

EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED. THE OLD HOME.

"And Mr. Rowan wished to make a Catholic of you?" Mr. Yorke said, his lip beginning to curl.

The child lifted her head. "Mr. Rowan had nothing to say about me," she replied. "It was my mother."

A slight smile went round the circle. They quite approved of her reply.

"But you cannot recollect your mother?" Mr. Yorke continued.

"Oh! yes," Edith said with animation. "I remember how she looked, and what she said. She made me hold up my hands, and promised that I would be a Roman Catholic if I had to die for it. And that was the last word she ever said."

Mr. Yorke gave a short nod. To his mind the matter was settled. "N'est ce pas?" he said to his wife.

She bowed gravely. "There is no other word so given. When she is older she can choose for herself."

"Well, you hear, girls?" Mr. Yorke said, looking at his daughters. "Now take her, and make her feel at home."

Miss Yorke was dignified and inscrutable, Hester unmistakably cold, but Clara took her cousin's hand with the utmost cordiality, and was leading her from the room, when Edith stopped short, her eyes attracted by a cabinet portrait in oils that stood on a shelf near the door. This portrait represented a young man, with one of those ugly, beautiful faces which fascinate us, we know not why. Careless, profuse locks of golden brown clustered around his head, steady, gray-colored eyes followed the beholder wherever he went, and seemed at once defying him to escape and entreating him not to go, and the sunshine of a hidden smile softened the curves of the mouth and chin.

Edith's eyes sparkled, her face grew crimson, and she clasped her hands tightly on her breast.

"That is your father's portrait, my dear?" Mrs. Yorke said, going to her. "Do you recognize it?"

The child restrained herself one moment, then she ran to the picture, clasped her arms around it, and kissed it over and over, weeping passionately. "It is mine! It is mine!" she cried out, when her aunt tried to soothe her.

"You are right, dear?" Mrs. Yorke said, much affected. "I am sure no one will object to your having the portrait. You may take it to your own chamber, if you wish."

Edith controlled herself, wiped her eyes, and put the picture down. "Dear Aunt Amy," she said, "you know I want it; but I won't take it unless you and Uncle Charles are quite willing."

It was quite touching, her first acknowledgment of kinship, and expression of trust and submission. They cordially assured her of their willingness, kissed her again in token of a closer adoption, and smiled after her as she went off with her father's portrait clasped to her heart.

Mellencamp and Hester still lingered. Mellencamp remembered faintly her Uncle Robert's marriage, and the disagreeable feeling in the family at that time. It had left on her mind a prejudice against "that Polish girl," and a shade of disfavor towards her daughter. But she said nothing.

"It will be so disagreeable having a Catholic in the family!" Hester complained.

"Hester, listen to me!" her father said severely. "I want no bigotry nor petty persecutions in my family. Your Cousin Edith has as good a right to her religion as you have to yours; and if either should find herself disagreeably situated, it is she, for she is alone. Don't forget this; and don't let there be anything offensive said, or hinted, or looked. I mean to be consistent, and let all others the same freedom which I claim myself. Now, let me hear no more of this."

Hester took refuge in tears. It was her sole argument. She was one of those soft creatures who required to be petted, and have a talent for being abused. Possibly, too, she was a little jealous of this new member of the family.

"Mellencamp, will you lead away this weeping nymph, and dry her tears?" the father said impatiently. "Common sense is too robust for her constitution."

The sisters went up stairs, and Edith followed them presently, and climbed to the cupola. Leaning on the window-sill, she looked off over the country. The horizon was a ring of low blue hills, with a grand smoky tint glittering to tell where the sea lay. Through the center of this vast circle glistened the river, silver, and gold, and steel-blue, and the white houses of the town lay like a heap of lilies scattered on its banks. Everything else was forest.

Shadows of varying thought swept over the young man's face as he looked off, and drew freer breath from the distance. "Henceforth my shield must bear a martlet," he muttered. "But whether shall I fly?"

That was the problem he was studying. He had come to this place only to see his family settled, and collect his own thoughts after their sudden fall from prosperity; then he would go out into the world, and work his own way. It was not pleasant, the chance from that life of leisure and lofty work which he had planned, to one where compulsory labor for mere bread must occupy the greater part of his time, but it was inevitable. And as he looked away, now and then, the fresh air that came frolicsome out of the northwest, and remembered how wide the world is, and how many veins in it are wrought, his young courage rose, and the plans he had been building up for that year crumbled and ceased to excite his regret.

Only a few months before their change of circumstances, his mother had been won to consent that he might visit Asia. He had meant to go north, south, east and west, in that shabby, glorious old land, make himself for the nonce Tartar, Chinese, Indian, Persian, what not, and get a look at creation through the eyes of each. This young man's sympathies were by no means narrow. He had never been able to believe that God smiles with peculiar fondness on any particular continent, island, peninsula, or part of either, and is but a step-father to the rest of the world. He was born with a hatred of barriers. He sympathized with Swift, who "hated all nations, professions, and communities, and gave all his love to individuals." Or, better than Swift, he had at least a theoretical love for mankind unfeigned. He did not have to learn to love, that came naturally to him; he had to learn to hate. But he was a good hater. Take him all in all, Carl Owen Yorke was at twenty-one a noble, generous youth, of good mind and an unshaken reputation; and it was no proof of excessive vanity to say that he believed himself capable of taking any position he might strive for.

"My dear Minerva tells me that I have in me some of the elements of failure," he said. "I wonder what they are?"

This "dear Minerva" was Miss Alice Mills, Mr. Robert Yorke's deserted fiancée. She and Owen were very close friends. It was one of those friendships which sometimes grow up between a woman whose youth is past and a youth whose manhood has scarcely arrived. Such a friendship may effect incalculable or incalculable harm, as the woman shall choose.

"Well," he concluded, not caring to puzzle over the riddle, "she will explain, I suppose, when she writes. And if anybody can get at the cube-root of the difficulty, she can."

Meantime, while the son was musing, and the daughters selecting their chambers, and making up a toilet for Edith, Mr. Yorke had sent for Patrick Ochester in the sitting room, and was questioning him concerning Catholic affairs in Boston. They did not seem to be in a flourishing condition.

"There was no priest settled there, Patrick said; but one came over from B— once in two months, and said Mass for them. They had no church yet, but a little chapel, what there was left of it."

"What do you mean by that?" his master asked.

"Why, sir, some of the Boston rowdies got into the chapel, one night, not long ago, and smashed the windows, and broke up the tabernacle, and destroyed the pictures entirely. And they twisted off the crucifix, though it was of iron, two inches wide and half an inch thick. The devil must have helped the man that did it, sayin' your presence, ma'am."

"Are they vandals here?" demanded Mr. Yorke.

"There are some fine folks in Boston," said Pat, who did not know what vandals are.

"But the rowdies have everything pretty much their own way."

"And is there no law in the town?" asked Mr. Yorke wrathfully.

"There's a good many lawyers," said Pat, scratching his head.

"You mean to say that there was no effort made to discover and punish the perpetrators of such an outrage?" exclaimed Mr. Yorke.

"Indeed there was not, sir," Pat answered. "People know pretty well who did the mischief, and that the fellow that broke off the crucifix was taken bleeding at the lungs just before he was shot. It wouldn't be well for the one who would lift his voice against the Boston rowdies. Why, some of 'em belong to as wealthy families as there are in town. They began with a cast-iron band years ago, and everybody laughed at 'em. All the harm they did was to wake people out of sleep. Then they broke up a lecture. It was a Mr. Fowle, from Boston, who was preaching about education. And then they did a little mischief here and there to people they didn't like, and now they are too strong to put down. And, indeed, sir, when it's against the Catholics they are, nobody wants to put 'em down."

Mr. Yorke glanced at his wife. She did not look up or deny Patrick's charges. She was a little ashamed of the character of her native town in that respect; for at that time Boston was notorious for its lawlessness, and was even proud of its reputation. No great harm had been done, they said. It was only the boy's fun. They were sorry, it is true, that a respectable lecturer should have been insulted; but that a Catholic chapel should be desecrated, that was nothing. They did not give it a second thought.

"Well, Patrick," Mr. Yorke resumed, "my niece, Miss Edith Yorke, is a Catholic, and I wish her to have proper instructions, and to attend to the services of her church when there is opportunity. Let me know the next time your priest comes here, and I will call to see him. Now you go."

Enough is not only as good as a feast, it is better; and a little less than enough is better yet. How dear is that affection in which we have something to forgive! How charming is that beauty when the defects serve as indices to point out how great the beauty is! How wholesome is that salt of labor which gives a taste to leisure! For since the time of Eve, the pot of perfection, save with God, has been the point of decay; and profuse wealth has often deprived its possessor of great riches.

What we arrive at by this preamble is that the Yorkes had been unconsciously suffering from theopathy of satisfied wants, and were now delighted to find that comparative poverty brings many a pleasure in its train.

"Mamma," Clara exclaimed, "do believe there is a certain pleasure in making the best of things."

It was the morning after their arrival, and the young woman was standing in a chair, driving a nail to hang a picture on. She had begun by gazing at sight of the wall, a white stucco painted over with brown flower-pots, holding blossoming roses. But the cord of the frame matched those roses, and in some unexplained way the picture looked well on that background.

Mrs. Yorke, looking on, smiled at the remark. "There is a very certain pleasure in it, my dear," she said; "and I am glad that you have found it out."

Clara considered, gave the nail another blow, and contemplated it with her head on one side. It was an engraving of La Bruin's picture of Alexander at the camp of Darius. "Mamma," she began again, "I think that Alexander the Great ought to have had another name after the adjective."

"What name, child?"

"Goose!" Why didn't he, instead of crying for more words to conquer, try to get at the inside of the one he had conquered the hawk out? Why didn't he study botany, geology, and—poetry?"

"You are right, Clara," the mother replied. "Excess is always blinding. Why, we might have our whole house covered with morning-glories, yet never see the little silver tree that stands down in the garden of light at the bottom of each."

Clara clasped her hands with delight. "But fancy the house covered from top to bottom with morning-glories all in bloom! It would be magical!"

"Fancy yourself falling out of that chair," suggested Mrs. Yorke.

The girls' heads down, and walked thoughtfully toward the door. "How odd it is," she said, pausing on the threshold, and looking back; "I never see one truth, but immediately I perceive another looking over its shoulder. And the last is greater than the first."

"It is perhaps an example of truth which you see at first," Mrs. Yorke said. "And afterward you perceive the truth itself."

Clara went slowly toward the stairs, and her mother listened after her, expecting to hear some philosophical remark flung down over the battens. Instead of that, she heard a loud call to Betsy that the hens and chickens were all in the parlor, some of them laughing at the scene of their violent expulsion, then a clear lark-song as Clara finished her ascent.

Up-stairs, Mellencamp and Hester were busy and cheerful, quiet, too, till Clara came. She soon opened her eyes, and sounds of eager discussion came down to their mother's ears. They were laying plans for the summer. They would have company down from Boston, and when winter came, would each in turn visit the city. They would have more

help in the house; and, in order to pay for it, would write for publication. Every one else wrote; why not they? Indeed, Mellencamp had appeared in print, a friendly editor having taken, with thanks, some sketches she had written between dinner and opera. "What is worth printing is worth paying for," she said now; "and I shall feel no reluctance in announcing that in future my Feagans runs for a purse."

Clara had never been before the public; but she had resums of paper written over with stories, poems, plays, and seven sermons. She caught fire at everything, and, in the first excitement, dashed off some crude composition, but seldom or never went over it coolly. Mellencamp, to whom alone she showed her productions, had discouraged her. "You are like Nick Bottom, and insist on doing everything," she said. "It is a sign of incompetence."

Miss Yorke was one of those hyper-fastidious persons who establish a reputation for critical ability simply by finding fault with everything. Clara, on the contrary, was supposed to have a defective taste, because she was always admiring, and searching out hidden beauties.

But now at least Mellencamp condescended to admit that her sister might be able to accomplish something in a small way, and it was agreed that they should broach the subject to the assembled family that very evening.

At this encouragement, Clara rejoiced. "You see," she exclaimed, "I've been afraid that I might gradually grow into one of those lugubrious Dorcas who go round laying everybody out."

Edith, following her aunt and cousin about, rejoiced in everything. To her, this house, with its rat-holes and its dingy paint and plaster, was superb. The space, the sunshine, the air of elegance in spite of defects, the gentle voices and ways, all enchanted her. She found herself at home. Her own room was the last bubble on her cup of joy. They had given her the middle chamber over the front door, with a window opening out on to the portico, and each of the family had contributed some article of use or adornment. Mrs. Yorke gave an alabaster statuette of the Blessed Virgin, Mr. Yorke a Donsy Bible, Mellencamp an engraving of the Sistine Madonna where Edith's first waking glance would fall upon it, Clara gave an olive wood crucifix from Jerusalem, with a shell for holy water, Hester brought an ivory rosary, and Carl a medal in Latin and French, which she must learn to read, he said.

They covered the floor with a soft Turkey carpet, set up a little iron bed, and draped it whitely, and put a crimson valance over the lace curtain of her window. The sisters worked sweetly and harmoniously in fitting up this bower for their young cousin, and were pleased to see her delight in what to them were common things. When she gratefully embraced each one, and kissed her on both cheeks, they felt more than repaid. Clara blushed up with pleasure at her cousin's caress.

"The little gypsy has taking ways," Carl thought; and he said, "If you kiss Clara that way many times, she will have roses grow in her cheeks."

Then Edith went down-stairs to her aunt, and Carl went out to assist his father.

Mr. Yorke was no exception to the general cheerfulness. He found himself more interested, while planning his summer's work with Patrick, than he had ever been while engaged in the finest landscape gardening, with an artist at his orders. Early in the morning he had captured two boys who were loitering about, and they willingly engaged themselves for the day to pick up wheel-barrow loads of small stones, and throw them into the mud of the avenue.

"Mr. Yorke has got himself into business," Patrick remarked to Carl. "That avenue has a wonderful appetite of its own."

Carl repeated this observation to his father. "And I think Pat is right," he added. "See how complacently that mud takes in all you throw to it. It seems to smile over the last load of pebbles."

Mr. Yorke put up his eye-glasses. He always did that when he wished to intensify a remark or a glance. "I intend to make these avenues solid, if I have to upset the whole estate into them," he remarked.

Mrs. Yorke sat in a front window holding an embroidery-stand, and Edith occupied a stool at her feet. The child had told all her story; her recollections of her mother, her life with the Rowans, of Captain Carv, and her ring. But of Mr. Rowan's burial she said nothing. That was to remain a secret with those who had assisted.

When Mrs. Yorke occasionally dropped her work, and sat looking out at her husband and son, Edith caressed the hand lying idly on that glowing wool, and held her own slender brown fingers beside those fair ones, for a contrast. She could not enough admire her aunt's snowdrop delicacy, rich hair, and soft eyes.

Mr. Yorke was too much engrossed to notice his wife; but Carl looked up now and then for a glance and smile.

"Do you recollect anything that happened when you were a little girl, Aunt Amy?" Edith said.

"The lady smiled and sighed in the same breath. 'I was this moment thinking of a tea-party I had on that large rock you can just see at the flat. I had heard my father read *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and my fancy was captivated by it. So I invited Titania, Oberon, and all the fairies and they came. It was an enchanting banquet. The plates were acorn-cups, the knives and forks were pine needles, the cakes were white pebbles, and we drank drops of dew out of moss vases."

"I've read that play too," Edith said brightly. "Mr. Rowan had it. And I read about Ariel. But I didn't like Caliban nor Bottom, and I think it was a shame to chat Titania so. Do you remember anything else?"

"Yes. When I was five or six years old, my father brought home a new map of the State of Maine, and hung it on that wall opposite. It was bright and shining, and had the name in great letters across the whole. My father held me up before it in his arms, and told him what the great letters spelt. How I tried not so much for the silver, though I wanted it, as for the honor of success, and to please my father. But I couldn't make less than two syllables of it. To me M, A, I, N, E, spelt Maine. But my father gave me the quarter. I suppose he thought that the language, and not I, was at fault."

"I don't see why letters should be put into words when they are not needed there," Edith remarked. "I would like to have them left out. It makes a bother, and takes time."

The child did not know that she was uttering revolutionary sentiments, and that the reddest of red republicanism lurked in her speech.

Mr. Yorke mused over her embroidery, set a golden siskin in a violet, drew it too tightly, and had to loosen it.

"Oh!" Edith exclaimed, her memory catching on that thread. "That makes me recollect that I knifed a tight strip into the heel of Mrs. Rowan's stocking, and I can see just

how it looked. But I didn't know it then."

There was a sound of wheels, and Mrs. Yorke looked up to see a carriage drawn by a pair of greys coming up the avenue. Major Cleveland had lost no time in calling on his neighbors.

Mr. Yorke went down to meet his visitor, the road being too pentential for travel, and the two walked up together. They had known each other by sight in Boston, where the major spent his winters, but had no further acquaintance. Now they met cordially, and stood a while talking in the portico before going in to see the ladies. Major Cleveland was fresh-faced, pleasant-looking, and rather pompous in manner. A deep crease on his brow proclaimed him a widower. Indeed, Mrs. Cleveland had not long survived young Mrs. Yorke, and the two had, ere this, let us hope, amicably settled the question of precedence.

The visit was an agreeable one to all, though it was evident that the visitor felt more at ease with the ladies than with his host. He was slightly disconcerted by Mr. Yorke's piercing eyes, aquiline nose, and emphatic mode of speech, and on the whole found him too dominant in manner. It appeared that there were to be two lords in Boston instead of one.

We doubt if the most amiable of Bengal lions would be altogether pleased at seeing his proper jungle invaded by even the politest of Nubian lions, and we may be pretty sure that the lioness would hear in private more than one remark detrimental to the dignity of that odious black monster with his desert manners. And in return, it is not unlikely that the African desert-king might sneer at his lawyer brother as rather an effeminate creature. It is not the lionesses alone who have their rights. Certain it is that, when Major Cleveland had gone, and the ladies chose to praise him very highly, Mellencamp pronounced him to be a superior person. Mr. Yorke saw fit to greet the remark with one of his most disagreeable smiles.

"Don't you think so, papa?" asks Mellencamp.

"He has intellectual power, but no intellectual power," answered "papa" most decidedly. "He has glimmerings."

But for all that, the call was a pleasant one, the gentleman lingering half an hour, and then going with reluctance. The presence of Edith had caused him a momentary embarrassment. He was not sure that it would be delicate to remember having ever seen her before, and yet her smiling eyes seemed to expect a recognition. But Mrs. Yorke brought her forward immediately. "Edith tells me you are an acquaintance," she said, "and that you have been very kind to her."

Before going, Major Cleveland placed his paws in the meeting house at their disposal, and offered to send a carriage for them the next morning. "I have two of the best pews in Dr. Martin's church," he said, "and since my boys went away to school, there has been no one but myself to occupy them. There is room in each for six persons; and I sit in one, and put my hat in the other. Of course, we look like two asses in red velvet desert. Do come, ladies, and make a garden of the place."

They all went out to the portico with him when he took leave, and he went away charmed with their cordiality, and with several new ideas in his mind. One of the first effects of this enlightenment was that the major appeared at meeting the next day without a crape on his hat.

It was a fatiguing day, that Saturday; but at sunset their labors were over, all but arranging the books. The boxes containing them Mr. Yorke had brought into the sitting-room after tea, and the young people assisted him. He classified his library in a way of his own. Metaphysical works he placed over science, since "metaphysics is only physics etherealized," he said. One shelf, named the Beehive, was filled with epigrams and satires. History and fiction were indiscriminately mingled. Mr. Yorke liked to quote Fielding—"pages which some dull authors have been facetiously pleased to call the history of England."

There are certain time-honored lies which every intelligent and well-informed person is expected to be familiar with," he said. "Not to know Hume, De Foe, Fox, Corvantes, Froude, Le Sage, etc., argues one's self un-known."

In a corner of the case was the Olympus where Mr. Yorke's special intellectual favorites were placed—among them Boileau, Carlyle, Emerson and Theodore Parker. "They are five pagans," he said of the two last.

Mrs. Yorke mused in the chimney-corner, her head resting on her hand, the shoulder-strap flung over her arm, and her feet tucked up by a table looking over William Blake's illustrations of Blair's *Grave*—a set of plates that had just been sent from England. The daughters took books from the boxes, and called their names; Carl, mounted on steps, placed the apparatus; and Mr. Yorke did everything they did, and more. He scolded, ordered, commented, and now and then opened a book, read a passage, or gave an opinion of the author.

"Don't put Robert Browning beside Crashaw!" he cried out. "You might as well put Luther beside St. John."

"Why, I thought you admired Browning, papa," Mellencamp said.

"So do; but half his interest is phosphorescent. It is a spiritual decay and the lightnings of a superb mind. But Crashaw's an angel. Edith must read him."

Looking at such a library, a Catholic remembers well that the serpent still coils about the tree of knowledge, hisses in the rustling of it, and roams many a blossom with his breath. Worse yet, though the antidote is near, few or none take it. Those for whom slanders against the church are written, never read the refutation. How many who read in Motley's *Dutch Republic* that absolutism were sold in Germany at so many ducats for each crime, the most horrible crimes, either committed or to be committed, having an easy price—how many of those readers ask if it be true, or glance at a page which disproves the slander? Who on reading Prescott looks to the other side to see exposed his insinuations, his false deductions from true facts? How many of those countless thousands who have been nurtured on the calumnies of Peter Parley, drawing them in from their earliest childhood, have ever read a page on which his condemnation is written? And later, in the periodical literature of the day, with a thousand kindred attacks, how many of those who, within a few months, have read in the *Atlantic Monthly* Mrs. Child's impertinent article on Catholicism and Buddhism, stopped to see that her argument, such as it was, was directed less against the church than against Christianity itself? Or looked in Marshall's *Christian Missions* to find that the resemblance is simply a reflection of the early labors of the only missionaries who have ever influenced Asia—the faint echoes of the voice of one crying in the wilderness?

But it is vain to multiply names. "The trail of the serpent is over them all." The books in their places, Mr. Yorke seated himself to look over a casket of precious coins and rings. "Wouldn't you think that papa was dreaming over some old love-tokens

his boyhood?" whispered Clara to her brother.

Her father had fallen into a dream over an old ring with a Latin poem in it; and what he saw was this: a blue sky, jewel-blue, over Florence, in whose hair, says Vasari, "lies an immense stimulus to aspire after fame and honor." He saw a superb garden, peopled with sculptured forms, and three men standing before an antique marble. It is Bertoldo, Donatello's pupil, young Michael Angelo, and Lorenzo de' Magnifico, the glory of Florence, whose face all the people and all the children love; and they are waiting in the gardens of San Marco, the art-treasury of the Medici. Farther off, moving slowly under the trees, with his hands behind his back, and his eagle face bent in thought; is the learned and elegant Poliziano. Suddenly he pauses, a smile flashes across his face, he brings his hands forward to clap them together, and goes to meet the three who have respected his seclusion. "How now, Poliziano," laughs the duke, "do we not deserve to hear the result of those musings which we were so careful not to intrude upon?" And the scholar, whose epigrams no less than his Greek and his translations are the pride of the court, bows lowly, and repeats the very poem engraved on this ring over which Mr. Yorke now dreams in the nineteenth century, in the woods of Maine, in April weather.

The bright Italian picture faded. Mr. Yorke sighed and put the magical ring away, and took up a volume of Villemain's *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, turning the leaves idly.

Mellencamp made a slight movement, and begged to be heard. "We girls have been talking matters over to-day," she said, "and would like to submit our plans to you. We have divided the house-work into three parts, which we take in rotation. One is to be lady-maid and companion for mamma, another is to make the beds and dust all the rooms, and the third will set the table, wash the china and silver, and trim the lamps."

Mr. Yorke looked up quickly as his daughter began, but immediately dropped his eyes again, and sat with a flushed face, frowning slightly. It was his first intimation that his daughters had not only lost society and luxury, but that their personal ease was gone. They would have to perform menial labors.

"I think your arrangement a very good one, Mellencamp," Mrs. Yorke replied tranquilly. She had all the time seen the necessity. "But the post of lady-maid will be a sinecure. However, let it stay. It will be a time of leisure for each."

"Cannot Betsy do the work?" Mr. Yorke asked sharply.

"Why, papa?" Clara cried out, "Betsy can scarcely spare time out of the kitchen to do the sweeping. When we come to making butter, we girls will have to help in the fine ironing."

"I can churn!" Mr. Yorke exclaimed desperately.

"My dear!" expostulated his wife.

"I churned once when I was a boy," he protested; "and the butter came."

They all laughed, except Betsy, who affectionately embraced her father's arm. "Why shouldn't the butter come when you churn, dear papa?" she asked.

"You must have been in very good humor, sir," said Carl slyly.

"We don't mean to do this sort of work long," Mellencamp resumed. "There is no merit in doing servile work, if one can do better. Clara and I will write and so pay for extra help. I think—very indulgently—that with practice Clara may make something of a writer. I shall write a volume of European travels. On the whole, looking at our reverses in this light, they seem fortunate. Living here in quiet, we can accomplish a literary labor for which we should never otherwise have found time."

"That is true," Mr. Yorke said; but his look was doubtful and troubled. "Still, Mellencamp, I would not have you too confident. I would advise you to try a story. It would be more likely to sell. Europe's *recherche* has become a drug in the market, and our experiences abroad were pretty much what those of others are. A vagabond adventurer would have a much better chance of catching public attention."

Edith gazed in awe at her companions. She was in the midst of people who would book! She saw them face to face. So might pretty Psyche have gazed when first her husband's celestial relatives received her, when she saw Juno among her parents, Minerva laying aside her helmet, Hebe pouring nectar. This, then, is Olympus!

"If you write a story, do take one suggestion from me, Mellencamp. Carl said, 'Pray give your hero and heroine brushes to dress their hair with. Have you observed that even the finest characters in books have to use a broom? The hair is always swept back.'"

Miss Yorke did not notice this triviality. She was looking rather displeased. "I don't want to discourage my daughter," her father went on. "But you must recollect that it is no thing to give a sketch to an editor who is a friend and dines with you, and another thing to offer him a book which is expected to pay for. Then he must look to the market and his reputation. Some of the finest writers in the world have described these very scenes which you would describe. Can you tell more of Rome than Madame de Staël has? Or paint a more enchanting picture of Capri than that of Hans Andersen? If not, you run the risk of reminding your reader of Sidney Smith's reply to the dull tourist who held out his walking-stick, boasting that it had been round the world. 'Yes; and still it is a stick!' says Sidney."

Miss Yorke held her head very high, and her color deepened. "I will then put my MS. into the fire," she said in a quiet tone, casting her eyes down.

Her father gave an impatient shrug. "Not at all!" he replied. "But you will take advice, and try to think you are not above criticism."

"Clara has an idea," Carl interposed. He had been bending over some papers with his younger sister. "She also turns to travel, but very modestly. She calls them gleanings, and her motto is from De Quincy: 'Not the flowers are for the pole, but the pole is for the flowers.' Here is the preface. Shall I read it?"

"Oh! I am afraid of papa!" Clara cried, blushing very much. But Mr. Yorke, who only now learned that his second daughter was also a scribbler, laughingly promised to be lenient, and she suffered herself to be persuaded. They all looked kindly on her, even Mellencamp in spite of her own mortification; and Carl read:

"I do not presume to write a volume descriptive of European travel. Many, great and small, have been in that field, some repeating what others have said, and some leaving it to those who have gathered a few new things which no one valued, seeing them there, but which some one may, it fortune favor, smile at, since they grew there. One such might say: 'You're but a weed; but you grew in a thicket of crumbling history; I know where, for I measured the arch, and sketched the colon-

ade. And I recognize the green leaves of you, and the silver thread of a roof, with a speck of rich old soil clinging to it. And, a propos, I saw there a child asleep in the shade, with a group of spotted yellow lilies standing guard, as if they had sprung up since, and because she had closed her eyes, and might change to a group of tigers if you should go too near. She had long eyelashes, and she smiled in her sleep."

"I do not claim to be an artist, O traveller reader! but I stretch a hand to touch the artist."

"That isn't bad!" Mr. Yorke said immediately. "And your motto is very pretty. I am glad to have you familiar with De Quincy. He is good company. He is a man who does not overlook delicate hints, and he is respectful and just to children. He annoys me sometimes by a weak irony, and by explaining too much; but I repeat he is good company."

Immediately Clara passed from the deep to the heights. Her bosom heaved, her eyes flashed: she felt herself famous.

"Now let us hear a chapter of the gleanings," said her father.

"Why, I haven