

EVNICE.

She tripped along the stony lane
To meet me where
The brooks sloped in and out again
And loosed a dreamy, drowsy strain—
To meet me there.

The shy, timid doves up in the walls
Flew toward the town:
She heard my timid, feeble calls,
She heard my lightest of footfalls,
And she—looked down.

What fond, exquisite little sighs
We'd breathe and look
Defeated by each other's eyes
And those infuriated cries,
Down in the brook.

Or on the cedar-boarded walks
Together we
Would watch the peevishly-greening hawks,
Or tinger love in rapid talks
Delicately.

But she is thirty now and fat
Old Mrs. Brown.
We meet last night, I doffed my hat,
My stout, worn heart beat at her feet,
While she—looked down.

DR. WITT STERRY.

DAWN:

A NOVEL

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE,"
"JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Philip was not very fond of taking walks with his father, since he found that in nine cases out of ten they afforded opportunities for the inculcation of facts of the driest description with reference to estate management, or to the narration by his parent of little histories of which his conduct upon some recent occasion would afford the moral. On this particular occasion the prospect was particularly unpleasant, for his father would, he was aware, overflow with awful politeness, indeed, after the scene of the morning, it could not be otherwise. Oh, how much rather would he have spent that lovely afternoon with Maria Lee! Dear Maria, he would go and see her again the next day.

When he arrived, some ten minutes after time, in the antler-hung hall of the Abbey House, he found his father standing, watch in hand, exactly under the big clock, as though he was determined to make a note by double entry of every passing second.

"When I asked you to walk with me this afternoon, Philip, I, if my memory does not deceive me, was careful to say that I had no wish to interfere with any prior engagement. I was aware how little interest, compared with your cousin George, you take in the estate, and I had no wish to impose an uncongenial task. But, as you kindly volunteered to accompany me, I regret that you did not find it convenient to be punctual to the time you fixed. I have now waited for you for seventeen minutes, and let me tell you that at any time of life I cannot afford to lose seventeen minutes. May I ask what has delayed you?"

This long speech had given Philip the opportunity of recovering the breath that he had lost in running home. He replied promptly:

"I have been lunching with Miss Lee." "Oh, indeed, then I no longer wonder that you kept me waiting, and I must say that in this particular I commend your taste. Miss Lee is a young lady of good family, good manners, and good means. If her estate went with this property it would complete as pretty a five thousand acres of mixed soil as there is in the county. Those are beautiful old meadows of hers, beautiful. Perhaps, but here the old man checked himself.

On leaving the house they had passed together down a walk called the tunnel walk, on account of the arching boughs of the lime-trees that interlaced themselves overhead. At the end of this avenue, and on the borders of the lake, there stood an enormous but still growing oak, known as Caresfoot's Staff. It was the old squire's favorite tree, and the best topped piece of timber for many miles round.

"I wonder," said Philip, by way of making a little pleasant conversation, "why that tree was called Caresfoot's Staff."

"Your ignorance astonishes me, Philip, but I suppose that there are some people who can live for years in a place and yet imbibing nothing of its traditions. Perhaps you know that the monks were driven out of these ruins by Henry VIII. Well, on the spot where that tree now stands there grew a still greater oak, a giant tree, its trunk measured sixteen loads of timber, which had, as tradition said, been planted by the first prior of the abbey when England was still Saxon. The night the monks left a great gale raged over England; it was in October, and its fiercest gust tore the great oak from its root, and flung it into the lake. Look, do you see that rise in the sand, there, by the edge of the deep pool, in the eight foot water, that is where it is supposed to lie. Well, the whole countryside said that it was a sign that the monks had gone for ever from Bratham Abbey, and the country side was right. But when your ancestor, old yeoman Caresfoot, bought this place and came to live here, in a year when there was a

great black frost that set the waters of the lake like one of the new-fangled roads, he asked his neighbors, ay, and his laboring folk, to come and dine with him and drink to the success of his purchase. It was a proud day for him, and when dinner was done and they were all mellow with strong ale, he bade them step down to the borders of the lake, as he would have them be witness to a ceremony. When they reached the spot they saw a curious sight, for there on a strong dray, and dragged by Farmer Caresfoot's six best horses, was an oak of fifty years' growth coming across the ice, earth, roots, and all.

"On that spot where it now stands there had been a great hole, ten feet deep by fourteen square, dug to receive it, and into that hole Caresfoot's Staff was tilted and levered off the dray. And when it had been planted, and the frozen earth well trodden in, your grandfather in the ninth degree brought his guests back to the old banquet-hall, and made a speech which, as it was the first and last he ever made, was long remembered in the country-side. It was, put into modern English, something like this:

"Neximus: Prior's oak has gone into the water, and folks said that it was for a sign that the monks would never come back to Bratham, and that it was the Lord's will that put it there. And, neighbors, as ye know, the broad Bratham lands and the flat marshes down by the brook passed by king's grant to a man that knew not clay from loam, or layer from pasture, and from him they passed by the Lord's will to me, as I have asked you here to-day to celebrate. And now, neighbors, I have had a mind, and though it seem to you but a childish thing, yet I have a mind, and have set myself to fulfill it. When I was yet a little lad, and drove the swine out to feed on the hill yonder, when the acorns had fallen, afore Farmer Gyron's father had graciously leave from the fiefdoms to put up the fence that doth now so sorely vex us, I found one day a great acorn, as big as a dove's egg, and of a rich and wondrous brown, and this acorn I bore home and planted in kind earth in the corner of my dad's garden, thinking that it would grow, and that one day I would hew its growth and use it for a staff. Now that was fifty long years ago, lads, and there where I grew Prior's oak, there, neighbors, I have set my Staff to-day. The monks have told us how in Israel every man planted his fig and his vine. For the fig I know not rightly what that is; but as for the vine, I will plant no creeping, clinging vine, but a hearty English oak, that, if they do but give it good room to breathe in, and save their heirloom from the axe, shall cast shade and throw acorns, and burst into leaf in the spring and grow naked in the winter when ten generations of our children, and our children's children, shall have mixed their dust with ours yonder in the graveyard. And now, neighbors, I have talked too long, though I am better at doing than talking; but ye will even forgive me, for I will not talk to you again, though on this the great day of my life I was minded to speak. But I will bid you every man pledge a health to Caresfoot's Staff, and ask a prayer that, so long as it shall push its leaves, so long may the race of my loins be here to sit beneath its shade, and even mayhap when the corn is ripe and the moon is up, and their hearts grow soft toward the past, to talk with kinsman or with sweetheart of the old man who struck it in this kindly soil."

The old squire's face grew tender as he told this legend of the forgotten dead, and Philip's young imagination summoned up the strange old-world scene of the crowd of rustics gathered in the snow and frost round this very tree.

"Philip," said his father, suddenly, "you will hold the yeoman's Staff one day; be like it of an oaken English heart, and you will defy wind and weather as it has done, and as your forebears have done. Come, we must go on."

"By the way, Philip," he continued, after a while, "you will remember what I said to you this morning—I hope that you will remember it, though I spoke in anger—never try to deceive me again, or you will regret it. And now I have something to say to you. A wish you go to college and receive an education that will fit you to hold the position you must in the course of Nature one day fill in the country. The Oxford term begins in a few days, and you have for some years been entered at Magdalen College. I do not expect you to be a scholar, but I do expect you to brush off your rough ways and your local ideas, and to learn to become such a person both in your conduct and your mind as a gentleman of your station should be."

"Is George to go to college too?" "No; I have spoken to him on the subject, and he does not wish it. He says very wisely that, with his small prospects, he would rather spend the time in learning how to earn his living. So he is going to be articled to the Roxham lawyers, Foster and Son, or rather Foster and Bellamy, for young Bellamy, who is a lawyer by profession, came here this morning, not to speak about you, but on a message from the firm to say that he is now a junior partner, and that they will be very happy to take George as articled clerk. He is a hard-working, shrewd young man, and it will be a great advantage to George to have his advice and example before him."

Philip assented, and went on in silence, reflecting on the curious change in his

immediate prospects that this walk had brought to light. He was much rejoiced at the prospect of losing sight of George for a while, and was sufficiently intelligent to appreciate the advantages, social and mental, that the University would offer him; but it struck him that there were two things which he did not like about the scheme. The first of these was, that while he was pursuing his academic studies, George would practically be left on the spot—for Roxham was only six miles off—to put in motion any schemes he might have devised; and Philip was sure that he had devised schemes. And the second, that Oxford was a long way from Maria Lee. However, he kept his objections to himself. In due course they reached the buildings they had set out to examine, and the old squire, having settled what was to be done, and what was to be left undone, with characteristic promptitude and shrewdness, they turned homeward.

In passing through the shrubberies, on their way back to the house, they suddenly came upon a staid-looking lad of about fifteen, emerging from a side walk with a nest full of young blackbirds in his hand. Now, if there was one thing in this world more calculated than another to rouse the most objectionable traits of the old squire's character into rapid action, it was the discovery of boys, and more especially bird-nesting boys, in his plantations. In the first place, he hated trespassers; and in the second, it was one of his simple pleasures to walk in the early morning and listen to the singing of the birds that swarmed around. Accordingly, at the obnoxious sight he stopped suddenly, and drawing himself up to his full height, addressed the trembling youth in his sweetest voice.

"Your name is, I believe—Brady—Jim Brady—correct me, if I am wrong—and you have come here, you—your young villain—to steal my birds."

The frightened boy walked along backwards followed by the old man with his fiery eyes fixed upon his face, till at last concussion against the trunk of a great tree prevented further retreat. Here he stood for about thirty seconds, writhing under the glance that seemed to pierce him through and through, till at last he could stand it no longer, but flung himself on the ground, roaring:

"Oh! don't ee, ee, ee, don't ee now look at me with that ere eye. Take and thrash me, squire, but don't ee fix me so! I hain't had no more nor twenty this year, and a nest of spinkes, and Tom Smith he's had fifty-two and a young owl. Oh, oh!"

Enraged beyond measure at this last piece of information, Mr. Caresfoot took his victim at his word, and, ceasing his ocular experiments, laid into the less honorable portion of his form with the gold-headed mallet in a way that astonished the prostrate Jim, though he was afterwards heard to declare that the same with your poor mother. She could never bear me to look at her."

When Jim Brady had departed, never to return again, and the old man had recovered his usual sniveling manner, he remarked to his son:

"There is some curious property in the human eye, a property that is, I believe, very much developed in my own. Did you observe the effect of my glance upon that boy? I was trying an experiment on him, I remember it was always the same with your poor mother. She could never bear me to look at her."

Philip made no reply, but he thought that, if she had been the object of experiments of that nature, it was not very wonderful.

Shortly after their return home he received a note from Miss Lee. It ran thus:

"My DEAR PHILIP: What do you think? Just after you had gone away I got by the mid-day post, which Jones (the butcher) brought from Roxham, several letters, among them one from Grumps, and one from Uncle Tom. Grumps has shown a cause why."

"It said that she was near an improper person; but, for all that, she is so angry with Uncle Tom that she will not come back, but has accepted an offer to go to Canada as companion to a lady, so farewell Grumps."

"Now for Uncle Tom. It suggested that I should live with some of my relations till I came of age and pay them four hundred a year, which I think a good deal. I am sure it can't cost four hundred a year to feed me, though I have such an appetite. I had no idea they were all so fond of me before, they all want me to come and live with them, except Aunt Chambers, who, you know, lives in Jersey. Uncle Tom says in his letter that he shall be glad if his daughters can have the advantage of my example, and of studying my polished manners (just fancy my polished manners, and I know, because little Tom, who is a brick, told me, that only last year he heard his father tell Emily—

that—the eldest—that I was a dowsy, snub-nosed, drowsy little fellow, but that she must keep in with me and flatter me up. No, I will not live with Uncle Tom, and I will tell 'it' so. If I must leave my home, I will go to Aunt Chambers at Jersey. Jersey is a beautiful place for flowers, and one learns French there without the trouble of learning it, and I like Aunt Chambers, and she has no children, and nothing but the memory of a dear departed. But I don't like leaving home, and feel very much inclined to cry. Hang the Court of Chancery, and Uncle Tom and his interference too! there. I suppose you can't find time to come over to-morrow morning to see me off? Good-by, dear Philip."

Your affectionate friend,
"Maria Lee."

Philip did manage to find time next morning, and came back looking very disconsolate.

CHAPTER IV.

Philip went to college in due course, and George departed to learn his business as a lawyer at Roxham, but it will not be necessary for us to enter into the details of their respective careers during this period of their lives.

At college Philip did fairly well, and being a Caresfoot, did not run into debt. He was, as his great-bodily strength promised of, a first-class athlete, and for two years stroked the Magdalen boat. Nor did he altogether neglect his books, but his reading was of a desultory and out-of-the-way order, and much directed toward the investigation of mystical subjects. Fairly well liked among the men whom he mixed, he could hardly be called popular, his temperament was too uncertain for that. At times he was the gayest of the gay, and then when the fit took him he would be plunged into a state of gloomy depression that might last for days. His companions, to whom his mystical studies were a favorite jest, were wont to assert that on these occasions he was preparing for a visit from his familiar, but the joke was one that he never could be prevailed upon to appreciate. The fact of the matter was that these fits of gloom were constitutional with him, and very possibly had their origin in the state of his mother's mind before his birth, when her whole thoughts were colored by her morbid and fearful terror of her husband, and her frantic anxiety to conciliate him!

During the three years that he spent at college, Philip saw but little of George, since, when he happened to be down at Bratham, which was not often, for he spent most of his vacations abroad, George avoided coming there as much as possible. Indeed, there was a tacit agreement between the two young men that they would see as little of each other as might be convenient. But, though he did not see much of him himself, Philip was none the less aware that George's influence over his father was as anything on the increase. The old squire's letters were full of him and of the admirable way in which he managed the estate, for it was now practically in his hands. Indeed, to his surprise and somewhat to his disgust, he found that George began to be spoken of indifferently with himself as the "young squire." Long before his college days had come to an end Philip had determined that he would do his best, as soon as opportunity offered, to reduce his cousin to his proper place, not by the violent means to which he had resorted in other days, but rather by showing himself to be equally capable, equally assiduous, and equally respectful and affectionate.

At last the day came when he was to bid farewell to Oxford for good, and in due course he found himself in a second-class railway carriage—thinking it useless to waste money, he always went second—and bound for Roxham.

Just before the train left the platform at Paddington, Philip was agreeably surprised out of his meditations by an entry into his carriage of a extremely elegant and stately young lady, a foreigner, as he judged from her strong accent when she addressed the porter. With the innate gallantry of twenty-one, he immediately laid himself out to make the acquaintance of one possessed of such proud yet melting blue eyes, such lovely hair, and a figure that would not have disgraced Diana; and, with this view, set himself to render her such little services as one fellow-traveler can offer to another. They were accepted reservedly at first, then gratefully, and before long the reserve broke down entirely, and this very handsome pair dropped into a conversation as animated as the lady's broken English would allow. The lady told him that her name was Hilda von Holtzhausen, that she was of a German family, and had come to England to enter a family as companion, in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the English language. She had already been to France, and acquired French; when she knew English, then she had been promised a place as school-mistress under government in her own country. Her father and mother were dead, and she had no brothers or sisters, and very few friends.

Where was she going to? She was going to a place called Roxham; here it was written on the ticket. She was going to be companion to a dear young lady, very rich, like all the English, whom she had met when she had travelled with her French family to Jersey, a Miss Lee.

"You don't say so!" said Philip. "Has she come back to Roxham?" "What, do you, then, know her?" "Yes—that is, I used to three years ago. I live in the next parish."

"Ah! then perhaps you are the gentleman of whom I have heard her to speak, Mr. Caresfoot, whom she did seem to appear to love; is not that the word?"—to be fond, you know."

Philip laughed, blushed, and acknowledged his identity with the gentleman whom Miss Lee "did seem to appear to love."

"Oh! I am glad, then we shall be friends, and see each other often—shall we not?"

He declared unreservedly that she should see him very often.

From Franklin von Holtzhausen Philip gathered in the course of their journey a good many particulars about Miss Lee. It appeared that, having attained her majority, she was coming back to live at her old home at Rewtham, whither she had tried to persuade her aunt Chambers to accompany her, but without success, that lady being too much attached to Jersey to leave it. During the course of a long stay on the island, the two girls had become fast friends, and the friendship had culminated in an offer being made by Maria Lee to Franklin von Holtzhausen to come and live with her as companion, a proposal that exactly suited the latter.

The mention of Miss Lee's name had awakened pleasant recollections in Philip's mind, recollections that, at any other time, might have tended toward the sentimental; but, when under fire from the blue eyes of this stately foreigner, it was impossible for him to fall sentimental about anybody save himself. "The journey is over all too soon," was the secret thought of each as they stepped on to the Roxham platform. Before they had finally said good-by, however, a young lady with a dainty figure, in a shady hat and pink and white dress, came running along the platform.

"Hilda, Hilda, here I am! How do you do, dear? Welcome home," and she was about to seal her welcome with a kiss, when her eye fell upon Philip standing by.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, with a blush, "don't you know me? Have I changed much? I should have known you anywhere; and I am glad to see you, awfully glad (excuse the slang, but it is such a relief to be able to say 'awful' without being pulled up by Aunt Chambers). Just think, it is three years since we met. Do you remember Grumps? How do I look? Do you think you will like me as much as you used to?"

"I think that you are looking the same dear girl that you always used to look, only you have grown very pretty, and it is not possible that I shall like you more than I used to."

"I think they must teach you to pay compliments at Oxford, Philip," she answered, flushing with pleasure, "but I'm all rubbish. For you to say that I am pretty, because I know I am not"—and then confidentially glancing around to see that there was nobody within hearing (Hilda was engaged with a porter in looking after her things). "Just look at my nose, and you will soon change your mind. It's broader, and flatter, and snubber than ever. I consider that I have got a bone to pick with Providence about that nose. Ah, here comes Hilda! Isn't she lovely? There's beauty for you, if you like. She hasn't got a nose. Come and show us to the carriage. You will come and lunch with us to-morrow, won't you? I am so glad to get back to the old home again; and I mean to have such a garden! 'Life is short, and joys are fleeting,' as Aunt Chambers always says, so I mean to make the best of it while it lasts. I saw your father yesterday. He is a dear old man, though he has such awful eyes. I never felt so happy in my life as I do now. Good-by. One o'clock! And she was gone, leaving Philip with something to think about.

Philip's reception at home was cordial and reassuring. He found his father considerably aged in appearance, but as handsome and upright as ever, and to all appearance heartily glad to see him.

"I am glad to see you back, my boy," "You come to take your proper place. If you look at me you will see that you won't have long to wait before you take mine. I can't last much longer, Philip, I feel that. Eighty-two is a good age to have reached. I have had my time, and put the property in order, and now I suppose I must make room. I went with the clerk, old Jakes, and marked out my grave yesterday. There's a nice little spot the other side of the stone that they say marks where old yeoman Caresfoot, who planted Caresfoot's Staff, laid his bones, and that's where I wish to be put, in his good company. Don't forget that when the time comes, Philip, there's room for another if you care to keep it for yourself, but perhaps you will prefer the vault."

"You must not talk of dying yet, father. You will live many years yet."

"No, Philip; perhaps one, perhaps two, not more than two, perhaps a month, perhaps not a day. My life hangs on a thread now." And he pointed to his heart. "It may snap any day, if it gets a strain. By the way, Philip, you see that stoppered bottle with the red label? Good. Well, now, if ever you see me taken with an attack of the heart (I have had one since you were away, you know, and it nearly carried me off), you run for that as hard as you can go, and give it me to drink; half at a time. It is a tremendous restorative of some sort, and old Caley says that, if I do not take it when the next attack comes, there'll be an end of 'Devil Caresfoot'; and he rapped his cane energetically on the oak floor.

"And so, Philip, I want you to go about and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the property, so that you may be able to take things over

when I die without any hitch. I hope that you will be careful and do well by the land. Remember that a big property like this is a sacred trust.

"And now there are two more things that I will take this opportunity to say a word to you about. First, I see that you and your cousin George don't get on well, and it grieves me. You have always had a false idea of George, always, and thought that he was underhand. Nothing could be more mistaken than such a notion. George is a most estimable man, and my dear brother's only son. I wish you would try to remember that, Philip—blood is thicker than water, you know—and you will be the only two Caresfoots left when I am gone. Now, perhaps you may think that I intend enriching George at your expense, but that is not so. Take this key and open the top drawer of that secretaire, and give me that bundle. This is my will. If you care to look over it, and can understand it—which is more than I can—you will see that everything is left to you, with the exception of that outlying farm at Holston, those three Essex farms that I bought two years ago, and twelve thousand pounds in cash. Of course, as you know, the Abbey House, and the lands immediately round, are entailed—it has always been the custom to entail them for many generations. There, put it back. And now the last thing, I want you to get married, Philip. I should like to see a grandchild in the house before I die. I want you to marry Maria Lee. I like the girl. She comes of a good old Marshfield stock—our family married into here in the year 1703. Besides, her property would put yours into a ring-fence. She is a sharp girl too, and quite pretty enough for a wife. I hope you will think it over, Philip."

"Yes, father, but perhaps she will not have me. I am going to lunch there to-morrow."

"I don't think you need be afraid, Philip, but I won't keep you any longer. Shake hands, my boy. You'll perhaps think of your old father kindly when you come to stand in his shoes. I hope you will, Philip. We have had many a quarrel, and sometimes I have been wrong, but I have always wished to do my duty by you, my boy. Don't forget to make the best of your time at lunch to-morrow."

Philip went out of his father's study considerably touched by the kindness and consideration with which he had been treated, and not a little relieved to find his position with reference to his succession to the estate so much better than he had anticipated, and his cousin George's so much worse.

"That red-haired fox has plotted in vain," he thought, with secret exultation. And then he set himself to consider the desirability of falling in with his father's wishes as regards marriage. Of Maria he was, as the reader is aware, very fond; indeed, a few years before he had been in love with her, or something very like it; he knew, too, that she would make him a very good wife, and the match was one that in every way commended itself to his common sense and his interests; yes, he would certainly take his father's advice. But every time he said this to himself, and he said it pretty often that even, there would arise before his mind's eye a vision of the sweet blue eyes of Miss Lee's stately companion. What eyes they were, to be sure; it made Philip's blood run warm and quick merely to think of them; indeed, he could almost find it in his heart to wish that Hilda was Maria and Maria was in Hilda's shoes.

What between thoughts of the young lady he had set himself to marry, and of the young lady he did not mean to marry, but whose eyes he admired, Philip did not sleep so well as usual that night.

(To be continued.)

The Fergus Falls Man Was Fly.

(Minneapolis Tribune.)

A Fergus Falls man came to town the other day, and while taking in the sights he was lured into a Clark street poker game. He had played a few hands, when it suddenly dawned on him that he was sitting in what is known among sporting men as a skin game, a game in which a sucker may consider himself lucky if he escapes with his life. But the Fergus Falls man was not much of a sucker. He said nothing until the man who sat at his right began to deal the cards for a jack-pot. When the Fergus Falls man picked up his hand he saw that he held a king full. He laid it down and said he would pass. The man at his left opened the pot for \$10. The rest of the players, including the Fergus Falls man, remained in the game. The countryman now saw a chance to bite the biters. Calling for two cards he discarded the pair he held to the kings and waited for the man who opened the pot to make his bet. This unexpected move on the part of the Fergus Falls man threw the rest of the players into a panic, and each laid down his hand without letting a cent. The countryman thereupon bet \$5, and this not being called he raked in the pot. By breaking his full hand (which was wholly unexpected) he had spoiled the scheme of the other players, which contemplated an ace-full for the house on the draw. As it was the Fergus Falls man caught two of the aces, and with his kings for leaders scooped in \$40 of the players' money.

Read The Saturday Gazette.