# HE TENTS OF GRACE

A TRAGEDY

HARRY EDWIN MARTIN

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Frank J. Holliger.

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# The Tents of Grace

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*A Tragedy*

And Four Short Stories

HARRY EDWIN MARTIN

CINCINNATI:
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To

YOU, DEAR MOTHER,

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME, FILLED
WITH THE CHILDREN OF MY YOUTH-
FUL BRAIN, IN TOKEN OF MY
LOVE AND HONOR THROUGH
ALL THE YESTER-YEARS
AND ALL THE DAYS
TO BE.

# Table of Contents

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

"Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the good-natured man."

# PREFACE

MAN'S inhumanity to man has often traced a border of black around many of the fairest pages in the annals of universal history. The fields are green, the flowers bloom, the birds sing, but man—man alone is vile. Perhaps we might prefer to record only those events which show forth the beautiful, the noble, the true; but it is only in the realm of fancy that all things may take a happy course, and just so long as man is man the historian must ever report the bitter with the sweet, the evil with the good.

Wherefore it has seemed good to the author of this little volume to present to the public the story, forgotten save by a few, of the founding, the life, and the culminating tragedy of old Gnadenhütten.

It is not questioned that many, many tales might be found concerning the early days when the stalwart pioneers were blazing a trail through the forests of Ohio, yet it is doubtful whether any could be brought for-

ward which would equal in human interest and simple pathos this incident of the martyrdom of the Moravian Indians in the "Tents of Grace."

Each of the stories that go to make up the second part of this book has been published before, primarily for a small circle of readers. But the varied criticisms have been so kind and the praise so sincere that all have been deemed worthy of a wider circulation.

The author does not doubt that you who read may sometimes find that which is prosy, and yet he hopes here and there you may come upon some bits of honest pathos, touches of human interest, and a smattering of art.

That you may find herein a story of an almost forgotten historical incident which proves to be enlightening and interesting, and that you may further find the four short stories to be of some interest and delight, is the sincere wish of the author.

HARRY EDWIN MARTIN.

*Scio College, Scio, Ohio.*
*September 29, 1910.*

# The Tents of Grace

*A Tragedy*

RESTING peacefully in the scenic Tuscarawas Valley, in Ohio, is the town of Gnadenhütten. A stranger visiting the village will note the beautiful site; the wide, shaded streets; the pretty, flower-dotted lawns; the neat homes; and the thrifty, genial inhabitants and their tranquillity; but unless he is very familiar with the early history of Ohio he utterly fails to comprehend why the town is called Gnadenhütten, nor will he realize that this is an historic, almost sacred, spot. Here, where peace and happiness now predominate, one of the saddest tragedies of all history occurred—a tragedy of pathos unsurpassed and involving Christian fortitude akin to martyrdom. Here at the closing of the eighteenth century a dream of Christian empire came true for half a score of years—and then ended in annihilation.

# The Tents of Grace

It was late in the summer of the year 1772 that two companies of Moravian missionaries and their Indian followers, after many and severe vicissitudes, arrived upon the banks of the Tuscarawas River—then known as the Muskingum. They came from Friedenshuetten, on the Susquehanna River, and from Friedenstadt, in the Allegheny region, both within the bounds of Pennsylvania, and they migrated to the new Ohio country, hoping there to make homes which would be free from the encroachments of the unfriendly white man. The first company to arrive, under the leadership of the missionaries, David Zeisberger and John Heckewelder, stopped about two miles south of the present city of New Philadelphia and founded the village Schönbrunn, or "Beautiful Spring" named thus because of the small lake which was nearby. By October 9, 1772, the second company had reached the valley and farther down the river had begun the building of a town which the builders aptly christened Gnadenhütten, or "Tents of Grace."

The Tuscarawas Valley was an ideal

place for the founding of such a religious empire as the devout missionaries planned. It was then inhabited almost solely by the Delaware tribe, who will be remembered as among the clans of red men with whom William Penn made his famous peace treaty in the long ago. These peaceful Indians, feeling their inability to check the westward advance of white civilization, had moved from Penn's colony several years before and had established their headquarters in the beautiful Tuscarawas Valley. One of the leading Delaware villages, but ten miles below Gnadenhütten, was King Newcomer's Town, situated where now stands the town of almost similar name. Other than these friendly neighbors, who had invited the Moravians to dwell in the valley, the Christians found everything congenial and delightful. Nature was here prodigal of all her stores. Fine woodlands covered many a hill and hollow, and great fertile fields stretched away on every side. Forest and field abounded in game of numerous kinds, and the little river was full of fishes of various sizes. The climate was excellent—

warm in summer and mild in winter—and the air was pure and wholesome.

The company founding the "Tents of Grace" was under the leadership of Joshua, a Mohican elder, and was composed mainly of Mohican and Delaware Indians, all of whom had embraced Christianity. The only white persons dwelling here were two or three teachers and their families. Surrounded by such peaceable neighbors and with such delightful natural environments Gnadenhütten soon became a pleasant and prosperous hamlet. It was well laid out, but had only one principal street, which was long, wide, and straight. The houses and chapel, as in all of the new settlements, were built of rough and hewn logs. Each of the homes contained only one room, but usually had an attic overhead and a cellar underneath, and was enclosed by a picket fence. The crude doors swung on wooden hinges, the small windows were made of greased paper, the rustic furniture was hand-made, and through a hole in each door hung the necessary latchstring as a token of welcome to friend or stranger. None but professing

Christians were allowed to make their homes here, yet notwithstanding this ban the population steadily increased; for many of the neighboring Indians buried the battle-ax, accepted the white man's religion, and became men, not savages.

In this little kingdom so far from Eastern civilization, industry and order were necessary. Under these two guiding principles the inhabitants became well-to-do farmers with now and then a proficient tradesman. Joshua, the leader, was an expert cooper and canoe-maker. The wide and fertile bottoms on either side of the river gave ample opportunity for labor, and visitors from Pennsylvania and from the savage tribes living farther north and west marveled at the sight of the large, waving fields of grain, the patches of vegetables, and the hills dotted with cattle and poultry. Indeed, civilization had seemingly let down her mantle here in the blossoming wilderness, and Christianity had leavened the savage heart.

Generosity and kindness were also marked characteristics that classed the Mo-

ravians wholly apart from the other Indians. Whenever possible the red men from afar would journey to Gnadenhütten in order to be recipients of the kindness and the gifts of its inhabitants. All visitors were treated with Christian courtesy, and food in abundance was offered to them. And oftentimes the Moravians gladly ransomed prisoners when their savage captors passed through the town on their return from a marauding expedition along the frontier.

These simple red men were earnest and sincere in their religious zeal. Each day the bell on the mission church called the people to prayer, and while the men and boys were busy in the fields, hunted game, or fished, and while the women did their household duties or assisted the men, the children were being taught by their faithful white teachers to read, to write, and to honor God in all things. The government of the village, it might here be said, was administered by the missionaries and their helpers who were selected from among the more educated of the Indians. Questions of great moment, of course, were always sub-

mitted to the people. At all times, let it be known, the Bible was the great statute book of the "Tents of Grace."

Such, indeed, was the daily life of the meek Moravian Indians. As we look upon the Indian of yesterday all of this seems one vast Utopian dream. But the facts of history—immutable as they are—prove it all a reality. Under the influence of Christianity, guided by their white brethren, these wild men of the forest put aside the tomahawk, learned to forego revenge, and left off unchastity and drunkenness to become obedient, honest, and industrious toilers. As we give thought to them and their tragic story we should venerate them not as savages, but as civilized men, faithful and unaffected in their Christian beliefs. We should honor them further because reflecting from their lives are lights that even to this day have not been extinguished. They lived and they perished as Christian men.

It is an interesting fact that the first white child born in Ohio was John Lewis Roth, who opened his eyes to the light of day on the 4th of July, 1772, at Gnadenhütten.

Historians have differed as to who really was the first white child born within the bounds of Ohio, but no authentic record of a birth previous to this date has so far been found. The right of Roth to be Ohio's first son is found in the official diary of the Gnadenhütten mission, now preserved in the archives of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which reads: "July 4, 1773. To-day God gave to Brother and Sister Roth a young son. He was baptized into the death of Jesus, and named John Lewis, on the 5th instant, by Brother David Zeisberger."

The opening of the Revolution marked the beginning of the hardships of the mission town. These afflictions, however, proved to be only the foreboding shadows of the crisis—the cataclysm. The year of 1775 had been a most prosperous one, both in a spiritual and in a temporal sense; but by 1777 progress in the development and expansion of all the mission towns along the Tuscarawas Valley had come to a halt. The Christian Indians and missionaries being opposed to war, thinking it wrong, re-

mained neutral. In so doing they, perhaps unknowingly, were the silent allies of the Americans, because their peaceful attitude influenced a great part of the Delaware tribe to refrain from taking the warpath in behalf of the English. The Detroit commandant and his faithful accomplices, the renegades and savage chiefs, did all in their power to persuade, and afterwards to force, the entire Delaware tribe to enter the service of England, but failed.

Gnadenhütten lay on the main trail between the British headquarters at Detroit and the American post at Fort Pitt, which made it a very desirable vantage-ground for the English forces, if the aid of its inhabitants could be secured. Several of the converts did yield to persuasion and joined the warring clans, but the great number of the Christian red men were not moved by the enticements of those who would have the Moravians go back to barbarism in order that they themselves might be amply rewarded by the Red Coats of Detroit. Plots were then laid to force the Christians to array themselves under the Cross of St.

George; but through all intrigues and plots they continued steadfast. They neither took up the battle-club nor spilled the blood of any man. Content to worship God and treat all men as brethren, they went about their daily tasks, patient in their persecutions and all the while wholly unthoughtful of what these plots and tricks of coercion augured.

In August, 1781, a band of about three hundred savages, flying the English ensign and commanded by the renegade Elliott and a Wyandot chief, Pomoacan or Half King by name, entered the Tuscarawas Valley with the express purpose of removing the obnoxious Christians. When near Salem, a mission town founded shortly after the building of the "Tents of Grace," the Half King sent a message to the Christian Indians, assuring them of his friendship and asking which of their three settlements would be most convenient for a council. Gnadenhütten was deemed the most suitable, and, acting accordingly, on August 11th the savages encamped on the west side of that hamlet. Within a few days a

meeting was held, at which the Wyandot chief advised a speedy removal, and in the course of his address, as reported, we find these words: "I am much concerned on your account, seeing that you live in a dangerous spot. Two powerful, angry, and merciless gods stand ready, opening their jaws wide against each other; you are between both and thus in danger of being devoured and ground to powder by the teeth of either one or the other, or of both. It is, therefore, not advisable for you to stay here any longer."

The missionaries courteously replied to this speech, but with their followers declined to leave their pleasant homes until they thought it more expedient. On hearing this the majority of the savages evinced a willingness to depart, but the renegade and his two English comrades persuaded them to continue faithful to the Detroit commandant and to help remove the Christians as soon as conditions were favorable. The days slipped by until September came, when it unfortunately happened that two Moravian Indians, whom the missionaries

had sent to Pittsburgh with information concerning their precarious situation, were captured by the savages. This event was enlarged upon by Elliott as the conclusive proof of his contentions, that the Moravian Indians were friendly to the rebelling colonists, and that the missionaries were American spies. This gave things a turn. Half King wavered in his friendliness towards the Christian red men, and another meeting of the leaders of both parties was called. Still the Moravians persisted in their unwillingness to desert their settlements. The intruders insisted that this must not be. The council broke up in confusion. The missionaries were seized and made prisoners, and the greedy savages began plundering the village.

By September 10th the outrages of the pillagers had become so distressing that the Moravians consented to abandon their homes and do the bidding of their persecutors. On the following day with their teachers they were ruthlessly driven toward Detroit. With heavy hearts and intense suffering the captives trudged on for one

hundred and twenty-four miles through the trackless wilderness until Sandusky was reached. Here the Christian Indians were liberated and warned with many threats not to wander back to their homes, while their captors moved on to Detroit, taking with them the missionaries, whom the savages deemed dangerous should they be permitted to remain with their followers.

This was a sad exile. The Moravians had left behind three pleasant settlements—Gnadenhütten, Schönbrunn, and Salem—their well-kept homes, their churches and schools, their cattle and poultry wandering in the fields, an abundance of corn in store and three hundred acres of grain ripening in the bottoms, great patches of vegetables, and numerous valuables that had been hidden away in the cabins. Their books and writings, which were used in the schools, had been burned by their captors even before their northward march. Great was the material loss of this forced removal to the Moravians, but there was still a greater loss. The glory, the hopes, and the blessings of the Christian Kingdom on the little

Tuscarawas River constituted a volume henceforth forever closed.

Left alone in the Northern forests, the exiles began to be in want. The small stock of provisions that had been brought with them was soon consumed. Game was scarce, corn was not to be obtained, and it appeared that no means of sustenance could be found. They wandered from place to place, subsisting on whatever could be secured that was at all edible, until finally stopping at a place, afterwards known as Captive's Town, they prepared to spend the remainder of the winter. While the huts of poles and bark were being built, a few of the bravest Moravians dared to disregard their restricted liberty and returned to the Tuscarawas Valley for grain. Seven were captured, while the few who escaped brought back only about four hundred bushels of corn. This supply was speedily exhausted, and the ravenous wolf of starvation stared them in the face. Something must be done, and that right quickly. After deliberation it was decided that a company of men and their families should return to

their old homes to secure a good supply of corn, which yet stood unharvested in the fields.

Acting on this resolve, over one hundred and fifty Indians with eager hearts set out early in February, 1782, for the mission towns. When the party arrived in the valley it divided into three detachments, the first going to Schönbrunn, the second to Salem, and the third to Gnadenhütten—all working for a common purpose, the securing of food for their starving brethren in the barren wilderness. With joy they labored, hastily husking, shelling, and sacking the corn, ever anxious for the day to draw near when they should have completed their task and would be able to hasten back to their friends with that which alone would give them renewed strength and life.

During the years between 1779 and 1782 the Wyandotte and other warlike tribes had been on many marauding expeditions, attacking the lonely cabins and hamlets along the frontier and slaying their inmates and inhabitants. Slaughter and destruction were rampant everywhere. In 1779 some

seventy-five men, under the command of Colonel Rodgers, were slain near where now is the site of Covington, Kentucky, and early in the summer of 1781 Colonel Lochry's force of one hundred men was also annihilated. These atrocities, linked with the startling number of homes and families destroyed, aroused the ire of the bordermen. And quite often, after perpetrating many of these vicious crimes, the cunning savages would make a hurried retreat in the direction of Gnadenhütten, causing many of the unknowing to suspect the Moravian Indians as the principal culprits, and leading others to think that they at least had a hand in the depredations.

And so it appeared inevitable that every event that transpired was but a stimulus to the rising anger and ferocity of the Indian fighters toward the humble Christian red men. Conditions were driving fast in the direction of chaos, tragedy, destruction. Multitudinous and varied are the stories that have been told and scattered broadcast, purporting to give a cloak of justice or legality to this black crime and to shield the

criminals. But truth, mighty, unalterable truth strips bare the falsity of all these stories and leads the honest historian and student to call the perpetrators of the terrible massacre murderers of innocent men and women and children.

One story, and perhaps the one most related, pertained to the murder of the Wallace family in 1781, which event, the narrators tell us, precipitated the movement which consummated in the wiping out of the mission kingdom on the banks of the little Tuscarawas. The apologists have cited with much warmth the burning of the Wallace cabin and the capture of the mother and her three children, whom the savages led away toward Gnadenhütten. An Indian hunter named Carpenter, who had been captured by the savages, was being led over the trail when he is said to have come upon the body of the youngest child at the side of the path where it had been impaled, to have seen the mutilated body of the child's mother, and also to have found, some time later, the bloody garments hidden in one of the cabins at Gnadenhütten. Then

followed the assembling of Williamson's men.

This story, after diligent search of records and comparison of credited historical accounts, is found to be only partly true. First of all, the Christian Indians had nothing whatever to do with the crime, because at the time of its perpetration, late in the fall of 1781, they were exiles in the northern wilderness; and furthermore, the finding of the bloody dress in the village is only traditional and, excepting Carpenter, no evidence of its discovery has ever been found. And Carpenter had his dates and details so mixed that even some of his friends doubted his veracity. It is true, however, that the mother and baby were slain in a cruel manner, but the other two children were taken care of, one growing to manhood and the other son dying a natural death. Minus all its falsity, this story is yet most tragic; still it was not unlike hundreds of such crimes in those days. All things, however, moved towards a climax, for the frontiersmen were aroused and thirsted for the life and scalp of the red

man, be he heathen or Christian. Only the wreaking of vengeance would satisfy them.

At the coming of March, 1782, word was passed along the border enjoining all men to assemble and at once march to the Tuscarawas Valley, for the sole purpose of completely destroying the mission towns and their inhabitants. Over the hills and along the valleys of the frontier sped the portending news. With all speed of horse and foot the men hastened to Mingo Bottom, the designated rendezvous, eager to spill the red man's blood. They came singly, in pairs, and in squads, and all were men of brawn and daring. Some had hearts of flint and faces that scowled in their inexplicable hatred of the savage. A few loved mercy, but the vast majority knew not the meaning of such a word.

This company gathered without legal authority, and consequently had no appointed leader. The officer in charge of Fort Pitt, who at this particular time was absent from his post, was kept in the dark concerning the proposed raid and learned of it only when the time for intervention had

passed. But with the self-assertion of fearless men they picked the one whom they considered best suited for such an atrocious task, and this man was none other than Colonel David Williamson, of Pennsylvania. He at once assumed leadership, and at the appointed time the two hundred men who had assembled began the march. With many riding and a few walking, the avengers advanced carelessly and without order along the trail leading to the "Tents of Grace." No twang of conscience nor feeling of fear bothered these men—they had a villainous purpose, and boldly and arrogantly would they carry it out.

On Tuesday evening, March 5th, the Pennsylvania militia, as these men called themselves, neared Gnadenhütten and camped upon the farther side of the hill overlooking the mission town. The following morning the pioneers held their council and decided to attack the hamlet and destroy its inhabitants at once. They moved nearer, and then the company was separated into two detachments; one was to go forward to the river, cross over to the western

side, and capture the Indians at work in the cornfields, while the other division was to surround and take the village.

The first party, on coming near to the river bank, found a lone halfbreed, whom they instantly and mercilessly killed and scalped, although upon his trembling knees he had begged that they might spare his life. They attempted to cross the river, which at this time was somewhat swollen from recent storms. Unable to find a canoe, only sixteen succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, and this they luckily accomplished by means of a large wooden trough which had formerly been used by the Moravians for collecting sap from the maple trees. The little band with more than usual caution ascended the bank. Realizing the utter futility of attacking the large number of Indians in the fields, the sixteen frontiersmen quickly changed their plans and quietly approached the laborers as friends and brethren. They sympathized with the Moravians in their suffering and banishment, and all the while mingled with them as they joyously gathered the grain. This was to be

the last day of gathering, as they expected to begin the return to their fellow-Christians at Captive's Town on the following morning. But, alas! that was never to be. After numerous and varied fraternal inquiries and words of compassion and solicitude the border-men told the Indians that they should prepare for a journey to Pittsburgh, where they and their starving brethren would be given food and homes. Pittsburgh, or Fort Pitt, as it was then commonly called, was a very dear name to the meek Moravian red men. The commandant there had always shown his friendship for them, and upon receiving such an invitation, which apparently came from Colonel Gibson, of Fort Pitt, the Indians with one accord believed implicitly in the veracity of the white men. Gladly giving expression to their eagerness to comply with the wishes of their professed friends, they immediately laid aside their work and began the return to the "Tents of Grace" to make ready for the journey to what appeared to them to be a land flowing with the milk of abundant prosperity and the honey of unmolested liberty.

In the meantime the other division had entered the village. At its outskirts some of the men had found, hiding among the hazel bushes, a defenseless man and his wife, whom they quickly murdered. The town being empty of all inhabitants, the border-men took complete possession and awaited the approach of their companions and the Indians from the cornfields across the river. When they did finally come near, those occupying the hamlet noted the seeming friendship that existed among the red and white men, and intuitively grasping the situation, also accosted the Moravians as friends. After a profusion of further greetings and questions the frontiersmen casually suggested that if the Indians would give their weapons over into the safe-keeping of their white friends they could immediately begin to get ready for the pilgrimage to Fort Pitt. The Moravians agreed to this suggestion, turned over all their arms, and with a will set to work hunting up and gathering together their belongings.

One of the Moravian teachers, John Martin, and his son on their way to Salem came

near Gnadenhütten at this unlucky hour. Noticing the presence of other people in the valley than their brown brethren, the twain rode nearer to the village. On seeing the Americans going to and fro among the Indians, the missionary hastily concluded that the blessing of protection and liberty had come to his people—that for which he had long hoped and prayed. Sending his son to the "Tents of Grace" to apprise the Americans and his brethren that he had gone to Salem with the good tidings of temporal salvation, he hurried on with a light heart, dreaming of better days for the Moravian Indians. Salem, it must be remembered, was about five miles below Gnadenhütten, and its site was near the present village of Port Washington.

After a short consultation with the Christian red men, Martin, accompanied by two of the older and more educated men from Salem, hastened back to the "Tents of Grace." The trio, speaking in behalf of their brethren, gladly accepted the proffered protection of the Americans and asked that a small guard be sent with them to lead

back their fellow-Moravians from Salem. This request was granted, but the sending of the men was put off until the following morning. The remainder of the day they put to good use by helping the unsuspecting Moravians to bring together all their treasures and goods. Early Thursday morning, March 7th, a band of the bordermen, with the two veteran Indians as guides, marched off, purposing to bring back the red men who had been laboring in the fields near Salem. When the company reached its destination the workers were found already assembled and anxiously waiting the coming of their deliverers. With all speed they began to return to Gnadenhütten, from which place the entire body of Moravians was to start on the journey to Pittsburgh.

But back in the mission town of erstwhile prosperity and peace things had taken a turn. The valuable and treasured goods, which the Moravians had hidden before they were driven into the north some few months previous, had all been unearthed and brought together, and everything was in readiness for the departure. It would be

easy now for the avengers to accomplish their purpose and then flee with the spoils. This, indeed, was the border-men's opportunity. Without warning and without delay they sprang upon the helpless Indians, made them captives, and imprisoned them in two houses: the men and boys were placed in one, while the women and children were thrust into another.

When the Moravians from Salem came upon the bloody spot where Schebosh, the halfbreed, had been killed the day before, they naturally were startled and amazed. They turned to question their pretended deliverers, but before they could speak the Americans had pounced upon them. Tying their hands and otherwise making escape impossible, the white men led them into the village, and immediately they were placed in the cabins with their brethren. Now, instead of the friendly words and the cordial greetings, the Moravians heard only the wild curses and diabolical taunts of their villainous captors. The friendship of the Americans was changed to the merciless cruelty of enemies thirsting for the blood

of their captives. The insanity of insatiable vengeance dominated. Justice had departed, and mercy was dead.

Williamson's men held a council. What should be done with their captives? Should they be taken direct to Fort Pitt as prisoners of war or should they at once be slaughtered? The major number of the men outspokenly favored the latter plan, but there were in the company a few who apparently preferred the former. Due to the disagreement that was in evidence, a long discussion ensued, wherein every man had the privilege of airing his opinions, and many did so with no little profanity and a notable paucity of logic. A trial then followed, and a make-believe one it was, too! The Indians pleaded their innocence of the charge that they were criminals, explained their honorable intentions, spoke of their friendly interest in the American cause, reiterated their simple belief in the Christian religion, and enunciated their disbelief in war. Some of the frontiersmen wavered at the red men's honest plea, and no unanimous conclusion could be reached. The so-called

trial ended. To settle the discussion a vote was decided on. All the men were drawn up in line, and Colonel Williamson, in ringing tones, commanded that all who favored taking the Moravian Indians to Pittsburgh as prisoners should step forward and form a second rank. Of the two hundred men only eighteen moved forward. The question was settled, the die cast. Upon flimsy allegations they were to murder innocent Christians—men, women, and children, who worshiped the same God and lived better and purer lives than they, the assassins.

Several of the Americans desired to set fire to the houses and at the same time cremate all the Indians and completely wipe out the village. The greater number, however, wished to kill and scalp the prisoners one by one, and then, after this was done, to set the cabins on fire. The purpose was to proceed at once with the massacre; but the Moravians earnestly pleaded that as Christians they be given until the following morning to make ready for the grim death that awaited them. The request was finally granted, and the border-men prepared to

spend the night pleasantly, further deliberating on the best means of accomplishing their murderous intents and in giving themselves up to slumber and carouse.

At first the Indians were overwhelmed by the announcement of the massacre. The consternation that fell upon those meek and credulous men and women, boys and girls, can scarcely be described. Men and women moaned and wept, while the voices of children rose in strident cries and wails. All repeatedly protested their innocence and craved freedom. But all was in vain—no ear heeded their pleadings. After the first hour of bitter weeping and dread despair the consciousness of their firm faith in God and of their innocence gave them renewed courage and strength when thus brought face to face with their inexorable fate. Such strength and courage came to the Christian red men as came to the devout martyrs who, in Nero's time, sang songs of triumph while they waited, in the Roman arena, for the hungry lions to pounce upon them. And then conditions changed in the two cabins, and all prepared to spend their

last hours of life in meditation, exhortation, prayer, and song.

The night—black, portending night—wore slowly on. Within the prison-houses the Moravians in subdued and vibrant tones sang their hymns and offered up their prayers, beseeching the protection and care of the Infinite One in their time of extremity. Some of the better-educated men and women exhorted and gave encouragement to their more timid friends, and those who had harbored any ill-feelings against their neighbors forgave and were forgiven. Although the hours crept by but slowly, yet they held not the fear and despair of the hour just following the terrible death-edict. And as the prayers and songs of faith and triumph ever and anon reached the ears of the wild and revengeful Americans many grew strangely calm and thoughtful, while some of the less heartless ones, believing in and touched by the sincerity of the devotions of the Moravians, slipped away through the shades of darkness, climbed the hill just back of the village, and spent the night where they heard not the exhorta-

tions, prayers, and songs. But by the greater number of the Americans the devotions of their Christian prisoners were unheeded. Such worship touched no responsive chords in the hearts of the border-men who crowded about their commander, Colonel David Williamson.

The new day dawned—it was Friday, the memorable eighth day of March, 1782. The day was fine, and neither shadow nor cloud presaged the approaching tragedy. Coming from the cabins still could be heard the fervent supplications and trimphant hymns. To the inquiry if they were ready to die, the Moravian Indians gave this heroic reply: "We are ready. Jesus, to whom we have committed our souls, gives us the assurance that He will receive us."

Immediately the awful massacre began. Two cabins were designated as "slaughter-houses." One, the cooper-shop formerly used by Joshua, the Mohican elder, was selected in which to kill the men and boys, and another building nearby was chosen in which to slay the women and children. A native Pennsylvanian, whose name has long

since been forgotten, had charge of the massacring of the males, and it is told of him that, on entering the cabin, he seized a large mallet from the work-bench, remarking as he did so, "This exactly suits the business in hand." The captives, now in a fair measure completely resigned to their terrible fate, were bound and led into the "slaughter-houses" two at a time. The first to receive the deathblow from the mallet was Abraham, the oldest of the victims, whose long, shaggy gray hair had caused some of the assassins to previously remark, "What a fine scalp this will make!" One after another of the doomed was roughly brought forward, given the fatal blow, scalped, and left lying upon the floor. Upon receiving the first blow some of the victims started up dazed and stunned, but with a second blow they would reel, stagger, and fall to the floor beside their dead and dying comrades.

Some loudly begged for mercy, some prayed, and still others remained silent as the instrument of destruction was lifted above their heads. The prayers and cries

of the doomed, the arrogant profanity of the executioners, the dull, sickening thud of the mallet or tomahawk as it sunk itself in the skulls of the Moravians—all these varied sounds intermingled most unharmoniously.

In both cabins the lifeblood of the Christian Indians discolored the puncheon floors and ran in rivulets across the boards and streamed through the cracks to the cavelike cellars beneath. The males were slain first, and then came the slaughter of the women and the little children. The first one of the females to be massacred was Judith, an educated and beloved leader among the women of the mission towns. It is also authentically told that one woman, who spoke English fluently, when led into the chamber of death fell to her knees before Williamson and begged for his mercy. He scornfully replied, "I can not help you." And thus without pause the horrible, blood-chilling work went on until ninety persons had been cruelly murdered: twenty-nine men, twenty-seven women, eleven girls, eleven boys, and twelve infants. In all

ninety-six were massacred, six of whom met death at the hands of the Americans in or about the towns previous to the general slaughter.

The massacre was over, and an appalling sight the "slaughter-houses" presented! The floors of both buildings were covered with lifeless bodies huddled indiscriminately here and there in great pools of blood. In one corner might be seen a father and in another his son; or here might be a mother, and there, separated by a heap, perhaps, was her babe of a few weeks. No just man could have gazed upon that scene without feeling, for the time at least, that there was no justice and no mercy under the sun, and that the innocent suffered for the sins of the guilty.

But two boys, Jacob and Thomas, escaped. They were both scalped, but the blows from the mallet had only stunned them. After loosing his bonds Jacob cautiously slipped through a trap-door into the cellar. Here, with the blood of his friends slowly dripping upon him, and with terror written on every ligament of his face, he

crouched in a corner until evening, when he squeezed through the one small window and fled into the woods. Thomas lay quiet, feigning death, until nightfall, when he carefully crept over the dead bodies of his brethren and ran off to the forest, where he came upon Jacob after a short search. Together they hurried to Schönbrunn to warn their friends at that place of the impending danger and relate to them the tragedy of the "Tents of Grace." Abel, another boy who had only been stunned by the executioner's blow, was in the act of making his escape when one of the murderers espied him. A blow from a tomahawk quickly laid low the last of the Indian martyrs. Another lad, named Benjamin, younger than either Jacob or Thomas, is said to have been saved in some way, and tradition has it that when the Moravians were captured this youngster's comeliness so attracted the attention of a young minister that he, against the wishes of his companions, took the lad from among the prisoners. The sweetheart of the preacher had been murdered by the savages, and he had joined the

border-men to avenge her death. On reaching the mission town and hearing the story of its inhabitants, however, he became confident of the innocence of the Christian red men and refused to take part in the massacre. It is further told that the minister cared for the lad until he had grown to manhood, at which time the call of his heritage had become so loud and insistent that he gave way to it and returned to his tribe.

Others of the hundred and eighty-two men voting for the slaughter of the innocent, like the young divine, after more thought hesitated upon taking an active part in the annihilation. Consequently the number of men who actually did the work of binding and leading forth, of slaying and scalping the Moravians, was not nearly so many as vauntingly had entered the Tuscarawas Valley for that purpose. However, in this day and age we can not look upon even the silent onlookers of such a monstrous deed with any degree of condescension, for while in the sight of a few they

may not be so mired in the crime, yet they were part and parcel of the criminals.

After securing all the plunder possible, they applied burning brands to every building in the town—nothing was to remain of the mission town save its memory. As the flames from the burning homes raised their accusing light, the men in wild revelry rode away, never dreaming that they had been the perpetrators of a crime that would forever mark the darkest and most disgraceful page in the entire history of the white man's treatment of his red brother. The curtain had fallen, the tragedy had ended, and for cold-blooded cruelty its equal has never been enacted by civilized man. Thus the fruit of ten years' arduous labor was apparently lost. The dream of Christian empire that had for so short a time come to reality was no more—nor was it ever possible again.

Bowed down under the burden of sadness and scattered hopes which fell upon the missionary, David Zeisberger, after hearing of the massacre, he was led to write in his

diary on April 8, 1872, these sentences: "Nowhere is a place to be found to which we can retire with our Indians and be secure. The world is all too narrow. From the white people, or so-called Christians, we can hope for no protection, and among the heathen we have no friends, such outlaws are we!"

As to what finally became of the malefactors, little is known. Finding the country at large detesting such inhumanity, those who had a hand in the crime tried to hold their knowledge of it in secret. Nevertheless the particulars crept out in odd ways and at divers times. The more bold had circulated many stories of the Moravians in a strenuous effort to throw the blame for the massacre from their own shoulders, but the more conscientious and timid told the truth; and all these facts, linked with the stories of the two escaped boys, give ample authentic history of the tragedy of the "Tents of Grace."

Some sixteen years later, 1798, kind friends gathered up the bleached bones and gave them decent burial at the edge of the

destroyed hamlet. An attempt at refounding the mission was made in 1798 at Goshen, near Schönbrunn, but the rapid coming of the white settlers had such a demoralizing influence among the Indians that they soon had to be taken elsewhere. The white settlers founded the new Gnadenhütten the same year, and although it grew slowly, yet it was a thrifty German farming center.

To-day a tall shaft, erected in 1872, marks the spot where the ninety martyrs met death. Three grassy mounds point out the resting-place of the bones of the Indians, the site of the old mission church, and the spot where stood the cooper-shop which had been used, you will remember, as one of the "slaughter-houses." A little farther away, imbedded in concrete, is a part of the tombstone that had been erected over the grave of the beloved Joshua, the Mohican elder of the "Tents of Grace," giving the date of his death as August 5, 1775. Here and there can also be seen two or three depressions in the earth's surface which once had been the cellars beneath the

homes of some thrifty Christian Indians. And what was the site of old Gnadenhütten is the large and beautiful cemetery and monument grounds of the Gnadenhütten of the present.

# The Voice in the Primitive

With wide-opened eyes and tightly-gripped weapon the man halted, stooped, and peered among the trees. A breaking twig, he thought; and that, when no wind stirred, proclaimed the presence of life. Perhaps it was his victim. The blood leaped hot within his veins demanding vengeance. He strained his eyes, listened, and waited. Not a sound fell upon his ears. The awesome silence of the primeval forest alone was apparent. It must have been a bird stirring in one of the trees, thought the dark, keen-eyed man as he hastened on through the narrow valley, following even more closely than ever the well-nigh hidden trail.

Long hours and many miles had been left behind as he hurried on. Cunning as he was he felt himself matched now, but still the eternal hatred gave him renewed energy to continue the hunt. Always he had

thirsted for the blood of the red man. Perhaps it was because of his ancestors—all men of brawn and battle; or, maybe, it was the spirit of the border. But now he had cause for a feeling of hatred an hundredfold more intense than ever before; for not twenty-four hours had left their marks of intermingled sorrow and rage upon his brow since some vagrant had touched a brand to his little cabin and laid low his young wife with a blow from the fatal tomahawk. He had been up at Fort Pitt securing some needed supplies, and at noon had reached what was once his home, as the dying flames derisively flung themselves skyward. At once the frontiersman looked about for some signs of the departed desperadoes, and strange as it seemed, so far from an Indian village, the moccasin tracks of but one person were discerned. So, fearing little that he might come upon a band of savages, he immediately had set out.

Hours ago he had left behind the Ohio River flowing tranquilly on to the Father of Rivers, and over many hills and along numerous streams he had hurried after his

prey, until in the afternoon of the day following the crime he must have been more than fifty miles from Fort Henry, not far from which had been situated his home.

Harder and harder became the task of keeping on the trail. Stratagems, he knew, were being used to lead him away from his proposed victim, but with the stubborn tenacity of a great purpose, born of unquenchable hatred, he kept on. At last, when the sun had almost hid itself, he came to the base of a gently sloping hill and halted. Bending, he examined the turf on all sides, retraced his steps a few feet, and came back, a sense of failure coming over him. So far he knew he had followed the trail closely, continually; but here at the foot of the hill it seemed to end. No tracks, no marks, no broken twigs or crushed leaves gave evidence that any one had passed beyond this point. Possibly his enemy was hidden in the undergrowth on the hillside waiting his approach; but no bird uttered a note of fright nor fluttered nervously about, as is usual when anything other than bird and beast infests the forest.

Without fear, and yet guardedly, he moved eastward and then westward, hoping to come upon some sign that would betray the direction the savage had taken. This effort was futile. Then he ascended the hill till he came to an open place, not unlike a diminutive plain tucked away from its wonted place and surrounded by trees. Disappointed and chagrined at his inability to follow his enemy, the man raised his eyes from the ground and looked about him—first at the upturned bowl of sky, and then at the rivulet and the woodland that stretched away on every side, like some magnificent garden of the Cyclops.

Suddenly and unexpectedly his gaze ceased to wander and his face became rigid and flushed—flushed with the fever of his passion for the red man's blood. To his right, not an hundred yards away, he saw faint clouds of smoke floating up from among the trees. There was his victim.

Again he was the Indian fighter, fierce, bold, determined. Quietly, shrewdly he hastened from the open place into the forest and, gliding from tree to tree, he crept

upon his foe, who doubtlessly was preparing his evening meal, wholly unaware of the proximity of his enemy. On through the undergrowth and among the trees he silently sped until, not fifty feet away from his hiding-place behind a great oak, the hunter saw a solitary Indian sitting on his haunches before a small fire.

The time for vengeance had come. He raised his long rifle and steadied it against his shoulder. His eye, following along the sights of the barrel, rested on the breast of his victim. His eye was true. Never had he missed his aim. A moment more, and the savage would be writhing in the death-struggle. Then taking a full breath, with finger against the trigger, he watched the redskin as he sat before the fire of sticks and leaves. How he despised the red man! His finger pressed more heavily against the trigger.

A strange sound, a distant echo, now low and soft, and now more distinct, came from over and beyond the hill's crest. The hunter's finger relaxed. Still came the sound—tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! Away back

in Boston in his boyhood days he had heard similar sounds; it was the ringing of a bell. What did it mean?

Strange stories which he had heard at Fort Henry came to his mind—stories of the "Tents of Grace," beautiful hamlet of the Moravians, and how each morning at sunrise and each evening at sunset the bell on the little mission church called the lowly red men and women to prayer.

Wondering, the hunter turned to the savage and again raised his rifle. Then, as his eyes noted the details, the stories which he had heard and thought of only as mythical became realistic.

The Indian no longer sat in repose before the blazing coals, but stood erect, with arms folded and head bowed. No longer the untamed red man of history, he understood the call of the bell and gave heed—he prayed to the white man's God.

Slowly the passion for the blood of this Indian abated and was still. The frontiersman lowered the rifle, glanced at the Christian Delaware, and then hastened away,

only a little later to find the lost trail and hurry on over the hill, beyond the "Tents of Grace," and north toward the Wyandotte town.

# After Many Years

THE twilight fast gives way to the gathering gloom of night's shadows. Another day, after giving to Edward Hillmann its full quota of health-building enjoyment, has passed to Him who gave it; and now Hillmann sits, idly enough, in an easy rocker upon the piazza of his boyhood's home. The man's mind, however, is far from idle. He is laying ingenious plans for the work he is to do, the battles he is to fight, and the victories he has vowed to win when this life in God's out-doors shall have given him back the superb physical manhood of yesterday.

In the house Hillmann's sister busies herself with her usual after-dinner tasks. When these are finished she throws aside her apron and passes into the parlor, there to commune with her beloved piano. And no sooner did the girl's skillful fingers begin to draw from the instrument the divine soul of melody, which God Himself

must have placed therein, than Hillmann's plans are cast aside for future consideration and he has no longer any power or sense save an ear to hear and a soul to appreciate. Then, as the girl begins playing an old, sweet selection, a favorite of another day, the man gains another sense—even an eye to see, to see, not the present or the future, but a scene from the archives of his past.

There is a far-away village, there is a stately mansion, there is a parlor sumptuously yet modestly furnished, there is a young man—Hillmann himself—comfortably lounging amid the depths of a huge rocker; and last, there is a girl seated at a piano playing the same soft snatch of song.

To look into the young man's eyes as he gazes at the girl is to know that, to him at least, she is the maiden beautiful, the chef-d'oeuvre of the Master Builder.

But love's path often takes a spiteful turn and a multitude of rocks appear. And so it is that after the selection is finished, and while these young folks are talking, as all lovers do and should, a trivial word is spoken, a wrong construction is placed upon

it, jealousy stalks in, a lively quarrel ensues, and in a few brief moments the girl is lying on the floor crying as though her heart has been broken, while the man, with hands tightly clenched, is walking swiftly away from the house which has held and still holds—although he would not admit it now—all that he holds dear.

Hillmann's sister has ceased playing and taken her seat beside him on the wide piazza, but he does not see her. The vision of the past still holds sway over him and he sees the events since that night of fate pass, one by one, before him, this being their purport:

He longed to ask her forgiveness and be reinstated into her favor, but he was a worthy descendant of a long line of unyielding men, and the days passed fruitlessly by. After a while business called him to a permanent residence in a great city many miles to the north, and soon thereafter he heard that Marie Ayres had gone abroad and so ended his knowledge concerning her. He tried to forget her and to imagine that they had but indulged in a

harmless flirtation. Although he appeared to the world as a strong, genial man of affairs, he knew that there must ever be an aching void which the years could not entirely fill.

Hillmann did find a peace, however, a tumultuous peace, which almost satisfied his wants. Being well versed in politics and having some ability as a speaker and writer, he decided to give up his clerical position and enter the political world, espousing a rising reform party. Although stigmatized a crank, a fanatic, and a fool, he enjoyed his chosen work, and soon came to believe that it was his calling. His past disappointments, he felt, were designed to show him that he must labor in behalf of humanity, be a friend of the oppressed.

As the weeks passed into months, and the months into years, he worked harder and accomplished the greater results. Becoming noted as a vote-winner the scope of his work broadened until he became well known throughout his own State and those surrounding it as a practical and sagacious politician.

The longer he remained in the service the more fascinating it became, and he grew ambitious for political honors. Several times he accepted his party's nomination for minor offices, each time going down to defeat. But Hillmann was not discouraged, for he saw the party slowly but surely grow from a mere handful to a vast multitude that would soon carry all the elections.

At last the time he had dreamed of drew near, and Hillmann saw that his party's prospects for carrying the coming State election were most excellent, but his share of the work which brought about these prospects made it necessary that he should consult his physician.

"Threatened with a complete physical collapse . . . a month's rest in the country," was the verdict; and being a man of sense, Hillmann went back to his boyhood's home, where he was now regaining his lost vigor and trying not to care that this very day had ushered in the convention which was to have meant so much to him.

The pale moon grows brighter and brighter as it sails slowly, majestically

across the dusky dome of sky. One by one the twinkling stars appear. Twilight has given place to the night, whose coming it ever forecasts.

"Mister! Mister!" The words cause the man to break forcibly away from his reverie, and he sees a messenger standing before him.

"Are you Edward S. Hillmann?"

"Yes," he answers, taking the message the boy tenders. Entering the dimly-lighted hallway, he turns up the gas, opens the telegram, and reads:

"Edward S. Hillmann—Your presence at convention imperative. You may be nominee. Come at once.

McDowell, Chairman."

Hastily writing an affirmative reply, he passes back to the piazza and hands it to the messenger, who immediately disappears in the gloom of the tree-lined driveway.

O, that it might be true that the great honor he had expected to work for upon the convention floor would now come to him as an unsought reward for his years of labor and sacrifice, and that upon the eve

of victory! With this thought in his mind Hillmann hastly prepares for his entrance upon the scene of action. All lassitude and weakness have passed from him, and in the shortest possible space of time he is speeding over the rails toward the State capital.

The train draws up at the depot, and Edward S. Hillmann, genial politician, steps out of the smoking-coach and into a cab that has been sent for his use. The sun, four hours high, sheds a glorious warmth through the cab's open window, bathing the prospective candidate in a glow which seems to him a presage of success.

A delegation of Hillmann's political friends stands near the curb in front of the convention building awaiting his coming. He is conducted, at his request, by way of a side entrance to a room back of the platform. The chairman welcomes him almost before he has time to enter the room. Their hands meet in a long, strong clasp of friendship.

"Glad to see you, Ed; your 're just in time. Nominations come off soon. I 've saved you a seat on the platform; so come on."

"No, Will; if it's all the same to you, I'd rather rest here a few minutes. I've not yet gotten back my full health, and my long ride has tired me."

A few moments are spent in conversing about minor matters, then Chairman McDowell goes upon the platform to attend to the manifold duties of his office, leaving Hillmann to follow at his pleasure.

The long ride has made the man tired, indeed, and forgetting the high honors which may be in store for him, he falls asleep. An hour passing finds him still sleeping soundly, but the awakening time is near; for in the auditorium the people are calling, "Hillmann! Hillmann!"

McDowell himself passes into the anteroom and awakens the sleeper.

"Man! Man!" he whispers, as Hillmann rubs his heavy eyelids, "you are the man of the hour. Come, the people call for their candidate."

As one in a dream, Hillmann follows the chairman to the platform. He scarcely hears the brief, well-chosen remarks of introduction, nor yet the cheering which fol-

lows as he takes his stand before the vast audience.

What is it that these people expect of him, that their eyes need be fastened so steadily upon him? Then, as a realization of the meaning of it all comes to him, he trembles, and an overwhelming sense of his utter unworthiness of this great honor renders him speechless. He has gained fame as a fluent talker, but now he strives earnestly to grasp from the unwonted emptiness of his mind a few appropriate words to say, and cannot.

The people, however, note neither the trembling nor the struggle; they only see the man who is to lead their party to victory, and they rise to their feet, cheering vociferously and waving hats and handkerchiefs.

Hillmann smiles and bows his head in appreciation. His heart is palpitating loudly, and he blushes for fear that those sitting near may hear it.

Eight thousand eyes are upon him, eight thousand ears are alert to hear every word he may utter. He gazes vacantly at this

great sea of humanity, and his heart, still beating like a mighty trip-hammer, seems to come up into his throat, choking him until his breath comes only in long-drawn gasps. He feels that he can never speak, and yet he dares not fail. For a few moments his eyes roam aimlessly about, passing and repassing the numerous eyes before him, then a particular pair of eyes attracts him—and he is looking up into old familiar depths of the long ago.

"My God!" he mutters beneath his breath, "it is Marie, Marie."

This sudden sight of the woman he has loved—yes, and still loves—looking down as she is from the front tier of seats in the balcony into his face, seems to add the finishing touch to his helplessness. In an instant, however, Marie turns her head, and as she does so Hillmann thinks he sees a tear glistening upon her dark lashes. The tear appears to be just what he needs, for as the people are beginning to wonder at his silence, he speaks.

For fully an hour he talks, encouraging his comrades to buckle tighter their armor

and go into the campaign to win. From desultory remarks he advances into flights of oratory which hold his hearers spellbound as he moves on and on until he reaches a powerful climax. Then the crowd goes wild, and people rush pellmell to the platform to grasp the hand of this modern Cincinnatus, this man who has been called from the ranks to be their leader.

But Hillmann cares not at all for this applause and these handshakings. His thoughts are love-songs to the woman who inspired his speech, alternating with vows that he will find her and claim her as his own.

The remainder of the day is spent among political friends and the evening is devoted to a great banquet, but when the next morning is ushered in Hillmann begins his search. The directory fails to disclose any Miss Marie among the city's Ayers' so he is compelled to turn to very uncertain and tedious ways. Friend after friend he calls aside, questioning each more skillfully than a tactful woman could, naming and describing the woman in so casual a way that not

one of them dreams that a favorable answer would mean more to the questioner than the satisfaction of a passing curiosity. Just as he is beginning to fear that a house to house canvass of the city will be necessary his inquiries are successful. A friend, recognizing the description as fitting a woman he has seen upon the piazza of a certain house, gives him the proper directions.

Early in the afternoon Hillmann wends his way toward the house where dwells his beloved. His nerves seem drawn tense and his heart is filled with pleasant anticipations. Can it be possible that just as he is about to become the State executive he is to be blessed with the greater joy of love's return? Verily, God's favors come in showers.

Hillmann reaches the house, ascends the steps leading to the veranda and presses the button of the electric bell. The door is opened by an elderly woman, who ushers him into the drawing room. Handing the woman his card he asks her to take it to her mistress.

As the moments pass Hillmann begins to wonder if Marie really lives here. Suppose his friend has been mistaken or he has mistaken his friend's directions; what excuse can he give for this intrusion? He hears the rustle of skirts upon the carpet and he sees a woman coming toward him. There has been no mistake, for he is looking into those eyes which he saw yesterday for the first time since the happy days of the long ago.

For a moment the two stand silent. Then Hillmann springs forward with arms outstretched and clasps the woman in a passionate embrace. Marie does not resist. She clings to him, her warm breath fanning his flushed cheeks, her great eyes looking up into his, telling over and over the old, old story—the sweetest story ever told. Ah, this is happiness of which the man has never dreamed. Politics and political ways are nothing; fame and power are trivial things. Love only is man's highest destiny. Love is life.

But belated happiness sometimes strikes a discordant note. Suddenly Marie's face

grows livid with shame. Springing from the arms which hold her in so fond an embrace, she drops into a chair, buries her face in her hands and sobs bitterly.

Unable to comprehend the meaning of these actions, though a vague sense of failure has come upon him, Hillmann bends over her and implores her to tell him what is wrong. Marie does not answer, only sobs the more. He tries to take her hand, but she snatches it from him. Then he presses his lips against her hair, and the woman springs to her feet and in a voice filled with the agony of the mystery of pain she cries:

"Edward, my love,—God, forgive for such words—why have you come to tempt me?" Then pointing to a portrait of a man hanging upon the wall, she resumes, in the same voice, "That is my husband. Do you understand me, Edward? My husband."

Hillmann's face takes on the pallor of her own, and noting this the woman continues: "Do n't look that way, Edward. God knows how I loved you; how I waited for you—

waited, and wept and prayed that you might return. When I was compelled to give up all hope I tried to forget, and when this man came I listened to him and thought I had forgotten. How I have suffered!"

Hillmann's mind is in an uproar and the terrible meaning of her words overwhelms him. He is drinking wormwood—a potion more bitter than death. His mind burns in the awful caldron of an earthly hell, and he paces up and down the room, faster and faster until it seems that he can never stop. Surely he is going mad. He cares not; indeed, he longs for a madness that forgets. "Too late! Too late!" in letters of fire these words stand out before his mental eye, and he gnashes his teeth, muttering beneath his breath, "I have been a fool, a miserable idiot. She is not to blame."

"Go," Marie is pleading all the while, "Go, forget me and be a man. Your fellowmen are looking to you for leadership, and you must not, dare not fail them."

Hillmann does not heed her, in fact he scarcely hears what she is saying, and he continues to walk and mutter, mutter and

walk. Then the power of his love overcomes every consideration of manhood and honor. He comes to a standstill just before her and fiercely grasps her delicate wrists.

"Come," he cries hoarsely, "what is your husband to me, or to you? I love you; you love me. Nothing else matters. Come!"

Marie's answer comes soft and tremulous, "Edward, come with me."

He follows her from the room into the hall and up a stairway, his fierceness melting away in shame at his every step. Opening a door near the head of the stairs, the woman steps aside and Hillmann enters. He has been ushered into a bedroom, and beside the bed he sees a cradle and a baby sleeping soundly within its quilted softness.

"Edward," the woman's voice is choked with tears, "do you ask me to leave my child?"

Without a word Hillmann turns and walks from the room and down the stairs. Mechanically taking his hat from the rack he passes out of the house. His future, his impaired health, his candidacy—everything is forgotten save the woman, as he trudges

on and ever on. The city is left behind and he walks along a suburban highway. He feels tired and sits upon a large rock by the roadside to rest. Looking at his watch he sees that it is five o'clock. He has walked continually for nearly three hours. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket he wipes away the great drops of perspiration gathered upon his forehead. In returning the cloth to his pocket he notices that he has dropped a note. Picking it up he opens it and reads:

"Executive meeting to-night to outline the coming campaign. Your presence desired, C—— Hotel parlors at eight o'clock.

"W. J. McDowell, Chairman."

What does it all mean? The words of the note pass and repass through his brain in a meaningless melange. He tries to grasp some import from it all, but fails and casts the note aside.

Then a sense of rest, such a feeling of content and ecstasy as he has never known before, comes to him, and he rises to go back—he knows not where. He can not walk, but wabbles like a man under the

power of Bacchus and finally falls to the grassy ground by the side of the road. Still he is happy. A joy surges over him like a beautiful tidal wave upon a sandy beach. In the distance a sweet feminine voice is singing a love lyric. From a tree a thrush trills a merry greeting to his mate, who promptly answers from a shrub near by.

The sun, like a blazing beacon, lies close to the horizon for a time, then hides itself behind the distant hills. The twilight comes on apace. Hillmann smiles. The woman is coming—she must come. He plucks a wild rose growing near and waits. She comes and sits by his side. Soft, warm hands caress his forehead; soft, red lips press upon his own.

"My love, my love," he whispers softly, "we will flee, we will flee, we will flee—"

* * *

From "The C—— Press-Post:"

"Last evening about seven o'clock the Honorable Edward S. Hillmann, the ——— candidate for Governor, was found near the

pike north of the city, muttering incoherently and plucking wildly at the grass * * * His mental powers are gone, and recovery is doubtful. * * *"

# The Monster

His heart beat with the lilt of transcendent joy that came with the consciousness of the greater happiness. Ever battling with the obstacles common in the pathway of the literary artist, he had tasted of the wholesome things of life but lightly, and now he was lifted to the highest pinnacle of happiness. His den was a heaven as he sat resting in his easy chair, thinking of the abundant blessings of these days. His heart hummed a lyric to her who had given him her love and in the giving had brought this joy of life.

All day literary friends and other acquaintances had come and gone, each with pleasing words of congratulation upon the announcement of his approaching marriage to a society leader of the city. Now, for a few minutes, at the day's farewell, he was alone, rapturously lost in the wonderland of his dreams. Soon, very soon would be

the culmination, the realization of his visions of abiding love—for in four and twenty days he was to wed the fair Hilda, goddess of his soul.

But he had forgotten. The Monster loomed up before him in all its titanic terribleness—the Monster that dogged his footsteps by day and haunted his bedchamber by night. In other days, when he had thought of it and his love a chilling fear stole over him, but having turned a deaf ear, it now gave him little trouble. He argued that she would never know, never see the skeleton which was a part of his life. And so it was, lost in the ecstasy of his consuming love, he ever forgot. But as the thought came at this time he trembled and cried out bitterly against his heritage. Then with a laugh he thrust the image of the Monster from his mind.

Finally he arose, entered his dressing room and soon after passed into the street. He was going to see Hilda, and together they would plan the future.

An hour later with the full moon lighting his way the man hurried up the tree-fringed

walk to the great veranda. Hilda herself opened the door, and he stepped across the threshold.

"Everett, you are late! What is the cause?"

"Nothing, Hilda, save that I have dreamed of you overmuch to-day."

The girl moved closer and as the light from the chandelier fell across their faces each gazed into the eyes of the other. There was a silence fraught with many sweet thoughts, but no words gave them utterance. He smiled and grasped her hand. She appeared more of a queen to-night than ever before, a goddess to be loved and cherished forever. What a happy mortal he was, blessed with such a love!

The evening passed away most pleasantly. Many were their hopes, many were their plans. Then the topic of conversation turned to himself and his work.

Like the cleaving of the heavens by the lightning's flash, suddenly and without warning, came the terrible thought of the Monster. It filled his mind; it crushed him

to the earth. The conversation lulled and became desultory.

Should he divulge his secret, or should he marry her and keep silent? At the former idea his mind revolted, and as to the latter—God! what could he do? Should he deceive her? No, his love was too pure, too sincere for deceit, and yet he dare not disclose the curse of his life. Maddened, he arose and paced the room.

"What troubles you, Everett?" she questioned abruptly in a constrained voice, her eyes fused with anxiety.

"It 's too awful! I—I—" and he was silent.

"What is it? Tell me," came the imperative words.

"Do n't, girl. I can't, I can't!" He ceased his pacing to and fro, and stood before her.

"You must tell me, Everett. Be calm and explain. Between you and me there can be no secrets." She endeavored to remain calm, but fear made the words falter and tremble as she spoke.

"I love you, Hilda; love you above every-

thing else this world or the next can give; yet I can not, O! I dare not tell you of this curse. It is crushing me, and I can not forever blight your life—I love you too much for that. Forgive me, but it is best that we—that I—" The tongue ceased in the performance of its function and the man stood mute, his face haggard and his eyes lusterless with a despairing plea.

The girl breathed hard. A flame lit up her cheeks and then was extinguished, leaving them pale and drawn. She leaned forward.

"Everett! Everett!" she moaned, her chin quivering.

He attempted to speak, tried to loose his tongue that he might better explain; but only one word, low and tremulous, fell from his lips.

"Hilda!"

But she was sobbing and heard him not. Turning he staggered into the hallway and out into the avenue.

The woman and the world would never know that through his veins coursed the blood of the Ethiopian.

# "The Port of the Unexpected"

MANY minutes he had watched the girl with approval and with pleasure. Having laid the open magazine, which she had been reading, down upon the bench by her side, she looked out over the expanse of water to the steep, wooded hills of the Little Mountain State. Wakefield having noted her beauty, moved away to the opposite side of the deck, only to return a few minutes later.

Perhaps it was chance, maybe it was providence; but just then a stronger breeze than was wont to stir swept across the deck of the little steamer which was moving lustily down the Ohio, and tossed the magazine from its resting place to the deck at Wakefield's feet. Leaving his place, where he sat upon the deck-railing, he picked it up—and casually glancing at the open page, noticed the title of the story. His face flushed and he returned the magazine without daring to face the owner squarely, fear-

ing lest he might divulge his secret that he—well, he did n't want the girl to know. After acknowledging her thanks he ventured a question:

"And you prefer viewing the scenery along the river's borders to reading?"

She turned her eyes upon him. Wakefield's eyes met hers, and for an instant he was enthralled, enraptured, gazing as he was into the depths of great limpid wells of deep blue that held those enslaved who dared look therein.

"I can hardly say, but, of course, it depends on the scenery and on that which I 'm reading," she answered in even tones, allowing her gaze to wander to the West Virginia shore.

"I would rather have a mixture of the two," he volunteered, continuing to admire the large eyes, the resolute chin, the buoyant countenance, and the great mass of sunwove hair arranged so bewitchingly upon her head.

Still reticent, the girl hesitated, then turning again to the young man, she asked:

"What class of reading do you enjoy?"

"Strange to say, I favor the tragic and those stories which deal with real life—life that appeals to one's whole being, that stirs and thrills one to the very finger tips."

"I, too, enjoy such stories. I have just now finished such a one in this magazine," she remarked, tendering the copy to Wakefield, who had left the place on the railing and taken a deck-chair.

"Have you read this story?" he questioned, pointing to the open page.

"Yes," she hastened to reply with zest, "I have read 'The Port of the Unexpected,' and think it by far the best story in the August number. Indeed, it has been a long time since I have read one so interesting. The plot is simple and yet so original. It 's certainly a great story."

"I 'm glad you enjoyed it," Wakefield remarked, a tremor of excitement in his voice and a flush mantling his face.

The girl glanced at him in sudden wonder. Conscious of his blunder, he quickly added:

"I 'm acquainted with the author."

"Well, you are very fortunate. I can

but wish that I were permitted the privilege of knowing such a delightful man as he must be."

"He is an enterprising lawyer of my home city in Ohio. At odd times, when at leisure, he does some literary work," he continued recklessly, intoxicated with the girl's words of commendation.

The conversation between the man and the girl continued for over an hour, during which time the various phases of literary work were discussed, and their kindred interests in the world of literature drew them more and more into a friendly relationship. Though never before had they met, one would have taken them for old acquaintances, so amiable and unabashed was their conversation.

Then came a pause in the pleasant chitchat. The girl stirred slightly and looked about as if searching for something. Being unsuccessful, she arose and began to search in earnest.

"Have you lost something?" Wakefield inquired, rising.

"Yes," she answered, a frightened ex-

pression upon her face. "I 've lost my purse!"

Without a word, he began looking about where they had been sitting. Soon others came up and lent their assistance. On all sides they searched most carefully, but all effort was futile—the purse could not be found. The captain of the steamer, while crossing the deck, noticing the crowd, came near and, after inquiry, gave his attention to the search. Wakefield, standing beside the girl, still hopeful of recovering the lost, did not look up until the officer was very close, then he straightened up.

He was looking into the captain's face. An instant there was utter silence—a quiet that boded no good. Smiling, Wakefield spoke and thrust forward his hand; for before him stood an old acquaintance, the bully of the little country school back in Ohio some ten years since. The captain did not smile nor notice the hand tendered to clasp his own. Instead a dark scowl suffused his visage and he muttered something beneath his breath. With a short step he was close to Wakefield.

"You! you here in this mix-up?" he broke forth in such arrogant, insinuating tones that the spectators fell back to look on in amazement.

Taken unawares, Wakefield was so dumfounded at the sudden outbreak that he could only answer in the affirmative.

"Why, sir, are you here? Why are you taking such an interest in this girl's pocketbook." The words were savage, harsh, threatening.

"Why am I here! It 's very evident, Captain Rinshaw, that I 'm going down the river on your steamer, and I 'm searching for the young woman's purse, because it 's only right that I should do so."

The answer seemed only to provoke the other's wrath, and again he broke forth:

"You 're up to your old tricks now, eh? I know you too well!" Then he halted that he might see how those standing about were taking the proceedings.

The accused helplessly turned his eyes toward the girl. Gazing into her face he saw the friendly expression of the eyes fade, fade until they emitted only coldness and

scorn. From the spectators he received suspicious glances. His heart sank within him as he once more turned to the captain, and noting the look of hatred upon his accuser's face remembrance brought the reason for the attack. Rinshaw in the old days had held a grudge against him, and he still harbored it, nursed it, and now the thing crazed him. He was having his revenge.

"Are you sure you have n't got that pocketbook?" roared the captain, in his coarse, mocking way.

A flush of anger mounted Wakefield's cheeks and he raised his arm, but remembering that any show of anger on his part would add tenfold to the suspicion of the onlookers, he let his arm fall to his side.

"No, I have n't the purse," he answered in firm, tense tones, his eyes blazing at Rinshaw. The captain winced under the gaze and his eyes fell.

"Well—well, we 'll see about it." With this parting shot he wheeled, ran up the stairway and his footfalls could be heard as he crossed the upper deck to the pilot house.

Dazed, overcome, Wakefield gazed wildly

about him, hoping for some sign of sympathy, but there was none. He would speak, would try to explain; but facing the suspicious glances of the passengers and the look of scorn from the girl then turning away, accompanied by an elderly woman, he was speechless, and before the desired words came he was alone.

Taking a deck-chair near to the railing, he sat down and gazing sullenly at the dancing ripples upon the Ohio's surface and at the vista of valley and hill reaching away to the horizon, he perceived not the beauty or grandeur of either—his thoughts were centered upon other things. He wished he were a thousand miles away. Angry at himself for making this journey by steamer when he could have reached his destination by rail in less time, and remembering that he was doing so merely for the pleasure and recreation to be derived therefrom, he cursed his folly. Deep within himself the terrible accusation ate into his soul like a cauterizing iron into quivering flesh. Yet, with a full realization of his innocence, he was not blind to the logic of

the charge—he could not blame his fellow passengers for their suspicions nor could he censure the girl. He was a stranger to them all, save to his accuser, and he alone understood the motive of the captain's persecution.

And thinking thus he smiled a scornful smile of indifference, and was even tempted to laugh at the absurdity of the situation, that he, a lawyer, honored and respected, should be charged with stealing a young woman's purse.

The *Buckeye* moved steadily down the river, the passengers moved about more freely, and all the while the westering sun crept nearer its place of exit.

Wakefield, however, gave no thought to the progress of the steamer nor to his surroundings. He could think only of the accusation and the girl—the image of the girl haunted his mind continually. Was it the bewitching eyes so fearless and yet so childlike, or was it the pleasant personality accentuated by her beauty that caused him to muse so longingly upon the companion of an hour now past? He had never thought

of a woman so before, yet somehow her spirit permeated his being. But she, too, believed him guilty—even scorned him. Probably she would never know of his innocence. As this thought came, he was tempted to revolt against the silence, go to the captain, settle the score, and make him confess his rascality. He had whipped him in the old days, and certainly he could do it again. Then his better manhood took possession and he despised himself for countenancing such thoughts. "Time," he muttered under his breath, "will exonerate me."

And yet—and yet he hated the cloud that hung over him. Innocent though he was, still the very thought that perhaps the months and years might intervene before he would be free of all this foul calumny haunted him. Doubt, ever the great, shadowy skeleton of dying hope, stalked in, and as the minutes slipped by he wondered and doubted, doubted and wondered. Then, finally, with a mighty effort he thrust these gloomy thoughts from his mind.

For a moment he turned his attention to his surroundings and saw familiar land-

scapes on both sides of the river. He was within a short distance of his landing place.

Some one approached. Perhaps it was the captain coming to gloat over his victory or to further anger his victim. Wakefield turned with a black look upon his face, but when he saw who stood near, the scowl gave place to a look of wonder, and he moved nervously on his chair, awaiting what she might say.

The girl at first was startled, but when the man's frown had gone she moved nearer and sat down. Her eyes, now grave, sought his, but he looked beyond her at the distant shore, scarcely knowing why he did so.

"Can you ever forgive me? Can you ever forget that I caused you so much pain—that I've brought all this upon you—" her voice trailed away to silence and her form convulsed slightly as if she would sob.

He was now watching her every move and hearing her every word.

She continued: "It was all a mistake—a terrible mistake, and I'm to blame. I

was the cause of the people aboard suspicioning you of—of taking my purse. O, it was terrible! Thoughtlessly I had left the purse in our stateroom, and mother just found it. Can you—can you ever forgive this mistake?"

Her eyes were pleading, and as she leaned forward, wrapt in the sincerity of her plea, her hand lightly touched Wakefield's sleeve.

A loud, coarse whistle came from the steamer, followed by another and still another. The man straightened up and for an instant looked away toward the Ohio shore. Then he turned to the girl, her touch still thrilling him as he had never been thrilled before by the touch of a woman's hand.

"Forgive! There is n't anything to forgive. I have held nothing against you; you were not to blame. The incident was but a false play of fate. Certain that you know that I am not guilty, I am happy."

Her words came with eagerness: "I am glad you hold nothing against me. It removes such a burden from my mind. I trust, Mr. ———"

"Wakefield," he interpolated, "Sidney Wakefield."

The boat neared the mooring and the usual clamor accompanying the making of a landing was borne to the ears of the pair. He arose from his chair.

"Wakefield!" came from the girl excitedly, her cheeks burning with timidity, "why, you are the author of 'The Port of the Unexpected,' the story we were talking about. Can it be so?"

"Yes," he answered simply. "Here is my landing. Good bye."

"O, such a day as I 've made of this!" she murmured, then extended her hand. "Good bye. I 'm sorry I caused you to suffer such humiliation—such pain." Then she looked straight away into the far distance.

Pressing her hand gently, Wakefield turned, grasped his traveling bag, and rushed down the stairway and over the gangplank to the wharfboat. Briskly he moved up the bank. Reaching the top, he halted to give the steamer a last look.

In the light where the rays of the setting sun fell across the deck stood the girl lean-

ing over the railing, a handkerchief fluttering in her hand. He raised his hat, and as the *Buckeye* disappeared around the bend the flush upon his cheeks, dying out, gave place to a serious expression, but all the while his heart beat joyously with the knowledge of a secret.