

THE LOUNGER

Vol. 1.

OTTAWA, OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 3.

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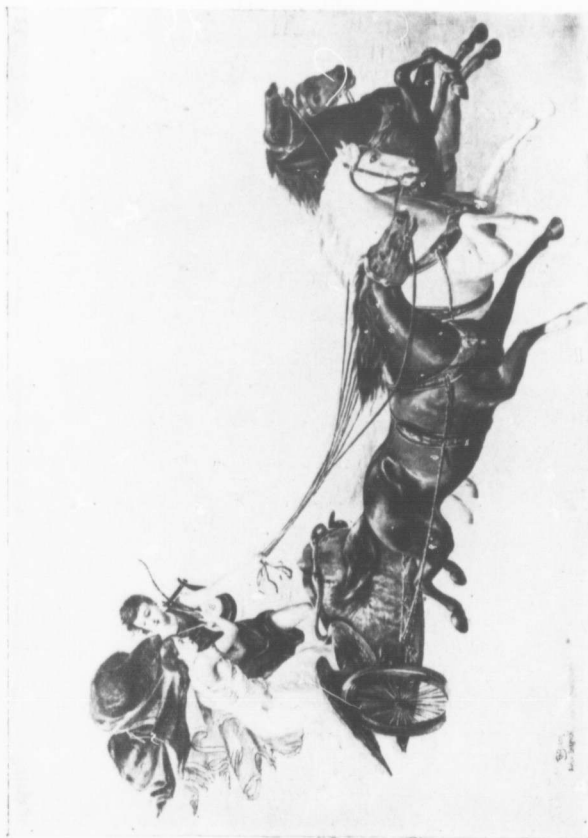


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"APOLLO ABDUCTING CYRENE," BY F. BACON.

Lounger Eng. Co.

THE LOUNGER.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1896.

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WOMAN IN FICTION.

By Mary L. Campbell.

CYR.—O, most delicate fiend! Who is it can
Read a woman? Shak. (Cymbeline.)

ANGELO.—Be that you are. That is a woman.
If you be more, you're none. Shak.
(Measure for measure.)

THOUGH every writer has his own individuality and ideals, nevertheless his work is more or less affected by the environment and experience of the author, in that inner life which he lives in the companionship of men and women with whom his reading makes him familiar. Even when an author appears to have drawn wholly upon his imagination for the character he portrays, his idea has probably had its origin in some personality within his own experience, perhaps in his own individuality, or developed through that individuality.

The impressions, then, that we receive from fiction of men and things, manners and customs, times and places are quite as realistic and often more vivid and lasting than those we get from history.

Therefore, are history and fiction so closely allied that it is difficult to say which is the more important as a study.

While to history we look for the portrayal of individual characters, fiction gives us both individuals and types; bearing something more than

an allegorical relation to the former without being too photographic in its realism.

The history of the development of our prose literature has been intimately associated with that of the literature of France,



Rowena.

as has been in earlier times the political and social history of the two nations whose temperament and national characteristics bear so little resemblance. Always "en rapport" the one with the other: England has borrowed from France and France from England. Though each maintains always its individual character, yet when one takes a lead in a particular style or vein, the other is not slow to follow,

authors of the last two or three centuries we cannot but be struck by the absence, with one or two notable exceptions, of the names of women whose work has made a lasting impression upon our literature.

Perhaps more remarkable, when we consider this fact in reference to the women of the two countries, is the contrast between the women of French fiction and the women of English fiction.

It is a question whether women are the best advocates of their own sex, whether there is not an element of artificiality, a tendency to intrude their own personality, not a true personality but an imaginary one, which the writer associates with certain characteristics of her own. But, even granting that women are not the best portrayals of their own sex, this would not account for such a difference as we have noted, for, after all, the great mass of French fiction which has been sufficiently strong to force itself through the medium of other languages upon the attention of the world, has been written by men. If we take the writings of women only, both of memoirs and of fiction, the former of which are an important part of French literature, we get a very different estimate of the character of the women of France.

The fact remaining, therefore, that, though English women, have not, whether because lacking in intellectual power or the '*esprit*' characteristic of French women of the past at least, or because of the restraining influence of conventionality in their life and education, exerted the same influence upon their national literature; it is yet no less a fact that the English novelist has done better justice to his countrywomen than the French novelist has.

The lives of most men have been influenced to a greater or less extent by at least one woman. Authors, perhaps more



Jeanie Deans.

progressing in the main upon the same lines of development.

When we consider this relation between the two countries we are the more surprised by a notable fact which becomes apparent upon a comparative study of their literature.

French women have always, though perhaps more in the past than in the present, done much to give a distinctive character to the literature of their own country, both by their writing, and by their personal influence. On the other hand, when we look back over the list of names of English

than any other class of men are liable to this influence and more or less susceptible to its power, or at least, conscious of it. However this may be, certain it is that our greatest novelists have done some of their best work in the portrayal of the life and character of women, and there is no reason to doubt that their pictures are true to life, at least in a general way.

There is, of course, a certain amount of traditional lore upon the subject of woman's character, an accumulation of wise sayings collected from various sources of dubious sophistry, making a conglomerate mass of conventionalisms, which is the stock in trade of a certain class of journalist. The New Woman of to-day is not the first female scarecrow that has figured in various fantastic costumes changed to suit the times, while it has been held aloft as a large and more convenient target for the sarcastic missiles of the witty newspaper man.

In one of the earliest numbers of the Spectator, in a letter written by Steele, we find this protest from a woman whom Steele calls Arietta :

" You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education ; and that an ability to dissemble our affections is a professed part of our breeding. These and other such reflections are scattered up and down the writings of all ages by authors who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women in invectives against the whole sex."

While there may be some excuse for the journalist, whose office is rather that of the censor, if he seize upon any little faults or weaknesses which he may see or imagine he sees and distort them out of all propor-

tion to their relative importance, we must not be expected to accept his decisions as final, or in fact to listen to him at all unless he will dismount his high horse and talk like a rational human being.

Returning to the Spectator, that classic of journalism where indeed, if the faults of women rather than their virtues are sought out, it is done in a spirit of kindness rather than of ridicule, which latter instrument is mercilessly directed against the weaknesses and vices of men, we find in a letter by Addison the following summing up of the characteristics of the woman of that day, which is perhaps not so bad a prototype of a certain class of women not yet extinct though, it may be, fast becoming so.

" The toilet is their great scene of busi-



George Eliot.

ness and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their time. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy

shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their most serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of



George Sand.

knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect as well as love into their male beholders."

It would perhaps be as well to leave the Spectator to decide whether or not the world will be a more comfortable place to live in when there are no more such women, or whether there will not be necessary a further adjustment of things so that there shall be no places to be filled by women, into which none but such as the Spectator describes in the first of

the extract, would fit without discomfort and unhappiness. Strange to say there are still men, and intellectual men too, who prefer just that sort of woman, or a modern edition of the same, such is the perversity of human nature. Perhaps though, there is a law of compensation in this, and it is not because there are not a sufficient number of intellectual men to go around,

that so many clever and intelligent women are married to men whose mental calibre is not above the mark of mediocrity. In "A Hazard of New Fortunes," Mr. March says:—

"I suppose that's one of the chief uses of marriages. People supplement each other and form a pretty fair sort of human being together."

In the Spectator again we find this bit of advice to Mr. Spectator:—

"Now to pursue the matter yet further and to render your cares for the improvement of the fair ones more effectual, I would propose a new method like those applications which are said to convey their virtues by sympathy; and that is, that in order to embellish the mistress, you should give a new education to the lover and teach the men not to be any longer dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty, I cannot but think that if our sex knew always how to place their esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it."

Still from time to time the Spectator returns to the attack and continues to rail against the follies and weaknesses of women until we are fain to believe that the women of the time were as represented by that journal, vain, frivolous, petulant, mercenary, jealous, spiteful and inconstant—in fact characterized by all the petty, childish vices of an incomplete and unformed nature.

So much for the Spectator, and for all his imitators, worthy and unworthy, who



Cymon and Iphigenia.

have continued to keep the ball of raillery and invective still rolling. He has at least left us some pretty models of fair women whose virtues and excellencies go a long way towards balancing the load of petty vices and frivolities which he has saddled upon the majority of the sex.

Shakespeare's women are of two classes, the good and the bad. His good women are wholly good, or at least possessed of only such distinctively feminine faults as are excusable when counterbalanced by so many lovable qualities. These faults are the little human touches without which the por-

trait would seem artificial, and thus lose much of the sympathetic interest it holds for us. These women are always womanly. Even when masquerading in that masculine attire which is their armor of protection when they set out in quest of the lover whom chance or misfortune has driven into foreign countries, they do not forget that they are women.

On the other hand, the bad women of Shakespeare are wholly bad. He does not allow them a single virtue, and he robs them of every trace of womanliness, making them, as more repellant, exceed in brutality the worst men of their associates.

Of this class of women he has given us but a few and those few painted in the most startling colors. The most notable are Lady Macbeth and the two elder daughters of King Lear. To all of these women he gives one characteristic which may not be said to savor of the opposite sex. They all possess the power of appearing to be the soft, angelic creatures they are not, exerting this diabolical power for their fiendish purposes. Womanly virtues they have none, only those more despicable vices supposed to be feminine.

Cymbeline, when his wife's perfidy is revealed to him exclaims!

"O, most delicate fiend
Who is't can read a woman?
* * * * * Mine eyes
Were not in fault for she was beautiful;
Mine ears that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming: it had been
vicious
To have mistrusted her."



Sairy Gamp.

In Lady Macbeth that more masculine power of ambition, which in man may not necessarily be a dangerous possession, is the evil spirit which dominates and perverts a nature which might have been not wholly bad. It curdles the milk of human



Little Dorrit.

kindness in her breast and makes her a fiend incarnate. She is as crafty as a woman can be, merciless as the most brutal of men. She has a woman's ready wit and presence of mind to conceal her crime. Though she acknowledges having known the happiness of a mother, she yet glories in the possession of the strength to stifle her humanity for the sake of the ruling passion.

Though one of the most powerful and strikingly vivid personalities depicted by Shakespeare, Lady Macbeth does not always appear so utterly vile and despicable as some other women whom he has made immortal, as for instance, Goneril and Regan the wicked daughters of King Lear. There is a majesty about the woman which commands a certain amount of respect which is utterly wanting in the sisters Goneril and Regan, the former of whom, her husband, shamed by his wife's indecent brutality to her helpless father, and by those other crimes of which she is guilty, thus addresses:—

ALBANY—"See thyself devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman!"

The worst man finds even his own vices revolting in woman. It has been said that Shakespeare's women may be divided into two classes, those that are good, and those that are bad. With the bad must not be confounded those who are not virtuous. Of the latter Shakspeare has given us more than one whose womanly and human qualities would rather place her in the other class as having more in common with the good women, the wholesome lovable women, whom Shakspeare loved to depict. Their faults he makes more the outcome of circumstances. If they be weak and commit crimes it is generally at the instigation of the man who rules their destinies. For instance, Emilia, a woman whose virtue is not unimpeachable, scruples not to steal at her husband's desire the handkerchief which is the indirect cause of Desdemona's cruel death, and yet she is filled with horror when she discovers the vile purpose which instigated the theft. She does not hesitate to denounce her husband's infamous conduct and even en-



Miss Betsy Trotwood.

dangers her own life with her protestations as to her mistress' innocence. Iago did

not understand the woman in his wife. He thought that because he had her in his power and because she was subservient to him in small things nor too nice as to his motives in his petty conspiracies that in this thing also she would be his willing tool.

In spite of all that has been said about women hating one another, evidence is not wanting that they have faith in their own sex and are capable of disinterested friendship. In "Much ado about Nothing" it is Beatrice who is the warmest advocate

defender of her wronged friend. She urges Benedick, if he wishes to please her, to take up the cause of Hero and punish Claudio.

BEAT.—"Is he not approved in the height a villain who hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman. O God that I were a man! I would eat out his heart in the market place. * * * * I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving."

Of good women, lovable and true, Shakespeare has given us many whose names he has made immortal, Cordelia that daughter

of King Lear who scorns to profess a love that is impossible and is yet true to her father in his direct need, Desdemona, that impulsive martyr to blind jealousy, Juliet, Ophelia, Helena, Portia, Hero, Imogen and a score of others.

The sketch we have of Ophelia, like that of Hamlet, is shadowy and evasive, so that its hold upon the sympathy is not so strong or lasting. For Juliet we weep, not tears of bitterness; hers was a love worth dying for. But poor Desdemona, one of the womanliest of women! her most womanly characteristic lent itself to the use of the false Iago. Women are impulsive. As partisans, their persistent enthusiasm in a cause sometimes goes beyond the bounds of reason. Thus Desdemona avows herself.

DES.—"If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it to the last article;

My Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him, tame and talk him out of patience

I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry Cassio
For thy solicitor shall rather die than give thy cause to man."

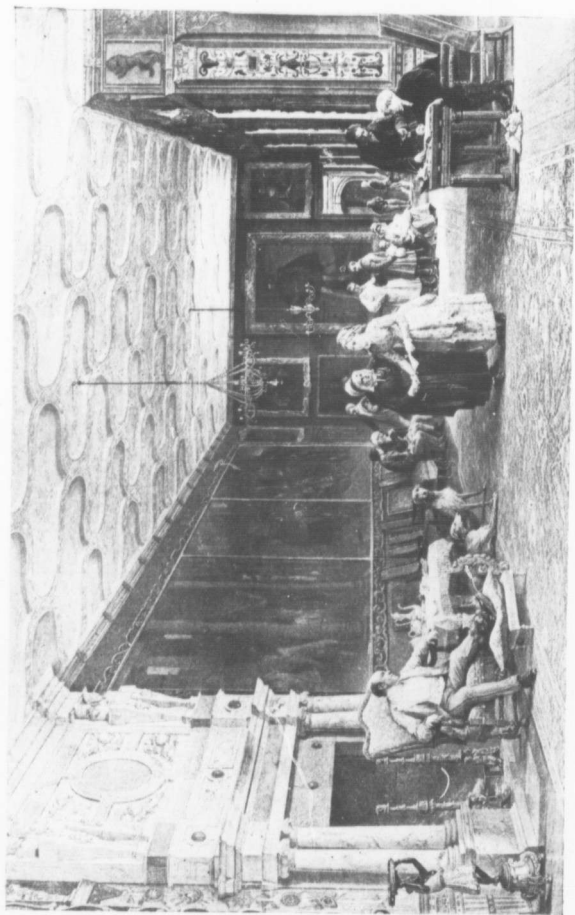
Full of the importance of her mission she innocently plays into Iago's hands, not even ceasing to tease when she sees that Othello is annoyed by her persistency. Even in death she refers to Cassio thus exasperating her husband to more violence.

(To be continued.)



Othello and Desdemona.

of her cousin's innocence. Even when reason points to Hero's guilt, and when her father's faith is shaken by the accumulation of false evidence, Beatrice listens only to the promptings of her woman's heart. Her faith in her girlhood's friend remains unshaken. All her former coquettish petulance and sharpness of tongue are laid aside and she becomes at once, in the dignity of this new grief, the serious and earnest



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"FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD."

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A WOOD LYRIC.

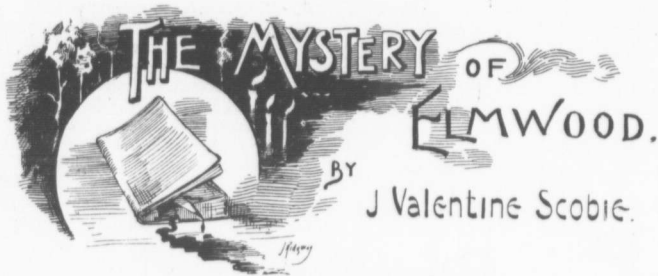
By William Wilfred Campbell.

Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the shades are deep and the wind-flowers blow,
And the hours are dreamy and lone and long,
And the power of silence is greater than song.
Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the leaves are cool and the wind-flowers blow.

When I go into the stilly woods,
And know all the flowers in their sweet, shy hoods,
The tender leaves in their shimmer and sheen
Of darkling shadow, diaphanous green,
In those haunted halls where my footstep falls,
Like one who enters cathedral walls,
A spirit of beauty floods over me,
As over a swimmer the waves of the sea,
That strengthens and glories, refreshen and fills,
Till all mine inner heart wakens and thrills
With a new and a glad and a sweet delight,
And a sense of the infinite out of sight,
Of the great unknown that we may not know,
But only feel with an inward glow
When into the great, glad woods we go.

O life-worn brothers, come with me
Into the wood's hushed sanctity,
Where the great, cool branches are heavy with June,
And the voices of summer are strung in tune :—
Come with me, O heart out-worn,
Or spirit whom life's brute-struggles have torn,
Come tired and broken and wounded feet,
Where the walls are greening, the floors are sweet,
The roofs are breathing and heaven's airs meet.

Come wash earth's grievings from out of the face,
The tear and the sneer and the warfare's trace,
Come where the bells of the forest are ringing,
Come where the oriole's nest is swinging,
Where the brooks are foaming in amber pools,
The mornings are still and the noonday cools,
Cast off earth's sorrows and know what I know,
When into the glad, deep woods I go.



AT the foot of a wooded hill, over which wound a rough, sandy road, stood an old-fashioned farm house which, with its group of farm buildings, was the only habitation in sight between the hill and another strip of woodland, in which the uncouth wagon road, with its yellow-brown ridges and ruts, like the tracks of a plough-share, disappeared from view. To the front of the house, beyond a strip of meadow land, flowed the broad Connecticut river.

The opposite shore was steep and irregular, covered with a tangled, stunted forest growth, sloping up to the hill, far beyond which loomed the shadowy, purplish peaks of the mountains of Vermont.

It was a lonely situation, though not so desolate as might at first appear, for just beyond that narrow strip of woodland, around which the river curved, nestled the little village of North Elmwood; and a birds-eye-view of the country would have discovered many such farm houses in the valleys between hills and woodland, while to the south lay the town of Elmwood, whose spires were visible out beyond that strip of woodland where the hill fell away behind the house.

It was Sunday, a hot afternoon in June, and a sultry peacefulness hung over the whole valley. The house itself, which was a large low-roofed weather-beaten building of wood, built evidently in sections, ill-matched and clumsy, stood in a small

enclosure almost over-run with lilac bushes, which crowded up to the windows of the house, while a couple of great elms stretched their long arms over its roof, and reached out to the buildings behind.

No sign of life was visible about the place, when suddenly a man emerged from the wood at the back, and stopped to look about him for a moment, before crossing the open slope between him and the house. He had evidently been walking fast, for he mopped his brow with his handkerchief, and stood with his hat lifted in his hand. After a few moments' breathing space he ran lightly down, and crossing the strip of garden to a window at the side of the house, looked in. At first his eyes, turned from the blazing sunlight, could discern nothing but shadows in the darkened room, but as he looked, the objects in the room assumed more natural forms, and his lips parted in a smile of mingled curiosity and amusement as he became aware of a figure at the far corner. Near another window, upon an invalid's reclining chair, lay a woman whose large angular frame betokened none of the weakness its attitude suggested.

The man made a step backward with the intention of going around to the front of the house, when the opening of a door within arrested his attention. A young woman entered quietly, and going quickly over to a table in a corner of the room, she lifted from it a book, and opening it,

took from it some glittering object which she held half-hidden in her hand. Then she walked straight towards the other woman, who seemed to be sleeping very soundly, until she reached the back of the chair, when the man at the window saw her slowly raise her cinched hand, from beneath which protruded, pointing downward a queer shaped, glittering knife-blade. The glittering steel fascinated the eyes of the beholder, whose lips had barely parted, in his start of surprise, when swiftly and surely the knife descended and was buried in the brown muscular neck of the sleeping woman.

the book in her hand she walked out at the same door by which she had come in. The man dropped from the window, stumbling to the ground in his haste and fright. He rushed around to the back door—found it locked, and with feverish impatience flung his weight against it several times, shouting all the time—"Let me in, Let me in! My God what does it mean?" At last the door yielded and he stumbled into the kitchen and rushed across to the inner room.

There lay the murdered woman, gaunt, ghastly and motionless. A crimson stream flowed from the wound, dripping upon the



"Surely but swiftly the knife descended."

A hoarse scream of horror burst from the lips of the man, who, till the knife was actually embedded in the flesh, could not believe that the whole scene was not a dream—a play upon his fancy. His hands grasped the window ledge with a frantic clutch, and he raised himself upon tiptoe, pressing his face against the pane to get a nearer view. He began to shake the window, crying insanely, "Let me in!" but the window was fastened and resisted his efforts. Meanwhile the girl paid no attention to the noise at the window, but deliberately drew out the knife, and going back to the little table, laid it between the pages of the book from which she had taken it on entering the room. Then, with

floor, and with a groan the man snatched an apron from her waist and pressed the crumpled mass against the wound to stanch its flow, while he looked wildly about the room.

"My God, what can it mean," again he cried as he hastily wound the apron about the woman's neck and hurried from the room, searching about the house, running hither, and thither, blindly opening doors in all directions. Finally he rushed upstairs and then down again as he seemed to remember that the girl whom he had seen perform the horrible deed, had had a hat on. He then ran out of the house and down to the gate, and looked up and down the road, but no one was in sight and the

only signs of another human habitation on this side of the river were the distant church spires from the town of Elmwood.

He returned to the house and looked at the murdered woman. That she was dead, beyond all succor, he could not doubt, and the horror of the situation held him spell-bound. Suddenly the nameless horror gave place to a new fear, the dread of being discovered upon the scene of the crime, and not being able to explain his presence there. The crime he had witnessed seemed so atrociously unnatural that he felt that his description of it would scarcely be credited. Besides, he had no wish to describe it. What he had seen must for the present be locked in his own breast. He would not be instrumental in bringing about the retribution which must surely follow.

Hesitating for a moment, only, he hurried from the house, and after looking hastily about to see if anyone was in sight, he scrambled up the hill and plunged into the wood. Once within the shelter of the trees, he dashed madly ahead, heedless of underbrush and hanging branches, till at last he tripped and fell headlong to the ground.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Horatius Speedwell was very popular in the little village of North Elmwood. His being a bachelor might, perhaps, have had something to do with this popularity, but certainly he possessed some advantageous qualities.

In the first place, his appearance and manner were very much in his favor, and then he had a magnificent voice over which he possessed wonderful power, gaining at once the sympathy and attention of his hearers. He was a large man, well-built and of dark complexion, with a heavy square jaw which was the only objectionable one of a set of clear-cut regular features. His eyes were rather small, and hard in expression, but this was a small defect, scarcely noticeable to a casual

observer. Of his sermons, perhaps more could have been said of the style of their delivery than of their subject matter. Nevertheless his hearers found no fault, and his popularity maintained its sway.

It was the second Sunday after the mysterious and unaccountable murder of old Mrs. Granger, and the village had not yet recovered from the effect of the shocking occurrence.



"He fell headlong to the ground."

Services were held in the North Elmwood church every Sunday afternoon, and this afternoon, groups of men and women lounged about the church door discussing the circumstances connected with the murder, for many of these people lived at some distance from the village, and consequently, this weekly meeting was an opportunity eagerly looked forward to for friendly gossip and the discussion of affairs local and otherwise, some of them, we must confess, scarcely of the sort supposed to be suitable as topics for Sabbath conversation. However the Reverend Horatius Speedwell was not inclined to be meddlesome in little matters like this, for which broad-mindedness his parishoners gave him due credit and followed their ancient custom, without either qualms of conscience or his disapproval.

To-day, therefore, they sedulously employed the remaining few moments before the beginning of services, in comparing notes and advancing opinions relative to the cause and probable perpetrator of the deed; and as the precious minutes glided by, they got their theories and opinions more and more hopelessly entangled, so that when at last the service was actually under way and the last loiterer had reluctantly taken his seat, his theories were about as much mixed up with his neighbor's as his politics were liable to be upon a Sunday near election time, when it took him all through service to get them sorted out, and in convenient shape for future use and display.

That Sunday, two weeks ago, while her niece was at church, Mrs. Granger had been found dead in her chair; murdered in a most shocking manner, and as yet no clue to the murderer had been discovered. It was known that the old lady, who was miserly, and lived with her niece more to save the expense of a separate establishment than for any comfort or protection her presence might afford the niece, had a good deal of money not invested in property, but no one had ever supposed her to be weak minded enough to keep it in the house; besides, there had been no evidence of a search through the house. Everything had been found undisturbed except that the back door was broken open.

One circumstance, simple enough in itself, gave rise to many contending theories. The woman's apron was folded about her neck as if to check its bleeding, therefore some supposed that she had done it herself and afterwards attempted to bandage the wound. However, the knife could not be found and that theory gave place to others equally impossible.

Near the front of the church, in the centre row of seats, sat a young girl upon whom many eyes were curiously turned. She was the niece of Mrs. Granger, Miss Annie Martin, the orphan daughter of Mrs. Granger's only brother, and was owner, in her own right of the house and remaining acres of what had once been the Martin homestead, and was now a dismal weather-beaten, neglected relic of former prosperity and dignity.

She had been much prostrated by the shock, and had gone to live, for a time, with her maternal aunt, Miss Patty Barlowe, in the village of North Elmwood. She had been quite ill, being of a sensitive, nervous temperament, and she looked pale and wan in her black dress and hat. Her grey-blue eyes seemed unnaturally large and wistful in expression, as she lifted them when the Rev. Horatius began to speak. She had not slept well the night before. Her sleep had been disturbed by horrible dreams, which she had not been able to fully recall, only that they had been mixed up with the murder of her aunt. Now, as she gazed into the face of the preacher, her dreams seemed to assume the form of reality and she seemed to recall as if it had been described to her, and thus fixed upon her memory, the act by which her aunt had met her death. Vainly she tried to fix upon her mind the fleeting remembrance, but each time she found herself at a certain point wondering how it was that her aunt, who was a light sleeper, and moreover, in spite of the fact that her limbs were crippled with rheumatism, was yet unusually strong and muscular and possessed in her heavy crutch a weapon of defence sufficiently formidable to have routed more than one murderous enemy armed with half-a-dozen knives, if wielded by her strong active arms; should have been killed without a sign of struggle.

When she got thus far and began to try to imagine her aunt lying still and passive under such circumstances, suddenly all remembrance of the dream vanished, and for a moment she would listen to the sermon till again she felt herself falling under the influence of the dream.

The front seats in the corner were set at right angles to those in the body of the church, so as to command a better view of the pulpit. In one of these pews sat a young man who was a stranger in the vicinity. He sat at the far end of the seat, and thus, if he wished, he could see the whole congregation; but his hand shaded his eyes and if he stared it was not noticeably apparent. The eyes of the young girl, Miss Martin, turned towards him several times, and seemed somewhat troubled at his presence. This the young man noticed and at last he turned away, and for some

time watched the Rev. Horatius Speedwell quite attentively. He was a somewhat remarkable looking young man, with a broad, intellectual forehead, from which the black hair was brushed straight back and shewed in the crisp, irregular ridge it formed, a tendency to curl. His eyes were blue, keen and restless, the nose slightly aquiline, and of delicate formation. The lower part of the face was partially hidden by a heavy black mustache and a little side whisker. It was a face that betokened some quickness and irritability of temper, together with a good deal of pride and sensitiveness, yet none of those characteristics were sufficiently marked to mar a somewhat attractive *tout ensemble*.

Presently the stranger turned slightly towards the congregation, and just at that moment Miss Martin raised from the seat beside her, a book which attracted the young man's attention, and involuntarily he started and stared at it.

The girl turned the book over in her hands and then held it for some time, looking at the cover. At last she opened it. She closed it again quickly, placing it down with a thud upon the ledge in front of her, which was attached to the next pew as a receptacle for hymn books and bibles. Then a deadly pallor crept over her face and she sat perfectly rigid in her seat, her lips slightly parted and her eyes wide open, staring fixedly ahead of her. Two persons noticed this strange conduct, the stranger in the corner pew who made a slight involuntary start forward as if with the half formed intention of leaving his seat, and the Rev. Horatius Speedwell into whose voice there came one of those sudden subtle changes so effective in his delivery, and his eyes seemed to meet those of Miss Martin as if he were speaking to her directly, in those slow, distinct tones so full of meaning. Presently, her lips began to move slightly, as if she were mechanically following his words. Gradually a faint tinge of color crept back to her lips, and again the voice of the preacher arose as he brought his sermon to a close, with a grand finale both eloquent and impressive.

The strange man, in leaving the church, managed to pass through the seat in front of the one in which Miss Martin had sat

during the service, and as he did so he quietly and deliberately abstracted the book which she had laid upon the shelf. Then he pushed quickly through the crowd to the door, slipping the book into an inner pocket of his coat on his way out.

CHAPTER. III.

Neither Miss Martin's peculiar conduct nor the presence of the stranger in church had escaped the notice of the Rev. Horatius Speedwell. In fact he came down from the pulpit rather hastily after the service, and



"Slipping the book into his pocket."

made some effort to reach the young man as he was making his way through the crowd. However, the congregation were in no hurry to depart, many of them no doubt loitering for the chance of shaking hands with their beloved minister.

Having somewhat hurriedly evaded two or three old ladies, much to their surprise, and shaken hands with one or two who intercepted his way, he arrived at last at Miss Barlowe's pew. By this time, however, the occupants had left, nor was any

trace of the strange young man to be seen.

The Rev. Horatius stared at the vacant pew for some moments as if he thought some one might be hidden in its dark recesses; then he quickly returned to the vestry, from which he emerged in a minute by a side door, into the common between the church and the parsonage. He hurried across and entered the house by a door on the side nearest the church.

A woman sat at a window in the front of the room. His abrupt entrance startled her and she stood up, dropping her book upon the floor, and staring with a strange, frightened look at the minister. Perhaps she was surprised at the dark look upon his face, and indeed, some of his parishioners would have been astonished could they have seen the transformation which the face that had so blandly smiled upon them a few moments before, had undergone. It bore an expression of baffled rage and cunning which was not quite in keeping with the character of the Rev. Horatius Speedwell.

Without speaking to the woman he passed through the room and entered another at the opposite side of the hall, closing the door sharply behind him.

The woman remained standing for some time, looking silently at the closed door. Then a sigh escaped her lips and she sat down and placed her hand upon her forehead holding it there as if her head hurt her.

The church and parsonage stood upon a plain. Opposite them, with the road between, was the old graveyard. There was only one other house in sight of the church on the plain. The village lay below in the river valley. Already a few foot passengers were loitering down the hill or across the fields, and the first vehicle had started down the winding road. It was occupied by Miss Martin and her aunt, Miss Patty Barlowe. The latter lady was a bright looking little elderly woman with sparkling black eyes. Over each ear, held in place by a little black side-comb with bead-like knobs on it, dangled two little grey cork-screw curls which had a way of dancing when the lady talked or laughed, either of which she was generally doing, so that the curls had a pretty lively time of it on the whole.

From time to time she looked anxiously at her companion, and tried to engage her in a lively conversation. At last she seemed to feel the depressing influence of monosyllabic answers, and with a sigh relapsed into a silence relieved at intervals by occasional encouraging and admulatory remarks addressed to the fat, shapeless mare, "Jenny," who pursued her own ambling, erratic course with no more obvious attention to her mistress's suggestions, than a sort of questioning, acquiescent backward jerk of her ears as if she would say, "I hear you. Yes?—Don't you think I know this road quite as well as you do, my dear?"

"Annie," said her aunt at last, "I don't know what has come over you, my dear. You are quite changed, quite a different girl from what you used to be. I really don't know what to make of it."

"I don't know, I'm sure, Aunt Patty, what is the matter myself. I think I am not very well: I'm weak and nervous and—and—absent-minded. I suppose it's the shock of the—O, Auntie, I can't bear to think of it. I don't see how I came to leave her that time without going in to speak to her. I must have been thinking of something else. I don't seem to remember much about it."

"Never mind, dearie, don't you fret about that. You couldn't have prevented the murder. Dear knows the old lady was cranky enough, and led you a life of it when she was alive. She always did make herself and every one else miserable. No wonder her son went off and left her years ago. It's a wonder you stood it so long, Annie. I'm sure, my dear, I wouldn't have seen you want for anything if she hadn't come and planted herself on you like that when your father died. To be sure she did leave you half the money. I always thought she wouldn't do it."

"Poor Aunt Maria, she never was very happy. She fretted dreadfully about Tom," said Annie with a sigh. "And as for the money she always said she'd leave it between us. She used to say she wouldn't allow any one to say she was spiteful enough to leave it out of the family just because she and Tom had quarrelled. 'You'll get half of it, Annie, no matter what happens,' she used to say, 'and nothing is

going to happen either, for I'm going to stay right here whether you want me or not. As for you being good to me for the sake of the money, that's got nothing to do with it. I'm not so helpless that I'm beholden to anyone. You haven't got much spirit, Annie. You take after your father. Tom takes after me, though he's not obstinate. He'll come back one of these days, but mind I'll never send for him. And when he comes I'm going to make him marry you, Annie. That's why I'm saving the money to fix up the old place and make it like it used to be.

"She'd tell me all this in the evening when she was in good humor and then she'd finish up with. 'Yes I'm going to stay right here. I shan't give Patty Barlowe the satisfaction of seeing me leave till I'm carried out feet first.'"

"Yes," laughed Miss Barlowe, "There never was much love lost between me and Maria. So she was going to marry you and Tom?—That was like Maria."

Annie laughed softly and looked a little more like herself. "Probably Tom's got a wife already. Anyway it's not likely he'd want to marry his cousin. I never bothered arguing about it though. There was no use in aggravating her when Tom was far enough away."

"That's so," assented Miss Barlowe, "it was the only way to get on with your Aunt Maria. Did you see that young man in the corner of the church?" she asked, abruptly changing the subject.

"Yes, I did. Have you ever seen him about here before? It seemed to me that I had seen him somewhere, though it can't be possible."

"Probably not. One often catches a resemblance that it's hard to place. I saw the minister looking at him too. Nothing escapes his notice. Annie, I don't like that man! He's altogether too sweet to be wholesome. I'd be suspicious of anyone who'd get around your Aunt Maria as he did. It stands to reason there must be something the matter with him or she'd have found some fault, for she was that contrary if there wasn't a fault to be found she'd never rest till she'd hunted some up."

"What's he after now, Maria's gone?"

"Tisn't likely he's got a fancy for old

women and has got to transfer his attentions to another one. No, my dear, it's not me he's after and it wasn't Maria.—It's you Annie!"

Here Miss Barlowe made a vicious little flick with the whip at old Jenny, who turned her head around and gave her mistress a reproachful look, then ambled over to the other side of the road.

"Yes, drat him, it's you he's after, and I can't bear the sight of him, Annie. I'm scared of him!" she continued, in a loud impressive whisper, dropping the whip and looking into the girl's face.

"Mercy on us, child," she ejaculated, "what makes your face so white looking? You're not afraid of him, too, are you?"

"I—I—don't know, Aunt Patty, I don't feel well. Sometimes I think I am afraid of him—I don't think—I hope—O, Aunt Patty, you don't think—?"

"Yes, I do think," replied Miss Barlowe sententiously. "There, there, child, you're shaking like a reed. I'm glad we've got home. Just come in and lie down while I make you a cup of tea. There's nothing like a cup of tea for quieting the nerves. I oughtn't to have dragged you out to church this hot day. You are weak and nervous and I'm an old fool to be worrying you with my old maid's skeeriness."

All the same Miss Barlowe had satisfied herself upon a point of some anxiety, and had in the course of a few seconds, decided upon a definite course of action.

The Rev. Horatius Speedwell's house was kept for him by his sister. She was a dark-haired, pale-faced woman, of about twenty-six years or more. She had a large scar upon one side of her face and she was slightly lame.

"She is not my full sister you know," Mr. Speedwell would say when speaking apologetically of her timidity and reticence. She has always been sensitive and peculiar. She will not go out, and on the whole perhaps it's just as well. Her infirmity you know—" Then he would change the subject as if he did not care to discuss his sister's infirmities, whether physical or mental. Indeed his questioners, never succeeded in getting much information about this sister, who never was seen out of the house, and it was an unusual instance of the Rev. Mr. Speedwell's modesty and magnanimity that he

did not think it necessary to state that they had not even had the same father, that she was merely the daughter of his step-mother, and that, therefore, the obligation to burden himself with her support was very slight indeed.

The shadows of evening were deepening into gloom and the Rev. Horatius Speedwell stood alone at the window of the room in which he had shut himself after service. He was looking out over the fields beyond the graveyard. From time to time he looked down at a book which he held in his hand, turning it over and over. Then he sat down still with his face turned to the window, and for the twentieth time that afternoon began turning the leaves slowly and carefully, examining every minute trace upon them. It was one of those commonly bound, stiff paste-board covered hymn-books, with the music included. It was of a light grey color and had seen some use.

All at once, as he raised his eyes from the book, he saw coming across the fields

Speedwell, for such was the name she was known by, sat, also looking out through the gloom over the grey green fields to the dim shadowy hills beyond. Before long she too saw the approaching shadowy form and also the more distinctly outlined figure of her brother going to meet her. Soon the two forms disappeared together in the graveyard. Then Miss Speedwell ran down stairs and placed lighted lamps in the sitting-room, drew the blinds close, and opening a side door stepped out of the house. Keeping well in the shadows she glided swiftly over to the graveyard and moving along the fence, in the shelter of the luxuriant shrubbery, she soon stood where she could watch the two dark forms as they conversed together. She could not hear what they said but in the sound of one voice there was a note of pleading, the other was cold, hard, and emotionless.

"My God it is Annie Martin!" whispered Miss Speedwell to herself as she clasped her hands and listened breathlessly, till a slight movement of her brother's started her into immediate flight. With incredible speed and caution she retraced her steps to the house, and when she entered breathless and panting, and closed the door upon the darkness, her face was pale and drawn, and in her eyes there was a wild look of horror and despair, while the scar stood out on her cheek like a long, slender, curved forefinger.

CHAPTER IV.

At an early hour on Monday afternoon, a young man stood in the office of a lawyer in Elmwood. They had been having a long and earnest conversation, and the young man was about to go. He was the stranger whose presence in Mr. Speedwell's church the day before had attracted some attention. "Well," he said placing a book in the hands of the lawyer—"It is a mysterious business, and a very awkward and painful predicament for me to be in. As soon as I got possession of the book I determined to lose no time in placing it in the hands of a responsible person. It would not do for me to keep it. It might lead to complications, for I am liable to be arrested at any moment."

"I don't know about that," said the lawyer,



"My God, it is Annie Martin."

in the direction of the graveyard, a slight shadowy form. Immediately he sprang up, dropping the book, and hurried out of the house to meet the shadow.

At an upper window of the house Miss

though I do think you were unwise to conceal your identity."

"Perhaps so. It's too late now to think of that. The whole thing was so horrible that I felt the need of time to think. I could scarcely believe my senses. It was like a horrible nightmare. I hadn't seen the girl, either, since she was a child and I couldn't believe it was she, yet I wanted to be sure before doing anything. Do you know, my first impulse was to fly from it all. In fact I did run away in the first horror of the thing, but a sudden fall brought me to my senses and I turned and walked back to the hotel in the village."

"The detectives are probably on a hot scent after me now. The failure of my mother's lawyer to locate my whereabouts would be certain to arouse their suspicions."

"You are determined then to allow things to take their own course?"

"Yes, I shall not give information against the girl if I can help it. I don't think they can prove anything against me."

"Well, its inexplicable," said the lawyer, musingly.

"There is certainly something at the bottom of it that I don't understand. There seems to be no adequate motive for the deed. I studied the girl's face closely yesterday, and I cannot imagine anything more incongruous than the suspicion of a crime in connection with such a girl. Could it be possible that she is subject to fits of temporary insanity, or walks in her sleep?—but no, that is hardly possible."

"I think not, or I would have heard of it. I know her Aunt, Miss Patty Barlowe, quite well. I am her legal adviser."

"What puzzles me too," continued the young man, still delaying his departure, "is that she should, even though sleeping, have made no struggle."

"That struck me at the time, and added to the unreality. It was so deliberately and quietly done. The girl was no more disturbed than if she had performed the simplest commonplace act! My God it was awful!—Well, whatever happens, Mr. Sterne, I can depend upon your professional services, then? You will do your best in my defence without implicating the girl, at least, until we have sifted the matter?"

"I will, Mr. Granger. To tell the truth I would not undertake the case other-

wise. I've been too long associated with the family."

Mr. Sterne stood for some minutes after his client had left, then paced up and down the floor as if undetermined how to act.

At just about this time, an unusually early hour for a morning call, the Rev. Horatius Speedwell sallied forth from the parsonage, with a book in his hand, the same book which had been the object of so much careful study the evening before.

He walked down the hill till a bend in the road took him into a narrow cut, in a dense growth of forest. Before, behind, and at both sides of him was nothing but scraggy trees and tanglewood, while the wild blackberry and grape-vines seemed to vie with each other in a combined effort to smother all trace of the unsightly, tortuous road. Not a sign or sound of civilization was to be seen or heard, when, all at once, by a sharp turn and a rapid descent, the traveller found himself treading upon the trailing skirts of the village of North Elmwood. The bewildering suddenness of the approach did not, however, make any impression upon the Rev. Horatius Speedwell.

He walked along with rapid strides till he reached a cottage in the centre of the village.

His knock at the half-open door was promptly answered by a young woman, who, though showing some surprise at his visit, nevertheless seemed very happy when he accepted her invitation to come in. He did not make any mention of his errand until he had seated himself comfortably in the little parlor, and exchanged a few smiling, somewhat playful, commonplaces with the young woman.

He asked after her mother but would not permit her to be summoned from her work at such an hour.

"I think I have found a book of yours, Miss Rose," said Mr. Speedwell, holding up the book in his hand.

"O, yes," cried Miss Rose, her heart fluttering in the elation of a new born hope. "How kind of you to bring it to me, really! But how did you know it was mine?"

"Ah, well," answered Mr. Speedwell, "to tell the truth I did not exactly, for there was no name in it, but turning the leaves

over carelessly I happened to notice that some four or five hymns were marked, and I remembered that not long ago you had told me they were favorites of yours. So I thought the book might belong to you." He explained with a peculiar smile.

"O, Yes," she answered in some confusion, remembering that these hymns had been first suggested by Mr. Speedwell, in answer to an inquiry of her own. "How funny you should remember," she giggled, "but where did you find it?"

"Well now, Miss Rose, where did you lose it? I think that I shall keep the book till you tell me. Young ladies should not be so careless of valuable property," he continued banteringly.

"O, now, Mr. Speedwell, what do you want with my hymn book. I'm sure you'll have to keep it then, for I really don't know where I lost it. It's funny though. It was the Sunday of the murder. O, wasn't that an awful thing, Mr. Speedwell?" she rattled on.

"To think"—

"But about the book, Miss Rose" interrupted Mr. Speedwell, shaking it playfully at her.

"O, yes; well, I don't know how it was, but when I was going home that Sunday, I found I had Miss Barlowe's hymnbook in my hand, and I went back and left it in her pew."

"Ah, you must have changed books with her."

"No, I hadn't been near her. There was a big purple ink stain on the back of her's, and that's how I noticed it was not my own. We didn't use the old books that day and I hadn't noticed it till after church. Come to think of it, I must have changed with Annie Martin. I declare, I have not thought of it since. She was passing the gate as I came out, and I put mine in her hand while I ran back for a handkerchief. What an odd girl she is! She went right on, and I had to run to catch her, and she didn't seem to half understand what I said to her. She—"

The Rev. Mr. Speedwell arose somewhat abruptly, and laid the book carelessly on a table behind him. Then he bade Miss Rose a somewhat hasty "good morning," and took his departure.

Miss Rose stood at the door and smilingly

watched him till he was out of sight. As his form disappeared around the corner she exclaimed. "There! he never said where he found the book. I declare, I believe that Annie Martin has left it with him somewhere. I always mistrusted that girl. Well," she continued to herself, "I must run and tell mother all about it, she'll be dying to know what he came for."

Mr. Speedwell rapidly retraced his steps to the parsonage, in no very enviable frame of mind, and when he arrived at his own doorstep, he paused to cool himself after the exertion of climbing the hill.

As he stood there he saw a horse's head appear upon the road up the hill, and presently the mare, Jenny, followed by her mistress, Miss Patty Barlowe, perched upon a high buggy seat, emerged into full view.

"The deuce!" ejaculated the Rev. Horatius. Then, after this pious exclamation, he wiped his brow with his handkerchief, adjusted his collar, and with his hat in his hand, smilingly advanced to meet Miss Barlowe.

We made some allusion in the last chapter to a certain resolution of Miss Barlowe's upon a definite course of action. With characteristic promptness and firmness of purpose, Miss Barlowe had already set forth with the determination, by fair means or foul, to put a stop to any incipient entanglement between her niece and Mr. Speedwell.

She did not want to worry Annie in her present state of health, nor did she purpose for the same reason to allow her to see Mr. Speedwell, whose presence, seemed to have a strange influence on the girl. Therefore Miss Patty had decided to appeal to Mr. Speedwell and even to go to the length of explaining to him that for certain reasons a marriage with her niece would not be advantageous to Mr. Speedwell. Perhaps, an intuitive appreciation of the character of the Rev. Horatius Speedwell, prompted this suggestion. Miss Barlowe felt that she had really no grounds for such an aggressive course of action, except a strange unaccountable prejudice.

But Miss Barlowe had an instinctive faith in her own prejudices, and considered this one sufficient excuse for her conduct. Whether or not her mission was successful, certain it is, that after half an hour's

interview with Mr. Speedwell, within the sacred precincts of his study, they emerged together, and Miss Patty's face bore an expression of mingled happiness and bewilderment. In fact there played about her lips a smile, which, if we had not been fully aware of Miss Patty's sound common sense, and the utter incongruity of anything silly in her deportment, we would have designated a smirk!

Mr. Speedwell, after assisting Miss Barlowe to mount to her seat in the buggy, took his place beside her. It would have surprised anyone who was familiar with the habits and deportment of the wilful and pampered mare, Jenny, to have observed her exemplary conduct under the guiding hand of the Rev. Horatius Speedwell.

As they drove along in silence, for Mr. Speedwell seemed to be preoccupied, the smile faded out of Miss Barlowe's face, and gave place to an expression of suspicion and dismay, as she furtively glanced at the calm, inscrutable face beside her.

As they neared the house, the slight girlish form of Miss Martin appeared at the parlor window.

"Ah, I see Miss Annie is looking for your return," said Mr. Speedwell, "You will allow me the pleasure of a short conversation with her alone, Miss Barlowe, will you not?"

Miss Barlowe made a slight motion of assent, but she hesitated at the threshold of the parlor door, as Mr. Speedwell entered the room.

Annie had turned and stood awaiting his approach. Her hands hung listlessly at her side and she neither spoke nor made any motion of salutation.

For a brief moment Miss Barlowe stood irresolute, then she turned and dragged herself wearily upstairs, and some one softly closed the parlor door. In the shelter of her own room she sank into a chair and clasped her hands in mute despair. Presently she sprang up exclaiming "I'm an old fool! and yet I wondered how he got around Maria!"

Then she resolutely marched downstairs, past the parlor door, and out into the diningroom behind. There was a sort of long, dark, closet or pantry between the parlor and diningroom, which had a door

opening into each. Miss Barlowe entered this and closed the door behind her carefully, and crept softly to the one at the other end of the closet. A long narrow shaft of light, which came from a crack at the back of the door, shone through the darkness, and to this crack Miss Barlowe directed her attention.

Through it she could both see and hear the occupants of the parlor, who were seated together upon a low lounge at the back of the room.

Mr. Speedwell sat leaning forward with one elbow resting upon his knee while the other hand lay upon Miss Martin's knee holding one of hers in its grasp.

He was looking earnestly into her face and speaking in low thrilling tones.

"Yes, my darling, I love you, and I will never give you up. Remember that, dear. You sometimes forget, you know, you forgot about the book that you were to bring to me. You allowed Miss Rose to take it out of your hands, but the other one, the right one, which you found in the pew—you are sure you did not pick it up after you turned to go? You had laid it down on the desk, you know. You did not bring it from the church."

The girl's eyes met his with a steady gaze, and there was a faint hectic tinge of color in her face.

"I did not bring it from the church," she said slowly and falteringly.

"No, you did not, I am sure; well, it's no use trying to remember any more. You may forget it all, all that it hurts you to remember, only this"—He drew her close to him till her cheek rested on his shoulder—"only this, that I love you, and that you love me—You will remember that I have held you in my arms, thus:"

There was a flush in his dark cheeks, and a note of suppressed passion in his voice, that surprised while it terrified Miss Barlowe, who still, without compunction, watched him, as if fascinated as the thought took shape in her mind. "He loves her and she is completely in his power!"

"Remember," he repeated with the same mysterious significance—"It hurts you to remember, I will touch your forehead with my hand. Now the pain is gone." He bowed his head slowly over her as if gloating over her delicate beauty, then he

pressed a long kiss upon her lips, and a slight tremor passed through her body.

"No, you will not forget. You are my betrothed bride—more than that you are my wife in the sight of Heaven. You know this is not the first time. There have been other times that I have held you in my arms like this. You remember Sunday night when you came to meet me in the graveyard. Yes, you did come to meet me though you forgot it afterwards. You remember now, and I kissed you like this many times, so you are mine. You could not escape from me if you wished. You could never give to another what you have already given to me. You do not belong to yourself any longer—do you understand?"

"I understand. I belong to you," she answered, in a strange low voice. "I have no wish to escape."

Miss Barlowe could bear it no longer. She hurried away from the door and ran up stairs again to her own room, and paced up and down the floor.

"My God, what have I been doing," she said passionately. "Why did I allow him to use his diabolical power over her? O, my sister, I promised to watch over your child! My little girl! The man is a devil!"

With a low moan she sank upon her knees, and her heart went up in an earnest prayer on behalf of the girl over whom she felt that she had, herself, no longer any power either to guide or to protect.

When she arose from her knees, a grey palor had spread over her face, and the light in her eyes, and her bright smile, had faded forever.

CHAPTER V.

If Sunday was apt to be a red letter day in the week to more than the piously inclined of the inhabitants of the village of North Elmwood, the Sunday following the one upon which certain events described in a former chapter took place, must have been marked in very brilliant ink in the mental calendar of the denizens of that sleepy little village, which had for once been startled into a state of semi-wakefulness by the shock and novelty of an actual murder in its midst. Already the fathers of the village had begun to talk of separate incorporation and a newspaper of their

own. For the past two weeks a dark, mysterious man, whom certain astute persons had for very obvious reasons, founded upon his conduct, concluded to be a detective, had intermittently haunted the village, and finally he was joined by another, and the air was heavy with portent.

People who had been in the habit of calling once a week for their mail at the post office, on their way to the mill, with a grist of corn to be ground, found it necessary to go to the mill or the post office every day, and to loiter over the journey rather more than was wholesome for crops at this busy season.

The village was on the *qui-vive*, in an agony of suspense as to whether the detectives had driven their query to bay, and what sort of game was about to be unearthed. It was hinted shudderingly that the murderer had actually been living in their midst, moving mysteriously among them, with none could tell what dark intent, like a certain personage of ill repute supposed to be going about "like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," but whose accepted presence, whether in body or spirit, nevertheless disturbed the peace of mind of the inhabitants of North Elmwood as little as did the unsuspected presence in the flesh of the perpetrator of the grim deed which was the cause of so much excitement, and certainly much less than the knowledge that the person upon whom suspicion had fastened had been walking openly among them. So that they had been not unprepared then, for at least one of two startling announcements which had appeared in the *Elmwood Times* of that week, though some of the facts revealed therein caused no little surprise. As for the other, its effect was for the moment to almost stupify with astonishment, those who were familiar with the parties whose names appeared in it, for the villagers had been too much excited over the murder and its attendant circumstances to notice anything going on about them, even though it bore an indirect relation to the very cause of excitement. Indeed they were much more apt to seize upon something quite irrelevant as a mysteriously significant circumstance.

The first announcement was to the effect that Thomas Granger, son of the murdered

woman had been traced to North Elmwood and was at present lodged in the jail at Elmwood. The other was as follows—

"It is stated that the Rev. Horatius Speedwell of North Elmwood has decided to take to himself a helpmeet in the person of Miss Annie Martin. The young lady is well known and much respected in the vicinity, and Mr. Speedwell has reason to be congratulated upon his choice. The marriage will be announced shortly."

In referring to the announcement of his engagement with Miss Martin, Mr. Speedwell had said to several different persons, that although the engagement was not at all premature, he having for some time entertained a very strong regard for the young lady in question, he had thought that in consideration of the rather peculiar and lonely position in which Miss Martin had been placed, and especially since the suspicion of murder had fallen upon so near a relative as her cousin, he had considered himself in honor bound, to bring the matter to an immediate issue and to make the engagement public.

The first of the series of ladies who just happened to call upon Miss Barlowe immediately after this announcement appeared, it being suggestive of precipitancy to call with the avowed intention of offering congratulations, was somewhat mystified by Miss Barlowe's reception of the reference to the announcement. She had not seen it yet, and for a moment stared at her visitor as if dazed. Then she got up and hunted for the paper with trembling hands and read the notice over two or three times before she made any comment upon it. She was quite reticent about the engagement and answered somewhat vaguely when the lady, noticing her strange conduct, put the question. "Well, it's true, isn't it? They really are engaged?" She did not seem to be sufficiently elated over the prospect of her niece's happiness.

However, to those that called later she spoke with more firmness, but still with extreme reticence, and apologized for her niece's not appearing; saying that Annie was quite unwell, much prostrated in fact by recent excitement.

This eventful week was followed by a few quiet ones unmarked by any important incident, and the excitement which had for a time aroused the village into a state of

temporary animation had almost subsided. All interest was now centered in the approaching marriage; not that there was much material for this very natural interest to feed upon, for little information relative to the event was to be elicited from any of the parties concerned. The Rev. Horatius Speedwell was not the sort of man of whom it is easy to ask questions, and Miss Barlowe had for some inexplicable reason kept herself and her niece resolutely shut in, and had rendered her own manner and the atmosphere of her house so uninviting that her neighbors scarcely dared approach it, and, remembering that lady's former vivacity, and hospitality, were much exercised to account for her present demeanor.

At last it was announced through the Rev. Horatius himself, that the wedding was to take place a few days before the trial of Mr. Granger, as it was thought that it would be better for Miss Martin to be away at that time.

So they were quietly married, in the old church on the plain, by a clergyman from Elmwood, and they left immediately, by train, on their wedding journey.

An hour or so after the wedding and shortly after the lawyer, Mr. Sterne, had taken his place in his office, a lady called and requested a private interview with him. She was closely veiled and her appearance was quite unfamiliar to Mr. Sterne, so that he waited in some curiosity for her to make her errand known. It was not often in such a place as Elmwood that a lawyer received a lady client who was a total stranger to him. When she lifted her veil he saw that she was a white faced woman with large, restless, dark eyes and black hair. Upon one side of her face was a peculiar scar.

"I am Miss Speedwell" she said quietly and without any apparent excitement, "I have come to deliver myself up to justice. I killed the woman, Mrs. Granger, and as I do not want an innocent person to suffer in my place, I have come to you. You are the lawyer employed in Mr. Granger's defence, I believe.

For a moment Mr. Sterne was too much astonished to answer, then he gasped out.

"My dear woman—I beg your pardon

Miss Speedwell—will you not be seated? I—really, you surprise me. What did I understand you to say?"

"I do not wonder that you are surprised," she answered. "The truth is that I am subject at times to some sort of mental derangement, that is, there are times when I do not know what I am doing, and I believe that on that Sunday while every one was at church, I left my home and went to that house and killed that woman."

There was nothing in the woman's manner to indicate that for the time being, at least, she was not in her right senses, though Mr. Sterne gazed at her in some doubt as to whether she was not at present suffering from one of the attacks of mental derangement to which she referred.

"If you do not know what you are doing at the times of which you speak," said Mr. Sterne, standing up and walking about the room "how is it that you now know, or think, that you did this thing?"

For a moment Miss Speedwell hesitated then she answered: "Something occurred to recall the scene to my mind, and I remembered what I had done."

"This is quite extraordinary, Miss Speedwell. Can you tell me nothing of the circumstances? How was the deed done?"

"I found the woman asleep in her chair and I stabbed her in the neck with a knife. I can tell you nothing more. My mind is somewhat confused when I try to recall it."

"Inexplicable" muttered Mr. Sterne. "Why did you not speak of this before, or why come now?"

"I could not come before. I did not wish to do anything till after my brother had left."

"Ah, I see. Did your brother know of this?"

"I don't know. I really can tell you nothing more. I wish to be arrested. I cannot endure my life any longer. I have always feared it would come to something like this, and now I hope there will be an end to my suffering."

For a moment Mr. Sterne paused and gazed earnestly at her. There was a note of unutterable anguish in her voice that appealed to his compassion. Then the lawyer's instinct suggested a question. "What about the knife with which the deed was done? What became of it?"

"I don't know. I remember nothing about it."

Mr. Sterne stood before his desk looking at a certain drawer. He drew a bunch of keys from his pocket and inserted one of them in the drawer: Then he hesitated, left the desk and walked across the room, then returned, pulled out the drawer and took out a book which he opened and carried to Miss Speedwell, saying: "Do you think this could have been the knife?"

"No, I do not think so," she answered, looking in some surprise at the knife, which lay upon the open book. "Where did you get this?"

"It was given to me," answered Mr. Sterne.

"It belongs to my brother, he always carried it in his vest pocket," said Miss Speedwell, taking the knife from the book. "See, it has a spring."

With a pressure of the finger and a quick pull, the blade disappeared in the silver handle.

"I have seen him use it as a paper knife, but he never parted with it. I cannot imagine how it got out of his possession."

"You do not think you could have got it that day and used it?"

"No, certainly not. My brother is a careful man, he never leaves things about. Besides his room, where he sits and does his work is always locked during his absence."

"In that case"—said Mr. Sterne taking the knife from her, "How is it opened? Ah, yes. I must ask you to leave it in my custody until it is returned to your brother.—In that case, Miss Speedwell, I would advise you strongly, both as a lawyer and as a friend, to go home and remain quietly there till I communicate with you, for I do not believe that you committed the murder."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Thomas Granger was, as we have said, lodged in the Elmwood jail, but as the grounds for suspicion against him were very vague, and as he was well connected and had hitherto borne a good reputation, he was made comfortable and allowed some privileges.

After his interview with Miss Speedwell,

Mr. Sterne hastened to the jail, and requested a private interview with Granger. This was granted, and Mr. Sterne gave a detailed account of his conversation with Miss Speedwell.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked after the whole thing had been carefully gone over, and Granger sat thoughtfully silent, looking at the bare prison walls. "Of course you could never have mistaken Miss Speedwell for the other?"

"No, certainly not. A woman of such striking appearance as the one you describe would certainly have left a distinct impression upon the mind, and I tell you, I remembered the face well. The very idea of connecting the scene with another only makes me more certain of the one I saw. But I don't know what to make of it. Do you know—" he said, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking anxiously at the lawyer, "I can't help thinking that that man is at the bottom of the mystery. Here are two women—one of them, we will say, committed the murder, the other thinks she did—and both of these women are intimately connected with the man whose knife was used in the act; for I think we may accept that conclusion."

Mr. Sterne got up and walked over to the little barred window. He stood looking out till Granger demanded impatiently: "Well, what do you think?"

"What do I think? Why, I had the same thought myself, only I wanted to see if you would come to a similar conclusion. What do you say now to taking the detectives into our confidence and consulting with them?"

"I don't know about that, and yet I would like to set them on his track. We might tell them about his sister. I would not allow her to be convicted. I suppose I shall have to reveal the truth eventually. You say she seemed to be troubled when you questioned her about her brother? It is certainly strange."

"Well," said Mr. Sterne, taking out his watch, "I will send the detectives to you. They'll get more out of you than you'll allow me to tell them. In the meantime I'm going to call upon Miss Patty Barlowe. I know her to be a shrewd sensible little woman. I am her legal adviser. I

shouldn't wonder if we should get some light on the subject from her. I believe she acted queerly about the marriage. And I'll see Miss Speedwell also again and sound her about her brother's habits and disposition."

An hour or so after this conversation had taken place, Mr. Sterne arrived at the residence of Miss Barlowe. That lady had betaken herself to bed, immediately after the departure of the bridal couple, and when the little maid brought her the message from Mr. Sterne she sent down word that she could not see him; but Mr. Sterne was not easily discouraged. He stood in the hall at the foot of the stair, after sending a third message to the effect that his business with Miss Barlowe was imperative, and though sorry to trouble her if she was ill, he could not leave until he had had a few moments conversation with her. Whereupon Miss Barlowe returned, in a voice that was quite audible to her importunate visitor, that if Mr. Sterne must see her, then he would have to come up to her room, and if he was afraid to see an old woman in bed he could go away.

"No, I won't take off my night cap," she continued in fretful tones, "and I won't put on a shawl, I'm a miserable old woman and I don't care what I look like. The way I've been pestered with unwelcome visitors these two months would drive any one crazy."

The maid had beckoned to Mr. Sterne to come up and he quickly took advantage of the invitation.

"Come now, Miss Patty," he expostulated, entering her room. "You and I have been old friends too long for us to be talking to one another like this."

Miss Patty turned to him a very woe-begone face and allowed him to touch a limp, cold hand. To tell the truth it was somewhat of a relief to her to be able to give way to her nervous irritability before some one who was not likely to make her conduct the subject of comment afterwards. However, at a few significant words from Mr. Sterne, with reference to Mr. Speedwell, her manner changed completely, and a glimmer of excitement lit up her face. She sat up quickly, and quite mechanically snatched off her night-cap, speaking briskly.

"There, Polly, hand me that shawl and go down and get something for supper. I don't know but I'll get up after a while."

Mr. Sterne smiled, but Miss Patty only grunted at him crossly and waited for further developments.

After a good deal of questioning, which Miss Barlowe parried very cleverly—until Mr. Sterne got cross in his turn—she became reasonable and told all about her prejudice against the Rev. Horatius Speedwell, about her doubts and suspicions, and about his strange influence upon her niece.

All this Mr. Sterne found very interesting and he impressed upon Miss Barlowe the importance of concealing nothing, and although she did not know why Mr. Sterne should be so interested in her story, she felt sure that her old friend would not put the information she gave him to any bad use. It was a relief to speak at last. The hint that Mr. Speedwell might have had something to do with the murder aroused all her antagonism, and she spoke with feverish excitement. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised! I believe he's equal to it. He's a devil, that man! He certainly has got some diabolical power over my poor girl. May God prevent him from using it to her injury; but I have my doubts." Then she described the scene she had seen enacted in the parlor.

"You see, after that," she moaned, "I could do nothing. Oh if I had only taken her away before she was so completely in his power. I do believe he mesmerized her. Mercy!" she exclaimed, giving Mr. Sterne a startled look and, recognising the answering light in his eyes. "It's a wonder I did not think of that before."

She clasped her hands and looked anxiously at Mr. Sterne—"What shall I do?" she gasped.

"Nothing, Miss Barlowe, at least at present. I will come and see you to-morrow, and in the meantime immediate measures will be taken for your niece's protection."

During all this time the Rev. Horatius Speedwell and his bride were being whirled along by the "Fast Express" on their way to the great city of New York. It was just growing dark as they reached the city, and already here and there the glimmer of different colored lights sprang up mak-

ing the darkness more uncertain. Mr. Speedwell looked anxiously at his bride as he assisted her to alight from the train, and he hastened to place her in a cab while he looked after their baggage. He spoke reassuringly to her but she did not answer him. She did not seem to mind the noise and rush.

It was now quite dark except for the gas lights and Mr. Speedwell, thinking she was tired, sat quietly beside her, after the carriage door was closed, and abandoned himself to his own thoughts. Presently they stopped and the cab-man threw open the door. Mr. Speedwell sprang out, then spoke to his wife, but she made no answer or motion.

Thinking she had fainted he got in again and lifted her out and carried her into the hotel. She had not fainted,—She was dead!

The long strain, the horror, and excitement, had brought her young life to a merciful close.

After the telegram announcing the death was received in Elmwood, the two detectives took the night train for New York, and next morning when Mr. Speedwell arose from the breakfast table at the hotel, he was met by two men who spoke to him a few significant words. He saw that resistance was useless, and he quietly submitted to being handcuffed, only expressing his surprise and his belief that there had been a grave mistake for which someone would suffer.

The detectives finding him so manageable, obligingly informed him that he was arrested under suspicion of having used his power as a mesmerist to compel another person to commit murder.

He was carried back to Elmwood on the same train with his dead bride, and next morning he was found dead in his cell. He had poisoned himself.

Granger was released and immediately left the place for ever.

Some people never understood why the Rev. Horatius Speedwell was arrested, and were inclined to believe him a much injured man, though they did not venture to say so before Miss Patty Barlowe when at last the ghost of that sprightly little lady, once more appeared among them; and to-day the murder of Mrs. Granger is referred to as "The Mystery of Elmwood."



IN the life of Franz Schubert there is but scant material to furnish anything like a biographical sketch. His private life was uneventful, and devoid altogether of those ordinary romances which generally add interest to the lives of great men. Born in the year 1797 at Vienna, of humble parents, the youngest but one of a family of fourteen children, his environment was certainly not such as would be calculated to encourage the development of the splendid genius which afterwards displayed itself. Life with him was a severe struggle. We learn, however, that the family were musical, and although poor, were industrious and affectionately devoted to one another. The father, who was a schoolmaster, taught two of his elder sons the violin, and, at the age of seven, Franz also began to study the violin and piano, but soon got quite beyond his teacher, and was then sent to the parish choirmaster, who was astounded at his pupil's aptness. From an early age he appears to have had an insatiable desire for composition. Indeed his life may be summed up in the one word—*work*. And when we consider that he died in the year 1828 at the early age of thirty one, that his life work was compassed within the short space of 18 years, and that during that time he poured forth with ever increasing rapidity songs, symphonies, sonatas, operas, masses and chamber music, we

cannot but marvel at the inestimable musical wealth he has bequeathed to us. Eleven hundred and thirty-one compositions, some of them exceedingly lengthy, have been preserved. And although he emulated the example of his great contemporaries, Weber, Rossini, Donizetti and Meyerbeer, yet he was not considered successful as a writer of opera. His great genius lay in the composition of songs. Schubert was a consummate master of expression, and as such, his songs, which are noted for strength, originality and exquisite beauty, may certainly be considered to occupy a pinnacle as exalted as the symphonies of Beethoven do in another direction. The spontaneity of his genius was so great, that he never lacked inspiration; in fact it is generally agreed that he was the most prolific song composer that ever lived. His first effort in this direction, "Hagar's Lament," was written in his 14th year and this is the first recorded of some 600 songs which emanated from his fertile brain, many of them being considered to-day amongst the greatest gems in the realm of song. When the inspiration came upon him to write, he cared nothing for time or place. In studying a volume of poetry, words that pleased him would at once be clothed in melody. We are told that once after a long walk, strolling into a beer garden he found a friend seated at one of the tables reading Shakespeare. Schubert, taking up



Franz Peter Schubert.

the book, came across the song in "Cymbeline" "Hark! Hark the Lark" and the beautiful melody with the accompaniment as we now have it, instantly flashed upon him, and was written down on some staves hastily drawn on the back of a bill of fare. Again, take for instance the magnificent "Erl King," unequalled for dramatic and descriptive power, which was composed in a few moments just as he first came upon Goethe's ballad. It was the poems of Goethe which inspired Schubert with some of his most exquisite conceptions. No less than 67 of those

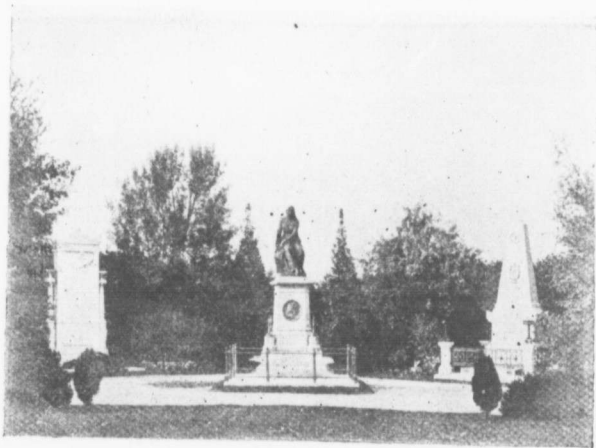
songs he has set to music. All of Schubert's songs are beautiful, and it is difficult to particularise amongst such a multitude of gems. A few of those best known may be named, beginning with "Who is Sylvia," "The Wanderer," "The Linden Tree," "The Secret," "A Dream of Spring," "Faith in Spring," "Peace," "Whither Alinde," "Withered Flowers," "The Wild Rose," "Ave Maria," "Cradle Song," "My Resting Place," "Beneath the Evening's Last Sweet Smile," and the ever welcome 'Serenade' and many others too numerous to mention, the study of which will richly repay any



Schubert's Birthplace in Vienna.

who are as yet unfamiliar with their beauties. Next in importance to his marvellous songs, his tenth or great C. major symphony written in 1828, is undoubtedly

the finest, and may worthily be placed side-by-side with those of Beethoven the master-hand. The score of his unfinished symphony in B minor, presents so many



View in the Cemetery at Vienna, Showing Tombs of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert.

characteristic beauties, that it is a matter for regret that it was destined never to be completed. Of C. number music, the two string quartets in G. and D. minor represent his greatest work, and the masses in F. in C. and in G., all noble and charming compositions are only surpassed by the mass in E. flat (also written in 1828) and which to-day is acknowledged to be

parcel of Schubert's songs, which had been brought to his notice and in which he recognized the "divine fire," caused him to exclaim with unbounded astonishment, "that their composer was destined to become a great power in the world." The deep regret which the dying Beethoven expressed at not having known more about him, led to Schubert visiting him twice. His first visit

Erkörung

Facsimile of Manuscript of First Sketch of *Erkörung*

one of the most finished and sublime works of its kind. Mention must also be made of Schubert's first and only oratorio, "The Song of Miriam," which unfortunately is without orchestration.

Schubert was one of those men who are naturally loved, to whom friends become devotedly attached. He was of extremely modest and retiring disposition, and this accounts for the fact that although nearly the whole of his life was passed in Vienna, he never possessed courage to gain the friendship of Goethe or Beethoven, the two men above all others whom, with trembling awe, he silently worshipped until when the latter was on his death-bed, a

must have been fraught with joy, as well as sorrow, for we read that on coming a second time, and finding him unable to speak, Schubert went away "bowed down with grief." Little he thought that within the brief space of one year, he too would have joined the silent majority. The immediate cause of his death which occurred on 19th of November, 1828, is attributed to typhus fever. He was buried in the Währing cemetery in Vienna in a grave close to that of Beethoven. In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote the following words of one of his biographers, "Schubert's face was homely and there was nothing to betray the sacred fire with-



Schubert's Monument in Vienna.

in him, save the brightness of his eyes. His character was almost without a flaw. Simplicity, modesty, kindness, truthfulness and fidelity were his marked attributes. He was utterly free from envy or malice,

and not a trace of selfishness appears in anything he ever said or did. His life was devoted, with entire disinterestedness, to the pursuit of the noblest aims of life."

—*Mary Beddoe.*



Schubert's Tomb in Vienna.



Mammy's Baby.

BY McLEOD STEWART.

When sad and sore and weary,
And at even I wander home,
Weighed down with care and far from cheery,
For me a lookout party's on the roam,
It's Mammy's Baby.

In the early morn I hear a prattle
From a little cot near by,
I listen, then there goes a rattle;
I say, "Who's there?" she says "'Tis I
That's Mammy's Baby.

Day wears on, then baby says,
"I's sleepy," the tiny shoes are off,
Sleep in its grasp, then sways,
That little crumb of earthly love,
Called Mammy's Baby

In the gloaming pet arms entwine my neck,
The baby wants to go to granny's,
Her hand enclasped in daddy's, tiny speck
I wander off amidst loves fancies
For Mammy's Baby.

When darkness closes in around the house,
And baby's off in lands of pleasant dreams;
I creep upstairs, as softly as a mouse
To me that little one an angel seems
Dear Mammy's Baby.



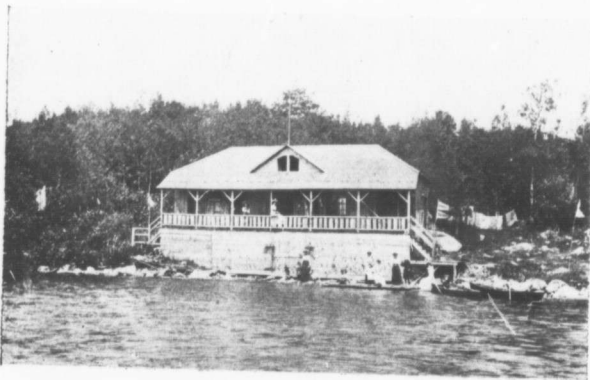
THE accompanying sketches are from photostaken by the special artist of the Abbitibi fish and game club, an organization which, although but little known to outsiders, is a very flourishing concern, limited to a membership of thirty, with headquarters away up the Gatineau district, about seven miles back of Gracefield, the present terminus of the Ottawa and Gatineau railway, and at an altitude of eight hundred feet above the city of Ottawa.

∴ Here, hemmed in by mountains, far removed from the outside world, one could live away the entire summer breathing the

purest of air—air which, inhaled, seems to have the same effect that gas has on a balloon and one feels so full of vitality and buoyancy, that, like a native of earth transplanted to Mars, one feels at times a difficulty in keeping one's feet on solid ground.

The club house, as can be seen, is a commodious and comfortable building built in a lovely cave at the end of Ashegon (or Victoria) lake at the entrance to a portage to Rat Lake a mile away. (There are five lakes in all leased by the club, Ashegon, Rat, Partridge, Abbitibi and White Fish.)

Every way you turn you are confronted by mountains and if one climbs to the top of some of them it is only to see more



Abbitibi Club House, from a photo by D. L. Manchester.

mountains. From the top of one on Rat lake, the cimber can see seven lakes among the surrounding mountains and the Gatineau river wending its way to the Ottawa.

As for the fishing, well fish is a dangerous subject to meddle with. I have heard men

other organizations of the kind, in that it has accommodation for ladies, and although, to old anglers, this might seem a drawback, I can assure them that, after all, it is very pleasant.

One of the institutions of the club house



"Mr. Pickwick was the first to leave."

talk as carelessly about six and seven pound bass as though their license to fish included all the electors. Such talk is, however, generally confined to fishermen who carry their bait in a jar labelled molasses. The only seven pound bass I ever caught were a few that had a positive aversion to scales and such pressing business elsewhere that they could not wait to be landed. Some of them I am confident weighed over seven, some perhaps less, but if the reader is only fortunate enough to get an invitation from a member, he will be sure of grand sport and a jolly good time.

The club is rather different from most

is "Crummie," superintendent, guide, cook and general handy man, as good natured a soul as ever paddled a dugout or fried a fish. "Crummie" lives in some crannie among the everlasting hills but his residence, like Moses' grave, is unknown. There he thrives along with a number of smaller "Crummies" and I can only hope that they may grow up as good and honest as the old man. "Crummie" came from a part of the province where the scenery is softer and he did not require the use of giant powder in potato planting, but it would take a field battery to dislodge him now, his only grievance being that part of his

estate is lake and part island, the said island rising like a gigantic sugar loaf in the



Mr. Pickwick.

middle of Ashegon lake. No one has ever been on the Island that I know of and I do not think any one ever will unless a colony of goats might be induced to settle there.

"Crummie" still adheres to the good old patriarchal plan and does his "chores" with a team of oxen.

During my visit there arrived a party among whom was an Englishman, a jolly old boy who beamed through his glasses like a genial "Pickwick." Poor old chap! he had a not unusual failing, rather common among some of his countrymen, of comparing things here with what they were at home, greatly, of course, to our disadvantage. However, he was so genial that no one disputed him and everyone liked him, but one evening we had the laugh all on our side.

A party of ladies were chatting on the verandah and when Mr. Pickwick joined them some one mentioned casually that

"Crummie" had had a sheep stolen by a bear the night before, and Mr. Pickwick joked about bears as though he had handled them frequently, when all at once a dog ran in howling and a lady cried out that it must be the bear. I regret to say that Mr. Pickwick was the first to leave and that we could afterwards walk through the wire screen door without the formality of opening it, but then, perhaps, bears are not licensed around Birmingham.

The portage road from Ashegon to Rat lake is a veritable lovers' walk, and about half way is a spring of clear, ice-cold water coming out of a cavern, and new arrivals never pass the spring without stopping to have a good drink, it seems such a treat. The doctor of the party said a wine glass of "the cratur" to a tumbler of the water was a great improvement, but I cannot speak with authority.

There were twenty people in all at the club house when I visited it, and between fishing, rowing and general loafing around,

the time passed all too soon and for once I regretted that my annual independent income was not sufficient to keep me without the necessity of work, but everything comes to an end and the time came to pack up and ruefully leave behind some of our more fortunate comrades whose leave had not yet expired. Werowed slowly down the lake listening to the cheers of those left behind. On arriving at the landing two teams were waiting for us, and piling in we consigned ourselves to



Picting a Load of Stuff.

the care of one of Josh Ellard's pilots, and anyone who has been up in that country knows that to successfully pilot a wagon load of stuff requires as much nerve as it



A. String of Beauties. Photographed at the Abbittibi Club by D. L. Manchester.

does to run the Long Sault rapids. However, there were no bones broken and we landed safely at Gracefield where, boarding the train, we had a most delightful run over

the Gatineau Valley road to Ottawa, everyone looking brown and happy after the outing and better fitted to tackle his daily work.



"Crummie."

THE SOUL'S SOLITUDE.

By Archibald Lampman.

I lie upon my bed, and hear and see ;
The moon is rising, through the glistening trees,
And momentarily a vast and sombre breeze,
With a great voice returning fitfully,
Comes like a deep-toned grief, and stirs in me
Somehow, by some inexplicable art,
A sense of my soul's strangeness and its part
In the dark march of human destiny.

What am I then ? and what are they that pass
Yonder, and love, and laugh, and mourn, and weep ?
What can they know of me, or I—alas !—
Of them—little. At times as if from sleep,
We waken to this yearning passionate mood,
And tremble at our spiritual solitude.



AN ELEPHANT KRAAL.

By Andrew Nicholl, A.R.H.A.

LLEFT Colombo on the 28th July, by the Kandy mail, to proceed as far as Ambepusse. After crossing the bridge of boats, over the Kalang Ganga, the scenery assumed a beautiful sylvan character: the road runs for a considerable distance along the opposite bank of the river, through a thick grove of suria and cocoa-nut trees, native gardens on either side, containing mango, pomegranate, plantain, custard, apple, clove, bread fruit, citron and lime-trees, which throw a delightful shade across the road, at all times of the day, so dense is the leafing; while in the more open parts of the country, the areka-nut tree raises its graceful stems, with clusters of nuts, its deep green leaf, which resembles that of the talipot, spreading against the sunny sky. The pepper, with its red and green berries, and other creepers, with the brightest crimson, purple, blue, and yellow convolvulus-formed flowers, twine around the stems and amongst the dense foliage. Nothing can exceed the variety and beauty of these wildings of nature, or the wonderful vegetation presented to the eye in Ceylon at this season of the year. Masses of foliage cover the face of the country, bespangled with blossoms and fruit.

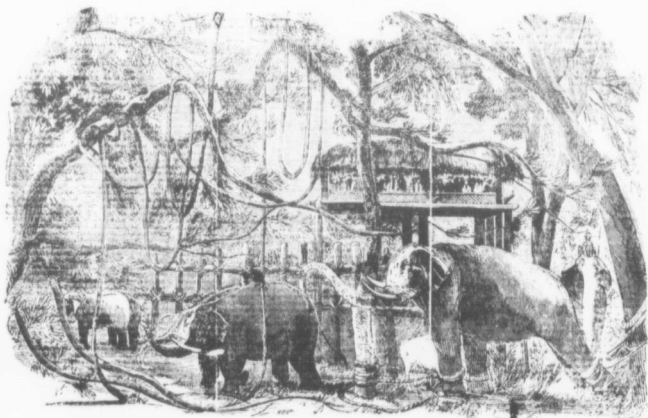
The rest-house of Ambepusse is situated in a secluded valley, surrounded by lofty wooded mountains, and is midway between Colombo and Kandy; but the route now taken was Kornegalle, which lies in a different direction, along the banks of the Maya Oya, a clear rapid river. Kornegalle is situated at the foot of a high rocky mountain, called Aetegala, or Tusk Elephant Mountain. The last 22 miles of the road was travelled in a bullock bandy, which is a narrow cart, the sides and top covered with plaited coca-nut leaves, called cajan, as a protection from the burning sun. This part of the journey was tedious and tiresome, having been twelve hours and a half

in reaching the resting-house. The Kraal was close to the Kimboolwona Oya, or Alligator River, 18 miles distant, where we proceeded on horseback along the bridle path. Elephant Rock was seen on the left, clothed nearly to the summit with forest trees; on the right were now and again seen, in the far distance, hills of various forms. Here we entered a dense forest; immense bare roots of aged trees had crept over the narrow path, covered with creeping plants, having great sharp poisonous thorns. In a few miles we emerged into the open country; then again entered the forest, where not a ray of sun could penetrate.

The Kimboolwona Oya is forty yards wide, and its bed is at this season as dry as a desert. Groups of figures were seen bivouacking in all directions, under the shade of enormous trees, dressed in many a variety of Oriental costume; others, in more exposed situations, were sitting under little sheds of talipot leaves, cooking their rice in chotties on a wood fire. The trees were festooned with the finest creeping plants the eye ever beheld, covering the entire tree like a net, jungle-rope coiled around their branches, extending from tree to tree, some resting on the ground while the other end stretched over a branch some 70 feet overhead. In all directions around lay the skulls and other skeleton remains of the forest lord, scattered and bleached in the jungle, to tell the results of former kraals. Two miles up the river, passing a deep pool, which they say contains many alligators, you come to the ruins of a bridge, which is said to have been erected before the birth of Christ. All along the banks of the river, huge overhanging iron-wood trees were burning and smouldering away, having been set fire to in the drive, to prevent the elephants from straying up the river. Three miles down

the river is another pool, where the hunters bathe the elephants, a group of which were seen cooling themselves under the shady trees, masses of grey rock rising on either side; in mid-distance tents, talipot bazaars, and groups of figures dressed in many a variety of colour; while far, far away, hundreds of human beings appeared like

and covered over with talipot leaves, to protect them from rain; these stands are moved nearer each other each day, as the circle narrows. Elephants have a great dread of fire: the drivers shout, beat the tom-tom (a kind of drum), and fire guns; they are thus driven forward to a confined space, little more than one mile wide, which



Elephant Kraal, Island of Ceylon.

specks on the sunny sand of this wonderful spot, then inhabited by thousands—in a day or two the silent and secure retreat of the animals of these forest wilds, where song-birds with beautiful plumage sing their sweet notes, amid the unequalled blooming vegetation of this lovely land.

The Kraal was an enclosed space of about three acres, in the Nelligelle Mook-eleene forest, and is made of the stems of strong trees fixed firmly in the ground, with transverse beams, and powerful supporters tied together with stripes of bamboo cane placed two feet apart, so as to allow the mahoots, or elephant hunters, to pass out and into the enclosure. Several thousand men are employed in the drive for weeks, in the forest; fires are lighted during the night, some distance apart, forming a circle of upwards of twenty miles. The fires are placed on stands of slight construction, a small quantity of earth placed on the top,

is the entrance to the enclosure, narrowing until it terminates with a gate leading into the Kraal. Four or six tame elephants are allowed to stray about the entrance; two of the first class were called Cereberry and Wira. On the approach of the wild animals, they seem to caress them and join the herd, actually leading them into the snare. Thus, the tame elephant becomes the seducer of her brethren of the forest, and seems to delight in their capture as much as man.

We waited patiently for the entrance of the elephants into the Kraal, from one in the afternoon till half-past nine at night. It was thought that some rascality was at work to cause disappointment; when all at once the guns went bang, bang, and the voices of the drivers became louder. As the elephants approached, a shout was given by the people on the stand, but too soon, as it frightened them back, and it

was thought they had escaped. The repeated firing of guns was heard once more : the noise increased, drivers shouting, tom-toms beating ; then a sudden rush ; when, in an instant, as if by magic, around the enclosure was one brilliant glare of light. Blue lights, torches, and fires shed a dazzling blaze on the scene, as the maddened herd crushed and dashed through the Kraal spreading destruction around. Huge trees were crushed to splinters and dashed to the earth ; and the spot which had been a portion of dense forest and jungle, appeared in a few minutes like a ploughed field, whilst their trumpeting rent the air, as they raced and tore about, round and round the inclosure, which was surrounded with blazing piles of wood, and thousands of people from all parts of the island. Eighteen elephants were captured, some of them the largest I have seen, and three very small ones.

Next morning, the tying commenced. Six tame elephants entered the inclosure, the mahoots, armed with spears, mounted on their backs : the wild ones kept in a herd, the punchies, or little ones, running under the bellies of their mothers. Often would these affectionate and noble animals when maddened by the hunters, cover their little ones with their trunks to protect them as they raced up and down. Now and then a charge was made : one of the herd would elevate his trunk, his tail stretched out, huge ears cocked, and race through the inclosure, bellowing most frightfully. Two of the tame ones would single him out, one at each side, while, should he prove unruly, a large tusker would follow, goading him

behind : then, crushed between the two, the mahoot slipped a noose on one of his hind legs ; he was thus dragged to a tree, and there tied ; his three other legs were afterwards secured in like manner. So the herd were taken, one by one, until all were secured, except the three little punchies, which were allowed to go at large. It was truly a melancholy sight to see these noble animals, who had roamed these wilds, the undisputed monarchs of the forest of Ceylon overcome, exhausted, bound captive, crying most piteously ; some of them lying stretched on their side, and the little ones sucking their captive mother.

At the close of the tying, the procession to the watering-place (Alligator Pool) took place ; the ladies carried in palankeens, and the gentlemen walking in procession ; Cereberry and Wira leading two of their captive brethren, with the hunters mounted on their backs, to water, followed by all the chiefs and herdsman, down the Kimboolwona Oya ; crowds of spectators standing under the shady trees to witness the scene.

In these regions (we have no twilight) darkness when there is no moonlight—intense darkness, quickly comes on. It would be impossible for any description to convey an idea of the beautiful effect of the fire-fly, which is the loveliest of all insects : countless myriads of them bespangled the jungle, every tree was literally covered with them ; they shone as brightly as the stars in the heavens on a clear frosty night.

I made twelve sketches of the Kraal, and rode to Kornegalle on an elephant's back, the Modliar having disappointed me in sending a horse.



AN AUTUMN NIGHT IN ORKNEY.

By D. W. R.

Set low between green banks the long loch lies
Gleaming across the shadowy Northern night,
Its little rippling splashes, and the sighs
Of winds among the reeds, where gleams of white
Betray the sleeping swans, and cries that might
Be echoes of a water spirit's song,
Come low and soft up through the dim soft light ;
Far overhead the mallard's pinion strong
Rings through the deepening dusk the quivering air along.

Out on a wave-washed sandspit to and fro
A troop of curlews wander lazily,
Their whistle rises tremulous and low
Tender as starlight on a windless sea ;
Then all the waters touched to melody
Wake with strange calls of divers dumb by day ;
A startled plover, piping plaintively
Speeds to the misty moorland far away
And through the bending reeds coots dive in clumsy play.

In a wide rush-grown pool upon the sands,
Like a dark soul that some forgotten crime
Has struck to hopeless gloom, a heron stands
A silent shadow gray and gaunt as Time.
From the long grasses, white as if with rime
Where the pale mists cling low along the shore
Clear bell-like notes burst in sweet sudden chime
And over all Earth's voices evermore
Roll the deep thunder tones of Ocean's solemn roar.





CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE TORY IS ELECTED, LARGELY THROUGH "JENKINS' RAILWAY."

There was great excitement in Ottawa County on the Monday following Jenkins' last visit to the Capital. Surveyors were already at work running lines for the new road, and rails were arriving and being distributed along the proposed route. From the very first it was seen that this would turn public opinion in favor of the Tories. It was no longer possible for Howard, the Grit, to get a respectful hearing. In vain he denounced the road as a sham, an election trick. He was hissed at, howled down, and fairly driven off the platform.

As for Farmer Jenkins, he had greatly increased in importance. Farmer Taylor had related in detail his conversation with Jenkins, the evening on which we made his acquaintance, telling how Jenkins had told him that he (Jenkins) would get the road; and it was evident to everybody that he had kept his promise. The story soon spread throughout the county, and the road came to be known as "Jenkin's railway."

The ten days that followed were days of great excitement for Jenkins, who had taken the field in support of Heartwell, the Tory candidate, and travelled all over the county, raising rows wherever he appeared. His influence was such that he could get a crowd to back him up in any undertaking. When he heard that a Grit meeting was to be held in any part of the county, he immediately harnessed up and set out post-haste for the scene. Arrived there, he would collect a host of Tories hastily, then go to the schoolroom,

or wherever the meeting was to be held, and at the proper moment kick up a rumpus that would end the whole affair in a free-for-all fight.

John Reginald, who had been acquainted with all the honor and glory that awaited him in Ottawa after the elections were over, accompanied his father on most of these expeditions, and proved himself a "chip of the old block." He was not much of a hand in the actual fight, but he could bray as loud as any ass that followed Jenkins, and could start quite a fine row, to be settled at the expense of someone else. John Reginald was too careful of his personal appearance to take any chances on getting a black eye, or other beauty spot. So when the fight got well under way, he withdrew to a safe distance from the flying fists, and did all the shouting. Five or six times he got thumped, but it was always in the back, and he did not wait for the second. Jenkins senior, was of different metal, however—perhaps it was because he had never gone to school, and retained in his ignorance some of the savage propensities of primitive man; certain it was, as already shown, this blood-thirsty mode of settling political disputes could be traced through three generations of Jenkin's; but it was likely to end with the present head of the family, unless some of John Reginald's younger brothers should develop a taste in that direction. Be that as it may, Farmer Jenkins went into the thick of the fight, and received the full force of many a well directed blow without flinching. To his credit be it said, that many as were the marks he bore, not one of them was to be found on his back. He had a black eye, a broken nose, and any number of black and blue bruises all

over his chest, but they were all honorable wounds and he was proud of them.

Thus passed the days and nights that intervened before the final day of the struggle, but it arrived at last, and great was the excitement. Jenkins was up at the first peep of day, and had his best team harnessed. He drove down to Farmer Taylor's and getting that worthy, they set out together to gather up a load of voters. Taylor was, of course, working tooth and nail for the Tories now that the railroad was under way, and a station located on the line between his farm and Jenkins'.

"It's goin' to be a fine day," said Taylor, as he came out of the house and critically examined the sky.

"Never mind the day," said Jenkins, "but jump in. We've got a good many miles to drive afore the poll opens. It's five o'clock now, and we must get our first load in afore nine."

"What in thunder did ye bring this wagon for?" asked Taylor, as he climbed in.

"Beca's it 'ill carry more nor any other," said Jenkins, as he gave each horse a cut of his long whip, and they set off down the road on a mad gallop.

Jenkins had hitched to the hay wagon, not even dispensing with the wide rack. After covering more than a mile at this break-neck rate, they came in view of a farm house. As soon as they came near enough, they set up a warwhoop that roused the inmates, who came rushing out to see what the matter was.

"Come," cried Jenkins, "all of ye's, and pile in."

"Where be ye off to?" asked one of the five men who had come out of the house.

"Off to the polls, of course. Hurry up, there's no time to lose."

In an incredibly short time, Farmer Johnson and his four sons had climbed into the hay wagon, and the horses were off on the jump again. About a quarter of a mile down the road they picked up Pierre Buillon who was making his way to the polls thus early, probably with a view to see what he could get for his vote before the time came to cast it.

As soon as Pierre was in, and the horses going again, Jenkins pulled a long bottle

from under the hay on the bottom of the wagon and passed it around.

"Don't be afraid of it, boys," he said, "there be more where that come from."

The bottle went around, each one taking a generous swig, without the aid of a glass.

"Did ye get yer hundred acres yet, Pierre?" asked farmer Jenkins, when the bottle had come back to him.

"Oui, for sure, Mr. Jenkin; I come get de paper de day de baby die."

"The baby be dead, then; be it?"

"Oui; for sure. It take de pain on de stomach, come black on de face like de stove, and then chokes."

"That be too bad," said Jenkins.

"Oh dat all right," answered Pierre cheerfully, "we got some plenty lef'."

By this time they came in sight of another farm house, and the cheer with which they greeted its inmates was simply deafening. Farmer Kelly and his two sons came running out to see what the matter was.

"Come, pile in, pile in!" cried Jenkins, pulling up his now foaming horses.

"Where be ye goin'?" asked farmer Kelly, showing no inclination to get in.

"We're agoin' to the polls to vote for Heartwell and the railway," said Jenkins.

"Then ye ken go on without me," said Kelly turning toward the house.

"Come now, neighbor Kelly," said Jenkins, "yer not agoin' back on the old party and the railway; be ye?"

"Yes; I be," said Kelly firmly. "They're arunin' the road right through my best field and aspoilin' it. Me and the boys air goin' to vote again' it; so we air."

"Ye'll be sorry for it if ye do," said Jenkins. "Well, have a drink anyhow," he continued, pulling the bottle out from under the hay.

Upon sight of this, one of the boys edged up to the old man, and said in a stage whisper:

"I say, dad, we'd better go along wi' 'em. We can't fight the road alone."

It was no use, however. The old man was firm, and the wagon drove on without him.

"There's for ye," said Jenkins cracking his whip fiercely. "There's for ye. Kelly ris' more row about that railway not bein'

built five year ago, nor any two men in the county; an' now when he has it he don't want it. He's a cantankerous old duck, that's what he be. But, Kelly or no, Heartwell goes in the day."

"Why you no give her five dollar?" said Pierre, who was convinced that that would get any vote in the county.

"Shet up, Pierre!" roared Jenkins, fearful that the Frenchman might let out the fact that he got five dollars himself.

"Kelly was allers a contrary cratre," said Farmer Johnson. "I mortally hate to have any dealins' wi' him. When I sold him that brindle cow two year ago, he wanted me to take her back because she had a bull calf, just as if I knew aforehand whether or no it was agoin' to be a male. He's never been the same to me since."

Further comment on Kelly was cut short by the appearance of another farm house where three more voters piled into the hay rack. But we will not follow Jenkins further on his rounds. By half-past eight he had thirty sturdy farmers piled on his hay rack, and was heading for the poll at the village of N——, where all of them had votes. At five minutes to nine he struck the top of the slope down which the road ran to the village. Jenkins pulled up his horses a moment to take breath, then started down the hill on a runaway gait, the whole gang of voters shouting and waving their hats. They ran over two dogs and wrenched off the wheel of a buckboard that stood in front of Pearson's grocery, finally bringing up with a bang in front of the log school house where the poll was being held. Here the sturdy farmers tumbled out, and lined up to take their turn in the polling booth.

Heartwell, the Tory candidate, who was making his headquarters in N——, now came up from the hotel to shake hands with his supporters. He was greeted with a rousing cheer, and passed along the line saying all sorts of pretty things to the electors.

"I hear Howard is coming to the village this afternoon," he said to Jenkins.

"If he be wise he'll keep away," Jenkins answered. "He be likely to get a rough handlin' if he be around here the night."

"That's just what I wanted to talk to

you about," said Heartwell. "You have more influence with the people here than any other person, and I want you to promise me that you will see that Howard is protected. I would consider it a stain on my honor if he were not well used. We are sure to carry the day, and we can afford to be generous."

"Well, seein' as ye put it in that way," said Jenkins, "I'll engage to break any fellow's head as lays a finger on him. There be them as will fight wi' me whether I be in the right or no."

"Thank you, friend Jenkins. You have made my mind easy. How do you think the vote will stand at the close of the polls?"

"We'll have a sweepin' majority. The railway be sure to carry the county," Jenkins answered.

Jenkins remained at the poll until he saw that every man he had brought there had voted. Then he went in and marked his own ballot, after which he and Taylor mounted the hay rack and set out for another load. When he got back about two in the afternoon, Howard had arrived, and was the centre of a group of farmers who were listening with open mouths to some startling information which he was imparting. Jenkins jumped out hastily, and hurrying over to the group, demanded what was going on.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Jenkins," said Howard, facing about. "I suppose you have heard that your railway surveyors have left the county."

"I didn't hear nothin' of the kind," said Jenkins, flaring up.

"Well, they're gone," said Howard. "They packed up their kit last night and drove back to Ottawa."

"They're gone home to vote, as like as not," said Jenkins.

"They're gone not to return," Howard answered decisively. "I told you the pretense to build the road was only an election sham."

"Sham!" said Jenkins growing hotter. "consarn it, man! ain't the material on the ground."

Howard laughed derisively.

"A fine lot of material," he said. "A couple of loads of old rusty rails that would'nt carry a tram-car."

"It's a lie!" roared Jenkins. Then, remembering his promise to protect Howard, he checked himself. "Least aways," he said, "ye don't know what yer talkin' about. The men will be back to build the road by Monday at the furthest. An', now, if ye'd take a friendly advice ye'd jest keep y-ur mouth shut about this poll, or someone will be breakin' yer head when I'm not here to protect ye."

Howard only laughed, and sticking his hands deep into his pockets walked off toward the hotel. The rest of the after-

At half-past five the result of the village poll was made known. Heartwell had a majority of 40. This announcement was greeted with a great uproar, and the village bars, being now allowed to open, liquor began to flow freely. Half an hour later the returns from other polls began to come in, and by seven o'clock it was known that Hartwell was elected by a sweeping majority.

An impromptu celebration was begun at once. Every empty coal oil barrel in the town was bought up and drawn to the



"Someone hit the barrel a kick."

noon passed off quietly, except that the crowd began to grow larger after four o'clock. The telegraph office at N— was the nearest one for miles around and the farmers came to the village to hear the returns. The polls closed at five o'clock throughout the Dominion, and by eight or ten that night, thanks to the telegraph, it was pretty well known which party had carried the country. With the vast majority of the electors who swarmed into N—, however, the vital question was: which candidate had carried Ottawa County, the decision of the electors of the rest of the Dominion being only a secondary matter.

village green, the nearest wood piles and fences were sacrificed without question, and and by eight o'clock all was in readiness for a mammoth bonfire. Six kegs of ale were sent down, and being placed on a stand, were tapped for free distribution. At half past eight the village fiddler and a Highlander who was the proud possessor of bagpipes, headed the procession that marched through the village streets, finally bringing up on the common. When the torch had been applied with all due ceremony, and the flames began to mount heavenward and the beer to flow, the cry of "speech, speech," rose above the general

din. A pork barrel was rolled as close to the fire as comfort would allow, and being stood on end, the successful candidate mounted it by means of a cracker box.

He began by thanking the electors for the great honor which they had conferred upon him, congratulated them on the head of the railway now in course of construction, paid a neat compliment to the energy and enterprise of their respected neighbor, Mr. Jenkins, and concluded by promising to have the government devote half of the gross revenue of the Dominion to the development of Ottawa County, the promotion of the interests of which was the sole object of his being, all of which was loudly applauded throughout.

The member-elect having descended amid a roar of applause, the defeated candidate mourned the pork barrel. He was defeated but he was not beaten, he informed them. He would live to come back to the county at the next election, when all these sham schemes were shown up and the people had their eyes opened to the trickery of the government and its supporters. "I'm a fighter from the pork barrel up," he cried above the din. "I'm not like Jenkins' railway, I'm here to stay."

"No; ye ain't," shouted someone behind, and he gave the pork barrel a kick, that sent the Grit ploughing through the grass on his nose.

"That's a Goll darn shame!" cried someone else, while Jenkins, remembering his promise, rushed forward and hit the offender between the eyes. That started the fight. In a moment all was in confusion. The farmers, all about half drunk, began laying about them with their fists. The fire being neglected, soon burned down, and a rain storm coming up suddenly, it went out leaving the common in utter darkness. One by one the electors began to withdraw, and stagger homeward, and in an hour's time the common was cleared, and the election was over.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH FARMER JENKINS LEARNS THE VALUE OF A POLITICAL PROMISE.

The elections were over and farmer Jenkins was free to return to his domestic duties. His first thought was, of course,

of the settlement of John Reginald. On Monday he would take him to Ottawa and have him placed in the promised position. That the position was anxiously awaiting the arrival of John Reginald, Jenkins had not the slightest doubt. It never occurred to him that there was a "before" and "after" to political promises, which, like the "before" and "after" of the quack medicine advertisement, showed two entirely different faces; with this distinction, that in the first the best fact came "before" and in the second, the best came "after." But he was soon to receive enlightenment on this point, and in this chapter it will be our task to relate how the lesson was taught.

On Friday night a family council was held, at which John's departure for the city was discussed. John received many quaint instructions from his father as to how he should conduct himself in his public position and much wholesome advice from his mother on his moral behavior. Jenkins laid great stress on the dignity of the public service; and Mrs. Jenkins was equally emphatic on the dangers that beset a young man's moral well-being in a great city.

"Hold yer head up," said the father, "yer goin' ter live among great men, and help ter manage the affairs of yer country. It be a proud place to hold an' I reckon on ye ter do credit ter yer ould dad. The Jenkins family has allers had its nose in the air, an' ye must keep up the record. Yer goin' ter be the special friend of the Secretary of State, mind ye, and its some-thin' ter set a store by."

"An' have a care fer yer companions, John," continued the mother. "They be a bad lot, them city chaps, with their high flutin' ways, an' up to no end of deviltry. They'll be leadin' ye inter all sorts of scrapes and puttin' the whole blame on ye. Be sure an' say yer prayers an' go ter church regular, an' the good Lorl will have a care for ye."

John was preached to in this strain for nearly two hours and then the council adjourned, with the understanding that Mrs. Jenkins would attend to John's boiled shirts and buttons the next day, and have everything ready for an early start Monday.

During the meeting John had not ventured on any remarks of his own. With the exception of an occasional "yes father," or "yes mother," he remained silent. He thought a great deal, however, and looked a little frightened. He did not know of which he was the more afraid—the dignity of the public service, of which his father talked, or the dangers of city life against which his mother cautioned him. Despite the dandyism he affected, John was, after all, nothing but a simple country lad—if there be such a thing.

We have all read and heard a great deal about the "simple" country people, and as frequently perhaps of their honesty. "Simple and honest," are the adjectives that many people use to describe country folk—but, in my experience, I could have found a hundred others to suit much better. The simple, honest, kindly, guileless farmer is a being of the imagination—at least he is in Canada. He talks a great deal about the dishonesty of townspeople, and is always on the alert lest they cheat him; but while he thus makes a show of watching others, he is himself doing that which he affects to dread. When a city man sits down to breakfast and finds a stone in the heart of the roll from which he butters his toast, his belief in the simplicity and honesty of the rustic receives a shock from which it is not likely soon to recover. Nor is it wholly through simplicity that the farmer's wife feeds her turkeys on gravel for a week before taking them to market, and selling them by weight, undrawn. In fact instances might be multiplied infinitely to prove that the farmer is not "as green as he looks," to use an expressive slang phrase. He does his cheating in a small way, but does it cunningly. As the old ballad, "The Woodman's Walk," puts it:

"There is no open forgery
But underhanded gleaning,
Which they call country policy
But hath a worse meaning."

When I say, then, that John Reginald was only a simple country lad, I mean that he was not versed in the ways of the city, and knew nothing of the greater villainy that is sometimes practised there. He was well up in rustic roguery, however, and prided himself on being an adept in its execution. It was he who was best

qualified to crack the breast bone of an old hen to make it feel like a chicken, and he chuckled with delight when he thought of how neatly the city sharp would be taken in. In short, John knew all the sharp tricks of the country, and heard them justified over and over again on the ground that the honest farmer had to do something to protect himself against the roguery of city people.

John Reginald had that antipathy to city people that is common to all persons bred in the country. It is a good deal in the nature of the antipathy existing between cats and dogs—it springs into being naturally, and can only be suppressed by intimate association; and as it is rarely possible for such relations to exist, it is rarely that a farmer is to be found who has a good opinion of a city-bred man. No country mother, for instance, would trust her daughter out of her sight with a city man, while she would allow her to trot all over the country to dances, "with one of the neighbor's lads," and not feel the least bit anxious if she did not get home till morning.

Bred with all these prejudices against city people, it is no wonder that John Reginald viewed his departure from the country with many misgivings. But he had other reasons for not wishing to leave home at that particular time. His love affair was still quite young, and he had been kept so constantly on the go during the excitement of the election, that he had not had a chance to see much of Kate, and he dreaded the separation which would compel him to forego the delights of his young love. And John Reginald was in love, desperately in love. He remained awake nearly all night thinking of Kate, and cursing his cruel fate.

All day Saturday John was kept too busy helping his mother to pack up his things, to think, and it was not till after dinner on Sunday that he found himself free. Twenty minutes after the table was cleared John was on his way to Farmer Taylor's. Kate was evidently expecting him, for she was down at the gate to meet him. She suggested that they go on down the road for a walk, before going into the house. This suited John exactly, so Kate came through the gate

and joined him. The reader will remember that there was a turn and a piece of woods a short distance from the Taylor residence, through which Farmer Jenkins drove the brown mare at the top of her speed as described in the first chapter. It was toward this piece of woods the lovers walked. Neither had much to say. Kate remarked that it was a very fine day, and John admitted that she was right on that point. Then both lapsed into silence, until the woods were reached. No sooner was John secure from observation, than his pent up feelings overflowed. He threw his arms around Kate, and jerked, rather than drew, her to him.

"Oh Kate!" he cried, kissing her almost savagely.

"Why, John, whatever is the matter with you?" cried Kate, struggling to free herself, "you have almost squeezed the breath out of me."

"Matter," said John, "everything is the matter, my darling. I am going to be taken from you, and sent to the city, and maybe I'll never see you again; and, oh Kate, I can't live without you."

Kate began to look frightened now. She no longer struggled to be free, but clung affectionately to John, her arms hugging him so tightly around the neck that he gasped for breath. They remained thus for fully a minute, and then it occurred to Kate to ask John for an explanation.

"What do you mean, John dear?" she asked, "who is so cruel as to take you from me, just when I've got you for my own?"

"It's father," John answered. "He's got an idea into his head that the country cannot get on without my help, and so I'm to go to Ottawa and look after the government."

John was not exaggerating—that is, he was not exaggerating his idea of the importance of the position his father had secured for him. The effect of this announcement on Kate was not very flattering to John. She had been brought up by a thrifty mother, and her next question proved that her teaching had not been in vain.

"How's the pay, John?" she asked.

"Oh, the pay's all right enough," he replied. "Four hundred to start on, and fifty dollars a year up to a thousand, and then

maybe a rise of five or six hundred more. It's not the pay that troubles me; it's leaving you, dear."

"Oh, my! John, but that's grand!" cried Kate.

"Grand; is it? Is that all you care for me, Kate?"

John loosened his embrace, and letting his arms hang, sulkily drew away from Kate.

"What's the matter now, my dear old Jack?" asked Kate edging after him, and looking as sweet as she could.

"Matter enough to know how little you care for me," replied John, still sulking and drawing away.

"Why, what have I done now, John?"

"You said it was grand."

"Well, and isn't it grand?"

"No; it's not grand; it's a darned shame; and I think if you cared one bit for me you'd say so too. But you don't, you've only been fooling me—that's what, Kate Taylor, and I can tell you right here that I'm the wrong man to fool with, and any girl that tries it is going to be sorry before all's done."

"See here, Jack Jenkins," Kate replied, her eyes blazing with righteous indignation. "You'd better explain yourself, before you go too far. I'd have you understand that I am not the girl to put up with such talk from any man. I'm just as independent as you are, and I'd have you know that I can have my pick of the lads in this neighborhood. But I don't believe you know what you are talking about."

This outburst cooled John off somewhat. He began to think that perhaps he had made a mistake, and that he had better set himself right. He did not want to quarrel with Kate if it could be avoided. He concluded that he had better patch matters up as speedily as possible.

"See here, Kate," he said, "there is no use in our quarrelling. I didn't think it nice of you to say it was a grand thing to have me leave you so soon, that's all."

"Well, I didn't say anything of the kind," Kate replied. "I meant it was grand for you to get such a good position, and have a chance to make so much money. You took me up wrong—that's all."

"I'm awfully sorry, Kate," said John quite humbly, "and I promise not to do it again. Give me a kiss now, and we'll make up."

They kissed a dozen times, and accused themselves of being two silly geese to quarrel over nothing. Then Kate said how really sorry she was to have John leave her, but she would have a photograph taken at N—and send him one to remember her by, and she would write to him every week, pray for him every day, and think of

it to develop into a sob. Had not a conscientious regard for the sacred privacy of such scenes deterred us, the very sadness of it would have prevented our dwelling upon it in detail. Enough that cruel fate had parted them.

We will pass over the journey to the city next morning. We have already been over the road with Farmer Jenkins, and as nothing special occurred en route, there is no excuse for wearying the reader.

John parted with his mother by candle-



"John Reginald drew away from Kate."

him all the time. She did not care for anyone else in the whole world, but she did love him with all her heart. In return for all these favors, John promised that Kate should have a photograph of himself, a long letter every week, and that he would come to see her twice every month. It took them all the afternoon to lay out this programme, and when the final parting came, they clung to each other in a most heart-rending manner. Kate's eyes were full of tears, and John gulped down a big lump in his throat that he felt would have been a discredit to his manhood, had he allowed

light, for it was long before daybreak when he and his father set out.

"Recollect what I said ter ye, John," said the mother, "An' don't ye forget ter make a bundle of yer soiled duds regular every week so that dad can get them when he goes to market. They don't half take the dirt out in them city wash-houses, an' besides they tares duds fearful. Good-bye, John, an' may the good Lord have a care fer ye."

Then Mrs. Jenkins kissed him, and John climbed into the buckboard beside his father.

"I'll be home along about dark, I expect," said Jenkins, as he chattered to the horse and they started off.

Sharp at ten o'clock, Jenkins with John Reginald following close at his heels, mounted the stone steps of the Eastern Block, and made his way along the corridor to the Secretary's office. John looked scared, but Jenkins strode along with an air of importance that would have done credit to the Secretary himself.

At the end of the long corridor down which Jenkin's strode, a little to the left of the Secretary's door, sat a messenger whose duty it was to guard against any intrusion on the privacy of the minister. Etiquette, otherwise known as red tapeism, required that Jenkins should have applied to this individual before attempting to enter the Secretary's office; but the farmer was blissfully ignorant on the point, and walked up to the door as familiarly as he would have approached Farmer Taylor's kitchen. The messenger was on the alert, however, and before Jenkins had time to open the door he sprang forward, with a startled cry, to intercept him.

"Hold on there, mister," he almost shouted "you musn't go in there!"

Jenkins paused with his hand on the door knob, and looking over his shoulder at the messenger, asked:

"What be ye so skeard of?"

"I say you can't go in there!" replied the messenger, lying his hand on Jenkin's shoulder.

"Jest take yer hands off me, stranger, an' mind yer own affairs," said Jenkins shaking off the messenger. "Me an' the Secretary air old friends an' he's allers glad ter see me."

"I tell you, you can't go in there," repeated the messenger, trying to crowd in between Jenkins and the door.

"Look ye, mister," said Jenkins, drawing himself up in a threatening attitude, "I've met ye afore the day, an' in this same passage too. If ye remember what happened that day, ye'll have a keer now. I'm not a man ter be played with. Ye ware fer stoppin' me that day, an' I knocked ye down. The Secretary told me then that ye ware a meddlin' body an' a few more knock-downs would do ye a power of good. So have a keer mister!"

"Be reasonable," said the messenger in a conciliatory tone, for he remembered, and did not wish to repeat, his former experience with the brawny farmer, "You cannot intrude on the minister until you are announced."

"What be that ye say?"

"I say you must be announced—you must send a card to the minister."

"An' what would I send a card fer when I'm here meself ter see him? You can't work none of yer tomfoolery on me, mister."

"Well, Mr. Farmer," returned the messenger, "If you will not listen to reason there is only one thing for me to do. I'll call the policeman at the head of the stairs and have you locked up."

"Give the word," said Jenkins, throwing himself into an attitude of defence, "I'm ready, an' I'll leather the two of yes."

The messenger made a sign, and the policeman advanced. Jenkins held his ground with remarkable coolness, and awaited the onslaught.

"Arrest that man, Mr. Officer!" said the messenger.

"Come along with me," said the officer, lying his hand on Jenkins shoulder.



"John flew to the rescue."

"Take yer hand off me," said Jenkins.

"Come, sir," returned the officer sternly, tightening his grip on the farmer, and exerting his strength to drag him from the door.

Jenkins did not stop to parley longer, but grasping the officer firmly by the throat,

he tripped him with his foot, and in a twinkling the blue-coat was sprawling on his back in the dusty corridor. Jenkins saw his advantage and took measures to maintain it. Retaining his hold on the officer's throat, he planted both knees on his adversary's breast, and calmly inquired:

"Have ye enough, Mr. Policeman?"

The amazement of the messenger held him spellbound at first, but now recovering himself, he went to the assistance of his prostrate friend.

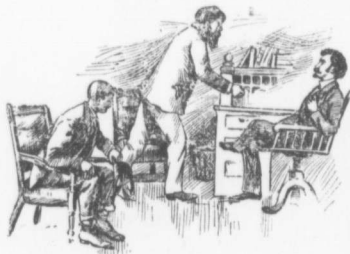
John Reginald who had stood with his back to wall, too much afraid to utter a sound during the altercation, seeing his parent set upon by a second assailant, flew to the rescue, and before the messenger had time to make a show of defence he was stretched out beside the policeman, with John Reginald holding him down.

that was almost irresistible. It would never do however, to lose his dignity before his subordinates. Controlling his voice with an effort he said:

"Come, gentlemen, what does this mean?"

Jenkins recognized the Secretary's voice, and releasing his antagonist, he sprang to his feet and extended his hand, with a pleasant "How be ye, Mr. Secretary?" Just as though the situation in which he was found was the most natural one in existence; and, after all, it was not a very unnatural one for Farmer Jenkins.

The Secretary was at a loss for a reply, and to cover his confusion he drew the farmer into the office and closed the door. The policeman having gained his feet by this time, tried to take John Reginald into custody, but the latter was too quick for him, and darted after his parent.



"Jenkins brought his fist down with a bang."

These events occurred with such great rapidity and so little noise, that the occupants of the offices along the corridor were unaware that anything unusual was happening, until the heavy fall of the policeman, succeeded by that of the messenger, aroused them, and they rushed out to witness one of the most remarkable sights ever beheld within the walls of the building. One of the first arrivals was the Secretary of State himself. So amazed was he upon observing the warlike scene, that he stood speechless for a moment; then recognizing the farmer, he had to exert himself to restrain his laughter. The explanation of the trouble flashed upon him all at once and the ridiculousness of the thing touched his sense of humor in a way

"Mr. Jenkins," said the Secretary as soon as they were alone, "this is most extraordinary conduct; a very serious affair in fact."

"Oh, don't bother about it," said Jenkins, "it be a small matter with me. I'm used to handlin' much bigger men. Here's my boy Jack, that I bespoke the place for."

The Secretary looked John Reginald up and down.

"He's a fine young man," he said.

"He be that," said the farmer with a beam of pride, "an' I want ye ter give him a fine place. He be fit for anything."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Jenkins, but the fact is there is no vacancy at present."

"No what did ye say?"

"I said there was no vacancy—no position to fill, in short, I have no place for your son. I am very sorry, but every department is full now."

"But ye told me yerself that ye'd have a place fur him if I fetched him in the day."

"I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Jenkins, but I am afraid it can not be helped.

"An' be this the way yere agoin' ter treat me after winin' the county fer ye?"

"I did not know that you had won any county for us, Mr. Jenkins," said the Secretary quite coldly.

"Great guns, man, wasn't I heren ter see ye about it afore the election, an' didn't ye tell me then I had only ter ask what I wanted, an' I'd have it?"

"I do not recollect anything of the kind, sir," said the Secretary in a tone that set Jenkins wild.

"Do ye mean ter say I'm lyin' ter ye?" he cried, "do you mean ter insult me, after I've gone an' put yer man in?"

"Look here, my good man," said the minister, sharply "that sort of language will not be tolerated here. I tell you I have no place for your son, and if that is all the business you have with me, I will say good day."

"Look ye," said Jenkins beside himself with rage, "I won the county for ye's, an' be the mighty thunder, I ken take it from ye's straight away. Didn't yer man pay Pierre Boullion five dollars for his vote, an' don't I know it, an' can't I bust ye's; an' won't I do it if ye don't give Jack the place ye promised ter have fer him. The Jenkinses has allers been a meek, easy-goin' family, but they air not ter be walked on, lastaways not when they have a fair place

to hit," and the farmer brought his fist down on the Secretary's desk with a bang.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Jenkins," said the Secretary in a changed tone. "There is nothing to be gained by violence. As I told you, every place is full, but since you are determined to get employment for your son in the service, I will try and arrange it. Now, let me see, what can the young man do?"

"He can do anythin', I tell ye, anythin' that a schollard can do. My Jack's a schollard, an' a thunderin' good one!" said Jenkins.

"To be sure," said the Secretary. "Well, as I was saying, I will see what I can do for him. Come back to me in two or three weeks, and I'll try and have an opening for him by that."

"Can't ye do it straightaway? I can't face mother the night if I have the lad back ter home with me. She told me what ye'd do when the elections was over an' I laughed at hern. No; Mr. Secretary, I can't take the lad back. Here he be an' here he's got ter stay or I'll bust yer man, that be the long an' short of 't."

The Secretary rubbed his brow in perplexity. The party majority was none too great, and rumors were afloat of a number of protests which were to be entered by the opposition. The government's position was not sufficiently secure to risk the loss of even one seat. In short the minister could see no way out except by acceding to the farmer's demands; and so, when Jenkins drove home that afternoon he was alone. He was a wiser man, however, having learned that a politician's promise is not to be relied upon once the elections are over.

(To be continued.)



NATIONAL COSTUMES.

By R. M. Prentice.

FROM the head to the feet that range of yellow slippers invites us. Regard their make and peculiarities. The Orientals are a slipshod people; they detest being tight laced about the toes or ankles. You see at once, by the make of their papooshes—their shoes, and boots, and slippers—that they are anything but a pedestrian people. A few days of the work of a penny-postman would tear these flimsy bags of morocco leather into strips. The soles, indeed, in many cases seem no thicker or firmer than the "uppers," while it is evident that the world of ladies' slippers exhibited are only intended to protect the feet while slipping and shuffling from one room of the harem to another. The principle upon which these last are cut is very much that which has evidently presided at the formation of these triumphs of greasy inconvenience, hotel slippers. The toes are thrust into a little confined space appropriated for them, where they are as much at their ease as the captives in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and to them is entrusted the duty of dragging after them the narrow sandal which shoes the rest of the foot. So accoutred, the Turkish ladies must make as little progress out of doors as their Chinese cousins. But what matters that? In the East, unless a lady can ride in her litter; or her palanquin, she may walk barefooted if she pleases. Bismillah! the convenience and the pleasures of the world were made for "Lights of the Harem," and Bashaws with three tails, and and Pachas of many tails, and not for any draggeltailed helpmate of Cassim the cobbler, and Hassan the barber. The majestic breadth of some of the Turkish gentlemen's shoes will call forth a stare of admiration. These are feet peculiarly intended, as it

would seem by nature, for the slaughter of black beetles and other unpleasant interlopers of the kind, and of such the East evidently has its fair share. Another class of shoemaker handicraft shows pointed and turned-up toes, very much in the fashion of French sabots. By the way, in recent journeys in France, we have noticed a not inconsiderable improvement in the construction and appearance of those said sabots, as contrasted with the fashion prevalent some fifteen or twenty years ago. The mass of solid wood attached to the wood seems in the course of being diminished, and the shape of the article is becoming more neat, and, so far as such things can be so, more elegant than it used to be. On the sea coast, however, the old fashioned construction is still as general as ever. One reason of the looseness and easy size of the Mussulman shoes is undoubtedly the necessity which arises both from the laws of Moslemism and the Eastern notions of etiquette, the first of which recognises many spots of haunted holy ground, particularly the mosques, at the entrance to which the covering of the feet must be cast aside; and the last, prescribing to the guests of a distinguished man that they should enter his halls leaving their shoes at the threshold. The Tunisian shoes and boots are made very much after the fashion of the Turkish and Egyptian articles. The prevailing color of the leather is yellow, particularly when employed as boots. Many of the ladies' slippers are very gaily decorated with gold embroidery, the lumps formed by the devices and designs in golden lace not feeling, however, as we should imagine, very comfortable to the soles to the fair wearers. They must limp along, like so many pilgrims who have not boiled their peas.

Two characteristics may be at once noted in the general costume of the East—its flowing and robe-like disposition, the garments being generally so constructed as never to sit close to the person, and the wonderful difference between the style of dress worn by the poor and the magnates of the land. Civilization invariably, so far as costume is concerned, brings together extremes. Previous to the French Revolution the sword was the badge of a gentleman; now all such tokens of difference in social rank are disclaimed, and the linen-draper's apprentice has his coat cut in the same fashion as the peer. We may pass a great duke and an attorney's clerk in the street, and the attorney's clerk may be the more striking personage of the two. Not so in the East. Note the sunburst of "barbaric pearl and gold" which flashes round you as you enter the compartments sacred to the costumes of the richer classes. The taste is one for glittering trumpery, and also, no doubt, for the ostentatious display of riches. Both tendencies are thoroughly barbarian in their origin. The love of tinsel and gaud must clearly be carried to a wonderful extent among the people who wear such robes and sit upon such saddles; the first stiff and lumpy with embroidered gold, the latter gleaming like burnished thrones. Had the glitter been derived from a substance of no particular value, it would, probably, have been still sought after; but, produced by precious metals, the desire to exhibit it becomes redoubled. The eye and mind of the possessor are at once gratified. He looks complacently at the magnificent figure he cuts, and thinks complacently of the evidence of his wealth and power which the figure in question denotes. The golden embellishments upon the Eastern jackets, robes and doublets are neither very good nor very bad, so far as design and pattern go, indeed, there is a strong common resemblance between the devices, which principally consists of figures of flowers and branches of trees. On some of the saddle-cloths and horse trappings, foil and spangles of different colors are used to produce the effect of gems, and, seen from a distance, pass very well for amethysts and emeralds. The fact of these gaudy cheats being thus employed, cor-

roborates our view as to the low standard of taste which presides over the whole tone and style of costume which we are describing. Putting, however, such considerations out of the question, no one will deny the instinctively felt effect of gorgeous riches, which these masses of cloth of gold and gold wrought work produce. In parts of the Egyptian and Tunisian collections, gold seems as plenty as in California. It gleams and glitters, and sparkles before you at every turn; it stiffens the robes, it decorates the slippers, it glances from horse furnishings and from camel trappings; it shines from the blue steel of the curved sabre, it frets and embosses the elaborately carved pistol; it is inwoven with the cloth of the mantle, it fringes the loose lace of the veil, it is inwrought with the silk pink and blue of the shirt. Everywhere, and on everything, is gold. The notion of splendor has evidently been of gold, of power, of beauty, of magnificence, regal or pachalic, has always been, gold—gold—gold. Look, for example, into the grand tent or divan which forms so conspicuous an object in the Indian collection. The eye is absolutely dazzled by the effulgence of the spectacle, and the mind instinctively reverts to the well-remembered tales of Eastern imaginative literature—to the descriptions of the markees of genii, and the pavillions of enthroned monarchs, in which the daring adventurer, led by some protecting power, was shown, as it were, the riches of the earth, and the glories of them. It will be instructive, after we have finished our survey of the dresses of the great people in the East, to turn for a moment to those of the little and the humble of the land.

To some extent the cut and shape of the dresses of the more western of the Oriental people assimilates in a greater degree to the European standard than do the costumes of the nations lying still further towards the rising sun. Thus the Turks wear jackets and tabard-like surcoats, evidently springing from the same general germ as that which in Europe became changed, through the doublet, first into the huge laced coat of the last century, and finally into the more modest dimensions of the present corresponding article. This general form and disposition of the upper

garment is very much the same, whatever its materials may be. The coat of the fellah resembles, in shape and mode of putting on, the gaudy surcoat, "all daubed with gold lace," of the Pacha to whom he pays his tribute. The latter is simply a square cut surtout, very loose and full, so as to hang in folds about the body; the sleeves, the breast, which is partially open, the skirts, and, in some cases, indeed, the whole body of the garment plaited over, and stiffened with embroidery and ornamentation in gold thread. A close examination will show that the work is very coarse, the thread itself ill-spun and irregular, and the effect being very much that which is produced by a near inspection of common theatrical garments, intended only to be viewed in the glare of the foot-lights. The texture of the cloth, too, upon which all this decoration and glitter is lavished, is often loose and coarse. We observed several garments on which scores of pounds' worth of gold must have been lavished upon a material which had very much the air of having come out of a "shoddy" mill, in other words, of cloth manufactured from refuse and torn-up linen rags. However, the gold shone just as bravely on the inferior as on the superior texture; and this being the case, it is to be supposed that the design of the workman and the taste of the customer were alike satisfied. It is to be observed that no article of costume intended for the superior classes in the East—we do not, of course, allude to under-dresses—altogether escapes the embroiderer's needle. Occasionally we come upon coats, mantles, and so forth, embroidered with thread the color of the stuff, or occasionally with thread of quite another hue. The appetite for personal ornament is universal. Furred dresses are occasionally to be seen, but in no great variety, and the material evidently disposed simply for the sake of ornament. Of the gay and handsome Albanian costume, a splendid example is given upon a lay figure; indeed, we wish that lay figures had been more common in the costume department, for, after all, it is difficult to tell the effect of a garment until we see it absolutely on. In the Albanian dress in question, however, there is the old fault—too much gold: we should have preferred a more

simple specimen. The costume, however, tolerable well known—the tight-fitting jacket, open at the breast and sleeves, so as to show a cataract of the whitest linen; the light-colored kilt, striped and edged, and diversified with gay tints and bars of coloring; the close-fitting leggings, in the present instance lavishly embroidered with gold; the garments, set off with a brilliant finish of warlike accoutrements, certainly make as brave a show as ever was turned out by the united efforts of tailor and armourer.

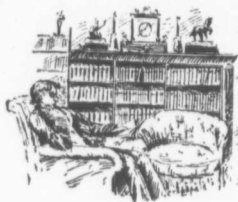
Crossing the Mediterranean (and the Nave), we find the same general characteristics repeated in the richer costumes of Tunis. There is the same blaze of gold and tinsel. In the case of the silk skirts and the outward portions of female costume, the Africans indeed carry off the palm; their needlework being in general more neat and tasty, the devices more graceful, and the effect more artistic than that produced by the Levantine and the Asiatic workmanship. As a general thing, too, the Tunisian jackets are shorter and squarer than the Turkish—the skirts frequently not extending below the waist, while the garments of the same species on the opposite side of the Nave descend below the hip.

Leaving, however, for a moment, these state and gala dresses of the Oriental "nobs," let us devote a couple of words to the costumes of the masses. A great quantity of the fabric used by the lower classes in Egypt and Turkey, both in cottons, woollens, and silks, is exhibited. These stuffs have one general characteristic: they are coarsely and loosely woven, and full of fibres sticking up from the surface of the cloth; but the texture is strong, stout and serviceable, often much better than the woollen ground on which the gold embroiderers have plied their craft. The color in Egypt and Turkey for the men's dresses is generally sombre; but the women have no want of gay and staring patterns in their linens, cottons, and silks; the designs, although coarse and rough, being often very artistic, and showing the possession of that native and natural taste for the beautiful in form and harmonious in coloring which all the Schools of Design in the world cannot impart where it was originally wanting. In

this respect, indeed, the coarse prints and woven patterns show a taste ahead of the appetite for gaudy metallic decoration to which we have averted. A couple of the coats—the only garments, indeed—of the fellahs, or agricultural labourers of Egypt, are exhibited. They are made of coarse woollen stuff, with, if we mistake not, some intermixture of cotton, dyed black, and are neither more nor less than huge blouses or smock-frocks, such as are worn by our own and by the French rural population. The style of the three garments is, indeed, almost identical. There is in all three a small opening at the neck, worked round with some futile attempt at ornamental needlework—the only point of difference between the Eastern and Western garment being, that the former is made more broad and loose so as to band in folds of drapery round the person of the wearer. When inspecting these Egyptian blouses, two or three labouring men, evidently from the country, came up, and one of them, fixing his eyes upon the fellah's dress said, "Whoy James, if they bean't regular gabardines!" somewhat astonished at the use of the word which we seldom see except in connection with the old distinguishing garb of the Hebrews under the rule of *moyen age* police, the "Jewish gabardine," we asked the speaker why he called the dresses before him gabardines: the answer was the unsatisfactory one of "Whoy, measter, bekase they are." But, presently, the man, seeming to guess at our meaning, added that in his part of the country—the coast line of

Kent—"down Dover and Folkestone way, like," the smock-frocks of the peasantry were still popularly called gabardines. In observing the patterns of the Eastern stuffs, the first tendency which becomes evident is the love of the people for striped stuffs; white and blue and white and red arranged in broad longitudinal sections are very common patterns. The striped seems, in fact, to be the first arrangement of colors which catches the fancy of a people beginning to ornament their work. The same thing may be seen in the very curious collection of clothes and other articles from the gold and oil-coast of Western Africa. After stripes we have crosses; in other words, stripes disposed at right or at other angles to each other, and the result is something very much in the fashion of tartan. In the Turkish department there are many curious specimens of the Eastern tartan. One arrangement of colors upon silk, intended for a head-napkin or kerchief for a woman, was so remarkably like some of the designs in the *vestiarium Scotticum*, that we heard it conjectured that it could not possibly be anything else than the "set" of the clan tartan of the MacHassans or the Mac-Selims. On the Tunis side the rude and dawning taste of the patterns is well worthy of study. A number of the garments here shown are made of exceedingly coarse and strong stuff, which one wonders could be worn in such a climate. Many of these fabrics would make capital shooting, fishing, and yachting clothes, and we presume that they could be imported very cheaply.





LOUNGING IN THE LIBRARY.

IT is about time that we in Canada should consider some means of keeping alive the memories of the many men and women, who, by their literary or other gifts, have added in some degree, more or less, to the development of our culture and intelligence. Should there not be some place in the Dominion—and what more fit place than Ottawa—where not only samples of their worth might be found or consulted, but where memorials, in some form, of them might be preserved.

We have several authors now dead whose memory should not be forgotten by our people. Prominent among those of the English portion of our people—though there are many noted Frenchmen whose memory should be preserved—is the name of the great Canadian humorist, jurist and statesman, Haliburton, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Sam Slick."

Aside from his great ability as a jurist and parliamentarian, Haliburton was, without doubt, the true father of American humor. Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, great as their genius may be, have but followed in the vein which he invented in the character of the "Clock Maker," which has ever since been the recognized type for the genuine old-time Yankee.

That the memory of such a man as Haliburton should be allowed to go unhonored by a people of the intellectual status we boast is a sad reflection on our duty as a nationality.

A monument to such a man, whose work has appealed to all English-speaking peoples, should not be the work of a single province, proud as that province may be

of her distinguished son. It should be the tribute of the Canadian people at large, and should be placed at the national Capital, where his memory can be preserved and made known to the outside world, coupled with the fact that his country has risen to the high level of appreciation of such a gifted son.

* * *

Another dead author whom Canada should not let go unhonored is Charles Heavysege. Though not born in this country, he lived and produced his remarkable work on our soil and has closely identified himself with our literature. Some commemoration of this author's genius devolves upon all Canadians who love genuine literature. There is also Cremazie, the gifted French-Canadian. Are these men to be forgotten?

* * *

All true lovers of poetry on this continent are familiar with the rare quality of the verse of Miss L. Imogen Guiney, of Auburndale, Massachusetts. Among the lyrical poets of America she takes a high rank, both by reason of the splendid lyrical spontaneity of her verse and of the high finish of its technical qualities. There is a power and beauty in her work that surprises and arrests the attention. Few writers of to-day have wedded in their genius such noble poetical imagination and such rare and pure English as she has. As an instance of her unique position among contemporary poets, it is only necessary to quote such a poem as the "Wild Ride," a poem of such remarkable beauty of idea

and expression that any true poet of this or any other century would have been proud to have written it.

THE WILD RIDE.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day, the commotion of sinewy mane-tossing
horses;
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramp-
ing and neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to
the saddle,
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-
worn galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the one gracious
woman that loves him.

The road is thro' dolor and dread, over crags and
morasses;

There are shapes by the way, there are things that
appal or entice us:
What odds? We are Knights, and our souls are
but bent on the riding!

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a
cobweb,

And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a
sunbeam:

Not here is our prize, nor alas! after these our
pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world, and her pitiful
beauty!

We hurry with never a word in the tracks of our
fathers.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing
horses,
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramp-
ing and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the
storm-wind;

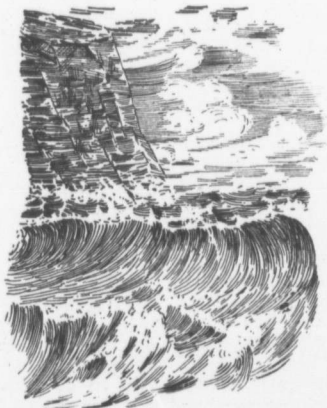
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from
the anvil.

Thou leaderst, O God! All's well with Thy
troopers that follow.

As another example of Miss Guiney's
fine insight, pure expression and high ideal
as a poet we will quote this beautiful
sonnet to the memory of R. L. Stevenson.

When from the vista of the book I shrink,
From lauded pens that earn ignoble wage
Begetting nothing joyous, nothing sage,
Nor keep with Shakespeare's use one golden link;
When heavily my sanguine spirits sink
To read too plain on each impostor page
Only of kings the broken lineage,
Well for my peace if then on thee I think,
Louis, our priest of letters and our knight
With whose familiar baldrick hope is girt,
From whose young hands she bears the grail
away:

All glad, all great! Truer because thou wert
I am and must be, and in thy known light
Go down to dust, content with this my day.



PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE publishers of *THE LOUNGER* are pleased to be able to make the announcement in this issue, that the magazine is now a success beyond all question or doubt. In starting out the publishers made a bold departure from all precedent, and cut the price of the cheapest magazine in two. In doing so they knew that, to succeed at all, they must succeed at once. Only in tens of thousands could a magazine of the size, and high-class character of *THE LOUNGER*, be made to pay at fifty cents a year. *THE LOUNGER*'s circulation has passed the ten thousand mark, and is now on the high-road to prosperity, travelling at a pace that nothing can stop. The publishers have had to contend with all the accidents and drawbacks incident to the starting of a new publication in an office of its own, but these they have overcome, and are able to say that this, the third issue, is better than the second, as the second was better than the first; and they feel safe in promising that the fourth number will eclipse the present one, and that the Christmas, or December, issue will be as near perfection as it is possible to bring a periodical that has to be rushed through the presses, and from the plates of which tens of thousands of impressions have to be taken.

Those of our subscribers who began with the first number, will admit that, while we have not always been as prompt with the issue as we and they would like, we have improved steadily, and honestly endeavored to give them a first-class magazine for half the price of the cheapest. We feel sure that, in fairness, they will allow us this small praise, and we hope they will have the goodness to point it out to their friends. It will not cost them anything, and it may mean a lot to us.

WOULD YOU DO US A FAVOR?

Would you like to confer a favor on *THE LOUNGER*, and place the publishers under

a personal obligation to you? Would, you if occasion offered, give five minutes of your time towards helping to establish in Ottawa a magazine in which you, as a Canadian, could take a just pride? If you would, then show this magazine to some friend and get him to send in his name and fifty cents for one year's subscription. If you, and every one of our present subscribers, were to do us this service our subscription list would be doubled in one month. If you think the object a worthy one, and that your friend is getting good value for his money, do this much for us and we will feel that we are under a personal obligation to you.

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That our articles compare favorably with those of the highest priced magazines, our readers know. The fact is that the publishers have set two extremes—the lowest price and the greatest excellence. Because the magazine is only five cents a copy and fifty cents a year, is no reason why it would not be of the very highest class. Unless it is equal to the best, it is no bargain at fifty cents a year—and it is a bargain the publishers mean to give the public. That they have succeeded in this the entire press of Canada admits. Over eight hundred Canadian newspapers have kindly introduced *THE LOUNGER* to their readers, and all of them have been astonished at how it can be produced for the money. That it can be done, is due to the fact that everything connected with the publication, except the manufacture of the paper and the ink, is produced in *THE LOUNGER*'s own building, and comes at first cost. We make our own cuts, we set our own type, we print on our own press, and we do our own binding. Thus we are enabled to produce a high-class magazine for the people at a price within the reach of the poorest in the land.

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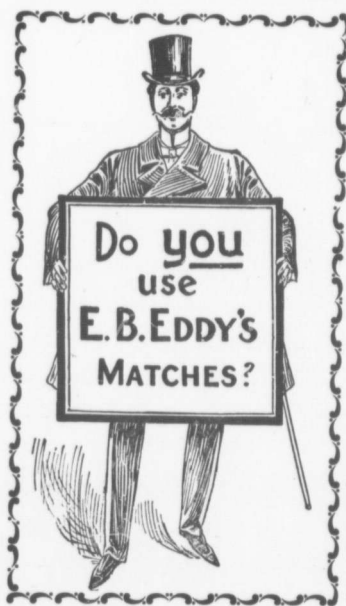
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