

## The Murder of Abel.

My muse by no means deals in fiction;  
She gathers a repertory of facts,  
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,  
But mostly traits of human things and acts.

—DON JUAN.

AT the close of a long theatrical season we actors welcome the opportunity to betake ourselves to remote places for long draughts of fresh air and immunity from rehearsals, which, in my case, have been of almost daily occurrence. We seek a spot whose environments shall allay the feverish unrest of the season's work, and where, with pipe and recreation of individual freedom of selection, we can dream and refresh and expand our ideals. But, however much we may desire, we cannot get away from the dramatic side of life.

As I gaze, dreamily, through the half-open door of my rugged old cottage or lie idly upon the deck of my weather schooner, "The Stroller," and allow my eyes to roam over the length of the lovely coast line which stretches far away into the gray distance, fanciful dreams of by-gone days and long-forgotten dwellers on this old Island steal o'er me.

With half shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling to sleep in a sad half-dream.

Only last night, while over the cup with cheers, but does not inebriate and the pipe that soothes, the oldest inhabitant happened to drop in, in a friendly way. This was no less a personage than Joe Brown, whose well authenticated age is one hundred and three, still hale and hearty, and he delighted us with his ancient stories, also well authenticated, of "The Capes." After carefully removing the ashes from his pipe into the palm of his hand, and filling it from our keg of choice Virginia tobacco, which I grieve to say had eluded the vigilance of His Majesty's customs, but nevertheless delighted the dear old fellow, and taking a hot brand carefully from the log fire with the tongs and