

## DEDICATION.

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For—be it known to you—I love to write for the work's own sake, and write I must till the night cometh, whether any read me or no. If, indeed, you love that which I indite, I rejoice like a mother whose bairns are praised. But if you like my scribings not—well, pass; at least I was entirely happy when I wrote them. I did my best with every page, slaving late and early like a man diligent at a beloved handicraft—even if, in the words of the kindly mathematician, “my best is not very good.”

And last of all, I can always have the comfort of saying, cheerily as may be, “We shall do better next time,” even as Braddock did when they were carrying him, dying after defeat, from the banks of the fatal Monongahela.

S. R. CROCKETT.