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TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

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LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XI.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE DONNA EURYNIA.—EL ABRA, THE MAGICIAN.

TOBY and Irlam, on two days following their arrival in Detroit by the Canada Day Express, drove about the city, and went on the river, sailing, rowing, and steaming. They crossed between the Canada and Michigan shores many times, Irlam entrancing the ear of the wondering youth with a story which left no likelihood that the Heir of Lillymere lived. By compact with Solicitor Schooler of London, Toby was precluded from disclosing that he travelled in search of the lost heir. Or, failing discovery of that myth, in search of the writers of mysterious letters received in England from America in past years, offering information about such a child, on certain pecuniary conditions. The letters had not, thus far, been of service.

"I feel," said he, in meditative thought, "to be wasting precious years of life; advancing not a step, neglecting my profession, no resources but at the whim of another; jilted, or despised if I make a feminine friend; liable at any time to be known and reviled as son of a Radical weaver hanged for his poverty. A greater blemish this, both in Canada and the States, than even in England. Had Simon Lud been a criminal he might have been a hero, but being one of tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of handloom weavers displaced from work by new inventions, and joining in a demonstration of famishing people against the inventions, was hanged as an example of terror to the rest; he was not admired by the world, not a hero in ballad and story, and I his son am despised.

"The changed name makes it worse for me. In the parish workhouse where I was bred, or elsewhere at nursing, they gave the name Tobias Oman, after the mother I never saw, instead of Simon Lud, that I might have better fortune. Wish the real name, Lud, had remained: could have faced destiny with truth; but a falsehood, even in my name, dismays me.

"I approach a precipice where farther way there is none. My employer must stop remitting money some time, no result coming of my enquiries here.

"And I am degraded listening in silence to this evil Irlam; daring not by oath to Schooler to disclose my position.

"Yet—do I really wish him to be silent? A strange fascination comes with that bad man's words. He would make me heir of Lillymere. Would account for my being lost and now found by documents and witnesses. Would impose on the aged good Earl Royalfort and have me received at the Hall as true heir-at-law; then I might marry Agnes, or, says he, any young lady of high birth, beauty, fortune in England.

"The elder Schooler to be deceived by forgeries, and entrapt by prospect of Agnes becoming Countess of Royalfort. But Adam, who seeks her to wife as part of a business and family compact, what of him? She is said to dislike, even to abhor Adam. That aversion might not help me. Rather it would give me an alert and implacable enemy in the Lillymere business.

"Horrible! Be firm, manhood! Be a man. Resist this insidious poison.

"But how shake evil Irlam off? He clings as a garment. Follows as a shadow. The malignity of his yellow and black glistening eyes shoots through me, even when standing back to back. People in Detroit attracted by his stylishly dressed person and hideous features, turn and look as if demanding my bad designs. I who have no bad designs on any creature alive.

"And at the brooklet of sanguinary name, 'Red Run' I only dare to term it, a clear stream now, but with a tragical history, he stood muttering and repeating the weird words of blood as if carried away in a pleasing reverie. Must get separated from evil Irlam; must indeed."

In a family of American lake cities and smaller towns Detroit is oldest, though but recently grown and still growing. Eldest daughter and fairest, where all are fair.

Commercial structures rise in Babylonian magnitude, but loftier and lighter, with palatial fronts of crystal, such as Belshazzar never beheld.

Churches, with towers and pointed spires tapering so high, with lightning rods still a little higher, are so numerous that Detroit seems in constant telegraphy with the heavens.

Four or five miles by the shore north and south; two miles inland westerly. Feathering thoroughfares, triangular at corners, radi-

ating from Campus Martius, and from one another, the lesser from the greater. Old Roman name of republican idea, located grandly to-day by the site of the former New England colonist fur-trading fort, and older outpost of colonial France.

Umbrageous trees enveil the great avenues and streets of dwellings. Flowery gardens enclose the villas, mansions, public institutions. Crystal conservatories, cooled in summer by fountains of spray, glow in tropical flora all the year.

Out of the city—from Campus Martius by the maple and chestnut grove. Out still, under oaks of the old forest, sentinel trees left on their posts, the army of giants away.

Out still, and yet farther in open country, and again within the forest. Yet again out in the open, then under darkling thickets, and by green slopes around lakes. Then among precipitous crags into a sylvan glade, descending on the shore of a lovely lake. A spacious natural avenue of irregular outline, skirted and dotted by trees of grand proportions and charming beauty.

Here, in this sylvan central solitude, amid flowery chestnut trees, lordly oaks, lofty and drooping elms, gracefully spreading maples, all symmetrical in form, or wildly fantastic; with a dark awned towering pine occasionally overtopping its neighbours—here is one of the summer encampments of the migratory Donna Euryuia of Florida.

At lower margin of the Sylvan glade a lake extends away to north a mile, to east and west two miles, bounded again by the forest and by rocks. In the lake an island beginning at a thousand feet from the shore of the mainland, rises in precipitous cliffs; the rocks concealing garden and farm lands, two hundred acres nearly.

Perched among the cliffs and peaks of quartz and basalt, two hundred feet above the lake, and above this gently sloping woodland avenue which dips into the water, you may see the Casa Euryuia. Its middle octagon tower—many pinnacles on the tower, and lesser corner turrets with pinnacles, stand out against the sky, or repose as in a mantle against the forest trees of the island growing aloft in gulches of the rocks. And all are shadowed in the water, where the sailing galleys, the fairy fleet of Euryuia ride at anchor, or flit in the wind. Flit in the wind, their sails of silk, their prows of burnished gold, studded with sparkling gems. Their decks and bulwarks of damask and lace and gold and satin, pink or blue; white of the lace and silk prevailing. Sides of the galleys green or blue, or brown and gold—inlaid pure gold.

The lake, the island, the Casa, turrets and tower, and the fairy fleet—all the sailresses—ladies of fortune, youth and beauty, you may discern by the telescope down the Sylvan glade, or through intervals in the arborescent aisles, if looking so far.

But your eye, like mine, may be enchanted by a nearer vision.

The Euryuia Encampment opens on the eye. The widely spreading central palace of silk, its lesser companion tents, also of silk—variegated white or green, or blue, or pink, or brown, with American streamers stars and stripes.

Flitting among the trees, see the Lady cavalry. Now here, now there, now gone. Reappearing, advancing, wheeling, retiring. Returning in view, curvetting, ambling, galloping. Commanded in notes of music. Circling to the music. Wheeling on centres of threes. Advancing in echelon forming line. And halting in line; the ladies caressing the proud Arabian steeds, and reposing in postures of graceful ease. Renewing the ambling, curvetting, galloping, changing front to the rear by the wheel and countermarch of sub-sections round the centre.

The Palfrey Cavalry! Girls aged ten to fourteen; two companies of twenty-five each.

The Pony Cavalry! Boys aged eight to fourteen; two companies of thirty each. Palfrey and Pony riders flitting hither and thither, moving to the music, seen in the woodland, and again not seen. Present in splendour, then screened by the trees. Coming, flashing as a vision, brilliant in colours, dazzling in brightness, riders and palfreys creatures of beauty, rich and rare the raiment, wondrous vision—vanishing away.

By constraint of enchantment I enter on the items. Squadron of ladies:

One hundred damsels in riding array; resplendent in the beauty of youth, of purity, and of costly raiment. Mounted on black Andalusians, nimble in paces, fiery in temper, but gentle to the fair young beings delighting in the saddles of silk.

The steed, like the lady rider, veiled in lace. A silver bit in the mouth, and silver shoe-plates on the feet, nailed by a rare metal, product of the laboratory of El Abra. Bridle and reins of satin cord; the clasps of burnished silver. Saddle of blue satin embroidered; the crupper of silken girth plait. A precious jewel of lustre on the horse's forehead. A stirrup of pure gold, burnished—only one.

On head of the damsel—each of the hundred damsels—a flowery coronal circlet, and ostrich feather. A veil of lace descending to the saddle of satin. The flowers on the coronal composed of rubies, opals, emeralds, diamonds in clusters.

First troop of the squadron, twenty-five maidens; the spencers scarlet; the skirt a moire antique, descending.

Second troop of twenty-five maidens; spencers of blue; skirts of a rare poplin.

Third and fourth troops; boddices of green the one, of pink the other; skirts of white satin.

Garments all of richest texture, trimmed with edgings of lace and jewels. A cluster of diamonds on the slipper of satin, the beautiful foot resting in a stirrup of gold, burnished. A tiny sparkling spur on the heel, not for use, but an item in the equipment, its rowel a cluster of gems—diamond, ruby, and emerald seeds. A sword of steel in a silver scabbard enamelled in figures of azure. The hilt ivory and gold. The sabretache blue satin jewelled. The girdle of sword and sabretache, a circlet of jewels set in pink. In the holster a telescope; small but of great power. Supposed to contain a secret magnet inserted there in the laboratory of the magician El Abra.

Prized is the honour of admission to this squadron as lady pupils of Donna Euryuia. Only the young, the fair, the damsels of spotless name may be admitted, and one hundred only. Princesses of Europe some. Daughters of ennobled lineage others. Of the first families of Virginia and of the South half of the rest. The remainder from Northern States and Canada.

Next: Company of twenty mounted gentlewomen. Some of high birth, all of high accomplishments. Duennas of observation. Comely in person every one. Not a wrinkled brow, or unhappy looking woman in the twenty.

And pretty, oh pretty! Illusion of the senses! The Palfrey and the Pony riders.

Girls and boys in corsets of white satin, and pantalettes of pale blue silk, or pink, or white, trimmed and fringed with lace. Bracelets and anklets of gold and jewels. Hose of silk embroidered—pale pink the boys, pure white the girls. Lustrous satin slippers; pale blue the boys, with cluster of diamonds, emeralds, opals, rubies. Pure white the girls, with cluster of rubies, pearls, emeralds, diamonds. Spurs of pure gold, burnished, gems of lustre in the rowel. Brilliants on the clasp of the sword belt, itself a circlet of jewels.

Silver bits in mouth of the white Morocco palfreys. Silver bits in mouth of the black and of the brown ponies. Silver shoes on their feet, and envelopes of lace and netting all over, protection against mosquitos. Mantles of blue or scarlet on the riders; and veils of lace from crown of the jewelled head to sole of the jewelled foot. Sparkling rings and clasps to the bridles of blue satin, and the silken reins. Saddles of embroidered satin, white, pink, or blue. Stirrups of pure gold. Hilt of the sword, worn by the boys, ivory and gold, emeralds, rubies, pearls; with one talismanic opal. In the holster a telescope, small but of great power, supposed to contain the magnet of the magician-optician El Abra.

Next the guard: Twenty-five Florida Negroes in grey cloaks, grey felt hats with flapping brims; the brims raised or lowered by tackle of ribbons. Buff boots, silver spurs, silver stirrups. Well mounted on strong fast going horses, the men selected for strength and agility. A sword under the cloak, pistols in the holsters; and a long whip in hand, for whom it may concern. Mosquito veils enveloping rider and horse.

Guard of Black Duennas: Twenty-five Florida Negroes mounted, carrying whips of long reach like the men; birch or corn brooms instead of swords. Wearing grey felt hats with flapping brims in tackle of ribbons to raise or let fall. Feathers in the hats. Long robes of yellow and blue and brown, striped. Buff boots, silver spurs and stirrups, privileged to ride with one stirrup or two at option. The Negroes chosen for agility; hook of nose, length of chin preferred, where obtainable. Horses of the Black Duennas grey; of high blood; and, with the riders, enveloped in netting and lace. All steeds of the Encampment, chargers, palfreys, ponies, luxuriant in mane and tail.

Next: One hundred Negro musicians, instrumental and vocal. The latter selected from all the continent for richness of voice, intelligence, or comic humour.

Next: A circle of learned gentlemen, American, Canadian, European. Some of them tutors; others secretaries. One of them High Chamberlain. Another Master of the Horse. Several governing as heads of departments. And lastly the Ecclesiastical staff: One Chancellor of the Conscience; two Readers and Pulpit orators; the three—Guardians of Morals.

Hark! A sound of distant drums and trumpets. Ten trumpeters in advance of the rest announce the coming of the Magician El Abra. In honour of his expected visit, the classes and tutors of the Casa Euryuia have this holiday, and grand parade in jewels and gold.

El Abra inhabits an island within a lake encircled by rocks—the rocks bearing precious ores—about five miles away. Like Euryuia, El Abra is migratory. A bank director; railway and shipping company chief; a millionaire in stocks and real estate at New York; a merchant and mortgagee in cotton and plantations in Alabama, and at New Orleans; he often travels, coming to El Abra Island, up in

Michigan, only for a time in the summer. Of all his avocations that of magician is chief. It gives ascendancy and success in everything else.

Hark again! Ten more of the heralds of El Abra. And again another ten. Now a company of fifty horsemen; and now the chariots of State, four in number.

In the coach and six, the man of middle age with the ample beard on the breast, not a hair grey; flowing locks descending on the shoulders—head and hair of a lion; that is El Abra.

He alights, and with his suite refreshes in the tents of Euryuia. And music arises in sweetest, softest symphonies; touching gentle hearts, soothing the soul; or grand heroic transports culminating in a tumult of chorus.

After some hours of science, poetry, dancing and music, select friends prepare for a drive in the sylvan avenues, on the wizard's journey home.

First chariot at the awning: A feminine toy, empty, may be enriched with the beautiful form of Euryuia presently, if in humour for driving. Or, if preferring to ride Grey Eagle, as likely she may in presence of El Abra, the chariot is for some lady friend, or two—it holds but two. And here they come, gracefully ascending the steps of silver, enamelled in figures of blue—Rosa Myther and Lucy.

Yes, the same Rosa Myther of the paper mill, whom you so lately saw in the demon hands of Lowry Lundy.

Sea side shells, gathered long ago on Ulverstone sands, suggested the form of this chariot. It was elaborated in ideal dreams under influence of flowers. Its contour is a cockle shell, violet and golden. The panels carrying emblazon of old family arms:

"Field azure, Sapato-ro cachelo or Sapata couchant or. Sapata rampant or."

And the legend:

"Au meyard oo meyard. Au meyak oo meyak."

Thus translated by the magician in moments of hilarious relaxation:

"I made she made. I make she makes."

So, the clogger's knife, the clog at rest, and the clog kicking, suggest that the ancestors of El Abra may have been, in some other land, cloggers or shoemakers.

Periphery of the wheels: They are rimmed in burnished silver, inlaid with India rubber points to soften motion, subdue sound.

Interior of the chariot: Delicate pink, and blue, and white satin—white prevailing. Cushions of down on springs, magnetic and electric when pressed, a device of El Abra to inspire a pleasing glow of health and joyous mystery.

The graceful feet, gleaming with diamonds, on slippers of satin, privileged to enrich this enchanted chariot, rest on a floor of azure satin and lace. Flashing brilliants sparkle as stars on the borders of the floor of lace and azure satin, in sumptuous harmony with the feet of the poetry of motion resting there.

Four Arabian steeds, imported from the Orient, are attached to this chariot. Their harness lustrous in silver and azure satin. Their colours a delicate fawn. Tails and manes white and amply flowing. Eyes as stars. Paces agile and graceful as in all creatures of perfect form.

Intended for Euryuia this chariot, to-day the steeds are in care of her own postillions and outriders. Unbearded youths of comely person in corsets of blue satin, closely fitting the waist. Buttons and clasps of jewels. Mantles of scarlet descending from the shoulder to the embroidered saddle. On the head a small, archly set grey hat with ostrich plume, sparkling diamonds on the brow. Pantalettes of azure satin embroidered at the side in white silk, fringed with lace, below at the ankle. Hose of pale pinky silk. Slippers of satin, with cluster of diamonds, rubies, emeralds on the instep, the foot resting in a stirrup of pure burnished gold. Small delicate spurs of gold attached by a spring in the heel of the satin shoe.

The whip: handle of ivory and gold; thong of innocent silk; reins silk cord plait, white and blue, with jewelled tassels. Silver buckles to the bridle; silver bit in mouth of the steed. The hoofs shod with silver shoes, nailed with a secret precious metal, obtained in the laboratory of El Abra, from ores found on the Sorcerer's Island.

The two ladies, Rosa and Lucy, who sorted rags in the paper-mill when the corset and Lillymere marriage papers were found, are handed from the carpeted side-walk to this chariot. The steps of silver, enamelled in blue, are let down and replaced by gentlemen of the suite, who, with bats in hand, bow and retire three paces. As if born to this splendour, the ladies tread on the enamelled silver steps with feet of lightness as butterflies on flowers; and, with graceful repose of refined thought, they sit or recline. Equipage and fair occupants alike charming.

The elder lady bears traces of years and of mental force. The younger has mental force, but it is thought irradiating the features of sprightly youth. And youth is always so lovely that only close observation may discern the play of soul in girlish eyes, or flash of genius amid tints of roses.

This play of soul gives constant light to the face and eyes of Lucy Lud. From habit of a