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THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

"A report reached me in Australia," I said, "that he of them was likely to become Duchess of

"A report town was likely to become Leven." Izeven." "Wouldn't Lady Exborough have liked it!" said Oswald; "but it was a dead failure. On that subject, as on many others, Leven is peculiar; and I believe he confided to Mary that if the siege lasted he should have to leave the country." I laughed. "Then there was a siege? And who I laughed. "I select."

I laughed. "Then there was a siege? And who relieved it?" I asked. "Oh, I believe Lord Exborough stepped in and stopped proceedings; and Lady Florinda herself took alarm when Glenleven was founded, and the rumor spread that the duke was going to be a lay brother."

took alarm when Glenleven was founded, and the rumor spread that the duke was going to be a lay brother."
"What is Glenleven?" I asked. "Everyone talks of it, and no one tells me what or where it is."
"What, don't you know? It is a large tract of country just on the outskirts of Exborough Moor, where Leven has transplanted a community of Benedictines who fled from the tender mercies of Beastmark. He has built them a grand place, I believe ! I have not seen it, but by all accounts the church is a second Cluny. They farm the land, and have all manner of schools of art, carving and metal work; then there are the granite works opened hard by, all which things give occupation to Leven's colony of orphan boys and other select characters, out of whom he cherishes the design of creating a New Utopia."
I looked inquiringly.
"I really cannot tell you much more about it," continued Oswald; "but I think his small success at Bradford, or what he considers as such, has convinced him that reformation of society is somewhat a difficult undertaking unless you take your society in the cradle. And he has conceived the idea of a Christian colony, not beyond the Rocky Mountains, or in the wilds of Australia, but here in the heart of England, to be peopled by men and women of his own bringing up, who shall be protected from penny newspapers, be greatly given to plain chant, and wholly ignorant of the pothous."
"Well, I tell you, I have never seen the place. It is a termendously long drive, and killing for the horses. I gather my ideas of it chiefly from Knowles's talk, who would greatly like to be received as a monk—of course, under certain conditions."

"Well, you have excited my curiosity, and some day I shall try and see for myself," I replied; "but it sounds, as you say, uncommonly Utopian." We reached home, and for the rest of the evening

but my attention, I confess, would often wander away to thoughts of the chapel and Utopia.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW DUKE.

THE NEW DUKE. On the following Monday the Duke returned, and next day I received a brief note from him, begging me to come up to the Park, to dine and sleep, and begin the settlement of the Queensland business the following morning. I went up accordingly, was shown to my room, dressed and descended to the drawing-room, where for the best part of an hour I waited alone, but Leven appeared not. As I after-wards ascertained, the hour preceding dinner was the hour in the day he claimed for privacy, and no one then ever ventured to disturb him. At last the door opened, and he stood before me. I grasped his hand, and looked into his face, the same, and yet so altered. Aged not by ten but twenty years, no longer with the vigorous, ruddy bloom of five-and-twenty, but pale and transparent, and sweet beyond expression. I stammered out something about "waiting on his Grace," but at once he about "waiting on his Grace, "but at once he about "waiting on and me be always Grant and Aubrey."

be said ; "let you and me be always Grant and Aubrey."
We went into dinner. Remembering all I had heard of his eremitical habits, I was curious what there might be to notice, and I noticed nothing. There was no gold plate, certainly ; but neither was there any affectation of extravagant simplicity.
He talked of old times in Austrelia, and of Scotland, whence he had just returned, and of Homchester, where he had been inspecting some new engines for his mines. Oswald was right; he certainly had a liking for business.
After dinner we stepped out on the terrace.
"How delicious this is, after a week of Homchester; how it reminds me of that happy evening at the Grange, Jack, when you all made me so at home. I couldn't say the feeling it gave me to see your mother with her cap, and her crochet, and her your mother with her cap, and her crochet, and her sweet, motherly ways. It reminded me of my own dear mother. Do you know, I often go and have a talk to the old lady, that I may just look at that cap of hers: it's the most loyable thing in Oabham. wonder, I thought, that she considers him (No faultless). "You have been adding to the place since I was

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; and again the sweet, calm look returned. "All right, Jack : one must do one's best, and a sad mess the best is; but one must do it, and then leave it with God."

"And how about Glenleven? Is it true, Grant, that you are trying to create a Garden of Eden there, with all due precautions for shutting out the serpent?"

"If you mean the ale-house, yes," he answered. I suspect that is our English edition of the mon-ter."

"What! beer actually prohibited? My dear Grant, that will never pay; the Anglo-Saxon animal cannot live without it." "I believe he can't; but I don't go that length.

"What, then?" "Well, I try it this way: I engage the fellows to drink what they want at home at their own

drink what they want at home at their own houses." "But how can they get it to drink?" I asked. "Isn't there something about 'licensed to be drunk on the premises?" He looked a little timid, as although aware that he was confessing to a hobby. "I do it this way, Jack: they all have their rations. Every man at work on the place has his proper allowance, and it is sent him from the little tavern. But the tavern is in my own hands, and the fellow who keeps it has no license to sell beer or spirits on the premises."

premises." "Don't they evade your code of laws?" "Well, on the whole, no: but time alone can test

We walked up and down for a while in silence

We walked up and down for a while in silence. "I know, my dear Aubrey," at last he said, "that there's much to be said against it, as unreal, un-practical. Most men think me an ass, and I dare-say they are in the right of it. But to secure even a year, a month, a week of innocence is worth liv-ing for-at least that is how I see it." I felt touched at the humble, apologetic tone of the man who was speaking of what the world styled his crochet. "My dear Grant," I said, "who can doubt it? All I was thinking was, how far any private efforts can ever take the place of law and public opinion." "You "Your old stronghold!" he said, smiling. "You

were always the man for law and order. Just see here. Did you ever hear of Count Rumford?" "The stove-man," I replied; "of course. What of him?"

"The stove-man," I replaced; "of course. What of him?" "Stoves! that's all you know about him. He was Prime Minister to the Elector of Bavaria, and reformed everything. Munich was full of beggars, and no one knew how to getrid of them. Rumford (he was an American, you know,) got a lot of work-shops ready. Then, on a fixed day, he agreed with a dozen or so of officers and gentlemen to act with him, and he himself went into the street, and arrested a beggar. The others did the same, and they took the rogues to the government workshops, and offered them food and wages if they would work, and the pillory if they would not. The next day every beggar in Munich had surrendered, and the streets were free of them."

the streets were free of them." "I think I have heard that story before," I said: "and I think, also, that the government workshops were abolished by the next Elector, and the beggars

were abolished by the next Elector, and the beggars returned to their former wicked ways." "So much the worse for the Elector," said Leven, laughing at my sequel to his story. "Anyhow, Rumford carried his purpose his own way. That is what I like; none of your mendicity acts, and spread of education." "And yet, Leven, you might advance the good cause a precious deal in parliament?" "Might I? There are two opinions on that point," he said. "No, parliament, and committees, and public meetings, and associations are all glor-ious things no doubt, but they're not my line; they paralyze me. Let those who feel they can do good that way do it, and I give them my blessing; but I can only go one way to work, and that is straight ahead, and arrest my beggar." "Well, you must take me to your paradise some day," I said.

lay," I said. "That I will: we'll have a week there when all

"That I will; we'll have a week there when all the plaguing business is over. There are red deer on the moors, and otters in the river, if you have a taste that way, and it will be very jolly." Our conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance on the scene of a third party in the shape appearance on the scene of a third party in the shape of a merry fair-haired boy, who came running down the terrace to inform "Cousin Leven" that coffee was waiting; and as he turned to obey the sum-mons, the duke held him by the hand, and let him prattle away of all he had been doing or wanting to do while Cousin Leven was in Scotland. At last, as we approached the end of the terrace, the boy set off to announce our coming and Leven announced as we approached the end of the terrace, the boy set off to announce our coming, and Leven answered my look of inquiry. "Little Edward Wigram," he said; "you know Lady Mary died a Catholic– curions, waan't it?—and on her death-bed got her husband to promise that this child, at least, her youngest should be brought up in the faith. He couldn't refuse her; but when I heard it, I wrote and begged him to trust the child to me. You see, Aubrey, I have had the whole thing looked thor-oughly into. After me there is no male heir. The

your little niece, Mary, will be just the right stuff for a Delphine. Buch was Grant, as I found him after our ten years' separation. As simple, as boyish, as unarti-ficial as ever, but tenderer and gentler, with non-of the old asperity of tone and manner. As he said of his father, after his conversion, "the pride had gone out of him." What the process had been could not guess, but the result was not to be mis-take. The winding-up of our Queensland business was an affairs of time, and until it was finished I re-mained at Oakham. I gradually came to under stand more of my friend's habits of life, and the more I saw the more I wondered. He was literally worn down with the press of work and business was his dwo secretaries worked with him, and worked hard; but the burden was on his life, and it pressed heavily. The administration of a more than princely revenue, and its administration for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, was alone, or at Bradford, or within his own country, and his own immediate circle, did Leven pour out his charity watered the land through a thousand secret channels. I need not speak of them here; indeed who could net kto be known and done justice to, here so surrounded by the Siouz. Then while abe was accompanying him on the annual buffalo hunt that a tew of them became separated on here so surrounded by the Siouz. Then while the braves were gloomily avaiting the dawn whis the they decided to sell maned at Oakham. I gradulary came to inder stand more of my friend's habits of life, and the more I saw the more I wondered. He was literally worn down with the press of work and business. His two secretaries worked with him, and worked hard; but the burden was on his life, and it pressed heavily. The administration of a more than princely revenue, and its administration for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men, was his daily care and his daily cross. Not at Oakham alone, or at Bradford, or within his own country, and his own immediate circle, did Leven pour out his labor and his substance. The great floods of his charity watered the land through a thousand secret channels. I need not speak of them here; indeed, who could reckon them? for the trouble which others take to be known and done justice to, he spent to remain hidden. But I was witness to the amazing correspondence so faithfully discharged, to the patient investigation, day after day, of fresh applications (not always the most becoming, or the

applications (not always the most becoming, or the most reasonable), to the unaltered cheerfulness with which he chained himself to his allotted tasks, and made it his single thought "to give his life for his

Which they decided to sell their lives dearly, her woman's wit was busy devising the means of escape for herself and the one she loved. Know. ing that no mercy would be shown bim, she appeared before her lord laden down with the blood-stained hide did she divulge her plan. It was to cut the hide into strips, and knotting them together form a rope down which they could es-cape. It required but a few moments for the remaining horses to be dispatched, but once more she stopped forward and insisted upon only one rope being used. Her request was granted, and one after another the party reached the bottom in safety, and she alone remained above. Then, placing a knife between her testh, she commenced the perilous descent, stopping for a moment when about two thirds of the way down. Here she drew the knife swiftly across the rope, and, with a prayer to the Great Spirit, continued her doubly dangerous descent. made it his single thought "to give his life for his brethren." At Oakham it was one of his favorite objects to draw the young men of the neighborhood, rich and poor, around him, and make his house a centre. A little whimsical in all his ways he conceived the notion of making the volunteer rifle corps, of which he was colonel, an instrument of social reforma-tion. They had a portion of the park set apart for their exercises and rifle practice, and on certain days he had them to dinner, and on those occassions the dinner was always a great affair. Officers and privates he had them all together. "It is no bad thing the rifle uniform," he said; "it teaches the lads self-respect and courtesy." His house, with its galleries of art and library, his park, and his gardens were open to them on certain days, and during part of the day on Sundays, and among the formed a little society. "It cost me a good deal of thought, what we should make our bond of union," Me said to me, "but at last I hit on natural history." "What a fellow you are, Grant," I said; "how on earth does that keep them together?" a prayer to the Great Spirit, continued her doubly dangerous descent. The result was as she had expected, and for which she had risked her life. Knowing that many of her former kinsmen would doubtless follow the small band of footsore Grows, she knew they would take the same means to descend the cliff, and, unable to remove the rope, she weak-ened it where those on it would have no means of scenes. Early next morphis the Sinur discovered

chin, and, unable to remove the rope, she weak-ened it where those on it would have no means of escape. Early next morning the Sioux discovered their enemies had out-generaled them, and a short search revealed the tell tale rope. Each was anxious to be first in pursuit, and after seeing that the rope was securely fastened, the place of honor was given to the bravest warriors, who one after another followed their chief. All went well until they passed the place where the rope had been cut, when the combined weight of two or more caused it to snap, and they were hurled to death. Others were on the way down, but were doomed, for being unable to ascend the greasy rope they hung suspended between earth and sky until worn out nature could no longer stand the strain, and they, too, fell and died. The survivors clustered around the edge above them listening to their death songs, until the last voice was silent, and then they returned to their tepees too appalled by the catastrophe to make an immedi-ate pursuit. earth does that keep them together?" "The simplest thing in the world," he replied; started an Oakham museum. You remember t statuary hall of the Bradford collection?"

"I do, indeed—a good deal in the Adonis line." "Exactly; well, I dispersed a great lot of it. What in conscience I could present to the public I did present, and the rest Werner and I doomed to the hammer."

"You sold it?" "Not exactly, Jack; I should have had a scrupt

"Not exactly, Jack; I should have had a scruple of making money out of all those gods and god-desses; but we got half a dozen paupers out of the Exborough union, with good stout hammers, and in a week the divinities were well broken up, and laid down to form our new approach to the chapel. I assure you, I never take a turn along that road without a thrill of satisfaction." "Really, Grant, no wonder they call you 'ex-treme' in your notion." "Well, but listen : the room, emptied out of all that villary, we turned into our museum. Come and see it." And he led the way to the late hall of statuary. There were cases of stuffed birds and beasts,

appared by the catastrophe to make an immedi-ate pursuit. Owashus and Laughing Eyes thus escaped, and and evidently lived and died happily, for they are heard of no more in the legends of the nation, but the Butte that brought them into prominence stands as of yore, and is one of the attractions to sight seers at Grawford.

There were cases of stuffed birds and beasts, specimens of marble and granite from his Glen-leven quarries; coal fossils from Bradford, found and contributed by his miners; crystals from the Scottish mountains; and nuggets of gold from Aus-tralia. Moreover, here and there were some of the Roman antiquities, dug up in the camp hard by, which had first set in motion the brain of good old Edwards; and there were all manners of curiosi-ties, such as schoolboys prize, and which few but schoolboys are really found to appreciate—wasps' nests, and birds' nests, and dried snakes in bottles. "No greatest varieties, you see, but all our own collection; even the boys bring their quota, and that series of bees' and wasps' nests is a real curiosity." "And you think it answers?" "I think it does: every hour they give to this sort of thing is an hour stolen from the beer-shops; and, besides, it cultivates and makes them think. I have had a professor or two down here to give There were cases of stuffed birds and beasts

and, besides, it cultivates and makes them think. I have had a professor or two down here to give some lectures to the society. I choose my profes-sors myself, you know," he said, rather grimly; "and I can assure you they are not Darwins. Well, now, not very many, but a few of those lads have been thinking to good purpose, and form a class of instruction under Father Hubert. "What does Edwards say to that?" "Oh of course, he was rather savage about it at

DECEMBER 15, 1888.

DECEMBER 15, 1988, a moment, and then said, with a toes of her head and a sigh: "Sure a jounting car'll be good enough for me, if Damy has the reims." I returned at last to New York, thought about my Irish friends for a few months, and then ceased to think about them. About a year after my re-turn I was walking on South attreet, on my swy to take a steamer at pier 25, East River when I came in contact with a young fellow carrying a basket of fib. We looked at each other, and I recognized Dan Macarthy. His serious face lightened at the same moment. After setting down his basket on the drum of one of the fish shops in the market close by, he wiped his hands on his apron and we gave each other a hearthy grip. Tacked after Nors, and com got the outlines of the story. They had emigrated six months firer my departure—old man O'Brien, Nora and Dan. The old man had pid the passage money for himself and his daughter. Dan, who was an able seaman, had worked his passage. Soon after their arrivirg, Dan had found a place with a well to-do fi.'monger's family as a general servant. O'Brien had found a place with a well to-do fi.'monger's family as a general servent. O'Brien had man easy. Mr. and Mr. Davis we good folks-kind and easy. There would pay him better wages by and by. At pre-sent they saw each other every day. Mr. and Mr. Davis were good folks-kind and easy. There would pay him better wages by and by. At pre-sent they saw each other every day. Mr. and Mr. Davis was in his shop, a placid, stout, stift over found myself in First Avenue to step in and look them up, and he gave me his number. "Nore is a nice girl," he added. I promised to come, and there, please. The was in the summer. I was away from New York most of the time until late in the antumn. These, no evening, when I had called to some friends in East Fitteenth street, who were out, I remembered Mr. Davis and his invitation, and recolved to "hook him up." I found the family coupying a comfortable flat, It was Nora she was as full of life and fun as ever. She knew me at once, and greeted me heartily. The family had just got through dinner. I found Mr. Davis the same placid, good man as ever. His wife, whom I now met for the first time, was a lean, dim, featureless creature, of a retiring disposition. There was also in the room a young man of about five and twenty years of age, well dressed, with a handsome but not (to me) engaging face. This was the nephew, Frank Wilson. Nora went in and out, hearing the talk, ex-ohanging a few words, smiling, twinkling, tossing her little red head, much as she used to do in the old Irish inn. She was evidently regarded more as a member of the family than as a servant. But it presently appeared that there was an attraction

as a member of the family than as a servant. But it presently appeared that there was an attraction in the kitchen. Dan was there. So, after a while, Nora went out and did not come back. Mrs. Davis vanished in search of her scissors, and was not seen again ; Mr. Davis lighted a pipe and crossed his legs, and Frank Wilson took a couple of cigars from his waistcoat pocket, stuck one in his mouth, and offered me the other. I preferred a pipe with

from his waistoost pocket, stuck one in his mouth, and offered me the other. I preferred a pipe with Mr. Davus. "Any whiskey left in the bottle, uncle? de-manded Frank, after a pause. "You ought to know better than me; it's you drinks it," replied Mr. Davis, placidly. "Must have my tod," said the other, going to the cupboard. "Have a drain, sir i" he added to me. I declined, and he poured himself out a drink and tossed it off. He then began to talk of the comparative merits of two men who were ratched to fight with two ounce gloves to a finish. Jack was a smarter man than Jim, bu the observed with a wink that his pile was upon Jim all the same; he had a tip from the inside. He also gave us some reminis-cences of his experience on the turf the past sum-mer. His uncle finally asked him why he couldn't be content to live on his salary. He was a clerk in a large dry goods shop. "What kind of a life would that be?" returned Mr. Wilson with an air of disgust, "Is jast eatin' and sleepin' life? A men mut atir accurd a bit or bed as well he s

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here," I said. "Really, Grant, I never expected to see new graperies."

see new graperies." "That was your sister's affair; trust a woman for getting what she has a mind for." "And, then, the chapel?" "Ah, yes, I couldn't always be going over to Bradford, as on that eventful Sunday, You've seen

it, of course?" "Yes, and St. Alexis."

He smiled. "That was poor Werner's painting; such a fellow, Jack ; a true painter; a man with a soul at the end of his paint-brush; it was won-

So you burnt poor Adonis?

"So you burnt poor Adonis? "Who's been talking about all that nonsense? Mary, Fll be bound. Yes, I burnt him, and I'd burn him again if I had the offer." "What a Goth you are, Grant." "About as bad as St. Gregory, for he would cer-tainly have done the same. Look here, Jack; you send a fellow to prison for a month, with hard labor, for selling prints in a shop window that shock the eye of the respectable public; and then the re-spectable public votes thousands of the public money to hang the walls of the national collections oney to hang the walls of the national collections th abominations much more dangerous." 'Well, but what about Werner? is he an ancient

or a modern ?

or a modern?" "Werner? Oh, I forgot you didn't know him; well I think I never loved a fellow better; but, you see, my friends have all got a trick of leaving me." "Is he dead, then," I asked, gently. "Dead to the world, Jack; he has left it; passed, as the Laureate would say, 'into the silent life.' He carried his heart and his pencil to Glenleven." He was silent. "People say—" I began, then paused, for I thought it might seem an impertin-ence.

ence. "I know what you mean," he said quickly. "Yes, I dreamt about it once, but they would not hear of it. They told me truly that I had received my call, and that my sacrifice must be to remain in the world, and not to leave it." "Why, of course," I said. "Could you doubt it?

Oh. of course, he was rather savage about it at first, and Knowles has opened a course of lectures against Roman aggression; but I suspect they begin to choke him in the utterance." "Will he ever come to his sense?" I said; "I

fancy there is a grain of wheat beneath the chaff in

Aubrey, I have had the whole thing looked thor-oughly into. After me there is no male heir. The entail ceases, and I am at full liberty to leave the property to whom I choose, or run through it dur-ing my life, and leave it to nobody. The last is what I ardently desire to do, if I have but time. Still, I suppose, Oakham, at any rate, must go to somebody, and so, the long and short of it is, I have adopted Edward, and he will have whatever is left." "Does he know it?" I asked. "Of course he does: how else should I train him to feel his responsibility? And a fine little fellow he is, with the spirit of twenty sea-kings in him. I suppose it will have to be thrashed out of him some day; but it's not bad raw material to begin with."

Exdale Manor.

with." "Grant," I said bluntly, "do you never intend to marry?" He shook his head. "You see," I con-tinued, "what I mean is this; you can't do half the good you might without that sort of influence at Oakham to help you. And, then, family life—you know its beauty, and feel its charm." "Yes," he answered rather huskily, "I don't doubt it, I assure you, I don t; but somehow its not my line."

not my line." "Well, but you are sure you are right about it? Look here, what I mean is this: family life is not the world, it can be sanctified. There was an Elzear and a Delphina as well as an Alexis."

"I know it," he replied, "and a lovely thing it was, that old family life of Christian society; I hardly think I know anything finer. But, bless you Jack, where should I find a Delphina now-a-days? and what on earth should I do with a girl-of the writed and you more completically when f-the-period, and, yet more emphatically, what would she do with me?

'My dear Grant, all young ladies are not of the Exboro' cut.'

Exboro' cut." "Ah, you've been listening to gossip; well, all I can say is this: most Catholic girls are—most that I know, and it's a crying shame on what we call 'the Catholic body'"

"Then, my dear Grant, it's another abuse which calls for reform, and who is more fit to be a reormer

yet this was a battle ground of long ago. A fatal feud had long existed between the Sioux and the Crow Indians, but fortune favored the former until they had driven their enemies up the slope to the edge of the precipice. Then with one wild charge they closed in on them till the last Crow in the band was forced over the edge and ended the battle and his life on the crumbling bowlders below. Once again, the Sioux surrounded a rem. mant of the tribe, and once more they forced them to the same death-trap. It was growing dark when they had reached the spot, and they camped for the night so that none of their ene mies could escape them, as might happen if they charged them in the darkness. Establishing a cordon of sentinels around the doomed foe, they epent the night in feasting, awaiting the carnage of the morn. And it is here the Indian romancer weaves in one of the simple love stories character istic of the people, and without which no legend would be complete. Many moons before Laughing Eyes, the young and beautiful daughter of the Sioux chief, had wandered away from her father's camp only to be captured by a band of roving Crows. No council was necessary to decide her fate, and ahe was hurried away to the hunting grounds of her cap. hear of it. They told me truly that I had received my call, and that my sacrifice must be to remain in the world, and not to leave it." "Wo, I tell you it's not that alone, but it can't be. Family life not the world, you say? Well now, I'll just tell you this: it would be the world to me. As to your dinners and dances, your political careers, and your stars and garters, they neither tempt nor attract me; I can renounce and abjure the pomps once I felt the home ties of which you speak, 'claiming responsive smiles and raptures high,' 'norst look at Bradford." "Bradford!" he said: 'yes, indeed, I do look at it—such an utter failure. No, of course, I don't regret it, nor the eime, nor the plaque of it, nor money; and I don't mean that there's been nothing done ; but, oh, the depths of iniquity hidden away in places like that, and all England seething with them." He bent his head for a minute or two, and an expression of great pain was on his brow when he once more raised it. But it passed in a moment, 'No, I tell you it's not that alone, but it can't be can't help it. I don't think I'm harder about the heart than other men; yourself, Oswald, Werner, and a lot of others, I love you all, and I love you tenderly; but it's quite a different concern, I do assure you." I could only press his hand, and re-main silent. "All right, Jack, you must take me as you find me. Edward shall carry out all your plans by-and-by; he'll make a rare Elzear, and

Tancy there is a grain of wheat beneath the chaff in his case." "Possibly; but it must have time to germinate. You will see him probably at Exdale, where, Oswald tells me, he is expecting you to-morrow. I shall join you there in a couple of days; and then, if all goes well, we'll start for Glenleven."

It was arranged accordingly, and the next day, with little Edward for my companion, I set out for



THE LEGEND OF CROW BUTTE.

How a Quick-Witted Indian Maiden Saved Her Tribe From Slaughter.

material. I once spent six months in a small village on the southern coast of Ireland, not far from Queens-town. It is one of the loveliest spots of Europe. The small inn where I put up was kept by a middle-aged widow, Mrs. Welch. She was of good Irish stock, as many Irish inn keepers are. A red-headed girl of sixteen waited at table and made the beds. Her name was Norah O'Brien ; she was not exactly pretty, but she was clever and winning, and had a quick tongue and a sense of humor. She often made me laugh with her old Irish onceits, and I grew to be very fond of her. I used to pay her extravagant compliments for the mere pleasure of hearing her pary them. If I told her she was the handsomest girl in Ireland, she assumed a sober demeanor and replied : "Indade, then, 'twill be a bad day for Ireland when there's no girls better looking than me-and husbands in it to marry them wat's more!" And when I praised the hue of her hair she passed her red, but well shaped hand over it, and said with a complacent nod: "Faith, and it covers my head as well as any !" But, as she left the room, she turned and threw a twinkling glance that put all sobriety to rout. Nora's mother was dead. Her father had been Near Crawford the buttes that are so often met in the Western country first begin to crop up from the prairie and stand like outposts of the hills that lie further west. Box Butte, Coffin Butte, and Crow Butte are all familiar to the residents, and around each the traditions of the Indian still linger. The latter, by an almost imperceptible rise from the plain, reaches an altitude of some 200 feet, and then ends abruptly in an almost perpendicular descent to the plains below. No human being could scale the face of the cliff, and yet this was a battle ground of long ago. A fatal feud had long existed between the Sioux and the Crow Indians, but fortune favored the former Near Crawford the buttes that are so often me

she turned and threw a twinkling glance that put all sobriety to rout. Nora's mother was dead. Her father had been a fisherman, till rheumatism obliged him to give it up. She confided to me that she was betrothed to one Dan Macarthy, a robust young fellow, part owner and operator of a fishing smack. When Dan had ten pounds laid by they were to be married. Colossal fortunes were not the rule among the peasantry of Ireland. It might be some years before the wedding took place. I made the acquaintance of Dan, He was rather

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

(BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE)

I made the acquaintance of Dan. He was rather erious, and terse of manner and speech. I have been out with him in his boat for a day's fishing, and in all that time got little more than occasional monosyllables out of him. But he liked to hear monosyliables out of nim. But he liked to hear me tell about America, and I must admit that I painted the great Republic in favorable colors. Though Dan said little in reply, my descriptions may have had a much deeper effect on him than I imagined at the time. America still seems to be to many poor Irish folk what Canaah was to the levalities. sraelite

Old man O'Brien was a fine old chap, with a He was very fond and proud of Nora, and a little inclined to snub Master Dan. He evidently did not like the idea of Nora leaving him for any one. not like the idea of Nora leaving him for any one. And yet the house where her merried life would be passed was not a stone's throw from the one in which she was born. What a narrow life it was, after all ! I remember saving to her once : "You ought to go to America, Nora ; Dan might become a mayor there, and he and you ride up Fitth avenue in a carriage and pair !" Nora was silent

"That's what I want to kno Here's a new cigar case," he continued, appealing to me, "silver-mouthed, cost, me \$15 a week ago, and gone off my dressing table! If that was the only thing I wouldn't kick. But I're been missing money and odds and ends this last two weeks. There's something crooked going on, uncle. Ain't you noticed

"Come to think of it," said Mr. Davis, after a pause, "I believe I have lost track of a bit of cash now and then. But I didn't think nothing of it. Why, what are you leading up to, Frank i" "And always about a certain time of day, too,"

Frank went on, twisting the points of his small moustache. "I tell you, its queer, and I don't like it."

"What time of day is that ?" inquired Mr. Davis. "Along in the afternoon, not far from this time," was the reply. "Let's see, there's nobody comes here evenings, is there?"

here evenings, is there "" "No one except Dan M'Carthy," said Davis. "Hurrah! That's what I thought; Well I'm going to keep a sharp look out, uncle, from this on," observed Mr. Wilson, "and I'd advise you to do the same. I don't mention no names, but this bing in a puisment and i'd act he stonned thing is a nuisance, and it's got to be stopped. That's all ! At this juncture the outer door was heard to

At this juncture the outer door was heard to close. "There goes the fellow, now," remarked Frank, and after a moment he got up and left the room. I thought I might as well take my leave; so I rose, laid down my pipe, and bade my host good night. As I was looking for my hat in the hall I saw, through the half open door of the kit-chen, Frank and Nors standing together. I was dining one day during the winter with my friend the justice above alluded to, and had ro-marked in the course of talk that he must meet with many real life dramas that a noveliat would be glad to get hold of. He assented, and told me several anecdotes in point. "A curious case came before me a few months ago," he said at length. "A girl—a servant in a small family—was brought up oharged with larceny. She had stolen a \$5 bill belonging to her employer. At least the bill had been missed, and she declared that she took it. She also confessed that she had been guilty of other acts of larceny committed during some weeks previous. The ourious part of it was that

other acts of larceny committed during some weeks previous. The curious part of it was that the prosecutors—there were two, an old man and his nephew—seemed very reluctant to prosecute, especially the nephew. They appeared to have believed that the acts had been committed by another person, a young fellow who had been paying his addresses to the girl, and thus obtained access to the house.