blessing in as good Latin as you ever heard given in a priestly tone, deep but low and mellow, with fingers raised and all; and then was added, also in Latin, but in a different voice and after a slight pause, addressing the captain directly: "We be English pilgrims, signore, and that other priest is under a vow of silence."

The captain stared. He perceived by the change of tone that he was being addressed, but his knowledge of Latin did not include conversations; so he turned to me as if for translation.

I repeated as much of the duchess's speech as I knew to be true, and then I asked him (all this in very bad Italian) which way they had come; and found as I had hoped that they had turned into our highway from a road not far back, which led north from Florence, and so had not passed near Ferezza. The leader also informed me that they had been sent in much haste to join the Duke of Savoy, who is now at war with the King of France; so they had but little time to parley with us, and we soon saw, with much thankfulness, their backs hidden in a dusty cloud.

It was now time to urge our horses to their best going, since the hour of pursuit should be approaching nearer and nearer.

Of a sudden, a familiar look in the hills to the east put me in mind of a short bridle road only used in time of drought on account of the dangerousness of a stream to be crossed, which I had traveled twice with my grandfather. We had left the highway, I dimly remembered, by a stone hut behind which had stood three huge poplar trees. I had passed as yet no hut resembling at all one of the sort, but now that I minded me of it, I kept a sharp look-out for the place, and about a mile beyond we discovered a small building which might be the one I sought. As I recalled the spot, however, there should have been a gate close by the cottage, but now the wall was filled up and there were but two poplar trees behind.

I dismounted, however, and by dint of a broken place in the wall farther on, found the stump of the missing tree, and traces of a path. The absence of a sufficient opening promised mightily to hinder our advance, but we found that by dislodging a couple of stones and all dismounting, we could lead the horses over and scramble through the breach ourselves, I carrying the duchess; since we did not care to enlarge the gap unduly. After we were all come safely to the other side, Jock built up the breach in a workmanlike manner, strewing leaves and rubbish about to hide our passage.

Once inside, our way lay straight across a field; then by a number of twists and turns, through hedges and over other walls, where we were more than once

delayed in finding openings for our steeds ; until I all at once lost complete remembrance of any way out of a blind alley, as it were, into which we at last stumbled. We stopped directly that I might collect myself, and as I gazed about me, in a vain endeavor to hasten recollection, I caught myself carelessly humming a tune, and I thought persistently of the taste of figs.

When I stopped my roving search of the landscape and gave heed to my own doings, like a flash I remembered that we had made the turn by an old fig tree where my grandfather had picked me some figs and where we had rested at noon-tide as we came down on our last journey together ; and all the while he had hummed a little tune, the very one I now was haunted with. Then again I made a search for a tree, and soon I found it all battered and broken in the midst of a clump of olives. It was green, however, and even yet bore a few figs, some of which I gathered and offered to Her Highness. There, then, under that old tree, my bride and I, in the same spot where I had last eaten with my grandfather, broke our first fast together, on this our curious wedding journey.

After discovering this second tree and with the tune still in my ears, I ventured on more confidently ; for although many more of the landmarks were nearly gone, I had but to close my eyes and hum the song to see myself as the child on his pony ambling along through these solitudes, and so the whole scene would lie plain as in my childhood—thus is music oft the key whereby we may unlock our memories.

III.

MY HUMILIATION.

I may stop a moment to tell what added not a little to my wrath of mind at this unseemly turn of fortune. But shortly after our passage with the guards I discovered Jock to be surveying me and then himself continuously.

“What see you?” I asked.

“My lord,” said the serving man, “were we two changed like they ahead, folk would think us all otherwise.”

It was even so, my riding clothes though simple enough, bespoke the man of quality and I, being big and fair and the only one who knew the language, made too bright a shaft for notice and suspicion; whereas Jock’s plain dark face and his form, though big, were not such as to cause undue comment, even though attired in gentle apparel. There was nothing better than for me to change with him.

I glanced at his leathern riding coat, his plain perruque, his heavy boots, and then at my lace ruffles (of the most costly point de France), and my gorge rose rebellious. I had given my name, my honour, my hopes in life, and now, to give my pride of rank—to play the servitor—it seemed too much to demand of me.

Then I considered, looking out for landmarks the while, that soon we would reach my castle and how could a yellow-haired Englishman, resembling the boy no doubt, only larger, and the very image of his father, and being every day anxiously awaited withal, how could he feign to be any other gentleman than himself

successfully? And how could he enter these domains in his own person when all demanded haste and secrecy? Had I dared trust my steward I might have ventured, but how could I know his mind in these days of doubt and confusion? It was plain then that I too must assume some disguise, and it were well that I should practise my new part and speedily.

I drew rein therefore, and with a black look, gave the order to change. I doffed my fine three-cornered castor chapeau, my costly perruque-in-folio, my handsome embroidered just-au-corps, and handed them over, one by one, to Jock, who gave me in return his riding cap, his plain periwig—worlds too small for me—and his buff leathern coat, made new and of good quality for which I thanked the Saints. I also parted from my lace cravatte, but not my ruffles; those my dearest item of expense, I stood firm at; I merely tucked them in; but when we had changed horses and I, now mounted in front of the waiting woman, saw myself, that is my finery, ahead on my own stout steed, I thought bitterly that fortune could not do much worse if she stripped me of everything. I could catch Jock, out of the tail of my eye, surveying himself furtively before and behind, somewhat in doubt, but with an air of satisfaction, at all this fine array; whilst I, not in the least well pleased at the vision must needs ride sulking in the back-ground.

The duchess and the priest riding ahead, had not observed this little by-play, until one, looking back and noting the distance between, turned to await our coming. Then Her Highness, with a glance of

utter bewilderment, took notice of our change, but said nothing ; while I deigned not to offer any reason for its occurrence. In fact I chose to interpret her expression as dismay ; and in my present mood it gave me a grim pleasure at the fancy that her Ladyship might be filled with confusion lest she had chanced to marry the servant.

“ She may imagine so,” thought I maliciously ; “ If she can tell no difference betwixt master and man but by the periwig.” And in my angry desire to twit Her Highness I rather over-played the part of servitor.

Her perplexity lay not for long, however, when she perceived that the others payed me the same deference as before, and that Jock, although arrayed in gentleman’s attire, ceased not to perform menial offices as previously ; and when I saw her fears allayed, for the first time came sober thoughts, both of my duty and of the task thus placed before me.

We were now in the hills, and by winding tracks, around a bend and through a pass, we at length reached the river whose steep banks and swift current made fording it in any but the lowest water quite impossible. This early week in September seemed dry enough to make the trial, the dust lay all about ; and, furthermore, the older woman assured me that there had been no rain whatever for many weeks ; I therefore changed horses with my servant, and with the more confidence, ventured to test the crossing. The river flowed dark and strong ; I thanked my patron Saint it had a rocky bottom ; I remembered the rule : “ Four steps ahead, three to the left, five to the right, then the remainder of

the way up stream," in order to avoid the downward pressure of the current. I could not hope that during the freshets of eleven years such nicety of footing could be preserved; but I made the venture and found that the rocky bridge still remained; but by a couple of missteps whereby I got a lively wetting, I learned where it had been washed out on the left; so that, veering to the right a little, I avoided the holes and so guided my train safely over,—Jock leading the Duchess' horse lest he be frightened by the swirling of the water.

The crossing being thus accomplished I thought best to find a place for rest and breakfast. Such a spot was discovered behind a small hill in an oak thicket and unseen from the bridle track. Here we all dismounted, loosened the girths of our horses, and ate some of the bread and cheese and other portables with which, the night before, Jock had filled our saddle bags.

I noted in this collation that whatever was given to the women was first nibbled at by the maid before being offered to the mistress, and this proceeding angered me. At first I stared and said naught; then the ceremony continuing, I stopped my meal, hungry though I had been, and touched nothing, until it had been first tasted by the serving woman. Seeing then that they took no heed, I at length observed coldly: "It were easier, Madame, and quicker, to make way with you by cold steel than to choose the slow way of poison. By Heaven, Madame," I cried, waxing wroth, "I answer for your safety with my life! My servant answers for your safety with *his* life! I want none of your tasting!"

and I strode away to eat, where I could still keep watch, but without further humiliation.

After our meal I thought best that we should still linger in this hidden spot for the space of an hour, since for the present at least we seemed secure, as no one not knowing would dare attempt that ford. The passing of the Pope's Guards had obliterated all trace of our footsteps for some distance; and should our foes hazard a shrewd guess and send at once to search Velandro, we hoped by tarrying here to outstay pursuit.

Then we finally took up our journey, the road wound about among the hills, and the land now began to show signs of cultivation in place of the gloomy desolation we had before passed through. Fields of maize appeared here and there, brown and dry, waiting for the harvest, and an occasional stubble field offered a slight contrast to the bareness of the plains. I could hardly believe this to be the same country which I had left eleven years before, with the huts all deserted or torn down, and in the ground, save a few stunted olives and neglected hedgerows, there was now nothing—nothing! Since the coming of the regent, what must the people have suffered to cause such desertion of their firesides!

As I thus mused, we descended to the crossing of a little stream where we drank and watered our horses, and where I was startled to remember that this brook bounded the territories of Velandro. As we descended the further bank I stopped and, hat in hand, bowed before the Duchess. "Madame," I said, "I make you welcome to my estates." My tone and manner were dignified enough, although I felt Jock's too-small perriquet

to be grievously unbecoming. Her Highness also bowed, but then as always replied nothing ; though I fancied that her glance met mine somewhat timidly.

Father Aurelian told me later that directly I left them at breakfast, the Duchess spoke a few hasty words to her woman, after which he observed that the objectionable process of tasting ceased ; the lady even deigning to accept some olives from the priest's own hand.

But now within the limits of Velandro, what a contrast to the lands below ! The fields well tilled and heavy with the harvest, or covered with yellow stubble, trees to the tops of the hills, olive hedges red with ripe pomegranates, and now and again on the distant uplands we caught glimpses of chestnut forests.

As we approached the castle we entered the vineyards where the grape gathering had begun, and we then learned the reason why we had met no one either on the plains or on my estates ; all were employed in this harvest. We now passed groups of grape pickers as we neared the wine presses, laden down with overflowing baskets of purple fruit. They appeared cheerful and well-clothed, and laughed as they offered us grapes, or asked blessings from our priest-like passengers. I pondered as I gazed at them upon their prosperous condition and wondered what magic formula my steward must use in this country of misrule, to protect my lands from Pope or Duke intact. These were my estates, those we had passed were hers ; I mused upon the difference in our heritage ; yet the country's desolateness had this morning been her salvation, still the

Duchess' helplessness must be the cause of such desolation, or so it seemed to me.

The grapes near the road had all been gathered, and it proved easy to slip up a lane between rows of climbing vines, without meeting more peasants, till we reached an abandoned wine press, where I had played castle when a child. Here we hid one horse and left the women to take a noon rest, while Jock, the priest and I rode boldly up to the castle.

I borrowed my wife's wedding ring, which as I have said was my seal, and advanced to the home of my ancestors in the garb of a serving man. Here, after much difficulty, I summoned my steward, towards whom I could have but the kindest feelings. I showed him the ring, which he recognized, and asked as though interpreting for my lord, for a change of horses and a stock of food ; all in the name of his master at Paris who had supposedly loaned us the ring. I added that we were traveling in such haste that we could not pause for any refreshment. I explained nothing, not wishing to lie, but I would eat naught under that roof in my mean disguise, nor did I permit Jock to play there the gentleman and be served before me.

I further spoke to the honest Lombard of his faithfulness, and upon the fine state of my territories, and he, taking us for his master's friends, gave us what we needed.

Then returned we to our charges, who had slept during our absence. When we knocked cautiously, Fiammetta, that is the maid, unbarred the door. I warned her to hasten as every moment now spent in

lingering brought danger near to us. Each peasant we had seen might babble and bring death to the five strangers on four horses riding towards the north.

"But the Duchess sleeps," said the woman, "and I dare not awaken her; her fatigue is too extreme."

"But be roused she must," I insisted.

"Do you awaken her yourself, signor, that I cannot," protested the maid.

In a fit of irritation I tore off the periwig, in which I resolved no more to appear ridiculous, and in my own short locks, strode past the woman, towards the pile of straw where lay the Duchess, her disguise off, and her dark hair tumbled about her ears. I stopped to gaze a moment,—such a small, pale face, that of a tired child. What hideous danger threatened her that could force her to undertake a journey, so unaccustomed and exhausting?—And that danger still stalking behind us.

I knelt beside her.

"Awake, madame," I said softly, in a low growl as it were, "you stay too long." She moved not.

"Madame, your Highness, hasten! Your life urges instant departure. Arise, awake, I beseech you!" But she in the sleep of utter exhaustion and weariness heard, or answered nothing.

Then I lifted one of her loose locks and dropped it gently across her face. At this she stirred and opened her eyes, too big they seemed to me, and fixed them upon my face as I knelt beside her, with a look, not startled or fearful, but filled with wonderment. Again I urged her danger and the need of haste.

She gave me her hand, and I, still kneeling, helped



her to arise, which she did, staggering from weakness, and uttering a long sigh of pain. With the vision of this real suffering vanished my suspicions of tricks and shams. Whatever her dilemma might be it must be true and menacing and to be understood; though I could not, in my ignorance of Ferezzan politics, guess its significance, and the lady herself had offered me no explanation.

But after the going of my anger there leaped into my heart a feeling of exultation that in my hand lay a sovereign and a dukdom; whereat my surliness gave way to a host of intoxicating dreams. Granted that I was the husband of a reigning Duchess, who should be restored to my strong arm, what might not I do? With what skill might I not carry things? How might I not force events! What artful alliances, what wise and powerful friends might arise! Did I not see before me the glitter of a kingly crown—"by virtue of my wife," I thought.

This giddiness, which nearly carried me off my feet as such visions pressed close and fast upon me, overwhelmed me not enough to lose sense and direction. We mounted our steeds, three of them magnificent and fresh from the stable, and my own. The fourth I left at a farm house where I found a horse standing in a stable, and no one about; I, therefore, merely exchanged animals, and no harm done.

We were now nearing the mountains where the ways began to be steeper and more difficult, and as we rode in the same order as before, the Duchess was still mounted on a steed alone. I, in a happy daze the while,

did not observe that she, grown white and whiter, had begun to reel in the saddle ; till the priest came up and touched my arm.

“ You little maid,” he said, with grave lips, “ must needs have succor, or she falls.”

I halted the train ; Fiammetta I directed to be placed in the Duchess’ saddle and fastened there for safety, Jock leading her horse ; whereas I, lifting her weary little Highness from the seat, placed her behind me that she might have the benefit of my strength of back, as I rode sidewise, holding her with my left arm the while. This new arrangement eased her mightily, and now placed her under my own protecting care. In this manner we journeyed on.

Then my father’s training rose up and steadied me. He had held a hatred to all Italians, in his latter years :

“ I know them too well, John,” he had said many times. “ They are all for treachery.” And he had spent his whole time admonishing me and creating in me a desire for truth and honour. Furthermore, he had placed me in the hands of Father Aurelian, a secular priest, who lived with us in our castle many years, and had bidden him admonish me likewise ; fearing above all things, lest my birth and Ferezzan upbringing, which he had perforce submitted to, might cause an outbreak of the foreign spirit above my sturdy English ancestry. For this reason he had brought me to his Cumbrian estates, and had left me to a wild hardy life in care of the priest ; so that women and cities were for years but strange to me. Yet here, at one stroke of the sword, were all his pains undone, and fortune had skilfully

entangled me within all three Ferezza, city, and woman, and that woman a prince.

My previous sulkiness had prevented the first natural embarrassment at the situation ; my few months' training at the court of the French King had likewise opened my eyes somewhat, where my severe discipline and the heritage of my father's cool head had kept me from whirling off my feet ; nay had even steadied me for the game which was coming, and had made it the easier to withstand the shock of that dukedom which, it seemed, was being forced upon my shoulders. In fact, both my servant and I had come through the Paris episode with our wits about us and our nerve unshaken.

As the Duchess lay there in the shelter of my arm, lips pallid and eyes closed, I braced myself. When I had become a little calmed, I resolved that I would put from me the dazzling dream, and I thus decided : To advantage myself nothing in the turn things had taken ; to serve her Highness truly as my sovereign ; to protect her life while it should lie in my power ; after that to place her in such hands as should of right protect her, and—to leave her there.

The priest had noted my self-conflict. He gave me meanwhile, only kindly glances. He was a wise man, this Father Aurelian, he had guided me from childhood. He had held the reins over me as over a mettlesome steed, not pulling too tight, nor yet giving me my head. and when he saw by my stern look and set mouth how I purposed to carry the thing through, he rode up

and nodding his head approvingly, said softly in English :

“ Wise lad ! Wise lad ! Thou need'st a cool head and a steady nerve. Thou hast both, and thou wilt come through all with honour,—aye with honour, lad,” he repeated significantly.

We then had some little talk together on the situation ; for so to wed and carry off a grand Duchess and to restore her to her seat again, were matters exciting and full enough of risk for the most daring ; but we determined that there would be no more dizziness, but that nothing should shake us in our resolve to do all that was possible, as the priest had said, with honour.

With my new intention returned somewhat my distaste for the business, yet I set myself to the task, with the grim determination to be faithful but firm, and when I had set my truant lady in her ducal seat, if popes looked not kindly upon matches made in haste with foreign noblemen, to renounce all matrimonial claims and so to go about my business in some other land—(Austria, no doubt)—where neither Italian nor Catholic squabbles should shake my peace of living.

Some may think in after events that I paid the Duchess more respect than was due a woman and my wife. But I never forgot that she was sovereign first and woman afterwards, and I gave her what was due her blood and rank.

HARRYET STRONG.

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"*In silvis viva silui, jam mortua canto!*"

When I lived in the forest I was silent, dead, I sing.

—MARTIUS.

**The
Violin
Maker
of
Absam**

TWO centuries and a half ago, at the obscure village of Absam, in the Gleirschthal (Bavarian Alps), one Jacob Stainer, the father of the German violin, was born.

Stainer was a peasant, and the opportunities of peasants in those days for seeing the world, or of learning aught of arts or science, were extremely limited, depending almost wholly on the displays of wares at the annual fairs. Some enthusiasts declare that Stainer *thought* out the form of his violin without being indebted for any of his ideas to the famous Cremona's and Amati's found at these important fairs. In support of this position they give the following suggestive story :

A young peasant with dreamy, thoughtful countenance was observed haunting the pine-clad slopes of the Alps above the village. What could he want there in that waste? Curious onlookers were not lacking, who doubtless gave report that the young man was demented. His actions were strange enough to perplex even wiser judges than the simple folk of Absam. Carefully selecting some tree whose withered twigs announced its dying condition, he would tap the trunk with his hammer, and listen to the tone it gave back with critical ear. If this proved satisfactory, Stainer marked the tree and afterwards bought it. Did he find a pine cut down, he examined the rings which told its age to see if they were regularly marked, and finding it sound set his own mark upon the trunk. Sometimes the trees in

falling, rolled from the steep slope over the edge of the precipice to the valley below. Stainer sought such trees, tapped them and listened with strained attention to the responsive tones, enrapt with delight at the whirring of the fibers which thrilled with the violent shock of the descent from the Alps above, thus voicing their pain.

In this way Stainer is supposed to have stolen his secrets of acoustics, which he put in practice in building his violin, without recourse to the ideas of other violin makers. Although the story cannot be taken seriously, it shows the popular belief that Stainer's work was the outcome of painstaking, deep study in the very heart of nature.

Inventions grew slowly into recognition in the 17th century, since the means of advertising were so primitive, one desiring to make known a discovery in the narrow limits of the Gleirshthal, must either carry it forth to the world on his own back, or depend on peddlers to do it for him. Stainer's violin in course of time reached Hall (near Innsbruck) and was seen by a shrewd peasant from the Mittenwald, one Mathew Klotz, who, recognizing its value, made a pilgrimage to Absam, and offered himself as a pupil to the "father" of the violin. To this man the wider recognition of the merits of the German violin is greatly due, for after becoming an expert in its manufacture, he returned to his home in the Mittenwald, and collected skilled men about him whom he instructed in the art.

The Mittenwald (a region lying close to the Tyrol) owing to a century of quarrel between the Venetians and the Erzherzog at Botzen, had become the most im-

portant market in South Germany. No Napoleon as yet had hewn a road across the Simplon; no wonderful tunnel bored the St. Gothard; thus the Brenner Pass, less mountainous and less ice-bound than the other passes, was the most accessible route to Italy. The Venetian merchants obliged to withdraw from their business center, Botzen, chose the Mittenwald for their transactions, making this region their headquarters until the old quarrel forgotten, they could with dignity return to Botzen with their wares.

It was to the Mittenwald that the shrewd peasant carried the manufacture of the German violin, and thanks to this industry thus introduced by Mathew Klotz, the Mittenwald became independent of the patronage of the Venetian merchants.

The art of violin making was carried on in the most primitive manner during the first years of its existence. A man having made some violins, carried them on his back from place to place, until he sold them, when he returned to make a fresh supply. The cloisters always opened their doors hospitably to the knock of these peddlars of musical wares, and fairs in the cities proved also a means of advertising the merits of the new violin.

Shrewd minds in the Mittenwald, however, realized that the violin must travel further afield, or remain in obscurity hedged in by the Bavarian Alps. In 1730, one Johann Nenner, brought the art to England and made violins in London. In 1762, his son Matthias pushed his way with his violin right into the heart of Russia.

Finally, descendants of this family established a

manufactory in the Mittenwald, already so famous in the art of violin making. No peddler is now required to advertise the wares, the manufacturers have only to receive the orders in their counting-houses. exporting their violins by tens of thousands.

Nenner, chief of one of the great violin houses in the Mittenwald, wrote to the botanist Martius for a motto suitable for stringed instruments, and received in response the beautiful words given at the beginning of this article :

“When I lived in the forest I was silent, dead, I sing.”

Little did the curious folk who watched Jacob Stainer sounding the tones of the trees in the heart of the pine forest, realize that here was a prophet whom they should honour !

Did Stainer reap honor and glory from his invention? Alas! poor man, he died insane. He was persecuted for heretical tendencies, neglected by the Kaiser to whom he appealed in his extremity, and at last lost his reason. The bench before his house at Absam has a hole bored through it, through which it is said the cord was drawn that was necessary to bind the unhappy man to his seat. A melancholy end this to the genius which had created the German violin; whose wizard's wand had raised an obscure region into importance, and sown seeds for the harvest of gold which was to be reaped by generations to come in the region of the Mittenwald.

ADA M. TROTTER.

The
White
Gull's
Song

OH, I float and rise
Neath the warm, blue skies ;
My cradle, the ocean-foam.
I dip my breast
In its snowy crest,
As the waves come rushing home.

Neath the emerald cliffs,
Where the gray fog rifts,
When the noon-day shadows are blue,
I wheel and rest
Near my grass-built nest
And my mate, so brave, so true.

And the burden of my song,
The misty cliffs along,
Is " free, free and strong."

Where the silver lightens
The wave as it whitens,
There the fish play hide-and-seek ;
While the salt spray flies,
I plunge and rise
With the silver fish in my beak.

And the burden of my song,
The sun-baked sands along,
Is " glad, glad and strong."

Oh, I dip and rise,
Neath the evening skies,
And the arch of the sunset's dome ;
When the cliffs turn gold,
And the breeze blows cold
And the waves come rushing home.

REDONDO BEACH, CAL.

R. W.

WHEN Richard Howard closed the outer door behind him, his brother began pacing the little room in silence. This unlooked-for meeting had disconcerted all his thoughts.

The conviction had been growing upon him that Dick was dead! that the phantom which had for so long dogged his steps, was forever laid; now it had risen before him in the one way most intolerable to him. For the past few weeks his thoughts had been concentrated on the unraveling of the problems of his own life. Before that fateful night, when he found Mrs. Alford singing to baby Ned, he had told himself that she had become only a memory to him; that he could meet her without the quickening of a pulse. But after he had heard from her own lips the unimagined reason for her flight, after he had looked into her eyes and heard her voice, the old spell returned upon him with unwelcome force. He told himself that he could never forgive, much less love the woman who had so wronged him; but that it was impossible to leave her unprotected and unprovided for. Some plan of mutual independence must be devised, which yet would relieve her of the life she was leading. The solution of this problem had become daily more difficult, as memory painted her image more distinctly, and he had at last determined to discover, if possible, her wishes in the matter. And now that they were alone together, a thousand associations were confusing his brain and robbing him of his usual

coolness. This interview had seemed a simple thing or which he was quite prepared ; but now—!

Mrs. Alford, watching his restless walk, was rallying her forces to meet the crisis which she felt was coming. She had settled her course in the long night vigils following his departure, and for once the woman's part was easy. She owed him a great debt ; she would pay it in any way he demanded. She felt no fear that he would ask her to return to her allegiance ; she had wronged him too deeply for that.

Presently, the silence becoming intolerable, she rose, and lighted a lamp upon the table, and drew the window shades. Lysle came to the fire-place and stood watching her slender figure in the black draperies ; she was taller than he remembered her ; she carried her head in the old way though. As she came back to her chair, he noticed that she seemed quite calm and her voice was steady when she spoke.

“There is one question,—only one I wish to ask you,” she said. “Why did you never tell me of your brother's existence, nor of his story ?

“It does seem strange now,” he answered, “but I was so bitterly ashamed of it all ; I could not bear that even the knowledge of it should touch you. I put it off from time to time, never dreaming it would reach you as it did.”

“That was a mistake, and the only excuse I have for my error,” she said. “Remember it, please, in judging me. I had not been brought up as other girls are. I knew something of the world, or of the life men lead in it. I could not outlive what seemed to be the

shattering of my ideal. This is a poor defense, but it is the best I have to offer."

"I have not asked for any," he replied; "the past cannot be recalled; it concerns us only as it bears upon our present. And yet I would like to know how you have spent these years; they must have gone hard with you, poor girl."

She paused some moments before replying; the memories he recalled seemed too painful for easy utterance.

"When I was a child," she said at last, "I used to wish above all things for a child companion. In my lonely life I used to 'make believe' most things, which other children did or had; among other things, I imagined myself a friend. This boy playmate was always with me; he shared my sports, and to him I told my griefs. He was as real to me as any of the children on the street under my window. I could shut my eyes and see him any time. He kept pace with me in age and taste; we never wearied of each other. Then you came into my life, and he faded out of it. I tried to recall him sometimes to tell him how happy I was; but in vain. Your face had taken his place in my imagination. One night—after baby died—when I had lost everything, and it seemed that I would die of desolation, he came back to me in my dreams. I saw him alone in the little salon at San Remo, and he was weeping. When I awoke I smiled at my childish vision, but it haunted me. Finally, to keep from thinking, I sat down and wrote to him. It comforted me to even imagine friendship, love, confidence. I tried to fancy

him coming to see me ; but I could not ; he was always in San Remo, where I left my girlhood. So each week I wrote to him and warmed my heart with his companionship. I think the childish expedient saved me from insanity. I have those letters, and if you care to know how time has dealt with me, will give them to you. They will picture my life far better than I can tell it."

She spoke in a low tone, looking into the fire, and did not see the emotion in the earnest eyes bent so pityingly upon her. The pathetic story of a life-long loneliness, so simply sketched, touched his heart with a great yearning to comfort her, which thrilled his voice as he asked.

"And did your heart never soften to me in such hours of sorrow?"

"Oh yes! Often I felt my resolution faith ; but then I hardened when I remembered that boy's eyes. Can you ever forgive me Lysle, I cannot live with bitterness between us! I will do anything I can to atone. I will go away and leave you free from every reminder of the past. Men are different from women ; all is not over for them when love dies. And yet it hurts me bitterly to feel I cannot make you free to win some better woman's love."

She rose as she spoke, and stood before him with clasped hands, the tears gathering and falling slowly. He met her pleading glance steadily.

"There is but one way you can atone," he said. "Now as ever there is only one woman in the world for me. Come back to me my wife, and we will together forget the past."

She started in surprise, and was silent. He watched the flush rise from throat to forehead and die away to deadly pallor. She could scarcely command herself to speak.

"It would not do," she said at last. "You could never trust me fully; you doubted me an hour ago! And I should dread your unhappiness so, I should always be afraid."

"I am not afraid," he answered. "I love you as never before. Have you outlived the need of being loved? Have not these cruel years rather taught us both that life is not worth having without it?" As he spoke, in his mind rose a memory of one night, when she was still a bride, he had come up behind her as she stood before a long mirror giving the last fluttering touches women like to give to an evening toilette. He stood rejoicing in her beauty, noting the rounded grace of her sweet figure, when she laughingly sank backwards into his arms, raising her face to his kisses. "Oh! it is so good to be loved," she cried, "I have longed for it all my life." And yet with what determination she had thrust it from her! Never again should she be without its shelter! With passionate longing to feel once more her clinging clasp about his neck, he held out his arms to her. She did not move, but still studied him with startled eyes, which slowly sank before the glow in his. As he drew her towards him, she suddenly yielded as completely as on that happy night his memory had recalled, but when his first kiss had touched her lips, he found it was not the abandon of love. She had fainted in his arms.

When Mrs. Alford regained consciousness, she was lying on the bed in her own room, and her startled glance revealed to her that Therese was bending over her. "*Il est parti,*" said the French woman grimly. Mrs. Alford turned her face away in silence; she had no desire for an explanation then; he was gone and she had time to think. She felt intense relief that the strain was over, and a decision reached. No more fighting against fate; she had vowed to have no will but his, and he had decided in a way she had not once anticipated. The struggle for daily bread; the shrinking from the world's notice; the long loneliness, these were past. She who had deserved nothing was to have everything. She was deeply thankful; Heaven was indeed merciful.

"I will sleep now Therese; I am so tired. All is well now, *mon amie*, let me sleep."

"*Le scilerat!*" Said Therese, growing beligerent now that her fright as to her mistress' condition was over. What did he do to you? Did he strike you? I ran when he called; I knew no good could come of his presence."

Mrs. Alford laughed, a soft little rippling laugh, which startled her. When had she laughed before?

"Go now Therese, I will tell you tomorrow. But misfortune is tired of following us; and I intend to be good and happy all the rest of my life, *ma bonne.*"

Therese sniffed aggressively, but she took the lamp and went out as she was bidden. Her mistress had laughed, that at least was good.

The winter sun was high above the grey cottage when Mrs. Alford wakened. She remembered with relief that it was Saturday and no school awaited her. As she slowly dressed, many anxieties began to weigh upon her. She looked at her pale face in the glass with a sinking at the heart. "I wish I was not so thin and hollow-eyed," she thought as she gathered her hair above her head, "Lysle cares so much for beauty; it would be easier to satisfy him if I had that. I wonder if he will demand *much* of me; I seem to have so little left." The life before her looked very difficult to her, as she stood eyeing herself critically; it was so long since she had cared to please anyone!

Therese came in presently with her coffee and roll, and looked at her approvingly.

"That is well; you are better. You will drink this, and then go to the salon to see the lady from across the way."

"Is Mrs. Barton here so early!" Mrs. Alford exclaimed, with a flush of excitement, "I will see her at once."

Therese brought her a white woolen dressing gown which the French woman's deft fingers had recently fashioned for her, and trimmed with soft folds of lace. Therese adjusted it with pride.

"There, madame is young again," she said with a smile. The words some way comforted Mrs. Alford, and she stopped suddenly and kissed the old nurse.

"I wish I could be young and strong and beautiful today, Therese, for I have need of all that," she said.

Mrs. Alford advanced to meet her visitor with a

beating heart, for she did not doubt that Lysle had sent her. Mrs. Barton's face was so grave that although her hand was taken in a cordial clasp, Mrs. Alford felt a chill growing over her. This friend of her husband's would judge her harshly—good women were always hard in such things! She waited coldly for Mrs. Barton to speak, wondering a little at her distress and embarrassment.

"I am so happy and thankful dear, at what Lysle told me last night about you," Mrs. Barton said with a nervous break in her voice, "but I had almost forgotten it today, in the news he has asked me to bring you. He met his brother Richard here last night, and when he left you he went out to Mr. Murray's to see him."

Mrs. Barton paused, and seemed to await some help from the mistress, but she sat silent, watching her with quiet interest. She did not feel stirred by any news of her husband's brother; why should Mrs. Barton find it a matter of such importance to her.

"Mr. Murray was away from home, and as no one answered his knock, he opened the door and went in. Dick was lying forward on the table, his head upon a pile of manuscript. A pistol lay upon the floor and he was quite dead."

Mrs. Alford started with a cry of surprise and anguish, then she sat quite still again trying to realize the words. Dick dead! Impossible! She reviewed their evening walk; his happiness at his success; his interview with his brother; she put aside half contemptuously his words of love to herself; such a nature could never love anyone but himself. In this conclusion she

was right, but she did not measure the power of wounded self love. To be suddenly revealed as base in the eyes of the woman who, he believed, thought him noble, this was a pang stronger than lost love. Mrs. Barton drew a sigh of relief as she studied Mrs. Alford's startled face; the village gossip was wrong; she would never have looked so, if Henry Leith had been dear to her.

"Lysle did not come to you now, as he felt it would be easier if all this story were not known here. Dick will be Henry Leith to the end; old wrongs are easier buried so."

Mrs. Alford shuddered and put her hand over her eyes.

"I cannot realize it; he was so *alive* last night. It is all a bitter mistake. Did he leave no word for Lysle?"

"Nothing. Poor Dick! Sad as is the manner of his death, Mrs. Alford, it is the only solution of his life. I fear worse sorrow would have come from his living. The only kindness Richard Howard ever did his family was in thus relieving them of his presence. You think me hard; if you had seen his home as I did, after he had disgraced and desolated it; if you had known Lysle's struggle to repair his wrongs to wife and child, you would be relieved, as I am, that he has ended it."

Mrs. Alford shook her head. "I never knew Richard Howard, but in Henry Leith I saw much to hope for. The future might have been good despite the past."

"At least Lysle needs all your sympathy now,"

Mrs. Barton said waiving the question, "he is deeply grieved that he was not kinder last night; he reproaches himself bitterly; you must comfort him."

"If we had only known! He was always so easy to cheer! He would have forgotten his purpose for one word of kindness!" mourned Mrs. Alford. Oh! that hapless "if," how it dominates life!

Mrs. Barton rose with an impulse of impatience.

"Such regrets will not help Lysle to bear his burden. It is but in keeping with his life's story that Dick's death should seem a martyrdom at his hands. Have you any message for your husband?"

Mrs. Alford felt a sharp pang at this gentle woman's lack of sympathy; never in her lonely life had she felt more alone than at this moment; Lysle had friends and health and youth; the dead man at the cottage on the hill had only her tears! She caught Mrs. Barton's hand in hers and cried.

"Have you no pity for the sinning as well as the sinned against? Can you imagine it is easy for me to feel for Lysle when I know that my own burden is so much more intolerable than his? He has nothing to blame himself for; I have everything!"

It was the weak cry of a hurt soul, and Mrs. Barton threw her arms around the trembling figure in quick response. From the midst of her sheltered, blameless life she felt the bitterness of this self-reproachful sorrow, and for the first time made room in her sympathies for Lysle's wife. For a long time the two women talked heart to heart, and when at last, her visitor left, Mrs.

Alford, comforted and uplifted, thanked God for the unfamiliar boon of friendship.

It was the evening of the second day after Dick's death that Lysle Howard again sought his wife. A rain storm had been drenching the village. The streets were deserted; the pepper trees glistened as though their leaves were newly varnished, swaying over empty sidewalks. The wind roared in the tall, majestically bowing eucalyptus tops. The bare branches of the sycamore tree grated back and forth upon the roof of the little grey cottage, as the rain dashed against the windows. Altogether such a rare night as makes a Californian hug the fire and congratulate himself upon prospective crops!

Mrs. Alford was arranging a tea tray which Therese had just set upon the table, and the French woman was kneeling by the hearth toasting some bread over the coals. Mrs. Alford wore her white gown and her face was almost as colorless as the lace about her throat. Lysle had admitted himself and stood a moment unnoticed taking in the picture which was in such cheerful contrast with the darkness and storm without. Tired and depressed, the suggestion of home thrilled through every sense. Was it possible that such a haven of rest could ever be his! His wife set down the cup she was holding and came forward to meet him with an anxious look. Therese rose abruptly and left the room. He sat down in a chair by the fire and leaned his head back.

"I should like a cup of tea of your brewing; I am very tired," he said. What he really wanted was time to enjoy the scene, and steady his shaking nerves. He

sat with half closed eyes watching her lift the kettle from the hearth and prepare the tea ; and he waited with strange emotions for the moment when she should stand before him serving him—to him the little domestic act was a sacrament, the consecration of a home.

“Thank you for this,” he said touching her white sleeve as she handed him the cup. “I never again want to see you in black. We leave the shadows from this night. I think this has been one of the darkest days of my life, Ilse ; please God the dawn of happiness is at hand.”

“Is it all over Lysle ?” she asked. Happiness somehow seemed a long way off tonight, and her thoughts were still with Dick.

“Yes ; we buried Henry Leith in the little graveyard on the hillside. He had one sincere mourner in Mr. Murray. That is a noble man ; Dick will have done me one good turn if he bequeath me his friendship. He had faith in Dick too, and told me many things which made me grieve for him. The future might have held something for Dick ; perhaps. How could I dream that words of mine would have moved him, when I have seen his father plead with him with tears, in vain. God knows I would have borne anything ; given up anything, could I have foreseen.” He stopped with a sigh which was almost a groan, and abruptly changed the subject.

“Now for the future. When will you go away with me Ilse ? Inaction is intolerable now. I must begin to live again. Oh ! my love ! do you know what this means to me, to walk no more alone with a bitter

heart, but to have you by my side, never to wander again! Why do you tremble Ilse? Is there any doubt of me in your mind? Are you afraid to trust yourself to me?"

He took her face in his hand and turned it up that he might look into her eyes.

"I am not afraid for myself," she faltered, "but I am afraid for you. I left you a child; I am a sad hearted woman now. Will the change satisfy you? Can you find in me what you lost?"

"It will be a new heaven and a new earth to us both," he said solemnly drawing back from her; "but you are free to choose. I have been too sure of my own wish to question yours. Ask your own heart where your happiness lies."

He leaned against the mantle with crossed arms, looking down at her, pain and doubt darkening his face. Her happiness? There had been so little question of that in her mind that she had not even thought of it; but she felt a thrill of joy as she realized that his happiness was still in her keeping, it was possible for her to atone. For the second time in her life, she gave him her answer by placing her hands in his; but even then she felt a fierce jealousy of that *first time*, a longing to recall and live again the moment when Paradise had opened before her. Now she could only take up tenderly the life she had marred and maimed. Beautiful, and even happy it might become, but she realized bitterly that it must ever be "a bird with a broken wing," a song with a silent note; a pæan, hushed by an *if*.

FRANKLINA GRAY BARTLETT.

[THE END]

**It is
Like
This**

ONCE, when I asserted that women had some sense of fun I was asked: "How can you prove anything that does not exist?"

Possibly such may appear true when you consider that the middle-aged, married woman is generally meant when "women" are mentioned; but, since all women were once girls, as all sober nags were once colts, I can confidentially say that you will find the instinct to frisk in them as well as in other young animals. Most girls are called "silly," they giggle, tell jokes and play pranks. When they become women they too often put away girlish things, the "giggles" with the rest, and come to be serious and dignified and settled down, about as enlivening and attractive as a respectable bossy cow. It surely is a lamentable sight, the turning of a witty girl into a sane woman with an edge, but not much worse than the development of dullness.

People then, who gage women as of the unlively class, are thus right so far as they go, but they are wrong in their inference that the lack of humor is inherent. If a man sits in his office habitually and drinks beer, without taking exercise, the chance is he will grow fat; so too, if a woman contemplates too much the serious side of life, the dignity of womanhood, or her narrow, monotonous existence, and her intense responsibility, she is likely to become a model of all the virtues but her natural sense of fun will all be trained out of her, so that a woman's club, for instance, may have all the

solemnity of a cathedral, where a joke becomes a historic accident.

It must be said that this intense sense of decorum has been developed too far when a person, a nice lady, says "how can a joke be thrown?"

Still, women can and do laugh sometimes among themselves. They frequently appreciate the jokes of their husbands, so that they laugh in the right place not once but many times, and they have even been known to repeat the best, and they also have been seen to read the comic papers. But they do not sufficiently train themselves in the making of their own jokes, to lighten up the strain and stress of some situation which must otherwise go to the point of breaking. Men under the same circumstances would remove a tension by a laugh or a swear word, which is often of itself comical, where a woman might have an attack of nerves.

I am of the opinion that the joke-cure ought to be tried for neurasthenia. Although it may seem absurd to tell a sedate matron that she, a perfect model in her serious dignity, is a mistake, and must let herself down to making puns in order to ward off nervous prostration.

Such a course might be recommended to her with advantage: Set aside one hour each day to be devoted to a careful study of some witty author, Sidney Smith for example, who, by the way, says the humorous habit may be cultivated. Then try to imagine a fat woman sitting down suddenly on a slippery sidewalk; then remember how you felt when you saw her expression as you stuffed your handkerchief into your mouth and

rushed into the nearest store. Next write down all the absurd things you have heard said by children; after that try to make a pun—all by yourself, mind you! Lastly, try to imagine how ridiculous it seems to go and be funny all by yourself! Then, when you feel the risibles well started, go out and find some one to enjoy the joke with you.

After a short course of this, the cure will be complete, and there will be another refutation of the charge that there is no sense of humor in woman.

F.



Hotel del Coronado.

A YEAR ago a few educators met at the Van Nuys Hotel to discuss the possibility of University extension work in Southern California. Three problems presented themselves at that first meeting: (1) Uniting those already interested in the work of higher education, (2) providing some means of support, (3) arousing the interest of the people to be benefited by the movement. The work of the year just closed has been an attempt to solve these problems.

It seemed clear from the start that the direction of the movement ought to be in the hands of those already at work in the stronger educational institutions. A Board of Control was formed consisting of six members, representing six schools and chosen by the schools themselves.

The board for 1898-9 has been Samuel T. Black, State Normal School, San Diego; E. P. Brackett, Pomona College, Claremont; Melville Dozier, State Normal School, Los Angeles; W. A. Edwards, Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena; O. P. Phillips, University of Southern California, Los Angeles. The officers of this board are W. A. Edwards, President; F. P. Brackett, Vice-President; Robert E. Hieronymus, Secretary and Superintendent; A. P. West, Treasurer, Columbia Savings Bank, Los Angeles. There has also been an Advisory Board consisting of President David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford Junior University; Dr. E. B. McGilvary, University of California; Frederick B. Miles, Treasurer American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Philadelphia.

The lecturers of the association are chosen from three sources. Each school represented is free to select such members of its faculty as extension lecturers as it

chooses. On approval of the Board of Control any man or woman of liberal education fitted by nature and by training for extension may be added to the lecture staff, whether connected with any school or not. It is also the aim to bring each year a few of the strongest men and women of the country here for courses of lectures. The presence of these specialists from time to time will do much to keep alive and to quicken the interest in various fields of knowledge.

The name of the organization formed for carrying on this work is the Southern California Educational Extension Association. Any one may become a member of this. While the local work at any given place is supported by the sale of tickets to the courses offered, the general association does not share this. Higher education seldom "pays" in the sense of an immediate return in dollars and cents for the necessary outlay in carrying it on. University extension is no exception to the rule. It is therefore necessary to provide some means of support for any organization attempting such work. In the case of universities with large endowment the question is already settled. The American Society of Philadelphia has raised a special fund for carrying on its work. The liberality of two hundred or more people has made possible the work of the Southern California association this year. One of the most encouraging things of the work thus far is the willingness of so many to help by becoming members of the association without asking or expecting any other return than the general improvement of their fellow men. The

business side of every successful enterprise has to be cared for. Money wisely expended becomes *means*.

The people generally will come to know university extension through the work done in each community. A local center is simply an association of men and women banded together for the purpose of availing themselves of some of the benefits of the work offered by the general society. The organization is made and kept as simple as possible. It consists usually of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee. On these officers and an efficient lecturer depends largely the success of the center. There may of course be in a given locality obstacles too great to be overcome. The co-operation of every one is needed at all times. In nearly every one of the dozen centers founded during the year, a very general interest has been shown toward the movement.

Thus the difficulties which seemed so great at the beginning of the year have lessened as the work has gone on. While there are disadvantages and will continue to be, there are advantages as well. The evenness of the climate here makes continuous work easy during half the year or more. Scarcely an evening in the whole extension year is broken into by unfavorable weather. The presence in each locality of a number of cultivated people is also a great help to the movement. Graduates of the best colleges and universities are found in every community. And then the willingness of the best lecturers in the country to spend a few weeks here, particularly in the winter, renders the work far easier than in many other places.

However great the advantages or disadvantages of extension work may be the *need* of it is such as to call forth the best efforts of all who are looking and working for a higher social order. It is needed to arouse and direct the interests of young men and women just coming to years of maturity. It is needed to prevent those who have been in the past in touch with the better things from falling into intellectual decay. It is needed to save us all from serious and fatal lapses of taste for all that is helpful and inspiring.

Almost a century ago Wordsworth in one of his prefaces defending his poetry had this to say :

“The human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants ; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged ; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the importunity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident,

which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers. I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid . . . tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse. When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation . . . ; reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and prominent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible ; and were there not added to this impression a belief, that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

The poet's argument applies to the conditions on the Pacific Coast today. University extension is by no means a panacea for all human ills. It is, however, one of several important factors in the solution of serious problems confronting us. It is a very effective means of scattering "sweetness and light" in many of the darkened places of earth.

ROBERT E. HIERONYMUS.



BERENGOLO

A Railroad for Angels and Saints

THERE are probably thousands of the citizens of Los Angeles who are not aware of the fact that the first line of railroad from Santa Monica to this city was intended to be built into Inyo county, and that the old name of that line was the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad. To U. S. Senator John P. Jones belongs the credit of starting the line and having it built to this city, one great object in view being the extension of the road into Owen's valley, Inyo county, in an effort to reach the rich mines discovered at Cerro Gordo, and develop that very intensely and promising region. The project was started at a very unseasonable period, when great financial depression overspread the country causing disastrous failures later and the abandonment of many meritorious enterprises, so that when the country recovered from the crisis of 1873, many new propositions of a purely local character had sprung into existence and the original idea, a line to Salt Lake City, seems to have been entirely lost sight of.

Much has been written and said about the wonderful resources of the country which a railroad must traverse with the City of the Saints as its objective point, and it may be interesting to note first its boundaries with respect to other lines of transportation. This line when built would pass through the longest tract in the United States yet untouched by a railroad, extending from Milford on the north to the old Atlantic and Pacific on the south, now part of the Santa Fe system, and from the Carson and Colorado Railroad on the west to the Sevier valley branch of the Rio Grande on the east, a territory 300 by 325 miles in area, rich in minerals of

all kinds and pregnant with agricultural possibilities, besides which there would be tributary to it an immense area of country estimated as follows:

Utah, . . .	45,000	square miles.		
South Nevada,	50,000	“	“	
So. California,	50,000	“	“	
Arizona, . .	55,000	“	“	
	<hr/>			
Total,	200,000	“	“	

This territory is a little less in area than all of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia combined, or nearly 130,000,000 acres.

The proposed road with its connections would make a through line from San Diego to Lithbridge on the Canadian Pacific railroad 1740 miles in length and would make the distance from eastern points to Los Angeles some 400 miles less than by any other route. It would cross and make connections with eight main trunk lines west of the Missouri river as follows: At Los Angeles with the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific; at Provo with the Rio Grande Western; at Ogden with the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific; at Helena with the Northern Pacific; at Great Falls with the Great Northern and at Lithbridge with the Canadian Pacific. It would be an entirely new route and would open up some of the greatest iron and coal fields in the world which are situated in Iron county in the southern part of Utah.

It will be in order now to follow in a general way the lines of road projected and already partly built.

Low gradients with no rivers to wash out road beds and no snows to contend with, would seem to constitute this the par excellence of railroad building propositions and one which should be of easy and ready financiering as well. The Union Pacific Railroad Company now has in operation a line of railroad from Ogden to Milford, a point in the Escalante valley, 221 miles south of Salt Lake City and about 600 miles from Los Angeles. There is also an extension of this line westward from Milford about 16 miles to the mining town of Frisco, but this branch does not enter into consideration in the matter of a road to this city. From Milford, Utah, the line passes through Pioche, Nevada, Clover Valley, Nevada, Cattamound, Nevada, Las Vegas, Nevada, Locust Valley, Nevada, and is contiguous to other mining districts, rich in silver, lead and gold. Several lines of survey have been discussed by those interested in the railway connection between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. One route proceeds west from the present terminus through Tovele county and the Deep Creek mining district into Nevada. The preferred line however is the one which goes south through the counties of Tovele, Juab, Millard, Beaver and Iron and on into the southeastern corner of Nevada and already constructed as far as Bullimville just beyond Pioche, Nevada, so that in the matter of mileage we would then have the following table of distances: From Salt Lake City to Milford 221 miles to the state line, estimated 60 miles, from that point to Bullimville 20 miles and from this point a southerly course would undoubtedly be followed to the Great Bend of the Great Canyon of the

Colorado, distant about 113 miles. From this point would probably be a distance of 65 miles to Vanderbilt, 17 miles across the Nevada state line in California where is the present terminus of a road 34 miles in length with its starting point Blake on the Santa Fe route, distant 279 miles from Los Angeles or in round numbers, a total distance between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City of 760 miles.

The Great Canyon of the Colorado seems to be the objective point of three small roads now building from Williams, Ash Fork and Kingman, Arizona. Great interest centers upon the Grand Canyon of the Colorado from the various standpoints of interest to the tourist, health to the health seeker and untold and undeveloped mineral wealth to the prospector, and this continually increasing and ever growing interest points to a not far distant day when the grandeurs of the famous old western land mark will become available to all through the rapid development of that lonely locality by the several roads mentioned, all pointing that way. The slow but seemingly sure march of the Vanderbilts to the sea is being watched with great interest through the Oregon Short Line which controls all approaches to Pioche, Nevada, and their admit will be welcomed as the harbinger of great things in store for us of the Pacific coast and principally Los Angeles, when a third trans-continental line will bring us at least 400 miles nearer to New York. When these connections are made, the trip from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City can be made in a little more than 20 hours instead of two days and three nights as now, Both summer and winter the

traveler will find the route pleasant. There are no steep grades and in railroad phraseology "it is almost a water grade" the whole distance, so that the road will be comparatively smooth, free from dust and washouts and the fact that direct sleeping cars from the east, Utah, Idaho, Montana and Oregon will be attached will undoubtedly make this a very popular line. Among the leading beneficiaries of this new line will be the fruit growers of Southern California who will save many hours in shipping their perishable products to eastern markets. Salt Lake City is the distributing point for all of Utah and much of Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana and her supply of oranges, lemons, grapes and other semi-tropical fruits comes in a roundabout, unsatisfactory route from Southern California. With such a road the mining output would be double and the demand for agricultural and horticultural products correspondingly increased. Salt Lake City at the other end of the contemplated route is the tourists' rendezvous of the intermountain west. Thousands of travelers from the east and west and foreign lands annually visit this Utah Metropolis. A majority of tickets read Los Angeles via Portland or San Francisco and in the mad competition for immigration we know what this means when a totality of 20 small pox patients in a city of nearly 120,000 inhabitants was swelled into a raging epidemic by the cheerful liars who are plagues themselves. When the line connecting the two cities is completed it will become at once the greatest tourist route of the world.

The Utahnians will spend their winters in Cali-

fornia, while the citizens of perpetual summer will visit the land of the mountains and bathe in the great dead sea of America. Cedar City in Inn county, Utah, is a point towards which many railroad builders are gravitating. Here "are vast deposits of iron" and "coal measures of almost unlimited extent." Everyone familiar with the conditions expects that with a railroad to the coast by way of Cedar, the greatest manufacturing city in the west will spring up amidst the mountains of iron and coal. The manufacturies which naturally will be constructed could supply Southern California with iron and steel products, while the unlimited coal fields would furnish abundance of cheap fuel. It is claimed that the immense bodies of iron ore will assay $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. metallic iron, making it almost pure pig iron and with cheap coal and limestone, pig iron should be made as cheap there as anywhere in the United States. Hard wood can be brought from Mexico and Central America for the manufacture of furniture and with iron and coal placed in this market as they will be for normal prices as compared with the past, and iron and petroleum we can then manufacture agricultural implements and machinery of all kinds for export. In the mountain ranges of this general country I have been discussing, are found lodes and veins containing gold, silver, copper, lead, iron and other minerals, and in the Alkaline flats are found deposits of salt, borax, soda, etc. Immense sulphur deposits have been discovered and in Iron county 50 miles of iron and bituminous and anthracite coal estimated at 130,000,000 tons. Large copper fields reaching down into Arizona as an

immense belt have also been discovered. Numbers of mines are being worked despite high prices for transportation but the development of the country in some particularly rich sections has been necessarily much retarded by this fact. A great deal of the land has been held for many years by non-resident owners who are anxiously awaiting the time when transportation at reasonable rates will enable them to improve and make their lands productive.

The general topography is as follows: In California, south and west of the Nevada line the country is comparatively flat, consisting of stretches of sage brush and grease root flats and a few alkaline marshes interspersed with short ranges or groups of mineral bearing mountains. After crossing the Nevada line the topography of the country changes to some extent. The mountain ranges are somewhat larger than in California and the general direction is north and south. The mountains are also considerably higher; those in Southern California in no place exceeding an altitude of 7000 feet, while in Nevada several peaks are 11,000 to 12,000 feet high.

The main agricultural districts are the Pahrump, Las Vegas, Muddy Meadow and Fahramagat valleys, the first two being in Lincoln and Nye counties, Nevada, and containing together about 200,000 acres of arable land. The climate in the valley is very good, the atmosphere is clear and bracing and the temperature is not so hot in summer as in most parts of this region. Crops of grain, fruit and alfalfa are raised at several points in these valleys by means of irrigation. Prices

of land vary from \$5 to \$10 per acre in these valleys. I have endeavored to place before you some general information gathered from various sources, most of it quite authentic and received as such by one of our leading commercial organizations, touching a very interesting part of our coming country, and as I have stated, a section as yet untouched by railroads and which from its geographical position, in its leaning upon our own immediate section plays a most important part. It is not for me to say what the future holds in store for us in this favored portion of the globe, with the building of the railroad to Salt Lake City, the completion of the great harbor at San Pedro, upon which the whole railroad proposition rested, the construction of the Nicaragua canal, when this whole country in point of transportation will be moved as far east as the Mississippi river, and the vast possibilities of an iron trade, and the Phillipines as the newest market; but it is safe to predict amongst the certainties to follow from the present status of affairs, with a future budding with so much promise, that the day is not far distant when the eyes of the whole world will be upon us as a highly famed and most fortunate and prosperous people, prominent let us hope not only for all that goes to make us financially independent but prominent as well for all of the public virtues which must be the basis of lasting prosperity.

GEORGE W. PARSONS.

TO give any definite rules for the short story is very difficult. It has been entirely natural in its birth and development, and yet every form of art discovers certain rules in the course of time which tend to raise it to perfection. The best short story, true to its name, avoids all introductory details. It plunges at once into the action and introduces hero or heroine without further ceremony. Often the entire introduction of time, place, characters and the circumstances that give rise to the plot is told in the first paragraph.

As in a play, the curtain rises, disclosing the characters, grouped and ready for action, and the first words spoken give the key-note for the whole. It is the situation, the circumstances in which the characters find themselves that determine the plot. Because of the situation, the plot follows.

A poor, struggling young artist is painting a picture beside a country road. A man walks slowly along the winding path, stops and looks over his shoulder. Something in the picture strikes a responsive chord in his heart—and the rest is easy.

A man stands in a dimly lighted room. He holds in his hand a paper. His face is haggard, his hand trembles. He looks long at the paper. Then, very slowly, he dips a pen into the ink and affixes to it his signature. The crime is committed. Its results are certain.

A young girl throws herself wearily into a chair and twirls a ring on her finger. She has accepted his offer, it means escape from poverty, from the monotony of a cramped life. She will be rich, brilliant—why not happy? Ah, shut away in her heart is another face, another form, and that face will never leave her.

The action of the short story must be rapid; follow-ing close upon the circumstances of the introduction. The characters meet and intermingle—they love and hate, rejoice and sorrow, betray or save in rapid alterna-tion. There must be no delay, no dragging of the plot, no lack of intensity, every word should count, for so much is compressed into so little space, every sentence should bring nearer the climax of the whole.

In the short story, however, as in most things, all is not strength and beauty. There are elements of weak-ness too palpable to escape notice, and perhaps signifi-cant of its future. The charm of delicate, yet intense coloring, the misty, blurred outlines, the very absence of details, contains an element of danger.

There grows up a temptation to slur over doubtful points, to jump at conclusions, to strive for effects and sacrifice the truth, the impressionist style seems so easy. so possible, that one forgets the perspective values, the study of lights and shadows that make it, not daubs and splashes of color, but art.

So the short story writer is tempted to strive for easy and dazzling effects, forgetting or omitting, ar-rangement, coherence, climax. Passion becomes mere sentiment, the dramatic dwindles into the sensational, bits of narrative, episodes and descriptions, sprinkled

plentifully with dialect, are strung together and called stories until newspapers, magazines and a long-suffering public are surfeited. For as the short story has great possibilities and much inherent strength, so it is capable of becoming the weakest, flattest, and most utterly unprofitable sort of literature in unskillful hands.



BOOK NOTES.

Mr. HENRY SEATON MERRIMAN in his latest novel, "Young Mistley," takes his readers across the Ural Mountains and into Central Asia, among the Russian nihilists, in the company of a most courageous and attractive Englishman, for whom the work is named.

The plot, for romance and adventure is fascinating, as Mr. MERRIMAN'S stories always are. Yet the book does not seem quite as spontaneous as some of his others, and lacks the brilliancy of the author's usual epigrams; in fact, it seems a trifle hurried.

Still, he has given us a beautiful type of womanhood in Lena Wright, one who can love and wait, and help others in the waiting. The hero is one of those men whom we all love for his faith in the nobility of others. It is a wholesome and thoroughly enjoyable story.

Mr. HOWELL'S latest novel, "Ragged Lady," is an improbable but entertaining romance. The story has no precept or moral, but is simply the life of a illiterate girl whose natural graces, with the halo of a wealthy

woman's support, carry her into English society with ease.

Her love affairs are numerous but disappointing, as she is always in love with the wrong man, and when at last she marries the hero (if he is the hero?) The author is inconsiderate enough to kill him suddenly.

And even after Mr. HOWELLS kindly marries her a second time for the sake of the reader's feelings one lays down the book unsatisfied.

E. M. J.

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EBELL NOTES.

The business meeting of the society, for the election of officers, closes the year's work for 1898-9. This has been an interesting and instructive year in the history of our organization for the number of delightful programmes presented at the general meetings; for the active and interesting work in the various sections, and the growing interest manifested by members in practical reforms in philanthropic and educational work. It is the hope of all that this practical sympathy with such reforms, may lead to such results as will make the society a still more active power for good in this southern country, which is its home.

The regular meetings suspended through the summer will be resumed on the last Thursday in September. A large membership and active interest promise well for the new year.







