NEW SAMARIA

BY

S. WEIR MITCHELL

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NEW SAMARIA

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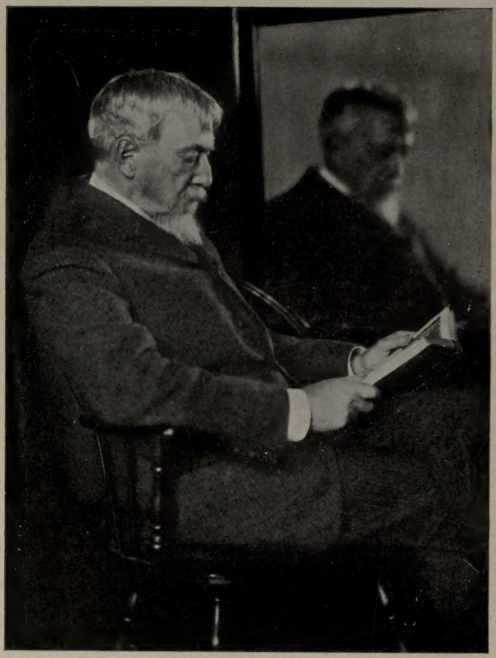

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S. Weir Mitchell

NEW SAMARIA

AND

THE SUMMER OF ST. MARTIN

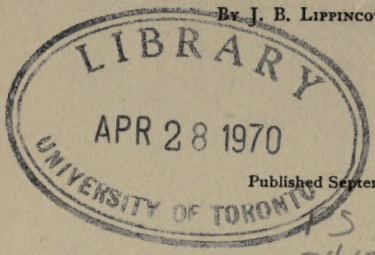
BY

S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "HUGH WYNNE,"
"DOCTOR AND PATIENT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1904



Published September, 1904

Electrotyped and Printed by
J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW SAMARIA

This is what happened to me in July, 1873. It chanced in the middle of a prosperous and easy life, in which, as the only child of a banker, I had doubled the property left to me. My days had been free from money cares, and were in all other ways uneventful and happy.

In looking back over the unlucky incidents I here record I fail to see what better I could have done. One of the three or four people who

have read this story of my sudden isolation thinks I might have found sooner some way of relief. I leave the reader to decide.

The West was not the West of to-day. Travel was more difficult, the post slow, the telegraph a new and more costly means of communication.

In 1871 I became the unwilling owner of certain mines in western Arkansas. They had brought ruin to two owners, and I went to the West to see what I could do with them. I told my people not to write until they heard from me, and that I should be gone three or four weeks.

NEW SAMARIA

On July 3, twenty miles from my destination, New Samaria, I left the unfinished railway, and on July 4 took the stage early in the morning. To my disgust, my baggage had been missing at the station. A too sanguine station-master "reckoned it would turn up soon," and I went away annoyed, anticipating the discomfort of being without a change of clothes. My trunk did turn up a month later.

I reached the town of New Samaria at noon. I had a horrible meal, and, evidently by reason of my being without baggage, was not very cordially received. It did not trouble me. Being rather energetic,

I meant to lose no time, and, without stating my errand, asked to be driven out to the mines, some twelve miles distant. The town was noisy, and was evidently celebrating the National Holiday with the aid of much whiskey.

When the driver appeared with a good-looking horse and buggy, he was distinctly drunk. I tried to find the landlord; he was absent. A sympathetic bystander said the road was plain, better to drive myself. Dismissing my driver, I received a pretty clear statement that I was to follow the main road to the bridge, which was under repair. Then I was to turn to the left and go along

the river road to another bridge a mile away. After that it was a plain road, "no fellow could miss it."

As I was about to get into the wagon a tall man touched my arm, a liberty I always dislike. He began to tell a woful tale of how he was out of work, never had begged, would I—and so on. I said, "Oh, go and get work. I never give to beggars."

He said,—and I thought it queer, —"I wish to thunder I hadn't asked you."

He did look pretty well used up, but I was still in a state of vexation about my baggage, and the man

got an unearned share of my ill-humor. I got into the wagon and drove away. I was saluted at the hill-top by a pack of fire-crackers, and that and the poor devil's face were the last things I remember.

When I was re-born to slowly improving consciousness it was to recognize the place I was in as new and the light as dim. I recall my first puzzle as to whether it was morning or evening. I concluded that the change of light would soon tell me, and was pleased at my own intelligence. By degrees the light increased, and with it the knowledge of my condition. My head was

bandaged and I was now and then a little giddy, especially if I turned over in bed. My right hand also was bandaged. By degrees I saw that I was in a large, whitewashed room in one of six beds. It was close and not over clean. My pillow smelt horribly. Two other patients were snoring. By and by came a young woman neatly clad in gray linen. She said, "Oh, you are better; how do you feel?"

I said, feebly, being still rather dazed, "Thank you, I am very weak and giddy."

"Well, you are out of danger, the doctor says. You have been very bad off your head."

"Pardon me," said I, "are you the nurse?"

"Yes."

"May I ask your name?"

"Why, yes; my name's Jane Wright."

"And I am in—well,—in—a—hospital?"

"Yes, but here's the doctor. I will fetch your breakfast pretty soon."

The doctor was young and, as I found, positive. I was becoming curious, and was beginning to feel a little more secure of my power to think and to speak.

"Oh, you are all right to-day," said the doctor. "Any headache?"

"No, but I have more or less vertigo if I turn over suddenly."

"Then don't turn over. If you keep quiet, you will be about able to go out when we close for repairs on the fourteenth."

"May I ask, my dear doctor, how long I have been here?"

"Since July 4, and this is the 10th." He turned to leave me.

"Indeed! A week. Pardon me if I detain you a moment. What happened to me? I have lost nearly a week. It is an absolute blank."

"You want to know what happened? You started out after a Fourth of July frolic to drive over

a bridge with no flooring. You were pretty well set up."

"What! I was drunk! Do they say that?"

"They do. A man tried to stop the horse. He succeeded, but there was a smash, and you got a crack on the head, and he broke his leg. The horse had to be shot, and the wagon was in toothpicks."

"Well," I said, "this is an amazing tale. I was drunk, you say?"

"Yes, so they say. I wasn't there."

"It strikes me as comical."

"Does it? By George, your idea of a joke is unusual. Wait till you

see the man who let you have his horse."

"I presume, sir, that I can pay for it. I certainly mean to do so."

"Well, for a fellow that did what you did that is rather cool. You had better keep quiet. In three days I can let you go."

I said, "Wait a little, doctor; there is some queer mistake. I am—I am George Woodburn, of the banking firm of Woodburn & Caruthers, Wall Street. Where is my purse? It was in my inside breast-pocket. There are cards in it."

"Purse? There was no purse."

"And my watch,—a gold repeater?"

The doctor said, "My good man, you are either off your head a bit or else you are playing a little game. It won't do. I have no time to waste. Best keep still. If you get excited, you will only be the worse for it."

The situation was really so odd that as he moved away I laughed outright. This hurt my head, and I reflected that his last advice was good. I said no more until the nurse came with milk and bread and butter, when I asked her, "Miss Wright, have I been here a week?"

"Yes."

"Was I much hurt?"

"Yes,—a cut on the head and one on the cheek. But you got off pretty well—dislocated thumb and sprained wrist."

"That absurd young doctor seems to be in a hurry. He should have heard more patiently what I have to say. He seems to me rather positive."

"Oh, that's because he always knows."

"Indeed! How could he know about me? I do assure you, my good nurse, that he is strangely mistaken."

"I wouldn't excite myself if I were you." Miss Wright seemed

unwilling to discuss the doctor's opinions.

"Thank you," I said. "No doubt the advice is good, but it is somewhat necessary that I should communicate with my people and settle all this nonsense as to what I am. It is rather amusing to be taken for a tramp by that doctor."

"Oh, he only says what every one says. Mind, I don't say it. I told him it was nonsense; that tramps did not talk the kind of way you do. I don't know what you are, but you're no tramp."

"Many thanks, Miss Wright, and kindly tell me what else is said of me. It is interesting."

"Oh, it's all in the New Samaria *Herald*. Mr. Smile (that's the landlord) says you are in with a lot of policy men."

"That is agreeable. Is it really the case that my purse and watch are gone?"

"Well, we couldn't find a cent, or anything to say who you were. Your socks were marked with initials. We wanted to know, because we thought you were going to die."

"One can do that without having a name. Does your doctor never believe a man in a hospital?"

"Yes, of course. Now eat your breakfast. In a day or two you

will be able to go out. I must go; and don't you worry."

I asked for the paper, which she said she would fetch.

I lay quiet all that day. Here was a pleasing scrape. I was weak, alone, presumed to be a scamp, without a cent, in a Western town where no one knew me. However, I was glad to have been so well cared for, and, after all, when once I was up and dressed I could easily arrange matters.

The next morning my head felt clearer, and I began to consider my surroundings with more care. I sat up after a breakfast of milk and bread and observed that I was No. 5.

My only near neighbor was No. 6. He was a man under thirty and had red hair, which was cut short and stood up straight from the scalp. We were the only inmates.

I said, "Excuse me; do you mind talking to me a little?"

"No. I meant to, but until two days ago you have been raving about mines and buying houses."

"Is that so? Thank Heaven, I am getting better; pretty soon I shall be able to get out and settle things, and reward all these good people who have been taking care of me."

"Well, you are a cool hand," said No. 6. "The landlord says

you were drunk, and my advice to you is to get away quietly out of this town. I wish to Heaven I had never set eyes on you. If I were you I would slip away after dusk."

"May I ask what you mean?"

"Mean! I caught your horse. He was going for the bridge. In a moment you would have been a gone man."

"Then I really owe you both an apology and gratitude. But no one told me who or what my neighbor was, and so you have gone unthanked. I assure you I am most grateful."

"Oh, that's all very well. But here I am with a leg broken and

laid by for six or eight weeks, and my salary stopped."

"That's pretty hard; but in a few days, when I get out of this place, I hope to satisfy you that your sacrifice has not been in vain."

My neighbor laughed. "By George! The doctor says you *can* talk, and that is all there is of you."

"So the doctor has been gossiping. Upon my word, you and he are oddly mistaken."

"Oh, shut up!" said No. 6. "I know your kind."

"I cannot reply to a man who saved my life as I would to another, but as you seem unwilling to be-

lieve me, may I ask one other question?"

"Oh, yes. What is it?"

"Who brought me here?"

"Oh, some circus chaps picked you up."

Then I understood where had gone my purse, watch, and, as it proved, my trunk-check and cigar-case.

"Well," I said, "I will not trouble you further. You will find out some day that you have made a mistake about me. I can very well understand why you feel as you do."

"Oh, gammon," said No. 6. "I've had all I want to hear. I am laid by for two months and I have to

pay a fellow to clerk for me in the bank. Suppose you quit talking to me."

I said, "Very well, as you like."

After this I began to reflect, and when I put myself in the place of No. 6 I knew that I should have been equally sceptical. At the same time I felt a certain amused interest as to how my too unusual situation would end. The next day No. 6 was removed, as I heard, to his own home. I learned that his name was Thomas Sedgeley. He seemed to have recovered his temper, for as they lifted him he repeated the advice he had given me as to leaving town, and seemed to take in me the

kind of half interest to which an act of self-devotion seems to pledge a man. His removal left me with no one to talk to except the doctor, who had made so decided a moral diagnosis, and the nurse, who was both civil and kind.

The day of my first talk with Miss Jane she brought me the paper she had promised, but it was not until much later that I could read. Until then my sight was doubled, and any effort to fix my attention caused a return of giddiness. I put the paper under my pillow and waited until I could learn with more ease what New Samaria thought of me.

The second day I asked for pen, ink, and paper, but my right hand was sadly cut and sprained, and I could not write a word. Miss Jane said she would write for me. I dictated a note asking my partner to arrange for a credit at the National Bank of New Samaria for ten thousand dollars, and explaining my situation. The little woman looked up in amazement.

"Ten thousand?" said she.

I said, "Yes, that is correct."

She evidently regarded it as a dishonest attempt to impress her with the belief that I was really what I had said I was. I added, "If you think a little, my good

nurse, you will see that my writing a letter to New York could do me no good with people here; kindly finish it." She said no more.

I finished my letter with a brief statement of my having had a slight accident to my hand: this to explain a signature which did excite much comment in the home office. Then I told my nurse that I must ask the charity of a three-cent stamp. When she returned with it I said, smiling, "You have made an investment. What will be the interest for one month on a three-cent stamp?" She said I must still be off my head, and again advised

quiet. I had evidently damaged the good opinion she had had of me. However, that could not be helped, and so the letter was directed and sent.

I knew that my letter could not bring me a reply for a week, and that no means I could employ would put me at once in easy circumstances. In any case I should have to be identified before I could get money. It must have been several days before I was able to think clearly, or else I might sooner have seen my way. But, as I have said, for some time, even before I left the hospital, and for some days afterwards, all effort to concentrate

attention confused me and gave rise to vertigo.

Reflecting upon what had passed, I was somewhat surprised that quiet talk and civil ways should have affected so little the people with whom I had come into contact. In fact, it made them suspicious, but to none did it bring conviction, as I was soon to learn.

Two days went by, and I was told that I was well enough to go out. I was really quite unfit to leave; but what else could I do? This was July 14. I was advised to live on milk and vegetables and to avoid the sun; best not to try to use my right hand for a week or two. It

was pleasingly vague. I was eager to get out and settle my difficulties. A screen was set up and I was left to dress. I was appalled. My neat gray travelling-suit was ragged, muddied, and blood-stained. My felt hat was torn half across. When I contrived to clothe myself I asked for a needle and thread and tried to repair certain rents. It resulted in sewing my pantaloons to my drawers.

The little ward was now empty and the doctor gone on a fishing holiday. After I had been up and dressed an hour the nurse came with my usual diet of bread and milk. It was certainly good for

me, but not otherwise desirable, as I disliked milk.

I stuffed the unread *Herald* into my pocket, said good-by to Miss Jane, and, a little giddy, went down a narrow hall-way to the street. I looked up and down the road. It was very hot, and few people were out-of-doors. I remember saying to myself, "Shall I go to the right or to the left?" when suddenly I remembered that I was penniless. Although I was still seriously weak, the comic element of my situation was at times uppermost in my mind. It was plain that for a very few days I must manage to live by my wits—but

how? Work I could not. Returning, I rang the bell. The door was opened by Miss Jane.

I said, "You are very hard people. I am not fit to go out."

"I am very sorry, but what can I do?"

"That is my question too. No one believes me to be a man by accident left without money. I don't think I would believe it. I never did believe beggar stories; but you do know I am a man without home, without money, and too weak to work. I want you to give me half a dollar."

"I can't give you that much; I will give you a quarter."

I felt myself flush as I returned, "Pray, pardon me; I ought to have thought. I should have asked you to lend me that amount." I realized then and there the tremendous gap between competence and the outstretched hand of want. For a moment the sense of humiliation was immense; nevertheless, I took the coin and said, "That makes twenty-eight cents in all. You believe me a tramp or worse, but kindly tell me where I shall go to get a bed. Even tramps must sleep." Upon this she drew out another quarter and said, "I just ought not, but I must. Some one will feed and lodge you for fifty cents. We'd keep you

along till you got strong, but we shut up to-morrow for repairs. I am awful sorry. Indeed I am."

I thanked her. I looked back as I moved away. She was watching me. I was glad to find, as I walked on in the cooling twilight, that I was better of my vertigo. That I was a notable object was soon made clear to me. The boys in the street jeered at me. I went to the telegraph office. Here I asked the clerk to send a message to my partner.

"Arrange credit at New Samaria bank at once; am without funds. C.O.D.

"GEORGE WOODBURN."

The clerk declined. He was civil, but firm. He glanced at my pantaloons, and the hat confirmed his judgment. No, I had to confess that I had no abode in New Samaria and no money. A paid telegram was beyond my means. I gave that up. Again I was grimly amused. I said, "This town thinks I am a tramp or a gambler, and so do you."

"I do. You can bet on that."

"Well, I am worth about three millions. Suppose you bet the cost of a telegram on the chance of its being true. Think not? Much obliged."

I went out. Looking back is in-

structive; my friend was gayly relating the tale. I hesitated where next I should go, but, still satisfied that my language and manners must be such as to get me a quiet hearing, I turned and walked to the tavern where my calamities had begun. I found the owner even too easily. At first he did not know me. When I began to defend myself by stating my case he poured out a series of epithets which at once disposed of my modest hopes of a lodging, and taking me by the arm dragged me out and threw me on the sidewalk. I was too feeble to resist. My hurt arm was no better for the treatment. Sore and furious, and dirtier than

ever, I staggered to my feet, and after a little sat down in the dusk on a doorstep. A grizzled, mangy cur, clearly a tramp, loafed across the street, and recognizing me as a comrade, put his nose in my hand, and finally sat down to await my pleasure. I sat still awhile in the twilight, patting my canine friend, and speculating upon his genealogy. He was, clearly, of good ancestry—mostly colley—with queer terrier crosses, and with large, sad, attentive brown eyes. He, too, was an unfriended wanderer. His watchful ways and too apparent ribs confessed his want of an owner, and his fears and needs. There came

out of the house a man in a dirty linen duster and invited us to "get out" in language of expressive character. The dog was quick to fly. I rose slowly, staggering, and giddy. As I moved away the dog rejoined me, and looked up at me as if in doubt of the protective capacity of the master he had selected.

My sense of the comic was fast leaving me. I went into a drug-shop and asked where the president of the bank lived. The man in charge said it was a mile out of town, and I was told the way. Then I said I was just out of the hospital and weak; could I rest a little.

"Why, yes."

I sat down. He asked where I came from.

"New York."

"What's your business?"

"Banker." I related my story.

Then the man said, "I wouldn't make it all so big. You ought to write for the papers."

"I knew you would not believe me."

"I don't, and I've got to shut up."

Then I moved on again and kept moving, like a famous boy in a certain novel. I walked out of the town in the darkness, and on to a country road, feeling better and

wishing I had a cigar. At last I got over a fence and found a lot of heaps of hay. On one of these I lay down, thankful for the warmth of a July night. I slept well, and, waking at dawn, saw a man standing in front of me. I knew him at once. It was the man who had begged of me as I was entering my ill-fated wagon. He had a rake in his hand, a sturdy yellow-haired fellow with a big kindly face.

"Halloa," he said, "better get up. The boss will be along, and he's rough on tramps."

I rose with some difficulty. The man gave me a hand and said, "You look right bad. What's wrong?"

I told him I had been hurt and was just out of a hospital. He did not recognize me, which was not surprising. The notion came to me that I would see if a fellow-tramp would believe me. I said, "If I tell you a queer story, will you think it is a lie?"

"Why should I?"

"I am not a tramp. I am a rich man, but no one here believes it."

"Well, why not? I was rich once. I had five thousand dollars once."

"Indeed! And it is all gone?"

"Oh, yes, old story,—bad years, mortgage on farm, and busted. No work and took to wandering. I

got a job ten days ago. When you get that fortune back do you just remember Thad Petersen. Got any money?"

"No."

"Well, here's ten cents." I took it. Once he had asked charity of me; I had answered, "No;" now he it was who gave unasked. I thanked him, and as I walked away he cried after me, "Round the turn there's a house. There's a right nice woman lives there; guess she'll give you a hand out."

"What on earth is a hand out?"

"Oh, a bite of something."

I went on. I began to see how hard it was to tell a true story so as

to be believed. I concluded that, as I meant to make my tongue secure my breakfast, I would fall back upon fiction. I went up to the open door of the little cottage and smelt tobacco. This had the double effect of making me greatly want to smoke and of assuring me that a man was within, and that I was, therefore, less secure of a meal than I should have been without the too critical charity of my own sex. I knocked with the timidity of the hungry. A very young and rosy woman came out of the back room. "What is it?" she said.

I replied, hastily, "I am an unfortunate man just out of the hos-

pital. I have a wife and nine children; the youngest is blind and my wife is sick."

"Poor thing. How old is she?"

"About twenty-five."

This seemed to strike the woman as comical. She laughed merrily. "Well, you are certainly a very lively liar. Aren't you the man that got drunk and drove poor Mr. Smile's horse into a circus and broke my husband's leg, and told him you were a banker and worth three millions? Oh, dear, but you can fib, and you don't do it well. I could fib better, and oh, my! that poor wife and nine children at twenty-five years of age!"

Upon this she fell into a chair and laughed herself into prodigality of tears. At last she said, "Wait a bit. It won't keep. It's too big a joke. I'll fetch you some milk and bread, but I must tell Tom first."

With this she fled, laughing as she went. Then I laughed, too, and sat down on the stone steps, relieved to know that my comrade in calamity was incapable of active hostility. When the woman came back she was so ashake with this cherished joke that the milk was spilling over.

"Good Heavens!" I said, "don't spill that milk."

"Well," she said, "it's my milk I do suppose."

Humility and hunger suggested a modest "Yes, ma'am." I swallowed the milk and bread while she stood and watched me. "Would you like more?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She went away and came back with a pitcher of milk and a half-loaf of bread, and again studied my performance with amused and not unkindly curiosity. I thanked her warmly and was about to journey on when it occurred to me to further test this amiable, merry woman.

I said, "How would you like to lend me five dollars?"

"Not at all. Five dollars, and Tom in bed for weeks! You must really think me a fool. What would you do with five dollars?"

"I should get a good dinner, smoke a good cigar, and wire to New York."

"To that lady of twenty-five years old, the mother of nine? Now, I would. She'll be right anxious."

I was fed and rested and gay—sure soon to be altogether at ease. I laughed and said, "Suppose I were to tell you my true story. It would be worth—now, what would it be worth?"

"Well, twenty-five cents."

She put it in my ready palm. "I promise you a true story. I am a rich man; I am here on business. I was never drunk in my life. The horse was frightened and ran away; the rest I do not remember. I lost my purse, watch, and cigar-case."

She shook her head. "Do rich people travel without baggage?"

I added the sad tale of a lost and stolen check. Then I said, "It sounds too complete, doesn't it?"

"No. A liar and a tramp would have been more cunning. You are not a real tramp. You may be

worse, or better. Any way, you look worse than Tom."

"Suppose on the faith of your doubt you invest to the extent of a dollar. It might pay."

"You are no tramp, that's sure, and if you are lying or not I cannot tell. Wait a little." She was back in a moment. "Tom says he doesn't believe a word of it, but that you must be pretty badly off, and I was to say he was sorry (I am too), and to give you a dollar."

I took it, well pleased, saying, "You ought to tell me not to get drunk on it."

"I was going to."

I went away down the road

"People usually do. I have done it often," I said, as I was about to leave her. "You have been really very good to me. It is unfortunate that no one believes me, but that does not alter my obligation to you. Some day you will be thankful that you fed a hungry man."

"But I am always thankful for that."

I said, "Good-morning, madam."

"Oh! good-by."

I went away down the road with the remnants of my loaf, missing the dog, who had left me the night before to forage for himself. The air was cooler, the country pleasant. I wandered into by-roads, or sat and

considered ways and means of bettering myself. I did steal four pears (they were lying near the road). I watched some boys fishing in a mill-race and gave useful sporting advice. One of them presented me with an aged apple, a russet. After they had gone I sat down by the mill-stream, ate a little stale bread, and—from habit—feeling for the absent luxury of a handkerchief, became aware of the newspaper in my breast-pocket. It was only a fragment—a small half-sheet. I settled myself on the grass with some curiosity as to this bit of biography. I still have the paper. It ran thus:

NEW SAMARIA

"OVERWHELMING CATASTROPHE.

"DRUNKEN HORSE-THIEF—ATTEMPT TO STEAL MR. JOSEPH SMILE'S MARE.

"Yesterday a man without baggage arrived at the Washington Hotel and hired a man to drive him to the mines. He got rid of the driver on some pretext and drove himself down the hill. There he collided with the Boss Elephant of the circus, smashed the wagon, killed the mare and a monkey, lamed a zebra, and broke his own head. Our distinguished young financier, Mr. Thomas Sedgeley, the cashier of the bank, stopped the horse and saved the life of the horse-thief at the cost to himself of a broken leg. The circus people

carried both men to the poorhouse hospital.

"Mr. Smile has the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen. The man may recover. His injuries probably saved him from the prompt punishment of a justly infuriated community. Mr. Sedgeley is doing well."

I began to see, as I read this over, that my future in New Samaria was not to be unclouded. Assuredly, as a statement of facts, the report lacked accuracy, but if a newspaper were always accurate, what would there be left to say next day?

On this Saturday evening I went back to the town and spent thirty cents on a luxurious supper. I

bought two two-cent cigars and a box of sulphur matches, and then returned to the country and my hay-heap hotel. No tobacco was ever so good. On the way my dog friend rejoined me. About nine next day, being Sunday, I smoked my second cigar and counted my cash:

50 cents from the nurse
10 cents from Petersen
25 cents from Mrs. Tom
100 cents from ditto

Total, $1.85

I sat at ease, played with the dog, and considered my financial situa-

tion. Thirty cents had gone to sustain life and four cents to make it cheerful. I could have wired to New York, but then I must live, and it seemed well that I should keep up my strength, and my hunger was that of a convalescent.

As I sauntered into town this Sunday morning, my grizzled dog slaked his thirst at a wayside stream, where I stayed to wash my bandages. I dried them and replaced them with difficulty. As I entered the town, the dog at my heels, I heard a church-bell ringing. I am sorry to say it only suggested the brilliant idea that here was a place where I could rest. I went into

the bare brick chapel with the want of assurance bred of being ill clad and of the treatment to which I had been subjected. I did not expect to be received with that eager hospitality which in city churches so warmly welcomes a disreputable-looking man, but by good-luck it was very hot and the congregation was scanty. I entered a well-cushioned pew far back and near to the door. No one came to my pew. When the service began I arranged my cushions and enjoyed comfort unknown for days. I slept through the sermon, which seemed to me quite too brief.

I think my canine friend missed

me, for just as the sermon began he scratched at the door of the pew. It was not my business, and I let him amuse himself. Some one told him to get out, which he apparently misunderstood, for he walked lazily along the aisle and went up into the pulpit. The preacher, in apparent uneasiness, asked somebody to remove that dog. My tramp did not wait, but, conscious of being unwelcome, went down the middle aisle and out of the church. If there be a religion for dogs, he had not found it here. After this I fell asleep, as I have said.

After church I spent ten cents on milk and bread and priced a pipe;

it was beyond my means. I found, as I expected, that I could not telegraph on the Sabbath. I recall that latter half-day as the only one in which I felt at all bored during this Bohemian time.

Milk and bread seemed to lack permanence as a diet, and at dusk I was cruelly hungry; but, resolved on economy, I tried two farmhouses before I could get as much as a crust, and it was eight o'clock when I persuaded an old woman that I needed help. I drank her sour milk and retired to the bank of a brook, where I ate my remnant of bread, finding it pleasant under the willows.

I meant on Monday, if I had enough money, to wire my office; but foresaw that, do what I might, I should still need some one to vouch for my identity. Altogether the outlook was not reassuring. About seven P.M. I felt a drop of rain and saw signs overhead of more to come. The Inn of Out of Doors is pleasant enough when skies are fair in mid-July, but the absence of a roof may prove uncomfortable. I got up and, as I remember, took off my ragged hat and looked at it. Why, I do not know, except that I saw Joe Jefferson do it in playing Rip Van Winkle. I laughed as I recalled my home, and my stables,

and the club, and the busy life of my office. I was beginning, however, to acquire a certain respect for my ability to overcome the difficulties of my curious isolation, and, indeed, at times to enjoy what I knew to be only temporary misfortune. My dog had left me to forage somewhere.

I wanted a dry shelter; I knew better than to try the barns; the dogs of Samaria were by no means amiable. Then I remembered the church. It was nearly dark when I entered the graveyard. It was supper-time and no one was near. I found a window at the back which opened with ease, and climbing in I

closed the sash. By the fast-fading light I saw that I was in what seemed to be a modest study. Here were half a hundred books, a desk, sermon-paper, and, above all, a lounge.

I was soon at ease. The time for an evening service went by. I began to think how pleasant it would be to write a sermon and leave it for the parson's use. Then I began to be conscious of a want. If only I had a pipe, a cigarette, a cigar. I think this was a suggestion due to the stale odor of tobacco, which revealed one weakness of the gentleman who had that morning so soothed me into slumber. Per-

haps—oh strong-winged hope!—perhaps he kept here his pipe and his tobacco!

I came upon a glass kerosene-lamp set on a table and longed to light it; prudence prevailing, I resisted the temptation. Amidst the increasing gloom I began a search, conducted chiefly by touch. If I were found opening drawers and desk I should surely be convicted as a burglar, but no one was near. By and by, on a chair, shut in a thick book, I found a short pipe (I suspected what book it was, but shall never say). I had a kind of joy unknown since, as a boy, I ate my first stolen green apple. I came

next upon a small bag of tobacco in the second drawer from the top on the left of the desk. Not to be seen of any, I sat on the floor, and, having sulphur matches in slabs, I lit my pipe. I sat still with my back to the wall, deliciously comfortable, while overhead the rain roared on the roof. I was soon to learn a lesson as to the limitations of human happiness.

I heard a noise within the church of a door closed, and then steps. I learned long after that the good clergyman was apt to enter his study by this way. I stuffed pipe and tobacco into my pocket, and in the darkness dropped a row of matches.

Awkward from weakness, I stumbled across a chair, put out a saving hand, and knocked over the kerosene-lamp; it fell with a crash. I smelt the stuff just as I saw a yellow flash and knew that I had set my foot on the matches. I understood at once what must happen. I snatched at the matches as they flamed up. It was too late. My hand was in the oil, and the flame caught my soaked bandage. The oil was all over the floor in a moment. I threw up a sash and jumped out, smothering the burning bandage with my coat-tail, and ran for my life through the darkness, stumbling over gravestones. It

was raining heavily. When across a dozen fields I pulled up, well blown, and looked back. The wooden addition to the church was blazing and the side windows of the main building were glowing with ominous red. It was a very fine, complete, and undisturbed fire, but I did not enjoy it. I was in the eyes of Samaria a tramp and probably a horse-thief. Now I had burned their church up—or down, as you like to put it. I was really terrified at the prospect of what might happen to me if my involuntary arson became known. Who would believe me?

As I smelt horribly of kerosene,

and as my bandages were evidently scorched, I thought it as well to conceal this material evidence of guilt. I tore off the outer rolls and put them in the brook and piled stones on them. I needed them, but the need not to wear them was the more urgent need.

I wandered on. The night was long and wet. At last, completely soaked, I lay down and fell asleep. I shall not dwell on my misery. I had made a great escape and was thankful; moreover, I had,—good Heavens!—I had stolen a pipe and tobacco, oh, enough for a week. I discovered this at dawn. Properly speaking, penitence should have

been accompanied with unwillingness to profit by my crime.

I lighted a pipe to assist me in the settlement of this problem in morals. I only clouded counsel with the pleasant results of wickedness. It takes at least four hours of the sun of July to dry clothes on a man. I never before knew that.

About ten on Monday I drove a hard bargain, and had for breakfast, at a cost of seven cents, a bowl of milk and bread as usual. Thus reenforced, I went past the smoking wreck of the church, reflecting on my amazing connection with the ruin. Ingenious comments as to

the cause of the fire were being made by a loitering crowd.

I found my telegraph-man and asked him to write, as I could not use a pen. He grinned, and "What was it this time he was to wire?"

I said, "To Woodburn & Caruthers, 3 Wall Street, New York. Wire credit, New Samaria Bank, ten thousand dollars."

He said, "That would be, at fifteen cents a word, one dollar and twenty cents." He seemed to think it a grim joke.

I had left a capital of fourteen cents.

After this I went to the bank, attracting some attention by my

raggedness. The bank appeared to have been once a small brick chapel. It was now converted to the use of Mammon. It had a look outside of melancholy indefiniteness, but within was prosperous with varnish and paint. I saw no one but an old, very bald man perched on a stool behind bars.

I said, "I want to see the president." Upon this the bald man became abruptly excited.

"Don't have no tramps here. You get out, and pretty quick too." His unlooked-for alertness was emphasized by a revolver, which he laid on the counter.

I said, "I will keep away from

the counter, but it will do no harm to hear what I say."

"Well, what is it?"

"You will get a wire from the Eleventh National Bank, New York, crediting me, George Woodburn, with ten thousand dollars. I will come back about half-past two."

As I reflected on my appearance I said to myself, "What will the man say?" My statement was calculated to tax the credulity of man or banker. I was pale, in rags, dirty, with plasters on my face, and the remnant of a dirty bandage on my right wrist.

"Yes. You'd best come then.

If I was you I'd have made it thirty thousand dollars. Set-up job."

"I thought of wiring for more," said I, laughing.

This seemed to excite the bald man, and he let loose on me such ingenuity of epithets as a mule-driver would have envied. I left him unanswered. My vocabulary is limited. I bought one cigar and inspected the town.

I had learned much in the last four days and had added volumes of varied knowledge to the library of memory. I never in my life believed a beggar's tale, and now that no one credited mine I was amused, and, I may add, instruc-

tively astonished. My funds were down to twelve cents. I was now well used to my extraordinary outfit, and took little note of the attention I received, except to wonder why the dogs so mistook a gentleman as to bark at his toilet. But the dogs of New Samaria seemed to share the prejudices of their masters. I spent three cents on milk, and was sure that under this simple diet I was fast gaining strength and freedom from vertigo. I was thus reduced to a capital of nine cents.

It was warm when, close to three o'clock, I re-entered the bank. As before, the bald man was alone.

I said, "Have you heard from my firm and the bank?"

"Well, about that I can't say. There is a telegram to credit a man named Woodburn with ten thousand dollars."

"Well?" I saw his doubt.

"You sent a wire? They say at the office a tramp sent a wire for ten thousand dollars. I took it as a joke, or that you was off your head, the way you was after killing that mare. Now, you want the money?"

"Yes. Not all at once."

"But it's damned ridiculous. I don't know if you're you or if you're some one else."

"Well," I said, "suppose I clear your head a little. Look at the telegram; it has a number at the beginning and one at the end."

"That's so. It's pretty suspicious."

"Very good. Look at the telegram. The first number is made up of the day of the week, the second of the day of the month, the 17th. That makes 19. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, that's so, but how you knew it darned if I know. All arranged, I guess. Set up in New York."

"No matter. My house does this to prevent telegraphic misuse of

our name. Of course, we change our method from time to time."

The bald man was a queer thing to see. His scalp moved back and forward in a sort of tic, and the two quill pens in his ears moved with the scalp like undeveloped wings.

"You've got to be identified, and right well too. Any fool would know that. Knowin' about the numbers don't identify. You can't plunder this bank that way."

"But would they have wired you if I were not known to be here?"

"You may be you, or some other you, and I don't pay a dime on such evidence."

"You are, of course, wise to

guard your bank, but why not wire your correspondents in New York and ask them to inquire? Isn't it worth while? I——"

"No, it isn't. You go and get a man to say you're you, then we can talk. I've got to look out. I'm only here to keep house like till that red-headed fool, Tom Sedgeley, gets back. There ain't no use of discussin' it."

I said, "Very well," and went away. The situation was, as I had anticipated, serious. I could not see any speedy way out of it. The completeness of my isolation amused and annoyed me. I was worth millions last month; to-day

I was possessed of seven cents. What I had hoped was that the wire would excite enough of interest to cause reasonable inquiry. The bald cashier was, on the whole, right. In his place the same objections would have occurred to me or to any business man, but I should have found it worth while to have corresponded by wire with the New York bank and so settled the matter. This he would not do. As for myself, I had asked for too much. I should have wired for a hundred dollars. A beggar in rags asking for ten thousand dollars was certain to excite distrust. I had made a foolish mistake.

Tramp-like, the ease and freedom of the country drew me. It is relatively uncritical and unsuspicious. I turned to it as if by instinct, and wandered out along the only road which led away from the river and into the rich prairie-lands. My resource was to see what I could get out of the little woman who had helped me. On the way I saw my ten-cent benefactor, Petersen, raking hay in a rather lazy fashion. I hailed him and we sat down to talk.

"Gettin' on, Cap?" he said.

"No, but do you listen to me."

He said he would.

"I've no need to lie to a fellow-tramp."

"Oh, I'm not the genuine article, and you're not a tramp at all."

"No, I am not," and I related in full my adventures.

"Gosh! and you're the man I asked to help me. You were just gettin' into a wagon. I didn't suspicion you were the man. Clothes makes a heap of difference. Suppose it's all true. What are you goin' to do? You can't work."

"No, I can't even write a letter. The nurse wrote for me, but——"

"Well, I don't see what you're to do. Let's go to the circus. It only costs ten cents for a back seat,

and it's too hot to work. I'll pay," he said, when I confessed that I had only seven cents.

The recklessness of the notion captured my fancy. I was acquiring the carelessness of the true tramp. We went along talking. Evidently he more or less accepted my story, but how completely he believed I could not tell, nor did it much concern me. Something would turn up. I thoroughly enjoyed the show, and especially a clown, who was anything but sober, a circumstance which gave breadth and flavor to his jokes, as the applause showed. When it was over we went to see the animals behind

the tent. This required five cents apiece, which my comrade paid. A little later we met the clown in the lessening crowd. Peterson asked him what time it was. He pulled out my watch and said, "Six o'clock."

"By George," I cried, "that's my watch, and foolishly caught his arm. He drew back with his left to hit me, when Petersen seized his wrist. The brief struggle called a crowd around us, the clown crying out that these tramps wanted to steal his watch. One of his acrobatic friends kindly suggested tar and feathers, when a burly man of six feet four shouldered the crowd aside and, ex-

plaining that he was the Sheriff, asked what was the row. The clown stated his case. The big man considered his powdered face and then turned to me with,—

"Well, what's your side of this here question?"

I said, "I was hurt in an accident and my watch stolen, and——"

"Oh, yes, I know. You tried to steal Smile's mare, and got too drunk to do the trick."

"Mr. Sheriff," I returned, "this is a queer town. Why the mischief it is called Samaria I really do not see. The man that named it must have lived to be disappointed. I have had every kind of misfortune,

and no one either helps me or believes me."

The crowd became noisily injurious. The Sheriff cried, "Shut up, you fellows," and looked down on me with a slowly maturing smile. "You've got the floor. I propose to listen."

I thought that I had at last found a real Samaritan, and asked the clown, "Now, what kind of a watch is it?"

The crowd was pleased. The Sheriff enlarged his smile.

"Yes, Mr. Clown, what kind?"

"Why, gold, of course."

"Give it to me," said the big man. He quietly took it and

"We're getting right warm," said the Sheriff

waited while the clown reluctantly released the gold chain from its button-hole attachment.

"Your turn," said the Sheriff to me.

"Good," I said, and put a finger on a button as the watch lay on the Sheriff's broad hand. The watch struck six-thirty. The crowd was still better amused, and applauded. "Now," I said, "inside is the number."

"We're getting right warm," said the Sheriff. "Now, Mr. Flour-face, what's the number?"

"Why, there isn't a man in this crowd can tell the number of his watch."

Several gentlemen in boots and wide-awakes said, "That's so."

My friendly Sheriff turned and said to me, "Your play."

I was dumb with horror. I could not recall the number. An hour before, or after, it was in my mind. Now I had mentally mislaid it. The effort, the annoyance, and the excitement made me feel slightly giddy. I managed to say, "Can't remember," and swayed against Petersen.

"Drunk, by George!" said the Sheriff. "I think I'll adjourn this court. Mr. Clown's case is bad. He doesn't own that watch. The other man knows all about what

that watch will do. But that proves nothing. Anyway, he couldn't honestly own a watch like that. Just look at him. I shall keep that watch until the rightful owner appears." He put it in his pocket.

The crowd, by this time grown large, guessed the Sheriff was about right, and there were various comments on my looks, and proposals as to what it was advisable that a town of public-spirited Samaritans should do with a drunken horse-thief.

The Sheriff cried out, "None of that! Shut up and squander, you fellows." Then he took me by the arm and passed through the crowd.

"Now," he said, as again I reeled, dizzy and faint, "you'd best get out of this and find work. We don't want drunken tramps 'round this town."

Petersen had slipped away. It was near to sunset, I was alone, my dog had left me, I was without friends, without money; defined variously as horse-thief, drunkard, policy agent, tramp—and I had burned a church. I walked on slowly, a few yards behind the great bulk of the Sheriff, asking myself what next I should do. Should I speak to him again? At this moment he pulled a handkerchief out of his pantaloons pocket and

with it came something which fell unnoticed by him on the sidewalk. A few steps brought me to it. I picked up a five-dollar note. Now, I also had the habit of carrying notes in this careless way, and more than once had lost them just as he had done. It was a case for doubt. Absolute honesty presented a claim to be heard. Hunger in several varieties said, "Get a dinner, a cigar, a good mug of beer, a clean bed, and wire everybody, and then, later, return the loan." Honesty and her twin sister, Accuracy, said, "Kindly define a loan."

I resolved to obey the habits of a life and return the note. I was a

moment late; a man caught me by the arm and called the Sheriff. He turned and came back. The man said, "Didn't you drop somethin', Sheriff? I was crossing the street and saw it. This chap's got it."

The Sheriff remembered, felt in his pocket, and missed the note. I was, meanwhile, offering it and explaining. The big man said, "Well, you're a trifle behind time."

I protested in vain. Neither man believed me, and I was thankful to be let off with additional advice in very distinct and picturesque variations upon the normal tongue of my country.

I turned about and went again out into the farm-lands in search of my Hay-Field Inn. I was hungry, and so weak that I was glad to rest once more at dusk on the still ungathered and damp hay. Too weary to go a half-mile to beg milk of the wife of my partner in calamity, I lay in the deepening gloom and considered my moral frailty. I felt that with continuity of hunger I should succumb before repeated temptation, and while weighing this matter I fell asleep.

I awakened at dawn and, despite keen hunger, felt better. A little later I set out to find Petersen at the farm-house a field away. I lin-

gered about, and it was after six when I met him.

I said, "For Heaven's sake get me something to eat. I am half-starved."

He said, "You wait."

He came back with two cold pork chops and some stale bread. I fell upon these viands with eagerness.

Thus refreshed, I said, "How did you get this? Who gave them to you?"

"Gave? Oh, that woman don't give; I took them."

"Oh." I made no moral reflections upon this method of feeding the poor.

Petersen looked on with satisfaction. At last he said, "You can't go on this way. How's your hand?"

"Bad."

"Let me fix that bandage." As he replaced it he added, "And your head; how's that?"

"Better,—much better."

"Sit down. Let's smoke."

We sat and talked. When I gave him tobacco he said I must have been extravagant. I admitted that.

My object now was to talk my comrade into a mood either of generosity or recklessness. I retold my whole story, and as I went on he listened with now and then a not

unkindly comment. At last he stood up, and, looking down on me as I sat, said, "You're a-leadin' up to somethin'. What is it?"

I thought it shrewd, and said, "I want you to go into a speculation."

"Well?"

"Lend me ten dollars." Petersen considered me curiously for quite a minute in absolute silence.

"Well, now, that's queer; you're a bit changed since that day you wouldn't help me. I didn't mind it so much. I saw that drunken driver had got you riled. I got work here at the farm. The boss knows my people. It's a fine farm.

I've quit knockin' about. As to helpin' any darn nonsense like you're a-sayin', I can't if I wanted to. I've got two dollars and I'm owed four; that's six, and that's all."

"Would your boss advance wages?"

"He might."

I hardly know to-day how I won that man. Certainly I talked my best. At last he said, "It's right confusin' and it's a big gamble. You're no tramp. You say you're rich. I've been poor enough to believe anything. The poorer you are the more you believe. The richer you are the more you don't believe. You wait here."

He was gone an hour. On his return he threw a ten-dollar note in my lap. I said, "Thank you, my good fellow. You have builded better than you knew."

"Don't know as I understand you. If you mean it's a big gamble, that's so. I kind of believe you, and I sort of don't. Anyhow, it's done, and I ain't goin' back on it."

How he arranged matters with his employer I forgot to ask. I was in haste to see what I could do with my borrowed capital. I had gone a few yards when he called out,—

"Halloa, there!" I turned. "Look here, Mister, I'm a-trustin' you.

Don't you forget, if you're swindlin', that it's my Minny you're robbin', and Becky too, and *Becky*."

I laughed. "You never did as good a day's work as this."

"May be," said he, and then shouldered his hoe and went on to his work. I wondered at the man's faith; or was it a wild form of charity? or, as he said, a gamble?

In the town I found a clothes dealer, and after much bargaining came out in an ill-fitting tweed suit with my old rags in a bundle. I meant to keep them. My shoes were good; my headgear hopeless. I had now one dollar and nine cents. I got breakfast for a quarter of a

dollar, and had eighty-four cents left. With this I walked bravely into a barber's shop. I was studying in a mirror my face with its unshorn stubble and red scars, when behind me I heard the Sheriff say, "Halloa, you here yet?"

I had acquired courage with clean clothes. "Mr. Sheriff," I said, "if you will wait until I am shaved I will tell you the number of my watch and some other things."

The Sheriff could wait; he took a paper and sat down. When I was shaved clean, my hair cut, and my face washed, I said, "May I have a word with you?"

The Sheriff looked me over.

"Why did you want me to wait until you were shaved?"

"Because you will believe me the better the less I look like a tramp."

"That's so; does make a difference. Suppose you come along with me."

I went with him. He said no more until we came to a comfortable wooden house. "Come in." I followed him. "Now," he added, "you set down." He left me, saying, "Be back in a minute."

I wandered around the room, and, looking out of an open window, was seen by my dog—tramp. He barked out a joyous recognition

and sat down to wait for me. For the moment I felt emotionally disturbed by this poor beast's recognition and his evident reliance on my human help. Then I called to him and turned to consider my surroundings.

I reflected as I took a seat that chairs are luxuries. I can still see the flowery ingrain carpet, the centre-table with four books placed symmetrically, the glass-covered artificial fruit, the sparrow-grass greenery in the chimney-place, the half-dozen rocking-chairs. When I looked up and on the wall recognized the death-bed of Daniel Webster I knew whence the big Sheriff

came. He returned with a wholesome dame of large person, her face aglow with kindly curiosity under a mass of rather rebellious white hair.

"Now, I'm right glad to see you. I told Joe those circus men robbed you. I always said so. When they were here last summer they stole Jeremiah. Men that would steal a tortoise-shell cat blind of one eye would do most anything."

The true Samaria was in-doors. A mongrel dog, two women, and an alien tramp had been kind to me.

The Sheriff broke into her rush of talk. "Set down, wife. We've

got to hear what Mr.—— What's your name?"

"Woodburn," said I.

"We've got to hear Mr. Woodburn."

"The watch is No. 2359," said I.

"That's so," said the Sheriff. "But how came you to disremember it?"

"Why, Joe," said the wife, "that's real silly of you. Why, I forgot just now to say Jeremiah had six toes on his left hind foot and a mole on his lip. Why, you just scared the man so he couldn't remember. Sheriff used to scare me, Mr. Woodburn, just a little."

"Boot's on the other leg nowa-

days," remarked the Sheriff. "Fact is, I just brought you away to hear about that watch. You see it does look queer all round, but sure as I live those circus fellows are up a tree."

"Fellows that would steal a tortoise-shell cat would——"

"Hush, dear," said the Sheriff, "this gentleman's got the floor."

Thus encouraged, I told very quietly the story of my journey, of my arrival in New Samaria, and of all I was able to remember of my later haps and mishaps. At the close I said, "If you will wire to St. Louis in my name to Mr. George Garvin, president of the

Third National Bank, to reply at once, and that I have been slightly hurt and need him here, you will get an answer at once and the man next day. Tell him not to alarm my people."

"I guess that musical watch is yours," said the Sheriff. "You talk to the missus. I'll go and wire your man."

Left alone with the Sheriff's wife I said to her that the dog outside had been one of the few friends I had made, might I ask her to feed him. She was at once all hospitality, and my tramp was let into the kitchen and fed to his content.

We had an answer within five

hours. Until my friend came I enjoyed the hospitality of the Sheriff, but did not leave the house. I was shy of New Samaria. When on Wednesday morning came Mr. Garvin, it was really difficult to persuade him that I had been a tramp, a beggar, and suspected of being a gambler and horse-thief.

"Why, Woodburn," he said, "give a dog a bad name and he will starve."

"No," I said, "give a man a dirty suit of clothes and his character is gone."

When I related my temptations and how I had committed arson, he was delightedly amused.

"My dear Woodburn," he said, "with some small exceptions, you have pretty well illustrated the decalogue."

I said that I had.

My financial affairs were soon set upon a firm basis, and the Sheriff undertook to arrange for me some other matters of which I shall say a word later.

Mr. Garvin was well known as a correspondent of the New Samaria Bank. He dropped in with the Sheriff and mentioned that a friend of his, whom the Sheriff would identify, might present a large draft for deposit,—some ten or fifteen thousand. The gentleman owned

the mines and needed money to arrange his affairs.

Of course, all was now clear enough. On Thursday I left the Sheriff and Mrs. Sheriff. They promised to keep secret the end of my adventures and to care for the dog. I was too uncomfortable to tempt the talent of local tailors, and went away to St. Louis to refresh the inner and clothe the outer man. I was not done with New Samaria. Indeed, who, in my condition, could have stood out against such inviting opportunities for requital?

About August 20 a neatly dressed gentleman arrived at the hotel in

New Samaria with his baggage in good order. He—that is, I—was quite sure that no one would see in him the tramp who had cost the town so dear. The time which lay between my two arrivals had taught me many things which, but for my accident, I might never have known. I do not regret it. Clothes elevate or morally lower. I was myself once more, and better than my former self.

The landlord was very civil when I said that I wanted to be driven to the mines. He recalled ruefully that drunken horse-thief who had fooled him and ruined his best horse. However, he would him-

self drive me. On the way I heard all about myself. It was not flattering.

"Why, sir, I had hardly set eyes on that man before I reckoned that he wasn't all right, but he had a sort of high way of talking as if he was somebody. It kind of took me in. I never guessed he was tight. That horse was the quietest beast. Well, he cost me about four hundred dollars—darn him!"

I said it was hard.

The mine business was simple. There had been loose management and some fraud.

The next day I went to the bank. There was the bald man, his scalp

still in motion, the two quill pens over his ears moving. The Sheriff was with me, but at my request he loitered outside.

I said, "Mr. Baldwin, here is a draft for fifteen thousand dollars, which I desire to deposit and against which I shall draw."

The bald man said, "Grayshuss! it's Mr. Garvin's bank! I don't know. Who identifies you?"

I called the Sheriff, who reassured the cashier. I asked about the clerk whose leg I had incidentally broken. The bald man said he was—I think he said—a socker at figures, and confessed to his own total inadequacy as to making things

balance in the last week. However, he gave me a check-book, and I returned to the Sheriff's and put on the torn livery of my tramp-life to the joy of my host, who so much desired to see the end of my comedy that I had to slip out the back way to escape his company.

I was surprised to find what a sense of freedom I reacquired with my ragged costume. I went along gayly, reflecting on what moral changes total absence of garments would bring to a man in a climate warm enough to make their absence agreeable. My tramp-life had not left me without other matters for personal reflection. As I said be-

fore, I had never had a reasonable want unsupplied. Indeed, I had been very far from a self-made man. My week of experimental autofacture had been a rather humbling proof of my incapacity; but, as every fellow is charitable concerning himself, I found excuses for my failure in my physical state, and, alas! in my rags and beard.

At this moment, being well out of town, I saw my former comrade, Petersen, leaning idly against a snake fence, his rake beside him, his pipe in his mouth. He was wiping the sweat from his forehead with his shirt-sleeve.

"Halloa!" said I. "Hot?"

"Halloa! Where in thunder have you been? Guess the Sheriff took you up for lyin' about that watch. I suppose my money's drawin' interest?"

"It is." He grinned.

"Never expected to see you again."

"Well, here I am, and my watch too." I pulled it out as I spoke.

"Gosh! Got it? You done it well that time."

"No, it is mine. I say, old man, why don't you settle down and work for yourself?"

"Why don't you?"

"I am thinking of it. Suppose

we buy that farm and work it, you and I?"

"You and me? When I see that farm I'll answer. But darned if you ain't a queer chap! What are you up to, anyway? Did my ten dollars buy that farm?"

"Would you work?"

"Would I? You try me."

"Well, to-morrow at twelve o'clock you are to go to the bank. You will find the Sheriff. Ask if he has that farm around anywhere. He'll be in the bank at noon. Now, don't stay away. I told you a tale once; you half-believed it. At least you did not call me a liar. Do as I say."

"I'll do it; but it's like a real theatre play. A farm! and my Minny! It makes a fellow sweat. I don't know what you're up to, but if you're a mind to fool me——"

"Well, you will go?"

"Oh, I'll go sure enough. But mind, if——"

I went down the road enjoying my comedy. The front door of the cottage was still open, but seeing Mr. Sedgeley in a hammock under the trees I went boldly forward. The little woman, very pretty and looking girlishly young in a white gown, was reading aloud—the "Pathfinder," I think. I said, "Good-afternoon, Ma'am." The

man got up on his elbow and said things about tramps. I listened, comfortably conscious of his disability. Seeing that I made no reply, he came to an end. Upon this I said, "You ought not to talk in that way to any one; and, really, the wealth of opprobrious language on tap in New Samaria is rather surprising." As my man of the red head and broken leg began anew, his wife said, "Do be quiet, Tom," and to me, "What do you want?"

"Ten minutes' talk, Mrs. Sedgeley."

"Well, what is it?"

"You made some time ago an

investment of one dollar and twenty-five cents."

"I hope it will prove profitable."

"Don't forget, too, the pitcher of milk and a half-loaf. I should like a bill, an account, if you please."

"What nonsense! You have made Tom very cross, and I know it is bad for his leg. I have no more money for you and no milk, and I do not fancy such jokes."

"I have made out an account myself. If you will call at the bank at twelve-fifteen to-morrow, and ask for a letter for you——"

"What on earth does all this mean?" roared the husband. "Is

this fellow cracked? Get out of this, or—oh, darn that splint!"

"Will you go to the bank?" I said, quietly.

"No!" roared Tom, "she won't."

"Yes," said Madam, "at twelve-fifteen I shall be there. Why, Tom, what can be the harm?"

"Good-by," said I, assured that nothing would keep that woman from doing what I had asked her to do.

At twelve next day the Sheriff and I sat waiting in the small room at the back of the bank office. I was now again in my decent clothes and clean shaven. I heard the bald man tell Thad. Petersen to find the

Sheriff right in there. I sat still at a table writing. The Sheriff, hugely pleased with the play, said, "Your name's Petersen?"

"Yes, that's my name."

"A gentleman, a friend of this man here," indicating my back, "has given you a farm."

Petersen looked at him with big blue eyes of steadfast doubt, and gently shook his head in negation. He said no words.

"There's the deed."

Petersen, anxious and flushed, took the deed of gift. He glanced at the Sheriff and then down at the paper, hesitating as he slowly opened it and spread it on the table. I

kept a side watch, as yet unrecognized.

"What's all this?" said Petersen. "'For the sum of ten dollars and other valuable considerations,' etc., 'the party of the first part grants and conveys,' etc., etc." He looked up. "But it's my boss's farm, one hundred and sixty acres. It can't be; it's impossible."

"Yes, it's all right," said the Sheriff.

"And he'll move out?"

"He will."

"And I'll move in?"

"You can."

Petersen said, "'Scuse me, Mr. Sheriff, it's weakenin'." He sat

down and fell into intent study of my deed of gift. We were silent. At last he looked up and said, "Look here; it ain't no joke?"

"No," said I, turning. "Don't you know me, Petersen?" You helped a starving man, whom no one else believed. You were a real Samaritan."

"I did, by George! and you're the man, and it was true what you said."

Petersen caught my hand and said, "Lord! to think of it! Minny and me and sister Becky!" —his voice broke—"and Minny!"

I said, "That will do. It's all right."

If it gave him the pleasure it gave me, he was well repaid. He rose, saying, "You won't go till I see you again. I've got to wire Rebecca,"—he went out,—"can't wait."

The Sheriff said, "That's worth the price of admission, Mr. Woodburn. Oh, here is Mrs. Sedgeley. How do you do. How's Tom? This gentleman wants to see you."

The little woman said, "Good-morning, sir," and looked at me, puzzled.

I said, "Mrs. Sedgeley, a little while ago, a week or so, you made an investment. Here is a statement of the transaction. A tramp asked

for food and money. You gave both. It seems to be unusual in Samaria. Here is the account. I am in your debt as follows:

'GEORGE WOODBURN

TO MRS. SEDGELEY, DR.

To one mug of milk,
To one slice of bread,
To one pitcher of milk,
To one loaf of bread,
To one dollar and twenty-five cents,'

which were all put out at a good interest. There has been a considerable rise in values."

"What *does* this mean, Mr. Sheriff?" said the bewildered woman.

"You'll soon see," said the Sheriff, and I went on:

"There is the product of your investment. Mind, this is yours, not Tom's."

She looked at my check. "Why, it's five thousand dollars, sir. Is it for me?—mine? Not for Tom—for me—for me."

"Yes," I said. "And you may ask Tom if he will go out and run that coal-mine for me."

She looked at me and exclaiming, "Oh my!" sat down and cried, sobbing out, "and we were in debt too, and—and—— It can't be true. We never had any luck since my baby died. It can't be true."

"Why, it's five thousand dollars"

"You can have the money now," said the Sheriff, "right here, and it is as true as your own kind heart."

I said, "Now go, and tell Tom not to swear at me when I call this afternoon."

Next I went alone to the dirty little building known as the Town Hospital of New Samaria, a part of the poorhouse. I found the doctor in a disorderly little office talking to my friendly nurse.

I said, "I have called to say a word or two."

"Would I sit down?"

"No. Doctor, I am the gentleman who was cared for here after an accident on July 4. I was

robbed by the circus people and left helpless on your hands without a penny."

The woman smiled and the doctor said, "Is that so? Well, now!"

"Yes; I am a New York banker, as I then said. You can find out about me from the Sheriff if you are still in doubt."

The doctor hesitated a moment and then returned: "I suppose you are going to say I might have believed you. I didn't, and I should just like to ask you if I had begged of you anywhere, and told you such a yarn, and looked like such a tramp,—now, sir, in justice to my-

self, I'd just like to know, would you have believed a word I spoke?"

"Upon my word," said I, remembering the many vain appeals to me in past years. "I do not think I should. However, the nurse did."

"No, not quite," said she.

"Yes, a little," said I.

. "But she's a woman," said the doctor.

"Thank God for that, and for her. I was taken good care of, and we won't quarrel over the rest. My case was well managed, too. Send me your account to the hotel. I will pay it. And don't make it small. I am really grateful for what you did. As to what you said, it

did no harm. By the way, Miss Jane, you lent me fifty cents."

"Oh, no; I gave it to you."

"I am fortunately able to return it with interest, and let me add that if ever you need a friend I shall be at your service."

She took the envelope, looked embarrassed and curious, and slowly tore it open. "Oh, I can't. Now, Will, I can't, can I? Why, it's a thousand dollars!"

"No," said the doctor decisively, "you did not earn it."

"What the deuce have you to do with it?" said I.

"Well, we are to be married next week."

"Of course," said I, "I ought to have made it clearer. It is a wedding-present."

"That makes all the difference in the world," said the lady. "I thank you, oh, ever so much, and it will make things so easy, Will."

I escaped, a little overcome by the comfort and joy I had given. I left her seated, and unequal to further expression of her thanks beyond "Oh, oh, sir!" The women of Samaria seemed to be much given to tears.

I settled with the landlord for the horse and wagon, and promised to forget his hasty temper. The town

has now a neat little cottage hospital and the Sheriff a gold repeater. My wife says it has all been fatal to my character, because now I believe every tramp and feed every beggar who wanders to the door of our country home.

I did hesitate a little about the church. Finally, however, I sent a confession and a large check to the parson, with a meerschaum pipe and a request to be allowed to keep the briarwood I had stolen. When this became known several Western editors desired me to come and burn down their old churches, and finally threw doubt on the whole incident. Others said I had set fire to the

church and paid for it afterwards in order to advertise my firm.

I brought home with me that Samaritan dog which crossed the street to contribute the charity of acquaintance. He is free to do as he likes, but he will go no whither with any one but me. He is known as Tramp, and is a dog of picaresque habits. At times he is absent for a week, and may come home lean and scarred, or plump and lazy.

For a year Tramp was the instant friend of every ragged scamp who appealed at my door for aid, but by degrees association with the educated class entirely altered his views,

and of late it is impossible for a beggar to come near our gates, because of Tramp's acquired dislike to the ill-clothed or to the human members of a class to which he once belonged.

THE SUMMER OF ST. MARTIN

THE SUMMER OF ST. MARTIN

It was near to twilight, the windless evening of one of those dreamy days of mid-November when nature, never at rest, seems to pause amid the hazy atmosphere of the Indian summer.

From a wood which crowned the hill-top the land fell away in gracious curves set with the yellowing sheaves of corn to distant meadows, beyond which a great river moved onward with no

haste to the sea. A late autumn still left the forest as glorious as a storm-born sunset, with the red and gold of the sassafras, oak, and maple set against a background of the dark cones of spruce and pine.

On the edge of the wood a man whose years accorded with the autumnal season sat on a rustic bench and watched the smoke from his pipe rise in blue spirals through the motionless air, or now and then followed the sauntering movement of a leaf as, rocking to and fro, it descended in what seemed a leisurely way until it lay with its fellows on the all-reclaiming earth.

There was some note of expecta-

tion in the silence of the hour, a sense of restful reprieve in the warmth of the November day. The man, who sat bareheaded, was quite at one with the mood of the time and with the serenity of this pause in the decay of what the bounty of the summer had given.

He was quietly reflecting on what his life of dutiful service in war and peace had been to his country. He had the power—so often lost in age—of imaginative visual recall, and looking downward over the boulders on the upper slope, he saw for a moment the mad fury of the fight on Little Round Top and the anguish of the burning

woods in the Wilderness. As his after service in foreign courts passed through his mind, some remembered incident brought a smile to the sternness of a face ever ready with the signal of humorous appreciation. Then, as he struck his pipe on the bench to knock out the glowing ashes, he lived again in the distant year of sorrow which had left him with a certain courteous tenderness for women, young and old. It had seemed at times near enough to something yet more tender to excite hopes, which were but the shadows cast by his memories of the long-lost light of love.

Thus wandering in thought

through the scenes of a life of adventure and historic interest, he stretched himself and then sat more erect, conscious of still feeling competence of mind and strength of body. He was, in fact, in one of those rare periods which come to an old age of vigor, when, during the slow failure of the body, there seems to be a return of youthful energy, and for a time the man feels himself to be once more in the genial summer of productive life.

He smiled as his fancy recognized in nature's pause a symbol of his sense of brief arrest in the inevitable coming of life's wintry days.

He looked up and around him,

taking note of how much was left of the splendor of autumnal color.

As he turned he saw near by a woman of some twenty years, leaning against an oak and steadily regarding him.

"Well," he said, "Helen, how long have you been playing the spy?"

"Oh, about ten minutes."

"And may I ask, my dear, the result of your observations?"

She laughed gayly, still keeping her place.

"With all my heart, but I shall make you blush."

"At my age! Seventy years loses

one that art, if art it be. I am hardened—go on."

"I was thinking how handsome you are."

"Well, let that pass; what else?"

"And what a kind face you have and yet how stern."

"I remain undisturbed, and should, I presume, be flattered. What more?"

"You have that look which comes to men, to some men, who have often been in peril of sudden death. That is my father's wisdom; I borrowed it because to-day I see it. I like it, too."

"I think we may rest there, my

child; come and sit by me. We have an hour before dinner."

As she sat down he said, pleasantly,—

"If you are through with me and my looks, it may now be my turn."

"Oh, but I was not quite through. I tried to imagine what you were thinking of."

"Now that is quite another matter. Still I am amiably disposed. There ought to be female confessors for my sex. I cannot conceive of myself as opening my heart to a man. But you may hear terrible things."

"I am not afraid. It is be-

coming very, very interesting. Do go on."

"I was thinking that I felt to-day as I did at thirty—as if time had mercifully dropped me for a season; after a while he will come back for me in a worse humor. There comes to us, to the old, now and then, this summer of St. Martin."

In a low, gentle voice, as if reflecting, she repeated what he had said:

"The 'summer of St. Martin.' I like that."

"I shall be for it the better company. It is my turn now. The soft whiteness of that gown is most becoming. As you stood, your

hair—do you see the buckwheat stubble below us, red and gold? I did not have to go far for a comparison. When the leaves were drifting down around you, you seemed to me like the glad young spring in wide-eyed wonder at the failing year."

The girl stood up and courtesied. "When I am an old, old lady, and my hair is gray, I shall say to—to some one, 'When I was young, General Westwood said—' and then they will say, 'What! the great soldier?'"

"Or more likely, my dear, 'Who the deuce was he?'"

"Oh, no, no; and I shall say,

'Yes; he was my father's friend, and he was the handsomest man of his time, and really there are no men like him nowadays.' It will be thenadays." And upon this she sat down, adding: "And really, if, sir, you had the honor to know General Westwood as I do, and could hear my father talk about him, you would wonder whether any of the young men I know will ever come to the stature of men like him."

"Upon my word," he said, laughing merrily, "you make me wish I too were young once more. But you might then have the same doubt you seem to have concerning all

those youngsters I saw about you last night. Are there any of them who——?"

"No, not one."

"Well, you have been confessing me, and now it is my turn. You have had lovers, my lady?"

"I? Of course, yes, after a fashion. I have my own idea as to what a lover should be. He is still in fairy-land."

"Perhaps you will sketch for me that ideal gentleman. I promise the secrecy of the confessional."

"Then I answer: He is to be what you must have been at twenty-five."

"And how, my fair Helen, can

you know what I was or how I might have made love?"

She evaded a too difficult question, saying, "I think you could do it yet. Tell me how a man like you at twenty-five went about trying to make a woman care for him."

"Does no experience as yet tell you?"

"No, or only how it should not be done."

"Ah, well, if I were twenty-five and you twenty I might instruct that sweet innocence in whose ignorant inexperience I only half believe."

"And what would you say—oh, really?"

He laughed as he answered her: "Can you imagine me at twenty-five and in love, let us say, with Miss Helen Walden?"

"Yes, easily. I am already interested. We met—where was it we met? But just now I must sit a little farther away." And laughing gayly, she moved to the far end of the bench, adding, "There must have been a beginning."

Much delighted, the general replied, "We have no time to lose. Suppose we begin in the middle of it."

"Or near the end. We must talk in a background, a scene."

"Why not choose your place? Miss Walden, your lover waits."

"What a charming comedy! It must be on the porch at Cousin Harry's. There is a full moon on the water, and the time is June, at Newport. Oh, this is too delightful! We are there, walking up and down on the porch, and you are Captain Westwood, and you said to me——"

"No, I am saying; present tense, Miss Helen; we must lose our identity with the future."

She was quick to accept the challenge. "I will begin: 'Yes, Captain Westwood, I have known

you long enough to say that, but more I cannot say.' "

"To say what?"

"Bless me, general! You are Captain Westwood, you must know."

"Pardon me. I forgot my part, and there is no prompter in a love-play. Now, as the captain, I say, 'You confess, Miss Walden, that you are enough interested to give me hope that before I return to the front I may carry away with me some assurance that at some time——' "

"No, I cannot say that. I said nothing like that. If ever I love a man I shall surprise him. I shall love as some people hate. I shall

be very careful, because once netted I shall never get out. I shall want to be sure. I am far from that."

"Do not you think, Miss Helen, that with what you know of me you could trust me?"

"I cannot trust myself. I am afraid. If ever I were to care for you or for any man, and, far away in the years, he should prove to be other than my ideal, I—I—should —oh, I do not know what I should do."

"Do not you think that to possess your love would in itself insure that a man—oh, Miss Helen, to look forward to the sweet possession of your love, to move with you

through life, might make an angel of a worse man than I. You have known me a month. Can you ever know me better? There is war and its chances. In a year I may return, or I never may return."

"I wish you would not say that kind of thing, Captain Westwood. It is—it is not fair. And I do not see why you should care for me."

"Because you are a beautiful woman, because the gold of your hair is as golden as the golden wheat, because you have violet eyes, because you are as good as you are beautiful, and true and noble in your aims and thoughts."

"I never heard such nonsense."

"Then no man with a heart and a head has ever loved you."

"You would be sorely disappointed."

"I dare a little to think, to believe, that you care for me more than seems to you possible."

"You are mistaken, and you have no right to any such belief merely because I have been so foolish as to say I liked you. I shall be more careful."

"Yes, I remember when you said it, and you gave me a wild-rose bud."

"Yes, and you wished it were a full-blown rose; I thought you very, very impertinent."

"But you knew what I meant, and ever since I have wanted that rose—the rose of your perfect love. It was only the sweet insolence of love and longing."

"Once for all, Captain Westwood, this must stop. Do men never take 'No' for a woman's answer? I should think your own self-respect would teach you that I have said enough."

"Pardon me. Men like me never feel that failure is possible. I love you the more because you are hard to win. Even a forlorn hope does still mean hope."

She laughed. "But is in the end apt to be forlorn."

"Nowadays, dear enemy, we call them storming parties."

"Oh, indeed!"

"I wish I could see your face. I should read my chances better. Are you pale, or red like yonder rosy pearl, the moon above the sea? What more can I say to you except again and again that I love you, and that to-morrow I go to Virginia? Have you no kinder word for me? Love has no argument save love—love—love."

Half self-recalled by the intensity with which the actor put his question, she turned in the dusking twilight and saw the strength of his profile and the long gray moustache.

He, too, was still in the part; playing it with a certain zest in its novelty, and accepting her silence as a clever contribution to their game.

"Am I to have no answer?"

"No, not now; perhaps—oh, I wish you would go. No other man has ever said such things to me. They are not true, they cannot be. I am like other girls: I am far, very far from perfect."

"Yes, I admit that you lack one thing yet—Helen Walden, you do not love me."

"No; that, at least, is true."

"But you will. You must."

"Mr. Westwood!"

"Yes, Helen—ah, the fatal name! After to-night I shall be away in perilous night rides, in battle where death is in the air, and, amid a host, lonely. You will think of me sometimes at this evening hour, and perhaps your own heart will be eloquent for me, and sometimes, when those accursed papers at morning give the long list of the dead and the maimed, you——"

He paused as the girl rose to her feet, admirably seizing the chance he gave. For a moment he was back again in the present, self-surprised at the stress and passion of what was half sad remembrance and half an almost too easy art.

"You are unkind and cruel. I have many friends in the army. You are only one."

"I am only one, but that one loves you."

Helen laughed. "Upon my word, general, you are admirable. But you have made it hard for that impossible he."

The general smiled as he said, "Act number one. Your mother calls. The curtain falls. You leave me. Shall we go on?"

"Oh, yes, yes. It is charmingly real."

"And may be made useful, my dear. Well, then, a year goes by, a year and more."

"And we meet here," she said, "just here at this very hour, only I am seated and you come through the wood. It is dusk, just as it is now."

The general rose as she sat down. He stood before her in the failing light, erect and tall. "I have been looking for you everywhere."

"Indeed? When did you come?"

"An hour ago. May I lie down on the grass? I am tired."

He threw his short blue horseman's cloak on the grass and dropped upon it at her feet.

"Stage direction, Helen."

"I understand," she said. "It is great fun. Do go on."

"No; it is your turn."

"You have been wounded and ill. I hope you are better."

"The wound was of no moment; a too intimate reb got in on my guard—a saber-cut. For the rest, it was swamp fever. But I am not here to talk of myself. I go back to-morrow."

"Are you fit for service?"

"I hope to be; but, whether or not, I go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow! So soon!"

"Yes, I go back to-morrow."

"How the leaves are falling!"

"You never answered one of my letters, Miss Helen."

"No. Yes; I did twice."

"I never got them."

"No; I burned them."

"You were unkind."

"No; I was kind. I did not want to hurt you, and last year you had my answer."

"Answer! I had no answer. I am here again for another kind of answer. Has time still been unkind, Helen?"

Here he sat up, and resting an elbow on the bench, with his hand supporting his head, looking up at her, as she said, "Isn't it rather chilly, Captain Westwood? The dew is falling. Is it prudent? You have been ill."

"The good doctor, Love, will

care for me. And ah, Helen, I have but one thing to say: I love you. Through life to death I shall love you. Wounds and sickness are little things. This is a sadder illness, to love and not be loved in turn."

"Oh, there are so many things. And I——"

"Yes, I know; I know you mean that you do not know me well, that you cannot trust your life to a man of whom you have seen so little. You are reasoning. I cannot blame you. But, Helen, I want you to feel, not to reason: that is the too wise foe of love."

"And have you no reason—I mean to——"

"To love you? Yes, a man's reason, a bird's reason; all love's folly and all love's wisdom are in the business. You say nothing. Is there no rose of love hidden in the darkness of your silence, no answering love-song, when I am like the poor bird that has no song but that of love? I imagined, as I came through the wood and the twilight grew, flooding the ways at my feet with shadows, that I should all in a moment see the light of welcome on your face."

"Oh, but I *am* glad to see you."

"Be gladder still—no, I will have that hand. How soft it is, how tender!"

"I must go; it is late. I beg of you."

"No; it is a sweet prisoner. Ah, little rebel hand!"

"You are so strong—be merciful."

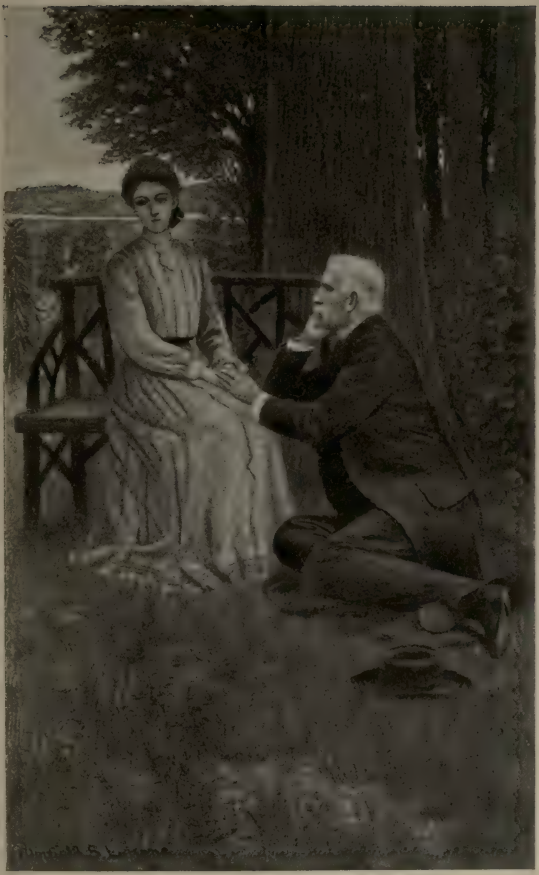
"I cannot. Why will you not—ah!"

He let her hand fall.

"Pardon me, Helen; I am faint. This has been too much for me. I have been foolish. I might have known." He slipped down on the grass at her feet. "I shall be all right in a moment."

She knelt beside him. "Are you ill? Oh, what shall I do?"

"There is one remedy—a little,



"You are so strong—be merciful"

little love, that is all. There—that is better." He kissed her hand. "Oh, this is heaven. Then you do love me?"

"Yes, a little. Just one leaf of that rose."

"Oh, my saucy rose."

The general stood up, laughing. The girl laughed, also, a strange laughter, incomplete, a little embarrassed.

"We did it well, general; I am spoiled for all other lovers. Was that the way you used to do it? The way you did it once——"

"Hush, my dear Helen. I was young again for an hour, and memory is having its revenge."

"I forgot," said the girl. "Forgive me. I have heard mother speak of it. It was thoughtless of me. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"Ah, dear child, my world which has been so kind to me was cruel once. I have not spoken of it—of her—for years. You cannot know what I lost. All true sorrow is lonely. May you never know that solitude."

"Oh, sir, will you let me say that what she, too, lost in death—oh, the life of a perfect love—how can any world we do not know make up for that?"

"Hush, my child," he said.

"God knows why he gave and why he took. But, dear, I thank you."

She held the hand he offered, saying, quietly,—

"'I would that I could do such things for you
As women gently use to those they love:
I would my longing spirit like a dew
Could fall upon you and all cares remove
And all life's faded flowers again renew.'

You won't mind my saying it. It seems to say it all so much better than I could."

"Thank you, dear child of a dear friend; I understand."

He bent over, and, raising her hand, kissed it.

"The air is chilly. I am of a sudden reminded of my years. My summer of St. Martin is over. Let us go in and tell them how well we have amused ourselves. You are a clever little actress, Helen. Who shall relate our little comedy, you or I?"

"Neither," said the girl, and they walked on in silence, for he said only, "As you please, child."

A little air blew through the gloom of the darkened wood-ways, and the leaves fell about them, the red and the gold, in the failing light only gray flakes of drifted shadows.