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THE RULING PASSION BY HENRY VAN DYKE. THE WHITE BLOT.

I The real location of a city house de-pends upon the pictures which hang upon its walls. They are its neighbor-hood and its outlook. They confer upon it that touch of life and character, that power to beget love and bind friend-ship, which a country house receives from its surrounding landscape, the garden that embraces it, the stream that runs near it, and the shaded paths that lead to and from its door.

-the works of painters who are pre cisely in the focus of advertisement

instant round of applause in the auction-room. On the floors above, in

In the basement, concealed in huge packing - cases, and marked "Paris-

morrow; the paintings of the men in

regard to whose names, styles, and pe

sonal traits, the foreign correspondent and prophetic critics in the newspapers

that twilight of familiarity and ignor

ance which precedes the sunrise of

marketable fame. The affable and sagacious Morgen

stern was already well acquainted with the waywardness of Pierrepont's admira-

tion, and with my own persistent dis

valuation of works of art. He regarded

would have looked upon a pair of plain yeomen who had strayed into his lair. The knights of capital, and coal barons,

and rica merchants were his natural prey, but toward this poor but honest

Gentile robber to show anything but

well-defined realm of the past, the pres

ent, or the future, but into a region of

uncertain fortunes, a linbo of acknowl

edged but unrewarded merits, a large

back room devoted to the works of American painters. Here we found

Falconer's picture; and the dealer, with that instinctive tact which is the

best part of his business capital, left us

alone to look at it. It showed the mouth of a little river :

a secluded lagoon, where the shallow tides rose and fell with vaguelassitude,

narbor was quite still, in the pause of

verging lines of trees stood dark again

the course of the stream, above

he sky; a cleft in the woods marked

the reluctant splendors of an autumna

day were dying in ashes of roses, while three tiny clouds, poised high in air, burned red with the last glimpse of the

departed sun. On the right was a reedy point run ring out into the bay, and behind it, on a slight rise of ground, an antique

flowers and straight paths bordered

with honeysuckle. I know not by

ouple it would be worthy only

th

regard of current quotations in

are now diffusing in the public

-vou will find the art of t

and w instant

Fragile

whose names call out

By this magic of pictures moor. upright slice of living space in one of the brown stone strata on the eastward slope of Manhatten Island is transferred to an open and agreeable site. It has tows that look toward the wood and the sunset, watergates by which a little boat is always waiting, and and secret passageways leading into fair places that are frequented by persons of distinction and charms. No ness of night obscures these outlets no neighbor's house shuts off the view no dritted snow of winter makes the impassable. They are always free, and through them I go out and in upon my

adventures. One of these picture wanderings ha always appeared to me so singular that would like, if it were possible, to put into words.

It was Pierrepont who first introduced me to the picture – Pierrepont the good natured : of whom one of his friends said that he was like Mahomet's Bridge of Paradise, because he was so hard to cross; to which another added that was also a resemblance in fact that he led to a region of beautiful illusions which he never entered. H is one of those enthusiastic souls who are always discovering a new writer, a new painter, a new view from some old wharf by the river, a new place to obwhar by the river, a new place to to tain picturesque dinners at a grotesque price. He swung out of his office, with his long - legged, easy stride, and nearly ran me down, as I was plodding up town through the languor of a late spring afternoon, on one of those duty-

walks which conscience offers as a sacri Ace to digestion. "Why, what is the matter with you ?" he cried, as he linked his arm through mine, "you look outdone, tired all the way through to your backbone. Have you been reading the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' or something by one of the new British female novelists? You will have la grippe in your mind if you don't look out. Bat I know what you den't look out. Bit I know what you need. Come with me, and I will do

you good." So saying, he drew me out of clanging Broadway into one of the side streets that run toward the placid streets that run toward the region of Washington Square. no," I answered, feeling, even in the act of resistance, the plassure of his cheerful guidance, "you are altogether wrong. 1 don't reed a dinner at your new found Balgarian table d'hote seven courses for seventy-five cents, and the wine thrown out; nor some of those wonderful Mexican cheroots warranted to eradicate the tobaccohabit; for a draught of your South American melon sherbet that curcs all pains, except those which it causes. None of these things will help me. The doctor suggests that they do not suit my temperament. Let us go home to-gether and have a shower-bath and a dinner of herbs, with just a reminis-cence of the stalled ox—and a bout at backgammon to wind up the evening. will be the most comfortable pre scription.'

But you mistake me," said he ; " I indicate an unhinged gate, a drooping am not thinking of any creature com-forts for you. I am prescribing for your resignation in the ing trees, a tone of sadness in the ing of subdued colors—the painter had suggested that the place was deserted. But the truth was unmistakable. An mind. There is a picture that I want you to see ; not a colored photograph, nor an exercise in anatomical drawing ; air of loneliness and pensive sorrow breathed from the picture ; a sigh of but a real picture that will rest the eyes of your heart. Come away with me to Morgenstern's gallery, and be healed." As we turned into the lower end of Fifth Avenue, it seemed as if I were being gently floated along between the modest apartment - houses and oldfashioned dwellings, and prim, respect able churches, on the smooth current of Pierrepont's talk about his new found picture. How often a man has cause to return thanks for the enthusi asms of his triends! They are the little fountains that run down from the hills to reiresh the mental desert of the de spondent. "You remember Falconer," continued Pierreport, "Temple Falconer, that modest, quiet, proud fellow who came modest, quiet, proma fellow who came out of the South a couple of years ago and carried off the landscape prize at the Academy last year, and then dis-appeared? He had no intimate friends here, and no one knew what had becom of him. But now this picture appears, to show what he has been doing. It is an evening scene, a revelation of the beauty of sadness, an idea expressed in or rather, a real impre Nature that awakens an ideal feeling in the hears. It does not define every thing and say nothing, like so many ntings. It tells no story, but I know fits into one. There i not a figure in it, and yet it is alive with sentiment suggests thoughts which cannot be Don't you love the unds outer int have that power of sug i et and strong, like Homer L'at-house' up at the Cen-Marcia iss sheltered bay heaving the pallid greenish sky of the calm, steadfast glow SOLLY evenu on brightening into readiof the perils of night and com ness lo iow much more powerful ing sto u all the conventional picinacces ghe-houses on tures ... white foam streaming from cliff. then ha in ends of a schoolboy's magable of wind! I tell en alortor you been painters are the fellows nature because it is so don't need to exaggerate, Luna. Ti d m't dare to be affected. They are une arraid of the reality, and they are not whamed of the sentiment. pa at everything that they m n cou'l ·ee everything that they are, buy they Aug this picture makes me sure B, this time we had arrived at the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

step ashore.

that the painting has a blemish. It is lives and moves and makes his profits, not always visible, since you have failed to detect it; but it is more noticeable and were admitted to the shrine of the Commercial Apollo and the Muses in hts than in others; and, do in some lights than in others; and, do what I will, I cannot remove it. This alone would prevent the painting from being a good investment. Its market value will never rise." He tarned the canvas sideways to the It has often seemed to me as if that It has often seemed to me as if that little house were a silent epitome of modern art criticism, an automatic in-dicator, or perhaps regulator, of the esthetic taste of New York. On the first floor, surrounded by all the new-est fashions in antiquities and bric a brac, you will see the art of to-day— —the works of painters who are pre-lisely in the forms of advertisement.

light, and the defect became apparent. It was a dim, oblong, white blot in the middle distance; a nebulous blue in the painting, as if there had been some che nical impurity in the pign causing it to fade, or rather as if a long drop of some acid, or perhaps a splash of salt water, had fallen upon the canvas while it was wet, and bleached it. knew little of the possible causes such a blot, but enough to see that degrees of obseurity deepening toward the attic, you will find the art of yesterday — the pic-tures which have parsed out of the glare of popularity without yet arriving at the mellow radiance of old masters. could not be erased without painting over it, perhaps not even then. And yet it seened rather to enhance than to weaken the attraction which the picture

had for me. "Your candor does you credit, Mr. Morgenstern," said I, "but you know me well enough to be sure that what you have said will hardly discourage For I have never been an admire cabinet finish ' in works of ar of 'cabinet finish Nor have I been in the habit of buying them, as a Circassion father trains his daughters, with an eye to the market They came into my house for my own pleasure, and when the time arr hat I can see them no longer, it not matter much to me what price they bring in the anction-room. This landscape pleases me so thoroughly that, if you will let us take it with us this us, I suppose, very much as Robin Hood evening, I will send you a check for the amount in the morning." So we carried off the painting in

cab ; and all the way home I was in the pleasant excitement of a man who is about to make an addition to his house; while Pierrepont was conscious of the glow of virtue which comes of Gentie robber to show anything but courteous and fair dealing. He expressed no surprise when he heard what we wanted to see, but smiled tolerantly and led the way, not into the having done a favor to a friend and justified your own critical judgment at one stroke.

After dinner we hung the painting over the chimney piece in the room called the study (because it was consecrated to idleness,) and sat there far into the night, talking of the few times when we had met Falconer at the club, and of his reticent manner, which was broken by curious flashes of impersonal confide when he spoke not of himself From this we drifted but of his art. into memories of good comrades who had walked beside us but a had walked beside us but a few days in the path of life, and then disappeared, yet feeling as if we cared more for them than for the men whom we see every day; and following the impulse of prevailing winds more than the strong attraction of the moon. But now the unsailed young geniuses who had never reached the goal; and of many other glimpses of "the light that failed," the evening; and the smooth undula-tions were caressed by a hundred opalintil the lamp was low and it was tin escent hues, growing deeper toward the west, where the river came in. Conto say good night.

п. For several months I con inued to dvance in intimacy with my pictur grew more familiar, more suggestiv of it came hon the truth and beauty of it came home to me constantly. Yet there was some thing in it not quite apprehended; a sense of strangeness ; a reserve which I had not yet penetrated. One night in August I found myself

practically alone, so far as human in-tercourse was concerned, in the popuon a sight half white pillars. It was house with tail white pillars. It was but dimly cutlined in the gathering shadows; yet one could imagine its stately, formal aspect, its precise garden with beds of old - fashioned lous, weary city. A couple of hoars of writing had produced nothing that would bear the test of sunlight, so I anticipated judgment by tearing up the spoiled sheets of paper, and threw myself upon the couch before the empty fire-place. It was a dense, sultry night with box, and a little arbor overgrown what with electricity thickening the air, and subtlety of delicate and indescribable a trouble of distant thunder rolling far ouches-a slight inclination in one of away on the rim of a cloudy sky-one of those nights of restless dullness, the pillars, a broken line which might when you wait and long for something foliage of the yellow to happen, and yet feel despondently that nothing ever will happen again. I passed through a region of aimless thoughts into one of migratory and unfinished dreams, and dropped from that into an empty gulf of sleep. How late it was when I drifted back

to vard the shore of consciousness, I cannot tell. But the student lamp on the table had burned out, and the light of the gibbous moon was creeping in through the open windows. Slowly the to ward the sho pale illumination crept up the Eastern wall, like the tide rising as the moon declined. Now it reached the mantle shelf and overflowed the bronze heads of Homer and the Indian Bacchus and the Egyptian image of Isis with the infant Horus. Now it touched the frame of the picture and lapped over the edge. Now it rose to the shadowy house and the dim garden, in the midst of which I saw the white blot more dis tinctly than ever before. It seemed now to have taken a new shape, 1 ke the slender form of a woman, robed in flowing white. And as I watched it tbrough half closed eyes, the figure appeared to move and tremble and wave to and fro, as if it

passion had been woven. Here, if any-where, they would "Revisit the pale glimpses of the moon." Here if any-where, we night catch fleeting sight, as in a glass darkly, of the visions that passed before them while they worked. This much of my train of passion This much of my train of reasoning along the edge of the dark, I remember sharply. But after this, tired. and left him alone with a little and left him alone with a little girl. Claire grew up as pretty as a picture, bat very shy and delicate. About two years ago Mr. Falconer had come down from the city; he stayed at Larmone first, and then he came to the boarding-house, but he was over at the Ledoux' house almost all the time. He was a Sonthermar too, and a relative of the all was confused and misty. The shore of constitueness receded. I floated out again on the ocean of forgotten dreams. When I woke it was with a quick start, as if my ship had been made fast, sil-ently and suddenly, at the wharf of reality, and the bell rang for me to Southerner too, and a relative of the family; a real gentleman, and very proud though he was poor. It seemed proud though he was poor. It seemed strange that he should not live with But the vision of the white blot re

mained clear and distinct. Aud the question that it had brought to me, strange that he should not live with them, but perhaps he felt more free over here. Every one thought he must be engaged to Claire, but he was not the kind of a man that you could ask he chain of thoughts that had linked hemselves to it, lingered through the morning, and made me feel sure that there was an untold secret in Fal-coner's life and that the clew to it questions about himself. A year ago ast winter he had gone up and taken all his things with him. nast be sought in the history of his 1 .st picture.

But how to trace the connection ? Every one who had known Falconer, however slightly, was out of town. There was no clew to follow. Even the failing, and her father said she must see a famous doctor and have a change name "Larmone" gave me no help: for I could not find it on any map of "Mr. Falconer came back in May," continued the good lady, "as if he expected to find them. Bat the house Long Island. It was probably the fanciful title of some old country place, familiar only to the people who old country

was shut up and nobody knew just where they were. He seemed to be all taken ablck; it was queer if he didn't know about it, intimate as he lived there. But the very remoteness of the prob lem, its lack of contact with the prac-tical world, fascinated me. It was like something that had drifted away in the had been : but he never said anything, and made no inquiries ; just seemed to be waiting, as if there was nothing else fog, on a sea of unknown and fluctuat-ing currents. The only possible way to find it was to commit yourself to th same wandering tides and drift after him in a minute, if we had anything to tell. But all we could do was it, trusting to a propitious fortune that there must have been some kind you might be carried in the same dir quarrel between him and the judge ; you might be carried in the same and ection; and after a long, blind, un-hurrying chase, one day you might feel a faint touch, a jrr, a thrill along the side of your boat, and, peering through the fog, lay your hand at last, without nd if there was, he must know

surprise, upon the object of your very paint a picture, bit it was very quest. TIT.

As it happened, the means for such a quest were at my disposal. I was part owner of a boat which had been built dark, damp with the dew and fog. for hunting and fishing cruises on the shallow waters of the Great South Bay. It was a deliberate, but not inconveni-ent, craft, well named the Patience; always kind and pleasant. He was just dwindling away; and when the picture was almost done a fever took hold of him. The doctor said it was and my turn for using it had come. Black Zekiel, the captain, crew, and cook, was the very man that I bluo have chosen for such an expedition. He combined the indolent good humor of the negro with the taciturnity of the Indian, and knew every shoal and bed and tried to speak, but he channel of the tortuous waters. He asked nothing better than to set out on a voyage without a port; sailing aimlessly eastward day after day, gh the long chain of landlocked with the sea plunging behind the brough bays, and dunes on our right, and the shore of Long Island sleeping on our left anchoring every evening in some little cove or estuary, where Zskiel could sit on the cabin roof, smoking his corr-cob pipe, and meditating on the vanity and comfort of life, while I pushed off

y light canoe. There was nothing to hasten our my voyage. The three weeks' vacation was all but gone, when the Patience groped her way through a narrow, oked shannel in a wide salt meadow and entered the last of the series of bays. A few houses straggled down a point of land; the village of Quantock lay a little farther back. Beyond that was a helt of woods reaching to the water ; and from these the south country road emerged to cross the uppe end of the hay on a low causeway with a narrow bridge of planks at the central point. Here was our Ultima Thule Not even the Patience could thread eye of this needle, or float through the shallow marsh-canal farther to the east.

NOVEMBER 25, 1905. built a house there like the one he used ia their own time and place. A date told of his charge from Lar-mone to the village, and this was written below it: "Too heavy a built a house there have but but he taken to live in. There were three things he hated: slavery and war and society. But he always loved the South more than the North, and lived like a the most sound has but your resense of obligation destroys freedom, and only a free man can dare to love." foreigner, polite enough, but very re His wife died after a few years

Then came a number of fragments in-dicating trouble of mind and hesitation; the sensitiveness of the artist, the deligirl. ate, self-tormenting scruples of onely idealist, the morbid pride of cate, pride of the young poor man, contending with an impetuous passion and forcing it to surrender, or at least to compromise. What right has a man to demand everything and offer nothing in retarn except an ambition and a hope? Love ust come as a giver, not as a beggar

"A knight should not ask to wear his lady's colors until he has won his spur King Cophetua and the beggar-

maid-very fine ! but the other way-humiliating." " A woman may take everything from

a man, wealth and fame and position. But there is only one thing that a man and taken all his things with thin. The had never stayed away so long before. In the spring the Ledoux had gone to Europe ; Claire seemed to be falling into a decline ; her sight seemed to be nay accept from a woman-something that she alone can give—happiness." "Self respect is less than love, but it is the trellis that holds love up from

the ground; break it down, and all the flowers are in the dust, the fruit is spoiled." "-so the man's thought

shone through everywhere-1 think she must know that I love her, and why I cannot speak."

One entry was written in a clearer, stronger hand: "An end of hesitation The longest way is the shortest. I am going to the city to work for the Academy prize, to think of nothing else until I win it, and then come back him to do. We would have told with it to Claire, to tell her that I have a future, and that it is hers. If I spoke to gues of it now it would be like claiming the reward before I had done the work. I have told her only that I am going to best prove myself an artist, and to live about it himself. "All summer long he kept going what I love best. She understood. am sure, for she would not lift her eyes over to the house and wandering around in the garden. In the fall he began to to me, but her hand trembled as she gave me the blue flower from her belt." slov painting; he would go over in the afternoon and come back long after The date of his return to Larmone was marked, but the page was blank, as H

the day had been. Some pages of dull self reproach and questioning and bewildered regret folkept growing paler and weaker and more silent. Some days he did not speak more than a dozen words, bat

lowed. "Is it possible that she has gone away, without a word, without a sign, after what has passed between us? It Surely I had some claim, is not fair. I asked

" Bat what claim, after all ? for nothing. And was it not pride that kept me silent, taking it for misory. And one night, in the third quarter of the moon, just after the tide turned to run out, he raised up in the that if I asked she would granted give

'It was a mistake ; she did not understand, nor care." "It was my fault ; I might at least gone. "We tried to find out his relations

have told her that I loved her, though

have told her that I loved her, though she could not have answered me." "It is too late now. To-night, while I was finishing the picture, I saw her in the garden. Her spirit, all in white, with a blue flower in her belt. I knew she was dead across the sea. I tried to call to her, but my voice made ne courd. She scenard not to see me. about enough to pay Mr. Falconer's summer's board and the cost of his funeral. There was nothing else that no sound. She seemed not to see me. She moved like one in a dream, straight on, and vanished. Is there no one to know so little and like so well. It who can tell her ? Must she never know that I loved her ?'' The last thing in the book was so

was a disappointment in love, of course all said that he died of a printed scrap of paper that lay between broken heart ; but I think it was because his heart was too full, and the leaves:

IRREVOCABLE,

Would the gods might give Another field for human Strife ; Man must live one life Ere he learns to live. An, friend, in thy deep grave. W nat now can change; what now can save?'

had died suddenly, on the last of August, at some place in Switzerland. So there was a message after all, but Her father is still away travelling. And so the whole story is broken off and will never be finished. Will you so there was a message after any set it could never be carried; a task for a friend, but it was impossible. What better thing could I do with the poor little book than bury it in the garden Nothing is more pithetic, to my mind, than to take up the books of one The story in the shadow of Larmone? cf a silent fault, hidden in silence. How many of life's deepest tragedies who is dead. Here is his name, with perhaps a note of the place where the Here are the pages that he liked best. Here are the passages that gave him pleasure, and the thoughts that entered into his life and formed it. are only that; no great transgression

NOVEMBER 25.

in fault? Might she should not she have to the truth which must h to read in Falconer's never put it into words her there was somethin from the pride that is virgin reserve o the virgin reserve o heart is more sacred th It is the maiden instin-the woman always the the pilgrim. She is no one sought. She anything for granted right to wait for the the avowal. Then, an the pilgrim be the

shrine may open to re Not all women believ who do are the ones b and winning. And Cl them. It seemed to half dreaming, on the these two lives that other in the darkness. her figure moving thr beyond where the pa tall cosmos flower be breeze. Her robe wa of the mist. Her fi very fair, for all its flower, faint as a sha trembled at her wais and fro along the pat I murmured to loved her: and she

pride be stronger that Perhaps, after al and belated confessi had written in in some way come to it were left here in t suckles where they together, it might

of the meeting of the had lost each other world. Perhaps,-a it is not so?-for th with all their erro faults, there is no there is "another field As I turned from

As I turned from tense note of the sur the night. The pat rustled as they fel the honeysuckle. Bu sounds it seemed as voice saying ' Claire lips whispering "Te TO BE CO

> THE BEART By Maurice

Mr. Washburne Mr. Washburne alone in the wor passed away five Christmas of 1901. Laura, had marrie try gentleman, an folk. His wife's t was crowned with figure of Annihilat tist who had succe face of this wonde ture express only ton had been an Ag after her death, the Unitarian; and h towards this by the

ton : "To be still teac know by what we k truth to truth as w golden rule in th metic, and makes the Church, not ward union of co wardly divided mi

Milton's words, t tarians as one of t scem to lead hi fashionable Boston nihilation, Nirvan cept; and as, at th retired from busi to think of in t possible fate in t ane distasteful t death ; England went into a bac York, and t lier than over. H prose, in a sy Marcus Aurelius became lonelier favorite Unitaria

through the mellow dusk to explore every creek and bend of the shore, in

We anchored just in front of the

duor of the house where Morgenstern

longing and regret. It was haunted by sad, sweet memories of some untold story of human life.

In the corner Falcener had put his signature, T. F., "Lurmone," 189-, and on the border of the picture be had aintly traced some words, which we made out at last-

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours."

Pierrepont took up the quotation and sompleted it-

completed it— * A spirit haunts the year's last hours, D welling and these yellowing bowers: To himself he talks; For at eventime. Hiscening earneedly. At his work you may hear him sob and sigh, In the waks; E wrthward he boweth the heavy stalks of the mouldering flowers; Hawily hangs the broad sunflower Over its grave if the earth so chilly; Heavily hangs the blyhock, Heavily hangs the blyhock, Heavily hangs the blyhock, Heavily hangs the tiger lify."

" That is very pretty poetry, gentle men," said Morgenstern, who had come in behind us, "but is it not a little vague? You like it, but you cannot tell exactly what it means. I find the same fault in the picture from my point of view. There is nothing in it to make a paragraph about, no anecdote, no ex-periment in technique. It is impossible persuade the public to admire a picture unless you can tell them prec the points on which they must fix their admiration. And that is why, although the painting is a good one, I should be ng to sell it at a low price." willi

He named a sum of money in three figures, so small that Pierreport, who often buys pictures by proxy, could not

conceal his surprise. "Certainly I should consider that a good bargain, simply for investment," said he. "Falconer's name alone ought to be worth more than that, ten years

to be worth more than that, ten years from now. He is a rising man." "No, Mr. Pierrepont," replied the dealer, "the picture is worth what I ask for it, for I would not commit the importance. impertinence of offering a present to you or your friend ; but it is worth no more. Falconer's name will not increase in value. The catalogue of his works is too short for fame to take much notice of it; and this is the last. Did you not hear of his death last fall? I do not wonder, for it happened at some place down on Long Island — a name that I never saw before, and have forgotten now. There was not even an obituary now.

in the newspapers." "And besides," he continued, after a pause, "I must not conceal from you

were a ghost. A haunted picture ! Why should it A haunted picture ! Why should it not be so? A haunted ruin, a haunted forest, a haunted ship— all these have been seen or imagined, and reported, and there are learned societies for investigating such things. Why should not a picture a ghost in it?

have a Mý My mind, in that curiously vivid state which lies between waking and sleeping, went through the form of careful reasoning over the question. If there may be some subtle connection between a house and the spirits of the people who have once lived in it—and hangin' men have believed this-why wise men have beneved this will should there be any impassible gulf be-tween a picture and the vanished lives out of which it has grown? All the human thought and feeling which have passed into it through the patient toil of art, remain forever embodied there. A picture is the most living and per hal thing that a man can leave be ad him. When we look at it we see hind him. what he saw, hour after hour, day afte day, and we see it through his mood and impression, coloured by his emotinged with his personality tion. if the spirits of the dead are Surely, Surely, if the spirits of the dead are not extinguished, but only veiled and hidden, and if it were possible by any means that their presence could flash for a moment through the veil, it would be most natural that they should

come back again to hover around the Judge Ledoux had come to Quantock work into which their experience and from the South during the war, and

bridge, and as I pushed the canoe be neath it, after supper, I felt the inde-finable sensation of having passed that way before. I knew beforehand what the little bost would drift into. The broad saffron light of evening fading over a still lagoon; two converging lines of pine trees running back into the sunset; a grassy point upon the right; and behind that a neglected

garden, a tangled bower of honeysuckle a straight path bordered with box leading to a deserted house with a high box, white-pillared porch-yes, it was Lar-In the morning I went up to the vilage to see if I could find trace of my

artist's visit to the place. There was poems. no difficulty in the search, for he had been there often. The people had plenty of recollections of him, but no

real memory, for it seemed as if none o them had really known him. "Queer kinder fellov," said wrinkled old bay nan with whom walked up the sandy road; "I seen him a good deal round here, but t'wan't like havin' any 'quantance with him. He allus kep' himself to himself, pooty much. Used ter stay round 'Squire Ladoo's place most o' the time-keepin'

comp'ny with the gal I guess. Lar-mone? Yaas, that's what they called it, but we don't go much on fancy names down here. No, the painter names down here. No, the painter didn' 'zactly live there, but it 'mounted to the same thing. Las' summer they was all away, house shet up, painter round all the time. 's if he hangin' round all the time, 's if he looked fur 'em to come back any minnit. Purfessed to be paintin', but I don' see's he did much. Lived up to Mort Halsey's ; died there too ; year ago this fall. Guess Mis' Halsey can tell ye most of any one 'bout him." At the boarding house (with wide, low perandas, now forsaken by the sum-

low verandas, now forsaken by the sum mer boarders), which did duty for a village inn, I found Mrs. Halsey; a notable housewife, with a strong taste for ancestry, and an uncultivated world of romance still brightening her soft brown eyes. She knew all the threads in the story that I was following ; and the interest with which she spoke made it evident that she had often woven them together in the winter evenings

on patterns of her own. Jadge Ledoux had come to Quantock

cane part of him, but where has he carried them now? Falconer's little library was an un-

always kind and pleasant.

malaria, but it seemed to me more like

a trouble in the throat, a kind of dumb

but there didn't seem to be any, except the Ledoux, and they were out of reach. So we sent the picture up to our cousin in Brooklyn, and it sold for about enough to pay Mr. Falconers

he left of any value, except a few books; perhaps you would like to look at them, if you were his friend?

" I never saw any one that I seen

wouldn't break. "And oh !-I forgot to tell you; a

week after he was gone there was a notice in the paper that Claire Ledoux

and they

look at the books ?"

He was

studied choice, and gave a hint of his character. There was a New Testament in French, with his name written in a slender, woman's hand ; three or four volumes of stories, Cable's "Old " Kentucky Creole Days," Allen's "Kentuck Cardinal," Page's "In Old Virginia, and the like; "Henry Esmond" an and miel's "Journal" and Lamartine's Raphael;" and a few volumes of poetry, smong them one of Sidney Lanier's and one of Tennyson's earlier

There was also a little morocco bound book of manuscript notes. This I begged permission to carry away with me, hoping to find in it something which would throw light upon my picture, perhaps even some message to be carried, some hint or suggestion of something which the writer would fain have had done for him, and which I pronised myself faithfully to perform, as a test of an imagined friendshipimagined not in the future, but in the

impossible past. I read the book in this spirit, searching its pages carefully, through the long afternoon, in the solitary cabin of boat. There was nothing at first but an ordinary diary ; a record of the work and self-denial of a poor student Then came the date of his first of art. visit to Larmone, and an expression of the pleasure of being with his own people again after a lonely life, and and some chronicle of his occupations there, studies for pictures, and idle days that were summed up in a phrase: "On the bay," or "In the woods."

After this the regular succession of dates was broken, and there followed a few scraps of verse, irregular and un finished, bound together by the thread of a name-" Claire among her Roses." "A Ride through the Pines with Claire," An Old Song of Claire's," "The Blue Flower in Claire's Eyes."

It was not poetry, but such an uncon-scious tribute to the power and beauty of poetry as unfolds itself almost in-evitably from youthful love, as natur-ally as the blossoms unfold from the apple trees in May. If you pick them they are worthless. They charm only

age and resistance: only a mistake made in the darkness, and under the guidance of what seemed a true and noble motive; a failure to see the right path at the right moment, and a long wandering beyond it; a word left un-spoken until the ears that should have heard it are sealed, and the tongue that

should have spoken it is dumb. The soft sea fog clothed the night with clinging darkness; leaves hung slack and motionless from the trees, waiting for their fall; the tense notes of the surf beyond the sandthe damp air dunes vibrated through like chords from some mighty large, warm drops wept from the arbour while I sat in the garden, holding the poor little book, and thinking of the white blot in the record of a life that

was too proud to bend to the happiness that was meant for it. There are men like that: not many perhaps, but a few; and they are the ones who suffer most keenly in this world of half understanding and clouded

knowledge. There is a pride, honor-able and sensitive, that imperils the realization of love, puts it under a spell of silence and reserve, makes it sterile

of blossoms and impotent of fruits. For what is it, after all, but a subtle, spiritual worship of self? And what was Falconer's resolve not to tell this girl that he loved her until he had won fame and position, but a secret, uncon-scious setting of himself above her? For surely, if love is supreme, it does not need to wait for anything else to lend it worth and dignity. The very sweetness and power of it lie in the con-fession of one life as dependent upon another for its fulfilment. It is made The very It is the strong in its very weakness. It is the only thing, after all, that can break the

prison bars and set the heart free from The pride that hinders it, entself. slaves it. Love's first duty is to be true to itself, in word and deed. Then having spoken truth and acted verity, it may call on honor to keep it pure and

steadfast. If Falconer had trusted Claire, and showed her his heart without reserve, snowed her his heart without reserve, would she not have understood him and helped him? It was the pride of in-dependence, the passion of self reliancy that drew him away from her and divided his heart from hers in a dumb isolation. But Claire-was not she also

that religion wa declared that more faith ; but i did he find in the

or the speculativ One evening, 1 ped into the cath door. People noticed the tall the closely trim who stood so e not to kneel-in autumn afterno him, and, by de cool and silent further and furt and there he st that small point which all things to converge. H "If I could

heart, I could ! he said, as he burne Bolton W osophy, and he ance of the vu mysteries of the no sacred meani

He turned aw of silence. Th ashamed ; and c him, he made "To the unl

apologetically Aurelius, if he this same thing He did not I frock too thin f straw hat with flowers, who ha frock was faded elbows, which isn Novemb crept up just elbows, which made a forlorn blue eyes almoness, and the the cloud of re low her hat. as he started a he was forced great furnitur little brougha up Fifth Ave

he saw her fo just before th