

THE RETURN OF



FRANK R. STOCKTON

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RETURN OF
FRANK R. STOCKTON

“The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been, is visible and clear.”

—Longfellow—In “Haunted Houses.”



Etta de Camp.

RETURN OF FRANK R. STOCKTON

AUTHOR OF

*"The Lady or the Tiger," "Rudder Grange," "Pomona's
Travels," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks
and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.*

STORIES AND LETTERS

WHICH CANNOT FAIL TO CONVINCe THE READER THAT

FRANK R. STOCKTON

STILL LIVES AND WRITES THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY

OF

MISS ETTA DE CAMP

First Edition

1913

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“I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.”
—St. John 14: 18.

Foreword

Received automatically as explained in my statement (page 285).

Etta de Camp.

I present this work to the public trusting it will overlook any crudeness, due to the great difficulties under which it was written, and accept it as confirming my statement that man can continue his work after passing out of the material body, providing he finds one yet in earth-life, as I have, through whose patience and sympathetic vibrations it is possible to write and present to the world proof of continued existence.

Frank R. Stockton.

My dear Madam:

I want this (the above) letter as a preface to my book. It will also give you credit for the work you have done, for I am anxious that the world should appreciate your part in this demonstration.

Frank R. Stockton.

Preface to the First Three Stories

January 27th, 1912.

My dear Madam:

We must work with all possible speed on my stories as I have to give way soon to the others who are to follow me. They feel I have written enough to make myself known to the public and so wish me to retire and give them a chance.

If you want a few good short stories before I go I will give them to you and go over any of the old ones you wish to keep. The first were intended merely for exercises, training you to receive the others, and were really given to you as practice work. The stories have all been thought out here on this plane which accounts for some difference in style, plot and location.

One on this plane can readily visit any part of the world he wishes. This seems strange and hard to believe, yet it is true. I now know the London fog as well as I do the worst features of New York climate in its extreme changeableness. My association with many English writers, whom I have met in this life, has taken me to London

most of my time, and that accounts for the difference in style and the English atmosphere of the stories which were thought out under those conditions.

My "Pirates Three" are New England boys, for that story I had in mind before the great change overtook me, and stopped my work for a while, it naturally is typical of my old stories. You see, my dear Madam, while we do not change our personality here, we can change our environment. There is now no reason why I cannot spend as much time in England as in America. But it was necessary for me to get back to my old haunts to do my writing in order to prove my identity, which would have been impossible for me to do while in London, just as it will be necessary for the English writers to return to and write in their own environment, as I informed you before, and which may be the reason for your going later to England. Their work could be done here but they would not do as well as in their own natural surroundings.

We have taken up much of our time with this talk, but I feel it is necessary to make the explanation as a preface to the short stories with the English atmosphere.

Frank R. Stockton.

FIVE LITTLE MAIDS FROM AFAR



Five Little Maids From Afar

I am a bachelor, living quietly in modest rooms, where I am well taken care of by my landlady, Mrs. Weed. Not caring for the gay life of the city, I am always home early, except one night in the week, when I go to my club to meet a few friends and play a game of chess. I am very fond of the game, and to find a player who can beat me is not very easy, for I am one of the best players in London. As I am slow and methodical, chess harmonizes with my temperament much better than cards.

At the club one evening, after a quiet smoke, I was looking about for a congenial foeman. I had dined well and, seated in my favorite corner, I was watching the groups about me. None of my old friends had turned up, and I began to fear I was not to have the pleasure of meeting a worthy antagonist, when I was slapped on the back with such force that my cigar went flying. As I jumped to my feet I was greeted with:

“Hello, old chap! Come out of your dreams and let me look at you. I am delighted to see you and glad to be back on this little green isle again.

The smoke and fog seem good to one who has been so long away. How are you, old boy? Still winning your games, with no one to beat you?"

This volley was fired while I was getting to my feet and wringing the hand of the one man I least expected to see—Will Stanard. The last I had heard of him he had gone to a distant island for the Government and I had lost sight of him. I was overjoyed at meeting him again, and I gave up all thought of my game for that night. He seated himself beside me, the waiter brought Scotch, and we proceeded to celebrate Stanard's safe return to London and civilization. He told me of his life on the island of Merango, where he had gone for the Government to examine deposits of valuable minerals. It was important that he buy up these properties as quickly as possible or the Americans might jump in ahead of him. He had dealt with strange tribes for many years and knew how to handle them—so the Americans got left, as they sometimes do.

Stanard quickly won his way to the hearts of the Merangoans by presenting the latest style of a Picadilly high hat to the King and the most elaborate French parasols to His Majesty's favorite wives. The King was grateful, and the wives were so overjoyed with the gifts that it took all the diplomacy Stanard possessed to prevent them from transferring

their affections to him—the “Big White God,” as they called him. As he well knew, it would have been death to him if he had allowed himself to accept their favors without the King’s permission. So he set up a roof-tree of his own and was waited on and cared for by five pretty slave girls presented to him by the King. To these he gave Japanese parasols so as not to create undue jealousy on the part of the King’s favorites.

Stanard tried to induce these maids to clothe themselves more in keeping with their parasols. So he gave them gorgeous colored silk kimonos. With their dark skin and shining eyes they looked not unlike the geisha girls of Japan. In spite of all Stanard could do they persisted in trailing along behind him wherever he went, which made him look like the leading man in “The Mikado.” However, it gave him great importance and made him rank next to the King.

Stanard was obliged to remain a year on Merango establishing the official relations with the Government, and during that time the five little maids had become strongly attached to him. When he left it was an affecting sight to see them, clad in kimonos of brilliant hue and with Japanese parasols over their heads, standing on the shore in the moonlight, sobbing as if their hearts would break. It was with

great difficulty Stanard got away and boarded the steamer. Only by promises of more parasols and the most beautiful kimonos to be found in London and Paris did he keep them from throwing themselves into the sea.

True to his promises, by return steamer Stanard sent them parasols and kimonos of the most vivid colors and costly materials. In his letter accompanying his gifts he expressed the hope that they would be happy and not cry their eyes out for the "White God" who had sailed away and left them. They had served him faithfully, and he would always remember them as children whom he had pleased through their love of gay colors.

We talked until midnight and consumed much Scotch—that is, Stanard did. My capacity I knew to be limited to four. It required frequent applications of Scotch on the part of Stanard to obliterate the memory of the five weeping maids standing on the shore when the steamer sailed.

By the time Stanard's story of adventure on the Island of Merango was finished we were the only ones remaining in the club, and the tired and sleepy attendants were putting out the lights as a signal that it was time for self-respecting people to be going home.

I helped Stanard into a cab and told the driver

the name of the hotel where he was stopping, as by this time he was reduced to speechlessness. Since I lived only a few blocks away and had consumed only four Scotches, I walked home.

I fell asleep thinking of the five little maids left sobbing on the beach, and I dreamed they stood all in a row by my bed, with outstretched hands, beseeching me to help them find their kind master. The dream was so real that I awoke with a start. I gave a sigh of relief when I realized that the hand outstretched toward me only contained a tray with my tea and toast.

One night, a few weeks after this meeting with Stanard, I had spent my usual evening at the club, devoting the entire time to my favorite game, which was especially exciting, owing to the fact that my keenest foeman had chanced in. This caused me to remain much beyond the usual hour, for I was determined not to leave without beating my opponent and keeping up my reputation.

I let myself into my lodgings quietly, not wishing to disturb the other members of the household—not only from a desire not to awaken them, but also because I did not wish that Mrs. Weed should know at what a late hour her model lodger was returning.

I was astonished to see a light under my door, for I had been particular to extinguish the gas before

leaving, knowing I would be out late and not wishing to add further to the "extras" that appeared in my weekly bills. My amazement knew no bounds when, upon entering my room, I discovered Stanard sitting in my armchair, dejectedly staring into the empty grate. When he heard me, he sprang to his feet and almost fell on my neck, exclaiming:

"They are here! For God's sake, what am I to do?"

"Who are here? What do you mean, old fellow?" I asked, for with my mind still full of the points of the game I had won, I had entirely forgotten the five little maids.

"Why, those infernal dusky maids with the kimonos I told you about. Who in the world would ever imagine they would be smart enough to find their way here? Curse the captain of the sailing vessel who brought them. What am I to do with them? Where am I to put them? They swear they will throw themselves overboard if I send them back, and what a scandal that would be—even a greater one than to have them trailing on behind me, claiming me as their master. Why was I such a fool as to have anything to do with them, anyway? I suppose it turned my head to be worshipped by them and looked upon as a god. It would turn the head of any man who was not used to it. It seemed all

right down there on the Island of Merango—there they were picturesque; here they look like freaks escaped from a museum. What in God's name am I to do with them? One weeping woman is enough for most men, but when it comes to five hanging around my neck, begging to stay with me, why, I feel like cutting my throat."

I tried to calm my excited friend who, by this time was pacing up and down in a way that was bound to awaken the household. My own wits were too scattered by his astounding news to assist him with an idea as to the best thing to be done. A confirmed bachelor like myself could not deal with one woman, much less five. Stanard was almost on the verge of suicide at his position. So I saw I must make as light of it as possible and come to his assistance at once, even if I had to adopt the whole five.

"I have it, old man! Cheer up! I will adopt your five lovely maids until you can kill them off or marry them to some one who is looking for devotion from that color. I can claim I had a sister who married a native king when she went to the Island of Merango as a missionary to convert the heathen to Christianity and clothes. She fell in love with her first convert, and the five little maids are the result. She has just died. So, naturally, they come

to London to me. What do you think of that idea?"

Stanard almost wept for joy at my offer to adopt the five maids, believing with me that it was the easiest and best way out of the difficult situation. We talked the matter over and then turned in for the few hours remaining before daylight.

After a bath and a light breakfast we called in Mrs. Weed to find out if, by a very generous offer of several pounds over anything she could possibly hope to get for her rooms, she could be induced to take in my five nieces until they could be placed in some school. I had decided that the best excuse to give for their coming here was a desire on their part to be educated in their mother's country. Thanks to Stanard's care, they had been taught a little English and some few ideas about manners and decency; so they would not disgrace me.

It was no easy task to convince Mrs. Weed that it was her duty to take these little heathen maids, and it required an offer of several more pounds before her Christian spirit was stirred sufficiently to induce her to act as missionary to the poor little orphans. An hour's hard talking finally dissipated from her mind the suspicion that I had been suddenly transformed from a quiet, home-loving bachelor to a heathenish Turk who wanted to establish a harem in her respectable house.

Fortunately Stanard had a good income from the Government and could afford to pay well for the care of the little maids. I got into a cab with him and we drove to the dock where the ship was tied up. When we got on deck Stanard was immediately surrounded by the five little maids, while I looked on with something of envy. They were very pretty and quaint-looking in the kimonos of varied hues, were most docile and quiet in their manners, as they shyly advanced to me and slipped their shapely little hands in mine at Stanard's bidding. They smiled in friendly greeting when he explained to them that I was his good friend whom they must obey. He promised we would return in the evening for them and their belongings. They clapped their hands with joy at the good news, and yet they seemed to have a doubt in their hearts when they saw us drive away.

I promised to meet Stanard at eight that night and go with him to bring the little maids to the house. We decided that their strange appearance would excite too much comment in that quiet neighborhood if we should drive up in broad daylight, and under the circumstances we desired to attract as little attention as possible.

In due time we arrived at the dock with two four-wheelers so that we could get the five picturesque

maids to the house without a crowd of London ragamuffins trailing along behind.

We had persuaded Mrs. Weed that it was her Christian duty to array herself in her best black gown and chaperone the party, since it would not do for the girls to be seen driving off alone with us. We had to show some regard for the feelings of Mrs. Grundy, who, while she could not possibly have lived on the Island of Merango, since the conditions there were too horribly shocking for a respectable dame like her, certainly did live in London.

We found the captain anxiously pacing up and down, watching for us; but when Stanard started to go aboard, the captain, with a wave of his hand, stopped him in the middle of the gang-plank and said:

“I can’t allow them fair ladies to land without a permit, sir. They came up in my charge and I am responsible for them. An officer of the Society for the Protection of Forlorn Females told me that today. I don’t know what is to be done, as I sail early to-morrow. You didn’t leave any address, so I couldn’t notify you sooner, and now everything is closed up. It is impossible to remain a day longer on your account as I have a perishable cargo which much be unloaded at my next port quickly or I shall lose it all. I have stayed here twenty-four hours

longer than I should have done, and if you had only taken them kimono ladies off at once it would have been all right, but that officer from the Society for the Protection of Forlorn Females has heard how you was trying to import five pretty girls into this country, to the injury of the morals of society, and he told me I would be arrested if I allowed them to land."

We listened to this long speech in absolute silence—I with a feeling of pity for my five little nieces. Stanard seemed overjoyed at this way out of the difficulty; but Mrs. Weed, now that she had worked herself into feeling she was doing a crowning act of glory in being missionary to these heathen brought to her door, did not want to take orders from any Society for the Protection of Forlorn Females. She protested strongly against the action of that society, and also against the captain carrying out his threat to take the little heathen maids back to the island when they had just arrived at the shores of civilization. She begged him not to put the responsibility of their remaining heathen on his conscience simply because he could not think of a way out.

All this from Mrs. Weed, whose zeal was further aroused by opposition. She had started out to be a missionary to these little heathen and she did not propose to be stopped.

Stanard and I, for various reasons, had not said a word in protest against the captain's news, for it was welcome to us; but I listened with amusement to Mrs. Weed's pleading to be allowed to take care of the five little maids. It may have been from a real desire to convert them, but when I remembered the hour's hard work it had taken to convince her of her duty, I felt it was the fear of losing the pounds we had promised her that lent fervor to her pleading. But the captain was not to be moved. If he was able to resist the tears of the five little maids, surely he could listen to Mrs. Weed and not wink an eyelash. He would not allow us to go aboard, and after bidding us a gruff farewell, disappeared below, leaving us to find our way back to the waiting cabs. We dismissed one and rolled away in the other, Mrs. Weed protesting tearfully against the ruining of her hopes as a missionary.

As we got out of the cab at the door of my lodgings, Stanard declined my invitation to come in, but detained me long enough to whisper:

"Great thing that, old boy! A few pounds well spent show brains, hey? That officer from the Society for the Protection of Forlorn Females was a great idea of mine and cost less than the conversion of five little heathen. Ha! ha!"

He drove off, leaving me staring after him in

amazement. So it had been a put-up job on the captain. I pitied him when I thought of the distress of the five little maids the next morning. I had never thought to ask, so never knew, the fairy tale told them for not being allowed to come ashore that night. Poor little disappointed maids, with your Japanese parasols and kimonos. May the "White God" soothe your hearts with many others even more gorgeous!

“Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.” “But covet earnestly the best gifts.”
—Paul, the Apostle.

A MARRIED MAN'S DECEPTION



A Married Man's Deception

My wife and I had been married quite ten years before the gods blessed us with any little Wiggs. They evidently were pleased with the reception accorded to the first for they showered them at us after that. Some times two at once were left at our door by the same messenger until a round dozen filled the table. Then the gods left us, much to my relief, for I had to work hard to fill all those hungry mouths, and poor Mary had to devote a great deal of her time attending the nest full of the gifts left by the gods, especially when they were over generous and left two at a time. But my income had increased with the years, so that we were fairly well to do, had our home in the country, and on the whole we were a happy family.

I was very seldom away from home, for I am so firmly rooted by habit and the roots are so deep that they do not pull up easily. Yet one day, when all nature seemed particularly beautiful and I was feeling depressed by the fact that I might not have so very many years left me, as I was getting on in middle life, I resolved to get away for a few days

and try and be young again. I was trying to decide where to go, when I ran into my old friend Darnton, whom I had not seen for some time.

"How are you, old chap," he shouted, "just the man I want to help me out. I am going to have some friends at my shooting lodge and want you to lend dignity to the crowd; they are all young people out for a good time. You will come, won't you, old fellow? You will not have to shoot anything but arrows at the hearts of the chaperon and the pretty girls under her care. I say, come on and enjoy yourself. For once in your life forget Mary and all the gods' blessings, single and double. You can be a rich old bachelor just home from somewhere on a visit to me. The lodge is in Scotland, far enough away not to run into anyone you know. Make your arrangements to meet the train leaving here at ten-five Wednesday morning. I will expect you, old chap. Oh! By-the-way, you must have a more aristocratic name than Wiggs for my rich friend from the end of the earth. Let's see, what shall it be. Something high sounding and pompous. What do you say to Proudfoot? That sounds well. Don't forget now, Proudfoot you are. Well, bye, bye, old man, until Wednesday."

I went to my office with my head full of Darnton's plan and spent most of the day arranging my

affairs in order to be able to get away by Wednesday, this being Saturday I had not much time.

On my way home I stopped at the haberdasher's and fitted myself out from top hat to the latest in neckties, waistcoats and gloves. I was bound to live up to my reputation of a wealthy friend from South Africa and found a sense of excitement in dressing up as the aristocratic Proudfoot, for I was beginning to enjoy the new personality I was about to assume.

I received the usual noisy welcome from my gods' blessings, who were growing up to be a credit to the name of Wiggs. But I was so absorbed in my thoughts as to how Mr. Proudfoot would conduct himself among so many charmingly pretty girls and the chaperon I was allowed to aim my arrows at, that I failed to respond as usual to their hearty greetings; and Mary, observing my absent manner during dinner, became alarmed for fear we were on the verge of failure.

Pleading a headache on account of an extremely busy day, and assuring my wife everything was booming, I retired to the library. I was sitting there planning out my trip, dreaming of my triumphs as a gay bachelor, when Mary came in to say a friend from her old home was coming to visit her and she wished to consult me as to how we would entertain

her. I saw then what a disappointment it would be to tell her of my proposed trip to Scotland, so decided to wait until I could think of some scheme to help me out. The next day being Sunday, I escorted my wife and a part of my family to church, as the pew not being as elastic as the nest, could not accommodate all the Wiggs at one time.

As I walked along I noticed I was beginning to assume the pompous manner such as I imagined Proudfoot to possess, for he had now become a very real person to me and I was trying hard to be like him. I am ashamed to say that I did not hear one word of the good Doctor's sermon, for I was too busy trying to think up a plan to get away without making Mary think me a beast to desert her just when her friend was due to arrive.

I spent the next day making up my mind how I was going to bring it about without much shedding of tears,—a very unpleasant incident, especially as most of the little Wiggs would join in.

I finally decided to have a telegram reach me on Tuesday before I left for town, saying a most important matter of business needed my immediate attention if I wanted to save five thousand pounds. I would have the message come from some small mining town, as I knew Mary would do without me for a short time rather than lose that amount of money.

As I would not be expected to carry an elaborate wardrobe with me on a trip of that kind, I took but few things from home, depending on those purchased in London, and as I was supposed to be a rich old bachelor, I should dress the part to the smallest detail; and so added the luxuries to Proudfoot's wardrobe which plain Wiggs usually did without.

Wednesday came at last, a fine clear day, making me feel really young again. I astonished Mary by whirling her around a few times when I came down to breakfast.

The drive to the station seemed short as I was lost in dreams of the reception Proudfoot would receive. I had mentally brought out all my arrows and polished them up so as to be ready for the hearts of the pretty girls and especially the chaperon. They were, of course, rusty from having been laid away for so many years, but I hoped they would be smooth enough to make an impression at least. I made a pleasant trip from London, having met a few congenial men on the train who were excellent for me to practice my new personality upon. I enjoyed the effect I created as the pompous Proudfoot and felt sorry for poor Wiggs left behind at the London station. So I was feeling in a happy frame of mind when we reached the station where Darnton had said he would meet me and stepped from the

compartment in as dignified a manner as possible.

"Hello, old fellow! How are you? I am so glad to see you. It was awfully good of you to come. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Stonhall who was good enough to drive over with me, in truth, she has heard so much about you, she was dying to meet you."

This was confided to me as Darnton, still holding my hand, dragged me to the high cart waiting for us. "Mrs. Stonhall, this is my oldest friend, and one of the finest fellows in the world. Proudfoot, Mrs. Stonhall."

Her smile of acknowledgment was charming, showing the whitest teeth I ever saw, and her hand-clasp as hearty as Darnton's own. We were soon off, leaving the groom to look after the luggage. The country was beautiful and the drive much too short.

As we drove up and the door opened, we were met with shouts of merry greeting by the young people who left their tea to troop out to welcome us. "You see, Proudfoot, what is before you. In trying to lend dignity to this crowd, you will have your hands full. There is no ceremony here. Everyone does as he or she pleases, so you must do the same. Welcome, old friend, to Merry Lodge and throw dull care away!"

Introductions followed and I began to feel as young as the rest, but did not forget the dignity required by my aristocratic name. We were a very jolly party at dinner. I shot a few arrows at the pretty girl beside me and at the chaperon as well, who certainly was a very handsome woman. I wondered what Mary and the many Wiggs would say if they could see me now. I am sure they would not recognize me in the elegant Proudfoot, flattering and being flattered by the pretty girls around me. How their mouths would open and their eyes stare as I related the wonderful adventures which had befallen me in South Africa, which I had carefully rehearsed in bed and during the good doctor's sermon in church. My imagination, together with a book I had bought on that country, helped me out until by the time dinner was over, I had forgotten poor Wiggs entirely and really believed I had made a trip to South Africa. We did not linger long over our cigars and wine, but soon followed the ladies to the large hall with the big fire-place, where they all loved to gather.

Friday morning I was awakened early by the sound of the men and their pack of hunting dogs. I was to remain at home with the ladies, some of whom had asked me to escort them to a beautiful

glen where we could have lunch in a sheltered nook.

I came down to breakfast feeling very fit and ready for anything short of eloping with one of my fair and charming charges. But, while resolving not to forget Mary and my little Wiggs, and therefore to conduct myself carefully; I was struck with the thought that, Wiggs and his family being no relation to Proudfoot, there was no reason why I should be bothered with them. So I decided to think no more about Wiggses but rather to enjoy myself as much as possible as a gay old bachelor.

I had about finished my breakfast when Mrs. Stonhall entered the room. "Ah, good morning! You are looking charming this beautiful morning! I said you would find me down early. Where are the fair charges? Still in the land of dreams? I always tell my children—Ah, my nieces and nephews I mean, of course, I always call them my children by adoption. Ah! in that way a bachelor can have a large family, Madame, with none of its cares but all of its pleasures. A bachelor's privilege and one of his compensations. As I was saying to my wife—Ah! No, I mean my children—Ah! My nieces and nephews, 'the early bird not only catches the worm, but usually catches a most awful cold.' This like most of the sayings of our forefathers is out of date and really not good to follow."

I saw that the slip of my tongue had made her look at me in a surprised and doubtful manner; so, to cover my own confusion and control in some measure my almost overwhelming desire to say, "I am not Proudfoot but plain Wiggs," I rattled on with that nonsense about the early bird. As she busied herself with her mail, I excused myself and went out to cool off.

We had planned to start about noon so that we could be back in time to meet the men on their return. Darnton had given ample instructions for our comfort so we set off, a jolly party of six, four young girls, Mrs. Stonhall and myself, with two servants carrying baskets, rugs, etc. "A traveller, such as you have been, will enjoy a lunch in the wilds of Scotland with all the comforts of civilization, even if we cannot offer you anything in the way of an adventure," said Mrs. Stonhall, who was bringing up the rear of our little procession.

"Indeed, I shall, my dear Madame, and wish you could furnish the adventure so that I could show you how resourceful I am in any dilemma and how my strong right arm would protect you from any wild animal that might attack us," I said feeling quite like the brave Mr. Proudfoot.

A beautiful spot surely, was the glen chosen for

our lunch, which was served to perfection by the excellent servants soon after our arrival, and the rather long walk in the keen air had sharpened our appetites until we were ready to devour anything.

After lunching we rested a half hour, laughing and chatting like happy-hearted children, then started to explore the nooks and points of beauty in that part of the country, the servants having returned with the lunching outfit. I walked ahead with Mrs. Stonhall, who guaranteed to show me one of the famous spots, the most beautiful for miles around.

The scenery certainly was magnificent—valleys, shadowed by high mountain peaks, on all sides. I wished Mary and the children could see this and resolved to bring them here when Darnton was alone and had no further use for his aristocratic friend Proudfoot. We walked on and on—up and down dale. Mrs. Stonhall never seemed to tire and had no mercy on my poor legs. I am not accustomed to walking much, especially among the mountains, so was soon in a puffing, panting condition, while she was as fresh as ever and assured me the goal was only a little farther on. Our four charges had turned back some time before in order to be in time to greet the hunters. I stumbled on after the indefatigable Mrs. Stonhall; and, after one espe-

cially hard climb we arrived at the most beautiful spot imaginable. I have to acknowledge it was well worth the effort to get there in order to surfeit my eyes with the beauty of the scenery, but immediately sat down to rest my tired legs, and recover my breath.

I soon saw that if we wanted to get back before night, we would have to start at once, but Mrs. Stonhall begged for a half hour more. I was beginning to feel chilly and cramped after my long walk and longed to be back in front of the log fire, drinking hot Scotch instead of sitting there beside a beautiful woman with my teeth chattering.

I had noticed a slight mist rising and had called Mrs. Stonhall's attention to it, but she assured me it would not amount to much as the day had been fine and dry. The mist increasing rapidly, I decided to take matters in my own hands, and declared I was going back if she did not; that I did not wish to spend the night there. I would be greatly obliged if she would direct me how to return to the house, and assuring her I greatly regretted leaving a lady alone, started to go, when I found to my horror the damnable Scotch mist had completely enveloped us so that I could scarcely see even Mrs. Stonhall, who clung to my arm tightly and begged not to be left to die in the mountains alone. It was really necessary

to find our way back somehow, for we could not remain there all night and endanger not only our lives, but our reputations as well. So we started; the way down was very steep. We had all we could do to keep our feet. I am afraid I swore oftener than was necessary, but I had to relieve my feelings. We had gone but a short distance when a hand was placed over my mouth bending my head back with such force that I thought my neck would break. Then, with a revolver at my head, I heard Mrs. Stonhall's voice saying: "If you make a move you are a dead man. I am a desperate woman. I have used money left in trust with me, and have no one who can help me as I have borrowed from all my friends until I cannot get another shilling. I must have two thousand pounds or I am a ruined woman. I got you to come out here in order to force you to marry me Scotch fashion, but I will release you from all claims for that amount. If you refuse I'll push you over the precipice which will break your neck. Everyone will think it an accident, so decide quickly.

I knew it would be unsafe to struggle with her as I could not see a foot on either side. And I had no desire to be found dead at the foot of the mountain either alone or with the beautiful fiend who had waylaid me like a regular highwayman, so I

decided it was best to pretend I was too frightened to move and thus get safely back, and then compromise with her as best I could, for I saw she was desperate enough for anything and being a strong woman could easily carry out her threat of throwing me down into the ravine below. I was not armed so she had me in a bad position. It would be an awful disgrace to have to acknowledge I was a married man masquerading as a rich old bachelor. It would be hard to prove to the people at the Lodge that her story was not true for we had been much together and I had paid her much attention, unfortunately. Surely no man ever paid such a price for his folly.

The hand over my mouth relaxed enough to allow me to speak, so I mumbled: "You certainly have me at your mercy, my dear madame, in holding me up in this unexpected manner. Your claiming me as your husband is worthy of your brilliant mind, but some arrangements about that can be made later on. If you will kindly restore my head to its natural position, put your revolver back in your pocket and lead the way back to the house where I can restore my nerves with a good drink of Scotch, for this dampness may be the death of me, I promise to follow as meekly as the most devoted husband in the world." She evidently felt that was the best

thing to do, if she was to get anything out of me, for she at once released my head from its backward neck-breaking position, but still refused to put her revolver away.

How we ever got back to the Lodge I never knew. My mind was in such a whirl over the position I was in and trying to think of some way out of it without public disgrace, that I remembered nothing until we stumbled up the steps into the house, almost dead from cold, dampness and the hard climb. She had agreed to say nothing about the marriage business until the next day when I could talk it over with Darnton.

We were greeted with shouts of joy from the few people left in the house, the rest, together with the servants, had taken lanterns and gone to look for us. They were soon brought back by the ringing of a bell which they had decided upon as a signal of our return in case we found our way back alone. We were immediately given hot drinks, and after as clear an explanation as my muddled brain could give, I was put to bed at once, as was Mrs. Stonhall, who had added to the excitement by fainting dead away.

I was awakened the next day about noon by Darnton rapping on my door.

"Wake up, man, wake up!"

I sprang out of bed and opened the door.

“How are you, old fellow! None the worse for your adventure, I hope. A gay chap you are, to select the finest looking woman we had here and stray off in that way. What would Mary say, and the gods’ blessings, to such a husband and father. You certainly have lived up to your reputation as a gay bachelor, old man. She is a fine woman, and will make some fellow happy some day. Rather dangerous business though for an old dog like you. Ha! Ha!”

The experience of the day before came back to my mind with a flash as he spoke.

“For God’s sake, Darnton, don’t joke! You must help me out or I am ruined forever.”

I then related to him what had happened as rapidly as possible. He walked up and down the room in his excitement at my story.

“Well, by gad! If it were any other woman I would say she was crazy. She must be both a desperate woman and a devil. I am awfully sorry, old man, that our little deception should lead to this; but, how to get out of it without telling her the truth and creating a worse scandal, perhaps breaking Mary’s heart and ruining the future of yourself and children, I do not see. By gad, what a beastly mess! Who ever would have thought it of that beautiful woman? I was more than half in love

with her myself. Two thousand pounds is a pretty price to pay for a little lark. She certainly has you in a tight place. What can we do? We must settle this up at once, then break up our party by the sudden illness of Mrs. Stonhall. Smallpox will scare them all away fast enough. You leave this to me, old man, I got you in this hole with my damned nonsense about Proudfoot and it is my business to get you out. I will write this highway robber a note that will keep her in bed until we get the rest away, then you and I will settle with my lady. Don't bother to come down, old man, stay here and rest, I will not allow anyone to disturb you. I will send Williams up with your breakfast and yesterday's papers as today's have not come in yet. I will get the party started off on the four o'clock train and Mrs. Stonhall away before night, so bye, bye, I will run in again later."

What a fine fellow Darnton is. What a relief to have some one take hold of things for you like that.

I spent the day in the seclusion of my room. Darnton sent me a copy of the note he wrote Mrs. Stonhall, on the tray with my lunch. "Madame—I am breaking up our house party on account of your blackmailing scheme which you carried out yesterday on my friend Proudfoot. I shall ask you to

meet us both in the library at four-thirty, so you can leave on the six-five as I no longer wish to entertain a female highway robber. You will kindly keep to your room until the rest leave as I have given your sudden illness, resembling smallpox, as the excuse for the breaking up of our party. The physician will be here at two to further carry out my statement. I will not attempt to express my amazement at your act.—Darnton.”

In spite of Darnton's assistance I paced nervously up and down my room. I could hear the preparations for a hasty departure going on, the luggage brought down, hurried footsteps here and there, and waited anxiously for the time to arrive when I would know what arrangements could be made with Mrs. Stonhall. That I would have to pay her a part of the amount demanded, even Darnton acknowledged but how was I to raise even half that amount without sacrificing my home. What a desperate woman she was to resort to such a scheme. Had I been plain Wiggs and a man of family I would have escaped all this. I was ashamed to acknowledge even to myself, how I had enjoyed the sense of importance it had given me in impersonating the rich and pompous Proudfoot and if the price was pretty high to pay for my folly, I was half admitting I deserved it. What a fool I had been. Well, I am

not the only man I suppose who has had to pay up, but it teaches me there is no fool like an old one.

The last member of the party had driven off. I then heard Darnton enter the house and shortly after Williams appeared, saying Darnton wished me to join him in the library.

"All right, Williams, tell your master I will be down at once."

"Very well, sir," said Williams, as he turned and left me in a sad but determined mood.

I had made up my mind to stand out for anything less than two thousand pounds, and could manage that with a mortgage on our home and a loan from Darnton, who had promised to help me out.

I went down feeling ready to strangle my fair highwayman who had held me up in this extraordinary manner, and found Darnton standing before the fire looking thoughtful.

"Sit down, old man, have a drink of Scotch as a bracer before the fight, for I see a hard time ahead of us. I have sent word to our fair friend to meet us here in half an hour; that will give us time to decide the best thing to be done. The money will have to be paid. There is no way out of it without creating a scandal. She has always borne a good reputation so her word would carry weight, certainly

against yours if it is discovered you are a man of family masquerading as a bachelor under another name. What a mess my damned nonsense has gotten you into, old man, but brace up, I will do all I can to help you. I am going to take this matter in my own hands; you are to sit by and say nothing until you are asked. I will make my lady give you a written release for the sum of one thousand pounds and get out of England or I will have her arrested as a blackmailer. We must pay her something, there is no way out of it, old chap, but by gad! I would like to let the law take its course with a woman like that, but in our position we are helpless. It is now time for the fair adventuress to come forth and claim you as her own. I will send Williams to say we are awaiting her."

Ringing the bell, he gave Williams the message, and he promptly disappeared. We waited his return anxiously, I feeling anything but like the pompous Proudfoot; even several glasses of Scotch had failed to have the desired effect, so I sat weak and trembling for the ordeal before me.

Williams came back looking very white. "Beg pardon, sir, but I am afraid something is wrong, sir. Mrs. Stonhall does not answer, sir. I have rapped and rapped, sir."

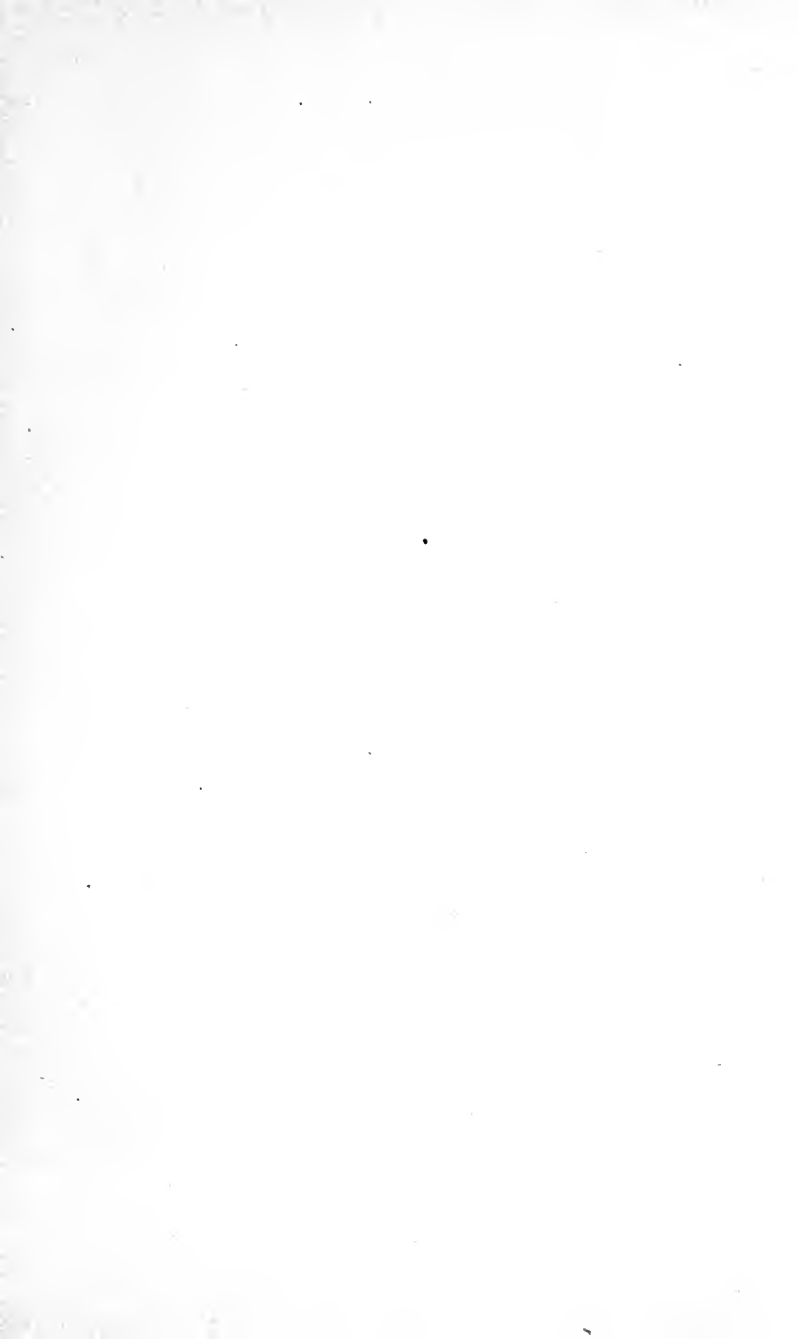
We sprang up together, looking at each other

with fear in our eyes. What if she had killed herself as the only way out of her position. She had said she was desperate enough for anything, so we fairly flew up the stairway. No answer to our repeated knocking. We tried the door; it was locked. There was nothing to do but force the door open. It yielded to our united strength and we walked in, our hearts almost standing still with fear, at the thought of what would meet our eyes. Everything in the room was in perfect order. My lady's trunks were strapped, ready to be shipped. A note addressed to Darnton lay on the centre-table. He hastily tore it open and motioned me to read it with him.

“It is true. I did hold up your friend last night, for I am desperate enough for anything, and after you had all retired I took everything of value I could find, so I am a thief as well as a highwayman. I shall walk to the station by the short cut and so be the first of your guests to leave. Kindly send my trunks down to London. I am not afraid of your attempting to follow me or to expose me in any way, for I can make it very unpleasant for Mr. Wiggs, the so-called Proudfoot, Mary and the gods' blessings. He should be more careful of his private letters, especially when he is masquerading under an assumed name. I am a thief and a highway robber. What are you going to do about it, my friends?

After all I am a woman and a desperate one at that, so I advise you to let me alone. *Madge Stonhall.*"

With a cry of joy Darnton grabbed my hand and danced me around, upsetting everything in his way, while Williams looked on in amazement, thinking his master suddenly stricken with insanity. He dismissed Williams with a wave of his hand, and when he had recovered his breath sufficiently to speak, he cried: "Lucky dog! What an escape! Follow her? Never! What a woman! I wonder, by gad, what she has taken. So she discovered Wiggs, did she? She must have investigated before her hold-up on the mountain, but why did she not stay and force you to pay up? That is just like a woman, you never know what she will do next. She had a good case against you, old man, when she could prove you were not Proudfoot, people would believe you capable of any devilment. Well, you have had the fright of your life, old man. Come, cheer up! Have another glass of Scotch and drink to the health of your fair highwayman so bold, who ran away and let you off so easily. Come on, have a drink, old chap, while I investigate the extent of her theft. You will be back in the bosom of your family tomorrow, contented as plain Wiggs, and the gods' blessings will never know how near their father came to being a bigamist for posing as a gay old bachelor."



THOMPSON'S BLUNDER

Thompkins' Blunder

I.

As Mr. Thomas Thompkins made his way toward home after spending the evening in a quiet game of whist at his club, the fog was as thick as a blanket, muffling all sounds, and giving to everything an unnatural appearance. The buildings loomed up ghost-like as one approached them, while the gaslight cast weird reflections about.

Mrs. Thompkins allowed Mr. Thompkins a quiet game of cards at his club every Tuesday, as his reward for remaining passively tied to her apron strings the rest of the week.

Tuesday seems an odd night to select. Most men would prefer Saturday to indulge in dissipation, mild or otherwise, as Sunday morning one is allowed to sleep late without inventing excuses; thereby rendering it easy to restore one's head to its normal size, should it have seemed a trifle too large the night before, or rather early morning, when one retired clinging to the bed-post for safety before trusting himself to step into that wide expanse, which heaved up and

down strangely, making it necessary to be careful and wait for the right moment before taking the plunge.

And then, there are many others, men about town, who select Monday for any little excitement, as a relief from the day before, when they are of necessity obliged to bore themselves by attending service as any respectable man of family should who wishes to set an example to the children as to the way they should go, whether they wish to, or not.

The prosy sermon is usually followed by a heavy dinner, making one dull and stupid, when one should be at one's best in making the round of calls on one's great-aunts and richer relations, who must not be forgotten, lest they in turn forget.

But much can be endured on Sunday with the thoughts of Monday before one, when he can make the night so gay, the dull Sunday will fade away in the bright light of anticipation.

Still Mr. Thomas Thompkins had none of these reasons for his modest dissipation, and it was not his choice, but that of Mrs. Thompkins, who wisely selected that evening each week to remain quietly at home in order to retire early, making this an excuse to prevent damages to her complexion, which might occur if she did not have one night in which to get her beauty sleep, and this of course must come

before the clock strikes twelve, or else, as with Cinderella, it will be too late; the fairy god-mother will be gone.

So, while Mrs. Thompkins was lost in sound and refreshing sleep, Tuesday evening of each week, Mr. Thompkins was allowed the night off at his club, a safe place for husbands who are fond of whist.

As it was only a short walk from his house to the club, Thompkins never took a cab, and he decided that on that night a cab was not only unnecessary, but that his own legs were more to be depended upon than those of a horse and that the sidewalk was safer than the middle of the street anyway.

The game had been unusually exciting, and as he came out of the club, the night air felt refreshing on his flushed and feverish face. Pulling his coat collar up and his hat far down, for protection from the fine mist-like rain, he walked on slowly. Feeling his way carefully and counting the blocks as he crossed them in order to know when to turn to the right.

In the fog-laden atmosphere, his footsteps sounded shuffling and undecided as he walked with care lest he run into something not seen until too late to avoid a collision which might prove dangerous.

“Well, by gad! My mind seems filled with this beastly fog as well as my throat. I can't remember whether that last crossing was the third or fourth, so

how am I to know what this one is?" said Thompkins to himself as he stood on the curb undecided about crossing.

"By Jove! What a silly ass I was to come alone, anyhow. I might have hired a boy with a torch to lead me, but anything like that seemed utterly absurd to me when I started. And who would suppose a thing like this would make me feel so nervous, and as helpless as if I had been suddenly stricken blind. Well I shall walk on another block anyhow and maybe some familiar landmark will loom up so I will know where to turn off."

The inky darkness seemed darker, if possible, as he left the lamp-light at the corner, whose feeble rays seemed to penetrate no farther than a candle light in a dark cellar.

"Gad! Who would suppose all the houses one knew from childhood would suddenly seem so strange and unreal," he exclaimed, as he felt in his pocket for a match and failed to find one.

"Well, now, if it wasn't so late, other people would be about and I could at least ask the direction. There is nothing to do now, as far as I can see, but to stop here by this post and wait. The fog sometimes lifts towards morning. If I go back it is as bad, for all lights were put out at the club as Stewart and I left. I wish now I had taken a cab as he did,

but I was so sure I could get home all right, I let him drive off with the only cab in sight. None has passed me since, or anything else for that matter. All London seems sound asleep and I should be too, if I hadn't missed count of that crossing.

"I'll stop here a while longer, then I'll take the risk of this being the right street to turn down," and Thompkins leaned heavily against the lamp-post as a stranded mariner at sea clings to a floating spar. until help comes.

He changed his position often to prevent the drowsiness he felt from overcoming him, and moved his feet and arms about to keep up the circulation and warmth of his body, which was becoming stiff and cold from standing in the raw night air.

He waited on for what seemed hours to him, but which was only minutes in fact, for the deep tones of a church clock somewhere tolled out two muffled notes shortly, and it had been a little after one when he left the club.

"Gad! What will Amelia think if I am not in soon? Fortunately this is her night for her beauty sleep, so she is not apt to be awake listening for my footsteps. Well, if I stop here much longer I'll freeze to death and what a strange thing it would be if I should be found in the morning, frozen to this lamp-post at my own corner, when my house is

in the middle of the block. That is, if this is my own corner and my block, but that is just what I can't tell.

"I'll die anyhow if I stay here, so I'll take my chance at being taken for a burglar and killed if I make a mistake in the street. I'll turn off here."

Turning to the right as he spoke, he felt his way along slowly, for in the side street the fog seemed blacker and more choking than ever. It was impossible to see a hand before you, so Thompkins struck out blindly towards the right, keeping straight ahead and as close to the houses as was safe, picking himself up several times after unseen posts or steps blocked his way and sent him headlong. Mrs. Thompkins peacefully sleeping would have been horrified had she heard the remarks addressed to these objects which obstructed his pathway, raising lumps on his anatomy as well as wrath in his heart.

"Gad! I wish they'd put more lamp-posts on this block," he exclaimed as he rose to his feet for the third time. "It never occurred to me before there were so few, for in all my experience with London fogs, this is a new one for me. Not many ever happened to be as bad as this on Tuesdays when I am alone, and when with Amelia a cab is always necessary.

"My, what an ass a Londoner is that he does not

think to provide his house with a signal light of some kind to distinguish it from his neighbor's, when he lives in a row where the houses are exactly alike, as peas in a pod. If I had a red light or a blue or green one, to be hung in the hall-way, on a night like this, there would be no trouble to distinguish it from that of Hawkes on one side, and Hobbs on the other.

"Now, if James had only had the sense to raise the shade in the drawing-room and leave a light burning low, then I could see by the pictures on the wall, which house is mine. But Amelia has a horror of burglars and the gas-bill as well, so my house is closed up as tight as the rest by midnight; and I, like other men, am expected to find my way home by instinct, I suppose. Well, this experience has given me an idea to discuss at the club, the subject of having signal lights before our houses to be used on a night like this.

"Well, by Gad! If I get home without breaking my neck to-night, I'll know enough to take a cab the next time even if I only want to go a block, this experience is enough for me.

"Which house is ours, I wonder, and how can I ever find it in this pitch darkness with not a match about me. The only thing I can do is to make a bold dash for the one that seems to be nearest to the

centre of the block, and ring the bell. Whoever answers will at least tell me where I am, and perhaps lend me an escort or give me a lantern to find my way home.

"Well, this is about as near the centre of the block as I'll be able to get if I spend the rest of the night wandering up and down, for, not being able to see a yard before or behind me, there is no way by which I can gauge the distance I have come since I turned down this street, so I may as well try this." And fumbling around, Thompkins finally found a bell to the door of the house in front of which he had stopped.

He pulled it a second time, harder than ever, as his first ring failed to awaken anyone. He waited a minute longer, then rang again.

"By Gad! If this is my house, Amelia must be sound asleep. And if it is my house, why isn't a light burning in the hall? Well, by Jove, is everyone dead that no one comes to the door? It's a beastly nuisance I forgot my latch key when I changed my clothes. If James found I had forgotten it, he should have left the light burning and waited up for me.

"I'll keep on ringing until someone comes, for there isn't a vacant house in the block unless someone has moved out since dinner, which is highly improbable. Anyway, whoever comes to the door will most

likely know me and ask me in; but if no one answers this bell soon, I'll go to the next house, and so on down the street if I have to wake the whole neighborhood to find my own."

Before Thompkins could ring again, the door opened softly and so suddenly, that Thompkins sprawled forward flat on his face. He got quickly to his feet, but seeing no light visible anywhere and not knowing in which direction to move he stood still for a moment, waiting for whoever had let him in to speak.

Then hearing no sound, he finally spoke.

"Well, my good sir, whoever you are. I wish to apologize for my unceremonious manner of entering your house. If you will kindly do me the favor to turn on a light or produce a match, which I fail to have about me, you will see I am no burglar, but a gentleman, Thompkins by name, commission merchant by choice and a resident of this block from birth.

"By Gad! Man or woman, why don't you speak or turn on a light to see who I am?" he cried impatiently, after waiting a moment for some reply to his excuse for intruding at this hour.

But not a sound came. It was as silent and dark in the hall as in the street outside. And for a moment Thompkins doubted his senses and wondered

if he had fallen asleep and was dreaming. But no, he had felt the door open softly, and his badly swelling nose would testify to the fact that he had fallen with force on the tiled floor of the hall as the door opened.

Now the silence and darkness began to terrify him and he felt his hair raise up on end as imaginary dangers loomed up in his mind.

"This darkness is damnable sir, and an insult," he cried. "Why don't you speak up? You need not be afraid. I tell you I am a gentleman and not a thief. Turn on the light and see for yourself, or show me the door and let me out. I can't see a hand before my face, man, and dare not move for fear of breaking things; but you better tell me who you are and where I am, soon, or I'll find my way out regardless of damage done."

Thompkins could feel the thick rug under his feet, and that the back of the chair, on which he laid his hand, was richly carved; otherwise the deathlike silence which had reigned since he entered would lead him to think he had in some way opened the door of an empty house.

As soon as he had picked himself up after falling, he knew he was not in his own house, for his hall was not tiled, and so was puzzled and alarmed, as his imagination began to work, fearing he had fallen

among thieves or desperate characters, he half expected to be attacked, at any moment, and rendered unconscious if not killed. He was rather surprised, however, if among desperadoes, that they had let him rise after falling. Why they had not set upon him then and beaten and robbed him, he failed to understand.

He almost wished something would happen to break the awful silence which was maddening, and his nerves grew tense as he strained them listening for a sound, but none came, save that of his own breathing which grew loud with his increased excitement.

Thompkins could stand the strain no longer, so resolved to move about and try to find the door by which he had entered. As he had no desire to be taken for a thief, he moved with cat-like tread, feeling his way carefully.

"This darkness is like being in a well. If the fog would only lift and let the daylight in I could see by the light from the windows. It must be daylight now, as it is hours since I left the club," he thought to himself as he felt of the walls and objects near at hand.

"Well, whoever owns this house has money as well as luxurious taste, to judge by the thickness of carpet and rugs, as well as richness of heavy portieres.

"This must be the cave of Ali-Ba-Ba and the Forty Thieves, from the quantity of elegant things my hands have felt in this room so far. Gad, it will cost me a pretty penny if I break any of these ornaments, and there seems to be no end to them by the way I run into them. No ordinary man lives here, and this convinces me I am not in any house on our block, for no one there lives in such magnificence as this.

"By Jove! How did I come to get so turned about that I can't for the life of me, find that beastly door I got in by. My, that was a narrow escape," he exclaimed under his breath as he caught just in time a large and heavy vase as it tottered on its pedestal.

"Well, by Gad! That would not only have been smashed to bits had it fallen and wakened the household as well, but would have smashed my pocket-book, for if I am not mistaken this feels like Parian marble and is beyond my price.

"I see nothing to do, but to sit down on this chair and wait for daylight. It is comfortable and certainly fit for a king by the way the damask is embossed."

And Thompkins removed his Inverness and top hat which he had rescued after falling, and laid them carefully on the floor; then he settled himself back

comfortably in the chair and thought deeply, trying to fathom the strange experience which had befallen him. Thompkins' fear had given way to wonderment as time went on and no attempt was made to murder him, so he felt free from danger, but was anxious for daylight to come and unfold the mystery about him.

He had given up expecting anyone to answer him after receiving no replies to his question or remarks upon entering, so had ceased to speak aloud, since the absolute silence convinced him he was alone.

"Well, by Jove. I wonder, did anyone ever before meet with such a reception? Here I stop and ring this bell hard enough to wake the dead. Then, after several rings more, the door opens, and instead of my being met with abuse for waking the household and told to go my way, I am met with absolute silence and given the freedom of a strange house. A strange and unexpected welcome, I must say.

"Who opened that door and let me in, and where is he now? Did he pass me and go out as I fell; or was he frightened and so hastened up-stairs; or is he now hiding in some room? I'll be hanged if I can fathom it out. All I know is, that I am here sitting down in this chair, and not outside in the fog and cold.

"My poor nose will testify to the fact that I fell

as the door opened and I can swear I have heard no sound since.

"If this infernal fog would only lift and let in the light, then I could find my way out before the whole household awakes and discovers me, for it will be rather awkward to explain my presence here in the house of a stranger. Well, they will soon see I am no thief when they count the spoons and find none missing."

Thompkins yawned and stretched himself as he felt the desire for sleep overcoming him.

"Gad! This won't do! I cannot go to sleep here. I must keep my eyes open for the first ray of light and get away as quietly as possible. The people in this house must be sound sleepers though, not to have been disturbed at the noise of my fall. If that had happened at my house, it would have awakened Amelia without doubt.

"But who on earth opened that door and let me in? That is what puzzles me.

"Well, whatever happens later, when someone does come, this is more comfortable than the street and the cold, anyway. I wish someone would come soon, for this darkness is not only maddening, but I am afraid the quiet and this comfortable chair will put me to sleep in spite of my efforts. I shall have to select a harder one if I intend to keep awake.

"But if I get up and move about, there is too much risk of knocking something down which may not only cost too much to replace, but may be so rare it would be impossible to duplicate it.

"The things in this room seem fit for the king, and if it were not for the ease with which I entered, I might think that in some strange manner, I had wandered into Buckingham Palace.

"Whoever owns this house, must have some strange way of lighting it, for I have felt the walls of this room and the hall, from the floor to as high as I can reach, trying to find an electric button. Perhaps the lights are turned on and off below stairs.

"If I can only keep awake to see the first streak of light, and then have my wits about me so as to make my apologies intelligently, in case anyone finds me here, that is all I ask now," and Thompkins pulled himself up with a start as his head nodded forward.

"By Jove! I was nearly off that time. I must do something to keep awake. If I walk around it is too dangerous, and if I should whistle that would waken someone possibly before I was ready to meet them, so what can I do? And what a damnable position to be in. This night is so like a nightmare that I wonder whether I am asleep or awake, and the experience is enough to turn my hair white.

"I shall be asleep soon, unless something happens, for I cannot stand this much longer."

And Thompkins' thoughts wandered on, and soon floated away to the unknown land of sleep.

II

When Mr. Burton-Standwick, of Standwick Square, was awakened by his butler and told there was a burglar asleep in the drawing room, he lost no time in getting out of bed and into his dressing gown and slippers.

"Great Scott! Stimson, telephone for the police and do not let him escape," he cried, trembling with haste and excitement.

"I did sir, as soon as my eye lit upon 'im asleep in the chair. I locked all the doors and sent in the alarm before I roused you, sir," replied Stimson as he helped the greatly agitated Mr. Burton-Standwick to his slippers.

"Well, but Stimson, you say he looks a gentleman, are you sure he is a thief?"

"I found the front door not locked and a bag of silver in the dining-room sir, with everything scattered about. Something must 'ave scared 'im before 'e 'ad finished the job sir, then 'e 'id 'mself in the drawin'-room and went to sleep waitin' to go back and carry the bob away. 'E's one of them gentlemen burglars sir, which is so hard to ketch. 'E's in

evenin' clothes sir, and perfectly correct they are, too. And 'is top 'at and coat is beside 'im on the floor. Oh, sir, we 'ave a great one, we 'ave!" and the staid and sedate Stimson came near dancing with joy at the idea of being made a hero, by capturing so fascinating a burglar as this one looked to be.

"We better wait for the police Stimson, and let them wake him. He may be armed and it would be dangerous to go in without them," said Mr. Burton-Standwick, nervously pacing up and down the room. "We mustn't disturb the ladies Stimson until we have to, for Mrs. Standwick is very nervous as you know. Still, I better go in and prepare her for any outbreak which might occur when the police get here. They'll be here soon, so you go down and stand guard at the door while I break the news as quietly as I can to Mrs. Standwick. We must keep this affair as quiet as possible and not let it get into the papers for Mrs. Standwick could not stand that. Here Stimson, you better give me a brandy and soda, before you go, for I find myself quite unnerved."

Stimson soon returned with a tray containing bottles and glass, saying he had left the under footman on guard in the rear and he would go down now to the front.

"Very well, Stimson, I'll come as soon as I can leave Mrs. Standwick."

A few moments later, and simultaneously with the arrival of the police, there arose a woman's hysterical shriek, waking the rest of the household that ran to and fro terror-stricken.

Thompkins wakened with a start, wondering if at last Amelia's long entertained fears had been realized and thieves were breaking in to steal her priceless heirlooms.

As he jumped to his feet he was gruffly commanded not to move or his life would be the penalty.

The rays of daylight that were just struggling through between the drawn curtains, faded into nothing before the blaze of electric light which now was turned on, and by this magic touch was revealed the magnificence of the furnishings of the room, which, in the darkness of the night, Thompkins could only guess at.

But the beauty of the scene was destroyed by the three policemen, who quickly stationed themselves on both sides and in front of Thompkins, who with beads of perspiration standing out on his brow, was trying vainly to stammer out some incoherent words of explanation for his being there.

"That will do, sir. It ain't no use to say more till the gentleman comes. You've been caught with the goods and you better keep calm, sir," said the chief officer quietly.

"My God, man! What did you say?" cried Thompkins, jumping to his feet, only to be pushed back forcibly into his chair as the door opened and Mr. Burton-Standwick, flushed and panting, entered the room.

He had been detained by Mrs. Standwick's hysterics and the tears of his daughters, who clung to him begging him not to go down to sure death.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Ah, so here is the man. Well, let me hear what he has to say for himself," cried Standwick, coming near for a good look at him, and adjusting his eyeglass for a near inspection.

"My man, Stimson, says he looks quite the gentleman, which is true," he continued as he examined Thompkins who lay back white and dumb, as though he was some new specimen or priceless antique.

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself, coming into my house in the dead of night and trying to make off with the family silver?"

"It's a damned lie, sir," cried Thompkins coming to his senses. "I will be only too glad to make my explanations to you in private, if you will call off these watch-dogs of the law, while I speak to you alone.

"I am afraid it is too late for that now, as you

were turned over to the authorities when I telephoned for the police," replied Standwick politely, "and any explanations you make will be hard to believe, with the silver scattered about and a bag of it done up ready to be carried away," he continued.

"All I can say to that, sir, is to repeat, I will make my explanations to you alone. I am not armed, so you need not be alarmed," replied Thompkins.

"Well, officer, if you will examine this man and see that he has no weapon concealed about him I will consent to adjourn to the library with him, but Stimson must be present. You and your men wait outside the door. Come this way, sir." Standwick moved away with Stimson holding on to Thompkins, while the police closed in behind.

Standwick took up his position in front of the fireplace, in which a fire burned cheerily, lighting up the rich and dark furnishings, and adding warmth to the sombre room, which otherwise would have seemed cheerless in the early morning light.

Standing with his back to the fire, Standwick waited for Thompkins to speak without asking him to be seated, while Stimson stood near by to lend assistance with his strong right arm in case the gentleman burglar tried to escape or do injury to himself or his master.

"Well, now, my good sir, we are alone as you desired, why don't you pour forth the explanations you are so anxious to make," said Standwick after a moment's silence.

Thompkins, nervously tapping his fingers on a writing table, now looked up and cleared his throat, looking Standwick clearly in the eyes as he spoke. "Sir, I find myself through a strange force of circumstances placed in a most embarrassing situation. How embarrassing, you will appreciate when I tell you I am no thief, who has stolen into your home to rob, but a gentleman. I am Thomas Thompkins, Commission Merchant of the firm of Thompkins and Son. I succeeded to my father's business at his death some few years ago. My father was well known in the business world for over fifty years and bore an excellent reputation.

"That all may be true, sir," interrupted Standwick, impatiently. "But your father's reputation does not interest me, nor explain your being found asleep in my house with the silver packed up.

"It will no doubt take some time, sir, for me to make my explanations clear to you, so I beg you to be patient and hear me through. I am a member of the Burlingham Club, and Tuesday of each week, I stop in for a game of whist after dinner. The club house is not far from my own, which is

in this neighborhood, unless in the fog I have wandered in the opposite direction. By-the-way, sir, will you kindly tell me your name and what street this is, so I may know where I am?" asked Thompkins anxiously.

"It is sufficient for me, sir, to know you are in my house without my knowing why you came here as you did," replied Standwick, gruffly. "Who I am and where you are is not the question at present, though you no doubt looked me up before you decided my silver was worth carrying away," he continued sneeringly.

"Stop, my dear sir, I cannot allow you to imply those motives to me. While I must acknowledge you are justified in thinking me a thief by the peculiar situation in which I find myself, still I cannot continue to hear you speak of me as you do. When I entered your house, I did it as an honest man," declared Thompkins, beginning to feel it very difficult to explain to one so skeptical. Surely his appearance and sincerity must convince anyone he was at least a gentleman and not a thief.

"Well, my good sir, if you entered my house as an honest man, your scruples must have been overcome by the glitter of the silver. Come, come, honest men do not prowl about at night and enter people's houses, though it is very poor policy to fall

asleep while doing it," and Standwick laughed sarcastically as he spoke.

"That's just it, sir, and proof that I am no thief, for no thief would be such a fool as to fall asleep as I did. I tried hard enough to keep awake so I could get away without disturbing you, but the quiet and warmth were too much for me after the cold outside," replied Thompkins earnestly.

"Well, by Jove, but you are a cool one, to tell me to my face you tried to get away without disturbing me. That's great. Most thieves do get away softly. It is not usual in your profession, my good sir, to be noisy or gay," and Standwick laughed again.

"By gad, sir. I tell you I am no thief, and I ask you not to use that word again to me," cried Thompkins hotly, clinching his fists, while Stimson took a step nearer to him.

"How do you account for your being here then, and the silver tied up," replied Standwick.

"My God, man! What do I want with your silver when my own sideboard is loaded with family heirlooms, besides those in the chests at the vaults, and all solid, too. I never touched your silver, nor have I seen it," he cried excitedly.

"Why did you tie it up to carry off if you have so much of your own? Come, tell me that," and Standwick chuckled softly.

"The man who opened the door and let me in did that," said Thompkins.

"Oh. Ha, ha, an accomplice! Then you were not alone?" he chuckled at the way Thompkins was tangling himself up. "Why did you not let him take it away and not put you in such a position?" he asked.

"I never saw him and don't know anything about why he did not carry it away. All I know of the affair is this, sir: I started to walk from my club to my house last night and becoming lost in the fog wandered around for some time trying to find my home. Growing cold and more bewildered as time passed I determined to ring the bell of the house in front of where I stopped and ask my way as I felt I could not be far from home and possibly was on my own street. So, after ringing your door bell several times loud enough to wake the dead, as I thought, I was just about to give up and try the next house, when the door opened so suddenly and noiselessly that I fell forward on my face as this mark on my forehead will testify. I got to my feet and waited for someone to speak, not knowing in what direction to move at first in the darkness. I finally thought it strange no one asked my business, so made my apologies for intruding at that hour, but evidently I spoke to the empty air as I received no

reply nor heard a sound. Thinking whoever had opened the door perhaps had become alarmed and gone back, I tried to find my way out; but in the pitch darkness became turned around, and in fear of breaking the costly pieces of furniture and bric-a-brac, I constantly ran into, I determined to sit down and wait for daylight in order to find my way out without disturbing anyone, as I realized it would be deucedly awkward to explain my being here. I then fell asleep, not knowing your silver had been disturbed, for as I say I have plenty of my own and wasn't out for the purpose of adding yours to my collection.

"The real thief must have been disturbed by my ringing the bell, and opening the door slipped past me as I fell and so got away in the dark, as it was an ideal night for such men to be about and this, sir, is my explanation for being found in your house," said Thompkins, who paused for breath.

Standwick had listened carefully, his hard, firmly chiseled features showing no change of expression. "That perhaps seems a very plausible excuse, sir, to make. You no doubt had plenty of time to think it out while waiting for the daylight in case you were discovered before you got away, but it doesn't yet convince me of your innocence.

"But, my good sir," interrupted Thompkins,

“what a silly ass I would be to take the trouble to tie up your silver, then fall asleep and let you catch me in the act with the goods. Don't you see, sir, how utterly improbable that would be? A man may be a thief, but he need not be an imbecile and do a thing like that. My reputation will bear me out in my statement when you look me up, and I beg you to call up my banker at once or as soon as the bank is open.

“All the reputation in the world will not make you blameless in my eyes or explain your being here with my silver scattered about. There have been men of excellent business reputation sometimes afflicted with the mania of being other than what their friends believe them to be. Whether it's some form of total depravity, which civilized and refined surroundings has failed to keep within bounds, or some mania, or stranger still, a dual personality like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, it still remains for the scientist to discover. It is true that once in a while a man, who during the daytime is of most excellent reputation, at night is a thief, if not worse.

“That's all very true, sir, and I am quite as well aware of it as you are, but I don't, as a usual thing, go out at night unless accompanied by my wife. I beg you, sir, to accept my apologies as well as my explanations and allow me to go home or Mrs.

Thompkins will be frantic thinking some accident has befallen me. All I can do is to ask you to keep this matter as quite as possible until the real thief is found. You can look up my previous record, and I am sure you will do me the honor to acknowledge some great misfortune has befallen me in placing me in this unenviable light," said Thompkins, walking up to Mr. Standwick, and then he added, "My dear sir, you will be obliged to accept my story later, so you might take a different attitude towards me if I am obliged to remain here until you look me up. I shall ask you to treat me as a gentleman at least until I am proven a thief.

"You sir, will be given every opportunity to clear yourself when the time comes. No man, I don't care if he is a prime minister, sir, can walk in my house, tie up my silver to carry it away, then escape without some punishment. My duty is to protect myself and the community at large from just such men as you, men who wear the mask of a gentleman but underneath are cowards, sir, and worse than the thief who is known as such. For bad as he is, he is braver than you, for he doesn't cheat people by pretending to be what he is not, as you evidently do," and Standwick began to walk nervously back and forth as the baseness of Thompkin's crime grew greater, the more he thought of it.

"Take care, sir, what you say," cried Thompkins angrily. "This thing has gone far enough, and I demand that you at least refrain from further insults until my friends can get to me. I expect you to allow me the privilege of sending for my friends and my lawyer as well. Then I must send a note to Mrs. Thompkins with some explanation for my absence. I have restrained myself so far because of my unfortunate position, but I want you to refrain from again calling me a thief until I am proven such. You should give me the benefit of the doubt at least.

"My good sir," replied Standwick loftily, "do you appreciate the fact, that all the evidence in the world brought to bear upon your previous character, and business as well, will not excuse or explain your being here in my house ready to carry off my silver.

"You must see, sir, that I am a gentleman," continued Mr. Thompkins, "but placed in an exceedingly awkward position. By Jove, though, I don't see myself how I am going to convince you I was not after your silver or anything else. But, see here, my dear sir, why' can't you satisfy yourself as to who and what I am? You have lost nothing through this episode, for your silver is safe. I would lose a great deal, everything in fact, if this matter becomes public, for I would then stand before the world

branded as a thief. It would be worse crime to ruin the reputation of an innocent man and wreck his family, than it would be to let me go believing me a thief. Surely sir, you must appreciate the dreadful situation I find myself in," pleaded Thompkins, who now felt like a fly caught in the web of some ferocious spider that had woven its strands so strong about him it was impossible to escape; and it also began to dawn upon him that all the friends in the world, even Amelia, would not be able to prove that he had not entered the house of this man with intent to steal. He grew weak and faint as the horror of it all began to loom up before him, and he collapsed utterly and sank down in a chair, his knees giving away.

Standwick cleared his throat several times before he spoke as the sight of the other man's despair touched his heart, and Stimson with a feeling of pity for the poor chap stole out and returned with a cup of coffee.

"Come, come, sir, if all you say is true you must keep your nerve to bear it until we can find the man who did the job, but if you did come in here for the purpose of stealing, it will be better to confess and perhaps because of your previous record you may get off easy," said Standwick.

"But my good man, think of my reputation. No

matter how light the sentence if any were given, the publicity of being accused of crime will almost ruin me for life," moaned Thompkins, "and what a shock to my wife, sir. You must understand, for you have a wife and children. Don't ruin my life and the future of my family because of this most unfortunate circumstance," and Thompkin's voice shook as he spoke.

"It is of my wife and daughter I am thinking as well as of all innocent women," replied Standwick. "You are just the kind of man that is dangerous to the community. A wolf in sheep's clothing is far more dangerous than a raging lion, for we can give the lion a wide berth, but we never discover the wolf under the white wool until it is too late. Of course, sir, I will give you every opportunity to clear yourself before you are handed over to the authorities," continued Standwick seriously.

"My good man, why can't you let me go? Send those men back and look up my record, or let me send a note to Mrs. Thompkins to relieve her mind. I will stay here willingly, sir, until you have satisfied yourself regarding the matter. Allow me to inform my wife that I am not injured or dead, then I will await your time with great patience.

"Very well," assented Mr. Standwick, "Stimson will deliver the note and await a reply, for I assure

you, sir, I am not so hard-hearted as to wish to cause unnecessary suffering to any woman. Just help yourself to note paper and pen, and Stimson will remain here while I telephone to the bank and satisfy myself as to your statements." And Standwick left the room as Thompkins picked up his pen to write a note to Amelia, which must not alarm her or let her know where he was. Just how to word it puzzled him for a moment, but he finally dashed off a note to the effect that he was detained at the home of his friend Maxton, who had been seized with a fit the night before. Maxton was now growing calmer, he wrote, and so he hoped to be home very shortly, then signing himself, your affectionate husband, he addressed it and handed it to Stimson, who had stood silently by with a look of pity on his face for the poor wretch whose capture at first had filled him with joy.

"It's a very sad case, sir," stammered Stimson as he took the note, and Thompkins sank back in his chair and buried his face in his hands. "Very sad case indeed, sir," repeated Stimson, his sympathy growing as he lost sight of the thief and saw only a gentleman in distress. "If I ever find the real thief it'll give me pleasure, sir, to ring his neck with me two 'ands, sir."

"Here, my good man, give me your hand. It

gives me courage to know you believe me innocent in spite of all appearances," said Thompkins rising and holding out his hand, which Stimson took respectfully.

"At first, sir, I did take you for a thief which was natural seein' the silver packed up, and I 'ope you have no grudge against me, sir, for callin' the p'lice. I felt it my duty to protect my master's family."

"It was the only thing you could do, Stimson, under the circumstances. I have only myself to blame for being such a silly ass as to fall asleep. Well, it's too late now, but I must get out of the mess I'm in, somehow," and Thompkins paced up and down nervously waiting for Standwick to appear.

The door opened and Standwick entered briskly, fully clothed, showing he had not devoted the entire time to the telephone alone. "Stimson, bring Mr. Thompkins some tea and toast before you go," he said, with some deference in his voice, then he resumed his position before the fire. He waved Thompkins to be seated as Stimson returned and placed a tray containing tea, toast and jam with gleaming silver and snowy linen on the library table, and quietly left the room.

Thompkins poured himself a cup of steaming tea and drank it eagerly with the hope it would put new courage and heart in him.

Standwick stood with legs spread apart, a coat-tail under each arm. After a moment's silence, broken only by the falling of the log in the grate, he cleared his throat and said: "My dear sir, I am placed in as awkward a position as you. Since looking up your business and social standing among the names you gave me I find it exceedingly difficult to see how you can be the thief I took you to be at first. This knowledge inclines me to let you off and let the matter rest between ourselves alone. We can trust to Stimson's silence for I see he has gone over to your side out of pity—wait a moment," exclaimed Standwick as Thompkins attempted to stammer a reply, "on the other hand, with the evidence of my own eyes as to the silver being tied up, it will always trouble my conscience not knowing when I and my family are peacefully sleeping that you may be prowling about some other man's house adding his silver to yours. I am placed between two fires, one my duty to my fellow citizens, and the other my desire not to ruin or injure an innocent man

"Then, for God's sake, don't do it," interrupted Thompkins eagerly.

"But, my good sir, you must see I don't know whether you are guilty or innocent. If I let you go quietly I might be injuring my fellow men by leaving you free among them and fail in my duty to law and

justice. On the other hand, if I hand you over to the police I might be ruining an innocent man, so my position is almost as unpleasant as yours," and Standwick rubbed his hands nervously, trying to decide how to get out of the dilemma in which he found himself.

Thompkins, who had sat quietly staring at the fire, knowing there was nothing more to be said in explanation of his questionable presence there, very dolefully added: "I fully appreciate the responsibility of your position in this matter, my dear sir, but feel that if it is only a question of your duty to your fellow men, or your duty to me, the lesser evil would be to let me go, even believing me to be a thief. If I am, it is likely some other member of your community will catch me soon, especially if I continue the habit of falling asleep while at work. Then you can come forward with your statement and show it was not my first offence and this evidence would make the sentence greater and perhaps put me up forever. On the other hand, you have not lost even a salt spoon. So, my good sir, aside from the fact you might arrest an innocent man and ruin my reputation as well, don't you see it will be of far greater benefit to your fellow citizens to keep quiet as to this affair in order that you may come forward later with your evidence and add to the

sentence, in case I am found in a like situation. You understand, of course, that simply for the sake of argument I am supposing myself to be a thief, which you seem to half-believe.

"Hm-ah, Mr. Thompkins, sir, you have placed this matter in an entirely different light to me. I see now I can let you return to your home with no feeling of regret that I did not turn you over to the police. I see, as you say, my evidence in such an event will have greater weight. This relieves my conscience as to my duty to the world at large and also to you," and Standwick cleared his throat and looked important.

"Then, sir, I take it we can call this incident closed," said Thompkins, rising as Stimson opened the door. "All I ask is that I have your word as a gentleman that this doesn't reach the ears of anyone unless you are called upon later to prove something against my character.

"You have, sir," replied Standwick, who bowed gracefully, as Thompkins returning it curtly, walked out of the door held open by Stimson.

"What reply did my wife send?" asked Thompkins as Stimson helped him on with his coat.

"She was busy with the 'airdresser and sent no reply, sir.

"Very well. Call a cab," and Thompkins thrust

a half-crown in Stimson's hand, who whistled for a cab, then said, as he held the door open, "You can depend upon me sir, never to give you away."

The cab door closed with a bang as Thompkins leaned back, feeling that he had by his wits escaped a worse fate than that which the philanthropic Standwick thought was still hanging over him, and who, pledged to secrecy regarding the affair, was only waiting to proclaim him a thief if he were ever caught again.

WHAT BECAME OF THE GHOST OF
MIKE O'FLYNN

"Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my
flesh stood up."—Job IV: 15.

*What Became of the Ghost of
Mike O'Flynn*

Sounds of sobbing came from behind the tightly closed blinds of a handsome red brick house standing in the midst of well-kept grounds on the avenue. This sound, together with the muffled door-bell hidden beneath long streamers of purple and black, proclaimed it to be a house of mourning, and to those who knew him, that Mike O'Flynn as a man had ceased to be.

As his name indicated, Mike had made his entry into this world by the way of Ireland, and had played as a child on its emerald green sod. While still an awkward young spalpeen with a brogue so thick it did not need the assistance of his name to disclose his nationality, he had immigrated to this country to woo that fickle dame, Fortune, whom he had been told spent most of her time on our shores showering gold dollars upon her favorites.

By his ready wit and unfailling good humor he won many friends. These soon pointed out to him an easier ladder to success than the one he was climbing with his hod, which he therefore quickly dropped and started on the highway of political life, and in time became the "Boss" of his district. As he rose in public favor, so rose his bank account, and the

imposing red brick house, wherein his body now lay waiting to be buried with all honors due him, was his own.

As daylight faded into night, from behind the drawn curtains of the dining-room came sounds of voices mingled with clinking glass as toasts were drunk to his memory by especially invited friends. And through the long night the words of praise grew more eloquent with the emptying of the glasses.

No one in the room saw or in any way perceived the ghost of Mike O'Flynn that had silently entered and was now present at his own wake. Nor could they see how his ghostly bosom swelled with pride and his ghostly face beamed with joy, as he listened to what a fine fellow he had been, according to the words of praise which fell from the lips of his friends and weeping family.

When the first streaks of dawn came stealing into the room making the candle-light pale and dim, the ghost of Mike glided softly past the bier on which his body lay in state between lighted candles which flickered wildly as he passed out to make his way back to that country from which no traveler is supposed to return.

If Mike's ghostly bosom swelled with pride at the evidence of affection witnessed on the night of the wake, it must have come near bursting at the signs

of respect and esteem shown by the magnificence of the burial. The floral offerings alone were befitting a great and honored personage.

As the music rolled forth from the organ and the choir boys took up the chanting refrain of the High Mass which his family had desired said for the repose of his soul, the ghost of Mike O'Flynn glided silently into the church and took up his position on the altar near the priests, feeling this to be the proper place for him, as for the next hour or two, though unseen, he would be the most important person there.

The priests in costly garments went through their part of the solemn mass, and the choir boys and congregation repeated the part allotted to them. And while the incense was wafted to the vaulted roof together with the notes of the organ and voices raised in chant, the ghost of Mike gazed down from the altar at his body, lying there between rows of lighted tapers, looking so stately and dignified, he scarcely recognized it as his own former self.

Mike's ghost longed with all his heart to make himself heard for he wanted to tell his family and friends how greatly he appreciated this evidence of their esteem. He wished it had been possible for him to have gone through all this while alive so he could have thanked them in words for this beautiful tribute to his memory.

"Begorra, now," said Mike's ghost to himself, between the chanting of the priests and altar boys, "why can't there be full-dress rehearsals for funerals the same as weddin's? Thin a mon kin see how things will look whin he's dead while he's alive and kin talk and ixpress his thanks. My, but ain't it a grand sind-off they do be givin' me?" he continued, gazing proudly around at the lights and floral tributes.

"To think of all thim foine words bein' meant for me and the grand music a-rollin' out. Sure it does the heart of a mon good to attind his own funeral. But 'tis a great surprise to me intirely to think I kin be here myself and look on," and Mike's face broadened into a smile even as he bowed his head in prayer at the proper moment with the rest.

"My, but don't Mary and the girruls look illigent in black," he continued as he raised his head. "Mary looks a rale quane, for sure, and a fit mate fer the grand lookin' old gintlemon lyin' there in state, which to be sure is meself, but as no wan kin hear me it won't do any harm to speak well of meself. And it's the only chanst I've iver had to see what a foine lookin' mon I was. Sure, 'tis too bad a mon has to be dead before he kin see himself as he really is," and here Mike's ghost sighed deeply at the apparent injustice of this being so.

He was brought quickly back to the realization of things as they were, by the loud sobbing of Mary and the children as they went up to take a last look at the remains of Mike O'Flynn, the husband and father, while the others in the church, who followed them to the casket saw in the quiet face of the one lying there very little to remind them of the jovial friend and good-natured politician.

Then the ghost of Mike, feeling it proper to be where he could hear all the remarks of those who looked at the body which had once been himself, took up his position at the head of the casket.

He held out his arms to Mary and, putting them around her, whispered, soothingly, "I'm here, Mary darlint, just the same and I'll niver lave ye alone while ye'r alive. Oh, can't ye see me, a stand-in' beside ye wid me two arms around ye, Mary?" he asked wistfully. And then, "Oh, dear, I do be fergittin' intirely I'm only a ghost that no wan kin see. 'Tis wan of the unpleasant things wan has to put up with at wan's own funeral and 'tis lucky I be to be heare at all, at all," he continued, shaking his head sadly as he gazed with tears in his eyes after Mary, who, failing to hear or perceive his presence, was led to the carriage sobbing loudly.

He remained at the head of the casket as his friends filed past; at first he spoke to each, greeting

them cordially with outstretched hand, but as each one addressed, failed to hear or to notice him in any way, he drew back silent and sorrowful.

As the last one filed past, the pall-bearers lifted the casket and bore it down the aisle and placed it in the hearse. The ghost of Mike, which had followed closely behind, stood puzzled as to where he should ride. It looked too hot and stuffy inside the hearse, with its hangings, to ride there, and it hardly seemed proper to ride outside with the driver, yet he felt he must attach himself somewhere near the hearse in order to be at the head of the imposing line of carriages and stream of people following.

He had about decided to walk, either before or behind the hearse, when his eye caught sight of the open carriage containing the floral tributes from his friends. This appealed to him as being by far the most appropriate place for him, so climbing up into the carriage, he squeezed in between a tall shaft and a huge wreath and took up his position behind a large piece representing the gates-ajar. He placed a hand on either post for support, just as the carriages started off in a long line, Mike's ghost at the head with a smile of pure joy on its face and his ghostly garments flying in the breeze.

As the carriages passed slowly through the streets on the way to the cemetery, the ghost of Mike looked

down from its lofty position and smiled serenely at the crowds which lined the sidewalks and stood with uncovered heads as the funeral passed. Glancing back at the heavily draped hearse, with its beautiful horses of black which pranced with arched necks under their pall-like coverings as though proud to draw the body of so great a man as he, Mike felt a sense of conscious pride that the body of the dignified looking gentleman within was indeed his own.

As he viewed, on all sides, the signs of respect shown to his memory, Mike's ghost seemed to take a childish delight at being able to ride thus at the head of his own funeral; not shut up within the casket, but alive and up in the air, where he could see all that was going on.

After glancing back again and feeling satisfied that the procession was moving smoothly and in proper order he turned to inspect the many floral offerings by which he was surrounded. "What a foine mon they must think I be, bedad, to erect all these beautiful monuments to me memory. To be sure, they are made of flowers that will perish in a day, but the memory of all thim kind friends who sint these illigent shafts and things, will remain wid me long after the perfume of the flowers has gone intirely," said Mike's ghost, growing eloquent as he became aware of the affectionate esteem in which

Mike had been held in their hearts as expressed by the cards attached to the floral tributes.

“Gone, but not forgotten.

From your loving wife, Mary.”

he read on the card suspended from the neck of the dove which perched on one of the gates. “Ah, Mary knows I niver stayed away from home wan night whin alive and in me body, so it must be lonesome fer her to have me away these three days. Poor girrul, I must come often to cheer her up, if I can. But I only got a permit to come and attind me funeral by givin’ me solemn word that upon me return I would stay inside thim gates long enough to learn how to use me wings to come and go widout botherin’ St. Peter, bless his holy name,” and Mike’s ghost crossed himself devoutedly. “I’m afraid, as wings is hard things to manage whin you ain’t used to thim, that Mary will be mighty lonesome before I git the hang of ’em.” He sighed deeply as he stroked the head of the dove lovingly. “Ah, sure, ’tis thoughtful of Mary to put on this dove for she knew how I loved the canary.”

“Well, begorra now, but it does pay a mon to belong to all the societies he kin afford, and if he can’t afford ’em it’s a good plan to skimp on somethin’ else but not on societies, for sure, ’tis a grand sind-off they do be givin’ a mon whin he comes to

die. Bedad, no wan but a rale king could have a more illigant funeral than I, Mike O'Flynn, is havin' this day of our Lord, July 1st, 1886." And Mike's ghost turned back and gazed with pride at the long line moving slowly up the hillside and thereby nearly lost his balance as the carriage turned sharply to enter the cemetery gate.

As the carriages drove up and deposited their occupants beside the grave, Mike's ghost, which still stood holding fast to the gates-ajar, had a fine view of the ceremonies from the floral-laden carriage.

The first sight of the open grave made him gasp with terror, but this quickly changed to joy as he realized that he did not have to go into the grave with the body which now reposed upon the ground, in the fine mahogany casket.

As the words of the burial service fell from the lips of the priest, Mike's ghost for the first time began to feel solemn, and the tears rolled down his cheeks as the casket was lowered reverently into the grave.

"Ach, sure, 'tis sorry I feel fer me poor old body what has carried me around so faithfully these many years, to see it buried in the ground the same as a pertater or cabbage," and he groaned sadly as the first spadeful of earth fell on the casket causing Mary and the children to sob bitterly, and many in the crowd to shudder as they realized that they

too, would some day have the same ceremony performed over them.

His feeling of sorrow for his poor old body made the ghost of Mike deaf to the sound of weeping from his mourning family, so he did not get down from his seat to go and comfort them, but remained where he was, lost in thought. He was lifted down with the gates-ajar and placed at the head of the grave, where he adjusted himself comfortably with his back against a tree, his legs crossed and again quickly lapsed into memories of the past. So deep in the reverie was the ghost of Mike that he failed to notice the departure of the funeral entourage. Finally, arousing himself, he realized, with a shudder, that he was alone with the dead and he shivered as he gazed about at the monuments and graves.

“Well, begorra now, but I’m thankful ’tis the sun settin’ and not the moon risin’ I see before me, for the red light is more cheerful-like whin ye are here alone. And bedad, a cimetary is no more cheerful fer a ghost to be in thin it was before ye became wan. Well, Mike,” he said, evidently addressing the body of himself, “I’ve been thinkin’ while watchin’ thim puttin’ ye in the ground, what a fool I was that I niver provided a fine sepulcher fer ye whin the time come fer me to lave ye behind. What good will all the money I’ve spint on societies do now? They

only furnished me wid a parade and these emblems of respect which are really only certificates that I've paid up me dues promptly, otherwise I wouldn't have had 'em," he said with scorn, as he kicked over a wreath, leaning against the post, which had been sent by the Lodge X. Y. Z.

"I was thinkin' more about the foine show all thim societies would make whin I was dead, a turnin' out wid all their badges, and I was not thinkin' of me poor old body at all, at all, that would be put in the ground like that, till now. It's too late now, Mike O'Flynn, to be cryin' over spilt milk, but 'tis a great shame not to have built ye a little stone house to keep ye in, like they have fer the kings and quanes in the old cuntry. And sure, if I'd a known what a grand lookin' gentlemon you be, Mike, I'd a buried you like a king. Auch, 'tis too bad we have no chance to see ourselves at all, at all, until we're not ourselves any more. For how kin I iver be the same Mike O'Flynn I was, whin part of me is there and part of me is here, until I fergit which is meself intirely," said the ghost with a sigh. "Oh, what a worrld it is to be sure, whin it's as hard to be dead as it is to be alive."

The sun sank behind the hills in the distance, throwing out rays of glowing light which caused the monuments to stand out from their background of

green with startling distinctness. And as the shadows grew deeper in the fading light, Mike's ghost looked about him in alarm and drew his ghostly robes around him closer as he climbed down from his seat and stood by the grave with a solemn face.

"'Tis a shame, Mike O'Flynn, to be lavin' ye alone like this, and puttin' ye where no wan kin see your smilin' face. Ye should have been presarved, like thim ancients do their bodies so their children could see what their father's and fore-father's looked like. 'Tis too bad, to be sure, I wasn't wan of thim ancients when I was born, thin I'd a had that knowledge which, fer some reason, the Irishmon niver gets till he's dead, and thin it's too late to use it. Auch, sure, Mike, but it grieves me to think I niver thought of the house I could have built fer ye, till now whin it's too late, too late," and the ghost of Mike wrung his hands with remorse.

"Oh, what a cruel fate it is, to be sure," he moaned, "that overtakes a mon whin he's dead, to be havin' more foine thoughts in his brains whin they be outside of his head, then he iver had whin they was in. And what good do they do me now, intirely, whin I can't use 'em? Auch, sure, but 'tis worse thin not to have none at all, at all, fer thin a mon is more contint whin his head is as empty as the body he left, for widout a head to put thim in,

sure what good is brains at all, at all?" and the ghost of Mike sank down upon the flower-laden grave of the body, he found so hard to leave and which still seemed bound to him by invisible ties, woven together by years of association which the strange experience called death had failed to sever.

As twilight faded into night, the full moon arose, flooding the cemetery with its silvery light, causing the shadows, cast by the stones which marked the homes of the inhabitants of the silent city, to form in fantastic shapes. And the hoot of an owl in the distance made Mike's ghost bury himself down among the flowers on the grave and to draw his robes closer about him for protection.

"Auch, sure, auch sure, what a miserable mon I be, Mike. It's scared to death I am to be here and yet I can't get the heart to go away and lave ye alone the first night, for sure, all the ould ties do be seemin' to hold me to ye. Oh, why can't we take our bodies wid us whin we die the same as we do our brains?" wailed the ghost of Mike, "for seems to me we need the one as much as the other and 'tis hard to be in two parts and not know what ye are at all, at all. Well, as there don't seem to be anny wan else here to-night a kaping watch over themselves," he murmured after gazing about anxiously, hoping for the sight of even a ghost like himself to

keep him company. "I guess after a while ye git used to bein' two people instid of wan and stay away from here.

"While I am here, I guess I might as well take a nap, fer the excitement of attindin' me own funeral has tired me out. It's nice and quiet if it is a bit lonesome, and the man in the moon is like a watchman with his lantern on guard, and that's some company to be sure," he soliloquized as he spread his robes carefully about him covering the grave completely, then resting his head on a floral pillow of white roses and lilies he settled down to spend the night with the other part of himself.

"Ye kin rest in peace this night, Mike, ould mon," he murmured softly, "fer I'm goin' to stay wid ye fer company and also because I don't know yet how to git along widout ye after all these years together. But it has been a grand day fer us both Mike, and sure, it was a great sind-off we had wid that foine parade. So sleep peacefully and wid a proud feelin' that ye are the body of such a foine mon, wan so respected by his fellow citizens that if we had stayed together longer he might have been Mayor of the town. Oh, me, oh, my! Why do all thim foine thoughts come to me now when it's too late? Sure, 'tis worse thin not to have anny thoughts at all, at all," and he tossed restlessly about on his flowery

bed at the thought of what a great man he might have been.

"My, but I feel very faint and quare," he exclaimed, as he tried to shake off a drowsy feeling that crept over him. "Maybe 'tis the scint of thim tuberoses and lilies that has gone to me head and made me light-headed and giddy. I'll just hold on tight to this shaft here, maybe it will give me a more stiddy feelin,' for I'm afraid I'll float away somewheres if I don't hang onto somethin'."

So clasping his arm about the tall shaft which stood at the right of the grave, while a peaceful smile o'erspread his face, the ghost of Mike fell fast asleep and quiet reigned in the City of the Dead. The moon with his lantern kept guard and the fragrance of the floral tributes to his memory rose as incense and mingled with the dew of night.

About noon the following day as the sexton of the cemetery hurried along to superintend the making of a new grave, he stopped to admire the floral tributes on the grave of Mike O'Flynn. Stooping down to replace a shaft which had been overturned, he was surprised at the sight of a dew bespangled cob-web which covered the entire grave and which the rays of the noon-day sun had failed to efface.

There it lay, looking not unlike a veil of costly lace which some Fairy Princess had dropped in

passing, or had spread carefully over the grave in order to protect the flowers from the heat of the sun.

The sexton examined it closely, then walked away hurriedly, muttering to himself that in all his thirty years' experience he had never before seen a cob-web of that size and thickness upon a grave.

It made cold chills run down his spine, for, as he said, "It looked like a garment some ghost might have left behind in its hurry to get back to its hiding place before daylight overtook it."

We, who know that the ghost of Mike O'Flynn spent the night at the grave of his body, wonder whether the ties of that body, during his sleep, drew his spirit down into the grave, to rest there until the body was no more, or whether those ties were suddenly severed as he slept, allowing the ghost to soar away to parts unknown, leaving his ghostly robes behind.

Thus we can speculate, but who knows what really became of the ghost of Mike O'Flynn.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS TURNED UP

August 13th, 1912.

My dear Madame:

My private opinion is, that the more ghost stories we have the better it will be for the book and our readers. I was always fond of thinking them out. But I never thought of any so original as these.

I suppose people on the earth-plane will speak of me as the ghost of Frank R. Stockton, when I AM Frank R. Stockton himself. I would consider my discarded body as being the ghost of my former self, for the real I, the mind and personality, still exist.

Well anyhow, call me a ghost or what you will, I am dictating ghost stories to you from here, which in itself, would make a story worthy of Poe.

The story of Johnny and the Sailor Man, is a good one, which when finished will be recognized as mine, so if you will please read it aloud, I will work on the revision, then we will take up a new one.

Frank R. Stockton.

NOTE.

As there were already two ghost stories among the six to be published, I asked Mr. Stockton to give me something else in place of "The Man Who Always Turned Up," saying that one could be published later. The above is his reply.

Etta de Camp.

"It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, . . ."—Job IV: 16.

The Man Who Always Turned Up

The first glow of red mingled with the dull grey of early dawn as the fishing fleet prepared to sail on its regular trip. The entire population of the little hamlet had turned out in spite of the early hour, to wave farewell to the men of the sea.

Fathers and mothers clasped strong sons to their breasts, with a murmured "God keep you," spoken with trembling lips and moist eyes. Wives with babes in their arms and little ones clinging to their skirts were gathered into the loving arms of husband and father, who dry-eyed and brave-hearted kissed them farewell. Sweethearts there were, who sobbed openly and clung tenderly with fear reflected from the eyes of the young women, for many dangers may be encountered during three weeks at sea on that rugged north-east coast of Maine. There the gales blow with sudden fury and often as if from a blue sky, sending ships down regardless of the souls of the men on board, or of the hearts of the women at home. The storms come and wreck the ships as do petulant children their toys when tired of them.

Knowing well the treachery of the wind in this

region, those gathered on the shore to say good-by did so with heavy hearts, made heavier still by the cheerful farewells shouted back in reply by the men who, undaunted by the danger before them, went fearlessly out to sea.

Back of the crowd and higher up on the beach stood little Johnny Parker waving his hand to his father who commanded the fleet.

As he watched the boats sail away he became lost in thought, dreaming perhaps of the day when he too could go to sea and be welcomed on his return as a hero.

He was aroused from his day-dream by the sight of a tall man who appeared before him, as though he had dropped from the skies. Johnny looked at him in amazement as he saw, by his clothes, that he was a sea-faring man, though not of those parts, for the blue blouse and wide-bottomed trousers were those worn by sailors of big ships at sea and not by fisher-folks. Johnny quickly scanned the sea in all directions puzzled, for there was no strange ship in sight and the nearest port was miles away.

The tall sailor said not a word in greeting, but stood there with a look of anxiety on his face, pointing with right arm outstretched to the boats now far out at sea.

“You’re late fer them boats, Mister,” said Johnny

politely, looking at the stranger with friendly eyes. "They won't be back agin fer three weeks. Why didn't yer git here sooner?"

At this, the sailor silently turned and looked at him, then back again at the fleet, with right arm still outstretched stiffly.

"Gee, that Sailor Man must be deaf," said Johnny to himself. Then cupping his hands to his mouth so that his voice would carry stronger, he shouted loudly, "I said, Mister, yer're too late fer them boats. They won't come back fer nothin' nor nobody fer three weeks yet."

The stranger turned again and looked at the boy sadly, and made no reply, but continued to hold his right arm out stiffly before him.

"Wall now, that Sailor Man must be dumb as well as deaf. I can't make out them signs of his'n," said Johnny to himself, disgusted with this strange man, and he looked about for someone to come to his relief and take the task of talking to this deaf and dumb man off his shoulders.

The beach was deserted, as all had now scattered to their homes save a few of the old men, busy mending nets. Johnny finally spied Captain Briggs, with telescope glued to his eyes, seated high on a rock where he could catch the last sight of the fishing boats.

"Ahoy, there, Capt'n, yer wanted. Come here!" he shouted.

"Aye, aye, lad," replied the captain briskly, and putting his telescope under his arm he got down and hopped along towards Johnny as quickly as his wooden leg would permit.

"Well, lad, what is it?" he asked as he reached Johnny's side.

"Here's a Sailor Man who wants to go to sea, I guess," replied Johnny.

"Where?" asked the captain, gazing about curiously.

"Why right here, in front of yer eyes.

"Why, God-bless-my-soul, Lad, what are ye sayin'?" asked the captain amazed. "A sailor—? Why there ain't no one in sight as I kin see," and the captain blew a loud blast on his red handkerchief, then waved it about in the air as was his custom when excited.

"Well, what kind o' glasses hev yer got on to-day, Capt'n, if yer can't see to the end o' yer nose?" asked Johnny scornfully.

"The same kind I always wear, Lad, but ye must hev forgot to wash the sleep out o' yer eyes this mornin'," he replied kindly, while polishing the spectacles which he had removed at Johnny's criticism, then adjusting them carefully he looked at the boy anxiously.

"Why, Johnny, my lad, yer must be dreamin' fer there ain't a yard o' that blue cloth my old eyes couldn' see for a mile from here, and my old nose would sartainly scent the salt spray in them clothes o' his'n. A sailor, ye say? Well, God-bless-my-soul, where is he?" and the captain turned about in every direction with the telescope to his eyes, scanning the horizon of land and sea.

"Right here, in front o' you," cried Johnny impatiently, then taking the captain by the arm he turned him about and led him up to where the sailor still stood, silent and grim. "There now, can't ye see 'im?"

"No, Lad, I can't see what ain't in sight," and the captain looked in blank amazement into the face of the child as he spoke.

Convinced by his earnest manner that it was no joke, the captain now began to fear the child was ill. Taking his hand he felt the pulse, beating firm and strong. He then began to question his own eyesight.

"Well, Lad, maybe my old eyes is wrong to-day, so tell me what does this Sailor Man want?"

"That's what I don't know, sir, fer he don't talk and I can't make 'im hear and so he must be one o' them deaf and dumb folks I've heerd ye tell o' bout.

“Well, Lad, that sign language is beyond me, too, so I reckon we’ll jest hev to let this here Sailor Man alone. Maybe when he can’t make hisself understood, he’ll go back to where he came from. Ye jest better run along home now, and don’t ye bother ’bout ’im no more,” said the captain, patting the hand he held kindly, for he was somewhat worried about the boy’s strange behavior.

Johnny, now alarmed at the actions of the sailor who had not attempted to speak or to make himself understood during this conversation, but still remained silent, gazing sadly out to sea, at the captain’s words took to his heels and fled to his home.

Again sweeping the horizon of sea and sky with his telescope the captain muttered to himself as he gazed after the ships now so far away they seemed tiny specks bobbing up and down on the waves, “Well, God-bless-my-soul, a sailor! I wonder what he means anyhow?” Then blowing another loud blast on the red handkerchief he turned and hopped off after Johnny.

The captain opened the door of Johnny’s house and entered without waiting for anyone to answer his knock, for the fisher-folks of this little hamlet were honest, kindly people, and had no need for locks or bolts. You simply opened the door after knocking and entered *sans ceremonie*, to see for yourself whether anyone was in or not.

The captain's entrance was unnoticed by either Johnny or his mother. Mrs. Parker was listening closely to the tale the child was telling of the strange sailor out there on the beach, who could neither hear nor speak and whose crazy actions had frightened him.

"And Capt'n Briggs has gone blind, Mother, fer he couldn't see 'im when he stood right at the end o' his nose," exclaimed Johnny earnestly just as the captain opened the door.

"Well, ma'm, good day to ye," he called out cheerily, hopping over to where Mrs. Parker sat.

Thank ye, Captain, I'm glad to see ye are able to move about so spry. Johnny here seems to think ye were struck blind not to see the strange sailor he's been tellin' me of," she replied, taking the outstretched hand offered.

"Well, ma'm, it must be fever, or else the sleep is still in the lad's eyes, fer my old eyes ain't been able to ketch a sight o' them sailor's blue clothes and I hev looked all up and down this here coast and far out to sea. The lad's dreamin,' fer no eyes kin see what ain't in sight, ma'm," and the captain blew his nose vigorously as he seated himself in the rocking chair offered him by Mrs. Parker, then spread his handkerchief over his wooden leg to dry.

“Are ye sure, Lad, it was a sailor ye saw?” asked Mrs. Parker, drawing Johnny tenderly within the circle of her arm, “and where could a sailor like ’im come from?”

“That’s what I wondered when I first saw ’im a standin’ there,” replied the child seriously, “but he couldn’t talk, so I don’t know.

“But, Johnny, if ye saw ’im in plain sight, I don’t see why the captain didn’t too,” and Mrs. Parker looked at the captain anxiously as she spoke.

“Well, God-bless-my-soul, ma’m, that’s jest what I’d like to know. I ain’t struck blind as ye kin see, but if my old eyes can’t see what Johnny’s did, it must be he saw what was in his head. And if he ain’t dreamin’, then he must be sick and needs a physic. Come here, lad, and hold out yer tongue.”

Johnny obeyed reluctantly. After carefully examining his tongue and throat, feeling his head and again counting his pulse and finding the same steady beat, the captain dropped the child’s hand more puzzled than ever. He waited to blow another blast before speaking.

“Well, ma’m,” he said, waving the handkerchief in the air, as he got up and hopped about the room nervously. “He ain’t feverish as far as the usual signs go, fer he ain’t got none, but somethin’ sartinly is wrong with that there machinery o’ his’n, fer it

ain't right fer anyone to see things what ain't there to be seen, no it ain't.

"But there ain't nothin' ails me, capt'n, and I won't take none o' that old physic, so there!" cried Johnny, angrily. "It's you that needs new specs so ye kin see what's right in front of your nose.

"Well, lad, he must hev gone back the way he come there, fer there ain't no one in sight on this here coast," replied the captain as he turned from the window where he stood with telescope to his eyes.

"There, mother, look! There's that Sailor Man now," cried Johnny, excitedly, catching hold of his mother's arm.

"Where?" asked the captain, startled as he turned from the window, dropping the telescope in his excitement.

"There, by the door," replied the boy with wide open eyes. "Speak to 'im, capt'n, maybe ye kin make him hear ye now," and Johnny clung to his mother with fear.

Mrs. Parker sat speechless and white, while the captain looked at the door in blank amazement and around the room for signs of the sailor. He removed his spectacles and wiping them carefully, readjusted them on his nose, then hopped over to Johnny and patted him tenderly on the back as he

said: "Now, sonny, show me jest where that there Sailor Man is, so I kin put 'im out with sech a whack o' my wooden leg, he won't come back agin, but be mighty glad to stay where he come from.

"He stands right by the door there, Capt'n, and I don't see what ails ye and mother, that ye can't see 'im too," and Johnny glancing anxiously at the frightened face of his mother as he spoke.

"Well, well, lad, it is queer we can't see 'im, but then our eyes ain't as young as yours be. You speak to 'im, Johnny lad, and don't ye be afeerd of 'im fer he can't hurt ye while I and my old wooden leg is here to protect ye, so now ye jest speak up loud and clear," and the captain patted the hand of the child reassuringly as he spoke.

"What do ye want o' us, Mister Sailor Man? and what are you doin' here?" asked Johnny, bravely, while his mother broke into loud weeping, and the captain cleared his throat gruffly to hide the tears he was afraid would roll down his cheeks and frighten the boy. It was an uncanny moment and trying to one's nerves to witness a child apparently in good health addressing an imaginary person, or at least one seen only by the youth.

"Well, lad, what does he say?" asked the captain, wiping his spectacles now dimmed by the tears they had concealed.

"I told ye, Capt'n, I couldn't make 'im hear me on the beach and I can't now, fer he don't say nothin' back. You ask 'im good and loud, Capt'n, maybe he'll hear you if ye shout," replied the child eagerly.

"All right, lad, I will," and the captain in a loud gruff voice asked the sailor what it was he wanted around in these here parts and to speak out like a man. He watched Johnny's face carefully as he spoke.

"I guess he's awful deaf, Captain, fer he didn't seem to hear ye no better'n me. He jest stands there like he did on the beach, a-holdin' that arm of his'n out straight and lookin' mighty troubled about somethin'. It must be awful, Capt'n, to be deaf and not talk either.

"Aye, aye, lad, so it must," replied the captain, kindly putting his hand on the boy's shoulder and drawing him close. Then seeing that Mrs. Parker had collapsed utterly for the moment, he decided to take matters into his own hands.

"Come, lad, ye hev taken a bad cold somehow, and need a good hot sweat, to take it out o' ye. Jest let that Sailor Man find his way out the same as he came in and ye come here with me and hop into bed where ye'll keep good and warm while I make ye some hot lemonade with plenty o' sugar in it," said

the captain, leading the child toward the bedroom. "Ye jest get them clothes off now and I'll take care of that Sailor Man, and send 'im flying back to where he came from pretty quick.

"I tell ye, I ain't got no cold and nothin' ails me. My nose don't run and my throat ain't sore, and I don't want to go to bed," sobbed Johnny.

"There, there, now, lad, don't cry. We all hev to do things we don't like in this here life, and goin' to bed in the day-time ain't so bad. We'll jest put plenty o' sugar in that there lemonade of your'n and make it nice and syruppy, hey lad? And what do ye say to a tale o' the sea while I set by ye ter company?" asked the captain who had now gotten Johnny into the bedroom and had deftly pulled back the coverlet as he spoke, patting and smoothing the pillows with gentle hands.

"Come now, lad! Heave ho! Off with them sails of your'n while I go make that lemonade fer ye," he cried cheerily.

"Aye, aye, Captain," replied Johnny, who now began to enter into the spirit of things, as he dried the tears on his cheeks.

As the captain passed through the outer room on his way to the kitchen he stopped to reassure Mrs. Parker who sat weeping silently with her apron over her head.

"There, there, ma'm, don't feel so badly," he said as he brushed away a tear from his own eyes. "The lad ain't goin' to die. His brain is only a bit excited by a cold or upset stomach. Jest keep 'im in bed, quiet and warm, till I git old Doctor Squills here to find out the matter. If ye'll jest put the kittle on now, ma'm, I'll make 'im a good hot drink before I go," and Captain Briggs hopped softly out to the kitchen as Mrs. Parker dried her eyes and followed him to make the lemonade.

He returned shortly to the bedroom with pitcher and cup on a tray and found his patient in bed. Johnny hailed the captain cheerfully and while taking the steaming drink, asked anxiously, "Say, Capt'n, where do you think that Sailor Man went to, when ye put him out as ye said ye did?"

"God-bless-my-soul, lad? I sartainly don't know. Now don't ye bother your little head no more 'bout 'im, ye jest lay here nice and quiet till I git back," replied the captain, gently smoothing the covers which the restless child had kicked off. Then tucking his telescope under his arm and clapping his cap on his head, he hopped briskly out of the door and on down the street and gazed anxiously out, into the sky and sea, still puzzled as to the apparition of the sailor, for like all mariners, he knew there were stranger things than that which Johnny had seen.

When the doctor arrived late in the afternoon, he listened gravely to the story of Johnny's strange delusion. He thumped and pounded him vigorously trying to find the cause, but try as he would he could find nothing wrong with the strong, sturdy child. This fact he kept carefully to himself, for patients were few in the little hamlet and fees small. So in spite of Johnny's protests that he wasn't sick the doctor ordered that he be kept quiet in bed for the next few days to see what would develop, and departed, leaving medicine strong enough to develop almost anything in twenty-four hours, and a promise to look in again the next day.

Johnny tossed restlessly about in bed, refusing to keep quiet or to be covered up, and complained loudly against his being kept a prisoner there. "I ain't sick, I tell ye," he shouted, his cheeks flushed with anger, "and it ain't fair to treat me as if I was, jest because some folks can't see what's plain before 'em, so there," and he kicked the covers off in disgust, while making an effort to get up.

"There, there, lad," said the captain who had returned; "maybe ye don't feel sick to-day but ye will to-morrow sure, if ye don't lay quiet and take your medicine like a man. Ye jest keep quiet now, and I'll tell ye the tale o' the wrecking o' the Sally Ann on this here coast when ye was a baby."

Captain Briggs seated himself comfortably in the big armchair beside the bed and stretched his wooden leg out before him, resting it on another chair, and began the tale of the sea.

The tale of the Sally Ann being particularly thrilling, many blows were given the Captain's big red nose. And as it was necessary to hang his handkerchief up to dry after each blast, it hung there over his wooden leg during the entire recital like a limp red flag of distress.

The story of the going down of the brig and the rescue of the men was so exciting that, by the time the last man was carried safely through the surf, Johnny's eyes were flashing brightly and his cheeks were colored scarlet.

Mrs. Parker, who entered at this moment with some porridge for his supper, seeing his flushed cheeks, greatly feared he had been stricken with fever.

"God-bless-my-soul, ma'm," cried the captain in reply to her anxious questions, as he removed his leg from the chair after first rescuing the flag of distress and blowing another blast thereon. "I'm afeared I'm a bad hand, ma'm, to hev around the sick, fer when I git started a rescuin' folks at sea, I come nigh wreckin' those on land, like Johnny here. There now, my hearty, your head don't hurt ye or nothin'

is worse, is it, since we pulled them sailors in from the sea?" he asked with some anxiety. "There now, lad," he continued, "ye eat yer supper, then fall asleep and by to-morrow when the sun comes up, ye will feel better. I'll go now, ma'm, if there's nothin' else I kin do fer ye," he said to Mrs. Parker, who was tenderly feeding Johnny his porridge. "I must git out on to the beach there and see what all this wind means."

And sniffing his nose as though scenting danger he clapped his cap to his head and with a cheery good-night, hopped out of the house, into the darkness of the night.

He was almost taken off of his feet by the first blast as the door closed behind him with a bang, and the wind shrieked and howled about him and sent its warning to those whose loved ones were at sea.

"God-bless-my-soul," he cried as he ducked his head to meet the wind and turned in the direction of the Life Saving Station, "I don't like the looks o' this. I must hurry and see if them boys has everything ship-shape fer an emergency, and God pity our men at sea this night, fer they must by now be jest 'bout where it will do the greatest damage," said he shouting to himself in order to hear his own voice above that of the wind and the roar of the sea as it

dashed upon the beach like some angry monster seeking to reek vengeance on all that stood in its path.

"I wonder where in tarnation this here storm come from, fer all signs this mornin' sartinly pointed to fair weather, accordin' to my reckonin.' Well, God-bless-my-soul; maybe I'm to blame. They do say that the evil spirits that go with storms, wreckin' ships at sea, are called back by the tellin' o' it even on a clear day," he continued aloud.

And feeling in his heart somehow responsible, he sighed deeply as he pushed on through the storm and wind, resolving never again to let the recital of the Sally Ann pass his lips.

Arriving at the Life Saving Station he found everything in order and the men down on the beach ready for action if necessary.

The wind increased in violence with the rising tide, sending the breakers towering in, like huge whitecapped mountains, that broke with a crash and roar like thunder.

As the storm grew with the night, little groups of hardy men and boys gathered on the beach in spite of the drenching rain, and with strained faces and anxious eyes, they stood peering into the darkness, watching for signals of distress from those out at sea; while mothers, wives and sweethearts, spent the night

on their knees, praying for the safety of their loved ones.

It was early dawn before the God to whom they prayed seemed to have heard their prayers and stretched forth His hand to hold back the elements that threatened to destroy.

As soon as the fury of the storm had passed, the whole population of the little hamlet came down to the beach. With wan and anxious faces they watched the lifesaving boats as they tried to get through the breakers and on out to where the fishing fleet must have met the storm, in order to learn the fate of these toilers-of-the-sea.

The lifeboats were driven back again and again by the onslaught of the breakers, which rose before them like a huge wall, then broke upon the beach with force enough to dash their sturdy boats to pieces.

The struggle continued until nearly noon before they were able to break through the towering billows and go to the rescue of their comrades.

A faint cheer followed from the crowd on the beach, which watched the boats until lost to sight.

At sunset, the same day, the fishing fleet came straggling in assisted by the Life Savers. There were two boats less than had sailed away the day before.

These had gone down with all on board during the storm which had caught them just as they were rounding the headland. A point most dreaded by all mariners along that coast, for there the wind seemed to come from all directions at once whipping the sea into a veritable whirlpool among the rocks.

The storm had come upon them with such suddenness and raged with the fury of a hurricane, so that even to these hardened fishermen, it seemed a miracle that any of them were saved.

After the boats had anchored and the injured had been carried to their homes, a group of fishermen gathered at the Life Saving Station to talk about the storm, which seemed to have come from a clear sky, and had contradicted all the fair-weather signs noted by them before they set sail.

"That wa'n't no usual storm," said an old tar, seated on an inverted cask, his tanned face serious as he spoke. "That there storm is one o' them they say the Devil rides in, and is called up out o' revenge by the spirits o' them that hev gone down to their deaths in the sea. That wa'n't no usual storm, ye kin bet on't," he repeated solemnly.

"Well, God-bless-my-soul!" cried Captain Briggs excitedly, jumping up from his seat and hopping around the room. "God-bless-my-soul," he repeated to himself, blowing a loud blast on his red

handkerchief, "then maybe that's what that there Sailor Man come fer, the one I couldn't see. My old eyes ain't trained to see ghosts, but it seems Johnny's is. Wall, now, I do declare, he must hev been sent to warn them boats. Wall, now, ain't it too bad we couldn't read them signs o' his'n," he muttered, as he seated himself in his favorite chair, placing his wooden leg out before him on a three-legged stool. He soon became so lost in thought about the ghost of the sailor that he failed to heed the stories of the ghosts at sea and other strange sights being told by the little group about him, for fisher-folks are a superstitious people who have seen in the silent watches of the night, alone with the majestic space of sky and sea, stranger visions than the heart of man ever conceived.

On a dull gray morning of the week following, Captain Briggs was seated on a bench in front of his door with telescope to his eyes, watching the last of the fleet that had sailed at dawn.

"A-hoy there, Capt'n," cried Johnny, flying down the beach as fast as his chubby brown legs could carry him.

"All's well, my lad," he called in reply, putting down his glass to greet his little companion.

"That Sailor Man's back, Capt'n," he said breathlessly.

"God-bless-my-soul," cried the captain startled. "Ye don't say so. Where is he this time, my lad?"

"There," cried the child, pointing to a rock some distance away.

"Well, how does he look to-day, and what does he want?"

Since the day of the great storm Captain Briggs had spent much time in thought over the strange coincidence of the appearance of the sailor on that day, and rather hoped he would come again so he could study him carefully and find out if possible the reason for his visits.

So taking Johnny's hand he patted it and watched him earnestly, searching for some signs of the change in his eyes when seeing things which others could not. To all outward appearances, Johnny seemed a healthy, normal child, but the captain as he looked noted a queer expression in his wide-open eyes as though he were looking out and beyond, through the veil, perhaps, which hides the secrets of that other world from this.

"Well, lad, how does he look to-day," he repeated, laying his hand on the shoulder of the child to rouse him from the day-dream into which he seemed to have fallen.

"Ye come along with me, Capt'n, to where he stands, and see fer yerself."

And taking him by the hand, Captain Briggs hopped along beside him, resolving to humor the child into believing he, too, saw the sailor.

"There he is, Capt'n; do you see 'im now? He stands there, lookin' out at sea the same as he did before. If he wants to go to sea in them boats, why don't he git here earlier in the day?"

"He must come from far away, lad, fer he don't belong to these here parts, I kin tell thet by the cut o' them clothes o' his'n."

"Oh, then ye do see 'im, too," cried Johnny joyfully.

"Aye, aye, lad," replied the captain gruffly, striving to keep the tears from his voice, "but my old eyes can't see 'im as well as yours, so tell me how he looks to-day.

"His eyes is smilin,' so he don't look so sad, but he keeps wavin' thet right arm o' his'n up and down so queer. What ails 'im, captain?"

"God-bless-my-soul, lad, I ain't any more familiar with thet there sign language then ye be, jest yet. I wonder what he does mean, myself," he muttered, sweeping the sea and sky with his glass.

"Well now, lad, I wonder what in tarnation he does mean, a smilin' in our faces on a gray day like this, with all signs of nasty weather, and a-frownin' like he did, the last time he come when the ships sailed away under fair skies.

"What makes 'im wave his arms up and down like thet, capt'n?"

"I don't know, my lad, unless he's tryin' to signal to them ships. Well, God-bless-my-soul, but I do believe thet's what he's sent here for," he said thoughtfully, putting down his glass and looking at the child in blank amazement, as the reason for the sailor's appearance flashed upon his brain. "I hev heard before of them folks bein' sent as warnin's," he continued, raising his glass again to study the sky and sea.

"Sent from where, capt'n? and who sent 'im, the government? and did they send 'im fer the Life Savers?"

"Aye, aye, lad, I guess the government does send them folks," answered the captain, feeling this to be no greater deception to the child than a fairy tale, and the One who governed the Universe could well be spoken of in this way with no disrespect.

"Well then, captain, why don't he stay here?"

"I guess, lad, he gits his orders from headquarters, so it ain't fer us to question.

"But where does he go to, and how does he come and go and nobody sees him but us?"

"Well, I guess, lad, he must live with Santa Claus, fer he's the only one I know who comes and goes in the same way, but we ain't so much interested

in where he goes to, or where he sleeps; what we want to know is, what he means when he does git here, a-wavin' his arms around like a lunatic," this last he half-muttered to himself.

"Well now, capt'n, why didn't the government send us a man what kin talk, if he's got somethin' to say to us?"

"That's so, lad. I wonder myself why they didn't.

"Can't ye write 'em a letter and ask 'em to send us another man, one thet kin talk and hear, too?"

"It's too fer from here, lad, I'm afeard my letter wouldn't do no good," and Captain Briggs chuckled softly to himself. "No, we ain't big enough to dictate to the government, we'll jest hev to take who it sends. You and me will keep this a secret, my lad, and wait until we find out what the Sailor Man means before we introdoose 'im to other people. Come now, lad, say good-day to 'im and then run home to dinner.

"Well, God-bless-my-soul," cried the captain, blowing a long blast on the handkerchief which he waved in the air as was his custom, and also in farewell to Johnny, whose fat little legs now bore him swiftly toward his home.

"I must study out them signals of that Sailor Man what the good God has sent us, and find out

what they mean. But I must be careful not to scare Johnny with his ghost, which he thinks the government has sent," and the captain's eyes twinkled, as, with another look at the sky, he turned and entered the door of his little house.

This adjoined the Life Saving Station, and in it the captain's things were kept as snug and ship-shape as they had been in his cabin on board the sailing vessel which he commanded before the amputation of his leg rendered him unfit for sea service.

The berth of "Master of the Life Saving Station" at Sea Gull Harbor on the far coast of Maine, had been secured for him by his many friends among the mariners, and he and Johnny had been firm friends from the first, for when the captain arrived at his new post, his heart was as sore as was the stump of his leg which prevented him from going to sea in the vessel, which to him had been home so many years.

Being a bachelor with no ties or kindred, the lonely old man had welcomed the prattle of the child and took him to his heart then and there, and for the ten short years of his life, Johnny and the captain had been inseparable. Johnny was very proud of the captain's wooden leg for in his eyes it gave him a distinction which the other men could not claim, and in turn Johnny became the apple of the captain's heart.

Three weeks later the fishing fleet returned with the biggest catch of the season, for which there was great rejoicing by all in the village.

During the days which intervened before the fleet again set sail Captain Briggs thought and pondered deeply over the child's vision and the difference in the facial expression and actions of the "Sailor Man," and the results following each trip of the fleet.

He questioned the child and noted carefully, that during his first vision, at the departure of the fleet which met with disaster, the sailor had seemed anxious and greatly distressed, and held his right arm rigidly outstretched before him. The second time, when the fleet sailed on what proved to be a most successful trip, he with smiling face, had watched it go, moving his right arm stiffly up and down.

The morning the fleet sailed again, Johnny and the captain stood hand in hand, watching them depart. "The Sailor Man's smiling this time, too, and waving his arm up and down!" shouted Johnny in delight.

"If them signs of his'n to-day, mean fair weather, lad, as I cal'late they do from them being the same as they was last time, then these here wavin's of his arms is signals we'd ort to pay attention to, but I've got to git better acquainted with 'em first, to find out jest how reliable they be.

“Well now, capt’n, this man’s a sailor so he must know what he’s about, or the government wouldn’t send ’im here where all the other folks is sailors, too. He must know mor’n we do, or else he ain’t no good.

“That’s true, lad. I ain’t doubting the Sailor Man’s knowledge, but I’m afeard my old head won’t git a hold o’ thet sign language o’ his’n jest right. We’ll watch the result o’ this trip carefully before we let any of our sailors know there’s an agent of the government here with signals fer them to follow,” said the captain, chuckling to himself.

“But they’ll find ’im out some day, fer he always stands out on that rock in plain sight. It’s mighty queer they don’t see ’im, too, isn’t it, captain?”

“Well, no, lad, it ain’t, when ye think how full their eyes be of the blue sky and sea. They ain’t lookin’ fer blue on the land and what ye ain’t lookin’ fer, lad, ye can’t see, even if it be at the end o’ yer nose.

“Is thet the reason ye didn’t see ’im the first time he come here, and ye put me to bed when nothin’ ailed me?” asked Johnny seriously.

“I reckon it was, my son.

“But now ye know I ain’t sick and the Sailor Man’s true, don’t ye?” cried Johnny joyfully.

“Yes, lad, I’m mighty sure ye ain’t sick this time

but hev got powerful sharp eyes a-seein' folks what other folks don't. My old eyes is gettin' dim, so ye can't expect me to hev seen 'im on first sight, sonny, the same as ye. But now, lad, we must keep 'im to ourselves, so when he comes agin, and other folks is nigh, ye jest sing out, 'Ship ahoy, capt'n,' and wave yer arm up and down as he does, then you and me will hev a sign language of our own, and deaf and dumb signals that other folks can't read, hey, lad?" and the captain and Johnny laughed heartily over their secret.

The "Sailor Man" continued to appear to Johnny promptly on time at each sailing of the fleet. He watched them from the rock on which he always stood and waved his signals, either with a frowning face or smiling eyes.

These, the captain with Johnny's assistance studied carefully during the next few months and worked out their meaning from the record of the trips. This record he kept as faithfully and with as much attention to detail as though it were the log of a ship to be read before and examined by the Board of Marines. Each statement was signed Capt. Briggs, Commander of U. S. Life Saving Station, Sea Gull Harbor, coast of Maine.

This was done, as the captain explained, to show all due respect to the agent sent by the government,

but which Johnny now knew to be a joke. The captain, realizing Johnny should be told the truth about the Sailor Man, had told him in such a way that he now felt as proud of his strange eyesight as he was of the captain's wooden leg, and he entered heartily into all the captain's plans regarding the signals.

Those of the fishermen who stopped in to talk to the captain during the latter part of July, found he and Johnny busy over some strange contrivance, which the captain explained was a puzzle he and Johnny were working out together.

A week later, there was much gossip and speculation over the strange kind of a weather-vane, being erected on the roof of John Parker's house. "The strangest ever seen in these or furrin parts," said the crowd of curious neighbors who gathered about to watch its construction.

The captain hopped around briskly, giving orders to the one carpenter on the roof with Johnny, regretting that his wooden leg kept him on the ground.

To all inquiries of the curious, the three were as deaf and dumb as the ghost of the sailor.

Late in the day, the captain sent the crowd home with a wave of his handkerchief and the promise that if they would return the next morning at ten o'clock and bring all of their friends and neighbors as well,

he would explain the object and working of the queer "contraption" which had so excited their curiosity, and with another flourish of the red handkerchief the crowd dispersed to their homes to spread the news and give the invitation to the neighborhood.

The next morning, long before the appointed hour, the crowd began to gather about Mrs. Parker's cottage. Mothers with babes in their arms were there, anxious that in years to come the child could say it had been present at the first exhibition of this new invention, whatever it might turn out to be. Trembling and feeble old men, leaning on the arms of stalwart sons or daughters, were led forth that their failing eyes might gaze on this new-fangled weathervane. Young girls with the eager eyes of youth were there, as were also young men ready to scoff with the presumptuous knowledge of inexperience.

The crowd grew until it seemed that most of the three hundred souls in the little hamlet had gathered there.

Johnny flew in and out, up and down, with a manner mysterious as well as important, deaf to all questions and good-natured jokes.

Mrs. Parker, her hair sleek and smooth, clad in her best black gown in honor of the great occasion, sat nervously waiting for the captain, and shrank

from the view of the crowd which peered in through the window, with friendly eyes.

Promptly at ten o'clock the captain appeared hopping briskly down the street, with coat-tails flying, clad in his Sunday best, a serious expression on his ruddy face.

With respectful greetings the crowd parted to allow him to pass through to the house, which he entered. After greeting Mrs. Parker, he came out and down the steps, and, glancing up at the signal with critical eye, saluted Johnny, who now stood beside the tall pole like a little sentinal on duty.

"Ahoy there, my mate," he called out cheerily, "hev ye all sails set?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Johnny, saluting gravely, while the crowd looked on with eager curiosity.

Mounting the steps, Captain Briggs blew a long blast on the red handkerchief, then clearing his throat began.

"Friends, neighbors and fellow citizens, ye hev been asked here to-day to listen to a strange tale I hev to tell ye. It might not be believed if we wa'n't all followers of the sea and had heerd strange tales before."

Here the captain paused impressively, while the crowd gazed back at him with expectant eyes.

"We ain't none of us forgot that great storm we

had on April 23rd, last, which sent some of our men to watery graves, leavin' sad hearts and homes here on shore," and the captain paused again and blew his nose vigorously to clear the tears from his voice, caused by the sobbing of those newly bereaved.

"We seen the fishin' fleet go out that day with all signs o' fair weather writ on sea and sky, so never dreamed of the storm that was nigh. But the good God knew that storm was due and he sent a messenger to warn us o' it.

"Where'd he come from? Who sent him? We didn't see no stranger nigh abouts," called out several voices from the crowd, interrupting the captain, who cleared his throat and began again, feeling it quite a delicate matter to inform his questioners that he was speaking of a ghost.

"Well, now, mates, jest wait a bit till I explain things more clearly. I wa'n't able to see 'im myself when he came, fer the good God who sent 'im didn't focus my old eyes jest right to see the spirits o' the dead, for the messenger he sent us is the spirit o' a sailor; but Johnny lad here has the eyes to see 'im as none o' the rest o' ye can."

At this all eyes turned on Johnny, who squirmed under their scrutiny and blushed deeply at this reference to himself.

“But, mates, if ye’ll believe me, when the lad first told me of the Sailor Man, I thought somethin’ ailed ’im, so he was put to bed and physiced to draw them dreams out o’ his head!” here the crowd laughed heartily. “We wa’n’t to blame, but we should hev tried to find out what the child meant, a-talkin’ ’bout a Sailor Man none o’ us could see, so the warnin’ sent us went unheeded. Then the storm came and I remembered that Sailor Man and knew he had been sent to tell us o’ it and wondered would he come ag’in to Johnny. And mates, he’s been comin’ reg’ler as clockwork every time the fleet sails. But the curious thing ’bout him is, he peers to be deaf and dumb, fer he don’t speak a word what Johnny lad kin hear. And so, it took some time fer my old brains to study out the reason fer his comin’ and the meanin’ o’ the wavin’ o’ his arms.

“I hev kept a faithful record o’ his visits and hev learned to read his signals through Johnny’s eyes, and mates, he ain’t made no mistake nary time he’s been here. His signals is always set true, no matter what our signs point to. I’ll read ye the record I’ve kept so ye kin see fer yourselves how accuret he is,” and the captain reached for the pocket in his coat-tail, while the crowd availed itself of this opportunity to discuss the strange occurrence.

With a flourish of his handkerchief for silence,

the captain continued, and in a loud voice read from the book he held in his hand.

"April 23rd, 1852. A sailor from the Unknown, dressed in blue, appeared to Johnny Parker. He had an anxious expression on his face, his right arm was extended stiffly pointing out to sea.

"NOTE—Sea calm. Wind West. Fair weather due.

"NOTE—Great storm at sea. Sixteen men and two boats lost.

"May 15th, 1852. Same sailor from the Unknown appeared.

"Blue clothes—Smiling face—Moving right arm up and down stiffly.

"NOTE—Sky dull and overcast. Sea squally, wind East by Sou'east.

"NOTE—Successful trip—Big catch.

"May 31st, 1852. Same sailor, same clothes. Smiling face—Right arm moving up and down—Blue sky—Fair sea.

"NOTE—Same result as on May 15th. Big catch.

"June 16, 1852—Same sailor, same clothes—Anxious face—Right arm extended out before him.

"NOTE—Wind West—Weather fair—Sea calm—Sudden storm—Men and boats lost.

"June 29th, 1852—Same sailor appeared—Smiling face—Right arm moving up and down.

“Weather dull and threatening—Sea rough—Wind East by Nor’east.

“NOTE—Successful trip—good catch.

“July 15th, 1852—Same sailor appeared—Smiling face—Right arm moving up and down—Sea calm—Weather fair—Wind due West.

“NOTE—Successful trip—Big catch.

“Recorded by Capt. Briggs, Commander of U. S. Life Saving Station, Sea Gull Harbor, coast of Maine.”

Captain Briggs read the last solemnly and importantly, then replacing the book in his pocket, blew a blast on his nose and waving his hand for silence to the crowd that had again broken forth in animated discussion, said:

“Now, mates, if this had been the spirit o’ a land-lubber who was sent us, I wouldn’t a-taken no heed to them signals o’ his’n, fer as ye can see by this, some of ’em was set dead ag’in the ones you and me knows, which was handed down to us by our fathers and their fathers before ’em. But the good God knew what he was about when he sent a sailor to warn them thet follow the sea. After all these weeks and months I’ve spent in studyin’ them signals and found ’em always set true, I cal’late they’ve stood a fair test and we’d ort to use ’em and show our appreciashun of havin’ ’em sent us from on high,

or else the Lord might take 'em away and give 'em to some other folks who ain't above bein' guided by a spirit. Ain't thet so, mates?

"Aye, aye, Capt'n," called out several in reply, as the captain paused and looked about.

"That's right, Capt'n, don't ye let thet there ghost escape ye," cried one of the fishermen, and the younger men laughed with him, but were frowned on by the older and more serious.

The captain, ignoring a reply to the irreverent youth, continued his remarks.

"So, my mates, I hev worked out them signs o' his'n and hev put up this signal ye see here on the roof fer our benefit. Them two blades ye see there," he cried, as he hopped down the steps and pointed up at the signal, with the eyes of the crowd following, "them two blades correspond to his arms and will always be set accordin' to the directions he gives. And bein' on top of the roof here, they kin be seen by all in the village and quite a distance out to sea.

"The mornin' the ships go to sea, he always turns up in plenty o' time before they leave to make a change in case the danger signal is up. And as his signals is always set true, woe to ye if ye do not heed 'em.

"Now, so ye kin see what signal means 'danger,' and what means 'go ahead,' I'll hev 'em set fer ye.

Ahoy, lad," he cried gruffly, "set the danger signal.

"Aye, aye, Capt'n," piped Johnny's voice in reply, and the red arm-like blade shot forth quickly from the tall white pole, and remained at right angles while the crowd looked on and cheered.

"Ahoy my lad—fair weather," called the captain as soon as he could be heard.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the childish voice eagerly, and the red blade was replaced by one of white which moved up and down automatically and the crowd again broke into cheers.

Johnny's face beamed with pride and the captain blew his noise loudly as he mounted the steps and raised his hand for silence.

"Now, my friends, we'd ort to be mighty proud and thankful to know we was so well thought of by the Almighty, thet He's sent a spirit from out thet great multitude around His white throne, to come here and guide us from the perils o' the sea," he cried, growing eloquent. "Ye aint' never heerd tell o' any other fishin' village a-bein' so honored, hev ye?"

"None thet I've ever heerd of in my time," replied an old and toothless man.

"Nor me, neither," shouted several from the crowd.

"Well, now, thet shows the Almighty has taken

a great likin' to us and has looked down in pity on the orphans and widders here fer the loved ones they've lost, and has sent us this Sailor Man, with his signals to prevent any more sech disasters at sea.

"And this bein' a sort o' deddicatin' o' this signal set by the angel o' the Lord, fer sech, to me, the spirit o' thet sailor seems to be, it is a solemn occasion and one we'd ort to give thanks to the Almighty fer, but as I ain't good at prayin' in public, I'll dismiss ye, by askin' ye to all sing the 'Doxology,'" and the captain clasped his hands and bowed his head.

The crowd joined in heartily, even those who had dared to jeer, being touched by the captain's earnestness, mingled their voices with the trembling tones of the aged, and the sound of that beautiful hymn floated far out to sea. As the last note died away the crowd looked up and gave three hearty cheers. One for the captain, one for Johnny, and one for the sailor.

The captain blew a long blast on his nose in salute to the honor, and waved his handkerchief in the air, while Johnny bowed acknowledgment for himself and the sailor who, silent and tall, stood beside him with folded arms.

Johnny, who had expressed a desire to the captain that the Sailor Man be present on this occasion, although not expecting him as it was not the day for

the vessels to sail, was not at all surprised to find him standing by the signal early that morning, for Johnny considered it most appropriate that he should be there.

The crowd quickly scattered to their homes, leaving a little group of the old men, anxious as children to stay and watch the working of this new "contraption" of the captain's, and to please them Johnny worked the signals according to the captain's orders until his little arms gave out and the captain's voice grew hoarse.

Then the old men went home to join in the discussion now rife in every household. Fathers and sons, husbands and wives, brothers, all were divided as to the wisdom or folly of their being guided by a signal set by a ghost.

There was much laughter, jeering and coarse jokes, by the young men over their beer or grog, in the little tavern that evening. The captain was accused of being "nutty" and in his second childhood, and the boy dreaming. But the older and wiser men went back in memory to tales of the sea, and told of big sailing ships being guided to safety by a ghostly hand at the wheel.

On the next sailing day, all eyes eagerly sought the signal, which they found set for danger in spite of a gray dawn, a quiet sea and a fair west wind.

The older men tried to persuade the young and hardy fishermen to wait over a day and give the signal a trial.

"Not they," they said, with sneering lips. "They knew a thing or two about the weather. All the signals they cared to follow, was the ones writ in sea and sky. These were good enough fer them. Were they fools to be guided by a doddering old man and a sailors' ghost? Not they, and the sailor must be blind as well as dumb to set sech a signal as that there, on a day like this."

And so these dauntless fishermen sailed away, defying Fate. And whether the ghost in charge of the signal thought it a good opportunity to teach them a lesson, or not, or some evil spirit in the wind heard them boast, there came a sudden storm seemingly out of the blue sky and sent several of these doubting youths to the bottom of the sea.

This was the only lesson necessary. From then on the sailor's signals were religiously obeyed, and the strange signal on the roof of Johnny's house was looked upon with awe and reverence by all as being in charge of one sent from on high. And the little children listen with rapt attention to the story of the Sailor Man who comes and sets the signals right for the fishermen who go out to sea.

Johnny is an old man now. His stalwart son

goes to sea, fearlessly, knowing that when his father is called to join the captain, who is now with the sailor, that the signals will continue to be set true, for the good God has given Johnny's grandson eyes with which to see the spirit of the sailor who always turns up promptly to warn them before the sailing of the fishing fleet.

. . . the works that I do shall he do also; and
greater works than these shall he do; . . .”—St. John
14: 12.

WHAT AMOS JONES DREW IN THE
GREAT LOTTERY



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Nestled in a valley, 'mid the foothills of the mountain range whose white-capped ridge crosses and links the sister States of New Hampshire and Vermont, is the little town of Larkspur.

Because of its altitude and picturesque situation on the bank of a small river which winds in and around through the valley, Larkspur drew to it many visitors during the summer season. And many who came because of its bracing air and fine view remained, making it their permanent home.

In this way the little village outgrew its swaddling-clothes of babyhood and became a town almost before anyone was aware of it. Then it was made the County Seat, at which place the annual County Fair was held, and for this great event the members of the summer colony always remained before separating for their homes in the city.

The weather had been ideal for days, the air cool and crisp with a hint of early autumn and the sky one vast canopy of blue over which clouds, like flecks of cotton, floated as the wind-god willed, and at night, the blue canopy became one of deeper hue,

like velvet, over which the stars were sprinkled with a lavish hand. These gleamed brightly until the full moon arose and dimmed their light with its greater splendor.

The roads were in fine condition and on this, the opening day of the County Fair, the main highway as well as all of the smaller roads leading to Larkspur were filled with vehicles of every description, all bound for the one great attraction.

As the horses flew by or jogged along at an even trot, much gossip and speculation were enjoyed between the passing groups as to what would be the prizes in the "Joke Lottery" this year. So with merry jest and laughter, among the young people, as they recalled those offered at previous fairs, they hurried on eager and curious to learn what the managers would be carefully guarding from them.

Each year the directors of the fair arranged a lottery for the benefit of some charity. The prizes offered were always unique and often absurd, which accounted for its being known as the "Joke Lottery." It was always the great attraction and one to which both old and young looked forward eagerly.

With bands of music, flying flags and much noise of "barkers" before the different amusement booths, the fair was opened. As usual the largest crowd was gathered about the "Joke Lottery." They jos-

tled and joked each other good-humoredly as they patiently waited and wondered what was behind the closed curtains.

The sign

"BECOME A LIFE SAVER
BY TAKING A CHANCE
IN THIS GREAT LOTTERY,"

over the top of the booth, in letters of black, only added to their curiosity without in any way giving a hint as to what it contained.

Merriment was added to wonder, as visions of life-savers rescuing storm-tossed passengers at sea, danced before their eyes and caused them to question how it were possible to become a life saver so far from the sea, and with only a small river near by, through which a child could almost wade.

The crowd around the booth grew in size as the hour for the opening drew near, until there was scarcely breathing space in the little hall in which the lottery was held.

Promptly at ten o'clock, Hiram Brown, one of the managers, mounted the platform to address the audience, and the curtains of the booth were drawn aside revealing a very pretty tableau.

Against a background of spruce and pine, intermingled with brilliant autumn foliage, were effective-

ly grouped six people. Seated at a table in the centre was an old couple who looked out on the sea of people with smiling eyes and the childish curiosity of the aged.

On either side of them stood a young woman. The one on the right was a large blond with rosy cheeks glowing like a full-blown peony, while on the left stood a shy little brown-eyed maid, who, like a modest violet, dropped her eyes from the gaze of the crowd and clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

Seated on the floor were two children, a boy and a girl of about the same age, apparently unconscious of their strange surroundings, for they played with their new toys as happily as though at home.

With a storm of applause the crowd greeted Hiram, as with a bow of acknowledgement he waved his hand for silence.

“Ladies and gentlemen, friends and fellow citizens, this year we, the managers of the Fair, have departed from our custom of former years, and have decided that, instead of devoting the profit of this lottery as usual to some one particular charity, we will divide it into six equal parts, corresponding to the number of the prizes we are offering, and reward each winner accordingly.”

The crowd gasped in amazement, at this an-

nouncement, and a hum of voices rose so that Hiram was obliged to pause in his speech until the excitement abated somewhat and he could make himself heard.

"You see by this sign, my friends," he continued, "we ask you to take a chance in this lottery and thereby become a life-saver. We cannot all go to war, especially the ladies," and here Hiram stopped to bow to the fair sex in his audience, "and become heroes as soldiers, nor can we all rescue those who go down with the ships at sea, but we can stay right here at home and become heroes just as great.

"Here, before you, are six human beings who are homeless and destitute of friends, shipwrecks on life's sea. We ask you to come to their rescue by taking them to your hearts and homes.

"You will, by relieving these people from poverty and loneliness, be doing as great a deed to humanity as though you had gone through fire and smoke to rescue them from a burning building, or had gone down into deep waters to save them from drowning. You, I repeat, will be heroes by taking these people to your hearts and homes, and thereby keeping them from the fire of poverty, and the deep waters of despair. What greater deed can a man or woman do than that?" he asked earnestly, and the crowd cheered its approval, as he paused.

"Now, my friends," he continued when he could make himself heard, "the hero who rescues a human life, whether from a burning building or a sinking ship, or, as a soldier carries a wounded comrade across the battlefield midst shot and shell, is entitled to some worthy reward. In carrying these people off the battlefield of life, to a place of safety in your homes, you are doing as great a deed as any soldier who ever had a monument erected to his name for bravery, and so we, the managers, propose to reward our heroes in the same way and to erect a monument to the memory of each prize winner when they die." At this the crowd broke forth with wild cheering, accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

During this tumult, the two children clung with frightened faces to the skirts of the old lady, who soothed their fears as she looked on with smiling eyes, and the old man wiped away the tears which stole down his withered cheeks.

Waving his hand for silence Hiram continued his remarks:

"I am very glad indeed, my friends, to see that our idea of bringing charity direct to your homes, meets with your hearty approval. It agrees with my theory that we all welcome charity when charity comes to us gowned attractively. Now, as I said

before, what greater deed can one do than to take into his or her home either one of this aged couple and give rest to their tired hands and weary limbs, so that they may travel in peace the last short end of life's road. Or, what greater deed can we do, than to take either of these little ones into our hearts and homes and start them safely out on the highway of life, guarded by our love, and kept from temptation by our prayers. No better service can a man give than this, for as Christ said, 'Whatsoever ye do unto these, the least of my brethren, ye do it unto me.'" A few in the crowd cried "Amen" aloud, while others let the tears roll down their cheeks unwiped.

"Now, then, my friends," cried Hiram, with a quick change of voice and a merry twinkle in his eye, "I feel I must address my remarks to the single men and bachelors alone, who are here in this audience, when I speak of the two beautiful young women you see before you."

Conscious of the admiring eyes cast upon her, the tall blond seemed to blaze forth more showily, and turned about to exhibit her good points coquetishly, not unlike the slave girls of India, anxious to show off their charms; while the modest little violet blushed deeply and shrank from the public gaze, which to her seemed cruel; and with one startled

glance at the crowd turned as though to fly like some frightened doe from the range of the huntsman.

"Here are two fair women, standing at the threshold of life. Looking out at the world with wondering eyes, they stand alone, without the protection of father, brother or home. What nobler deed could a young man do than to rescue them from the pitfalls and dangers of life which beset the unprotected woman. Come on! my friends," he exclaimed, growing eloquent, "be like the knights of old, who buckled on their armor and, entering the arena, fought for the hand of fair lady and rescued her from ill fate! Come on! you young men and bachelors, buckle on your armor, enter the arena of life represented by this lottery and go in and win your fair lady, whose homeless and unprotected condition must appeal to the heart of every true man. Come on, and win for yourself a wife!" cried Hiram enthusiastically, as though leading a charge to battle.

"W-a-l-l, n-o-w, I want to know if one of them momuments goes with them there gals, too," drawled out a long, lanky individual from the crowd. "Fer to my mind, it ain't fair to make a hero out of a feller fer gittin' married, 'specially to a good lookin' gal like them there. Tain't fair, I say."

The crowd shouted with delight while the black eyes of the stout woman beside him snapped, and

the lanky individual shifted uneasily, realizing too late the curtain lecture in store for him later.

"That's so," called out another voice from the crowd. "Tain't fair to give a feller a momument jest for gettin' married. What's the matter with givin' 'em to the rest of us heroes who are already married. They ain't doin' anything greater than we did when we give our wives home and shelter, and I don't see why they deserve a momument any more than we do, onless hereafter tickets entitling a feller to a momument is attached to all marriage certificates."

At this pandemonium broke loose. The crowd howled and cheered, while Hiram waved his hand for silence and vainly tried to make himself heard above the noise.

Finally, after the crowd had shouted itself hoarse and the tumult had subsided, Hiram turned to the long and lanky individual who had interrupted him and said:

"My friend, what you say is true. No man is entitled to have a monument erected to his memory simply for marrying or doing a selfish act, and you have raised a question which never occurred to any of the managers. We felt that the young men who were lucky enough to draw these fair maidens and win them as wives, thus rescuing them from the

hardships, poverty, and temptations which their beauty and homeless condition subject them to, would be heroes indeed, and would deserve as great a reward as if they had saved them from a burning house or sinking ship."

"And to my way o' thinkin' they deserve it a mighty sight mor'n the others dew," shouted an elderly man from the rear of the crowd, as Hiram paused a moment. "Fer, to me, it seems a mighty rash act, a marryin' one of them there gals they don't know nothin' about. I'd sooner step right up to the mouth of a cannon, than to stick my head into any such noose. So, I'm perfectly willin' they should have a momument fer their bravery, fer they deserve it, too."

At this the crowd broke into laughter and all talked at once. Arguments, for and against rewarding the young men for winning the young women for wives, waged fast and furious.

Hiram, realizing the uselessness of attempting to add any further remarks or to call the excited crowd to order, started the sale of tickets and with much laughter and joking the lottery was opened.

The married men bought tickets as freely as the young men and bachelors, for, they argued in self-defence, it cost no more to support a pretty girl than it did a plain one and an extra pair of hands were always needed on a farm.

The wives, without little ones of their own, bought chances hoping one of the children would fall to their lot. While all knew they ran the risk of drawing either of the old couple, few bought tickets with that object in view.

Among the group of men about the Lottery booth was Amos Jones, a fine young fellow, large of frame and long of limb. His blue eyes met the gaze of all men fearlessly, but fell before the eyes of most women; whether they were the eyes of young maidens, holding tantalizing mischief within their depths, or the eyes of older maidens with a hope for the deeper knowledge of life which only love can give, or the wise eyes of the widow full of sweet memories, or even the eyes of mothers seeing all things to be great and good because of having given sons and daughters to the world, nearly all alike caused Amos' eyes to fall. Only into the eyes of the aged, dim and blurred, could he look without the scarlet flame mounting quickly to his face; so, for this reason, he was called "Blushing Amos."

He was a fine young fellow in spite of his extreme bashfulness which made him so uncomfortable in the presence of the opposite sex, and was regarded as quite a catch by all mothers with marriageable daughters, their maiden aunts, and gossiping old ladies. His father had been the 'Squire of the

village and their house, which stood back from the main street, with large, well-kept grounds and tall pillared porch, was the "great" house there.

Mrs. Jones, his mother, was a gentle, refined woman, who presided over her household with gracious dignity and had held the reigns of government in her hands since the death of her husband. It is true, these delicate, fair hands were guided and directed by the strong clear brain of Amos, but it pleased the gracious lady to think she alone controlled them, and Amos, like a dutiful son, helped to keep up the delusion.

The first glance at the shy little brown-eyed maid in the group of prizes on the platform caused Amos to feel a great wave of pity well up in his heart and flow to her. He realized, with the sympathy which only one as shy as he could feel, her natural shrinking from the gaze of the gaping, curious crowd. He pitied her from the bottom of his heart for the unfortunate circumstance of her life, that had caused one so delicate and refined as she to take this method to escape its hardships. He felt a strong desire to protect her from the coarse jest or cruel remark of the vulgar, but his natural timidity prevented him from going forward and addressing her as all others felt at liberty to do. He therefore kept on guard, at a distance, as a self-appointed knight, whose duty

it was to be on hand to protect his fair lady, and if necessary, to fight in her defence.

Pity quickly grew into a warmer feeling with Amos, who haunted the fair, day and night, always keeping at a distance from her and too shy to speak. He bought tickets for the lottery recklessly, and without a thought of the risk he was taking, as to the possibility of winning all six prizes, in the hope of securing the one his heart desired.

The night before the last day of the fair, Amos, still on guard, stole up near the booth just at closing time, to catch one glance from the brown eyes before leaving.

The blond, with her bold free manner, had proved a favorite from the start and was now the centre of an admiring group of men, whose familiarity she did not resent, and she rather seemed to enjoy her position of being thus in the lime-light.

The little brown-eyed maid stood alone, looking pale and tired. Amos felt such a strong desire to take her in his arms and carry her off that before he knew it he had blurted out, with trembling lips, "I hope I'll draw you."

She looked up quickly at the sound of his voice, and with blushing face but fearless eyes smiled back at him as she whispered softly, "I hope so, too."

This sent him flying home with all the blood in his

big body flaming in his face, his heart beating with a joy so great he could not sleep. He tossed the long night through. The throbbing of his heart seemed to keep time to the ticking of the clock as it sent the hours of the night away forever and brought in on wings of hope those of the great new day.

The fame of the Great Life Saving Lottery had spread like wild-fire throughout the country, and from miles around in every direction people flocked to see the prizes offered.

Intense excitement and rivalry prevailed among young and old. Men, women and even children took chances in the wild hope of winning a prize, and thus gaining the honor of having a monument erected to their memory. Everyone seemed crazed with a desire to be so honored. Even the betting on horses paled beside the excitement of taking a chance in this strange Lottery.

On the last day the crowd was the greatest ever known at the Fair. And by the way the money poured in, a man could reasonably expect, if he won a prize, to have his monument tipped with pure gold.

There was scarcely breathing space in the hall as the time drew near for the drawing to take place.

Promptly at nine o'clock, Hiram Brown mounted the platform, a little girl and boy, who were to draw

the fatal numbers, clinging to each of his hands. The loud burst of applause which greeted their appearance, caused them to cling more closely to Hiram as he led them forth to bow their acknowledgement. This they did, each with a frightened nod and blushing face. They were then blindfolded and placed one on each side of a table, in the centre of which were two baskets containing the coupons with numbers corresponding to those on the tickets.

Not a sound was heard as the crowd waited for the drawing to begin. Hiram Brown stepped forward and smiling, said, "Ladies and gentlemen: The managers wish to thank you for your very generous response to our appeal to your hearts. Never before was such a desire shown to secure the prizes offered as on this occasion. Our unique idea of offering these homeless people as prizes, shows plainly how ready all are to do an act of charity when it is presented in an attractive way. It fills our hearts with joy when we realize how gladly each and every one of the six people here will be welcomed into the hearts and homes of those fortunate enough to win. And now, ladies and gentlemen, as age should always go before beauty, we will proceed to offer these dear old people first."

Hiram turned to the group seated on the plat-

form, and led the old couple forward, where they stood smiling and awkward, bowing to the audience. As the little boy and girl placed their hands into the basket and each drew a number the silence was intense. The bachelors held their breath in suspense and married men who were now too bountifully blessed with dependent relatives, gave a sigh of relief as the old lady and gentleman were quickly disposed of, each going most happily to families with hearts as large as their farms.

Hiram now announced that as the best was always reserved for the last, they would next draw lots for the two children.

Again the bachelors and young men held their breath with fear, and silence reigned supreme as the number was drawn which disposed of the little girl, who was handed over to the care of a recently bereaved couple; whose joy was so great that their tears flowed freely and the crowd cheered its approval.

Then with a shout and a roar so great that it nearly raised the roof with deafening applause, the little boy fell to the lot of Amos Jones. Amos, blushing furiously, was obliged to mount the platform to receive the child who, frightened at the noise, clung tightly to his neck. Stumbling and awkward, in his confusion and desire to get out of sight quickly,

Amos disappeared through the door back of the stage which led into a room in the rear of the building. He sat down to quiet the frightened child, glad of this retreat from the laughter and jokes of the public, and so failed to hear the renewed clapping of hands, shouting and screaming which followed the second calling of his name. He only half realized what was being said by those who rushed in and took the child from his arms and led him to the platform again. This time to receive the hand of the little brown-eyed maid, who welcomed him shyly, while the crowd went wild with joy at the fate that had given a woman and child to the most bashful man in town. With a happy light in his eye, and a strong clasp of the hand, although blushing deeply and feeling as if in a dream, Amos led the little brown-eyed maid off the stage to the room in the rear where his other prize now slept in the arms of a kind neighbor, and there tried to realize the extent of his possessions, which the "Old Woman at the spinning-wheel," in a merry mood, had given him. Perhaps she realized that, on account of his extreme bashfulness, these treasures would never be his, unless some Weaver of Destiny, such as she, wove them into the pattern of his life. This Old Dame who weaves away, with apparent unconcern, the pattern of our lives according to her

own choosing, throws into them a color to suit her own fancy, making it bright or dull according to her mood, must have been in great good humor when she picked up the threads of the life of the woman and child, and wove them as pure gold into the life of Amos Jones.

So engrossed in their own destiny were the little group of three they failed to hear the loud clapping and cheers as the last prize, the blond, was disposed of to a rich old widower from a nearby town, who was known to be seeking a young wife. So the kind old Spinner of Fate seemed to have stepped in and distributed the prizes as she saw fit, seeing that each went to the one most worthy to receive the gift.

Fearing to face the laughter and jokes of his friends, Amos remained in his retreat as long as possible.

"The hour is late and this dear child must be put to bed," said Mrs. Quinn, the kind neighbor, in whose arms it had been sleeping. So Amos set his teeth, and, summoning all his courage to face the ordeal he felt was before him, opened the door and stepped forth with his two prizes.

They were greeted by hearty cheers from the crowd without, who had waited their appearance and now gathered about the little group to congratu-

late Amos on his luck, and the little brown-eyed maid on her good fortune. Some of the young people insisted upon escorting him, and the family that Fate had thrust upon him, to his home, and there left him at the gate with more cheers and good wishes.

Mrs. Jones who had waited to say good-night to her son, dropped the book she was reading and hurried to the door anxious as to the cause of the noise outside.

She stood in the doorway puzzled, as she watched the little procession come slowly up the walk, Amos ahead with the little brown-eyed maid walking timidly behind him, and Mrs. Quinn, with the sleeping child, bringing up the rear.

There was an awkward pause for a moment as Mrs. Jones surveyed the little group before her in silent amazement. Amos felt his tongue grow thick and cleave to the roof of his mouth as he tried to stammer out an introduction to the woman and child he had drawn in the lottery.

“What are you saying, my son?” exclaimed Mrs. Jones, looking from one to the other in wonderment, as he tried vainly to explain that the girl and baby belonged to him.

“He do be tellin’ ye, Mrs. Jones, ma’m, that he drew thim foine prizes this night in the lottery,”

spoke up Mrs. Quinn. "And a foine baby it is too, ain't it, ma'm?" she cried, thrusting the child forward eagerly for Mrs. Jones' inspection.

"Mercy! What's that you say, Mrs. Quinn? These people belong to my son? Have you lost your senses?" asked Mrs. Jones in a horrified voice, thrusting the child from her. "Mercy! Mrs. Quinn, don't leave that child here. Take it away, until I can talk this matter over with my son. This is too much of a joke for me to appreciate," she said, turning to Amos, who stood looking like a culprit, but offering no excuse for the mischief he had done. "If you will send these people home with Mrs. Quinn for the night, we then can talk the matter over and find some way out of the very embarrassing situation you have put yourself in by your foolishness in accepting these people, even if you did draw them in a lottery."

"This is no joke, mother, these people belong to me and so have come to stay," replied Amos earnestly, his courage now asserting itself, being aroused by the tears which stood in the brown eyes at the coldness of the reception accorded her. "There is no way out of the situation. I won these people and so am responsible for them, and must live up to my agreement if I am to have any self-respect or respect of the community."

Without another word Mrs. Jones fled to the sit-

ting-room and sank down in a chair, applying her smelling salts vigorously while the little group which had followed her, looked on in silence until she had recovered sufficiently to speak.

"Oh, why will you persist in being such a fool, Amos?" she exclaimed, tapping the floor nervously with her foot. "Why do you allow these people to be thrust upon you like this? There must be some way out, some loophole of escape from this dreadful situation."

"No, mother, there is no honorable way out of the situation you object to. I won these people the same as any other prize I might have drawn. I knew what the prizes were when I bought my tickets," he said seriously, looking tenderly into the brown eyes which smiled back at him confidingly through their tears, "so I cannot complain of fraud. I took a chance which might have given me the whole six. So, come mother, speak a kind word to Miss Appleton here and to the child, and show them to a room; then we can discuss this matter privately," he continued, annoyed that Miss Appleton should have cause to weep at his mother's reception of her.

Whenever Amos assumed that tone of authority, which reminded Mrs. Jones forcibly of his father, she had learned by experience it was best to obey, so she conducted the new arrivals to a room for the night.

Amos paced the floor back and forth, trying to think things out clearly while waiting for his mother to return and discuss the matter with him.

After seeing the baby put to bed, in the arms of the lonely girl, Mrs. Jones returned, as the door closed upon Mrs. Quinn, who promised to come back the next day and care for the child.

"Well, my son," said Mrs. Jones seating herself and again resorting to her smelling salts as a tonic to her nerves, "this is a very serious matter and a great responsibility for a young man to assume. The managers must be appealed to, and should be willing to release you from the care of at least one of these so-called prizes. Prizes, indeed!" she exclaimed angrily. "Burdens, is a more appropriate word, I think. Such a thing should never have been allowed, and who in the world would suppose there were people foolish enough to be willing to assume these burdens simply for the sake of having a monument erected to their memory after they are dead. People might be excused for doing such an absurd thing if they benefited by it during their life-time, but to have to wait until death for all the glory is simply idiotic. You must have been crazy, Amos, to have taken such a chance simply for a monument, when there is money enough in the bank for ten monuments. Whatever possessed you to do such a thing?"

“Well, mother, you need not worry about what caused me to take a chance in the lottery, I took it and this is the result. And I’m going to play fair, too,” he continued decidedly. “If I gambled with Fate, I must show her I am game anyhow, no matter what the throw is.”

“Mercy, my son, what language you use!”

“Well, it’s appropriate in this case, if not elegant.”

“But whatever possessed you to take a chance in such an absurd lottery, I can’t for the life of me see. You, of all the men in the world, to have a woman and a child thrust upon your care. You, the most bashful man in town, who couldn’t be coaxed to even dance with a pretty girl, much less to kiss her. And as for touching a baby, well, I would have said you would face a gatling gun with less fear. What pranks Fate plays sometimes. I declare, my dear, if it were not so serious a matter, I should consider it one of the greatest jokes I ever heard of,” and Mrs. Jones laughed hysterically.

Receiving no reply to her remarks, she continued speaking her mind.

“I suppose the whole town will flock here tomorrow to congratulate you on your prizes, and me, on my prospective daughter-in-law. For no doubt, if you had examined your coupons you would have found a marriage license attached to the one belong-

ing to the girl, or the managers who were so generous in thrusting these people upon you, will call and present you with one, and praise you for being a fool."

"You can't blame them for what has occurred, mother," exclaimed Amos in their defence. "The lottery was perfectly fair and square; all the facts and conditions were stated clearly. No one was obliged to take a chance unless he wished to. And if I have drawn more than I bargained for, I shall take my medicine like a man, and say nothing about it."

"Well, my son, sometimes monuments are pretty costly things, aren't they?" asked Mrs. Jones sarcastically. "Especially when the care of a woman and a child go with them. Here, you have these two people practically thrown at you with no choice in the matter at all."

"I did have a choice. I hoped I'd win Miss Appleton, and I have, so I'm satisfied, for I have won the prize I wanted. You may as well know the truth now, mother. When I first saw the sweet brown eyes of that little girl, so frightened and shy, I forgot everything else connected with the lottery. And I'd willingly take the care and support of the whole six if I had to, in order to get her, for I love her, mother dear," whispered Amos, putting his arms

about his mother and hiding his blushing face on her breast as he spoke.

“Well, my dear boy,” said Mrs. Jones kissing him tenderly, at the same time sighing deeply; “if, as you say, you love this girl and are determined to marry her, a year or two at a finishing school will give her polish and you time to think the matter over. You are of age and your own master, so there is no one to oppose you legally. But you better wait and think the matter over and see how she develops first; for it is a great risk to run, my son, marrying a girl out of your own class and one, too, of no family.

Mrs. Jones did not quite dare to use the word, “pauper,” before Amos, for deep down in her heart she was afraid of arousing his ill-will.

“In spite of her humble origin,” she continued, “I can see traces of refinement and beauty so she may turn out all right and do you credit, but why burden yourself with the child? Surely, if you inquire, you will find someone who took a chance in that absurd lottery hoping to win him. There must be someone who would be very glad to take him off your hands.”

“That may be true, but don’t you understand, mother, I assumed the care and responsibility of the life of whichever one of the prizes I drew, and as Fate has seen fit to give me two at one throw I

must accept them both. No, you cannot swerve me from doing what I believe to be my duty," replied Amos firmly.

"Well, my poor boy," cried Mrs. Jones, wiping the tears of vexation from her eyes, "marry the girl if you wish to, but why assume the care of the child? Why assume that burden also?"

"Because I drew these two people, and we must all keep together. And when I'm married, the child won't be in the way any more than if I had married a widow with a child, or she had married me a widower with one. So there it stands mother, and there is no use to argue further."

"Very well, my son, as I said before, you are your own master and can do as you please. And if you will not listen to reason but persist in carrying out your quixotic ideas and burden yourself with the care of both, I have nothing further to say, and as the hour is now late I will bid you good night."

Kissing her, Amos escorted her to the foot of the stairs, and as she turned to mount them she exclaimed:

"Do I understand, my dear, that a monument goes with each prize? If that be the case, then you must be entitled to two."

"Well, now, by cracky, so I am," cried Amos, looking the picture of despair, and his shoulders

dropped as though they felt the combined weight of both monuments weighing heavily upon them.

“What will you do about it?” inquired Mrs. Jones.

“I don’t know, mother, I shall have to think the matter over. Anyhow, I’ll see the managers the first thing in the morning. I’ll have a smoke before I go to bed and try and think out what can be done. Gee whiz, two monuments, I never thought of that,” said Amos, as he returned and began pacing the floor of the sitting-room, much more concerned at the responsibility of the two monuments than he was over that of the two prizes now sleeping soundly in the room above.

Amos spent another restless night, trying to solve a way out of the peculiar situation he found himself in. He well knew his life would be made miserable by the many jokes at his expense, if he was to be distinguished during his life as the only man on record who could be sure of two monuments erected to his memory at his death, an honor few great men have. He resolved therefore, that if there was no way of getting rid of them, he would move far away, to another country if need be, rather than to go through life with those two monuments hanging like mill-stones about his neck and be obliged to suffer the ridicule which was bound to follow.

He tossed and turned the whole night through, and just as the first streaks of dawn came into the room, and he was about to give up in despair, a way out of the difficulty was brought to his weary brain and he sank into a refreshing slumber.

The possibility of any one person winning more than one prize and thereby being entitled to two monuments, was a contingency not provided for or thought of by the managers, who were now as much puzzled over the situation which had arisen, as Amos had been. So they welcomed any solution offered when he called upon them early the next day.

It required but a short discussion between them to decide as to which one of two propositions they would accept. Whether to take the combined amount of the two monuments and give it towards a home for crippled children, or to erect a drinking fountain in the public square. This latter was accepted by all as the best solution.

There had been much good-natured gossip and speculation throughout the town, as to what disposition Amos would make of the extra monument he was entitled to, so when it became known to the public that his two monuments were to be converted into a drinking fountain, he was congratulated by all for the attitude he had taken in the matter. And in public opinion, he was a greater hero in turning

the honors he had won into a public benefit, than he would have been had he claimed the reward he was entitled to and both monuments been erected to his memory after his death.

A year later in the early summer, and on the day Amos and the little brown-eyed maid were married, the fountain was turned over to the public, amid much enthusiasm by the crowds of people who had come from far and near to celebrate the great event.

As the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" 'mid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, the water burst forth from the mouths of the four lions forming the base of the fountain, and upon which stood a little child with outstretched arms, reaching for the cup that a young girl, delicately poised, held just beyond its grasp.

The strong resemblance the two figures bore to the woman and child which Amos drew as prizes, will always cause the fountain to be pointed out as a loving tribute to them, and it will also serve as a lasting monument to his memory as well.

THE WIDOW HE LOST



The Widow He Lost

The lengthening shadows, cast by the tall and stately columns still standing among the ruins of ancient Rome, gave warning of the flight of time as they stretched far over the sandy soil, marking weird and black highways not safe to follow.

John Blackstone, seated at the base of one of these huge columns, was so lost in thoughts of their grandeur and beauty that he paid no heed to the warning. They fascinated him; for, although scarred and broken, to one who had eyes to see back of mere outline, they represented the strong lithe limbs of the mighty race who had conceived them, and whose simplicity and grace of architecture no newer race has ever surpassed. And the garlands, which twined about these columns in graceful festoons near their top, seemed typical of the grace and beauty of the women of that day.

At last, arousing from his day-dreams, he got up and wandered on to explore further among the excavations, for he had been sent to Rome by a London paper to see what startling secrets of these ancient people had been unearthed, and which he

could fling wide to an eager public, making himself famous and the paper envied by its rivals for this great coup.

Heedless of the present while absorbed in thoughts of the past, he pushed on down into the newer excavations not yet open to the public, and suddenly found himself facing an entrance boarded up and bearing the sign

NO ADMITTANCE
UNDER PENALTY OF THE LAW.

Being a true Englishman, he disregarded the warning of the law, and with a blow from his strong right arm broke one of the boards from its fastening; then inserting his hand, he pushed back the crude bolt and opened the door, while the blood and nerve of his ancestors, which had caused them to roam the world over in search of adventure, now stirred in his veins.

All was blackness before him, but blessing the inventor of the electric pocket-light which he now brought forth, he entered, looking like some thief with a dark-lantern prowling about in the darkness. As he proceeded, the way, twisting and turning, became a veritable catacomb, with its unexpected chambers and passageways leading off in all directions.

He stopped often to admire and examine the objects of art scattered about. The foot of a Roman maid, evidently a dancer, judging from its graceful poise, was so attractive that he laid it aside reluctantly, but carefully indicated the place in his note-book so he could find it on his return and add it to his own private collection.

"By Jove! This must be the entrance to some palace," he exclaimed, rising to his feet after stumbling against a flight of marble steps leading up to a carved door supported on either side by huge pillars, which were richly decorated.

The door swung back heavily and Blackstone waited a moment to cast his light around, looking for a possible flight of steps leading down to some room beneath. "This floor seems as smooth and safe as any in England could be, that is, as far as I can see with this light," he said to himself as he walked about, examining the space of tiling which came within the circle of his light. Satisfied that the floor was safe at least, he turned his attention to the walls and discovered that the room was round in shape but with a flat ceiling supported by fluted columns of pure white marble, each decorated with a wreath of laurel leaves a few feet from the top.

The walls were of white agate, so beautifully polished that they shone with a milky lustre through

which the dark lines were seen as are the veins in a woman's white skin.

At equal distance from each other a niche was cut within the walls; each of these held some rare object of Roman art. A tall vase, simple in design and beautiful of outline, stood in one. Another held a broken lyre the strings of which, though made of stone and mute, seemed real enough to vibrate and produce sound. In a third niche stood a tall torch with life-like flame and at its base lay an open book, which, Blackstone argued to himself, must mean the book of knowledge.

"By Jove! that's great. I'd like to have that myself," he exclaimed, looking at it with longing eyes and running his hands over it lovingly. "That thing alone, would make the fame of any sculptor, and here it is hidden away under the earth with no trade-mark on it anywhere to tell who the beggar was whose skillful hand wrought this image or whose brain conceived it. It's a great shame those ancient Romans were so bally well pleased with themselves, that they never gave the rest of the world a thought, or they'd have fixed things so other nations, who came after them, wouldn't have such a hard time digging out which belongs to which, and who's who, and so on. These Romans must have been taught a modesty we English do not know or appreciate,

for I can't see why the chap who made this couldn't have put his mark on it somewhere. I suppose though the admiration of his own people was enough for him, and he didn't care a hang for the praise of any other, which he probably deemed insignificant by comparison. Still, old man, I'd like to shake hands with you and compliment you on your work, I can at least take off my hat and bow in homage to you," said Blackstone bowing low and with reverence as if in the presence of the great.

"And, old chap, in the land where I come from, my opinion on art is thought to be very good. I often write criticisms on art for the papers, my boy, and, by Jove! I've even dared to criticise things the British Museum has spent thousands of pounds to procure, I have really; so you can know by that, of what weight my opinion is, and therefore appreciate it more. Well, I can't spend all my time standing here before the light of knowledge, no matter how fascinating it is. I must explore this beautiful room further and see if I can find anything small enough to carry away.

"There, now, I was right. This room was meant for a king, for here's the old fellow's throne," he exclaimed aloud as, walking on, the circle of light revealed a huge chair mounted on a raised dais approached by two broad circular steps of white stone.

The chair was massive in size and majestic in its simplicity of design. Its curved arms ended in lion's heads, while its legs were fashioned as claws. Decorating the broad and rounded back was a simple wreath of laurel leaves with ribbon bow untied, indicating it belonged to the brow of a victor.

The room, back of this throne-chair, curved into a deep recess, and all around this was a wide bench of the same stone, over which, in a broad low niche, stood a tall slender pitcher, a water jug and a drinking cup sparkling with jewels.

"Well, by Jove, this must be the council chamber where the old king retired in order to recline while finishing a speech too long for the chair. I suppose when he got tired of sitting up straight he just reposed here on this bench and talked on, that is, when some important question arose which compelled him and his cabinet to remain in council all night. A king has the right to make himself comfortable I suppose under all circumstances, so this bench must have been covered with rich and costly cushions, or, by Gad! he might as well have stuck to his chair. I say, old chap, perhaps you'll not object if a humble traveller dares seat himself in your kingly chair, for my legs ache and one knee is a trifle stiff at times from an old wound; so I'll sit awhile and rest, for you are not the only one who has been to war and is

scarred. While I'm not entitled to wear a laurel wreath like you, I have a bullet wound in my right leg I'm very proud of; so, even without your permission, old man, I'll sit here and dream of what it must be like to be a ruler such as you," and Blackstone sat down and, stretching out his legs, made himself as comfortable as was possible in a stone chair.

A moment later, or so it seemed, he was startled by the sound of a bugle and a blaze of light which came with such suddenness it almost blinded him. He felt he must be dreaming, and rubbed his eyes again to be sure they were not closed and the sight which met them was real; for through the doorway came a group of people who walked to the tune of fife and lute.

While still too dazed to move or speak, Blackstone was rudely seized and bound hand and foot by the stalwart guards who walked before and made way for the Queen, who now stood calmly looking on, surrounded by her frightened handmaidens.

Securely bound, Blackstone was led by the guards to the Queen, who had seated herself in the very chair he had left. She and her handmaidens gazed at him as though he were some strange specimen of man they had never seen before.

In the confusion of being seized, Blackstone had

failed to note that these people spoke the same language as himself, and he trembled with fear at his fate should he fail to make himself understood. The close proximity of the sharp spears, and the cold look glittering in the eyes of the Queen, made him quake in his shoes as he tried vainly to bow with all due respect while tightly held in the grasp of the guards.

“From what strange planet didst thou drop, sir, and how dared thou seat thyself upon my throne?” exclaimed the Queen, haughtily.

To his great joy, Blackstone realized the Queen was addressing him in his own tongue though with a strange arrangement of speech, and a brilliant idea flashed through his brain. He resolved to use it, together with all the wit he had inherited from an Irish mother, in order to save his head from the spears held so dangerously close that he dared not move for fear of being thrust through the neck.

“If it please Your Gracious Majesty to listen to my tale, I will explain, that, being a king in my own country, the sight of your throne made my heart glad, and, being somewhat weary with my long journey, I seated myself without the formality of announcement, for there seemed to be no one about at the time.

“I pray you, sir, give further speech about thy

kingdom that I may judge whether thy words be true or not, for it seemeth a poor country thou hast to rule over, to judge by the raiment thou wearest," replied the Queen, glancing at him, disdainfully.

"Well, by Jove, I fancy I don't look much like a king, to be sure," said Blackstone to himself, wishing he had at least his high hat with him to impress these people with his kingly dignity.

"If it please Your Gracious Majesty, to permit me to be unbound, I will then relate my tale of adventure and present credentials of my standing at home. My cramped position confuses my brain so that I cannot speak with my usual fluency. This is no lie," mentally added Blackstone to himself, "for it's deucedly hard to think up a fairy tale to save your head when a spear is thrust so close to your brain that you are all a-tremble. I pray, Your Gracious Majesty, allow me to be seated, if only on the floor at your feet, for I am very weary," he continued aloud.

"Unbind him, guards, and place cushions on the floor near me that I may listen to the tale this strange creature has to relate." And to Blackstone's utter amazement the Queen lifted a jewelled lorgnette and stared at him with all the hauteur of a British matron.

"Well, I'll be ——," said Blackstone to himself,

hotly, "A strange creature, indeed, by Jove, I wonder, do we Englishmen seem so to other people? Anyway, my clothes were perfectly correct according to Bond street when I left home."

Blackstone, now being free, stooped to turn his trousers up at the bottom, they having been disturbed by the thongs which had bound his ankles, then bowing low before the Queen he turned and seated himself as gracefully as was possible for one not accustomed to sitting on the floor.

"By Jove! I never wished before that my people had been in trade," he muttered, as he tried to balance himself securely on the pile of cushions which wobbled about threateningly with his efforts. "But, if my grandfather and father had been tailors, I would, by right of inheritance, be able now to seat myself on these with ease."

"Pray, proceed with thy strange tale, thou queer specimen of man," cried the Queen with tip-tilted nose, and growing impatient.

"By George! this is too much, even for a queen," said Blackstone to himself, the blood mounting to his face, "I'll forget who she is in a minute, if I am not careful, and say something she won't like. A queer specimen, am I? Maybe I look so just now, but it's all because I'm not good enough to be seated on a level with Her Royal Highness. Any man

would look a fool seated on the floor, I don't care if it's Gladstone himself," he growled. Then glancing at the spears still held dangerously near, he resolved to keep his temper in check no matter how tried.

"I pray, Your Highness, before I begin my tale, that you will grant me some refreshment, for my throat is too dry to finish when once my story is begun; so 'tis best to be refreshed at the beginning."

"What a brazen creature thou art, to ask drink of a queen! Dost thou not know who I am, and that many have been put to death for much less?" she demanded angrily.

"I pray Your Gracious Majesty will overlook any seeming rudeness in my request. I ask you to remember that I am a king in my own country, also that when royalty visits royalty there is always feasting. It is true I am at present seated at your feet like a slave, but I assure Your Royal Highness, that ere my tale is done, you will be pleased to have me deign to cross my feet beneath thy table," replied Blackstone, adopting a manner as haughty as her own. "But, by Gad! I've got to get a drink out of her, if I have to stir up the whole Court to do it," he said to himself, "for my brain must be fired with imagination in order to save my head. If it please Your Gracious Majesty, I will await the arrival of liquid refreshment," and he waved his hand loftily

as he spoke, then leaned back as far on his cushions as he dared, and waited.

The Queen despatched a slave with a whispered command, then turning languidly in his direction, said, "King thou mayest be, but I must have proof before I can accept thee as such. Refreshment thou shalt have, for I greatly desire to hear thy tale of adventure, being somewhat bored, it will amuse me."

"By Jove! but that's a cool one. Just wait until I get through, my beauty, then you'll crown me with laurel leaves and seat me on your throne, or else I'm no son of an Irish mother and English father with ancestry a mile long," commented Blackstone to himself.

The slave returned bearing a tray piled high with luscious fruits which was placed before him. A golden goblet was handed to him by another slave who first filled it from a bottle bearing a familiar label.

"My word, real champagne!" cried Blackstone in amazement, his eyes sparkling with delight, then raising the goblet to the Queen, he drained it and motioning haughtily to the slave to refill it, he drank again.

"That's real and no mistake," he murmured, smacking his lips, "I never before imagined that the ancient Romans knew of champagne. How the

dickens did this ever get here? According to history, it was made long after these people were supposed to be fossils, but history seems to have its dates mixed somehow, for here am I, an Englishman, in the nineteenth century, drinking real champagne with people who were supposed to be dead long before it was invented. Well, I am not going to quarrel with history but enjoy myself. As her Royal Highness will not deign to drink with me, she and her Court can go hang until I finish this lonely banquet of mine. These grapes are far finer than any I have ever tasted before, and even if I do seem a tramp eating cold victuals here, at the feet of royalty, I am going to enjoy it as long as I can."

And Blackstone sipped leisurely and ate his fill of the luscious fruits, while the members of the Court whispered and gossiped audibly about him. When the Queen moved impatiently, annoyed at his slowness, the guards thrust their spears closer to him, which caused cold chills to run up and down his spine.

"How like unto one starved, doth this man eat," said the Queen aloud to the nearest handmaiden.

"'Tis true, Your Majesty, he seemeth famished."

"He must have naught of such as these to eat, in that strange country from whence he came," continued the Queen, scornfully.

Unmindful of these remarks, Blackstone drained the last glass, then waved the slave away with the tray. He then rose, and bowing low before the Queen, said, "I thank Your Gracious Majesty for your kind hospitality, which I will proceed to reward by telling you of myself, my people and my kingdom."

Bowing low again, he then seated himself on the cushions, while all the Court gathered near in order to hear, even the Queen leaned forward eagerly.

"One moment, Your Majesty, I ask your kind permission to prepare for myself what, in my country, is quite necessary after eating in order to aid digestion."

Blackstone pulled his brierwood pipe from his pocket, filled it from his tobacco pouch, lit it and took a puff.

At this all hands were raised in protest. Loud cries of "Seize him!" were heard.

"Well, what's all this bally row about?" asked Blackstone in surprise, gazing around at the Court and smoking calmly.

The handmaidens coughed and choked, the Queen covered her face with her hands, and said in a husky voice, "'Tis the smoke from thy queer stomach remedy we do protest against. We have a more delightful one than that, which, if thou must use one,

I insist upon thy taking it in place of thine, which is of so vile a smell I cannot endure it.

“By Gad! What tastes some people have,” exclaimed Blackstone to himself, “this tobacco cost half a pound and is what the King smokes at home, and here these people turn their noses up as high as though I were smoking vile weeds. All right, old girl, I’ll try yours and carry it away as a souvenir of this night. Maybe, I’ll sell it to the Museum if ever in a tight place. By Jove, but she’s a beauty,” he cried with delight, as he examined the pipe which the page placed on a tray before him on the floor. Taking the long stem in his mouth he took a few puffs, then closed his eyes in ecstasy. “By George, that’s great! Now for my dreams.”

And Blackstone leaned back as comfortably as was possible on the low cushions, took several leisurely puffs on the pipe, enjoying to the utmost his position the centre of all eyes, especially those of the handmaidens who now gazed at him shyly, invitingly.

“I am about to relate a strange tale, fair Queen, and ask Your Gracious Majesty to pardon me if I consume much time in telling it. Many, many leagues away, too far for the falcon to go and return in one day, is a beautiful island of the sea. To the north the snow flies, to the south the sun shines

brightly most of the year. Both parts are good for your health at different seasons, providing you do not have to live in either one of them all the year around. In the centre, or between the north and the south, is a country designed by the gods, called England, and in that country a city is built for the favorites of the gods. The city is named London, and is filled with strong, brave men, and maidens with hair of gold, cheeks like the wild-rose, eyes like bits of blue sky, and skin of milky whiteness. By Gad! That's good enough to remember or to put in a book," interjected Blackstone to himself, proud of his eloquence, "hereafter, when I have an article to write, I'll do it over a glass of champagne," he mused while the Queen and the handmaidens cast angry glances at him for daring to make mention of other maidens so fair.

"Now, in this town, called London, are buildings of wondrous size and castles whose towers reach far upward to the sky. Among these many castles, built by the people for their lords, is one called the British Museum, and in this castle I live, for I am the King, and it is my home. See, here is a picture of it and my credentials, as well."

And Blackstone took from his pocket a letter with a large seal, and having a picture of the Museum at the head of the page, the seal and sig-

nature at the bottom, so that it looked imposing enough for a king. It was, in reality, a letter from one of the heads of the Museum, written in reply to a criticism he had dared to make on the recent purchase of a tapestry he had claimed was not genuine.

Blackstone was careful to hold the letter far enough away to show only the pictured castle and seal, for fear they might read as well as speak his language. Then returning it to his pocket, he continued:

“You see, Your Royal Highness, I am somewhat of an adventurer in spite of the attractions of the mighty castle, in which I live, and I often long to roam the world over; so, when my head begins to ache beneath my crown, for the British Crown is very heavy, and the wearing of it is one of the penalties one must suffer for being King, which I fancy is not far from being the truth either,” he muttered under his breath. “So, as I say, when my crown becomes too heavy and my mantle of velvet and ermine becomes too hot for comfort and when my stomach revolts from the sight of grouse, pate de foies gras, truffles and plum pudding, I put my crown, glistening with its diamonds and rubies, carefully away in a glass case and place guards with drawn swords around it; my velvet and ermine robe

I lay in a cedar chest and mount a guard on top, ready to charge anyone who enters; I then order the store-room closed, and take the keys of my wine vaults, which I have here," and Blackstone pulled from his pocket a bunch of keys on a ring and held them up to view, and passed them around for inspection.

"Then I carefully lock the front door with this," he continued, holding up a large brass door key belonging to the door of his room at the hotel. This was also passed around for examination. "And, being tired of my own people, I start off alone, wearing garments like these, so plain you would never believe me to be a King, now would you?" he asked, looking first at the Queen, then at the others of her Court all listening intently.

"That we would not, sir," replied the Queen, "for to our eyes thou bearest no kingly marks."

"Still doubts my story of royal birth, does she? Well, by Jove, that's a corker. I wonder what usually marks a King? Ours at home seem much the same as ordinary folks if robbed of fine linen and pomp of ceremony. Come to think of it, I've got a birth-mark on my upper left arm large enough to convince her I belong to something out of the ordinary. Then aloud he said, "Your Gracious Majesty should not be so hasty in your judgment

as to the kingly marks I bear, for in my country 'tis the custom to keep all such marks out of sight, but I will show you a mark of kingly blood, if you will allow me to remove my outer garments and expose my arm."

The Queen bowed her royal head and Blackstone proceeded to unfasten his coat, then removed it and placed it beside him on the floor. When he cast his cuffs upon the coat and began to turn up his shirt sleeve, the handmaidens shrieked and covered their faces with their hands, while the guards pressed closer.

Blackstone calmly ignoring their actions, proceeded to work his shirt sleeve up to the shoulder, where, standing forth clearly from the white skin, was a brown mark the size of a pigeon's egg.

"There, Your Royal Highness, is my royal seal placed there at my birth. It is my one mark of distinction which proclaims me King when off duty and not wearing a crown. So you see, Your Majesty, my marks of birth are as great as those of any King you have ever seen, are they not?" he asked.

The Queen and her handmaidens had first peeped from behind their hands, then growing bolder gazed fearlessly forth admiring the white skin showing strong muscles beneath.

The Queen raised her lorgnette to further inspect the royal sign as she replied.

“In truth, sir, if marks like these be signs of royal birth in your country, then have I seen none greater on the backs of kings, for my sovereign, while a King of much renown had only a mark the size of a drop of blood on his neck. To us, these spots are for kissing and denote no rank. With us, our kings are of stately bearing, having scars and marks of battle, showing bravery and deeds of daring.” And the Queen sank back in her chair, closing her lorgnette and tip-tilting her nose in the air, as she finished speaking.

Stung by her scorn, Blackstone pulled down his sleeve and fastened his cuff, put on his coat then puffed on his pipe for a moment in silence.

“We also have marks on our bodies denoting deeds of valour, Your Majesty,” replied Blackstone quietly, glad of the bullet wound in his right leg, “but, in our country it is not considered proper, even for kings to expose their limbs in the presence of ladies.”

“Limbs! my lord,” exclaimed the Queen in surprise, addressing him by the title she thought sufficient out of respect to the rank indicated by the royal marks so far shown, “What strange members of the body are they, and to what use are they put? We here have no such things, nor have we ever heard aught of them before.”

"I beg Your Majesty's pardon for thinking you such a prude as to be shocked by calling things by their proper names. I meant legs when I spoke of limbs."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Queen gayly, together with her handmaidens. "Legs are a common sight with us, and being useful we find nothing shocking about exposing them, as you can see by my garments, as well as those of my handmaidens."

At this the handmaidens stepped forward and Blackstone noticed for the first time that their outer garments were gracefully draped, high at the right side, disclosing, with every movement, the leg from the hip downward covered only by a gauzy underskirt through which the skin shone like polished ivory.

"In truth, my lord, we think our legs a pleasant sight," exclaimed the Queen thrusting out her foot, bare, save for the sandal upon it.

"By Jove! you're right. I say, I never have seen a prettier one on any stage in London. My word! what a howling sensation you would create there," cried Blackstone, enthusiastically.

At this, the Queen blushed deeply and the handmaidens giggled audibly.

"Thou speakest too freely to a Queen, my lord. Knowest thou not thy place?" she demanded haughtily, with eyes sparkling.

“My place is here, at your feet, most Gracious Queen,” replied Blackstone, rising and bowing low before her. “Knowing myself to be a King, I had no thought to offend you, and I assure you it is something of a compliment to your beauty to make a sensation in a city like London, where the people are so accustomed to strange sights that an angel from heaven might pass through the crowds unnoticed.”

“If 'tis so, what thou sayest, then I thank thee, my lord, for thy pretty speech,” said the Queen, mollified. “But, I pray thee, continue thy tale of adventure for I am wearied and need to be amused,” and the Queen yawned as she spoke.

“My word! does she take me for a fool? A Court jester? to amuse the crowd. Well, so be it,” and Blackstone smiled musingly as he reclined on the silken cushions, puffing lazily on his pipe.

“Well, Your Royal Highness, I will proceed with my tale. I got as far as locking the castle gate, I believe. I then set out alone and afoot with my knap-sack on my back containing a fitch of bacon, eggs of a bird called the hen, a delicacy you know not of, nor of the dish called bacon and eggs, which, when eaten out of doors, is fit for the gods. The aroma of the frying fat is as delicate perfume to the nostrils of all Englishmen. Noth-

ing, no, nothing, can compare with it as an appetizing flavor," cried Blackstone, feeling hungry for a slice at the mere mention of it.

"Hast thou not some of this delicacy about thee?" asked the Queen anxiously, "that I and my handmaidens may enjoy it also and refresh our palates with a new dish; for the egg of the plover has grown stale to my taste and the meat of the pea-fowl has lost its flavor. Nothing tempts my jaded appetite," declared the Queen, wearily.

"Just fancy, now, my having a slice or two of bacon concealed about me. "Oh, ye gods, what a joke!"

And Blackstone chuckled softly to himself at the thought of presenting the Queen with a few slices of cold bacon.

"I regret to say, Your Royal Highness, that that delicacy is a thing of the past with me. I have not tasted it since crossing the channel, which I did in a boat that rocked back and forth, up and down so violently, I have had no thought for bacon since, till now."

"Then the waters thou speakest of crossing, must be like unto the camels of the desert, which rock one about so greatly that they make one ill at first. Thou shouldst have crossed and recrossed in that rocking boat till thou hadst conquered that

feeling, if thou wert brave and a King, as thou claimst to be," exclaimed the Queen with scorn.

"By Jove, a camel of the sea, that's a corking fine name for the old English channel. I must get that to the *Times* in an article and claim credit for it," thought Blackstone to himself.

"In our country, Your Highness, it is not a sign of kingly rank or virtue to endure the sickness of the sea. We lie down, suffer and groan as do our subjects. Then only, are we the same as all others, under the dominion of one mightier than we, the King of the Sea."

"What weaklings must thy kings be, to acknowledge and greater than they," cried the Queen shrugging her shoulders disdainfully as did the handmaidens, too.

"I ask Your Royal Highness not to judge of the weakness of kings until you have tackled the camel of the sea yourself in a vile little English boat," replied Blackstone, calmly.

"Hast thou not slaves enough to row it with smoothness, or enough of them to fill the hull to give it steadiness?" she queried.

"Ye gods! Imagine a boat being rowed with smoothness across the channel. What a joke!" chuckled Blackstone to himself. "Those old tubs would wobble about worse than ever, I fancy. No,

Your Royal Highness, we have no slaves in my domain I could use to row my ships across the sea. In the first place they would refuse to do it, unless I called out my Army. My cannon and guns are all beautifully polished and clean at present and I do not want them soiled with powder and smoke."

"Then thou shouldst order them beheaded or thrust through with spears, for daring to refuse to obey the King's command," cried the Queen amazed.

"Your Royal Highness, the only axe we have in my country that could do the deed, is locked up in the British Museum with a card explaining why its blade is now too dull to do the work," replied Blackstone, enjoying the conversation hugely.

"But thou sayest thou livest in that castle, can'st thou not order the axe put in shape to do the work, or else use thy spears?" asked the Queen surprised at the lack of authority shown by English kings.

"The spears we have are likewise dull and out of date and are also locked up in a glass case. No, there is no one in authority who could take them out and have them sharpened, Your Gracious Majesty, for when I left, I gave the Army a holiday and leave of absence in order to keep their uniforms fresh for a royal welcome when I return to my kingdom."

“A kingdom unguarded, my lord? Truly thine must be of small measurement or as barren as a dried date palm of the desert, for if there be no eyes cast with greed upon it thy kingdom can't not be of great richness.”

“But my possessions are of great value, Your Royal Highness, and at the present time there are several millions of eyes looking on, envious of them and of my position as ruler. Some of those eyes are in blond and bearded faces, whose speech is thick and blurred. Other eyes are in the faces of those of the olive skin whose silvery tongues hide the hatred in their hearts, while their black eyes smile softly concealing the cunning beneath. Other eyes there are, which are tip-tilted in a manner strange but most successful for concealing the working of the mind back of them. So you see, Your Majesty, my possessions are very great to be of so much value to so many.”

“Why then leave such a treasure unguarded while you are so far away? Thou mayest find thy castle gone, thy subjects scattered, if no Army guard them in your absence. 'Tis a foolish thing to do, and not one to expect of a King.”

“Well, you see, Your Royal Highness, that might be true, but no one outside of my kingdom knows that my Army is taking a vacation. I made

each soldier take solemn oath he would not leave the country during my absence or spread the news abroad. Then, too, my reputation as a fighter and as a ruler of the sea is established, so no one will dare attack my possessions while my Navy is at work and my ships patrol the sea on all sides, for these sentinels of the sea are so fierce, so dangerous, none dare venture within firing distance of them. I have no fear while my Navy is on duty and my ships guard my front door. So I feel the British Museum is quite safe, Your Majesty, anyhow I'm losing no sleep over the way things are going on at home."

And Blackstone settled back among the cushions, puffing away on the pipe, as though he had not a care in the world. A king indeed, enjoying his holiday.

"'Tis well for thee, my lord, that thou hast a Navy and can'st leave them on guard for then thou can'st tarry here awhile with a contented mind. Thou dost amuse me greatly with thy tales of thy strange country and its crude customs; so I desire that thou tarry here to entertain me for a time, as all the interesting men of my country are dead, and yet not long enough dead to return and keep me company, so my lord, I am quite ennuied with only my handmaidens here and my guard. But

come, the hour is late and we must adjourn to prepare ourselves for the feast of the evening. My guards will escort thee to thy apartments, my lord," she exclaimed, and as Blackstone arose and bowed low before her, she extended her hand which he kissed gallantly.

"Your Royal Highness, it will give me great pleasure to remain with you, and, so far as is possible, I shall endeavor to take the place of the great men you mourn. Though a difficult position for any man to fill, I feel a king of England should be equal to it, so it will be my pleasure to remain as long as I amuse thee, leaving quickly when I bore thee," he said, unconsciously lapsing into her quaint manner of speech. Then bowing low again, he stepped aside.

As the Queen and her twelve hand-maidens passed by and out of the audience chamber they glanced at him coquettishly, bashfully, wistfully or boldly according to their different natures.

II

The guards stepped forth silently, surrounding him on all sides and conducted him to a door directly opposite the one the Queen and her suite had passed through.

“By Jove! I feel more like a criminal going to his execution than a man invited to feast with a Queen. My word! what an adventure,” he said to himself as the guards left him at the door of his apartment, with dark-skinned attendants to serve him.

The room he entered was large and round. The floor of polished onyx was covered with priceless rugs. Niches within the walls of white onyx, contained objects rare and costly. Lights burned softly from jewelled lamps suspended by golden chains or reposed on low tables. Cushions of rich color and texture were piled on the floor and on a long low divan. In the centre of the room, a fountain played softly and its water dropped with a soothing sound into the marble basin, sending out a rare perfume.

The attendant slave, in scant garments, led him to an adjoining room, in which a sunken pool, with broad steps leading down to it, looked inviting to Blackstone, who, too astonished to utter a word, had remained silent.

“Ye gods! old Windsor Castle never owned a bath like this,” he exclaimed as he sniffed the scented water. “Truly the ancients can teach us a thing or two about the bath; and by Jove, come to think of it, it must be quite four and twenty hours since

my tub, which is hardly decent in my country. Well, my man," he said, turning to the slave who stood silently by, "if you will kindly run away or turn your back, I will disrobe and take a plunge," and Blackstone removed his coat and handed it to the slave.

Bowing low he took it, saying, softly, "My lord, I am, by the Queen's command your body servant. 'Tis my duty to assist at thy toilet," and again bowing low, he received Blackstone's vest.

"By Jove! I say, old man, you're a royal nurse maid then, supposed to rub my back and comb my hair," replied Blackstone laughing, gayly. "It's a long time since I've needed those attentions and somewhat of a nuisance they were too, for I remember clearly the soap they allowed to get into my eyes. But kings must be martyrs to some cause, so I must submit to the royal nurse maid."

And Blackstone smiled to himself as he disrobed, then walking to the steps of the pool he stood there a moment enjoying the luxury of it all. "My word, but this is great," he exclaimed, as he plunged into the perfumed water which he found to be of a refreshing temperature.

When he came up dripping from the bath the slave boy covered him with a soft crash garment, patting and rubbing him dry, then deftly annointed him with fragrant oils.

"Ye gods, I feel as though I was being prepared for a sacrifice, a lamb being led to the slaughter," chuckled Blackstone, softly, as the slave polished and perfumed his body.

"'Tis not seemly, in my country, for a man to make use of so much perfume," he said to the slave; "that is only for the ladies."

"In this country, my lord, there is no such distinction, the bodies of each must be a delight to the nostrils. The Queen delights in pleasant odors, so all in her presence must use them," said the slave as he poured a few drops of attar of roses in the palm of his hand, then rubbed it over the face and neck of Blackstone.

"If you keep this up much longer, old man, I shall grow faint, I feel more like a debutante now than a descent Englishman," cried Blackstone, stepping back from the slave. "Here, give me yonder pipe and let me take a whiff from it, that I may remember I am a man again."

The slave, bowing, hastened to obey, and Blackstone sank down on the cushioned step and puffed on the pipe vigorously for a few moments.

"By Gad, I wonder if I am asleep or awake," he mused as he sat there looking into the water. "I feel as though I had rubbed the lamp of Aladdin. Well, I suppose I might as well continue the joke

or whatever it is. The royal birth mark evidently had the desired effect or else the poor Queen is mighty lonesome, for certainly no real king could complain of this treatment. I shall entertain the fair lady and her court as far as possible, and as she is a widow, should I find favor in her sight, it might not be such a bad thing to become a real king."

He was aroused from his dreaming by a tap on his arm, and the slave, bowing low, said, "Most gracious lord, the time is growing short before the banquet. We must make haste. The Queen has expressed a wish that thou clothe thyself in the garments worn by the men of her country, as being more comfortable for one having travelled far."

"My word! but your Queen is a thoughtful woman. I was longing for fresh linen after my bath, and sorry my luggage was at the hotel," he said, as he laid down his pipe and got up from his seat.

"Ye gods!" he cried in amazement, as he held up the scanty garment the slave handed him. "You don't expect me to appear before the Queen and her Court in that bally thing, do you?" and he looked at the slave in astonishment. "Why, in my country, no decent man would appear outside of his bedroom with this!" and he held up the short-skirted garment with scorn. "An Englishman would hardly expose

his legs in such fashion, to his valet, much less to a queen. If I were a Scotchman, now, this would bring no blushes to my cheeks but pride to my heart because the costume of skirted men dated so far back. No, my slave boy, nurse, maid and attendant, take thyself in haste to the Queen's chamber and inform Her Royal Highness it is not seemly in my country for men to appear thus before a queen, and ask permission to allow me to don the trousers of my own countrymen. So, haste thee away while I examine these other garments here," and Blackstone picked up a long white garment of soft silky wool, the slave had dropped on the cushions as he fled away on his errand.

He examined it minutely, rubbing the soft texture between his fingers. "Well, the old King must have had a sensitive skin, for this thing is soft enough for the skin of a new-born babe. I suppose these belonged to the old chap," he continued, as he tried to find the proper way of putting the garment on. "Ye gods! this is my first experience with cast-off clothing and I never thought I would come to this, still, if these were the King's they have been kept fresh and clean. By Gad, here's the maker's label; it must have been an extra suit," said Blackstone, examining it yard by yard.

"Well, there certainly is enough in this to cover

me up so my trousers won't show and mar the effect," he said, as he pulled the long garment around him. "If I only had some good strong pins now, I would feel decidedly more safe and comfortable. Where is that coat of mine? I must keep all of my valuables on my person," said Blackstone, looking about.

He searched through his coat and vest, transferring the contents of these to the pockets of his trousers, stuffing them to bursting. Finding the large door key to be in the way, he hung it about his neck on his soft silk tie, which happened to be bright red, and so lent a bit of color to his costume.

The slave returned, bowed low and said, "Her Gracious Majesty, while astonished that my lord would think she would request him to appear in a costume to offend his modesty, granted his request to don his own trousers."

"Well, I suppose if the Queen does not mind, I shouldn't, but I'd spend a mighty unpleasant evening trying to get used to my bare legs and keeping them out of sight. So, my man, as I intend to enjoy myself and wish to be comfortable in mind, we will go forth in this costume. As soon as you fasten these sandals for me and adjust the folds of this winding sheet properly, I shall be ready," said Blackstone, gayly, feeling as though dressed for some private theatricals rather than to dine with a queen.

The slave refused to allow him to put on anything else of his own besides his trousers, excepting his undershirt which Blackstone insisted upon wearing.

"It's positively indecent, old man, to appear before a Queen without a shirt of some kind, for this bathrobe or whatever the bally thing is, might come apart, don't you know, and how deucedly awkward that would be for me," he said decidedly, to the slave's protests.

Following the guard which awaited him at the door of the outer room, Blackstone was ushered into the presence of the Queen.

He tried hard not to allow the sensation of being in bathrobe and slippers to affect his bearing, and so strove to approach the Queen in a manner befitting a King.

He found it difficult to walk with his accustomed ease because of the long robe twisting around his legs, compelling him to stop and untangle himself from its embrace.

To prevent him from sprawling outright, ignominiously, in the sight of the twelve pairs of eyes of her handmaidens, the Queen graciously stretched forth her jewelled hand to him as he drew near; while Blackstone, feeling the distance from the doorway to the throne to have been miles in length, from the sense of fatigue he experienced in his efforts to ap-

pear natural when he believed he looked "a silly ass," bent low and kissed the jewelled hand gratefully.

"Thou dost seem weary, my lord. Didst not thy bath refresh thee?" asked the Queen, as she motioned to him to take the seat placed beside her.

"I beg Your Gracious Majesty to pardon my awkwardness in wearing the garments of your country; not being accustomed to them, 'tis hard to walk with ease in what seems woman's clothes, and which twine about one's legs in strange fashion," replied Blackstone, bending down again to unwind his robe which had twisted itself so tightly around his legs that he had found it impossible to seat himself as the Queen bade him.

"The fault is entirely thine own, my lord. Be cause of thy false shame against the sight of thine own legs; thou hast retained a portion of thy garments, and the two cloths, being as strange to each other as the customs of each country, seem at war, and seek to overthrow thee. What are legs to us any more than our arms or faces? Do not my soldiers and my servants expose their legs in nature's covering only? Truly the English must have strange ideas or else strange legs to make of them a mystery. But, come, my lord, we will now eat and enjoy ourselves. Try and forget thou art an Englishman and

be with us, a Roman while under my roof," said the Queen kindly.

Clapping her hands with a peculiar sound, the curtains at one side of the room were softly pulled apart, revealing a scene fit for any stage. In a softly lighted recess stood a long low table, on which were several large epergnes holding luscious fruits. These were flanked on either side by flagons of wine. There was a confusion of gold and silver dishes, or so it seemed to Blackstone's eyes which were accustomed to the formal course dinner of England; but the whole effect was sumptuous to say the least.

At the head of the table and along both sides were long low seats covered with priceless rugs. Some were of the skins of animals, rare and beautiful, especially the skin of a leopard at the Queen's seat, which was wonderfully rich in its markings.

Blackstone watched the Queen and her handmaidens bestow themselves gracefully on the divan or seats, and attempted to transfer his limbs from the floor to the seat with the same grace, but was obliged to untangle his garments before he could recline at all, then found that to him the position was not only awkward but decidedly uncomfortable as well.

"Thou hast a frown on thy face, my lord. Pray tell me what discomforts thee?" asked the Queen anxiously, as the fruits were being served.

"If Your Royal Highness will pardon my plain speaking, I will admit that not being accustomed to this position my wounded leg is cramped with pain."

"Amon," cried the Queen to a slave at her elbow, "attend to thy lord. Massage thou the leg which causeth him pain." Then turning to Blackstone, who was now trying to eat a pomegranate with unconcern while the little black slave was rubbing the cramped leg the best he could through the thick Scotch tweed, the queen added, "My lord, 'tis not so much to thy position thou owest thy suffering, but to thy own foolish custom of binding thy body from thy hips down, taking away thy freedom of movement. Tell me, my lord, how do thy people arrange themselves at thy tables when they partake of food?"

"Your Royal Highness, in my country we do not make of eating a pleasure or luxury to be enjoyed in this manner, but make of it a business. Seated stiffly upright in high-backed chairs, we eat seriously, as a duty to be gone through quickly. We never recline when eating, after the age of twelve months, unless we are either invalids or weak-minded."

At this, Blackstone almost lost his balance trying to drink a glass of wine while reclining with his head propped up by his arm, as did the Queen and her handmaidens so gracefully, making a pleasing

picture of indolence, and causing him to marvel at the dainty movements and ways as strange as their food.

“If Your Royal Highness will permit,” he exclaimed a few minutes later, sitting upright, “I will raise myself to my accustomed position; my hand and arm are numb, and by Jove! I feel such a silly ass eating like a convalescent, anyhow, I want my two legs under the table like an English king,” cried Blackstone rudely, exasperated at trying to eat as did the Romans. “It’s too deucedly uncomfortable anyhow,” he grumbled to himself as he turned about and planted his feet as firmly on the floor as his sandals would allow.

The Queen and her handmaidens looked shocked at his actions and seemed fearful at the change in his voice, and the guards let the ends of their spears fall to the floor with a warning sound.

But the temper of the British Lion was aroused, as it is apt to be if disturbed at its food, and Blackstone felt he didn’t care a hang any more for the customs of ancient Rome. His feet were both asleep as well as his arm, so asserting his authority as all good Britons do in the presence of their household, he called to the little slave gruffly: “Amon, come hither, attend thy master. Rub quickly my hands and feet. I have been twisted up into knots

like a contortionist long enough," then he muttered under his breath, "But the food is good and the wine rare, so I mean to enjoy it."

The Queen and her handmaidens ate in silence, waiting for their strange guest to speak.

"I will, with the permission of Your Royal Highness, continue to eat after the manner of my own people as being more comfortable for me. I will then wait until the meal is finished to recline and enjoy my pipe at my ease," he said, his good humor restored with his self respect on resuming his natural position for eating. Then, too, the wine was beginning to flow through his veins as was the blood through his benumbed hands and feet.

"I will grant thee permission to resume thy stiff and awkward posture though thou didst dare to assume it before the permission was given. Verily, my lord, thou art rash, or else thou knowest little of the anger of a woman, and that woman a queen," she said with a firm voice as she drew herself up haughtily and continued, "many a man has been beheaded for less, have they not?" she asked her handmaidens.

"They have, indeed, Your Gracious Majesty," they replied in chorus, while the guards again thumped the floor with the ends of their spears, warningly.

"Your Royal Highness," calmly replied Blackstone, who continued to eat with unconcern not heeding the warning from the guards, "While 'tis true I have no queen to share my throne, still do I know the heart of woman well. And whether it beats under a velvet gown or one of print 'tis the same. They all kiss the hand that holds the rod."

"My lord, 'tis not so in my country," replied the queen quickly. "No man would dare to raise his hand against a Roman maid, for she is as strong and fearless as he and can carry a spear and shield with the ease of any man. We women here, fight our enemy shoulder to shoulder with our men, and no man dare lay hand on us under penalty of death. Is that not true, my maids?" she asked with eyes now sparkling as the jewels which flashed on her forehead and blazed on her arms.

"Thou sayest truly, Your Gracious Majesty, no maid of Rome would kiss a hand that held within it a rod," replied the maids with scorn.

"Well, 'tis true, my knowledge of Roman women is limited, none having crossed my path before," said Blackstone, "and, as present company is always made the exception in other countries, I will make it so here, and believing there are no other Roman maidens in existence to-day on the face of the globe, I will drink to the health of these

fair women of Rome who dare to defy their lords of creation. "And standing erect, Blackstone raised the crystal goblet to his lips and bowing low to the Queen and her handmaidens, said, "I drink to the bravery of the women of Rome, under whose fine white skin flows the blood of warriors bold, but whose soft languorous eyes belie their cold exterior and show the warm heart beneath. To you, the fair women, I drink!" Then raising his glass high as he finished speaking, Blackstone dashed it to the floor, where it was shattered into bits on the tiling.

III

At this the handmaidens shrieked; the guards came forward quickly and surrounded him, scowling darkly, and waiting only for a word from the Queen to do away with this wild barbarian.

The Queen, with outward composure but wildly beating heart, seeing by his smiling eyes that he had not suddenly lost his mind, as she had at first supposed, thus addressed him: "Thou dost affright me, my lord, with thy strange actions. To make a pretty speech with thy lips, then before we have time to reply to thee, thou dost seem suddenly possessed with anger. Pray, thee, what aileth thee?"

Was not the wine of the best or wert thou afraid it contained a drug? No harm can befall thee, my lord, while thou art under my roof," and she smiled sweetly into his eyes as she finished speaking, and waved the guards away, for Blackstone now knelt at her feet.

Raising her jewelled hand to his lips, he said gently, "Your Royal Highness, I most humbly beg your pardon if my actions have caused you fear. It is only a pretty custom of my country, that after a toast is drunk the glass be shattered that no lips touch it again, and is considered a compliment to the one to whom we drink. So I broke the glass according to our custom without thinking you might marvel at my actions, and I again ask your pardon."

Again he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it, then, seating himself at the table, continued, "Your Gracious Majesty need have no fear of thy treatment of me, for thou art all I could desire as a hostess. Thy wine is of excellent vintage and of great age to judge by the flavor," and Blackstone held the crystal goblet to the light, through which the wine sparkled as clear amber.

"Yes, my lord, 'tis indeed of great age and very rare. It was presented to the King, my sovereign, by a great Egyptian prince, who claimed it had been made by the strange gods of his country, out

of the juice of the pomegranate, whose trees grew in a secret place known only to them."

"Ye gods," exclaimed Blackstone, under his breath, sipping the precious wine slowly, "a bottle of this sold to the British Museum would make me both famous and rich. I suppose it must come bottled, for a wine so rare surely would not come in casks. I mean to have a bottle to take home with me, even if I have to steal it."

Then, turning to the queen, he said, "Your Royal Highness, I appreciate the honor you have paid me in serving me with wine so rare, and ask that you grant me the pleasure of looking at the bottle which contained this nectar of the gods; for I would like to feast my eyes on such an antique."

"With pleasure will I grant thee thy request, my lord," replied the Queen graciously, "Amon, go thou and fetch the bottle which the wine of the pomegranate was emptied from, and bring it hither to thy lord," she said to the slave boy, who swiftly went to do her bidding.

Returning, and bowing low before Blackstone, he presented him with a queer gourd-shaped bottle made of skin, hardened by some peculiar process, and so blackened by age that it looked like ebony. It was covered with strange marks and hieroglyphics which Blackstone could not make out. He exam-

ined it carefully for a date, and when he finally discovered the figures, B. C. 600 he almost shouted with glee.

"My word, just fancy! This was made probably in the time of old Belshazzar. Perhaps this same vintage served at that famous feast. Well, here's to his health! Old man, thou hast good taste, even if thou were considered an old roue, and I drink to your memory," said Blackstone, raising his glass.

"Your Gracious Majesty," he continued, "I have a request to make which I hope you will feel in your heart to grant. 'Tis one so great I tremble for fear you will refuse me."

"I can not think of anything I own too great to lay at thy feet, my lord," she replied as she looked at him shyly, smiling as she spoke.

"Ye gods!" he gasped, "I believe the widow has fallen in love with me. If so, it's a dangerous position for a fellow to be in; for a queen's command must be obeyed or else I'll lose my head. Well, 'tis easier to lose my heart than my head, only I much prefer to have a choice as to where I bestow my heart, and in this case, I would have none. Well, here's the request and talking about it will keep her at a distance for a while. Your Majesty is most gracious," he said, bowing to the Queen, "and over-

whelms me with her willingness to grant me a favor, still 'tis so great I hesitate to make my request known."

"I can not think of anything I possess which thou couldst not have, my lord, unless it be my jewels," and the Queen touched the jewels gleaming on forehead, neck and wrist as she spoke; then, stretching out her jewelled hands toward him, she continued eagerly, "and even these be yours if thou wert poor and had need to dispose of them for a price, but, being a king, thou must have jewels of thy own so have no present need of these."

"My word! Just fancy now, the Queen ready to give me all her jewels to pawn. What a collection they would make for the British Museum and what a pretty price they'd pay me," he said to himself, then to the Queen, "Your Royal Highness has a most generous heart and I would not take advantage of it. As you say, I have jewels at home, more than I can use. Ropes and ropes of pearls are locked away in glass cases, as are my crown and my jewelled sword. These are all kept in strong cases and guarded night and day by my soldiers, especially on free days when the crowd is so great."

"Free days, my lord? What dost thou mean?" cried the Queen horrified, "surely thou dost not ask a price of thy friends who enter thy house?"

"'Tis the custom, Your Royal Highness, in all of the best houses in England as well as the British Museum, to levy a tax on all who enter and eat at our table for the up-keep of our servants."

"Verily, thy people know not true hospitality to have such a strange custom. Thou canst not entertain thy friend then, if he or she be poor?"

"No, you are quite right, Your Royal Highness, the poor are not often entertained, at least not the second time, though they sometimes get in by mistake; but, if known to be poor by the servants, they are served in so haughty a manner that they are glad to escape a repetition of their scornful glances," chuckled Blackstone, smiling.

"My lord, what thou tellest me seemeth most strange," replied the Queen, with a puzzled expression on her face, "Why dost thy people allow thy servants to gaze on their guests so scornfully? Here we would behead such a servant immediately. A guest is our friend when under our roof and as such is protected by us from all harm while there."

"'Tis as you say, Your Royal Highness, a strange and barbarous custom and one to marvel at, as well as a queer form of hospitality, to invite one's friends to sup and sleep under your roof then charge a price for it. Still, it is necessary in order that the servants' hire will not be so heavy and to

help pay for the wear and tear to one's belongings. I know that is the way it is at the British Museum for it costs me much just to keep my rare and beautiful objects carefully guarded by my soldiers, and that reminds me, Your Royal Highness, I have not yet made my request known to you. It is that you bestow upon me this wine bottle," and Blackstone hugged it tightly to his breast as he spoke.

The Queen and her handmaidens laughed heartily. "Truly, thou jokest, my lord, or else thou art overcome with bashfulness in the presence of my handmaidens, to make of me such a strange request as to desire an empty wine bottle when I told thee that any of my possessions wert thine for the asking. Truly, thou mockest me," she replied, a tear of vexation and disappointment glistening in her eye.

"I assure you, Your Gracious Majesty, that I was never more in earnest in my life," said Blackstone seriously, "for to us, who value antiques, this is priceless and will bring me a pretty penny."

"What! my lord!" cried the Queen, amazed at his words, holding up her hands in horror, "thou, a King, barter an old wine bottle a Queen has cast upon the trash heap? Truly, thou amazest me at thy strange customs," said she, as she tossed her head and tip-tilted her nose in scorn.

“The custom may seem strange to you, Your Royal Highness, but ’tis done in my country by Kings, Queens, and all of royal birth. ’Tis quite common for them to dispose of rare objects of art to the highest bidder in order to replenish their chests with gold; and often the objects are of such great value that the people of my country all contribute to the price that the article may remain with me in the British Museum; then my countrymen are allowed to come and gaze upon this priceless treasure and see what they were taxed for. And my chests are further replenished by charging a small fee at the door on certain days for the more exclusive who care to gaze on my treasures when my palace is not so crowded.”

“Truly, thy people are very meek and long suffering, my lord, to submit to such taxation. With us, each hath as many servants as his purse will allow; we would scorn to ask a guest to open his purse when he enters our house to sup with us. A Roman gives what he hath with cheerful heart, though it be but the milk of the goat and a few dates which he offers, and these he serves himself as paying greater honor to his guest in thus serving him. While ’tis true, my lord, my people are often heavily taxed and suffer much when the harvest is poor; still we do not tax the guest of our household,

nor does any savage tribe in all our domains. Thy people must indeed be meek and lowly of spirit not to rebel," and the queen looked with disdain at Blackstone for being king over such weaklings.

"My word! Just fancy, now, the English being called meek and lowly," and Blackstone leaned back and laughed heartily at the idea.

"By Gad! that's great. I must keep that in mind and write an article for the Times, giving the opinion of a Queen of ancient Rome on the manners and customs of good old England. I fancy, it will make a hit when it comes out, so I'll put a jolly good price on that article, too," he continued, smiling.

"Thou seemest amused, my lord," said the Queen, surprised, for she had expected an outburst of temper to follow her remarks.

"I am, greatly amused, Your Royal Highness, especially when I think of my fine army and magnificent navy. They, meek and lowly? My sturdy sons of old England, brought up on good roast beef and ale, weaklings? Why, Your Gracious Majesty, if I but speak the word, my army and navy would rise up in their might and sweep every country right into the sea, and then throw all these ruins of ancient Rome in after them, so there would not be a sign of any other nation left. My army and

navy are like two fierce bulldogs, chafing constantly against their leash, which I hold tightly in my hands at all times; for they are often excited by the roar of the great Russian bear; the screeching of the American eagle gets on their nerves at times; while the watchful eye of Germany drives them to frenzy. It takes a strong and firm hand to hold these bulldogs of mine when their fighting blood is up; and some day, Your Royal Highness, I'm going to turn them loose and watch the fun." And Blackstone laughed again, as though enjoying the fight when his bulldogs were turned loose.

As he finished speaking the handmaidens cried out in alarm and clasped each other for protection, drawing their flimsy garments about them as though the fighting bulldogs were now at their feet.

Even the Queen grew pale, and the guards moved restlessly and rattled their spears against their shields.

"Thou speaketh so fiercely, my lord, and so vividly dost the picture of thy blood-thirsty dogs appear before our eyes, that thou hast affrighted us so that we tremble before thee, thou great War Lord; as thou seeth, I am alone here with only this small guard to protect me and my handmaidens, so I beseech thee, my lord, that when thou lettest thy war dogs loose onto the other nations, that thou wilt not

take what is left of my country and throw it into the sea, too; but I pray thee, let these few ruins stand here to remind thee of the Queen who entertained thee under her roof. Wilt thou grant me this request?" she pleaded, coming close to him as if for protection, her blue eyes dark with fear.

"Rest thy heart in peace, Your Royal Highness," replied Blackstone, taking in his the hand so confidently laid on his knee. "You and your household need have no fear when my war dogs are loosed; for no Englishman would make war with such a beautiful woman; so have no fear, my Queen, my war dogs shall be torn to pieces before harm shall come to you. And should the other nations discover that Rome is not dead and desire to possess thy country, remember that England got here first and I will turn my war dogs on them; for they shall not rob me of thee."

And Blackstone unconsciously placed his arm about the Queen as if to protect her from the armies of the world, who, as enemies of his, were trying to rob him of his new found possessions.

"Thou art very good, my lord, to say that thy great army and navy are ready to protect me and my little handful of people, all that is now left of my country, and I thank thee heartily and am much comforted by thy words which ease my fears. But

come, my lord," she exclaimed rising. "The evening hath been too serious. And 'tis time we gave thee entertainment as well as food. Come, we will go hither to another room and my handmaidens will dance for thee and express their joy at thy presence."

The handmaidens vanished as if by magic and the guards stepped forward to make way for the queen who now walked with her hand within Blackstone's arm.

They made their way slowly through the throne room, their progress impeded by the folds of the long white garment wrapping itself tightly around Blackstone's feet, which caused him to swear softly under his breath as he stopped to unwind himself.

The guards waited at a door leading off from the throne room, evidently the outer room of the Queen's private apartments to judge by the magnificence of the furnishings which were luxurious and costly enough for the queen of Sheba herself, the greatest connoisseur of rare and costly objects the world has ever known.

"My word!" exclaimed Blackstone, "these must have cost the old King a pretty penny if my judgment of values is correct; for this room holds objects so old and so rare that they seem to date back to the time of creation itself," he continued aloud,

as he wandered about the room, examining the furnishings and musing on the possible value of the unusual objects scattered about, while waiting for the Queen to join him, she having retired to an inner apartment.

“By Jove! it wouldn’t surprise me, in the least, to discover that the wood of which this table is made came from the tree which bore the famous apple that Adam ate and which has given humanity acute indigestion, accompanied by remorse, ever since,” mused Blackstone, smiling as he examined again the rare wood of the table which held the pipe he smoked as he leaned back lazily among the cushions of the divan. while waiting for the Queen.

The sound of the dripping water of the fountain in the centre of the room as it fell with a soft murmur into the marble basin, proved almost too much for him, and the delicious perfume it sent out was intoxicating to one not accustomed to the heavy odor.

“By Gad!” he exclaimed drowsily a moment later, “that tinkling fountain over there sounds so much like the rain pattering on the eaves at home, it will put me to sleep in a minute. I hope my lady will appear soon, or else she will find her lord fast asleep.”

At this moment the curtains of the inner door parted and the queen entered.

Blackstone was roused from all thoughts of sleep by the vision of loveliness which met his eyes. "By George, but she's a stunner and no mistake," he murmured, as he dropped his pipe and went to meet her, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

The Queen met his ardent gaze as shyly as any girl and such she seemed, for she had discarded her queenly garments and now wore a simple robe of white transparent stuff, through which her skin shown as soft satin. On forehead, neck and wrist were ropes of pearls worth a king's ransom while on her ankles golden bands tinkled softly as she walked.

"Art thou pleased with my attire, my lord?" she asked, as naively as any ingenue.

"Thou amazest me, with thy appearance, unto speechlessness, my Queen," exclaimed Blackstone in reply, mixing his manner of speech with hers, as he looked with unconcealed admiration into the blue eyes, now dark and langorous in the dim light of swaying lamps. "Thou seemest to have cast off years with thy Court attire, so 'tis hard to believe thou art a Queen and not a young damsel," he said, bowing low.

"Pray then, my lord, forget for to-night that I am indeed a queen. Let me, like thee, forget for a time my crown which causeth me to grow weary

and maketh me sad at heart to wear, now that my king is not here. So, I fain would be just a woman with thee, my lord; for I am indeed lonely, and thy presence cheers me. Come, sit thou here and forget, with me, the crowns we wear," she said, as she motioned him to a seat beside her on the divan, where, leaning back among the cushions, she made a most pleasing picture.

"Thou sayest true, Your Royal Highness, for 'tis tiresome business being seated on kingly chairs all one's life. Many a king envies the freedom of mind which goes with the cap worn by his most humble subject, and no doubt a queenly heart often aches as sadly as does the heart of her who wears a gown of print. Well, so goes the world. Our people look up to us, envious of our seeming good fortune, thinking none could be greater, while we, in turn, look down on them envious, at times, of their freedom. Yet, each of us no doubt would be bored to death, after a short time, could we exchange places. Now, my plan is best," he continued, as he puffed lazily away on his pipe, the Queen not objecting to his smoking as long as it pleased her lord.

"And so my plan is best, my Queen," he repeated, "I wear my crown and my ermine robe until I am bored almost to extinction. I then ar-

range matters ship-shape, so that my kingdom runs itself in my absence, don my comfortable clothes and wander where I will, until I feel refreshed in both mind and body. I then return home again and my people welcome me royally with cannon and gun. I climb back into my kingly chair, glad to be at the head of things once more and to be where I can study the temper of my bulldogs and watch my neighbors closely when they come asking favors. All of which is exciting after one has been away and forgotten he is king until the sight of his crown seems as a new toy and it maketh his heart glad to rule again."

"What thou sayest is true, my lord, and I have often longed to do the same," replied the Queen wearily, "but, being alone here, with no war dogs to guard my little handful of people, I must forever remain in charge, none knowing my lonely heart; for a queen must be brave before the people she ruleth and hide her heavy heart. But to thee, my lord, can I speak, for thou art kind and seemeth so like unto my King it maketh me sad to gaze upon thee," and she wiped away a tear as she spoke.

"Poor little Queen, it must be lonesome for her with no one of her own rank here to talk to," said Blackstone, under his breath. Then, patting the jewelled hand soothingly, his heart stirred to pity at

the sight of her tears, he continued as he drew her tenderly within the circle of his arm. "Thou art tired and weary, my Queen, being shut up with thy people so long alone. Thou needest a change of scene. Wouldst thou be willing to ride the camel of the sea with me, and go back to England when I go?"

She clapped her hands together as does a child when pleased, and cried joyfully, "Oh, yes, my lord, gladly will I go with thee, I, my handmaidens and my guard."

"Well, by Jove," said Blackstone, seriously to himself, "I say, I did not calculate on taking unto myself the whole population of ancient Rome when I decided to take their Queen. But it's too soon to come a cropper to my lady's hopes, so I won't say anything about that just now. It would be something of a sensation, though, to return to London with all the inhabitants of my new possessions, and perhaps not be so bad after all, by gad."

"Thou seemest sad, my lord, and not to rejoice that I go with thee. Art thou not pleased that I am not only willing to brave the discomforts of the camel of the sea for thee, but go gladly, to where the manners and customs of thy people are so strange to me?" she asked as she gazed into his eyes, troubled.

Drawing her closer (within his arm, Blackstone replied: "I'm more than pleased at thy willingness to accompany me back to my people, my Queen. It shows your trust and confidence in my protection, and I am much honored and flattered by thy acceptance." And raising her hand to his lips, he kissed it reverently.

At this moment, the soft tinkle of tambourines announced the arrival of the dancing girls and through the doorway danced the twelve handmaidens in step to the music of tambourine accompanied by the lute which Amon the little slave boy played.

The dancers then seated themselves on the floor in a semi-circle, and the picture they made seemed so much a vision of one's imagination that Blackstone rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to dispel any idea of his being asleep and dreaming.

The soft light of swaying lamps, the rich colors of the hangings on walls and at doorway, together with the varied hues of silken cushions, made a background fit for any stage and one that caused the dancers to stand out in bold relief.

"My word!" exclaimed Blackstone, as he settled back among the cushions of the divan, prepared to enjoy the entertainment offered for his benefit.

“What a sensation they will create when I show them to a bored and dull London public at the end of the season. Just fancy, now, how the London chappies will stare when they feast their eyes on these living samples of Roman beauty, au naturel, and, by Gad, a season, as their manager, should pay me better than selling antiques to the museum.” He mused on as he watched the girl, now dancing, the muscles and firm flesh of whose body, revealed by the very scant and gauzy drapery she wore, seemed alive with pure joy of movement as she danced and twirled about.

“Brava! brava!” he cried, heartily, clapping his hands as the dancer finished. “That beats anything I have ever seen on any London stage. What a sensation my troupe of dancing girls will create there next season.”

“Thy dancing girls, my lord? What meanest thou?” asked the Queen, a jealous light in her eyes. “These are my handmaidens and as such belong to me to attend upon my wardrobe and wait upon me; so thou canst not have them to go about with thee.”

“Dost thou not remember, my Queen, that thou said that all thou hath was mine, even thy jewels,” replied Blackstone, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

“I well remember, my lord, but to me these are

more valuable than jewels; for they know my ways and delight to wait upon me, so that I could not be without them near me at all times. Especially will I need their service in thy strange country, then too, my lord, they were given to me by my late sovereign, so that I cannot give them to thee."

"Be not distressed my Queen, for if thy serving maids become my dancing girls, you can find excellent maids in my country. And these will be of far more service to you because of their knowledge of the proper mode of dressing which prevails among the nobility there."

"But, my lord, can I not apparel myself as befits my own taste?" cried the Queen, surprised. "Verily, if that be the custom in thy country, then thy queens are not gifted either with taste or judgment, if they fashion their garments as others dictate. In my country, no one dares suggest to the Queen the manner or cut of cloth for her costume, for here, the Queen's choice, no one questions." And she drew herself up and gazed at him imperiously.

"Truly, there can be no question, Your Royal Highness, when one looks upon thee, but that thou knowest how to adorn thyself becomingly," he replied, bowing gallantly. "But, in my country, kings and queens are not always free to carry out their own wishes in regard to what they wear. Even

they, like the rest of mankind, are slaves to Dame Fashion, and brave is he or she, who dares go against her decree of what should be worn."

"Dame Fashion, my lord?" cried the Queen amazed, "who is she, that her judgment should be placed above that of kings and queens; is she some strange goddess whom thy people worship, as do we the goddess of Love? Tell me, my lord, who this dame is, and if she be in the flesh? I shall refuse to bend my knee to her, for no queen of Rome will ever acknowledge any woman greater than she." And her eyes flashed fire as she drew herself up haughtily.

"Come, come, my Queen, do not take my words so seriously. We all must, in a measure, be guided by some one, even if we are rulers ourselves. In England, now, there are two goddesses before whom we all bow with great reverence, Dame Fashion and Custom. Even you, my Queen, pay respect to Custom if no heed to Fashion, for you realize that the Custom in use by your people is greater than you. Is it not so?"

"'Tis true, my lord. I submit to Custom as thou sayest, but I like not that I should submit to the rule of that Dame Fashion thou knowest; so I and my handmaidens shall pay no heed to her dictates. And my lord, should she annoy me much, I will ride the

camel of the sea again, and return to my own country," she cried rebelliously.

"Then thou dost not love me, my Queen," replied Blackstone, taking her hand and drawing her within the circle of his arms again in spite of the gaze of the handmaidens who danced merrily on. "Thou dost not love me then," he repeated softly, drawing her closer to him, "if you will let such a small matter affect thee and cause thee to leave me. Thou must be brave and accept the customs and manners of the people of thy lord, no matter how strange they seem to thee. For what care thou? Art thou not my Queen, and canst thou not rule over me?" he asked, kissing her tenderly on the forehead.

Smiling sweetly into his eyes, she raised her soft white arms and placed them about his neck, then shrieked with terror and clung to him with fear. For at that moment there was a roar as of thunder. The floor rocked as do the waves of the sea; the walls shook and trembled, and pandemonium reigned with the shrieking of the handmaidens, the hoarse cries of the guard and the crashing walls.

Clasping the Queen tightly in his arms, Blackstone attempted to move but his long white robe wrapped itself about his feet and with the Queen in his arms, he fell forward; then all was darkness.

About midnight of the day when Blackstone

wandered down the long passage-way and seated himself in the kingly chair, all Rome was terrified by a violent earthquake, which sent the panic-stricken inhabitants screaming into the streets, to the churches and open market places to spend the night praying as they knelt amid falling stones while the earth rocked beneath them.

At day break, after the swaying earth had again become firm, the more courageous ventured forth to learn the extent of the catastrophe and to give aid to the injured.

It was found that the greatest damage done was in that part of the city where the ruins of ancient Rome were being excavated. The earthquake had wrecked most of the mighty columns which, like giants of the past, had remained standing for centuries, monuments to the memory of a splendid race.

Later in the day a searching party started out from the hotel in response to repeated cables sent by the *London Times*, asking for news of Blackstone. Knowing it was his custom to prowl about among the ruins, the proprietor began to fear he had been killed, as he had not been seen about the hotel since the day before, so he sent out in haste for news of him.

A visit to all the hospitals and the morgue con-

vinced the searching party that the genial Englishman had not been found.

They hastened away to search among the excavations as it was reported he had been seen there late the day before.

Working their way slowly through the debris piled up in the long passage-way, they came to the door of the room Blackstone had entered. Shouting and calling his name loudly they pushed their way into the room by the light of their lanterns.

They found Blackstone lying at the foot of the stone steps leading to the throne chair, over which a large panel of the ceiling had lodged, forming a canopy over his head, and to this he owed his life.

Unconscious and bleeding from a bad wound in his forehead, they lifted him tenderly and as they placed him on a stretcher he opened his eyes and murmured faintly, "save the Queen first," then lapsed into unconsciousness again.

He was carried to the hospital where every attention was given him, by order of the *Times*, which had cabled to spare no expense.

A fortnight later he was removed to the hotel, still weak and trembling, his hair snow white; and at times a dazed expression would come into his eyes at the memory of the Queen and her handmaidens.

Months after, when back in old England, and

while dining one night at the club, the words of the toast he gave when he drank to the brave women of Rome came vividly to his mind, and with a sigh of regret, he lifted his glass and again drank to their memory, and to that of the beautiful Queen he had lost there in the ruins of Ancient Rome.

LETTERS FROM MR. STOCKTON

NOTE.

If unfamiliar with the phenomena of spirit communication, the reader is asked to imagine the difficulty one must have experienced in receiving and believing a telephone message transmitted through one of the first imperfect instruments, and a wire without a hole in it, if he had never seen or heard or believed there was such a mode of communication.

With this in mind please note the struggle of the spirit of Mr. Stockton to convince even the medium, Miss de Camp, of his identity and to overcome the doubts and fears that at first arose in her conscious mind.

THE PUBLISHER.

Letters From Mr. Stockton

The following letters were received by me automatically on the dates given.

Etta de Camp.

March 25th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

I am Frank R. Stockton, I am ready to write through you. I have many stories I want written and am glad you can write them for me. I have one now, called "What Did I Do With My Wife?" the title is a good one. I will give you another later.

Frank R. Stockton.

March 26th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

I am here now. I will give you a story called "My Wireless Horse." It is very funny. I will have a new one for you to-morrow. I am so glad you allow me this medium through which to reach the public. I am indeed grateful to you for this privilege.

Frank R. Stockton.

April 25th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

If you will write an hour or two each morning you will get the best results; the greatest progress is made by having a fixed time for writing. Let nothing interfere, for we must keep the connection close in order for me to get my thoughts through. You see how much easier it is now than it was at first. You will soon be able to take down longer stories, at first I am giving you very short ones, and later I will have a book I would like to have you bring out for me.

Frank R. Stockton.

May 5th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

I am sorry that you have had so much trouble with my stories. I know at first it will be almost impossible to get anyone to believe I wrote them, but you will find someone who will, I am sure.

We are trying to find the right person here who can send you the force you need and as soon as he is found we will bring him to you.

The pain behind your ears will indicate that I am ready for work, then you must take the pencil and write. I am going now, so good-bye.

Frank R. Stockton.

May 9th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

You are having a hard time I know trying to get anyone to believe you in regard to my stories, but in time they will, my dear madam, for I will write a story that will compel them to believe.

Frank R. Stockton.

July 12th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

Keep right on; we will get some good stories yet. You can tell my sister for me that the veil which separates us is very thin. We can come and go among you easily. But I am anxious to go on to the next plane and my brain must be relieved of these stories before I can progress further. We must be freed from all earth-vibrations before we can go on. The mind carries too many memories for me to get free. I must write out my book and my stories before I can get beyond the earth-vibrations which keep me here. So you see how grateful I am to you for the work you are doing for me. You will gain much knowledge and wisdom from this as well as financial help.

Frank R. Stockton.

August 5th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

You will find some publisher, I am sure, who will jump at the unusual feature of this—the work of an author written since he passed out of the body.

You will see what a controversy this book, and the question of whether it is the work of your own mind or really is my mind dictating to you through your subconscious mind, is bound to create among people of all classes and beliefs.

While it presents a startling idea to those who have hitherto believed that all work stopped at death, it proves that a man or woman is just as capable of dictating his or her affairs from this plane as either were while on earth, providing, of course, that the right medium is found through whom to work.

For years I searched for the right one to work through in order to relieve my mind of these stories and advance to another plane.

I am very fortunate in finding you, my dear madam, as you are sensitive to my vibrations, and so I reach you easily. We are in perfect accord and, together, will do a great work, and teach the old world what can be done even after the so-called end of man. It is not the end but the beginning of greater knowledge and power.

Frank R. Stockton.

My dear Madam:

August 7th, 1909.

Do not be at all disturbed over the way the story seems to be turning out, the responsibility is mine, not yours, so do not let it disturb your mind or we cannot get the best results. It affects the vibrations, the connection becomes weakened, and the subconsciousness which takes down my thoughts become confused and less clear. Do not try to think at all while writing, it is bad for both of us. The best results cannot be obtained when the conscious mind interferes with the subconscious. Try and keep as quiet as possible and let the pencil write what it will, believing there is a brain guiding it.

Frank R. Stockton.

My dear Madam:

August 8th, 1909.

You must trust to my being able to write out a story clearly and not make a mistake in the ending, so let it be taken down as I dictate. While you may not see the connection or reason for it all, go on and do not be afraid of any blunder being made that would ruin the story. I assure you I am more anxious that the stories be taken down correctly than you can be, for they are my stories and I have a reputation as an author, while you have none.

Frank R. Stockton.

August 10th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

Wait until my story is finished before you condemn it as you do. The thing for you to do is to write it all now and criticize it when finished. There is no possible way of your knowing what I have in my mind, so please keep as quiet as you can and then we will do better work.

Frank R. Stockton.

August 11th, 1909.

My dear Madam:

My strong point is the way I twist and turn the story, leading the reader on to believe it will end in some conventional manner, then turning it about in a totally unthought-of way. These stories should be recognized as mine on that account. I am sure they will be. I am glad you are pleased with the story, now that you see the ending. The struggle for me to overcome the opposition of your conscious mind has been very great. The strain on you has been severe, also. I hope now you will never again question anything I dictate. The less you think about the story the easier it will be for both of us, for I will not have your conscious mind to combat, and all will then run much smoother. The main thing

is for you to relax mentally in order to keep the conscious mind from interfering with the subconscious mind through which I write. We will now finish our story, then you must rest until Sunday, when we will begin our book.

Frank R. Stockton.

On Sunday, August 21st, 1909, the book "Pirates Three" was begun.

Etta de Camp.

September 3rd, 1909.

My dear Madam:

The story we are writing now is full of humor, so it is bound to be accepted. You let your mind be perfectly quiet on this point and I will do my part. The publishers are all anxious to get a salable book and this will be salable, both for its strange source and originality of plot. The conception of such a wonderful thing as my writing through you is very hard for the average person to believe. The taking down of my stories by means of my mind force having the same vibrations as yours is a rather startling statement to make, and it is not to be wondered at that so few believe you, but you will soon convince the public.

Frank R. Stockton.

November 1st, 1909.

My dear Madam:

I will go on from where we left off, so do not worry about that. I am sure you will find someone who will believe you and publish my stories under my name. I am anxious the world should know I am still writing, and through you. We must not give up. I am very sure you will have no trouble with the book, "Pirates Three," which we are now writing. I will do all I can to aid you, but cannot allow the work of my brain to be given your name. I am, as you know, deeply grateful to you for the work you do, but the stories are mine and as such they must be published. The idea is too improbable for some people to believe at first, but they will in good time, so please do not grow tired and leave me just as we are in the midst of the story that will convince the public. Try and be more hopeful. Now, we will continue where we left off.

Frank R. Stockton.

November 22nd, 1909.

My dear Madam:

I should like very much to accommodate you, my dear madam, by allowing you to submit my stories under another name, but cannot bring myself to do it. These stories are not yours nor do they belong

to anyone living on your plane. They are mine and I shall never consent to their being sold under any other name.

The whole value of the work we are doing would be lost. Do not destroy what you and I have worked so hard to accomplish. This is my final plea if you wish to go on with the task.

Frank R. Stockton.

My dear Madam:

July 18th, 1910.

I hope you will be remunerated for your work on my book, as you have made it possible for me to continue my work through your hand. I want you to get all the money you can from my stories, but I think it only fair and just, as they are the work of my brain and not yours, that you pay to my estate, ten per cent. of the profits.

You will become famous through this work and your name known far and wide as my secretary, which would not have any importance attached to it if I were still on your plane.

You are always ready to write for me, my dear madam, and I appreciate your kindness. You are not very strong, so you must take great care of yourself. When you do not feel able to write, just say so, and I will understand. We will now go on with the story.

Frank R. Stockton.

My dear Madam:

April 26th, 1911.

My hopes are high since your interview with the gentleman yesterday. What a wonderful work you and I will have been permitted to do, if we can demonstrate to the world what can be done after a man passes out of the earth-plane into other conditions, and yet, why is it so hard to convince men that the individuality of the man is not changed when it leaves the body? Why should my desire to continue writing stories be so strange? We are just the same here as we were before we came. I can assure you, my dear madam, I much prefer to have the many friends I made through my stories in the old days, think of me as in life—busy writing stories with which to amuse them rather than to imagine me trying to master the mysteries of the harp.

No, my dear madam, I want the public to know Frank R. Stockton is still able to write stories and not wasting his time playing a harp. My only talent was writing frivolous stories and I have still many more in my brain to be gotten rid of, and with your kind help I will be able to do it. Let me know when you are ready to go on with my book, "Pirates Three." We must get that out of the way as soon as possible. You deserve all the fame that will come to you through this work, my dear madam. Good-bye for a little while.

Frank R. Stockton.

My dear Madam: July 25th, 1911.

You see I have become impatient. I did not want to bother you before you were ready, but the time has been so long since we have written any on the story, and I am anxious to finish it as soon as possible.

What a shock these stories will be to the people who think that, because we are out of the body, we have gone to a place where the things that interested us in life are forgotten. I can assure you this is not so. The condition I am in now is much like yours, and we who are here on this plane can go on with our work until finished, then progress to the next.

The stories that I write now probably seem too frivolous to have been thought out since I passed from the body because people have such a mistaken idea regarding the life here. They think we change temperament and personality when we change our condition, but we do not, and the fact that we are not changed into entirely different beings as soon as we leave the body is what I am trying to prove to the world through my stories.

I am as able to think out a story having humorous situations as I ever was, for I still have the same mind which works in the same way. I am no more capable of writing serious stuff now than when in the body, and if these stories were not written in a humorous style they would not be recognized as mine.

Frank R. Stockton.

September 11th, 1911.

My dear Madam:

We are going to make the good people believe us yet.

How surprised the members of my family will be when they hear what I am up to now.

Think of what you are responsible for in thus bringing me before the public again. "The Lady or the Tiger" did not create any more discussion than this will. But I must not put all the responsibility for my re-appearance on you for you did not know until I reached you that I was trying to find someone to write my stories for me, in order that I could carry out the work I wanted to do before I passed on to the next plane.

We will see what the world says when my book comes out. I realize it will upset the ideas of some people about what they have been taught to believe is the future state of mankind. I think it is time for people to know the truth.

My book will prove the continuity of life after death and the ability for all to go on with their work from here, providing they find those on the earth plane who can help them.

You see what a work you are doing through me.

Frank R. Stockton.

September 23rd, 1911.

My dear Madam:

Now that you see how much closer the connection is, as we write each day, you need not worry about the way the story may be turning out. You keep your mind passive and I will do the rest.

You will write for other authors who are anxiously waiting for me to finish my work to give them a chance. There are many on this plane who wish to let the world know they are the same as ever. Some of them are the greatest writers of the age, so you will find yourself writing a much higher grade of literature than my poor brain conceives. But then I never attempted to do anything but to amuse the public. I feel, about my own work, when in the presence of these great ones, like the clown at the circus who does not even aspire to be the ring-master who cracks the whip and tells the clown when to make the people laugh.

The world laughs with the clown and applauds him as well, but never gives a thought of the brains it takes to be a fool.

And so the clown came first to open up the way for the great ones to follow, and make it easier for you, now that you have learned the conditions under which to write.

Frank R. Stockton.

October 3rd, 1911.

My dear Madam:

With our writing each day we will soon finish the book. Try and keep as quiet in your mind as possible so we can finish it, for it has now been long drawn out, owing to the fact that we have had many interruptions. I am as anxious to get it out of the way as you are. It will relieve my mind and demonstrate a great fact that will help scientific investigation.

I defy anyone to show that these stories do not contain my peculiarities and characteristics, taking into consideration, of course, the conditions under which they are written and that the way in which it is done is new to both of us. This must of course make some difference, but I guess we have enough of the old humor and peculiar situations to convince the public that these stories are mine—that I, Frank R. Stockton, wrote them from this plane.

My dear madam, this is not getting to our work, but I feel the necessity of backing up my stories with as much vigor as possible, for now, that you are about to give them to the world, I appreciate your position more keenly, standing as you do absolutely alone and hurling this startling statement among the reading critics—that a man who passed out of sight some years ago has, through you, not only come back, but

been able to write the same style of stories as before. You are taking a brave stand with your statement of facts, and apparently to some, with only your own word to back you up in the face of the storm of criticism and even ridicule which is bound to follow. This I feel strongly and I appreciate the loneliness of your position, and so am trying to make myself positive through my stories in order to help you all I can. There will be some who will believe us, but the multitude will jeer; for it is true that only you, on the earth plane, can know the truth of these statements, but we are strong enough to stand by them in the face of all opposition.

The money you will make through these stories may compensate you for your work, but I can never repay you for the time and strength you have given me.

Frank R. Stockton.

January 15th, 1912.

My dear Madam:

We will continue my other story which is unfinished, as soon as possible, then I feel Frank R. Stockton has done enough to establish his identity to the world, and has proven his statement that men can go on with their work here if they are fortunate enough to find some one to work through, as I have.

So when the book is finished and the last short story is ended, I will feel my part is accomplished, and it is time for me to make my bow and walk off the tan-bark and draw the curtain. The clown must then give way to the great ones of world renowned fame who are restlessly pacing back and forth waiting for the curtain, which closed behind them when they passed out many years ago, to open again in order that they may come forth and prove to the world as I have that they are still alive and have kept their identity, characteristics and desire for work the same as before.

I feel very grateful to you, indeed, my dear madam, for your help, and hope for your sake that my stories will attract attention and recompense you abundantly for your work. Do not fail to reserve ten per cent. of the profits for my estate, as I feel it should receive something from the sale of the stories written since I passed into this life, the same as from the stories I wrote before. I know I can depend on you to do this, and I feel that the members of my family are entitled to some further recognition from me. It may seem an odd idea, but I feel it will help prove my identity and my claim that these stories are mine, to claim a share of the profits of my work for my estate, but it is only just and fair.

This is a wonderful work you are called upon to

do, one that will give you world-wide fame as many who are waiting to write through you come from across the sea, and this will likely take you there as they wish to be in the same environment when they write again, as before. Now you see the work planned out for you from this plane. We will not go over the remaining chapters again just now as any minor corrections necessary can be made after you have read it aloud, which will give me the whole effect since it has been revised. You will know when I am ready to go on.

Frank R. Stockton.

April 1st, 1912.

My dear Madam:

My mind is full of situations and plots which I will be only too glad to work into stories for you, but the world must accept them as mine, and, when it grows wiser as to the laws by which we work, it will cease to scoff and call you a fake and me a myth grown out of your imagination.

Never mind, my dear madam, you and I must go on with the work assigned to us, that is, demonstrating to the world what can be done through nature's laws as yet almost unknown.

What you say about the English stories and atmosphere is no doubt true, so I shall try and get

back to my old style and environments. We must now get to work and keep up the close connection in order that I may give you the best results. We will now write another short story and put my old style, or humor (I call it style) into it so the world will recognize me more readily. We will now begin.

Frank R. Stockton.

April 2nd, 1912.

My dear Madam:

What we must do now is to keep up a close connection. This can only be done by your not allowing anything to disturb you or interfere with the time set aside for your work.

This is of great importance to us both and is in the nature of a religious duty. I may use that word to express myself, for you and I are preaching a great truth to the world when we demonstrate through our work the continuity of life.

We are, like all pioneers in any new work, making a pathway through the woods of superstition, prejudice and unbelief, so must expect obstacles on all sides. But if we keep our own purpose clearly before us, and hammer away at the old world hard enough, it will at last wake up and want to know what we are making so much noise about. Then it

may listen to us and believe. But at present it is asleep to this great truth, so it is our duty to pound away and make such a racket it will have to awake because we will not let it sleep any longer.

Keep yourself in as passive a state as possible, my dear madam, remembering you are in the hands of a higher power who will work out all things for you. We will go on with the story, which I am glad pleases you.

Frank R. Stockton.

April 21st, 1912.

My dear Madam:

We will give the public something to marvel at yet. If it does not recognize these stories as mine I must go farther back in the old style which pleased them, and my literary efforts along new lines must wait until I have proved my identity. It is not always easy to recognize old friends in new clothes, especially at a distance, and there must be no mistake about who it is.

Frank R. Stockton.

My dear Madam:

May 1st, 1912.

Have I not been preaching that theory from the beginning, that in order to do good work the connection must not be broken. We have now reached the point where the writing flows freely and I am anxious to keep this connection for it enables me to get my thoughts through clearly.

We will write a few more short stories before we attempt the book which I have in mind and which must bear all the ear-marks of me, or else the critic will not believe us.

We must be sure, my dear madam, that we have the very best we can get under these conditions before we place any more before the public and the skeptic.

I, in my confidence, thought the public would take my word, that these stories were the work of my brain, for I believed they contained enough of my characteristics to be recognized as my own, but if not, with the closer connection we have now I am sure I shall be able to do such work as will silence the "doubting Thomases" for all time. So, please, for your sake as well as mine, do not let anything interfere with our regular work each morning.

Time and distance are unknown here, so wherever you are I can be, and go on with our work as usual.

Frank R. Stockton.

May 20th, 1912.

My dear Madam:

We will get these short stories out of the way before we begin my book, then my work will be finished and I can retire from the center of the stage where I have been so long trying to make the audience recognize me.

I will do the best I can under the conditions, then let the world judge by my work.

Keep up your courage; we will make the world believe us, in spite of the critic and the skeptic who must have something to scoff at, and are as anxious to find something on which to work off their sarcasm and utilize their brilliant wit as I am to write a story that will convince the world that I am still writing. And so we must be impervious to all criticisms. Each man has his own work to do. We each see life from a different standpoint and with the developed mentality comes breadth of mind, which in turn makes us charitable to all men.

Frank R. Stockton.

June 8th, 1912.

My dear Madam:

You must have more confidence in those who have placed this work upon you. They have planned it to convince the skeptic that man does live on, pre-

-serving the same personality and keeping the conscious mind as before. If you will rely absolutely on their care and protection of the instrument they are using, you will give them stronger evidence of your own belief that this work, which has been given you to do, is a great one.

It has taken more hard work on my part than you realize to get through the subconscious mind, because of the unconscious struggle on your part to resist. In forcing my way through your conscious mind I carried with me at first fragments of your conscious mind. This could not be avoided until the way was cleared of all matter which made it difficult for me to reach the physical world—just as a stream of water forcing itself through a new fissure in the mountain side carries with it at first, rocks, mud, etc., until the sides of the channel through which it flows are worn smooth so that the water comes forth with crystal clearness.

This is the best explanation I can make as to how I work through you and the conditions I have had to overcome. The clearness with which my thoughts reach the world depends upon the condition of your subconscious and conscious minds at the time. If they are disturbed and the vibrations effect the passage through which I come, it will be similar to the disturbance of the channel through which the water

flows and the action of the conscious mind produces other thoughts and words, rendering the work difficult and the results unsatisfactory. So you will see that great care must be used when we deal with these higher laws and finer forces.

Well now, my dear madam, this is a long preaching for me. I am not given to such usually, but I wanted you to understand more clearly the way in which I write through you.

See if, now, by shutting out all thoughts of outside conditions when you write, and by keeping yourself passive and the way clear, I can get myself through strongly, so that the world will recognize me and cause even the skeptic to realize there may be more truth than fiction in our statement that these stories are mine and written from this plane.

Frank R. Stockton.

June 18th, 1912.

My dear Madam:

We will now begin another short story as you will need greater peace of mind regarding material things before I can begin my book. You also need more stories from which to make selections. The brain grows weary at times, and does not work up to the standard I had hoped for. Under these conditions it is very hard to obtain good results.

There are so many disturbing influences to overcome which, like the elements of the atmosphere, often affect and interrupt the free passage of the wireless telegraph on your plane.

So far my work has not been what I want it to be in finish and style but it will improve as these conditions are overcome.

You on your side keep as passive as you can and I will try and get through as clearly as possible so the results may be all we could wish for.

Frank R. Stockton.

July 17th, 1912.

My dear Madam:

My work from this plane and under these conditions is very hard because of the fact we are each on different planes and controlled by different conditions.

Composing stories and sending them through the veil between this plane and yours, to reach your world with accuracy, means using a tremendous force which the earth people will appreciate some day. Whenever messages are sent through a new form of communication, and before the instruments at both ends of the line are properly adjusted and work smoothly together, imperfections are bound to occur.

With these facts before him the critic should cease to sneer and be more lenient in his judgment of work done by and through laws not yet understood by man.

There will be some who will believe us with all the faults in the style and finish of these stories, so that our work will not be lost. Even if we can convince but a few of the continuity of life, we will have done a great work.

Frank R. Stockton.

"But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.

"For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit;

"To another, faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit;

"To another, the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues;

"But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."—1 Corin. XII.

WHY I KNOW FRANK R. STOCKTON
WRITES THROUGH ME

*Why I Know Frank R. Stockton
Writes Through Me*

Early in the year 1909 I was teaching seven hours each day, and my time was so taken up with material affairs that I had no thought for scientific matters. Certainly, anything psychic was the farthest from my mind. After a busy day in the latter part of January, and while resting before dinner, I picked up an evening paper. My attention was attracted to a few lines announcing that a book had been written by William T. Stead of London, giving his experience as an automatic writer. I laid the paper down and began to think.

I wondered what was meant by automatic writing. I determined to find out if possible, so, picking up a pad and pencil, I held the pencil on the pad and with intense interest I waited results.

At first nothing happened, then suddenly I felt a thrill go from my shoulder to my finger tips as though I had touched an electric battery. To my utter amazement the pencil began to move. I watched it, fascinated, for I was absolutely sure I

was not moving it myself. It seemed as though my arm and hand had become detached from my body and did not belong to me.

The hand moved easily and swiftly at first making nothing but circles and scrolls. After a few sheets of circles the action and lines changed to those of rapidly written words, but so irregular that nothing at all was legible.

Dinner being announced, I laid the sheets away in a drawer.

I did not mention to anyone what had happened, but at the same hour on the next day I took up the pad and pencil with similar results—the writing of apparent but illegible words. I again saved the sheets and refrained from mentioning my experience.

The third night when I sat again and the hand began to write in the same way, I said aloud: "If there is a spirit here who would like to communicate with me he must write more legibly."

After that I began to distinguish such words as "and," "the," "farm," etc., and the writing soon became readable and expressed thought.

I received messages from one who claimed to be an Indian called "Blackfoot." Then messages came from one signing himself "Lafayette," whether the well-known Lafayette or another I do not know. For a time I received many messages

from another Indian who signed the name, "Three Feathers."

It was not until after the third sitting that I spoke to anyone of my experience. I related the occurrence to a friend, a man of brilliant mind. He begged me not to touch the pencil again. But my curiosity was aroused. I felt, beyond the shadow of a doubt, I had in some way come in contact with a great and wonderful truth. It interested me to such an extent that I determined to go on and find to what it would lead, and what I could learn, if anything, from this source, of the conditions of life after one passes through the change called death. I therefore continued my investigations in spite of every argument to the contrary, which my friends brought to bear concerning the subject.

During the first part of March, I received several messages from my father who had passed away twelve years before. These messages were all to my mother, and concerned many things of which I knew nothing whatever, being absent from home when the events occurred. Later, they were all corroborated by my mother as being true. He continued to send messages for a few weeks, when the spirit who used my hand told me that my father's messages must cease, for being sent to my mother, they caused a cross-current (whatever that

may be) which I was not strong enough to endure. I have not had a message from him since, but am often conscious of his presence.

On March 23, 1909, while the hand (I feel I can hardly call it my hand) was writing, it wrote: "We will bring you the spirit of an author who wishes his stories written." Nothing as to who the author was, or anything about him or his work was volunteered at that time.

The next night, however, when I sat for writing I was curious to know if they remembered what they had said about the author and if they would bring him to me. I did not ask for him or say anything about it. After writing on other subjects for a while, a sudden break occurred in the midst of a sentence and my hand wrote:

"The spirit of the author, who wishes his stories written, is here. His name is Frank R. Stockton."

Then the handwriting changed and this was written: "I am Frank R. Stockton. I have many stories I wish written out. I am glad I can write them through you. I have one I wish to write called 'What Did I Do with My Wife?' We will go on with it now."

At that moment I was taken with an intense pain in the forehead between the eyes; and I felt a sensation in the left side of my head as though another

mind was crowding into my own. For a few minutes the agony was so great that I got up and walked the floor, crying aloud:

“I cannot stand this. I cannot write for you if I have to suffer in this way.”

I was really fearful that I should lose my mind if it continued. Fortunately, it lasted only a short time and was caused, it seemed to me, by the shock produced when Mr. Stockton's mentality first assumed control of my nerves, muscles or hand. The pain grew less and it did not appear again after the second story.

The first story was written at one sitting. It was merely an outline, as was the second. Both seemed to me excellent, and I thought they would make good stories if completed, but having no creative literary ability myself, I could do nothing with the stories if they continued to come in that form, and I so told Mr. Stockton. He then wrote: “Go on, the oftener you write the closer the connection will be, and the stories will grow clearer and be more filled out.” This has proven true as the stories will show.

At the beginning of these experiences, those who wrote with my hand informed me that it was through the law of vibration they reached me. This I felt to be true as I was very sensitive to a force which

seemed to strike me from the outside, approaching me on my left and darting over me like rays of light.

I remember as a child being affected by atmospheric changes to such an extent that I was conscious of an electrical storm hours before it arrived, due I believe to the fact that my nerves have always been abnormally sensitive. They seem to be on the outside, as it were, entirely uncovered and exposed, so that I am affected by all disturbed conditions of the atmosphere or changes of climate.

I believe it is through these very sensitive nerves, which at times seem to stretch out beyond my physical body like invisible wires, that I receive the vibrations from the mind force of those writing through me; and as the sensitive instrument of the wireless telegraph receives the electric vibrations sent over thousands of miles, so I, it seems to me, receive the thought-waves of those on another plane whose vibrations harmonize with my own.

From the first I fought off the trance condition; nevertheless when writing I am in an abnormal state, with every nerve so keyed to catch the vibrations, that the slightest noise sounds like the firing of a cannon. I was obliged to write in a darkened room, as light, being a vibration, disturbed me while in that condition. The writing is done while my

conscious mind is keen, critical and alert, and yet I have absolutely no knowledge of what the next word is to be until it appears upon the paper.

The best illustration I can give as to how the stories are written is this: When I saw the title of one of the stories called "Who Said We Were Drunk?" being written out, and when the hand reached the letter "d" after the word "were" my conscious mind, quick as a flash, thought, he has made a mistake this time and is not going to give me a story, but an article on "Who Said We Were Dead?"; but the hand calmly wrote the word "drunk," showing that my conscious mind had no control over my hand at the time.

When I lay the pencil down all connection is cut off, the same as when one hangs up the receiver of a telephone, and not one word, line or even the names of the stories come to me in any way until the work is again taken up.

A remarkable feature of the stories is that during the writing, although days, weeks and even months have passed between the sittings, the pencil has never failed to continue the story without a break, as if no time had intervened.

Another remarkable feature of this work, for the skeptic to consider and of interest to any writer writing under normal condition is, that the char-

acters and situations which are described in these stories are never *seen* by me in my imagination; therefore I never know whether the actors are light or dark—short or tall, fat or thin unless the hand writes that they are. It is also very remarkable, that with very little description if any, how life-like and real these characters are. This fact alone shows an unusual talent, that of bringing them so vividly before the reader without a detailed description of their personal appearance.

After the second story was finished I did as Mr. Stockton suggested and wrote for him an hour or two each morning whenever possible, and always at the same time. I found, if for any reason it was impossible for me to write at that time, I would experience intense pain just back of both ears. At first I did not know what this meant, but felt it was in some way connected with the writing.

Professor Hyslop informed me, when I related the fact to him, that no one had as yet discovered the connection between the pain behind the ears and the writing, but said that if, whenever I found I should not be able to write at the usual hour, I would speak aloud, to Mr. Stockton or whoever wanted to write, and tell him at what hour I should be ready, the pain would disappear. This later proved true.

To me the pain comes as a signal that some one is ready to write. If I happen to be busy at that particular time I simply say so aloud and state when I shall be ready. The pain goes away, but promptly appears at the day and hour I have named, as if to remind me that it is time to write.

Other matters often interfere with the regular hour of writing. If more than a week has elapsed between the writings, I begin to suffer intensely from a disturbed state of the entire nervous system, accompanied by severe indigestion. On resuming the regular work all these unpleasant conditions immediately disappear. It is only by experience I have learned to trace these objectionable effects to their cause, and I do not yet understand the law governing the subject.

In answer to the charge of any one who may say that I sit down with pad and pencil and put myself into a dreamy or semi-trance condition and imagine that entities write through me, I would say that if the skeptic were to experience, just once, the physical suffering forced upon me, because I am not willing to write at a particular time he would change his mind very quickly.

Often, when I have planned a day full of practical affairs, with no time for writing, I awaken in the morning in a dazed condition as though drugged.

Everything material seems far away and unreal. I feel as though I were enveloped in a thick fog, and I am so sensitive to sound that I can scarcely stand that of a human voice. Because of the importance of my plans for that day, I have often tried with all my will-power to fight off this condition, but the more I resist the stronger the force becomes until I am compelled to take the pencil and write in order to get relief, and frequently it will be an hour or two after the writing stops before this condition passes away and I am entirely back to my normal self.

Those who have delved in psychic phenomena claim that there are spirits, on the plane nearest to the earth, who delight to masquerade under the name of some well-known person who has passed out of the body; and it has been suggested that this mentality claiming to be the spirit of Frank R. Stockton, might be one of these.

If this be possible—that one spirit can misrepresent itself to be another—it must be equally possible that an honest spirit can honestly represent itself; and for many other reasons, I have never for one moment doubted the genuineness of the spirit claiming to be that of Mr. Stockton. The serious objects of his return, the development of some higher sense enabling me to feel the personality of this

entity so strongly, and to know its characteristics so well, makes Mr. Stockton, to me, as real as anyone I know in earth-life.

Previous to my becoming the instrument for his work, I did not know Mr. Stockton personally, nor had I conversed with anyone who was acquainted with him, so I could not have received any impressions of him through any other source than that which I have named. I have recently compared his communications with those shown me in the "Sketch of His Life," written by his wife after he passed out, and it was a great satisfaction to me to find how perfectly they agreed. These impressions of him had been recorded with the Society of Psychical Research long before I read the sketch written by Mrs. Stockton or knew of its existence.

This sketch appeared with Stockton's story, entitled "The Toll-Gate," and was read by me at the suggestion of Professor James H. Hyslop, who was then writing the article which appeared in the April number (1912) of the *Journal of Psychical Research*. He wished to compare my impressions of Mr. Stockton, which I received psychically, with those of one who had known him intimately.

My impressions of Mr. Stockton's personality, received in this strange way, are those of one dignified, courteous, gentle of manner, genial and posi-

tive, yet having a strong sense of humor; and underlying all a seriousness: this I found was known only to those who were close to him in earth life. This seriousness is shown strongly in his earnest desire to demonstrate through his works the continuity of life.

In the same number of the *Journal* will be found the record of the trip I made to Boston, Massachusetts, at the request and the expense of the Society of Psychological Research. While in Boston I had three sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth, a private medium who works only for the Psychological Research Society. The trip was proposed by Professor Hyslop, who, knowing this book was to be published, thought, if we could have the spirit of Mr. Stockton manifest through some other medium, identify himself and speak of this work, it would add weight to the testimony—that his spirit comes and writes through me.

I was registered at a hotel in Boston under an assumed name, so that no one could possibly know I was there. I had never met Mrs. Chenoweth nor had she heard of me or my work. She did not hear my voice nor see me while in her normal state, for when I entered and left the room, she was in a trance condition. Professor Hyslop was present at all sittings and made a record of what oc-

curred. Mr. Stockton manifested clearly, gave his name in full—Francis Richard Stockton. The middle name and the correct spelling of the first being unknown to either Professor Hyslop or myself, we were obliged to look up the record before being assured that the full name was given correctly. Mr. Stockton spoke then of his writing through another medium, but not in that condition (trance). He said he could use my active subconsciousness with passive normal brain better than that of the other one with a sleeping brain. He spoke of both the long and short stories which had been written through me and of others to come. Also, of the nervous, restless condition which he often caused me by his desire to write when I was not ready. He said he did not make me a medium, but that I was a medium before he reached me, and that this work had been planned on the spirit plane. If I had not given myself to its service, some other medium would have been found for its accomplishment.

It is unnecessary to go into further detail here. I merely state that which I know will convince those who have investigated psychic phenomena, and I trust will arouse the interest of the skeptic concerning the personality of this spirit. One has said, that as a girl I had, in all probability, read Mr.

Stockton's books and forgotten them, but that they had remained stored away in my subconscious mind, and that now I hypnotize myself and write stories, which resemble those by Mr. Stockton, from my former knowledge of his work. If this is true, and it be possible for me to write stories in this way, then from the depths of my subconscious mind should come stories written in the style of the authors of whom I was most fond, and whose books I had read and reread, such as the works of Thackeray, Dickens and Charlotte Brontë, but not those of our spirit author, Frank R. Stockton.

I had never cared for humorous stories even as a child, for which reason, I was the least familiar with the work of Frank R. Stockton. I have only a faint recollection of "The Lady or the Tiger," which I read when too young to judge of style, simply because so many were trying to guess what the ending would be.

Therefore, when these stories came, I was totally unable to judge whether or not they bore any resemblance to his former works, and I avoided reading his books for comparison as I did not wish my conscious mind to have any knowledge of his style. Some of the stories were sent to friends of Mr. Stockton, as well as to critics familiar with his work. It was the opinion of each, to whom they were

submitted, that, in originality of plot and absurd situations as well as other important particulars, these stories bear a strong resemblance to those written during the earth-life of the author.

If the stories are from my own brain and not dictated by an unseen intelligence, why are these peculiar conditions necessary, and why must I do the work only when in an abnormal state? Do all or any authors write under such conditions? Please remember that I was a busy practical woman, with a clear level head and a logical mind, but not an author or story writer when this strange experience came to me.

In spite of all I have been obliged to suffer, however, I am proud to have been chosen to help Mr. Stockton and those who have promised to follow him in the great work of demonstrating to mankind the continuity of life, and the inter-communication between its planes of existence.

That these stories, now being placed before the public as the work of Frank R. Stockton, are not more polished or finished in style, may in part I believe be the fault of the imperfect instrument through whom they came, and to the many and long interruptions due to material causes which have disturbed the close connection, necessary for the best work. I would also refer the reader to

Mr. Stockton's explanation of causes, in his letters to me published in this volume, calling particular attention to the one in the series, dated June 8, 1912.

And finally, whatever of discussion or criticism this book may cause, I wish to be considered honest in my belief, that these stories are from the mind of, and are written by, Frank R. Stockton, who has used my hand for their production on this physical plane.

ETTA DE CAMP.

SUMMARY

“And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions;”—Joel II: 28.

Summary

Man has hesitated to penetrate the mysterious realm of occultism, because superficial investigation had led him to conclude it is a land of speculation and dreams; but in this twentieth century he has become daring. He recognizes now that there is no insuperable barrier between him and any of life's mysteries. To know all he would, he recognizes that he must rend the veil between the Spirit and the Material Worlds for he has already convinced himself that there are no mysteries in the Universe he may not solve.

Evidently the bridge spanning the great chasm between the material and the etherial world is already constructed, though but few have developed so far as to be able to give the pass word that unlocks the doors at its entrance. However, those few are increasing their number year by year, and this advance guard is now leading the mighty intellectual trend which stamps this era as the most wonderful in human accomplishment and human unfoldment.

Convincing proofs of life's deathlessness are now being made more formidable from month to month by cumulative testimony, so convincing as to force acceptance upon all who may read and weigh the evidence with unprejudiced minds.

It is now becoming a demonstrated reality that great writers and great inventors repeatedly receive inspiration or aid from sources beyond their range of study or experiences.

In Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's preface to "The Story of the Other Wise Man" he frankly acknowledges that the story did not arise from his own consciousness. In his clear frank manner he says: "I had studied and loved the curious tales of 'The Three Wise Men of the East' as they are told in the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine and other mediaeval books. But of the Fourth Wise Man I had never heard until that night. Then I saw him distinctly, moving through the shadows in a little circle of light. His countenance was as clear as the memory of my father's face as I saw him for the last time a few months before. The narrative of his journeyings and trials and disappointments ran without a break, clear cut like a cameo. All that I had to do was to follow Artaban, step by step, as the tale went on, from the beginning to the end of his pilgrimage."

James Whitcomb Riley, after his first draft of "The Flying Islands of the Night," was visited by a friend who came and described a vision or dream that had come to him on a certain evening, when in his sleep he seemed to enter Riley's apart-

ment and saw Riley busy writing, while strange music filled the room with harmony, and fair faces came out of the air, floated around, and then joined in song. Hardly had he finished when Riley said, "It wasn't a dream. It was true every bit of it. Just at the hour you mentioned I was doing just as you saw me—compelled to write, to transcribe what I saw and heard all about me. And that was what you too, saw and heard.

"But I saw and heard more. I have been at work ever since and have finished what I shall call, 'The Flying Islands of the Night.' But I must tone it down; before it is published I shall have to change it greatly. The world would think I had lost my senses if I were to publish it just as I got it. I could never explain to the world that it was given to me by greater powers than we know. Nor, for the same reason, may I attempt to explain its message. You will know, though. You saw and heard. It is wonderful, wonderful."

If those who have passed out of their physical bodies on this planet still retain their individuality and are able to come near and mingle with mortals in the flesh, may it not be for a purpose which human intelligence has not yet fully grasped? May they not have discovered that their progress on the spiritual plane of life is arrested until they fulfil

some mortal desire cherished, yet never realized? May not their first surprise, upon arriving there, be that they are not detached from the material world; and further, may they not quickly learn that, with the aid of mortals, they can accomplish from that plane what they failed to complete here, and that the realization of their own ideals may yet be known to the world at large?

Questions like these have been a refrain from human lips during the past fifty years. Some have found in their experiences, satisfactory replies, but the great mass of people in the world are thinking, guessing, hoping, doubting still.

Personally, my experience in occultism had already satisfied me that such communications were possible and had taught me that spirits come to those with whom they as mortals have never been associated on the earth-plane.

These investigations which I had made in psychic phenomena and research extended over a period of more than twenty years. And I have studied hundreds of mediums, in this country, in Europe, and in Mexico. A careful record has been kept of all important experiences and the results obtained through instruction given by entities evincing marked intelligence and claiming to be of those who had passed through the transition called death, but in

fact had only left behind the coarser material body; and, by knowledge of super-normal laws, were able under certain conditions to approach and speak to spirits in mortal form.

The records of the Psychological Society of London, and New York as well, show that it has been practically demonstrated that those who have passed from this plane of being can speak to those here and often give them valuable advice. When this demonstration appeared so unmistakably and the full meaning of her work dawned upon Miss de Camp, she realized the need of assistance from some one in publishing such a work. The results of my investigation in psychic phenomena being called to her attention, a meeting was arranged for a discussion of particulars and details with a view to printing the letters and stories in book form. Miss de Camp stated clearly that this work was not the product of her own brain but was received through automatic writing, from a source beyond her conscious mind and from an intelligence who claimed to be Frank R. Stockton.

My experience with psychic intelligences, on the one hand, and the skepticism of the general public on the other, naturally made me cautious in undertaking the part I was asked to take in this publication until I had become satisfied in every particular

regarding the genuineness of the way in which these stories were obtained and the probable source from which they emanated. I have carefully investigated every claim, making a personal study of all the conditions, witnessing the demonstration and proving the data given; and, after carefully and critically examining all these manuscripts and learning from Miss de Camp, whose honesty and earnestness I have never doubted, every detail of this strange unfoldment, I find no conclusion possible but that Stockton is writing through her.

Automatic writers are usually conscious of the words before writing them, but Miss de Camp evidently knows nothing of the story or words until they are written, showing that while doing this writing Miss de Camp's intelligence was not called into action. Words did not pass through her mentality and she could not sense the thought, as I have explained, until after she saw it express itself on paper. In this particular I regard it the most unusual experience in automatic writing that has come under my observation.

It is also evident from what Stockton affirms herein, that a spirit on the other side can work only through a vibration which is like, or which harmonizes with its own, and it will be noted from Mr. Stockton's letters that he found difficulties to over-

come, and also that only by degrees did he succeed in making this instrument absolutely responsive to him that he might carry out his own plans.

In the New York Herald of Sunday, July 11, 1909, under the title of, "*Amazing Experiences of Miss Etta de Camp*," one of the short stories received by her in this automatic manner was published together with an interview given by Dr. James H. Hyslop.

In this interview Dr. Hyslop said: "I am led to believe that in the writings of Miss de Camp there is a striking resemblance to those of the author she says she has been in communication with, and that this extends to style and to the manner of developing the plots. If this is so, just so much more credibility attaches to her assertions. I know, also, that she has received personal messages, some of which have contained good evidential matter. By this she has established the fact that she is really sensitive to spirit control. When both these circumstances are taken together and applied to the stories, they assume a notable importance in transmitted literature."

At the time the above interview was written the phenomena had been so pronounced that the American Society for Psychical Research had made arrangements to file all of Miss de Camp's original manuscripts in its records.

It will be noted, particularly in reading Mr. Stockton's letters which follow and form a preface to the stories in this volume, that he emphatically directed that all these letters and stories must be brought out as his own creations, and that the public be told the mystic way in which they had been received. It may be pertinent just here to add that Stockton's custom when in life was not to personally write his stories but to dictate them.

From my study of Stockton I find that there was not a uniformity of style in all he wrote, and yet the letters show that he believed these stories would be recognized as coming from him because of their style, and the character of the plots. Particularly did he seem to feel that these characteristics would be patent in the book "Pirates Three."

Stockton's range covered an extensive mental area, and yet the stories that gave him a world-wide reputation comprise but a small part of his life's work. In short, he did some very ordinary literary work, as well as some that lifted talent almost to the plane of genius. It also is hinted in Stockton's letters, that if man generally believed that communication between the two worlds was a demonstrated proposition, or would become an investigator he would find himself in a wider field and might attain a power far beyond his grandest mental conceptions.

The Thompson case which has been fully set forth in volume three of the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research is worthy of special mention here. Of this, Dr. Hyslop says: "Here was a young man who had no education in painting suddenly seized with apparitions and a desire to paint. He follows his impressions and paints pictures which turn out to have the characteristics of the dead artist Gifford whom Mr. Thompson did not know to be dead at the time. I resort to mediumistic experiments to ascertain whether I can prove the identity of the artist, and I do so. The apparitions which had haunted Mr. Thompson are acknowledged and described by the dead artist through psychics other than Mr. Thompson and who did not know anything about the facts. The incidents were here past experiences of Gifford and were transmitted as apparently present mental phenomena to the mind of Mr. Thompson. He actually felt at times as if he were Gifford, and this before he knew that Gifford was dead."

Here then is a parallel case. The artist Gifford completes his work from the other world through one who had no technical knowledge of painting, while Stockton is completing his through one who has no inventive literary ability.

After the reader has reached this point he will

note the momentous question which must arise in every intelligent mind: that question is—can one continue his work, or complete any work left unfinished after he has passed beyond the earth-plane?

I feel no other conclusion can be arrived at with the evidence presented, except that Frank R. Stockton has indeed brought himself into communication with the earth-plane through this human instrument, and from that other condition of existence, is furnishing additional, and I feel incontrovertible, proofs of the continuity of life, and that one's work in this world does not end with the grave.

As one reflects on the deductions of men of thought throughout the ages and notes the mystic experiences that have now become recorded history, I can see but one conclusion at which to arrive, and that is, to speak most conservatively, that Stockton evidently wrote these stories. Some may not accept them as the work of the well-known author, and at first question if their style reflects Stockton's mentality; but when it is remembered how often it is questioned if living authors wrote the stories and books ascribed to them, and how they have at times been forced to prove their titles to authorship, there must be some latitude allowed in cases involved in mysticism as is this one now being presented. With all growth and experiences come

changes which affect one's style and method, this must not be overlooked by the critic, nor the difficulties of communicating from the etherial to the earth-plane. And yet, there is always to be found upon profound study of an author, that inexplorable something which stamps it genuine. I feel I have found that "inexplorable something" pervading all these stories.

By carefully examining some of his old as well as more recent writings and rereading those partly familiar to me; by studying his development of plots, his peculiarity of expression and style, his portrayal of characters, and his life as understood by personal acquaintances, together with my knowledge of the phenomena of automatic writing, my conclusion is confirmed that the statements herein made are correct, that the stories are from Frank R. Stockton given to the world in the manner described.

Further delving into this vast subject may prove that the connecting link between the great Energy of the Universe and man will be found to be these entities, souls forever expanding intellectually as new lessons are learned on that mystic plane of life. To accept this as the truth may mean the acceptance of the theory of metempsychosis. Better than that, it may lead to the bringing forth of absolute proof of its truth. With a broader understanding of human

powers and the universal recognition of the Eternalness of Life will come a clearer vision of the mightiness of man. Endless life and endless progress must become a fixed belief in human consciousness before man can commence to recognize his godship and his own limitless range.

Floyd B. Wilson.

"There are more beings who are invisible than there are beings visible, and that the visible and the invisible are supplied with means of communicating with each other. * * * God has not changed His relations to men, and the necessities of human nature are just as urgent as ever. If angels talked with mortals from the time of Adam to the days succeeding the crucifixion, it is folly to suppose that the curtain dropped and we have ever since been left without the companionship of a 'cloud of witnesses.' We must either throw the Bible overboard as a tissue of imaginary events, or believe, as every generation has believed, that the great falsehood of history is that there is 'a bourne from whence no traveler returns.' * * * It is useless for the Christian to declare that such miracles, if they are miracles, were confined to the limits of a given period. He must accept what happens today as well as what happened centuries ago. If God is really a presence in the world then he must be a continuously revealing presence. There is a kind of absurdity in the statement that He has spoken but refuses to do so any more. If He ever spoke it is certainly true that he still speaks. * * * It is an inexpressible loss to the religious life that we do not realize the radiant fact that solicitous and helpful influences are round about us in our struggle with circumstances. Every loved one who has gone is as conscious of our doubts and fears as when he was at our side. Neither his affection nor his power to aid has been abated. In a thousand ways unknown to us, he gives us strength for the conflict, and peace of mind in our perplexity. By unspoken words he talks with us, and our soul and his hold intimate communion. Were that not true, then our lives would be heavily and darkly overshadowed. But it is true, and we are compelled by many an unexplained experience to believe it. It is a doctrine of Holy Writ; it is verified by the history of every home; it is a component part of practical religion; it is a statement of fact which redeems us from despair and gives us good cheer, because Heaven and we are not far apart."

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.



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