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Midsummer Fiction Number

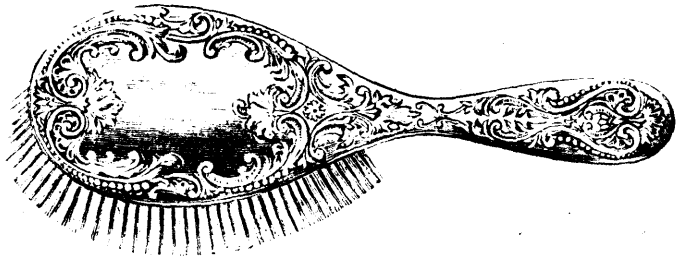
THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1896.

PUBLISHED BY THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. (LTD).
TORONTO

Contributions by Chas. G. D. Roberts, Fidele H. Holland, Thomas Swift, Lee Wyndham, W. E. Hunt, Ian Maclaren, Frank L. Pollock



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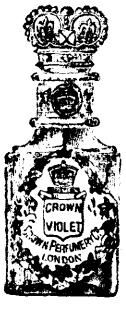


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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. AUGUST, 1896. No. 4.


## CONTENTS.



*For September List See Next Page.*


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# SEPTEMBER.

In the September issue of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE there will begin a most interesting contribution, which will run through three issues. It is entitled ***"THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA,"*** being an account of an exploration journey of 3,200 miles by canoe and snowshoe taken by a party of Dominion Government explorers. ***J. W. TYRRELL. C.E., D.L.S.,*** is the writer, and the articles will be illustrated by a large number of photos. furnished by the Canadian Government. The start was made on the 27th of May, 1893, from Edmonton, thence to Fort Chippewyan, through Lake Athabaska, up through the rivers and lakes of the Barren Lands to Chesterfield Inlet, and down the coast of Hudson Bay to York Factory. The country was wholly unknown after leaving Lake Athabaska, and the experiences of the party were of the most thrilling and wonderful nature.

Among the other articles in September will be an article on "Newfoundland," by James Murray, of St. Johns, Nfld; "A Thousand Years of the Magyars," by Thomas Lindsay; "Trinity College, Toronto," by A. H. Young; "The Barkers' Second Honeymoon," by Mrs. Ella S. Atkinson, (Madge Merton); and "Men Call It Conscience," a story by Marry Marstyn.


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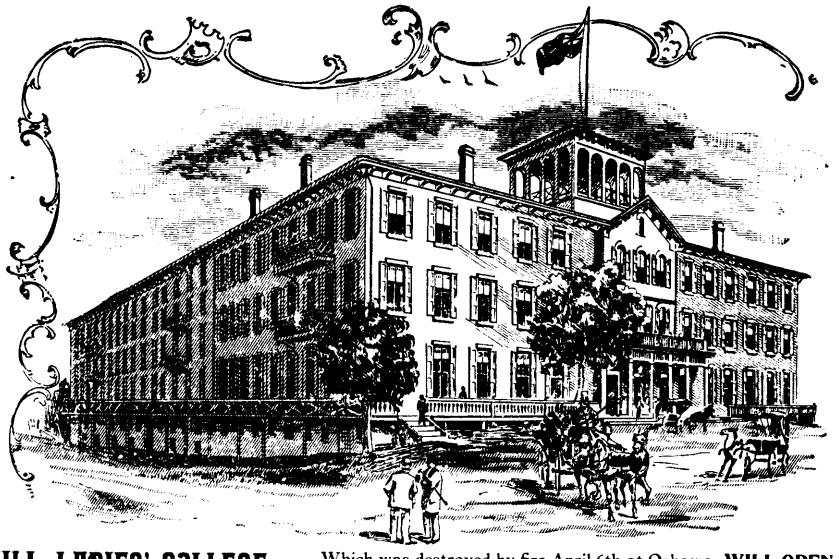
Copies of the Calendar, containing full information, may be obtained on application to the Acting-Secretary.



# MISCELLANEOUS

## Royal Military College of Canada.

### INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetships in the Royal Military College will take place at the Headquarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June, 1896. Intending candidates who have matriculated in Arts, within 12 months previous to the Examiuation, in any one of the following Universities, viz.: Toronto, McGill, Queen's, Laval, New Brunswick and Dalhousie, will be exempted from passing the Obligatory or preliminary examination.

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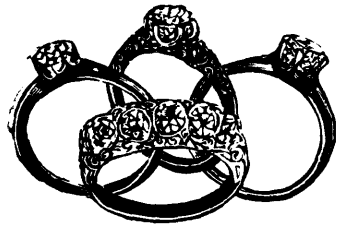

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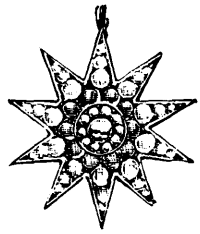

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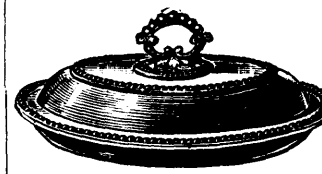

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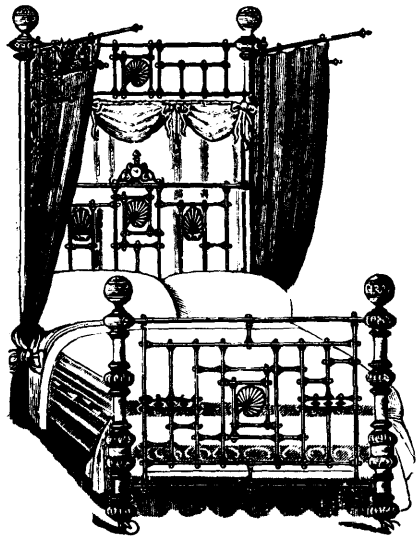

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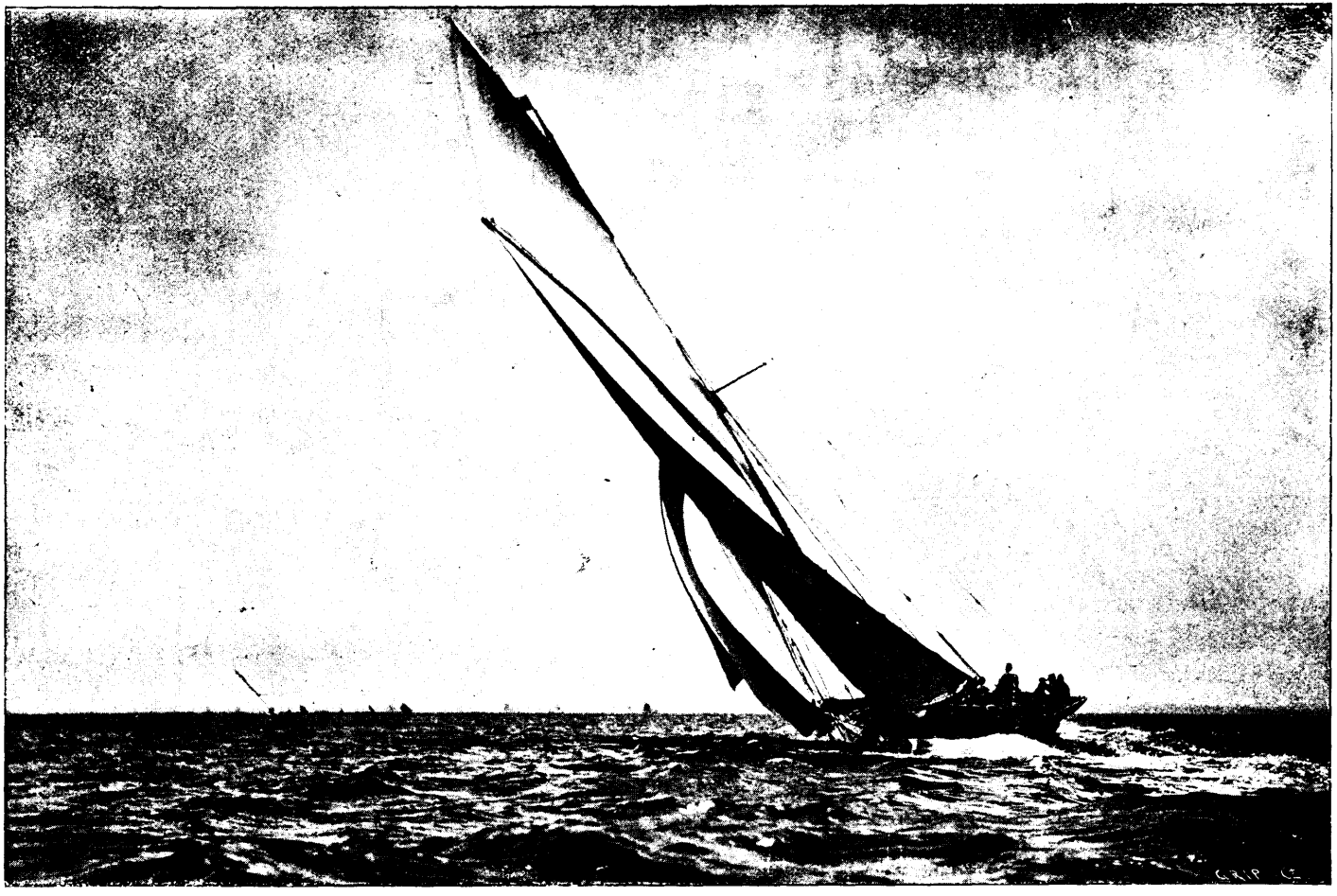


YACHTING ON A CANADIAN LAKE.

THE

# CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. AUGUST, 1896. No. 4.

## THE FLOWER CHILD.*

*(A Pastel.)*

W. E. HUNT. (KEPPELL STRANGE.) AUTHOR OF "POEMS AND PASTELS."

BECAUSE the Child was beloved by the Genius of the Flowers, she led him away from the Ogres of Grind and Greed, under whose dominion the city long had been enslaved, and together they journeyed into the delectable domain of Spring. Always, there, the dawn is resilient and rosy; the clouds are luminous, tender and exquisitely modelled; the evening skies are symphonies of purple and azure and gold; all the day, the blue of the sky has a deeper depth, a tenderer tone. The woods upon the borders of this delectable land are carpeted with dead leaves, in an infinitude of browns and rare designs; the sunshine filters through the twigs and stems of the undergrowth, and weaves league upon league of lace-like light; the oak leaves upon the ground are now a-shimmer like flakes of mica, and now metallic and iridescent as beaten bronze—shaped with loving care by some great old master.

Afar off, it seemed to the Child, the trees were ashen and forlorn, as in winter time, every branch looked barren, and where the woods coalesced in the background, all was wan and like a grey cloud. Upon a nearer view, the Child saw that all the branches were bedecked with myriads of buds; tiny cones of orange and purple and emerald and ruby; soft silky spheres; long graceful tassels; clusters of precocious flowers; infrequently, a tiny tender glaucous leaf, timid of the day. Beneath the dried forest leaves upon the ground, the pulse was stirred of many lowly plants; the three heart-shaped leaves of the Trillium were unfolding; the frond of a Fern was beginning to daintily unroll; a few emerald spears and tassels gave promise of a glorious future.

Leisurely and onward these two went together, from loveliness to loveliness. They passed where rocky woodlands were adorned with the sweetly-scented, pale pink Mayflower; wandered where the pure, white, golden-hearted Bloodroot grew; paused where the delicately-perfumed Hepatica studded the dry expanse of shimmering leaves with violet, white and pink-purple stars. Presently, upon the hill-side, singly and in clusters, they met the rich-vellow, lily-like Dog-

*This pastel mentions Canadian Flowers only. For an index to flower illustrations in this issue see second last page.

Tooth Violet, nodding upon a graceful stem, amidst its long, curved and shining mottled leaves. Violets were all abloom near by, azure and yellow and white; every rock was bejewelled with miniature Saxafrage; far below, in the vale, where the mould was rich and moist and the deep grasses grew, the Violets were of sapphire and of amethyst; the borders of the streams and the marshes were all ablaze with burnished Marsh Marigolds.

Ever, as they went onward, they saw the quaint, purple and yellow, spotted and striped Skunk Cabbage; the curious-leaved, red Pitcher Plant; the pretty and innocent looking, but insect-eating Roundleaved Sundew; shy, wood-loving Orchis and Ladies Slippers; gay Painted Trilliums, purple Trilliums and Trilliums of vestal whiteness; yellow Sweet Coltsfoot, whitish Dutchman's Breeches, greenish-white Squirrel Corn. The dainty Hot Clover they saw, and Clovers red and white and amber; white and red Baneberry; blue and white Forget-me-nots; Scarlet Painted Cup, Golden Ragwort, white and purple Toothworts, Early Meadow Rue, Wild Cranesbill, Thyme-leaved Speedwells, Neckweeds, Corn Groomwell, Robin's Plantain, Gold Threads, Wood Daffodils and Anemones, Wood and Wild Strawberries; copses of June Berry and Staff Tree, Hawthorn and Cockspur Thorn, Blackberry and Raspberry and Cranberry and Wild Rose.

Denser and more dense grew the foliage of the trees, as these two wandered further into this flowery Eldorado. They passed wide stretches of country white with Bunchberry and Wild Lily of the Valley; lingered where the shy Northern Clintonia arched its rich green leaves, and where the regal Flowering Fern upraised its perfumed towers; and it seemed to the Child that some third Presence, sweet, vague and elusive, walked beside them. Once they came to a rocky nook, deep in bronzy mosses and roofed over with the foliage of the Maple. In this calm retreat grew Celandine, Columbine, Bishop's Cap, Foam Flower, False Solomon's Seal, Twisted Stalk, Herb Robert, Ginseng, Preacher in the Pulpit and Wild Ginger. Here the air was odorous with the incense of Cypress and of Pine, and ever the spot lingered in the memory of the Child, and he called it The House of Peace.

It was in one of the many noble halls of Summer that the third Presence, so long exquisitely felt, at length, revealed herself. The skies were of azure—so deep, so sweet, so soft, so tender! The foliage of the trees was in its young prime, thick and rich and of manifold green. The sun was obscured by a solitary luminous cloud. In such a setting came to the Child a picture ever common and ever rare: league upon league of golden-hearted Marguerites — illimitable! Afar off, they were as drifted snow; nearer, each sweet flower-head swayed upon its slender stalk, a type of perfect grace and purity. The burnished yellow chalices of the Buttercup glowed and gleamed in many a meadow; long lines of pale yellow Mustard stretched far away into the beyond; the sapphire of the Vetch glistened amidst the woven waving grasses; the fragile iridescent bells of the Bladder Campion swung lightly to and fro; the fragrant white and yellow Melilot was tangled by the wayside. The cloud passed away, the brightness of the early morning sun glorified every living thing; and, as Aphrodite arose from the foam of the sea, so the Presence came to the Child out of the foam-like flowers, and he knew her for the Beautiful.

Then a deep content was in the soul of the Child, and with rapture he murmured: "My Country, My Beloved Canada, How Lovely Art Thou!"

The Genius of the Flowers looked fondly upon the Child, and she said to him: "Thou hast obtained a gift of rare price, for, to whom she revealeth herself, Beauty groweth alway, even

as a Lily in the Garden of the Soul; her loveliness ever increaseth, and she dieth only with Death."

So it was that, ever afterwards, Beauty was with the Child and the Genius of the Flowers, and for long they glided adown many a smooth stream and quiet lake. Here the shapely green leaves and the gauzy white petals of the Arrow Head were mirrored in the waters, beside the faint starry blossoms of the Water Plantain and the dense violet-purple spikes of the Pickerel Weed. Patches of Blue Flag were all along the way; white and yellow Water Lilies floated upon the shining expanses, and Arum Lilies grew in the moist places. Curious grasses and flowers and shrubs of rainbow hues bedecked the banks. Wild Convolvuluses ran riot amidst the Purple Flowering Raspberry and pink Lambkill; the bright scarlet patches of the Red Berried Elder make pale the pink bell-shaped flowers of the Spreading Dogbane; up rose Joe Pye Weed, pink-purple and gracious. Here and there were Loosestrifes and St. John's Worts, with gossamery stamens, and "yellow, glorious, golden"; Purple Loosestrifes, all aglow with color; Blue Vervain, in great glowing sapphire patches; fragrant wild Mints and Skull Caps; Wild Orange and Yellow Lilies; Common Mullein, yellow, erect, like huge candelabra; Black-Eyed Susans and Sun Flowers and Spotted Touch-me-nots; waxen berries, black and white, and red and yellow and purple.

One day, these three met Autumn, loaded with ripe fruit, and he showed them where he had scattered illimitable Golden Rod over hill-side and plain, and a-many purple Asters, and Michaelmas Daisies, and pearly Everlasting Flowers. Together they walked through his kingdom, and the country-side was all glorious with wild berries and orchards of luscious fruits. And one evening, when nearly all the Fire Flies had departed from the bushes, and the yellow Evening Primroses were dying, and the Pink Moths were dead, and the few remaining grasshoppers were dumb in the fields, and the Sumach bushes were purple and vermillion, and the Maple leaves were of crimson and of gold, and the glad solos and choruses of the birds were heard no more, they came unto the farthest borders of this domain and were met by a satellite of Winter, whose name 'is Frost. Here the Genius of the Flowers parted from the Child for a season, but, even as she had said, Beauty remained to comfort him.

And now, in the bleak, barren city, when the Child sometimes wonders whether the past was not all a dream, Beauty holds up for him the Glass of Memory, wherein he sees all his old friends reflected—a-many more than have been here set down—and he knows that the time soon will come when he shall see them all again.


EVERY evening, just as the pale stars begin to glimmer, I watch for a familiar figure. See, there he is now, driving past my window—his dog at his feet—one hand holds the reins, while the other rests on the head of the dog. There seems to be a silent sympathy between this man and the faithful collie at his feet. The strong features of the man are softened by that kindness and gentleness of aspect which is born of some secret sorrow nobly endured. The dog's whole attitude is one of conscious pride, while the eyes that look into the master's face are almost human in their affectionate yearning. If I mistake not, these two companions have some secret bond of sympathy.

Dr. Thorpe was seated in his study one evening. His gentle touch had that day soothed many a weary sufferer, worn and spent in the toils of pain. Little knew they of the stifled cry of the Doctor's lonely heart, which would not be hushed. Perhaps his voice was softer, and his touch even a trifle gentler than usual—that was all. So little know we of the heart-life of those about us. "Collie, old boy, I love her so. She is the only woman I can ever love. O, Collie, how can I bear the utter loneliness of life without her?" As he spoke, the manly tears of a pent-up grief fell upon the upturned face of the faithful creature at his side. Seeing his distress, the dog whined and licked his hand in mute sympathy.

Two years before, Editha Dale had been appointed Superintendent of the Hospital at Ottawa, at which Dr. Thorpe was a daily attendant. Of her previous life nothing was known, a proud reticence seemed to envelop her. Her fair, beautiful face, surmounted by an aureole of soft, sunny hair-ripples, was not one you could easily forget. The hint of sadness in the blue depths of those luminous eyes told only too clearly that sorrow, which comes to all, had come to her also. You instinctively felt that she, too, had trod the sacred precincts of the inner life of sorrow.

Dr. Thorpe in his daily visits to the wards found himself strangely drawn towards that proud young face as he watched her in her gentle ministry among God's sick. His noble, chivalrous heart was stirred to its depths, as he thought of the loneliness and apparent apartness of this young life. Editha appealed to the strong protective element in his nature, and thus a hitherto unknown sympathy was born of these two lonely lives.

About a year had dropped silently into the abyss of the past, when the faithful doctor, amid the dangers inherent to the discharge of his duties, had fallen a victim to that dread disease of the profession—blood-poisoning.

Entirely shut off from contact with the outer world, this brave girl, at the peril of her own life, nursed him as only a mother nurses her child.

Terrible days ensued, when God's reaper seemed about to thrust in his sickle. In his delirium her name was constantly upon his lips. A life and death struggle followed, and at last life was conqueror.

In the sanctity of their close companionship, Dr. Thorpe's whole heart burst into the rare bloom of a first and only love. One day, as they sat at a window idly musing on the passers-by, Editha saw a tear fall silently down his pale face. Then, springing to his feet, he caught her hand and kissing it passionately, he murmured, "Editha, I owe my life to you. Unworthy of you as I am, I love you as a man can love but once in a lifetime." As he rapidly uttered these words she sprang up, while a deathly pallor overspread her fair face.

"Dr. Thorpe, I must not hear you. Do not ask me to explain, for God's sake. Only trust me."

And, rushing into her study, she buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. O, the bitter anguish of that moment! A whole lifetime of suffering was endured in that brief space.

Once again everything went on as before at the hospital. Dr. Thorpe paid his daily visits, and Editha held long consultations with him with regard to her patients. She met him apparently as usual, except that there was a wistful expression about her face that smote his kind heart. He, noble man, respected her wish and no explanation was urged. He trusted her so implicitly that no thought of reproach ever entered his mind. Per-

"Dr. Thorpe, I must not hear you."

haps there was even a shade more deference in his manner towards her than heretofore. The doctor's love for Editha had become part of himself. She was the one love of his life. If she could not be his, still he must love her. Nothing, not even death, could change that. Love of this kind "is infinite —there can be no second like unto it."

One evening Dr Thorpe was taking his customary walk in the lovely suburbs in the vicinity of the hospital. "The day had gone to God, straight, like an infant's spirit." The silent, mute appeal of the dog for help, he followed him, and saw a young man of gentlemanly appearance lying unconscious on the ground. Hastening to the hospital he immediately returned with assistance, and they carried the unknown one and placed him in a private ward. Editha nursed him as she had nursed Dr. Thorpe. Night and day the doctor found her at his bedside. When he remonstrated with her she only shook her head sadly. The young man said his name was Clifford. From his symptoms he appeared to be in the last stage of decline. No one seemed to know anything further of the unfortunate stranger.

"Harry, I forgive you."

In the silent vigil of the night Editha was seated beside her patient — her strong young arm supporting his head. With labored breath he whispered: "Editha, O, Editha. Forgive me. I would give years of life to undo the past. O, believe me, it was my love for you that maddened me. That, at least, was pure and true. The thought of your noble life has kept me through all these years from plunging into utter ruin. Anything, O, anything to forget the past."

"Harry, I forgive you." The words fell softly upon his dying ear like the rustle of a cherub's wing. And touching her lips to his cold brow she murmured—"God help you. You too have suffered."

One evening, about a week later, as Dr. Thorpe entered the hospital he was met by Miss Dale. She seemed strangely agitated, and her face was very pale and worn. She silently led him to her patient's room. With his

throbbing stars seemed to still the tumult of his sad, lonely heart, and their calm peacefulness stole into his weary soul.

The faithful Collie drew near and laid his head on his master's hand, guided by the divine instinct of love. He loved this creature for his dumb affection, but above and beyond all, because he belonged to Editha. She had requested the good doctor to keep him as she was unable to retain him at the hospital.

Suddenly the dog darted from his side and ran towards some object ahead—then, returning again, he repeated the same action. Obeying the

hand clasped in hers his weary soul had passed away.

"Dr. Thorpe—This was my husband."

And burying her face in her hands, she gave vent to the pent up tears of those years of proud, silent suffering. As soon as this paroxysm had subsided, she said: "Doctor, I asked you to trust me. You have done so, nobly. I wish now to tell you all." Pressing her fingers upon her throbbing brow, she continued in a low tone: "Five years ago my father died—I was young, only nineteen, and alone in the world. I became a trained nurse. During my vacation I visited friends in Boston. There I met Harry Clifford. His young, manly beauty won my heart, and in my girlish fancy I clothed him with all that was noble and good. He asked me to become his wife. After a year I consented and we were quietly married. While on my wedding trip a letter was forwarded to me. I opened it carelessly when these words caught my eye—'Harry Clifford can never be your husband, he already has a wife living in England.' The words burned into my brain until it seemed to be on fire—then all was dark and I knew no more. When I came to consciousness, a month later, I found myself in a hospital as a private patient. They told me I had had brain-fever. Every care that money could procure was lavished upon me—but I was once more alone in the world. At first I could not recall what had occurred, except that I had a vague, shadowy sense of some calamity. To my clouded brain it seemed years since the blow fell. One day Collie crept into my room. He licked my hands and looked into my face with an almost human expression of sympathy and affection. The sight of him appeared to link the past to the present, for at that moment the past rushed in upon me like a torrent and I recalled that fatal letter which changed the whole current of my life.

"I never saw Harry again until he came to the hospital to die. Then he told me all. He had been in India and there fell a victim to fever which slowly but surely sapped his strength. His one desire left was, he said, to see me once more before he died. He spent long weary months in fruitless enquiry, until at last he heard that I was in the hospital at Ottawa. The day you found him—or rather Collie found him—for he was his dog. He had walked many miles. When just in sight of the hospital he had sunk down, unable through faintness to reach it. His was, indeed, a heart-rending tale. While yet only a boy his father had urged him to marry a young heiress whom he met abroad. At first he refused, but the pressure brought to bear was so great that at last he consented.

"He had been married only a few months when he awoke one night to find his wife standing over him with

a knife gleaming in her upraised hand, and a fiendish purpose in her wild eyes.

"It became clear to him then that he had been the victim of a base plot —his wife was at intervals a raving maniac. He had her placed in a private asylum and he came to Boston, where I first met him. He told me I was the only woman he ever loved. He said he fought against his love for me but the thought of losing me maddened him. Why should his whole happiness be wrecked because he had been prevailed upon to take one rash step? The struggle lasted for weeks and at last he determined to go away. When he called, intending to say farewell forever, I told him that I had received a telegram calling me to Ottawa. The temptation was strong upon him —the struggle ceased—he asked me to become his wife. The rest of my sad story you already know."

When she ceased speaking, the kind doctor's eyes were filled with tears.

"Editha, my child, you have indeed suffered," he said, quietly, although his soul was filled with emotion.

Once more the day has fled. The silent stars lean expectant from their casement. Beneath their opalline light stand Editha and Dr. Thorpe, with the faithful collie at his side.

"Editha, my beloved, you are the only woman I have ever loved. I can never cease to love you."

And she came at love's bidding and placed upon his brow the priceless crown of the pure love of a noble woman.

"*I have suffered. Open wide thy heart and fold within the wet wings of thy dove.*"

## THE RUINED GARDEN.

PURPLE and scarlet, and gold,
Garden asleep in the sun!
Why do you tempt, as of old,
Me with your joy to be one?

You with your roses and grass,
Lilies asway on their stalks;
—I with my grief as I pass
Down the long length of your walks.

You with your shadow and shine
Falling on mosses and leaves;
What have you now that was mine
In the old mornings and eves?

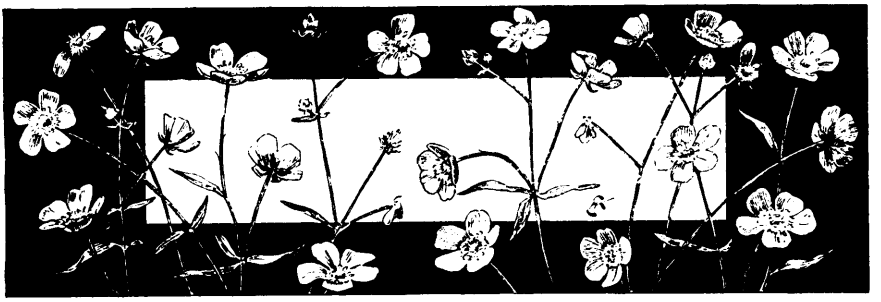
Knowing her hair's ancient gold,
(Yea, and the blue of her eyes!)
Only makes richer the mould
Whence all your beauty hath rise.

How shall I linger between
Crimson carnations a-row,
Over the hyacinths lean,
Kneel where the violets grow?

Garden asleep in the sun,
Odorous golden, and red!
All of your glory is done,
Now that my lady lies dead.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.

Fredericton, N B



# "THE EAGLE AND THE CHILD."

THOMAS SWIFT.

## PART I.

### CHAPTER I.

IT was a blithe June day in the fifth year of the reign of Henry IV., and the sun shone joyously on battlement, tower and pinnacle of Latham Castle, the stately home of Sir Henry de Latham. The fresh scent of flower and the idle carol of birds waiting for their young to break shell, greeted the senses of the fairest and proudest lady in all the northern land. For Sir Henry de Latham, descended from Orm, the mighty Dane, whose sway once extended over this corner of old Strathclyde, had wedded Hilda, daughter of the princely house of D'Estaigne. But this morning a cloud was on the lady's brow, that matched ill with the glorious shining of the sun; whilst the rueful burthen of her heart kept not tune to the glad singing of the thrushes and linnets in the thicket beyond the castle walls; a bride but three months wed, and weary of the world; one month of heavenly brightness and two of gloom, that seemed ever to be deepening into endless night.

Sir Henry, her lord, had been an altered man since the night when, with pallid face and trembling limbs, he had announced that the old knight, his father, was dead. For two long hours he had been in the grim death-chamber with the dying man. His ear alone had heard the last whispered words, his eye alone had beheld the last life signs, his hand had closed the tired eye-lids of the father who had loved him well.

Old Sir Thomas was borne to the last resting-place of his race; but the abbey walls had cast a shadow over the son's life that naught availed to lift. From a gay and debonair young knight, glorying in his spurs won on the romantic field of Chevy Chase and again brightened by the recent glory of Shrewsbury fight, he had become a silent, spiritless, dreaming man.

Lady Hilda, having made allowance for the natural outflow of grief, womanlike, had striven by every endearing wile to win him back to his own cheerful self, but in vain. The cloud that had settled over his being seemed to be too heavy and dark for the warmth and light of her love to penetrate. Not that her winsome presence and loving arts were repulsed; but they met with no response. And so the tiny gap in their wedded life, hardly big enough to harbor an unfond thought, gradually widened into a space for all the demons of unrest to riot in and play havoc with two lives. The husband was sorely to blame. It was not fair to the living to grieve so for the dead. And the much-tried

young wife, in her reasonable bitterness and jealous affection, almost hated the memory of the brave old warrior who slept peacefully two miles away at the foot of the high-altar in the great Abbey church. But what availed this? The old order of love and sunshine had ceased, and the new in all its weary hopelessness prevailed.

With an ill-stifled sob and tears glistening in her bonny eyes, Lady Hilda turned, and, passing through the massive portals, entered the great hall, hung round with armour and trophies of the chase. For a moment she paused, so that the lovely purple curtains of her eyes might have time to suit themselves to the softer light within. A long drawn sigh fell painfully upon her ear and, looking, she beheld her husband. Tall and stately and goodly to view, he stood idly contemplating a suit of armour worn by his father on the field of Creçy. So mournful he looked in the silent chamber that all the pent-up love of early wedlock rushed to her heart and, following the impulse to soothe, she glided up the hall and was beside him ere yet she had given time to think how such advance might be met. The silken rustle of her dress caused Sir Henry to turn, and she stopped—a picture of roseate beauty, throbbing womanhood and wifely tenderness. With a gallantry as noble as it was unexpected, the knight advanced and, bending his knee, gracefully kissed his wife's hand.

"Alas!" she said in her heart, "my hand only, as I were some distant dame." And yet, in truth, the salute was courtly and reverently done. She raised him, and resting an arm on his shoulder, for she was tall amongst women, exclaimed archly enough to conceal her sore feelings, "Nay, Harry, and thou art such a laggard in love, I must e'en set thee an ensample."

So saying, she gently drew his head down and kissed him tenderly on the lips.

Sir Henry's face paled unwontedly for one so sure of his love, and all the man was strangely shaken with emotion. He hesitated for a moment and then his strong arms enfolded the loving woman to his breast, and his cheek rested on her glossy brown tresses. "And dost thou love me so dearly, Hilda?" he murmured.

"As my life, Harry," was the fervent response. "Canst thou not see how I pine for thee? And yet, truant, thou comest not to my side as thou didst erstwhile. Surely sorrow for the dead hath its just limits and thou canst now spare a little space in thy thoughts for her whose right it is to be thy humble comforter."

"Nay, pray thee, sweet one, say not further. Thy tones cut into my heart," said Sir Henry. "Well do I know of my remissness; but I love thee, Hilda. Never doubt my love for thee. My poor father's death hath put me in a grievous strait, and hath upset my life. But more of this anon, sweetheart."

"Let us be happy—for a day," he continued lightly, though with ill-assumed ease. "And tell me, Hilda, how I may pleasure thee."

"I lack but thy sweet company, Harry, to be the happiest wife in England. And, truth to tell," with a roguish smile, "I am weary of playing lady to yon squire of dames, thy cousin Esmer, though he be of goodly parts and pleasing to maiden's eye."

"Thou speakest Esmer fair, Hilda," the husband replied. "Smooth he is in speech and brave enough in deed. Yet does he come but of an indifferent strain on the distaff side; for the Percies proved true neither to Richard Plantagenet nor to Henry Bolingbroke."

He stopped suddenly as though ill at ease, and then continued, "But let it rest. It ill becomes me, a belted knight, to speak guile of my father's brother's son. But what shall we do, sweet? This day should I go to Boscoe Abbey to consult Ambrose, the Abbot, on a matter of grave import.

Wilt thou ride with me and make this blithe day blither by thy loving company."

"That will I, dear Harry, and that right speedily," returned the glad wife. "And now will I hie me to my tiring, an' thou wilt look to the saddling of my palfrey."

but they did not mark the ring of bitterness and irony in the speaker's voice nor see the jealous pain lurking upon his features that were for the time steeled into the semblance of a smile of good will.

Esmer Latham watched them disappear within the leafy shade, then

*Drawn by F. H. Brigden.*

"Walled in by noble trees."

So Sir Henry and his young wife rode forth across the castle moat, as fair and noble a couple as the glad sun shone down upon in peaceful England. As they swept around the angle of the castle wall, a young knight doffed his plumed hat and bade them God-speed; turned and with clouded brow strode into the castle. A few minutes later, mounted, he, too, crossed the drawbridge and rode swiftly away in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile the lord and lady of the manor, attended, more for state than

safety, pursued their way, walled in by noble trees whose arching boughs nearly met over head, anon crossing an open space of warm sunshine and then plunging into deeper shade, until they came to the broad, white road that led to their destination. And thus they sped by sleeping cot and low-roofed farm, and through the blooming gorse that made the moor glow like a sea of shimmering gold, and splashed through the summer stream glinting over its rocky bed on its winding way to the great Abbey whose white walls gleamed before them through the green vista of the approaching trees.

They reached the hospitable courtyard and Sir Henry and Abbot Ambrose betook themselves to their business.

Lady Hilda also alighted and bent her steps over the velvet sward to the Abbey church where, kneeling before the high altar, with tears of joy she offered up her humble thanksgiving to God for having lifted her life out of the shadow of doubt and fear into the sunshine of hope and new-born happiness. Then they rode home in sweet and happy converse, and Lady Hilda rejoiced exceedingly in the fullness of her husband's love.

## CHAPTER II.

On the following morning from the window of the spacious chamber hung with richest tapestry, Lady Hilda watched her husband ride away unattended. A little, perplexed frown sat on her brow and a troubled look was in her eyes. These solitary expeditions of his, begun soon after the old knight's demise, were a sore puzzle to her. She was young in wedlock and to her the outgoings and incomings of her lord were matters paramount; yet never a word had he vouchsafed her anent his mysterious and far too frequent absences. At first she had ascribed them to the desire for solitude in which to indulge his grief; but as the days went by and those wanderings continued, the high-spirited woman chafed at the want of confidence they bespoke. That morning she had risen from her couch in the glad hope that her husband, again her lover, would remain by her side, or, at least, invite her, as on the previous day, to share his outdoor journeyings. And here, soon as the morning repast in the great hall was finished, he had gone without a word or token, leaving her once more to her own poor devices for amusement or employment. It was hard—cruel,—and she but three months married. A bitter sigh escaped from her heaving bosom as horse and rider vanished, and turning she found herself face to face with Esmer Latham.

Too much accustomed to his presence to be startled, and too proud to betray her anguish, she assumed a gaiety she did not feel, and was, at once, the haughty daughter of D'Estaigne and the stately mistress of Latham Castle.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

So Shakespeare hath it; and a wicked bard of a later age, but one well skilled in knowledge of the human heart has said,

> "There is a tide in the affairs of women
> Which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where."

For a few moments Lady Hilda and Esmer Latham gazed at each other in silence and dubious inquiry. A woman's wit is ever quicker than a man's to break an embarrassment; but there was in the lady's smooth tones a sense of pique and resentment at this intrusion on her secret thoughts.

"Methought, cousin Esmer, the day had been fair enough to win you to the merry green-wood. Is it not over early to linger in lady's bower?"

"You say truly, fair Hilda," returned Esmer. "And it was but by chance that my steps strayed hither. I was passing by the open door when

my eye chanced upon you gazing from the window, and, yielding to a careless impulse, I entered. Nay, never seek to hide from me your feelings, sweet cousin. Much do I grieve at the sight of your distress and my heart in pity informs me of what my eye would fain not see."

"Sir!" returned Lady Hilda, drawing herself up to her full height and fixing her bright, disdainful eyes on the speaker with the calm dignity of a princess. "Keep your pity for those who seek it. Hilda D'Estaigne desires not the pity of any man, not to speak of that of her husband's trusted kinsman."

The taunt fell short of its mark; for Esmer Latham, versed as he was in the arts of gallantry, expected some such return. But his cheek paled and his eyes shone with the admiration he did not conceal for the beautiful woman before him.

"It is of him, Sir Henry, fair Hilda, that I fain would speak," he replied calmly and courteously.

"Then must you speak to emptiness; for nothing will I listen to you," said the lady, and with stately steps she would have left the chamber. But Esmer moved more quickly towards the door and spoke reproachfully.

"Nay, fair cousin, put not this offence upon me, I pray you. I did but seek to acquaint you of that which is current gossip amongst the Castle menials. God wot I desire to say nothing that may breed discord between man and wife, but rather to guard the fair fame of both against the malice of slanderous tongues. I cry you mercy not to deem me overbold in my humble service towards you."

Esmer's plumed hat swept the floor, and without a further glance he was gone.

Lady Hilda, left to herself, became the prey to contending emotions.

What could Esmer mean? She chided herself for her weakness in refusing to listen to him. She sat down and with troubled heart reviewed the scene just enacted. She recalled every word that had been uttered, and every emotion that had betrayed itself on Esmer's usually impassive countenance. She shuddered as she strove to put aside the warm look of admiration that had shone in his eyes and tried to stifle the small voice of unworthy suspicion that made itself audible in her breast. She had of late come to avoid her husband's kinsman as much as possible—why, she hardly knew, save that she felt a vague uneasiness in his presence for which she could not satisfactorily account. Now she almost feared him. She started up at the thought and walked to the window, her face aflame and her eyes sparkling. She, the proud daughter of D'Estaigne afraid of Esmer Latham? She feared no man. Her gaze sought the arched opening of the leafy wood into which her husband had vanished, and she knew at once what it was she dreaded. The grim spectre was before her eyes in the broad daylight. It was for Sir Henry, her errant lord, she was concerned. Naught of harm could reach her save through him. Of herself she was utterly confident.

"It is of him I fain would speak," were Esmer's words. And all the old doubts, fears, anxieties, which but yesterday she had fondly hoped were buried for ever, came forth from their graves and paraded themselves in bitter mockery before her eyes. Sir Henry had a life apart from hers, and, until she had fathomed the mystery of his frequent absences, she could never know peace of mind. In her misery she turned as truly to her husband as ever woman turned to man. But she was not the woman to tamely give all and accept a moiety; to go on for ever blindly trusting to one, however dear, who held himself so far aloof.

With a sense of loneliness never before experienced in her young life, she put on a brave countenance and

moved among her handmaidens in the household duties of her sphere, thinking thereby to ease the gnawing pain at her heart. But a new trial awaited her; for she surprised herself straining to catch every whispered word that to her nervous sensitiveness seemed to be breathed that it might just escape her; whilst she interpreted every look directed at her charming self as one of pity or enquiry. The lowliest servant became an object of suspicion to her, and every idle eye and tongue, to her over-wrought senses, seemed to be pregnant with a knowledge that was existent to all except her whom it properly concerned. Weary and irritable she betook herself to her private bower and, flinging herself in abandonment on her couch, gave herself up to her misery, counting the lagging hours that should bring her wanderer home. The rooks, weary of their quest, with heavy wings were settling on the tall beech-tops of the Home Wood when the drawbridge chains rung in their grooves to give admission to the Lord of Latham. But Lady Hilda or anyone else saw but little of him, save when he sat at the head of the table, either on that evening or on the next day, which for the most part he spent with Abbot Ambrose, a guest at the castle, and whom he accompanied home to the Abbey.

On the third morning, Sir Henry again rode forth alone down the winding avenue which his weary, watching wife had come to hate, because it led him from her side—she knew not where. From her window she watched him disappear; then she turned, and the flush was on her cheek and a dangerous light in her eyes.

In the passage which led to the hall she met Esmer Latham, who would have passed her by with a courtly salute, had she not to his joyful surprise accosted him.

"Nay, Cousin Esmer, be not thus churlish. Behold before you a forlorn damsel whose lover hath deserted her. Time, this bonny morn, doth hang heavily on me; and pity it is this bright sun should shine for naught. What say you to a canter o'er the moors?

"If it be your pleasure, fair Hilda," he replied, with eyes down-cast, as though afraid they should betray the gladness within him.

So in brief space Lady Hilda and Esmer Latham issued from the castle, and the former without question guided her palfrey down the path on which were the hoof-marks of her husband's steed. For some distance they rode without exchanging a word, then the lady spoke.

"I have bethought me oft, Esmer, of your strange words dropped the other day, and in truth I have known little quiet of mind since. You said too much not to tell me more and I crave your pardon for answering you so rudely. Will you not now tell me of this bruit which hath place on idle tongues?"

There was a witchery in the pleading voice and a light in the glorious eyes turned upon his, which Esmer Latham, at least, was not the man to resist, even with prudence and honor his counsellers.

"Nay, sweet Hilda," began Esmer, but the lady stopped him with a look. "Pardon my tripping tongue," he resumed, "But yet do I think it just that you should hear the rumor that is abroad, though it doubts me much if mine should be the tongue to bring it to your ears."

"Say on, Cousin, and quickly, if you love me," calmly urged the lady.

"Love you, Hilda? It is because I love and honor you—nay, let me speak—it is because I believe you to be the best and fairest woman in this kinddom that I am loth to utter that which will cause you pain."

"I am strong. I can bear it, if it be just that I should hear it," replied Lady Hilda, throwing back her proud head and digging her spur into her palfrey, so that the spirited little

animal bounded across the pathway. She drew up again to her companion's side.

"It is whispered," said Esmer, "that Sir Henry pays constant visits to a fair stranger lady." Lady Hilda for a moment drooped in her saddle and all the way grew black before her.

The watchful eye of her attendant cavalier never left her and his hand was ready to support her. The horses stopped, and in a brief space the palfrey's rider recovered sufficiently to exclaim, "Now, our Lady in heaven be my stay if this be true!"

"It cannot be," she continued in agony, as the true significance of her position burst upon her. "My heart could never have so been traitor to my judgment as to fix itself on a faithless knight. It must be false; else all my hopes of happiness are wrecked. Hast thou no word of comfort, Esmer?" she asked piteously, falling, in her mental affliction, into the more familiar form of address.

"What can I say, dear cousin?" Esmer sorrowfully said. "You already are chiding me in your heart for bringing upon you this distress?"

"And thou—dost thou believe this story?" she inquired.

"I believe it," was the curt and merciless answer.

"Then, Heaven in its mercy send me aid!" exclaimed the stricken wife.

"I must e'en believe what my eyes have seen," said Esmer. "And I have beheld them together in the garden of her mansion."

"And what took thee to this—this woman's house?" Lady Hilda asked fiercely and suspiciously.

"To verify what had been confided to me by one of the knight's retainers," Esmer replied, with a touch of shame.

"It ill becomes a gentleman," said Lady Hilda, severely, "to listen to the gossip of his friend's lackey." Then perceiving the injustice of her words, she exclaimed, "Now, may God forgive me! I am distraught, and turn against my friends. Let me hear the whole story, good Esmer, even if in the telling of it thou wringest my heart of its life's blood. What do I say? Nay, if it be true, I will live—live to show him the pride that is in the daughter of D'Estaigne. If it be true, I will cast him out of my life as I would a venomous snake. I do so already, lest the poison therein shall have time to slay me. The story—the wretched story—all, good Esmer, as we ride."

So saying, she dashed the spur savagely into her palfrey's flank and sped away. In very truth, Lady Hilda was for the time as one mad. Esmer followed her in her wild career, and at length overtook her on the crest of a hill that overlooked a rich, sleepy valley, at the bottom of which wound a pleasant stream, that shimmered like silver in the dazzling beams of the sun. Breathless with the swift gallop, her cheeks glowing and eyes bright, she turned to her companion, who understood from her look that she flinched not from her purpose.

"Were it not better to wend our way homeward, cousin?" asked Esmer, in response to her questioning glance.

"No; let me at once drink this bitter draught to the dregs, that I may fling away the goblet," she returned.

"Be it so," said Esmer. "Briefly, then, Sir Henry, when making only a short visit, hath been attended by his faithful follower, Hubert, who, falling sick but the other week, his place was filled by Bardolph, whom his master left to care for his horse whilst he had conference with the mistress of the mansion. Bardolph, being of a more enquiring turn than stolid Hubert, drew the horses to the garden wall, which is of some substance and height, and by standing on his own steed's back, managed to get a sight of the scene within. He avers that he beheld his master holding the lady, who is wondrous fair to look upon,

in his arms, and that he kissed her."

Lady Hilda shuddered, and her eyes grew cold as the steel that shone at her palfrey's mouth.

"And thou, good cousin—what sawest thou?" she asked in frozen tones.

"What boots it to speak more, dear Hilda?" returned Esmer. "I saw them together, and—Bardolph spake the truth.

"Thou art belted knight, Esmer, as is this caitiff husband. I call upon thee to fulfil thy knightly oath, and right a woman's sorest wrongs. If thy sword fail thee, then shall this dagger end his life or mine"

"So saying, she snatched from its sheath at Esmer's belt his dagger of mercy. She raised the bright short blade aloft in the dancing sunlight, and then stuck it in her girdle, concealing it deftly with the folds of her robe.

"Now lead on," she commanded, "that we may quit us of this villainous business."

But Esmer hesitated and spoke: "Proud would I be, cousin, to draw blade in your cause, which is the cause of honor and justice. But think of the strait you put upon me. I am loth to raise my hand in kindred strife. Your noble father, or your dauntless brother, Lord Edmund, will see to it that your wrongs are redressed. More seemly will it be to have the matter tried in fair and open court."

"What, wilt thou turn dastard, too?" cried Lady Hilda, bitterly. "Then am I low indeed, when knight refuses to throw down glove for the honor of Hilda D'Estaigne. It was not so but some short months gone."

She turned from taunts to pleading.

"Oh, Esmer, thou wilt not desert me in this my dire extremity. Lead on, and place me before this false pair, and see if wedded wife will blench before this brazen courtesan."

"So be it then," said Esmer once more. "And may God defend the right."

Swiftly and in silence they rode down the hill and over the lonely moorland, and then they crossed the stream, never pausing to give their thirsty horses the cooling draught they coveted. Up the winding road they galloped, and came to a high wall, wherein was a heavy, iron-studded door, with a huge handle.

Esmer alighted, and assisted his companion to the ground. Then, having tied the jaded animals to a neighboring tree, he turned to Lady Hilda and asked, "Are you still of a mind, cousin, to see this venture through?"

"To the death," was the stern reply that hissed from pale, set lips.

The massive door swung silently on its hinges, and admitted them into a large and cheerful garden. A neat, white path led to a low, but comfortable mansion, and on either side were well-kept lawns, and trees for shade from the summer sun. But Lady Hilda saw not house, nor garden; nor tree, nor leaf, nor flower. Her gaze was riveted upon the man and woman standing beneath a spreading tree; and she beheld, as through a blood-red mist, her husband. The woman's arms were round his neck, her head resting on his breast, and, even, as the poor wife looked, Sir Henry stooped and kissed her tenderly on the lips, as if in the act of bidding adieu. At the sight, all the blood in Lady Hilda's body seemed to surge to her brain; and once more the demon of revenge took possession of her soul, and she was mad—vengeance-mad, or she would never have acted as she did. For, seizing Esmer by the hand, she drew him across the lawn toward the unsuspecting pair, who turned at the sound of her dress rustling over the grass.

"Kill him—kill him, Esmer!" she cried in fury. "False husband—perjured knight!" And poor Esmer, who would have walked up to a belching cannon's mouth at her bidding,

drew his sword and advanced on his astonished kinsman.

"Draw, Henry de Latham. Pity it is that no better knight is by to do battle for one so foully wronged as is she thou hast called wife," said Esmer.

"Ha! Sayst thou?" returned Sir Henry, recovering from his surprise and drawing his sword. "If wrong there be, it sits on thy blade, who hast misled a trusting woman, and dearly shalt thou rue it. Have at thee, Esmer," Their blades glided and rasped against each other, whilst the two women a little apart watched the strife. The combat was brief; for, Esmer, though a skillful swordsman and not wanting in courage, was no match for a knight who had come unscathed out of the thickest of the fray in the bloody battle of Chevy Chase; and Hilda's champion fell wounded at her feet.

"Heaven has allowed thee to triumph that thou mayst die by my hand," Lady Hilda cried in her madness. With a lithe spring she was at her husband's side and, before he could read her fell purpose, the dagger of mercy gleamed in her hand and she plunged it into his broad breast. Placing his left hand before his horrified eyes, as if to shut out some hideous vision, Sir Henry reeled and with a groan fell prostrate to the earth.

And Lady Hilda, with the dawn of reason stealing into her distended eyes, the bloody dagger in her white hand, stood like a stone statue, gazing on her gruesome work. A soft, firm hand took the weapon from her nerveless grasp and a voice, sweet but breathing intensest pain, smote upon her ears. "Fond, wretched woman, what hast thou done? I am thy husband's mother." The poor wife, wrestling with the terrible truth that was eating its way into her conscious-

*Drawn by F. H. Brigden.*

"Sir Henry reeled."

ness, staggered towards the prostrate form of Sir Henry and fell senseless. A few moments after, and perchance aroused by the shock of her fall, the knight regained consciousness and found her head resting on his breast, her brown tresses all dishevelled and dabbled with his own blood.

## PART II.

### CHAPTER I.

When Lady Hilda came to realize existence once more and was just able to distinguish the real from the visionary, the tangible from the intangible, nearly three weeks had elapsed, and she was weak as a little child. Nor was it weakness of body only. Her reason had been well-nigh hopelessly wrecked and she stricken down as by a bolt from the heart of the storm into which love, jealousy and the mad rage for vengeance had plunged her soul. So severe was the shock that nature, who, when favorably disposed, does her work cunningly, deemed it prudent to keep back memory, her greatest enemy, until such time as reason and brain were strong enough to wrestle with its tormenting writhings. For days yet, therefore, the unfortunate Lady of Latham lay on the border-land, barely able to grasp the fact that she lived and breathed, though why or where was beyond her poor intelligence. She had been so long accustomed to chasing horrible shadows in the spirit land of lost souls that it was relief and rest merely to see and know that she saw, to hear though she could not fully comprehend. And ever and anon, amidst the drowsy hum of the bees without and the sweet perfume of roses and eglantine that stole in summer gusts into the chamber where she lay, the stately form of a lady with a face of mature and pensive beauty glided about her couch, ministering to her with the grace and patience of an angel, and forming in some vague, mysterious way the link that bound the present to the past, if past there had ever been. And now it was to chase away a teasing fly or to lift the hot, weary head to a cooler place on the pillow, which necessitated a soft caress by hand or lip; and then to adjust the curtains to the too encroaching brightness; or then again to sit beside the bed, holding or stroking with velvet touch of sympathy the frail, transparent hand that had in its mad, vengeful strength stricken to earth a loving husband and tender son. But this Lady Hilda as yet knew not. Heaven had to deal gently and mercifully with her, else would she never have been able to bear the agony which was sure to come upon her in the first awakening to the reality of what she had attempted. For, murderess she was not; though more by the mercy of God than from want of blinded judgment and strength to accomplish. Sir Henry, though badly wounded and weak from loss of blood was a good piece on the way to convalescence whilst yet his afflicted wife lay utterly unconscious of his existence.

Dame Askatell—for such was the name of her who had been the cause of all this trouble—had, with the assistance of her attendants, converted her roomy mansion into a hospital, and bound up the wounds of the smitten with all the skill of a clear-headed and tender-hearted woman. Then, in as short a time as the distance allowed, she had with her a skilful leech from Prestestowne, a fair burgh some fifteen miles away. Having, between them, set the two men on the road to recovery, they had them as soon as possible conveyed to their own homes, so that she and the leech might direct their combined skill and energy to the more doubtful task of fighting off the scythe-armed horror that seemed to have surely and firmly laid his grasp on a frailer and easier victim.

Dame Askatell hoped for, yet dreaded the time when all would once again

be clear to the sufferer, and for that moment now was she constantly on the watch. It came at last and sooner than she had expected.

She was sitting by the bed, watching for any change that might betoken the return of memory. The sick woman's eyes were fixed on her countenance with such intensity that she almost felt the keenness of their scrutiny, as if it palpably touched every sensitive feature. Suddenly, she saw Lady Hilda's face change. Her eyes distended and grew wild in expression; her lips quivered and opened as if to make way for a shriek, and the faithful nurse felt rather than knew that the dread light of truth was dawning upon the troubled mind. The time had come and she spoke in tender, soothing tones: "Now, rest thee, sweet one. He lives—thy husband lives and loves thee."

Her words carried conviction, and Lady Hilda moaned and closed her eyes. Presently she opened them again and for the first time spoke, though so weakly that Dame Askatell had to bend her ear to catch the words: "Say that again, dear lady;—and again."

The lady repeated the consoling words and added, whilst her fair face faintly flushed,

"I am his mother. He loves thee."

"And I did not dream that?" asked Lady Hilda.

"No, sweet child, I am his mother—his loving mother," Dame Askatell replied tenderly.

The incongruity of the answer did not seem to strike Lady Hilda, and she asked again.

"And Esmer Latham?"

"He, too, lives. Both thy husband and Sir Esmer are winning back to health bravely," replied Dame Askatell.

A look of unutterable joy and thankfulness came into Lady Hilda's face.

"But enough, now, sweet child. Drink this," said the nurse, "and be at rest and sleep," She drank the soothing draught and presently fell into a calm and refreshing slumber. And Dame Askatell bowed her head on the couch, sweet tears bedewing the coverlet, and she too like her patient slept—*the first time, peacefully*, for many days and nights.

## Chapter II.

The glorious summer had deepened into a full rich autumn before Lady Hilda was strong enough to take up again on her own shoulders the burden of life. During the interval, Dame Askatell, with unwearying tenderness and devotion watched over and tended her to health and strength. She had but one object in life, namely, to cast herself at her husband's feet, and then sob out her sorrow and shame in his arms. But the days went by and Sir Henry came not; and this was her punishment. He seemed to have cast her off; nor could Dame Askatell even inform her of his whereabouts. All that she was sure of was that he was no longer at Latham Castle. He had disappeared—gone out of her life. All her soul was absorbed by the one desire, the forgiveness of the man she had so sorely stricken through excess of love. The tenderness of her heart overflowed for the time on the woman who had called herself his mother. The fact that old Sir Thomas' wife, Lady de Latham, whom she had never known, slept peacefully in the family vault at Boscoe Abbey, never once obtruded itself; and Dame Askatell, taciturn and reserved concerning herself, managed with consummate tact to keep Sir Henry as the one absorbing topic of interest and conversation.

Finally in her abandonment, misery and longing, Lady Hilda determined to seek Abbot Ambrose, Sir Henry's friend and counsellor, as the one being who might be able to guide her to her husband's side. So one day with this new hope in her breast, she rode over the brown moor to the Abbey. The Abbot received her with all the state

and respect due to the mistress of Latham castle, and to him she made known her mission. He led her into the great hall of the monastry and bade her wait. In a few minutes he returned with a roll of parchment.

"My daughter," said the Abbot, "Following out the instructions of thy most worthy husband, I place this manuscript in thy hands, which, if thou read it, shall make things that were dark clear unto thee. A trial is before thee, which I, meanwhile, will ask God to give thee strength to support and to direct thy heart unto justice and righteousness."

So saying he left her.

With trembling fingers Lady Hilda untied the ribbon that bound the roll, and spreading it out on her lap read:

"This purporteth to be an extract from the last testament and confession of Sir Thomas de Latham, Knight.

"I, Thomas de Latham, Knight of Latham in the shire of Lancaster, do solemnly swear to the truth of what is herein set down.

"Knowing that I must die and yield my soul to its Maker, to purge me the better of human frailty, I do here set forth the one secret of my life for those to read whom it concerneth, but especially for the eye of my son, Sir Henry, in whom I have ever had much comfort and pleasaunce, that, meeting me in the hereafter, he may not have shame in the father who loved him.

"I was born in the year of grace 1340 and the 5th of our sovereign lord, King Edward III.

"Being a stalwart lad and well trained to the use of arms, at the age of seventeen I fought under the banner of Edward, the Black Prince, of glorious memory, and won my spurs on the brilliant field of Poictiers. Four years later, when I was twenty-one years old, to pleasure my brave sire and to bring into the family the adjacent lands of Elmersdale, I wed the heiress, Margaret Elmer, when my heart had been given to a fair gentle-maid of lower degree, who afterwards married Robert Askatell, a worthy yeoman of Elmersdale.

"Margaret Elmer, who was five summers older than myself, made up in affection what she lacked in beauty, and was to the day of her death an exemplar wife, ever seeking her husband's will in all things.

"In the year 1366, wearying of the tameness of life in peaceful England, I betook myself to the court of the "Flower of Christian Chivalry" in France, and again fought under his banner on the bloody but victorious field of Navaretta, where I was grievously wounded. Having roughed it through two of the greatest campaigns of the age, following the example of my gallant Prince, whose health was fast breaking up, I returned with him to my own land, resolved to spend my days quietly and die in my bed. My father's death had made me master of Latham Castle and all the goodly lands pertaining thereto. I had fame, wealth, position and loving wife; but, alas! I was not content; and, as the years went by, my rebellion against the will of Providence did but increase. I had no child to succeed to the splendid heritage that had fallen to me, and much distress and many tears did my useless repinings cost the faithful partner of my life. And so twenty years passed and all hope of issue had been abandoned, and yet I was but in the very fullness of my manhood.

"One day business had carried me to the far limits of Elmersdale, and, whilst walking my horse down a woodland path, my astonished eyes rested upon a beauteous maiden, who was the very image of the fair and gentle being whom I, twenty years before, had I followed the promptings of my heart, should have wed. I questioned the maid, who said her name was Mary Askatell. She was none other than the daughter of my early love. I rode home, bearing in my memory a pair of blue eyes that burnt their way into my very being

and seemed to set some secret ember, that had been smouldering in my heart for years, aflame.

"On a warm morning in the June of the following year, my good wife and I were taking our wonted walk in the park, when, coming near a giant elm, which we had come to call the Eagle's Elm by reason of the attraction it had for a great eagle that had its eyrie in

"My wife took it into her arms." *Drawn by F. H. Brigden.*

towering Penygwent some seven miles off, we noticed something lying near the bole. As we approached, sure enough the great bird took wing and with a hoarse shriek soared away to its distant home. On examining into the bundle at the foot of the tree, to my wife's amazement, we found a bonny infant-child, fast asleep.

"My wife took it into her arms and turning to me said solemnly, "God hath sent it to be our solace and stay in our declining years. He hath heard my prayer, and granted it in His own way." Then, with many joyful tears and much thankfulness for the child's marvellous preserving, she hugged it in her lap and kissed it many times. Then wrapping it in her cloak, whilst still asleep, she bore it to the castle, and entering unheeded through a postern, gained the privacy of her own chamber. A trusted attendant, now long dead, was sworn to secrecy, and for some weeks the good dame was seen no more beyond the precincts of her own apartments.

"When she did appear once more in the great hall, she bore in her arms though she knew it not—God pardon

me for my duplicity!—my own child. Its mother was Mary Askatell. I contrived to have the infant conveyed to the foot of the Eagle's Elm, and Fate willed that all should turn out in accord with my desires.

"The child grew lustily and my wife, seeing how much I was wrapped up in it, lavished upon it all the care and affection of a tender mother; and as boy and man has this son of my body, Sir Henry de Latham, ever repaid me love for love, as well as to my wife whilst in the flesh.

"And Mary Askatell have I cared for and cherished as far as in me lay; and when, some ten years gone, my lawful wife yielded her sweet soul to its Maker, I pleaded that the mother of my child should wed with me and take her place in the Castle of Latham. But in no way could I win her to my purpose, which hath been a sore grief to me in my latest years; for a fairer and sweeter lady breatheth not in all this county palatine.

"This secret, at the time of inditing, is known only to three living persons, and that under oath of secrecy, to wit, Mary Askatell, Ambrose, the Abbot of Boscoe Abbey, and our sovereign lord, King Henry IV.

"It is my further purpose, when I shall lie on my death-bed, to acquaint my son, under solemn oath of silence, of his true origin, that I may meet my Judge with a free conscience and trust to His infinite mercy to assoilzie me of these my short-comings and others due to human frailty."

Here this strange confession of unrestrained and misguided passion ended; and Lady Hilda, mechanically folding the parchment, sat spell-bound and scarcely able to grasp its full import. To say that she was not painfully moved by the startling nature of the revelation would be belying the proud daughter of a princely race. Each new sequence, as it unfolded itself to her mind, was like a deadly blow to her pride, until the fair fabric of her social state lay shattered to pieces at her feet. Her husband was—nay, she could not think the name, but turned shudderingly from its presentment—and she, a nobody; and for the moment, if truth be told, the rebellious blood suffused her fair cheeks with shame. The man she had married was not Sir Henry de Latham, nor she the mistress of Latham Castle. She, who had borne her head so high as to look down with complacency upon the coronet of many a countess, was now a thing to be pointed at by the finger of scorn. In her bitter abasement, forgotten were the brave deeds of her soldier lover, enough in those days of gallant achievements to win for him the ennobling accolade of a great warrior's sword; forgotten were the distinguished bearing and the tender love of her young husband; forgotten was everything that could plead for the man into whose keeping she had given her plighted hand.

Suddenly in the blackness of her selfish misery, like a merciful ray from heaven, it came to her that she was thinking these bitter thoughts of the husband she had loved, and not of another—had loved?—did love. She started to her feet. The parchment fell from her lap and rolled along the polished oaken floor. She spoke aloud in the silent hall, "Now, may God pardon me for a wicked, sinful woman;" and cast herself on a pridieu that stood before a large crucifix hanging on the wall where, burying her face between her extended arms, she wept away her pride and shame. And all her love for Sir Henry asserted itself in her softened heart, only intensified by pity for his misfortunes. Her own mortification and misery were absorbed completely in her wifely desire to comfort and cheer. Nay, a new terror that blanched her hot cheeks seized upon her. She could read in Sir Henry's seeming estrangement the delicacy of feeling that had kept him from her side. He had learnt his dead father's secret and

*Drawn by F. H. Brigden.*

"She wept away her pride and shame"

his own origin and would not willingly thrust himself upon her. And now, when his misfortunes had been capped by her own mistrust and reckless hand, he had gone silently, humbly,—taken himself out of her life. But she loved him;—her whole being cried out for him.

A sandaled footfall broke the stillness of the chamber, and Lady Hilda, rising, stood in the presence of Ambrose, the Abbot. For a moment he silently regarded her tear-stained face, on which he saw shining the light of a great love.

"Thou hast chosen wisely, my daughter," he said, simply.

"Tell me where I may find my lord, that I may go to him," she eagerly demanded.

"Nay, softly," replied the Abbot, with a smile.

"The way is long, but love will make thy steps pleasant, and peace will go with thee. Remember that thy husband is still thy lord, and knowingly he hath done thee no wrong. Yea, rather hath he dowered thee with wealth above gold, with the fulness of a true man's love. Hopes may fade and worldly riches melt away; honors are but a pleasing fancy, that enricheth not, but love liveth on when earth groweth dim, to blossom into sweeter flower in the light and warmth of the kingdom of God."

There were tears afresh in Lady Hilda's eyes, as she said, humbly—

"I have nothing to forgive, good father; but much to be forgiven."

"Yet would Sir Henry have revealed unto thee all," continued the Abbot, "but for his oath and the noble desire to shield his mother's fame. And now, my daughter, if thy heart is disposed to cleave unto him who loves thee, Hubert, his faithful retainer, will lead thee to the abode where he hath withdrawn himself to consider the life that is before him."

So Lady Hilda rode once more to the castle of Latham, and entered the halls to which she was henceforth to be a stranger; and a sweet joy and peace came to her. Sacrifice is true love's test; and she would blithely relinquish all—taking nothing but herself unto her lord. Without a sigh she doffed the rich robe she had put on to make herself pleasing in his eyes, and clad herself in a simple russet gown, as became the wife of one who had nothing left but his own good sword and the world in which to wield it. Something told her that he would love her better so. Then summoning Hubert, she bade him lead her to Sir Henry. In passing through the garden her own fair hands had tended, she plucked a solitary rose and fixed it in her hair, and thus adorned, set forth on love's sweet quest.

The way was long and the journey rough to feet unwont to travel, but her heart was light as the birds of the wood, and her song as free and joyous; and at the end of the day they came unto a forest hut, built near the margin of a murmuring stream, and there she beheld Sir Henry, her husband. He was clad in the garb of a forester, and at first in the evening's waning light he knew her not. But she, forgetful of her disguise, and construing his silence and reserve into hardness and righteous remembrance of her rash seeking of his life, fell at his feet, and throwing back her hood, revealed to him her piteous countenance, the parted lips quivering with emotion, and the sweet eyes swimming in tears.

"Harry," she exclaimed, "dost thou, indeed, cast me off?" And Sir Henry, starting at the sound of the beloved voice, raised her to her feet as though she were a princess, but only ventured to kiss her hands. Then he stood before her, his arms folded, and his face pale to the lips.

"Comest thou to me, Hilda, knowing all?" he asked.

"Even so, Harry. I have had converse with Abbot Ambrose, and he hath told me all. I crave only to be

taken to thy heart again, and—to be forgiven my mad and sinful act," Lady Hilda replied, humbly, clasping her hands.

"Then, God be thanked, sweet wife, for these gracious words. Thou hast made me the happiest man in England," said Sir Henry, fervently. He took the weary traveller in his arms and strained her to his breast, and the peaceful stillness of the forest wrapped them round, and the light of love went with them into the humble hut and transformed it into a paradise of sweetest delight; and there they abode, a world unto themselves; and often in the brilliant after years did Lady Hilda look back with a sigh to that happy, golden time when life meant love, and love was all her joy.

But the end came.

The summer had gone, the forest trees had shed their golden garments to earth, and the wind wailing around the lonely hut made the warm hearth a welcome shrine. Sir Henry was sitting before the blazing logs, his wife's head pillowed against his knees so that the leaping flame played fantastically on her nut-brown tresses as they swept like a shimmering bronze cascade down to his very feet.

"Methinks, sweet wife," said Sir Henry, suddenly breaking the restful silence that had fallen upon them, "It is time to bring our exile to a close. The days are rude and the nights grow chill, and the halls of Latham Castle long for the stately footsteps of their bonny mistress. What sayest thou? Shall we not hie us to our rightful home?"

Lady Hilda turned so that she could see her husband's face, and replied:

"Ah, Harry, dearest; jest me no jests. Am I not content here?—my castle is where thou art, and Latham Castle, though it be goodly enough for a queen, is nought to me if thou be not its master.

"I perceive Abbot Ambrose did not tell thee all, Hilda," returned Sir Henry, his countenance lighting up with exceeding delight. "But sit thou here," he continued, raising her until she rested on his knee, "that I may the better see thy dear eyes."

"Sir Thomas, my loving father, did not his work by halves, as thou mayest readily have discerned in his cunning device of the Eagle and the Child.

"The De Lathams have ever been staunch followers and supporters of the renowned House of Lancaster; and when Henry Bolingbroke came from over the seas to claim his own, my father was amongst the first to place fortune and sword at his service. His voice was loudest in offering Bolingbroke the crown, his sword the truest drawn in the same cause at Shrewsbury. And it seemeth that the brave old knight, when Henry was firmly established on the throne, made known to him the secret of my birth and craved a boon which the king right cheerfully granted, to wit: to declare me by royal letters patent lawful heir and possessor of Latham Castle and all the lands pertaining thereto. Such, then, is the sequel to the story of the 'Eagle and the Child.'"

In silent wonder Lady Hilda listened to her husband, and then exclaimed:—

"Now, God be praised that all things turn out so meet and just."

"Yet never, Hilda," Sir Henry concluded, "would I have claimed my own, hadst not thou, in thy loving kindness, come to share it with me."

So, in sweet content they spent their last night in the forest hut, and behold!—on the morrow, Hubert arrived with two richly caparisoned steeds and apparel becoming the lord and lady of Latham Castle. And there they lived for many happy years, and children were born to them. Then when Henry V. claimed the French throne, Sir Henry, a stalwart knight in the fulness of his strength, crossed the channel with him, and won great

honor and renown for his brave achievements on the glorious field of Agincourt. So that not a nobler knight or more beauteous dame than the lord and lady of Latham Castle figured in the brilliant throng that stood around the throne of England's hero-king.

## SWEETBRIAR.

SHE stopped to pluck a bouquet for her gown
From the sweetbriar that nodded in the sun,
And presently I heard a little "Oh!"
Of pain,—that hand of hers the briar in greed
Had caught, and held so closely that its mark
Showed plainly on the warm and pink-palmed thing.
Then down she sat to rest her for awhile,
And I could hear her crooning to herself:

O sweetbriar, growing all alone
In shady, lonesome places,
By all but sun and dew unknown,
How full you are of graces.

O sweetbriar, with your fragrance rare,
You woo me to come nigh you;
Your breath so fills the heavy air
I cannot well pass by you.

O sweetbriar, do the dew-drops fall
And make your soft leaves glisten?
O sweetbriar, does the west wind call,
And do you wait and listen?

A clumsy bee came tumbling in her lap,
And she forgot her song—laughed at his fright.
I wonder if the day will ever come,
When we will be so old,—so old and dull,
That we will listen to, yet never heed
The sweetest sound of all the sounds that ring
Out through the world's big aisles,—the rippling laugh
From red young lips, the laugh that straightway comes
From some rich storehouse in the heart where lies
The gold of gladness, hope, and all things good?

O sweetbriar maid, your laughter woke a host
Of tender memories sleeping in my breast,
And made a present hour of one long-gone,
One dear, though half-forgotten, yesterday!

JEAN BLEWETT.

# A CANADIAN BICYCLE IN EUROPE.

## CHAPTER V.

### ROME, FLORENCE, VENICE.

I HAVE a thousand things I want to write about, quite forgetting they have been written about and talked threadbare a thousand times before.

I would like to perch a sympathetic spirit behind me, and we two together wheel across the glorious Campagna, sniffing in the breeze blowing athwart its lovely stretches of rolling distance, with the shadowed hills of Albano, Frascati and Tivoli fringing its farther edges in one direction, and spreading away to the sea in masses of undulating green in the other.

This place is filled with loneliness, intensified by few scattered signs of life—a flock of sheep grazing, watched by a solitary shepherd clad in sheepskin and soft, picturesque hat—the nearest approach to a brigand we ever found; a primitive cart drawn by milk-white oxen, the splendid creatures pacing down the Appian Way with slow and stately step, holding low their magnificient horns, and turning great liquid eyes full of mild reproach upon us as we buzzed by. Here and there the tufted tops of a lonely palm-shaped pine rose dark and straight against the sky; the grey and crumbling walls of an old tower stood quaint and naked, a relic of a bygone buried city, which the earth has neglected to take into the shelter of her protecting bosom. There the ancient Roman Aqueduct with its great walls is making a gallant stand against the merciless hand of time; its lichen-covered stones and rows of beautiful arches a home for the fowls of the air and a barracks for the ghostly legions of dead ambitions, while throbbing through the silence, a rush of melody pours from the throat of a tiny songster whose little heart seemed bursting with gladness far up in the filmy blue.

I am not going to worry my readers with a long drawn out description of the places we visited in Rome. The accompanying illustrations and a few words must suffice. But, ah, the bliss of a spin across that wonderful Campagna; to wander amidst the grey and blue-eyed anemones of Tusculum under the guidance of a beautiful boy who knew

RUINS OF THE CLAUDIAN ACQUEDUCT, ROME.

his beauty well, and whom we warned, under pain of sudden death, not to dare to mention Cicero or any other dry o' dust personage during the whole of that long summer day, whereupon he looked knowingly in reply, as much as to say, "You are the first sensible crowd I have met for a long time." A whole day of freedom from routling amongst sacred dust and mouldy bones, which the obnoxious modern tourist will not leave in peace, but rakes up each day afresh with the help of a toothless guide, accompanied by his unmistakeable badge, a Baedeker or a black and red striped Hare.

"Under the guidance of a beautiful boy."

Or shall I tell of the way we defied all known Roman laws, riding through the streets of Rome for seven weeks without bell, or license, or brake, or lamp. The omission of each meant the breaking of a separate and distinct law on the subject, giving a sad proof of the utter demoralized condition of our moral natures since coming in contact with Italians and their ways. A year's tax of fifteen francs was worth while avoiding as long as the policemen followed us with admiring glances instead of doing their duty by looking to see if we had our official numbers. The laws are very strict in Italy.

I would like to trot somebody—somebody I don't like—through miles of pictures of insipid madonnas adored by fat priests, and fierce ladies upsetting mild gentlemen down fathomless wells, or stabbing them with a Lady Macbethian air in the most approved manner; or give my luckless companion the creeps with the various agonies of multitudinous martyrs, who suffered with a placidity most

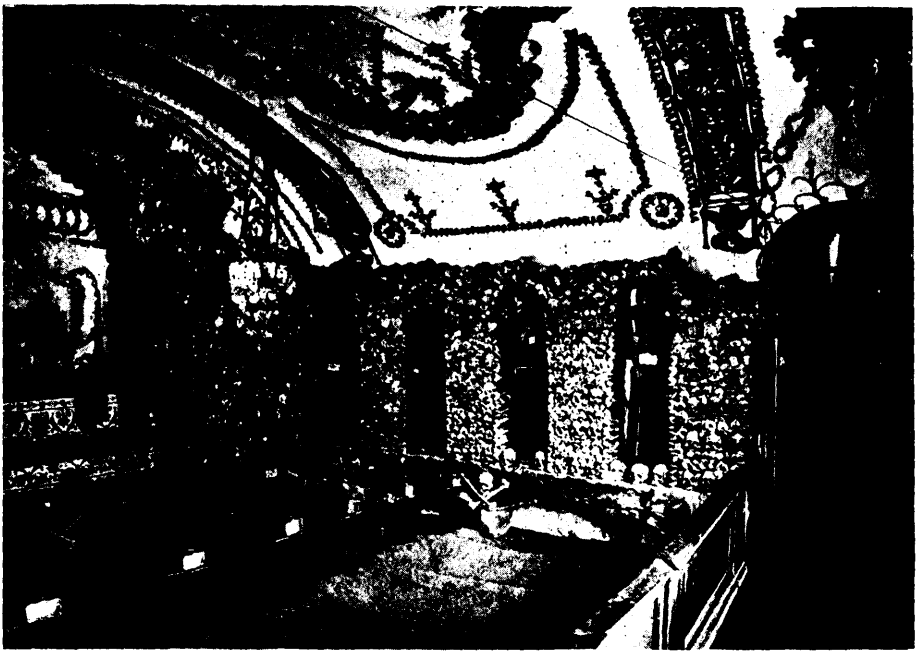
THE APPIAN WAY.

astonishing, or whose tortures are depicted with such broad realism as, first to make one sick, and then to make one laugh nervously. I am sure my pet aversions, after being trotted about thus for a week, would beg for mercy and pray to be sent back to their familiar haunts, to taste once more the sweets of a five o'clock tea, or whirl amid the flimsy joys of a fashionable ball-room.

But I must hurry on to Florence—the place which for many a long day I had asserted I intended to see before I should die. People do realize some of their dreams sometimes, not always, not perhaps just in the way they expect; but, "all things come to him who knows how to wait," is a truth in part.

It is a city full of fascination and of intellectual and artistic refinement; not so ponderously old or painfully modern as Rome; not with the crude contrasts, the ceaseless unrest and smiling rascality of Naples, and without the wonderful irridescent scintillating beauties of its exquisite setting; yet with soft, restful beauty in the tender purples of its surrounding hills, from whence the Arno winds muddily. And Florence is restful, though impressive in its associations, overshadowed by the spirits of three giant souls.

I would like to show someone—someone I do like—the glories of the Pitti; the splendid color of Andrea del Sarto and his lovely, though most divinely human, Madonnas; the mourn-



CAPUCHIN CEMETERY, ROME.

ful grace and lightness of Botticelli; the simple holiness of Fra Angelico seen through his quaintly beautiful pictures; Giotto Cimabue, whom, if you have read Ruskin, you dare not say you do not like; and not least the bambini of Andrea della Robbia, who knew the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

In Rome, the Italians consider it improper to ride in the city, and unsafe to ride in the country, so they take their wheels in a cab to some

ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME.

miniature; you never know what will turn up next; in half-an-hour, you may be played false by your dearest friend — your bicycle. Although by this time we were thoroughly conversant with the management of a wheel when on it, we were still sadly ignorant, after the way of women, as to its peculiar mechanism; so when my tire collapsed one day we felt very unhappy, and took the flabby thing to an important-looking bicycle shop, wondering, after our Naples experience, something of the same idea prevails, though not to the same extent. Out of idle curiosity, therefore, on several occasions we rode in the beautiful Cascine, to see what Italian women look like as cyclists. With low, stumpily-adjusted saddles, ill-arranged skirts, and flower-bedecked hats, they did not look trim, and after seeing numbers of women of different nations riding, I have come to the conclusion that Canadian girls take the palm every time. One minute of wholesome conceit is worth ten minutes of self-abasement, and this broadened out into a patriotic sentiment, is unassailable.

A FRESCO BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA.

Bicycling is not unmixed joy, and in this absolutely truthful record I feel it my duty to announce the fact. A bicycle tour is life in public garden, have a little run, and then drive home again. I am glad I am not an Italian. In Flor-

THE CATHEDRAL, VENICE.

ence, what would be the result. The charges were not outrageous, and I got it home the next day. My spirits, in consequence, had just risen to a high point of hilarity, when Peg's wheel went flat, and our spirits promptly went flat, too, with a run. And from that day we never had a moment's peace, but played puss in a corner with our wheels during the rest of our stay. Our irritation was somewhat increased by having always to explain minutely to the shop-people what was wrong with the wheel. First one had to be doctored, then the other, without avail. Then Peg essayed to mend her own (she is always doing desperate things), and tinkered at the provoking thing a whole day, dragging me in whenever she got an excuse. Two days, and she was still tinkering. I then suggested mildly that in view of a ride we had planned to Venice, and from thence to Verona, amongst other necessaries which we intended to strap on at any available point of the bicycle frame, a tent would be a wise addition, under which we could settle ourselves on the roadside, and tinker away comfortably at our leisure in case of very probable mishaps.

We created a decided sensation amongst a select few when they heard we intended to ride to Venice, and we were implored pathetically to give up such a venturesome scheme. For the moment I was a little startled, but thought I would make enquiries before giving up a delightful project, since we had already found by experience that had we listened to the numerous warnings of numerous people, we would never have done anything.

In reply to my enquiries, I was told that the road was in the fine condition usual in Italy, and the people kind and hospitable. An Italian gentleman, a stranger to me, overheard my questions, and my astonishment was

great when the next day I received a lengthy paper, with a complete description of the road, written out in careful English, with the exact distance between each village, and the best hotel at each stopping place, accompanied by a section map of the country we would pass through. As I do not remember even what the gentleman looked like, he must remain in my memory as the unknown man of the kindly deed, though it was only one of the innumerable little kindnesses that have been shown us on all occasions throughout Italy, and my experience of Italians has invariably been that of a most kindly, courteous people, from the lowest peasant. They are more easily won by a smile than many.

What with tire punctures, broken sprocket wheels, and thunderstorms, we did not have much opportunity of exploring the country surrounding Florence. This was irritating beyond words, since there were many lovely rides. Finally, one morning, horribly early, we took the train across the mountains to Bologna, with the intention of riding from there to Venice.

At the hotel our ridiculous little bundles were stared at a good deal, at least I thought they were, but hoped our bicycles were a sufficient guarantee that we were in a position to pay our hotel bill. Two interesting days there were not enough. We strolled through the royal collonades which cover the footways of the streets for miles, making the lucky Bolognese—independent of wind or rain or sun, a ceaseless stream of life walking perpetually in the shaded depths of their splendid arches, lengthening out into lovely vistas of distant perspective. We were loath to leave the unique piazza, surrounded by magnificent palazzos covered with ornamentation, and full of rich color increased by the quaint and wholly delightful blinds drawn over the windows, of a color between orange and terra cotta. Naples, my first love, is altogether quaint and picturesque and dirty. Rome and Florence are fatally tainted with modernism, which I suppose is a proof of increasing prosperity for down-trodden Italy burdened with over-whelming taxation; but Bologna seems to a casual observer, to have combined modern ideas and push with its beautiful age more happily than any other city.

From Bologna we rode fifty kilomètres to Ferrara in four hours, with a rest between at a pretty little village by name Malabergo, where we created

A STREET IN VENICE.

lively interest amongst the people, who could not do enough for us. In fact our ride was a triumphal march through the country. The best sitting-rooms of the smallest cottages were put at our disposal, and we were plied with wine and refreshments, while the family disposed themselves round the wall, keeping us busy answering questions, and afterwards retailing our conversations to an interested company outside. It was all vastly amusing. Our curious Italian carried us through wonderfully well, considering all things, even when we insisted on saying to a bewildered hotel factotum, "I have paid," when we meant to say "I will pay," upon which the unfortunate man went quite wild, though remaining civil. I have never succeeded in finding out exactly how much a kilomètre is, but I believe it is somewhere in the neighborhood of three quarters of a mile, therefore fifty kilomètres is—how many miles? Any one who likes sums may work that out at his leisure.

From the sleepy old town of Ferrara we rode to Montselice, fifty-seven kilomètres in five hours, with three hours rest during the heat of the day. No doubt some will conclude from these figures that we are slow riders, or more correctly speaking lazy riders, —a very right conclusion. Trains are objectionable to me because they whirl one through the world at break-neck speed, and I have not the slightest wish to transform myself into a locomotive on a small scale. We started on this expedition with the best intentions of setting off every morning at seven o'clock and resting during the hottest hours, but for some unaccountable reason we never got off before nine, which was very annoying, as I had a bet on it with a friend in Florence. I have lost, but I don't intend to pay.

We reached Padua in two hours the next morning, in the rain, consequently we looked,—how shall I put it?—unbecomingly, to say the least, I had nearly said—tough, but I never shock people if I can help it. And I had grave doubts as to whether any hotel would take us in. However, I endeavored to atone for my want of neatness by a highly polished manner, and made a sufficiently satisfactory impression.

We puddled miserably about in the rain all that afternoon, seeing the sights. We did our little best to admire Giotto's frescoes in the chapel of the arena (knowing that Ruskin would crush us sooner or later if we did not) while the water squeezed up and down inside our boots, and ran out of our hats down our necks. We furtively kept one eye on the weather, and the other on the pictures, and the whole of our two minds occupied with speculations as to what condition the roads would be in on the morrow. The following morning the world looked serene, and dry, and as lovely as though there had been no such thing as rain by the bucketsfull the day before.

In this northern part of Italy, the country through which we rode was as enchanting in its way as the south. It is a great garden, continuing across the miles of level, cultivated land, rich with every variety of produce, from the romantic vine, laced from tree to tree and making every field and orchard and simple kitchen garden a green and shady bower, to the homely rice and wheat. Then as we wended our way peacefully, and sometimes silently, towards Mestre, a blue distance shaped itself gradually into the gleam of the ocean, and a little later, rounded domes and spires rose delicately out of the sea itself in fairy outlines of softest blue, on a background of palest gold, and we knew that the sea nymph City of Venezia lay before us. Across three miles of shallows in train, right away from the main land, we travelled out into the Adriatic and landed prosaically in the ordinary looking Venice station, where we put our bicycles in deposit.

A few moments of bustle, then came the musical silence of rippling waters. And there we dreamed awhile, a week and a day. By such spaces come and go the odd pleasures of a lifetime, little bits twinkling here and there like stars in a sullen sky. We lounged idly in the long, sweet summer evenings, after the noonday heat and after the day's rushings and sight seeings, listening to the exquisite pathos of Lohengrin's swan song, or the long-drawn, sorrow-burdened notes of an

"The graceful bend of the Grand Canal."

intermezzo we all know so well; or, persuaded by the courtier manner of a charming gondolier, we would leave the music (alas, for my illusions, the only good music we had heard in Italy,) to float lazily out on the dark surface of the still canals, with the soft murmur of the water in pathetic whisperings, which, woman-like, one translates into "if's" and "perhaps's." A thousand lights, repeated in long shafts of ruddy glow at the feet of marble palaces, trace the graceful bend of the Grand Canal widening out into the lagoon towards Lido and Choiggia.

From Venice, or rather Mestre, the nearest mainland point, we rode in desperate heat,—a hundred in the sun, I am sure, since it was 90 in the shade at 10 o'clock in the town. There was not a breath of air except the breeze made by our rapid movement, and I can only account for our being able to do it, by the fact that we held up our umbrellas all the time. Stopping one night on the way, we reached Verona the next afternoon. A delicious place with two of the most beautiful old churches I have seen, and the house of the Cappuletti with the loggia from where sweet love-sick Juliette sighed out a pathetic plaint to her Romeo. From thence we passed by train to Como.

A brief stay in that ideal spot, with perfect rides in the cool, escorted by a handsome Venetian who said to me in melancholy tone "my heart has much suffered for American girls, but Canadian girls is much badder."

There, as everywhere, we seemed to rouse the same curiosity regarding our bicycles, what we had done, and where we were going. I met a Frenchman of especially courteous bearing, with whom I had some pleasant chats, and in the course of one we diverged to the subject of bicycles. After a short preamble, in a very hesitating and polite manner he touched my skirt lightly, saying—"Do you-ah-ah-wear this?" I was slightly puzzled a moment, then a hot wave passed over me and for two whole minutes I was most terribly embarrassed, being convinced I had been guilty of doing something highly improper in wearing a skirt. I, however, managed to pull myself together, and reply, emphatically, "Of course."

"But it is not 'comme il faut' to wear a skirt," he returned gently.

Not 'comme il faut' to wear a skirt! —for a moment I felt the ground slipping from under my feet. Before my bewildered vision passed an army of unfrocked females. As he talked in English and I in French I thought it better not to argue the question, though I longed to convert him to my way of thinking.

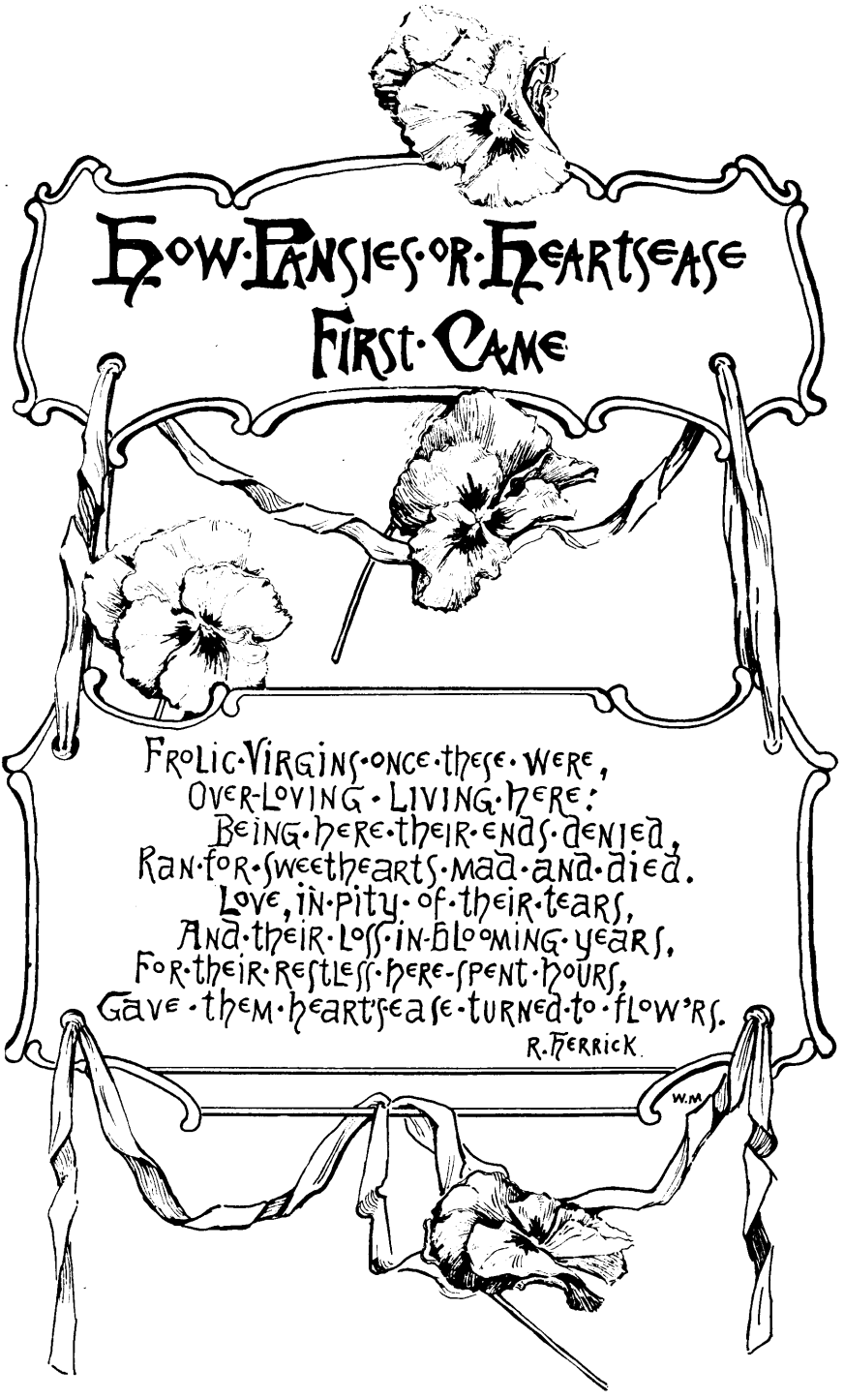
That some women have already turned aside from gracefulness and womanly things, and in various ways are trying to rectify nature's mistake in having made them women, has already been demonstrated. But if men tamely capitulate to the bloomered out-come of a desire to be outré, we are lost, for most women, whether they acknowledge it or not, like to please men, or at least each woman has (or ought to have) some one man whom she would like to please if she could. And so if men countenance bloomers, we poor little antiquated dames must hide our diminished heads under the skirts to which we cling so jealously.

I promptly ask pardon here and now for touching on the uninteresting subject of clothes, merely adding that if women insist upon wearing bloomers because they like it, all well and good—each individual has a right to his or her own opinion. But if they urge the plea of necessity, it is false. I have ridden a good many hundred miles in all sorts of weather and in all sorts of country, and I know what I am talking about.

As I end these nondescript adventures, we are on the eve of a ride through Switzerland and perhaps some Cathedral rides in England. I would like to write of them but time and space will not permit, and I am doubtless saved from many an uncommitted folly of my pen. And so I close with a hope that I have not shocked any little pet proprieties by presenting a picture of two small pieces of femininity rampaging over Europe on a ridiculous *fin de siècle* invention, but rather have dispelled any lingering prejudice, and have shown some who may not have realized it before the possibilities of cycling for women.

And to some—if there are any such in the world—who perhaps are a little sad, a little lonely, just a wee bit tired; if there are any who have had a pitiless knock-down blow straight from the shoulder, I would say: go for some lovely spins if you can—not up and down the pavement of a fashionable street, but out and away (over, mayhap, rough roads) to feast weary eyes on space and feel the caress of the flirting breezes down in the purple depths of the sobbing pine woods, or listen to the water cooing and gurgling as it coquettes with the yellow sand in coy smiles of flashing silver. It may not cure—there are some things which nothing can cure—but it will put you in touch with nature, and though perhaps without conscious knowledge of the language nature is speaking to you, something of the breath of her life will sink deep into into your being, giving you strength and courage to live, and in spite of many a faltering step, and fainting heart, and sickening failure, to still struggle forward towards some ideal which, perhaps almost unknowingly, you have set before yourself.

*(Concluded.)*


How Pansies or Heartsease First Came
Frolic Virgins once these were,
Over-loving living here:
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heart'sease turned to flow'rs.
R. Herrick
W.M


CLEAREST pool, my wondering joy
When a fancy-haunted boy,
From the troubled world of men
I've come back to thee again.

Loosed by my imperious star
I've come back from very far,
Dusty from the clash of years,
Worn with love and life and tears.

When I came to thee of old,
Treasures rare my hand would hold—
Wondrous blooms, or glass of dye
To transfigure earth and sky.

Now the best that I can bring
Seems a very little thing.
Let me cast it all away
To win back one boyhood's day.

O'er thy globe of clearest space,
Clearest pool, I lean my face.
What's the happy mask I see
Wisely smiling back on me?

Surely those glad eyes were mine
When the earth looked all divine!
—Knowing less, remembering more
How enchanted was their lore!


Surely mine, this weary while
Agone, was that unshadowed smile.
Clearest pool, thou showest me
All my boyhood used to be.

Keep thy waters, clearest pool,
Always tranquil, pure and cool.
I, alas, must turn again
To the troubled world of men!

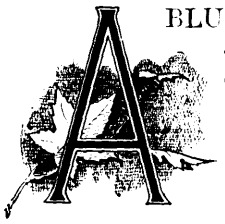
Author—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Artist—FRED. H. BRIGDEN.

# THE MERMAID'S POOL.

*(An Idyll from the Dust.)*

BY LEE WYNDHAM.

PART I.



BLUE expanse of sky above it: a wide stretch of sea beyond it; in the foreground of the picture was the Mermaid's Pool itself, an oval, hollowed in a long rock upon the beach; bordered on its north and upper side by the purple heather which grew to its very edge, and on the lower by the pebbles that met the sand of the seashore.

It was filled, at high tide, almost to the brim, by the clear, green, sea-water —fit bath for nymph or naiad.

Lovely it was in the summer morning when its placid waters reflected the azure of the slowly-lightening sky: lovely in the noon-tide when it lay still and sparkling in the golden sunshine: lovelier yet at night, when its clear depths mirrored tremblingly, a star or two—all it could hold—of those that shone in the heaven above: loveliest of all, perhaps, at twilight, when it gave back an etherealized reflection of the rose-flushed western sky.

No spot so fair, for miles around: no fairer scene, perhaps, in Western England, than this—known to the country folk, as the "Mermaid's Pool."

. . . . . .

It lies at the southern edge of a small fishing village, which stands on one of the many points of land that jut out into the Cornish sea. This hamlet is peopled by a sturdy race of men and women—remnants of the old Keltic stock that lived and loved, and fished and swam, and fought and hunted there long before the Saxon marauder had planted on British shore his invading foot. They are a hard-working, God-fearing people, toiling on the deep from early morning until sunset, and often through the night. The time they are constrained to spend on shore is employed in the making and repairing of their boats and nets, and in the carrying to the market-town—some twenty-five miles distant—the fish that have been gathered in.

Tregele itself consists of some thirty-five houses, clustered, as we have said, upon a point of land—a sloping upland—sheltered on the north by the range of hills already mentioned, and on the south by a great wall of rock, which stands between the village and the sea, and is placed at right angles to other masses of rock at the eastern side of Tregele. These rocks, continued under the

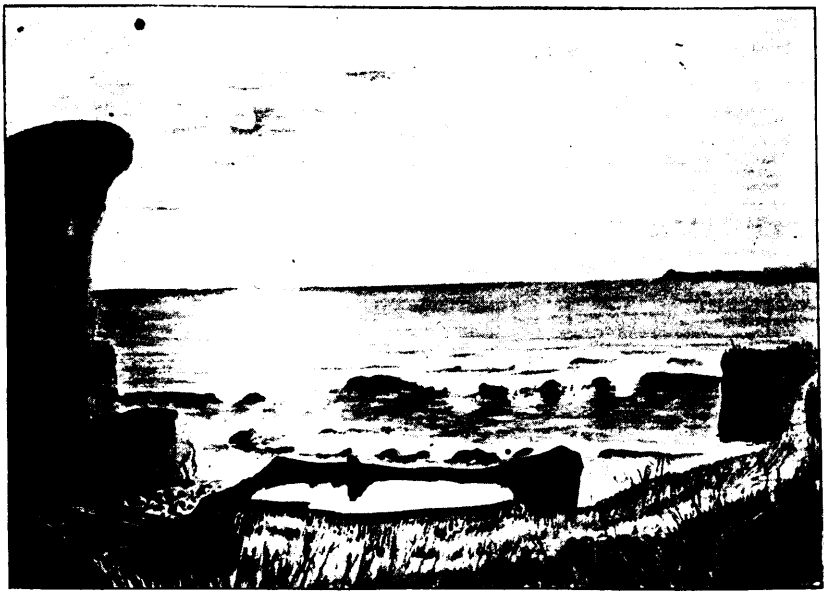
sea, form the eastern side of Tregele Bay.

Close against the sheltering south rock-wall, stood the cottage of Seth Polwhele. It was placed in the centre of a tiny garden, and faced due west. In a "bee line" from it lay the "Mermaid's Pool," on the other side of which began the "school path."

At the time at which this story begins, Seth was a widower, with one daughter, Esther, and one son, Davie. He had been twice married, and Esther was the child of the first union. Her mother, dying when she was but ten years old, left Seth free to marry the pretty, merry niece of a neighbour who had but recently settled in Tregele. Lucy Pentreath was an orphan and penniless. Her aunt thought she did well by her ward in almost forcing her to accept Seth's offer; for he was in a good position, no one sharing with him the ownership of the boat and nets he used.

Reluctantly enough, poor Lucy became the wife of the grave, middle-aged man, of whom she was more than half afraid. The marriage proved a most unhappy one. Even before the birth of her son, Lucy had given her husband cause for jealousy—a passion ever ready to flame into life in the Keltic breast.

After the birth of little David, however, came a temporary peace. But one terrible night, Seth, returning, at sight of a threatening sea, found his wife in the arms of the ne'er-do-weel of the village—a former admirer of hers. Then followed one of those tragedies we are fond of calling brawls when they occur in humble life. Seth tore his wife from her lover's embrace, and flung her from him with a force that sent her, stunned and bleeding, to the ground. Then he threw himself upon his rival. The cries of the latter —no match for his powerful and infuriated antagonist—soon brought the villagers to his aid. They arrived in time to save his worthless life—but not for long. Seeing, as he thought, the man he had betrayed about to break loose from his friends' restraining hands, he uttered a howl of terror and fled. The night was dark. The wind increased in violence every mo-



"In the foreground of the picture, the Mermaid's Pool itself, an oval, hollowed in a long rock upon the beach."

ment. In his blind agony of fear he ran on, unheedingly, to the edge of the steep cliff, against which the waves —for the sea was at high tide—were dashing furiously. Two of the villagers, noticing the direction which he had taken, followed him, but too late. His body was found, a week later, six miles from the scene of the catastrophe.

The women carried Lucy to her bed, and sent for the doctor. But she died before the morning.

From that night, Seth was an altered man. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he never smiled again. He became moody and silent. He went out in his boat alone. Though the sympathies of his neighbours were with him, he shunned their companionship.

## PART II.

Esther's devotion to the little Davie made his infant life a bed of roses. He played near her, while she swept and washed and sewed. He slept in her arms at night. As soon as he was old enough, she took her sewing and him to the Mermaid's Pool. The loveliness of this spot had a strange fascination for her. It had been the one gleam of colour, the one note of music, the one touch of poetry, in her life, up to David's birth. Afterwards it became even more to her—for she soon taught him to love it as she loved it herself. Many long hours they spent together by it—she with her work, he revelling in the treasures of pebble and shell, of sea-weed and anemone, by which it was surrounded.

With the quick tact of love, Esther had from the first perceived that for some reason her father never cared to see the little brother who was the idol of her loving heart—and she had learned to keep him out of Seth's way.

While he remained a baby, this was easily done. But, as he grew older, and went with the other children to the village school, he began dimly to observe, and vaguely to resent, his father's harshness.

Poor Esther's life became an anxious one. She was in a state of perpetual dread, lest the result of any contact between them should be an open rupture. Davie began to express his wonder at the fact that he had none of the privileges enjoyed by his schoolfellows. *They* went, on summer evenings for long delightful sails in their fathers' boats. *They* made playthings in the boldest way of those same boats, as other times. *He* dared not go near his father's boat—nor touch his father's hand.

One evening not very long after Davie had been promoted to the dignity of staying all day at the school, Esther sat on the doorstep awaiting his return. She was startled by his throwing himself into her arms, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"My pet—my bonny boy," she said, drying his eyes with her apron. "Tell Esther what it is! Do'ee, Co."*

"Jim Penmawr's dad came by the school, and he carried Jim home on's shoulders," sobbed Davie. "Why do father never do that to me, Esther? I'm none so big 's Jim."

Esther sighed as she caressed and soothed him, wondering in her heart how any one—much less the child's own father—could be so unfailingly harsh to him.

Davie had inherited all, and more than his unhappy mother's beauty. He had her fair skin and hair of ruddy gold, her small and delicate features. Only he had the large, dark grey, black-lashed eyes, that seemed the birthright of the Polwhele family. In Esther's plain sweet face they were the one redeeming point. In the flower-like fairness of his, they gained an added beauty.

Sometimes, in the boy's more serious moods, his likeness to his mother was less apparent. It was only at such moments that his father seemed able to tolerate his presence—When mirth or mischief lit up his eyes,

*Co. a Cornish term of endearment.

flushed his cheeks, or played in the curves and dimples of his mouth, Seth would either rise abruptly and leave the room ; or, as the boy grew older, more frequently with harsh and causeless anger, order him from his presence.

Time rolled on until Davie was a strong handsome lad of seventeen. His future had long given his sister much anxious thought. Once she took heart of grace, proposing to her father that Davie, now much to old to go to school, should accompany him on his expedi-

and brother to come home to their supper, Davie walked up to her, and sat beside her. She looked up at him with a smile, that faded away at the sight of his face. "Davie, boy, what ails 'ee? Thee hasn't seen father?" She said anxiously.

"No, Esther, no," he replied, gloomily. "But I'm fein and tired out of living this way. It's so hard. I'd never cross father, nor answer un back," he went on, turning the thrilling beauty of his eyes to hers, "if

TREGELE.

tions. She was almost glad, upon reflection, of his fierce refusal. For suppose—her cheek paled and her heart beat at the thought—suppose that Seth's harshness should provoke, as it sometimes did, a saucy reply from Davie—and they two alone, upon the stormy deep! She had not always been able to shelter Davie, even from blows, when his defiance had brought down his father's wrath upon his head.

One night in June, when Esther, her work finished, was knitting on the doorstep, and waiting for her father

he'd but be civil. Why can't he be? Oh, Esther, I watched un go down to the boat yesterday, and he looked the biggest and finest o' all the men. I'd change dads with no lad in Tregele. If he'd speak to me civil, I'd work for un, and never tire."

Esther sighed. She sympathized with Davie, however, and longed to see his filial affection accepted and returned.

In a few moments Seth came home, and sat down, with Esther, to the evening meal.

Davie lingered in the little wash-house that opened from the kitchen. At last, overcoming with an effort his reluctance to face his father in his present mood of impotent longing for reconciliation, he came in, and took his seat, with a muttered greeting. He wore the blue knitted jersey of the fisherman, and from it, his beautiful head on its bronzed throat, rose like a flower from its calyx.

He was unusually serious to-night, and as he lifted his dark eyes to Esther, who stood by her father's side, Seth was struck by the sadness in them. A vague uneasiness stole into his heart.

Esther waited on her brother with gentle, tactful unobtrusiveness. Davie had been so often sent from the table that she took her meals with them in constant anxiety.

At last Seth spoke:—

"Where be 'ee going, Davie?" he said.

The boy started, stammered, and colored. It was more than two months since his father had addressed a word to him. In fact, since their last quarrel, Davie had frequently lingered outside until his father had finished his meal, and then taken his own in the wash-house, while Esther "redd up" the house, or washed the dishes.

Seth rose and walked up and down the kitchen. Davie stood still, his head bent, his fisher's cap twisted nervously in both hands. Esther glanced from one to the other, apprehensively, and so, for a moment, they all stood, while the sea murmurs filled up the silence of the little room, into which the soft darkness of the summer night began to steal.

Seth walked to the door—stopped—turned—and looked full into his son's face—meeting with questioning gaze the pleading of Davie's eyes. Some tenderer feeling than he had yet known for this handsome stripling, since the day when first a helpless babe he had been put into his arms, came into his heart as he looked. So they stood, eyes meeting eyes, in silence. Then Seth spoke again:—

"Go then. To-morrow I shall have a word to say to thee."

He turned and left the house.

Davie crossed over to where Esther had seated herself, and, bending his head, touched her cheek with his in the dumb caressing way peculiar to him when much moved. She did not speak, only put her fingers through his curly hair once or twice. There was no need of speech between these two—from the time that his baby hands had stretched out to the grave little sister-nurse who had cared for him so tenderly, no shadow of misunderstanding had ever clouded their pure and perfect love.

After a moment, he, too, left her.

Meanwhile, Seth had wandered to the edge of the cliff where his unworthy rival had found his death. A tumult of conflicting emotions raged within his breast. Not crystallized into thought, but clear to his inner consciousness were sentiments of strange remorse and pain. His mind travelled back—far back—to the days when he had first been attracted by Lucy's fair face and merry ways. He remembered how he had likened her in his heart to a kitten he had seen at play—to a canary he had once owned—to a child of three years, whom, as a boy, he had tenderly loved. Then came the courtship, and her pretty reluctance, which had seemed at the time only a part of her nature, but which he had understood too late! Then the brief happiness of their married life, the terrible suspicions that soon began to cloud its brightness, the fierce pain of his jealousy, and the last awful night.

He remembered, too, how proud he had been of the baby son, whom Jane Penmawr had put into his arms, how glad that the looked-for child had turned out to be a boy, the dreams he had dreamed of the days when that son should be his companion in his daily toil. He remembered how this

*Drawn by F. H. Brigden.* "Davie, boy, what ails 'ee?"

pride had turned to fierce repulsion at the thought that the child was hers.

Presently, he passed from meditation to thought. He must do something for the lad, either give him a share in his own boat, or take money from the bank, and buy him a share in someone else's. Which should it be? The latter course would set the seal to their estrangement, would make public his abandonment of his son—that abandonment of which Tregele had talked until it was tired. It would be to lose the lad for ever. Now, while he slept under his father's roof and ate at his father's board, there remained the chance of reconciliation.

The question was still undecided in Seth's mind, when he turned to seek the place from which the boats were starting. There was an unusual stir. The men, seen by the light of the torches, were talking to one another, and seemed less eager than on other nights to push their boats from the shore. He looked for Davie. The lad was not near to the Penmawr's family, but talking to a recruiting sergeant. The sight suggested a possibility that had never before presented itself to Seth's mind.

Several other youths were clustered round the sergeant, listening to his tales, however, with the philosophic calm of those whose lot in life is already chosen, and secure from fear or chance of change.

One of the fishermen came up to Seth. "Yon chap's got his eye upon thy lad, Seth. He's a likely one for a sojer, he is, and if he don't list, 'twont be the sergeant's fault."

Before Seth could answer, Davie's clear laugh rang out upon the air. The depression which had held him in its clutches all day had been followed

by its natural re-action, and succeeded by a feverish gaiety. But that laugh closed against him the opening door of his father's heart.

At last Penmawr rose from the coil of rope on which he had been seated and called out, cheerily :

"Davie, lad, if thee'rt not going with t' sergeant to-night, thee'd best come along."

The group broke up, the elder fishermen discussed the weather, and then decided to brave the storm. Davie entered Jim's boat. Seth took his own. The sergeant strolled away, and soon the scene was silent, save for the dash of the waves upon the beach.

. . . . . .

The next morning dawned clear and bright. Esther went, soon after breakfast, to visit a bed-ridden old woman in the village, and stayed till nearly supper-time, cleaning up the house and washing clothes—a weekly task with her. Seth, only, was at home when she returned to the evening meal. She wondered at this, as she had seen Jim Penmawr talking to his father as she passed their cottage.

The meal was half over when Davie entered the house and sat down at the table. He was in a cheerful and excited mood, and instead of preserving, as was his wont, an absolute silence in the presence of his father, he began talking gaily to Esther.

Seth looked at him with lowering brows and fast rising anger, but made no remark.

"Have 'ee no a heart for me, Esther ?" asked Davie, as Esther brought from the cupboard a plate of hard little cakes.

Esther returned from the cupboard a second time, and placed before him a little cake, similar to the others in quality, but shaped like a heart, and with "D" marked in the centre with currants. She often gave him this little treat of his childhood's days.

Before Davie could take it in his hand, Seth dashed it from the table.

"Thee fool," he said to his son, with flashing eyes, "get thee out o' my doors, and don't eat thy meals again when I am by."

Esther stood aghast—looking at her father with wide eyes and parted lips. The absolute causelessness of this outburst, and the suppressed fury in Davie's eyes as well as in Seth's, filled her heart with direr forebodings than she had ever known before. "Oh, father!" she cried, coming nearer to him. "Don't say that—Davie—what harm have 'ee done ?"

"What harm ?" said Seth, the veins in his forehead standing out like cords in his rage. "He goes to make me the talk o' the village as his —— mother did afore him. Go, I tell 'ee," he thundered, as Davie stood irresolute, his face as white as Esther's though not from fear. "Go, wi' your father's curse—go—and follow t' sargeant, wi' the scorn o' every honest lad in the village, as can *work*."

He turned abruptly as he spoke, and left the house—not daring, with that rage in his heart, to trust himself a moment longer near his son.

Esther crossed over to her brother's side, and laid her hand on his arm.

"I'm whist to have 'ee go Davie," she said tenderly, "but sleep at Jane Penmawr's for a night or two ; father's anger'll be past by then."

"Anger ! What cause have 'e for anger ?" said Davie, fiercely. "No, Esther. Don't 'ee hold me—I'll go, and the next meal I eat o' his, he'll bring to the Mermaid's Pool, and hold out to me wi' his own hand."

He laughed bitterly as he spoke, and moved to the door.

"I'll come too," said Esther, "we'll sit by the pool and talk. Don't 'ee grieve, Co."

The brother and sister walked down the little pebbled garden path and across the strip of beach that separated them from the "Mermaid's Pool." It lay, an oval of water, gleaming in the dying light, and tinged yet with the sunset glow. The peace and

beauty of the summer twilight stole into both their hearts as they stood there—her head on his shoulder, his arm round her waist—softening the angry smart in his, and allaying the fear in hers.

The waves rang their musical chimes almost at their feet; the cool darkness came down and wrapped them in its soothing folds. The silver stars shone out one by one, and smiled assurances of comfort at them.

All the poetry of their Keltic natures awoke and answered to the charm of the calm loveliness about them.

## PART III.

The next day all Tregele knew that the sergeant had gained his point, and carried off Davie. They knew no more. Not one of the villagers dared speak to Seth—now more silent, fiercer, moodier than ever. No one had the heart to speak to Esther, or do aught but pity in silence the stricken anguish on her white face.

But the tide of popular feeling had turned against Seth. Davie had been a general favorite, and he was sorely missed. Esther was well beloved, too and the agony she evidently, but silently, endured, was the object of much angry sympathy in the village.

The days and weeks and months dragged slowly by—until nearly two years had passed since Davie's departure. Esther had received three letters in all, during that time. Each letter, to her quick sympathies, seemed to tell of a keener longing for his home.

Esther was no scholar—and the letter she at last made up her mind to send him, caused her much anxiety.

She wrote it one evening in April; her father had come in looking very tired and sad. He had aged very perceptibly in the last two years, and the neighbors had more than once hinted to Esther that it would soon be no longer safe for him to go out in his boat alone.

He sat in his arm chair for some time after supper, apparently listening to the sound of the sea, as the waves rose and fell in rythmical melody upon the beach outside. At last he went upstairs to his room—and Esther wrote her letter:—

"DEAR DAVIE,—God bless you—wherever you may be—Davie, it do seem to me that you should be back.

Father, he do age so—he wants a son. So come back—if it be that you

"Father, he do age so."

can get leave—but do what you may, God bless you.

Your loving sister,
ESTHER.

She knelt down by the kitchen table and prayed silently for some moments. Then, throwing her shawl over her head, she ran up the village street, and put her letter in the mail-bag.

Would Davie come?

For some days after the sending of the invitation to her brother, Esther watched the boy whose duty it was to carry round the letters, with wist-

ful eagerness. But no answer came. Suppose Davie obeyed her word, and found no welcome from his father, after all. At last her anxiety became so great that she could bear it no longer. She must appeal for help to some one. Her thoughts turned to Jane Penmawr—but Jane, she knew, would have no opinion to offer. The Rector, an old man, was away from home, but she determined that on his return, she would ask his advice, perhaps his intercession. She had arrived at this decision, and was longing feverishly to hear that he was again at home, when the child of a neighbor fell sick.

Esther was the recognized nurse of the village. Having but "one man to look after," as the villagers said, she had more time for works of charity than mothers of families. This time, however, the work taxed her severely. The little sufferer died, and all the other children sickened, one after another. As they struggled to health, or rather to a fretful convalescence, the mother fell a victim, and Esther's work was redoubled. The neighbors, seeing that her strength could not possibly hold out, came in every day to render some help, but the night work fell entirely upon her. At last, even she herself knew she could hold out no longer. She had not slept for nine nights.

"You'll drop down dead, Esther, that'll be the end," said Jane Penmawr. "I'll send my man to her niece in service—she could come for a few days; you've battled through the worst."

"I'll be main and glad if she can come," said Esther, "and there is no fear for me, Jane. Do'ee mind how I slept after poor old Molly died? Saturday night till Monday morning, and never woke, nor heard no sound. If I can get a sleep like that, I'll do fine."

The niece did not arrive until early the following morning, another Saturday, as it chanced. As Esther walked home, she met Jim Penmawr, who said:

"T' passon's back again," and went on.

Esther was beginning to know the absolute agony of fatigue, fatigue at that uttermost point when it robs life of something that can never be restored. But at Jim's words she turned her steps, not to the sea and her home, but to the rectory, three miles away to the north.

How endless seemed that journey. It was but eight in the morning, and the May air was soft and cool. But Esther dragged herself along, in weariness that was pain unbearable.

At last she reached the Rectory gate. Beside it stood the Rector.

In a few words she told her story—her father's anger—Davie's flight—her letter.

The Rector was an old man, and deaf. He listened to her with his right hand over his ear, and his head bent courteously towards her; but he did not quite understand her.

When she had finished her recital, she stood with bowed head and clasped hands awaiting his reply, as though it were to come from Heaven.

"Dear, dear—and you wrote for him to return," said the rector. "Did you ask your father's leave before you took this step?"

"No, sir," said Esther. "Father would a said no."

"Then you acted wrongly—quite wrongly—in sending for your brother without consulting your father," said the Rector, promptly. "Your father may justly be angry if your brother returns without having asked his permission. You had better write again to David, and advise him to send a letter to your father, asking his forgiveness. For your brother was in the wrong."

"Thank you, sir; I will," said Esther. "Thank you kindly, sir. Good morning."

She curtseyed as the Rector opened the gate for her; and then, every step

a painful effort, climbed the steep hill that led from the Rectory to the main road.

When, at ten o'clock, she reached her home, she dropped on her knees by the kitchen table, and laid her head upon it. She felt sleep stealing over her, and raised herself. The house looked neglected and forlorn. For days Seth had prepared his own meals, and had left the remains of them scattered about the usually spotless kitchen. As she dragged herself to her feet, she started—for there, on the table, lay a letter from Davie! The desire for sleep left her, and she tore it open.

"DEAR SISTER,—I shewed your letter to my Captain, and he has given me leave to come home for two weeks. So I will say no more, for God willing I will come next Saturday night by the mail cart. Is Dad well? I'm fain to see you both, my sister.

Your loving

DAVIE."

Saturday — to-day — to-night he would be here!

Esther sank upon a chair, her brain in a whirl. A heavy step aroused her. She looked up to see her father at the kitchen door.

His face was haggard, his eyes were blood-shot. There was no welcome in his manner, and her heart sank.

"Your letter?" he said, harshly. "'Twas from *him?*"

"Yes, father," faltered Esther.

"I'll not have his letters coming to this house—so mind you," said Seth, the old fierce irritability in his voice. He left it without leave, and he can keep away, and keep his letters."

He strode out, little knowing what his words meant to Esther—who, on her side, did not dream of the real cause of his anger did not know how bitterly he longed to recall the words that had left him, sonless, in his old age did not know how pride and love were struggling in his breast.

Only one thing was clear to her mind—*Davie and her father must not meet.* She walked to the door and looked out. Her father was already on the waggon which was to convey the fish to the market town—of late he had chosen this office in preference to fishing. He would return a little later than the mail cart. If Davie took the "school path," and walked home that way, he would reach the "Mermaid's Pool" at about eight, *before* her father's return. She could meet him there, and send him to Jane Penmawr's to sleep. It was now eleven—nine long hours before she dared trust herself to rest. For, if once she slept, she could not count on waking under many hours. She wrote:

"DEAR DAVIE,—Walk home by the school path—wait at the Mermaid's Pool for me. Don't come on until you see me. I'm fain to see you.

ESTHER."

This letter she took to the letter-carrier, and paid him to carry it to the railway station near the market town. Station and market were sufficiently apart for her to have no fear that her father and brother would meet in the town.

This precaution greatly relieved her mind. She remembered that she had eaten no food since six, and took a crust of bread and a cup of milk. Then she began to restore to its accustomed spotlessness and order her little house. . . . . All day long —in pain—in toil, the weary hours went by.

She cleaned the little kitchen, then went upstairs and scrubbed out the three tiny rooms, her own, her father's and Seth's, little as the latter needed it. She put fresh lavender-scented linen on all the beds, and flowers in all the quaint little vases, and dusted and arranged until the little chambers, in their purity and simplicity, seemed prepared for a festival. She descended the stairs, and cleaned the parlor—so rarely used—each step

became more difficult, as she struggled with the languor that threatened to master her every moment.

Sharp, lancinating pains began to rack her frame, as she rose from her little meal and resumed her work. But these she almost welcomed, for they aided her in combating the almost overpowering drowsiness, whose forces seemed accumulating as the long, hot, heavy hours of the summer afternoon went by.

She had finished all her housework, and now began to bake. She had "set" the bread some hours before.

Five o'clock, and still how high in the heavens seemed the blazing sun; how far-off the longed-for night, with its darkness, its silence, its coolness, its rest. The thought of it gave her a new impulse of energy, and she thrust the last loaf in the gaping mouth of the oven, and began to make the little pies and cakes that Seth would take on the boat. With the last piece of dough she made one of the little heart-shaped cakes that Davie had been accustomed to receive from her hands on baking days, marking the "D." in currants.

Six o'clock! She drew out a basket of clean clothes and began ironing them. There was not much to do.

Seven o'clock! The sun was nearing the west; an hour more, and she might sleep.

She ascended the stairs, clinging painfully to the rope balustrade. She put out her father's Sunday clothes on the chair beside his bed, and crossing over to her own room, began her usual Saturday night toilet. She bathed herself in the clear cold water; arrayed herself in clean garments, white as driven snow; put on her Sunday gown; her hair was brushed and braided with its usual scrupulous neatness. She went into Seth's room and knelt down by his bed and prayed.

As she glanced round the three little rooms, she felt a thrill of housewifely pride and pleasure at their order and neatness. At the top of the stairs her courage failed her. She looked down them and grew dizzy, glanced at the passage below them wistfully and hopelessly, thought of the little path that led seaward with impotent longing, and of the Mermaid's Pool as of an Eden, unattained and unattainable. Oh, to go down, to tread that path, to reach the Pool in safety, to meet and hinder Davie; and then, of all Heaven's gifts, she only asked for sleep. Davie was at the Pool now; he was looking into its waters, and listening to the slow ripple of the waves upon the pebbled beach. How still it was; how far away the sky; how distant the dimly-seen horizon; how vast the stretch of land to east and west—all the earth was widening—what light was that?

A sudden sense of falling awoke her—and in agony of fear lest this sleep should overcome her at the very end of her long struggle, she began to descend the stairs. Slowly, step by step, not walking, but lowering herself by means of the rope, she gained the passage below. With a deep breath of relief, she entered the kitchen, and set the table for Seth's late supper—put away the bread and cakes.

That was the last—the very last thing she had to do—she took the little heart-shaped cake in her hand, and left the cottage.

The sun had set, the twilight shades were deepening round her, she walked in the perfumed dusk to the little garden gate. Would she ever reach the Pool? She walked on for four or five steps rapidly, almost firmly, then sank upon the ground in agony, and, for the first time, in fear. These pains were they the forerunners of death?

She dragged herself up—walked on—a step, a pause, another step, a longer pause. She could see the Pool lying in all its silver beauty before her. The tender, healing darkness fell around her; the waves whispered comfort; the stars looked down in solemn pity.

Her strength was failing her, however, and at a few paces from her goal she dropped upon her knees, and knew that she would walk no more. Putting her hands upon the ground, she crawled with labor unutterable, forward, until, at last, with one supreme effort, in which triumph and agony were strangely blended, she reached the heather-covered stone beside the silver water.

It was over. The long struggle and anguish of the day—its weary toil, its torturing pain. Davie would find her, would wake her. All would be well. In her left hand she held the little cake. She let her head fall upon her right, and was straightway—" made one with death,—filled full of the night."

. . . . . .

The villagers heard of Davie's return in the mail-cart, with much anxiety. Jim Penmawr and a few friends went at once to Seth's cottage to await Davie, and to protect him, if necessary, from his father's anger.

They saw Seth, alone, walking towards the Mermaid's Pool, and, at a distance, they followed him.

A crescent moon hung in the sky; there was light enough for them to see Esther's still form beside the pool and Davie kneeling at her side. They dared not approach, nor speak—but waited, in silent awe, as Seth advanced.

DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"It was a sacrament of reconciliation."

Father and son spoke no word. Their eyes met. Then both looked on the form—still for evermore—that lay between them. After a moment, Seth, too, knelt, and taking from the cold hand the little cake, he broke it, and held one half towards his son.

It was a sacrament of reconciliation. The watchers understood it so, and silently and reverently turned away, leaving the father and the son together with their dead.

# MRS. CRONARTY'S MAID.

*A Story of Last Summer.*

BY FIDELE H. HOLLAND.

I.

"A PERFECT treasure, I assure you," said Mrs. Cronarty, as she settled herself comfortably in a lounging chair on the veranda of the summer hotel, where she was spending the months of July and August. "My maid is an acquisition in every sense of the word; she is devoted to me, quite spoils me in fact. Where did I get her? you asked, Miss Blair"—this to a tall, angular lady who occupied the next chair to hers; "why, in answer to an advertisement in a daily paper. She was one of many applicants. I chose her for her personal appearance."

"No recommendation?" asked Miss Blair; "how very risky. I always insist on a good reference from a well-known person. Looks, my dear Mrs. Cronarty, are so often deceiving."

"But my dear Miss Blair, I have had Jaques for more than a year; she has proved herself a treasure, reliable, clever and useful; poor girl, she has only one requisite lacking; she is no possible use at dressmaking, but that really does not matter. I abhor home-made creations and mad-eover horrors. I do not need to economize that way and I won't."

Miss Blair shrugged her lean shoulders, which reared themselves prominently under a thin cover of "val" lace. "All very well for you, Mrs. Cronarty, a rich widow with everything heart can desire and a bank account miles long. I have to wear made-over dresses, and I keep a maid who has a talent in that direction. My Simmonds is invaluable at altering and refitting. Did you notice that Nile gown I wore last evening?"

"No," replied the widow nonchalantly; "I did not; was that one of the valuable Simmonds' creations?"

"It was; every one admired it, it is a wonder you did not notice it; *you* who have such an eye for dress."

"I was talking in the conservatory all the evening, with Mr. Desmond; I never looked at a single dress."

"Humph," ejaculated Miss Blair, and buried herself in her novel, not to read, however, her mind was busy with inward criticism of the pretty widow beside her, who also took refuge in a copy of the latest novel.

Mrs. Cronarty was a pretty, *petite*, bright-eyed widow, who owned to being twenty-eight. A female faction in the hotel, headed by Miss Blair, put her age down as over thirty, but were unable to prove the truth of their asser-

tions. Of the deceased Mr. Cronarty little was known. He had been a successful merchant who had died late in life, leaving an immense fortune to his pretty young wife, who thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures and luxuries it brought to her. She enjoyed her freedom, for no one had yet persuaded her to re-enter the married state; although her admirers were many, her conquests not a few, she was still, six years after her husband's death, faithful to his memory.

As the reader may surmise, Mrs. Cronarty was quite a belle at Court-hill House, the popular summer resort where this story begins. As a natural consequence she had several jealous rivals of her own sex, among them Miss Blair, a young lady whose first season was almost a legend, and whose popularity among the opposite sex had always been doubtful, but who still carried on her annual summer campaign with desperate assiduity. To Miss Blair, Mrs. Cronarty was a very dangerous and provoking rival. Even Mr. Desmond, the handsome Englishman with a fortune, who was sojourning at Court-hill, seemed to notice no one else when the widow was near at hand. "She has everything," Miss Blair complained to a friend; "and now she has taken possession of the only eligible man who has come my way for an age. Every one falls a victim to that woman's wiles. Even her maid adores her, anticipates her every wish. The waiters run to take her orders the instant she appears. What is it about her? She is *rather* pretty, I own."

"Money, my dear, money," replied the friend, consolingly. "It is 'tips' that win the waiters. I hear she pays her maid extravagantly, and not a stitch of sewing to do. You may depend upon it, my dear, that Mr. Desmond is after her money. All these Englishmen court hard cash."

So Miss Blair tried to console herself as she saw the catch of the season being gradually drawn into the widow's golden net, as she sat and waited for Mrs. Cronarty to have her wants attended to by the obsequious waiters, and noted the unusual devotion of Jaques, the maid, to her bright, attractive mistress.

DRAWN BY HARRY WHITE.

MRS. CRONARTY.

It was very trying, but Miss Blair bore it all stoically, watching for a little rift to appear in her rival's impregnable armor of riches, style and beauty, apparently impenetrable to malice and envy.

"Simmonds," said Miss Blair to her maid, as she sat ripping out, for at least the third time, one of her mistress's evening gowns on a warm July day, "Simmonds, what sort of a person is Mrs. Cronarty's maid?"

"Indeed, Miss, none of us knows much about her, she's that distant and unsociable. She isn't a favorite among our set. Anyway, I don't hold, Miss, with a person in her position wearing short hair, curly too, like a boy; we're all surprised at Mrs. Cronarty allowin' it, Miss."

"Mrs. Cronarty is a very indulgent mistress, Simmonds, so I hear?"

"Indulgent, Miss! Well, I should say so. Jaques has her own room, all to herself. She won't share apartments with any of us. (Simonds herself occupied a room with several other maids in the establishment) She never speaks to any of us scarcely. My, she *is* proud, and did you ever notice her walk, Miss? Why, it's a regular swagger, like a man's. She's an unladylike way with her. None of us like her, Miss."

Miss Blair walked away, deep in thought; she also had taken an aversion to Mrs. Cronarty's maid. She made a mental resolve to watch her; perhaps, she thought maliciously, I may be able to put Mrs. Cronarty to the trouble of looking for another treasure that will keep her away from Mr. Desmond, as after one experience of engaging a person for maid without a character, she would spend more time in looking up the references of Jaques' successor. By this it will be seen that Miss Blair was wise in her generation, and well-informed as to the ways of her sex.

Miss Blair made it her business henceforth to watch Jaques, the maid. She had ample time for so doing, for no new "eligibles" arrived at Court-hill House for several weeks, and things were dull for every one but the widow, whose flirtation with Mr. Desmond was the chief topic of conversation in the hotel.

II.

It was on the twenty-sixth day of July that Miss Blair missed her diamond pendant, and all the dwellers in the Court-hill Hotel, from Count Francois Vivienne, who occupied the best suite of rooms on the first floor, to Madame Rossi, the French teacher, who thought herself fortunate to occupy the most modest apartment near the roof, from the proprietor himself to the smallest bell-boy in the building, were in a ferment in consequence. Nothing else was talked about. On the piazza, Miss Blair told over and over again the story of how she came into possession of the lost and valuable piece of jewellery. Her family history was largely mixed up in the narrative, and she took advantage of the opportunity to expatiate on the wealth and position of her ancestors. "An heir-loom, I assure you," she repeated to each and every listener. "It will break my heart if I do not recover it." By noon—Miss Blair missed the jewel just when she arose for breakfast—a detective from the city arrived, and was closeted with the proprietor and Miss Blair in the former's private office; as a result of their conversation Mrs. Cronarty was summoned (just as she was entertaining a party of choice spirits in the piazza with her ideas about the theft) to join them. Many were the surmises as to the pretty widow's connection with the case; excitement ran high; the luncheon remained untouched, while little groups of ladies, with a gentleman here and there, discussed the features of the case, which promised to become quite exciting. "It's weally too bad," said Mr. Desmond, "to dwaw our pretty little widow into the affair. Why caunt Miss Blair manage her own wobbery, now she has the proprietor and the detective to assist her. Preposterous! It's an imposition on our chawming widow, don't-cher-know."

"I do not really see what Mrs. Cro-

narty can possibly have to do with it," said Mrs. Jeans, the wife of a wealthy wholesale merchant.

"Perhaps," suggested a timid lady, in green glasses and a grey tennis-suit, "poor Miss Blair wishes for some one to support her in such a trying ordeal as an interview with a detective. I am terrified to death of such persons."

"Fancy being afraid of a detective, or any other *man*," scornfully remarked an athletic young damsel in a flannel costume of mannish pattern; Miss Blair isn't such a fool."

So with many surmises, and many queries, the curious crowd slowly dispersed to luncheon; after all, the subject of Miss Blair's lost pendant was hardly exciting enough to make people forego the delicious refection always spread at this hour in the dining-room at Court-hill, whereat cooling beverages and iced delicacies appeared, served in mine host's inimitable way, to tempt the most capricious appetite.

No one was more surprised than Mrs. Cronarty herself when her presence was desired in the proprietor's private office in connection with Miss Blair's loss.

"We are very sorry indeed, Mrs. Cronarty," said the proprietor, Mr. Burbank, politely, after he had handed the widow to a chair, "to trouble you in this unfortunate case regarding the loss Miss Blair has sustained; but from what that lady has told us—by the way, Mrs. Cronarty, excuse me, this is Mr. Gray, the detective from New York; our friend here requested me to send for you to ask a few questions."

"Indeed, Mr. Burbank, I shall be most happy to assist you in any way I can," replied Mrs. Cronarty.

The detective smiled, coughed and edged his chair a trifle nearer to the lady. "We are very sorry to trouble you madam, as Mr. Burbank says, but in my business unpleasant things are apt to occur; this is one of them."

"Dear me, Mr. Burbank," exclaimed Mrs. Cronarty; "surely he does not think I took Miss Blair's pendant."

"My dear madam, please calm yourself," said Mr. Gray, "for the widow had arisen from her chair, and with bright eyes and flushed cheeks was looking at Miss Blair, who sat quite

DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

THE DETECTIVE.

still and unmoved on the other side of Mr. Burbank's desk.

Mrs. Cronarty resumed her seat, casting unfriendly glances at Miss Blair, and signified her willingness to answer the detective's questions, who said, "You have a maid named Jaques, I believe, madam.

"Why—yes—but what has that got to do with it?"

"Perhaps a great deal," replied Mr. Gray, drily. "How long has she been in your employ?"

"A year—she is a perfect treasure."

"I doubt it, Mrs. Cronarty," broke in Miss Blair.

"Your ideas on the subject have no weight with *me;*" replied Mrs. Cronarty coolly. "You never did like her, Miss Blair."

"Had you any previous knowledge as to her character, Mrs. Cronarty?" asked the detective.

"None whatever."

"Whew! took her without a recommendation?"

Mrs. Cronarty colored to the roots of her hair. "Yes, sir, I did. I liked her appearance and engaged her on the spot."

"And you have never repented doing so?"

"Never. Jaques has never given me cause."

"What if I told you that this Jaques, in whom you put such confidence, is a thief."

"A thief—Jaques? I could not believe it, sir. Surely you are joking."

"She stole my pendant," interrupted Miss Blair, triumphantly. "I told you I never liked that woman."

"Stole your pendant? Picked up a paltry trinket like that when she might have taken all my diamonds over and over again. You are cruel and unjust, Miss Blair; Jaques is honesty itself."

The detective smiled to himself, he had seen confiding ladies before. Maids had more than once crept into the confidence of a mistress, only to prove themselves unworthy of trust, when opportunity offered. Mr. Gray was an old hand at his business. For some time he kept silent, then politely asked permission to interview Jaques. "Not in my presence, please," replied Mrs. Cronarty. "I would not wish Jaques to think that I approved of such proceedings. I consider the accusation false and cruel. You, Miss Blair, may live to repent it. If you are through with me, Mr. Burbank, I beg to be excused; I will send Jaques to you, Mr. Gray; I feel sure an interview with her will clear her in your mind from being concerned in this 'outrageous' robbery. "With a scathing glance at Miss Blair, Mrs. Cronarty left the room, only to return in a moment. "Mr. Burbank, I leave the hotel this evening. I will make my arrangements with the clerk if you will kindly send him to me."

Burbank wiped the perspiration from his brow as the door closed for the second time on Mrs. Cronarty.

"I would not have had this happen for worlds," he said, desperately. "She is one of my best patronesses, a perfect lady, the most popular guest in the house."

Again the door opened to admit Jaques, Mrs. Cronarty's maid. Mr. Gray took in her appearance at a glance. "A very mannish woman," was his inward comment. Jaques was tall, above the average height of a woman. She was thickly built, and had no figure to speak of. Short, light, curly hair, blue eyes, rather florid complexion, a wide mouth with as fine a set of teeth as a woman could well possess, a nondescript nose, and rather prominent cheek bones, made up a picture of a woman of, say perhaps twenty-six, of undeniable Scotch extraction. Her expression was amiable and open, but there was an awkward air about her, that even the neat pretty maid's costume provided by Mrs. Cronarty could not hide. This Miss Blair had noticed, and freely commented on to her fellow guests at the Court-hill on previous occasions.

III.

It was in vain that the detective and Mr. Burbank plied the accused Jaques with questions, she obstinately refused to answer one of them. With downcast eyes she sat in the chair Mr. Gray placed for her directly in front

of his own, where he could watch every movement, every expression of her face. Now and then Miss Blair joined in the queries, but Jaques preserved a discreet silence.

"Are you willing to have your trunk searched?" at last the detective asked.

"No," replied Jaques gruffly and shortly. "No; I am not guilty."

"That settles it," said Mr. Burbank. "If you are innocent of what we accuse you, why object to your trunk being searched? This lady, Miss Blair, demands that her lost jewellery be found if it is in the house. Every employee is under suspicion until it is found. My reputation as a hotel-keeper is at stake. I demand that you allow your luggage to be searched."

"Now that *is* business," said Miss Blair. "*That* is the way to talk, Mr. Burbank."

"If it must be, well and good," said Jaques in a subdued voice. "May I ask one favor? Mr. Gray, sir, will you do the searching—you and Mr. Burbank?"

"Certainly, Miss Blair will excuse us."

Only half-satisfied at being thus debarred from being a member of the search party, Miss Blair was forced to remain in the office to await, as she fondly hoped, the return of the detective with her pendant. For fully an hour she waited, fretting and fuming at the delay; then a violent knock came at the door. It was the faithful Simmonds, breathless and panting.

"Oh Miss," she cried, "I have found your pendant."

"Where? How?" said Miss Blair excitedly. "Did Mrs. Cronarty's maid really steal it? I knew she did."

"Bless you no, Miss. I found it in the flounce of your black lace gown. It had never been out of the room."

There are times when we poor, weak mortals wish that the earth would open

DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"Again the door opened to admit Jaques."

and swallow us up. Times when a big, deep hole in the ground would be a welcome hiding place. So Miss Blair felt, as Simmonds stood before her, holding in her hand the lost pendant, which Miss Blair knew in her heart of

hearts was only paste diamonds after all.

Meanwhile Jaques had led the way to her room, Mr. Burbank following unwillingly enough, the detective all attention. Handing the keys to the latter the maid pointed to the two small trunks that held her belongings, and then sat down on the edge of the bedstead to watch proceedings. There was a curious twinkle in her blue eyes that betokened more amusement than fear, as Mr. Gray turned the key in the lock. Nothing, however, rewarded his careful search, so he closed the trunk and proceeded to unlock the second one. Then Jaques spoke. "Must you search that? I assure you, sir," to Mr. Burbank, "it is not there."

"Mr. Gray, you must do your duty," was Mr. Burbank's only reply, so the detective opened the second trunk, which was filled with a man's wearing apparel.

Mr. Burbank looked surprised, the maid cool and collected; the detective whistled softly to himself. No lost jewellery was found in this trunk either, so it was closed and relocked; the detective handed the key back to the owner. Just then a knock came at the door; it was the diminutive bell-boy.

"Please sir," he said, excitedly, "the lady has found the jewellery."

"Where?" asked Mr. Burbank.

"In her dress, caught in the trimmings; her maid just found it there, sir."

It is needless to repeat the exclamation Mr. Burbank made. It was more forcible than polite, and not in the least complimentary to Miss Blair.

"So the business is over," said Gray, slowly. "I thought from the first that you were innocent, Miss Jaques. By the way," he whispered quietly in the maid's ear, as Mr. Burbank turned to leave the room, "do not try this business too far. I have my eye on you. My address is — Broadway, let me hear from you, eh?" Then in a loud tone. "Well, good morning, Miss Jaques, hope to see you again in a better fix. Good-bye," and followed the proprietor out of the room. Half an hour later the door of the maid's room, which was closed and locked when the detective left, was softly opened. It was not the suspected Jaques in her neat uniform who stole out into the corridor, but a light complexioned young man in a neat blue serge suit. He had curly hair and blue eyes, and a set of teeth a beauty might envy. He carried a valise in his hand. Strange to say, he bore a marked resemblance to Mrs. Cronarty's maid. Stepping softly along the corridor, he paused at the door of Mrs. Cronarty's room.

"God bless you," he said in a whisper; "and grant that we may meet again." Passing on he was soon out of the hotel, where so many strangers coming and going made his departure unnoticed. A couple of hours later he reached New York; as he passed through the depot, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice said in his ear:

"So, Miss Jaques, we meet again; good joke my dear, eh?"

Miss Jaques started and turned quickly, to see detective Gray at his elbow.

"Donald Leslie, at your service, please sir," replied he, recovering himself instantly. "Miss Jaques remains at Court-hill, at least her effects do."

"And you, you rascal?"

"Why, I am in search of another situation, thanks to Miss Blair of Boston."

"Well, I never," ejaculated the detective. "Come; tell me truly, who are you?"

"Donald Leslie, of Gloucester, a graduate of Harvard. Now don't give me away, there's a good fellow. Hard times stranded me. I got summer work as waiter in a hotel, then I answered Mrs. Cronarty's advertisement for maid. I've earned my living honestly. Do you doubt me?"

"No, I don't; I like your face, and I'll keep your secret, but don't you try it on again." Gray replied.

"You bet I never will. I always made a capital girl in theatrical bouts, I had a costume left from one of them."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Gray, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he said the words. "I've a good mind to inform on you."

"Ah, but you won't. I will never try it again."

"Better not," said Gray. Then they parted, each going opposite ways, and were soon lost to each other in the mazes of the great city. Gray went to his office to await further orders from his superiors. Donald Leslie, alias Jaques, the lady's maid, went to a cheap lodging he knew of, to await a chance for employment.

IV.

It was not Mrs. Cronarty, but Miss Blair, who left the Court-hill on the day following the supposed robbery. The former was too indisposed to leave her room. Jaques had mysteriously disappeared immediately after her trunks had been searched by the detective. In vain Mrs. Cronarty rang the bell for her usually attentive maid to dress her for dinner. No Jaques appeared. In great anxiety of mind, not unmixed with indignation, Mrs. Cronarty made her way to Jaques' room, only to find it empty and deserted. Inquiries of the other domestics in the house elicited the fact that she had not been seen since the detective and Mr. Burbank left her room, more than an hour before.

With hasty steps Mrs. Cronarty went to Mr. Burbank's office, to learn that Miss Blair had found the lost pendant, and was to leave the hotel in the morning, the result of an altercation between the proprietor and herself.

"But, Mr. Burbank, my poor maid is not to be found. You have broken her heart with your cruel suspicions; perhaps she was innocent after all."

"Did not she tell you that she was proved innocent—that Miss Blair found the pendant?"

"Poor soul; she never came near me. Oh, Mr. Burbank, what can I do? It seems so terrible. Perhaps now she is dead. She would feel it so. She is so quiet and diffident, so friendless and alone in the world. Cannot you have the grounds searched, the lake dragged; I feel sure she has committed suicide, or some dreadful thing has happened."

But the search parties sent out by Mr. Burbank failed to find a trace of the missing Jaques. Again and again was the little bed-room she had occupied turned topsy-turvy to find anything that might give a clue to her sudden departure. Her wardrobe was untouched. Then a sudden thought struck Mr. Burbank. Without saying a word to anyone he opened the two trunks; one, as before, he found filled with the requirements of a woman's wardrobe. The other was empty. A new light dawned on the proprietor; he remembered the strange contents of the now empty box. Saying nothing to anyone he returned to the office. In an incredibly short time Gray the detective was on his way to Court-hill in answer to a telephone message. Meanwhile Mrs. Cronarty retired to her room, worried, excited, and vexed at the maid's disappearance. Her place was empty at table-d'hote, people wondered that she did not join them later in the evening, but were informed that she was suffering from a severe headache. In less than a week Mrs. Cronarty also left Court-hill, much to Mr. Burbank's chagrin, as he fondly hoped Miss Blair's departure would have appeased her vexation. He did not know that his friend the detective had hastened her departure with information he gave her regarding the missing Jaques. Neither did he know that Gray had received a commission from

her which was likely to cause a handsome cheque to change hands. Gray kept his own counsel, as detectives are apt to do, as he prepared to search the city for Leslie, the Harvard graduate, alias Jaques, the maid.

A strange change came over Mrs. Cronarty during the many weeks that elapsed while Gray pursued his search. She became quiet and dull, and lost all her bright vivacious manner, even her natural high color left her rounded cheeks. In vain she sought distraction in the White Mountains in travelling with the staid, well recommended middle-aged person who had succeeded Jaques as maid. It was all no use; Mr. Gray's private information had upset her completely; the perfidy of her supposed female attendant, the humiliation of the *dénouement* that had taken place, the agonising fear that somehow the truth might leak out and make her an object of ridicule were one and all reasons for the anxiety and nervous worry, the cause of her altered appearance. Need I add that the widow missed her most valuable maid greatly—the maid who anticipated her every wish. Mixed with all these reasons there was just a little dash of pity, pity for the young man whose position in life was such as to lead him to assume a disguise and take a menial's place to keep himself above want—for Gray had told Mrs. Cronarty what he knew about the recreant maid—pity for the state he might now be reduced to, should his efforts to find employment be futile.

Time wore on. Gray's efforts to find the fugitive were unavailing. So one fine autumn day Mrs. Cronarty made up her mind to visit the continent. She needed a change, so she told herself. She was run down and nervous, so her medical adviser told her. Telling Mr. Gray on no account to give up the search, she bade goodbye to New York, hoping that change of scene would make her forget the disturbing events of the past few months.

V

It was on the third day out that Mrs. Cronarty, going up on deck to recover herself after an unpleasant siege of mal-de-mer, came face to face with a familiar countenance that startled her uncomfortably. A still more familiar voice asked permission to arrange her wraps, which the maid was rather awkward in doing. With a strange palpitation at her heart, Mrs. Cronarty realized that the long missing Jaques was before her.

Yet, could this well-dressed, well-groomed stranger be the impecunious Harvard graduate who had imposed on her, and caused her all the worry and anxiety she had lately gone through? Mrs. Cronarty raised her eyes shyly; yes, beyond a doubt. The same features, the white even teeth, the pleasant kindly blue eyes. Shame and confusion took possession of the widow. Her embarrassment was painful to behold. This man had performed offices for her that only a trusted maid is allowed to perform. She remembered the little tricks of toilet he was quite cognizant of; the trifle of powder, the strands of wavy tresses not just her own. Oh, it was horrible.

Yet in five minutes they were conversing quite freely, he telling her his history, which she listened to with wrapt attention.

"Such a stroke of luck, Mrs. Cronarty. I do not deserve it I know, but my uncle has just died in Scotland and left me quite a fortune. I hope I can be of service to you, now I am in a better position. I feel so guilty when I think of my base imposition. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, I will try to," replied the widow, as she meditated sorrowfully on the poor little secrets of her toilet that this man knew all about. "I will try my very best Mr.—Mr. Leslie—dear me—do you know, I very nearly called you Mr. Jaques."

Then they both laughed merrily. Somehow that laugh broke the ice;

they were inseparable companions all the voyage over.

Just how this sort of thing ends, the readers of this short story well know. There is no Mrs. Cronarty now, but there is a very pretty little Mrs. Donald Leslie, whose husband, a fine-looking man with dancing blue eyes, literally worships her. She—or rather they—have taken rooms at the Court-hill for next summer. No one knows where, when, or how Mrs. Leslie met her present husband, except Gray, the detective, and he is well paid for keeping secret some past events in the lives of a happy couple.

DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"Came face to face with a familiar countenance."

# KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### PREPARING FOR THE SACRAMENT.

ENGLISH folk have various festivals in the religious year, as becometh a generous country, but in our austere and thrifty Glen, there was only one high day, and that was Sacrament Sabbath. It is rumored—but one prefers not to believe scandals—that the Scottish Kirk now-a-days is encouraging a monthly Sacrament, after which nothing remains in the way of historical declension except for people to remain for the Sacrament as it may occur to them, and for men like Drumsheugh to get up at meetings to give their religious experiences, when everyone that has any understanding will know that the reserve has gone out of Scottish character, and the reverence from Scottish faith. Dr. Davidson's successor, a boisterous young man of bourgeois manners, elected by popular vote, has got guilds, where Hillocks' granddaughter reads papers on Emerson and refers to the Free Kirk people as Dissenters, but things were different in the old days before the Revolution. The Doctor had such unquestioning confidence in himself that he considered his very presence a sufficient defence for the Kirk, and was of such perfect breeding that he regarded other Kirks with unbroken charity. He was not the man to weary the parish with fussy little schemes, and he knew better than level down the Sacrament. It was the summit of the year to which the days climbed, from which they fell away, and it was held in the middle of August. Then nature was at her height in the Glen, and had given us of her fulness. The barley was golden, and, rustling in the gentle wind, wearied for the scythe; the oats were changing daily, and had only so much greenness as would keep the feathery heads firm for the handling; the potatoes having received the last touch of the plough, were well banked up and flowering pleasantly; the turnips in fine levels, like Hillocks', or gently sloping fields, like Menzies', were so luxuriant that a mere townsman could not have told the direction of the drills; the hay had been gathered into long stacks like unto the shape of a two-storeyed house, and the fresh aftermath on the field was yielding sweet morsels for the horses of an evening; the pasture

was rich with the hardy white clover, and one could hear from the road the cattle taking full mouthfuls; young spring animals, like calves and lambs, were now falling into shape and beginning independent life, though with an occasional hankering after the past, when the lambs would fall a-bleating for their mothers and calves would hang about the gate at evening, where they had often fought shamelessly to get a frothy nose once more into the milk-pail.

Our little gardens were full a-blow, a very blaze and maze of color and foliage, wherein the owner wandered of an evening examining flowers and fruit with many and prolonged speculations—much aided by the smoke of tobacco—as to the chance of gaining a second at our horticultural show with his stocks, or honorable mention for a dish of mixed fruit. The good wife might be seen of an afternoon about that time, in a sun-bonnet and gown carefully tucked up, gathering her berry harvest for preserves, with two young assistants, who worked at a modest distance from their mother, very black as to their mouths, and preserving the currants, as they plucked them, by an instantaneous process of their own invention. Next afternoon a tempting fragrance of boiling sugar would make one's mouth water as he passed, and the same assistants, never weary in well-doing, might be seen setting saucers of black jam upon the window-sill to "jeel," and receiving, as a kind of blackmail, another saucerful of "skim," which, I am informed, is really the refuse of the sugar, but, for all that, wonderfully toothsome. Bear with a countryman's petty foolishness, ye mighty people who live in cities, and whose dainties come from huge manufactories. Some man reading these pages will remember that red-letter day of the summer-time long ago, and the faithful hands that plucked the fruit, and the old kitchen, with its open beams, and the peat fire glowing red, and the iron arm

GATHERING HER BERRY HARVEST.

that held the copper-lined pan—much lent round the district—and the smack of the hot, sweet berries, more grateful than any banquet of later days.

The bees worked hard in this time of affluence, and came staggering home with spoil from the hills, but it was holiday season on the farms. Between the last labours on the roots and the beginning of harvest there was no exacting demand from the land, and managing farmers invented tasks to fill up the hours. An effort was made to restore carts and implements to their original colour, which was abruptly interrupted by the first day of cutting, so that one was not surprised to see a harvest cart blue on one side and a rich crusted brown on the other. Drumsheugh would even send his men to road-making, and apologise to the neighbours—"juist reddin' up aboot the doors"—while Saunders the fore-

man and his staff laboured in a shame-faced manner like grown-ups playing at a children's game. Hillocks used to talk vaguely about going to see a married sister in Glasgow, and one year got as far as Kildrummie, where he met Piggie Walker, and returned to have a deal in potatoes with that enterprising man. More than once Drumsheugh—but then his position was acknowledged — set off on the Tuesday for Carnoustie with a large carpet bag containing, among other things, two pounds of butter and two dozen eggs, and announced his intention of spending a fortnight at the "saut water." The kirkyard would bid him good-bye, and give him a united guarantee that Sabbath would be kept at Drumtochty during his absence, but the fathers were never astonished to see the great man drop into Muirtown market next Friday on his way west—having found four days of unrelieved gaiety at that Scottish Monaco enough for flesh and blood.

This season of small affairs was redeemed by the Sacrament, and preparations began far off with the cleaning of the kirk. As early as June our beadle had the face of one with something on his mind, and declined to pledge himself for roups of standing corn, where his presence was much valued, not on business grounds, but as an official sanction of the proceedings. Drumtochty always felt that Dr. Davidson was fully represented by his man, and John could no longer disentangle the two in his own mind—taking a gloomy view of the parish when he was laid up by lumbago and the Doctor had to struggle on single-handed, and regarding the future when both would be gone with despair.

"Aye, aye, Hillocks," he once remarked to that worthy, "this 'ill be a queer-like place when me an' the Doctor's awa'.

"Na, na, a' daurna promise for the roup, but ye can cairry it on whether a'm there or no; prices dinna hang on a beadle, and they're far mair than appearance. A'm juist beginning tae plan the reddin' up for the Saicrament, an' a've nae speerit for pleesure; div ye ken, Hillocks, a' wud actually coont a funeral distrackin'."

"Ye hev an awfu' responsibility, there's nae doot o' that, John, but gin ye juist jined the fouk fore ae field, it wud be an affset tae the day, an' the auctioneer wud be lifted."

With the beginning of July, John fairly broke ground in the great effort, and was engaged thereon for six weeks, beginning with the dusting of the pulpit and concluding with the beating Drumsheugh's cushion. During that time the Doctor only suggested his wants to John, and the fathers themselves trembled of a Sabbath morning lest in a moment of forgetfulness they might carry something of their farms with them and mar the great work. It was impressive to see Whinnie labouring at his feet in a grassy corner, while John watched him from the kirk door with an unrelenting countenance.

The elders also had what might be called their cleaning at this season, examining into the cases of any who had made a "mistak" since last August, and deciding whether they should be allowed to "gang forrit." These deliberations were begun at the collection plate, where Drumsheugh and Domsie stood the last five minutes before the Doctor appeared, and were open to the congregation, who from their places within learned the offenders' prospects.

"The Doctor 'ill dae as he considers richt, an' he's juist ower easy pleased wi' onybody 'at sets a-greetin', but yon's ma jidgment, Dominie."

"I do not wish to dispute with you, Drumsheugh"—Domsie always spoke English on such occasions—"and the power of the keys is a solemn charge. But we must temper a just measure of severity with a spirit of mercy."

"Ye may temper this or temper

that," said Drumsheugh, going to the root of the matter, "but a' tell ye, Dominie, there's ower mony o' thae limmers in the country juist noo, an' a'm for making an example o' Jean Ferguson."

So Jean did not present herself for a token on the approaching fast day, and sat out with the children during the Sacrament with as becoming an expression of penitence as her honest, comely face could accomplish. Nor did Jean or her people bear any grudge against the Doctor or the Session for their severity. She had gone of her own accord to confess her fault, and was willing that her process of cleansing should be thorough before she received absolution. When a companion in misfortune spoke of the greater leniency of Pitscourie, Jean expressed her thankfulness that she was of Drumtochty.

"Nane o' yir loose wis for me—gie me a richt minister as dis his duty;" which showed that whatever might be her deflections in conduct, Jean's ideas of morals were sound.

Preparations in the parish at large began two weeks before the Sacrament, when persons whose attendance had been, to say the least, irregular, slipped in among the fathers without ostentation, and dropping into a conversation on the weather, continued, as it were, from last Sabbath, used it skilfully to offer an apology for past failures in church observance.

"It's keepit up wonderfu' through the week, for a' never like ower bricht mornin's," old Sandie Ferguson would remark casually, whose arrival, swallow-like, heralded the approach of the great occasion. "The roads are graund the noo frae the heich (high glen); we've hed an awfu' winter, neeburs, up oor wy—clean blockit up. Them 'at lives ablow are michty favoured, wi' the kirk at their door."

"It's maist extraordinar' hoo the seasons are changin' "—Jamie Soutar could never resist Sandie's effrontery —"A' mind when Mairch saw the end o' the snow, an' noo winter is hangin' aboot in midsummer. A'm expeckin' tae hear, in another five year, that the drifts last through the Sacrament in August. It 'ill be a sair trial for ye, Sandie, a wullin' kirkgoer—but ye 'ill hae the less responsibility."

"Millhole's here, at ony rate, the day, an' we're gled tae see him"—for Drumsheugh's pride was to have a large Sacrament—and so Sandy would take his place at an angle to catch the Doctor's eye, and pay such rapt attention to the sermon that any one not knowing the circumstances might have supposed that he had just awaked from sleep.

Ploughmen who on other Sabbaths slept in the forenoon and visited their sweethearts the rest of the day, presented themselves for tokens on the fast-day, and made the one elaborate toilette of the year on Saturday evening, when they shaved in turns before a scrap of glass hung outside the bothy door, and the foreman, skilled in the clipping of horses, cut their hair, utilising a porridge bowl with much ingenuity to secure a round cut. They left early on the Sabbath morning, forming themselves into a group against the gable of the kirk, and being reviewed with much satisfaction by Drumsheugh, who had a keen eye for absentees from the religious function of the year. At the first sound of the bell the ploughmen went into kirk a solid mass, distributing themselves in the servants' pews attached to the farmers' pews, and maintaining an immovable countenance through every part of the service, any tendency to somnolence being promptly and effectually checked by the foreman, who relaxed when alone on other days, but on Sacrament Sabbath realised his charge and never closed an eye. The women and children proceeded to their places on arrival, and the fathers followed them as the bell gave signs of ceasing. Drumsheugh and Domsie then came in from the plate and the administra-

tion of discipline, and the parish waited as one man for the appearance of John with the Bible, the Doctor following, and envied those whose seat commanded the walk from the manse down which the procession came once a week with dignity, but once a year with an altogether peculiar majesty.

Drumtochty exiles meeting in London or other foreign places and recalling the Glen, never part without lighting on John and passing contempt on all officials beside him. "Ye mind John?" one would say, wagging his head with an amazement that time and distance had in no wise cooled, and his fellow glensman would only reply, "Aye, ye may traivel the warld ower or ye see his marrow." Then they would fall into a thoughtful silence, and each knew that his neighbor was following John as he came down the kirkyard on the great day. "Comin' in at the door lookin' as if he didna ken there wes a body in the kirk, a' aye coontit best," but his friend had another preference. "It wes fine; but, man, tae see him set the bukes doon on the pulpit cushion, and then juist gie a glisk roond the kirk as much as tae say, 'What think ye o' that?' cowed a'thing." It has been given to myself amid other privileges to see (and store in a fond memory) the walk of a University macebearer, a piper at the Highland gathering, a German stationmaster (after the war), and an alderman (of the old school), but it is only justice to admit, although I am not of Drumtochty, but only as a proselyte of the gate, that none of those efforts is at all to be compared with John's achievement. Within the manse the Doctor was waiting in pulpit array, grasping his father's snuff-box in a firm right hand, and it was understood that, none seeing them, and as a preparation for the strain that would immediately be upon them, both the minister and his man relaxed for a minute.

"Is there a respectable attendance, John?" and the Doctor would take a preliminary pinch. "Drumsheugh does not expect many absentees."

"Naebody's missin' that a' cud see, sir, except that ill gettit wratch, Tammie Ronaldson, and a' coont him past redemption. A' gaed in as a' cam doon, and gin he wesna lyin' in his bed sleepin' an' snorin' like a heathen."

"Well, John, did you do your duty as an officer of the church?"

"A' stood ower him, Doctor, an' a' juist said tae masel', 'Shall a' smite wi' the sword?' but a' left him alane for this time." And so they started —John in front with the books, and the Doctor a pace behind, his box now in the left hand, with a handkerchief added, and the other holding up his gown, both dignitaries bare-headed, unself-conscious, absorbed in their office.

The books were carried level with the top button of John's waistcoat — the Psalm-book being held in its place by the two extended thumbs—and neither were allowed to depart from the absolute horizontal by an eighth of an inch, even going up the pulpit stairs. When they had been deposited in their place, and slightly patted, just to settle them, John descended to make way for the Doctor, who had been waiting beneath in a commanding attitude. He then followed the the minister up, and closed the door— not with a bang, but yet so that all might know he had finished his part of the work. If any one had doubted how much skill went to this achievement, he had his eyes opened when John had the lumbago, and the smith arrived at the kirk door three yards ahead of the Doctor, and let the Psalm-book fall on the pulpit floor.

"We're thankfu' tae hae ye back, John," said Hillocks. "Yon wes a temptin' o' Providence."

Once only had I the privilege of seeing John in this his glory, and the sight of him afflicted me with a problem no one has ever solved. It might, indeed, be made a branch of scientific investigation, and would then be call-

ed the Genesis of Beadles. Was a a beadle ever a baby? What like was he before he appeared in his office? Was he lying as a cardinal in petto till the right moment, and then simply showed himself to be appointed as one born unto this end? No one dared to hint that John had ever followed any other avocation, and an effort to connect John with the honorable trade of plumbing was justly regarded as a disgraceful return of Tammie Ronaldson's for much faithful dealing. Drumtochty refused to consider his previous history, if he had any, and looked on John in his office as Melchizedek, a mysterious, isolated work of Providence. He was a mere wisp of a man, with a hard, keen face, iron-grey hair brushed low across his forehead, and clean-shaven cheeks.

"A've naething tae say against a beard," on being once consulted, "an' a'm no prepared tae deny it maun be in the plan o' Providence. In fact, gin a' wes in a private capaucity, a' michtna shave, but in ma public capaucity, a've nae alternative. It wud be a fine story tae gang roond the Presbytery o' Muirtown that the Beadle o' Drumtochty hed a beard."

His authority was supreme under the Doctor, and never was disputed by man or beast save once, and John himself admitted that the circumstances were quite peculiar. It was during the Doctor's famous continental tour, when Drumsheugh fought with strange names in the kirkyard, and Presbytery supplied Drumtochty in turn. The minister of St. Mungo's, Muirtown, was so spiritual that he left his voice at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and lived in the Song of Solomon, with occasional incursions into the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and it was thoughtless not to have told Mr. Curlew that two or three dogs—of unexceptionable manners—attended our kirk with their masters. They would no more have thought of brawling in church than John himself, and they knew the parts of the service as well as the Doctor, but dogs have been so made by our common Creator that they cannot abide falsetto, and Mr. Curlew tried them beyond endurance. When he lifted up his voice in "Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return," a long wail in reply, from below a back seat where a shepherd was slumbering, proclaimed that his appeal had not altogether failed. "Put out that dog," said the preacher in a very natural voice, with a strong suggestion of bad temper, "put that dog out immediately; it's most disgraceful that such . . eh, conduct should go on in a Christian church. Where is the church officer?"

"He was a mere wisp of a man."

"A'm the Beadle o' Drumtochty"—standing in his place—"an' a'll dae yir pleesure;" and the occasion was too awful for any one, even the dog's master, to assist, far less to laugh.

So Laddie was conducted down the passage—a dog who would not condescend to resist—and led to the outer gate of the Kirkyard, and John came in amid a dead silence—for Mr. Curlew had not yet got his pulpit note again—and faced the preacher.

"The dog's oot, sir, but a' tak this congregation tae witness, ye begood (began) it yirsel'," and it was said that Mr. Curlew's pious and edifying chant was greatly restricted in country kirks from that day.

It was not given to the beadle to sit with the elders in that famous court of morals which is called the Kirk Session, and of which strange stories are told by Southern historians, but it was his to show out and in the culprits with much solemnity. As a familiar of the Inquisition, he took oversight of the district, and saw that none escaped the wholesome discipline of the Church.

"Ye're back," he said, arresting Peter Ferguson as he tried to escape down a byroad, and eyeing the prodigal sternly, who had fled from discipline to London, and there lost a leg; "the'ill be a meetin' o' Session next week afore the Saicrament; wull a' tell the Doctor ye're comin'?"

"No, ye 'ill dae naething o' the kind, for a'll no be there. A've nae suner got hame aifter ma accident but ye're tormentin' me on the verra road wi' yir Session. Ye drave me awa' aince, an' noo ye wud harry (hunt) me aff again."

"A weel, a weel"—and John was quite calm—"dinna pit yirsel' in a feery farry (excitement); ye 'ill gang yir ain wy and earn yir ain jidgment. It wes for yir gude a' spoke, and noo a've dune ma pairt, an' whatever comes o't, ye 'ill no hae me or ony ither body tae blame."

"What think ye 'ill happen?"—evidently sobered by John's tone, yet keeping up a show of defiance. "Ye wud think the Session was the Sheriff o' Perthshire tae hear ye blawin' and threatenin'."

"It's no for me tae say what may befa' ye, Peter Ferguson, and a'm no yir jidge, but juist a frail mortal, beadle though I be; but a' may hev ma thochts.

"Ye refused the summons sax month syne, and took yir wys tae London—that wes contumacy added tae yir ither sin. Nae doot ye made certain ye hed escapit, but hed ye? A' leave it tae yirsel', for the answer is in yir body," and John examined Peter's wooden leg with an austere interest.

"Aye, aye, ma man," he resumed—for Peter was now quite silenced by this uncompromising interpretation of the ways of Providence—"ye aff tae London, an' the Lord aifter ye, an' whuppit aff ae leg. Noo ye declare ye 'ill be as countermacious as ever, an' a'm expeckin' the Lord 'ill take the ither leg, an' gin that disna dae, a' that remains is tae stairt on yir airms; and, man Peter, ye 'ill be a bonnie-like sicht afore a's dune."

This was very faithful dealing, and it had its desired effect, for Peter appeared at next meeting, and in due course was absolved, as became an obedient son of the Church.

John did not, however, always carry the sword, but bore himself gently to young people so long as they did not misbehave in church, and he had a very tender heart toward probationers, as being callow members of that great ecclesiastical guild in which he was one of the heads.

When one of those innocents came to take the Doctor's place, John used to go in to visit them in the dining-room on Saturday evening, partly to temper the severity of his wife, Dr. Davidson's housekeeper, who dealt hardly with the lads, and partly to assist them with practical hints regarding pulpit deportment and the delivery of their sermons. One unfortunate was so nervous and clinging that John arranged his remarks for him into heads—with an application to two classes—and then, having suggested many points, stopped under

the yew arch that divided the kirk-yard from the manse garden, and turned on the shaking figure which followed.

"Ae thing mair; aifter ye're dune wi' yir sermon, whether ye're sweatin' or no, for ony sake fa' back in yir seat and dicht (wipe) yir broo," which being done by the exhausted orator, made a great impression on the people, and was so spread abroad that a year afterward it won for him the parish of Pitscourie.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A MODERATE.

S a matter of fact, Dr. Davidson, minister of Drumtochty, stood exactly five feet nine in his boots, and was therefore a man of quite moderate height; but this is not what you had dared to state to any loyal and self-respecting person in the parish. For "the Doctor"—what suggestions of respect and love were in that title on a Drumtochty tongue—was so compactly made and bore himself with such dignity, both in walk and conversation, that Drumsheugh, although not accustomed to measurement and a man of scrupulous accuracy, being put into the witness-box, would have sworn that Dr. Davidson was "aboot sax feet aff and on—maybe half an inch mair, stannin' at his full hicht in the pulpit." Which fond delusion seemed to declare abroad, as in a parable, the greatness of the Doctor.

Providence had dealt bountifully with Dr. Davidson, and had bestowed on him the largest benefit of heredity. He was not the first of his house to hold this high place of parish minister—the only absolute monarchy in the land—and he must not receive over-praise for not falling into those personal awkwardnesses and petty tyrannies which are signs of one called suddenly to the throne. His were the pride of blood, the inherent sense of authority, the habit of rule, the gracious arts of manner, the conviction of popular devotion, the grasp of affairs, the interest in the people's life, which are the marks and aids of a royal caste. It was not in the nature of things that the Doctor should condescend to quarrel with a farmer or mix himself up with any vulgar squabble, because his will was law in ninety cases in a hundred, and in the other ten he skillfully anticipated the people's wishes When the minister of Nether Pitfoodles—who had sermons on "Love, Courtship and Marriage," and was much run after in Muirtown—quarrelled with his elders about a collection, and asked the interference of the Presbytery, Dr. Davidson dealt severely with him in open court as one who had degraded the ministry and discredited government. It was noticed also that the old gentleman would afterward examine Nether Pitfoodles curiously for minutes together in the Presbytery, and then shake his head.

"Any man," he used to say to his reverend brother of Kildrummie, as they went home from the Presbytery together, "who gets into a wrangle with his farmers about a collection is is either an upstart or he is a fool, and in neither case ought he to be a minister of the Church of Scotland." And the two old men would lament the decay of the ministry over their wine in Kildrummie Manse—both being of the same school, cultured, clean-living, kind-hearted, honourable, but not extravagantly evangelical clergymen. They agreed in everything except in the matter of their after-dinner wine, Dr. Davidson having a partiality for port, while the minister of Kildrummie insisted that a generous claret was the hereditary drink of a Scottish gentleman This was only, however, a subject of academic debate, and was not allowed to interfere with practice—the abbé of

Drumtochty taking his bottle of claret, in an appreciative spirit, and the curé of Kildrummie disposing of his two or three glasses of port with cheerful resignation.

If Drumtochty exalted its minister above his neighbors, it may be urged in excuse that Scottish folk are much affected by a man's birth, and Dr. Davidson had a good ancestry, He was the last of his line, and represented a family that for two centuries had given her sons to the Kirk. Among those bygone worthies, the Doctor used to select one in especial for honorable mention. He was a minister of Dunleith, whose farmers preferred to play ball against the wall of the kirk to hearing him preach, and gave him insolence on his offering a pious remonstrance. Whereupon the Davidson of that day, being, like all his race, short in stature, but mighty in strength, first beat the champion player one Sabbath morning at his own game to tame an unholy pride, and then thrashed him with his fist to do good to his soul. This happy achievement in practical theology secured an immediate congregation, and produced so salutary an effect on the schismatic ball-player that he became in due course an elder, and was distinguished for his severity in dealing with persons absenting themselves from public worship, or giving themselves overmuch to vain amusements.

At the close of the last century the Doctor's grandfather was minister of the High Kirk, Muirtown, where he built up the people in loyalty to Kirk and State, and himself recruited from the Perthshire Fencibles. He also delivered a sermon entitled "The French Revolution the just judgment of the Almighty on the spirit of insubordination," for which he received a vote of thanks from the Lord Provost and Bailies of Muirtown in council assembled, as well as a jewel from the Earl of Kilspindie, the grandfather of our lord, which the Doctor inherited and wore on the third finger of his left hand. Had Carmichael or any other minister decked himself after this fashion, it had not fared well with him, but even the Free Kirk appreciated a certain pomp in Dr. Davidson, and would have resented his being as other men. He was always pleased to give the history of the ring, and generally told a story of his ancestor, which he had tasted much more frequently than the sermon. A famous judge had asked him to dinner as he made his circuit, and they had disputed about the claret, till at last its excellence compelled respect at the close of the first bottle.

"'Now, Reverend Sir,' said the judge, 'this wine has been slandered and its fair fame taken away without reason. I demand that you absolve it from the scandal.'"

"'My Lord,' said my worthy forbear, 'you are a great criminal lawyer, but you are not well read in Kirk law, for no offender can be absolved without three appearances.'"

"My grandfather," the Doctor used to conclude, "had the best of that jest besides two bottles of claret, for in those days a clergyman took more wine than we would now think seemly, although, mark you, my sagacious grandfather always denounced drunkenness on two grounds, first, because it was an offence against religion, and second, because it was a sign of weakness."

Some old folk could remember the Doctor's father, who never attained to the Doctorate, but was a commanding personage. He published no sermons, but as the first Davidson in Drumtochty, he laid the foundations of good government. The Kilspindie family had only recently come into the parish —having purchased the larger part of the Carnegies' land—and Drumtochty took a thrawn fit, and among other acts of war pulled down time after time certain new fences. The minister was appealed to by his lordship, and having settled the rights of the matter, he bade the factor wait in patience till the Sacrament, and Drumsheugh's

father used to tell unto the day of his death, as a historical event, how the Doctor's father stood at the communion-table and debarred from the Sacrament evil livers of all kinds, and that day in especial all who had broken Lord Kilspindie's fences, which was an end of the war. There was a picture of him in the Doctor's study, showing a very determined gentleman, who brought up both his parish and his family upon the stick.

With such blood in his veins it was not to be expected that our Doctor should be after the fashion of a modern minister. No one had ever seen him (or wished to see him) in any other dress than black cloth and a broad-brimmed silk hat, with a white stock of many folds and a bunch of seals depending from some mysterious pocket. His walk, so assured, so measured, so stately, was a means of grace to the parish, confirming every sound and loyal belief, and was crowned, so to say, by his stick, which had a gold head, and having made history in the days of his father, had reached the position of a hereditary sceptre. No one could estimate the aid and comfort that stick gave to the Doctor's visits, but one quite understood the force of the comparison Hillocks once drew, after the Doctor's death, between the coming to his house of the Doctor and a "cry" from his energetic successor under the new *régime*.

"He's a hard-workin' body, oor new man, aye rin rinnin', fuss fussin' roond the pairish, an' he's a pop'lar hand in the pulpit, but it's a puir business a veesit frae him.

"It's juist in an' oot like a cadger buyin' eggs, nae peace an' nae solemnity. Of course it's no his blame that he's naethin' tae look at, for that's the wy he wes made, an' his father keepit a pig (china) shop, but at ony rate he micht get a wise-like stick.

"Noo, there wes the Doctor 'at's dead an' gone; he didna gang scrammelin' an' huntin' aifter the fouk frae Monday tae Saiturday. Na, na, he didna lower himsel' prayin' an' paiterin' like a missionary body. He announced frae the pulpit whar he wes gaein' and when he wes comin'.

"'It's my purpose,'" and Hillocks did his best to imitate the Doctor, "'to visit the farm of Hillocks on Wednesday of this week, and I desire to meet with all persons living thereon;' it wes worth callin' an intimation, an' gied ye pleesure in yir seat.

"On Tuesday aifternoon John wud juist drap in tae see that a'thing wes ready, and the next aifternoon the Doctor comes himsel', an' the first thing he dis is tae lay the stick on the table an' gin he hed never said a word, tae see it lyin' there wes a veesitation. But he's a weel-meanin' bit craturie, Maister Peebles, an' handy wi' a magic lantern. Sall," and then Hillocks became incapable of speech, and you knew that the thought of Dr. Davidson explaining comic slides had quite overcome him.

This visitation counted as an event in domestic life, and the Doctor's progress through the Glen was noted in the kirk-yard, and any special remark duly reported. Nothing could be more perfect than his manner on such occasions, being leisurely, comprehensive, dignified, gracious. First of all he saluted every member of the family down to the bairns by name, for had he not at least married the heads of the household, and certainly baptized all the rest? Unto each he made some kindly remark also—to the good man a commendation of his careful farming, to the good-wife a deserved compliment on her butter; the eldest daughter was praised for the way in which she was sustaining the ancient reputation of Hillocks' dairy; there was a word to Hillocks' son on his masterly ploughing; and some good word of Dominie Jamieson's about the little lassie was not forgotten. After which the Doctor sat down—there was some difficulty in getting the family to sit in his presence—and hold a thorough review of the family history for the

last year, dwelling upon the prospects of Charlie, for whom the Doctor had got a situation, and Jean, the married daughter, whose husband might one day have a farm with four pair of horses in the carse. The Doctor would then go out to give his opinions on the crops, which was drawn from keen practical knowledge—his brochure on "The Potato Disease: Whence it Came and How it is to be Met" created much stir in its day—and it was well known that the Doctor's view on bones or guano as a preferable manure was decisive. On his return the servants came in—to whom also he said a word—and then from the head of the table he conducted worship—the ploughmen looking very uneasy and the children never taking their eyes off his face, while the gude-wife kept a watchful eye on all. At the prayer she was careful to be within arm's reach of Hillocks, since on one memorable occasion that excellent man had remained in an attitude of rapt devotion after the others had risen from their knees which sight profoundly affected the family, and led the Doctor to remark that it was the only time he had seen Hillocks play the Pharisee in public. The Doctor's favorite passages were the eulogium on the model housewife in Proverbs, the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the 12th chapter of Romans, from which he deduced many very searching and practical lessons on diligence, honesty, mercy, and hospitality. Before he left, and while all were under the spell of his presence, the Doctor would approach the delicate subject of Hillocks' "tout-mout" (dispute) with Gormack over a purchase at a roup, in which it was freely asserted that Gormack had corrupted the Kildrummie auctioneer, a gentlemen removed above pecuniary bribes, but not unaffected by liquid refreshment. So powerfully did the Doctor appeal to Hillocks' neighbourliness that he took snuff profusely, and authorised the Doctor to let it be understood at Gormack that the affair was at an end, which treaty was confirmed by the two parties in Kildrummie train, when Hillocks lent Gormack his turnip-sowing machine and borrowed in turn Gormack's water-cart. Mr. Curlew had more than once hinted in the Presbytery of Muirtown that Dr. Davidson was not so evangelical as might be desired, and certainly Mr. Curlew's visitation was of a much more exciting nature; but St. Mungo's congregation was never without a quarrel, while the Doctor created an atmosphere in Drumtochty wherein peace and charity flourished exceedingly.

Whatever might be urged in praise of his visitation, surely the Doctor could never be more stately or fatherly than on Sacrament Sabbath, as he stood in his place to begin service. His first act was to wipe elaborately those gold eye-glasses, without which nothing would have been counted a sermon in Drumtochty Kirk, and then, adjusting them with care, the Doctor made a deliberate survey of the congregation, beginning at his right hand and finishing at his left. Below him sat the elders in their blacks, wearing white stocks that had cost them no little vexation that morning, and the precentor, who was determined no man, neither Saunders' Baxter nor another, should outsing him that day in Coleshill. Down the centre of the kirk ran a long table, covered with pure white linen, bleached in the June showers and wonderfully ironed, whereon a stain must not be found, for along that table would pass the holy bread and wine. Across the aisle on either side, the pews were filled with stalwart men, solemn beyond their wonted gravity, and kindly women in simple finery, and rosy-cheeked bairns The women had their tokens wrapped in snowy handkerchiefs, and in their Bibles they had sprigs of apple-ringy and mint, and other sweet-scented plants. By-and-by there would be a faint fragrance of peppermint in the kirk—the only religious and edifying

sweet, which flourishes wherever sound doctorine is preached and disappears before new views, and is therefore now confined to the Highlands of Wales and Scotland, the last home of our fathers' creed. The two back seats were of black oak, richly carved. In the one sat the General and Kate, and across the passage Viscount Hay, Lord Kilspindie's eldest son, a young man of noble build and carriage, handsome and debonair, who never moved during the sermon save twice, and then he looked at the Carnegies' pew.

When the Doctor had satisfied himself that none were missing of the people, he dropped his eye-glass—each act was so closely followed that Drumsheugh below could tell where the Doctor was—and took snuff after the good old fashion, tapping the box twice, selecting a pinch, distributing it evenly, and using first a large red bandana and then a delicate white cambric handkerchief. When the cambric disappeared, each person seized his Bible, for the Doctor would say immediately with a loud, clear voice, preceded by a gentlemanly clearance of the throat, "Let us compose our minds for the worship of Almighty God by singing to His praise the first Psalm.

"That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray—"

Then Peter Rattray, of the high Glen, would come in late, and the Doctor would follow him with his eye till the unfortunate man reached his pew, where his own flesh and blood withdrew themselves from him as if he had been a leper, and Peter himself wished he had never been born.

"Five minutes earlier, Peter, would have prevented this unseemly interruption—ahem."

"In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way."

Before the Sacrament the Doctor gave one of his college sermons on some disputed point in divinity, and used language that was nothing short of awful.

"Grant me those premises," he would say, while the silence in the kirk could be felt, "and I will show to any reasonable and unprejudiced person that those new theories are nothing but a resuscitated and unjustifiable Pelagianism." Such passages produced a lasting impression in the parish, and once goaded Drumsheugh's Saunders into voluntary speech.

"Yon wus worth ca'in' a sermon. Did ye ever hear sic words oot o' the mooth o' a man? Noo that bleatin' cratur Curlew 'at comes frae Muirtown is juist pittin' by the time. Sall, ae sermon o' the Doctor's wud last yon body for a year."

After the sermon the people sang,

"'Twas on that night when doomed to know,"

and the elders, who had gone out a few minutes before, entered the kirk in procession, bearing the elements, and set them before the Doctor, now standing at the table. The people came from their pews and took their seats, singing as they moved, while the children were left to their own devices, tempered by the remembrance that their doings could be seen by the Doctor, and would receive a just recompense of reward from their own kin in the evening. Domsie went down one side and Drumsheugh the other, collecting the tokens, whose clink, clink in the silver dish was the only sound.

"If there be any other person who desires to take the Sacrament at this the first table" (for the Sacrament was given then to detachments), "let him come without delay."

"Let us go, dad," whispered Kate. "He is a dear old padre, and . . . . they are good people and our neighbours."

"But they won't kneel, you know, Kit; will you . . . . ?"

"We 'ill do as they do; it is not our Sacrament." So the father and daughter went up the kirk and took their places on the Doctor's left hand. A

"Will you let me walk with you for a little?"

minute later Lord Hay rose and went up the aisle, and sat down opposite the Carnegies, looking very nervous, but also most modest and sincere.

The Doctor gave the cup to the General, who passed it to Kate, and from her it went to Weelum Maclure, and another cup he gave to Hay, whom he had known from a child, and he handed it to Marget Howe, and she to Whinnie, her man; and so the two cups passed down from husband to wife, from wife to daughter, from daughter to servant, from lord to tenant, till all had shown forth the Lord's death in common fellowship and love as becometh Christian folk. In the solemn silence the sunshine fell on the faces of the communicants, and the singing of the birds came in through the open door with the scent of flowers and ripe corn. Before the congregation left the Doctor addressed a few words of most practical advice, exhorting them, in especcial, to live in the spirit of the sermon on the Mount, and to be good neighbours. It was on one of those occasions that he settled a dispute between masters and men — whether the cutting of grass for the horses' breakfast should be included in the day's work — and ended the only bitterness known in Drumtochty.

At the kirk gate Hay introduced himself to his father's friend, and the General looked round to find his daughter, but Kate had disappeared. She had seen the face of Marget Howe after the Sacrament as the face of one in a vision, and she had followed Marget to the road.

"Will you let me walk with you for a little? I am General Carnegie's daughter, and I would like to speak to you about the Sacrament; it was lovely."

"Ye dae me much honor, Miss Carnegie," and Marget slightly flushed, "an' much pleasure, for there is naething dearer tae me than keeping the Sacrament; it is my joy every day and mickle comfort in life."

"But I thought you had it only once a year?" questioned Kate.

"With bread and wine in outward sign that is once, and maybe eneuch, for it makes ane high day for us all, but div ye not think, Miss Carnegie, that all our life should be ane Sacrament?"

"Tell me," said Kate, looking into Marget's sweet, spiritual face.

"It is no the picture of His Luve,

who thocht o' everybody but Himsel', an' saved everybody but Himsel', an' didna He say we maun drink His cup and live His life?"

Kate only signed that Marget should go on.

"Noo a'm judgin' that ilka ane o's is savit juist as we are baptised intae the Lord's death, and ilka time ane o's keeps back a hot word, or humbles a proud heart, or serves anither at a cost, we have eaten the Body and drunk the Blood o' the Lord."

"You are a good woman," cried Kate, in her impulsive way, so quick to be pleased or offended. "May I come to see you some day?"

"Dinna think me better than I am; a woman who had many sins tae fecht and needit many trials tae chasten her; but ye will be welcome at Whinny Knowe for yir ain sake and yir people's, an' gin it ever be in ma poor tae serve ye, Miss Carnegie, in ony way, it wull be ma joy."

Twice as she came through the woods Kate stopped; once she bit her lip, once she dashed a tear from her eye.

"Where did you go to, lassie?" and the General met Kate at the gateway. "Lord Hay came to the drive with me, and was quite disappointed not to meet you—a very nice lad indeed, manly and well-mannered."

"Never mind Lord Hay, dad; I've been with the most delightful woman I've ever seen."

"Do you mean she was in kirk?"

'Yes, sitting across the table—don't laugh; she is a farmer's wife, and a better lady than we saw in India."

"Oh, dad," and Kate kissed her father, "I wish I had known my mother; it had been better for me, and . . . happier for you."

*(To be continued.)*

## ORCHIDS.

"FROM these misshapen, wizened cast-a-ways,"
I said, "No beauty cometh, you do mock;
So blossometh dead wood or sterile rock!"—
But, lo, within a period of days,
A necromantic happening: fair sprays
Of variegated glory; flow'rs in flock;
A flight of golden insects;—Fancy's stock
Of wonderment in bloom mine eye surveys.

So in the varied wondrous race of man,
Some rude exterior, not formed to please,
Some being quickened under Beauty's ban,
Will raise a questioning, "What need of these?"
Contemn not Nature thus! In history's span,
Behold a Goldsmith, Pope—a Socrates!

W. E. HUNT *(Keppell Strange.)*

# A SHAKSPEAREAN COURTSHIP.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
*Twelfth Night.*

INTO every man's life a romance comes; early in life to some, to others late, but to all without fail, and to no man more than once. Many mistake the first heart flutterings of nineteen for their grand passion; but they are quickly undeceived when the real fire lays hold on them. For myself, there could be no such mistake, for my life having been spent among books, I escaped all the minor affairs which tend at once to the debasement and the strengthening of the natural affections. My romance came to me late, but surely; and, if I have decided to make it public, it is with the thought that the account may assist some one placed in a like predicament, a situation as disquieting to the victim as it is trivial to the observer.

After this preamble, I will begin my story by saying that I am the Professor of English Literature at the College of Woodville. As to age, I have scarcely yet reached middle life, but, owing to many years of labor among books, my body has become somewhat bent and prematurely aged, though my health is perfect. Study has weakened my eyes so that I am compelled to wear spectacles, and I have no doubt—nay, I know as a fact—that I am popularly supposed to be a personage of great antiquity. To the students, in virtue of my pedagogic position and without reference to age, I am, of course, "Old Rayleigh," and I suppose that they share the popular belief as to my age because my head has grown bare about the crown, without considering whether the youth runs strong at the heart.

I am naturally averse to society, and this disposition has no doubt been strengthened by the retired life which I have led. This kind of existence, though not without its advantages, has often placed me in considerable embarrassment; for, being so much withdrawn from the world, I invariably find myself awkward and out of place when I do endeavor to mingle in society. As Valentine says, "homekeeping youths have ever homely wits," and this remark applies with equal force to those other than youths. However, the head of our college, Prof. Curtis, once held a reception, or something of the sort, to which I was invited. As I said before, I dislike going out in society, and thus this invitation cost me several anxious hours. My duty in the matter was clear; respect to my colleague demanded that I should go, and, after searching long for some mode of escaping with honor—the otium cum dignitate—and finding none, I resigned myself to the inevitable.

Accordingly, when the evening arrived, I summoned up all my philosophy and went. To my relief, I found that it was an affair of considerable magnitude, and that in the large assembly I could make myself very inconspicuous indeed. This was the more fortunate, as I knew but few of those present, and those few—excepting other college men—only slightly.

I wandered about casually for some time, finding that I could be almost as solitary as if in my own study, and at last found my way to the library, where, on other occasions, I had frequently been. Here I ensconced my-

self in an unsociable little corner, where there was a seat just wide enough for one. The whole corner was screened from view, partly by the heavy curtains, and partly by the projecting angle of a book-shelf. I remained here for some time quite contented, having secured a volume of Sir Thomas Browne from the case. Of those who entered the room, most failed to observe me; those who did, doubtless took me for what I was,—a shy, anti-social man, who was trying to pass an hour or two before making his escape.

I had perhaps been there half an hour when I heard a rustle of skirts, and the sound of some persons seating themselves upon a sofa quite close to my retreat. It was plain that I was about to become an involuntary eavesdropper unless I speedily vacated my position. This, however, I was unwilling to do, both from a disinclination to leave so pleasant and comfortable hiding place, and on account of some natural reluctance to emerge suddenly upon the late arrivals as if I had been concealing myself, and just driven from cover. Thus are we reluctant to confess to others what we readily condone in ourselves.

At last I heard my own name mentioned. I listened indifferently, as it were, at first, when one of the girls said with a giggle:

"O Rose, did you see old Professor Rayleigh? You would have laughed to see him tramping around as if some one was chasing him, and peering through his spectacles to find some place in which to hide."

Her companion made some remark which I did not catch.

"Oh, but it was really comical," said the first speaker, "and you needn't pretend that you wouldn't have laughed at it, He looked like a fish out of water, or a hermit come for the first time into our frivolous circles."

"Nell," replied the other, "you have been talking nothing but slander for the last ten minutes. I shall go away and leave you. I won't listen to you any more, for I believe that you might corrupt even my good nature."

There was a sound of rising and a merry ripple of laughter.

"What I said is all true, and I don't see why you should get shocked about old Rayleigh, as the boys call him. I'm sure he's——oh!"

Of course, after what had passed, I should have remained quiet at all costs. But I was taken by surprise, and, obeying the impulse of the moment, I rose and walked out. The two girls were quite close to me; the one sitting on the sofa was still speaking, and broke off with a frightened cry as she saw me. The other was standing, and I saw only that she was tall and dressed white.

They were much too startled to say anything, and I gave them no time for explanation, but walked past with a profound bow—the kind of bow I learned from Bulwer Lytton's novels—and lost myself among the groups in the hall outside.

Soon afterwards I placed myself in a corner of the parlor, where no one could by any possibility be oblivious of my proximity on approaching the place. I had not remained long in this position when Mr. Clarke, our lecturer in Latin Literature, came past. He seemed surprised to see me.

"Why, Professor Rayleigh, you here?" he exclaimed. "But you shouldn't be standing there all alone. You're not having any fun at all. Come along with me, and I'll introduce you to some nice girls."

"Thank you," I replied, "but I'm quite comfortable as I am. Oh, really, Clarke, I'd rather not."

Remonstrances were useless, for the energetic young fellow had linked his arm in mine and was dragging me off to carry out his promise—his threat, I should say, for I shuddered with horror at the prospect. But it was too late to make an escape, for in a moment he had halted before a young lady sitting by a window, and was

saying, "Miss Merritt, let me present to you one of my colleagues, Professor Rayleigh."

I made my best bow—not the Bulwer-Lytton kind—and tried to say something conventional. She seemed almost as embarrassed as myself, and I thought that she was annoyed at my introduction; but, as I looked at her more closely I saw that she was the very young lady who had stood by the sofa when I made my hurried exit from the library. She had, no doubt, recognised me at once, but owing to my weakness of sight, I had failed to identify her as quickly.

After a few casual remarks, Clarke departed and left us to ourselves. I certainly felt very little at ease, and my efforts at conversation were, I fear, decided failures. It was a most unpleasant position, and I was wishing myself well out of it, when she said, apparently with a great effort, "Oh, Professor Rayleigh, I feel as if I must say it. You didn't hear anything of what Nell and I were saying in the library just now, did you? We were both so dreadfully shocked when we saw you come out. If you did, please remember that it was only girls' nonsense."

"No, no, certainly not," I said, disconnectedly. "I wasn't in the library at all,—er—yes, I mean I was there, but I sat down in the corner, and—and fell asleep, and was quite surprised to see you when I came out." It was a wretched lie, but it seemed to serve its purpose, for she gave me a peculiar, clear glance from her grey eyes, and then changed the subject.

I suppose she perceived that I had little conversational ability, and with the greatest tact she touched lightly on one point after another, and at last appealed to me on my favorite Shakspearean subjects.

"Which play is your favorite, Professor Rayleigh?" she asked me.

So I told her, "As You Like It," and, as she seemed to expect something more, I went on to give my reasons for the preference, and entered into a slight analysis of the character of Rosalind, who, I may say, is my favorite among all of Shakspeare's heroines. Before I went home I learned that the name of my companion was Rosalind also, but at the time I was unaware of this fact. She seemed interested, and asked me other questions on the subject, and though I have no very clear recollection, it seems to me that I gave her a considerable discourse on the principles of Shakspeare's art. I hope I did not weary her; she seemed to enjoy it.

A little later, a young man whom I did not know came and claimed her for a dance, which she had promised him. She left me very graciously, and I am ashamed to say that I almost felt slightly jealous of that young man.

A very little while after, I took my departure, and went home to my solitary rooms. I stirred up the fire, and drew an easy chair in front of it. "After all," I mused, "this solitary life is neither the best, nor, at all times, the most enjoyable. In it one grows bearish and self-concentrated, so that he finds himself completely out of touch with the world when he emerges from his seclusion. This evening has done me good—expanded me. I must go out more. I'll read a little, and then to bed."

An act or two of Shakspeare or Johnson formed my usual night-cap, but I give thanks that a study of the earlier poets has not blinded me, as it too often does, to the beauties of the later ones. Tennyson lay most convenient to my hand. It opened at "Maud," it must have been prophetic, and I read,

> "O heart of stone are you flesh, and caught
> By that you swore to withstand?
> For what else was it within me wrought,
> But, I fear, the new, strong wine of love———?"

With the words, my thoughts ran unerringly back to the girl with whom I had talked that evening, and I knew

that I was indeed "caught by that I swore to withstand." It was the intoxicating draught of love's new wine that had dulled the brightness of my lamp-glow, and made all things seem but dim beyond her presence.

It came upon me with a kind of surprise, nay, almost of horror, but, after all, why not? I was not so old as to be no longer young—not yet forty—and the life which I had led, while it had aged me physically, perhaps, had, I believe, kept me more youthful at heart than many a man of fewer years. My aversion to society arose chiefly from shyness, and was surely curable; while the books among which my work lay—*belles lettres*, poetry, romance—had kept humanity before me in its brightest aspects, and supplied an effective substitute.

I dreamed dreams that evening, and built castles in the air. I retained no very definite recollection of her form or face; she was tall, I knew, and had luminous gray eyes, and her voice was low and sweet, an excellent thing in woman. I remembered no more of her outward appearance, but much of the charm of her presence, which is, after all, the more important matter. Who knows the color of Juliet's eyes or hair? And, which I had for a little forgotten, her name was Rosalind, and certainly she seemed to me like a renewal of the real Rosalind, the most lovable of all Shakspeare's women.

At any rate, upon one point I was resolved, that I would see her again and have further talk with her, if the thing could in any way be accomplished.

In this state I continued for several days. I shaved and dressed myself with unusual fastidiousness, thinking that I might chance to meet her. In this I was disappointed, yet I think that the increased care did improve my appearance, for young Clarke congratulated me upon the beneficial effects of the party, and said that I looked ten years younger after it.

It was not until the fourth night after my adventure that I conceived the idea of consulting Shakspeare as to my difficulty. Almost every variety of love is treated of in his thirty-seven plays, and it was incredible that I should not find some advice applicable to my situation. A fig for the differences of time and place! Men's hearts have not changed in two hundred years, nor women's either.

So I took down a large one-volume edition of the dramatist, and turned over the leaves. After an hour's work, however, I was forced to admit that, though I had found many hints which might prove of great service did I become better acquainted with the lady in question, yet I had failed to light upon any passage of instruction in the preliminary stages of courtship. Doubtless, in the Elizabethan period, men and women were not so fenced about with etiquette as at the present day—etiquette with which I was, to say little, unfamiliar. Nevertheless, I gathered from Romeo and Juliet, as well as from the advice of Proteus to Thurio, that the most satisfactory method of moving a maiden's heart was to repair to her window by moonlight, and there "tune a deploring dump," thus to attract her attention. This plan, however, was scarce practicable in the streets of Woodville, exposing one to the danger of arrest as a trespasser, burglar, disturber of the peace, and I know not what. But part of the plan fitted excellently with my taste, and I decided to at least stroll past the premises that very evening, and thus reconnoitre, as it were, the enemy's position. And this project proved in the end to have been the most fortunate one I could have hit upon.

First of all, it was necessary to ascertain the locality. A city directory soon gave me this information. There was but one of the name: "L. J. Merritt, 57 Berkley Street." And hither I resolved to go.

A little thinking convinced me that

my proposed expedition had best be made before dark, in order to obtain a clearer idea of the nature of things; and so, as there were still some two hours of twilight remaining, I set off at once. The street was easily found, being neither distant nor obscure. Number Fifty-seven was also located with facility. It was a red brick cottage, set back from the street, with a considerable lawn and large trees in front. The place was picturesque and well kept—if the two things are simultaneously possible—and had a pleasant, contemplative air with its great maples, its flowers, and its shaded verandahs. No one could be seen about, yet I did not care to loiter within range of the windows, and walked leisurely on, with Dobson's charming lines flitting through my brain:—

"Beating heart, we come again
Where my love reposes;
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses."

Only, for the author's Mabel, I substituted a different name. And I smiled to think of the sensations of my exuberant class in English Literature, could they know the fancies and occupations of their old Professor.

I had gone perhaps half a block past No. 57, when I was aware of someone approaching me in front. I gave little heed, and was about to pass, when a voice said: "Good evening, Professor Rayleigh." Ye gods! It was Miss Merritt!

I am afraid that I flushed like sixteen with surprise and embarrassment. I know not precisely what I said, but I turned and walked back with her. She said that she feared that I was about to pass her without speaking. Did she care? She must have known that, in my habitual abstraction, I had failed to recognize her.

When we reached the gate she invited me to come in; and, still in a delicious dream, I went. I was introduced to Mrs. Merritt, a charming white-haired lady, bearing a considerable resemblance to her daughter. She evidently possessed the rare gift of being able to talk intelligently, and under her influence I lost the *mauvaise honte* that troubled me, and managed both to converse and listen with a good deal of pleasure. Rosalind said very little, meanwhile; but, after a little, she played and sang charmingly. I am intensely fond of music, and it was long since I had heard it outside a public hall. So I left with great cordiality, and I was invited to return, and resolved to do so.

In the course of a couple of months I had become a regular and irregular visitor at the house in Berkley street, and found my passion for Miss Rosalind growing stronger and deeper day by day. At times I fancied that she cared for me, and I went away happy; again, I felt that I was to her only the dried-up Professor of English Literature, and that "she was kind only because she was cold."

However, I will pass over this interval of doubt and distress, and come to the kernel of the matter. For some time I had felt that the affair must shortly be settled, one way or another, and had been diligently considering the proper form which a proposal should take. I need not say that I was totally inexperienced in such matters, never having so much as invited a girl to a sleigh-ride. Nevertheless, by a careful comparison of the love passages in "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," and "The Merchant of Venice," I arrived at a tolerable idea of how the business should be conducted. I studied the matter somewhat closely, as befitted so momentous an affair, and after getting it connectedly into my head, I resolved to put my philosophy to the test on the first occasion.

The occasion was not long in coming. At almost every visit Rosalind was accustomed to play for me, and sometimes I played myself, after a fashion.

Mrs. Merritt was usually present, but it chanced on my very next call that she did not appear. It transpired that she had gone out calling. Rosalind met me, and we went in and talked of novels.

As soon as I detected the absence of her mother, I determined to seize the opportunity—and tried to muster my ideas, which ran wild at the thought of being so speedily put into practice. I fear that I made very disconnected and irrelevant answers to my companion's remarks, for a time, and at last something of my embarrassment seemed to communicate itself to her, and we sat silent for a long while. Then, to smooth the road, I asked her to play.

So she went to the piano, and played a number of Strauss' waltzes, of which I am particularly fond. I was standing beside her to turn the music, and when she stopped playing I knew that my hour had come.

"Rosalind——," I said, unsteadily. She looked up and saw something in my face that made her drop her eyes, and turn pale and then red.

"You must surely guess what I wish to say to you," I continued, though I had not the slightest notion of how it was to be said; all my carefully plotted phrases had taken to themselves wings and could not be recaptured. But I have so buried myself among books for years, that a poetical tag rises to my lips on almost every occasion, and half before I was aware of it, I found myself repeating from "As You Like It:"

"Good Shepherd tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy;
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
And so am I for—Rosalind"

As I finished these lines, she looked up into my face and laughed—a low, musical ripple of laughter.

This struck unexpectedly on me, and angered me a little. Even if I had made an idiot of myself, and proposed in a manner which suggested the Professor of Literature, yet, I thought, she might at least have rejected me without ridicule.

"Miss Merritt," I said, "if you find anything amusing in what I have said, nevertheless I do not. I have told you that I love you. I cannot take back that declaration or deny it. But, as you seem to find it merely a source of mirth, it were best to say no more about it."

I turned and walked to the other side of the room, and stood moodily looking from the window. As I stood, there was a light step behind me, and I half turned. A little hand stole around my neck, and a voice whispered, close to my ear:

"And so am I for ——." The concluding word was inarticulate.

And that was the ending of my courtship.

# THE CRY FOR FREE SILVER.

BY JOHN A. COOPER, LL.B.

CERTAIN it is that the great feature in the commercial life of the past thirty years has been the steady and continued fall of prices. To the capitalist this has not been an evil, because his money will purchase more merchandise than ever; he can buy more wheat, more flour, more clothing, more pleasures with the same amount of gold than he could thirty years ago. To the man with a fixed salary, it has not been an evil, because his position is similar to that of the capitalist; for example his $1,000 per annum would buy in 1870, in Canada, 800 bushels of wheat, while in 1896 it would buy 1,500 bushels. To the wage-earner it has not proved an evil, because wages have risen somewhat owing to the action of trades-unions, and a healthy public opinion as to the rights and needs of labor. But to the producer, the man who goes to the soil for his share of the world's wealth, it has been an undoubted evil. He finds that his wheat is worth 66c. now, as against 126c. in 1870,* his cheese 11c., as against 12c. in 1870, his hay is worth $10.00, as against $23.00 in 1870, his barley 32c., as against 66c. in 1870, and similarly with his other products. On the other hand he finds that his $5,000 mortgage is still $5,000, and six per cent. per annum still amounts to $300 a year. He finds that whereas he could have paid off this $5,000 mortgage in 1870 with 4,000 bushels of wheat, he cannot now pay it off with less than 7,500 bushels of wheat.

Thus the man who, in both Canada and the United States, finds the new commercial conditions most oppressive is the producer. He learns from the newspapers that there are two causes of his difficulties. The application of science and invention to production and distribution has perfected new farming machinery, has built new railroads and faster steam-vessels, has brought into the world's market new areas of farming, mining and forest lands—and all these have increased the supply of natural products and lowered their price. The other cause has been the demonetization of silver.

He does not know which of these two causes has worked him most harm, nor can he estimate their relative value. But he sees that he cannot tear up railroads, destroy fast steam vessels, nor remove from activity the wheat fields of Argentina, of India or of the Canadian North-West. Therefore his only hope is in remonetizing silver. And to-day, the United States producer, and those who believe that their interests are bound up in his, are seeking to restore silver to its former place in the currency of the world.

The Canadian producer does not seem to realize his interest in this question. Perhaps some day he may find it necessary to consider his relation to the currency of the country, and perhaps he may not always accept the principles of finance and of political economy now so industriously taught by Canadian bankers and financiers.

### HOW SILVER WAS DEMONETIZED.

Silver was permanently demonetized in England in 1816, and now silver is only legal tender there for payments up to 40 shillings. Up to 1873, silver and gold were freely coined at

*These are Canadian prices.

the mints of France and other countries of the Latin Union, which was formed in 1865, to uphold the uniform system of bi-metallism, and which included France, Italy, Belgium, Greece and Switzerland. In 1873 France made gold the standard, thus throwing over the bi-metallism which she had upheld in various forms since the beginning of the century. She had found bi-metallism expensive; for example, when England had superflous silver, she got rid of it by sending it to France for coinage, and using these coins in France to buy gold at the metalic rate. The immediate cause of the demonetization of silver by the Latin Union in 1873, was the fact that Germany had adopted a gold coinage, and silver was thrown on the French mint in too great quantities.

The United States, Holland, Scandinavia and Austria have for this or other reasons, adopted the single gold standard. But it is the course of legislation in the first mentioned country that we have here to consider in detail.

THE COURSE OF U. S. LEGISLATION.

In 1837, the United States Government tried to make silver coins part of the United States currency. It then enacted that the silver dollar should weigh 412.5 grains, and that of every 1,000 parts, by weight, 900 should be silver and 100 copper. "And that dollars, half dollars and quarter dollars, dimes and half dimes, should be legal tenders of payment according to their nominal value, *for any sums whatever.*" The gold eagle was to weigh 258 grains, or 25.8 grains per dollar. As 412.5 grains is to 25.8 grains as 16 to 1 we see that this was the Act which established the ratio of which so much is now being heard. The ratio, established by the Act of 1792, the first Act in the United States on the subject, was 15 to 1. The change made by the Act of 1837 was due to the fact that gold was not being brought to the mint because more silver could be bought with it elsewhere. Consequently, to raise the price of gold and bring it back into the currency of the country, the ratio was changed.

Just here a question may be asked: If the United States in 1838 raised the price of gold by changing the legal ratio of the two metals, would it not be equally just, at the present time, to raise the price of silver, by re-establishing some ratio between the two metals?

But to return. After 1837, gold was usually abundant, as new mines in various countries were being continually opened up. In fact, the price of gold fell so much after the discovery of gold in California in 1847, that silver ceased to come to the mint, just as gold had ceased to come before 1837.

In 1873, the Act of 1837 was revised. The gold dollar was to be the standard of value, and to be still 25.8 grains in weight. The silver dollar was changed to 420 grains, and was called the *trade dollar.* Thus the ratio was changed to 1 to 16.27. But the greater change was that silver coins, instead of being legal tender for any sums whatever, were to be "a legal tender at their nominal value for any amount *not exceeding five dollars* in any one payment." Thus was silver demonetized in the United States of America.

On July 22, 1876, the trade dollar ceased to be legal tender. On February 28, 1878, the old silver dollar (412½ grains) was restored to the coinage and was to be "a legal tender for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise stipulated in the contract." But this did not remonetize silver in the United States of America, because the privilege of bringing bullion to the mint and having it coined at a mere nominal charge, was not restored.

To sum up. Silver coins of less than $1 in denomination are legal tender in all sums not exceeding ten dollars

(before June 9, 1879, it was five dollars) in full payment of all dues, public and private. Silver dollars have, since 1492, been full legal tenders except between the years 1873 and 1878. The silver dollar is still a legal tender for all payments, no matter how great.

It will thus be seen that "the silver question" in the United States does not mean the making of silver a legal tender for debts. It is that already.

REGULATIONS FOR COINAGE.

The explanation of the question is found rather in the acts which have been passed to regulate the amount of silver to be coined.

The Act of 1792 said that all gold and silver bullion brought to the mint should be coined "free of expense to the person or persons by whom the same shall have been brought," unless there is an immediate exchange of bullion for gold, when "a deduction of one-half per cent. from the weight" shall be made. This inaugurated an era of "free silver."

The Act of 1834, changed this so that the charge was made if coins were given for bullion within forty days after the receipt of the bullion. The Act of 1837 authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to keep in the Treasury a sum of money not exceeding one million of dollars to enable depositors of bullion to have their returns with as little delay as possible, and the charge of one-half of one per centum was withdrawn. Thus the era of "free silver" was continued.

In 1853, an Act was passed whereby the Secretary of the mint was authorized to purchase silver for the making of silver coins of a less denomination than one dollar, which coins were to be legal tender in payment of debts not exceeding $5.00. No private deposits for coinage into these coins were to be received at the mint, but they could be purchased "in exchange for gold coins at par in sums not less than one hundred dollars."

In 1873, the "free silver" was decidedly limited by requiring that all silver bullion brought to the mint for exchange shall be coined into trade dollars only, "and no deposit of silver for other coinage shall be received." A charge was to be made for the coining but only "so as to equal but not exceed the actual average cost to each mint and assay-office of the material, labor, wastage, and use of machinery employed" in each case. The power to purchase silver was, as before, limited to the purchase of bullion for coins of less than a one dollar denomination. A sum of not more than $50,000 was to be paid over to the superintendent of the mint for this purpose. But as has been pointed out, the trade dollar ceased to be legal tender on July 22nd, 1876, and hence "free silver" was entirely done away with.

But there was dissatisfaction in the country. Silver was dropping in price and there was reason to believe that this was affecting certain interests. Then came the Act of 1878 which, as has been pointed out, restored the legal tender character of the silver dollar. This Act directed that "the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion, at the market price thereof, not less than two million dollars worth per month and not more than four million dollars worth per month, and cause the same to be coined monthly, as fast as so purchased, into such dollars."

This was changed by the Act of July 14th, 1890, by directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase monthly 4,500,000 oz. of silver or so much thereof as might be offered in each month, and to issue in payment Treasury notes. "But no greater or less amount of such notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver and the bullion standard silver dollars coined therefrom, then held in the Treasury purchased by such notes." These notes to be redeemable on demand *in coin* at the Treasury—not necessarily redeemable

in silver. While this amount was to be purchased it was not necessary to coin all of it. This purchasing clause was itself repealed by the Act of Nov. 1st, 1893.

LEGAL TENDER BUT NOT "FREE."

Thus we see that silver dollars are legal tender, but no provision is made for the free coinage of them as before 1873. No person can take silver bullion to the mint and secure silver dollars in exchange. Silver bullion is purchased only to supply what silver coins are needed for small change.

This, then, is what the cry for "free silver" means: that any holder of silver bullion may take it to the United States mint, and then exchange it weight for weight, and without cost, for silver dollars. Silver bullion is at present very cheap (quoted in gold prices) and the result would be to raise the price of silver and perhaps the price of all other commodities. Fixed debts, such as mortgages, could be paid off with much less trouble than at present. In fact, "free silver" means a great boom for the debtor classes, and a considerable reduction in the wealth of the capitalist classes. It would make many men poorer, and many men richer. It would be disastrous at first to the United States were they to adopt the ratio of 16 to 1, independently of other nations; but might ultimately be beneficial. Perhaps this last statement needs a fuller explanation.

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.

In considering the question of a gold, a silver or a bi-metallic standard the United States cannot overlook its peculiar relation to European countries. It is the debtor and they are the creditors. The amount of foreign capital invested in the United States is very large, and the interest on these investments must be paid in gold. According to an investigation made by the British Treasury Department, (about 1892, I think) for the purpose of the levying of the income tax, it was discovered that British investors were drawing as interest on their American investments about $120,000,000 yearly. Besides this amount a considerable quantity of interest is paid to French and German capitalists. American tourists are estimated to spend abroad each year about $60,000,000 which must necessarily be paid in gold. About 100,000 temporary immigrants return to Europe each fall, and experts estimate their average savings for the season at $225 each, making a great total of $25,000,000 taken out of the country in this way. Add to this the amount paid for foreign labor in ocean freights, and a very large total of $300,000,000 a year is shown to be paid in gold to foreigners.

Gold is the standard of that part of the world whose capital the United States requires, and unless the United States is certain to pay its indebtedness in gold, capital will flow out of the country instead of rushing in. When it is considered that nearly a billion dollars of foreign capital is invested in the United States, the investors of which must be paid their interest in gold in order to keep the investments satisfactory, it may be readily recognized that the slightest uncertainty as to the maintenance of the gold value would have the immediate effect of inducing investors to realize. In the twelve months ending August 31st, 1893, owing to uncertainty with regard to currency legislation, nearly $200,000,000 of gold was withdrawn by European creditors of the United States, and the financial crisis of 1893 became a matter of history. Gold went to a premium of 3 per cent., and during June, July and August about 1,000,000 wage-earners endured enforced idleness. The shrinkage in values during the year was estimated at over three billions. During the first seven months of 1893, 105 bank failures were reported.

Some may object to these statements and say that European capital requires the investments of America to enable it to earn a revenue, that it would not be withdrawn, that if a moderate ratio of say 20 or 25 to 1 was adopted, the creditors of the United States would accept the change and that without altering present relations. This may be true, but the evidence is the other way.

PRODUCTION STATISTICS.

As an aid to a fuller understanding of the great decline in the value of bullion silver and the enormous increase in the production of it, the following table is given :

| Year. | Silver in London, per Ounce. Highest. | Lowest. | Total Production, Ounces. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1873 | 59 1-16d | 57 7-8d. | 68,367,000 |
| 1874 | 59 1-4 | 57 1-4 | 55,300,000 |
| 1875 | 57 5-8 | 55 1-2 | 62,262 000 |
| 1876 | 58 1-2 | 46 3-4 | 67,753,000 |
| 1877 | 58 1-4 | 53 1-4 | 62,648,000 |
| 1878 | 55 1-4 | 49 | 73,476,000 |
| 1879 | 53 3-4 | 48 7-8 | 74,250,000 |
| 1880 | 52 7-8 | 51 5-8 | 74,791,000 |
| 1881 | 52 7-8 | 50 7-8 | 78,890,000 |
| 1882 | 52 3-8 | 50 | 86,470,000 |
| 1883 | 51 3-16 | 50 | 89,177,000 |
| 1884 | 51 3-8 | 49 1-2 | 81,596,000 |
| 1885 | 50 | 46 7-8 | 91,652,000 |
| 1886 | 47 | 42 | 93,276,000 |
| 1887 | 47 1-2 | 43 1-2 | 96,124,000 |
| 1888 | 44 9-16 | 41 15-16 | 125,400,000 |
| 1889 | 44 3-8 | 41 5-8 | 108,827,000 |
| 1890 | 54 5-8 | 43 5-8 | 133,212,600 |
| 1891 | 48 3-4 | 41 1-3 | 144,426,200 |
| 1892 | 43 3-4 | 37 7-8 | 152,061,800 |

At present the price is still lower, being about 31½ pence per ounce. I am sorry that I have not at hand the data to complete the table to date. But it can be readily seen that silver has declined enormously, and this must be attributed to three causes only: 1, the increase in the amount mined ; 2, the cheapening of mining processes ; 3, the demonetization of silver. The first two have certainly been at work, and the third is a disputed one. In 1834, an ounce of silver was worth $1.04 in gold ; now it is worth about 63 cents.

TO CONCLUDE.

In conclusion it may be pointed out that the United States being a debtor nation, the great majority of its people are in favor of international bi-metallism. This is a just deduction from the recently formulated platforms of the Republicans and the Democrats. Whether a majority of the people of that country are in favor of bi-metallism, independent of international action, will be demonstrated at the elections on November 4th.

The people of Canada have taken too little interest in this matter ; yet it can be safely asserted that a large majority of the people are friendly towards bi metallism. This is true especially of the producers and the debtors—that is, those of them who *think* on the subject.

With regard to Europe, it must be acknowledged that the present status of public opinion is against bi-metallism. Europe is the creditor of the world and is intensely conservative. So long as the present aristocracy of wealth and birth holds sway, international bi-metallism has little chance.

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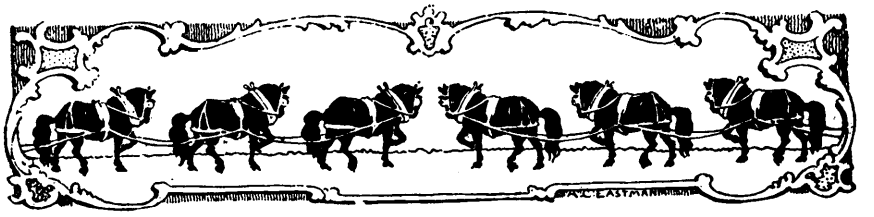
## THE LOONS.

By tree-fenced rivers and reed-belted lakes
At dead of night they laugh in crazy-wise.
Theirs is like goblin-laughter—the large skies
Are filled with it, and the beast-world awakes.

MARRY MARSTYN.



# CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

## ALL OUR ENEMIES DEAD.

CANADA is at the present time in a most enviable position. for she has conquered and exterminated all her enemies. The decisive battle occurred on June 23rd, followed about two weeks later by the treaty of peace.

Up to the present time Canada's worst enemy has been her own people. In 1878, the Conservative party inaugurated a policy of Protection to native manufacturing which was intended to dot the country with Birminghams and Sheffields and Coventrys, which was intended to create a home market for all that the farmer could or would produce, and which was intended to make this land an ideal place for the wage-earner. This 'National Policy' was successful to a certain extent. Owing, however, to the lack of capital, which all new countries lack, the development of the country was not quite so satisfactory as it might have been. Foreign capital was looking for investment, but as one half of the Canadian press and the same proportion of the Canadian people believed it good politics to decry the prosperity of the country, this foreign capital went to the United States, to Australia and to South Africa. Even some of the Canadian capitalists (the banks) were afraid of native investments and sent their money to New York. As a result, our resources are still undeveloped.

At last Canada has tired of this kind of politics and decided to subjugate the enemy within her own borders. On June 23rd, the party which was always boasting of Canada's prosperity was defeated at the polls and the 'Blue-ruinists,' as they were perhaps erroneously called, were victorious. About two weeks afterwards, the Conservative Premier, Sir Charles Tupper, resigned, and His Excellency the Governor General called upon Mr. Laurier, the Liberal Leader, to form a cabinet and assume the responsibillty of governing a country which he and his party had so long declared to be making insufficient progress.

The 'Blue-ruinists' are now no more. They have become the governing party and are now responsible for the prosperity of the country. Already the Liberal press is assuming a tone which indicates a feeling that after all this country is a fit place in which to live and to grow wealthy. In another twelve months we may expect to see and hear poens of praise from the members of this party.

The Conservatives have for so long praised this country's position, her unlimited natural resources, her magnificent climate and her unequalled chances that they cannot consistently become blue-ruinists. They must continue to boast of "Canada, the home of the brave and the free."

In fact, it may truly be said that all our enemies have passed away.

## BRITISH CONNECTION.

The new Government of Canada is likely also to strengthen British connection, *i.e.* the feeling that Canada must work out her destiny as a part of the British Empire. In Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, this British feeling may be said to predominate over everything. In Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia it is different. There is little deep-seated, loving reverence for Canada's present Constitu-

tion and Canada's present connection with Westminster. The new Cabinet contains the idol of Quebec—Mr. Laurier—and the former Premiers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—Mr. Blair and Mr Fielding. By virtue of their present positions and oaths as Privy Councillors to Her Majesty the Queen, as the real rulers of a part of the Queen's dominions, they must uphold British connection and advocate a British-Canadian policy. Their circumstances will force them to adopt this line. Following their example, the patriotic and loyal feeling of these Provinces will be developed, accentuated and strengthened and a greater unity of feeling, of aim, of ambition will be engendered. The Nova Scotians will not cease to be Nova Scotians, but they will be more and more British-Canadians. The French-Canadians will not cease to be French-Canadians, but they will be less French, less American and more British. Only those who have observed the Quebec and Nova Scotia people closely can appreciate the lamentable necessity there is for this change in these two provinces. If the new Government accomplishes this, they will have earned for themselves the gratitude of even their political enemies.

### THE FAST ATLANTIC SERVICE.

One of the first questions to come before the new Dominion Government is the question of a Fast Atlantic service. There seems to be good ground for believing that Mr. Laurier will complete the scheme formulated by his predecessors in office and furnish Canada with an Atlantic steamship service which will keep Canadian money, paid for ocean carriage, for the benefit of Canadian capital and Canadian labor, and which will secure a direct service with London which will be equal to the best, and faster than the fastest.

Let us recall the fact, sometimes lost sight of, that it was through the enterprise of Canadian merchants that the ocean was first crossed by a steam-vessel. It was constructed at Quebec and launched in 1831. "Royal William," it was named, after the then reigning King, William IV. Her dimensions were 146 feet keel, 176 feet over all; beam 27 feet 4 inches; width over paddle-boxes 43 feet 10 inches; depth of hold 17 feet 9 inches; draught 14 feet; had three masts schooner rigged; measured 1370 tons and had accommodation for 60 passengers. She left Quebec for London on August 5th, 1833, and crossed in 25 days. On June 28th, 1894, a memorial plate to this the first ocean steamship to carry passengers was unveiled in the Library corridor of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa by His Excellency Lord Aberdeen.

The first Canadian service across the Atlantic was not established, however, until 1856, when the Canadian Government subsidized four vessels of Mr. (afterwards Sir Hugh) Allan. To-day, there are twelve different lines, besides numerous 'tramps' plying regularly from the St. Lawrence across the Atlantic. But Canada has no line which can be called first-class, and for this reason most Britishers cross the Atlantic in United States or other foreign ships and land at New York. Canada is belittled, besides losing much traffic that should be exceedingly profitable. Leading Canadians leaving for Europe also go by New York and refuse to patronize the present lines.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Laurier will exhibit the British-Canadian feeling of which his closest friends have declared him possessed, and at once complete this scheme.

### MRS. STOWE AND REV. WM. KING.

E. A. Selkirk furnishes me with an account of an interview with Mrs. Stowe, the famous author whose death has so recently occurred, by the Rev. Wm. King, of Buxton Mission, Ont, who is the original of Clayton, a character in Mrs. Stowe's book, "Dred." Mr. King tells the story in these words:

"When I got hold of the new book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I could not lay it down until I had devoured its contents. I was, at that time, making arrangements for the future freedom and subsequent welfare of my own slaves, and I was seized by a desire to visit the authoress whose mind ran in the same channel as my own.

"I visited the authoress at her own home,—was met at the door by one of the Beecher brothers, to whom I intro-

duced myself. He received me with an off-hand kindliness of manner, characteristic of the whole Beecher family.

"'Well,' said he, 'is it me you wish to see, or the Professor, or Harriet?' I replied that I wanted to see the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He showed me into a small parlor, where we found the great writer on her knees before a small stove-kindling a fire.

"At first sight I thought her—well, not at all nice looking. But, after I had told her of my great interest in the abolition of slavery—an interest so great that I was even now making arrangements for setting my own free, and had spoken of her book in warm terms, and we had got fairly launched into conversation, her whole face glowed, her eyes lighted up, and she was no longer plain. She drew a large ottoman beside me, and talked long and eagerly on her favorite theme."

Speaking of the influence of the Beechers at that time, Mr. King related to Mr. Selkirk a pleasant little anecdote. He remained in the city over Sabbath for the purpose of hearing the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, then in the height of his fame. On leaving the church with his friend, one Tappin, a lawyer, he remarked, "Your preacher does not give you sound doctrine; he is not orthodox."

The lawyer attempted no defence of his favorite preacher, but merely waived the objection aside by saying: O, well, we have but three classes here—the whites, the blacks, and the Beecher family."

Mr. King also stated that he left Mrs. Stowe after a very pleasant evening, without the slightest suspicion that he was to figure in her new book, "Dred," which he supposed must have been then under way.

### CANADA'S GREATEST EXHIBITION.

Winnipeg has just had its Industrial Exhibition, and London, Montreal, Regina, Toronto and other cities will soon hold theirs. It is neither unjust nor narrow-minded to say that no exhibition in Canada can equal that held every year in Toronto. Montreal should be able to have one equally good, but the facts show that, as yet, it has never equalled Toronto in this particular.

Canadians, and especially the Canadians in Ontario, are very properly interested in and justly proud of the success of this great exhibition, because it brings prominently before them, as well as the outside world, the vast resources and products of our country, and the progress which is being made from year to year in its agricultural and industrial pursuits; consequently it is being looked forward to with increased interest and pleasurable anticipation, and many are already making arrangements to visit it. By thousands it is made the occasion of their annual holiday outing, and it is usually a very enjoyable one. There is every indication that it will this year fully equal, if not excel, its predecessors. To meet the desires of those who usually look for this kind of thing, a large number of special attractions are being provided, of a new and interesting character. The live stock and all other exhibits, except cut flowers and fruit, will be on the grounds from September 3rd, so that the first week of the Fair will be equally as good as the second. Any person desiring further information, may write, H. J. Hill, Manager, Toronto.

### IS ENGLAND MARRIED TO FREE TRADE?

At the present time no more important question presents itself to British Canadians than, "Is England married to Free Trade?" For a number of years we have been discussing Imperial Federation, an Imperial Zollverein, Free Trade within the Empire, Customs Unions, etc. Numerous theories have been advanced, supported and attacked. Not one that is satisfactory has yet been formulated. But if the question stated above be answered in the negative, the discussions are in order, and may be continued with a hope that something definite may yet be decided upon which will cause the commercial interests and the commercial regulations of the Colonies and the Mother Land to dovetail, to find their complementary areas. On the contrary, should the question be answered in the affirmative, much valuable time is being wasted.

On this point, J. G. Colmer, C M.G., in an article on "Commercial Federation," in the July *National Review*, says:

"It is inevitable that the matter should

be approached by the Colonies and by the United Kingdom from different points of view. It can, however, now be said with certainty that public opinion recognizes the necessity of closer commercial relations between the different parts of the Empire. This was especially emphasized during the debates at the recent commercial congress, and found expression in the resolution passed unanimously and amid enthusiastic cheers. The resolution is by no means so colorless as many people seem to imagine. It defines two propositions: (*a*) That the establishment of closer commercial relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies and Dependencies is an object which deserves and demands prompt and careful consideration, and (*b*) that an Imperial conference should be called together, if the Colonies or some of them make the suggestion, for the purpose of formulating a practical plan. No meeting representing 200 Chambers of Commerce of the Empire would have been able to pass such a resolution unanimously a few years ago. Another evidence of the great advances in public opinion is to be found in Mr. Chamberlain's bold proposals. . . . Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Under Secretary for the Colonies in the late administration, also stated, in effect, on the same occasion, that, Free Trader as he is. . . . he would not be opposed to the reimposition of certain duties. . . . if it tended to secure freer trade within the Empire. Indeed, the burden of the speeches of Free Traders at the Congress appeared to be that the Colonies are giving too little and asking too much; and, reading between the lines, it is evident that if an arrangement were proposed in the offer of a 'good bargain' for Great Britain, Free Trade doctrines would not be allowed to stand in the way."

This is a note of progress, and one from which much encouragement may be taken.

### AN IMMEDIATE ARBITRATION TREATY.

In the July number of the *Forum* appears a paper by President Charles W Elliott, stating the reasons for an immediate arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain. The paper purports to be the substance of a speech Arbitration Conference at Washington last April.

The author refers to the many stirring events in the history of Harvard University in Indian, French and English wars; and points out from these that Harvard has no need to entertain an exaggerated fear of war. The college has passed through many and many a panic, crisis and depression.

In two hundred and sixty years Harvard has had full experience of war, and its effects on religious and educational institutions. Yet the college knows by its own experience that heroic virtue may come out of the desolation, carnage, and agony of war. It has also been shown by history that a country may gain advantages real and permanent from an unjust war, such as was that with Mexico. When the plea is raised for arbitration, it is not denied that there is a certain greatness about war, and that from it may come permanent gain for the moral forces of human society. But to bring about war by a billigerent policy must be compared to the wilful introduction of a pestilence into a large city that many victims may perish with patience and courage, and that some noble souls—nurses, mothers, doctors—may develop and display heroic qualities. Never should war be provoked that these noble qualities might be evolved that give the victory over loss, pain and death.

The greatest care and attention should be given to those hidden conditions of national irritation, which may develop into war. A controversy between two self-confident men is not settled by one of them saying that his fiat must be law. A short time ago the President of the United States issued a message which seemed to contain a grave threat of war; and what surprised many was that three months prior to the message, the Secretary of State had issued papers of a fairly exasperative character.

Then, again, it became manifest that if the Executive should indulge in dangerous doctrines, the Legislative can not be depended upon to take a calm and deliberate view of the situation. This was one of the great surprises to thinking men, during the time of the Venezuela difficulty. The Executive issued an inflammable message, and immediately the Legislature back it up by still more inflammable

delivered by President Elliott before the speeches and action. All this was followed by many evidences of extreme inflammability of the population. Another matter of much importance is that Legislature is generally composed of men of limited experience, as those of larger public experience prefer the Senate.

Another feature in American public life that has grown rapidly during the past eight or ten years, and of which there has been a distinct manifestation during the past six months, is jingoism. This teaching has been imported from the aristocratic and military nations of Europe. Jingoism is absolutely repugnant to all American diplomatic doctrines, and is a detestable word for a detestable thing. Yet some public men endeavor to pass it off for American patriotism. Jingoism cannot be regarded as any else than the language of the ruffian and the bully.

On the other hand, the advocates of arbitration wish to teach the people the true ideas of peace, and that the reliance of a great, strong, free nation should be, not the force of arms, but the force of righteousness. The great mission of the American people is to teach the doctrines of liberty and peace to all the world.

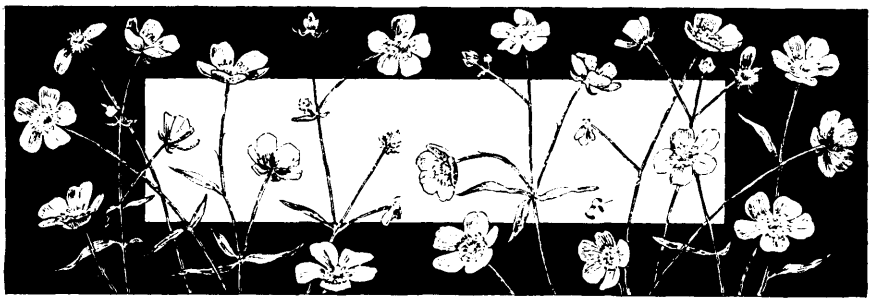
### EPISCOPALIANS AND SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

After six months of warm discussion concerning separate schools, the subject seems to have been dropped by mutual consent. But there is one phase of the discussion on which something might fairly be said, now that no immediate issue is before the public. The Episcopalians of this country have, through some of their highest dignitaries, declared for separate schools and against non-sectarian national schools. It would be interesting to know just where this religious body stands on this question. Too little information has been given on the subject to enable one to arrive at a conclusion as to which side of this question the Episcopalians are ranged. If they are against national schools, then their reasons should be clearly shown. If they are in favor of national, non-sectarian education, then some of their bishops have misrepresented them. This point should be cleared up before the question again enters the arena of burning problems.

On July 6th, at Ottawa, Archdeacon Lauder spoke strongly in favor of a general agitation for further religious instruction in the public schools. He asserted that many parents found the present schools—of Ontario I would suppose—discreditable and unsuitable, especially for girls, and that the latter were being sent to private institutions such as Roman Catholic convents. If this is true, then upholders of national schools should cease to talk or take steps for the improvement of the present system.

### THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HIS POWERS.

Those who believe that the Governor-General was merely a titular head, an official filling a position for the sake of having it filled and for the salary attached, must have found it hard to reconcile their belief with the events of the past month, After the defeat at the polls of the Conservative Ministry the Governor-General refused to sign orders-in-council making a large number of appointments to the civil service. Why he took this course is not yet explained. The weight of precedents is against such a course, and if this was a special case, the public should know it. The explanation must come out in time, and students of our comparatively recent constitution will await it with much interest. A new precedent has been set, that is certain at present. But how the Governor-General could be officially informed of the defeat of a ministry before the new Parliament met or before the old ministry had tendered their resignations, is something which the public desires to have explained.



# BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

NOT every man can become a good cricketer. A man must possess a supple body, well-trained muscles, a clear and active mind, a brain without a cloud, and a perfect eye. As F. W. Terry says: "Early hours both for retiring to rest as well as for rising in the morning, no whiskey, a moderate amount of beer, not too much of the friendly weed, are some of the hints I would give to any man or boy who wishes to reach the top of the tree in any department of the game."

Cricket was introduced into Canada about 1829, but matches were rare or absent before 1834. In that year Guelph and Toronto competed at Hamilton. The names of the players have not been recorded in full, but the late Hon. John Beverley Robinson was one of the Toronto team He was then thirteen years of age, and a student at Upper Canada College. A similar match was played the next year, the first man to bat for Toronto being the late Chief Justice Draper. Upper Canada College formed its first cricket team in 1836, with His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head as patron This gentleman was present at the first match (July, 1836) between the college and the city. In 1840, the first international match between the United States and Canada was played in Toronto by a New York team. The game was for $250 a side, and was won by New York. The first English eleven visited Canada in 1859, at the instance of the Montreal Cricket Club

Such is the information which may be gleaned from a most interesting book, entitled "Sixty Years of Canadian Cricket," by John E. Hall, Secretary Canadian Cricket Association, and R. O. McCullock, of the Toronto Cricket Club.* It is handsomely bound, contains 572 large pages, and is illustrated by half a hundred full-page illustrations. A record of every known important Canadian match is contained within the covers of a book which will give pleasure to every lover of manly sport, to every person who takes a deep interest in those things which tend to develop a Canadian race worthy of its origin and its location. The authors have performed their labors in a most thorough and satisfactory manner, and have exhibited much judgment in the arrangement. "Reminiscences of Canadian Cricket," by Colonel Wallace; "Reminiscences," by T. C. Patteson; "Canadian Cricket," with some Sound Advice to Canadian Cricketers," by Frederick Gale, are the titles of three of the most interesting chapters.

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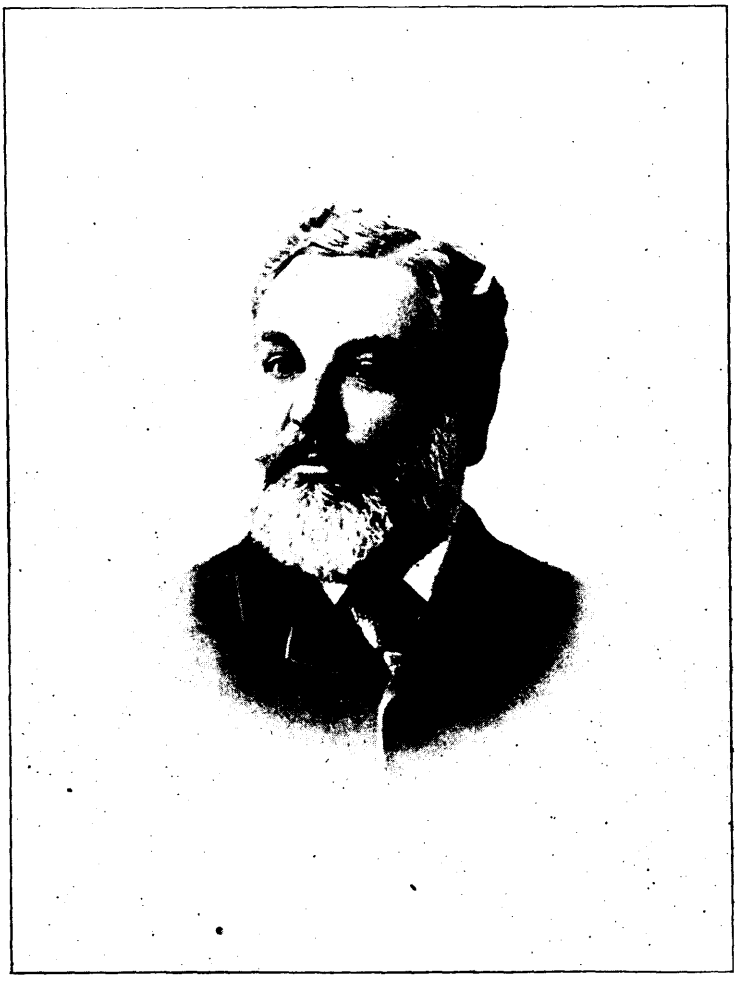
There are many volumes published by the Dominion Government at Ottawa which are unknown to the Canadian general public and yet which would teach more real politics than a thousand speeches of our so-called leading politicians, were they to have a general circulation. "The Statistical Year-book of Canada for 1895," which is issued by the Department of Agriculture, under the supervision of Mr. George Johnston, Dominion Statistician, is just to hand. It opens with a chapter dealing with the history and principal

* Published by Williamson & Co., booksellers, Toronto, cloth, illustrated, 572 pp.

events of Canada in brief but readable form. Chapter II deals with the Constitution and Government under such headings as, Synopsis of Union Act of 1867, Qualifications of Voters, Local Self-Government, Municipal Systems, Judiciary, History of the Confederation Idea, Early Advocates of Confederation, Governors-General of Canada, Dominion Parliament, and Synopsis of Treaties. Chapter III deals with Physical Features, Area, Meteorology, etc.; Chapter IV, of Lands and Land Regulations; Chapter V, of Forest Wealth; Chapter VI, the Census; Chapter VII, Countries with which Canada deals; Chapter VIII, Events of the Year. The remaining chapters are devoted to the Abstract of the year, giving all the statistics concerning trade, productions, railways, etc. It is most invaluable as a work of reference, complete as to its details and thoroughly satisfactory in the arrangement of its contents.



FROM "SIXTY YEARS OF CANADIAN CRICKET."

THOS. GOLDIE.

*For many years President of the Canadian Cricket Association.*

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The Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association for July contains, among some valuable articles, a readable one on "The People's Banks of Europe."

The monetary question is calling forth plenty of literature. "Gold or Silver? With Pen Pictures of The Times" * by M. A. Miller, is bright and racy but not practical enough. "Gold and Silver Coinage Under The Constitution" † contains all the laws enacted on this subject by the United States Congress from the organization of the Federal Government to the present time.

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A most interesting volume of sermons by Edwin H. Burgess, of Stellarton, Nova Scotia, has reached its second edition. It is entitled "At the Place which is called Calvary," and shows the writer to be possessed of a broad and cultivated mind, an artistic taste and a devout enthusiasm.

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"Poems and Pastels," published last month, are attracting attention. The author, W. E. Hunt, has two contributions in this number.

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Those who desire to possess all the worthy books of poems by Canadian authors should not overlook that admirable collection entitled "Rhymes, Afloat and Afield," by Wm. T. James.

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Sometime ago I reviewed in these columns a paper-bound book entitled "Stanhope of Chester." It was a most interesting and eccentric tale, and I am glad now that I read it, for I have been lead to read the author's second book‡. "The Vanished Emperor," by Percy Andreae, is a nice bit of historical-fiction which has as its central event the supposed disappearance for three weeks from the capital of Germany, of the Young Emperor William II. This disappearance led to internal disorder and international threatening. Russia menaced Germany on the east and France on the west. Berlin was in a state of revolt. Bismarck came up from retirement and the people called to him to give them back their Emperor. But no one knew whether he was dead or alive, in Berlin or in Germany. In despair, the German Government called upon Sir John Templeton, the British ambassador at Vienna, to aid them in this their hour of peril. He arrives and begins to unravel the mystery. He finds that just before his disappearance, the Emperor had ordered the arrest of his private secretary and confidential friend, Doctor Hofer. He was convinced that this man held the key to that which was puzzling the minds of Europe, but the Doctor refused to explain. The people of Berlin and the Government believed that Dr. Hofer had a hand in the plot, although Sir John Templeton did not The King's Imperial Palace at Berlin is well described, as are the Emperor's mother and his beautiful sister, who, by the way. was supposed to be in love with Doctor Hofer. The description of that three weeks of suspense, of feverish anxiety, of governmental confusion is boldly and strikingly drawn. The author works with bold strokes and the assurance of a man who knows his power and his subject. The plot is intricate, yet clearly and cleverly worked out. The originality which marks the whole conception is decidedly refreshing. The interest of the reader is closely held to the magnificent climax where the Emperor re-appears just as twenty-five Princes of Germany, cooped up in a small room, have drawn their swords to sell dearly, to a Berlin mob, their noble lives. The Emperor's characteristics are admirably displayed in the few events which follow. The final explanation is that the Emperor has been away on a honeymoon trip—and this is the greatest surprise of a book of surprises. As a picture of German courtly, military and governmental life—and these three are one—the book is decidedly a hit.

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Canadians who love their country have within late years awakened to its value historically. It may be deemed a late awakening, but we may be content that the sleep of years has at last been disturbed. Writers such as Kingsford, Read, Mrs. Edgar, Miss FitzGibbon, Dean Harris, Judge DesBrisay, and others, have been prying among the musty records of national or local history, and giving to the press books worthy of the time and of the past which they reveal. To the names above mentioned are soon to be added those of the Misses Robina and K. M. Lizars, who have a work of exceeding

* Paper, 25 cents. F. Tennyson Neely, New York. The Toronto News Co., Toronto.

† Paper, 25 cents. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

‡ The Vanished Emperor by Percy Andreae. Illustrated, cloth, 365 pp. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

interest in the press, which is shortly to appear, bearing the well-known imprint of William Briggs. The Misses Lizars have chosen a field than which, in many respects, Canada presents none better to the historian. Their work is entitled "In the Days of the Canada Company," and is in brief the history of the settlement of the Huron Tract. Many interesting characters made their way into that section of the Province between the years 1827 and 1850—later than the last-named date the work does not carry us—and their striking personalities lend a picturesque and often dramatic interest to the pages of the volume which describes them and recites their doings and sayings. The story of the work is well sustained. The writers have written *con amore* in a most delightful style, and evidently have made extensive collateral research. "In the Days of the Canada Company," we are convinced, will rank among the most valuable of the historical works that have been offered to the public.

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Roy Devereux has struck out boldly in her book, "The Ascent of Woman."* Listen, "When we come to consider the woman of this time as she stands in regard to love, we touch the essential point of her dissimilarity to the woman of the past. . . . Thus she moves among men, taking whatever seems good to her —from this man, intellectual sympathy, and practical assistance from that. From one an idea, from another a caress, without, however, being prone to real affection in any sense of the word. The woman of culture is always reluctant to give any man a lien on her soul, and fearful of submerging the independence of the spirit in the contact of the flesh. . . . For this cheapening of love two things seem to be responsible, and of these the first is the decline of religious belief. . . . . Besides this, the dissemination of democratic ideas has taught her that she is an individual – a human being, instead of a mere function, with rights and liberties of her own—the right to love or not to love. . . . In the house of life there is only an attic now for Cupid, instead of a great, wide room . . . Conspicuous among those things whose popularity is on the wane is the form of alliance called matrimony. . . . An increasing disinclination to marry, or rather, a vague distaste to it, has shown itself among the young of both sexes. . . . The reproach of spinsterhood has to a great extent passed away, and since it is now not only possible but profitable for women to work, many of them are more disposed to take up a profession than a partner for life. . . . The facilities for divorce ought, however, in my opinion, to be considerably extended. . . . To abolish the institution would merely have the effect of reducing society to chaos, but the practice of it might well be amended (in England)."

And so this author rattles on, now sense, now nonsense. Sometimes she is practical, sometimes absurd. Yet her remarks must be taken for what they are worth. Every person who says something new must not be counted a Daniel come to judgment, nor must every startling book be condemned because it is startling. The thoughtful, intelligent, anti-faddist woman may read this book and be benefitted. Some weak women might read it and be injured.

**

From Moosomin comes the voice of a new singer, a new writer in the realm of Canadian literature. Bertram Tennyson has published his first—I should judge—little volume. Though not a born Canadian he seems to love his present home, regrets that the practical powers of the Canadian mind are often developed at the expensive of the imaginative, hopes that Canadian literature will yet be worthy of the nation's character and possibilities, and is content to be one of the outriders of the Canadian literary king, yet to come. His collection, entitled "The Land of Napioa,"* contains some general essays, some sketches characteristic of the part of Canada in which Mr. Tennyson lives, and a few poems. The style is bright and sketchy, and shows that the author might have done well in literature, had he not taken up the practice of law.

**

Those who are fond of short tales will find "Where the Atlantic Meets the

* Cloth, 188 pp. Roberts Bros., Boston.

* Paper covers, 162 pp. The Spectator Printing & Publishing Co., Moosomin, N.W.T.

Land," *Boston : Roberts Bros., by Caldwell Lipsett, very interesting. They are mostly stories of English life on the Atlantic coast. Some are humorous, some sentimental, and some tragic; but they are all brightly written. The first story, "The Unforgiven Sin," is an eloquent picture of a pathetic situation in the lives of two young people, where the girl, because of a momentary passion, finds herself unable to take advantage of the offer of a life partner suitable to her position and circumstances.

**

"Souvenirs of the Past" † is a collection of short essays on various Canadian historical subjects, by William L. Bâby, of Windsor, Ont. This illustrated volume opens with an old family legend of his family, telling of the relation of Pontiac, the renowned Ottawa chief and warrior, to one of the Bâby family. The headings of some of the other chapters indicate the nature of the book : The old Family Compact, its origin, and what I know about it ; Service on the Detroit frontier during the Rebellion of '37 and '38 ; Journey to Little York in 1833 ; Serving jury summons in 1839, etc. Some of the sketches are very amusing, and all bright, instructive and interesting.

**

"Hidden in the memories of the Red Men in Canada, there lie weird legends and strange stories of bygone years. Pictures and poems wrought by the fancy of the native historian and medicine men bring home to us the primitive civilization which still lingers at our doors. The customs of our savage folk, and the wealth of their languages and literature, are interesting to us, as belonging to a people who were the pioneers of our land." With these words, John Maclean, Ph.D., opens up his most valuable work on the native tribes of Canada. This work is entitled "Canadian Savage Folk," and contains over 600 large-sized pages, with about 100 illustrations, the frontispiece being a splendid picture of the author.

Mr. Maclean's writings on the Indians are too well-known to require any general comment. In this, his *magnum opus*, he has made an attempt to reach the inner meaning of the life of our fast-disappearing savage folk. He deals first with the general characteristics of the Sarcees, Stoneys, Mound-Builders, Nez Perces, Blackfeet, Crees, Eskimo, Sioux, etc.; and then turns to general topics, such as motherhood, head-gear, dreams, religion and language. An interesting chapter is devoted to the native heroes, Crowfoot, Poundmaker, Hiawatha, Shawundais and Mikasto. The latter is the head chief of the Blood Indians, and as a native statesman, has stood next in rank in the Blackfoot Confederacy to the famous Crowfoot. He was, in the old buffalo days, one of the bravest warriors that lived upon the plains, and is the hero of many battles. Now as a man of peace he loves his people and is ever studious for their temporal and moral welfare. "His striking personality enables him to command implicit obedience to the customs and laws of the tribe."

But the book is full of romance from beginning to end, and every student of American history will find in it much to interest— much that is told with a charm which few historians possess.

**

"The Iron Pirate," by Max Pemberton, has been published in cheap paper edition by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York.

**

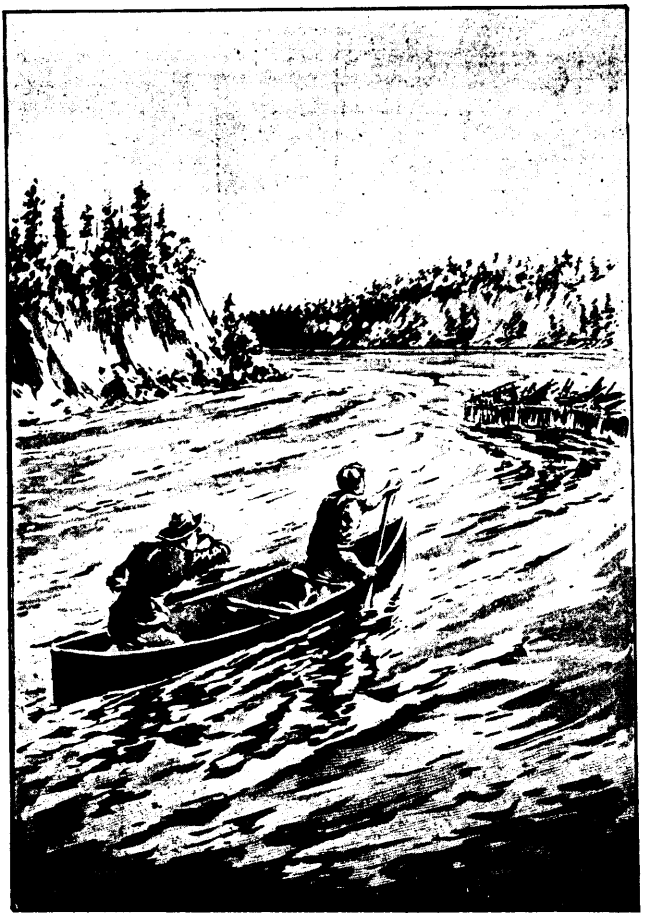
"His Honor, and a Lady," by Mrs. Everard Cotes, (Sara Jeanette Duncan,) has had a splendid sale in Canada. A paper edition* has been put on the market and the book has thus been placed within the reach of a larger part of the public. Like the other recent volumes from the pen of this gifted Canadian, the story is an Anglo-Indian one, as might be expected from her residence in that part of the British dominions. The story in itself is good, but the descriptions of Indian scenery are magnificent, while the character sketches are done in the unique style which the author first displayed in "A Social Departure" and "An American Girl in London.' The illustrations are numerous and artistic.

**

To those interested in the history of the North-West, and to those who have read "Forest, Lake and Prairie," by John Mc-

*Boston, Roberts Bros.
† Published by the author, cloth, illustrated, 266 pp.

* Toronto, G. M. Rose & Sons; paper, 60 cents.



FROM "SADDLE, SLED AND SNOWSHOE.

A RACE AFTER AN ESCAPED RAFT.

Dougall, his new volume, entitled, "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe; Pioneering on the Saskatchewan in the Sixties," * will be a source of pleasure. It opens with a description of Edmonton, as it was in the last days of 1862, when the collecting and shipping of furs was the one definite purpose for which the post "lived and stood and had its being. A large annual output of the skins and furs of many animals was its highest ambition. Towards this goal men and dogs and horses and oxen, pulled and strained and starved. For this purpose isolation and hardship almost inconceivable were undergone . . . . Thirteen different people, speaking eight distinct lanuguages, made this post their periodic centre." This is followed by a story of a winter trip of 120 miles performed in less than two days. And so the author rambles on, the reader following him with pleasure —now an incident of camp-life, again a description of an Indian custom or habit, then an account of a trip to some outlying point, of an Indian visit, of a tribal encounter, of a buffalo hunt, or of some other incident of life in a new country. Truth is stranger than fiction when the writer of the truth has seen strange days, strange lands and strange people, and can tell his experiences in a way that makes the reader feel that in a certain measure he is living them himself in the reading of them. Mr. McDougall is a charming *réconteur*, and endows his tales with a life and movement which is often lacking in books of this nature. The famous missionary has certainly contributed a most valuable book to the growing collection of "Canadiana." Laughlin contributes a number of very good drawings.

* Toronto: Wm. Briggs; Cloth, 282 pp; profusely illustrated.

**

"An Army Wife" is the title of a bright story by Capt. Charles King, author of "Fort Frayne" and "Trumpeter Fred." Capt. King excels in stories of Military Life, and this story, though dealing mostly with the social side, is no exception. It is the old story of love and jealousy, and the trouble caused thereby. One of the principal characters is a charming young widow, Mrs. Fanny McLane, who, shortly after the death of her husband, goes on a visit to some old friends, Capt. and Mrs.

Grafton, at Fort Sidgwick, an army post in the West.

She knows that she will meet there her old lover, Lt. Ralph Merriam, to whom she was formerly engaged, but whom she had thrown over for the rich Mr. McLane.

Ralph Merriam, too, is married now to "pretty Floy Germain," a daughter of one of the officers at a post further up the mountains, where Merriam, shortly after he had heard of the approaching marriage of his former fiancée, has gone in charge of a survey party. While there he has been seized with fever, and nursed back to health and strength by the girl who is now his wife—the army wife of the story. Merriam has gotten over his old attachment and is devoted to his young wife, who is the pet of the regiment. They had been married only a short time when Mrs. McLane arrived on the scene. For a time all went well, Merriam behaving nobly. Some suspicions, for which there was really no foundation, crept gradually into the young wife's mind, wrecking their happiness for a time. At last she realized her mistake, and peace and happiness were restored.

The tale is full of incident and is as picturesque as one would expect from Capt. Charles King.

**

"The Madonna of a Day,"* by Miss Dougall, is a remarkably original work, says the London *Times*. A novel it can scarcely be called, it is partly a fairy tale, partly an allegory; it is heavily charged with a moral far from recondite, yet it remains attractive, poetical, and, as we said, original. The allegory is recommended to vulgar, good-humored, noisy, profane, and "unsexed" modern young women. Miss Dougall's Heroine—though Miss Dougall seems to doubt or deny it—really is most distressingly vulgar. She says she has been at Girton, but Girton, we venture to think, would soon have got rid of her. She is an unbeliever on credit, as it were, like many sceptics of both sexes. By an accident not plausible, but not important, this rowdy minx appears on Christmas night, in Our Lady's colors, among a crew of miners who inhabit a lonely camp in some American mountain range. Accepted as an actual vision of the Madonna by the Irish toilers, she is later obliged to rely for protection on playing at piety and purity. How she acts her part, how she is rescued, how she "disilludes" the preserver whom her pretence of devotion has gained, makes up the substance of the tale. The moral, of course, is that women can do nothing worse for their sex than to mock at faith and deride sentiment. The conduct and method of the parable are brilliant in places, but the tedious eternal lisp of the hero is a mistake.

**

Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," lives in Oxford, and is a deacon of Christ Cathedral. He stammers, and that is why he never became a clergyman. His real name is Dodgson, and his chambers in Tom Quad are said to be the finest in Oxford.

**

A copy of the "Life and Times of the Hon. Joseph Howe," by G. E. Fenety, of St. John, N.B., has come to hand, but too late for an extended notice in this issue. It will be mentioned more fully next month.

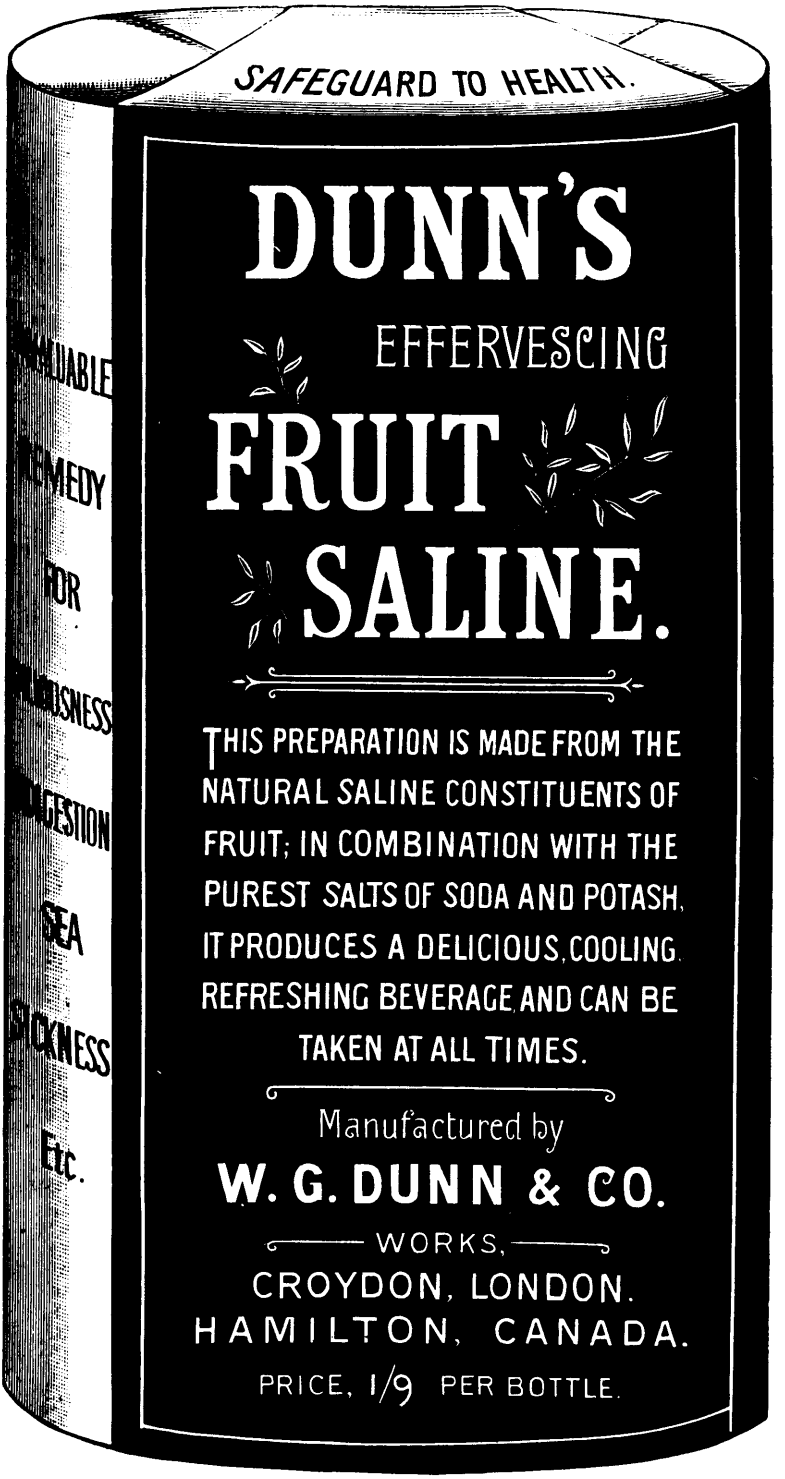
**

At the present time the book trade seems to be languishing on account of hard times, the magazines and the bicycles. The best selling Canadian book of the month is Clifford Smith's "A Lover in Homespun."

**

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is thus described by a writer, who has recently met him: "His cheeks are slightly sunken and his skin is sallow, speaking of sedentary labors, the midnight lamp, and of a constitution that could not support the sustained strain of an arduous task. Yet his eyes tell another tale, and possess that phosphorescent light that indicates energy. The solution of these contradictory remarks must be that he is as mentally robust as he is physically delicate."

* Appleton's Town and Country Library.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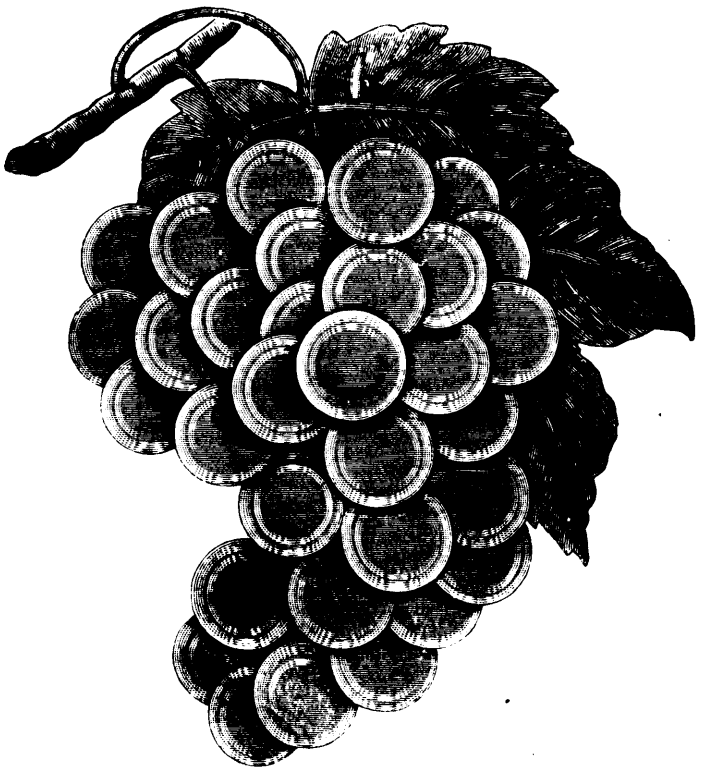

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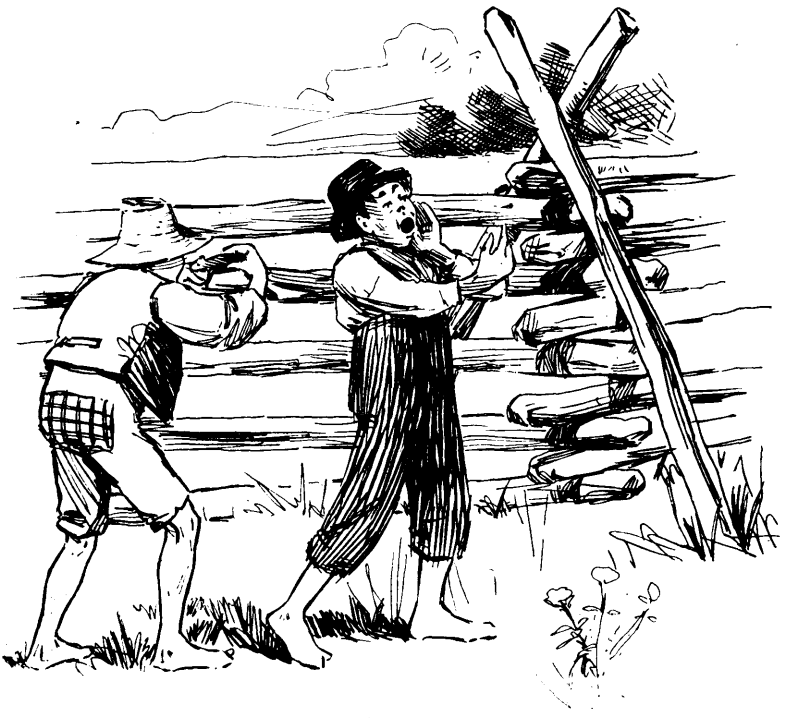
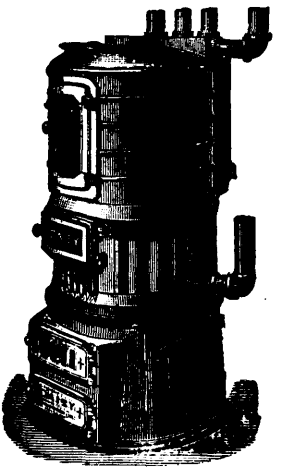


I.—The Bait.



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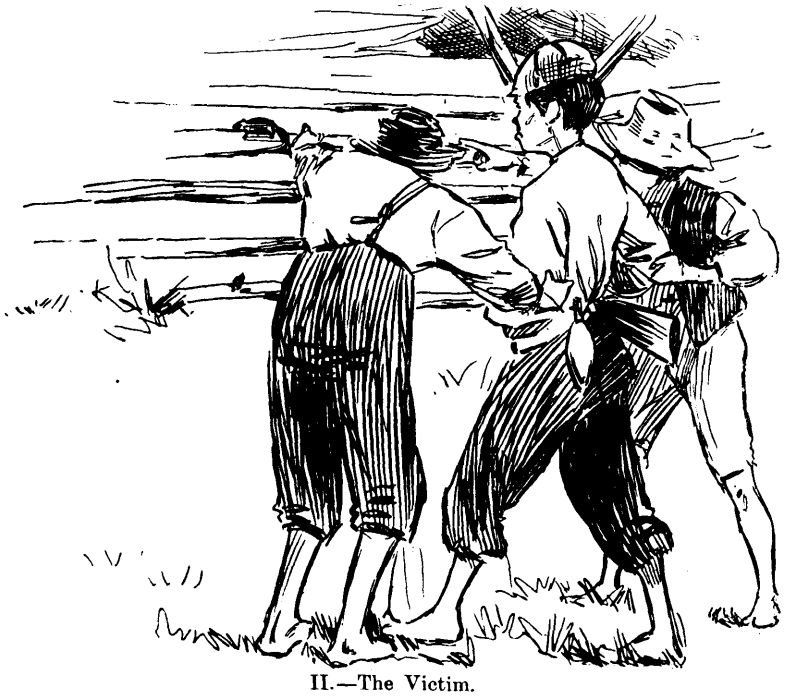
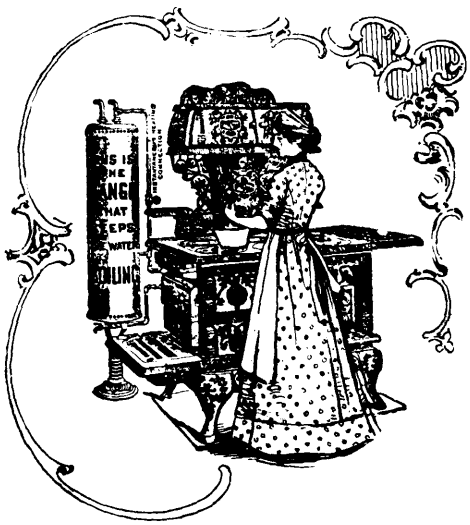


II.—The Victim.



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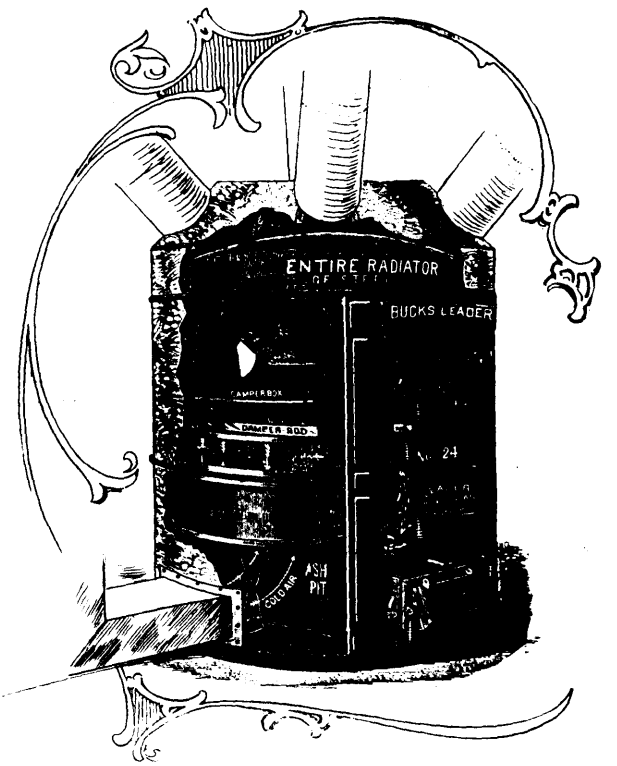


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III.—Encouragement.

# WE MAY NOT ALL BE BEAUTIES

But we may have SMOOTH, SOFT SKINS and CLEAR COMPLEXIONS, which are in themselves the first elements of BEAUTY and which make the plainest face attractive.

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cause the skin to become SOFT, SMOOTH and VELVETY, and the COMPLEXION is made CLEARER and WHITER by the use of the above WORLD FAMOUS REMEDIES.

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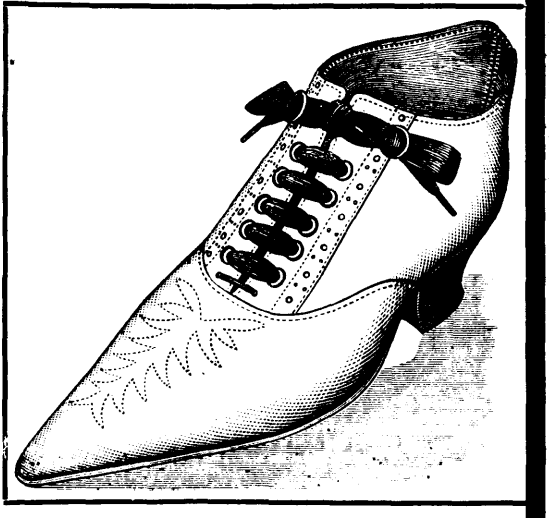
# Dangling Shoe Laces

Are an obnoxious thing. They are a worry to those people who desire to be well dressed; but, like many of the wants of mankind, when they are most felt, a remedy appears.

There is nothing so embarrassing to a lady on the street as having her Shoe Laces become untied. Nothing so untidy on children as shoe laces dangling round the feet. The accompanying cut shows the UNIQUE LACE FASTENER. They not only keep the lace tied, but form a neat bow, and greatly improve the appearance of the shoes. No lace boots or shoes are perfect without these neat, stylish and indispensable attachments.



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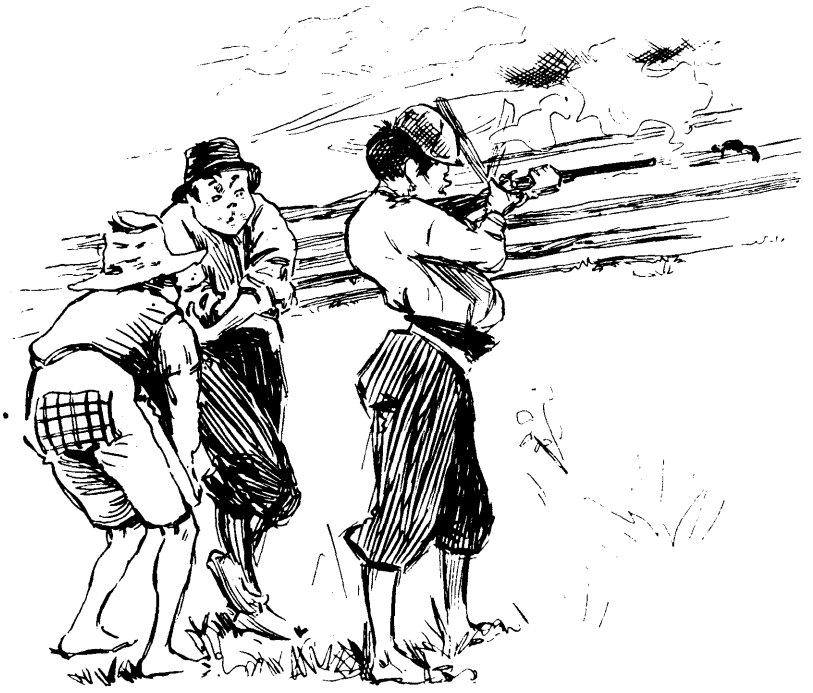

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V.—Derision.


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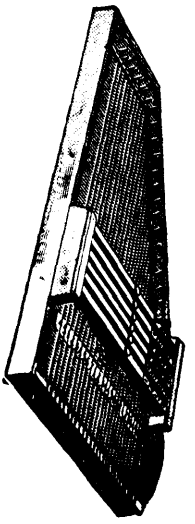

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The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1896, and for which tenders are asked, is $8,000 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than $200 annually.

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Tenders will be received up to the 28th day of August next. Notifications of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 4th September, and payments from accepted tenderers will be required to be made within ten days thereafter.

Tenders for the whole amount offered, if preferred, may be upon condition that the annuities be payable in Great Britain in sterling.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted unless otherwise satisfactory.

R. HARCOURT,

*Provincial Treasurer's Office, Toronto, 24th June, 1896.* *Provincial Treasurer.*

NOTE.—Illustration of calculation on interest basis:—At the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum (or in strictness 1¾ per cent. half-yearly) a present payment of $2,144 would represent an annuity of $100 for forty years, payable half-yearly, while the actual yearly payment for the forty years would be a fraction above 4.66 per cent. on the principal sum.

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