







THE DOOM OF MAMELONS

BY W. H. M. HERRAT.

CHAPTER III—THE CHEST OF GOLD

(Continued from 2nd page.)

but shrink from thee and his new-self as from a wicked thing. I may not help thee. What foot these moderns are to look to. The dead have their own lives and loves and note not the living. Else some might be at peace or know comfort above the sky, and all souls would make wall for wrongs and woe done and borne under sun. So it is well that parting should be parting and what wall divides the dead from living beyond penetration. For each man's life is a tale. His skill is of it, a sweet secrecy and all her winning is self won. I do not fear. Thou wilt have the wondrous wisdom of thy race. Thy eyes are such as men give life to look into. The ocean in thy blood would purchase thrones. Thou hast the grace of form which maddest men. Thy voice is musical. Thy touch warm velvet to the skin. The first and perfect woman lives complete in thee.

No more. In the old land no one is left. The modern ocean stretch all. New to those and new to those in. Only low land is left and that soon yields to salt and pain. Last an I of the Queenly line and noblest of men. I came of gods. I go to gods. The tree that bore the fruit of knowledge for our use in the garden of the world is stripped to the last sweet leaf. If thou diest, leaving no race, the race God made is ended. With thee the gods quit earth and the old world breaks back and upward to the skies. Gold-hair'd then and broad-shoulder'd Youth and health and vigor. With his great strength to thee, for he is pure as stone, and from a primal man, most perfect children, that in this new world in the west a new race may arise, rich in old blood, born among the hills, strong with the strength of love, whose name shall be put on the forehead and whose daughters shall be as lakes, whose love-lives in loving because of the perfect mountain daisy seen in them.

Farwell. Love greatly. It is the only way that leadeth woman to her Heaven. The moderns have a saying in their Creed that the beginning was the beginning. He was Father. The old man that sprang from him said and said no more. It was enough. Love then was human and we gloried in it. Not the pale love of barren sun, but love red as the rose, warm as the sun; the love of mountain, the love of the mouth, deep-breasted, voiced with eagle songs and soft melodies which made man love their home. Love and life on the old level. Be not ashamed to be full woman. Love strength. Bear children to thy mother of a mighty race born for this Western world. Multiply. Inherit. And send the old blood flowing from thy veins, a widening current, thrilling through the ages, that it be as red, as pure, as sweet as it was in the sunrise of the world.

Once more farewell, sweet daughter. These are last words, a voice from the sunset street and low as they sound to thee. So live, so love, so win when thou comest through the portals of the west to that fair throne amid thistles where some one shall watch their matins across the heathland of men of days, which waits for thee as one has waited for every man of our people, long shall I love thee, and when thou art and noble race, from thee and him, in which the East and West, the sunrise and the sunset of the world shall be two equal glories, most condensed and shine.

So fare thee well. Fear not Mamelons. For if thou failst, then they shall be free of fault and all the Mamelons of our blood shall, out of sunset march, and from the shining sands of Fate lift thee high and place thee on the last, the highest, and the whitest throne of our old line. So end it. His more eyes kiss sweet one, more long look into his face. Grave, grave and be gentle as me. God, what a sea he has! Shall I find a match for it, or shall I stand amid the royal brood? Perhaps, dearth you have good breeding for you have waited well. Come, now I will go on with thee. Yes, yes I see the way. The very plain. It has been followed by so many feet. Good bye to earthly light and life. It may be I shall find a better. I'll know to-morrow.

Here the living sat pondering what the dead had writ. She kissed the writing as if it were holy text. Then placed it in the chest and turned the golden key, said "Sweet, thou shalt live in me. Our race shall not die out. My love shall win him. When thou art the great ruler who the Trapper said by the red fire and said: "John Norton, thou art my great, what may I do to please thee? Here thou must stay until my mind can order out my life and make the dubious road ahead plain. While underneath my roof I pray, command me." All this with such grace dignity and sweet grace as she was queen and he some good lord or kinsman.

The Trapper stooped and lifted a huge log upon the fire which he held lower brands. The chimney roared and the large room brightened to the flame. Then facing her he said: "Come! I am and what, both in one, and must be so awhile. Winter is on us. The fire feels now. It puts us as if the flames were falling. It is a sign that never lies. Hark, you can hear the knock of geese as they wedge southward. The winter will be long, but I must stay.

"And are you sorry you must stay?" replied the girl, "I will do what I may to make the days and nights pass swiftly."

"Nay, you do mistake," returned the Trapper, "I am not sorry for myself, but for thee. If I may only help thee, and then—"

"How can I help thee?" "John Norton replied the girl, and she spoke with sweet earnestness as when the heave is vocal. "Thou art a man and wise, I am a girl and know naught, save books. But you, you have seen many men and tribes of men; counsellors with Chiefs; been content with the great, sharing their inner thoughts in peace and war; and thou hast done great deeds thyself of which fame speaks widely. Why do you chasten your own race now, calling thyself a common man? My uncle said you were the best, the bravest and the wisest man he ever met and he had sat with kings and chiefs and heard the best men of both worlds tell all they knew. Dear friend, will you not be my teacher and teach me many things, which lead now, like treasures hidden, locked in thy silence?"

"I teach thee," exclaimed the Trapper, "I, an unlettered man, a hunter of the woods, teach one who reads all every tongue, who knoweth all the past to the beginning of the world, whose head had in it all the shelves of knowledge," and the Trapper swept a gesture toward the low row of books that thickened one side of the great hall from floor to ceiling. "I teach thee!"

"Yes you," answered the girl, "you can teach me or any woman that ever lived or any man. For you were given at your birth, the seeing eye, the listening ear and the full patience of the mountain cat, which on the bare bench sits, watching from sunset until sunrise, motionless. In the old days such gifts meant wisdom, wider, deeper for

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