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SALT LAKE

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SALT LAKE

A NOVEL BY PIERRE BENOIT

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
FLORENCE AND VICTOR LLONA

"Les truites qui y descendent quelquefois par les ruisseaux meurent immdiatement."
J. RÉMY (Voyage au pays des Mormons.)

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To

FERNAND VANDEREM

SALT LAKE

CHAPTER I.

THE sun did not appear on the morning of the 26th of June, 1858, until a little before seven o'clock. Vaporous clouds of heat had veiled it at its rise. When it was free, yellow and radiant, Father d'Exiles had just concluded the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice.

Calmly, he locked up the holy vessels and the priestly robes of the ceremony in his shabby canvas missionary valise. Then he carried the valise to a corner of the veranda, which was heavily encumbered with packing cases, and leaned against the balustrade.

Far above, from the East to the West, some birds were passing. He recognized them: curlews, teals, black swans, grebes.

For a moment he remained motionless; then he consulted his watch.

"Coriolan," he said to the negro servant who was playing ball against the adobe walls

of the veranda, "go tell your mistress that it is time."

The negro returned shortly.

"Missus is not ready," he said with a lisp, "but she wants to see the abbé."

The Jesuit shrugged his shoulders. He mounted the stair-case and, after knocking, entered the room of Annabel Lee.

Prolonged by a terrace on the roof of the ground-floor porch, the room was very large. The charming pieces of furniture which until a week before had decorated it, had now disappeared. In their place, five or six enormous trunks, and melancholy disorder,—the forerunner of a departure. There was nothing left, except the immense, low bed with lacy sheets dragging on the floor, and a bath-tub, around which bustled a coloured chambermaid.

She squawked like a frightened parrot when Père Philippe entered. Annabel smiled, invisible behind one of those high screens of the beginning of the century, which represents châteaux, bridges, and blue and brown landscapes. The milky water showed only a vague suggestion of the contours of the

beautiful body she was bathing. The blond hair hung to the ground. One of Annabel's arms rested upon the edge of the bath.

"I am late," said the young woman.

Père d'Exiles remained impassible.

"You are not exactly ahead of time," he contented himself with saying.

He remained standing, his tall body framed in the doorway.

"Only a quarter of an hour," said Annabel.

"All the clocks are packed," replied the Jesuit. "So I will enter into a discussion with you on that point. Here is my watch, however: quarter after seven. Well, at least ten times last night, I repeated to you that at eight o'clock the American Army enters Salt Lake City. At present, if you have changed your mind, or if you no longer care to watch the parade, I . . ."

"I shall be ready," said Annabel Lee, with quiet assurance.

"Another thing," continued the Jesuit; "it is Saint Maxence's day, the patron saint of your late husband. Last night, if I am not mistaken, you manifested to me the intention of honouring his memory by receiving com-

munion this morning. For that reason, I believe that you even confessed to me. . . . Needless to say that I only waited ten minutes before commencing Mass."

"You did well," she said. "I awoke feeling rather tired. But I'm much better now. And if you would please . . ."

The Jesuit made a motion to withdraw.

"No, don't bother. Go out on the terrace, so that we can talk while Rose is dressing me. It will only take about ten minutes. I am not slow, you know."

Père Philippe obeyed. Crossing the room, he arrived upon the terrace, walled in by honeysuckle and clematis. Through the leafy branches shaken by the breeze, the sun scattered the floor with thousands of shifting little gold-pieces.

The Jesuit went to the arched window contrived in the wall of green foliage. At his feet was the garden filled with acacias, fruit-trees and cottonwoods, whose white tufts wandered here and there in the languid atmosphere. At the end of the garden was the glancing blue of a murmuring brook hidden

by verdure. To the right, far beyond the billowy crests of oaks and poplars, the snowy heights of the Twins, the two highest peaks of the Wahsatch mountains, were tinged a pale rose. To the left was Salt Lake, unseen, drowned as it was in the fumes of its hot springs.

The Ogden road ran due north, between two stretches of desert country, calcined under their briny covering.

"It is nice, today," came the sweet voice of Annabel Lee from behind.

"Superb. If it continues like this for a month, our journey to Saint-Louis will be a veritable pleasure trip."

She said, shaking her head:

"A pleasure trip!"

"Will you be sad?" demanded the Jesuit rather brusquely.

"I have never been unhappy in Salt Lake."

"You do not remember your arrival here very distinctly. I, let me tell you, can assure you that you did not carry your head very high."

"I didn't know any one. I came with ap-

prehensions. You severed them. But really, how could I have hoped to encounter such a friend as you have been?"

"So that now . . ."

"So that now, I am almost sorry to go."

"I do not regret your going, no, I don't," he said. "I shall not be here much longer. I confess that I prefer not to leave you behind me."

"I thank you," she said in her monotonous soft voice. "But I, who am leaving you,—you cannot forbid that regret to me."

Mechanically, he turned around. The young woman was still half dressed. She was regarding him with a wistful, affectionate smile.

"Excuse me," he murmured.

"It is I who beg your pardon for being so late," she said.

They were both silent. Only the prattling of the negress was heard.

"I am ready," said Annabel at last.

With slow steps they descended the cool, sombre staircase.

In the garden, a horse neighed.

Coriolan came to meet them.

"Missus," he said, "there is a soldier here sent by the Governor."

"Bring him in."

Governor Cumming reminded Mrs. Lee that she was invited to the banquet offered that evening in honour of General Johnston, commander of the Army of Occupation, to the notabilities of the Territory of Utah. He took advantage of the occasion to inform her that the entry of the Army into Salt Lake City would not take place until ten o'clock, through the eastern gate of the city.

"Will you thank the Governor," said Annabel. Pointing to the soldier, she ordered: "Coriolan, take him to the kitchen and give him a glass of rum."

She turned to the Jesuit.

"You see, one should never hurry."

"You are always right," he grumbled.

She inclined her head.

"In the meanwhile," she said, "let us breakfast peacefully."

And, as he interposed a gesture that was almost sullen;

"Come, be amiable. Perhaps it is the last time that we shall breakfast together,—surely the next to the last."

There was nothing left in the dining-room except the buffet of polished walnut, the chairs and the table on which were arranged a jug of cream, a coffee-pot and enameled dishes containing plums and apricots. Repeatedly, Annabel Lee asked for various articles. She obtained the same response from Rose each time:

"It is packed, Missus!"

"Ah!" she said, wearied, "this poor house is deserted already!"

And then, addressing the Jesuit:

"How ashamed I am, Father, to abandon you this way!"

"I leave Salt Lake the first day of July," he replied. "Perhaps you imagine that there will be a feather-bed and silverware waiting for me under the Indian tents, in the desert of Idaho?"

"And you," she said, "perhaps you imagine that you will allay my regrets with remarks of that sort?"

They finished breakfast in silence.

"What time is it?" asked Annabel Lee.

"Half past eight."

"Are the horses ready?"

"They were saddled before eight o'clock."

"Well then, come away, if you will and we'll go to Salt Lake. The spectacle must be worth seeing."

. . . . . .

The villa of Annabel Lee was situated at five hundred yards from the town, to the north of the enclosure traced by Brigham Young around the New Jerusalem. Salt Lake City was deserted. A month ago, all the Mormons had abandoned it before the menace threatened by the advance of the Federal army.

The priest and the young woman rode about the empty, wide streets bordered with ditches shaded by willow-trees. The windows and doors of the houses were closed, the majority of them boarded up. Under their signs with the emblem of the Eye of Jehovah surmounted by a Phrygian cap, the shop-fronts were shut.

They met no one. The silence, in a city which but recently swarmed with activity and

life, oppressed them in such a manner that they were afraid to communicate their thoughts.

"Ah!" said Père d'Exiles at last, with a sigh of relief.

Horsemen were coming towards them, Indians. There were four, perched on astonishingly thin little horses. They were in full war-paint, hair black and shiny under the head-dress of new feathers, faces striped with yellow and scarlet. They saluted the Jesuit, who spoke to them:

"Is Sokopitz here?"

"Sokopitz is here," replied the Indian with the most gorgeous feathers. "Thirty days gone-by, he left the banks of the Humboldt to present his respects to the American General and to place the warriors of the Shoshones at his disposal against the Mormons."

"You will tell him that I shall be very glad to see him before he returns to the West. You know my name?"

The Indian made an affirmative gesture. He passed on, his companions likewise.

The Jesuit watched them disappearing in

the distance, then, shaking his head with commiseration, he said to the young woman:

"I do not know what will result from the conflict which at present separates the Americans and the Mormons. But of this I am sure, that it is those poor devils there, who will meet the expense of the reconciliation and pay for the broken bottles."

"They have put a price on your head," said Annabel, "and you have not ceased defending them."

"It is the Utah Indians who have put a price on my head," said the Jesuit, smiling, "and these are Shoshones. Utah or Shoshones, at any rate, I make no secret of it, it is to them that all my sympathy goes."

"Hush!" said Annabel, "here comes someone who is paid not to share your opinion in that respect. Good morning, Doctor Hurt, is your health a little better?"

Doctor Hurt, the Secretary of Indian affairs in the Territory of Utah, was walking. He bowed to the ground, then straightened his short body to kiss the hand extended to him by the beautiful amazon.

He was a thin old man, in a light-blue coat and wore gold-rimmed spectacles; heavy watch-charms dangled on his white waistcoat.

"Well, well, my dear friend," said he, "what do you think of Salt Lake this morning? Is it not the most adorable of cities?"

"It rather lacks festivity," she said, making a face.

"I should hope so! The charm lies exactly in that fact. Don't you feel the happiness there is in breathing air which is not soiled by the breath of a single one of those dogs of fanatics?"

"In return, I have just come across some of your wards," said the Jesuit.

"I know, I know," exclaimed Dr. Hurt, sneering. "Good fellows, who come here with the best of intentions. Ah! if it concerned only me. . . ."

"If it concerned only you?"

"You know what my ideas are. There are two questions in Utah, the Indian question and the Mormon question. I unleash the Indians, who ask for nothing better, against the Mormons; then, when everything is over, I

intervene in the name of the government at Washington, bearer of the olive-branch. No funds to be sunk. No risks. The typical good deal! Ha! ha! ha!" He repeated: "The typical good deal!"

"It is regrettable that Governor Cumming does not seem to share your opinion on that point," said the Jesuit.

"Governor Cumming, Governor Cumming. He has only one opinion, Governor Cumming, and that is the one contrary to the opinion of General Johnston. It has always been like that, even in America, the country nevertheless where there is the least difference between civilians and the military. General Johnston is against Brigham Young. Therefore Governor Cumming is for him, it isn't any deeper than that . . . ha! ha! ha! Well, here is the Honourable Sydney. I am your servant, Mr. Supreme Justice, wholly your servant, especially if there is a glass of port into the bargain!"

The Supreme Justice of the Territory of Utah and the Secretary of Indian affairs clapped each other joyously on the back. The honourable Sydney was a big, thick-set man,

smoking incessantly an enormous clay-pipe, who added to the highest judiciary office of Utah in the interests of the Federal Government, the more remunerative post of proprietor and manager of the Union Hotel, the finest and best frequented in Salt Lake City.

He bent ceremoniously before Annabel and shook the hand of the priest.

"You have just left the Governor's, Judge?" questioned Père d'Exiles. "What is the news?"

"Nothing, Monsieur l'abbé, nothing that you would not know already. Brigham Young is still at Provo with Kimball, Wells, the Twelve Apostles, the bishops, the elders,—the whole sainted band in a word. But there is complete accord between the envoys of the Federal Government and those possessed lunatics, the Devil take them!"

"Still on the same basis?"

"The same basis. The Army enters Salt Lake in one half hour. It files through with bands playing. Meagre triumph for the Star Spangled Banner. The troops leave by the south gate and camp beyond the Jordan. Formal orders to the soldiers forbidding them

going into the city. It will only be accessible to soldiery bearing orders. In return for which the Mormons condescend not to light a conflagration and to return to Salt Lake. It can be considered a nice slap in the face for President Buchanan and the Democrats."

And the Supreme Judge spat on the ground.

At that moment, they were crossed by a group of Indians, silent and haughty.

"If they had only listened to me!" said Dr. Hurt. "A few carbines in the hands of those good people and rum, rum! You know my ideas. . . ."

"Rum! It is plain to be seen that you don't pay for it, Hurt," said Judge Sydney. "The taxes are almost prohibitive."

"Ha! ha! ha! The rum I am talking about would enter free," cried Hurt.

They were passing before a house, whose door they perceived to be open, between the double hedge of flowering acacias.

Annabel addressed the Supreme Justice.

"You were saying, Mr. Sydney, that the twelve bishops were at Provo with Brigham Young. But here is Rigdon Pratt's house. It is inhabited, it seems to me."

"Indeed," said the magistrate and hotel-keeper. "Pratt remained with his family. By an agreement between the Governor and Brigham, he was appointed to bargain with the quartermasters for the troops' camp."

The young woman had crossed the wooden bridge which spanned the ditch. She was passing under the mimosa along the walk. The lacy leaves brushed her temples.

"Sarah!" she called.

No response.

"Isn't Sarah Pratt there?" asked Annabel, returning to her companions.

"She is there, I am certain of it," said Dr. Hurt. "When I passed the house about ten minutes ago, she was on the threshold washing one of her little brothers, the seventeenth or eighteenth off-spring of that godly man Rigdon Pratt."

"I would have liked to have said good-bye to her," said Annabel.

"You have always been fond,—ahem!—very fond of that child," sneered Judge Sydney.

"I do not deny it," she replied.

"Hum! she doesn't return the compliment!"

"What do you mean?"

"The truth, my lovely friend. Sarah is there, Sarah hears you. Call her again. Damned if she will answer, the little pest!"

"Why should Sarah be ungrateful?"

"The word has escaped! I didn't make you say it. Sarah Pratt has worn too many of your beautiful dresses, lovely friend. A woman rarely forgives another that."

"You have an evil tongue, Judge Sydney. Isn't it so, Father?"

Père d'Exiles answered nothing.

They continued on their way and came out upon Union Square, before the hotel of the judge.

"And that glass of port?" entreated the doctor.

"Come in, come in," said the judge. "You will stop a moment, won't you?" he asked, addressing the two horsemen.

"No," answered Annabel, "we are going to meet the troops."

"The loss is mine, lovely friend. We shall see each other again, I hope, before you go away. When are you leaving Salt Lake?"

"Tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow, or the day after, or later.

Remember, in any case, that in the future as in the past, Judge Sydney remains your most obedient servant."

And with arms extended, he made an impressive bow.

"Much obliged," said the young woman rather dryly. "May I remind you, however, that this evening we are invited to the banquet offered to General Johnston and that there you will have an opportunity to offer me your services for the last time?"

Doctor Hurt had already served himself his port. Annabel set her horse at a trot. Père d'Exiles rejoined her.

"Odious old man," said he.

"Don't speak too badly of him," she murmured. "He will have proved very useful to me."

"I know, I know. . . . If your library were not already packed up," he continued as the horses cleared the eastern boundary of the town, "I would have given myself the genuine pleasure of reading the pages which the good Tocqueville consecrates to the integrity of democratic judges. How much, within a thousand dollars, has that man cost you?"

"I haven't any idea," said Annabel, smiling. "You know quite well that my accounts are kept contrary to common sense. But I repeat that he has rendered me real service."

. . . .

They left behind the wall of the enclosure. To the right, on the eastern road, at about a hundred steps, there was a sort of small observatory, dominating the highway by two yards; behind, there was a frame building, a road-house where the young Mormons came to dance and play at nine-pins. It was deserted, since the proprietor had taken refuge at Provo a month previous, with the other Latter-Day Saints.

Annabel dismounted. The Jesuit secured the two horses under a shed and returned to her, carrying a rudely made stool.

"Sit down," said he, after placing the stool against the rustic balustrade.

On the other side of the road there were five or six young men seated on the grass, eating sausages and drinking beer.

"They are clerks from the place of Livingston and Kincaid," said the Jesuit.

"What time is it?" asked Annabel.

"Past ten o'clock."

"They are late."

"The American soldiers are never ahead of time."

"Let us wait," she said, leaning her elbows upon the balustrade.

Père d'Exiles sat a little way back on a worm-eaten bench. To the right, under the murmuring willows, the road extended, white, remarkably well-kept. The green dome of the trees opened here and there, showing great round gaps of blue sky where long files of migratory birds were passing continually, as upon the glass of a telescope.

When the breeze shifted, their cries could be heard, high in the air. Great velvety butterflies were coming and going, making sudden stains of blue and black on the yellow flowers of the capparidacae. Beetles swayed the wrinkled stems of the mint plants. An invisible spring, to which brown tree-frogs were hastening, sang.

Annabel, with vacant eyes, was dreaming. Père d'Exiles saw her in profile, her face framed by the grey aureole of an immense, flat-brimmed felt hat. The long folds of her

riding coat of iron grey with large silver buttons, dragged to the ground. She wore a jabot and cuffs of fine English point, and a bracelet braided with opals at the wrist upon which she was leaning her bent head.

Her eye-lids were half-closed. Her tiny red lips, partly opened, seemed to be drinking in the morning air.

All of a sudden, she started. Her eyes opened.

"There they are!"

A shrill of bugles had just sounded. Immediately the clerks from Livingston and Kinkaid's stood up, ready to cheer their compatriots.

Nothing could be seen as yet, however, since not far from there, at the right, the road made an elbow. Then the bugles became more piercing. They echoed back from the bluish granite of the Wahsatch Mountains. Then, two cavalrymen appeared. Then, all the others. They were dragging along, looking weary and mistrustful. On principle, soldiers dislike entering a city where they will be forbidden to plunder. That displeasure could be seen only too plainly on the counten-

ances of these men. On that account the march past was spoiled.

The two first cavalrymen were a captain and a standard-bearer. Following them, came the buglers of the 2nd Regiment of Dragoons.

This regiment had suffered fearfully. It was in Kansas when the order to rejoin the Johnston army had arrived. Hundreds of leagues across rocky, snow-covered desert, where, when one leaves off busying oneself with one's saddlery for a minute, one finds nothing more, except sometimes two or three coyotes, too stupefied by this unhoped-for repast to scatter. It is by the horses that one perceives the sufferings of cavalry. Those belonging to the buglers of the Second Dragoons were in a pitiful state. Two out of three were unshod. Three out of three were broken-kneed. They no longer had even the force to kick a protest against the appalling deluge of false notes that their riders rained upon them.

"The last military parade which I attended," said Père Philippe, "was unquestionably more successful. It was eighteen years ago, a month before my departure from

France, in Paris, on the esplanade of the Invalides, upon the return of the Ashes."[1]

"You are too particular," said Annabel. "But here comes the General Staff."

Directly behind the buglers, moved forward a group of officers. Ahead of them advanced a cavalryman mounted on a passably fine white mare. About fifty years old, he was martial and elegant in appearance. A rotund captain accompanied him. When the latter saw Annabel, he made a sign of pleased surprise and spoke a few words to his chief. He, in turn, saluted the young woman with a smile, carrying his white-gloved hand to his mustard felt hat.

In the meantime, the rotund captain, setting his horse at a trot, had come and drawn-up at the foot of the construction from which Annabel and Père d'Exiles were viewing the parade.

Had he been a better horseman, he would have raised his arms to the heavens with joy.

"Captain Van Vliet!" cried Annabel.

[1] The remains of Napoleon were brought back to Paris under Louis-Philippe and placed in the Invalides with a great display of military pomp.

And, leaning over the balustrade, she extended her hand which he strained to kiss.

"The general-in-chief," he said, breathing hard, "he who just saluted you at my instigation, directs me to present his respects. He wishes to know if you have received his invitation for the banquet this evening, where he hopes that he will be able to express his gratitude to you at last. I have told him many times how well I was received at your house six months ago, during the sojourn I made in Salt Lake, and how much you facilitated my task."

"I have received General Johnston's invitation," said Annabel, "and it will give me great pleasure to be present. But does he know, do *you* know that I intend leaving Salt Lake tomorrow, and that I am counting on his kindness to put the necessary wagons for moving, at my disposal?"

"He knows it. The orders have been given. He is delighted to have an occasion of proving my thankfulness to you."

"Until tonight, then!"

"Until tonight! And remember that the whole army is at your disposal!"

He went off at a gallop to resume his place.

The Fifth Regiment of Infantry was filing past with a new standard, too new in fact, one of those standards which has seen little service except that of surreptitiously warming the feet of a chilly flag-bearer.

At that moment, they halted. The head of the column had reached the wall of the enclosure. The army, which so far had been progressing rather herd-like, reorganized itself. Orders rang out without spirit, executed with still less spirit. It was plain to be seen that discipline had suffered much in the course of the long, wintry months. And then there was the presence of Annabel Lee. What was that young woman doing there? On the threshold of the accursed city, her elegance dumfounded that mass of men with child-like souls.

The uniforms were thread-bare; becoming, nevertheless: becoming, especially the accoutrement, the enormous Minié and Colt carbines, the revolvers thrust in the yellow canvas cartridge belts, the bowie-knives, the broad, short bayonets.

"Ah!" murmured Père d'Exiles. "It seems

to me that the artillery is in very bad condition."

It was true. The mules who dragged the cannon were rawboned and lame. Out of the sixteen guns which were regularly comprised in the two batteries, there only remained eleven. The others could be pictured, muzzles in the air, at the bottom of some precipice in the Rockies or smashed against the rocks during the passage of a badly sounded ford in the terrible Green River. Of the eleven which were left, there was a howitzer whose left wheel had been replaced by one of thick wood, unscrewed from a wagon, six rifled guns, of the Parrot and Rodman system and four old Dahlgren pieces, smooth-bore. Although not one shell had been fired in the course of the whole campaign, the ammunition wagons were half-empty. It must have been necessary to lighten them in negotiating the passes, when the harassed teams, protesting, kick in the traces, and it becomes imperative to choose between guns and ammunition.

The ensemble gave a somewhat poor idea of the ballistic power of the Union.

"Here comes Colonel Alexander," said Annabel.

She smiled at the commander of the Tenth Infantry, who saluted without recognizing her, being too concerned with his regiment, the most tried, the most undisciplined of the army. Most of the company commanders were dismounted. They marched mob-like amongst their men. Here, no more uniforms. There were soldiers without muskets. Many, as they pressed forward, were munching green slices of watermelons which their officers had all the trouble in the world to make them throw away. No mention need be made of the way they kept step.

The Jesuit leaned towards Annabel.

"I understand Brigham Young," said he, "and his obstinacy in refusing to allow the Union soldiers to camp in Salt Lake. This isn't an army, it's a band of ragamuffins."

"They have suffered a great deal," said the young woman. "But, look, their cavalry seems to be in a slightly better state."

It was indeed the turn of the famous Second Dragoons, recalled to reduce the Mormons,

from Kansas, where they had been charged to lend a powerful hand to the Slavers. Beside the horses, bounded several of those ferocious blood-hounds employed in running down the blacks since the beginning of time, which tradition was transmitted to democratic Americans by the Spaniards.

"I wouldn't counsel Coriolan to play at racing with them," said Père d'Exiles. "Look at the fangs of this one!"

The glance of Annabel was elsewhere. He noticed it.

"Do you know that lieutenant?" he demanded.

"No," said she.

The officer of whom they were speaking was a tall young man of twenty-five, who sat astride a bay mare, quite presentable. He regarded Annabel Lee stealthily. He felt the beautiful calm eyes of the young woman upon him. He blushed. At the same time, a ridiculous little incident took place. The officers were not the only ones who looked at Annabel. In passing close by her, two dragoons manifested the nature of the pleasure they took in her beauty in a fashion very military. Their

lieutenant summoned them, with up-raised riding whip. They took flight, raging.

"I understand Brigham Young more and more," said Père d'Exiles.

Annabel, smiling, followed her defender with her eyes. He rode into the distance without daring to turn his eyes.

The last platoon of the Second Dragoons filed past. That particular platoon had not come from Kansas, but from Nebraska, where it had been employed in tracking the Cheyenne Indians for the past two years.

"Ah!" said the Jesuit. "Here the methods of propaganda are no longer the same. Look: in place of hounds to hunt negroes, we have the Gospel, the Gospel and rum!"

Indeed, behind the last troopers, advanced six little wagons, each carrying two casks. Between the wagons, on mules, ambled five clergymen. Three wore black spectacles and two carried white parasols.

Annabel did not see them. Her eyes, turned towards the city, had become vague once more.

"Those gentlemen do not seem over satisfied to see me here," said the Jesuit laughingly.

The march was over. Now there were wagons loaded with tools and provisions and the multi-colored rabble, ordinary accompaniment of campaigning armies.

"Let us go away!" said the priest brusquely.

Annabel did not respond.

"Can't you hear?" he said with impatience.

Since there were no more officers to recall them to order, rough remarks began to rise from that mass of adventurers. Insensible to the Presbyterian insults leveled at him personally, the priest could no longer stand those which made sport of his companion's beauty.

"Come," he said to her rudely.

They remounted their horses and a quarter of an hour later, having made a detour, they entered the garden of the villa. It was noon. The sun, far off, burned the saline plain and made the over-ripe kernels of the great waving horse-chestnuts explode under their feet like fire-crackers.

The table was laid under the trees, in front of the veranda. Annabel went into her room. She descended again, dressed all in white muslin, bare armed, with a tiny knot of black ribbon at her throat.

The priest said the prayers. They sat down.

"Was there anything new during my absence?" asked the young woman of Coriolan, who stood behind her, rigid in his flannel livery.

The negro, without uttering a word, handed her a yellow envelope.

She glanced at it.

"Well!" said she. "The government seal. It must be for my baggage. Will you excuse me, mon père?"

She had torn open the envelope. She was reading. An expression of surprise and annoyance passed over her face.

"What is it?"

The Jesuit did not take his eyes from her.

"Nothing serious?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," said she.

She had dropped the letter upon the table. Upon a sign from her, he took it.

It was a sheet of paper bearing the government seal of the Territory of Utah.

"The Cantonment Commission assembled in Salt Lake City" were the words written there, *"having the right to billet officers of*

the Federal Army, has decided that, during the sojourn of the said Army in the immediate suburbs of the city, Mrs. Lee will be required to lodge an officer, his board remaining optional."

Père d'Exiles gazed at the young woman. Impatiently, she drummed upon the table with her fingers.

"It's the normal thing," he said. "We might have expected it."

"Expected it!" cried Annabel. "Governor Cumming knows quite well that I intend leaving Salt Lake City tomorrow evening. It is he himself who promised to take steps so that I may profit from the army wagons returning empty to Omaha and Missouri. I could have hoped, under those circumstances, that he would not withdraw with his left hand the favours he extended me with his right."

The Jesuit shook his head.

"Governor Cumming has much to preoccupy him these days," said he.

"The letter is sent in his name," said Annabel.

"Doubtless," mused the priest who had taken back the paper. "Nevertheless, it was

not he who signed it. And do you know exactly who signed this letter?"

"Who?"

"Look. *By order of the Governor, the Secretary of the Cantonment Commission*: RIGDON PRATT."

"Rigdon Pratt!" echoed Annabel.

"Yes."

"Well?"

"A little while ago," said Père d'Exiles, "I did not choose to take part in the conversation, while Judge Sydney was casting doubts upon the quality of the gratitude which this Rigdon's daughter may profess to you. It is always difficult to pronounce oneself in agreement with a scoundrel, even when one is aware that the scoundrel is perfectly right. I kept silent. But now I can tell you: Sydney was right. There you have," and he showed the letter, "a little of the spitefulness of Sarah Pratt."

"But why? How?"

"How? Sarah knows quite well that you are leaving tomorrow. She is seeking to recompense your kindness, by spoiling the two days left for you to stay here. I add that her

procedure is very inoffensive. I should have thought that she would be more malicious."

"Just the same I am very annoyed," said Annabel.

"Annoyed? Why?"

"All the furniture is packed. You wouldn't wish me to give my room to that officer when he presents himself, which no doubt he is about to do."

"It would be more natural to give him mine," said the Jesuit placidly. "That is what you will have to do for today. But don't forget that you are dining tonight with the Governor, and that he, General Johnston, Colonel Alexander and Captain Van Vliet ask nothing better than to do you a service. A word from you, and the order for billeting an officer here will be countermanded, with apologies. While waiting, my advice is to take heart against this piece of ill-fortune. And, then, that poor boy must be tired. You musn't hold him responsible for the pleasantries of that little pest of a Sarah Pratt."

Coriolan had just served coffee. There was a ring at the garden gate.

"It is he," said Annabel. "What a bore!"

The negro returned, bearer of a sheet of yellow paper. Père Philippe snatched it.

"It is he. Lieutenant James Rutledge, of the Second Dragoons."

"Go get him," said Annabel to the negro.

Steps on the sand of the walk. Conducted by Coriolan, two men advanced. One was a soldier, loaded with a canteen. The other was the blond officer who had blushed so deeply under the scrutiny of Annabel Lee that morning, at the review. . . .

"Ah!" said the young woman, recognizing him.

And she smiled.

CHAPTER II

ROSE had applied herself so well to the menu that, although dinner had begun at about eight o'clock, it was nine thirty before the two guests had attacked the dessert, a pineapple soufflé, which Coriolan served with the whites of his eyes glistening with admiration and covetousness.

At the same time, he placed upon the table two bottles which Père d'Exiles uncorked with precaution.

Thereupon, leaning back slightly in his chair, Lieutenant Rutledge asked: "Do you belong, sir, by any chance, to the Picpus missionaries of Paris?"

"I do belong, indeed, to the Picpus community," said the Jesuit. "What led you to suspect it?"

"My maternal grandmother was a native of Saint-Louis, and a Catholic," answered the Lieutenant. "I myself am a Methodist," he hastened to add.

The priest nodded politely, as if to say: "I regret it," or else: "Every one has a right to his opinions."

"As a child," continued James Rutledge, "I often spent my vacations at my grandmother's. I learned there that the Jesuits in Saint-Louis came for the most part from the Picpus community. Indeed, at my grandmother's, I met one of your colleagues, Monsieur Lestrade."

"It is true. Father Lestrade was in Los Angeles recently. He was obliged to leave that city for Chile. Won't you have a little more of this Isabella wine?"

"It is good," murmured the officer, emptying his glass clumsily.

"Too exhilarating, too sweet for my taste," said the Jesuit. "Mrs. Lee, however, is very fond of it. For myself, I prefer the Catawba, dryer,—lacking fire, perhaps. Think of it, it comes from Rhine vines transplanted to the banks of the Ohio. They have an excellent vintage from the hills near Ogden, not quite so good at Cedar City. This one comes from Ogden. Taste it."

"It seems to me that you know the country

marvellously well," said the young man, whose eyes were beginning to sparkle.

The Jesuit smiled. "Brigham Young arrived at Salt Lake with the first fugitive Mormons on the 24th of July, 1847. I had preceded them by four years. It was in 1843 that I left Saint-Louis with the mission of evangelizing the Indians between the Rocky Mountains and Humboldt River. Upon my arrival here, I found Colonel Fremont, entrusted by the Federal Government with the survey of the proposed railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I placed my faint knowledge of trigonometry at his disposal. Perhaps you know, sir, that at the present moment, there are three projects for the roadbed of that railway: the route along the 42nd degree of latitude, that of Fremont;—the route along the 39th degree, that of . . . But what am I talking about!"

"Go on, I beg of you!"

"What is the use? Sufficient for you to know that I served as guide and interpreter to the Federal officers entrusted with the surveys, so that today, there are very few places from Fort Hall to Lake Carson and Las Ve-

gas, where I risk being lost a single day. A little more Catawba? No? You really prefer the Isabella? . . . Here."

"The more I think about it," said Rutledge, "the more it seems to me that I have seen your name some place before."

"It is possible," said the priest, "although I try my best to accomplish my task silently, with utter discretion. But one does not always succeed. I can assure you, I did not look upon the advent of the Mormons upon these shores with a favourable eye. My misgivings were unfounded, for during the past eight years, I have been able to keep myself out of their quarrels with the functionaries of the Federal Government. Alas to say! I have not had such luck with the Indians."

"Have they persecuted you?"

"Mostly by my own fault. The object of my mission was to preach the Gospel to three tribes, the Shoshones to the North, the Utahs and the Pahyantes to the South. I have had difficulties with the Utahs. Four years ago, their chief, Wahsara, condemned me to death by default. His successor, Arapine, confirmed the sentence. They have left no stone

unturned to notify and renotify me of it. I asked my superiors what line of conduct I should follow. From a commonsense point of view, their reply was the reply I should have made myself: 'Your work with the Pahyantes and the Shoshones is far from finished. Complete it. Then you can see about returning to the Utahs.' That is why, having said about all I had to say to the Pahyantes, when I leave Salt Lake City in fifteen days, it will be to return to the Shoshones. For the time being, the shores of Lake Sevier are forbidden territory."

"Lake Sevier," said Rutledge. "Ah! now I remember where I read your name. It was in connection with the Gunnison affair."

The eyes of the Jesuit saddened.

"It is only too true," said he. "And from all points of view, it was a deplorable affair. I told you I was Fremont's companion on the 42nd degree expedition. In 1849, I offered myself in the same capacity to Captain Stansbury, charged with the topographical survey of the valley of the Great Salt Lake. When Captain Gunnison, who was commissioned to study the route along the 39th degree, ar-

rived in Salt Lake in 1853, he sought me out immediately. It happened that at that period I was on excellent terms with the Utahs, upon whose territory passed the aforementioned rout. My mistake was to believe that I could benefit Gunnison and his little band by my influence with the Indians. It was October. The Sevier river rolled its dull grey waters under the pale willows, under whose over-hanging branches fled unseen black-birds and king-fishers, crying plaintively. From time to time, the sudden plunge of an otter. The caravan plodded along. Never, never have I felt so discouraged. Toward evening, they built fires around and in the centre of the circle of wagons. Then the dogs barked. There appeared three Indians, on horse, who came seeking me to attend one of their chiefs on his death-bed. In spite of my presentiments, I followed them. Understand that it was impossible for me to do otherwise. I have never discovered whether, by acting as they did, the Indians wanted to save me or to obey the will of their chief. When I arrived, after a journey of three hours in the night, the chief was dead, already rigid. I wanted

to return immediately and re-join the caravan. But it was raining in torrents. The roads were obscure. I stayed. The next day, at the earliest possible hour, I set off again. The spectacle awaiting me upon my return to the camp was ten times more atrocious than described by the American newspapers. Voluntarily, when their correspondents questioned me, I extenuated the circumstances. To what end serve the details of such a horrible affair? The overturned wagons were still smoking in the sinister, rainy morning. There were nine dead bodies. I recognized those of Creutzfeld, the botanist, and of Gunnison, although the ghastly coyotes had half-devoured the faces. Gunnison had lost an arm and his body was pierced by twenty arrows. . . . The Indians had disappeared."

"The wretches!" cried Rutledge, clenching his fists.

The Jesuit looked at him reproachfully.

"The wretches! Yes, my dear sir, I said it too, at first. Meeting a band of Indians two hours later, I cried at them with fury, with indignation, with sorrow,—sorrow above all, for you must understand what the soul of a missionary has to go through in such a mo-

ment. I told them that with that very step I was on the way to denounce them before the American authorities and that the reprisals would be terrible. . . . They were, sir! They tossed their heads, made no reply, let me go. . . ."

"And . . . what did you do then?"

"What did I do? You know, sir. I drew up my report. Two years later, nevertheless, that report did not prevent Judge Drummond, in the interests of a dishonest undertaking, from accusing the Mormons of Gunnison's murder and from unleashing upon the Territory of Utah that expedition which has just terminated by the entry of the Federal Army into Salt Lake City. I was powerless to prevent that injustice. So that at the moment, if it had to be done again. . . ."

"If it had to be done again?"

"I would keep silent."

The lieutenant's eyes lit with a sombre, fanatical flame.

"The truth must never be concealed," he muttered in a raucous voice.

"The truth!" exclaimed the priest. He regarded the other calmly. "The truth?" he repeated.

"Yes, my dear sir, the truth," insisted the young man.

"A little more of this excellent Catawba," said Père d'Exiles.

And he filled the other's glass forcibly.

"I am forty-six years old, sir," said he, after a silence, and the sound of his voice, suddenly very grave, gave an extraordinary impression of force and authority to his words. "I am forty-six years old. And because I have come a long, long way, because I have learned to judge things, not by themselves, but in relation to their surroundings, it may be that I am permitted to have a very different conception of the truth from that of a professor, whose world is limited by the four walls within which he teaches."

"What is just is just. What is unjust is unjust," said Rutledge.

"I like to think so," said the Jesuit. "Listen to me, however. I repeat to you, I have seen the slashed corpses of Gunnison and his companions and it was a frightful and unrighteous spectacle. But, after the Government at Washington, in retaliation, had thrown a cruel blockade about the territory of

the Utahs, keeping out all the necessities of life,—this is what I saw: little red-skins dying on their mothers' empty breasts by hundreds from cold and hunger, warriors killing each other for a morsel of buffalo, a whole people, free and prosperous in former times, herded about like cattle, decimated, reduced to nothing. . . . That also, sir, was a frightful and unrighteous spectacle. That abomination, however, arose from the truth as told by your humble servant, just as directly as a river rises from its source. Believe me, such an affair is enough to dampen our enthusiasm over principles and to suggest that we be less concerned with abstract values than with practical repercussions."

"My dear sir," said the lieutenant ill-humouredly, "those questions are beyond my competence, and it is too easy to argue with me. I can only repeat what I have learned from our ministers, and I imagine that, if you had to do with one of them instead of with me. . . ."

"I should take the greatest pleasure in measuring myself in the lists with one of those gentlemen," said Père d'Exiles, smiling. "It

seems to me that I noticed three or four of them following the troops. Are they coming in competition?"

"No," said Rutledge dryly. "They are the chaplains who accompany the army."

The repast was over. The Jesuit drew out his watch.

"Eleven o'clock," he said. "Our hostess cannot delay much longer. The Governor's reception must be near its end."

"General Johnston loves to dawdle at table. And then there are the speeches."

"It doesn't matter," said the priest. "She can't be much longer."

For some time a question had evidently been burning the tip of the young man's tongue. He posed it with that disdain of transitions characteristic of Anglo-Americans.

"You are, no doubt, Mrs. Lee's uncle?"

"No."

"Her cousin, perhaps?"

"No."

"Ah!" exclaimed Rutledge.

And he lapsed into a reproving silence.

"I am nothing to Mrs. Lee, sir," said the Jesuit. "No bonds, except those of friend-

ship, link me to her. Friendship and likewise gratitude, for it is true that during the year in which she has been in Salt Lake, upon each of my visits in this city, I have not scrupled to profit by the wide hospitality which you observe. Those times are nearing an end. They are at an end."

"She is very beautiful," murmured the young man. "Very beautiful," he dared repeat.

His remark remained unanswered. The Jesuit had arisen.

"Would you like, sir," he said in a slightly altered voice, "to come out on the terrace for a little while? The night, too, is very beautiful. It is criminal to enjoy it so little."

They went out. On the veranda there was a table. With cool drinks, and two wicker arm-chairs. They seated themselves. Their cigar-tips, red, glistened in the blue night. In the sky the Milky Way extended its smooth white scarf.

Nothing could be heard except the two voices, very low: that of the officer, almost timid; that of the Jesuit, changed, moved and serious. . . . Tomorrow, at that very hour, Annabel Lee would have left Salt Lake, per-

haps for ever. That was the thought forming the background against which the other thoughts of Père d'Exiles were silhouetted.

It was plain that he almost loved the newcomer for the obstinacy he employed in pressing his interlocutor to converse with him about the young woman.

. . . .

Lieutenant Rutledge.—You can imagine my astonishment when I perceived her, youthful, elegant and beautiful, leaning against the balustrade of that observatory. It was the last vision in the world that we might have expected here.

Père d'Exiles.—Look, in that rectangle of light made by the open door in the dining-room. Do you see that slender black bird which comes and goes? It is a purple martin.

The Lieutenant.—Well?

The Priest.—A purple martin. If it were day-light, you might see his blue jacket, the beautiful little russet feathers on his belly. He arrived here a year ago. Almost at the same time as she!

The Lieutenant.—At the same time as she. . . .

The Priest.—At the same time as she.

Those little creatures come from the Southern States. One April day, I saw thousands of them near the Falls of the Ohio. The mercury registered 18° below zero. Most of them were dead, almost all of them. Their wings were frozen. . . . They arrive here in June. Then, in September, they leave the neighbourhood. They return to Florida with the winds. This one remained.

The Lieutenant.—She had come!

The Priest.—He remained. He was seen no more for fifteen days. We thought he had left with the others. Then, one day in October, we heard faint pecks at the closed windows on the porch. It was he. We opened the windows for him. He entered. He began to peck at the window-panes upon the flies which had been kept alive by the warmth of the interior. Look at him, look how he comes and goes, how he darts about, how merry he is! What will he do, after tomorrow morning, when he learns that she is no longer here!

The Lieutenant.—Is it absolutely necessary for her to go tomorrow evening?

The Priest.—It is absolutely necessary.

The Lieutenant.—Why did she come to Salt Lake?

The Priest.—You might just as well ask me her whole history.

The Lieutenant.—Would that be indiscreet?

The Priest.—It would, if she were not going away tomorrow night.

The Lieutenant.—I am listening.

The Priest.—It will not be long in the telling. I don't know where to begin.

The Lieutenant.—Why . . . at the beginning!

The Priest.—How childish! You completely ignore the art of unfolding a story. May I ask what state you are a native of?

The Lieutenant.—Of Illinois, from Chicago.

The Priest.—From Chicago. Then one may say that you are a real American.

The Lieutenant.—One may say so without any exaggeration.

The Priest.—Perhaps you had an Irish nurse when you were little.

The Lieutenant.—I did. But what makes you ask me that?

The Priest.—I know that there are many

Irish nurses employed by the rich Americans of the Northern States.

The Lieutenant.—I repeat, I had one. But Mrs. Rutledge,—my mother—never allowed her to talk to me, nor to my little sister, Margaret. On account of the accent, you understand. We Americans have enough other difficulties in speaking English without an accent. When we are first taught by an Irish nurse, there is really no hope.

The Priest.—I understand your honourable mother. What was the name of that nurse?

The Lieutenant.—Jane, I believe. I must say we didn't keep her very long. Once, a little gold cross on a satin ribbon disappeared. Mrs. Rutledge showed Jane the door. Afterwards, they found the cross and the ribbon! It was my little sister Margaret who had hidden them. Afraid of being whipped, she had not confessed. Just a child, you understand.

The Priest.—I understand. I have read somewhere another story on that order. Just so, in a book by one of your fellow-believers.[1] And Jane?

The Lieutenant.—Really, I don't know

[1] A reference to an episode in the *Confessions* of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

what became of her. Was she even called Jane? I would not swear to it. Besides, why do you take such an interest in that girl?

The Priest.—It happens that Mrs. Lee, in whom you yourself seem to take a great interest, is also Irish.

The Lieutenant.—Ah!

The Priest.—It annoys you that your beautiful hostess of today should come from the same country as your former servant girl. Doubtless you would have much preferred her to be American?

The Lieutenant.—I don't deny it.

The Priest.—Is that all you remember of Jane?

The Lieutenant.—That's all. She had come to the United States in consequence of a famine which ravaged her country, in 1842, it seems to me.

The Priest.—Exactly in 1842.

The Lieutenant.—I was twelve years old. I still remember that she was always very badly dressed, in a style unworthy of a well-to-do household. Mrs. Rutledge was very astonished at her, rather vexed, for you must admit that with the wages they gave her,—five

dollars a month, not counting occasional gifts. . . .

The Priest.—They were indeed very competent wages.

The Lieutenant.—Yes, indeed. Above all, when one takes into account the fact that Chicago at that time was just a small town . . . barely eight thousand inhabitants. Later on, we discovered what used to become of Jane's money. . . .

The Priest.—What became of it?

The Lieutenant.—It went to swell the funds of the revolutionary associations of her country. You smile?

The Priest.—I smile, when I think that Jane's money passed through the hands of Colonel Lee, the husband of your hostess.

The Lieutenant.—Was he a banker?

The Priest.—No. Unpromising undertakings rarely have resource to such costly go-betweens.

The Lieutenant.—Why did he come to America?

The Priest.—Like Jane, precisely. First, to escape death; then, to seek means of continuing the struggle.

The Lieutenant.—To escape death?

The Priest.—Around 1840, there were two Irish officers who were serving with the English army. One was called Colonel Lee, the other Colonel O'Brien.

The Lieutenant.—Was it the same O'Brien who . . . ?

The Priest.—No, it was not that one. O'Brien is as common a name in Ireland as Martin is with us, or Wilson with you. Never mind. At the time of the great famine of 1842, there were disturbances in Ireland, followed by executions. Colonels Lee and O'Brien, convicted of belonging to the *Whiteboys,* were condemned to death. O'Brien was executed. Lee was able to escape, taking away with him his friend's daughter, who was then twelve years old, alone in the world and an orphan. They sought refuge in the United States.

The Lieutenant.—America has always offered a wide asylum to the persecuted.

The Priest.—She derives both honour and profit therefrom. Colonel Lee came to Saint-Louis. He confided Annabel to the Ursuline Convent there. I myself had just arrived. I can still see that little girl in her straight

black convent garments, in the chapel where, by chance, I was preaching as a substitute during a retreat. 'There is some one,' I said to myself, 'who pays absolutely no attention to my oratorical efforts.' I wagered that I would end by interesting her. At the end of a half-hour, I descended from the pulpit,—my wager lost.

The Lieutenant.—Did she marry?

The Priest.—*Peste!* How you run ahead of the story! Have confidence in me and be assured that I am only telling you such things about myself as are strictly necessary in illuminating her own history.

The Lieutenant.—I beg your pardon.

The Priest.—No harm done. Meanwhile, I left Saint-Louis, having acquired just about all the instruction necessary to my task as a missionary. I came here. It was a barren plain. I confess that I did not foresee for a second the prosperity which the Mormons were destined to bring about here. One fine morning, they arrived, and with them Colonel Lee.

The Lieutenant.—And Miss O'Brien?

The Priest.—You can well believe that she was not involved in that undertaking. She

was staying quietly at her convent in Saint-Louis. It was in 1848. Perhaps you have heard people speak of Nueva Helvetia?

The Lieutenant.—It was there that gold was discovered.

The Priest.—Yes. It was there that the Mormon James Marshall, while spading the ground for a conduit destined to bring water to a saw-mill, discovered gold dust. Nueva Helvetia is in California. That was the origin of the rush which you know about. The Mormon pioneers, knowing only their terrible discipline, returned to the new-born Salt Lake City, their flimsy carts loaded with the first sacks of gold-dust. It was then that Colonel Lee intervened.

The Lieutenant.—Did he go to the gold-fields?

The Priest.—He did not. And he dissuaded Brigham Young, over whom he wielded a strange secret influence, from letting his people go. By that advice, that stranger, more than any one else, has been the creator of Mormon strength.

The Lieutenant.—How is that?

The Priest.—Childishly simple. The race for gold was the ruination of the theocratic

power established by Joseph Smith and maintained by Brigham. It was necessary to condemn it. This was aimed at in a circular letter from the Church: "Gold," was the substance of the letter, "is good for paving streets, roofing houses and making table-ware. The treasures of this earth are in the ware-house of the Lord: produce grain, build cities and He will do the rest."

The Lieutenant.—Those people must be insane.

The Priest.—Much less so than you think. Thanks to that condemnation, Brigham maintained his power which is,—I regret to observe,—essentially spiritual. Adventurers from all over the world have been coming for the past ten years to be swallowed in the Californian abyss: Brigham Young has guarded his followers around him, sheltered from the gold-lust.

The Lieutenant.—And the sacks of gold which had been carried to him to begin with?

The Priest.—Aha! I see that you have a good memory! Well, they were offered as a gift to the church. But of it Brigham Young coined money. Pieces of five and ten dollars were struck with the motto: *Holiness to the*

Lord. At the same time, the Mormon notes, the depreciated notes of Kirtland's miserable bank, climbed back to par, went still higher. And thus it happened that, to the great scandal of New York and Philadelphia brokers, the prophecy of Joseph Smith affirming that the time would come when his notes would be worth more than gold, was realized.

The Lieutenant.—I don't see how these details, doubtless very interesting from a banker's stand-point, can have anything to do with . . .

The Priest.—Yes, they have. She had just reached her twentieth year. It was becoming rather difficult to keep her in the convent much longer, without her taking the vows, for which it must be admitted she did not seem to be in the least suited. Colonel Lee took advantage of a short visit he was making at that time in Saint-Louis to marry her.

The Lieutenant.—To marry her!

The Priest.—She was twenty years old, I repeat, and he was nearing sixty. It was I who advised him to marry her.

The Lieutenant.—And that is just what I find monstrous! Forty years of difference!

The Priest.—Don't use those forty years as

an excuse! Ah! be sincere! Men are indeed all alike. They cannot forgive a woman for not having foreseen that they would come some day, for not having withheld themselves until then. A while ago, you couldn't forgive Mrs. Lee for belonging to the same nation as your unfortunate servant. Now . . .

The Lieutenant.—Reproaches of that sort cannot hurt me. Americans have more respect for women's rights than you, Frenchman.

The Priest.—I ignore what women's rights are. I ignore abstract formulas. I am only concerned with concrete situations. Therefore, here is what that of Miss O'Brien was, around 1850: an orphan, penniless, with an aged guardian as her only protector,—exposed, upon his death, to all the troubles in the world in taking possession of the estate he might leave her. If you have some notion of jurisprudence, you know that the international law regarding private property is something very obscure. Colonel Lee's wife would certainly have ten times less trouble to inherit from him than his ward. Those are the considerations,—very wordly, I grant you,—which guided us, I, in advising that union, he, in deciding for it.

The Lieutenant.—Then he married her.

The Priest.—Just as you have said. The evening, or the day after their marriage, he went away again. Think of this, he had to continue to amass, for sending to Ireland, the savings of Jane's forlorn sisters. In 1852, he returned to Utah, and Brigham Young lavished upon him palpable evidences of his gratitude.

The Lieutenant.—Of his gratitude?

The Priest.—Haven't I told you that it was thanks to his advice that Brigham had been able to turn his people from the California venture? Besides, Colonel Lee was one of those men for whom it is a veritable pleasure to lend a helping hand. His personal interests never ceased coinciding with the common good. You know that iron ore abounds in certain parts of Utah?

The Lieutenant.—In Iron County, for instance.

The Priest.—In Iron County, precisely. There it yields from forty to sixty per cent. pure iron. A joint-stock company was formed, under the name of *The Desert Iron Company,* with a concession for fifty years. Its blast-furnaces, at Cedar City, give about

three tons of iron a day. The shares, issued at a hundred dollars, are worth today about five hundred and forty. Colonel Lee received one hundred shares of preferred stock.

The Lieutenant.—Fifty thousand dollars. It certainly wasn't a bad deal.

The Priest.—He did not content himself with that. The territory is not only rich in iron. There is silver and lead in the neighbourhood of Las Vegas, coal in several counties. Sulphur, alum, borax, carbonate of soda and saltpetre are all common enough. I call your attention to the rubies and garnets of the Humboldt River especially. Well, Colonel Lee received his share in each of those exploitations.

The Lieutenant.—In the end, all that must have made a pretty sum!

The Priest.—Yes, but unfortunately, with many complications. Often, in the evening, at the very table where we just dined, I have seen the Colonel become angered, while going over his accounts. I shuddered when I thought of the difficulties awaiting him the day he would want to liquidate everything to return to Ireland, as he threatened constantly. I shuddered much more when I thought of

his widow, the day he was brought back here, smitten down by a fine congestion, with the mercury at 31° below zero. I must tell you that he had taken to whiskey and that the veins of his temples had become rigid and more brittle than vermicelli.

The Lieutenant.—Was he dead?

The Priest.—He didn't die until a few hours later. He had the time and the unbelievable energy to entrust all his papers to me and to instruct me to notify his wife. "If you can," he said to me, "try to arrange everything yourself so that she won't have to come to Salt Lake. If the ridiculous legal red-tape between American magistrates and the Mormons is such that she will be obliged to make the journey, help her, watch over her. She must not stay here any longer than is absolutely necessary, even if it costs her half her fortune. She will still have enough. She must go back! I want it to be you who closes the door of the stage-coach which takes her away!" You can understand that, having been thus entreated, I shall not rest until I have closed that door.

The Lieutenant.—You wrote her to come, nevertheless.

The Priest.—I wrote to her. You must

understand that I was lost in the midst of all those figures, out of which I could make neither head nor tail. They complained to me continually about the absense of the interested party. I had no legal power of attorney. I wrote. She came.

The Lieutenant.—And everything was arranged?

The Priest.—To the best of her interests. She was lucky. To begin with, Brigham Young was very kind to her.

The Lieutenant.—It was the least he could do, when you consider the obligations he was under to Colonel Lee.

The Priest.—Of course, of course. At any rate, he was very kind, it is undisputable. Likewise, she found an invaluable influence over the Federal Magistracy in the person of Judge Sydney.

The Lieutenant.—Righteous arguments cannot fail to touch an American magistrate.

The Priest.—Those urged by Mrs. Lee appeared irresistible to this one. She arrived in Salt Lake in April of last year. By June, everything had been settled, and on very favourable terms, I repeat. She could have set

off immediately with her fortune, if . . .

The Lieutenant.—If?

The Priest.—If everything hadn't been spoiled just then between the Mormons and the government of the Union. I will not go back over ground you are paid for knowing better than I: hostilities declared, the frontiers closed, all thought of a journey impossible for a woman, Mrs. Lee forced to remain here, awaiting better days.

The Lieutenant.—They have come.

The Priest.—She did her best to hasten the event. Independent, Catholic, European, she was not an object of suspicion for either Mormons or Americans. This villa has sheltered and seen the growth of the palm of peace. All the conciliators have been afforded a refuge here,—Captain Van Vliet, Colonel Kane, the Commissioners Powel and MacCulloch, Governor Cumming himself. If this ridiculous conflict is about to be ended without blood-shed, it is owing to the pleasant hospitality of this lady. Don't you believe that she acquired thereby some title to the gratitude evinced to her this evening at the banquet from which she will soon return to us? Don't you believe that she acquired some right to the

coach and wagons which carry her off tomorrow night to the Eastern States, her and her baggage?

The Lieutenant.—I believe it. And . . . won't you be at all sorry to see her go?

The Priest.—I would not object to smoking another cigar.

The Lieutenant.—Here.

The Priest.—You only have two left. I have some scruples.

The Lieutenant.—Take it. I have more than two hundred in my luggage, over there, in your room.

The Priest.—Thank you. . . . If I shall be sorry to see her go?

The Lieutenant.—The purple martin has disappeared. How calm it is! What a beautiful night!

The Priest.—He lives in the straw roofing of the veranda. What time is it? Eleven-thirty! She is late, I am beginning to be anxious.

The Lieutenant.—There will have been toasts. Toasts last a long time. We might go to meet her. The moon has risen. One can see as well as at high noon. Is that Salt Lake, that brilliant expanse yonder, under the

moon, between columns of yellow vapour?

The Priest.—That is Salt Lake.

The Lieutenant.—What a white, desolate waste, beyond the black line of the trees! Ah! there is the purple martin again!

The Priest.—He has awakened. He must have heard her coming. He always hears her, I told you. She can't be very far away. Listen, there is laughter, voices, steps on the road. . . . There she is!

. . . .

Before the garden gate there was an exchange of gay conversation for a minute. The door grated and closed and then the voice of Annabel rang out.

"Is it you?"

The two men, standing, remained silent.

"It is you," she repeated. "What a hostess I make! But it is the fault of the American Army, Lieutenant Rutledge. You *must* excuse me!"

They followed her into the dining-room. The purple martin was no longer to be seen, but they heard his wings whirring, when he passed by the black rectangle of the open door.

Annabel let fall her voluminous dark cape. She appeared before them, bare-armed and

bare-throated. She wore a sulphur-coloured dress, without hoops, but with enormous panniers of midnight-blue taffeta and no jewels other than a necklace and bracelets of opals. Her blond curls framed her diminutive countenance. A great ostrich fan, fastened to her girdle by a string of crystal beads, hung upon her skirt. She opened it and fanned herself.

"You didn't dine too badly, did you, Lieutenant Rutledge?"

She smiled as she gazed at him, allowing her heavy grey eyes to rest in his.

As in the morning, he blushed; he grew embarrassed.

"On the contrary, very well, Madam."

"Not like me, then! Those gentlemen did, of course, the best they could. But a dinner not ordered by a woman, imagine! Besides, the Governor's champagne was execrable. But don't go and tell him so, will you? Mon Père, is there any Catawba left?"

"I confess," said the Jesuit, "that we did it justice, without thinking of you."

And he pointed to the empty bottles.

"I am thirsty," she said. "Coriolan!" And she struck a bell.

The negro appeared, rubbing his eyes.

"Bring us two bottles of Catawba!"

He made to go out.

"Wait," she commanded, "I am hungry, too. We talked more than anything else at that dinner. Lieutenant Rutledge, do you like jelly omelets?"

"Do I like jelly omelets?" said Rutledge. "I should say so!"

"You hear, Coriolan, you are going to make us one."

"A jelly omelet, Missus!"

"Yes. What is the matter, don't you understand? Or rather, are you asleep?"

"It isn't that, Missus! But what can I make it with?"

"Don't you know what is required?"

"Yes, I know. But Rose and I packed it tonight in a big box, that is already nailed up!"

"Very well, unpack it."

"Unpack it?"

The negro looked at her with frightened eyes, then he looked at Père d'Exiles.

"Do as your mistress tells you," said the Jesuit simply.

Coriolan bowed and, before leaving the

room, placed the two bottles of Catawba wine on the table.

The priest opened one of them, filled the three glasses.

"You don't happen to have another cigar?" he asked the lieutenant just then.

"I will go to find some in my room," said the lieutenant with alacrity.

He went out. In the outer room could be heard the plaintive squeaks of nails which Coriolan was tearing out one by one.

Annabel, her glass raised, was watching the effervescing of the tiny yellow bubbles.

The Jesuit came to her.

"It will be necessary to re-nail that box to-morrow morning, at the earliest possible hour," he said.

She replaced her glass upon the table.

"Why?"

"Are you not leaving tomorrow night?"

"Perhaps not," she said.

"May I ask why not?"

"This officer is my guest. It is rather hard for me. . . ."

"I thought," said Père d'Exiles, "that to-night you were supposed to ask the Governor to billet him elsewhere?"

"I didn't think about it," she exclaimed. "Besides, it was rather awkward, just at the moment when I was being thanked on all sides for the hospitality I have been able to offer the Federal officers. Don't you agree with me?"

Père d'Exiles smiled ironically. He did not answer.

"Anyway," she said precipitately, "I learned that the departure of the wagons I was to use has been delayed. Two days, three days perhaps. But," she added, looking at him rather bitterly, "are you as anxious as that to see me go?"

He started, but mastered himself at once and gazed into her eyes with his calm scrutiny.

"Yes," he said.

She lowered her head.

At that instant, Rutledge re-entered.

"Here are the cigars. . . . I am interrupting you. . . ." he added, suddenly constrained and ill at ease.

"Interrupting us!" said Père d'Exiles jovially. "You are joking. Let us see those cigars. Admirable, my dear sir, admirable!"

"Yes, indeed," said the other, himself once more.

Coriolan appeared, bearing a silver dish upon which blossomed, gold and rosy, a resplendent jelly-omelet. Père Philippe poured himself a glass of Catawba and emptied it at a single draught. Then he arose.

Annabel threw him a glance of interrogation. He drew out his watch and extended it to her.

"Excuse me. Five minutes before midnight. I say mass tomorrow morning, I must not forget. In five minutes that wonderful omelet will be forbidden fruit. I prefer not to lead myself into temptation."

And he left them.

His new room faced the South. He opened the window. Salt Lake City extended, black and white, beneath the moon. A cool breeze came from the mountains, carrying the sound of waters, the perfume of flowers.

Père d'Exiles stood a long time breathing the fresh air. Passing his hand across his

bald brow, he found it damp with perspiration.

Nervously, he closed the window. The room was shadowy. Groping about, he found his bed, where mindful of the slightest creaks in the timbers, he sought, for long hours, to sleep.

CHAPTER III

THE next day, which fell on Sunday, was an extremely busy one for Père d'Exiles.

He had not slept until late, very late, at the moment when the faint glimmer of dawn was beginning to flicker about his room. When he awoke, suddenly, it was already seven o'clock. The light striped the dark blinds with gold. He pushed the shutters open. The morning sunlight, fresh and charming, danced on the garden. Spiders had woven their pearly octagons upon the walks. Great flies were coming and going, like balls of polished copper, darting about at random. Beneath the blue sky, the foliage was a beautiful, waxy green, with an unaccustomed gloss.

The Jesuit went out on the veranda. He said Mass there on Sundays, in the presence of Annabel and the servants. When he came out, robed in his priestly vestments, the two negroes were there, Coriolan prepared to as-

sist him, Rose kneeling already. But the blue velvet prayer-bench belonging to their mistress was unoccupied.

"Wasn't that packed?" questioned the Jesuit, pointing to the bench.

"Yes, Father. But it was in one of the boxes that Missus had unpacked last night."

Père d'Exiles said nothing. Eight o'clock chimed in two different rooms of the villa. Ah! the clocks, too, had been restored to their places!

Ordinarily, the Jesuit waited, kneeling at prayer, until a rustle of skirts announced Annabel's arrival, always late. This time, he began Mass immediately.

It was not until the first *Dominus Vobiscum* that he realized that, in spite of all, she had come. Turning around, he perceived her, with her forehead bent upon the elbow-rest, a soft silhouette misty in her morning muslins. She was still there at the Benediction. She was there no longer when he left the altar, after the final orisons.

He was relieved. It would have been unbearable to have to speak to her.

He breakfasted rapidly, alone; then he called Coriolan.

"I am going out," he said. "I shall return at half past eleven."

"And if I am asked where the abbé is?"

"At the American camp, seeing whether there are any Catholic soldiers who need me."

He crossed the town. Salt Lake City was still deserted. Less so than the day before, however. There were few people to be met in the streets, but in many of the houses, the shutters were already unbarred. A considerable number of Mormons must have regained their dwellings during the night, confident in the promise made to Brigham that they would not suffer from the promiscuousness of Federal soldiers.

The promise had been kept. Inside the sacred walls, Père Philippe came upon two officers, but he did not see a single trooper. The officers were on their way to report to Governor Cumming. They were the first to salute Père d'Exiles.

"Is it true that the American camp is on the other side of the Jordan, gentlemen?" the Jesuit asked of them.

"Yes, sir, just across."

"I thank you."

Continuing his south-westerly direction,

Père d'Exiles soon reached the stream. It flowed between tall clumps of silver-green loosestrife. Its west bank swarmed with soldiers doing their laundry or bathing.

On the bridge, where a guard had been established, the sentinal halted the priest.

"Who do you want?"

"Captain Van Vliet, orderly officer to the Commander-in-Chief."

He was allowed to pass, but as he was given no guide, he was forced to wander about the camp.

Before a row of wagons, he stopped. A non-commissioned officer was inspecting the mule harness and testing the axle-trees with a hammer.

"Are those, by chance, the wagons which are going back tonight?"

"Yes," responded the sergeant.

Stabbed to the heart, Père d'Exiles continued upon his way. So Annabel had lied to him. An American convoy was leaving Salt Lake that very night! Without her! Why?

The soldiers' tents, disposed in a horse-shoe curve, backed down to the Jordan. In front of them, were the officers' tents, forming a

smaller horse-shoe. Père d'Exiles walked towards them.

One tent dominated the others, superior in dimensions and comfort. To it he directed his steps. Once more, he was halted.

"Who do you want?"

"Captain Van Vliet."

"He's with General Johnston."

"Will you tell him that Father d'Exiles would like to speak with him?"

The orderly hesitated. A young lieutenant intervened, signed to the Jesuit to wait and went into the tent.

He came out again, almost immediately. "Will you follow me, sir?"

General Johnston was alone with Captain Van Vliet. The future Commander-in-Chief of the Grand (Confederate) Army of the Potomac came forward to meet Père d'Exiles. By the manner of his reception, the priest realized that, at the banquet, the night before, Annabel had spoken of him.

"Be seated, sir," said General Johnston cordially. "That exquisite Mrs. Lee, last night, sang your praises tirelessly. It was, however, quite superfluous. All good Amer-

icans know the part you played in the denunciation of Captain Gunnison's assassins."

A more odious recollection could not have been forced upon Père d'Exiles. He lowered his head without answering.

"Mrs. Lee is going to leave us," said the General. "We are all very regretful. But we understand easily why she prefers the Eastern States to this abominable country."

"A convoy is leaving tonight," said the Jesuit.

"A convoy leaves tonight. Another in eight days, next Sunday, to be exact. She can have the use of the one or the other, notwithstanding, I repeat, that we dislike to see her go."

Père Philippe made bold.

"It would be very hard for her to leave this evening. They have billeted one of your officers at her house."

"Billeted an officer at her house!" and the General's voice was wrathful. "How stupid! But I knew nothing about it, my dear sir. I beg you to assure her. Why didn't she say something to me about it, last night?"

"Perhaps she did not dare," murmured the Jesuit.

"Does she want to have him lodged elsewhere?"

And the General's pencil poised above a sheet of white paper, ready to write the command.

The Jesuit's eyelids fluttered. His debate of the day before, his debate upon the truth with Lieutenant Rutledge, surged into his memory.

"Does she want that?" repeated General Johnston.

Père d'Exiles dared not answer yes. He spent what days were left him to live regretting it.

"I don't think so," he said at last. "I think she wants to crown her work by providing shelter for that officer until the day the Army leaves Salt Lake."

Captain Van Vliet looked at his chief.

"Now, sir, had I exaggerated about her?"

"Charming creature!" exclaimed the General. "Will you tell her, sir, will you tell her, better than I myself knew how to, the sum of gratitude owed to her by the army I command, more yet, by the Government of the Union? Will you tell her? . . .

Thus speaking, he noticed the sorrowful eyes of Père d'Exiles. His enthusiasm was dampened.

"But you yourself," said he, "you have come here. Perhaps I can do something for you? You have only to speak."

"How long to you expect to remain in Salt Lake, General?"

"How long? Oh! a very short time. Eight days, perhaps. We are seeking a suitable locality for establishing a permanent army-post."

He repeated.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"I am a Catholic priest, General," said Père d'Exiles. "I would like to know if I have any fellow-believers here."

"You have," answered Johnston. "Van Vliet?"

The officer, thus summoned, examined his orderly books.

"There are eleven Frenchmen in all in the Expeditionary Forces," said he. "A cavalryman in the Second Dragoons, two cannoneers in the Seventh Artillery, three infantrymen in the Fifth and Tenth Regiments and five wagoners."

"Could some one take me to them?" asked the Jesuit.

"Why, of course!" said the General. "Van Vliet!"

"Chances are we will find them together," said the Captain. "They assemble to drink, to play cards and above all to argue. For, I warn you, my dear sir, they are hot-headed individuals."

"Take me to them," said the Jesuit, smiling.

And he went out, after shaking the hand extended to him by the General-in-Chief.

Under a tent, the flaps of which were raised to allow ventilation, eight of the Frenchmen were indulging in a game of cards. Four were playing. Four looked on.

"Hello!" said one of the players. "A sky-pilot!"

But, seeing Captain Van Vliet, he said no more.

In a few words, dry and to the point, the officer introduced the Jesuit.

"Leave me with them, if you will, sir," said Père d'Exiles gently.

Van Vliet bowed and disappeared.

"I, too, am French," said Père d'Exiles to the players.

They stared at him without answering, seeking counsel of each other with furtive glances. Finally he who had said "a sky-pilot" burst into laughter.

"You are French? What of it? What the hell do you think we care?"

He was dressed like the others and wore a faded *chéchia*[1] the blue tassel of which danced upon his back.

"You are French? What of it? If we're here, you can bet your boots we don't give a damn about France."

The others laughed with a timorous condescension.

"To begin with, where were you, the twenty-fifth of June, 1848?"

"I was here," said the Jesuit.

"Ah! you were here! Were you? Well, *I* was on the Place de la Bastille. I soaked my handkerchief in the blood of your comrade Affre. I was in the thick of the fighting with Caussidière and Louis Blanc."

"Caussidière and Louis Blanc escaped," said the Jesuit.

"Escaped? What are you talking about?"

[1] The head gear of the French zouaves, a Turkish fez.

"I say that they escaped, while the unfortunates whom they had incited to revolt were deported to Algeria," said the priest calmly.

"So!" exclaimed the other, swallowing his rage. "And the Second of December, where were you?"

"Still here," said Père d'Exiles.

"Here! Well, I, *I* was on the barricades with Victor Hugo!"

"Victor Hugo was never on the barricades," said Père d'Exiles with a smile.

"Was never on the barricades, Victor Hugo? Wait a minute!"

"Monseigneur Affre was there," continued the priest, while, having seized his questioner's threatening arm, he forced him to sit down again with his comrades, before the upturned cards.

The other was frothing at the mouth.

"Bigot! hypocrite! Canting bigot! . . ."

"I leave you," said Père d'Exiles, haughty and sorrowful. "If any one of you has need of me, he has only to have me called. He should apply to Captain Van Vliet. I will come."

And he withdrew slowly, while the revolu-

tionary zouave pursued him with insults.

. . . .

Having cleared the confines of the camp, he followed along the Jordan and halted in a deserted spot, where he knew he could be seen no longer. There, leaning his fore-head against a tree-trunk, he remained motionless for a moment. Soon, he turned away from the tree. The murmuring waters soothed him and, even more, nearer him, all around, the intense activity of insects. Ah! dear creatures! You have not yet a place on the world's Roll of Honour, the place you de serve. Trout darted about in the current, after drowned grasshoppers. Pike, green blue, floated about. Muskrats, emerging from ancient, rotted stumps, came out on the grassy banks, their moustaches, like those of black rabbits, twitching. They sat upon their tiny haunches, they looked at the priest, who looked at them.

"Oh! brother of the greatest of all saints," they were saying to him, "is it not true that we have nothing to fear from you? Ah! You would not be much happier if you had our poor black hides, mangled and bleeding, at your feet, crushed by your heel. We

come to you. We only gnaw upon old, useless things. We never bite, unless we are frightened. Ah! if men could say as much!"

Partridges crept among the stems of perfumed worm-wood, their heavy tail-feathers trailing down the grass, which raised itself the instant after. Emerald dragon-flies hovered over the arborescent rock-roses; and, just above Père d'Exiles, imprisoned net-like, in the feathery branches of a willow, were two turtle-doves, billing and cooing.

Taking infinite precautions not to frighten this beloved little universe, Père Philippe sat down upon a stone. The water and the insects sang. For a few minutes, he sent his bruised thoughts adrift with them.

He allowed them to wander at the will of the murmuring stream, then, occasionally, like a fisherman who, by a sudden jerk, recalls his float ventured too far, he brought them back to him.

What was he thinking about? What matters! And to what end does it serve to violate the sacred mystery of the soul, to dissect it, to lay out each spring separately, as we used to lay out each part of the rifle, Model

1886, improved in 1893, upon the instruction handkerchief for an inspection. Is it not more worth while to apply oneself to discovering the effectiveness of a gun which has not been dismounted and to observe at first hand where its bullet goes, without all that luxury of analysis?

Before Père d'Exiles flowed the Jordan, slow, calm, green. It was impossible to look upon its tranquil, limpid waters without shuddering in picturing the awful briny gulf which is Salt Lake, where, less than three leagues away, they were swallowed up.

From the beetles crawling in the moss to the little birds singing above, wandered the eyes of Père d'Exiles. Suddenly, he started in amazement.

On a flat stone at his side, there was a book, a book bound with a cover of grey lustring.

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

And he laughed aloud as he read the title of the volume, which he had opened.

The Farewell of Adolphe Monod to His Friends and to the Church. October 1855 to March 1856.

At falling upon that tract in the heart of the Far West, on the hundred and fifteenth

degree of longitude, the Jesuit manifested as much surprise as he would have upon discovering a fair argument in *Les Provinciales.*

He read at random:

"Do you not feel that all that I experience is calculated to diffuse a spirit of peace, of serenity among those about me, in my family in particular and that our house, in less imperfect terms than hitherto, is a house of prayer, where the Name of God is constantly invoked, as It is constantly invoked upon us?"

The Jesuit laid down the book and rubbed his hands.

"So?" he murmured. "This would tend to prove that the negation of the utility of works is not so very far from a certain pharisiacal taint. And to think that such are the wanderings of that simpleton who overwhelmed Amiel, Pressensé and that worthy Agénor de Gasparin with admiration! Let us go a little farther, however. I have no reason, in this my present condition, not to be impartial."

And he pursued:

"O marvel of the Grace of God! O power of the Gospel! O bitterness of Sin! O immutable steadfastness of Grace! Let us battle with Sin, my friends, it is the . . . "

"I beg your pardon, sir, if you please, but you are sitting on my clothes."

Père d'Exiles started.

A man had risen before him, a naked man, or just about naked. About his loins was a handkerchief which the current had twisted into a cord. He eked out this insufficiency of attire by modestly spreading his two hands fan-wise.

He repeated:

"You are sitting on my clothes."

"To be sure, it is true, sir!" exclaimed Père d'Exiles, as he arose. "I beg your pardon, I hadn't noticed it."

They continued in this manner to stare at each other, the naked man very dignified and somewhat annoyed, the Jesuit a prey to a strong desire to laugh.

"Where in the world have I seen this individual before?" he asked of himself.

The bather introduced himself ceremoniously:

"The Reverend Jemini Gwinett, of Baltimore."

"Ah! so that's it!" murmured the priest. "I have it! One of the preachers in the cavalcade of yesterday morn!"

And not to be outdone in politeness, struggling all the while to keep his countenance:

"Father Philippe d'Exiles," he said, "of the Brotherhood of Jesus. Here are your clothes, sir."

The other seized them pell-mell, bowed and bolted behind a screen of bushes. He returned shortly, clothed and formal.

"You will forgive me, sir, for having appeared before you in a costume so . . ."

"Never mind," said the priest. "A good swim, in such weather. . . . But this book must belong to you?"

And he handed him *Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod.*

"It belongs to me, indeed," said the clergyman. "A very fine book, sir."

"I knew Adolphe Monod at Montauban," said Père d'Exiles, "at the time when he taught Ethics in the Faculty of Protestant Theology. He was a talented man," he added politely.

"A very talented man," emphasized the preacher.

"Are you interested in his works?"

"Not exactly for their own merits. Perhaps you have heard of Emerson?"

"I have," said the Jesuit.

"I am studying Emerson's influence upon the writers of the Reformed Churches of Europe," said Gwinett, carelessly.

"As a regimental chaplain, you must experience innumerable difficulties in doing justice to an undertaking of such magnitude," said Père Philippe. "It seems to me, indeed, sir, that I noticed you yesterday, in the parade of the American troops. You must experience, I repeat, many difficulties. . . ."

"No one knows it better than I!" cried the other bitterly.

"Well, well!" thought the Jesuit. "Here's one who is soured on life!"

He gazed at his interlocutor more attentively. He saw a man of about thirty years, dark, rather handsome, with small features, an olive skin and intense, wilful eyes. His voice was deep, affected and effective. It was evident that the clergyman liked to listen to himself talk.

"Melanchton!" murmured Père d'Exiles.

He wished to appear interested, although, to tell the truth, he was already prodigiously bored. He repeated:

"You must experience a great many difficulties!"

"You appear to be a person of some distinction," condescended the preacher. "You must know, then, that men like us, in our position, do not always find their spiritual superiors as accommodating as they might expect."

"Yes, that does happen," said the Jesuit evasively.

"It happened to me, sir. A misunderstanding with the head of the Methodist Church in Baltimore. From a doctrinal standpoint, a trifle, I daresay. None the less, here am I, by compulsion. What do you make of such proceedings?"

"They are most regrettable," said Père d'Exiles.

"I agree with you," said the other. "Similarly, you, doubtless . . . "

"I am here of my own free will," interrupted the Jesuit.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gwinett, incredulously.

"Console yourself, at any rate," said Père d'Exiles. "There is as much good to be done working here with your soldiers and my Indians as there is in hair-splitting on a university."

"You forget that we do not believe in the power of good works," stated Gwinett dryly. "And then, every one according to his ability. It would really not be worth the trouble to have learned what I have learned, what you have learned, no doubt, to . . . "

"My dear sir," said Père d'Exiles with gravity, "you have probably heard of the founder of the Order to which I belong, whom the Catholic Church holds in veneration under the name of Saint Ignatius. When there was talk of sending an evangelist to the wretched heathen, Ignatius did not select from among his most obscure disciples, although one of them might have achieved just as fine results. He sent abroad the wisest among the first followers of the new order, Saint Francis Xavier."

The preacher smiled.

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear sir. However, permit me to complete your recollections. Ignatius of Loyola had begun by selecting the most unlearned of his disciples, Bobadilla, for that task. An attack of rheumatism prevented the chosen missionary from setting off. It was then, and then only, that Ignatius, much against his will, resigned him-

self to the appointment of Francis Xavier to Mozambique, Goa and the Indies."

Once again, Père Philippe looked at the preacher. He, in turn, lowered his eyes with complacent modesty.

"He is altogether odious," said the priest to himself. "But he beat me on my own ground."

And, aloud, not without a glint of humour:

"You are right, sir. With your learning, you have no business in Utah garrisons."

He added, desirous of taking his leave:

"You are returning to the camp, are you not?"

"No," replied the other, "I am going to town."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Jesuit without much enthusiasm. "Well, then, we'll go together."

They walked along for a short while without exchanging a word. It became more and more evident to Père d'Exiles that his companion burned to ask him a question. The Jesuit emphasized his apparent indifference.

At last, Gwinett could keep it no longer. As they passed the wall of Salt Lake City:

"Have you been in this part of the country for a long time, sir?" he asked.

"It will soon be fourteen years, if you would like to know."

"Then you may be able to give me some information that I would like to have."

"Proceed."

The clergyman opened *Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod.* He drew out a yellow paper, folded in four, which he extended to his interlocutor:

"Will you be so kind as to glance over this?"

"I know what it is," said the Jesuit, "it is a billeting order. Yesterday I had one just like it in my hands. Oh!" he exclaimed after reading it, "so you are billeted at Rigdon Pratt's!"

"Do you know this Rigdon Pratt?"

"Who doesn't know Rigdon Pratt in Salt Lake City? He is a bishop and an influential member of the Church of Latter-Day Saints. In addition, these days, he is secretary to the cantonment commission of the American troops. I perceive with pleasure that, although a high official, he has not profited by his rank to free himself from obligations that he is instructed to impose on others. But I thought that the terms of the treaty excluded the Americans from Salt Lake?"

"Exception was made for the Army Chaplains," said Gwinett bitterly. "Another trick of Governor Cumming's! That man is sold out to Brigham Young. He has planned for us to live with the Mormon families, so that afterward we can testify to the perfect purity of his protégés' morals. But this is not the time to complain. You told me you were acquainted with Rigdon Pratt. They brought my canteen to his house. Can you point it out to me?"

"The street we are following will take us there," said Père d'Exiles. "I will leave you there when we come to it."

"Is it a house . . . well . . . a house . . ."

"A house?"

"Well, yes, a house where a young ecclesiastic may live with no harmful results to himself?"

"I believe I understand you, sir," said the Jesuit, "but we carry those dangers to ourselves within us. For my part, if the necessity should arise, I would just as soon live at Rigdon Pratt's, and without the slightest fear, I assure you."

"Nevertheless, he must practise polygamy," said the preacher.

"He is a Mormon," replied the Jesuit.

"That is as much as saying he has several wives."

"Only five," said Père d'Exiles. "He is not among the most fortunate. He has had six. But his first wife died last year. I knew her quite well. I even taught her to play piquet."

"Abjection!" cried Gwinett. "And it is there that I have to live! Meanwhile, good-for-nothing young lieutenants are billeted outside of this Gomorrha in nice, respectable houses!"

The Jesuit started. Could he have met an ally?

"True enough," he said, making an effort to assume indifference. "That is why the villa that I have the honour to live in has sheltered a lieutenant of the Federal Army since yesterday. I can't help thinking that it would be a much more suitable place for you."

"So you agree with me?" cried the clergyman. "What is this officer's name?"

At the end of the street, the roof of Rigdon Pratt's domicile showed through the trees. Père d'Exiles slackened his steps. The conversation was becoming too interesting. The

green gateway must not be reached before hitting upon a practical solution. He visualized the rough outlines of his scheme. He smiled. His expression brightened with pleased cunning.

"What is his name? Rutledge, Lieutenant Rutledge, of the Second Dragoons."

"Rutledge!" exclaimed the minister. "I should say I know him! He is a member of my church. When the regiment left, his mother commended him to my care, so that during the campaign he would not treat his religious obligations too lightly."

"And have you had any occasion to complain of him in that respect?"

"To complain of him? On the contrary . . . he is a true believer. At a sign from me, he would disappear into the earth."

"Better and better," thought the Jesuit. "Well, then, it would be easy for you to ask him to change places. I don't suppose he would refuse you."

"No, certainly not, but . . ."

"As far as comfort is concerned," continued the tempter, "you would be much better off with Mrs. Lee, my hostess, than at that infidel of Rigdon Pratt's. For my part, the pleas-

ure I shall take in discussing Emerson with you . . ."

"Very kind of you," said Gwinett, "but the exchange is impossible. You know quite well that the covenant forbids the billeting of an American officer with the Mormons. Rutledge cannot be taken in my place at Rigdon Pratt's."

"Well," said the Jesuit, "he will go to camp. General Johnston himself is comfortably installed there, under a tent."

"It's true," assented the preacher.

"Here we are," said Père d'Exiles. "I don't wish to be indiscreet and appear to force your decision. But I am in good enough terms with Mrs. Lee to take it upon myself to invite you to lunch at her house tomorrow. She will be very pleased. Although she is a Catholic, she likes the society of all cultured people. There you will meet Lieutenant Rutledge once again. And, from now until then, you will have come in contact with Rigdon Pratt and you will know if it is possible for you to live any longer in the midst of his harem."

"I accept. I accept with gratitude," said

Gwinett. "Won't this Mrs. Lee find me very bold?"

"I tell you she will be delighted, enchanted. Then it's understood, until tomorrow, at noon. Any one will show you her villa. *Au revoir, mon cher collègue.*"

Gwinett's hand was already upon the bell of the gate.

"And give my regards to Sarah Pratt, Rigdon's oldest daughter. If you are not armed from head to foot against beautiful black eyes, look out for her," called back Père d'Exiles, laughing.

"My dear sir," the clergyman protested diffidently.

And he rang the bell.

It was nearly one o'clock. Annabel was about to sit down to luncheon with the Lieutenant, when Père d'Exiles came in.

Timorously, she shot a furtive glance at him. She saw that he was in perfect humour. She recovered her serenity.

The luncheon was extremely gay.

As dessert was served, Père d'Exiles spoke up.

"Your furniture and your silver-ware have almost all been unpacked. So, chère amie, don't think I have been too hasty in bringing you a guest."

"A guest?" said Annabel, somewhat nonplussed.

"Yesterday evening, Lieutenant Rutledge," continued the Jesuit, "you evinced some scepticism about the success I would have if I discussed the immortal, spiritual truths with a pastor of your creed."

The young man opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Well, be satisfied. Tomorrow at luncheon, you will see me in the lists with the Reverend Gwinett, a chaplain of the American Army."

"Reverend Gwinett!" muttered Rutledge, disturbed at once.

"It is he whom I invited," said Père d'Exiles, triumphantly.

Annabel looked at both of them, then, with simplicity:

"You did well," she said.

. . . .

On Sunday, lunch was not served at Rigdon Pratt's until half past one. They were

not expecting the clergyman. He himself did not imagine that they were.

He rang. Some one came to let him in. It was a little boy of about ten years. They went down the willow-bordered walk together. The kitchen garden could be seen through the over-hanging branches; with its square vegetable beds, laid out geometrically and remarkably well kept.

A man in front of the door, with his hands thrust into his pockets, was smoking a stubby pipe. He might have been about sixty years old; he was thin, wizened and sunburned, with a circle of white beard, but shaven lips.

The clergyman and this man greeted each other. As they shook hands, they ascertained that they both belonged to the Scottish Lodge.

"Well," said the old man. "A brother Mason. The Reverend Jemini Gwinett, I believe?"

"Himself," said the preacher, "and before me I have, without a doubt, the Honorable Rigdon Pratt?"

"Himself," said the Mormon.

He drew a puff from his pipe.

"Jemini, a good name. Book of Judges. Chapter Three. Verses 14 and 15. *'So the*

children of Israel served Eglon, the king of Moab, eighteen years. But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud, the son of Gera, the son of Jemini, a man shut of his right . . .'

He guffawed.

"Well, my dear Mr. Gwinett, I hope you also are not shut of your right."

"Sir," said Gwinett, slightly disconcerted, "will you peruse this?"

And he took the yellow slip out of *Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod.*

"Yes, yes, yes," said Pratt, waving back the slip. "I signed it. You may judge that I know all about it. Come, come, Nephtali," he said to the little boy, "do me the favour of showing your heels and taking up your duties. I can see from here that there is a cow getting into the cabbages."

The child left.

"You are among farmers here, sir, or rather no, brother, allow me to call you brother, as our hand-shake authorized me to; among poor farmers. Do you smoke?"

"Never," said Gwinett, pushing back the proffered tobacco-pouch.

"Among the poorest farmers, I repeat. But hearts of gold. Your room is ready and you have a place at our humble board. By the Elohim, if the day ever comes when you will have a talk with President Buchanan, let it not be said that you will have cause to complain to him about Rigdon Pratt's hospitality."

He shaped his hands into a trumpet.

"Sarah!" he called.

Nothing stirred in the house.

"Devilish girl," grumbled the Bishop. "She is never where she ought to be. You will have to excuse her, brother. So young, you know. Naomi! Naomi! Come here a minute, will you please?"

A timid little woman in black appeared immediately on the threshold.

"Mrs. Pratt number three," said the Bishop as he introduced her. "Will you give me the pleasure, dear Naomi, of conducting the Reverend to the room which has been prepared for him? The meal will be served in half an hour, brother. It is understood, of course, that you are lunching with us."

"Thank you," said Gwinett.

The house was without luxury, but large, well aired and meticulously clean. The clergyman's room opened on to a prairie that sloped gently towards the Jordan. Some fine cows were browsing placidly under the window.

Mrs. Pratt number three showed him the linen-press filled with white sheets scented with common herbs, the towels, the toilet table and the ink-well on a small table. Then she discreetly opened a tiny cupboard concealed in the wall. On a china-plate was a bottle, covered by a glass.

"The whiskey," she whispered.

And she closed the cupboard again.

"The fool!" thought Gwinett. "I could have easily found all that myself! Ah! here's my canteen!"

Mrs. Pratt helped him take out his meagre belongings—several books, some linen, a black frock-coat for services. Then she departed.

Left to himself, Gwinett inspected his surroundings more thoroughly. In the centre of the room, the bed, a very wide one, was a pleasure to see. It was, like the windows, hung with chintz curtains sprinkled with bo-

quets of red flowers. The fragrance of hay, burned by the sun, rose from the prairie.

On the wall, a charcoal portrait, representing Joseph Smith in his uniform as the General of the Nauvoo militia.

On a stand, there were several Mormon books of instruction and an English translation of Béranger's songs, besides the *Voyage to Icaria,* by Cabet.

After drinking a half a glass of whiskey, the clergyman made a hasty toilet, smoothed his abundant curls, which he seemed to cherish particularly. Then, drawing a wide armchair up to the table, near the window, he waited, *Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod* opened upon the table.

Very soon there was a knock at the door. It was Mrs. Pratt number three once more.

He followed her to the ground floor, into the dining-room.

On the threshold, he stopped and bowed.

"Come forward, Brother," called out Rigdon Pratt who was already installed in a cathedral-like chair, at the extreme end of the colossal table. "Here's your place, opposite me,—there you are. Allow me to introduce

my little family to you. Our guest, the Reverend Jemini Gwinett."

He pointed out the family in chronological order.

"Gertrude, Mrs. Pratt number two—Naomi, Mrs. Pratt number three, you know her already—Miranda, Mrs. Pratt number five—you will have to excuse Mrs. Pratt number four and Mrs. Pratt number six. They are across the hall, in the nursery, taking care of the young children who are not admitted to the table before their eighth year. Likewise, I regret that I am not able to introduce Mrs. Pratt number one—but the Lord summoned her to Him last year. She watches over us from on high. But there, at any rate, is her only daughter, my eldest child, Sarah Pratt. She is instructed to oversee things so that we want for nothing here. Sarah, greet our guest, my daughter!"

Sarah bowed without lifting her eyes.

"I shall not introduce the others," added Rigdon Pratt. "There are fourteen, you see, from Abimelech, who is seventeen, and whom we are going to marry one of these days to a daughter of Brigham Young's, down to Susannah, who is just eight. Fourteen, not count-

ing Sarah, naturally. But Sarah is a grown-up. She fills her deceased mother's place here. Already a lady. Come now, Sarah, smile a little!"

Sarah did not alter. She even accentuated her sulky expression.

"Ah!" thought the clergyman, who had been watching her out of the corner of his eye. "There is a little girl who has every appearance of doing just as she pleases and apparently winds that old brute of a Rigdon Pratt around her finger!"

The patriarch continued his census.

"The six little ones, under eight years old, are missing, they are across the hall, as I had the honour of telling you. Then there are the ten older children, who have already taken flight from the nest. One is a lieutenant in the Federal Army; another is in Paris, secretary to M. Edgar Quinet, ex-representative of the people. The others are established in the vicinity of Salt Lake City."

Mrs. Pratt number two had just placed an enormous dish of pork and beans on the table.

"First course," said Rigdon Pratt. "Second course, a trout from Utah Lake. And

that's all. Ah! you see, you are among poor farmers. You can't pick and choose."

"I am not accustomed to," said the preacher dryly.

"And no wine, of course," insisted the Bishop, "no wine, no alcoholic drinks. Joseph Smith has put it well: 'Liquor and strong drinks are not meant for the stomach.' Miranda," he said, addressing Mrs. Pratt number five, "take a little care of Uri. He has just spilled beans on his Sunday trousers. Also, I regret to state that Boaz has no napkin. And to think," he cried, lifting his arms heavenward, "that they upbraid us for being polygamists! I call upon you to witness, Brother: with five wives, does it look as if I got any better service?"

"That isn't the question," said Gwinett.

"Yes, it is, think of it," continued the Bishop. "In Washington, in Saint-Louis, in Indianapolis, they accuse us of leading a life of luxury and debauchery—the life of Pharisees, of Saducees. Well, you can see for yourself, Brother, we are poor people, very poor. And in addition, today was Sunday. But tomorrow, I warn you, there will be only one dish. Unless you would like . . . "

"I must insist that you don't go to any trouble for me," put in Gwinett, annoyed. "Besides, you remind me that I will not have the honour of appearing at your table tomorrow, at lunch. I am invited elsewhere."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Mormon. "At His excellency Governor Cumming's, I suppose?"

"No," answered Gwinett, "at Mrs. Lee's. Possibly you know her?"

Since he had not lost sight of Sarah as he talked, he noticed that the young girl's eyelids fluttered almost imperceptibly.

"Well, well," he thought. "I believe I have found a way to hold her attention, if need be."

He repeated:

"Do you know Mrs. Lee?"

"Naturally," answered Rigdon Pratt. "Mrs. Lee is well-known in Salt Lake City, where she owns the most beautiful residence. Oh! well, if you are going to lunch with Mrs. Lee, I won't worry about you. She is wealthy, very wealthy."

"Ah!" said the clergyman.

"She is a great friend of Governor Cumming's and of General Johnston's. No later than last night, she was dining with them."

"Ah?" repeated Gwinett, more and more interested.

"She is rich, extremely rich. We—we are penniless, forced to earn our bread with the sweat of our brow. She . . . "

"She?" questioned Gwinett.

It seemed to him that he perceived a gleam of turbid jealousy in the Mormon's glance. He tacked about.

"You, at any rate," he said in that attractive, warm voice that he knew how to make so convincing, "you are honest folk, and you have already succeeded in modifying the hasty opinions I may have formed on several subjects, whose merits I am anxious to uphold as soon as I have the occasion to do so."

Above all, he was anxious to be alone in his room, in order to collect certain thoughts.

"The devil take the soldiers and Sunday services," he said to himself. "I have something better to do. Let these simpletons take their Bible and read it. If they find one word of sense in it, so much the better for them."

. . . .

During the whole afternoon, he did not stir forth. About six o'clock, some one knocked at his door.

Sarah Pratt entered. He was not as astonished as he might have been. Nevertheless, he reached instinctively to hide the glass of whiskey that was on the table, beside *Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod.*

She smiled a little disdainfully.

"If it is there, it is for the purpose of being drunk," she said, pointing to the bottle under the table.

"Ah!" thought the preacher, "with this one, it would be well to deal openly!"

Nevertheless he felt obliged to pay her some compliment or other.

He reflected.

"You don't need anything?" asked the young girl. "We dine at eight o'clock. I am instructed to warn you."

He decided that he had found a suitable thing to say.

"No, thank you, Miss Sarah. . . . What a pretty dress you have on! Allow me to compliment you on it. It is extremely becoming to you."

"Do you think so?" asked the young girl dryly.

Sarah Pratt was wearing a black gown, very

simple, with ruffles of lace on the arms and in the hollow of the neck.

"Yes, I do," said Gwinett.

"It has already been worn by Mrs. Lee, your hostess tomorrow," she said. "Mrs. Lee is kind enough to give me her old dresses. My father said it—we are poor."

"So!" muttered Gwinett, abashed. "The devil take such gallantry!"

Immediately, like a skilful tactician, he resolved to transform his set-back into a success.

"I beg your pardon," he said in his beautiful, deep voice.

And he took her hand.

She did not withdraw it. She seemed rather absent. He concluded to bring her back to earth by respectfully kissing her white arm.

She looked at him in ironic surprise, but she did not push him away.

"Isn't Mrs. Lee leaving one of these days?" she asked.

"I don't know," he murmured. "Ah! what is Mrs. Lee to me?"

The sequel of this story will show that in speaking so, he was not altogether insincere.

"You are wrong," said Sarah, "and you will

realize it, as soon as you have seen her. She is far prettier than I am, you know. Not to mention her fortune, which is something to tempt many a superior soul."

Gwinett bit his lips.

"Good-bye," she said.

And she walked toward the door.

An extraordinary emotion began to trouble Gwinett's spirit. His confusion in the presence of this slender girl grew and grew, became suddenly boundless. Was she not a sister? Was she not the very replica of himself? All his sufferings as a poor student, his religious bitterness, his doubts, his ill-confined antipathies, his disillusions, at length his obscure ambitions—he divined their exasperation beneath that thin virgin forehead, polished like boxwood, beneath those smooth bands of hair, beneath those lowered eyelids, beneath that tight blouse where a frenzied heart must pulse in flurried beats.

"Sarah!" he called. "Sarah!"

She stopped. She looked at him haughtily.

"Sarah!—Miss Sarah! I beg your pardon! Ah! what are you doing here?"

"Where?" she asked.

"Here, in this country."

"I don't understand," she said coldly.

"In this country, my sister! Abjection! The Bible, once for all, did everything to establish woman's dignity. What have they done with it here? I weep for you, my sister, I weep for your lot!"

She gave a little, dry laugh.

"I believe I understand you," she said. "But don't worry so much about me. I shall never cease to be free until I will it myself. Even if I were married to a Mormon, I would still be free. A woman of will-power will always rule the poor unfortunates who compose the harem of her spouse. She will know how to make model and economical servants out of them. For the rest," and she smiled with disdain, "it is better to recognize the gulf between what should be and what is, without hypocrisy. . . . But those are details that a young girl cannot go into."

She went to the little library.

"I don't want to catechize you," she said scornfully. "But you began it! It annoys me to hear a man, perhaps very intelligent, repeating nonsense."

She took a leaflet from the shelves and

handed it to him. Mechanically he read the title.

"*Defence of Polygamy by a Lady of Utah,*" said Sarah Pratt. "Perfectly right. A defence of polygamy. The person who wrote that is neither a lunatic nor a simpleton. It is my cousin, Belinda Pratt, one of the most sensible of people. In her booklet you will find an exposition of the numerous reasons why a sensible woman might advocate the plurality of wives."

"I will read it, I promise you," said Gwinett. "We should examine everything."

"Let us go down," she said. "We will keep them waiting."

When they came to the door-sill, they stopped at the same time.

"Sarah," murmured Gwinett.

Her hand was already upon the latch. She was pale. She threw him a glance of sorrowful interrogation.

"Sarah, my sister—for you are willing that I should call you Sarah, are you not?"

He trembled. Once for all he paid the ransom for all the emotions he had simulated.

"Well?" she said.

"Will you let me kiss you?" he pleaded.

With simplicity, she gave him her forehead.

CHAPTER IV

MONDAY morning, Père d'Exiles arose, very gay. With a smile, he watched Annabel and Rutledge setting off for a ride about nine o'clock. He heard them return at about eleven. Around noon, he began to show signs of impatience.

"Can that creature have gone back on his word?" he muttered.

The few pages which he read in *"Paroles d'un Croyant"* to conceal his excitement and to get into the spirit of the affair, only augmented his anxiety.

At a quarter after twelve, however, it disappeared.

Coriolan had come into the room.

"The preacher in the tail-coat is waiting for Monsieur l' Abbè."

"Ah!" said the priest, "Charming fellow and a man of his word at that! Where did you put him?"

"In the dining-room."

"I shall be down directly."

Like people who plan long ahead of time to catch a train, he found that he was late. He spent a good two minutes in trying to hit upon a sentence by which a Jesuit might, spontaneously and cordially, greet a Methodist minister.

At length, he descended. He had not been out since morning and was still wearing his comfortable old felt slippers.

"Well, well!" he murmured, as he entered the dining-room by the door opposite the one through which the clergyman had been shown in.

The latter had his back turned. He was dressed entirely in black. He had stopped in front of a side-board. Père d'Exiles watched him take up consecutively a coffee-pot, a silver cruet-stand, a compote-dish of silver-gilt, weigh them in his hand, examine them closely, turn them over, as if to discover the stamp of the original silversmith.

"Good morning, dear Mr. Gwinett," said the Jesuit at length.

The other was not even startled.

Composedly, he placed the compote-dish, last to be inspected, back upon the side-board.

"Good morning sir."

"You seem to take an interest in silver-ware," said Père d'Exiles amiably.

"My grandfather, whose name I bear," responded the minister, "was a Baltimore jeweller. I really know very little about silver and gold bullion. Enough, however to be aware that these various objects are very valuable. But such trifles, sir, such trifles."

He took up the compote-dish.

"This superfluous vessel represents what would feed an honest family for two years. The rich are either wicked or heedless, sir."

"Come now," said Père d'Exiles playfully. "You must give a thought, too, to the crafts-men who fashioned that superfluous vessel! Doubtless, my dear sir, it is owing to the modest profits amassed by your respected grandfather, that you received the education, likewise a luxury, which you put to such good use for the glory of the Lord."

"My grandfather died poor, sir," said Gwinett dryly.

He bowed deferentially. Annabel had just entered.

The Jesuit introduced them to each other.

"Let us go out on the porch, shall we?" said the young woman.

They went out, Annabel leading. The minister swept her with a brief glance, which Père d'Exiles did not fail to notice. He smiled. There was in that glance of Gwinett's, admiration. The Jesuit found himself almost flattered by it.

Rutledge was on the terrace, smoking. He must have been expecting the minister's arrival. He blushed nevertheless, and embarrassedly shook the hand which the other extended with a protecting air.

"Has the post brought you any news from your mother?" inquired the clergyman.

"A letter yesterday," answered the young man evasively.

"And from your sister, Miss Margaret?"

"A letter, too," said Rutledge.

And rather hastily, he began to talk about something else.

They had not yet assembled at table, but already a heavy uneasiness weighed upon

them. Père d'Exiles noted with satifaction that he had not presumed too much on his guest's possibilities in that respect.

"She is bored, she is bored!" he said to himself, looking at Annabel. "And her handsome little lieutenant, how angry she is with him for being as frightened as a school-girl by this clergyman. But she isn't through yet!"

Père d'Exiles proved implacable. The first course had barely been served before he led the conversation around to Emerson. His purpose was twofold—first to annoy Annabel, who could not bear anything that in the least resembled preachiness, then to take revenge upon Gwinett for the slight victory he had won in the discussion about Ignatius, Francis Xavier and Bobadilla the day before, on the banks of the Jordan.

He succeeded amply. Before an astonished and approving Gwinett, he discoursed at length upon the *"Trust Thyself"* of the redoubtable American mystic. He ended by a comparison with Fénelon and quoted the sublime phrases with enthusiasm:

..*"When I rest in perfect humility, when I*

burn with pure love, what can Calvin and Swedenborg say? The faith that stands on authority is not faith. The reliance on authority measures the decline of religion, the withdrawal of the soul. Great is the soul and plain. It is no flatterer, it is no follower; it never appeals from itself. It believes in itself.

"Thus revering the soul, and learning, as the ancient said, that 'Its beauty is immense,' man will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a divine unity.

"I would make certain reservations on his theories," he concluded, "but as for the style, it's magical!"

"Although they would surely not be the same," said Gwinett, "I would also make my reservations. Lieutenant Rutledge, do you know which ones?"

The officer started. He shook his head.

"What!" exclaimed Gwinett acidly. "You don't remember that quotation of Emerson's? Still, it is the very one I took as the topic for the address I pronounced at your mother's request a year and a half ago in Chicago, on Miss Regina Spalding's birthday."

Rutledge turned scarlet.

"That reminds me," continued the reverend, "a while ago, I forgot, and I beg your pardon, to ask you about Miss Spalding. I hope she is well."

"She is," mumbled the unfortunate Rutledge.

"What a sweet girl!" said the minister.

"Who is Miss Regina Spalding?" asked Annabel indifferently, as she took tiny sips of *crême de cassis*.

"Lieutenant Rutledge's fiancée," responded Gwinett simply.

There was a silence. Clumsy gold bees were darting about in the shady room.

"Ah good fellow!" thought Père d'Exiles, a great weight lifted from his heart. "No, you could not have failed me. If you knew how much I love you, for that infallible promptness of yours in putting your foot in it!"

He had nothing more to worry about. He had only to watch the boulder plunging down from the mountain top with gathering momentum.

"You don't know Miss Spalding, Mrs. Lee?" asked the minister.

"How should I?" said Annabel, laughing a little. "I am not from Chicago."

"The lieutenant might have shown you her photograph, he has it in his canteen."

"He has not even done me the honour of mentioning her to me," said Annabel, still laughing. "Isn't it so, Lieutenant?"

"'I . . ." said Rutledge, overwhelmed,

"But his forgetfulness can be mended, can't it? Go and get us that picture."

"Pardon me, if I . . ." he mumbled.

"What?" she exclaimed with banter. "Must I repeat my requests twice?"

He went out, to return carrying a daguerreotype on which a young Anglo-Saxon beauty affected a drooping air.

"Extremely pretty, a great deal of character," said Annabel, carelessly. "And when is the wedding?"

"At the end of the campaign," said Gwinett. "Isn't it deplorable to see politics delaying the union of two such accomplished young people!"

"How do you like my guest?" asked Père d'Exiles innocently, when Gwinett and Rutledge, who were going to the camp together, had taken leave.

"Your guest!" she said.

She burst into a nervous laugh.

"How do I like him? He is an odious boor, an odious boor!"

The Jesuit looked contrite.

"Do I astonish you?"

"You embarrass me, more than anything. I completely mistook your feelings about him and I have just permitted myself . . ."

"Permitted yourself?"

"To invite him to come back tomorrow."

"Invite him to come tomorrow, after tomorrow, to lunch to dinner, to stay all night, if you think you ought to," said Annabel. "I only ask you not to forget that I am leaving Sunday."

"I shall take good care," Père Philippe lowering his head.

They re-entered the house.

"What is this vase doing here?" said Annabel, stopping before a gorgeous Chinese vase, placed on a small table. "Rose!"

The maid came running.

"Why isn't this vase packed?"

"It was, madame," said the negress, rolling scared eyes, "but it was in a trunk that Missus ordered us to undo."

"At present, there remains but one packing case unopened," added the Jesuit.

Annabel bit her lips.

"Enough. See that all this is packed by Friday night. You too," she said to Rose and to Coriolan who was entering the room, "don't forget that we leave Salt Lake City Sunday evening, five days from now."

Thereupon, she left them. She did not reappear until dinner time, and she took refuge in her room immediately after. During the meal, she did not open her mouth to say a word. Rutledge did not know what to do with himself. Annabel gone, the Jesuit took pity on the poor boy and suggested a game of chess, which the other accepted with a grateful look from his honest, sorrowful eyes.

. . . .

The clergyman returned the next day and the day after. Annabel was gay and heedless once again. She paid very little attention

to Rutledge, but now and then, threw him mocking glances which desolated the unfortunate young man. Père d'Exiles was in heaven.

That evening, which was Wednesday, the thirtieth of June, Annabel's departure still fixed for Sunday, the fourth of July, she insisted upon keeping the clergyman to dinner—they wanted to finish a game of whist.

After dinner, as the unhappy lieutenant was throwing her humble and pleading glances, Annabel, rendered excessively nervous and capricious, declared that she was tired of whist. She expressed a desire to learn the essentials of the clergyman's life. The preacher had been particularly brilliant during dinner. After allowing himself to be properly coaxed, he consented.

"You ask me, Mrs. Lee, to resuscitate for you the memory of unspeakable sufferings," he began.

And, taking up a studiedly simple pose, he gave them a long narration, monotonous and uplifting like a novel by the Brontë sisters. Since nothing is more calculated to destroy the unity of a story than this sort of digression, the account of the Reverend Gwinett's infancy

and adolescence shall not find a place here. That account, however, seemed to make quite a favorable impression on Annabel.

"He is very interesting," she murmured several instances, in Père d'Exile' ear.

"Didn't I tell you so?" answered the Jesuit, drawn out of the pleasant somnolence into which the sentences of his dissenting colleague plunged him little by little.

When he had finished, by a peroration that fixed even the attention of the disconsolate Rutledge, the clergyman arose to take leave.

"We will accompany you as far as your house," said Annabel with alacrity.

She threw a dark mantle over her beautiful light hair. They went out. On the road, she took the Jesuit's right arm and the clergyman's left. The lieutenant went ahead, a dejected silhouette beneath the moon.

The night was warm, and the sky pale blue. Through the willows, to the left and to the right, the brooks splashed along noisier where the road sloped. And, by moments, it was Annabel's clear laugh which resounded.

Thus they came upon the dark mass of Rigdon Pratt's residence.

"Look!" said the young woman. "Some-one is waiting for you."

Gwinett started. At the window, that of his room, behind the blinds, a lamp was lighted.

He was so troubled by this observation, that he forgot the speech he had been preparing for half an hour, to take leave of Annabel Lee according to his notions of propriety.

The entrance door was fastened only by a latch. He managed to enter without hindrance. During his recital, he had emptied several times the glass that Annabel refilled each time. He became aware of it as he climbed the obscure staircase.

On the landing, he recognized the door of his room, underlined at the bottom by a yellow ray. He pushed open the door, his heart beating.

"You!" he murmured, "you!"

Sarah Pratt was seated at the little table, her waxy forehead under the lamp. She was reading.

She lifted her head.

"Excuse me," said Gwinett. "If I had known . . ."

"You have no need to excuse yourself," she answered. "You couldn't have known that I was waiting for you."

He remained upon the threshold, confused, his round hat in his hand.

"Close the door," she said. "Take off your coat and come and sit down. You might guess that if I am waiting for you at this hour, I have something important to tell you."

He obeyed. When he came close to her, she whispered a hasty sentence to him.

He started. His countenance grew livid.

"Already!" he groaned.

"Yes."

"But it wasn't to be . . . It wasn't to be so soon!"

"The fact is," she said, "that it is in two days."

"How does it happen that you know all about it?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Have you forgotten that Rigdon Pratt is Secretary of the Cantonment Commission? My father just left Brigham Young a short while ago, and Brigham Young heard the

news from Governor Cumming. The decision is still secret, and will be until tomorrow night. It was taken this evening at seven and agreed upon by General Johnston and Governor Cumming."

Gwinett gave a short sob.

"Leave you, Sarah!"

And he hid his face in his hands.

Her face lit up with joy. Once again, she shrugged her shoulders.

"You don't have to leave me unless you want to, Jemini," she said.

Upon her pale, wilful lips, his name did not seem so laughable.

"Unless I want to . . ." he exclaimed.

"Sit down, sit down!" she said. "Time is precious. Let us talk little, but well."

And she began to speak to him in a low voice.

They debated about an hour. The lamp flickered.

"I believe I understand, Sarah, I understand," said Gwinett, transported.

"It's a good thing you do," she said.

"Sarah, Sarah, do you really think we might succeed?"

"I am sure of it, if you follow out what we have just planned to the letter."

"I understand, Sarah! But I must confess that I am afraid, somewhat afraid . . ."

"Of what?" she demanded impatiently.

"Of the ease with which you decide . . . with which you assign me such a rôle. Sarah what if you didn't love me as I love you! . . ."

"I trust you," she said simply.

The lamp was going down rapidly. Both of them were standing, face to face, in the shadowy room.

"Sarah!" he exclaimed.

The light flickered, then died; they embraced hastily. A moment later, Gwinett heard the steps of the girl die away in the hall.

. . . .

"Well, well, Mr. Gwinett, what is the matter with you?" asked Père d'Exiles.

"You are quite pale," said Annabel.

"Do our cigars bother you?" asked Rutledge.

"No," said the clergyman. "It is nothing. It will pass."

"The weather is dreadfully close and the heat is unbearable," said the young woman.

"Coffee is served on the verandah. We shall be cooler there. Let us go out." And she rose from the table.

The men followed suit.

"Heavens!" cried Annabel.

Gwinett had fallen back into his chair, his head hanging down, his lips contracted.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried the lieutenant. The minister opened his eyes.

"Nothing, it's nothing," he said, attempting a smile.

He made an effort to arise. He fell back once more.

Père d'Exiles took his hand. It was icy. He felt his pulse. It was almost imperceptible. He frowned.

Into his room, or rather into Rutledge's room, he carried the minister, with the aid of Coriolan. He threw the windows wide open, after laying Gwinett on the bed.

"Give me your smelling salts," he said to Annabel.

She hunted for them feverishly and found them at last. The Jesuit alone had kept a cool head. Alone he undressed the minister. Gwinett had not regained consciousness.

"What's the matter with him, what can be the matter?" repeated Rutledge and Annabel over and over.

Père d'Exiles shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know? Lieutenant, you have your horse?"

"Yes."

"There must be physicians at the camp."

"Yes. Senior-Surgeon Irving, Surgeon-Lieutenants Turner and McVee."

"Good. Jump on your horse immediately and bring us back the Senior-Surgeon. He must be the most capable, since he has the highest rank."

"In the meanwhile, I am going to have Doctor Codoman called," said Annabel.

Père d'Exiles made a face.

"I don't care much about Doctor Codoman. But still it's true that it takes a good hour to go and come from camp. Doctor Codoman could get here in half an hour. We have no right to lose precious time."

Coriolan and the officer gone, Annabel remained with the Jesuit at the minister's side; likewise Rose who, with smothered squawks, was telling her prayers upon a rosary of mauve amaranth.

Doctor Darius Codoman, ex-professor of Legal Medicine at the Faculty of Paris, was the only physician in Salt Lake City. He had made numerous attempts to be received by Annabel, but without success. Apparently he bore her no ill will for it, since he arrived, in a few minutes.

"Madame, mon Père," he greeted, bowing with the best grace in the world.

Père d'Exiles conducted him to the bed where the minister was lying. Briefly, he recounted the symptoms to each one, the doctor shook his head in approval.

"Oui, c'est cela; c'est bien cela."

He meditated.

"There are no two diagnostics possible. Sore throat, epigastric pains, torpor, itching, excruciating cramps, intermittent syncopes, complete prostration, voiceless, dry skin. No fever, but great weakness and somnolence. Impossible, I repeat, to be mistaken."

He bent towards the Jesuit and the young woman.

"He is lost."

Annabel clasped her hands.

"What do you diagnose?" asked the priest nevertheless.

"A very uncommon disease, fortunately; when it presents itself, it never misses its man. This unhappy person is struck down by acute jaundice, also called pernicious jaundice, or malignant jaundice, acute yellow atrophy of the liver or spontaneous fat metamorphosis. This malady, which the learned researches of Rokitansky and Winderlich . . ."

"Is there nothing to be done?" demanded Annabel.

"Nothing," answered Codoman. "It is one of the maladies against which Science finds itself absolutely unarmed. *Rien!* Soon the jaundice will appear, accompanied by crythematic spots. Then delirium with convulsive contractions of the jaws, subsulti; then, coma; then death."

"The poor man, the poor man!" repeated Annabel wringing her hands. "Doctor, doctor, isn't there some way to make his last moments easier?"

"We are going to try," said the doctor.

He began to write a prescription: a potion with hydrated magnesia, five grams; lemo-

nade, perchloride of iron, ten drops; decoction of gummed rice water; Rabel water, twenty drops; laudanum, fifteen drops . . ."

He shook his head.

"The time it will take Mr. Cricket to deliver us all that! Mr. Cricket derives his revenue less from pharmacy than from the sale of hooks and bait for fishing. Haven't you some of those drugs here, Madame, by chance?"

"I don't know . . . I think so," said Annabel, who was losing her head. "The box, the trunk where the little medicine chest is . . . Father . . . Rose . . . open it quick!"

"Ah!" murmured Père d' Exiles. "The last trunk. The only one that was still untouched!"

He went out, nevertheless, with Rose. He returned shortly, carrying woollen bandages, several bottles, several boxes of drugs.

All the while as he aided the physician in his preparations, he had not lost sight of the sick man.

"Doctor, will you permit me to ask you a question?" he demanded at last.

"Pray do so."

"Don't you think that this attack might be due to the ingestion of a toxic substance?"

Being a missionary, Père d'Exiles had acquired the power to express himself in strange technical language without difficulty.

Doctor Codoman looked at him pityingly.

"It seems that you don't know to whom you are speaking, *Monsieur?*"

"O," said the priest. "I know that you have been a professor at the College of Medicine in Paris."

"And a disciple of Orfila, *Monsieur,* of Orfila and of Trousseau. Well, do you know what these masters say, the one in his *Traité de Toxicologie Générale* and the other in his *Rapport sur la Ligature de l'Oesophage?*"

The Jesuit made a gesture admitting his ignorance.

"Do you know, besides, that I was entrusted with the examinations in such celebrated cases as the suicide of the Duke de Choiseul-Praslin and that of the convicts Souffard and Ayme? So then, be at rest. As a matter of fact, if death is due to poisoning, the post-mortem will not fail to disclose it. For the time being, suffer me to keep my diagnosis."

"Monsieur," said Père d'Exiles, provoked.

"I didn't presume to give you a lesson. I am quite sure that your diagnosis will be confirmed by that of your Colleague, Senior-Surgeon Irving of the American Army, whom we had to call, since the patient belongs to the said army. While we wait, let me leave you to your work and I will return to mine."

Thereupon the Jesuit sat down by the bedside of Gwinett and began to read his breviary.

It was four o'clock. Doctor Irving had not yet come. In a corner of the room, Doctor Codoman was recounting to the horror-stricken Annabel details of the assassination of the Duchess de Choiseul-Praslin.

"On the nineteenth of August, the examining Peers visited the Prasline, mansion 55, Faubourg Saint-Honoré. The bed room was still just as it had been the morning of the crime. The blood had turned from red to black, that was the only difference. The struggles and resistance made by the Duchess were seen there, lifelike and vivid. Everywhere, bloody hands along the walls, from one

door to the other, from one bell to the other . . ."

"Oh, please, Doctor . . ." pleaded Annabel, revolted.

"The poor Duchess was literally hacked to pieces, slashed by a knife, felled by the butt of a pistol. Allard, Vidocq's successor at the Secret Police Bureau, told us: 'This is a bad job—professional assassins work better, it's the handiwork of a man of the world."

"How awful," cried the young woman.

"As to the Duke," continued Codoman, "he had not lost his composure. At the Luxembourg, one of the Peers, Count de Nocé, came up to me, saying: 'Can you imagine! He had made a fire to burn his dressing-gown!' I told him:" 'Why didn't he do away with himself, too?' "

Just then, Gwinett suffered another syncope. The doctor went over to him with ill-humour. He was angry with the sick man for having spoiled his climax.

"And Doctor Irving isn't here yet!" murmured Annabel despairingly.

"I am quite ready to give him my place,

Madame," said Codoman acidly. "However, allow me to have my doubts as to . . ."

"Forgive me, forgive me, Doctor!" she broke in, taking his hand. "But to see that poor man suffer so and not be able to do anything . . . Oh, it's terrible!"

Père d'Exiles was still at his breviary.

The minister's spasm had subsided; the physician found himself once more at liberty to pursue the exposition of his toxicological prowess.

"Yes, indeed, *Madame,* it is just as I have the honour to assert: as is usual in the majority of cases of poisoning by arsenious acid, the post-mortem showed that the Duke's stomach had not a single scar. It was scarcely inflamed. But as for the liver, that was another matter. We operated separately upon four hundred grams of that viscera—first, by incineration with nitrate of potassium; second, by decomposing the organic matter with chlorine. We had decided not to have recourse to the process of carbonization by sulphuric acid, so vaunted by the institute because it offers far fewer advantages than the ones which have just been mentioned. Indeed, the

results thus obtained won us congratulations from the Chancellors's office."

"How does it happen, Doctor," asked Annabel, trying to change the conversation, "how does it happen that you consented to leave Paris, when you enjoyed such a high position as you must have occupied there?"

Codoman's brow darkened.

"I refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Empire, *Madame,*" he answered dryly.

Pere d'Exiles' lips, moving in prayer, stopped for a fleeting smile. He was fully aware of all the circumstances which had caused the physician's departure from France convicted of having contributed, by peculiar methods, to a considerable depression in the birth-rate of the *arrondissement* where he practised.

"Ah!" cried Annabel, "here comes Doctor Irving at last!"

The Senior-Surgeon, a pale, timid little man, would have been glad to sink into the earth when he perceived that a colleague was present, a colleague who must have already pronounced his verdict at the patient's bed-side.

Annabel, without giving him time to gather himself together, dragged him to the bed.

"Your opinion, Doctor, quick, your opinion, I beg of you!"

"My opinion, hum! Certainly, Madam. Wait just a minute," said the poor little man.

He took Gwinett's hand, still inert, but it was to Codoman that he looked with imploring eyes.

He, cold and dignified, appeared not to notice this pitiful appeal.

"Well?" asked Annabel.

"Well . . . 44, 45, 46 . . . so far I can 48, 49 . . . tell you, madam . . . 51, 52 . . . . . . that is not one of my specialties."

"Are you a specialist, my dear colleague?" asked Codoman carelessly.

"Perhaps a specialist is not exactly the right term," said the little man humbly. "It would be more correct to say that my patients are specialists. A military surgeon, you see . . . Excepting for dysentery in summer, bronchitis in winter and, at all times, sprains and diseases . . . diseases . . . pardon me, but in the presence of a lady . . ."

"We understand."

"To be thorough, I must add an occasional case of scurvy during campaigns in territories at high altitudes."

"Evidently, it isn't much," said Codoman with a sniff. "Your practice is not calculated to help you in a diagnosis. But, to return to the case we are concerned with, what is your opinion?"

"My opinion, my opinion . . ." said Irving in despair, as his eyes roamed from door to window.

Nevertheless, he contrived to steady his voice and give it a shade of authority.

"It's serious, evidently very serious. And first of all, my opinion is that there are too many people around the sick man. Madam, my dear sir, will you please go out for a few minutes and leave me with my colleague for a while?" he begged, throwing a look that would have softened a tiger to Annabel and the Jesuit.

Père d'Exiles and the young woman met on the terrace.

"What is the meaning of all this nonsense?" said Annabel, frowning. "That surgeon is

perfectly ridiculous. Why did he make us go out?"

"Why?" said the Jesuit. "To put it metaphorically, he is surrendering the keys of his meagre knowledge to his victorious rival. You embarrassed him, so did I. And, anyway, I am not sorry for this little intermission."

He looked fixedly at Annabel.

"Do you remember what you told me last Monday?"

"Well?" asked the young woman.

"You asked me not to forget that you were leaving Salt Lake City by the next convoy, Sunday, the fourth of July. Today is Thursday, the first. You see, I haven't forgotten."

"Circumstances aren't the same any more," said Annabel with a flutter of her eyelids.

"How can they have changed?"

"Why, that poor man who is dying," she said. "Father, you astonish me!"

"I don't quite see how your presence can save him," he said acidly.

"I prefer not to listen to you," she replied. "Let us go in, I think their confab must be over."

. . . .

It was nine o'clock at night. Senior-Surgeon Irving, then Doctor Codoman had departed. Annabel and Père d'Exiles remained alone with the clergyman. They had not dined.

The sound of foot-steps was heard in the garden. Lieutenant Rutledge appeared on the threshold of the bed-room.

"We are leaving!" he cried.

Annabel drew herself up and pointing to the dying man:

"Go, be noisy somewhere else," she commanded.

The Jesuit went with the officer.

"What is the matter?"

"The army leaves Salt Lake, tomorrow morning."

And the young lieutenant's eyes filled with tears.

"Tomorrow morning!" said Père d'Exiles. "Well! well!"

He asked:

"Where is it going?"

"For the present, to Cedar Valley, forty miles from here."

"Well, well!" repeated Père d'Exiles. He reflected a moment.

"When was the order given?"

"At orderly call, this evening," answered Rutledge.

"Wasn't that order known before?"

"Senior-Surgeon Irving knew nothing of it when he came here. The decision must have been taken this morning."

"All this is very strange," muttered Père d'Exiles.

"I must collect my things," said the lieutenant. "We leave tomorrow morning at six o'clock. I have to sleep at camp tonight."

"Some one will help you get them together," said Père Philippe.

"And she," cried Rutledge, "she, I want to see her!"

"I will go and ask her to come and say goodbye to you," said the Jesuit.

He entered the bed room. An instant later, he came out alone.

"Mr. Gwinett is suffering a crisis," he explained. "A fatal issue is to be feared at any minute. Mrs. Lee can't leave him. You must excuse her."

"Ah!" cried out Rutledge with despair. "Not to see her again!"

"You will have to excuse her," said Père d'Exiles firmly.

The young man lowered his head. Tears ran down his cheeks again. Père Philippe took his hand.

"So you loved her?" he muttered.

There was a silence. The moonlight dripped upon the whitish leaves of the willow-trees.

"The army leaves tomorrow morning," said the Jesuit. "And the convoy, the convoy that was to leave Salt Lake Sunday night?"

"The thirty wagons which are to compose it remain at camp," said Rutledge in a broken voice. "They will leave at the date set, next Sunday, at eight o'clock. I am directed by Captain Van Vliet to inform Mrs. Lee that four wagons will be reserved for her until the last minute."

"Ah!" said the Jesuit. "Perhaps all is not lost yet!"

He seized the lieutenant's hands.

"You love Annabel Lee, did you say, sir?"

Rutledge responded by showing him his face wet with tears.

"Well, my dear boy, love only exists when

unselfish. You are leaving tomorrow. Perhaps you may return some day, in a month, in a year, in twenty, I don't know. If you love her, pray that you may never see her again, here at least!"

. . . . .

The American Army left Salt Lake on Friday, the second of July, at six o'clock in the morning, after a sojourn of less than a week on the banks of the Jordan.

Sunday, July the fourth, around eight clock in the evening, Père d'Exiles came out of the room where all day he had watched over the minister in company with Annabel Lee. Doctor Codoman, who had called about five o'clock, had not discovered any improvement in Gwinett's condition, but no aggravation either.

He had withdrawn perplexed.

Père d'Exiles walked about the house. From the massive sideboard to the most fragile vase, each object was back in place.

A few straws here and there alone bore witness that at a certain moment there had been some question of departure.

In the kitchen, Rose and Coriolan were finishing a melancholy repast. The Jesuit

quailed at the prospect of a conversation with the poor negroes. He hastened away.

There are evenings in midsummer that hint already of winter, in the silence of the tiny creatures' voices, in that smell of acrid smoke.

This evening was one of those.

In front of the entry door, opening into the black, empty garden, the purple martin darted about with harsh, shrill, heart-rending cries.

Père d'Exiles went to sit on the veranda. Night had fallen now . . .

Then, in the distance, a noise was born. A noise which reverberated in slow, muffled jolts upon the gloomy wall of the Wahsatch Mountains.

The last American convoy was leaving Salt Lake—without Annabel Lee.

Prey to a profound discouragement, Père d'Exiles covered his face with his hands and remained thus a long time, until he no longer heard the wagons as they rumbled towards the land of redemption in the East.

CHAPTER V

THE middle of August was approaching and the clergyman recovered so slowly, that Père d'Exiles was driven to desperation. Gwinett ate with a good enough appetite, but he did not seem to profit by the delicate viands set before him. He scarcely complained, anyway. He remained in a sort of perpetual stupor, his eyes often raised to heaven, as if calling upon it to witness his sufferings and to accept them as an offering. He did not bring his glance down to earth except to let it rest upon Annabel Lee with gratitude. It was the first time, in all her trivial, empty existence, that the young woman found herself useful. So grateful was she to Gwinett for awakening that realization within her, that his thankfulness was insignificant in comparison. Dear Annabel, in white linen, entering the minister's room, with the morning light, each day choosing, before hand, her simplest guimpes, trying hard to strain back her beautiful curls, even to

twist them into severe little braids, and, in spite of all her efforts, failing to look in the least like a deaconess. Whenever he went into the sick-room, Père d'Exiles would find her bent over Gwinett, her golden curls almost touching the young man's brown locks; she would be giving him some potion or other, or making his pillows comfortable. He allowed himself to be cared for, smiling gravely, his emaciated face, always so carefullly shaved, radiating a serene, wonderful beauty.

One morning that week, the mail brought a letter to Père Philippe; it was dated from Marysville and signed by Father Rives, the Superior of the Order in the diocese of Oregon, Utah and California.

"I received your letter of June 20th," wrote the Superior. *"According to the plans you outline, you must have left Salt Lake City a month ago and at the present moment you must be in the vicinity of the Humboldt River. Lacking your new address, I am sending this to Salt Lake, from where I hope it will be forwarded to you without too much delay. . ."*

What followed were instructions of interest

only to members of the Order and relative to the evangelization of the Shoshonee Indians, on the progress of which Père d'Exiles was directed to report as soon as possible.

The Jesuit slipped the letter in his sash. He had turned slightly pale.

"Parfait!" he muttered. "I can evade it no longer. This drives me to face the facts. Well, so be it! I shall begin at once."

Having decided upon the time and the place for the battle, he waited.

It happened that on that very day the clergyman was authorized to leave his room and come to the table. Luncheon was served, as usual, on the veranda. The weather was fine but rather cool. Already russet leaves pierced the green wall of the bower here and there.

"I promise you a nice surprise for dessert," said Annabel, as she sat down.

During the meal, she was gayer than she had ever been before and more beautiful. The Jesuit contemplated her gaiety and her extraordinary beauty with inquietude.

As Rose was setting the fruits on the table,

Annabel exhibited a large envelope, with an imposing red seal.

"Do you know what this is?" she asked.

"Well, well!" thought the priest. "The mail seems to have outdone itself this morning."

"Let me tell you something," pursued Annabel, turning to Gwinett. "Ah! you don't know what danger you've been in."

"Danger?" said the minister with an uneasy smile. "You are joking."

"Judge for yourself! Eight days ago, a letter like this, came addressed to you, Mr. Gwinett. I opened it. Yes, I did!" she said, laughing. "You were helpless, prostrated, incapable of reading. And I, suspected more or less what such an official document might contain."

"And . . . what was it about?"

"Need you ask? It was an order—and a formal order, I beg you to believe,—for you to rejoin the army at the Cedar Valley camp within a week. A wagon was to come for you. I took my pen in hand and I myself returned General Johnston's order to him with a few lines after my fashion."

"You returned . . . !" exclaimed Gwinett, appalled.

"Exactly! And by the next mail, here is what I receive: apologies to myself and a three months' leave for you, dating from the day when the medical authorities of the locality—that means Doctor Codoman—will have pronounced you convalescent."

And, triumphantly, she threw the letter of the General-in-chief upon the table.

Gwinett seized it, read it carefully, then with a hand on his heart:

"The years," he said, "may glide by, Mrs. Lee, but I will never. . . ."

Père d'Exiles interrupted him.

"I likewise received a letter," he said with gravity.

There was an instant's silence. Gwinett, thwarted in his effusions, strove not to show any resentment. Annabel was less mistress of herself. The Jesuit was frightened to notice the impatient little gesture by which she manifested her regret at not having been able to hear *in extenso* the testimony of the clergyman's gratitude.

"You received a letter, too?" she said never-

theless, in a tone which denoted the most complete indifference.

"A letter from my Superior, Father Rives."

"Ah!" she said. "And what does he want of you?"

"He asked me for certain information about my Idaho mission, which I should have sent him a month ago. I must depart."

She made a gesture of pained surprise.

"Already!" she murmured with an accent of unfeigned regret.

That was all.

"Ah!" said the poor man to himself. "It wouldn't have occurred to her to open the letter addressed to me and write immediately to my superior."

Which thought made him, in spite of all, smile.

"True that as for me I am not a sick man," he murmured.

"A sick man,"—he repeated the words aloud, with a laugh.

The minister and the young woman exchanged a glance.

"Are you sick?" asked Annabel timidly.

"I?" he said, passing his hand over his fore-

head. "Did I say anything like that? Oh, yes, I beg your pardon. It had nothing to do with our conversation."

He had regained his composure. He repeated: "I beg your pardon."

And, addressing the clergyman:

"Apropos of this letter, Mr. Gwinett. I would like to have a little talk with you."

"Apropos of what letter, sir?" asked the other.

"Apropos of this one . . . and of that one," said the Jesuit, drawing Father Rives' letter from his sash and placing it upon General Johnston's letter.

"When you please," said Gwinett.

"Right now."

At that instant, Annabel arose to hunt for something on the side-board. Père d'Exiles had the misfortune to misunderstand her move.

"You may stay, Mrs. Lee, you are not *de trop,* on the contrary," he said.

"I should hope so!" she uttered, with that haughtiness which from time to time changed her entirely, shaking off her gentle nonchalance.

"Indeed it would be extraordinary if Mrs. Lee were *de trop* in her own house," put in Gwinett sweetly, with a short, obsequious laugh.

"That was not what I meant to say," the unlucky man was about to reply to Annabel, but the clergyman's insinuating remark stopped him short. He started. He looked at Gwinett. The two men measured each other. Then Père d'Exiles smiled. The hostile atmosphere had restored his self-control.

. . . . . .

Without any superfluous skirmishing, he carried the attack into the enemy's territory immediately.

"How do you feel this morning, Mr. Gwinett? It seems to me you are much better."

It was Annabel who responded.

"Much better! Where are your eyes? You should have been there a moment ago when he had to get up. He was so weak that he almost fell. I was obliged to call Rose to help me carry him here, wasn't I, Rose?"

"Yes, ma'am," mumbled the negress, who was trembling.

"It's strange," said the Jesuit.

"What is strange in that?" asked the young woman almost aggressively.

The clergyman motioned to her to be calm.

"Might I dare to beg of you, dear Madam, to allow Monsieur to formulate his thoughts precisely and without any reservations?"

He repeated, weighing each syllable carefully:

"Without any reservations."

"I had that intention when I began to speak," said the Jesuit courteously. "I promise you that you are going to be satisfied."

He poured himself a glass of water.

"Today is the eleventh of August," he said.

"It is a fact," admitted Gwinett.

"And you did Mrs. Lee the honour of taking sick in her house the second of July. Exactly a month and nine days have passed. I am accurate, if anything. Well, sir, a minute ago, when I used the word 'strange' in connection with your illness, I expressed myself badly, or rather, I expressed an altogether personal opinion on a certain point. I admit that there is another adjective that suits the circumstances better."

"And pray what is it?"

"*Inopportune,* sir."

"If I understand you," said Gwinett with perfect calm, "reserving your opinion on the nature and origin of my illness, for the present, you only wish to consider its recurrences. In that respect, you declare it to be *inopportune.*"

"Just so," said the Jesuit. "It is a real pleasure to argue with you."

"Inopportune. There are three people assembled here. Surely it is not from the standpoint of my own interests that you find this illness inopportune?"

"You wouldn't like us to think so," said Père d'Exiles with the most disdainful of smiles.

Gwinett did not flinch.

"From the standpoint of yours, perhaps?" he insinuated.

The Jesuit merely accentuated the disdain in his smile. Gwinett paled slightly.

"No? In that case, there is no doubt. You mean that Mrs. Lee's interests are menaced by the prolongation of my sojourn in this house."

"You have it," said Père d'Exiles simply.

Annabel made an attempt to interfere. The clergyman stopped her once again.

"I beg of you, Mrs. Lee. I fear nothing and I am able to defend myself."

He paused.

"I might, sir, recall to you that I was introduced into this house under your own auspices. But I myself loathe arguments *ad hominem.* Can you tell me how my presence can be derogatory to Mrs. Lee's interests, interests by the way, which the most elementary gratitude render just as precious to me as they may be to you, I assure you?"

"My dear sir," said Père d'Exiles, "when I brought you here, I calculated that your coming would hasten Mrs. Lee's departure, instead of retarding it. I hope I make myself perfectly clear. Had I guessed that Lieutenant Rutledge would go away before the week was over . . ."

Annabel blushed. The clergyman made a gesture of modest protest.

"Had I guessed that," took up the Jesuit with emphasis, "well, dear Mr. Gwinett, in spite of your distress, in spite of *"Les Adieux d' Adolphe Monod,"* in spite of Emerson himself, never, do you hear me, never, and I put it so plainly that it cannot

fail to touch a soul so prejudiced against mental reservations, never, never could you have counted on me to set your foot in this house."

"I see," said the clergyman, "you indulge in a little comedy in which the rôles are changed today. I call upon Mrs. Lee to witness such proceedings. But how can I help matters?"

"You can go away," said the Jesuit. "Your ministry calls you back to your soldiers."

"Yours has been calling you to your Indians much too long," said the preacher softly, "that you should use such an argument against me. But after all," he said, raising his voice suddenly, "what right have you to question me like this? Did Mrs. Lee give you that right? If such is the case, I have nothing more to say. Speak, Mrs. Lee, speak!" he cried vehemently. "A minute ago, I begged you to keep silent. Now I implore you to speak out. Tell us, did you give this gentleman leave to treat me so shamefully?"

Annabel remained mute.

"Sir," said Père d'Exiles heatedly, "I

have that leave, indeed, and I come by it rightfully. I was instructed not to leave this place until the lady of the house herself had left it. Isn't it true, Mrs. Lee?"

Annabel did not answer.

"What danger can Mrs. Lee possibly run here?" asked the clergyman.

"Sir," said the Jesuit ironically, "let me recall to you that you yourself were assailed with misgivings, the day we met on the banks of the Jordan, and that you unbosomed yourself to me? If a residence in Salt Lake City is hardly suitable for a Methodist minister, do you think it is ideal for a young Catholic woman?"

"In turn let me recall your answer," said Gwinett amiably. " 'Such dangers are within ourselves.' And it seems to me it would be wronging Mrs. Lee to infer that she is so weak . . ."

"Sir!" cried the Jesuit, his patience gone.

He restrained himself again. He contrived to smile once more.

"What a senseless quarrel," he said. "Wouldn't it be more profitable to face the facts? I promised, Mr. Gwinett, and Mrs.

Lee knows it quite well, to watch over her, to help her get away from Salt Lake City. On the other hand, it is not to be denied,"—and his voice, was ineffable, "that your condition makes it impossible for you to leave the city at present."

"Yes, of course," said Annabel feelingly.

"Well. Isn't there a way of solving everything? Mrs. Lee can go away. You can stay here. Her departure does not necessitate yours. Her ministrations are precious, I don't doubt. However, there must be no lack of nurses in Salt Lake City capable of taking her place, if not as assiduously or as devotedly, at least as efficiently. It seems to me, for example, that little Sarah Pratt . . ."

Père d'Exiles had spoken in all innocence. He did not catch the terrified glance that Gwinett shot him, or if he did, he did not understand its significance.

"Sarah Pratt, or Bessie London, or any other," he continued, "if you think that a man's care is not sufficient."

"I shall never be an obstacle to Mrs. Lee's peace of mind," said Gwinett in an altered voice.

"I never doubted it," said Père d'Exiles. "So then, it seems to me that all our difficulties have been smoothed over."

There was a silence during which the Jesuit thought the battle won.

Then Annabel's clear, trembling voice was heard, saying:

"I shall not leave this house until this gentleman," and she pointed to Gwinett, "has completely recovered."

"In that case, you will stay here just as long as he wants you to," said Père Philippe phlegmatically.

"Sir," said Gwinett very gently, "perhaps you are overstepping bounds."

"You are," said Annabel Lee.

The minister understood that without a doubt the moment had come to show his hand.

"I presume, Mrs. Lee," said he, "that from now on, you deem my presence under this roof incompatible with this gentleman's."

"It couldn't possibly be otherwise," said Père d'Exiles assured of his victory at that moment.

"It is for Mrs. Lee to decide," said Gwinett, who had a trump-card unknown to his adversary up his sleeve.

Annabel lowered her head without answering.

Père d'Exiles turned very pale.

"Didn't you hear?" he asked harshly this time.

She looked at him with pleading eyes, with the eyes of a trapped animal. But she persisted in her silence.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "Very well. That's enough. I understand."

He repeated:

"I understand!"

He arose.

"In a few hours, Mrs. Lee," he said, "your tacit wish shall be granted. You will be relieved of my presence."

And he left the room.

Alone with the young woman, Gwinett became faint. He staggered, almost fell.

She rushed to him, supported him in her arms, helped him to a seat.

"What a horrible scene," she said, trembling violently.

"Oh! you aren't angry with me, tell me, you aren't angry with me?"

"Be angry with you, dear angel, dear angel

of God!" murmured the clergyman feebly.

And he raised his eyes to heaven.

When Francis of Xavier, summoned by Ignatius, bedridden and ill, was informed that he had just been appointed to evangelize the azure cities, those pearls of the Orient, Melind, Tuticorin, Meliapur, he returned to his cell, his heart overflowing with joy. He prepared his portmanteau . . . Meliapur, Tuticorin, Melind, and also the Goa of Albuquerque! A Claude, a Gwinett, in the iridescent by-ways of those mysterious cities, would be like a man wearing spectacles and a frock-coat in a troupe of beautiful, naked bayaderes.

But a Saint Francis would not be incongruous there, nor anywhere else, no more so than a Père d'Exiles by the cosy bedside of an Annabel Lee.

Like Saint Francis in his Roman cell, Père Philippe began to straighten out his affairs. The dingy valise containing the demountable altar received his first careful attention.

Then he reviewed his personal effects, the threadbare linen, mended and re-mended—he took a picture from the wall, St. Christopher,

patron saint of travellers, he placed it in the pages of an old edition of *Entretiens Spirituels.* He hesitated a long time before a dozen fine linen handkerchiefs, a gift from Annabel Lee. At first he separated them from his belongings and left them on a corner of the table.

"No," he said, "that is foolish pride."

He took back six and distributed them among his shirts.

Then he began a letter to Father Rives in which he announced his departure.

Behind the door, for some time, a slight noise had been going on. A noise of suppressed sobbing.

Père d'Exiles went to the door and opened it.

It was the negroes.

On her knees, Rose was weeping, her face buried in an immense red handkerchief. Coriolan stood immobile, his head bowed. Tears fell perpendicularly from his eyes and made little puddles on the well waxed floor.

"Come in," said Père d'Exiles.

He shut the door again.

"What is the matter?"

They made no response, except to cry louder, unrestrainedly.

"Has your mistress spoken to you?"

Incapable of answering, they made a gesture in the negative.

"So you have been listening at doors?" asked Père d'Exiles harshly.

"Yes, sir!" said Rose, tearing her face from her handkerchief all of a sudden, and exposing a countenance swollen by tears. "We listened all through lunch!"

Coriolan repeated:

"All through lunch!"

Père d'Exiles marvelled at the pitiful animal instinct in these unfortunates.

"Well?" he contented himself with asking nevertheless.

"You be not going away, Monsieur l' Abbé!" begged Rose.

"You're not going away!" repeated Coriolan.

"I must go," said the Jesuit.

At that there was a cascade of tears and lamentations.

"We're lost! we're lost!" wailed Rose.

"Lost! Lost!" cried Coriolan.

"Never more see St. Louis and the Missouri!"

"Never more see th' Gasconnade and the blue lanterns!"

"Missus, too, lost, lost!"

Lost, lost, lost!

That terrible word, dinned, hooted into his ears by the negroes, rang out tragically as Père d'Exiles gazed at his small parcels bound with string. He endured a second of atrocious agony.

"Oh, God!" he muttered.

Then he pictured Annabel's unfriendly lips, and the minister's honeyed smile.

"No, no!" he cried.

The six handkerchiefs were piled on a corner of the table. He saw them. He heard the negroes' redoubled sobs.

"Pride, always Pride!" he thought with horror. "Ah! I am unworthy!"

He seized the maid by the wrists and raised her to her feet.

"Rose," he said, "Rose, where is your mistress?"

She could not speak. It was Coriolan who answered.

"Down stairs. Still with the preacher in the long-tailed coat."

"Well, will one of you go and tell her, go and tell her . . ."

"What?" they cried in chorus.

"That I wish to speak with her, that I *must* speak with her, and right away, here!"

He was pale. He repeated:

"Here, here!"

The two negroes looked at each other happily.

"You go!" said Rose.

"No, you honey!" said Coriolan.

"One or the other, as you please," said Père d'Exiles, in a voice which nervousness rendered terrifying, "but go right away, or . . ."

Rose got up quickly. They heard her hurry down the staircase.

There was a moment of tragic silence. The Jesuit looked at Coriolan. The poor wretch, upon his knees, was praying.

"She does not come back," murmured Père d'Exiles. "Rose does not come back!"

The teeth of the negro chattered.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God . . . Holy Mary, Mother of God!"

The Jesuit went to the door.

"Ah!" he said.

He had just perceived Rose, huddling on the stairs.

He descended a few steps, helped the negress to her feet, brought her back into the room.

"Well?" he asked.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners!" repeated Coriolan's faltering voice.

"Well?" repeated Père d'Exiles. "Have you seen her?"

"Yes, sir," mumbled Rose.

"And . . . what did she say?"

"She said . . . oh, sir!"

The Jesuit seized the negress' hand.

"Speak, Rose, I beg of you."

"She said, she said that Mister Gwinett has been very sick . . . that she isn't going to leave him . . . but that later on, in the evening . . ."

"Very well," said Père d'Exiles calmly. "Very well."

With great gentleness he said:

"Rose, Coriolan, my poor friends, you must leave me. Leave me, please. It is four o'clock. Coriolan, you must go to the stable and give Mina some oats. She will have to travel all night. At six o'clock, I will come to the stable, at six o'clock. Until then, I pray, leave me alone. See, everything is ready, leave me alone."

So saying, he pushed them slowly towards the door. They went out staggering.

. . . . . .

Mina was a grey mule, the gift of a poor German immigrant whom Père d'Exiles had attended, and who had died, somewhere in the vicinity of the source of the Humboldt, making him his heir.

In her time, she had been quite a trotter and even quite a remarkable climber. But she was growing old. And moreover, she had just had a year of perfect repose in the handsome stable of the villa, by the side of Annabel Lee's mare. She had grown much fatter. When the time came to saddle her, Coriolan was not able to do so until he had pierced one, two, three additional holes in the girth. She suffered his attentions. In her solid little head there was no recollections of the hard-

ships she had endured first as an immigrant's beast of burden, then as a missionary's. Neither could she look into the future.

The mare was heard kicking in her stall.

"What is this?" asked Père d'Exiles, coming up.

He pointed out to a small bundle strapped on the mule, next to the canvas valise. He felt it. It contained provisions. A large gourd hung from the saddle.

The two negroes lowered their heads.

Rose mumbled:

"Come heah, Father."

He allowed himself to be conducted to the dining-room. A meal had been prepared. A solitary chair was pulled up to the table. In a vase drooped the flowers that had adorned the luncheon table, when life was still so familiar and so beautiful.

The Jesuit ate. With vexation, he noticed that he was hungry. Then he left this dining-room, to which he was destined never to return. As he came out on the veranda, he raised his eyes to the black line of the roof, the dark hole where the purple martin was about to awaken from the sleep of a melan-

choly twilight bird. Coriolan was waiting at the garden gate, holding Mina by the bridle. Père d'Exiles took the reins from him.

"Adieu!" he said.

The two negroes cried no longer. They knelt.

"My poor friends!" said the Jesuit.

Leaning over, he blessed them.

"Come along, Mina, come along."

And he was gone.

The Odgen road seemed too direct; futhermore he was afraid of meeting people with whom he would have to exchange greetings. He turned off the road and, obliquing to the left, proceeded to canter across the desolate waste which borders the eastern shore of the lake.

The sun was setting swiftly over the blue waters. A light breeze hemmed the water's edge with a ruffle of pallid foam.

The dreadful arid banks ran into the unseen distance to the North, here and there streaked by trails of salt, whitish like a leper or reddish where they reflected the sinking sun.

Nothing, not a blade of grass, not a weed, not a shell. Alone, occasionally came a stray

gull or a bittern beating his wings awkwardly, then flying away with a harsh cry. In one place, three or four fish floated, belly upwards, in the stagnant water of a shallow brook. Unmindful, they had allowed themselves to be carried along by the fresh water and little by little, the fresh water had become briny. Salt Lake had killed them.

Père d'Exiles pursued his way. As the sun descended towards the horizon, the man's shadow and the beast's lengthened to the right, grew gigantic.

"In half an hour," thought the Jesuit, "it will be dark."

Then there was another wan brooklet, with more dead fish. So salty, so dense, so unlike our beloved European brooks was the water that Mina's hoofs raised no splashes as she waded across. All around, everywhere, there was a light brown dust now, the dust of dead locusts. Having ravaged the harvests of the Later-Day Saints the summer before, they, too, had come as far as this, and Salt Lake had killed them.

Then, in a flash, all of a sudden, Père d'Exiles realized how atrocious was this country, how atrocious the destiny of the little

creature he was leaving behind. The sun had sunk into the dead sea. Blue shadows crawled out everywhere, conquered the sky, drove out the glorious colours of day. Annabel! To abandon her this way! He trembled. For a second he wanted to turn back, to tear her away from her execrable fate, at all costs, in spite of herself.

"Come, Mina, come on!"

To resist the temptation, he urged her on.

But the mule, ordinarily so gentle, kicked. She gave a low groan. To the rear,at the same time, the whinnying of a horse was heard. The mule stopped altogether. The soft thud of a quick gallop on the sand became distinct, then heavier thuds—the horse had been set at a walk. Père d'Exiles began to caress the mule's neck as she stood motionless. He was really steadying himself against her.

He divined that it was Annabel, but he did not look back.

She had donned her riding habit, but had not wasted her time putting on boots. Her blonde hair, in soft locks, floated against the dark outline of her wide felt hat.

She jumped to the ground.

"I galloped," she said.

Père d'Exiles did not stir. But his support gave way suddenly. The mule had recognized her friend the mare. Nose to nose, with snorts of joy, the two animals had already renewed their mysterious confidences.

"I galloped," took up Annabel. "I was afraid that I would not overtake you," she added humbly.

"It would have been simpler to save yourself this excursion," said Père d'Exiles, "and to have told me what you had to say at the house. About four o'clock, Rose furnished you an occasion to do so."

Annabel lowered her head. They kept silent for a few minutes. In the grey sky, the first curlews were flying by, screaming.

"Permit me to continue on my way," said the Jesuit. "I am anxious to be in Ogden before midnight. When darkness has fallen, I can't go so fast. Come on, Mina."

"Let me go a little way with you," murmured the young woman.

"As you wish," he replied.

Pulling their mounts by the bridle, they walked side by side for five hundred yards. The last gleams of daylight were playing upon the briny pools with parting sharpness.

It was the moment when the earth seems paler than the sky.

In their path, come from I know not where, a little bird started up, a pitiful wag-tail. He waited until they nearly stepped on him, then he flew away with a tiny cry, to perch himself a little farther on, to wait for them again, to fly away again.

At last Annabel spoke in a low voice, in a voice which even now trembled with the terrors of the night.

"Why are you leaving?"

"As it is, I have delayed too long," said Père d'Exiles.

"Too long!" said the young woman dolefully.

"Yes, too long," he repeated harshly. "I am a priest . . . they are waiting for me yonder."

And he pointed to the obscure solitudes of the North.

"You leave me for Indians!" said Annabel.

"One soul is as good as another," said Père d'Exiles, ruthlessly. "And, besides, I like to think that yours is not in danger."

Finding no reply she murmured once more:

"Why are you leaving?"

"And you," he asked, "Why are you staying?"

"You know very well," she said, lower still. "I have been asking myself that question for the past two months, and . . ."

She did not allow him to finish his sentence.

"I have accepted a task," she said weakly. "I must finish that task."

"The task of effecting Mr. Gwinett's complete cure, no doubt?"

She did not answer. She nodded her head.

"I beg of you to be a little sincere with yourself," cried Père d'Exiles, almost violently. "Would you have the courage to swear that your scruples as a nurse alone are keeping you in Salt Lake?"

She threw him a look of unutterable suffering.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "and do you think you are wholly sincere with yourself, when you make your duty as a missionary responsible for your departure?"

They both hung their heads, he crushed, she shivering, as they confronted the words she had dared utter.

The wag-tail flew from under their feet with his lugubrious weak cry. They could hardly distinguish him as he fluttered down again.

"I am cold," said Annabel.

"You must return," said the Jesuit.

"A few steps more," she pleaded.

Before them, about one hundred yards away, the path they were following, pale in the black waste, cut another, which went towards the lake. At the cross-roads stood a tall sign-post, dark against the sky.

They realized that it was there that they would separate. Instinctively, they slackened their pace.

Very soon, they reached the sign-post. It was a rough, square stake, which bore the sinister Morman eye, crudely daubed on each side. The wag-tail had perched on the apex.

He allowed them to draw very near, uttered a cry and disappeared for ever into darkness.

Now the water-holes around them, seemed to be filled with ink. The curlews screamed louder, but were no longer to be seen.

"We shall part here," said the Jesuit.

She remained before him, mute, arms hanging limply, a poor creature—adrift.

"You are five miles from your villa," he said.

He denied himself the atrocious torture of adding:

"You will get a scolding."

Ah! beyond the desert skies and the flocks of clouds chased by the wind over the billowing sea, is there not a place where minutes as agonizing as these shall be recompensed by an eternity of bliss . . .

Annabel was still motionless.

The Jesuit himself adjusted the reins, arranged them on the mare's neck, pulled at the stirrups.

"Go now," he said.

"Help me mount," she murmured.

He obeyed. Then, as he bent over, the young woman seized his hand and kissed it.

Near midnight, Père d'Exiles perceived tiny trembling lights at the edge of the dark sky,—Odgen, his first halting-place.

. . . .

Annabel was back at the villa about eight o'clock. She went immediately to the minister's room.

Reclining on a *chaise-longue,* he was smoking a cigar. He smiled when he saw her enter.

"Dear, I was beginning to be anxious," he said.

She blushed, attempted to speak.

"Don't make excuses," he said. "I know where you have been. Don't make excuses. I understand your sentiments so well!"

He caressed her soft blonde curls with his beautiful brown hand.

"Kind, always kind, almost too kind," he said.

Annabel burst into sobs.

He drew her to him. She suffered his embrace. Still smiling, he kissed her knowingly on the neck, at the roots of the hair.

She shivered. She abandoned herself.

Gently, he pushed her away.

"Hush, dear one, hush!"

She looked at him dully. He smiled again.

"We have serious matters to talk over," he said.

CHAPTER VI

OVER the city, the rain hung its grey veil, waving and swelling in the wind. Neither the sky, nor the mountains, nor the trees in the garden, nor anything in fact, could be seen.

Annabel left the window-pane against which she had been leaning her forehead.

After ringing, she returned to the center of the room. Rose appeared.

"Has Mr Gwinett returned?"

"Not yet, ma'am."

"Fix some hot drinks. He will be soaked."

"He took one of the Colonel's rain-coats, ma'am."

"Go."

As the negress was going out, Annabel recalled her. The door opening into the staircase stood ajar, but not a single noise rose from the dead house.

"Where is Coriolan?"

"In the kitchen, ma'am."

"Why don't we ever hear you singing any more?"

"Singing?"

And Rose made a vague, sad gesture.

"Yes, singing. Before, you used to sing all the time. There is no reason why you shouldn't sing any more. I want you to sing. Tell Coriolan, do you hear me?"

"All right, ma'am."

"Leave the door open."

Rose was gone.

Annabel sat down in front of a small secrétaire whose lid, hanging open, was heaped with documents. She took up one, then another, at random, attempting to read them, then throwing them away wearily. Nervously, she arose, went to the door.

"Well, Rose, what about that song?"

She repeated:

"What about that song?"

A voice rose then, tremulous and infantile, a voice which seemed to come from the attic.

> *"When the lanterns are green,*
> *The light is green, too;*
> *When it rains on the lanterns,*
> *The light goes:* pschit, pschit!"

At that instant, all the clocks in the house struck.

"Six o'clock!" murmured Annabel. "Not yet September and it is dark already! Oh! it doesn't seem to me that it got dark so early last year!"

Steps on the staircase. Gwinett entered the room. He was not even wet.

She came to meet him. He took her in his arms and kissed her forehead.

"Ah!" she said, striving to huddle against him. "I was worried . . . you've been gone two hours . . ."

He smiled. He pushed her back gently.

"Soul of my soul, don't bear me any ill will. You will forgive me when you see what I have brought back."

He had opened an envelope; he displayed its contents on the table—about a dozen folded leaflets.

And as Annabel, dumfounded, silently considered this fresh flood of documents:

"The necessary papers for our marriage," said the minister simply.

He added:

"Everything is ready. I have set the date.

It will be celebrated the second of September, in eight days."

She stood there without a word, pale from the shock.

"Well, well, dear Anna, is that all the pleasure this news gives you?" he said with an accent of tender reproach.

She started. She enveloped him in a long gaze.

"Ah!" she said in a low voice. "You wanted it to be so. But God is my witness, and you know it, that I would have had no need of these formalities to belong to you for ever."

He smiled. He took her hand, kissed it.

"Dear Anna, the God that you invoke knows that I love you, that I respect you too much to receive you from Him otherwise than in a legitimate union. You know how I have struggled, dear heart, against myself, against you . . . Could you think of blaming me?"

"No, no!" she cried. "You are a saint. I feel unworthy of you; I admire you as much as I love you. But eight days yet . . . it is a long time!"

"Eight days will pass, they will pass very

quickly," said Gwinett in his beautiful deep voice, "and, in twenty years from now, when we, white-haired, will remember them together, they shall be the honour and the sweetest memory of our lives."

Sadly, the voices of the negroes droned out according to orders:

> *"When the lanterns are red,*
> *The light is red too. . ."*

"I disturbed you, perhaps," said Gwinett, pointing to the papers scattered on the secrétaire. "Were you working?"

"I was trying to," she said, "but, alas! without accomplishing much. What you see there are stocks representing my husband's estate. My fortune! I blush to seem preoccupied by such details . . ."

"Those upon whom God has heaped worldly goods," said the minister, " have not the right to go against His wishes neglecting the responsibilities of wealth. Therefore, I do not censure you."

"I have still less right to," said Annabel reassured, "since part of this fortune is des-

tined to maintain undertakings for the sake of which both my father and my late husband lived and died. That is why, while waiting for you, I was endeavouring to see a little light in the midst of all these figures. But I don't succeed at all . . ."

She shrugged with discouragement.

"Couldn't you help me?"

"I!" he exclaimed with a start.

"Well?" she said anxiously.

"To begin with, I lack the necessary competence. And then, that such elements should be introduced in our romance! . . . Anna, my dear Anna, you haven't yet understood how I love you."

Downstairs, Coriolan was singing:

> *"When it rains on the lanterns,*
> *The light goes:* pschit, pschit!"

"Forgive me," murmured the young woman.

"Forgive you, my beloved? Alas! should I be angry with you because the Lord has endowed you with riches!"

"Oh!" she cried passionately, "if I thought that my money could bring the shadow of a

shadow between us, I would prefer, at this very instant . . ."

She had seized a handful of green and blue certificates. Nervously, she crumpled them, kneaded them, ready to tear them to pieces. At last, she melted into tears.

"I have already made you," she said in a broken voice, "the sacrifice of what I held dearest in the world, the sacrifice of my religion. You can imagine that beside that, the sacrifice of my fortune would be trifling. Do you require it? Do you? Ah! I would make it gladly!"

"When the lanterns are yellow,
The light is yellow, too."

"How unbearable those niggers are!" muttered Gwinett.

He closed the door, then returned to the young woman.

"Anna, my beloved, it is for me to beg your pardon."

He had taken the stocks from her hands. Carefully, he unwrinkled them, flattened them on the table.

"You have just given me a lesson in humility, Anna. To have dared to speak to you so rudely! I am a wretch. You must forgive me. I will do as you wish, Anna. I am going to help you put some order in these miserable affairs."

"You are a saint, you are a saint!" she repeated.

She took his hands and kissed them.

"Oh, dear creature of God," he cried, "do not lead me into the worst of temptations. In eight days, with the consent of the Almighty, you shall be mine. Have pity on me until then!"

He sat the trembling woman in an armchair, put the table between them, the table strewn with Colonel Lee's fortune.

"Anna, dear Anna, let us work, since you wish it."

"When the lanterns are black,
The light is black, too."

He could not control a gesture of annoyance.

Annabel rang. Rose appeared.

"Bring the lamp," said her mistress to

her curtly. "And don't sing any more."

. . . .

The minister proceeded to classify the certificates rapidly.

"So much money!" he muttered in dejection. "So much money!"

He looked at the young woman and smiled sadly.

"Anna dear, the very size of this fortune makes it my duty not to proceed without recalling to you the exact situation of him to whom you have plighted your troth, in whom you have placed your faith. There is still time for you to reconsider, dear soul, think of it!"

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean, Anna? You know already. As far as wordly goods are concerned, I have none. My father, a venerable Illinois pastor, left me nothing, but the education which I am proud of, but which I don't pretend can equal the riches with which I find you overwhelmed. Yesterday, Anna, I enjoyed a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year as an army chaplain. Today, since the state of my health compels

me to abandon that function, I have nothing, do you hear, nothing!"

"Ah! what does it matter?" cried the young woman.

"What does it matter, Anna? It matters a great deal. You talk like the noble creature you are. But every one will not talk like that. And there will be no lack of people, my beloved, to repeat that, when he married you, the Reverend Gwinett only thought of . . . Oh! shame, shame!"

"Let them come, those people!" she cried, setting her teeth together. "Let them come! They'll see . . ."

"Child," said the minister tenderly, "you know nothing of the world."

"So what do you want me to do?" she sobbed, clasping her hands.

"You—nothing, my beloved," said Gwinett. "It is for me to act. I was childish myself a few moments ago in giving way to my repugnance at the formidable material difference in our respective situations. But one gains nothing by being cowardly in face of realities. What you were asking me, I should have asked myself, I should have demanded

the right to draw up an inventory of your fortune before anything else was done, to ascertain whether that fortune could have the detestable power of separating two beings obviously destined for the closest, most sublime union."

He had taken a sheet of white paper and dipped the pen in ink.

"Let us consider this hour of love lost, dear heart," he said, "as the ransom which the Lord has fixed for these riches. Let us bow to His divine will and let us work."

So saying, he had divided the sheet of paper from top to bottom, with a stroke of the pen. On one side, he inscribed a word, on the other another word.

"Let us proceed in order," he said. "On the left, here, is your maiden name, O'Brien. On the right, you have the name of your deceased spouse, Lee."

He considered the white sheet contentedly, enlivened the dividing line with arabesques, then asked:

"What did you have?"

"What?" said Annabel.

"What is your personal property, or rather,

what was it when you married Colonel Lee."

"Why I had no dowry," she said.

He smiled.

"Dear, artless child, artless as well as disinterested. A dowry is one thing—property is another. I know you had no dowry. But isn't there something coming to you on your father, Colonel O'Brien's account, possessions which escaped the administration of your husband, Colonel Lee, during his life-time and which are exactly what the laws of two continents denominate the property of a married woman?"

"Possessions?" said Annabel. "I don't remember. Still, yes! There was the castle, and the farms."

"You see that you remember after all," said Gwinett. "When we work, we should work carefully. What castle, did you say?"

"Castle Kildare, near Maynooth, in Ireland. A castle, that's saying a lot. Rather a huge mass of masonry, with the left wing razed by Cromwell's soldiery and never rebuilt, not because money was lacking, but to perpetuate hatred and recollection."

"That country has queer ideas on the administration of estates," said Gwinett.

"I left it when I was very young," said Annabel.

"I know, I know. And is the castle furnished?"

"It still was in 1842, the year my father was executed. Since then, I have been away. That is all I know."

"It is difficult to draw up a satisfactory inventory under such conditions," said the pastor.

"Forgive me," murmured the young woman.

"You are quite forgiven, Anna dear. And the farms? There were farms, did you say?"

"Three, I think."

"How much land?"

"I couldn't tell exactly. I only know that when my father was on leave, it took him a whole morning to go over it, and on horseback, at that."

"Well," said Gwinett, "that represents a considerable domain—ten thousand acres at least."

"Just about," said the young woman. "I remember now, from ten to twelve thousand acres."

"If we consider," said the minister, "that the 120,000 acres of the Marquis of Landsdowne bring him about 30,000 pounds sterling, that the 52,000 acres of the Marquis of Clanricarde bring him 20,000 pounds, that the 70,000 acres of the Count of Bantry bring him 14,000 pounds, we can allow, in calculating the revenue from Irish estates by the ground they cover, an average income of three and a half to one, and we reach the conclusion, that in the case we have before us . . ."

"How much you know!" interrupted Annabel.

"I had occasion to study the Irish land-system," he said carelessly, "in connection with a work I was preparing on the resources of the Anglican Church on that island. To return, then, to the amount of your father's fortune, we must conclude that he enjoyed a yearly income of 2,500 pounds, that is to say, a capital of 42,000 pounds at 6%, or about $210,000 (I adopt the dollar once for all, in order to sum up more easily when, in a few minutes, we have made up the inventory of the estate left by Colonel Lee.) In the left column, under the name O'Brien, I shall then inscribe $210,000."

He nodded with satisfaction.

"That figure is somewhat arbitrary, perhaps, owing to the lack of precision in the elements placed at our disposal to establish it. It doesn't matter, however; I believe that we may use it temporarily."

"I too," said Annabel. "And besides, what difference does it make?"

"How—what difference does it make?"

"Why, since the British Court condemned my father and confiscated his estate by the same sentence, and consequently, the fortune you have just appraised so ingeniously does not belong to me any longer. Under those circumstances, whether the figure is exact or not . . ."

"Oh!" said Gwinett, vexed.

He added ill-humouredly:

"You might have saved me all these useless calculations."

"Forgive me," she said sweetly, "but seeing you so well informed about Irish affairs, I presumed you knew that in political matters, a sentence of death entails the confiscation of property."

Gwinett was not listening. He was reflecting. He asked:

"Is a sentence of that nature always irrevocable?"

"What sentence?"

"Naturally I am not talking about the one which committed Colonel O'Brien to capital punishment, since it was carried out," he said ironically. "I am talking about the confiscation."

"An act of clemency on the part of the Queen may intervene and arrest its effects," said Annabel.

"An act of clemency on the part of the Queen!" said the clergyman. "But, my dear Anna, it is your place now to solicit it!"

"My place!" she cried. "Mine!"

She had paled.

"Do you know what one must do to obtain an act of that sort? Do you know?"

"I suspect," said the minister with a show of impatience, "that one would not obtain it merely by addressing an insulting letter to Queen Victoria. I think that . . ."

She cut him short.

"I am going to tell you what I would have to do. I know! My father and my husband recited to me the sordid details often enough.

In Ballinasloe, there was an illustrious Irish family—whose name I shall not repeat, out of respect for the dead—composed by the father and two sons at the time of which I speak. The father and the older son were arrested in 1837, following an uprising against the Crown. They were sentenced to death, executed, and their fortune was confiscated. And what do you think, two or three years later, the younger son secured the restitution of that fortune, on the condition that he enter the British Army and don the uniform of those who had been his father's and his brother's executioners. What have you to say to that?"

"I say," said Gwinett with an amiable smile, "that there cannot possibly be any question of your donning the red coat, in which, however, you could not fail to look charming."

"Oh, don't sneer!" she said with a shudder. "If you knew the language of the letter by which one has to beg for such a restitution, you would be the first . . ."

"For the sake of Heaven, Anna my dear, don't excite yourself," said he, seizing her

hands. "What can that letter contain that's so terrible! An offence against virtue, against moral laws, against the respect we owe our Maker?"

"An offence against honour," she said.

"Against honour, Anna?"

"Yes against honour. Don't you understand? Oh, it's certain that if I, Colonel O'Brien's daughter, the rightful mistress of Kildare, if I should write tomorrow to the Queen: 'Madam, I implore you to return my domain, in return for which I condemn everything my father did, all that he lived for, and I swear to you that you will not have a more faithful subject than Annabel O'Brien' —it's certain that I would immediately enter into possession of those lands which give you so much trouble to enumerate and that, on top of it all, they would offer me the hand of some Protestant lord from Ulster or elsewhere."

"Anna!" exclaimed the minister.

She had stopped short.

"Forgive me," she said.

"I did not suspect," he said with sorrowful dignity, "that you harboured such a deep-

rooted aversion for the religion to which I rejoiced in thinking I had won you."

She made a gesture of despair.

"Oh! how cruel you are! Don't you realize how completely I belong to you? Is it possible that an unfortunate remark might make you doubt it, a remark that I deplore, that desolates me, that I beg you to forget?"

"Anna," he said, "Anna, if such were the case, I would be unworthy of the garment I wear, of the faith which is mine and of which I judged you worthy, my sister. Have you sworn always to misunderstand the true nature of the sentiments which dictate the words I address to you? I am very unhappy, Anna, very, very unhappy!"

"Oh!" she said hotly, "let us not prolong this scene. What was I thinking of to set you such a task? Tomorrow we will take these stocks to some cashier in the Livingstone Bank and . . ."

The minister shook his head gently.

"No, Anna, no. I cannot accept your magnanimity. It shall not be said, my sister, that the first, the only desire you have expressed to me until now, found me unwill-

ing. In spite of a distaste that I ask pardon for not having known how to hide from you, I shall obey, Anna. I shall work at this balance-sheet until it is finished. Ah! never did Laban impose such a task upon Jacob!"

With infinite lassitude, he had placed a handful of stock certificates before him and had begun the reckoning.

"I put down," he explained, "each of these stocks in the right column, Colonel Lee's. In Colonel O'Brien's before the $210,000 which I calculated you ought to inherit, I place an interrogation mark, so as not to prolong a discussion in which we have wounded each other so grievously."

She was about to speak.

"No, my sister, no, don't protest. I undertake the enumeration of your husband's stocks. First: one hundred shares in the *Deseret Iron Company,* issued at one hundred dollars. Market value today, five hundred and fifty dollars. I inscribe $55,000. And on the side I place the letter "k."

He explained.

"Stocks can be classified in three categories: *keep, watch, liquidate.* Deseret stocks

are absolutely safe, on account of the steady market for iron as well as the prudence with which the Board of Directors proceeds. The day these shares reach seven hundred dollars, we shall think the matter over. In the meanwhile, I write 'k'—keep."

He passed to another sheaf of papers.

"*Humboldt Creek*. Ten shares, issued likewise at a hundred dollars. Market value, twelve hundred and fifty dollars. Total: $12,500. In spite of this dizzy climb, I don't hesitate to inscribe the letter 'k' against this item. The borax beds exploited by the Company lie on the very line that the Federal Government has just adopted for an Atlantic to Pacific Railroad. Only it will be necessary to watch over the directors who, it seems to me, are inclined to go a little too fast. But we have a deliberate voice in the assembly."

And, as Annabel's glance spoke her astonishment, he smiled.

"My knowledge surprises you! What do you think I was doing during those long days of illness, when you left me alone with the *Deseret News?* Thanks should be rendered to the Lord, since reading market values in

that paper helps me to come to your assistance today. God is our Shepherd, Anna. His word is written everywhere, for those who know how to read it . . . *Manti-Coals,* we will put third. Twenty-two shares—what a queer number—issued at fifty dollars. Market value: sixty-four; so, $1,308. Keep —seeing how unimportant the investment is. But still, I do not conceal that I have not a tremendous confidence in the future of those mines, even if they do claim that the coal they get there is as good in quality as the coal in the Alleghanys. Keep just the same. On the contrary, I inscribe 'liquidate' without a shade of hesitation on this block of *New Lebanon* shares, called Number Four in the memorandum hereunto annexed. By the way, this memorandum has been drawn up very conscientiously and has proved already most useful to me."

"I am glad," said Annabel. "It was Père d'Exiles who began it, at my request."

Astonished at the silence which followed her words, she raised her eyes. She was reassured. Imperturbable, Gwinett was pursuing his labours.

"Fifth, forty shares of *Green River*. More certificates payable to the bearer! As a rule, Anna, it is not very wise to keep such a large amount of stock of that kind in one's possession. It becomes dangerously imprudent when, as is your wont, one authorizes the first comer to meddle with and finger over such securities."

"The first comer!" she said.

"Yes, Anna."

"But there have been only you and Père d'Exiles who have looked after these affairs!"

"I don't want to distress you, Anna. But why must you pronounce that name again, that name which fills me with bitterness!"

"How is that?" she said, somewhat oppressed.

"Yes, my sister, which fills me with bitterness, in constraining me to remember what I attempt unceasingly to forget, the desolating ingratitude that is the foundation of human nature. What, Anna! There is a man who has lived in your house more than a year, living off you, any one else would say. It is already three weeks ago since he took leave of you, and how rudely! God forbid that I

dwell upon the subject! And since then, my sister, not the least sign of an apology, not the least sign of any thanks, not the least word . . . "

"Please let's not talk about that any more," she said in a very low voice.

"As you will, Anna."

A half an hour later, the clergyman drew the final line under the column of figures surmounted by Colonel Lee's name and proceeded to sum up.

"One hundred and forty five thousand dollars capital, at market value," he said. "At six per cent, this represents for you a net income of $8,700."

"Net," she said, "no. There is this."

She opened an envelope and showed him a paper.

"What, what is this?" he asked, knitting his eyebrows slightly.

"This is Colonel Lee's last will and testament," she said. "He leaves me mistress of his fortune, under condition that I contribute the sum of $4,000 yearly to the White-Boy Relief Fund."

"Four thousand dollars for the White-Boys!" he said, raising his eyes to heaven. "My sister, do you know what the White-Boys are?"

"I do," she responded. "It is the Irish revolutionary society to which both my father and my husband used to belong."

The minister looked serious.

"Anna, I have no right to judge your conduct. But, a while ago, when you told me the story of that Irish family in Ballinasloe, I heard you through. In turn, I may be permitted, I suppose, to tell you a tale, a brief tale, and you will listen, my sister. It was ten years ago. One of my good friends, the Honourable Arthur Tumulty, happened to be in London on a short visit. From a bench in Soho Square, he was ecstatically watching the gambols of the charming babies who love that popular garden. It was a scene of calm, peaceful happiness and content with the world. Tears stood in the eyes of the Honourable Tumulty as he offered thanks to the Lord. Suddenly, a horrible red flame shot up, followed by a frightful explosion. Tumulty was hurled to the ground. When he

picked himself up, mothers were fleeing in all directions and on the lawn, in a pool of blood which the black earth was drinking in, there were four corpses of children, atrociously disfigured. The White-Boys had gone by!"

Annabel hid her face in her hands.

"What shall I do?" she murmured.

"What you wish," said Gwinett coldly. "Once again, it is not for me to dictate your duty to you. But in case you should begin to see a light, I can allay your scruples by pointing out to you that in every country of the world, immoral or illegal clauses are rendered null and void by the law."

"Let's not talk about this any more. Let's not talk about this!" she said. "Oh! let's go downstairs, let's get out of here!"

She had arisen. He seized her by the arm.

"We are not at the end of the task that we've assigned ourselves, Anna. We have finished with your personal property. But there remains the villa."

"It cost $16,000," she said.

"It's worth $25,000 today. I write $25,000. And the furniture?"

"I have no idea what it's worth."

"It's worth about as much. I write $25,000. And your jewels?"

She did not answer. He put down a figure.

"And lastly, there are the negroes."

"Rose and Coriolan!" she exclaimed. "You are insane!"

He looked at her with an expression of unutterable sorrow.

"I am a native of the Northern States, my sister, and I suppose you know what those States think about slavery, atrocious institution that it is! But, Anna, we cannot help that we are living in Southern territory at the present moment, under laws that authorize that abomination. You cannot help that your two black servants are subject to the economic law which administers chattels. A legally established inventory ought to furnish a statement of the sum they represent. What did you pay for them?"

"Oh!" she said. "I won't answer you! I don't want to answer you! I have enough of all these awful things."

He smiled sorrowfully.

"Anna," said he, "Anna," and there were

tears in his voice. "Don't you think I was right when I begged you to spare me the thankless task of meddling with your finances? Ah! I knew only too well what an execrable power money has to make instantaneous adversaries of the most devoted friends."

She was crying, unable to answer. He took her in his arms.

She smiled.

"I am an ungrateful wretch," she said. "But let's not stay here any longer, I am suffocating—let us go down."

"I've finished, Anna, I've finished. There is only the general total to add up."

"Go ahead," she said. "But I cannot help you any more. I am utterly incapable of it."

On the coat which Gwinett had taken off upon entering, there lay a book, a book bound in black, with a gold cross on the cover. Annabel picked it up and began to glance through it, while she was waiting for him to finish.

It was a volume of two hundred and forty-three pages, printed the year before in Liver-

pool. The title was: "*Compendium of the Faith and Doctrines of the Latter-Day Saints.*"

Gwinett arose. He had finished.

"Well, well!" she said, holding out the book to him with a smile, "so now you have taken to reading Morman literature! These silly things must be highly entertaining to a learned man like you."

"Dear," he said gravely as he took the book from her hands, "sincere belief should never excite derision."

She looked at him, slightly nonplussed. But he had often puzzled her before and each time she only loved him the more.

. . . .

They were married, as the minister had announced, on the second of September. Annabel had expressed a desire that the ceremony take place after sunset and without any onlookers, except the required witnesses. She left the matter of choosing them to Gwinett.

Toward five o'clock, darkness had filled the dining-room, where Rose served the pair a collation. Outside, they heard the rain

which had been pouring steadily for a week. The room, lighted by a single candle, was gloomy. On the side-board, a red rose in a vase of crystal, swung back and forth each time the door opened.

Gwinett arose. They went out. Coriolan, carrying an umbrella, escorted them to the road. The rain fell in torrents.

A carriage awaited them. They climbed in. The horses set off. Of the nocturnal landscape shut out by the lowered hood, nothing could be seen, but the yellow swollen waters of the ditches rushing along, ruffled by the wind, beneath the misty moon.

Annabel sought the pastor's hand and pressed it to her heart.

"I am afraid," she murmured. "You omitted to instruct me in my new religion. I have never set foot in one of your churches. Aren't you afraid I'll be awkward?"

He answered evasively.

"Our religion is a religion of the soul. It dispenses with all empty popish mummeries. Set your mind at rest."

"Where is the church where we are going to be married?"

"Near Social Hall."

She dared not disturb the train of his thoughts by questioning him any further.

They alighted from the carriage in front of a side door. There were steps to go down. They entered a vaulted room. Four men were there, warming themselves by a coke fire.

"You are late, Brother Jemini," said the oldest of the four, who was also the tallest.

"I apologize, Brother Murdock," said Gwinett humbly. "The horses were slow on account of the rain."

He turned around and taking the young woman by the hand, he drew her within the luminous circle made by a lamp placed on the mantel-piece.

"This is Sister Anna, Brethren," he said.

She bowed slightly. The four men did not stir. They looked at her in silence. Out of the four, she only knew one, a certain John Sharpe who, she remembered vaguely, worked at the Marriage-License Bureau.

"Let us begin," said Brother Murdock at last. "The honour is yours, Brother John."

Little John Sharpe took the big book on which he had been sitting.

"Come here!" he snuffled.

He opened the book. All the onlookers arose.

Brother John began to read.

"Brother Jemini, do you take Sister Anna by the right hand to make her yours, to be your legitimate wife, and you to be her legitimate husband, for now and for all eternity, with a pledge and a promise on your part to fulfill all the laws, ceremonies and commandments pertaining to marriage in this new and immortal covenant—doing so in the presence of God, the Angels and these witnesses, of your own free consent and of your own free will?"

"I do," responded Gwinett.

"Sister Anna," continued Sharpe, "do you take Brother Jemini by the left hand . . ." and he reeled off the formula once more.

"I do," said Annabel.

"Sign here," said Sharpe. "It is understood that Brother Joram, here present, is witness for Brother Jemini, and that Brother

Phanuel, here present too, is witness for Sister Anna."

They signed; Brother Murdock was the last to affix his flourishing signature at the very bottom of the page.

"You may withdraw, Brother John," he said to Sharpe. "We have no further need of you. Sister, Brethren, will you please pass into the next room with me?"

They followed him. Murdock shut the door carefully after them.

Annabel threw a hasty glance about the place.

It was a vast, whitewashed hall, with a rude table in the centre. A cheap lamp, suspended from the ceiling, diffused its oily light on the assembly.

"This is for you, my sister," said old Murdoch, pointing to a long tunic of white muslin on the table.

"For me?" she said.

"For you. It is the symbol of your approaching redemption. Will you do me the favour of putting on this garment?"

"Willingly," she said with a smile.

Attempting to put it on, she found herself in difficulties. The muslin caught in the heavy jet buttons of her jacket.

Gwinett and Brother Phanuel assisted her clumsily.

"Wait," she said, "it will be easier this way."

She had removed her jacket. The soft, pale flesh of her arms, of her bare throat showed transparently through her lacy blouse.

Old Murdock cleared his throat. A disquieting thrill circulated about the smoky room.

Gwinett jumped up.

"Put on your jacket again," he said nervously. "Put it on right away!"

Abashed she obeyed. It took them a full five minutes to succeed in tying her in the muslin sheath.

"At least," she said, "let me remove my hat. How foolish I must look like this!"

So saying, she had taken off her wide black felt hat. Her tiny gold curls gleamed. The same dubious thrill began to circulate.

"Put on your hat!" cried Gwinett impatiently.

She obeyed once again. Somewhat sur-

prised, she watched Brother Phanuel tie around her waist a small square apron embroidered with fig leaves. Then old Murdoch, who had vanished, returned, himself garbed in a long white linen robe. Then they all passed in a group into a third chamber, smaller, but better lighted and furnished with fairly comfortable arm-chairs. There was a pulpit against the wall. Brother Murdoch ascended it.

He spoke for about an hour. What he said, Annabel, reflecting upon it later, never could remember. She was watching Gwinett. He sat beside her. His eyes were closed. His hair seemed softer and bluer than usual, his skin more olive, his beauty more perfect. And what an expression of grave serenity! O God, thou couldst not bestow gifts so marvelous upon a creature not altogether worthy!

The two witnesses sat behind them. Brother Phanuel, afflicted with a polypus, breathed so violently that on several occasions Annabel might have thought he was snoring. She could not see him but, turning her head a little, she perceived Brother Joram. The

eyes of the latter were roving up and down the young woman's bare neck with an expression that made Annabel tremble with shame.

To efface that hideous vision, she forced herself to listen to Brother Murdoch's discourse. At random, she caught an offensive allusion to Rome. "Oh, yes!" she thought, "it's true. I am no longer a Catholic." No longer a Catholic! She repeated the words almost audibly. The thought astonished her, and that was all. The church in Kildare! The Ursuline chapel in St. Louis! . . . No longer a Catholic! Then, suddenly, she remembered Père d'Exiles, and she barely had time to turn her glance upon her husband's implacable profile to escape an agony of remorse.

At that moment, his homily at end, Murdock descended from the pulpit and came to them.

He took her right hand and placed it in Gwinett's left hand.

"Do you swear," he asked, addressing the minister, "always to be for her what Isaac was for Rebecca, what Boaz was for Ruth, what Joachim was for Anna?"

"I do," answered the minister.

"And you, my sister, do you swear always to be for him what Rebecca was for Isaac, what Ruth was for Boaz, what Anna was for Joachim?"

"I do,"

"And do you swear, my sister, always to be for him what Sarah was for Abraham with regard to Hagar, what Rachel and Leah were for Jacob with regard to Bilhah and Zilpah?"

"I do," she repeated with the same confidence.

Brother Murdoch raised himself to his full height and his shadow began to flicker on the wall.

"Well, then," he said forcefully, "Brother Jemini, Sister Anna, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Holy Sacrament, I pronounce you man and wife for now and for all eternity; upon you both I bestow the blessings of the Holy Resurrection so that you may appear on Judgment Day wrapped in glory, immortality and eternal life. And I bestow upon you the blessings of the Thrones, of the Dominions, of the Principalities, of the Powers and of the Exaltations;

likewise the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and I say unto you: 'Multiply and be fruitful and replenish the earth, that you may rejoice in your seed on Judgment Day.' All these blessings as well as all the others in this new and immortal covenant, I shower upon your heads by the authority of the Sacrament, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, that you may be faithful unto death. Amen."

He remained for an instant with bowed head, praying, then he said to them:

"Go, you are united."

They went out, passed through the two chambers. The carriage in which they had come was drawn up before the outer door. It was raining no longer. In the sky, there were even stars, peering between soft clouds.

The couple shook hands with Brother Murdoch and the witnesses, thanking them.

"I tell you," said Gwinett, "it's a shame that being married at such a late hour will prevent us from asking you to dinner!"

"Bah!" said Brother Murdoch in his thick, gruff voice, " there's no harm done. We'll leave that for the next time!"

Already settled under the carriage hood, Annabel burst into laughter.

"Did you hear what that idiot said?" asked Gwinett crossly, as the carriage started off.

"Yes," she said still laughing. "He seems to be pretty clever in concealing how fond he is of joking."

And, with all her strength, she clung to the minister. This time he did not push her away.

. . . .

They allowed themselves to be drawn along, indifferent to the road the carriage was taking. The song of the ditches could be heard, so loud, that at times it submerged the rattle of the wheels.

At last—after how long?—Gwinett disengaged himself gently from her embrace. The carriage had stopped.

"We are home, dear."

They stood together on the road. A house rose up darkly in front of them. The carriage had gone away.

Annabel shuddered. She seized the minister's arm.

"Are we there?" she said, "are we? I don't

recognize the garden. Where are we?"

He had unlatched a gate. She followed him, feeling her way in the dark.

He opened a door. Now they were climbing an obscure staircase.

"Where are we? Where are we?" she repeated.

She felt his lips against her ear. He whispered:

"Where are you, my beloved? In a house better suited to shelter our love than your luxurious villa."

A corridor. Another door is opened and closed. A lamp is lighted. A large, bare room appears.

The pastor stood in the centre of the room. He had taken off his coat. He looked at Annabel, he held out his arms to her lovingly.

She flung herself into them. She huddled there. She was trembling.

"My beloved, my beloved, where are we?"

Without answering, still smiling, he drew her to him. He removed her outer garments and her shoes, placed them carefully on a chair, at the head of the great white bed which

stood imposing and resplendent in the mysterious room.

"Where are we?" she attempted to ask once more. "Oh! but what does it matter! With you, my beloved, with you!"

She surrendered herself. He pressed her more closely to him. She questioned him no longer . . .

CHAPTER VII

THEY had not slept until dawn. When Annabel awoke, the sun already high in the heavens, was glancing on the window-pane where tiny drops of blue fog pursued each other. She was alone.

This did not alarm her. It even made her happy at first. Pulling up the covers, for the room was cold, she luxuriated in her warm lassitude.

Soon, she felt that she could not lie in bed any longer. A queer uneasiness took possession of her. She sought the cause, found it —it was the surrounding calm, the complete absence of noise. All was strangely silent in the house.

Annabel arose in her night-dress, she went to the door, opened it. A corridor, very light, like a room, led to a stairway. A gust of icy air made her shiver. She shut the door again, then, having thrown the heavy cloak in which she had been wrapped the

day before, over her shoulders, she undertook a minute examination of the place in which she found herself.

She started to the window, with its stiff white curtains, streaming with sunshine. She attempted to open it, but in vain—the fastening, although new, was rusty. So Annabel rubbed the mist off one of the panes and looked out.

What she saw was anything but unusual. The bedroom was on the second floor. Below it, a vegetable garden, enclosed by an eight-foot adobe wall about a hundred yards away. Beyond, in the crude sky, the Wahsatch mountains, upon which it had snowed during the night, lifted their jagged, rosy peaks. The sun shone, reassuringly.

The garden vegetation was powdered with a greyish, iridescent frost. In the centre lay a square of naked brown earth. A woman, stooping, was digging. She pulled up potatoes which she threw in a basket. Annabel thought that she looked familiar. She tapped on the window-pane timidly, then harder. The woman did not turn around. But she was far away. Perhaps she had not heard.

Annabel decided that she had been mistaken. She left the window.

The walls of the room were roughly plastered and bare. They were without ornament except for a portrait, a portrait of Benjamin Franklin. In a crude frame, he displayed his fat, smirking face, his black vest, his Quaker cravat and the rest of the assumed biblical guilelessness of the layman saint who has made Lake Michigan a twin sister of Lake Geneva. Annabel was much too inexperienced to realize that the effigy of that sinister philanthropist was ominous here. She shrunk back, nevertheless.

A door stood ajar. The young woman pushed it open and entered a second room, smaller, with no opening other than a window giving on the same garden. This room had pretentions to being a dressing-room, that is to say, it was furnished with a small table on which were a basin and a ridiculously scanty pitcher of water and, beneath it, an iron pail. In one of the drawers, some soap and a comb. That was all.

No—in addition there was a mirror, a diminutive mirror, hung on a nail. Annabel

smiled as she thought of her bedroom at the villa, with its two vast cheval-glasses where in happy complacency she contemplated her beauty each day and suddenly she started at the thought that perhaps she would never more see the secret treasures of her beloved body.

To escape this absurd apprehension, she thought of the minister.

"Oh!" she muttered, "I am going mad! Why must I stay up here for ever, when he is surely downstairs waiting for me—he must even be wondering . . ."

She made a hasty use of the brittle comb, the hard, cold water, the tallow-smelling soap. Then she dressed, with the distaste unknown to her until then of wearing the same dress so soon again.

She put on her shoes. Since her awakening, she had been barefoot on the pine flooring which, to be sure, was very clean.

When ready, she glanced into the garden. The potato woman was no longer there.

Going along the hall, Annabel came to the staircase. The sound of her heels, as she went downstairs, reverberated much louder

than on the floor of the bedroom. Instinctively, she descended the rest of the way on tiptoes.

In the vestibule, a wide vestibule opening into the garden, nothing. Facing her, a door. Annabel opened it. This door gave on a street, a deserted street. Annabel closed it again. Cutting across the vestibule, she went to another door. She opened it, her heart beating.

She found herself in the first room of the house that might have been called furnished. It was a vast kitchen, with a fire-place where blazed a fairly good fire. A large red clay pot stood on two bricks against the logs, in the midst of the flames. Its contents hummed. It was an appetizing song, almost reassuring. Annabel sat down upon a stool. She was cold. She stretched her legs, put her hands and feet out to the hearth.

The gurglings in the pot grew louder. The cover lifted up, giving passage to puffs of yellow scum. They ran over the side, fell into the fire, sputtered, threatened to extinguish the flames. Annabel decided to act. With infinite precautions, she hooked a poker

on the ponderous utensil and drew it back a little. She rejoiced to hear the tiny storm inside decreasing. But the soot on the poker had soiled her hands most disagreeably.

Furthermore, the silence began to oppress her.

It was opportunely broken by the sound of the outer door opening. Now some one knocked at the kitchen door.

"Come in," said Annabel.

She could not help thinking that people entered this house somewhat too easily. To leave it could not be much more difficult.

"Mrs. Gwinett, please?"

Annabel arose to meet the newcomer. It was the postman. Four functionaries of the sort assured Salt Lake City a mail service, the city being divided into four corresponding sections: North-West, North-East, South-East, South-West. Until then, Annabel had only dealt with the postman of the North-West section. The one who had just entered bore the initials "S-E" on the copper star of his shoulder belt. She did not know him.

He took two letters from his pouch.

"Mrs. Gwinett?" he repeated.

Not until then had Annabel recollected that she was Mrs. Gwinett. She smiled. "Letters already!" she said to herself. And she held out her hand.

But the man stepped back.

"I am asking for Mrs. Gwinett," he said for the third time.

"I am she."

The postman stared at her distrustfully.

"Mrs. Gwinett, wife of Brother Jemini Gwinett?"

"I tell you I am Mrs. Gwinett," she cried impatiently.

He looked at her again, put the letters back in his sack.

"I'll come by again," he said.

And he left her.

"What a suspicious person!" she thought. She laughed, but not long. Her laughter had awakened disquieting echoes in the silent kitchen.

Some time elapsed. Once again, the outer door opened.

"Oh!" cried out Annabel in happy surprise.

Sarah Pratt had just entered the room.

She was, as usual, dressed in black. She carried a small copper can filled with milk. She deposited it on the table, shook the hand held out by Annabel.

"Sarah! Sarah! What a god-send! How glad I am!" the young woman said over and over again.

"I am glad you are," said Sarah Pratt with a calm smile.

"You here, Sarah! Dear Sarah! How does it happen?"

Sarah did not answer right away. She was busy pouring the milk into a pan.

"You must be hungry for breakfast," she said at last.

"Yes, it's true, Sarah, I'm hungry. But above all, I'm glad, so glad to see you again."

Sarah went to the fire-place, set the pan on the coals.

"The big pot is not where I left it," she remarked.

"I took it off the fire, Sarah."

"You did wrong. The vegetables will not be cooked."

"I thought I was doing what should be done. It seemed to me the water was boiling over. I didn't know."

"See to it that you do the next time," said Sarah simply.

She bent over the fire-place. The flames lighted her beautiful, impassible, waxy forehead.

A yellow film was forming on the surface of the milk. It lifted, rent in two, allowing the white foam to dissolve.

"Help yourself to a bowl, there, on the side-board," ordered Sarah Pratt.

She filled the bowl which Annabel brought, then cut a large slice of bread, buttered it, held it out to her.

"Eat."

"And you, Sarah?"

"I have had breakfast," she responded.

Annabel hesitated before asking a question. At length she gathered courage.

"Won't you have to fix another bowl?"

"Another bowl? And for whom, if you please?"

"Why . . . for the minister!"

"It isn't necessary," said Sarah Pratt dryly.

"He had breakfast with me. We get up early, here, you know," she added.

Annabel sat dumfounded before the smoking bowl.

"Why don't you eat, since you are hungry?" said Sarah, shrugging her shoulders.

And tying a blue apron over her skirt, she began to peel potatoes.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Sarah.

It was the postman again.

"Mrs. Gwinett?" he asked from the door-sill.

The two women had arisen simultaneously.

The postman held the same two letters in his hand.

"Give them to me," said Sarah.

She took them. He bowed, not without casting a severe look at Annabel.

"Excuse me, won't you?" said Sarah.

She had broken the seals and was reading. Annabel had turned very pale.

"Those letters . . ." she mumbled.

"Well?" said Sarah, without looking up, "I am reading them."

"You are reading them?"

"I am, because they are addressed to me."

"Addressed to you! But, Sarah, the address reads 'Mrs. Gwinett'!"

"Yes, certainly," said Sarah, "but the address is incomplete. It ought to read: 'Mrs. Gwinett Number One.' But you see, I haven't had time yet to advise my correspondents of my husband's latest marriage."

"Your husband . . ."

"Our husband, if you prefer, dear Anna."

"Our husband!" echoed Annabel.

She stood up. She walked to Sarah who watched her calmly without dropping the potatoes which she was busy peeling.

"Where is he?" demanded Annabel with violence.

"Who, he?"

"Why, the minister!"

"If you are speaking of Jemini," said Sarah carelessly, "stop calling him by a title which it is hardly suitable to give him any longer. Besides, I hope, it will soon be replaced by a more exalted one, worthier of his gifts, which are really exceptional."

"I ask you where he is!"

"You ask me questions and you don't even give me time to answer them! Just now, he

is at the Tabernacle, with Kimball, Wells, and the Twelve Apostles. President Brigham, attracted by the gifts I just mentioned as well as by his spectacular conversion, wants his theological initiation to be rushed, so that he may obtain the highest offices at the earliest possible moment. If Brigham Young continues to look upon the idea with favour, our Jemini will see himself initiated into the Order of Melchisedech at thirty-four! Think of it, sister: only Hiram Smith, the own brother of the prophet, Brigham, Kimbal and my uncle, the great Orson Pratt, have been thus honoured so young. You must admit, dear Anna . . ."

"I forbid you to call me Anna," said Annabel fiercely.

"As you like," said Sarah coldly. "Then I will call you Mrs. Gwinett Number Two. But let me draw your attention to the fact that the tone of your remarks does not go very well with the declarations of friendship that you professed a few moments ago, before you had asked me these questions."

Annabel burst into a nervous laughter.

"Those questions! Those questions! You

silly creature, how could you imagine that I didn't know everything you just told me, do you hear, everything?"

And she went out slowly, casting a defiant glance at Sarah.

. . . .

The light was now growing feeble in the bedroom where she had taken refuge instinctively, after her flight from the kitchen. At first Annabel had thrown herself sobbing upon the bed. But its disorder, the memories of the night before, had horrified her immediately.

In her absence, a small trunk had been brought to the room. It was standing solitary in the centre of the floor. A trunk from the villa. It still bore a label, a label in Père d'Exiles' handwriting:

Mrs. Lee, St. Louis, by way of Omaha.

Annabel seated herself on the trunk, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her palms. She stayed there all day, inert, tearless. And little by little, the ash-grey evening filtered through the misty panes.

The world reels about us and we are alone

in an unfriendly room. What have we to hope for from the world and from life? We are disillusioned, our eyes are opened. We no longer desire anything, except death, perhaps . . . But this is the one thing we still fear. O Sun! To see thy Divine Face for a last time! Had Annabel been of those amazingly courageous beings who can commit suicide no doubt she would have killed herself.

Night now, black night. Then on the boards, a thin pencil of pale moonlight. Better than by daylight, we see a thousand unlooked for details in the flooring; the atoms of dust, the cracks that we count, a moth, winged dot, which crawls away and disappears in the darkness, with whom we would disappear, if we dared . . .

Annabel's tiny watch had not yet stopped. Still it only goes twenty-four hours and its owner had wound it up yesterday at six, before the ceremony over which the ominous Brother Murdock had presided. But it is nine o'clock. Oh, let us wind it quickly, to prolong its vacillating support!

Nine o'clock! Ten o'clock! He will not

come now. To what purpose all the speeches that Annabel, on her trunk, had prepared to denounce this recreant? Half-past ten! She burst into laughter. She had understood. She remembered. Gwinett is a good Mormon husband. Today is Sarah's day.

The Latter-Day Saints belong by turn to each of their wives—except on Sunday, the Lord's Day, when like Him, they partake of a well-earned repose. And so it is Monday night that is the most interesting, the most remunerative the night which goes to wife number one by right, in this case to Sarah Pratt—Sarah Gwinett. Annabel Lee, no, Anna Gwinett, counted on her fingers. Monday, Sarah—Tuesday, herself; Wednesday, Sarah—Thursday, yesterday, their wedding day, Anna herself; today is Friday, Sarah; tomorrow, Saturday, she, Anna will be honoured by their equitable mate. Unless, by that time, she will have had the courage to . . .

Eleven o'clock. Annabel's great cape is still there on the chair, where Gwinett had thrown it last night. The young woman wrapped it about her. The moon had wheeled around the house. Now it illum-

inated the empty corridor. Good heavens! how these stairs squeak!

Annabel had reached the street door. In the obscurity, she fumbles with the heavy chains. An extraordinary nervous dexterity has taken possession of her. The stairs had squeaked. The door opens noiselessly—it seems uncanny. Now Annabel is alone outside, alone in Salt Lake City.

A cold, cutting wind. Blocks of inky houses. Shadows passing with pallid lanterns under their cloaks. Here is a place Annabel recognizes—the Union Hotel. Should she enter and ask Judge Sydney for the glass of port he offered her the day the American troops arrived, not three months ago? How much has happened since then! No. Annabel is not going to the Union Hotel tonight.

But look—a flag waves in the sad night breeze over the door of a massive building. By the light of a triagular lantern, the starry blue field sways back and forth. Ah! Governor Cumming's residence. Often had Annabel's carriage stopped before that door—not so often, however, as the Governor's in

front of the festive, hospitable villa of Annabel Lee.

Will she enter this time? Yes.

A sallow individual—a doorkeeper perhaps—dozed in the narrow entry. What does she want of him?

"I want to see Governor Cumming."

"Now? Folks ought to be abed at this time o' night."

"Go ask him anyway. And give him my name. We shall see."

Suspicious but prudent, the man was gone. Annabel is left alone. Suddenly, she notices her slippers, her dainty bronze slippers, stained with mud, and her dress likewise. Governor Cumming, who flirted with her so discreetly! Oh! rather a thousand times . . . And the dark street takes her back.

O Night, sinister Night! A man had just accosted Annabel. He muttered horrible things to her between his teeth. No use getting angry—what can you expect? And then, this virtuous town offers so few distractions to a Morman bachelor . . . A house streaming with golden light. Annabel presses her gloomy face against a window. Within, the

people are merry. They sit around a table loaded with victuals. They are singing hymns.

She sees the patriarch with his wives, his little children, so fair and rosy. Oh! after all, there is happiness in the Land of the Mormon! Annabel had eaten nothing since morning. If she went in, perhaps they would give her the drumstick of that goose.

But why beg, when there are two, three, four gold pieces here in her pocket? Annabel counted them by the glimmer from the yellow panes. Surely you can find something to eat in Salt Lake City, above all on such a night, obviously a holiday night.

Once again, the obscure labyrinth of streets, and once again, a light. This time it is a store, yes, it is a store. The windows have checkered curtains, red and white.

But just what do they have for sale here? Oh! what does it matter, if only it is something to eat? Annabel enters. A shriveled old woman is knitting. Upon seeing Annabel, she puts down her work.

Annabel, intimidated, is silent.

"Hmm! hmm!" coughs the old woman.

Bizarre sounds issue from a small door opening into the darkness at the back of the shop. A concertina. Drunken music.

"How jolly they are!" murmurs Annabel.

"They have a right to be," answers the old woman dryly. "Today is the anniversary of the Discovery of Urin and Thummin by Joseph Smith. We are supposed to celebrate, according to the commandments of the Church."

"I'm hungry," says Annabel.

"And thirsty too, I'll bet. Well, go on in. You can eat and drink, and not alone, my pretty one. Good looking girls like you should have company. It will cost you a couple of dollars, which you will not be long in recuperating. But understand, we want no scandal here. . . ."

Annabel walked into the back-room with firm steps. As she entered, she thought of the church yesterday, the church where she became Mrs. Gwinett. Ah! how like its churches are the brothels in this blessed country of the Lord—and hardly more depressing at that. But here, at least, you can eat and drink.

Particularly drink . . . Ah! fierce fire-water! What would the wretched peasants of County Kildare say of their little mistress, she who used to preach temperance, if they could see her tonight? But they are far, far away, beyond the billowing seas, and they shall never see her again.

If the word drunk is adequate, Annabel was drunk when she left this curious place. A young Mormon, handsome and conceited, followed her. As they walked along the dark streets, he held her waist and attempted to kiss her, succeeding at times.

"Do you know whom you're kissing?" she asked him laughingly.

"What do I care?" he answered. "I like you, what do I care?"

"Oh! really? Well, I am Mrs. Gwinett, the legimate wife of Brother Jemini Gwinett, whom you have no doubt heard of . . ."

But the presumptuous young Morman fled —an obscure silhouette—without asking the rest.

The cold night air routs intoxication and awakens hunger. Besides, Annabel had

eaten so little. She had been drinking, I repeat. But when she reached her new home, she had no difficulty in recognizing the house, whose door she had left ajar. She went in, put the chains back in place and shot the bolts.

In the kitchen, the dying flames of the fireplace licked the iron andirons and flickered on the black and white tiles.

Could there be anything left to eat in this kitchen?

Seizing a stool, Annabel dragged it to the murky wall, climbed upon it and reached a shelf along which she felt with her hand.

Ah! a kettle, the kettle with the remnants of the baked beans, recipe by Rigdon Pratt.

Annabel took possession of the kettle and settled by the fire. She ate greedily, without a fork, without a spoon, digging in the black congealed mixture with her fingers.

After she emptied the kettle, she left it there. Her handkerchief had been lost, where, she knew not. She wiped her lips and her hands with a towel, snatched out of the shadows.

The staircase was steeped in darkness when she staggered up to her room. She sat down on her trunk and waited, like one of those poor emigrants who huddle by the foggy waterside until the hour strikes and a vessel comes to take them away.

To escape—but how? In this harbour no ship will come to carry off Annabel Lee.

Throughout the next day, Saturday, she stayed thus in her room, dull and inert, waiting for her master, with only one fear in her heart—that he might not come.

He had too much respect for the Mormon law. Nine o'clock had not yet struck when he knocked at the door.

"Come in," she murmured.

He embraces her, whispers tender reproaches. His suave recriminations find her defenceless. To tell the truth, she listens gladly.

. . . .

Early in November, Annabel felt a desire to see her villa once more.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The logs were glowing redder in the kitchen fire-

place by which, alone, she was shelling peas. She arose abruptly, threw a shawl over her head, went out.

Gwinett's house was located in the southwestern part of Salt Lake City, not far from the holy enclosure which formed a sort of *chemin de ronde* around the city and was planted with willows which whitened towards evening. It was dusk when Annabel passed through it.

At first, she met no one. She walked very fast as she skirted the accursed city.

She met no one, except a group of children playing truant. The little Mormons, escaped from the Biblical ferule, received her with pleasantries much too sophisticated for their age. At first she misconstrued their sarcasm. "What in the world is the matter with me? A hole in my shawl, I suppose." Then suddenly she realized—she had been talking aloud. At this, the unhappy woman shivered, although she did not yet know why. She hastened her steps, broke into a run. A stone fell on the road by her side. Then the children abandoned her.

The sky had whitened through the fine

meshes of the feathery willow branches. A grey and black bird flew up from the fields and perched upon a tree ahead of her. Annabel slackened her pace. When she approached the bird, he shook his tail up and down twice, and did not fly away.

She came upon the observatory at the crossroads where, with Pere d'Exiles, she had watched the entry of the American troops into Salt Lake City. It was scarcely four months ago!

On the banks of the Mississippi is a great city, St. Louis, such a hospitable city—with its Ursuline convent—for a Catholic girl who has not abjured her faith. Annabel did not linger at the observatory.

The villa at last, the garden gate, the beautiful alley of sycamores. Suddenly filled with uneasiness, Annabel dared not ring.

She had expected to find the house closed, wrapped in poignant silence, empty, for she had never had the courage to ask her dreaded master what he had done with it.

Instead, there were open windows—a woman's white silhouette on the veranda.

Going around the stables, Annabel cut

across the fields. To the south, the property was bordered by a hedged embankment, and down in the hollow, ran a path. Annabel followed the path and then, clutching at the shrubbery, she lifted herself to the top of the hedge. From there, she could see all over the garden.

The change in it touched her so deeply that she almost screamed. In place of the ragged clumps of camelias and oleanders, a checker-board of furrows, where a stooping man was spading the clods of brown earth.

Two children in gay-coloured sweaters were watching him work. Their rosy little Anglo-Saxon faces were framed in pale copper hair.

A call rang out from the house. The woman's silhoutette that Annabel had noticed on the veranda, appeared.

"Fred! Mary! Come to tea."

The children scampered away. Then, in her turn, Annabel called in a choked voice:

"Coriolan!"

The man did not turn around. He had not heard.

"Coriolan!" she repeated louder.

He jumped, straightened himself, looked to-

ward her perplexedly, without seeing her.

"Here," she said, "here I am."

And she shook the branches of the hedge.

"Oh, Missus!" cried Coriolan.

He hastened to her. He saw her, lacerating her hands as she clung to the thorny branches. Nevertheless he made no move to help her raise herself into the garden.

He could only repeat: "Oh, Missus!"

He said once more:

"Missus!"

He added:

"Dressed like that!"

Annabel wore a shabby black serge dress, threadbare, mended at the elbows—an old dress which Sarah Pratt had almost worn out.

She made a gesture as if to say: "Don't pay any attention to that!"

"And you?" she asked hurriedly.

Then she noticed that he, too, was in rags, that he had begun to stoop, that his skin had that greyish tint of the negro who has suffered. She regretted her question, wished she had not spoken.

"And Rose?"

"Rose?" said Coriolan.

He nodded vaguely.

"Of course she is still here?" questioned Annabel in low tones.

Coriolan did not answer. The dying day reflected dark blue gleams on the steel of the spade.

"No," he said at last. "She is not here any more."

"Where is she, then?"

"In Wisconsin."

"Did she leave you?"

"It's not her fault, Missus. Mr. Wanamaker, the agent of the Federal Topographical Bureau was transferred to Milwaukee. He took Rose away."

"He took her to Milwaukee?"

"He bought her," said Coriolan very gently.

"Ah!" cried Annabel.

She asked, in a still lower voice:

"And . . . you?"

"Me? I just stayed here. Mr. Tuttle, the cashier of the Kinkead Bank boughtened me with the villa."

"With the villa!" repeated Annabel.

"Yes," said the negro. "Mr. Gwinett insisted that they take her at the same time,

there's no one who'll tell Missus different. But Mrs. Tuttle is a good cook, and her husband wants her to cook herself. So they had no use for Rose. That's why Mr. Gwinett sold her to Mr. Wanamaker."

"To Mr. Wanamaker!" echoed Annabel.

They were silent for an instant. Blue smoke ascended from the house. Coriolan's silence implied no reproach whatever.

"I have to go," he said at last. "It's time to feed the horses. Master don't like me to be late."

"Is Mr. Tuttle good to you?" asked Annabel.

"Yes'm," said Coriolan.

He added, lower, looking towards the house:

"When I'm not slow."

"And if you are slow?" insisted the unhappy woman.

The negro was silent.

At that moment, a dry, sonorous voice called out from the far end of the garden, in the grey dusk.

"Bull! Bull!"

Coriolan shuddered.

"Bull! Bull! Will some one tell me what has become of that unmitigated ass of a Bull?"

"Here I am, master, here!" cried the negro in a trembling voice.

"Bull?" interrogated Annabel.

"That's me," said the negro hastily. "They've changed my name."

"Oh!" she thought. "He, too!"

"Bull, Bull! Are you coming, you rascal?"

"Here, sir, here!"

He added very low, very rapidly:

"Can Missus wait? I can be froo in half an hour."

"Go," she said. "I will wait."

He ran away. As soon as she had watched his silhouette disappear in the shadow of the house, she released the branches of the shrubbery and she, too, begun to run at the bottom of the draw.

Night had fallen when she arrived at her husband's house. Gwinett was sitting by a table in the kitchen, reading. Sarah was setting the table.

"So, here you are!" she said, when Annabel came in.

The young woman did not answer. She

took a chair and went to sit by the fire.

"And the peas?" continued Sarah. "You never shelled them did you?"

Annabel kept silent.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me why?" said Sarah's sharp voice.

A tiny log flamed on the hearth, glowed white and red—Annabel did not take her eyes from it.

Gwinett had laid his book on the table. In his rich, deep voice he questioned:

"What is the matter, dear Sarah? What is it?"

"This," she answered, pointing to Annabel, "that once again, Madam has not done what she was supposed to do. She thinks it's fine to sit down at the table, before a nice, warm meal. But as for fixing it, that's another thing."

"Calm yourself, dear Sarah, calm yourself," said Gwinett. "I am sure that Anna is the first to regret. Isn't it so, dear Anna?"

Annabel had picked up a poker and was amusing herself by playing with the tiny garnet coals.

"She can shell those peas," said Sarah.

"As for myself, I won't lay my hand to them. And whether she does or not, we won't eat before eight o'clock tonight."

"We will have supper when it is ready," said Gwinett with calm resignation. "Let us not talk about this delay any more. Anna must be sufficiently punished by the thought that she is the cause of it, and it would scarcely be charitable, dear Sarah, to harp on it any longer. Hand her the bowl of peas, that she may finish her task."

Sarah obeyed. Annabel did not stir.

"Why, what are you doing?" cried Gwinett suddenly.

"She's going mad!" yelped Sarah.

Annabel, with perfect composure, had emptied the whole bowl of peas into the fire-place.

Sarah sprung at her, but she jumped aside just in time. The bowl grazed her temple and smashed against the wall.

"Anna!" cried Gwinett, hideously pale.

He seized her left wrist, which he let go immediately, for he had received the finest slap that ever gratified a minister of the Almighty here below.

"Crazy, crazy! I told you so, she's crazy!" screamed Sarah.

Annabel stood motionless, holding her hands to her temples, watching them. Then she burst into an endless nervous laugh.

CHAPTER VIII

"YOU here, Bessie! You!"

Annabel sat up. With her wasted hand she caressed her companion's forehead.

Nothing had changed in the light, bare room, except that the little table by the bed was crowded with phials of yellowish medicaments.

Annabel repeated in a plaintive voice:

"Bessie, how does it happen you are here—you, of all people?"

Kneeling, the young woman kissed the convalescent's bony hand.

"Yes, I did see you several times, Bessie. It comes back to me now. I didn't know it was you. I have been very ill, haven't I?"

"Very, very ill," said Bessie.

"But I'm much better, I'm sure. Give me a mirror."

Bessie took down the cheap little round mirror and brought it to Annabel, who

smiled as she contemplated her thin, pale face.

"Bessie, they cut off my hair! Did they cut it off, or did it fall out?"

"It fell out."

"It fell out! What have I had? Typhoid fever, perhaps."

"Brain fever."

"Ah! Brain fever. I suppose they asked you to come and take care of me, and you came right away, like the first time, you remember, dear Bessie?"

Bessie had prepared some herb-tea.

"Drink this," she said in a trembling voice.

"Like the first time, at my house, don't you remember? Rose couldn't imagine what was ailing me, and neither could Coriolan. And Père d'Exiles was away. It was last March, wasn't it?"

"Yes, last March," said Bessie.

"And it's November now, isn't it?"

"It is the fourth of December."

"The fourth of December! Oh, will you close the window? No wonder it's so cold in the room."

Bessie obeyed. The sky was gray and win-

try and the frozen furrows had turned black.

"The fourth of December, good heavens!" continued Annabel. "And it seems to me I took sick in November."

"November seventh."

"November seventh! Why, it was a month ago! Tell me, have you been well treated here, Bessie dear?"

"I have," said the young woman in a low voice.

"As well as at my house?"

"Just as well."

"Oh, I'm glad. I meant at the villa, anyway, since this is my house now, you see. It's a long story, Bessie. But I suppose you know it by this time?"

"Yes, I do," said Bessie, nodding her head. "But don't get excited. You still have a fever. Don't talk any more. Try to sleep."

"All right, I will, Bessie. Won't you kiss me? Why not, I give you permission to. Yes, I am sleepy, after all, Bessie. But I am better, am I not? Kiss me."

Bessie kissed her pitiful, bloodless forehead, shook up the lone pillow. Annabel had closed her eyes. Her lips twisted as she muttered

disconnected words. Then sleep closed them.

Bessie humbly resumed her watch at the foot of the bed, and began to patch towels.

Straining her eyes in the dusk, Bessie was still at work when Gwinett entered the room.

"How is she?" he asked.

Bessie had arisen.

"She is rational now. She recognized me for the first time."

"Ah!" said Gwinett smiling.

He took Annabel's wrist.

"Her pulse is quiet. The fever has gone down. Tomorrow she can begin to take some nourishment. However, might I ask you, dear Bessie, to stay with her another night?"

"I shall not leave her until she is completely out of danger."

"I know, tonight is Sarah's turn. But since our Anna is regaining her right mind, I prefer that you be with her, if she should awake. Bessie, you are a saint, a worthy spouse, a spouse righteous in the eyes of the Lord!"

He repeated:

"Righteous in the eyes of the Lord!"

And taking her in his arms, he kissed her twice and then went out.

The echo of Gwinett's steps died away in the corridor. Annabel's voice rang out imperiously.

"Light the lamp."

Bessie started and obeyed.

"Come here," commanded Annabel.

Again Bessie obeyed. She was trembling.

"Why are you blushing, Bessie? You haven't a fever, I have."

"Oh, please," mumbled the wretched girl, "don't be too hard on your old servant!"

"Servant!" cried Annabel. "Would you call yourself that if he were still in the room? You know very well that you wouldn't . . . he wouldn't hear of it!"

There was a silence.

"Mrs. Gwinett Number Three," asked the sick woman very gently, "will you be so kind as to give me a drink of that tea?"

She drank. Averting her eyes, Bessie took the cup.

"Bessie," said Annabel at last, "how could

you? Have you quite forgotten what I did for you?"

Bessie was silent.

"Must I remind you, Bessie? You know full well that no one in this awful place wanted to give you work. People used to say that you earned all you needed by waiting at night near Social Hall for drunken drivers and bringing them to . . ."

Bessie hid her face in her hands.

"I didn't heed them, Bessie. You suited yourself about coming to work for me. The very dress you are wearing must have been one of mine. And yet you could consent to become my rival, Bessie London, my rival!"

"I love him," said Bessie in a dull voice.

"Oh, really!" said Annabel with a laugh. "So you love him!"

She lifted the little mirror and held it out to Bessie.

"Look at yourself, my poor girl, just look at yourself."

The mirror reflected her homely face, modestly framed in bands of scanty yellow hair.

"Look at yourself, yes, look at yourself!

You know as well as I do that he only married me for my money. You know whom he really loves—it's that woman. You know, too, why he married you, wretched creature, you know it quite well . . ."

"What is that to me, if I love him," muttered Bessie, attempting to tear her wrist from the sick woman's grasp.

"Because you can sew, iron, scrape the soot off old kettles, because you can lug heavy sacks—because you, with your chilblained hands, you belong in the scullery—because he doesn't have to buy anything but cheap, common shoes for a drudge like you—because wives are cheaper than servants in this country!"

"Oh, hush!" cried Bessie, terrified. "Hush, hush! You will hurt yourself."

"Just look, look at your face!"

Bessie snatched the mirror. Annabel burst into sobs. She continued heaping abuse upon poor Bessie who, unheeding, rocked her like a child for nearly an hour, until she had calmed herself and gone to sleep.

. . . .

A week had passed, and neither one nor the other had made any allusion to this scene.

Then Annabel was able to get out of bed.

One morning she was sitting by the open window, in an arm-chair that had been brought upstairs for her convalescence. Bessie sat by her on a stool, knitting.

"Bessie," said Annabel, and she leaned toward the young woman, who raised sad, timid eyes.

Annabel took her hand.

"Bessie, I am ashamed of the things I said to you the other day. Don't be angry with me."

"Oh, how could a servant . . ." mumbled the unfortunate Bessie.

"No, don't call yourself that any more. You know quite well that you don't dare to when he is here. And also, you must call me by my name, you may, I insist upon it."

"I should never dare," said Bessie.

"You must," said Annabel gravely. "If you don't, I shan't dare tell you what I want you to do for me—for there is something I want you to do for me, Bessie."

"Me!" said Bessie, clasping her hands. "Oh you know I will. . . ."

"When shall I be able to go out?"

"Today is Thursday. From Monday on . . ."

"Monday!" said Annabel.

She reflected a moment. Then, in a quiet, colourless voice:

"Bessie, I want to go away!"

"Go away!"

"Yes, go away from here, do you understand, and I want you to help me."

"Me?" said Bessie, trembling.

"Oh, I see, Bessie, you are afraid! But he won't know you helped me. And, besides, I would never have said anything to you if it weren't in your own interest. You still love him, of course?"

Bessie answered with a nod.

"Very well. If you love him, you will be glad to get rid of me. For I will have recovered soon and you will have a rival in me, Bessie. Yes, Monday, Sarah; Tuesday, myself—you, not until Wednesday. If I am gone, you will have two days extra a week. It's worth a little trouble."

"God is my witness," cried Bessie. "I will do it for you and you alone! But I don't see how I can be of any help to you."

"I see it quite well," said the young woman. "The main thing is not to arouse suspicion. You market every other day, don't you? You see, you must not go out just on my account. Is it your turn today?"

"No," said Bessie. "I go tomorrow at ten o'clock."

"Well, then, let us wait until tomorrow Anyway, I'm not in a hurry, since I can't go out until Monday. Now, in the meanwhile, let's talk about something else."

Annabel had a fairly good night. The next day, about nine o'clock, Bessie glanced at her meaningly.

"I'm going downstairs to get ready to go to the store," she said.

"All right," said Annabel.

She looked at Bessie composedly.

"The store is not very far from the coach-office, is it?"

"No, it's right near it."

"Well, you must go to the coach-office and try to get the following information without being noticed—is the first squadron of the Second Dragoons still at Cedar Valley?"

"The first squadron . . ." began Bessie, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Yes," said Annabel, "there's nothing so extraordinary in that. You know that the Federal Army went into camp at Cedar Valley after it left Salt Lake, the second of last July. But since then, relations between the Washington Government and the Mormons have become more cordial and most of the troops have been ordered back. Remember, you must find out if the first squadron of the Second Dragoons is among the units kept up at Cedar Valley. They can easily give you that information at the coach-office, since all the correspondence for the Expeditionary Force goes through their hands. Will you remember—the first squadron of the Second Dragoons?"

"I will remember."

"Go, then. I shall be waiting."

Two hours later, Bessie was back.

"Well?" asked Annabel, paling slightly.

"The first squadron is still at Cedar Valley," said Bessie. "I saw a case of champagne being sent to the major."

"Ah!" murmured the young woman, her hand to her heart.

She said succinctly:

"I forgot to ask you to find out what time the post leaves for Cedar Valley."

"I found out, anyway," answered Bessie. "At six o'clock in the evening. It doesn't arrive there until the morning after. There is mail every day, except Sunday."

"Good," said Annabel. "Now, can you get me some paper and a pen, without attracting attention?"

Bessie returned shortly with what she had been asked to find.

"Thanks. Leave me—don't return until three o'clock."

At 3 o'clock, Bessie returned to the room.

"Oh!" she cried out, seizing Annabel's hand. "Now you have a fever again!"

"It's nothing, nothing!" said the young woman.

Her eyes were brilliant. She paced back and forth.

"You must find an excuse to go right away, Bessie. Can you do it, without arousing suspicion here?"

"Yes," answered Bessie. "Besides, I have to go out. Sarah needs some pepper—there is none left."

"Good, good!"

Annabel thrust her hand under her pillow. She drew forth a letter.

"You must return to the coach-office and mail this letter. It must go by the six o'clock post this evening."

Bessie hesitated in the centre of the room, fingering the letter.

"Didn't you hear? Oh! you may read the address, if you want to."

"It isn't that . . ."

"What is it then?"

"I would like to know . . ." said Bessie humbly.

"What?"

"If there is anything in this letter that is liable to cause trouble to . . ."

Annabel looked at her ironically.

"Forgive me," mumbled Bessie.

"You are a fool!" said Annabel sharply. "And besides, I don't have to account to you for what I do."

"I know it," said the young woman meekly, "but . . ."

Annabel stamped her foot.

"Give me back that letter. I will go myself."

"You can't go out!" cried Bessie, "not in your condition! Don't you see? It's snowing."

"Well, go then! Time flies!"

And when the wretched creature had reached the doorway, she ran after her, embraced her, kissed her.

Bessie was speechless with emotion.

On her way out, Bessie stopped in the gloomy kitchen to pick up her basket. Then she opened the street door. A saraband of tiny grey snow-flakes danced into the house. Tucking the handle of the basket under her arm, she started to shut the door behind her. Suddenly, her blood froze. A hand had seized her hand.

"Bessie, dear Bessie, just a word, if you please!"

It was Gwinett.

At the same time, the door closed. Bessie was back in the dark hall. She could not see Gwinett, but she felt his hand on her shoulder.

"Bessie dear, you ought not to go out so thinly dressed."

He added with an ironic inflection that augmented the poor woman's terror:

"Don't you see? It's snowing."

"I . . ." she began.

And suddenly, she stopped, filled with horror. Gwinett's hand had just been thrust into her waist.

"For God's sake, Bessie, my beloved, don't tremble so. You see that I was right, after all and that it is foolish to affront the inclemencies of the weather so lightly clad. I can feel your chest, my sister, and you must admit that if only for decency's sake, you ought to. . . . Hello! pray tell me what this is?"

He had found the letter.

"Do me the favour of going back to the kitchen," he ordered.

She obeyed. He lit a lamp.

"Really, a letter! How amazing, dear

Bessie, and I thought you didn't know how to write!"

So saying, he dragged her towards a dark store-room at one end of the kitchen. He pushed her into it and locked the door.

She stayed there half an hour. Then the key turned in the lock. He stood there, smiling, a coat over his arm.

"I restore you, Bessie dear, the letter entrusted to you. Do me the great favour of putting on this coat. It is snowing harder than ever. Now hurry. The clock just struck five and the post leaves at six."

She looked at him in stupefaction. He smiled again.

"Besides, dear little scatter-brain, I'll wager that you've forgotten it will cost ten cents to send that letter. Ten cents, Bessie! You haven't that much, have you? Here you are."

He held out a silver coin to her. He guided her to the door.

"Have a nice walk," he said. "And remember that it will be better for you and our dear Anna if no one, not a soul, do you hear, learns about our little chat."

Winter quarters are always dull. They are duller than ever when it happens that the camp is but a scattering of huts in a clearing, twenty miles from any centre of human habitation. In those circumstances, the most taciturn will rapidly resort to gambling—the most sober will take to drinking.

Lieutenant Rutledge had spent the night gambling and drinking. When he went to bed, about five o'clock in the morning, he pinned a note on the door of his hut, with instructions to Ned, his orderly, not to waken him until it was time to dress for morning report.

The orderly followed instructions to the letter and did not awaken him until half past nine, since morning report was not called until half past ten. But Rutledge lingered for half an hour more, enjoying the warmth of his bed. When he arose, he found that he would barely have time to dress after the vigorous ablutions performed by every American officer with self-respect.

He stood under a cedar, half naked in the cold morning air. Ned was splashing a pailful of icy water on the torso of this Anglo-

Saxon Apollo. Meanwhile the postman arrived upon the scene, saluted, waited until the shower-bath was over, and handed the lieutenant Annabel's letter.

Rutledge did not recognize the handwriting. He had probably never seen it before. Besides, he was late. It was quarter after ten. He had barely time to return to his hut and dress, leaving the letter, still sealed, on a table.

Generaal Johnston was in a bad humour. Briefly, he acquainted his officers with some orders he had just received. During the week, the Fifth Regiment of Infantry and one of the two batteries of artillery were to leave Cedar Valley on their way to Kansas, where the events resulting from the Abolitionist Campaign were beginning to cause uneasiness. After that date, the Expeditionary Force would comprise solely the first squadron of the second Dragoons, the second battalion of the Tenth Infantry and a battery of artillery. General Johnston was unable to withhold a few cutting remarks aimed at Governor Cumming, whom he held responsible for this curtailment of his authority. The failure of the expedition and the victory of pro-Mor-

mon politics seemed assured henceforth.

"Have any of you gentlemen any questions to ask? Very well. You may retire."

The officers returned to their quarters.

When Rutledge entered his hut, he noticed the letter on the table. He had forgotten it. He opened it. As he read along, signs of great emotion flooded his countenance. In all fairness, it must be added that he did not hesitate for a moment. Five minutes had not passed before he found himself back in the orderly room.

Captain Van Vliet happened to be alone, filing away papers.

"What do you want, Lieutenant?"

"I would like to speak to the General, sir."

Captain Van Vliet looked at him, somewhat surprised. Rutledge was pale.

"I'll go and tell him."

He came back almost immediately.

"The general is busy. He wants me to find out . . ."

"Sir," mumbled Rutledge, "it's a confidential matter . . ."

"Oh, the deuce!" said Van Vliet. "Well,

I'll try again. But you saw how he was a while ago—he's in a devilish temper today. If I fail, don't blame me, and if I succeed, look out for yourself."

Behind the partition, Rutledge heard an oath from which he inferred that his insistence was most inopportune. But he was a man of honour and he controlled himself.

"Go in," said Van Vliet, reappearing.

And he left them alone prudently, closing the door like a keeper who had just introduced a lamb into the lion's den.

Rutledge stood at attention where Van Vliet had left him. The general made for him angrily.

"What do you want?"

"Sir . . ."

"Why didn't you say something at orderly hour? I believe I asked, as usual, if any of you had anything to say to me."

"Sir, I hadn't read this letter then."

Johnston held out his hand. Rutledge withdrew his hastily.

"Oh, really, Lieutenant, I had absolutely no intention of violating the secrets of your correspondence," said the general dryly.

The interview was not beginning very auspiciously. Rutledge made a gesture of despairing protest.

"I ask you again, Lieutenant, what do you want? And be quick about it."

"Sir," said Rutledge, quaking inwardly, "I would like to have a forty-eight hour leave."

The general eyed him in stupefaction. It was the first time any one had made a similar request in all the five months that the Army had spent in Cedar Valley.

"A forty-eight hour leave!" he roared.

"Yes, sir."

"I confess that I don't quite see the necessity for it," said Johnston glaring at him. "Forty-eight hours! It's too much if you want to go hunting wild duck on Lake Tumpanogos and it's mighty short if you think you're going to Salt Lake to paint the town red!"

"Forty-eight hours will do, sir," said Rutledge unassumingly.

"Well, then," said Johnston, "I must conclude that you want to go to Salt Lake on a spree."

"It's true that I want to go to Salt Lake

City, sir," said Rutledge, blushing, "but allow me to say that it is not my intention to . . ."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" blurted out Johnston, banging the table with his fist. "Upon my word, where have you been all this time! You know as well as I do that my men are forbidden to set foot in that confounded place except on service, strictly on service. And you know, too, that I am not at all anxious to furnish His Honour Governor Cumming an occasion to trip me up. You are fully aware of all this. And yet here you come and blissfully have the nerve to ask for what—of all things! A leave for Salt Lake City! Pray have the goodness to unfold the motives which led you to make such a preposterous request."

Without a word, Rutledge handed him Annabel's letter. Johnston, vexed, was waving it back, when his eyes fell upon the young man's tormented features. He smothered an exclamation of surprise and took the letter.

As he read, his face reflected contradictory, but none the less violent emotions.

"Poor woman! Begging for help like

this—who can it be?" he asked, handing the letter back to Rutledge.

"Mrs. Lee, sir," mumbled the lieutenant.

"Annabel Lee?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Lee!" repeated Johnston. "Is it possible! How infamous!"

And he clasped his hands commiseratingly.

The picture of the pretty blonde amazon had not been forgotten at the officers' mess in Cedar Valley.

"How infamous!" said the general again in a low voice.

And Rutledge was frightened by the sudden fire that flamed angrily in his eyes.

Johnston paced up and down the room with long strides, his hands behind his back.

"The scoundrels! The dirty scoundrels!" he repeated over and over.

Somewhat calmer, he came back to Rutledge.

"You are a splendid fellow, my boy," he said, "and I'm glad you confided in me. You can be sure that I won't betray any of the confidential details of our conversation," he added with a frank open smile. "But as for

the rest . . ." and he pounded on the table with his fist, "this affair is beyond you, my lad. You will probably go to Salt Lake, all right, but on a mission, not on a leave. Van Vliet!"

In the ante-room, Captain Van Vliet, hearing the shouting, sat nursing the darkest fears as to the nature of his protégé's reception. When, summoned by his chief, he appeared on the threshold, he almost collapsed in astonishment seeing the general effusively shaking hands with Rutledge.

Briefly acquainted with the facts, the captain was quick to share Johnston's indignation. Van Vliet had been entertained at the villa and evinced a certain gratitude towards Annabel, which had been tinged, at one time, perhaps, with a stronger sentiment.

"The wretches!" he said as he finished the letter.

"The wretches, no," said Johnston, "the scoundrels! I am glad, Van Vliet, that at last you agree with me about Governor Cumming!"

"I meant the Mormons, sir," said the captain.

"They are all birds of a feather!" cried Johnston. "Captain, you make me laugh. Before appealing to us, before writing Rutledge a letter that might ruin her, the poor thing must have gone to Cumming, who had been entertained at her house and who knows well what help she has been to us. But no! It would have been contrary to that individual's disgraceful policy to come to her rescue! It would have proved that his good friends the Mormons were wrong, and that I was right! Oh, the low-down scoundrel!"

"Calm yourself, sir," said Van Vliet, "calm yourself. For the time being, the most important thing is to help Mrs. Lee, to save her from her tragic fate. What do you intend to do?"

"Have her brought here, what do you suppose?" said Johnston. "Possibly this camp is not a very suitable shelter for a lady, but at least she will be safe, and among men of honour, until I can manage to send her back East, where the poor woman would have been long ago, if it hadn't been for us. We are partly responsible for this, gentlemen. I'm not sure that you quite realize it."

Rutledge bowed his head.

"Meanwhile," pursued Johnston, "she can give me certain information which I'll warrant will force the powers that be to demand a few explanations from Mr. Cumming that may embarrass him considerably."

"We'll see to that afterwards. You have to get her here first," said Van Vliet. "What are your plans?"

"Oh! I wouldn't need much urging to go fetch her myself," said Johnston. "But it would be a rather risky enterprise, I admit. So Lieutenant Rutledge will go, as he has been asked to do. Mrs. Lee has arranged to meet him tomorrow evening after six o'clock, at the bend in the Provo road, a hundred yards from the bridge on the Jordon—I see the place as if I were there. Please take notice of the time set. It means that the woman is watched and that she cannot go out in Salt Lake City by daylight. It's a national disgrace!"

"Mrs. Lee is not an American citizen," Van Vliet thought fit to say.

He was crushed by a look from General Johnston, who said:

"Let me proceed. Lieutenant Rutledge

will have to be prudent. He must have some kind of a pretext to account for his presence in Salt Lake City, if need be. I take the rest upon myself."

"It won't be hard to find a pretext, sir," said Van Vliet with alacrity.

"I leave it to you, then."

"Dyer and Company," said the Captain, "located on Main Street in Salt Lake, bidded to supply the Expeditionary Force with cereals and grain. But the price agreed on was based on a total of six thousand men and three thousand horses and mules. Now, this week, these figures are going to be cut by half according to the orders you issued this morning. In the first place, we must notify Mr. Dyer of this—in the second place, we must try to secure the same rates for three thousand men as agreed upon for six thousand. I had intended writing him today, but of course it is more satisfactory to deal verbally, besides being the correct thing."

"Fine!" said the general. "Van Vliet, please make out a pass for Lieutenant Rutledge, to be signed by me, and rehearse him carefully, so that he will be able to discuss

that wheat and flour business somewhat intelligently with Mr. Dyer. When do you leave, Rutledge?"

"Tonight, sir, if it suits you, so that the horses will be in good shape tomorrow evening."

"Are your horses good?"

"Mine is good, sir, and so is my orderly's. I'll take him along, with your permission."

"Certainly. You need a horse for Mrs. Lee, besides. See that she has one of mine, Van Vliet. And take a private. One man will not be enough to watch the three horses. You will not halt on the way back. I may possibly go to meet you about nine o'clock with a few dragoons. The boys need a little shaking up now and then. And once more, Lieutenant Rutledge, be careful. I'll see you before you go."

. . . .

It was nine o'clock in the morning when Rutledge arrived at the Holy City after an uneventful ride. At a road-house, he left his men, who had his instructions, and entered town on foot.

He expected to be stopped at the first out-

post and asked for his papers. So it happened. At the end of the bridge, stood a police-sentry who examined his pass, then bowing:

"Lieutenant Rutledge, I believe?" he said.

"Why, of course!"

"Lieutenant, I have orders to ask you to please present yourself at Governor Cumming's house."

"Ah!" exclaimed Rutledge, disagreeably surprised.

"Sergeant Roby will show you the way, sir."

"Well, hurry up. Where is your sergeant?"

Sergeant Roby was reading his Bible down by the Jordan, where little black ducks were paddling about in the rosy morning light. He put himself at Rutledge's disposal.

In a quarter of an hour, they arrived at the Governor's mansion. The starry banner, swelled by the sharp breeze, waved gently over the door.

Rutledge was shown into a large conservatory, filled with tropical plants.

A secretary appeared and, bowing very low, said:

"Governor Cumming was obliged to go out on a tour of inspection. He presents his apologies to Lieutenant Rutledge, who he hopes will have the kindness to lunch with him."

"Well, well!" thought Rutledge. "Sergeant Roby must have told these people my name. It doesn't matter, they are really quite courteous in this establishment. Let us wait and see. Anyway, I wonder what I could have done with myself, alone in this ghastly town all day. My uniform had better not be too conspicuous."

And, comfortably installed in a wicker arm-chair, he perused both European and American newspapers as he waited for Governor Cumming composedly.

The governor, who returned about ten o'clock, radiated an amiability that dispelled certain obscure apprehensions that had dawned upon Rutledge. Luncheon served in the conservatory was perfect in all its details. Rutledge had a chance to hold forth on the official object of his visit. They conversed

gravely on questions concerning army supplies.

"If I could, I would give General Johnston the following advice—not to set his heart on accumulating too large a stock of supplies. Sooner or later, they get the best of you."

"Mr. Dyer's store is on Main Street, I believe," said Rutledge.

"I will send for him," said the governor. "A contractor ought to put himself out—it's the least he can do."

So saying, he finished peeling a banana. He put down his knife, opened his portfolio and took out a paper.

"So you are going back to Cedar Valley tonight?"

"Tonight."

"If that's the case," said the governor slowly, "take my advice and don't wait until dark to leave the city!"

"Until dark!" cried Rutledge, who could not believe his ears.

"Please glance over this," said Cumming amiably, handing Lieutenant Rutledge the paper he had just taken from his portfolio.

Rutledge groaned. Before him was a duplicate of Annabel's letter.

The governor took back the paper, folded it carefully, put it back in his portfolio. While doing so, he did not take his eyes off the lieutenant.

"So you came to get her?" he asked at last.

Rutledge hung his head.

"Have a little drink of rum," suggested Cumming.

He looked at the lieutenant with a sorrowful expression.

"I suppose, sir, that you have heard about the trouble Colonel Steptoe had right here, a few years ago?"

"Colonel Steptoe?"

"He was commanding the American troops which were crossing Utah on their way to California. During their halt in Salt Lake City, the troops conducted themselves in a manner unworthy of American soldiers. Wives of decent Mormons were debauched, carried off by the army. You are acquainted with the distressing results of the misconduct of our men—how suspicious the Mormons

grew of the Union—how hostilities smoldered at first, then broke out openly—how President Buchanan decided on a military expedition. You know the rest. Between you and me, sir, painful as it is to admit, God knows, Right has not been on our side!"

He paused.

"You know how hard I have tried to smooth out these deplorable misunderstandings. Do you want to undo my work by your heedlessness? Haven't you thought of the untold trouble you would bring upon your general, who has signed your pass in all good faith, for, of course," added the governor in a honeyed voice, as he gazed at his interlocutor, "Johnston is not in your confidence and . . ."

Rutledge saw the trap.

"The General knows nothing of this," he said, stiffening.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Cumming. "Then, this whole affair is nothing but a childish prank of yours. Rest assured," he added with an ironic glance, "that I shall never mention it to the General."

The officer was completely disconcerted. Cumming arose and caught his hand.

"Poor boy!" he said pityingly. "Have you carefully considered what you are undertaking?"

"I fear no one," said Rutledge, on the verge of tears.

"A natural sentiment in an American officer," said Cumming. "I should be the last to criticize it. But it amounts to very little when its object is unworthy."

The lieutenant could no longer control himself.

"Mr. Governor, it seems to me that I remember that you have sat at Mrs. Lee's table and that she has sat at yours!"

"Yes, she has been my guest, but probably she never will be again, although she has married a man who is bound to become one of the high dignitaries of the Mormon Church and in spite of the fact that I am accused of partiality to that sect."

"What do you mean?"

The governor smiled at him regretfully.

"You are a mere boy," he said, "a mere boy. What a pity! You who have the good luck to be engaged to such an accomplished young lady as Miss Regina Spalding!"

"Please let my fiancée alone!" blurted out Rutledge, beside himself. "She has nothing to do with this!"

"The other woman is not worth your while!" said Cumming forcefully.

"You yourself are responsible for her misfortunes!" muttered Rutledge, tears in his eyes.

Governor Cumming looked serious.

"One night, all night long," he said, "I blamed myself as you have just blamed me. The unfortunate creature had rung my door bell about ten o'clock at night. I was informed of it. For a moment, I was tempted to see her. Then I reflected that Mormon law forbids a lady worthy of the name to be seen on the streets at night. I would have been an accomplice, had I received Mrs. Gwinett at that late hour—worse, it would have looked as if I were taking sides in one of those petty family quarrels, which outsiders have no business mixing in, as you will find out some day," he added with a knowing smile. "At any rate, I closed my door to her. I was disturbed all night by a feeling that I took to be remorse. But in the morning, I had the sad

satisfaction of learing that I had not mistaken my duty."

He went to a file, opened it, took out a bundle of papers which he fingered over, then came back to his guest.

"Will you read this?" he asked.

"What is it?" questioned Rutledge despondently.

"A police report," said the governor, "a police report relative to the manner in which the wretched woman spent the night, after she left my threshold."

Rutledge horrified waved the paper away.

"I understand your feelings," said Cumming, "but you must be told—you must! You will thank me some day. Well, then let me tell you. That night, the very night I had been on the point of seeing her, she spent in a house of ill-fame—you understand me. She did not leave it until dawn. Do you want to see the report? No, of course not. Come, come, I sympathize with you. But she is lost to you, lost for ever."

About two o'clock, Rutledge had to submit to a visit from Mr. Dyer, whom the governor had sent for. The worthy merchant had

never before dealt with an agent who knew so little about the interests he represented. He was not slow in taking advantage of the fact.

At three o'clock, Governor Cumming said to Rutledge: "It is time to go."

Rutledge was overcome with emotion.

"What am I going to tell them, what can I tell them?" he stammered.

"Tell whom?" asked the governor with a slight smile. "I thought no one at camp knew anything about the real object of your trip?"

"I mean orderlies," said the lieutenant blushing, "they are very devoted to me. They are waiting for me on the banks of the Jordan."

"Indeed?" said Cumming calmly. "You only have to tell them that you waited for the person in question until two o'clock and that she did not keep the appointment."

There was a silence. Dusk was falling.

"Have I your word of honour as an American officer that you will be in your saddle by four o'clock, on your way back to camp?"

Rutledge responded mechanically:

"You have my word!"

"Good!" said Cumming. "I will see that you are escorted to the bridge."

On the threshold of the conservatory, they shook hands.

"Good-bye, and remember that there is some one here who will not forget you when General Johnston's recommendations for promotion come through this office—they all do, you know," he added laughingly.

A quarter of an hour later, Rutledge was in the saddle, the two soldiers likewise. At first, they galloped, then trotted, and then slackened their horses pace. They must not arrive in camp too early.

The moon had risen. It shone on the empty stirrups of the mare that General Johnston had destined for Annabel Lee.

. . . .

A month, perhaps, had gone by. Annabel was in the kitchen that evening, peeling vegetables for the next day. It was mortally cold outdoors. The kitchen was lighted by the flames in the fire-place. Annabel sat by the hearth.

Some one knocked discreetly.

"Come in," she said in a cracked voice.

The door opened.

"Are you there, Brother Jemini?" called a voice.

Annabel arose. She shuddered when she saw the newcomer.

It was Herbert Kimball, feared, after Brigham Young, more than any one in Salt Lake City—Brigham Young's confidant and the secret executor of his orders. Parents could terrorize their children by mentioning his name and more than one high dignitary feared him like Satan himself.

There was nothing terrifying about the pale, unobtrusive old man, except his eyes. His manners were the best in the world.

"No, Brother Herbert, he isn't here," said Annabel trembling.

But the little man struck his forehead and laughed.

"How foolish of me! Brother Jemini is at the Tabernacle, of course, with the Elders and the Apostles. I had forgotten that there is a big assembly at church tonight. But I suppose I can see Sister Sarah?"

"She is away, too," said Annabel. "She is at her parents' house, and she wont be back until late. Probably she will even stay there for supper."

"It's too bad, too bad," said Kimball. As he spoke, he had come close to her.

"So you are alone here, Sister Anna, all alone?"

"Yes," she said, drawing back.

But he had already seized her arm.

"Then follow me," he whispered to her imperatively, "and be quick!"

He had not given her time to take a wrap. The ground was coated with icy sleet. They walked so fast that several times she almost fell.

At last they came to an impressive house which Annabel, with fright, recognized as the mansion belonging to the President of the Church.

They entered the house by the back-door.

"Wait for me here," said Kimball, leaving her alone in the hall.

He came back soon.

"Come in."

There were two men in the room, which was furnished rather sumptuously. They were talking quietly, sitting in big arm-chairs on either side of a table litered with papers. On it was a powerful green-shaded light.

One of the two men faced the door. His heavy, shaven face got the full glare of the lamp. Annabel recognized Brigham Young.

His companion sat facing him, so that only his back was visible. He turned around when Annabel entered.

It was Père d'Exiles.

CHAPTER IX

HAW'S RANCH, a six days' ride from Salt Lake City, was a traditional halt for travellers on their way from the Mormon capital to San Francisco, through Carson Valley and Sacramento.

The honourable Peter Haws, proprietor of the ranch, which gave the place its name, was a Mormon who had theological differences with Brigham Young. When his notions on man's lot here below had been frowned upon by the Church Assembly, he had retired to this deserted valley. Here he lived peacefully with his wife, the worthy Rebecca Haws. For the sake of comparison if we liken Joseph Smith to Jesus Christ and Brigham Young to Pope Borgia, Peter Haws played Savonarola in his hermitage—a bearded, wedded and agricultural Savonarola.

He was esteemed by travellers and Indians alike. Sokopitz, chief of the Shoshonees came often to break bread with him.

That day, or rather that evening, for the

sun was darting its dying rays on the surrounding granite peaks, Peter Haws received a visit from Mr. Joshuah Doniphan, a bookkeeper at the Hughes Bank in San Francisco, which had just opened a branch in Salt Lake City, in competition with the Livingston and Kinkead Bank. Mr. Doniphan had left Salt Lake the week before. He was on his way to San Francisco, with instructions to make an oral report to the directors of the firm concerning the operations of the new branch in Utah. A city man, unaccustomed to long journeys across the desert, he particularly appreciated the welcome he found at Haw's Ranch.

"This man," said Peter to Rebecca, "stays until day after tomorrow. It would be good policy to give him a fine feed tomorrow. There is just as much for four as for three in a turkey. So you can be glad to know, dear Rebecca, that I intend to have our friend, the Father, who asked me, as a personal favour, not to let him lose any chance to get fresh news from Salt Lake City."

Père d'Exiles was about ten miles from

Haw's Ranch when the invitation was brought to him by a little boy—a child of the prairies. He abandoned his proselytes, none too numerous at that moment, and arrived at the ranch just in time for lunch.

The meal was quite a success. Mr Joshuah Doniphan was an agreeable companion, rather well read, and a lover of botany. Père d'Exiles had soon won his friendship by describing the characteristics of the odd plants in the district.

"All the monocotyledons died this season. But on the plains, we can find gramineae, a few scrophulariaceae, two asclepias. Let me add that the edible orobanche grows wild in our hostess' garden. Then if you are interested in ligneous phenomena, I will take you to see one of the cottonwoods along the brook. Chopped off near the ground, it has grown a crown of shoots, sprouting between wood and bark. Each sprout is surrounded by a mass of fibres, which tend to reach the ground. There is an interesting fact in this, which would seem to verify Gaudichaud's phyton theory."

They interrupted their dissertations to

praise the meal courteously and, more generally, to extoll Haw's achievements in this desert.

Applauded by the Jesuit, Doniphan quoted Virgil and amiably compared their host to the old man of Œbalus:

Regum aequabat opes animo; serâque revertens
Nocte domum, dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.

Then everybody, including Rebecca, joined in a toast to the prosperity of the ranch and —unexplicitly—to the triumph of progressive ideas.

As he sat down again, Père d'Exiles, who dealt skilfully in commonplaces upon the occasion, said:

"It's really a pleasure, isn't it, to have an occupation which gives you the leisure to study the immortal masterpieces of the Ancients."

Mr. Doniphan lowered his eyes modestly.

"To do myself justice," he said, "When I was a mere clerk in the Hughes Bank at Los Angeles, I sat up nights to perfect my knowl-

edge of the Latin Master. I prefer them to the Greeks, who are perhaps more elegant. But the Romans are more virile and they were superior legislators."

"Correct," said Peter Haws.

"I am," contiued Doniphan, "as devoted as any one can be, religiously speaking, to the principles of the Reformation. But I don't hesitate to admit that to translate the Bible into the vulgar tongue was nothing short of a catastrophe. Thus the Roman Catholics who have continued reading the Book of Books in the Latin text, enjoy undoubted advantages over us."

The Jesuit lifted his hand in polite protest.

"Why yes," said Doniphan, "Facts are facts."

"Yes, facts are facts," said Mrs. Haws.

"You are especially deserving, dear Mr. Doniphan," said Père d'Exiles, "for I presume the difficulties you must have experienced in opening such an important financial establishment in Salt Lake . . ."

Doniphan raised his eyes to heaven.

"Sir, God alone knows what pains I took!

You must take two things into account: the privileged situation, as the only reliable banking-house in town, that the Livingston and Kinkead Bank enjoyed in Salt Lake when I arrived. One third of their depositors have come over to the Hughes Bank now, thanks to my efforts . . ."

"And second?" asked the Jesuit.

"Second, it chanced, thank the Lord, that I came at a moment when business was better that it had ever been, owing to the liquidation of American army stocks."

"Oh, is the American army leaving Utah?" asked Père d'Exiles.

"The majority of the troops have left already," said Doniphan. "The expedition was not exactly a military success."

"Gideon struck," put in Haws, "and the Midianites dispersed."

"Possibly, Mr. Haws," said the clerk, more annoyed by this misuse of the Scriptures than he cared to appear. "But the armament of Gideon's troops consisted, if I remember right, in three hundred trumpets and as many earthen pitchers and the Midianites had not

accumulated any stocks that I know of. Such was not the case with the American army camped in Cedar Valley. The thing had been done on a big scale. A lengthy occupation had been foreseen. Result—six million dollars, cost price, worth of goods bought for the troops, have just been liquidated in Salt Lake City. I say cost price, since the prices paid by speculators netted the United States Treasury not over two hundred thousand dollars. Take this as an example: a sack of flour, best quality, weighing a hundred pounds, only sold for half a dollar."

"Well, well," said Père d'Exiles. "People with a little cash money must have had a fine time in Salt Lake these days!"

"People made considerable fortunes in a couple of hours," said Doniphan. "But as you say, you had to have cash money. You had to see ahead. It's a gift. I myself watched one of the depositors of my bank, sell a house that had been his wife's dowry at half price. 'What do you mean?' I said to him. A stone house, the only stone house in Salt Lake City, I suppose . . ."

"The only one," said the priest.

I said: 'You are foolish to let it go at that price!' He wouldn't listen to me. The sale was made. Eight thousand dollars. Well, two weeks later, after speculating on the flour stocks he had bought up with the money, my man found himself worth one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. I repeat, one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars!"

"One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars!" said Haws respectfully.

"One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars!" repeated Rebecca.

"That means," said Père d'Exiles calmly, "that Mr Jemini Gwinett is one of the richest men in Salt Lake City today."

Doniphan, astounded, looked at the Jesuit.

"I didn't mention any names!" he said.

"True," said Père d'Exiles, "but I knew that there was only one stone house in Salt Lake City. So it wasn't very hard to guess."

Haws meditated.

"Jemini Gwinett, I never heard the name."

"Nevertheless, my dear Mr. Haws, it's the

name of one of your most prominent coreligionaries," said Doniphan.

"Ah!" said Père d'Exiles carelessly. "Has Reverend Gwinett embraced Mormonism?"

"Sir," said the clerk, "let me tell you that Mr. Gwinett, who was a depositor of the Kinkead Bank when I arrived in Salt Lake, became a despositor in the Hughes Bank after a visit from me. Three weeks ago, however, he entrusted his interests to the Kinkead Bank once more."

"I appreciate these details, sir," said the Jesuit, "although at first hand, I can't see just what they have to do with . . ."

"With your query. Doubtless, sir. I simply wanted to show you the absolute reliability of the Hughes employees. Mr. Gwinett, ceasing to be our depositor, we are no longer bound to keep . . ."

"Professional secrets," said Père d'Exiles. "Thank you. So he has embraced Mormonism?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has he many wives?"

"Three, the last I heard."

"Perfect harmony, I suppose?"

"As far as two are concerned, yes. But one of them, h-m-m-m!"

"Well?"

"There has been quite a lot of talk."

"Ah! ah!"

"You will take me for a great gossip."

"Not at all. Let me tell you that I had occasion to meet Mr Gwinett, so that you won't find me too inquisitive myself. I sat at the same table with him in Salt Lake City."

"In the beautiful stone house, I suppose?" said Doniphan with a knowing smile.

"You have guessed correctly."

"Oh, then, you knew Mrs. Gwinett Number Two! Anna is her first name. Well, sir, the scandal was about her."

"I am amazed," said the Jesuit. "Mrs. Gwinett, Mrs. Lee, as she was called when I knew her, was a person of a most peaceable disposition. And I am surprised . . ."

"I'm telling you the truth," said Doniphan. "Hardly a month ago, she attempted to run away with an American lieutenant, of whom it seems . . . how should I put it,—pardon

me, Mrs. Haws—she had been the mistress."

"How shocking!" exclaimed Rebecca.

"I am surprised, surprised indeed," was Père d'Exiles only comment.

"It's a fact," said Doniphan.

"And did her attempt fail?" asked the Jesuit.

"Lectured by Governor Cumming, the lieutenant relinquished his disgraceful scheme of running off with a married woman."

"After all some women don't amount to much!" remarked Mrs. Haws.

"Perhaps she has suffered a great deal," said the Jesuit. "But let us change the subject. You were saying something about the *Life of Agricola* a while ago, Mr. Doniphan. Are you acquainted with that enticing hypothesis which would have the first settlers of Maine descend from that Queen Boadicea who . . ."

. . . .

Six days later, shortly before dark, Père d'Exiles entered Salt Lake City. After stopping just long enough to entrust Mina to a small store-keeper of his acquaintance, he

presented himself at the President's mansion.

After some discussion, he was received by Young's general secretary and confidential man, Herbert Kimball.

"See President Brigham!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! He is at the Assembly of the Elders."

"Until when?"

"Until seven o'clock, at least. And there are people waiting for an audience with him."

"I am not worried about them," said Père d'Exiles. "He will see me before any one else. But seven o'clock is too late for me."

"Well, you don't think I am going to get the President, do you?" asked Kimball insolently.

"That's exactly what I expect you to do," answered the Jesuit.

"What! You want . . ." spluttered Kimball dumfounded. "And do you suppose for a minute that he will leave the Assembly of the Elders, the Assembly constituted according to the rite of Esdras by the twenty-sixth revelation! . . ."

"He will," said Père d'Exiles.

"I'd like to see it," said Kimball.

"You will, all right. All you have to do is to whisper in his ear that there is some one in his private office with bad news from the Crossby Bank of New York. He'll come."

"But . . ."

"Let me add, Brother Kimball, that knowing as I do that President Brigham is not in a good humour every day, it is to your own interest not to defer my message any longer."

So saying, Père d'Exiles settled himself in one of the big leather arm-chairs in the President's private office.

A quarter of an hour later, Kimball entered the hall where the Congregation was assembled. The light of forty clay lamps, hung near the ceiling, flickered upon the eighty persons present.

The room became silent. Kimball mounted the presidential dais and whispered to Brigham, who arose with dignity. His enormous shaven face was unmoved.

"You must excuse me, Brethren. Brother Herbert informs me that the Almighty re-

quires my presence elsewhere. Brother Orson Pratt will please preside over the ceremonies until I return."

Once outside, he interrogated Kimball with the same composure.

"Did he tell you anything else?"

"Nothing else."

"Good!" said Brigham.

And the obese giant accelerated his pace with an alacrity of which he hardly seemed capable.

He found Père d'Exiles examining a sepia sketch of Salt Lake's future tabernacle, which hung on the President's study wall.

The two men exchanged a few courteous phrases.

"A splendid structure," said Père d'Exiles.

"The architect," said Brigham, "is Brother Truman Angell. We expect that his work will soon leave the rest of the world far behind. Thus the two towers of the Amiens cathedral are 201 feet high, if I remember correctly."

"The south tower is 201 feet high, the north 198 feet."

"Ah, you see! The six polyhedral spires that are to embellish our tabernacle will each be 226 feet high! Besides, take a look at this. This block of grey granite is a specimen of the stone which we will use to build the House of the Lord. We quarry it in the mountains near by at great expense."

"Nothing is too good for the Lord," said the Jesuit.

"Nothing," said Brigham.

For a few moments they exchanged sundry remarks on the construction of religious edifices. Père d'Exiles cited Robert de Luzarches and Viollet-le-Duc. Brigham stood his ground. He was playing with the tiny compass adorning his watch-chain. Altogether, he was content to have met with an adversary worthy of him.

At last he asked in a tone of extreme indifference:

"So there is bad news from the Crossby Bank?"

"I have come out of the desert," said Père d'Exiles continuing his examination of the projected tabernacle, "and so I really couldn't tell you anything absolutely certain about the

bank's affairs; however, I believe they have never been better."

"Ah!" said Brigham, manifesting no surprise whatever.

They looked at each other smilingly.

"Might I ask then," said the President, "what interest there is in coming here to discuss the Crossby Bank with me?"

"It must be your own, if any," said Père d'Exiles, "judging by the rapidity with which you left the Assembly of the Elders, the Assembly constituted according to the rite of Esdras by the twenty-sixth revelation."

Brigham braced himself in his arm-chair.

"You want something of me?"

"Yes," said the Jesuit.

"What?"

"The dissolution of the marriage which united Mrs. Lee to Mr. Jemini Gwinett."

"Impossible," said Brigham.

"Impossible, did you say?"

"I have no reason and no power to pronounce such a dissolution."

"Of course you know to whom I refer," said the Jesuit.

"The shepherd knoweth his flock," said

Brigham ironically. "Mrs. Gwinett Number Two, formerly Mrs. Lee."

"Widow of Colonel Lee," specified Père d'Exiles.

"As to Brother Jemini, there you have a remarkably intelligent man, so intelligent that . . ."

"That he aspires to succeeding you some day," finished the Jesuit.

"That's just what I was going to say," said Brigham biting his lips imperceptibly.

"Now we know just where we stand," said Père Philippe. "So I repeat my question—will you or will you not pronounce the dissolution of this marriage?"

"I cannot, and I will not."

"It is irony to say that you cannot, Brother Brigham. You can do anything, being infallible yourself and having revelations from on High at your disposal."

"Don't jest," said Brigham. "Infallibility is not to be laughed at. There are problems that can only be solved by resorting to absolutism. Sooner or later, I tell you, your pope shall be obliged to come to the same conclusion."

"Far be it from me to sneer at infallibility," said the Jesuit. "Quite the contrary, for I said that you could if you would, pronounce the divorce I spoke of, since you may resort to principle when you see fit."

"That's where you make your mistake," said the President. "To be wholly effective, the principle must be applied with moderation. You can't play it on every occasion, because if you do, it's certain . . ."

"What's certain, my dear President, is that we are wasting our time."

Brigham protested amiably.

"Perhaps you are, my friend. I'm not. On the contrary, there is nothing more profitable for me than an occasional chat with an able representative of another sect."

"I ask you for the last time," said the Jesuit, "will you or will you not pronounce the dissolution of this marriage?"

"I have already answered—I cannot and I will not."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Momentarily, yes."

"Momentarily! Ah, what an admirable

reservation! Come, my dear President, confess—for the past hour you have been dying to have me tell you a story, the story of the Crossby Bank."

"Admitted," said Brigham.

He arose, went to the door, opened it. The corridor was empty. Brigham returned to the table, sat down.

"You may begin."

"Don't you smoke here?"

"Our religion forbids it," said Brigham, and he continued with a tolerant smile. "But you know, as the great pontiff Aurelius Cotta used to say in Rome, between intelligent people, religion is one thing, and . . ."

So saying, he opened a little ebony cabinet and took out a box of cigars.

"Take your choice," he said.

Then he helped himself.

"I am listening."

They settled down in their respective armchairs, leaning their heads back, gazing at the ceiling, where crept the smoke of their cigars.

"There was in New York, around 1848," be-

gan Père d'Exiles, "a bank that was exceptionally well patronized, the William Crossby Bank."

"Correct."

"It was then that the first Mormons who had discovered gold in California, were coming back to Salt Lake City. By a full-fledged revelation, the Mormon Church forbade gold-digging. 'Gold,' therein was it made known unto us . . ."

"Spare me the text of that revelation," said Brigham with a show of impatience. "As its promulgator, I ought to know it."

"I should think so. But there is something that you perhaps don't know."

"What?"

"What I am about to tell you. The Mormon pioneers brought back about eighty sacks of gold dust from California."

"Exactly eighty."

"Well, out of those eighty sacks, sixty-two were used to coin five and ten dollar gold-pieces by order of President Brigham Young —an operation which permitted the notes is-

sued by Kirtland's Mormon bank to climb back to par."

"Well?"

"Well, doesn't something strike your attention?"

"I don't quite see what."

"The simple difference between the figure 80 and the figure 62," said the Jesuit. "How much does that make?"

"Why . . . 18."

"Eighteen, just so. Sixty-two sacks were used by the Bank of Utah, while it had received eighty. That makes a leftover, an excess or a difference of eighteen sacks whose fate it would be interesting to know, above all, when you take into account that the market value today would be the sum of $800,000."

"Perhaps you have some private information on the subject?"

"I have."

"Would it be indiscreet? . . ."

"Not at all. About that time, Colonel Lee, one of Brigham's friends, left Salt Lake City, where the first walls were being erected. He

had been given a convoy of five wagons. Well, two of the wagons were loaded with the very eighteen sacks we were talking about."

"Dear me, everything comes out in the end," said Brigham.

"Colonel Lee," continued the Jesuit, "arrived in New York. The eighteen sacks in question were deposited in the Crossby Bank. Stop me if I am making mistakes."

"Go on," said Brigham.

"In exchange, they gave him a receipt for fifteen sacks!"

"Fifteen instead of eighteen?"

"The difference of three sacks was his commission. The receipt for the fifteen sacks was made out in the name of a certain . . ."

"Nathaniel Sharpe," said the President with a smile.

"And do you know who was this Nathaniel Sharpe?"

"Myself," said Brigham with great simplicity.

He took a huge portfolio from the pocket

of his frockcoat, opened it, drew out a paper folded twice.

"And here is the receipt in question."

The two men looked at each other.

"What do you think of my story?" asked the Jesuit.

"I think," said the President, "that Colonel Lee was a less reliable friend than I thought. It seems to me that he gave me his word . . ."

"He kept it, Brother Brigham. I happen to be acquainted with these details because I was the Colonel's confessor."

"You are bound to secrecy," said Brigham.

"I am. Theologically, however, one thing might release me—that you should not keep the promise you made Colonel Lee, a promise to watch over his wife."

"Just so," agreed Brigham.

"The situation is now quite clear, it seems to me," said the priest.

"How does it strike you?"

"Like this. When after the great exodus from Nauvoo, Brigham Young arrived with his followers upon the site of the town which

was destined to be built under the name of Salt Lake City, he had little confidence in the future of the Mormons. He took advantage of the first gold from California, to assure, come what may, his own material welfare. What would his people say today, if they learned that he, the Prophet of God, had doubted the Holy Cause? What would they say, these faithful people, if they knew that the Head of the Church had kept part of the gold whose use he forbade publicly? What kind of an effect do you think such a disclosure would produce?"

"A very bad one," said Brigham.

He beamed.

"You would have to furnish the proof of your statement. Well, I have the receipt."

"Yes," said Père d'Exiles, "but there exists a duplicate."

"A duplicate!" said the President, whose heavy eyelids fluttered slightly.

"A duplicate, or about the same thing," said the Jesuit with aplomb, "a copy, signed by Colonel Lee as depositor, and by the agent who received the deposit."

And, as Brigham gazed at him covertly:

"Oh, rest assured that the copy would not be on my person when I came to visit you!" concluded Père d'Exiles.

There was a moment's silence.

"Another cigar?" said Brigham.

"With pleasure."

"The conclusion," said the President with a pained expression, "is that Colonel Lee distrusted me. It wasn't quite the thing. I never would have thought it of him."

"The scanty protection you afforded his widow recently proves at any rate that his distrust was not unfounded," returned the priest.

The President was playing with his watch-charm.

"Well . . . what about this . . . duplicate?"

"It is in the hands of trustworthy friends at present."

"Trustworthy friends are a token of the Almighty," stated Brigham.

"They have the duplicate of this receipt in their possession," pursued Père d'Exiles.

"And in addition, they are commissioned to publish it in the most influential newspapers of the United States if—today is January fifteenth—if I am not in St. Louis on the first of March to stop them."

"Suppose," said Brigham Young, reflecting, "that for some reason or other I could not prevent its publication, in your opinion, what do you think the result would be?"

"You said it a while ago—a very bad one."

"To specify?"

"Your followers would be highly edified."

"Perhaps, but not necessarily. It wouldn't be the first time I have been calumniated. I would contest the authenticity of the document. I would transform the affair into a religious quarrel. If need be, I would use a revelation. Let me remind you in my turn that I am infallible."

"As far as the Mormons are concerned, perhaps," said the Jesuit. "But as far as the rest of the country is concerned, no! It would make a fine scandal, I assure you. And I know that you have no desire to cause one in any way whatsoever."

"Quite so," said Brigham, meditatively. "Then . . ."

"Then take steps immediately for me to be in St. Louis on March the first."

"I will help you to the best of my ability so that the first of March will find you safe in that charming town."

"I don't doubt it. But you know that it must be in the company of Mrs. Lee."

"Mrs. Gwinett."

"Mrs. Lee, if you please."

"I repeat, Mrs. Gwinett," said Brigham dryly. "Oh! you know me well enough to realize that I am not a man to be stubborn about a name. I regret that you do not seem to understand immediately what I mean by 'Mrs. Gwinett.' "

Père d'Exiles looked at the President, who smiled.

"Let it not be forgotten," he said in an indefinable tone, "that as High Priest and Supreme Head of my flock, the custody of the laws devolves upon me. Thus I could not dissolve a lawful union. But Mrs. Gwinett might escape, leave her husband's bed and board, without my knowledge and, in that

case, very likely you would both take the same road."

"And your Danites will not pursue us?" asked Père d'Exiles distrustfully.

"My poor Angels of Destruction!" guffawed Brigham. "Their exploits have been highly exaggerated. A man of your intelligence, to be taken in by such a clumsy humbug! I am astonished, my dear friend. Such mean suspicions when you succeeded so well in interesting me in the happy outcome of your journey!"

"It's my turn to say 'quite so,'" said the Jesuit laughingly.

Brigham rang. Kimball appeared.

"Brother Herbert," commanded the President briefly. "Go to Brother Jemini Gwinett's right away. He is at the Tabernacle, so you won't run into him, but, understand, you have to arrange things so that you find Mrs. Gwinett Number Two and bring her back here, without being seen by a soul, do you hear? Go and make haste."

Kimball bowed.

"Mrs. Gwinett Number Two, Anna, is it clear?" repeated Brigham. I am waiting."

The messenger went out.

"You have to be precise," said the President coming back and sitting across from Père d' Exiles. "What in the world would we say if that good old fellow brought us back Sarah or that simpleton of a Bessie, instead of Sister Anna?"

"It's true," said the Jesuit. "Brother Jemini has three wives already."

"Three," said Brigham. "Three. And they're not beyond his resources."

And they continued to chat like the best friends in the world.

. . . .

Annabel stood between the two men. She looked at Brigham Young fearfully.

"Mrs. Gwinett," he said, "pray sit down."

And he gallantly offered her his arm-chair.

"Good God!" muttered Père d'Exiles.

He had seen the young woman in the full glare of the light. Mechanically he drew back into the shadow, so that she would not see that his eyes had filled with tears.

Annabel was dressed in a tattered old dress. She had folded her arms on her bosom. Her red fingers, the nails ruined, emerged from

shapeless wristlets. And what an expression, like a trapped animal! What a change in a few months, good God!

President Brigham Young had called back Herbert Kimball and was giving him orders.

Next he asked Père d'Exiles:

"Do you know the halt of the Crowned Mormon?"

"I do," said the Jesuit.

"It's six miles from here. By leaving at midnight, you will get there about two o'clock in the morning. The cabin is fairly weather-tight. You will spend the night there. At eight o'clock, on the hour, a coach will come along, driven by my personal courier, Brother Woodrow Banting. He who will have my instructions. In the meanwhile, please step into the next room. Brother Kimball will see that you are served a little lunch."

He added with a smile:

"At the expense of the Crossby Bank!"

He had taken his coat, his big hat.

"Are you leaving us?" asked Père d'Exiles.

"I must," responded Brigham, still smiling. "I have just had a Divine Revelation enjoin-

ing the Assembly of Elders and Apostles to chant the Book of Psalms tonight . . . in its entirety. It is enough to keep us until six o'clock in the morning. But the Lord who sustained the arms of Moses during the combat will likewise sustain our voices."

He added with an ironical gleam in his little elephant's eyes:

"And at six o'clock in the morning, you will be far from here."

He conducted them to the door, kissed Annabel's hand in the most approved style and shook that of the Jesuit.

At midnight, as agreed, Père d'Exiles and the young woman, who was mounted on Mina, left Salt Lake City, while at the Tabernacle, under the leadership of Brigham Young beating time impassibly, the hoarse voices of the Elders and Apostles intoned the first stanza of the eightieth psalm:

"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth."

CHAPTER X

A LOG cabin stood on a narrow plateau, dominating the surrounding country. It was destined to shelter travellers caught in mountain storms. It was the place called the *Crowned Mormon.*

Six miles from the Holy Wall, the cabin indicated the first halting-place of the stage connecting Salt Lake and Omaha, by way of the pass of Echo Canyon.

The Jesuit and his companion reached it, as had been foreseen, about two o'clock in the morning.

"You must try to sleep," said Père d'Exiles. "I can hardly stand up myself. If I succeed in settling you half decently in this shack, I confess I will also sleep."

He struck a light. In the corner of the cabin he discovered a heap of dry leaves. Over them he spread one of the two blankets he had taken along.

"Lie down."

Annabel obeyed. He tucked her under the second blanket like a child.

"Come here, Mina."

The mule entered the cabin. She knelt. He lay down by her, using the heavy, warm body as a rampart against the icy wind from outside.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked.

"Yes," said Annabel.

"Do you want anything?"

"No."

Nothing more was heard, except the blast whistling through the dark canyons and inside, the mule's regular breathing.

The Jesuit listened in vain. No sound told him whether or not Annabel was sleeping.

But he needed to know. He put out his hand, shivering at his dreadful audacity. Ere long he found the young woman's; he pressed it gently. But the hand remained cold and inert.

Nevertheless it seemed to Père d'Exiles that Annabel was not asleep.

Still more gently he moved back to his place beside the good-natured mule. His thoughts were manifold. How astonished he

would have been the day before, when he was proceeding to Salt Lake by forced marches, had some one told him that today he would be with Annabel on the road to deliverance, having won his formidable match with Brigham Young—and that this would occasion him only moderate rejoicing, even, let us not mince words—no rejoicing at all! Suddenly, it dawned upon him that there was something he had not taken into account in his plans, although meticulously premeditated,—something he was unable to formulate, but something he realized had caught him off his guard.

A while ago he had said that he needed sleep imperiously. Ah! how far sleep was from him now! With a desperate insistence he sought, not to sleep, but to account for his companion's dreadful silence during their flight from Salt Lake. He was too modest and too kind to admit the only logical motive—that Annabel must be overwhelmed with shame in the presence of the man whom she had sacrificed to an opprobrious caprice with such criminal thoughtlessness.

"Sh-h-h! Mina, sh-h-h!"

The mule stirred, uttering muffled groans. The Jesuit patted her. She was silent.

Quiet restored, he became absorbed in his thoughts once more, and he sighed thinking that he had hit upon the explanation at last. To be delivered from the infamous yoke of a Gwinett was not enough—she must live now. No doubt that is what Annabel was thinking about. She had left St. Louis rich and happy. Would it only be to return one day penniless and déclassée?

Such a perspective was indeed of a nature to justify the utter dejection that had so cruelly surprised Père d'Exiles. He was angry with himself for not having found the natural explanation immediately. He taxed himself with heedlessness, with egoism. Yes, why deny it, he had been angry with Annabel because she had not evinced her gratitude at once. As if, after all, he had done anything, except change the nature of the unhappy woman's sorrow in wresting her from her direful spouse!

And suddenly the inexorable question

flashed upon him, the question which he had not considered once since his departure from Haw's Ranch—what would he do with Annabel Lee, destitute, when they arrived in St. Louis?

Childish cares, divine perplexity, revealing the fundamental quality of this soul! And you! Hasn't it happened that in the relative calm on a still, moonless night at the front, you forgot your sole concern, the enemy, and recalled the thousand and one little worries of your civilian life?

"The barn-roof needs reshingling and I haven't a cent," thought the farmer.

"When time comes for promotion, will they be fair and take into account these long hours of suffering?" thought the office-holder.

Then they would both smile, if they reflected that they had only to lift their heads over the parapet to see the chalky line of the opposing trench. Ah! banish these trivialities, when the all-important problem is not solved yet! You have one advantage over Père d'Exiles, that of knowing the enemy's

whereabouts. Père d'Exiles is unaware. He has merely a presentiment that there are hostile forces lurking in the surrounding obscurity.

Mina stirs anew. She groans. Ah! two tiny green balls glisten at the aperture that serves as a door! Then two others, green too —then two others, two by two likewise, equidistant. A soft rustle. Wretched coyotes! Would that you were the cause of these mortal anxieties! But you are only poor starved wolves. Here! Catch this crust of dry bread, if you want it, and disappear, melancholy flames, for I fear that Mina disapproves of my treatment of you!

Yes, it must be that—the fear of the future, the burden of an odious past weighing upon her unceasingly and spoiling the happy moments, should there be any. Next, alas, the horrible material cares! Annabel is ruined, her own fault, no doubt, but it would scarcely be decent to reproach her now. Well, then, what? Oh! the Ursulines of St. Louis will shelter her at first, and how gladly! But I

know only too well that when they lend assistance to some one in her position, some one who can never pay back, it's always with the idea that some day . . . And, to tell the truth, Annabel had no religious vocation. Might it have come to her, after so many trials? I hardly think so. And Père d' Exiles shuddered as he realized that the thought of Annabel's forehead beneath the starched wimple was unbearable.

It is colder. Can it be dawn already? Then it will be light before I have had a minute's sleep. What is that noise now? It is not Mina, nor the cry of the wind, nor the coyotes. Steps on the road, my God! Yes, I was right, steps on the road. There are horses with the men. Fortunately they are coming from the direction opposite Salt Lake. At least let us hope that they won't take it into their heads to stop here! They would not fail to pick a quarrel with me over the presence of the mule in a place meant for travellers. Americans have a great respect for human dignity. But for my part, I believe it's to one's interest to avoid discussion, above

all when one is with a woman—easily excited . . . They approach . . . They are here . . . They have gone by!

What a relief! Now I will be able to sleep, perhaps. Stop fidgeting, nice Mina. Now I myself am tossing about. Will I end by capturing thee at last, elusive sleep?—Listen! What? More steps. The same steps as before, but more numerous, I believe, and coming from town. Here they are! And this time they are stopping! They are going to come in the cabin—they are coming in!

God! what a ghastly bluish light! The cabin is full of smoke. Oh! I understand, they have set fire to the leaves, the dry leaves on which she sleeps, she, Annabel. Wretches, who are you? Ah! I recognize you well, sinister Angels of Destruction, accursed Danites! It was in vain that I thought I had vanquished your instigator. You are after your prey, aren't you? And what about me, then, me? Do you think I will be content to stay alone when you have despoiled me of this

unique creature? And me, and me?—Ah! too late—she is here no longer!

Haggard, Père d'Exiles had leaped to his feet in the cabin flooded with blue, foggy morning air. He was alone with Mina who peacefully nibbled at the dry leaves that had served Annabel as a couch.

In a bound, the Jesuit was outside. The icy wind of day-break swept the phamtoms from his brain. A great sigh of relief swelled his chest. The young woman was there.

About thirty paces away, Annabel sat on the ledge. She was gazing into space. The sun had just risen, climbing the summit of the Wahsatch Mountains. Light unfurled in the valley. A beautiful day was dawning.

Père d'Exiles approached Annabel softly. She did not turn around. As he drew near, he examined her at leisure. For the first time he saw her again in the implacable light of day. He began to tremble. He beheld her hair that had been so beautiful in its blond opulence, dusty now, thinned out to a few strands tightly drawn back to the nape of her neck, where they were twisted in a pitiful knot.

Annabel had not yet turned around. She gazed fixedly down yonder, in the bottom of the valley. The Jesuit blessed her obstinacy, for it gave him time to affect a disinterested air. At first sight he would have certainly been incapable of repressing an exclamation that might have wounded the unfortunate woman.

"A beautiful day!" he said at last.

She turned her head, evincing no surprise at seeing him there, although she had not heard him come. High in the air, two vultures soared in the clear sky—their gigantic shadows hovering over the rosy mountain-side.

"If this weather keeps up, our journey to St. Louis will be a real pleasure trip . . ."

He stopped short with a sinking feeling of having uttered those words somewhere else. Good God, where? Ah, yes! In the beautiful stone villa, the morning the American troops had entered Salt Lake City, the day before the departure that had never taken place.

Still Annabel had not answered.

"What are you looking at so hard?" he asked in a somewhat altered voice.

Without a word she indicated the plain.

She pointed to where Salt Lake City lay, bathed in the morning light. On the horizon sparkled the Lake, bristling with fusees of yellow vapor.

"It's a two hours' march," said the Jesuit in an unsteady voice. "I never would have thought that one could see the whole town from here. Look, over there, that's where your villa is!"

Annabel's glance did not follow the direction in which his outstretched hand attempted to draw it.

There was a silence.

"What are you looking at?" he asked at last.

In turn she pointed to the southern portion of Salt Lake City.

"At that," she said simply.

"What?"

"The smoke."

"The smoke?"

"Yes the smoke from the houses."

It was true, the air was so mysteriously pure that one could see a greyish streak of smoke, mounting from each square, brown roof.

"Well?" asked Père d'Exiles.

"It's the smoke from the fires that we light in the morning, a little before seven, to prepare breakfast."

"Breakfast!"

He looked at her in amazement. She still spoke in the same gentle voice. Her face was impassible.

"Yes, breakfast. It was my turn today. I will not have been there to light the morning fire."

The Jesuit's trembling voice rose.

"Neither will you be there to light the others."

"Yes, I will," she said.

"What are you saying?"

"I say that I will be there, since we are only a two hours' walk from town, and the fire for the noon meal does not have to be lit until eleven o'clock. So you see I will be there."

She had arisen. He seized her by the arm.

"Are you mad?" he cried in frightful sorrow.

She had paled.

"Mad, mad! Oh, how unkind of you, you who are so good, to use that word!"

She repeated in a sorrowful plaint:

"How unkind, how unkind!"

"Forgive me, forgive me," he said, "it must be that I am going mad myself! Oh, tell me it isn't true, tell me that it's only a jest that I don't understand! You—to go back to that man! . . ."

"Hush!" she murmured.

"Tell me it isn't true. And then, see how unlikely it would be—didn't you come with me last night? And didn't you appeal to that Lieutenant Rutledge a month ago—didn't you mean to follow him, to flee? . . ."

"He did not come," she said in a low voice.

"He did not come—but I did. And here I am, and you don't want to come with me now . . ."

"Yesterday," she said, "I still believed I could. While you were asleep this morning, I felt that I wanted to see the house once again. Now I have seen it, and I realize that I can go no further. You shouldn't have gone to sleep—you shouldn't have let me see the house again."

Père d'Exiles wrung his hands.

She repeated:

"You shouldn't have let me see the house again!"

She looked at her companion. She saw that his eyes were filled with heart-breaking tears.

"You musn't cry either," she said.

And as the Jesuit's tears flowed afresh, she made a vague gesture in protest.

"I tell you, you mustn't cry, because this woman is no longer the woman you are weeping for. You musn't, you musn't regret her any more."

So saying, she smiled so desolately that Père d'Exiles was thrown into a paroxysm of misery.

"I will take you with me!" he cried, "in spite of yourself!"

She shook her head.

"You won't always be there to watch me," she said. "And then I would go back, I know I would. Don't you see, it would be better not to make me too long a trip and not to expose me . . ." and she hung her head, "to more severe reprimands."

"Good God!" he cried. "So you admit . . ."

"It is getting late," she responded simply. "It is getting late and I can't walk very fast. You know it, since you were obliged to put me on the mule last night. I must leave you."

He leaned against a pine. He did not turn around. She saw him sob convulsively. Resplendent, the sun was climbing the azure steps of the firmament.

The young woman started down the steep mountain path.

She had not gone a hundred steps before a loud cry rent the air and forced her to stop.

"Annabel!"

She turned. She saw the Jesuit on the brink of the precipice, his arms outstretched.

It was the first time he had called her by that name, the name she was hearing for the last time.

When Brigham Young's personal courier, Brother Woodrow Banting, duly rehearsed by Brother Kimball, drew his equipage up in front of the cabin of the *Crowned Mormon* at eight o'clock sharp, he was surprised to

find it deserted. He waited for a little over an hour, then, in the end, he resigned himself to turning the horses around and going back to Salt Lake, where he recounted his misadventure to Kimball.

. . . .

Over mountain and plain marched Père d'Exiles for two days, directing his steps to the South-West. It was night, black night when he entered Provo the Blessed, where he slept beneath the stars. He left at dawn.

As he journeyed along the road connecting Nephi and Manti, the twin cities, he heard the noise of a wagon behind him.

"Are you going to Manti?" he asked.

"Farther on, to Fillmore."

"Fine. What will you charge to give me a lift as far as Fillmore? Anyway I shall leave you before we reach town."

"Eight dollars."

"Agreed."

Five minutes later, relieved of her scanty pack, Mina trotted briskly behind the cart where sat her master.

Next day, a few hours after passing through the town of Manti, they came upon a stream.

"Isn't this the Sevier River?" asked the Jesuit.

His conductor replied:

"Yes, the Sevier River. Here is the ford."

The cart had stopped. Père d'Exiles descended and began to load Mina.

"Are you leaving me?" asked the Mormon.

"Yes."

"You're going East, I suppose?"

"No, West—toward the lake."

The man shook his head disapprovingly.

"It surprises you?" asked the priest.

"No, not at all. You are free to go where you please. All I have to say is that I wouldn't advise anybody to go on an excursion in the vicinity of Lake Sevier just now."

"Why?"

"The Utes," answered the man, "have never been very friendly. But since Captain Gunnison's murder, which you have probably heard of, the country is altogether unsafe. Just a few days ago, a patrol of the Cedar Valley troops had a skirmish with some Indians who were hunting on forbidden territory. A few men were killed on both sides. More redskins than pale-faces, of course.

It goes to show you that just now there are healthier places than the shores of Lake Sevier."

"I am not an American," said the Jesuit.

"You're a pale-face—it's all the same to them. Well, all right, if you insist. Good-bye."

Père d'Exiles had gone about thirty miles westward when night began to fall. The dying light filtered through the willow branches. The river, a mere brook when he had begun to follow it, now an imposing flood, rolled its grey waters in silence.

He rode part of the night and all the next day. He seemed indefatigable. He only stopped in the prairies, to allow Mina to graze.

He would watch her. Once he muttered:

"The Indians have never been cruel to their animals."

At four o'clock the sun was setting again and still he had met no one. Then, on the river-bank he perceived a brown silhouette

that an unpractised eye would have mistaken for a dead tree trunk.

It was an Indian fishing.

Père d'Exiles approached and touched him on the shoulder.

"Sh-h-h!" hissed the fisherman.

It was a very old, old Indian. The skin of his face, withered around his cheekbones, was the color of baked clay. He wore an old water-proof and on his head was an incongruous visored cap.

"Sh-h-h!" he repeated.

His eyes were fixed on his line, cast under a willow-tree.

He waited vainly and ended by hauling in his line.

"The Fish was biting when the Pale-Face came," he said in a low voice with an accent of reproach. "The Pale-Face has frightened him."

"Another will bite," said the Jesuit.

The old Indian shook his head doubtfully. He spread his line along the grassy bank and baited the hook.

"What wouldst thou?" he said at last.

"Thou art a Utah?" asked the priest.

"Yes."

"Is it still Arapine who is chief of the Utahs?"

"Yes."

"Lead me to him."

"I cannot," said the Indian. "It is Arapine who has commanded that I stay here to fish and watch over the approaches to the Waters. But wait, thou shalt have thy wish."

He began whistling softly and monotonously. A water hen rose clumsily and crossed the river, rippling the waves with her dragging feet.

The old man cast his line anew.

Before long, there were light foot-falls on the dead leaves. Two Indians emerged. The fisherman talked to them, pointing to Père d'Exiles. They signed to him to follow. It was dark when they arrived in the camp pitched at the mouth of the river. Red, immense, the moon was rising over the lake. The moonbeams danced on the water, as it lapped about the reeds near the shore.

Some thirty conical tents were set up in the

glade. Shadows came and went before the fires that had just been lighted.

The guides conducted the Jesuit to the highest tent. One of them entered, then came out after a few minutes, motioning for him to go in.

There were two Indians in the tent. One, little and old, was huddled in a corner, almost invisible. The other, sitting by a folding-table, was reading a copy of the *New York Spectator* by the light of a kerosene lamp, and making notes in a memorandum book. It was Arapine. He lifted his hand signifying to the Jesuit that he must wait until he had finished reading. He wore spurred boots, grey trousers and a long dark frock-coat. His shirt collar, very white, stuck out of his high pedantic black cravat. His hair, plaited in bluish braids, hid his ears. His forehead was bound by a narrow otter band, supporting the head-dress of white feathers, the insignia of supreme authority.

He closed his note-book composedly, folded the newspaper, then, looking at the Jesuit:

"Who art thou and what willst thou?" he asked.

"I am a Catholic priest. I wish to exercise my calling among your people."

"Art thou an American?"

"No, a Frenchman," said Père d'Exiles.

"Sit down," said Arapine pointing to a stool.

He reflected a moment.

"We have never had cause to congratulate ourselves on having sheltered men of thy colour. Nevertheless, I grant thee the permission thou seekest, on condition, naturally, that I revoke it when I see fit."

The Jesuit bowed.

A low grunt came from the obscurity at the back of the tent. The old Indian stirred, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom.

"What then is the matter, Choapee?" asked Arapine.

The Indian approached the chief and spoke into his ear. Arapine looked surprised. His eyes glistened.

"How art thou called?" he asked the Jesuit.

"Father Philippe d'Exiles," responded the priest calmly.

"Ugh!" grunted Arapine meditatively.

The mouth of the shrunken old Indian split in a satisfied grin.

"Choapee," said Arapine, "bring that of which thou hast spoken."

The Jesuit's eyes had accustomed themselves to the darkness and he was able to make out a sort of rude cupboard, poked in a corner of the tent. Choapee went to this piece of furniture, opened it, hunted among several bundles of documents and, taking out one, came back to the table.

Arapine glanced through the papers carefully.

"Father Philippe d'Exiles," he said at last. "Thou art he who was condemned to death the twenty-fourth of January, 1854—soon will it be five years—by my brother and predecessor, Wakara, presiding over this Council?"

"It is I," said Père d'Exiles.

"Wakara notified you for the first time of the sentence, as registered by the Keeper of Records, Choapee, here present," continued Arapine, "at Salt Lake, in 1854. The second time, I did, in 1856. Then neither of those notifications did reach thine eyes?"

"I received them both."

"Ugh?" muttered Arapine once more.

And it was plain that, impassible as he was, he found it difficult to conceal his amazement.

"Thou hast returned, nevertheless?" he said.

"I have returned."

"Perhaps condemned by default, wouldst thou appeal the sentence, and demand a second trial?"

The Jesuit shrugged indifferently.

"It is thy right," said Arapine with growing surprise. "And it is my duty to call an emergency Council which shall decide whether or not there are grounds for suspending the judgment delivered five years gone by, or revoking it, or applying it immediately."

"I await thy orders," said Père d'Exiles.

And unconcernedly, he began to read the copy of the *New York Spectator* left on the table.

Meanwhile, Arapine continued to look through the file, as Choapee handed him the papers in rapid succession.

"It is well," he said when he had finished.

He lit a stubby pipe.

"The drum must be beaten," he said to Choapee.

The old Indian went out. A lugubrious

noise began. The Jesuit started slightly. Arapine smiled.

"I convoke the Council," he explained. "Choapee, give me sheet number one."

He examined it under the lamp.

"The sentence condemning thee was pronounced by a tribunal of four judges and the Keeper of the Records and Wakara, my brother, who was the chief, presided—may he be in the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Great Manitou, He who rules the Universe!

"Of those six members, today, four are no more. There is Choapee left, and Masoaki. Both will act this night, as they did then, at the tribunal which will decide thy fate. The four others will be the three chiefs, most venerable of my tribe, and myself, who will preside. Thou hast nothing to say?"

"Nothing," said Pere d'Exiles, continuing his reading.

The tent-flap lifted, allowing four men to enter one by one, four Indians, dressed in the cast-off clothing of pale-faces. Nothing could have been more ludicrous than this attire, had it not been redeemed by the silent

majesty of the Indians. They all wore the otter band and the head-dress of black and white feathers, while that of their chief's was white.

Grave and taciturn they squatted around the table. Arapine spoke.

"On the twenty-fourth of January, 1854, the Supreme Council of the Utahs, my brother Wakara presiding, condemned Father Philippe d'Exiles, a French priest, to death by default, guilty of having denounced the Utahs to the American Goverment, after Captain Gunnison's death, the Utahs who had sheltered him and trusted him. All will remember."

They nodded in assent.

"At any rate, here are the papers. Choapee is at the disposition of the judges who would see them."

One of the judges arose and questioned Choapee, who read him several of the documents in a low voice. He sat down again.

"Today," took up Arapine, "Father d'Exiles is here, in our hands. It must be stated that he seems to have come of his own free will. The question which presents it-

self is: should the sentence delivered long ago be executed, adjourned or annulled. I add that we are bound by the circumstances in which it was pronounced. Further evidence alone might warrant another sentence. It is for you to decide whether there have been any developments since the twenty-fourth of January, 1854. And, on this head, I suppose the condemned will assist us with explanations which it is his right to offer."

So saying, he looked at Père d'Exiles.

"I have no explanations to offer," said the Jesuit coldly.

"Then will the Tribunal proceed according to its lights," said Arapine. He turned to the Indians. "Shall no one raise his voice? Speak then, Masoaki!"

The oldest of the judges arose. He must have been very ancient, for his hands, as he leaned against the table, trembled violently.

"I sat on the tribunal which rendered the sentence of the twenty-fourth of January, 1854, and I may say that on that occasion, I voted for death. But today, things have changed in my mind. Last year, at the rise of the Humboldt, where sent by thee, Arapine,

I was negotiating a purchase of cattle from Sokopitz, I witnessed the good this man, who is about to be judged, has done there. Our brothers, the Shoshonees, speak his name with veneration. I consider this the evidence spoken of by Arapine, and I will place a white stone in the sack."

Masoaki squatted again.

"Would another speak?" asked Arapine.

A chief arose. He was the youngest. On his cheeks, were tattooed two vermilion crosses.

"The Shoshonees," he said, "are the brothers of the Utes, but they are not Utes. It is not for us to meddle in their judgments, nor is it for us to look unto them that we may learn how to mete out justice. That his offices may have profited the Shoshonees is possible, but this does not alter the facts. If we are to seek for further developments, to me it seems that we must find them in the persecutions, daily augmenting, that the Pale-Face has inflicted upon us. By the denunciation of this man, received among us in former times like a brother, were these persecutions brought about. I will death!"

"Has yet another words?" asked Arapine.

The judges remained silent.

"And thou," said Arapine, addressing Père d'Exiles, "hast thou nothing to say in thy defence? I warn thee that the hour has come!"

The Jesuit shook his head.

"The cause has been heard," said Arapine. "Choapee, distribute the stones."

The keeper of the Records gave each of the five judges two stones, one white, one black. They took them, closed their fists.

"The sack, now."

Making the rounds, Choapee held out a small sack of buffalo-hide. In it, each judge dropped a stone. Arapine voted last and kept the sack, for it was he who must pronounce the sentence.

He drew out two black stones in succession, then two white stones. The fifth stone was black.

"Death!" said Arapine solemnly.

"When?" asked Père d'Exiles.

"It is the law," said the chief, "that the sentence be executed at dawn, the day after it has been given. It is nine o'clock. Thou hast nine hours then to live—until tomorrow

morning at six o'clock, when the day shall be born. Still, should it be that thou wouldst delay one day, with the consent of the Council, I could . . ."

"I ask nothing," said the priest.

"It is thy will. Go, then," he said addressing the judges. "With Choapee, I will watch over the condemned."

The four chiefs went out as silently as they had come in.

. . . .

Seated on his stool in the shadow, the Jesuit was praying. Arapine had taken out his memorandum-book again and was making notes as he read his *New York Spectator.*

A gentle snoring was heard.

Arapine raised his head, smiling.

"Choapee sleeps," he said.

He arose, opened a chest, took out two tin plates, two cups, a bottle of rum and some canned goods. Rapidly, he prepared a frugal repast.

"Draw near," he said to the Jesuit, "for thou perhaps wouldst eat."

They ate and drank together. The Indian did not remove his eyes from his companion.

"Wouldst thou make no request?"

"Yes," said the priest. "I had a mule with me. She is in the hands of those who brought me here. I ask thee to see that she is cared for, though she can be of use no longer, for she is growing old. I know that the Indians are good to animals and that thou willst not find the request a foolish one."

"I shall keep her for myself," said Arapine, "and unhappy be he who would let her want for anything!"

He added:

"Is that all?"

"I can think of nothing else."

"Hast thou no desire to know what sort of death shall be thine, for instance?"

"It is true," said Père d'Exiles. "I would like to suffer as little as possible."

"I promise thee."

They continued to eat in silence. The snores of the old Indian grew louder.

"Drink yet another glass of rum," ordered Arapine.

He emptied his own.

"Now, follow me."

They went out. In the freezing cold, the sky swarmed with stars.

The haltered horses nosed each other vaguely in the dark. The ground was strewn with the embers of dying fires.

"I will inspect my outposts," explained the Indian.

He repeated:

"Follow me."

The Jesuit obeyed. The cold air did him good.

For several minutes, without exchanging a word, they followed the river, wide and sluggish at its entrance into the lake.

Arapine stopped at a willow. He pulled a rope—a canoe came out of the shadow and bumped against the bank with a muffled shock.

"There is an outpost on the other side of the waters," explained the chief. "The sentry is wont to neglect his duty. I will see. Canst thou paddle?"

"I can," said the Jesuit.

"Then take the paddle."

They crossed the river, grounded the canoe.

"Be seated at my side," said Arapine.

Again Père d'Exiles obeyed. They stayed there half an hour, an hour perhaps, watching the moon cross the sky.

Once more Arapine lifted his voice.

"We are here on the south bank of the river."

"Yes, on the south bank, I know," said Père d'Exiles.

"If thou shouldst bend thy steps to the East, in the direction of Fillmore, by following the south bank, it would never occur to Indians to seek thee there. Besides, thou wouldst be—too far . . ."

"Ah!" said the Jesuit simply.

"What awaitest thou?" came Arapine's dry voice.

"I have no desire to escape," said Père d'Exiles.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Arapine.

He continued:

"And if I should leave thee here, and return alone to the camp, with the canoe?"

"I would stay here, and when they would ask me how I came, I would tell, for my religion forbids falsehood."

"It also forbids suicide," said Arapine.

A cloud hid the moon. Their faces were in darkness for a moment. When the moon emerged, they were both very calm.

"Let us return to camp," said Arapine.

Once back in the tent, Arapine spread the ground with buffalo skins.

"Lie down," he said, "and try to sleep."

"And thou?"

"I leave after a while, with some horsemen, to see what is happening on the road to the East. I do not return until noon. Farewell."

He left him. The Jesuit stretched out on the skins and lifted the tent-flap so that he could see the lake, gleaming through the fir-trees like an immense turquoise moon. Choapee snored no longer.

In the camp, about four o'clock, there were muffled calls, then the sound of horses' hoofs. It was Arapine and his escort, going on their reconnoitering party eastward.

About two hours later, a bird began to sing in the trees, then, soon after, the day dawned.

EPILOGUE

"LOOK, sir, here are some more telegrams of congratulation," cried Lieutenant Codrinton, General Rutledge's aide-de-camp, bursting into his chief's office.

"Well, well, my lad!" cried the general with a smile.

"Eight, nine, ten . . . fourteen, fifteen, sixteen. And forty-one this morning, that makes fifty-seven. Fifty-seven telegrams of congratulation in one day , sir, and that won't be all, either."

"My dear boy," said Rutledge, who took genuine pleasure in the young man's transports.

"Let's open them quick! This official one first: GENERAL RUTLEDGE, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA. *'Was very glad to sign your appointment as Governor Territory of Utah. Extend personal congratulations as well as best wishes for success* . . . Oh, sir, who do you think

that's from! President Chester himself!"

"The President is very kind, indeed," said Rutledge with emotion.

But Codrinton had already opened another dispatch.

"PARIS, JULY 26, 1882," he read. "*My friends and I delighted with appointment promising victory progressive ideas and ringing knell reaction.*' It's signed GAMBETTA."

"Gambetta, Léon Gambetta," said Rutledge. "The most prominent politician in France. I had the honour of knowing him in Paris when I was military attaché."

"Another cable from Paris!" cried the lieutenant. '*Affectionate congratulations, dear friend. Hope for great pleasure of seeing you again!*' Signed: PAIVA."

"From Mme. Païva!" cried the general. "What a charming woman! It was at her residence on the Champs-Elysées that I met M. Léon Gambetta, as well as Count Henckel von Donnersmarck, whose congratulations reached me this morning. Ah! Paris, Paris, adorable city!"

He stuffed this last message into his portfolio.

"Mrs. Rutledge had better not see this," he said with a smile. "Woman are curiously suspicious at times. Ah! Paris, Paris!"

"It's a beautiful city, isn't it?" asked young Codrinton, who was drinking in his chief's words.

"A beautiful city! Ah! such a city . . . You must go there some day, too, as military attaché, my dear boy. You can count on me to . . . You know people can always count on me."

"I shan't ever want to leave you, sir," said Codrinton.

"My boy, my dear boy!" exclaimed Rutledge.

And he shook his aid's hand fervently.

"Go on opening the telegrams," said the general.

"'*Am happy to hear of appointment which assures me most cordial and efficacious collaboration...Remembrances and best wishes.* Signed: JEMINI GWINETT."

"Ah!" said Rutledge. "That's interesting—he's the President of the Mormon Church."

"Do you know him?" asked Codrinton.

"Slightly. He took part in Johnston's

expedition of 1858, as a chaplain—a fact few are aware of—I myself was a lieutenant in Johnston's army . . ."

"Second Dragoons, first platoon," finished Codrington.

"Exactly," said the general with a kind smile. "In Salt Lake City, Gwinett was converted to Mormonism. Since then, he has risen in the world. When President Brigham died six years ago, covered with honours and ripe years, the Apostles unanimously elected Gwinett to fill his place. There's a clever man for you!"

"You will be on the best of terms with him, then," said the lieutenant.

"I should hope so."

He sighed.

"Just the same, we can't get our youth back thinking about old times!"

"Have you ever been back to Salt Lake since then, sir?"

"Never."

"How impressive it must be," said young Codrinton, "to re-enter a city as a general, when you passed through it twenty-five years before just a lieutenant!"

"My dear boy, you will have that pleasure some day," said Rutledge, "but listen to this grey head, it's better yet to be young!"

. . . .

Governor Rutledge entered Salt Lake City in state, August eleventh, 1882, at ten o'clock in the morning.

All the civil, religious and military personages of the Territory were present at the great banquet given by the President of the Church at noon. At President Gwinett's right was Mrs. Regina Rutledge, and the Governor sat to the right of Mrs. Sarah Gwinett.

About three o'clock, after the toasts which had been many and cordial, General Connor, commanding the army post, approached Rutledge.

"Remember, my dear General, you promised the boys to come and have some champagne with them at Camp Douglas."

"I won't forget," said Rutledge.

At four o'clock, accompanied by General Connor, young Codrinton and two officers, he took leave of the President of the Church, whom he was to see again at the banquet he

himself was giving at the Government-House that night.

They drove to the camp situated at an altitude of 5,000 feet in two carriages, each drawn by four mules. As they climbed, Rutledge turned around to contemplate the imposing panorama, where Salt Lake sparkled in the sunlight.

Up to that moment, it had been a beautiful day. Suddenly, clouds began to gather in the sky. A storm was brewing.

"Hurry, hurry!" shouted General Connor to the drivers.

The carriages tore along the road.

"These storms are really cloud-bursts," said Connor to the governor. "Fortunately here we are at the East Temple Asylum. We can stop there until the tornado is over."

"The East Temple Asylum?" questioned the Governor.

"It's an institution for destitute old people, a hospital and asylum combined. The Superintendent will be glad and proud to . . ."

"I myself will be very glad to stop and visit the institution," said Rutledge. "A con-

scientious democracy ought to take the best of care of its poor out-casts."

The wind and the torrents of rain drowned his last words. The little party jumped out of the carriages and ran into the parlour of the institution, barely escaping the downpour.

Flushed with emotion, the superintendent appeared.

His institution was so well kept, that it deserved the highest praises, and the governor did not spare any. With his officers, he looked in turn into wide, airy dormitories, yards, courts, and the refectory—the inmates, rheumatic old women and old men in their second childhood, watched them, dull-eyed and silent.

The sun had come out again and shone smilingly on the window-panes.

"We can go now, sir," whispered Codrinton.

"The kitchen, Mr. Governor, you haven't seen the kitchens!" pleaded the superintendent, bursting with pride.

"Let us see the kitchens then," said Rutledge affably.

They entered. A giant cook stood at atten-

tion in front of a copper kettle big enough to contain an ox.

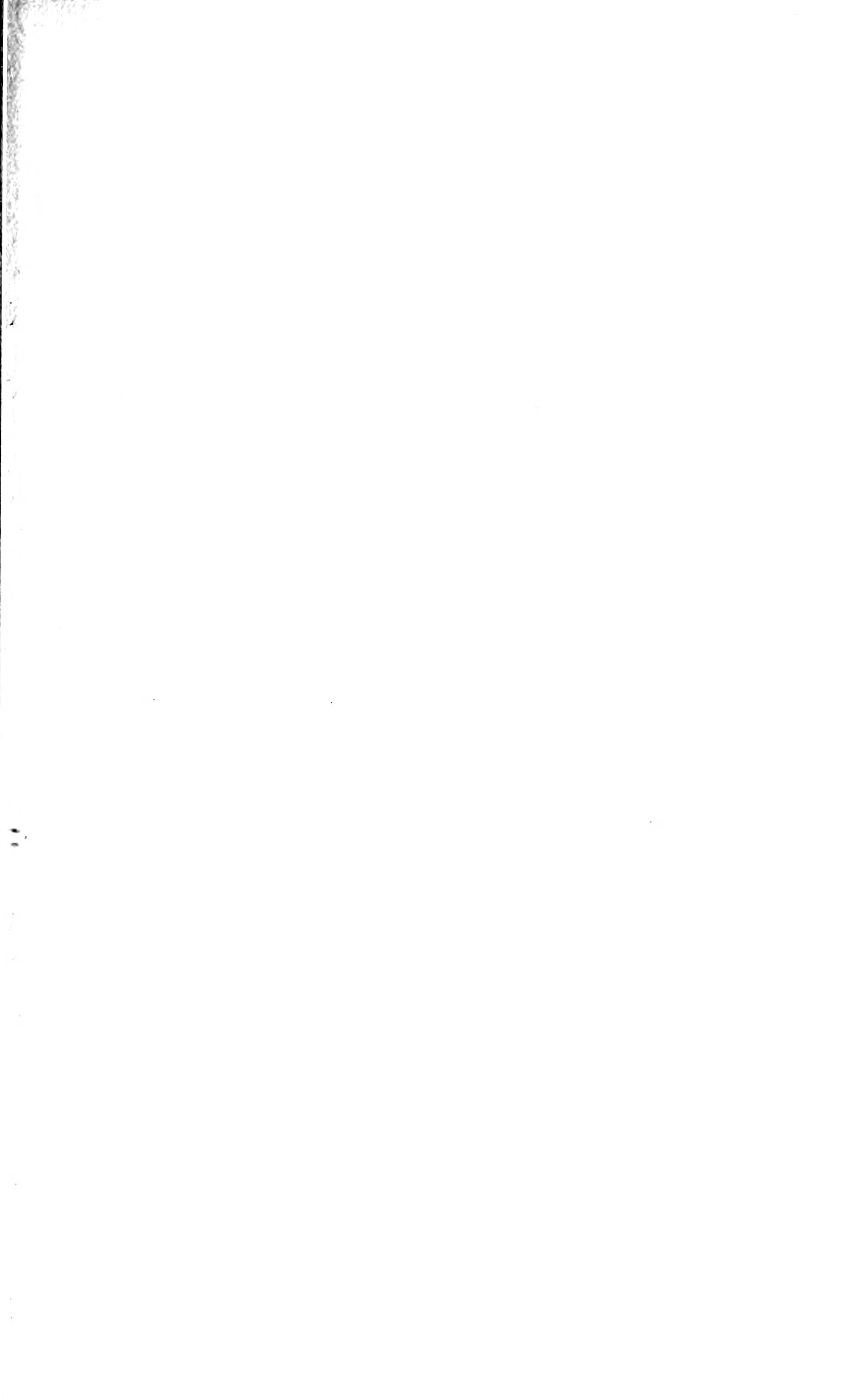
In a corner, under the supervision of a woman of austere mien, was a group of the inmates, dressed in coarse brown garments. They were peeling vegetables.

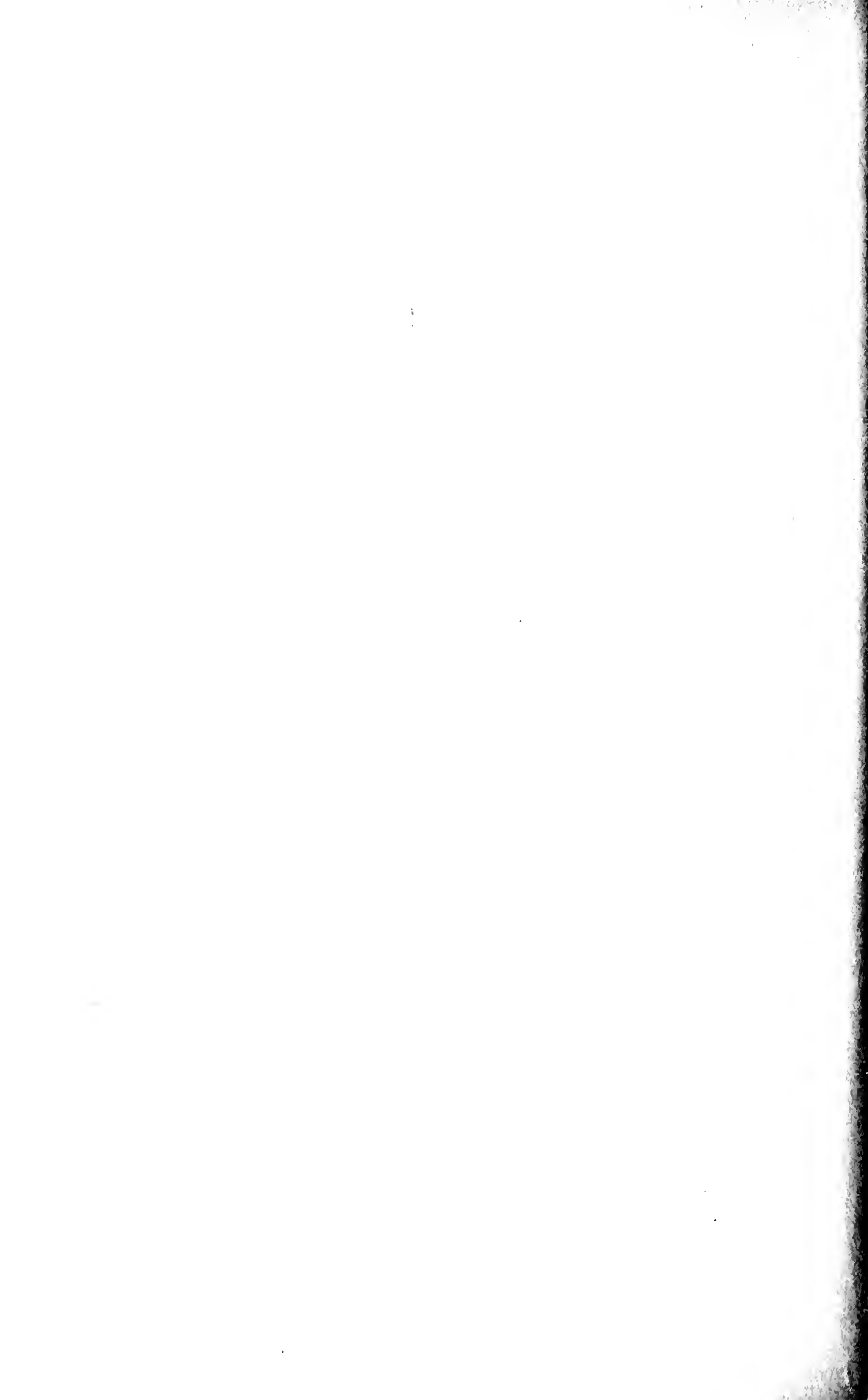
There were three old men and two old women, wretched human waste. They hardly lifted their eyes as the brilliant staff drew near.

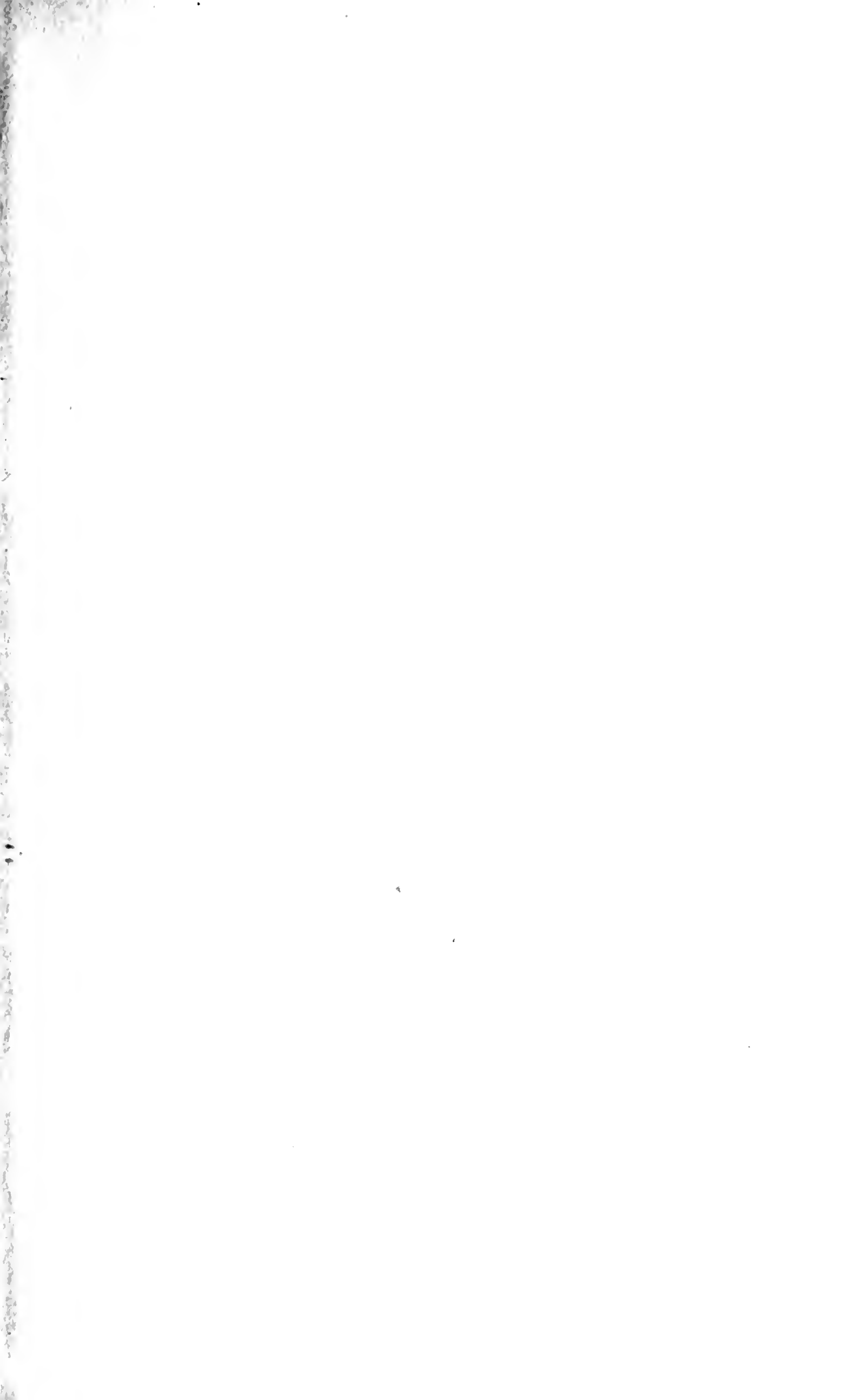
"I would like to call your attention, Mr. Governor," began the superintendent, without noticing that his illustrious guest had turned ghastly white.

He had no time to finish his sentence. With a shrill scream, one of the two old women, snatching up a handful of the rubbish strewing the floor, had flung it into Rutledge's face.

THE END







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