

# The Hidden Cabin

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By David W. Edwards

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THE HIDDEN CABIN





THE  
HIDDEN CABIN  
A PATHETIC STORY

IN CONDENSED  
FORM

BY  
DAVID W. EDWARDS

AUTHOR OF "BILLY BIRDSALL,"  
"UP THE GRADE," ETC.

COVER DESIGN, ZOLA AND ZIMBO  
BY DRURY VICTOR HAIGHT



LOS ANGELES  
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE  
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BELCHER

*M. W.*

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## THE STORY.

The Legend of Palomar.  
The Hidden Cabin.  
Cedric Vaughn.  
Homer Lee.  
Lola Vail.  
The Voyage.  
The Mines.  
Ben Rubideaux.  
The Wedding.  
The Mystic Token.  
The Stolen Child.  
The Wanderers.  
In the Mountains.  
"Peg Leg," the Miner.  
Gilbert.  
Zola and Zimbo.  
Gilbert's Journey.  
Conclusion.



### AUTHOR'S NOTE

Palomar Mountain is one of the grandest natural attractions of Southern California. It is more than a mile in height. From its lofty "look-outs" the beautiful bay of San Diego may be descried, and also the distant islands of Santa Catalina and San Clemente. It abounds with gushing springs, richly timbered table-lands, deep, rocky canyons, and rugged peaks. It is one of the favorite resorts of the writer, who has spent many pleasant hours in camp near the mysterious hidden cabin above the "snow white clouds," in company with his friend, the Rev. John L. Pitner, D. D., to whom these lines are inscribed.

BIMINI SPRINGS  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

D. W. E.





## PALOMAR.

**A** MILE above the ocean's level brim  
Tow'rs Palomar, the monarch of the range.  
Along its western base are frostless hills  
With verdure crowned, and valleys green, where bloom  
And fruitage fill the air with sweet perfume.  
Green pastures, rich with herbage and bright flowers,  
Bedeck the eastern slopes which fall away  
A lone and weary desert land to meet;  
To meet a lone and weary desert land—  
A rich and rocky land where mines of wealth  
Have slumbered long beneath its arid wastes.  
So stands in majesty this mountain grand  
Between the desert and the western sea.  
From ocean's heaving breast, she upward sent  
A humid vapor, in the skies to meet  
And woo the softer breezes that ascend  
From off the heated earth at eventide.  
A gentle zephyr was at play among  
The cacti beds and yuccas tall, that lift  
Their spiny leaves and tufted fronds above  
The burning sands; she softly breathed a sigh,

And floating upward in the milky way  
She met and wed the vapor from the sea ;  
For each had found a true affinity.  
The moon withdrew and hid her face behind  
The distant isles ; and from the blushing east  
A ray of sunlight came and kissed the bride.

Together in the skies, these twain have wrought  
A mantle, soft as down, of spotless white ;  
And often as the evening twilight falls,  
Or dewy morning sheds her purple tints,  
They come and spread it over Palomar.  
Thus runs the legend which has oft been told ;  
And which the Indian maiden whispers low  
When snow white clouds hang over Palomar.

## THE HIDDEN CABIN.

The rugged sides of Palomar are deep  
With canyons cleft, where raging floods have made  
Their downward path and held their course unchained.  
Beyond the eagle's nest and rocky crag,  
Where giant arborvitaes throw their plumes  
Athwart the sky ; and crystal waters cold



And pure, come sparkling from a mountain spring;  
By bending boughs and tangled vines shut out  
From view, the hidden cabin stood; and there  
Today it stands, and there has stood unkept,  
In mystery wrapped, a hundred years or more  
Since its last tenant left it there alone.  
It stands where it was builded long ago;  
Yet not the same as in the days of old,  
For long disuse and winters' storms and rain  
Have left their mark; but still enough remains  
To show that in the hands of him who built  
No joiner's tools were held; divested of  
All metals with sharp edge save only axe  
And auger, which he plied with master hand  
To hew the timbers smooth, and cut and fit  
The doors and frames; and fitting, through these sent  
The auger's teeth to clear the way for pins  
Of wood with which he made all fast and strong.

A strange, pathetic story centers round  
This lonely spot; the story of a true  
And faithful soul who counted life best spent  
By those who strive to crucify the flesh,  
And emulate—as best poor mortal may—

The life of Him who lived and died for love;  
For love of those who loved and hated Him.

## CEDRIC VAUGHN.

Classmates were Cedric Vaughn and Homer Lee.  
Cedric from the southland came, and in his  
Veins there flowed—tho' mixed with Anglo-Saxon—  
A trace of Montezuma blood, the same  
As that of those who met with sharpened steel  
The hosts of Cortez on the bloody plains  
Of Otumba. In the lightsome morning  
Of his happy youth, he saw that twain who  
Gave him life and love, with all his kindred,  
By savage hands *struck down!* struck down and flung  
Amid the blazing ruins of their home.  
With superhuman strength he stood beside  
His father 'till he fell; and then fought on  
Like wounded tiger, grimly courting death.

Filled with pagan superstition, that wild  
Robber chief—when he saw brave Cedric's blade  
Cleave skull and flesh, and break like slender reeds  
The spears of those who came upon him three

To one—thought him protected by the gods  
And made immune to blows of mortal hands;  
Stricken with fear lest in revengeful wrath  
They turn on him, fell on his spear and died.  
Then the others fled and Cedric's life was  
Spared. He, wand'ring aimless o'er the waste  
Scarce knowing where his footsteps led, came where  
Terraced hills sloped to a narrow harbor.  
He knew the place and knew his father had  
Been well known there and much respected for  
Fair dealing, when in trade he bought and sold;  
Not many days before, they together  
Had come down this dusty trail and returned  
With family stores. Sadly he walked on, his  
Poor heart bleeding at remembrance of those  
Happy hours now gone, when suddenly he  
Came upon the spot where they had rested  
By a spring and led their horses down;  
Here lay the branch his father's hand had used  
To urge the horses on; and half trodden  
In the mold, and scattered round, the paper  
Which he had seen his mother's loving hands  
Wrap 'round the food prepared by her for them.  
Now, for the first, he realized his loss.

Upon the cold, damp bosom of the earth  
He laid his head and wept—alone! Beneath  
The bending skies and sighing boughs; no loving  
Hand upon his brow; no ear to hear the  
Groans that shook his iron frame; nor knew he  
How near in that dark hour the heart of Him  
Who suffered in the garden all alone  
Was bending down to his. The soul may weep  
And still the flesh demand its own: Too proud  
To eat the bread of charity, he sought  
And found employment in the mines. He worked  
With heavy heart, crushed for a time by dark  
Despair; and giving way to hunger for  
Revenge, he well-nigh fell; but when at last  
A kindly light broke thro' the gloom of his  
Black night of grief, and he could say, "Thy will  
Be done"; in him awoke new life and hope  
And high resolve to make of his own life  
A memorial to them; and to strive  
To reach the measure of their highest hope.  
To this end he hoarded all his earnings,  
And with the salvage from the wreck of their  
Estate, went bravely forth, determined to  
Fulfill their wish so oft expres'd that he

Might go away to school—they named the school—  
The greatest in the northland, whence they hoped  
To see him come one day with cultured mind.

## HOMER LEE.

Homer Lee was born and reared upon the  
Sacred ground where beacon lights were kindl'd  
On the hills, before the war that broke the  
Chains of monarchy and set this nation  
Free. His father owned ships and lands and  
Merchandise; and the son—the eldest born—  
Had never known a wish ungratified.  
Albeit, he was not puffed up, or vain,  
Or churlish by over-much indulgence,  
For he was nurtured in the Quaker faith,  
And early taught to draw the line 'twixt  
Right and wrong; and measure men by what  
They *are* and not by what they *have or say*.

Unlike in all respects were Cedric Vaughn  
And Homer Lee, save in those noble traits  
Of character which make men strong and brave  
And true. Homer, lighter built and younger,

But noted for his prowess—when he met  
The tall, dark, princely stranger from the south,  
As by the power of some magnetic chain  
Was strangely drawn to him. Touched by the kind  
Demeanor of this fair-haired, happy youth,  
Cedric's heart went out to him. So, as the  
Years went by, between them grew a friendship  
Strong as that of Pythias and his friend.

### DORA LEE.

Homer's sister, Dora Lee, rejoiced at  
Their success, or wept when disappointment  
Crossed their path. Likewise, she shared in all their  
Happy leisure hours, when sailing on the  
Bay, or riding horseback o'er the hills. And  
When their united strength their pennant saved,  
The campus rang with shouts of victory  
And plaudits for the heroes of the day,  
She wept for joy. Dora Lee loved Cedric,  
But he knew it not nor dreamed that she whose  
Faithful heart could never love but one,  
Had consecrated that one love to him.



Their college days were drawing to a close;  
And nearer came the day when these two friends  
Must each go out to meet the sterner life—  
The one to fill the place prepared for him;  
The other, empty handed and alone.  
Their intercourse—to each a priceless boon—  
Had ne'er been marred by shadow of distrust.  
A diamond careless thrown upon the sand,  
May change the gentle current of a stream.  
And so it chanced the even current of  
Their fellowship was broken.

## LOLA VAIL.

Lola Vail,—

Her father, a rich planter, owned a vast  
Estate upon the banks of that great stream  
Which gathers up the waters of the land  
And sweeps them onward to the gulf. Half way  
To that strange southern land whence Cedric came  
Was Lola born—a schoolmate, friend and guest  
Of Dora Lee, and much like her; or as she  
Would appear with three more years of summers'  
Sun to paint with ruddier glow the bloom of



Health upon her cheek, and tint with deeper  
Gold her ample braids; in purity of  
Thought and loyalty, they also were alike.

Lola's mother died when she was young, and  
Her father, bringing home a Creole wife,  
Unwittingly neglected her; and thought  
His duty done when he provided for  
The child a nurse—an aged Octoroon—  
A pious soul, who gave to Lola all  
The love she knew in her sweet childhood life;  
And filled the tender mind with holy thoughts  
And pure. And Lola daily gathered flowers  
And, weeping, laid them on her mother's grave.  
When she was older grown, her father took  
Her to the north, she and her faithful nurse,  
To bide until she grew to womanhood.  
Her education finished, her father  
Called her home, but she begged to tarry, yet  
A few more days and visit with her friend.

Thus it chanced to come about that Cedric  
Vaughn and Homer Lee met sweet Lola Vail  
And loved her, each in his own way—Cedric,



With all the fervor of his sincere soul—  
And Homer worship'd her, forgetting for  
The time his own betrothed. Cedric told her  
All, she sitting by his side in shady  
Bower, upon a wooded isle, their boat drawn  
Up below upon the pebbly beach. He  
Told the story of his life, as one a  
Painful duty would perform. "She must know  
The truth." And keeping nothing back, he told  
Her of his birth and lineage—which was  
Equal to her own—his loss of home and  
Wealth; his lofty aspirations; high hopes  
Now partly realized, though penniless;  
But he was going back to that same land  
Where he had delved; and there would he employ  
The knowledge gained of placer, drift and ledge,  
And engineering, to locate and bring  
Forth rich treasure from the earth, and in a  
Few short years would he return with wealth and  
Build a costly home for her in some great  
City,—she might name the place. "Could she love  
Him? Would she wait for him?" She answered not  
By spoken word, but when she lifted her  
Fond eyes to his, he read the sweet response.

By his strong arms encircled tenderly,  
Her head upon his breast, she wept for joy;  
And speaking through her tears: "Oh, leave me not,  
But let me share your lot whate'er it be—  
A palace or a cot—I would leave all  
The world, my Cedric, dear, and go with thee."  
But Cedric kindly told her of the place,  
Its roughness, the peons there; and frankly,  
But perhaps unwise, he spoke of dangers  
From the wild bandits. It was no place for  
One so sweet and gentle as his own dear  
Lola; it were better she obey her  
Father's call. That day, a week, the ship that  
He expected her to take, would leave that  
Port. It would not be long; he would stop there  
On his way and see her father, speak to  
Him, as man to man should speak, all fair and  
honorable. The wisdom of his speech  
She saw and cheerful yielded to his will.  
With fervid kiss their pledges sealed, they sat  
In sweet converse till lengthening shadows called;  
Then spread their sail and shoreward set the prow  
Of their light craft. With rosy finger tips  
She swept the strings of her guitar and sang:

“What fairy-like music steals over the sea,  
Entrancing the senses with calm melody?  
'Tis the voice of the mermaid as she floats o'er the main,  
And mingles her notes with the gondolier's strain.”

Homer and his sister, waiting at the  
Mooring, by their merry laughter and love  
Glances, half concealed, each read their secret;  
And reading, saw the fading shadows of  
Their hope. Each concealed the pang; and laughing,  
Teased the truants for their tardiness. Then  
Timidly the lovers made confession.  
“And we will pray,” said Homer, “that to you  
Be given the fullness of all earthly  
Joy, and then the sweetest bliss of heaven.”

Lola left them; and the three in silence  
Watched her waving from the deck; and saw the  
Good ship fading in the offing vanish,  
Where bending skies come down to meet the sea;  
Then sadly turned away—each heart, wounded  
By a shaft from Cupid's bow; arrows from  
His quiver, unaimed, oft-times fly amiss.

Too high born and proud were Dora Lee  
And Homer to harbor in their minds dark

Jealousies, or thoughts unkind; but Homer  
Was disconsolate; and Dora, cheering,  
Said: "You surely will forget your grief; and  
Going back to your first love will marry  
Her and love her evermore; for no true  
Heart can ever love but one. So it was  
Her prophecy came true. Dora loved with  
Woman's constancy; and womanlike found  
Comfort in the secret hope (while wishing  
Naught but good for Lola Vail), the idle hope  
That she one day would marry Cedric Vaughn.

If in the spirit world departed ones  
Can see with joy a loved one plodding on,  
And faithful to the end, achieve at last  
The worthy object sought, then there was joy  
Above when Cedric led the class and gained  
The highest meed of praise for work well done.

Cedric saw, or tho't he saw, a shorter  
Way to competence than any of the  
Kindly offers of a place which, without  
His asking, came to him; a great law firm  
Wanted him; a professorship in that

Same college he could have; in the counting  
House and busy marts of commerce there were  
Many op'nings for one as he so well  
Endowed and popular. He declined them  
All; and yet so gracefully, with thanks, that  
They were urged upon him all the more; but  
He had fixed his mind on going back, see  
Lola on his way, then hasten on to  
Carry out his plans; for each hour improved  
Would bring them nearer to their wedding day.

On the morn of his departure, a throng  
Of gay young friends came, bearing tokens of  
Their friendship, souvenirs of college days,  
And bidding him God-speed upon his way.  
He keenly felt the sting of parting with  
His friends; but when he came to say good-bye  
To Homer, that was hardest of it all.  
When Dora gave the parting hand, and in  
Her large blue eyes he saw the gathering  
Tears, that tell-tale look of love she fain would  
Hide; that yearning look of hopeless love  
Like arrow pierced his soul with deep regret,  
And haunted him thro' all the coming years.

## THE VOYAGE.

With varying winds the good ship sailed thro'  
Summer sea. At times translucent clouds were  
Flung across its way like twilight mists, and  
Then anon the sun burst forth. With lowering  
Winds and listless sail they drifted dreamily  
Beneath the turquoise skies. When at night the  
Mellow moonlight made its path across the  
Waves, Cedric paced the deck impatiently;  
And in his restless dreams he saw the face  
And form of Lola; felt her soft breath on  
His cheek, her arms entwined about his neck  
In heavenly bliss.

At some port discharging  
Freightage, the ship would often linger for  
A day, and those on board would wander thro'  
The town. Once they saw a vessel that plied  
Between that southern coast and Africa  
Unload its cargo—human souls, who had  
Been stolen from their home and brought to this  
Free country to be sold to servitude.  
The buyers, richly dressed and bedecked with  
Diamonds, stood like drovers waiting at the

Cattle pens to buy. One gentleman with  
Pistol at his belt, true type of southern  
Cavalier, took a mother from her child;  
Cedric pled with him to buy the baby  
Too. He was answered by an insult, and  
Derided for his pity for "the brat."  
Unmindful of the insult to himself,  
He persevered and gained consent to buy  
The child and place it in its mother's arms.

Off the south-most coast they saw the isle,  
The magic isle of Bimini, where the  
Indian sages told De Leon he  
Would find the fountain of eternal youth.  
Thence onward thro' the gulf, and near that quaint  
Old Crescent City, he found his darling  
Lola. Near the city in a lovely  
Urban villa on the rich plantation  
Of her father, where the oleanders  
Bloom, and palmettos wave their froned plumes,  
They met once more. Her father, Colonel Vail,  
Was absent; would return in one week more.  
Six days, six blissful days, from early morn  
Till eve, the lovers wandered 'mid the scenes



To her, so rich in hallowed memories.

Sitting by her mother's grave, she told him  
How unlike the days of old she found her  
Home. Her father, with advancing age and  
Growing wealth, had changed; become more like the  
One who filled her mother's place, purse-proud and  
Haughty. He had hinted at a union  
That he desired for her, and she feared he  
Would not look with favor on her Cedric.

Like as the vine twines with the sturdy oak  
And clings the stronger when the north wind blows,  
So she, as moved by some foreboding, clung  
To him, and begged that she might go with him  
To that far land; and coaxingly she said:  
"Who will spread the table for my Cedric?  
Or smooth his pillow? Or if mishap befall,  
Nurse him back to health? If he goes alone,  
I ne'er shall look upon his face again."

He kissed away her tears and playfully  
Made light of her misgiving; yet he was  
Sorely tempted, and well-nigh gave way to



His desire; but that high sense of honor,  
And solicitude for her, gave him the  
Mastery over self. And from that hour  
He never knew a thought of selfishness.  
He soothed her fears; and by words of wisdom,  
(As before) soon brought her judgment into  
Sweet accord with his. But it was agreed  
That if her father answered his request  
With scorn, or treated him unkindly, there  
Would be no angry words. That he would go  
And never ask again. When he returned,  
Would take her as his rightful own; and then  
He held her to his breast, and laid upon  
Her lips what they both well knew might be his  
Farewell kiss. For even then they saw her  
Father's carriage coming up the drive. When  
They met and she presented her betrothed,  
Cedric recognized the man who bought the  
Slave and would have torn the infant from its  
Mother's breast. Yet, speaking calmly, told him  
Who he was, whence and why he came; told all  
Manfully; and the Colonel heard him thro'.

Then, with derisive laugh, he taunted him

For his presumption: "A pauper, begging  
For a queen! Nay, nay! The one who gains my  
Daughter's hand must have a bank account or  
Property in land or slaves." The hot blood  
Rushing to his brow, he boldly answered:  
"I go, accepting these conditions, but  
Surely will return." Then, taking Lola's  
Hand, said cheerfully: "'Till then, good-bye." With  
Tearless eyes she proudly looked upon her  
Cedric, and stood as strong and brave as he.

## THE MINES.

When Cedric reached that country where precious  
Metals and bright gems, by nature's cunning  
Hand are tucked away and hidden in the  
Rocks or scattered in the sands, he found a  
Dusky peon—Jose Morales—whom he  
Had known and trusted, and took him with his  
Train of donkeys packed with stores; with miner's  
Pick and spade and crucible, he bravely  
Plunged into the wilderness. For many  
Long and weary days he sought among the  
*Dry Lomitas*, sought in vain beneath a

Tropic sun, lured on by prospects that proved  
Valueless. And when at last he found a  
Vein of quartz that sparkled with the golden  
Grains, he was compelled to leave it there, to  
Wait thro' long decades for other hands to  
Come with stamp and chemicals to crush the  
Rock and bear away the millions he had  
Found. He working, saw the months pass by, but  
Labored on with Lola ever in his  
Mind. Anon there crept before his sight  
A vision of that peaceful shore where first  
They met,—a cottage home—his Lola with  
A blue-eyed baby kneeling by her side,  
White robed, with golden curls, in attitude  
Of prayer—that evening prayer by mother taught;  
Then he saw the blessings of the simpler,  
Holy life; saw that wealth is least of all.

One day Morales in quest of water  
Sent, returned in great excitement, crying  
“Oro grande, senor! Oro grande!”  
In a deep arroyo in the sands for  
Ages washed by floods from mountain storm,  
Jose had discovered as he said, “much

Gold." In cup-like hollows of the rocks by  
Falling waters worn away—in yellow  
Nuggets buried in the sand—he found the  
Glittering fortune they so long had sought.  
This he changed for currency of lighter  
Weight and coin, in that old city where his  
Forebears died; then to the seaport sped, there  
Impatient waited for the ship to come  
And carry him in triumph to his bride.

### BEN RUBIDEAUX.

The consul, seeking Cedric, told him he  
Had sent a messenger in search of him  
With letters, and gave him one from Lola,  
Requesting that the messenger be sent.  
Cedric sent Morales to intercept  
The messenger and bring the letters back.  
This the faithful fellow did, and Cedric  
Read them with dismay. Morales saw the  
Troubled look on Cedric's face and begged to  
Go with him. With his tamales, and his  
Mascal, and being Cedric's servant, he  
Was satisfied. He cared not for his share;

Would leave it all with him. Cedric, with real  
Affection, grateful for his faithfulness,  
Told him he might go and evermore abide  
With him.

He read the letters o'er and  
O'er with sinking heart, read Lola's letters.  
Beginning at the first, he read how proud  
Of him she was when he "so grandly stood  
Before her father, with the bearing of  
A king, and faced him in his wrath;" then of  
Her sad and lonely days when he was gone;  
How her father sought by gentleness to  
Mould her to his will and bring her to forget  
The one she loved. Of the attention paid  
By Simon Blake, her father's friend and boon  
Companion, the man he wanted her to  
Wed,—a vile, besotted wretch who knew no  
God but gold; she hated gold and wished that  
He might come back poor in all but love and  
Purity of soul, with which no other  
Riches can compare.

This man had urged his  
Suit until she had exhausted all the  
Harmless arts of womanhood to evade  
His coarse advances, praying daily that  
Her Cedric would return; when he boldly  
Claimed her hand, she told him, "No;" he bro't her  
Father who commanded that she wed him;  
She, helpless in their hands, had pled for time—  
One more year; then, if Cedric had not come,  
Her answer they should have. One day she, in  
An arbor half hidden in the trellis,  
Had heard her father's overseer, Ben  
Rubideaux, and Simon Blake make bargain  
That for a sum the overseer would watch  
For Cedric and murder him if he should  
Come. She knew he did not fear them all, but  
For her sake, she begged him not to venture  
There. She gave a number in the city  
Where he would find a friend, a lady friend,  
Of hers. It was arranged that she should come  
For her. Then, as his lawful wife, he could  
Defend her and himself, if needs must be.  
'Twere best that he should come with pistols, armed;  
Ben Rubideaux and Blake were desperate

And wicked men. She wrote, fearing lest her  
Letters would not be received; since he left,  
She had received no word from him; she knew  
That he would write, but they had come between.

## THE WEDDING.

This plan was not to Cedric's liking for  
He would fain have gone openly and claimed  
His bride, but for her sake he acquiesced,  
And in his servant's name he took a house,  
A lovely house, in quiet place apart.  
There Lola came, and as the light of slow  
Descending sun proclaimed the dying day,  
And zephyrs laden with the breath of bloom  
And tuneful with the song of mocking bird,  
Were wafted from the sea, then from the mission  
Came the parish priest, and in soft accents  
Of the Spanish tongue, pronounced the holy  
Words that made them one. No other witness  
Than his servant and her friend. And there thro'  
Long and dreamy, blissful days, they passed their  
Honeymoon.



Morales, with his native  
Instinct, saw that danger hovered over  
Cedric; and, unknown to him, he shadowed  
All his steps. One night a messenger in  
Haste came to the door, told Cedric that his  
Servant was in trouble, needed him; he  
Went, not knowing that his faithful Jose  
Shadowed them. When near the water front the  
Stranger fled; and from the cotton bales and  
Freightage piled upon the dock, two ruffians  
Sprang on Cedric. When the light of morning  
Dawned, the lifeless forms of Simon Blake, Ben  
Rubideaux and poor Morales were found  
Lying on the bloody dock.

All night Lola  
Paced the floor in anguish, list'ning for the  
Footsteps that came not. Nor knew she of the  
Tragedy until she read: "Murdered! In the  
Night! Two citizens of high repute shot down!  
But not until one of the murderers  
(A bearded foreigner) was killed by them.  
The other has escaped, but the mob is  
On his track and he will soon be taken."



The paper gave a good description of  
Her husband, which she doubted not, was given  
By the man who called for him. If she should  
Speak, it would bring harm to Cedric; he might  
Escape and come to her; so, taking hope,  
With one trusty servant she in hiding  
Waited there. Her friend had gone and no one  
Knew of her abiding place.

#### The weary

Weeks and months rolled by; she pined, and passing  
Near the gates of death, awoke to find a  
Blue-eyed baby by her side—the child of  
Cedric's dreams. The months passed by and still  
No word from Cedric came. She, yielding to  
Her grief and drooping, faded as a flower  
That withering in decadence fades away.  
The rosy seraph sent—so kindly sent—  
From heaven to be the precious idol of  
Her solitude, and his, grew strong and more  
Angelic as the passing days went by.

When the ruffians from the darkness sprang on  
Cedric, with ready shot, the foremost fell;

But the bludgeon of the other laid him  
Low; then, as the fatal blow was falling,  
Morales coming, threw himself between;  
And in deadly combat grappled with Ben  
Rubideaux. With bowie knives they struggled,  
Each receiving fatal thrusts, nor yielded  
Until weak from loss of blood, they parting  
Fell; Morales' bowie buried in the  
Heart of Rubideaux. Cedric lay for hours,  
Unconscious; then, his strength returning, he  
Rose, and dazed, bewildered, groped along the  
Frontage, stag'ring like a drunken man; the  
Stevedores thought him one returning from a  
Night's debauch. He in the early morning,  
Came where a boat was loosening its cables  
From the wharf; and unnoticed, stumbled on  
And fell among the luggage in a swoon.

## THE MYSTIC TOKEN.

The boat—bound for the Indies—was well out  
On the gulf before they found and lifted  
Him; nor knew they of the tragedy upon  
The dock, or that he was hunted as a

Murderer. They finding on his person  
The token of a craft which they reverèd,  
They cared for him and left him safely in  
An island city of the Southern Sea.  
There his brother craftsmen gathering round him,  
Nursing—raised him—raised him as one from the  
Dead. From the “Valley of the Shadows” brought  
Him forth to perfect health and vigor; but  
Alas! the silken cord that erstwhile bound  
Him to the past, was broken! *Memory*  
*Was gone!* Nor, with active mind and clear, could  
He recall the past, tell his name or whence  
He came. He strove to lift the veil and look  
Beyond the wall of night that intervened.  
That cruel blow had caused a lesion of  
The brain—a lapse of memory complete.  
As the wire that bears the hidden current  
Broken, swaying in the breeze, connecting  
Sends a gleam across the night, so at times  
Bright gleams of memory, almost taking  
Shape, would light his way; then leaving him in  
Greater darkness, would as quickly fly away.

Gradually came before his sight, as  
Dimly seen thro' nebulae, the outlines  
Of a form and face came from the misty  
Moonlight of the past. At last, came back to  
Him, that picture which had made the deepest  
Imprint on his mind—his Lola, as he  
Saw her standing by her father's side. But  
When was this? And where? And who was she?  
By exercise of all the strength of his  
Great will, her name once more came back to him,  
And then her father's; then the city where  
They lived; and then it was borne in on him  
That she was his betrothed; that he had gone  
To that fair isle to make a home for her.  
Now, having gained the wherewithal, he could  
Go and bring her. With this thought, the flame of  
Love rekindled blazed anew, as clearly  
He remembered those six happy days of  
Love with her—what she said, his promises;  
And now—his hot blood leaping to the call,  
He hastened on his way. Arriving there,  
He straightway went to find her father's  
Home and claim her as he swore to do the  
Day he left her there. The Colonel met him

With a scornful smile and said: "So you have  
Come? You may have her, if you wish for such  
As she." Breaking forth in rage, he cried—with  
Oaths—"Go! Find her at the hospital"—he  
Told the driver where—"Go! Find her with her  
Child of shame; they are good enough for you!  
I care not if she fills a harlot's grave."

## THE STOLEN CHILD.

Cedric, smitten almost to the death, bade  
The driver go with haste. He found her and  
She, smiling, whispered low: "My Cedric, you  
Have come to meet me. Is this heaven?" then placed  
The baby hand in his and falling back,  
She was *indeed in heaven*. Cedric, tearless,  
For a moment stood as one struck dumb; then  
Took the baby in his arms. She too young  
To understand, or lisp her mother's name  
Or his, as though instinctively, she threw  
Her rosy arms about his neck and kissed  
Him. Then confiding, laid her golden curls  
Upon his breast. The nurses, thinking him



A base deserter, hoping he at least  
Would own the child, and seeing him caress  
It—placed tenderly its costly wrappings  
'Round, and quickly packed its ample clothing,  
Gave it him. He kissed the marble brow and  
Turning to the one who had the right to  
Speak for all, he inquired about the rites  
And ceremonies of her faith, "Were they  
Performed?" "Yes," the matron said, "the good priest  
Has been often by her side, left her just  
Before you came; the one who married her."

He paced the hall and pondered, mystified.  
What he had heard and seen had set his brain  
Awhirl. So she was married! Then to whom?  
Her husband might at any moment come  
And claim his child—claim Lola's child—he quick  
Resolved to take the babe and give his life  
To her—to care for her, for Lola's sake;  
For she was Lola's child, if not his own.  
They must not know that he was not the one  
Who married her. He must not see the priest.  
He, in his frenzy, cast aside all thought  
Of right or wrong—decided he would

Steal—yea, lie or even die before that  
One who had deserted her should have her  
Child. He gave them gold, and speaking calmly,  
(Falsely, too, as he supposed) said: “Tell them  
Her husband ordered that her last resting  
Place shall be a mausoleum grand, and  
To him you gave the child—the one to whom  
It rightfully belongs; say that he loved  
Her to the last, and would that he had died;  
That she had mourned for him—not he for her.”  
Then, with a farewell kiss, he took the child,  
Believing he was stealing it away.  
The baby clung to him and was content.

But for the child his life had ended there;  
Then there had been no tie to bind, no one  
To love. The past almost a blank, and in  
The future no alluring hope, he fain  
Had snap'd the slender thread of life, to be  
With Lola evermore. Or, had he been  
One of the weaker kind, complaining at  
His fate, he had perchance by slower  
Process, ended all in low debauchery.



## THE WANDERERS.

But those confiding arms, that baby kiss  
Upon his cheek, sent thro' the aisles of his  
Great, generous heart, a flood of newborn  
Love. To part with her would be indeed to  
Part with life itself. He, thinking quickly  
And as quickly acting, fled—took the first  
Ship that sailed, nor asking whither it was  
Bound; rejoicing when it cleared the dock and  
Seaward turned its prow. When learning that its  
Course lay to the north, he changed to one bound  
For the South Sea Isles.

Sailing to and fro,  
The changing seasons passed while they upon  
The ocean cruised like wanderers without  
A guide; he thinking only of his charge,  
And where he, in her tender years, the  
Best could care for her. Willing hands he found—  
Mothers' hands outstretched to take the cherub  
From his arms. She, growing, Cedric saw in  
Her the image of her mother—the same  
Blue eyes and wavy hair which fell about  
Her shoulders; high arching brows and lashes



Long but darker shaded, like his own. He  
Had thought to call her Lola; but when the  
Stranger asked her name, she lisping answered,  
"Zola," he left it so.

Tho' long before  
The day when ox-carts plowed their dusty way  
Across the plains to reach the sun land slopes,  
The Eldorado of the west, he knew  
Of that fair land beside the sunset sea—  
That sunny, southern California.  
There they would go, where none would ever hear  
The story of the stolen, nameless child;  
And where the recreant father ne'er would  
Come. There would he seek and find in sylvan  
Quietude, the sweetest spot where Mother  
Nature reigns and in her lap, among the  
Birds and flowers, would she be reared in spotless  
Purity—educated—taught by him—  
As wise men of the olden times received  
Their learning from the doctors of the law.

Thitherward they sailed; and thro' the rocky  
Gateways of the cape—tho' roughly shaken—

Safely passed; then to the north thro' calmer  
Waters, borne by Etesian winds, oft-times  
Delayed by traffic at the ports, or on  
A glassy sea becalmed. And once their ship  
Was overtaken by an ugly craft  
That bore the pirates' flag; and every man  
On board was called to arms; then they were  
Well nigh overwhelmed and taken. Cedric,  
Joining with the crew, fought valiantly. Thro'  
The thickest of the battle, Zola clung  
To him. When they would have taken her below,  
She cried, "Let me stay wiz papa; if he  
Go, zen me go too." Cedric answered, "Be  
It so; we live or die together." But  
Their fears were turned to great rejoicing when  
A shot crashed thro' the pirate craft. They sailed  
Away and left it sinking in the deep.

Cedric, by his bravery and coolness  
In the time of danger, won respect and  
Friendship of officers and crew. When they  
Left him at the mission of the holy  
Padres, on the bay of San Diego,  
Loaded him with costly presents, forced them

On him, presents for himself and Zola.  
The angelic child had won the hearts of all.

Cedric told the good Franciscan fathers  
He was going northward overland, and  
Joyously he set about preparing  
For the journey, she ever at his side,  
With childish prattle, asking, "What is zis?"  
"What is zat?" and "What for?" He answering  
Cheerfully and evermore explaining—  
Teaching her.

In her sweet companionship  
And the certainty of keeping her, he  
Laid aside his sadness and became as  
Light of heart and happy as herself. At  
Last they were all ready to begin their  
Wild and free nomadic life—a dozen  
Gentle burros, packed with all that they might  
Need for months to come; a tent with costly  
Furs and rugs, and blankets of bright colors  
Bo't from the Indians, with toys and gaudy  
Trinkets; a snow-white pony, showily  
Equip'd with Spanish bit and bridle,

Upon its back a basket, sedan-like,  
With crimson canopy, lined with softest  
Silken draperies, for his "Gypsy queen."  
A princess of the Romany was ne'er  
Provided with such luxuries as she.

In the early morning, long before the  
Ringing of the mission bells, Zola and  
Her strange retinue set forth; the pony,  
With its precious burden, led by Cedric's  
Hand; then came the white milk goats with tinkling  
Bells; to the sound, the meek-faced burros, trained  
To follow, trailed patiently behind; and  
Then a faithful shepherd dog to keep them  
All in line. They moved by easy stages,  
Stopping often in some shady dell to  
Rest and let their burros feed upon the  
Grassy slopes. Then would Zola gather flowers,  
Or chase the yellow butterflies, with shouts  
Of childish glee that echoed thro' the glen;  
To him a sweeter music than the chime  
Of great cathedral bells or orchestra.

## IN THE MOUNTAINS.

They exploring, crossed the great Cuyamaca Range, traversed its broad plateaus, and thro' the Silence of its lofty domes and canyons; Then beyond, where boiling waters gurgling Flowed thro' Indian villages. They saw The waving pines upon the lofty crest Of Palomar; and wandering, vainly sought Along its base for passage leading to Its heights. They often reached an eminence, And thought they neared the goal, when overhanging Walls of granite turned them back. At last, by Persevering, came upon its table- Lands; and pressing forward found the place he Long had pictured in his mind—the sheltering Boughs of giant trees, the gushing fountain, Level plot of fertile land below, well Watered by the rivulets that trickled From the springs. Here he sowed the garden seeds And grain; and from the chaparral he bro't The antlered buck and lesser game. The sweets The toiling honey bee had stored away, Drip'd from the boles of sycamore and oak. They happy lived in Nature's luxury.

Lest in their quietude he might become  
Indifferent or wasteful of the time,  
He took up an ancient system which they  
Faithfully observed thro' all their years of  
Hermitage—eight hours for labor, eight for  
Rest, and eight for study and improvement  
Of his mind, and teaching Zola.

He was

The builder of the hidden cabin; for  
Zola it was builded, for her boudoir.  
With loving hands, he axe and auger plied,  
Without compass, square or trestle board,  
But with all the tenderness that ever  
Mother bird provided for her nestling.  
He building, furnished it with draperies—  
Bright Indian blankets, rugs and robes of  
Fur, arranging all as beautiful as  
Tho' her mother's spirit hands had guided  
His. Perchance they did. If love be spirit,  
And spirit love—or soul—then such as hers  
Might overleap the balustrades of  
Heaven and find its own; or such unselfish  
Soul as his might rise and view the palace

Of the skies. He teaching, opened first the  
Book of Nature, and strolled with her among  
The flowers and botanized. Then to the rocks;  
He told her of the slow formations of  
The ages. From the books selected in  
The days when she was cradled on the sea,  
He, in learning, carried her beyond her  
Years.

### “PEG LEG, THE MINER.”

They marked the changing moons until a  
Score had glided by and yet had seen no  
Other human face save one—and he, an  
Honest miner whom they found in sorry  
Plight, with broken limb, where he had fallen  
From an overhanging ledge. They succored  
Him until, returned to strength, he rose with  
One limb twisted hopelessly. They made—as  
Best they could—a wooden substitute, and  
Strap'd with buckskin bandage, he soon learned to  
Use it cleverly. Jokingly, he called  
Himself “Peg-leg, the miner.” He told them  
Of a mine that out upon the desert  
He had found, where three large buttes stood side by



Side. Cedric gave him burros from his herd,  
And packs, and sent him on his way. He came  
Again with well-filled sacks of pellets round  
As shot and black as ebony, which proved  
To be pure gold. He left it there, and leaving,  
Nevermore returned. Miners to this day  
In vain have sought that "Peg-leg Mine," and those  
Three buttes; and some have left their bones to bleach  
Upon the desert sand. The miner told  
Them of a nearer passage, a hidden  
Trail, that led downward to the valley. They  
Going, tarried there and Cedric sent the  
Indians to the mission for supplies.

Once a cougar sprang across their path with  
Blazing eyes and crouching for a spring; when  
Cedric sent a bullet thro' its brain; and  
From its den he took a pair of baby  
Mountain lions, made orphans by the shot.  
Zola, pitying, took them home and one,  
Surviving, grew to monstrous size, became  
Obedient to her command, and like  
A faithful watch dog, followed her. She  
Called him Zimbo. Other pets she had—white



Kids of silken fleece, birds and animals,  
But Zimbo was the monarch of them all.

As the circling years went 'round and she could  
See beyond the golden morning of her  
Sunny life the ripening noonday coming  
On, she longed to see the world beyond her  
Mountain home; but named it not to Cedric.  
With her years she grew more fearless, wild and  
Venturesome. With Zimbo and her rifle,  
She scaled the dizzy heights of rock and crag  
Where condors built their nests, and knew the  
Devious windings of the wild doe's trail,  
Thro' manzanita groves and chaparral.  
In a seat of granite, nature fashioned,  
Like a throne, shaded by a giant oak  
Upon a summit looking oceanward,  
She would sit in dreamy mood and watch the  
Silvery line of surf that fringed the far-off  
Fading stretch of blue. Once she saw a sail  
Appear, then slowly vanish in the offing;  
And in the quiet of an early morn,  
She heard the low sweet chime of mission bells.

## GILBERT.

To that same port where Cedric landed with  
His Zola, others came from distant parts.  
Some came to seek their fortunes, others came  
To buy and till the soil, some to obey  
The inborn instinct of the pioneer.  
One family, leaving all behind, had bro't  
A sickly child. Rich and prosperous they  
Had been, and with children blessed; but a dread  
Contagion had swept them all away save  
One; and he, left delicate and frail, the  
Idol of their hopes—no other left to  
Keep the family name. From those who best could  
Speak, they learned there was no hope unless it be  
In taking him to that fair, sunny clime.  
They hastened there and gave him for his home  
A quaint old hacienda of the Dons;  
With many leagues of land that lay between  
The mountains and the sea. There amid the  
Orange groves and vineyards, in the freedom  
Of the range where roamed his father's flocks and  
Herds, young Gilbert soon became a gay young  
Caballero—grew as strong and fearless  
As vaqueros of the range—could twirl the  
Lariat or aim the rifle true as they.

Sunburned, strong and handsome was Gilbert, in  
Showy costume of the Dons, with clanking  
Spurs, gold-mounted trappings on his coal-black  
Leo, ambling thro' the massive arches  
Of the mission. Senioritas smiled on  
Him; he returned their loving glances. This  
His parents seeing, feared their Anglo  
Blood be mixed with that of darker hue, besought  
Him to return to their old home and there  
To find a bride of his own faith and kind.  
He quieted their fears and said that he  
Was wedded to the mesa and the hills.  
He loved the mountains more than ever  
Bridegroom loved his bride, his heart was free;  
But kind and true and dutiful to them,  
He promised solemnly that he would do  
As they desired before he took a wife;  
For ne'er could he repay the love and care  
By them bestowed on him, their sacrifice.

Foremost in all manly sports, he reckless  
Rode along the beach where foaming breakers  
Lashed the cliffs, fleet-footed Leo dashed between.  
His black horse was known on El Camino  
Real—far beyond the shady groves of

Monte Vista. He loved the mountains  
And on their bosom laid his head beneath  
The starlit skies, companion of their silence,  
Partaker of their rest. In midnight darkness  
Could he thread the winding Indian trail  
Across the high Cuyamacas, and often  
Had he reached the base of Palomar, and  
Longed to see beyond its frowning granite  
Walls. At last, undaunted, came nearly to  
The summit—came where a deep-walled canyon held  
Him back, there rested. The autumn sun was  
Slowly sinking to the sea and bathed the  
Mountain side in flood of rosy-tinted  
Brilliancy.

## ZOLA AND ZIMBO.

Upon a shelving rock near  
By, a being of angelic beauty  
Stood; posed statue-like, her eyes fix't on the  
Distant sea; one hand spread gracefully  
Across her brow, the other holding back  
A monster mountain lion that crouching  
At her feet, lay watching him; a robe of

Softest fabric, yielding to the breeze, revealed  
The ample fulness of her shapely form;  
Caught back by strand of sparkling gems, a mass  
Of golden hair fell nearly to her feet.  
She unconscious of his presence, Gilbert  
Stood in speechless adoration, as one  
Entranced,—lost in wonderment. Who was this  
Personage divine? This apparition  
Come to him on that lone mountain side? Was  
She some fairy elf come to bewitch him?  
Some mountain sprite? Or angel from the throne?  
With throbbing temples, arms outstretched, as tho'  
He fain would leap the chasm that lay between,  
Pressed slowly to its edge. The lion rising  
Angrily to spring, she saw him standing  
There and vanished from his sight. Then from the  
Rocks, he heard her voice call softly, sternly:  
“Come, Zimbo, come! *Come here!*” The spell was  
Broken; by those words in his own tongue  
He knew that she was of the earth—one like  
Himself—and not a native of that land.

Day after day did he return to that  
Same spot and, waiting patient, watch for her;

Once for a moment saw her on the heights,  
And again, he saw the eyes of that great  
Lion fixed on him and knew that she was  
Near. Like knight of old he scaled the highest  
Peaks and stood upon the spot her feet had  
Pressed. With throbbing pulse and palpitating  
Heart he followed in pursuit. The kindly  
Rocks revealed no tell-tale foot prints where her  
Feet had touched them in her flight. The summer  
Wore away and autumn came again; yet  
She cunningly evaded him. Growing  
Desperate, he traversed all the length and  
Breadth of Palomar; at times he heard her  
Voice in song, heard her speak to Zimbo, she  
Near him; for a precious moment saw her,  
But in finesse she more than equalled him.

Gilbert's parents missed his merry laugh and  
Jest; marvelled at his absence; feared that  
He was ill and questioned him. He told them  
He was hunting in the mountains, but he  
Mentioned not the object of his quest; misled  
Them by tales of condor's nest and mountain  
Lion he had seen.



Likewise was Cedric

Troubled by the change he saw in Zola.  
She loved Gilbert—loved him wildly, madly.  
She had watched him when he knew it not, and  
Knew that he loved her; but frightened at the  
Thought, was minded to keep the secret  
Locked in her own breast and fly from him; so  
Timidly she asked if some day they might  
Go away, and sailing o'er the ocean  
Find another home. Cedric answered, "Yes,  
Some day." He had long expected this and  
Unknown to her, had in a way, prepared  
Her for the change. From that lone mountain top  
Letters had been sent to shops and houses  
Of the east, and yearly in return had  
Come by Indian carriers from the port  
Clothing for himself and Zola, made to  
Measure sent, and always in their study  
Hours they dressed resplendently, that she might  
Grace a drawing-room and feel at ease—not  
Show that she in wilderness was reared.  
She had mastered music and languages  
In travel needed most, and was withal  
A finished scholar. Not for himself but

Her, he feared to take her hence—knew full well  
That one so beautiful would soon be wooed,  
And he had never told her of the cloud  
That hung around her birth—the cloud of  
Mystery. As for himself, he loved her  
All the better for it—she blameless—he  
In tenderness postponed the hour; but the  
Longer left undone, he dreading knew that  
One day it must come; in honor must he  
Speak—must tell her, though it break her heart, to  
Know that he was not her father. Often  
Did he wish that in her childhood had he  
Told her all. Yet, in his weakness, promised  
Her that some day they would go: “Yes; some day.”

Gilbert, growing wise in woodcraft and in  
The art of making love, on the farther  
Side went up the mountain, rode Leo up  
The winding trail; Zola watching, waited  
Disappointed while he—galloping o’er the  
Table-land—came on Cedric busy in  
His garden. They with kindly greeting met,  
Conversing, found each the other to his  
Liking. He too manly to dissemble,



Gilbert came out openly: The one so  
Coy and beautiful, was she his daughter?  
Cedric troubled, sternly answered: "She is mine,  
Indeed, my Zola." How learned the young man of  
Her presence on the mountain? Had he met  
Her? Had they met clandestinely? Gilbert,  
Speaking plainly, said: Tho' strangers,  
Yet they knew each other well; he long had  
Worship'd her afar; well she knew and well  
Had she evaded him. Now, at last, had  
He found the one to ask if he might meet and  
Woo her, would he give consent? Cedric saw  
His good intent, sincerity and truth,  
Looked upon him with the feeling of the  
Father for the son. Then like a phantom  
Came that secret terror of his life,—he  
Spoke unlike himself—severe, unkindly.  
"She obeys her father's will and he would  
Will that she remain unseen, unknown  
To strange intruder. The young man makes bold  
In asking."

Answered Gilbert, manfully:

"May not a true heart be emboldened by

The hope of winning one so beautiful?  
The asking honorable? Perchance the  
Senor has himself in days gone by made  
Like request?" Spoke of his family  
Old and honored, lived on the Gilbert rancho  
In the valley. Would he offer them rebuke  
Unwittingly? Cedric by his words the  
More determined they should never meet, for  
Zola's sake and his, resolved to flee  
With her, so spoke deceitfully. He must  
Go and wait six days and on the seventh  
Come; if she were there then he might speak with  
Her. Gilbert said respectfully: "'Tis well!  
With such a hope I well may add to my  
Long waiting one more week." And with a smile  
Of hopefulness, he rode away. Cedric  
Pitying, watched him disappear among  
The ceanothus bloom and drooping boughs.

Zola coming, on her face the look of  
Sadness,—signs of weeping,—Cedric knowing  
Now the secret of the change in her—the  
Absence of the rippling laughter noticed  
In the months gone by—his kind heart melted

And well-nigh did he repent and tell her  
All, tell Gilbert; but the specter haunting  
Fixed his purpose; she must go or face a  
Deeper sorrow. So, despite his feeling,  
Smilingly and cheerful, told her they would  
Go and sail across the ocean—sail to  
Foreign lands. Thus seeking to beguile and  
Turn her from the tie that bound her heart to  
Palomar, spake he of the people and  
The sights that they would see. Long had they  
Remained in Nature's parlor; now going,  
Would they view the halls and palaces of  
Splendor they had read about. She smiling  
Sadly, kissed and thanked him for his kindness.

She daily strolled where she had seen the face  
Of Gilbert, vainly waiting with the hope  
That he would come once more—pensively, with  
Tears—and prayed that she might see him once  
Again before she went away. The sun  
From out its saffron-tinted bed burst forth  
And kissed the mountain peaks. She weeping, heard  
The matin song of birds and cooing doves,  
The melody of Nature's minstrelsy—

Heard, and yet not heard, for today must she  
Decide among her treasures, which to take  
And which to leave behind. Came Zimbo and  
Her pets for breakfast from her hand, the last  
But one, for early on the morrow she  
Would go. "Shall we never come again to  
This dear spot?" she asked. Cedric feigning  
Cheerfulness, his sadness ill-concealed,—ran  
On assuringly: "Of course, we will return  
And rest from our long journey 'round the world;  
Come, bring your bric-a-brac, my girl, and we  
Will pack it snugly in the cabin, bar  
The doors and leave all safe and sound. We may  
Find Zimbo and the other pets all waiting  
When we come. Cheer up, my darling; dry your  
Tears, for wondrous sights are waiting for those  
Eyes to feast upon." Thus talking, while he  
Packed her treasures in the hidden cabin.

## THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

Gilbert, sleepless, counted yet the slowly  
Dragging hours—three more days, and then  
The promised one; pondered o'er the words of

That strange man on Palomar,—words so oft  
Repeated: “If she be here, then you may  
Speak with her.” “*If she be here!*” Their meaning—  
His intention—dawned upon him. “She will  
*Not be there!*” In frantic haste he rose and  
Threw his saddle on his fastest horse and  
Sent the spurs along his quivering flanks;  
His adolescent blood in angry throbs,  
His eyes ablaze, he wildly flew across  
The mesa, through the foothills, brave Bonita  
Stag’ring, bore him up the trail. In early  
Morning came to where he spoke with Cedric.

On the slope he saw the tethered burros,  
Well-filled packs and camping equipage near  
By. Then from the curtained maze of trailing  
Vines and boughs, he heard the gurgling waters  
Of the spring and sound of axe. Pressing thro’  
He came upon the hidden cabin, Cedric  
Placing bars before the door, and Zola  
By his side. At sight of him came bounding  
Zimbo, stop’d by Zola’s voice. Then, with head  
Uncovered—bowed, as one in reverential  
Attitude before a shrine—addressed her:

“We have been acquainted long, if not by  
Spoken word, then by the cords that bind two  
Hearts as one. This man who calls you daughter,  
He may tell you of his promise—explain  
The breaking—doubting not his motive, I  
Believe him kind and true.”

“*Calls you daughter!*”

Smote poor Cedric’s soul; a deadly palor  
Swept across his kindly face. The time had  
Come when he must speak—must tell the secret  
Of his life—her life. Then he recited  
All that he remembered,—Zola’s unknown  
Parentage; his stealing her, and fear that  
She be taken; how he had suffered with  
The dread of making known to her that he  
Was not her father. Speaking, the strong man  
Breaking, wept. Her love and true devotion  
Setting all aside, she sprang to him and  
Clinging, cried: “*He is my own dear father!*”  
Her dazzling beauty now intensified.

As one enchanted, Gilbert looked upon  
The scene; such filial love revealed a depth

Of soul beyond his ken; thought he of those  
Who called him son—what they had done for him—  
And of the promise he had made to them.  
Yes, he would die for them; yet in their pride  
Of name and family might they not spurn  
This nameless one? Thus in the balance weighed  
His love for her was satisfied; fortune,  
Name and family were all as naught to  
Him compared with Zola. He proudly asked  
Again to woo the hermit's daughter and  
Winning, give to her his name.

“No, no,” she  
Answered for the father, “until this cloud  
Is lifted—mystery solved—my name is  
Zola Vaughn.” With her words, a light broke in  
On Gilbert. Joyously he spoke; as he  
Had promised would he go back to the states  
And seek a bride, solve the mystery and  
Return triumphant, claim her—his Zola—  
As his bride. Would take the ship now in  
The harbor, sail tomorrow. Cedric gave  
The name of Colonel Vail, but his memory  
Yielded meagerly of information



Needed. He well remembered all his life  
*Up to* the day that he left Lola at  
Her father's home, and *from* the day she died,  
The gap between in mystery wrapt, all blank.  
Gilbert, taking Cedric's hand, said: "From this  
Day your life shall be a pattern for my  
Own. God bless you." And to Zola: "You are  
Mine whate'er my journey may reveal;" and  
Unmindful of her sweet rebuke, he held  
Her to his breast and kissed her. That life-long  
Fear for her still haunting, Cedric followed  
Him aside and whispered: "The father, if  
He be found, pray name her not to him." From  
The mountain top she watched him out of sight;  
Then, alone on Palomar, the hermit's  
Daughter wept.

When their only son went forth  
To seek a bride—to keep his vow—there was  
Great rejoicing at the Gilbert rancho.



## GILBERT'S JOURNEY.

After journey long and wearisome, he  
Reached the Crescent City and the home of  
Colonel Vail. The aged man now mellowed  
By weight of years, remorseful, mourning  
And alone, received him kindly, answered:  
"Her father's name was Simon Blake, he was  
Murdered by a Mexican upon the  
Dock. The child, my grandchild's name was Blake.  
The man who loved my daughter came and found her  
Dying. 'Twas he who took the child away,  
And they were lost at sea." Gilbert had the  
Story of her life—her name was Zola  
Blake.

With heavy heart he homeward turned, yet  
No less loyal to his Zola. With sad  
Misgivings waited for the coming of  
The ship—long overdue—by stormy sea  
Kept back. Waiting, pondered gloomily; he  
Must go and bear the tidings that would solve  
The mystery of her name, but leave a  
Darker shadow than before. Still would she  
Refuse his name they would go away from

Palomar. They at the rancho, left so  
Happily, what would he say to them? At  
Last with tattered sail and broken, came  
The ship. He hastening, learned that it would  
Lay at anchor there yet two days more in  
Mending. Hopeless, yet with strange desire to  
Linger there, again he visited the  
Hospital where Zola's mother died; but  
As before, no voice could answer aught of  
Her; yet caught a thread of hope—an aged  
Priest in near-by parish *might* remember.

The father heard him,—listened eagerly;  
Then in his book of records found the date  
When Lola Vail and Cedric Vaughn were wed;  
And the christening of her daughter—their child.  
Left with him for Cedric, left by Lola,  
The treasure he had brought from Mexico,  
Lola's diary, presents he had given,  
And a miniature of Cedric done by  
Her own hand; then to the house where they were  
Married and her resting place. Gilbert took  
The proof to Colonel Vail and together  
They rejoiced. He begged that he would bring his

Grandchild there when they were wed, and Cedric  
Vaughn, that he might grasp the hand of that true  
Man. Now, to Gilbert's happy heart attuned  
By hope's fruition, Nature brought a new  
Glad song. The bird notes rang with sweeter  
Melody—sunshine brighter—bluer skies—  
Even in the tumbling troughs of ocean's  
Depth, he read the mirrored light of love and  
Joy. Thro' long and dreary days beneath a  
Tropic sun,—in calm, or fog, or buffeted  
By winds adverse, the good ship sped 'til thro'  
The mild Pacific's purple haze, Point  
Loma came in view and then, across the  
Mesa, to the hacienda, *home again*.

With mysterious air, and teasing told,  
Or partly told the story. Yes; he had  
Found a fairy queen and when again the  
Great round moon came o'er the mountain top, she,  
Riding on its silvery beams, would come in  
State,—would come with him—come to the rancho.  
They must "bide-a-wee" and trusting him, wait  
Patiently. So he left them wondering.

## CONCLUSION.

To Palomar he flew—told all that he  
Had learned—laid the proof before them—described  
The house where Cedric lived—told of the battle on  
The dock—how Morales died—the bags of  
Gold from Mexico. Thus aided, Cedric  
Woke as from a dream, remembered all; then  
Placing Zola's hand in his, withdrew to  
Be alone with sacred memories.

Hand

In hand the lovers blissful roved among  
The crags and overhanging boughs where she  
Had watched unseen, for him. Led him thro' the  
Brake, in forest solitudes, where lemon  
Lilies nestling grow, and clinging vines  
And nodding ceanothus plumes bedrape  
The foliage in Nature's millinery.

With love and kisses roamed until the day  
When proudly and triumphant, Gilbert led  
Them thro' the avenues of spreading palms and  
Vine-clad arches of the hacienda.  
His mother welcomed her with tears of joy,

“Her daughter”—then met the fathers—met in  
Glad surprise—for Cedric Vaughn and Homer  
Lee stood face to face; again renewed the  
Old time bonds of love and friendship made the  
Stronger.

Then came another presence on  
The scene. Radiant in the ripened bloom  
Of womanhood—as beautiful as in  
The happy days of old—came Dora Lee  
To welcome Cedric Vaughn and Lola’s child.

On the Gilbert rancho (named for him), in the  
Dreamy quiet of a summer eve, while  
Softly chimed the distant mission bells,  
At the hacienda, sweet Zola Vaughn  
And Gilbert Lee were wed. And when the  
Autumn came, and vine, and bough and field gave  
Forth their richest fruitage, and falling leaves  
Betokened ripeness—the sure reward  
Of patient waiting—two faithful souls were  
Joined as one. Again rang forth the silvery  
Chime of wedding bells—old mission bells—that  
Echoed from the gilded cross above its

Hoary walls, a benediction sweet as  
Incense from its altars.

Long, long ago  
Back to the happy scenes of youth they sailed,  
And left the hidden cabin to decay.



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