HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPIRITU SANTO."

CHAPTER V.

It was glorious Christmas weather. The snow covered the ground and sparkled under the bright, wintry sunshine. The fashionable avenues—Jefferson on the east side, Lafayette and Cass on the west—were alive with sleighs, the bells jingling merrily, the spirited horses dashing along frisky and free. The broad river, frozen from shore to shore, was gay with skating and ice boat parties, while many adventurous spirits were speeding their horses over its wide course, and every one's nerves tingled with the excitement and joy of living.

The second day after our return from the midnight rescue of the fugitive slave was the eve of Alix's wedding. The officers at Fort Wayne were to give an entertainment that afternoon to the betrothed pair. Young and old, we were all invited to drive down the river in sleighs, have a dance and a hot supper at the post, and return home by moonlight. I did not look forward to the festivities with any feeling of pleasure. Alix was happy—radiantly happy; but it was one thing to see Alix happy, and another thing—and one that tried my soul to its depths—to see her lover so happy. I was still a little shaken from my adventures, though I did not like to acknowledge it, and I would rather have stayed at home and moped than go to the fort to see Alix and her lover dance. But Alix came herself to beg me to go, for she was very tender to me in those days.

"Dear Roderic, we must have one more dance together. Nonsense, you are not too young! You should not remind me, sir, that I am older than you; that is a great impertinence. Have we not always been playmates? Indeed, I shall give the very first dance to you before any one else. If you do not come, I shall think you have not forgiven me for sending you out on Lake Erie that dreadful night."

"Forgiven you! Pshaw! that wasn't anything!" I said, disdainfully. Boylike, I hated to have my exploit made much of.

"Not anything! Why, dear Eric, I have wanted ever since to ask you to forgive me my thoughtlessness. I never once remembered till after you were gone, and little Nita reminded me of it, that you had reason to feel differently about the slaves from what we do. I was so sorry! believe me, so sorry!" Here her voice grew very soft, and the pretty gray eyes filled with tears. "You have no idea how I suffered all that night through, Eric, for it kept coming over me how dangerous an expedition it was, and what dreadful things might happen to you. Do you know," and she shuddered slightly, "I could not get out of my head the remembrance of that evening we saw the *Chasse Galere* together? It was an evil omen, and I prayed God on my knees that it might not mean death to you. I was so frightened—oh, so frightened—for I seemed to see it all over again as we saw it then together. There was the ghostly canoe and the Phantom Huntsman chasing northward over the clouds, and all through that dreadful night I heard the baying of the hound! Oh, it was awful, awful! I cannot yet get it out of my ears. Sometimes, when we are all singing and laughing so gayly, if there comes a pause I hear that fatal sound. Do you wonder that I feared I had driven you to your death when it was so long before we heard of your safety?"

"The deputies had a big story to tell about the tug blowing up, I suppose," I said, laughing, and trying to cheer her up with the funny side of our adventure. "You ought to have seen them scramble over the side of the tug, and Antaya shoving them along. It was as good as a play."

"The boys had to rush their boat up to Kingsville, as the other deputies were between them and Amherstburg, and we heard nothing till you yourself came over from Windsor, after you had been taken off by the Canadian sledgers. It was a long suspense. I never prayed in my life as I did that night, but God saved you to us, dear Roderic, and the Phantom Huntsman was cheated of his prey! So we must celebrate the escape and dance a last dance together."

I promised her, and she threw her arms round my neck again, and kissed me as she had when she sent me off that night. And Alexandrine's kiss stayed with me for many a day and was blessed to me, for I vowed that none other should obliterate it save one as good and innocent, and it was as the seal of my youthful virtue.

When our sleighs started from Hamtramck that afternoon, Alix and her lover laughingly declared that they would be the last to go, as they did not wish to be watched, and there was much joking at the young couple's expense. All were singing, gayly,

"C'est la b lle Francaise,
Allons gai!
C'est la belle Francaise,
Allons gai!
Qui veut se marier,
Qui veut se marier,
Ma luron lurette,
Ma luron lure!"

We were to drive down on the frozen river by daylight and return by the fort road in the moonlight. In order to have a long afternoon at the post, we set forth immediately after the noon meal in light cutters, wrapped up to the ears in fur robes and with hot bricks disposed at our feet. There was much cheering for the betrothed as each sleigh started off. I can see her now, blushing and happy, warmly wrapped in furs, her laughing face framed in its pink hood, waving her hand to us, and singing,

"Le rossignol chante pour celles
Qui n'ont pas de mari;
Il ne chante pas pour moi,
Car j'en ai un joli,
Gai, lon la, gai le rosier!"

The youngest members of the party, little Etienette Chabert, with Archange and Fifine McNiff, were apportioned to my sleigh. Nita shrieked for the front seat by my side, and of course gained her point, for her parents indulged her in every wish of her heart. I did not regret it, for, child as she was, Nita, when good-humored, was a fascinating companion, vivacious, talkative, wonderfully mature and well-informed for her years. The long drive passed quickly enough, for the shaggy Canadian ponies intrusted to me were spirited, plucky, tireless little animals. We had named them Titi Carabi and Toto Carabo, from the old comic song of "Compere Guilleri," which Nita sang merrily as they trotted off.

"Il etait un p'tit homme
Qui s'appelait Guilleri,
Carabi:
Il s'en fut a la chasse,
A la chasse aux perdrix.
Carabi,
Titi Carabi,
Toto Carabo,
Compere Guilleri,
Te laisseras-tu mouri?"

My small companion kept up an incessant and amusing chatter. She knew as well as I every point on the river, its historical associations, and all the weird legends connected with it, from the farms at Grosse Pointe, on Lake Sainte-Claire, where the "Lutin" rides the farmers' horses in the dead of the night and bewitches their cows, to the island of Putin-Bay, on Lake Erie, where Perry gained his famous victory in the War of 1812. We knew Windmill Point, where the will-o'-the-wisp leads the unwary astray and they cannot escape until they have ground the grist in the devil's mill; and the shores of Belle Isle, where the first missionaries, in 1669, destroyed the great idol of the Manitou, while its shattered fragments turned into rattle-snakes to guard the island from further desecration from the white man. Our own suburb of Hamtramck (named for the gallant colonel of "Mad Anthony" Wayne's campaigns, the first American commandant of Detroit) had been the scene of bloody fights, where the English, led by the rash Dalyell, were massacred by the Indians, under their famous chief Pontiac. Then we drew nigh Detroit, where the Sieur de la Mothe-Cadillac, founder of the city in 1701, encountered the little red Demon of the Straits, the "Nain Rouge," and fell under its fateful curse. Below the city the "Dames Blanches," the little white fairies, held their nightly revels, and at the foot of the trees where they danced healing waters gushed forth which have given the suburb its name of "Springwells." But under the tree whence the Loup Garou sprang on his victims the waters turned into sulphur.

Etienette was a little nervous about the Loup Garou, the werewolf who walked on his hind-legs, dressed like a man, and was very fond of carrying off young maidens. He was held up as a warning in the good old times to all forward young girls who wandered away from their chaperons. He seemed to have had a special weakness for brides, and it was this point that disturbed poor Nita.

"What if he should carry off our Alix?" she exclaimed, trembling. "Alix is so pretty! He always takes them just before or just after the wedding."

"He is also fond of nice, plump little girls with rosy cheeks," I suggested, slyly. "One of those would do as well."

"No, he likes brides best, and Alix is so sweet?"

The case certainly seemed dark for Alix, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that the Loup Garou had not been seen in the neighborhood of late years, and probably would not show himself while there were such crowds on the river. We were now nearing Fort Wayne, and were trotting merrily over the ice, when a watchman stationed at that point warned us of air-holes. He was none too soon, for the ice had already cracked alarmingly under the runners and the ponies trembled nervously. A large block of ice broke away almost directly under us, and as it floated off left the blue current of the river within a foot of the sleigh. I thought it best to get out of our dangerous surroundings as quickly as possible, and had raised the whip to lash the ponies, when little Etienette at my side made a sudden spring, and had almost leaped out of the sleigh into the icy waters before I could catch her and haul her back.

"Sit still!" I shouted, thrusting her roughly down into the seat. "Don't act like a fool! We shall be out of this in a moment."

The ponies ran nimbly forward. There were a few ominous cracklings, but we were soon on the thicker ice and could breathe freely again. Then I turned round and gave Etienette a piece of my mind.

"Haven't you more sense than to jump right into the icy river and get drowned? Catch me ever driving with you again, if you are going to lose your wits and jump every time the ponies prick up their ears!"

"I didn't lose my wits!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I wasn't scared a bit! I just jumped because I feared perhaps the sleigh was too heavy. I weigh sixty-five pounds, and I thought it might make a difference."

"You thought a great deal to very little purpose," I remarked. "We should have had to stop and try to save you, and so perhaps all got drowned. You should have climbed over to my side of the sleigh where the ice was sound if you were going to jump at all."

"I thought of it, but it would take longer, and I was afraid you would stop me," she sobbed.

"Well, don't be a cry baby," I said, a little more kindly, as I tucked the fur robes warmly about her. But Nita was angry now and pushed them back again. "You are mean and hateful! You call me names when I try to save you," exclaimed the child. "If we were not life-long friends, if I had not known you from my infancy, I would make you suffer for it!"

"That consideration has never deterred you heretofore," I remarked, sweetly. "Don't let it do so now." She sobbed on for a while, and we did not say much for the rest of the drive. To tell the truth, I felt very tenderly and admiringly towards the child, but I did not wish to let her know it, for she was conceited and spoiled enough already without my making a heroine of her for her crazy impulse.

We were the first to reach Fort Wayne, and drove into the garrison, where the —th Infantry band was playing on the parade-ground before the commanding officer's quarters. Other sleighs followed rapidly. We were brought into the warm rooms and served with hot coffee, after which we only awaited the appearance of the betrothed pair to adjourn to the Casino for the dance. The lovers were a little tardy, but we only joked about it at first, it was so natural that they should linger in the glorious winter sunshine. Four o'clock struck and all began to grow uneasy. The sun was sinking. A distant sound like the baying of a hound made my blood run cold and my knees tremble under me. Just then Etienette crept up and whispered, sobbingly:

"Oh, Eric, Eric! what if the Loup Garou had really run off with our Alix? Oh, I'm so afraid!—so afraid! I know it is the Loup Garou!"

"Nonsense!" I said, severely. "You know perfectly well there is no such thing as the Loup Garou. It is just a nurses' tale to frighten naughty children with, and you, a Christian child, ought to know better than to be afraid of it."

She went off meekly enough, but I could hear her muttering to herself, "It is true, just the same."

It was now 5 o'clock and very dark on the river. The band had ceased playing, and gloom had settled on the spirits of the company. The suspense grew intolerable. Dr. Chabert and the commanding officer, with the surgeon, put on their fur caps and overcoats and went out into the darkness. We looked at each other apprehensively.

I never knew how we first heard of it. There were pale faces and hurrying figures. I dared not ask a question. Nita clung to my hand; she was as white as wax, yet she said not a word. One of the women screamed, Mrs. Chabert was in hysterics, and the young people were led off into another room. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I wandered down in the bitter cold, without hat or coat, to the water's edge, where the surgeon and some soldiers were trying to resuscitate the young lieutenant. Too deeply absorbed in their happiness to heed the signals, the lovers had driven into an air-hole. The horses saved themselves by a spring, but the sleigh was overturned and its occupants hurled into the cold river. The young man had striven to hold Alexandrine's head above the water till help should arrive, but the current was strong and the ice broke repeatedly under his grasp. They found him just as, benumbed and exhausted, his hold had failed. His body was brought to the shore by the soldiers, but our pretty Alix never came home again!

And all through that fatal night the mourners heard the ceaseless baying of a hound over the Cote du Nord!

CHAPTER VI.

Tragedy had marked the opening years of my infancy, and now it had stamped itself itself upon my youth. The shock of Alix's death threw me into a state of nervous depression and gloomy forebodings, and I missed the house which had been my second home, for Dr. Chabert had taken his family to Europe for change of scene. It was thought best that I should go to school, and I was sent across the river to Assumption College, at Sandwich, in Upper Canada, for nearly two centuries the seat of a French mission. But my free, irregular life had unfitted me for the routine and discipline of a boarding-school, and I suffered acutely from attempting to submit myself to its regulations. I was overcome by an agony of homesickness, and in less than three weeks I had run away, had stolen a boat to cross the river, had climbed the bank, rushed through the orchard, across the Grosse Pointe turnpike, up the garden-walk, and, opening the doors of our dear old house, had thrown myself into my grandfather's arms.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Pepe, punish me if you will, but don't ever send me away again! I shall die without you!"

The old man held me close to his heart, and I could feel his hot tears on my face.

"By Heaven, Roderic! I should have died myself if you have stayed away a day longer!"

According to my trustee, Mr. Arthur, I should have been soundly thrashed and sent back to school without an hour's delay; but there were some points on which my trustee and my grandfather never could agree, and my education was one. Mr. Arthur had been named in my father's will as executor and trustee for his estate. He lived in New York, and rarely came to see us, but just at this time he happened to be paying the Chevalier, as my grandfather was commonly called, a short visit, and it was evident that my escapade made a bad impression upon him, and that he considered me an ignorant, unruly lad, spoiled and mismanaged. He was a distant kinsman of ours. The first refugee M'Carthy, before he became a French general and was metamorphosed into the Marquis de Macarty, had had two sons. The younger fled with his father to France, but the elder submitted to Cromwell, retained the Irish estates, and changed his name to MacArthur. Later, the name was further Anglicized, and the descendant who sought his fortune in the New World had reduced it by a syllable to Arthur. Mr. Arthur was a lineal descendant of this renegade M'Carthy. He maintained stoutly that a man had as good a right to take from his name as to add to it, that the M'Carthy who turned Frenchman, accepted honors from France, and added a syllable to his name was in exactly the same position as he who turned Englishman and chopped off a syllable! there was nothing to choose between them.

"You might as well say," declared my grandfather, hotly, "that you can throw away a third of your fortune and be as rich as if you had kept it entire. Did the M'Carthy cease to be an Irishman because the French king, whom he honored with his services, called him the Chevalier de Macarty and made him a marquis? Isn't Roderic de Macarty recognized instantly all the world over to be an Irishman as well as if his name was still Rory M'Carthy? But who would do such an honor to James Arthur as to take him for other than an Anglo-Saxon?"

Mr. Arthur was a graduate of Yale College, and had spent many years in European travel. My grandfather held his business abilities in great respect and frequently got him to make small investments for him, but their views of life were taken from totally dissimilar standpoints.

"What do you intend the boy to be?" asked Mr. Arthur.

"A gentleman," replied the Chevalier.

"I mean, what do you intend him to do?" corrected the other.

"His duty as a Christian," returned the old man.

"Shall you send him to Yale, or do you intend to patronize the new University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor?" asked Mr. Arthur, who saw that they would never approach an understanding except through explicit terms.

"Yale? Ann Arbor? What the devil should he do in either?"

"But, my dear sir, to be a gentleman, Roderic must go to college, and it is time to think of his preparatory education."

"Education, sir," proclaimed my grandfather, raising his voice—"education can be neither preparatory nor final. A college has nothing to do with it. Roderic's education, sir, began in his cradle, and it will end in his grave. I am his education, sir! His home, his church, his playmates, his books, his occupations—these are his education!"

"We need not quarrel as to words, Chevalier, urged my trustee. "I think we shall agree that as Roderic grows older he will need to know certain things to fit him for a career, either in business or in one of the professions. At present he is ignorant of all that the world demands in the way of a practical education."

"The world! There you are again!" sneered the angry old gentleman. "I will let you know how ignorant, how unfitted for your world Roderic is at present. He writes and speaks French correctly and elegantly, reads Latin with facility, and has spoken Spanish from his cradle. His taste in literature is excellent, his knowledge of history more extensive than that of many grown men. He is well instructed in religion and ethics; his manners and address need but a little wider experience to be all that can be desired. He has sound health and no bad habits. He can ride, shoot, swim, fence, box, and manage a boat as skilfully as any on the Lakes. How is this for a 'practical education' at sixteen? Can your 'world' suggest a better?"

"It is good, very good, as far as it does," admitted Mr. Arthur, though he doubtless thought my accomplishments greatly exaggerated by my partial relative: "but," he suggested, politely, "you do not wish him to be merely a sportman or a country farmer, and yet I fear he is lacking in many things essential to a man of the world."

"Did I say I wished him to be a man of the world?" quiried the old Frenchman, sharply.

"What then?" asked Mr. Arthur, frowning.

"A cultured Christian gentleman, sir!" shouted the Chevalier.

"A gentleman of the world, if you will," suggested Mr. Arthur, all suavity.

"There you have the advantage of me. I do not understand the term," replied the old man, smiling ironically. Mr. Arthur was now angered beyond endurance. "Your boy, sir, is an ignoramus. He knows nothing that will be of any use to him. What need has an American for French or Spanish? The lad is old enough to enter college next year, and he isn't fitted to enter a grammar-school. A little monkish Latin may help him read his Mass prayers, but it won't keep him from being hooted out of an American high-school. What does he know of mathematics? What does he know of science? What does he know that will be of any practical use to him?"

A gleam of malicious triumph shone in my grandfather's eye, but he only said, quietly, "Rory, my boy, go fetch your drawings to show to Mr. Arthur."

Nothing loath, I collected my precious papers and laid them before my guardian. They presented ambitious schemes for the benefit of the commerce of the Great Lakes—mighty docks, mammoth bridges and light-houses, tunnels of superb proportions, embankments and causeways for the beautifying of the river shores, locks and canals, and many other enterprises of magnitude. My grandfather, feeling that he had taught me all he knew, had been having me privately tutored in mathematics and mechanics by an officer of the United States Engineer Corps stationed in Detroit. The preceding summer had been devoted to surveying and perspective drawing, and during the past winter I had received almost daily instruction in the higher mathematics and physics from my tutor, and had spent my evenings studying and drawing under the relentless eye of my grandfather. No doubt my ambitious sketches would have lacked many things in the practised eye of a trained engineer, but they showed some knowledge of geometry and mechanics and no little skill in drawing, and were executed with an elaboration of detail very imposing to the uninitiated. It was evident that Mr. Arthur was equally impressed and taken by surprise. For a few moments he only gasped in astonishment and incredulity.

"An ignoramus, eh?" chuckled the delighted Chevalier. "Doesn't know any mathematics, any science, anything useful, eh?" and he leaned back in his chair with a hearty guffaw. "Would you like to put to him a few practical questions, eh?"

But Mr. Arthur ignored my grandfather's irony. He had a plan for me, which was no less than to take me with him to Paris and enter me at the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussees, to be prepared for the profession of civil engineer.

"The truth is, my boy," explained my trustee, "it has become a matter of necessity for you to have a profession. Your fortune, I regret to say, is seriously diminished. It was impossible for me to conduct your Cuban estate properly except at a loss. I have had to mortgage it. Indeed, I had such difficulty in securing a loan upon it that I was obliged to come to your rescue and furnish the money myself, though at a serious inconvenience."

"I'm sure I am very grateful," I murmured.

"Don't mention it. It was no more than my duty. It had seemed to me best to invest part of your little property in Michigan securities, that when you came of age you might control it on the spot, but I regret to say that the lumber and mining industries have been slow in developing. Taxes and assessments have been high, and I have sometimes been obliged to advance you money to meet the indebtedness. It seems to me wisest, under the circumstances, to invest the remainder of your capital in your professional education. Nothing will bring you better or surer returns than that, and where could you obtain a finer education than in Paris?"

I confess to being almost stupefied with amazement and chagrin at learning that the fortune I had been brought up to expect had practically vanished. It was very generally supposed that my Cuban estates were worth vast sums, and Mr. Arthur, the executor and trustee, was universally regarded as capable and fortunate in business. That my property should be so nearly gone seemed inconceivable, yet, if it were so, it was plainly a necessity that I should fit myself as thoroughly and as rapidly as possible for a professional career, for I should be dependent on my own efforts after I reached my majority, and not, as I had supposed, the dispenser of an almost princely fortune. It was decided that I should start at once for Paris with Mr. Arthur and his nephew, Montgomerie Moir, who was to study art there, and that my grandfather would follow in the early summer, as soon as the affairs of the farm should be arranged, its management transferred to the thrifty Morisseau, and the house closed. It was fortunate that my preparations were hurried and that we were both kept busy till the last moment, as we thus had little time to reflect on our temporary separation. Nevertheless, I found myself full of melancholy forebodings, perhaps natural after my late experiences.

The evening before my departure from Hamtramck, we sat together on the veranda of the old house, my grandfather and I. It was a warm night of early spring, the stately elms were clothed in a delicate veil of young green, the calm moonlight flooded the orchard and glistened and swayed on the broad bosom of the noble river. Lovely Belle Isle lay dark and mysterious, like a black, slumbering swan athwart its path. I already felt a pang of homesickness seize me at the thought of the years that must intervene before I should return to this spot, so beautiful and so dear to me. My grandfather, too, seemed steeped in sad thought.

"Rory, my boy, you may call me superstitious if you will," he said at last, uneasily, "but I had an adventure this morning that haunts my memory and I cannot shake it off. I was riding up the road looking about me and thinking with pride and satisfaction of this fair heritage that will some day pass to you, when an old man addressed me and asked me for an alms. He was a stranger, very short, misshapen, and repulsive in appearance, and with red hair. I passed by him somewhat haughtily, for his ugliness repelled me, when he turned towards the orchard, and, pointing to the river, muttered some sort of outlandish curse. I had urged my horse on a few steps, but my heart began to upbraid me. Why should I refuse a charity to an old man simply because he had a forbidding countenance and a disagreeable shape? It was probably those very misfortunes that had reduced him to beggary. I turned my horse to go back after the stranger and do what I could for him, but lo! he was nowhere to be seen! Up and down the road, across the orchards, over the field, through the lane I rode, but not a sign of human life could I detect. He had disappeared as utterly as if he had existed only in my imagination. Roderic, what does it remind you of?"

"Le Nain Rouge," I said, with a start.

"The little, misshapen figure, the red hair," continued my grandfather. "I cannot get them out of my mind. Do you remember the Sieur de la Mothe-Cadillac, how he had gained riches and honors in New France, and was planning a goodly heritage for his descendants, when he was told by the witch that he must beware of offending the Demon of the Straits or all his broad lands would go into strange hands? You know the rest."

"Yes," I said, never at a loss for a legend. "He treated scornfully the little red dwarf who approached him as he was laying the foundation of Fort Ponchartrain, at the Detroit, and the dwarf foretold that his children should never enjoy the princely inheritance he had prepared for them. The Sieur de Cadillac laughed at the prediction, but his wife believed it, and all came out even as the Nain Rouge foretold. All his seigneuries at Port Royal, his coppermines on Lake Huron, his marquisate of the Detroit, all his vast feudal possessions in New France, were forfeited. His children never inherited so much as an acre of his great domains."

"I have not seigneuries or coppermines or vast domains, but such as I have is for you, and these fields and orchards and forests, this house, and, above all, this beautiful view of river and isle, these are the pride of my life, the joy of my eye. I shall cling to them, Roderic, for your sake. If only you are spared to me, my boy, I shall fight for your inheritance and defy the little red Demon of the Straits! And yet," he added, ruefully, "I wish—I don't mean to be superstitious, for the Church calls that a sin—but I wish I had not refused an alms to this strange dwarf. Heaven forgive me, Roderic; but I shouldn't feel so badly about it if his hair had not been red!"

CHAPTER VII.

My introduction to Paris life under the auspices of Mr. Arthur and of his kinsman, Montgomerie Moir, was of a nature to have filled my grandfather with dismay and to confirm his idea of the degeneracy of the Arthurs. He had given me no instructions when I passed under my trustee's care, confiding to that gentleman's honor and to my own well-trained conscience; but there was danger from one source, at least, that his confidence would be abused. I understood plainly that Mr. Arthur was lacking in honor when he tried to draw me into associations that my grandfather would not approve of, and I made my studies the excuse to escape from the life of dissipation which both Mr. Arthur and his nephew seemed determined to draw me into. The portly French colonel, who was Mr. Arthur's intimate associate in all his pastimes, boldly protected me in my stand. There was little, perhaps, to choose between the men from a moral point of view, but the colonel respected my principles where my guardian would have perverted them.

"I do not wish my boys to be as I am," said the gay old sinner. "I have no religion, no morality, but do I wish my boys to be without these things? No! I send them to the Brothers' school. Later, if they lose their faith and their innocence, they have only themselves to blame, for I, at least, have given them every moral and religious advantage. Who knows what I might have been had my guardians protected me from evil until I was old enough to have some sense?"

Then he would sigh and roll up his eyes. "My wife is a saint—charitable, distinguished. My daughters are angels — pious, accomplished. My boys are innocence itself — studious, merry. They live in a different world from mine." He sighed again, and spread out his hands deprecatingly. Often his eyes would fill with tears, then he would rise, adjust his cravat, put a fresh flower in his button-hole, and, setting his hat jauntily on his head, sally out into his own particular world, one doubtless far more congenial to him than that in which his saintly and distinguished consort dwelt. "Never follow my example," he would call out to me as he moved away, waving his hand airily and pointing his toes carefully.

Mr. Arthur was of another mould, and his quiet cynicism repelled me more than the old colonel's frankness. It seemed to cut from under my boyish feet the platform of faith, of idealism, of hero-worship on which they had stood, and to fill me with vague uneasiness. It is true that I was prepared to meet sin and unbelief in the world, but I had expected them to wear a dreadful and repellent aspect. I had not thought to find profligacy and cynicism in a man of family and reputation, of outward refinement and solid business integrity, like Mr. Arthur, or to hear agnosticism and libertinism preached by a worshipper of the beautiful and the ideal, a youth of exquisite taste and culture, like Montgomerie Moir. There was no cloven hoof or diabolical horn visible in Mr. Arthur's blond, thorough-bred person, and, save a slight restlessness of eye and manner, nothing about young Moir's graceful, picturesque personality to suggest that he was on the high-road to perdition. And the French colonel, though he frankly accused himself of being far advanced on the broad and easy path that leads downward, was in spite of a certain affectation and flippancy of manner, a kindly honest man, and a most entertaining companion. All this was very confusing and very upsetting to my preconceived notions of vice and virtue. I worked hard and tried to forget my surroundings and all the puzzling questions they brought up, but there were times when, in an agony of homesickness, I would sigh for my grandfather, whose coming had been delayed by trouble on the farm. I had not him to fly to, but I knew that Dr. Chabert, to whose care he had committed me jointly with Mr. Arthur, was living at Fontainebleau. I had not yet seen him, but I relied on his wholesouled, hearty friendship, and it seemed to me as if the touch of trusty little Etienette's hand on mine would set the world to rights again. With them I could forget—forget the vicious, godless world, the contemptible lives of many of its so-called great men, forget the heartaches and disillusions that were fast sapping my ambition and courage. Before long I had taken a resolution and had run away for the second time.

Fortunately Mr. Arthur kept me well supplied with pocket-money, and I was independent. I had more than enough to take me to Fontainebleau and return should the Chaberts have left there. I hailed a cab and drove rapidly to the Gare de Lyon.

It was a beautiful summer morning, and every carriage in the train was packed with humanity. With some difficulty I found a seat in a second-class carriage with six other passengers. There was an old lady riding with her back to the engine, while her servant rode forward, and who occupied herself with worsted work, although the car shook so that she continually lost count of her stitches. A young woman, who looked like an actress, was absorbed in a novel in four fat volumes, and, having a severe cold in her head, asked to have all the windows closed. Her chaperon devoured sandwiches unceasingly all the way to Fontainebleau. Next to me sat a maiden lady from New England, wearing spectacles and engaged in reading tracts, which she held conspicuously, with their pious titles outside, for the benefit of a sedate young abbe sitting opposite her, as if she felt that the whole support of Protestant Christianity lay upon her shoulders. Just before the train started a lady entered hastily and looked dismayed at seeing the carriage so full, the only vacant place being one opposite to mine, facing away from the engine. I arose, and, removing my hat, offered her my seat, but she sank into the other, saying in