THE PLAINDEALER.

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"PLUTARCH'S TOPICS."

THE CHURCH AT VARIENCE WITH CHRIST'S TEACHING.

Again the Presiding Elder System.—Both Bishop and Church at Their Mercy.

The public mind was well expressed when a great mixed audience cheered the name of Jesus Christ and hissed the name of the Church. There was a time when the words, "Christ and the Church" might meet with more reverential attention than they do now.

Who is there that dare say that the Church is a beautiful expression of the mind of Christ?

There are a thousand things which the Holy Catholic Church teaches that contradict the life and teachings of the Nazarene. The church reflects more of the character of its human element than of its spiritual head. The church in the South saw no evil in slavery because its members and ministry saw none. In this particular, as in many others, the human element got away with the divine for awhile. Instead of sending the Southern church a vision like Peter received when struggling in the toils of race prejudice, Providence this time turned loose the "gallant boys in blue."

Ah, yes, the church has grown to be an intensely human institution. It shapes its policy to please this "big gun" or avoid conflict with the other. This is as true of white as of colored churches. Numbers of white churches practise most base and ignoble discriminations against the poor and the Negro, in order to please the wealthy and the prejudiced. What is that but a man-fearing, man-pleasing spirit? It is true as the Bible, that to the extent the church yields to men rather than to God, to that extent it is both an unsafe and dangerous guide. Jesus Christ and his gospel will ever stand as the revelation of God's will, but the church can never claim to be an infallible interpreter of that revelation.

Those who think it a crime to intelligently point out errors in the church, are of papist tendency, and incline to believe the church incapable of error.

The true head of the church is Christ, and his word is the fundamental law. But the church operates through human agencies. It has an ecclesiastical apparatus, policy, financial system, officers and honors. This machinery is not the church, although generally so regarded by the unthinking, yet it is the tangible manifestation, and reflects the character of the church.

It is indeed sad when all of this ecclesiastical machinery falls into the hands of avarice, ambition and malice.

The fact that general officers and presiding elders, as a class, control the general assembly of the A. M. E. church, clearly shows that motives born of human passions, triumph over that higher spirit of self abnegation and Christ exaltation that should characterize servants of God. Among some of the human and selfish motives that lead presiding elders to race for the general assembly are, a desire to stand in with the new bishop so as to assure personal preferment; the desire to influence legislation in favor of class interests, &c.

No law can be passed that in any way curtails the power and profit of the presiding elder; and no law can be passed to advance the interest of laity or clergy if it in the least hampers the presiding elders. The presiding elder system has bred a set of tax-gatherers and political jobbers. We can point out quite a number of presiding elders who make "big money" every election by playing with politics.

The presiding elders make money as representatives of the church out of the politicians, and gain scores of favors from the bishops by working the same racket. A church that breeds such a class of men is certainly not in perfectly sound moral health. The A. M. E. church has not one among all its younger bishops who is willing to risk his life by undertaking a missionary tour to Africa. Bishop Turner has been so bluffed that he has at last declared his willingness to be "offered up." But the way he dodges the real thing of going would make a native chief laugh himself sick. Bishop Turner will never make a tour through Africa; at most he would simply sail on a guy voyage to Siberia. Dr. Coppin, editor of the Review, for a time had himself advertised as Bishop Turner's companion, but he hedged long ago, and is making a lively climb for the "top roost." Dear reader, you should attend a conference. Some poor preacher who has not received $200 all the year will sort of hesitate about paying four or five dollars in the various conference mills. His reason for refusing will be lack of money to get home with, should he spend a dollar more than is actually necessary, but he will get such a lecture that in goes his scanty supply of the needful. He must borrow money now in order to reach his home. At the next conference he is marked for the non-payment of his debts. The humble, unknown little fellows, that preach back in the woods are made to examplify all the virtues of self-denial and self-sacrifice, while the big fellows roll in luxury.

The minutes of the Michigan conference show that a certain preacher transferred to Minnesota, received the gift of $20 toward his traveling expenses, yet it is safe to say that the conference widows and orphans went short. Dr. Handy has so much money that his board is able to invest $12,000 in real estate, yet there are a hundred old preachers and two hundred preacher's widows, who do not have enough to eat. This doesn't reflect on Dr. Handy or his board, to the contrary it does them credit, for it shows that they have handled the funds entrusted to them, with wisdom. It also shows that the various annual conferences fail to handle their money wisely. If Dr. Handy could keep up all the great expenses of his department, and yet have $21,000 to invest, why can't the annual conferences which gets 50 cents out of every dollar that goes to Dr. Handy support their dependants?

Listen, and Plutarch will tell you why.

Dr. Handy is a business man, he has handled thousands of dollars for himself, and knows how to figure. He plans, calculates and manages with wisdom, and therefore, for the first time in all its history, the financial department of the A. M. E. church has got something tangible to show for its money, and at the same time, has met all of its expenses. When Dr. Handy entered upon his office, he had nothing but debts, an arm-ful of due-bills and an old carpet-sack, containing them; now he has a fine safe full of receipts, and a splendid building to put the safe in.

You can rest assured that the coming general assembly will find a good use for the property purchased.

Why doesn't the conference attend to their dependants? Because they use their money in another direction. It goes to the schools and colleges. Dr. Johnson gets $1,300 a year to raise money for these same schools and colleges, but he doesn't raise half what it costs to keep him in office. Bishop Grant is on this trail, and by the way he talks out, the scent is warm. He will see to it that Dr. Johnson gives assurance of better future service, or gets out of the way. Dr. Jennifer is walking along the same trail, but there is a sort of ring in his bark, that seems to say, "Give me Johnson's place."

You see that accursed spirit of ambition forever gets in the way. Dr. Jennifer has made himself a big name by building a fine church at Chicago, but he shows utter lack of conscience when it is considered that with $40,000 cash in hand, he has involved the people in about $40,000 indebtedness, and not raised a thousand dollars. He will simply follow the example of scores of his class, build a fine church on credit and climb out from under before the tumble comes.

Do you think that the people's money should be handled recklessly, or without respect to ordinary business prudence?

Dr. Handy has done well; he is both an able and a conscientious man. Dr. Smith has done well, but not so well as he should have done under the advantageous conditions surrounding him. Dr. Derrick has done nobly, in fact better than all his fellow officers when all things are considered. But Dr. Derrick is cut out to be a bishop, he is of that timber and that is his destiny. Dr. Handy is just in the right place. When Dr. Smith goes out of his place, he will go down, not up.

Dr. Heard is hot after Smith's shoes. This same Dr. Heard is a D. D., who knows nothing respectable of theology as a science, who talks as loud as a steamboat mate, and has not one single commanding or winning thing in personal appearance or deportment, and yet who is going to the top at a 1:45 gait. Why is this? He is a politician, and manipulates the wires. Ah yes, sad truth, there are wires, and wire pullers in the colored churches as well as in the white. There is a Rev. A. J. Burton, up in Illinois, whose reputation is not spotless, yet he has got things down fine and expects to be a delegate to the general assembly of his church. Yes, there are wires and wire pullers. May the great God grant that mercy and not wrath be extended toward his people. "Plutarch's" heart aches as he recalls the thousands of shameful iniquities within the churches of which he knows. This pen is not writing to vent spite, to further personal ambition, but it obeys the behest of an honest heart; a heart that would give its last life-throb to remedy the evils which the pen now portrays.

"Plutarch" knows that there are hundreds hunting his scalp; that all manner of cunning is being employed to ferret him out; that many think that he is a minister, and hope to identify him and hang his carcass on the wall. He knows all of this, but it moves him not. His only concern is that no innocent man suffer for "Plutarch's" deeds. If any of the "suspects" are punished for "Plutarch's" sins, withered be the hands that do the evil deed. "Plutarch" does not declare his identity, because he wants to keep the public attention upon what he writes, he is not seeking to pose as a Rev. He invites closest attention to his words, and none to himself. If his words are wrong, let someone show wherein. They must at least be very nearly expressive of the popular mind, as such journals as the Denver Statesman, Illinois State Capitol, &c., reproduce his articles. The editors of each of these papers are not men who act hastily. What they are doing is expressive of the fact that the heroic chord within them has been touched.

"Plutarch"

Three white men were held last week to answer the charge of rape committed on an Afro-American woman in Louisville, Ky. The bond was fixed at $1,000 each.

The Long Island District conference of the A. M. E. church, has adopted resolutions endorsing the Rev. William B. Derrick as bishop, should the next general conference enlarge the bench of bishops.

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

ALBION W. TOURGEE ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

He Discusses the Value of Free Labor.—Prejudice Outweighs Everything Else.

Nothing could better illustrate the idea which the Bystander has so often repeated, that reason and logic are utterly impotent in politics as against prejudice and sentiment, than the position of the white people of the South upon the question of a protective tariff. It illustrates the absurdity of the claim that natural laws and individual interests control the collective action of peoples.

As a matter of fact, the South owes every element of her recent prosperity to the principles of the party she refuses to tolerate among her people and which she does not hesitate to suppress and exterminate by means as brutal and persecutions as barbarous as those which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. In this case, as in that, every economic interest and every hope of continued prosperity are plainly and evidently opposed to the policy of cruelty and injustice adopted solely from the impulse of prejudice and passion.

The history of the Southern sentiment upon the subject of protection to American industries, taken in connection with her own industrial development, is a very instructive page of our political and economic history.

Previous to the abolition of slavery, the States of the South, in theory and practice were almost wholly devoted to the doctrine of free-trade. It is true, that some few of the leading advocates of the American doctrine of self-protection were to be found among them, who were all the more prominent and notable because of their exceptional character. Of these Henry Clay is an eminent example. As a "Southern Protectionist" he occupied a position and commanded an influence in his party, which even his splendid talents could hardly have achieved, had he been of Northern birth and antecedents.

This general devotion to the theory and practice of free trade on the part of the slave-holding aristocracy of the South, was a natural result of the anomalous relation of the slave-holder to popular economic conditions. The fact seems to have been generally forgotten, or at least so generally neglected, as to have passed out of the ordinary cognizance, that whatever was to the pecuniary advantage of the slave-owner must of necessity be opposed to the interest of free laborers.

The political economy of slavery went still farther. Educated, self-controlling labor was its enemy. Varied industries threatened its very life. The example of prosperous free labor was its most deadly foe.

We find, therefore, that ignorance was encouraged. While the States of the North were establishing the policy of free schools and demonstrating their utility and necessity as the nursery of free thought, and the guardian of free labor, in all the States of the South, there were but two in which there was the shadow of a public school system, and in them it was but a shadow. The public school houses in any city of 10,000 inhabitants at the North, easily exceeded in value all the public school buildings in all the slave states, with possibly one exception.

It was the natural and logical policy of the slave-holding interest to create and perpetuate dependency in all other classes of society. The non-slave-holding white man was the victim of its repressive tendency just as much as the black man. It devoted him to poverty, ignorance, dependency and inferiority from which his only escape was to become one of the dominant class.

Under these conditions, the slave-holding aristocracy declared that the interests of "the South"—that is, the individual interests of its governing classes, the slave owners themselves—would be best subserved by the policy of free trade. To "buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest," without regard to the location of either was, they said, very clearly to their interest and advantage.

And in this they were quite right. The slave-holder's profit depended on converting the cheapest possible labor into the crudest form of product. He did not fear competition, for no labor could be more inexpensive than his. It is a favorite theory that the success of the slave-owner depended upon two conditions—the control of certain products, and the assumed fact that white labor cannot compete with colored labor in the climate of the South. Both are fallacies, but they have become so thoroughly ingrained in our thought, that even so intelligent a writer as General Francis A. Walker could not refrain from their recent reiteration.

The truth is that slavery would be profitable to the slave-owners anywhere and is profitable to the State nowhere. These two facts have become confused in the popular thought and so have come to be accepted as terrible ideas in speculating on its resultants.

So, too, it is no more true that the white man cannot compete with the colored man as a laborer at the South, than it is that the colored man cannot compete with the white man as a laborer or as a pugilist at the North. The real truth of the matter is that the South, because of slavery, developed no enterprising, thrifty and valuable type of white laborer. Labor in the old time, was not only in a sense discredited, but competition with slave labor was discouraging. It was easy to get a bare subsistence with very little work. So the "poor white" of the South, having little to spur him to endeavor, grew up lazy and shiftless, both by inclination and inheritance. What the unrestricted competition and free opportunity of the North kept alive, the social economy of the South, and the political economy which resulted from it, killed. Enterprise and aspiration are heritable qualities, and so are their opposites. Slavery, though dead, still lives to blast with its awful inheritance.

It is true too, that white men of Northern or European birth cannot, and never will to any appreciable extent, compete with the colored man as a laborer in that region, both because they are not inured to the climate and still more because he cannot work for the same wages, live in the same hovel, subsist on the same rations, or submit to the same impositions, as the colored man has become accustomed to endure.

Never was there a better illustration of the immutable truth that a political economy based on cheapness of production means the inherent degradation of labor, and that cheap labor means ignorance and dependency to the laborer.

Probably the assertion that slavery is everywhere, and always, profitable to the slaveowner, will be regarded with incredulity by many readers, because its denial has become very popular, both at the North and the South.

The Bystander has paid a good deal of attention to the subject, and has not scrupled to go to original sources for his information. The books of account of more than one Southern plantation are in his possession, and more than one master and overseer have recited for him the financial story of those days. He has not been an inattentive student of the newspaper and magazine literature of the South in the ante-bellum days, and as the result of all his investigations he reaffirms the statement that slavery is always profitable to the slave-owner in the production of raw materials; if it competes with free labor, is entirely secure, if there is a reliable market for the natural increase of the stock, and it is managed with the same care and attention the successful employer of free labor bestows upon his business.

Of course, he does not mean to assert that every slave-holder made money in the old days. To do so, would be to declare that the economic qualities of the institution were such as to insure every one against extravagance, recklessness and neglect. No business can stand that, and there was probably more of all these elements of ill-success among the slaveholders of the South than among the other classes of the so-called producers in the civilized world. The very fact that it endured the strain of these destructive forces so generally as it did, is one of the strongest evidences of the accuracy of the conclusion above stated.

But it does not need demonstration to assure any Illinois farmer that, given 100 slaves upon a farm of proportionate size, secure from escapes and uprisings, and with a steady market for every child born among them as soon as it has arrived at 15; feeding and housing and clothing them upon the same principles that he does his horses, that is, just enough to keep them in prime condition—it does not need any argument to show that such a man, with the same ability that would enable him to make any profit with free labor, would make a much greater one with slave labor. And it is easy to see that the economical system most favorable to the owner of another's labor, must surely tend to reduce the free laborer to a condition of dependency approximating that of the slave.

The elaboration which seemed necessary to this branch of the subject compels us to defer to a future occasion, the consideration of what the "new South" owes to the operation of the principles it abjures.

Albion W. Tourgee.

Mayville, N. Y., July 24.

Washington Personals.

Geo. M. Arnold Nearly Succeeded in Defeating Washington.

Washington, D. C., August 1.—Great crowds are leaving here for Detroit. Each train carries a large body of veterans and friends. George M. Arnold left "red hot," and will leave Detroit in Ashes before he will have the G. A. R. encampment here for next year.

Prof. B. T. Washington spent two days in the city on his way South, and expressed himself much pleased with the outlook for another year. Tuskegee is erecting two new buildings, and still will not be able to accommodate all applicants for admission.

Dr. and Mrs. Grimpke and Mrs. A. J. Cooper are still in Canada, not yet having returned from the National Educational Association.

E. L. Thornton, the adroit correspondent of the New York Age, certainly believes in looking after the foundation of political aspirants since he has raised considerable discussion because of his comparison of Mr. Fortune's and Mr. Dougalss' feet.

Doctor Dillon, daughter of Bishop Tanner, passed through the city en route to Tuskegee, Alabama, where she is to be resident physician. She is so full of enthusiasm for her profession, and so alive to all facts relating to her work and accomplishments in kindred lines that a conversation with her is truly refreshing.

WELL DONE G. A. R.

THE GALLANT BOYS IN BLUE STILL TRUE.

No Separate Departments.—The Question Quickly but Firmly Decided.

Long live the Grand Army of the Republic!

Just as the Plaindealer goes to press, the Silver Encampment has emphatically put its seal of condemnation upon those despicable Southerners who have been trying to sow the seed of secession and dissension among those gallant heroes, who now vote as they fought. True to their war records, the veterans almost unanimously vetoed the separate department question. We have time but for an extract of that report. The entire report will appear in our next issue.

The objects sought to be accomplished by the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic are:

"1. To preserve and strengthen those fraternal feelings which bind together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead.

"2. To assist such former comrades in arms as need help and protection and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen.

"3. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for, and fidelity to its constitution and laws; to discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, incites to insurrection, treachery or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, and to encourage the spread of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men."

This platform of principles is so broad that all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors can stand upon it. In the opinion of your committee, the fact that the department of Mississippi and Louisana consists of posts—a part being composed of white comrades, the others of colored comrades—is no sufficient reason for making this radical change in our rules and regulations. Our fraternity, charity and loyalty should be witnessed by our deeds as well as our words. The recommendations of the commander-in-chief is based upon the fact that seven of the colored posts of the department of Louisana and Mississippi petitioned for a separate department. Comrades representing a part of their post appeared before the committee and claimed in argument that it was their understanding and that of many other of their colored comrades, that they were only petitioning for a department to be created in the State of Louisana, the same as in other states, in which all comrades, white and black, should be equally entitled to membership, and, further, that they and those represented by them are opposed to the creation of a separate department. In view of the facts submitted to your committee, it is of the opinion that it would be inexpedient to place the authority with the commander-in-chief to organize new or provisional departments in states in which there are organized departments. William Warner, John P. Rea, Lucius Fairchild, Henry Paintor.

A Colossal Scheme.

Congressman Vaughn of Iowa Would Pensi n Ex-Slaves

Washington, D. C., August 3.—Ex-Mayor Vaughn, of Council Bluffs, has succeeded in creating quite a sensation in Washington and in making himself the favorite candidate of the colored men for President of the United States. The Negroes of Washington have been organizing themselves into Vaughn clubs, and they will try and send two delegates to the National Republican convention pledged to vote for Vaughn, the colored man's friend. Mr. Vaughn addressed a large audience of colored people at the Metropolitan Colored Methodist church last night. Mr. Vaughn prefaced his address with the remark that he was a man of independent fortune, and then proceeded to advocate his proposition to have pensions paid to all ex-slaves. He said that as the Negroes had been held in bondage in this country, and had added materially to its wealth by their labor, without receiving in return any compensation, the country necessarily owed them a debt. He was in favor of paying this debt by issuing $400,000,000 in bonds to run fifty years, and drawing interest at the rate of 2 1-2 per cent a year. This sum, he said, would enable the government to place upon the pension rolls every Negro that had been a slave. Mr. Vaughn assured his hearers that if they aided him by using their votes intelligently, there would be little doubt of securing the passage of a bill giving them the money they desire. He said he had already corresponded with senators, representatives and other prominent men on the subject, and he read letters from Senator Cullom, Peter Studebaker and others showing that they indorsed the proposition. He had also written to President Harrison, but Mr. Harrison replied that he did not have time to contribute to the discussion.

Mr. Tobias Brown, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Daisy Grubbs, a student of Fisk University, were principals in an elopement at Jeffersonville, Ind.

Hereafter no Correspondence will be published that reaches us later than the first mail Wednesday morning.--Editor.

BATTLE CREEK DOINGS.

Battle Creek, August 3.—Quite a number of our citizens attended the celebration at Benton Harbor last week, Thursday, among them, your correspondent. The day was fine, just cool enough to be pleasant, and amid the pleasing scenes of this great fruit garden of the West. We breathed the pure air from Lake Michigan. The procession formed immediately on the arrival of the train from Battle Creek and Kalamazoo. It was headed by the Kalamazoo band

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Mayor Hobbs made the address of welcome, which was responded to by Hon. H. McCoy, of Indianapolis. At 2 P. M., the large audience listened to a strong speech by Rev. D. A. Graham, of Minneapolis, followed by that distinguished orator, Hon. John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, who made one of the best speeches of his life. Our Benton Harbor friends proved to be royal entertainers for the first colored celebration held in that beautiful city, and we want to go there again.

Mr. Seymour Brown and family attended the celebration at Ann Arbor Monday; also Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Collins.

Mrs. Jas. Toliver left to-day for Ann Arbor. From there she will visit the encampment at Detroit, and relatives in Saline, Mich.

About twenty-five of our colored people, young and old, went to the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Dyson last week, Thursday. A grand time was had by all.

Mr. George Marshall assisted Rev. Roberts in his quarterly meeting Sunday, at Kalamazoo.

Rev. Pope will hold his last quarterly meeting next Sunday, August 9.

Mrs. Wm. Cook and son, Bennie, who have for several weeks been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Williams, returned to their home in Chicago, last week.

Mrs. George Williams is visiting in Detroit.

Mrs. S. Brown, of Findlay, Ohio, is visiting relatives and friends in the city.

Mr. Edward Casey is visiting relatives in Allegan county.

JACKSON JOTTINGS.

Jackson, August 4.—We are happy to once more furnish you all with news of our city, so as to let you know how and what we are doing.

The A. M. E. church is almost complete, and let us all congratulate the Elder and members for such a fine building.

A large number are making arrangements to attend the conclave, which is to be held in Detroit, Aug 10—13.

Misses Daisy and May Williams are spending a few days of pleasure by visiting friends in Saline, Mich.

Mrs. C. Wood, of Chicago, is the

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guest of Mrs. W. Hall.

The young people have organized a band consisting of both ladies and gentlemen. Let us hope they will succeed.

Mrs. Hughes has just returned to her home in Leslie after a visit to her sons, Messrs. E. and E. Stewart, of this city.

Miss Kate McAllister will make Chicago her future home.

Mrs. Leon DeAngles is spending a few months among friends in Oberlin, Ohio.

Mrs. M. Browsford and sister are visiting friends in Chatham, Ont.

Mrs. H. Deigh has accepted a situation in Detroit. Let us wish her success.

The Giblin Chapter gave a social last Thursday evening. During the evening the K. O. T. gave an exhibition drill which was highly appreciated.

Rev. Henderson, of Detroit, paid us a short visit while en route for South Bend.

Mrs. F. M. Thurman left Monday to spend a few days with her mother in Detroit.

Miss Susie Smith is spending a few days among friends in Detroit.

Miss Georgie Jones is visiting friends in Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. Eliza Shores who was injured by a fall, is now in a fair way of recovery.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. J. W. Lett is on the sick list.

Mr. C. J. Jenkins, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the guest of T. Jones. W. S. B.

MILWAUKEE NEWS.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 3.—The literary and musical entertainment given at St. Marks A. M. E. church, Thursday evening 28th ult., was highly interesting and well attended. The musical part of the program was entrusted to Misses Lydia and Lotta Hughes, and Emma Bell and Mesdames Hunt and Bell, Messrs. Williams and Dixon. The literary part was well cared for by Misses Parks and Broady and Mr. Harrison. The program was received with hearty applause.

We venture to remind those subscribers who owe us that if they pay us promptly, we can afford to issue a much better paper. Pay up, if you are behind, and see us do it.

Mr. Ed. Howell has opened up a fine sample room at 220 4th street. As Mr. Howell is quite a popular young man, he will, no doubt, be successful in his new undertaking.

We are constantly being surprised at the narrow-mindedness, the niggardliness displayed by some of our young men. When young men refuse to donate a small sum to enable an old associate of theirs to procure a lawyer to defend his life against a charge of murder, then they reach the lowest depth of meanness. Its more so when too, this same young man was never known to refuse to contribute to the best of his means to any charitable purpose.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Get "Gems of Deportment," and you'll have both. $2. Order now.

Mr. J. V. Saunders, of the World's Fair City, paid a visit of four day's duration to his little son, Vincent, and was the guest of Mr. J. J. Wilkes and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Burgette. Great credit is due Miss Lillian Craig, of Pentwater, Mich., and Miss Hattie Atkins, for the part they took in trying to entertain Mr. Saunders on a pleasant trip to Whitefish Bay, of which Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Burgette played the part of host and hostess. Mr. Saunders went home well pleased with his visit, and says it will head the list of memorable events that are sealed with his heart. J. J. B.

NEWS NOTES.

Guelph, Ont., August 3.—This is my initiation into quill-pushing; therefore it will not only be short but brief.

The Superintendent of the B. M. E. Sunday School, Mrs. M. C. Linton died on the 24th ult., and was buried on Monday, 27th, at Galt, Ont. Rev. Mr. Minter took part in the burial service, accompanied by several members of the school. We lost in Mrs. Linton, a true and devoted friend, whose place cannot easily be filled.

Mr. G. B. Stewart has moved to Windsor, and will make that place his future home.

Mr. B. Johnson has moved from Collingwood to the city, and opened up a first-class ice-cream parlor and grocery store on the corner of Essex and Devonshire streets.

Robinson's great show was in the city on Wednesday, and of course our people were out in full force to see the elephant.

We want the news. If you have a friend in any town where we have no correspondent, send us his name,—we will do the rest.

Mrs. Waldren has moved back to Guelph from Detroit, and since her return has lost one of her grand-children. We all sympathize with her in her bereavement.

We are all preparing for a big time at Hamilton on the First.

Subscribe for the Plaindealer, and leave the news at 88 Essex street. M. S.

GRAND HAVEN NOTES.

Grand Haven, August 4.—Miss Bernis Smith has gone to Detroit to spend the summer.

Fire was discovered in the shop of the Cutler and Savidge lumber co., but was soon under control. It caught from the sparks through a hole in the stack.

Should you happen to compare the Plaindealer with any other race paper which you may be taking, your opinion must be favorable to the Plaindealer. Help us to improve it. Subscribe yourself and get your friends to subscribe.

The two boys who were held for burglary in this city, were released, their fines being paid by their parents.

Fred R. Graves was stopped on his way home Saturday by two men, but they got nothing.

The concert at the M. E. church Sunday evening, was very fine.

Mr. John Elliott is expected home this week. We will be glad to see John at the old home again. F. R. G.

LANSING LETTER.

Lansing, August 3.—Mary A. John, the wife of Henry Scott, died at her residence, 109 Lenawee street, August 1st, after an illness of four years, which she bore with christian fortitude. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, where she passed her childhood; she came to Michigan in 1862, and resided in Grand Rapids until 14 years ago, when she took up her residence among us. She was a kind neighbor, and a loving mother, and she will be missed by a host of friends, but mostly by those who called her wife and mother. She leaves a husband, one son, one daughter and two grand-daughters, and a host of other relatives to mourn her loss. Her son and daughter, Mr. J. Wilson and Mrs. Lizzie Jackson and her two granddaughters, Mrs. Wm. Thompson, of Toledo, Ohio; Miss Gusta Wilson and Mrs. M. A. Harrison, of Marshall, attended the funeral. Age, 71 years, 3 months and 10 days. M. A. H.

Piqua, Ohio, August 2.—Our city has been startled by the elopement of Miss Callie Wilson, one of our accomplished ladies, to the West, there to become the wife of Mr. G. S. Bowles, who only a short time ago left for Helena, Montana, there to engage in the barber business.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles will leave soon for Detroit, to attend the G. A. R. encampment.

We venture to remind those subscribers who owe us that if they pay us promptly, we can afford to issue a much better paper. Pay up, if you are behind, and see us do it.

Mr. Ship and Mr. Reuben Redman are on the sick list.

The Second Baptist church gave a Moonlight picnic Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mr. George Gross, on North Broadway.

Our pulpit was again filled last Sunday by Rev. F. C. Crumble, of Cincinnati. D. A. M.

YPSILANTI NOTES.

Ypsilanti, August 5.—Miss Julie Jacobs is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Hehazen, of Adams street.

Miss Leatherman, of Jackson, is visiting Mrs. L. Mashat.

Mr. Carter, of Jackson, is in the city.

Mrs. Boyd, of Jackson, is visiting Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Cross st.

The Ladies' Lyceum met at the res-

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idence of Mrs. L. Hayes.

Messrs. Charlie Moss and Alfred Hayes have returned from Chicago. R. M.

When you get a good thing at a reasonable price, don't be selfish with it. See that your next door neighbor subscribes to the Plaindealer. One Dollar a year.

The Plaindealer, $1 per year Urge your best friend to take it. The Plaindealer and the "History of the Black Phalanx," $2.50. The History alone is worth that much. Subscribe for the Plaindealer.

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In all English branches, prepare you to be a good teacher, carry you through a regular college course and graduate you with the degree of A. B. We also teach you how to use the carpenter's and blacksmith's and farmer's tools, how to draw the plan of anything you wish to make or build, how to cook, sew, make dresses, set type, run a printing press, and how to sing and play on the piano or organ.

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If you wish to give *all* your time to the special mechanical course, learning carpentry, wood-turning, blacksmithing and mechanical drawing, you can do so for three dollars a month. The *regular* mechanical course, with half the time in the shop and half in the school-room, is one dollar and a half a month.

The term begins Wednesday, September 30, 1891. It is important to be present the first day. A few needy and deserving pupils can be aided. Catalogue will be sent on application to HORACE BUMSTEAD, President.

The Mohonk Conference.

What They Recommend.—Correspondence Solicited.

A conference has been held at Lake Mohonk, New York, for several years, under the kindly auspices of Mr. A. K. Smiley, to consider the welfare of the Indian. At the suggestion of ex-President Hayes, a Conference was held in June of last year at the same place and under the same genial hospitality, to consider the welfare of the Negro.

The second Conference of this nature, was held in June of the present year at the same place. At these Conferences, prominent men and women from North and South, interested in these problems, have fraternally joined. The census of the members present show that geographically, if not numerically, a large territory in the South was represented.

Toward the settlement of the Negro problem, such a conference may contribute in three ways. It may gather a body of information from observers and workers in the South concerning the condition and outlook of the Negro, it may discuss and devise measures for the improvement of his condition, and it may contribute to an era of good feeling by bringing Northern and Southern men and women together.

The feeling thus developed between Northern and Southern members at the Conference, has not been marred by any acrimonious utterances, and there was a decided gain at the last conference in freedom of discussion.

At the annual organization of the Conference, the following officers were elected: president, Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio; secretaries, Rev. S. M. Newman, of Washington, D. C., Rev. S. J. Barrows, of Boston, and Mrs. I. C. Barrows, of Boston. The Executive Committee were as follows: Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., president; M. E. Gates, Rev. M. E. Strieby, Mr. H. O. Houghton, Rev. S. M. Newman, D. D., Rev. A. W. Pitzer, D. D., Hon. Philip Garrett, Rev. William Hayes Ward, D. D.

The Executive Committee, in the closing session of the Conference, rendered a report which was unanimously adopted, recommending the following objects to be sought in behalf of the Negro:—

1. The accomplishing of the primary education of the Negro by the States themselves, and the further development of means and methods to this end, until all Negroes are creditably trained in primary schools.

2. The largely increased support of schools aided by private benevolence, which shall supply teachers and preachers for the Negro race.

3. The grounding of the vast majority of these teachers and preachers in common English studies and the English Bible, with the further opportunity for any of them to carry on their studies as far as they may desire.

4. The great extension of industrial education for both men and women.

5. The encouragement of secondary schools established, maintained, and conducted by Negroes.

6. The purchase of homesteads by as many Negro households as possible, with an increased number of decent houses to replace the old one-room cabin.

7. The establishment by the Government of postal savings banks, in which Negroes can be encouraged to save their earnings until they can purchase homes.

8. The aid of public education by the National Government, for the benefit of those sections in which illiteracy most prevails.

9. The removal of all disabilities under which Negroes labor, by the sure forces of education, thrift and religion.

The Proceedings of the Conference will be published in a few weeks. Those wishing to communicate any facts or suggestions concerning the purpose of the Conference, are invited to address the secretaries, care of Rev. S. J. Barrows, 141 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THREE RIVERS AFFAIRS

Three Rivers, August 3.—The Misses Ida and Bertha Calloway are visiting at Cassopolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jacobs visited Constantine, Sunday.

Miss Nora Jenkins, of Constantine, was the guest of Miss Luella E. Jacobs, Saturday.

Mrs. W. Owens is combining pleasure with business in Cassopolis this week.

Does it occur to you that we are getting out a good weekly for $1? We are anxious to make it better. You can help us. We want 10,000 new subscribers. Can't you send us one new subscriber?

Miss Kittie Jackson, of Kalamazoo, was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Owens the first of the week.

Mrs. L. Jacobs will spend several weeks visiting friends in Jackson and Hillsdale. Lou.

TOLEDO LOCALS.

Toledo, Ohio, August 3.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Monroe, of Amherstburg, were the guests of Mrs. W. H. Turner, Sunday. Mrs. Monroe will take a trip on the lakes.

Mr. White, of Detroit, paid a flying visit to Toledo.

Mrs. John Brown will spend this week in Detroit.

Miss Emily Turner, of Louisville, Ky., formerly of Amherstburg, paid a visit to relatives and many friends of this city.

Mrs. J. Franklin and Mrs. O. Fields entertained Miss Emily Turner Monday evening.

Mrs. O. P. Fields leaves for Cincinnati next week, where she will spend the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Randal is visiting Detroit. Toledo Reporter.

No Truth In It.

Mrs. Bruce Indignantly Denies Current Report.

Washington, D. C., August 5.—Prominent people are always subject to criticism, more or less adverse. Senator Bruce, like other men who hold high positions, endures his share. The latest story about him is that he has been in partnership with others in Indiana to remove some alleged "disaffection" of the race, and that as a reward for his services, Indiana Republicans would appoint Mrs. Bruce to a place on the board of lady managers of the World's Fair.

Mr. Bruce indignantly denies the story. In the first place he is not aware of the serious inclination of Afro-Americans to join the Democracy, and therefore has no need to be at the trouble of remedying an ill which does not exist, and secondly, Mrs. Bruce would not take a position in the board if it was offered her, and therefore it would be folly for him to seek an appointment for her. He thinks it an insult to Afro-Americans to suppose that they would accept any mans dictation as to their political fealty, since they are capable of doing their own thinking. He believes them to be pure Republicans who can neither be bought or cajoled by the Democracy, and it is at no trouble to wheedle them into Republicanism.

A VARIETY OF THINGS.

Catholics have established a trade school called Nazareth Institute, at Loch Eine, Ind., for Afro-American boys.

Does it occur to you that we are getting out a good weekly for $1? We are anxious to make it better. You can help us. We want 10,000 new subscribers. Can't you send us one new subscriber?

"Aunt Cindy" Bell, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, celebrated her 100th birthday on the first of August. She prides herself on being able to turn off the weekly washing as quick as any of the young folks.

Frederick B. McGinnis, a well-known colored man of Baltimore, has received from Mrs. Jefferson Davis, a handsome osage orange-wood cane, which is a bequest from the late president of the confederate states.

Richard Hoops, colored, who claims to have been born in 1770, is still living in a dilapidated little shanty on the Cole county, Missouri, side of the Osage river railroad bridge. He has occupied the same uninviting quarters for a number of years. To all outward appearances he is just the same that he was twenty years ago. Occasionally he does small jobs of work, but for the most time he hunts and fishes, and is very proficient in both callings.

An Afro-American bootblack, of Brooklyn, who has built up a prosperous business and now runs a neat little parlor on Fulton street where he increases his respectable bank account by shining his neighbor's shoes, was approached by a white tramp, who, believing like most of his kind, that all Afro-Americans are gullible and peculiarly susceptible to a white man's flattery, began to give the bootblack "taffy," hoping thereby to get a dime for a drink. He was listened to quietly till he began the old story of being without a nickel and having nothing to eat: "See here," said the bootblack, "if you are hungry, go catch English sparrows and roast them. There's plenty of them, and you can trap them with a string. Nobody needn't go starving if he's got any sense."

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

Multitudes of children every summer die from what is known as Summer Complaint, Diarrhea, Cholera Infantum and Dysentery. Humphreys' Specifics, Nos. FOUR, FIVE and SIX are safe-curing thousands.

Wanted—to sell a half interest in a two-chair barber shop; two bath rooms. If there is an industrious colored man anywhere who is desirous of finding a good steady trade, let me hear from him.

Lovell F. Morgan,
Box 144. Mt. Vernon, Iowa.
4t.—43.

Wanted—In a town of 10,000 inhabitants, a cook for a first-class restaurant. Wages from $40 to $50 per month. Address Plaindealer office.

A Liberal Spirit.

Two Opinions Which Mark the Growth of a Christian Sentiment.

We give below, two editorial clippings; the first is from the pen of a white editor of the Western Christian Advocate, relative to the suggestion of Dr. A. E. P. Albert, that at the next election of bishops in the M. E. church, one of them should be an Afro-American. The other is from an editorial in the Christian Recorder on the selection of the faculty of the proposed Payne Theological Institute. The advocacy on the one side in the organ of a white church for the appointment of a black man to the bishopric of a church, in which black men are comparatively few, and the strong plea for a white man among the faculty of a school supported by Afro-Americans, is significant of the growth of a liberal spirit among Christians, which will eventually bring to the whole church a large and desirable following who justly criticise both black and white Christians because in practice they fall so far short of the teaching of true Christianity. The Western Christian Advocate says:

"Bearing in mind that eminent qualification is admitted and urged by the colored man himself to be the prime requisite in a bishop, white or black, what would be the probable effect upon our work of electing such a colored bishop? Possibly it would drive a few out of our communion in the North. It may be we have some so prejudiced that they would spurn a church catholic enough to ignore color. But they could do very well in other communions so long as they lived on earth. What they would do in heaven, is not so plain. But the church, after such a purging, would be homogeneous, and, if not numerically (though we believe that, once exhibiting the Spirit of the Master, it would gain much more than it could lose, even in numbers), spiritually it would be stronger than ever.

Doubtless it would cut us off from attracting members in the Old South; but we are not attracting any as it is. It might cause us to lose some in the border conferences. But it would put those remaining upon a platform, against which the gates of hell could not prevail. They would be in harmony with the doctrines and traditions of our Methodism, which then, South and North, would face the same way.

How would our bishops relish it? It were strange if there would not be a contest of honor who should consecrate their 'brother in black.'

How would our ministers receive him? Just as they receive a white bishop; for, by the supposition, he is to be the peer of any on the Board of Bishops, in scholarship, culture, ability and piety. Such being the case, a white minister refusing to take his appointment at his hand, would be an object either of curiosity, pity, or contempt."

Dr. Lee says:

"The Payne Seminary will not be a training school for the teacher, but for the pupil. Thank God, we are now so far advanced that we have a few ministers who can be said to be approaching a ripe scholarship. But the new seminary will scarcely sacrifice scholarship to race prejudice. If wise, we shall rise above this sufficiently at least to secure one man of noted ability as a teacher, though he be a white man.

There is little doubt that in organizing the new institution and equipping it, we shall pay little attention to the source whence our faculty comes, further than to see that it is, first, right in theology; second, that it is ripe in scholarship; third, that it is possessed of great experience and prestige in theological and educational work, to begin with."

Smith Printing Company.

The complete stock of wedding cards, invitations, tickets, calling cards, etc., kept always on hand by the W. L. Smith Printing Co., 97 Woodward avenue, satisfies the most exacting. Excellent quality of work, prompt service, and courteous treatment to purchasers, are characteristic features of all concerned in the business. Give them a call.

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And Get This Handsome Book. A Big Offer.

"Gems of Deportment" is one of the most beautiful books ever issued from the American press, the publisher's price of which is $2.50. This elegant book contains gems of thought from the best writers and thinkers of the world, and is at once a guide to etiquette, a manual of knowledge, a teacher of etiquette, and a book of beauty. It is superbly illustrated and handsomely bound in English cloth, gold edges. Receipts, hints, rules of behavior, dress, conversation, education, marriage, divorce, how to travel. It is peculiarly suitable for a holiday gift book, and Plaindealer subscribers can get it for $1. The Plaindealer one year and "Gems of Deportment," only $2. SUBSCRIBE.

As she enters womanhood, every young girl needs the wisest care. Troubles beginning then may make her whole life miserable.

But the troubles that are to be feared have a positive remedy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription builds up and strengthens the system, and regulates and promotes every proper function. It's a generous, supporting tonic, and a quieting, soothing nervine—a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage, free from alcohol and injurious drugs. It corrects and cures, safely and surely, all those delicate derangements, weaknesses, and diseases peculiar to the sex.

A remedy that *does* cure is one that can be *guaranteed*. That's what the proprietors of "Favorite Prescription" think. If it doesn't give satisfaction, in every case for which it's recommended, they'll refund the money. No other medicine for women is sold on such terms.

Decide for yourself whether something else sold by the dealer, is likely to be "just as good" for you to buy.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

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DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of **40** years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

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G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

A BIG GATHERING OF THE OLD VETERANS AT DETROIT.

The Grand Parade With 30,000 in Line Witnessed by 200,000 People.--Events of the Day.

Detroit and the G. A. R.

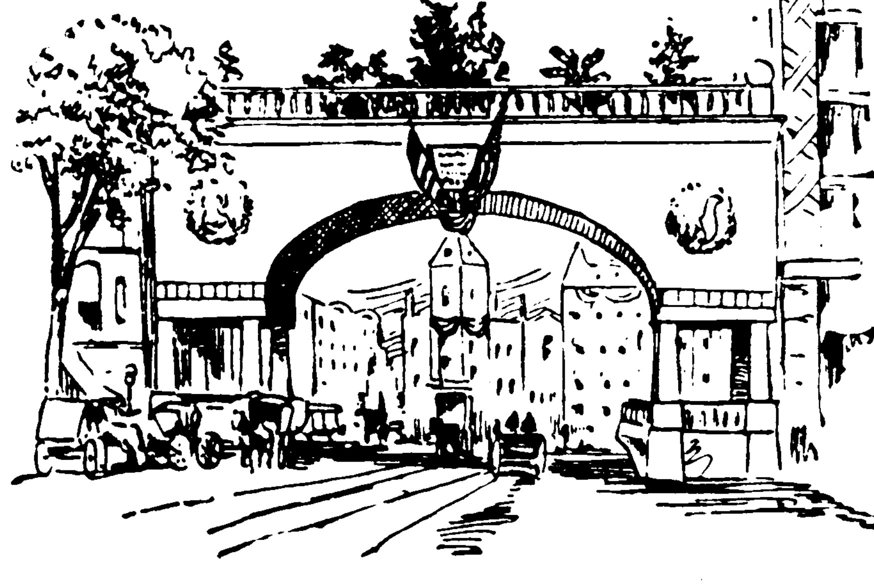
The city of Detroit was quite ready to receive the hosts of the Grand Army that poured upon her by every train arriving in the city from Saturday noon to Monday night. Excellent provision had been made for the comfort and convenience of the visiting posts. Committeemen were stationed at the depots, and every incoming train was met and the people it carried heartily greeted and conducted to places of entertainment. One of the first to arrive was the Frank P. Blair post and the famous Ransom post, of St. Louis. These were followed by other posts and departments until Detroit was full of the boys in blue, and general holiday hilarity prevailed.

The decorations had been under construction for days ahead of the date set for the beginning of the encampment, and it is safe to say that no city which has been honored in times past by Grand Army gatherings ever had more elaborate decorations to welcome the veterans. Flags, bunting and banners were everywhere, while at the principal street intersections along the line of the grand parade were constructed arches of special beauty. One of these triumphal arches was stationed at the corner of Woodward avenue and Park street, and another at the brige on Jefferson avenue. At the intersection of Woodward and Jefferson avenues there was erected an arch and tower, resembling somewhat the famous Eiffel tower of the Paris exposition, while at the corner of Fort and Griswold streets a noble imitation marble arch was erected and dedicated to peace. It bore the mottos, "Cherily on, Courageous Friend, to Reap the Harvest of Perpetual Peace," and "Their Prowess Brought us Peace, Undying be Their Fame."

The Big Parade.

Promptly on time Tuesday morning the big parade started from Grand Circus Park. The route taken by the veterans was thronged on both sides of the street, immense grand stands being erected every few feet along the way. It is estimated that there were fully 30,000 men in line, and it was without a doubt the greatest parade in the history of the organization. One hundred and twenty-five bands were in line and additional music was made by the veterans singing the national airs as they marched along. A continual cheering was kept up by the thousands of spectators which became the more vociferous whenever some well-known man, such as Gen. Alger or ex-President Hayes, both of whom marched in the line with their respective posts, appeared. The torn and tattered flags carried by some of the posts also created immense enthusiasm among both veterans and spectators. The line was nearly five hours in passing and the line of march took two hours and twenty-five minutes to cover, so that it was well on to six o'clock when the parade was ended.

Following the commander-in-chief and his staff came the department of Illinois and one of the first posts in its ranks was George H. Thomas post, of Chicago, the members of which carried red, white and blue umbrellas, which formed, as they marched along a literal living flag. Phil Sheridan post of Chicago following, carried aloft on a pole a large goose attached to which was a placard reading "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high." Wisconsin followed with four posts and several bands in line followed by the Department of Pennsylvania, and then came the Department of Ohio, which was, next to Michigan, the largest department in the line. It took the Ohio men just one hour and twenty minutes to pass a given point, and the Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Dayton and Columbus posts were noticed as being made up of especially fine looking men. The posts were among the best in the line. Following Ohio came the departments in order as follows: New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maine, California, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, Potomac, Virginia, Maryland, Nebraska, Iowa, Indiana, Colorado and Wyoming, Kansas, Deleware, Minnesota, Missouri, Oregon, Kentucky, West Virginia, South Dakota, Washington and Alaska, Arkansas, New Mexico, Utah, Tennessee, Louisianna and Mississippi, Florida, Montana, Texas, Idaho, Arizona, Georgia, Alabama, North Dakota, Indian Territory and Oklahoma, Michigan, Division of Naval Veterans, Division of Sons of Veterans. The Michigan department was led by Col. Eaton and staff of twenty-four mounted men, all of whom carried themselves with true military bearing. The ladies' band, of Fenton, and the Harriet A. Fenny, Daughters of Veterans, of Lansing, were among the most popular features of the department, but when Fairbanks post, of Detroit, came along and the people recognized the form of Gen. Alger marching beside the stalwart old soldier, Gen. O. M. Poe, the air was fairly rent with cheers and shouts. The reviewing stand was stationed at the Campus Martius and among the celebrities who occupied seats near Commander-in-Chief Veazey were: Ex-President Hayes, Gen. Nelson A. Miles and staff, Congressman Burrows, Senator Manderson of Nebraska, Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, Senator Shoup of Idaho, Gen. Warren G. Keifer, Gen. Batchellor, Hon. Austin Blair, Gen. John Pulford, ex-Senator Palmer, Hon. Richard J. Oglesby, Gen. W. O. Dudley, Gen. Henry A. Barnum, Gen. Robt. A. Barth, Gen. R. T. Foster, Gen. Bussey, Corporal Tanner and many others. At the conclusion of the parade Commander-in-Chief Veazey said that he thought on the whole it exceeded that in Boston last year.



THE ARCH OF PEACE ON FORT STREET.

NOTES.

There were fully 200,000 spectators viewing the parade. Every railroad entering Detroit carried immense excursions.

The Detroit police arrested twenty-eight suspects on Tuesday.

Gov. Winans was in Detroit Tuesday and viewed the parade. He said to a reporter:

"I saw every man in the parade to-day and will remember it as among the grandest sights of my life. It was a magnificent display and most admirably handled. Detroit has scored a success and all Michigan is proud. I can't conceive how the thing could have been improved upon, and I regret only that as years advance the percentage of deaths among the old soldiery must so rapidly increase."

A grand reception was given to the commander-in-chief, the G. A. R.-Woman's Relief Corps and Sons of Veterans Tuesday night.

Mayor Pingree, ex-President Hayes, Gen. Alger and others made speeches.

Commander-in-Chief Veazey was on Tuesday presented with a magnificent diamond badge. Ex-President Hayes made the presentation speech.

The ninth convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, held in Detroit during the week, was largely attended.

Ohio was second only to Michigan in its turnout. From every city and remote hamlet in the state came posts or bands, and from the number in line it looked doubtful if the state would have turned out better had the silver anniversary been in her own borders.

One of the prettiest things of all was an organization of fifteen girls known as the Mary Logan Cadets, of Columbia. They wore blue dresses and red caps, and their ages ranged from sixteen to twenty years. Each carried a miniature rifle, and they were comanded by Lieut. Sadie Chapman. As will be imagined they received more applause than the flags of famous battles.

Detroit Post No. 384 was the escort to the commander-in-chief, and preceeded the staff of this officer in the parade. It was everywhere remarked that no post in the fifteen or twenty miles of parade made a finer appearance than this organization. Its uniform was black Prince Albert coats, trousers to match, buff gloves, light-colored canes, slouch hats and gold badges. This post was one of the best drilled commands of the entire day, and received applause all along the line.

Rev. Samuel D. Paine, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian church of St. Augustine, Fla., is the new chaplain-in-chief of the G. A. R.

The color line question was hotly debated at Thursday afternoon's session of the convention, but the matter was left where it was previous to the meeting.

Ransom Post, of St. Louis, attended the Fort street Presbyterian church by special invitation Sunday morning and listened to a sermon by Rev. Dr. Radcliffe.

MEN AND THINGS.

Speaker Reed arrived in New York from Europe last week.

The cholera death rate at Mecca is 140 per day, and 30 at Djedday.

The peoples' party, of Ohio, has nominated Hon. John Seitz for governor.

D. B. Fisk, one of the wealthiest merchants of Chicago, died there last week.

Home Secretary Matthews is in favor of releasing from prison John Daly, the dynamiter.

The number of farms and homes covered by mortgages in the United States is 2,491,930.

A company has been formed in New York for the purpose of loaning umbrellas at a small cost.

Twenty-five thousand people attended the funerals of the St. Mande victims at Paris last week.

Grasshoppers are doing considerable damage to the oats, pastures and meadows in various parts of Ohio.

Frederick C. Havemeyer, founder of the Havemeyer sugar firm, died at Throggs Neck, N. Y., aged 85 years.

Two attempts have been made on the life of President Barrillas, of Guatemala, recently. A revolution seems inevitable.

Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon, recently released from the Galway jail, have announced that they will no longer support Parnell.

The Plaindealer always for sale at the following places:

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Niles, Mich.—Miss Mabel Bannister.

Milwaukee, wis.,—S. B. Bell, 739 3rd Street.

Kalamazoo—Hiram Wilson, 717 Michigan avenue.

Marion, Ind.—Mrs Anna Julius.

South Bend, Ind.—C. A. Mitchell, 835 West Thomas street.

Birmingham, Ala.—W. H. Moss, 1908 4th., avenue.

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STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Detroit, on the twenty ninth day of June in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, present Edgar O. Durfee Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Alice Johnson, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Charlotte Gallawa, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Charles Geist jr. or some other suitable person. It is ordered that the twenty-eight day of July next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be publish d three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in THE PLAINDEALER a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

EDGAR O. DURFEE
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)
HOMER A. FLINT,
Register.

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Hamilton	1.22 pm	3.58 pm	9.48 pm	6.08 pm
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*3 50 p m	Port Huron Express	*6 10 p m
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*Through Mail & Saginaw	11 00 a m	4 05 p m
Steamboat Express	4 30 p m	11 55 a m
Pontiac & Orchard Lake Surb	5 55 p m	*8 30 am
†Chicago Express with sleeper	8 00 p m	7 15 a m
†Night express with sleeper	10 30 p m	7 50 a m

*Daily, Sundays excepted. †Daily

6 50 a m 11 00 a m and 4 30 p m trains connect at Durand for Saginaw and Bay City.

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St. Louis and Ind Express	‡9.50pm	‡11.20 pm
Chicago Express	‡1.55 pm	‡11.20 pm
Chicago Express	‡9.50 pm	‡7.30 am
Ind Louisville & St. Louis Express	‡9.50 pm	‡11.20 pm

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DETROIT, FRIDAY AUGUST 7, '91.

FREEDOM AND PATRIOTISM.

Freedom and Patriotism are strong incentives to influence men to offer up their lives in the struggle to gain, to defend and battle for their country. Of the men who quickly hastened to respond to Lincoln's call for volunteers it may be said of them, that Patriotism was the sole incentive that inspired them. Of them and other volunteers, who answered to the call later, it may also be said:" They fought for their country, their whole country, and nothing but their country." But there was a class in the country, who had not even the privilege or rights accorded to aliens, whose ancestors in the previous war of the Republic had fought that this nation might be; humble and patriotic, they had waited and sighed for the time to come when they might have a place in the glorious Republic, where they had earned a heritage. Quickly they, too, responded to the call. In no heart beat the throbs of patriotism stronger; no war charger scented more eagerly the battle afar off. There were none better prepared to lay down their lives so that this Republic in its entirety might go down the ages to fulfil a glorious destiny. With sorrowing hearts they learned that it was no war of theirs. Reluctantly they retired to their homes, except those so favored by feature and complexion as to be able to enlist in the white regiments.

There were men who saw further than the government, and out upon the frontiers, in Missouri and Kansas, and in Louisana under Butler, were formed regiments that displayed a valor for a government which failed to recognize them, equal in every respect to those of the gallant soldiers who were fighting with Grant at Shiloh and Donelson, or those with McClellan at Malvern Hill, Antietam and other engagements of the Army of the Potomac. The story of the conflict is familiar. The government was in pressing need for men. Lincoln issued his proclamation of Emancipation, and the Afro-American was permitted to enlist. How eagerly they flocked to the recruiting office. In how short a time did they present the appearance of trained soldiery. In how many a conflict, with the fires of freedom and patriotism burning within their breast, did they perform prodigies of valor, and surprise the world by their great gallantry. At those carnivals of death,—"The Crater" and Fort Wagner,—at Olustee and Nashville, gallantly and heroically as the whites fought, and without detracting one iota from their just meed of praise for the heroes who fell there, it can truthfully be said that they were surpassed in heroism by the Black Phalanx.

What a picture of sublime heroism Fort Wagner recalls. What resolution sat upon those sable faces. How their eyes gleamed with the fire of an undaunted courage. With what nervous impatience they awaited the command to charge. Patriotism, freedom and revenge, all commingled in their hearts to create a strong incentive for the most trying and desperate deeds. They cross the ditch and are met by a withering leaden hail of bullets and canister. Their ranks are decimated. Upon the order they close in upon the center, and without pause or hesitation, rush on. They are ably supported by the white regiments. They gain the outwork, and still unappalled by the leaden hail, they attack the inner works. Their brave commander falls. The color-bearer is wounded, but he still clings to his colors. Like Titans they struggle, but that storm of death is too constant, too severe. Their ranks are thinned, and reluctantly they are compelled to retreat, but in order, still preserving a brave front. Many a black and white soldier that day assisted each other in carrying their dead and wounded away, and vied with other in sacrifices and acts kindness. A common cause, a common danger, obliterated race lines, and influenced men to accept as comrades in arms, those whom they had previously looked upon with contempt.

With amazement the world read of that assault. It seemed incredible that a race born in servitude, unused to arms, freedom, uninspired by the motives that actuated men to noble deeds, could perform such prodigies. How the blood tingles when it reads of the deeds of heroes. Immortal epics recite how those who "at Marathon and Leuctra fell," of Leonidas and the three hundred at Thermopylae, of Roman courage and the great wars and battles of history. Tennyson has made immortal the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava. No sublimer courage was ever exhibited than that of the Black Phalanx. If the blood tingles at the recital of brave deeds, it must leap and surge when it is known that the men who laid down their lives and struggled for their country, are made the objects of a relentless proscription. Yet such is the fate of the Black Phalanx, and of all their blood. The freedom won in war is still denied, and legislatures are passing laws that degrade their manhood. In the G. A. R., an effort is being made to induce the white comrades to throw overboard the black comrades with whom they fraternized on many a tented field, and with whom they participated in many a well-fought battle. Can human nature be so vile? Can the prejudices of a few overcome the good sense and patriotism of the many? The G. A. R. will determine.

How every true American must read with shame what the Afro-American must endure. That the Black Phalanx must still fight on, while others are at peace, to wrest from an unwilling country, the same opportunity to live, the same right of others to enjoy American privileges, that they earned on so many battle-fields of the Republic, from Bunker Hill to the Appomattox. That this is so, is a disgrace to the Republic. Can not the patriotism and the love of freedom that does, or should, exist in the Republic, unite to accord to them their full share of citizenship?

Should you happen to compare the Plaindealer with any other race paper which you may be taking, your opinion must be favorable to the Plaindealer. Help us to improve it. Subscribe yourself and get your friends to subscribe.

Our entertaining correspondent, Plutarch, is nothing if not ubiquitous. This week's mail and newspaper comments locate him in Wilberforce, Waco, Guelph, Ont., and Washington. Now as a matter of fact, even Plutarch cannot exist in more than one place. Settle it between you, gentlemen.

We publish elsewhere the recommendations of the second Mohonk Conference. The members of this Conference are all interested and earnest men no doubt, and some of the recommendations are good and will be productive of good. But we would like to ask those at the head of this movement, why is the Afro-American ignored? There are hundreds of Afro-Americans capable of sitting in conference, even with those distinguished men, and it seems quite an anomaly to us to read of "Negro Conferences," to which no "Negro" was invited.

We hope that all Michigan citizens, and especially our friends, the Democrats, are pleased with Governor Winans' selections for the World's Fair committee. From among all the intelligent, progressive and prominent Democrats of Detroit, he could not find a man who was suited, to his mind, for the place and, therefore, he gave Detroit's place upon the committee to a politician, pure and simple. What's true of Detroit, is true of the rest of the state. And as a result we have a committee which in no way represents the interests of this state. We hope the citizens of Michigan are satisfied.

Ouida has long been known as an apologist for all sorts and conditions of liberty, both decent and indecent. It remains for her latest effort upon "Immorality and the State" to win for her a place among the "greatest of modern thinkers, along with Detroit's self-confessed chief-priest of the "greatest thinker" class, the most distinguished editor of the Evening News. We must confess we have not yet read the latest effort of the novelist, and hence may not be permitted to estimate the brilliancy of her effort, even if we could. And though it has happened a few times in the world's history that people of ordinary ability and power have by a single stroke, by pen or sword, by word or deed, lifted themselves up into the ranks of the "immortelles," still we should have been loth to accord to Ouida so rare a privilege. Ouida was to our humble mind what the horse editor would call a "rank outsider"—very rank. To lift her at one fell swoop into that class of "idea manufacturers," amidst whom it is our delight and the city's honor to have so distinguished a representative, in the person of our esteemed editor, would have been too much for us to do, and we should not have attempted it.

The impossibility has however, become an actuality, Saul is among the prophets, and Ouida is immortal. Her credentials were indeed gilt-edged. "She thinks as I think," says, in substance, our honored chief apostle. Of whom can like be said? Ouida's has been indeed a great achievement, and she must well merit her reward.

We want the news. If you have a friend in any town where we have no correspondent, send us his name,—we will do the rest.

Current Comment.

Christian Herald:

Those preachers who are interested in the education of the race, must not cease in their effort to urge upon the people to keep their children in school.

Pittsburg Mirror:

Plutarch's Topics, by a fearless correspondent of the Detroit Plaindealer, should be read carefully. They have the right ring, and contain many wholesome truths. And the old adage, "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," is in order.

American Baptist:

One by one the quill drivers are remembered by the present administration, and still they are not happy. The latest in that direction is Mr. Robert Pelham, Jr., of the Detroit Plaindealer, who has been appointed as a special agent of the Interior Department and assigned at Marquette, Mich. This is a just recognition of one of our brightest and brainiest journalists.

Cleveland Gazette:

The Detroit Plaindealer, of July 24, contained another bitter attack on Wilberforce university in general, and Rev. T. H. Jackson, head of the theological department, in particular, by a writer signing himself "Plutarch." The frequent attacks on this institution seem to indicate that the writer is a resident of Wilberforce or Xenia, if not a member of the faculty of the college.

American Baptist:

The adage "Unite or Perish" has for time immemorial been accepted as a truism, but it has been supplanted by a new one, "Divide and succeed," recently in the discussion of the vexed Negro question. If the first can be considered good logic for other people, we cannot see why it is not good logic for colored. We have not seen where the race is benefitted by division upon any public question, and candidly it seems that they are injured. These expedients will do for a theory, but rarely prove advantageous in practice. It will be no harm to look before you leap, and it won't do much harm if we think twice before we divide.

Southwestern Baptist:

I saw an article in the Detroit Plaindealer saying that the Baptist pulpit of Texas, is at its highest point, and that we have only ignorant, whisky-drinking ministers, and intimated that Bishop Grant is the only Negro leader in the state that is calculated to better the condition of our race. This piece was written by a Methodist preacher at Waco. I wanted to ask you, where was Grant educated? What has he done for the Negroes of Texas? Why don't you see the African Methodist pulpits of Texas that are filled with a lot of stray preachers from other states, and many of them have quit their wives and committed other black crimes, and their only punishment is that they have been transferred to Texas, and honored with the degree of D. D. Texas belongs to the Baptists, so you need not misrepresent us in that way. Remember I can see you,—you work against every Baptist teacher and preacher on the sly; your teachers are teaching in cities and communities where the Baptists are three to one. Why is this? Is it because we have no teachers? No, it is because the Baptists are disposed to be honest with you, while you are cutting at them in sheep's clothing, but you prove to be raving wolves.

From the Philadelphia Tribune:

Speaking about colored men and women filling places in banking institutions, commercial houses, factories and foundries, don't you know I have been surprised myself at the number employed in such places. It is a painful we don't honestly know what progress our people are making. Why a few months ago when I went to New York to arrange my trip abroad, I entered into a steamship company's offices, and in one of the officer's private office I saw a neat looking colored lady doing type-writing. How many of New York's busy millions knew she was there? Business called me at a large commercial house, and there I saw a colored man, who is shipping clerk, in the person of James Trusty. I mention his name because his tall erect form is familiar to many of "the boys" in our city. I entered a certain daily newspaper office, and there saw an intelligent looking colored man in the editor's private office, filling the position of stenographer and type-writer. On conversing with him, I discovered that he came from the South West with the editor, who is very fond of him, and admires him for his honesty, capability and attentiveness to business. Said this young man to me: "No going out to balls, getting my head filled with rum and beer and dancing until broad day-light for me. In the eight years I have been here, I am found at my post every morning at the usual hour with a clear head and a steady hand." After getting through my business down town, I proceeded up-town to visit an old friend. When on Broadway, near 32nd street, my eyes rested upon a magnificent cafe, the entrance to which exceeds anything I ever saw in America. The spacious hallway is one solid mass of marble, heavy furniture and the like. I entered it, gazing around like I imagine sight-seers do when visiting Holy Lands. I was told I was in the Hotel Imperial. There I found not only colored bellmen, but a colored clerk behind the counter alongside of his white brother. This is no fable. Anyone going to New York may learn the same and see the man. And he is not so light you would mistake him for a "white" man either.

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"Gems of Deportment" is one of the most beautiful books ever issued from the American press, the publisher's price of which is $2.50. This elegant book contains gems of thought from the best writers and thinkers of the world, and is at once a guide to learning, a manual of knowledge, a teacher of etiquette, and a book of beauty. It is superbly illustrated and handsomely bound in English cloth, gold edges. Receipts, hints, rules of behavior, dress, conversation, education, marriage, divorce, how to travel. It is peculiarly suitable for a holiday gift book, and Plaindealer subscribers can get it for $1. The Plaindealer one year and "Gems of Deportment," only $2. SUBSCRIBE.

ENCAMPMENT NOTES

PERSONALS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE WHO ATTENDED

Colonel Arnold made a bold fight against Washington, and gained a following which gave Washington men apprehension. To stop the flood tide toward Lincoln which the Colonel was causing, they made very fair promises to him, and if Afro-Americans receive decent treatment at Washington next year, Colonel Arnold should be thanked for agitating the matter and thereby forcing the citizens to accord to the race the rights of manhood at the next encampment.

The Hon. D. A. Straker's little speech at the "Vets" picnic was a corker. The old soldiers were aroused to an old-time enthusiasm, which was expressed in applause which sounded from shore to shore as he left the stand.

Gen. Robert Small, of "The Planter" fame, and ex-Congressman from the state of South Carolina, is spending a few days with the Hon. D. A. Straker at 230 Bagg street. General Small's experience during the war, his natural ability, and career as a politician have made him one of the best known Afro-Americans in the country, and established his claims to leadership. His large experience has made him familiar with the practice of Southern politicians; with the different phases of the race question, and entitle his views on all such questions to careful consideration.

Readers of the Plaindealer are familiar with the methods by which General Small was counted out of his seat in Congress from his district, and now, through technicalities, "Mr. Miller" says General Small, "has been counted out and the certificate of election given to Mr. Elliot, because some of Miller's tickets read 'For Representa tive" instead of "Representative," and others of Mr. Miller's tickets were 1-8 of an inch too short." He thinks that the Farmers' Alliance will result in creating in his own state, two factions among the Democracy, and that although the talisman of what is called Negro supremacy is still strong enough to make them form a solid rank, that ultimately the Afro-American will be benefitted. School facilities in his district are poor. In the town of Beaufort, there is a school almost wholly supported by the Freedman's board of the Presbyterian church, the state contributing but a small amount to it. This same board has recently appointed an Afro-American principal of the Biddle University in North Carolina. He spoke hopefully of the material interests of the race in his state, and estimated their accumulations at $20,000,000. If the next encampment goes to Washington, General Small thinks that the protest of the Afro-American members will have a wholesome effect, and that the hotels and restaurant keepers, &c., will relax their rules for a time at least, or it will result in showing to the G. A. R. and the American people the meanness and despicableness of the prejudices of the National capitol. The General is opposed to the plan of the Southern white posts to create separate provisional departments and is prepared if he gets the opportunity, to use his influence against it.

He is delighted with the welcome he has received in Detroit, and is enthusiastic in his praise of the encampment.

He is at present Collector of the Port at Beaufort, S. C., and it is very probable that in the next campaign he will loom up as a candidate for Congress.

Robt. T. Teamoh, of Boston, Mass., attended the encampment as one of the representatives of the Boston Globe, one of Boston's finest and greatest dailies. Mr. Teamoh is one of a staff of six, who represented his paper here. He has been connected with the Globe for many years, and is a valued member of the reportorial staff of that paper. He goes from here to Denver, Col., on business for the Globe.

Among the week's pleasant events was the presentation of a staff of the native woods of Louisana, to General Alger Monday evening, by Col. Lewis, in behalf of the New Orleans posts.

The Colored Sons of Veterans, of Washington, also showed their regard for General Alger by presenting him with a beautiful gold badge, with a distinctive badge of the organization. Commander John D. Powell, Jr., made the remarks apprising General Alger of the nature and purpose of the visit, after which Sergeant J. W. Ames made the presentation in an eloquent and appropriate address.

Among the many pleasant visitors to the Plaindealer office this week, is Mr. D. W. Washington, of Memphis, Tenn., who is here as a delegate to the Letter Carriers' Association. Mr. Washington's courtesy can be seen at the door of the convention room where courteously welcomes you to the interesting meetings of the Association. All who have met him regret the shortness of his stay in the city.

Genial J. J. C. McKinley, of Louisville, accompanied by the courteous young teacher, Mr. Parker N. Bayley, of Washington, D. C., made a pleasant call at the office. Mr. Bailey's stay in the city was very short, but Mr. McKinley, who is accompanied by his wife and her sister, Miss Davis, will be the guests of Mrs. Wm. Lambert, of Larned street for several days

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The attitude of Commander in Chief Veazy with regard to the color question in the G. A. R., as raised by Southern posts, is not radical enough to please some of the old veterans. Many of them are very outspoken in their disgust at the attitude assumed by the men from the South. A prominent writer on war subjects and a member of the G. A. R., said "The encampment is likely to rebuke the commander-in-chief by abolishing the color line entirely. If the matter is put as a matter of principle, the encampment will adopt it in a second. The Grand Army fought that the colored man might have his rights. It is not going back on its principles now. I admit that there may be some injustice done in a few cases, but the rights of the many should be considered before the grievances of the few, and if the enemies of the colored men push the thing, the colored lines will be wiped out entirely. They should be."

The commander-in-chief has received from Ohio the following dispatch:

Columbus, Ohio, August 5.—Commander-in-Chief, W. G. Veazey: Our colored comrades fought for the same cause and flag that you and I did. Then why not allow him all the rights guaranteed him under our ritual? You cannot rightfully, justly or manfully do him less. E. W. Poe, auditor of state.

From the lips of many a dark-visaged, grim-featured boy in blue similar sentiments are heard, and an effort to push the matter on the part of the South is apt to result very differently from what they anticipate.

The Oliver P. Morton Post, of Washington, though mustering but nine men, received the greatest applause from the reviewing stand of any post in line.

Discrimination in favor of the Negro was noticeable as the colored troops passed the stand of the Commander-in-Chief. Each received an ovation, and cheer after cheer followed them as, few in number and rugged in appearance, they plodded along. Every one remembered the brave black color-bearers, who died holding up the flag of the country which had then never owned him for a son. Worthy of all praise were the black men who survived, and sacred are the memories of those who fell, victims of the bullets of those who had wrung from them all that life holds dear and butchered them as a last sacrifice to prejudice and injustice.

Tears fell from many an eye as the old flags, tattered and torn, some of them held to the staves by almost a shred, were born past the stands.

Mr. John H. Paynter, who looks after the interests of the Philadelphia State Journal in Washington, is a typical newspaper man, cheery and aggressive, with an abiding faith in the merits of his own paper.

The visit of Mr. W. A. Smith, of Boston, to the Plaindealer office was memorable from the fact that he offered a solution of the street car problem, which has successfully downed all the great minds of Detroit.

Among the best appearing posts was John Brown Post 184, composed of forty men. They were led by their own drum corps and presented a good appearance. Samuel Smith was commander.

Alger camp, Sons of Veterans, of Washington, D. C., are here in great force, prominent among whom are J. D. Powell, Chas. B. Fisher and J. W. Butcher. Mr. Fisher is aid de camp to General Veazey.

Mr. Ferdinand Barnett, of the Chicago Conservator, combined business and pleasure during his stay in the city, and was equally at home talking pension claims to the old veterans, or escorting the ladies under his care to the points of interest around the city.

William H. Smith commanded the John C. Fremont Post, 406, the newly organized Detroit Post. The thirty men in line evoked a storm of applause as they passed the reviewing stand.

The Hon. John M. Langston, of Virginia, ex-Congressman, ex-Minister to Hayti, and at present candidate for one of the Circuit judgeships, paid the Plaindealer a visit upon Monday. He was en route to Cleveland, and only staid one day in Detroit. As Minister to Hayti, Mr. Langston became quite familiar with the relations existing between the two countries. He says that no foreign Court is of as much importance to the United States, as that of Hayti. Public opinion, he says, belittles Hayti, but anyone going there with that opinion may be prepared for a great surprise.

Col. James W. Lewis and family, of New Orleans, La., are at the residence of J. M. Wells, 94 Brewster street. Col. Lewis is a born fighter and great G. A. R. man.

The majority report of the committee on the color question was presented by Major William Warner, of Missouri, in the finest speech of the day. He said: "I believe that the colored man who was good enough to stand between the flag and its foes in 1861, is good enough to stand beneath its folds in 1891." The speech won the encampment.

The Hon. Geo. F. Ecton, of Chicago, is of Mr. Barnett's party and, in a quiet way, took in the sights of encampment week. Mr. Barnett and Mr. Ecton were guests of Mrs. Shewcraft.

Alex Johnson, of Owosso, is the only colored member of the Quackenbush Post, No. 205, of that city. He has been a member of that Post for eight years and is now color sergeant. Mr. Johnson took occasion to say that he believed that "Billy Smith" and "Plutarch" were accomplishing much good, and he hoped that they would keep pegging away, as we could not hope to see these evils right themselves.

E. W. Crosby, of the Buffalo Times represented his paper and the New York Age during the week, but found time to take in most of the features of interest as well as make up the required amount of copy.

Captain Wm. H. Smith, of the John C. Fremont Post, found a pocket-book at the Michigan Central depot on Monday morning, and promptly returned it to its owner. He was awarded with "Thank you." Her generosity scarcely equaled his honesty.

The only colored musicians in line were the John Brown drum corps. They showed a proficiency that was commendable, and compared very favorably with similar organizations.

CITY DEPARTMENT.

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MERE MENTION.

To City Subscribers.

On and after June 1, 1891, all unpaid subscriptions will be charged for at the rate of 50 cents for each three months. The present low price of the Plaindealer,—One Dollar per year,—cannot be allowed to those who do not pay in advance, when bills are presented.

The Plaindealer office is now permanently located on the second floor of the building formerly occupied by the Tribune Printing Company, 13—17 Rowland street.

Mr. A. R. Binga, of Pontiac, is in the city.

Mr. John Grant is visiting friends in the city again.

Mr. M. Dowling, of Buffalo, N. Y., is at Mrs. A. Walker's.

Mr. J. R. Boyd, of Washington, D. C. is the guest of Detroit friends.

Mrs. Ray Jones, of Pittsburgh, Penn., is the guest of Detroit friends.

Mrs. George Williams, of Battle Creek, is visiting in the city.

Mr. Chas. Henderson, of Cleveland, Ohio, took in the encampment.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles, of Piqua, O., attended the encampment this week.

Mr. John Coben, of Hamilton, Ont., visited friends the past week.

Mr George Smith, of Rond Eau, Ont., is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Susie Smith, of Jackson, spent a few days in the city this week.

Mrs. J. R. Moore spent a few days with Mrs. G. T. Smith this week.

Miss Bernis Smith, of Grand Haven, Mich., will spend the summer in this city.

Mrs. H. Ward, of Macomb street, has returned from her visit to Toledo, Ohio.

Miss Annie Rice, of Antoine st., is visiting friends and relatives at St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. S. S. Baptist, of Pittsburg, has been the guest of Mrs. M. Ferguson, this week.

Mr. R. G. P. Troy, of the American Catholic of Cincinnati, was a guest of Mrs. Beeler.

Miss Fannie Henderson, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Cheek.

Mr. Ed. S. Williams and wife, of St. Louis, Mo., are the guests of Mrs. Annie Byrd, of Catharine street.

Mr. W. H. Duporte is fortunate in having his annual two week's vacation at this time.

Miss Nancy Barbour, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of Mrs. Joe. Barbour of Brewster street.

Mrs. Emma Lewis, nee Spencer, of Chicago, is in the city, the guest of Mrs. Demming, Adams ave.

Mr. Walter White, of Lafayette, Ind., spent the fore part of the week in the city, visiting friends.

Mrs. Hannah Hughes, of Pontiac, is the guest of Mrs. Jane Wise, of Alfred street.

Miss Ida Vaughn, of Toledo, is being entertained by the Misses Gibson, of Hastings street.

Mrs. John Durrett, nee Annie Brown, of Montreal, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mrs. M.E. Duporte.

Miss Hattie Hall, of Columbus, Ohio, is in the city. She is at Mrs. Smith's, Catherine street.

Mrs. Horne, wife of Editor Horne, of the Chattanooga Observer, was the guest of Mrs. Shewcraft.

Mr. Willis Mitchell, of Columbus, O., spent the week with his brother, Rufus Mitchell, of Elliot street.

Master Fred Barrier returned home Monday, after a week's stay with his mother at Bois Blanc island.

Mr. Samuel Baptist, of Pittsburgh, Penn., is stopping at Mrs. Martha Ferguson's, of Russell street.

Mr. Al. Burgess and wife, of St. Louis, Mo., are being entertained by Mrs. Wm. Tomlinson.

General Robert Smalls and wife, of South Carolina, are the guests of Prof. D. A. Straker, Bagg street.

Mr. Thad. Warsaw, Jr., will informally receive a number of the visitors today, from 4 till 7 P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Byrd, of Lima, O., are in the city to see the parade. Mr. Byrd was a member of the 55th Massachusetts.

Mrs. Duporte who has had a severe attack of cholera during the past two weeks, was enabled to be in her accustomed place last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jordan and sons, of Louisville, Ky., were entertained by Mrs. E. P. Harper, of Division street, the past week.

Mrs. James Towles, formerly of this city, and now a resident of Xenia, Ohio, is in the city for a week's stay. She is the guest of Mrs. John Bush.

Mrs. M. E. McCoy, vice president of the John Brown Relief Corps, will give a reception tonight from 6 till 10 P. M., in honor of Miss Julia Ma-

Mr. J. A. Fields of the Freight Department of the L. S. and M. S. Railway, at White Pigeon, was the guest Mrs. H. J. Lewis for a few days week.

eorge A. Barrier, who is one of the d ward's greatest political hustlers, been appointed side-walk inspector, connected with the Board of lic works.

nj. S. Lee, of Bellaire, Ohio, call- the Plaindealer this week. Mr. a talented and energetic young and will look after the interests e Plaindealer in Bellaire and ty.

Dr. George C. Hall, of Chicago, was getting points from Detroit this week, for Chicago during the World's Fair.

Mrs. S. Nokes, a former resident of this city, but now of Tiffin, Ohio, is in the city to see friends and take in the encampment.

Dr. and Mrs. Abbott, Mr. Garrison, of Toronto, Parker Bailey, of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. McKinley and Mrs. Davis, of Louisville, Ky., are with Mrs. Wm. Lambert, Larned street.

Is the Plaindealer worth $1 a year to you? If so, isn't it worth the same to your neighbor? Urge him to take it. All the news every week, and a complete novel every month. Take the Plaindealer.

The Misses Laura Phelps, Ella Phelps, Kate Gates, Emma Willis and Eva Nichols, school teachers of Xenia, Ohio, who have been attending the National Teachers convention at Toronto, stopped over in Detroit for the present week, and are at Mrs. Copper's, Madison avenue.

Mrs. McCoy of Lincoln avenue is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Watertown, N. Y., Mrs. Fowler and the Misses Cook and Connor, of Baltimore, Mrs. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Turner and Mrs. I. Roberts, of Chicago, M. J. Bowles, of Virginia, Mrs. White, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. Dorsey, of Saginaw.

J. H. Martin, E. H. Drew, and Samuel Kemp, of Fremont, Ohio, paid a pleasant visit to the Plaindealer office, Wednesday. They were among the many Ohioans who took in the show in this city. Mr. Martin is leader of the Fremont colored band ,and the other two gentlemen are members of the same organization. Fremont is the home of ex-President Hayes, and the gentlemen were loud in their praises of the ex-President.

At the residence of Mrs. Ferguson, which is under the charge of Mrs. Harriet Smith and daughter during Mrs. Ferguson's absence from the city, is a pleasant group of Washingtonians, headed by Col. Arnold. With him are Misses M. Smith, E. Patterson, Julia Mason, who holds a prominent place in the Relief Corps, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. J. C. Jackson, and Messrs. Ames, Philipson, Layton and Dr. J. A. Boyd.

Glances Here and There.

The depots at a period of unusual excitement like the present week, is a source of fruitful study as well as amusement. The people of this day and generation arrogate to themselves a knowledge only a little inferior to the gods, and an independence known only of Americans born and bred. Kept within their proper bounds, within the limits of their own bailiwick, their self-assertions might pass unchallenged. A sudden transfer, however, into a seething mass of unfamiliar faces, transforms all their vaunted self-possession into utter helplessness. The majority of the people always seem to get rattled in a crowd. What a flood of ridiculous, unanswerable and useless questions are poured upon the depot officers. People without plans, without chart or compass, tossed about hither thither, bent on seeing everything, and doing everything, but knowing absolutely nothing. All day Monday trains came in every twenty minutes bearing thousands of long men and short men, without whiskers and with whiskers, and yet one gate tender takes oath he was asked a hundred times if a short man with a long mustache, or a long man with a clean face, had arrived that day. At every station too, were booths over which a sign read "Bureau of Information." In charge of these "bureaus" were ordinary individuals stocked with a certain amount of the G. A. R. brand, such as location of army corps, diagram of the city, program of the encampment, etc. This was all they were paid to know, and in most cases did know. They were not used to knowing so much, and the committee was doubtless wise in not crowding them with information.

If, however, every one of the 70,000 volumes in the city library were an encyclopedia, and every page in each an answer, 't would not have availed against the sea of hopeless inquiries which rolled upon these "bureaus."

• • •

Youth time, to itself, is nothing if not Democratic. The story is told of a little boy named "Billy," who was allowed to keep his sixth birth-day by inviting a number of his friends for a party. To Billy, friends were friends, and so he went out on the street and invited whom he wanted. Among the number were the children of a Mr. Wheaton, whose fine house and carriage gave tone to the entire block, and little Topsy, the son of Mr. Wheaton's colored washer-woman. Most of the number, used to such gatherings, brought with them little gifts for Billy, but little Topsy not being up to the custom which now prevails in polite circles of paying for your invitation with a present, came empty-handed, and deeply chagrined was he to find himself, so to speak, minus the "wedding garment." When supper was announced Topsy was missed, but he came in all out of breath before it was finished, and electrified the assembled company by exclaiming, "Say, Miss Johnson, Ma says she'll buy me a present for Billy just as soon as Miss Wheaton pays her for washing," and he probably does not know now why everything got so still for a minute.

One of Attorney General Miller's good deeds for the race during the present administration, was the adjustment of a difficulty arising from the appointment of a young Afro-American as postal route agent in Northern Mississippi. The appointment was obnoxious to the whites of that section, and a number banded together to prevent him from fulfilling the duties of his position. To accomplish this they fired a number of shots through the car, in which he was passing through their town. By order of the Attorney General, the matter was investigated, and three young men, who had committed the outrage were arrested. One of them pleaded guilty, and the other two were convicted and sent to the penitentiary where they now are, the term of the other having expired.

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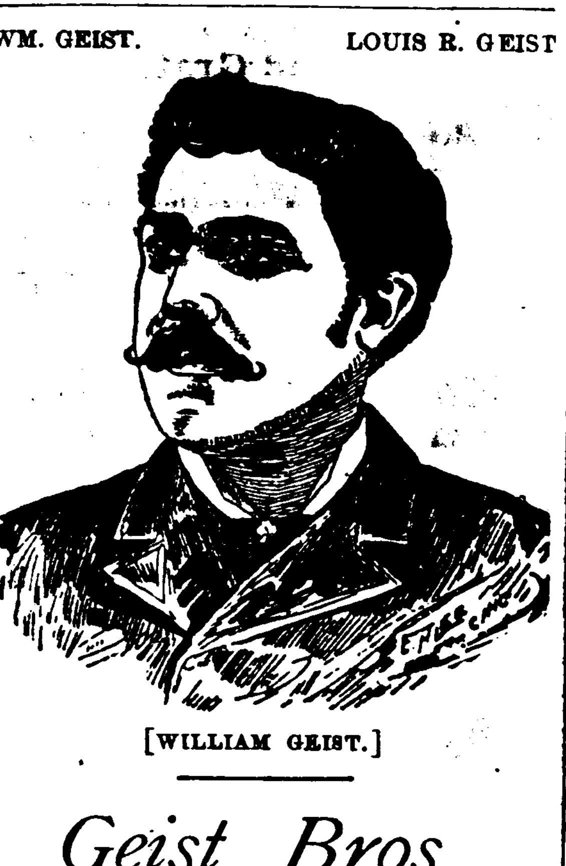

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A TRUE POET.

I know a pensive poet
Who writes a ream a day;
And always to a lady fair
He sings his gentle lay.

To-day it is to Lesbia.
To-morrow it's to May;
It is a different damsel
On every different day.

"Does not," I asked the poet,
"It trouble you a deal
Imagining so many loves
Which you can never feel!"

"Nay, nay," replied the poet,
"For I imagine none;
But truly, deeply, fervently
I love them every one."

—Boston Courier.

DON MIGUEL.

It was about fifty years ago, at the close of one of the many rebellions which are continually taking place in this beautiful island of Cuba. The insurgents had been crushed by the Spanish authorities, many of the leaders had been captured and executed, others transported to old Spain for life-long imprisonment, but the commander of the rebel army, Don Miguel del Rosa, had escaped and no trace of him could be found. Before the breaking out of the war Don Miguel had been one of the most popular men in Santiago. Young and good looking, a colonel of one of the Spanish regiments stationed in the city, always ready for a dance or bull-fight, he was much sought after by the fair ones of this old town. His father had been a Castilian, but his mother was an American, and from her he had inherited that love of justice and liberty common to the Anglo-Saxon race.

Trading back and forth between Santiago and the ports of the United States was a New England brigantine. Her captain and owner took with him on all of his voyages his only daughter, her mother having died early in her childhood. With this captain and his pretty daughter Don Miguel became very friendly. He was always the first to meet them on their arrival in port and had taken many jolly excursions into the interior of the island and around the shores of the harbor together. The young people had, naturally, fallen in love with one another, and the old captain, although regretting that Don Miguel was not a sailor, had rather encouraged them in their love-making. He also sympathized with Don Miguel in his plans for freeing his island from the hated Spanish yoke. And it was in the cabin of the "Foam" (as the brigantine was called) that Don Miguel, with his few companions from the army, who sympathized with him, and the leading men from the people, formulated their plot for a general uprising. The captain himself did not take any part in the conspiracy, nor did any of his crew. He had brought on his last voyage, hidden away under his regular cargo, quite a number of rifles and a quantity of ammunition for the insurgents, but this, with his personal sympathy and the use of his vessel for their meetings was all he had done to aid the uprising. The Spanish authorities, however, knowing of his friendship with Don Miguel, had anchored an armed schooner alongside of the "Foam" and had given the captain orders not to leave his vessel, on the breaking out of the revolution, suspecting that the American was in some manner connected with the plot.

The rebellion proved a short-lived one. Don Miguel's followers were poorly armed, and miserably drilled. Most of them had been brought up in abject fear of the army all of their lives, and it was next to impossible to make such troops stand before the steady advance of trained soldiers, notwithstanding the bravery of their commander and his officers. They were beaten in every pitched battle, and it was only in the mountain passes, when they could harass the marching column from behind rocks and trees, that they were at all successful. His army gradually diminished in numbers, some were killed outright, many captured, but the majority, growing disheartened, surrendered. Don Miguel at last found himself with only fifteen or twenty followers, and they were hunted to the deepest recesses of the forests and mountains.

Finding themselves in such a plight, all hope of succeeding as liberators was abandoned, and breaking up into small parties of two or three each, they chose separate paths leading to the coast, where they hoped they might hail some passing vessel, and so escape from the island.

Don Miguel, with one companion, resolved to return as near as possible to Santiago, and endeavor to establish communication with Captain Standish, of the "Foam." With his cause lost, the knowledge of the country and of the water courses, which he had gained in his hunting and fishing expeditions, now stood him in good stead. Taking unfrequented paths through the forest, they at last reached a small hut in which lived an old fisherman, with whom Don Miguel had often spent a night during his fishing expeditions. This old man, although friendly to Don Miguel, had taken no part in the uprising, owing to his age, for although able to paddle around the bay in his canoe and attend to his nets, he was hardly strong enough to shoulder a musket and march across the rough hills, and endure the hardships of a soldier's life. His hut was situated about a mile from the mouth of the harbor on the opposite shore from the Morro.

Don Miguel decided that the cave at the foot of the cliff, although the grim fortress rose directly above, would be the safest place for him to hide until he could concoct some plan of escape. In the first place the cave was seldom visited except by his old fisherman friend, who went in when the tide and wind permitted, as it was a great feeding ground for a large, rock bass, which was hardly ever hooked in any other part of the bay; then again he well understood that propensity of human nature to always seek for that which they are very anxious to find, at a distance, and never look directly beneath their noses. The interior of the cave was, moreover, quite dark, and unless a very thorough search was made, with torches, it would have been hardly possible to discover his hiding place. The same night after reaching the old man's hut, Don Miguel and his friend were quietly paddled down to the cave and took up their quarters on a ledge of rock well above high water, at the upper end. A note was sent by the fisherman to Captain Standish and his fair daughter, telling them of his whereabouts, and his desire to escape from the island. This note was delivered by the old fisherman, as he paddled up to market with his fish in the early morning. Passing close under the stern of the "Foam," the note was thrown on board attached to the tail of a squirming fish, which landed directly at Grace Standish's feet, as she was leaning against the rail of the quarter-deck, thinking about Don Miguel, and praying that he might still be alive. Not having heard from him directly since the breaking out of the revolution, and now during the past few weeks no word had reached her ears concerning him, she had nearly ceased to hope. Startled at first by the fish flapping on the deck, her quick eyes at once caught sight of the paper, and her heart, ready to seize on the slightest sign, told her at once that it was the message she was longing for, yet was afraid would never come.

In this way communication was established between the brigantine and Don Miguel. The old fisherman went quietly from one to the other, exchanging their messages and supplying the fugitives with necessary provisions. The authorities had gradually relaxed their vigilance in regard to the "Foam." One after another the ring leaders of the rebellion had been captured, and not one would implicate Captain Standish in any way. So when the Captain demanded the right of an American citizen to take his vessel to sea, and threatened them with dire results if he was not allowed to do so, the Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish army, after having first thoroughly searched the brigantine for Don Miguel, gave him the authority to clear his vessel for the United States. After receiving this authority Captain Standish overhauled the "Foam" and put everything in ship-shape order. Word was sent to Don Miguel by the fisherman, and all was arranged. Late one afternoon, when the tide and the wind served right, the "Foam's" anchor was taken aboard after its long rest in the mud of Santiago harbor, the stars and stripes hoisted to the peak, all sail spread, and escorted by an armed cutter from the Spanish schooner, she sailed quietly out of the beautiful little harbor. When off the Morro the cutter left her to pursue her course unhindered. Little did the Spanish sailors think, as they rowed back up the harbor, that hardly one hundred feet from them, within the opening of the cave, but well back in the shadow, was the man they were all hunting for so eagerly. Here Don Miguel with his friend and the fisherman were eagerly waiting for darkness to come, that they might venture out and follow the brigantine. As the sun set and darkness began to shut down on the sea, the brigantine's course was altered until she was standing back again for Santiago harbor. After an hour of anxious watching a small light was made out from the fore-castle of the "Foam." She was laid to, a ladder lowered, and in a few minutes Don Miguel was on deck, and Grace, folded in his arms, was sobbing out her joy on his shoulder. The fisherman and Don Miguel's faithful comrade were taken on board, the old canoe cast adrift, sheets eased off, and the "Foam" was once more on her homeward journey.

Sail after sail was set and the little brigantine, seeming to know what was required of her, and glad again to feel the sea foaming under her bow, fairly flew up the Cuban coast. After an uneventful voyage, New Orleans was reached. Don Miguel and Grace were duly married, the "Foam" sold and the happy family settled down to live a quiet life on a small orange plantation, with all their sorrows and hardships forgotten in the happy outcome of all their troubles.—The Argonaut.

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Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO.,
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Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure." ④

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HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

A NEW STORY BY W. D. HOWELLS.

An Afro-American Heroine.—A New Book by Joel Chandler Harris.

Washington, August 3.—Amidst all the political broils and ministerial aspirations, there seems to be an unusual accumulation of literature involving the Afro-American, written both by some talented Negro authors and by well known writers of the white race. Not long since there was reviewed in these columns, a book published on the "Life of Fred Douglass," by F. M. Holland, a white man. Following that up is a contribution to literature by the well-known writer, Joel Chandler Harris,—"Uncle Remus." The name of this book is "Balaam and his master." Balaam is a Negro, who, according to the customs then in vogue, was given to a young son of a wealthy Southerner, and the whole story is a narration of heroic devotion to his young master. The incidents cannot be reproduced here, but the whole story as well as four others which comprise the book, are interesting as representing the deep-seated affection which the bourbon South holds for the "old-time" Negro. The sixth story represents a mixed blood, and she is characterized with the vengeance of a demon for a wrong which has been done her, and which finally results in her killing her master, herself, and burning the house over their heads.

Such is the sentiment of the average Southerner and in such contributions as this, as well as of all of Harris' writings, we gather the opinions of those who are nearest us and ought to know us best. As a Southerner, Harris has neither the bitter gall of Page, the hypocritical cynicism of Maurice Thompson nor the intellectual littleness of F. J. Stinson, but strikes one as an endeavorer to picture times and conditions as they are or have been. If his pictures always fall short of the highest type of Negro of to-day, it is because he neither knows them by contact or any other means.

Turning, however, from Southern writers, to a world-wide famous novelist of W. D. Howell's type, who in his writings and criticisms holds a front rank in the literary world, it is exceedingly gratifying to follow his story in Harper's Magazine, "An Imperative Duty," in which he is picturing the noble qualities of the Afro-American. His heroine is a Negro girl and readers of the Plaindealer would do well to read this story, beginning in the July number and still continuing.

Reference should be made also in this connection, to two other books recently published and more or less discussed in the Plaindealer, one by J. G. Penn, the other by E. A. Johnson. The latter is a carefully prepared text-book entitled a "School History of the Negro Race in America," and that it has been introduced into the schools of North Carolina, into Shaw University, Livingstone College, Biddle University, Scotia Seminary, Kittrell Industrial and Normal Institute, is sufficient comment on its excellence. Mr. Johnson is a young Afro-American, who by his own efforts has struggled through college, acquired a professional course of law in which he is winning success, and at the same time is honored with the principalship of the leading school of Raleigh, N. C. Amid all these duties, he has found time to write his book, and the care shown in its composition is complete.

This book ought to be taught in every school in America. When the "Negro Problem" continues to bob up notwithstanding the thousand and one solutions that have been made, it would be well to acquaint all children, white and black, with the facts available regarding a race so much the subject of discussion, and so entering into all the current history of America.

But there is another and greater reason why every Afro-American child should study such a work. The author in his preface truly says "The general tone of most of the histories taught in our schools has been that of the inferiority of the Negro, whether actually said in so many words or left to be inferred from the highest laudation of the deeds of one race to the complete exclusion of those of the other. But how must the little Colored child feel when he has completed the assigned course of U. S. History, and in it found not one word of credit, not one word of favorable comment for even one among the millions of his forefathers who have lived through nearly three centuries of his country's history!"

"The Afro-American Press" by J. G. Penn, has been very carefully discussed in these columns, and I can only take exception to the general usefulness of the book as there argued by saying that the book has come short of its possibilities as a reference work by omitting some where, either in a separate chapter or in an appendix to give a complete list without comment of all Afro-American papers ever published, no matter for how long or short a time. Such an appendix or chapter would have rendered the work immensely more valuable as a reference work, while in its present shape it will hardly be in great demand by the popular reader nor is it exhaustive enough for the man of letters.

T. J. Calloway.

A Desperate Man.

He Kills Several People and Dies Himself.

George Craig, who was imprisoned in Cynthiana, Ky., for murder, escaped by bullying the jailer's wife last Friday. The next day he appeared at Nathan Conway's house near Paris, and asked for a drink of water. While William Conway, the oldest son, was handing him the water he struck him with a rusty scythe, and literally cut him to pieces. Nathan Conway, the father, ran to his son's assistance, and was himself killed by the desperado. The mother's throat was cut from ear to ear, and Charles Conway, another son, was nearly killed. Other members of the family ran for assistance; neighbors came, and was shot several times. He then showed fight but was driven back, and after running a half mile, dropped dead. The murderer killed his brother-in-law at Cynthiana, and his brother is awaiting the death penalty in Cincinnati, for killing his wife.

IN PLAYFUL MOOD.

The cyclone actually takes a town by storm.—Washington Star.

Do not imagine that the young lady means yes when she nods after midnight. —Dallas News.

"Oh, Mr. Bullfish, you are so odd." "The remedy, Miss Smilax, lies entirely with you."—Boston Courier.

There are not many offices that seek the men, but a good many of them are looking for pretty stenographers.—Elmira Gazette.

"Can lying be justified?" asks the Courier-Journal." Justified! Why, down this way, if it be on the right side, it can be sanctified.—Waco (Tex.) Day.

A Rice county farmer gathered eight bushels of gooseberries from his bushes this season. He traded off six bushels of them for sugar enough to put up the remainder.—Kansas City Star.

"Philosophic advice may all be very well, but some men have wound up in jail who have followed it." "Why, how's that?" "They were advised to take things as they found them, and they did so."—Kate Field's Washington.

Laura—"I don't know, George. It seems such a solemn thing to marry. Have you counted the cost?" George—"The costs, Laura! The cost! Shucks! I've got a preacher cousin that'll marry us for nothing."—Chicago Tribune.

Convict—"Excuse me, ma'am, you dropped your handkerchief." Lady visitor—"Thank you; you are very good." Convict, eagerly—"Say, ma'am, you couldn't manage to persuade the gov'nor of that, somehow, could you?"—Somerville Journal.

Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles 15c and 25c. Major's Best Liquid Glue 10c.

Bakers are beginning to use wooden pie plates.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

There is on exhibition in St. Augustine, Fla., an alligator with three eyes.

Secure a Business Education at Home. A full Business Course given by mail. Perfect satisfaction, low rates; Bryant's College, Buffalo, N.Y.

The latest freak of masculine fancy is a white shirt with a black collar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A camera which is said to take fifty photographs per second is a French novelty.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Virtue, alas, not unfrequently trips and falls on the sharp-edged rock of poverty.

Spratts Patent Dog Soap kills fleas, makes coat glossy; by mail 25c. Pamphlet free "Dog Diseases." Other matter of interest address Spratts Patent, New York City.

The man who thinks a long face is pleasing to God has never rightly understood Him.

That "all gone" or faint feeling so prevalent with our best female population, quickly succumbs to the wonderful powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It never fails.

A multicolor printing apparatus in London prints a poster with seven colors at once.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The man who says, "Let me have no sorrows," might as well say, "Let me have no joys."

When you have that tired feeling of exhaustion, and you have little ambition, your blood is thin and poor. There is nothing that will enrich your blood, bring back life and activity, like Hires' Root Beer. Nothing so nutritious and strengthening. Ask your druggist or grocer for a package. Makes five gallons, sparkling and delicious. Sold everywhere.

The leading railroads of Europe will adopt a system of standard time the same in principle as that used by the railroads in this country.

Can You Find The Word?

The only one ever printed. Can you find the word? Each week a different 3-inch display is published in this paper. There are no two words alike in either ad., except One word. This word will be found in the ad. for Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, Little Liver Pills and Wild Cherry Bitters. Look for "Crescent" trade mark. Read the ad. carefully and when you find the word send it to them, and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographs and sample free.

The new warship of the English navy, the Royal Sovereign, was constructed in seventeen months, which is said to be the best time on record for such work.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

A rivet in the form of a tube to be used both as a rivet and as a drainage way, is the latest wrinkle in iron shipbuilding.

In St. Paul a company makes a business of cleaning and inspecting chimneys and of finding the cause of bad drafts in chimneys.

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Ask your storekeeper for our Fruit Jar Opener. Don't see how you get along without it. If he don't keep it send 10 cents postage and get one free.
KIRWAN & TYLER, Baltimore, Md.

The person who can least spare it is often most willing to give others a piece of his mind.

Physicians' Wine.

All physicians who have used Speer's Port Grape Wine and Claret recommend it above all other wines for valuable medicinal properties, especially for females and debilitated persons. The Climax Brandy is also held in high esteem.

A substitute for gutta-percha has been found in the sap of the karite or butter tree of Africa.

The problem of medicine is solved by Hires' Root Beer imparting pure, rich blood. Source of health. Without pure blood a person cannot long remain healthy and free from disease. Hires' Root Beer Packages make five gallons of a delicious, sparkling temperance drink. Cooling and quenching the thirst. All first-class druggists and grocers sell it.

A new wire called the Hungarian wire is covered with three coats of thread and two coats of celluloid.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

Mica in large quantities has been discovered in British Columbia near the head of the Tete Jaune Pass.

Laws and Advice Free. **PENSIONS** Experience 26 years. Write us. A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, Cincinnati, O. & Washington, D. C.

False modesty and procrastination are responsible for much female suffering. We can excuse the instinctive delicacy that suggests concealment to the young, but there is no excuse for those who reject the assistance of a woman.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is an entire and permanent cure for the worst forms of female disease, and instantly relieves all weaknesses and ailments peculiar to the sex. It is sold by all Druggists as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints, either sex, the Compound has no rival.

Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book.

Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

W. N. U., D.—9—32.

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"Thrift is a good revenue." **Great Saving** results from cleanliness and **SAPOLIO**: It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

CHEAP COMFORT

Can be secured by the small investment in one cake of SAPOLIO when you have a house or kitchen to clean. From the paint to the pots and pans, and including the windows and floors, it is the very best labor-saving soap for scouring and cleaning. All Grocers sell it.

A MAN UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

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Church News-

Bethel A. M. E.—Corner of Hastings and Napoleon streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School, 2:30 p.m.—Rev. John M. Henderson, pastor.

Ebenezer A. M. E.—Calhoun street, near Beaubien. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.—Rev. J. H. Alexander, pastor.

esson Ave. A. M. E.—Services 10:30 a. m. 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m. Rev. N. N. Pharis, pastor.

Second Baptist.—Croghan street, near Beaubien. Services at 10:0 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.—Rev. E. H. McDonald, pastor.

St. Matthew's Episcopal.—Corner Antoine and Elizabeth streets. Sunday services: Holy Communion, 7:00 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon, 10:30 a. m. Sunday School, 2:30 p. m Evening Prayer and Sermon, 4 p. m. C. H. Thompson, D. D., rector.

Shiloh Baptist—Columbia street, near Rivard Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after morning service.—Rev. W. A. Meredith, pastor.

(Brief items of news will be welcome from either pastors or laymen.)

The Conservator recommends to its Chicago readers the excellent effects of giving their hard-worked ministers a holiday, calling their attention to the exhausting labor which falls upon the pastor of a church encumbered by debt, who is expected to officiate at all social affairs of his members; christen their children, bury their dead and visit their sick, as well as raise money and preach two sermons every Sunday. The same might be justly applied to many other communities, of which Detroit is one.

The Rev. Wm. C. Jason, of the A. M. E. church, of Orange, N. Y., was cowhided by Miss Adaline Brown, a member of his congregation, because he would not fall in love with her. The Rev. Jason is a graduate from Drew Theological Seminary, and has since his pastorate in Orange, raised the church to a good position. He has earned the respect of the entire community by his christian deportment and intelligence, and nothing in his manner has given cause for scandal. The young woman in question has been a prompt attendant at services since his appointment there, and is supposed to have been impelled to the deed because, to stop her unseemly attentions to him, he was forced to write to her a letter disclosing that he was not in love with her, and had no intention of marrying.

The twelfth street Baptist church, of Boston, known throughout the country as Dr. Grimes' church, from the noted founder, is just now, the scene of unfortunate dissensions and disagreements among its members. For some time the church has been without a pastor, and recently a number of the members extended a call to Rev. Henry H. Harris, a former pastor. The Rev. Harris is under a cloud, and many of the members opposed the extension of the call to him until he shall be proven innocent. In spite of this opposition, however, it was announced that he would preach from the Twelfth street pulpit, August 2nd, and the efforts of the opposing faction were futile to prevent it. A warrant had been sworn out against him, charging him with abortion, to prevent his appearance in the pulpit. Mr. Harris gave bail for $10,000, and accompanied by a special officer, proceeded to the church and delivered an excellent sermon with very slight mention of the trouble. Many of the most influential members of the church favor Harris, in spite of the charges against him, and the fight in the church promises to be a bitter one.

The Coming Conferance.

A Public Reception.—Where the Delegates Will Stop.

The Michigan Annual Conference will open its Fifth Annual Session, Thursday, August 13 at Bethel church, corner Napoleon and Hastings street.

On the evening of August 12th, the Bishop, Rt. Rev. J. M. Brown, D. D., and the conference and visitors will be tendered a reception by the citizens. The program will be largely impromptu. The music will be furnished by the Bethel choir and other home talent.

The Hon. D. A. Straker will deliver the address of welcome on behalf of the citizens; the pastor, Rev. J. M. Henderson on behalf of the church, and responses will be made by Bishop Brown and Rev. S. J. Hill.

Addresses will follow from Bishop B. W. Arnett, D. D., the Rev. Drs. Coppin, Handy, Derrick and other distinguished visitors.

With so large a number of prominent orators, a nice program may be expected.

All citizens are invited to be present. Admission free, of course, and a hearty welcome all around.

Where the preachers will be entertained:

Bishop Brown and wife, Robert Pelham, 223 Alfred street; Rev. Dr. Derrick, Thaddeus Warsaw, 52 Division street; Rev. Benj. Roberts, W. C. Lewis, 58 Calhoun street; Rev. J. J. Hill, J. P. Coates, S. W. Benson and S. B. Pope, Sarah Hawkins, Beaubien street; Revs. J. L. Watkins and L. M. Beckett, David Carneal, 157 Clinton street; Rev. C. F. Hill and wife, Jane Gregory, 379 Maple street; Rev. J. McSmith and Wm. Collins, John Beeler, 90 Division street; Rev. W. H. Brown, Stephen Robinson, 304 Calhoun street; Rev. S. R. Collins, Thos. Mulberry, 289 Brady street; Rev. H. Harper, Alfred Allen, 285 Elliot street; Rev. S. P. Peaker, Mrs. Evans, 817 Beaubien street; Rev. R. Jeffries, Wm. Ellis, 799 Beaubien street; Rev. A. Cotman, Mrs. Sarah Bibbins, 177 Wilkins street; Rev. J. K. Hart, Mrs. Hattie Burton, 787 Antoine street; Rev. W. L. Brown, Middleton Hill, 270 Alfred street; Rev. E. E. Gregory, 379 Maple street; Rev. S. W. Brown, James Dean, Calhoun street; Rev. W. H. Saunders, 61 Calhoun street.

Rev. J. W. Sherrit from Halifax, N. S., James Lyons, Calhoun street; Rev. Mr. Ross of Toledo, Ohio, and Rev. J. S. Woods, editor Afro-American Budget, Mrs. Mary Thomas, 204 Wilkins street.

Places reserved for visitors.

Mrs. S. Lyberdes, 840 Grandy ave. Wm. Johnson, 272 Alfred street; Mrs. C. Preston, 361 Croghan street; Wm. Sanford, 168 Division street; Philander Fox, 184 Wilkins street; Wm. Slaughter, 378 Champlain street; Mrs. Ella Bell, 116 Division street.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII—AUGUST 16—THE FIVE THOUSAND FED.

Golden Text: "I Am That Bread of Life." —John VI: 48.

HOME READINGS.

Mo. Five Thousand Fed......John vi. 1-14.
Tu. Matthew's Version......Matt. xiv. 13-21.
W. Mark's Version.........Mark vi. 31-44.
Th. Luke's Version.........Luke ix. 10-17.
Fr. Four Thousand Fed......Mark viii. 1-9.
Sa. Compassion of Jesus....Matt. ix. 32-38.
Su. Not by Bread Alone......Matt. iv. 1-4.

Introductory.—"The feeding of the five thousand is the one miracle related in every Gospel. The student will, of course, distinguish it from the feeding of the four thousand, which is narrated in Matt. xv. 32–39. Mark viii. 1–9. The historical connection with what preceded is not the same in the four accounts. Here it is in connection with the miracles at Bethsaida, and probably after the death of John the Baptist. In Matthew it is in connection with the death of John the Baptist; in Mark and Luke it is after the death of John the Baptist, but in connection with the return of the twelve."—Plummer.

I. The Multitude Gathered. Verses 1-4.—1. "After these things." The "things" referred to are those which are narrated in the latter part of the preceding chapter. How much time is indicated by the word "after" it is impossible to tell. "Went over." To the east side. "The Sea of Tiberias." John adds this name probably because it is the one by which the sea was best known to the Gentiles.

2. "A great multitude followed him." For partial explanation, see notes on verse 4. "Because they saw his miracles." Literally, "Because they were seeing," etc. The thought is that he kept working miracles as he moved about. A curious interest in these wonderful works, rather than any deeper motive, was what drew the crowd to him.

3. "Went up into a mountain. The Greek has "the mountain." Its exact situation is not known. "Sat with his disciples." To enjoy a brief season of rest and refreshment.

4. "And the passover . . . was nigh." It was, therefore, in the month of March. Spring was well advanced in that latitude. The caravans were already moving toward Jerusalem, and it is more than likely that many of the pilgrims to the feast turned aside to see and hear the wonderful man that was creating so great a stir.

II. The Multitude Fed. Verses 5-14.—5. "Jesus . . . said unto Philip," etc. Why our Lord should have singled out Philip, and addressed the question particularly to him, we cannot tell. There is no indication that Philip was the commissary of the company.

6. "This he said to prove him." To test whether he could suggest any expedient. "He himself knew what he would do." And, therefore, had no need to resort to the advice of another.

7. "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient." "Christ's question does not suggest to Philip the true answer of divine sufficiency, but leads him to think of the human difficulty. He looks on the vast throng of people. At the lowest estimate, it would take the value of two hundred denarii to feed them—in present money value, nearly thirty-five dollars; in actual labor value, nearly a working man's yearly wages."—Ellicott.

8, 9. "Andrew . . . saith, . . . There is a lad here," etc. After Philip had so hopelessly failed to point out any method of accomplishing the desired end, Andrew ventures, very modestly, to say that there was a little boy present with five barley loaves and two fishes, the ordinary food of the common people, but adds, in a deprecating sort of tone, that this scant supply would utterly fail to meet the demands of the case.

10. "Make the men sit down." In regular order. "About five thousand." As they sat "by fifties in a company" (Luke ix. 14), it was easy to count them.

11. "When he had given thanks. "Said grace, in his character of host. "He distributed . . . as much as they would." The miraculous multiplication took place in his hands, and did not cease until everybody had been abundantly supplied. The method of the miracle is utterly beyond comprehension.

12. "Gather up the fragments." Jesus will not have anything wasted, even though he is able to furnish an abundant miraculous supply.

13. "Filled twelve baskets." "These 'baskets' were wallets such as every Jew carried when on a journey, to keep himself independent of unclean Gentile food. Each of the twelve doubtless gathered into his own wallet. Mark tells us that the fragments of fish were gathered also." (Cambridge Bible.)

14. "Then those men . . . said, This is . . . that Prophet that should come." What they saw convinced them that Jesus was that prophet "foretold in Deut. xviii. 15, 16, and referred to by the delegation sent from Jerusalem to inquire of John the Baptist as to his character and authority."—Abbott.

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CHAPTER I.

Nothing fills a child's mind like a large old mansion; better if un- or partially occupied; people with the spirits of deceased members of the county and Justices of the Quorum. Would I were buried in the peopled solitude of one, with my feelings at seven years old!—*From "Letters of Charles Lamb."*

To attempt a formal biography of Derrick Vaughan would be out of the question, even though he and I have been more or less thrown together since we were both in the nursery. But I have an odd sort of wish to note down roughly just a few of my recollections of him, and to show how his fortunes gradually developed, being perhaps stimulated to make the attempt by certain irritating remarks which one overhears now often enough at clubs or in drawing-rooms, or indeed wherever one goes. "Derrick Vaughan," says these authorities of the world of small-talk, with that delightful air of omniscience which invariably characterizes them, "why, he simply leaped into fame. He is one of the favorites of fortune. Like Byron, he woke one morning and found himself famous."

Now this sounds well enough, but it is a long way from the truth, and I—Sydney Wharncliffe, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law—desire while the past few years are fresh in my mind to write a true version of my friend's career.

Every one knows his face. Has it not appeared in "Noted Men," and—gradually deteriorating according to the price of the paper and the quality of the engraving—in many another illustrated journal? Yet somehow these works of art don't satisfy me, and, as I write, I see before me something very different from the latest photograph by Messrs. Paul & Reynard.

I see a large-featured, broad-browed English face, a trifle heavy looking when in repose, yet a thorough, honest, manly face, with a complexion neither dark nor fair, with brown hair and mustache, and with light hazel eyes that look out on the world quietly enough. You might talk to him for long in an ordinary way and never suspect that he was a genius; but when you have him to yourself, when some consciousness of sympathy aroused him, he all at once becomes a different being. His quiet eyes kindle, his face becomes full of life—you wonder that you ever thought it heavy or commonplace. Then the world interrupts in some way, and, just as a hermit-crab draws down its shell with a comically rapid movement, so Derrick suddenly retires into himself.

Thus much for his outer man.

For the rest, there are of course the neat little accounts of his birth, his parentage, his education, etc., etc., published with the list of his works in due order, with the engravings in the illustrated papers. But these tell little of the real life of the man.

Carlyle, in one of his finest passages, says that "A true delineation of the smallest man and his scene of pilgrimage through life is capable of interesting the greatest men; that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and that human portraits faithfully drawn are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls." And though I don't profess to give a portrait, but merely a sketch, I will endeavor to sketch faithfully, and possibly in the future my work may fall into the hands of some of these worthy people who imagine that my friend leaped into fame at a bound, or of those comfortable mortals who seem to think that a novel is turned out as easily as water from a tap.

There is, however, one thing I can never do: I am quite unable to put in words my friend's intensely strong feeling with regard to the sacredness of his profession. It seemed to me not unlike the feeling of Isaiah when, in the vision, his mouth had been touched with the celestial fire. And I can only hope that something of this may be read between my very inadequate lines.

Looking back, I fancy Derrick must have been a clever child. But he was not precocious, and in some respects was even decidedly backward.

I can see him now—it is my first clear recollection of him—leaning back in the corner of my father's carriage as we drove from the Newmarket Station to our summer home at Mondisfield. He and I were small boys of eight, and Derrick had been invited for the holidays, while his twin brother—if I remember right—indulged in typhoid fever at Kensington. He was shy and silent, and the ice was not broken till we passed Silvery Steeple.

"That," said my father, "is a ruined church; it was destroyed by Cromwell in the Civil Wars."

In an instant the small quiet boy sitting beside me was transformed. His eyes shone; he sprung forward and thrust his head far out of the window, gazing at the old ivy-covered tower as long as it remained in sight.

"Was Cromwell really once there?" he asked with breathless interest.

"So they say," replied my father, looking with an amused smile at the face of the questioner, in which eagerness, delight, and reverence were mingled. "Are you an admirer of the Lord Protector?"

"He is my greatest hero of all," said Derrick, fervently. "Do you think—oh, do you think he possibly can ever have come to Mondisfield?"

My father thought not, but said there was an old tradition that the hall had been attacked by the Royalists, and the bridge over the moat defended by the owner of the house; but he had no great belief in the story, for which, indeed, there seemed no evidence.

Derrick's eyes during this conversation were something wonderful to see, and long after, when we were not actually playing at anything, I used often to notice the same expression stealing over him, and would cry out, "There is the man defending the bridge again; I can see him in your eyes! Tell me what happened to him next!"

Then, generally pacing to and fro in the apple walk, or sitting astride the bridge itself, Derrick would tell me of the adventures of my ancestor, Paul Wharncliffe, who performed incredible feats of valor, and who was to both of us a most real person. On wet days he wrote his story in a copy-book, and would have worked at it for

hours had my mother allowed him, though of the manual part of the work he had, and has always retained, the greatest dislike. I remember well the comical ending of this first story of his. He skipped over an interval of ten years, represented on the page by ten laboriously made stars, and did for his hero in the following lines:

"And now, reader, let us come into Mondisfield Churchyard. There are three tombstones. On one is written, 'Mr. Paul Wharncliffe.'"

The story was no better than the productions of most eight-year-old children, the written story at least. But curiously enough it proved to be the germ of the celebrated romance "At Strife," which Derrick wrote in after-years; and he himself maintains that his picture of life during the Civil War would have been much less graphic had he not lived so much in the past during his various visits to Mondisfield.

It was at his second visit, when we were nine, that I remember his announcing his intention of being an author when he was grown up. My mother still delights in telling the story. She was sitting at work in the south parlor one day, when I dashed into the room calling out:

"Derrick's head is stuck between the balusters in the gallery; come quick, mother, come quick!"

She ran up the little winding staircase, and there, sure enough, in the musician's gallery, was poor Derrick, his manuscript and pen on the floor and his head in durance vile.

"You silly boy!" said my mother, a little frightened when she found that to get the head back was no easy matter. "What made you put it through?"

"You look like King Charles at Carisbrooke," I cried, forgetting how much Derrick would resent the speech.

And being released at that moment he took me by the shoulders and gave me an angry shake or two, as he said, vehemently, "I'm not like King Charles! King Charles was a liar."

I saw my mother smile as she separated us.

"Come, boys, don't quarrel," she said. "And Derrick will tell me the truth, for indeed I am curious to know why he thrust his head in such a place."

"I wanted to make sure," said Derrick, "whether Paul Wharncliffe could see Lady Lettice when she took the falcon on her wrist below in the passage. I mustn't say he saw her if it's impossible, you know. Authors have to be quite true in little things, and I mean to be an author."

"But," said my mother, laughing at the great earnestness of the hazel eyes, "could not your hero look over the top of the rail?"

"Well, yes," said Derrick. "He would have done that, but you see it's so dreadfully high, and I couldn't get up. But I tell you what, Mrs. Wharncliffe, if it wouldn't be giving you a great deal of trouble—I'm sorry you were troubled to get my head back again—but if you would just look over, since you are so tall, and I'll run down and act Lady Lettice."

"Why couldn't Paul go down-stairs and look at the lady in comfort" asked my mother.

Derrick mused a little.

"He might look at her through a crack in the door at the foot of the stairs, perhaps, but that would seem mean, somehow. It would be a pity, too, not to use the gallery; galleries are uncommon, you see, and you can get cracked doors anywhere. And, you know, he was obliged to look at her when she couldn't see him, because their fathers were on different sides in the war, and dreadful enemies."

When school-days came, matters went on much in the same way; there was always an abominably scribbled tale stowed away in Derrick's desk, and he worked infinitely harder than I did, because there was always before him this determination to be an author and to prepare himself for the life. But he wrote merely from love of it, and with no idea of publication until the beginning of our last year at Oxford, when, having reached the ripe age of one-and-twenty, he determined to delay no longer but to plunge boldly into his first novel.

He was seldom able to get more than six or eight hours a week for it, because he was reading rather hard, so that the novel progressed but slowly. Finally, to my astonishment, it came to a dead stand-still.

I have never made out exactly what was wrong with Derrick then, though I know that he passed through a terrible time of doubt and despair. I spent part of the Long with him down at Ventnor, where his mother had been ordered for her health. She was devoted to Derrick, and, as far as I can understand, he was her chief comfort in life. Major Vaughan, the husband, had been out in India for years; the only daughter was married to a rich manufacturer at Birmingham, who had a constitutional dislike to mothers-in-law, and as far as possible eschewed their company; while Lawrence, Derrick's twin brother, was forever getting into scrapes, and was into the bargain the most unblushingly selfish fellow I ever had the pleasure of meeting.

"Sydney," said Mrs. Vaughan to me one afternoon when we were in the garden, "Derrick seems to me unlike himself; there is a division between us which I never felt before. Can you tell me what is troubling him?"

She was not at all a good-looking woman, but she had a very sweet, wistful face, and I never looked at her sad eyes without feeling ready to go through fire and water for her. I tried now to make light of Derrick's depression.

"He is only going through what we all of us go through," I said, assuming a cheerful tone. "He has suddenly discovered that life is a great riddle, and that the things he has accepted in blind faith are, after all, not so sure."

She sighed.

"Do all go through it?" she said, thoughtfully. "And how many, I wonder, get beyond?"

"Few enough," I replied, moodily. Then remembering my *role*—"But Derrick will get through, he has a thousand things to help him which others have not—you, for instance. And then I fancy he has a sort of insight which most of us are without."

"Possibly," she said. "As for me, it is little that I can do for him. Perhaps you are right, and it is true that once in a life at any rate we all have to go into the wilderness alone."

That was the last summer I ever saw Derrick's mother; she took a chill the following Christmas and died after a few days' illness. But I have always thought her death helped Derrick in a way that her life might have failed to do. For although he never, I fancy, quite recovered from the blow, and to this day cannot speak of her without tears in his eyes, yet when he came back to Oxford he seemed to have found the answer to the riddle, and though older, sadder and graver than before, had quite lost the restless dissatisfaction that for some time had clouded his life. In a few months, moreover, I noticed a fresh sign that he was out of the wood. Coming into his rooms one day I found him sitting in the cushioned window-seat reading over and correcting some sheets of blue foolscap.

"At it again?" I asked.

He nodded.

"I mean to finish the first volume here. For the rest I must be in London."

"Why?" I asked, a little curious as to this unknown art of novel-making.

"Because," he replied, "one must be in the heart of things to understand how Lynwood was affected by them."

"Lynwood! I believe you are always thinking of him!" (Lynwood was the hero of his novel.)

"Well, so I am nearly—so I must be, if the book is to be any good."

"Read me what you have written," I said, throwing myself back in a rickety, but tolerably comfortable armchair which Derrick had inherited with the rooms.

He hesitated a moment, being always very diffident about his own work; but presently having provided me with a cigar and made a good deal of unnecessary work in arranging the sheets of the manuscript, he began to read aloud, rather nervously, the opening chapters of the book now so well known under the title of "Lynwood's Heritage."

I had heard nothing of his for the last four years, and was amazed at the gigantic stride he had made in the interval. For, spite of a certain crudeness, the story seemed to me a most powerful story; it rushed straight to the point with no wavering, no beating about the bush; it flung itself into the problems of the day with a sort of sublime audacity; it took hold of one; it whirled one along with its own inherent force, and drew forth both laughter and tears, for Derrick's power of pathos had always been his strongest point.

All at once he stopped reading.

"Go on!" I cried, impatiently.

"That is all," he said, gathering the sheets together.

"You stopped in the middle of a sentence!" I cried in exasperation.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "for six months."

"You provoking fellow! why, I wonder?"

"Because I didn't know the end."

"Good heavens! And do you know it now?"

He looked me full in the face, and there was an expression in his eyes which puzzled me.

"I believe I do," he said; and, getting up, he crossed the room, put the manuscript away in a drawer, and returning, sat down in the window-seat again, looking out on the narrow, paved street below, and at the gay buildings opposite.

I knew very well that he would never ask me what I thought of the story—that was not his way.

"Derrick!" I exclaimed, watching his impassive face, "I believe, after all, you are a genius."

I hardly know why I said, "after all," but till that moment it had never struck me that Derrick was particularly gifted. He had so far got through his Oxford career creditably, but then he had worked hard; his talents were not of a showy order. I had never expected that he would set the Thames on fire. Even now it seemed to me that he was too dreamy, too quiet, too devoid of the pushing faculty to succeed in the world.

My remark made him laugh incredulously.

"Define a genius," he said.

For answer I pulled down his beloved Imperial Dictionary and read him the following quotation from De Quincey: "Genius is that mode of intellectual power which moves in alliance with the genial nature; *i. e.*, with the capacity of pleasure and pain; whereas talent has no vestige of such an alliance, and is perfectly independent of all human sensibilities."

"Let me think! You can certainly enjoy things a hundred times more than I can—and as for suffering, why you were always a great hand at that. Now listen to the great Doctor Johnson and see if the cap fits. 'The true genius is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in some particular direction.'

"'Large general powers!'—yes, I believe, after all, you have them with—alas, poor Derrick! one noble exception—the mathematical faculty. You were always bad at figures. We will stick to De Quincey's definition, and for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow, do get Lynwood out of that awful plight! No wonder you were depressed when you lived all this age with such a sentence unfinished!"

"For the matter of that," said Derrick, "he can't get out till the end of the book; but I can begin to go on with him now."

"And when you leave Oxford?"

"Then I mean to settle down in London—to write leisurely—and possibly to read for the Bar."

"We might be together," I suggested. And Derrick took to this idea, being a man who detested solitude and crowds about equally. Since his mother's death he had been very much alone in the world. To Lawrence he was always loyal, but the two had nothing in common, and though fond of his sister he could not get along at all with the manufacturer, his brother-in-law. But this prospect of life together in London pleased him amazingly; he began to recover his spirits to a great extent and to look much more like himself.

It must have been just as he had taken his degree that he received a telegram to announce that Major Vaughan had been invalided home, and would arrive at Southampton in three weeks' time. Derrick knew very little of his father, but apparently Mrs. Vaughan had done her best to keep up a sort of memory of his childish days at Aldershot, and in these the part that his father played was always pleasant. So he looked forward to the meeting not a little, while I from the first had my doubts as to the felicity it was likely to bring him.

However, it was ordained that before the major's ship arrived, his son's whole life should change; even Lynwood was thrust into the background. As for me, I was nowhere, for Derrick, the quiet, the self-contained, had fallen passionately in love with a certain Freda Merrifield.

CHAPTER II.

Infancy? What if the rose-streak of morning
Pale and depart in a passion of tears?
Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning:
Love once: e'en love's disappointment endears,
A moment's success pays the failure of years.

R. BROWNING.

THE wonder would have been if he had not fallen in love with her, for a more fascinating girl I never saw. She had only just returned from school at Compiegne; and was not yet out; her charming freshness was unsullied—she had all the simplicity and straightforwardness of unspoiled, unsophisticated girlhood. I well remember our first sight of her. We had been invited for a fortnight's yachting by Calverley of Exeter. His father, Sir John Calverley, had

a sailing yacht, and some guests having disappointed him at the last minute, he gave his son *carte blanche* as to who he should bring to fill the vacant berths.

So we three traveled down to Southampton together, one hot summer day, and were rowed out to the "Aurora," an uncommonly neat little schooner which lay in that overrated and frequently odoriferous roadstead, Southampton Water. However, I admit that on that evening—the tide being high—the place looked remarkably pretty; the level rays of the setting sun turned the water to gold, a soft luminous haze hung over the town and the shipping, and by a stretch of the imagination one might have thought the view almost Venetian. Derrick's perfect content was only marred by his shyness. I knew that he dreaded reaching the "Aurora;" and sure enough as we stepped on to the exquisitely white deck and caught sight of the little group of guests, I saw him retreat into his crab-shell of silent reserve. Sir John, who made a very pleasant host, introduced us to the other visitors—Lord Probyn and his wife, and their niece, Miss Freda Merrifield. Lady Probyn was Sir John's sister, and also the sister of Miss Merrifield's mother; so that it was almost a family party and by no means a formidable gathering. Lady Probyn played the part of hostess, and chaperoned her pretty niece; but she was not in the least like the aunt of fiction—on the contrary, she was comparatively young in years and almost comically young in mind; her niece was devoted to her, and the moment that I saw her I knew that our voyage could not possibly be dull.

As to Miss Freda, when we first caught sight of her she was standing near the companion, dressed in a daintily made yachting costume of blue serge and white braid, and round her white sailor hat she bore the name of the yacht stamped on white ribbon; in her waistband she had fastened two deep crimson roses, and she looked at us with frank, girlish curiosity, no doubt wondering whether we should add to or detract from the enjoyment of the expedition. She was rather tall, and there was an air of strength and energy about her which was most refreshing. Her skin was singularly white, but there was a healthy glow of color in her cheeks; while her large, gray eyes, shaded by long lashes, were full of life and brightness. As to her features, they were perhaps a trifle irregular, and her elder sisters were supposed to eclipse her altogether; but to my mind she was far the most taking of the three.

I was not in the least surprised that Derrick should fall head over ears in love with her; she was exactly the sort of girl that would infallibly attract him. Her absence of shyness; her straightforward, easy way of talking; her genuine good-heartedness; her devotion to animals—one of his own pet hobbies—and finally her exquisite playing made the result a foregone conclusion. And then, moreover, they were perpetually together. He would hang over the piano in the saloon for hours while she played, the rest of us lazily enjoying the easy-chairs and the fresh air on deck; and whenever we landed these two were sure in the end to be just a little apart from the rest of us.

It was an eminently successful cruise. We all liked each other; the sea was calm, the sunshine constant, the wind as a rule favorable, and I think I never in a single fortnight heard so many good stories, or had such a good time. We seemed to get right out of the world and its narrow restrictions, away from all that was hollow and base and depressing, only landing now and then at quaint little quiet places for some merry excursions on shore. Freda was in the highest spirits; and as to Derrick, he was a different creature. She seemed to have the power of drawing him out in a marvelous degree, and she took the greatest interest in his work—a sure way to every author's heart.

But it was not till one day, when we landed at Tresco, that I felt certain that she genuinely loved him—there in one glance the truth flashed upon me. I was walking with one of the gardeners down one of the long shady paths of that lonely little island, with its curiously foreign look, when we suddenly came face to face with Derrick and Freda. They were talking earnestly, and I could see her great gray eyes as they were lifted to his—perhaps they were more expressive than she knew—I cannot say. They both started a little as we confronted them, and the color deepened in Freda's face. The gardener, with what photographers usually ask for—"just the faint beginning of a smile"—turned and gathered a bit of white heather growing near.

"They say it brings good luck, miss," he remarked, handing it to Freda.

"Thank you," she said, laughing, "I hope it will bring it to me. At any rate it will remind me of this beautiful island. Isn't it just like Paradise, Mr. Wharncliffe?"

"For me it is like Paradise before Eve was created," I replied rather wickedly. "By the bye are you going to keep all the good luck to yourself?"

"I don't know," she said, laughing. "Perhaps I shall; but you have only to ask the gardener, he will gather you another piece directly."

I took good care to drop behind, having no taste for the third fiddle business; but I noticed when we were in the gig once more, rowing back to the yacht, that the white heather had been equally divided—one half was in the waistband of the blue serge dress, the other half in the button-hole of Derrick's blazer.

So the fortnight slipped by, and at length one afternoon we found ourselves once more in Southampton Water; then came the bustle of the packing and the hurry of departure, and the merry party dispersed. Derrick and I saw them all off at the station, for, as his father's ship did not arrive till the following day, I made up my mind to stay on with him at Southampton.

"You will come and see us in town," said Lady Probyn, kindly. And Lord Probyn invited us both for the shooting at Blachington in September.

"We will have the same party on shore and see if we can't enjoy ourselves almost as well," he said in his hearty way; "the novel will go all the better for it, eh, Vaughan?"

Derrick brightened visibly at the suggestion. I heard him talking to Freda all the time that Sir John stood laughing and joking as to the comparative pleasures of yachting and shooting.

"You will be there too?" Derrick asked.

"I can't tell," said Freda, and there was a shade of sadness in her tone. Her voice was deeper than most women's voices—a rich contralto with something striking and individual about it. I could hear her quite plainly; but Derrick spoke less distinctly—he always had a bad trick of mumbling.

"You see I am the youngest," she said, "and I am not really 'out.' Perhaps my mother will wish one of the elder ones to go; but I half think they are already engaged for September, so after all I may have a chance."

Inaudible remark from my friend.

"Yes, I came here because my sisters did not care to leave London till the end of the season," replied the clear contralto. "It has been a perfect cruise. I shall remember it all my life."

After that, nothing more was audible; but I imagine Derrick must have hazarded a more personal question, and that Freda had admitted that it was not only the actual sailing she should remember. At any rate her face when I caught sight of it again made me think of the girl described in the "Biglow Papers":

> "'Twas kin' o' kingdom come to look
> On sech a blessed creatur,
> A dogrose blushin' to a brook
> Ain't modester nor sweeter."

So the train went off, and Derrick and I was left to idle about Southampton, and kill time as best we might. Derrick seemed to walk the streets in a sort of dream; he was perfectly well aware that he had met his fate, and at that time no thought of difficulties in the way had arisen either in his mind or in my own. We were both of us young and inexperienced; we were both of us in love, and we had the usual lover's notion that everything in heaven and earth is prepared to favor the course of his particular passion.

I remember that we soon found the town intolerable and, crossing the ferry, walked over to Netley Abbey, and lay down idly in the shade of the old gray walls. Not a breath of wind stirred the great masses of ivy which were wreathed about the ruined church, and the place looked so lovely in its decay, that we felt disposed to judge the dissolute monks very leniently for having behaved so badly that their church and monastery had to be opened to the four winds of heaven. After all, when is a church so beautiful as when it has the green grass for its floor and the sky for its roof?

I could show you the very spot near the East window where Derrick told me the whole truth, and where we talked over Freda's perfections and the probability of frequent meetings in London. He had listened so often, and so patiently to my affairs, that it seemed an odd reversal to have to play the confidant; and if now and then my thoughts wandered off to the coming month at Mondisfield, and pictured violet eyes while he talked of gray, it was not from any lack of sympathy with my friend. Derrick was not of a self-tormenting nature, and though I knew he was amazed at the thought that such a girl as Freda could possibly care for him, yet he believed most implicitly that this wonderful thing had come to pass; and remembering her face as we had last seen it, and the look in her eyes at Tresco, I, too, had not a shadow of a doubt that she really loved him. She was not the least bit of a flirt, and society had not had a chance yet of molding her into the ordinary girl of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps it was the sudden and unexpected change of the next day that makes me remember Derrick's face so distinctly as he lay back on the smooth turf that afternoon in Netley Abbey. As it looked then full of youth and hope, full of that dream of cloudless love, I never saw it again.

CHAPTER III.

> Religion in him never died, but became a habit—a habit of enduring hardness, and cleaving to the steadfast performance of duty in face of the strongest allurements to the pleasanter and easier course.
> "*Life of Charles Lamb* by *A. Ainger*."

DERRICK was in good spirits the next day. He talked much of Major Vaughan, wondered whether the voyage home had restored his health, discussed the probable length of his leave, and speculated as to the nature of his illness; the telegram had of course given no details.

"There hasn't been even a photograph for the last five years," he remarked, as we walked down to the quay together. "Yet I think I should know him anywhere, if it is only by his height. He used to look so well on horseback. I remember as a child seeing him in a sham fight charging upon Cæsar's Camp."

"How old were you when he went out?"

"Oh, quite a small boy," replied Derrick. "It was just before I first stayed with you. However, he has had a regular succession of photographs sent out to him, and will know me easily enough."

Poor Derrick! I can't think of that day even now without a kind of mental shiver. We watched the great steamer as it glided up to the quay, and Derrick scanned the crowded deck with eager eyes, but could nowhere see the tall, soldierly figure that had lingered so long in his memory. He stood with his hand resting on the rail of the gang-way, and when presently it was raised to the side of the steamer, he still kept his position so that he could instantly catch sight of his father as he passed down. I stood close behind him, and watched the motley procession of passengers; most of them had the dull, colorless skin which bespeaks long residence in India, and a particularly yellow and peevish-looking old man was grumbling loudly as he slowly made his way down the gang-way.

"The most disgraceful scene!" he remarked. "The fellow was as drunk as he could be."

"Who was it?" asked his companion.

"Why, Major Vaughan, to be sure. The only wonder is that he hasn't drunk himself to death by this time—been at it years enough!"

Derrick turned as though to shelter himself from the curious eyes of the travelers; but everywhere the quay was crowded. It seemed to me not unlike the life that lay before him, with this new shame, which could not be hid; and I shall never forget the look of misery in his face.

"Most likely a great exaggeration of that spiteful old fogey's," I said. "'Never believe anything that you hear,' is a sound axiom. Had you not better try to get on board?"

"Yes; and for Heaven's sake come with me, Wharncliffe!" he said. "It can't be true! It is, as you say, that man's spite, or else there is some one else of the name on board. That must be it—some one else of the name."

I don't know whether he managed to deceive himself. We made our way on board, and he spoke to one of the stewards, who conducted us to the saloon. I knew from the expression of the man's face that the words that we had overheard were but too true; it was a mere glance that he gave us, yet if he had said aloud, "they belong to that old drunkard! Thank Heaven I'm not in their shoes!" I could not have better understood what was in his mind.

There were three persons only in the great saloon: an officer's servant, whose appearance did not please me; a fine-looking old man with gray hair and whiskers, and a rough-hewn, honest face, apparantly the ship's doctor; and a tall grizzled man, in whom I at once saw a sort of horrible likeness to Derrick—horrible because

his face was wicked and degraded, and because its owner was drunk—noisily drunk.

Derrick paused for a minute looking at his father; then deadly pale, he turned to the old doctor. "I am Major Vaughan's son," he said.

The doctor grasped his hand, and there was something in the old man's kindly, chivalrous manner which brought a sort of light into the gloom.

"I am very glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "Is the major's luggage ready?" he inquired, turning to the servant. Then as the man replied in the affirmative, "How would it be, Mr. Vaughan, if your father's man just saw the things into a cab? and then I'll come on shore with you and see my patient safely settled in."

Derrick acquiesced, and the doctor turned to the major, who was leaning up against one of the pillars of the saloon and shouting "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay" in a way which, under other circumstances, would have been highly comic. The doctor interrupted him, as with much feeling he sung how—

"England declared that every man
That day had done his duty."

"Look, major," he said; "here is your son come to meet you."

"Glad to see you, my boy," said the major, reeling forward and running all his words together. "How's your mother? Is this Lawrence? Glad to see both of you! Why, your's like's two peas. Not Lawrence, do you say? Confound it, doctor, how the ship rolls to-day!"

And the old wretch staggered and would have fallen, had not Derrick supported him and landed him safely on one of the fixed ottomans.

"Yes, yes, you're the son for me," he went on, with a bland smile, which made his face all the more hideous. "You're not so rough and clumsy as that confounded John Thomas, whose hands are like brickbats. I'm a mere wreck, as you see; it's the accursed climate! But your mother will soon nurse me into health again; she was always a good nurse, poor soul! it was her best point. What with you and your mother, I shall soon be myself again."

Here the doctor interposed, and Derrick made desperately for a porthole and gulped down mouthfuls of fresh air; but he was not allowed much of a respite, for the servant returned to say that he had procured a cab, and the major called loudly for his son's arm.

"I'll not have you," he said, pushing the servant violently away. "Come, Derrick, help me; you are worth two of that blockhead."

And Derrick came quickly forward, his face still very pale, but with a dignity about it which I had never before seen; and giving his arm to his drunken father he piloted him across the saloon, through the staring ranks of stewards, officials and tardy passengers outside, down the gangway, and over the crowded quay to the cab. I knew that each derisive glance of the spectators was to him like a sword-thrust, and longed to throttle the major, who seemed to enjoy himself amazingly on *terra firma*, and sung at the top of his voice as we drove through the streets of Southampton. The old doctor kept up a cheery flow of small-talk with me, thinking, no doubt, that this would be a kindness to Derrick; and at last that purgatorial drive ended, and somehow Derrick and the doctor between them got the major safely into his room at Radley's Hotel.

We had ordered lunch in a private sitting-room, thinking that the major would prefer it to the coffee-room; but, as it turned out, he was in no state to appear. They left him asleep, and the ship's doctor sat in the seat that had been prepared for his patient, and made the meal as tolerable to us both as it could be. He was an odd, old-fashioned fellow, but as true a gentleman as ever breathed.

"Now," he said, when lunch was over, "you and I must have a talk together, Mr. Vaughan, and I will help you to understand your father's case."

I made a movement to go, but sat down again at Derrick's request. I think, poor old fellow, he dreaded being alone, and knowing that I had seen his father at the worst, thought I might as well hear all particulars.

"Major Vaughan," continued the doctor, "has now been under my care for some weeks, and I had some communication with the regimental surgeon about his case before he sailed. He is suffering from an enlarged liver, and the disease has been brought on by his unfortunate habit of over-indulgence in stimulants." I could almost have smiled, so very gently and considerately did the good old man veil in long words the shameful fact. "It is a habit sadly prevalent among our fellow-countrymen in India; the climate aggravates the mischief, and very many lives are in this way ruined. Then your father was also unfortunate enough to contract rheumatism when he was camping out in the jungle last year, and this is increasing on him very much, so that his life is almost intolerable to him, and he naturally flies for relief to his greatest enemy, drink. At all costs, however, you must keep him from stimulants; they will only intensify the disease and the sufferings—in fact they are poison to a man in such a state. Don't think I am a bigot in these matters; but I say that for a man in such a condition as this there is nothing for it but total abstinence, and at all costs your father must be guarded from the possibility of procuring any sort of intoxicating drink. Throughout the voyage I have done my best to shield him, but it was a difficult matter. His servant, too, is not trustworthy, and should be dismissed if possible."

"Had he spoken at all of his plans?" asked Derrick, and his voice sounded strangely unlike itself.

"He asked me what place in England he had better settle down in," said the doctor, "and I strongly recommended him to try Bath. This seemed to please him, and if he is well enough he had better go there to-morrow. He mentioned your mother this morning; no doubt she will know how to manage him."

"My mother died six months ago," said Derrick, pushing back his chair and beginning to pace the room. The doctor made kindly apologies.

"Perhaps you have a sister who could go to him?"

"No," replied Derrick. "My only sister is married, and her husband would never allow it."

"Or a cousin or an aunt?" suggested the old man, naively unconscious that the words sounded like a quotation.

I saw the ghost of a smile flit over Derrick's harassed face as he shook his head.

"I suggested that he should go into some home for—cases of the kind," resumed the doctor, "or place himself under the charge of some medical man; however, he won't hear of such a thing. But if he is left to himself—well, it is all up with him. He will drink himself to death in a few months."

"He shall not be left alone," said Derrick; "I will live with him. Do you think I should do? It seems to be Hobson's choice."

I looked up in amazement—for here was Derrick calmly giving himself up to a life that must crush every plan for the future he had made. Did men make such a choice as that while they took two or three turns in a room? Did they speak so composedly after a struggle that must have been so bitter? Thinking it over now, I feel sure it was his extraordinary gift of insight and his clear judgment which made him behave in this way. He instantly perceived and promptly acted; the worst of the suffering came long after.

"Why of course you are the very best person in the world for him," said the doctor. "He has taken a fancy to you, and evidently you have a certain influence with him. If any one can save him it will be you."

But the thought of allowing Derrick to be sacrificed to that old brute of a major was more than I could bear calmly.

"A more mad scheme was never proposed," I cried. "Why, doctor, it will be utter ruin to my friend's career; he will lose years that no one can ever make up. And besides he is unfit for such a strain; he will never stand it."

My heart felt hot as I thought of Derrick, with his highly strung, sensitive nature his refinement, his gentleness, in constant companionship with such a man as Major Vaughan.

"My dear sir," said the old doctor, with a gleam in his eye, "I understand your feeling well enough. But depend upon it your friend has made the right choice, and there is no doubt that he'll be strong enough to do his duty."

The word reminded me of the major's song, and my voice was abominably sarcastic in tone as I said to Derrick, "You no longer consider writing your duty then?"

"Yes," he said, "but it must stand second to this. Don't be vexed, Sidney; our plans are knocked on the head, but it is not so bad as you make out. I have at any rate enough to live on, and can afford to wait."

There was no more to be said, and the next day I saw that strange trio set out on their road to Bath. The major looking more wicked when sober than he had done when drunk; the old doctor kindly and considerate as ever; and Derrick, with an air of resolution about that English face of his, and a dauntless expression in his eyes, which impressed me curiously.

These quiet reserved fellows are always giving one odd surprises. He had astounded me by the vigor and depth of the first volume of "Lynwood's Heritage." He astonished me now by a new phase in his own character. Apparently, he who had always been content to follow where I led, and to watch life rather than take an active share in it, now intended to strike out a very decided line of his own.

CHAPTER II.

Both Goethe and Schiller were profoundly convinced that Art was no luxury of leisure, no mere amusement to charm the idle or relax the careworn; but a mighty influence, serious in its aims although pleasurable in its means; a sister of Religion, by whose aid the great world scheme was wrought into reality.—LEWES'S *Life of Goethe.*

MAN is a selfish being, and I am a particularly fine specimen of the race as far as that characteristic goes. If I had a dozen drunken parents I should never have danced attendance on one of them; yet in my secret soul I admired Derrick for the line he had taken, for we mostly do admire what is unlike ourselves and really noble, though it is the fashion to seem totally indifferent to everything in heaven and earth. But all the same I felt annoyed about the whole business, and was glad to forget it in my own affairs at Mondisfield.

Weeks passed by. I lived through a midsummer dream of happiness, and a hard awaking. That, however, has nothing to do with Derrick's story, and may be passed over. In October I settled down in Montague Street, Bloomsbury, and began to read for the Bar, in about as disagreeable frame of mind as can be conceived. One morning I found on my breakfast-table a letter in Derrick's handwriting. Like most men, we hardly ever corresponded—what women say in the eternal letters they send to each other I can't conceive—but it struck me that under the circumstances I ought to have sent him a line to ask how he was getting on, and my conscience pricked me as I remembered that I had hardly thought of him since we parted, being absorbed in my own matters. The letter was not very long, but when one read between the lines it somehow told a good deal. I have it lying by me, and this is a copy of it:

"DEAR SIDNEY—Do like a good fellow go to North Audley Street for me, to the house which I described to you as the one where Lynwood lodged, and tell me what he would see besides the church from his window—if shops, what kind? Also if any glimpse of Oxford Street would be visible? Then if you'll add to your favors by getting me a second-hand copy of Laveleye's 'Socialisme Contemporain,' I should be forever grateful. We are settled in here all right. Bath is empty, but I people it as far as I can with the folk out of 'Evelina' and 'Persuasion.' How did you get on at Blachington? and which of the Misses Merrifield went in the end? Don't bother about the commissions. Any time will do. Ever yours, DERRICK VAUGHAN."

Poor old fellow! all the spirit seemed knocked out of him. There was not one word about the major, and who could say what wretchedness was veiled in that curt phrase, "we are settled in all right?" All right! it was all as wrong as it could be! My blood began to boil at the thought of Derrick, with his great powers—his wonderful gift—cooped up in a place where the study of life was so limited and so dull. Then there was his hunger for news of Freda, and his silence as to what had kept him away from Blachington, and about all a sort of proud humility which prevented him from saying much that I should have expected him to say under the circumstances.

It was Saturday, and my time was my own. I went out, got his book for him; interviewed North Audley Street; spent a bad five minutes in company with that villain "Bradshaw," who is responsible for so much of the brain and eye disease of the nineteenth century, and finally left Paddington in the Flying Dutchman, which landed me at Bath early in the afternoon. I left my portmanteau at the station, and walked through the city till I reached Gay Street. Like most of the streets at Bath, it was broad, and had on either hand dull, well-built, dark gray, eminently respectable, unutterably dreary-looking houses. I rang, and the door was opened to me by a most quaint old woman, evidently the landlady. An odor of curry pervaded the passage, and became more oppressive as the door of the sitting-room was opened, and I was ushered in upon the major and his son, who had just finished lunch.

"Halloo!" cried Derrick, springing up, his

face full of delight, which touched me, while at the same time it filled me with envy.

Even the major thought fit to give me a hearty welcome.

"Glad to see you again," he said, pleasantly enough. "It's a relief to have a fresh face to look at. We have a room which is quite at your disposal, and I hope you'll stay with us. Brought your portmanteau, eh?"

"It is at the station," I replied.

"See that it is sent for," he said to Derrick; "and show Mr. Wharncliffe all that is to be seen in this cursed hole of a place." Then, again turning to me, "Have you lunched? Very well, then, don't waste this fine afternoon in an invalid's room, but be off and enjoy yourself."

So cordial was the old man that I should have thought him already a reformed character, had I not found that he kept the rough side of his tongue for home use. Derrick placed a novel and a small hand-bell within his reach, and we were just going, when we were checked by a volley of oaths from the major; then a book came flying across the room, well aimed at Derrick's head. He stepped aside, and let it fall with a crash on the sideboard.

"What do you mean by giving me the second volume when you know I am in the third?" fumed the invalid.

He apologized quietly, fetched the third volume, straightened the disordered leaves of the discarded second, and with the air of one well accustomed to such little domestic scenes, took up his hat and came out with me.

"How long do you intend to go on playing David to the major's Saul?" I asked, marveling at the way in which he endured the humors of his father.

"As long as I have the chance," he replied. "I say, are you sure you won't mind staying with us? It can't be a very comfortable household for an outsider."

"Much better than for an insider, to all appearance," I replied. "I'm only too delighted to stay. And now, old fellow, tell me the honest truth—you didn't, you know, in your letter; how have you been getting on?"

Derrick launched into an account of his father's ailments.

"Oh, hang the major, I don't care about him, I want to know about you," I cried.

"About me?" said Derrick, doubtfully. "Oh, I'm right enough."

"What do you do with yourself? How on earth do you kill time?" I asked. "Come, give me a full, true and particular account of it all."

"We have tried three other servants," said Derrick: "but the plan doesn't answer. They either won't stand it, or else they are bribed into smuggling brandy into the house. I find I can do most things for my father, and in the morning he has an attendant from the hospital who is trustworthy, and who does what is necessary for him. At ten we breakfast together, then there are the morning papers which he likes to have read to him. After that I go round to the Pump Room with him—odd contrast now to what it must have been when Bath was the rage. Then we have lunch. In the afternoon, if he is well enough, we drive; if not, he sleeps, and I get a walk. Later on an old Indian friend of his will sometimes drop in; if not, he likes to read until dinner. After dinner we play chess—he is a first-rate player. At ten I help him to bed; from eleven to twelve I smoke and study Socialism, and all the rest of it that Lynwood is at present floundering in."

"Why don't you write then?"

"I tried it, but it didn't answer. I couldn't sleep after it, and was in fact too tired; seems absurd to be tired after such a day as that, but somehow it takes it out of one more than the hardest reading; I don't know why."

"Why," I said angrily, "it's because it is work to which you are quite unsuited—work for a thin-skinned, hard-hearted, uncultivated and well-paid attendant, not for the novelist who is to be the chief light of our generation."

He laughed at this estimate of his powers.

"Novelists, like other cattle, have to obey their owner," he said, lightly.

I thought for the moment that he meant the major, and was breaking into an angry remonstance, when I saw that he meant something quite different. It was always his strongest point, this extraordinary consciousness of right, this unwavering belief that he had to do and therefore could do certain things. Without this, I know that he never wrote a line, and in my heart I believe that this was the cause of his success.

"Then you are not writing at all?" I asked.

"Yes, I write generally for a couple of hours before breakfast," he said.

And that evening we sat by his gas-stove and he read me the next four chapters of "Lynwood." He had rather a dismal lodging-house bedroom, with faded wall-paper and prosaic snuff-colored carpet. On a rickety table in the window was his desk, and a portfolio full of blue foolscap; but he had done what he could to make the place habitable: his Oxford pictures were on the walls—Hoffmann's "Christ speaking to the Woman taken in Adultery" hanging over the mantel-piece—it had always been a favorite of his. I remember that, as he read the description of Lynwood and his wife, I kept looking from him to the Christ in the picture. till I could almost have fancied that each face bore the same expression. Had his strange, monotonous life with that old brute of a a major brought him some new perception of those words, "Neither do I condemn thee"? But when he stopped reading, I, true to my character, forgot his affairs in my own, and we sat talking far into the night—talking of that luckless month at Mondisfield, of all the problems it had opened up, and of my wretchedness.

"You were in town all September?" he asked; "you gave up Blanchington?"

"Yes," I replied. "What did I care for country houses in such a mood as that?"

He acquiesced, and I went on talking of my grievances, and it was not till I was in the train, on my way back to London, that I remembered how a look of disappointment had passed over his face just at the moment. Evidently he had counted on learning something about Freda from me, and I—well, I had clean forgotten both her existence and his passionate love.

Something, probably self-interest, the desire for my friend's company, and so forth, took me down to Bath pretty frequently in those days; luckily the major had a sort of liking for me, and was always polite enough; and dear old Derrick—well, I believe my visits really helped to brighten him up. At any rate he said he couldn't have borne his life without them, and for a skeptical, dismal, cynical fellow like me to hear that was somehow flattering. The mere force of contrast did me good. I used to come back on the Monday wondering that Derrick didn't cut his throat, and realizing that, after all, it was something to be a free agent, and to have comfortable rooms in Montague Street, and no old bear of a drunkard to disturb my peace. And then a sort of admiration sprung up in my heart, and the cynicism bred of melancholy broodings over solitary pipes was less rampant than usual.

It was, I think, early in the new year that I met Lawrence Vaughan in Bath. He was not staying at Gay Street, so I could still have the vacant room next to Derrick's. Lawrence put up at the York House Hotel.

"For you know," he informed me, "I really can't stand the governor for more than an hour or two at a time."

"Derrick manages to do it," I said.

"Oh, Derrick, yes," he replied, "it's his *metier*, and he is well accustomed to the life. Besides, you know, he is such a dreamy, quiet sort of fellow; he lives all the time in a world of his own creation, and bears the discomforts of this world with great philosophy. Actually he has turned teetotaler! It would kill me in a week."

I make a point of never arguing with a fellow like that, but I think I had a vindictive longing, as I looked at him, to shut him up with the major for a month and see what would happen.

These twin brothers were curiously alike in face and curiously unlike in nature. So much for the great science of physiognomy. It often seemed to me that they were the complement of each other. For instance, Derrick in society was extremely silent, Lawrence was a rattling talker; Derrick when alone with you would now and then reveal unsuspected depths of thought and expression; Lawrence when alone with you very frequently showed himself to be a cad. The elder twin was modest and diffident, the younger inclined to brag; the one had a strong tendency to melancholy, the other was blessed or cursed with the sort of temperament which has been said to accompany "a hard heart and a good digestion."

"I was not surprised to find that the son who could not tolerate the governor's presence for more than an hour or two was a prime favorite with the old man; that was just the way of the world. Of course, the major was as polite as possible to him; Derrick got the kicks and Lawrence the halfpence.

In the evenings we played whist, Lawrence coming in after dinner, "For, you know," he explained to me, "I really couldn't get through a meal with nothing but those infernal mineral waters to wash it down."

And here I must own that at my first visit I had sailed rather close to the wind; for when the major, like the hatter in "Alice," pressed me to take wine, I—not seeing any—had answered that I did not take it; mentally adding the words "in your house, you brute."

The two brothers were fond of each other after a fashion. But Derrick was human, like the rest of us; and I'm pretty sure he did not much enjoy the sight of his father's foolish and unreasoning devotion to Lawrence. If you come to think of it, he would have been a full-fledged angel if no jealous pang, no reflection that it was rather rough on him had crossed his mind, when he saw his younger brother treated with every mark of respect and liking, and knew that Lawrence would never stir a finger to help the poor fractious invalid. Unluckily they happened one night to get on the subject of professions.

"It's a comfort," said the major, in his sarcastic way, "to have a fellow-soldier to talk to instead of a quill-driver, who as yet is not even a penny-a-liner. Eh, Derrick? Don't you feel inclined to regret your fool's choice now? You might have been starting off for the war with Lawrence next week if you hadn't chosen what you're pleased to call a literary life. Literary life, indeed! I little thought a son of mine would ever have been so wanting in spirit as to prefer dabbling in ink to a life of action—to be the scribbler of mere words, rather than an officer of dragoons."

Then to my astonishment Derrick sprung to his feet in hot indignation. I never saw him look so handsome, before or since; for his anger was not the distorting devilish anger that the major gave way to, but real downright wrath.

"You speak contemptuously of mere novels," he said, in a low voice, yet more clearly than usual, and as if the words were wrung out of him. "What right have you to look down on one of the greatest weapons of the day? and why is a writer to submit to scoffs and insults and tamely hear his profession reviled? I have chosen to write the message that has been given me, and I don't regret the choice. Should I have shown greater spirit if I had sold my freedom and right of judgment to be one of the national killing machines?"

With that he threw down his cards and strode out of the room in a white heat of anger. It was a pity he made that last remark, for it put him in the wrong, and needlessly annoyed Lawrence and the major. But an angry man has no time to weigh his words, and, as I said, poor old Derrick was very human, and when wounded too intolerably could on occasion retaliate.

The major uttered an oath and looked in astonishment at the retreating figure. Derrick was such an extraordinarily quiet, respectful, long-suffering son as a rule, that this outburst was startling in the extreme. Moreover, it spoiled the game, and the old man, chafed by the result of his own ill-nature, and helpless to bring back his partner, was forced to betake himself to chess. I left him grumbling away to Lawrence about the vanity of authors, and went out in the hope of finding Derrick. As I left the house I saw some one turn the corner into the Circus, and starting in pursuit overtook the tall dark figure where Bennett Street opens on to the Lansdowne Hill.

"I'm glad you spoke up, old fellow," I said, taking his arm.

He modified his pace a little. "Why is it," he exclaimed, "that every other profession can be taken seriously, but that a novelist's work is supposed to be mere play? Good God! don't we suffer enough? Have we not hard brain-work and drudgery of desk-work and tedious gathering of statistics and troublesome search into details? Have we not an appalling weight of responsibitity on us?—and are we not at the mercy of a thousand capricious chances?"

"Come now," I exclaimed, "you know that you are never so happy as when you are writing."

"Of course," he replied; "but that doesn't make me resent such an attack the less. Besides, you don't know what it is to have to write in such an atmosphere as ours; it's like a weight on one's pen. This life here is not life at all—it's a daily death, and it's killing the book, too; the last chapters are wretched. I'm utterly dissatisfied with them."

"As for that," I said, calmly, "you are no judge at all. You never can tell the worth of your own work; the last bit is splendid."

"I could have done it better," he groaned. "But there is always a ghastly depression dragging one back here—and then the time is so short; just as one gets into the swing of it the breakfast-bell rings and then comes—" He broke off.

I could well supply the end of the sentence, however, for I knew that then came the slow torture of a *tete-a-tete* with the major, stinging sarcasms, humiliating scoldings, vexations and difficulties innumerable.

I drew him to the left, having no mind to go to the top of the hill. We slackened our pace again, and walked to and fro along the broad, level pavement of Lansdowne Crescent. We had it entirely to ourselves—not another creature was in sight.

"I could bear it all," he burst forth, "if only there was a chance of seeing Freda. Oh, you are better off than I am—at least you know the worst. Your hope is killed, but mine lives on a tortured, starved life! Would to God I had never seen her!"

Certainly before that night I had never quite realized the irrevocableness of poor Derrick's passion. I had half hoped that time and separation would gradually efface Freda Merrifield from his memory; and I listened with dire foreboding to the flood of wretchedness which he poured forth as we paced up and down, thinking now and then how little people guessed at the tremendous powers hidden under his usually quiet exterior.

At last he paused, but his last heart-broken words seemed to vibrate in the air and to force me to speak some kind of comfort.

"Derrick," I said, "come back with me to London—give up this miserable life."

I felt him start a little; evidently no thought of yielding had come to him before. We were passing the house that used to belong to that strange book-lover and recluse, Beckford. I looked up at the blank windows, and thought of that curious, self-centered life in the past, surrounded by every luxury, able to indulge every whim; and then I looked at my companion's pale, tortured face, and thought of the life he had elected to lead in the hope of saving one whom duty bound him to honor. After all, which life was the most worth living—which was the most to be admired?

We walked on; down below us and up on the further hill we could see the lights of Bath; the place so beautiful by day, looked now like a fairy city, and the abbey, looming up against the moonlit sky, seemed like some great giant keeping watch over the clustering roofs below. The well-known chimes rang out into the night and the clock struck ten.

"I must go back," said Derrick, quietly. "My father will want to go to bed."

I couldn't say a word: we turned, passed Beckford's house once more, walked briskly down the hill, and reached the Gay Street lodging-house. I remember the stifling heat of the room as we entered it, and its contrast to the cool, dark, winter's night outside. I can vividly recall, too, the old major's face as he looked up with a sarcastic remark, but with a shade of anxiety in his blood-shot eyes. He was leaning back in a green-cushioned chair, and his ghastly yellow complexion seemed to be more noticeable than usual—his scanty gray hair and whiskers, the lines of pain so plainly visible in his face, impressed me curiously. I think I had never before realized what a wreck of a man he was—how utterly dependent on others.

Lawrence, who, to do him justice, had a good deal of tact, and who I believe cared for his brother as much as he was capable of caring for any one but himself, repeated a good story with which he had been enlivening the major, and I did what I could to keep up the talk. Derrick meanwhile put away the chessmen, and lighted the major's candle. He even managed to force up a laugh at Lawrence's story, and, as he helped his father out of the room, I think I was the only one who noticed the look of tired endurance in his eyes.

CHAPTER V.

> I know
> How far high failure overtops the bounds
> Of low successes. Only suffering draws
> The inner heart of song, and can elicit
> The perfumes of the soul.—*Epic of Hades.*

NEXT week, Lawrence went off like a hero to the war; and my friend—also I think like a hero—stayed on at Bath, enduring as best he could the worst form of loneliness; for undoubtedly there is no loneliness so frightful as constant companionship with an uncongenial person. He had, however, one consolation: the major's health steadily improved, under the joint influence of total abstinence and Bath waters, and, with the improvement his temper became a little better.

But one Saturday, when I had run down to Bath without writing beforehand, I suddenly found a different state of things. In Orange Grove I met Dr. Mackrill, the major's medical man; he used now and then to play whist with us on Saturday nights, and I stopped to speak to him.

"Oh, you've come down again! That's all right," he said. "Your friend wants some one to cheer him up. He's got his arm broken."

"How on earth did he manage that?" I asked.

"Well, that's more than I can tell you," said the doctor, with an odd look in his eyes, as if he guessed more than he would put into words. "All I can get out of him was that it was done accidentally. The major is not so well; no whist for us to-night, I'm afraid." He passed on, and I made my way to Gay Street. There was an air of mystery about the quaint old landlady; she looked brimful of news when she opened the door to me; but she managed to "keep herself to herself," and showed me in upon the major and Derrick, rather triumphantly I thought. The major looked terribly ill—worse than I had ever seen him; and as for Derrick, he had the strangest look of shrinking and shamefacedness you ever saw. He said he was glad to see me, but I knew that he lied. He would have given anything to have kept me away.

"Broken your arm?" I exclaimed, feeling bound to take some notice of the sling.

"Yes," he replied, "I met with an accident to it. But luckily it is only the left one, so it doesn't hinder me much! I have finished seven chapters of the last voume of 'Lynwood,' and was just wanting to ask you a legal question."

All this time his eyes bore my scrutiny defiantly; they seemed to dare me to say one word about the broken arm. I didn't dare—indeed to this day I have never mentioned the subject to him.

But that evening, while he was helping the major to bed, the old lady made some pretext for toiling up to the top of the house, where I sat smoking in Derrick's room.

"You'll excuse my making bold to speak to you, sir," she said. I threw down my newspaper, and, looking up, saw that she was bubbling over with some story.

"Well?" I said, encouragingly.

"It's about Mr. Vaughan, sir, I wanted to speak to you. I really do think, sir, it's not safe he should be left alone with his father, sir, any longer. Such doings as we had here the other day, sir. Somehow or other—and none of us can't think how—the major had managed to get hold of a bottle of brandy. How he had it I don't know; but we none of us suspected him, and in the afternoon he says he was too poorly to go for a drive or to go out in his chair, and settles off on the parlor sofa for a nap while Mr. Vaughan goes for a walk. Mr. Vaughan was out a couple of hours. I heard him come in and go into the sitting-room; then there came sounds of voices and a scuffling of feet and moving of chairs, and I, knew something was wrong and hurried up to the door—and just then came a crash like fire-irons, and I could hear the major a-swearing fearful. Not hearing a sign from Mr. Vaughan, I got scared, sir, and opened the door, and there I saw the major a-leaning up against the mantel-piece as drunk as a lord, and his son seemed to have got the bottle from him; it was half empty, and when he saw me he just handed it to me and ordered me to take it away. Then between us we got the major to lie down on the sofa and left him there. When we got out into the passage Mr. Vaughan he leaned against the wall for a minute, looking as white as a sheet, and then I noticed for the first time that his left arm was hanging down at his side. 'Lord! sir,' I cried, 'your arm's broken.' And he went all at once as red as he had been pale just before, and said he had got it done accidentally, and bade me say nothing about it, and walked off there and then to the doctor's, and had it set. But, sir, given a man drunk as the major was, and given a scuffle to get away the drink that was poisoning him, and given a crash such as I heard, and given a poker a-lying in the middle of the room where it stands to reason no poker could get unless it was thrown—why, sir, no sensible woman who can put two and two together can doubt that it was all the major's doing."

"Yes," I said, "that is clear enough; but for Mr. Vaughan's sake we must hush it up; and, as for safety, why, the major is hardly strong enough to do him any worse damage than that."

The good old thing wiped away a tear from her eyes. She was very fond of Derrick, and it went to her heart that he should lead such a dog's life.

I said what I could to comfort her, and she went down again, fearful lest he should discover her up-stairs and guess that she had opened her heart to me.

Poor Derrick! That he of all people on earth should be mixed up with such a police-court story—with drunkards, and violence, and pokers figuring in it! I lay back in the camp-chair and looked at Hoffman's "Christ," and thought of all the extraordinary problems that one is forever coming across in life. And I wondered if the people of Bath who saw the tall, impassive-looking, hazel-eyed son and the invalid father in their daily pilgrimages to the Pump Room, or in church on Sunday, or in the Park on sunny afternoons, had the least notion of the tragedy that was going on. My reflections were interrupted by his entrance. He had forced up a cheerfulness that I am sure he did not really feel, and seemed afraid of letting our talk flag for a moment. I remember, too, that for the first time he offered to read me his novel, instead of as usual waiting for me to ask to hear it. I can see him now, fetching the untidy portfolio and turning over the pages, adroitly enough, as though anxious to show how immaterial was the loss of a left arm. That night I listened to the first half of the third volume of "Lynwood's Heritage," and couldn't help reflecting that its author seemed to thrive on misery; and yet how I grudged him to this deadly-lively place, and this monotonous, cooped up life.

"How do you manage to write one-handed?" I asked.

And he sat down to his desk, put a letter-weight on the left hand corner of the sheet of foolscap, and wrote that comical first paragraph of the eighth chapter over which we have all laughed. I suppose few readers guessed the author's state of mind when he wrote it. I looked over his shoulder to see what he had written, and couldn't help laughing aloud; I verily believe that it was his way of turning off attention from his arm, and leading me safely from the region of awkward questions.

"By the bye," I exclaimed, "your writing of garden parties reminds me. I went to one at Campden Hill the other day, and had the good fortune to meet Miss Freda Merrifield."

How his face lighted up, poor fellow, and what a flood of questions he poured out. "She looked very well and very pretty," I replied. "I played two sets of tennis with her. She asked after you directly she saw me, seeming to think that we always hunted in couples. I told her you were living here, taking care of an invalid father; but just then up came the others to arrange the game. She and I got the best courts, and as we crossed over to them she told me she had met your brother several times last autumn, when she had been staying near Aldershot. Odd that he never mentioned her here; but I don't suppose she had much impression on him. She is not at all his style."

"Did you have much talk with her?" he asked.

"No, nothing to be called talk. She told me they were leaving London next week, and she was longing to get back to the country, to her beloved animals—rabbits, poultry, an aviary, and all that kind of thing. I should gather that they had kept her in the background this season, but I understand that the eldest sister is to be married in the winter, and then no doubt Miss Freda will be brought forward."

He seemed wonderfully cheered by this opportune meeting, and though there was so little to tell, he appeared to be quite content. I left him on Monday in fairly good spirits, and did not come across him again till September, when his arm was well, and his novel finished and revised. He never made two copies of his work, and I fancy this was because he spent so short a time each day in actual writing, and lived so continually in his work; moreover, as I said before, he detested penmanship.

The last part of "Lynwood" far exceeded my expectations; perhaps—yet I really don't think so—I viewed it too favorably. But I owed the book a debt of gratitude, since it certainly helped me through the worst part of my life.

"Don't you feel flat now that it is finished?" I asked.

"I felt so miserable that I had to plunge into another story three days after," he replied; and then and there he gave me a sketch of his second novel, "At Sight," and told me how he

meant to weave in his childish fancies about the defense of the bridge in the Civil Wars.

"And about 'Lynwood?' Are you coming up to town to hawk him around?" I asked.

"I can't do that," he said; "you see I am tied here. No, I must send him off by rail, and let him take his chances."

"No such thing!" I cried. "If you can't leave Bath I will take him round for you."

And Derrick, who with the oddest inconsistency would let his MS. lie about anyhow at home, but hated the thought of sending it out alone on its travels, gladly accepted my offer. So next week I set off with the huge brown-paper parcel; few, however, will appreciate my good nature, for no one but an author or a publisher knows the fearful weight of a three-volume novel in MS.! To my intense satisfaction I soon got rid of it, for the first good firm to which I took it received it with great politeness, to be handed over to their "reader" for an opinion; and apparently the "reader's" opinion coincided with mine, for a month later Derrick received an offer for it with which he at once closed—not because it was a good one, but because the firm was well thought of, and because he wished to lose no time, but to have the book published at once. I happened to be there when his first "proofs" arrived. The major had had an attack of jaundice, and was in a fiendish humor. We had a miserably time of it at dinner, for he badgered Derrick almost past bearing, and I think the poor old fellow minded it more when there was a third person present. Somehow, through all, he managed to keep his extraordinary capacity for reverencing mere age—even this degraded and detestable old age of the major's. I only thought that in this he was like my own ancestor, Hugo Wharncliffe, whose deference and respectfulness and patience had not descended to me, while unfortunately the effects of his physical infirmities had. I sometimes used to reflect bitterly enough on the truth of Herbert Spencer's teaching as to heredity, so clearly shown in my own case. In the year 1683, through the abominable cruelty and harshness of his brother Randolph, this Hugo Wharncliffe, my great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, was immured in Newgate, and his constitution was thereby so much impaired and enfeebled that two hundred years after, my constitution is paying the penalty, and my whole life is thereby changed and thwarted. Hence this childless Randolph is affecting the course of several lives in the nineteenth century to their grievous hurt.

But *revenons a nos moutons*—that is to say, to our lion and lamb—the old brute of a major and his long suffering son.

While the table was being cleared, the major took forty winks on the sofa, and we two beat a retreat, lighted up our pipes in the passage, and were just turning out when the postman's double knock came, but no shower of letters in the box. Derrick threw open the door, and the man handed him a fat stumpy-looking roll in a pink wrapper.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "*proofs!*"

And, in hot haste, he began tearing away the pink paper, till out came the folded bits of printing and the dirty and disheveled blue foolcap, the look of which I knew so well. It is an odd feeling, that first seeing one's self in print, and I could guess, even then, what a thrill shot through Derrick as he turned over the pages. But he would not take them into the sitting-room, no doubt dreading another diatribe against his profession; and we solemnly played euchre, and patiently endured the major's withering sarcasms till ten o'clock sounded our happy release.

However, to make a long story short, a month later—that is, at the end of November—"Lynwood's Heritage" was published in three volumes with maroon cloth and gilt lettering. Derrick had distributed among his friends the publishers' announcement of the day of publication, and when it was out I besieged the libraries for it, always expressing surprise if I did not find it in their lists. Then began the time of reviews. As I had expected, they were extremely favorable, with the exception of "The Herald," "The Stroller," and "The Hour," which made it rather hot for him, the latter in particular pitching into his views and assuring its readers that the book was "dangerous," and its author a believer in various things especially repugnant to Derrick, as it happened.

I was with him when he read these reviews. Over the cleverness of the satirical attack in "The Weekly Herald" he laughed heartily, though the laugh was against himself; and as to the critic who wrote in "The Stroller," it was apparent to all who knew "Lynwood" that he had not read much of the book; but over this review in "The Hour" he was genuinely angry—it hurt him personally, and as it afterward turned out, played no small part in the story of his life. The good reviews however, were many and their recommendation of the book hearty; they all prophesied that it would be a great success. Yet, in spite of this, "Lynwood's Heritage" didn't sell. Was it, as I had feared, that Derrick was too devoid of the pushing faculty ever to make a successful writer? Or was it that he was handicapped by being down in the provinces playing keeper to that abominable old bear? Anyhow, the book was well received, read with enthusiasm by an extremely small circle, and then it dropped down to the bottom among the mass of overlooked literature, and its career seemed to be over. I can recall the look in Derrick's face when one day he glanced through the new Mudie & Smith's lists and found "Lynwood's Heritage" no longer down. I had been trying to cheer him up about the book and quoting all the favorable remarks I had heard about it. But unluckily this was damning evidence against my optimist views.

He sighed heavily and put down the lists.

"It's no use to deceive one's self," he said, drearily. "'Lynwood' has failed."

Something in the deep depression of look and tone gave me a momentary insight into the author's heart. He thought, I know, of the agony of mind this book had cost him, of those long months of waiting and their deadly struggle, of the hopes which made all he had passed through seem so well worth while; and the bitterness of the disappointment was no doubt intensified by the knowledge that the major would rejoice over it.

We walked that afternoon along the Bradford Valley, a road which Derrick was specially fond of. He loved the thickly wooded hills, and the glimpses of the Avon which, flanked by the canal and the railway, runs parallel with the high-road; he always admired, too, a certain little village with gray stone cottages which lay in this direction, and liked to look at the side of the old hall near the road; nothing remained of it but the tall gate-posts, and rusty iron gates looking strangely dreary and deserted, and within one could see, between some dark yew-trees, an old terrace walk with stone steps and balustrades—the most ghostly-looking place you can conceive.

"I know you'll put this into a book some day," I said.

"Yes," he said, "it is already beginning to simmer in my brain." Apparently his deep disappointment as to his first venture had in no way affected his perfectly clear consciousness that, come what would, he had to write.

As we walked back to Bath he told me his "Ruined Hall" story as far as it had yet evolved itself in his brain, and we were still discussing it when in Milsom Street we met a boy crying evening papers, and details of the last great battle at Saspataras Hill.

Derrick broke off hastily, everything but anxiety for Lawrence driven from his mind.

CHAPTER VI.

Say not, O Soul, thou art defeated,
Because thou art distrest;
If thou of better things are cheated,
Thou canst not be of best.—*T. T. Lynch.*

"GOOD heavens, Sidney!" he exclaimed, in great excitement, and with his whole face aglow with pleasure, "look here!"

He pointed to a few lines in the paper which mentioned the heroic conduct of Lieutenant L. Vaughan, who at the risk of his life had rescued a brother officer when surrounded by the enemy and completely disabled. Lieutenant Vaughan had managed to mount the wounded man on his own horse and had miraculously escaped himself with nothing worse than a sword-thrust in the left arm.

We went home in triumph to the major, and Derrick read the whole account aloud. With all his detestation of war, he was nevertheless greatly stirred by the discription of the gallant defense of the attacked position—and for a time we were all at one, and could talk of nothing but Lawrence's heroism, and Victoria crosses, and the prospects of peace. However, all too soon, the major's fiendish temper returned, and he began to use the event of the day as a weapon against Derrick, continually taunting him with the contrast between his stay-at-home life of scribbling and Lawrence's life of heroic adventure. I could never make out whether he wanted to goad his son into leaving him, in order that he might drink himself to death in peace, or whether he merely indulged in his natural love of tormenting, valuing Derrick's devotion as conducive to his own comfort, and knowing that hard words would not drive him from what he deemed his duty. I rather incline to the latter view, but the old major was always an enigma to me; nor can I to this day make out his *raison-d'etre*, except on the theory that the training of a novelist required a course of slow torture, and that the old man was sent into the world to be a sort of thorn in the flesh of Derrick.

What with the disappointment of his first book and the difficulty of writing his second, the fierce craving for Freda's presence, the struggle not to allow his admiration for Lawrence's bravery to become poisoned by envy under the influence of the major's incessant attacks, Derrick had just then a hard time of it. He never complained, but I noticed a great change in him; his melancholy increased, his flashes of humor and merriment became fewer and fewer—I began to be afraid that he would break down.

"For God's sake!" I exclaimed, one evening when left alone with the doctor, after an evening of whist, "do order the major to London. Derrick has been mewed up with him here for nearly two years, and I don't think he can stand it much longer."

So the doctor kindly contrived to advise the major to consult a well-known London physician and to spend a fortnight in town, further suggesting that a month at Ben Rhydding might be enjoyable before settling down at Bath again for the winter. Luckily the major took to the idea, and just as Lawrence returned from the war, Derrick and his father returned to town. The change seemed likely to work well, and I was able now and then to release my friend and play cribbage with the old man for an hour or two while Derrick tore about London, interviewed his publisher, made researches into seventeenth-century documents at the British Museum, and somehow managed in his rapid way to acquire those glimpses of life and character which he afterward turned to such good account. All was grist that came to his mill, and at first the mere sight of his old home, London, seemed to revive him. Of course at the very first opportunity he called at the Probyn's, and we both of us received an invitation to go there on the following Wednesday to see the march-past of the troops and to lunch. Derrick was nearly beside himself at the prospect, for he knew that he should certainly meet Freda at last, and the mingled pain and bliss of being actually in the same place with her, yet as completely separated as if seas rolled between them, was beginning to try him terribly.

Meantime, Lawrence turned up again, greatly improved in every way by all that he had lived through, but rather too ready to fall in with his father's tone toward Derrick. The relations between the two brothers—always a little peculiar—became more and more difficult, and the major seemed to enjoy pitting them against each other.

At length the day of the review arrived. Derrick was not looking well, his eyes were heavy with sleeplessness, and the major had been unusually exasperating at breakfast that morning, so that he started with a jaded, worn-out feeling that would not wholly yield even to the excitement of this long-expected meeting with Freda. When he found himself in the great drawing-room at Lord Probyn's house, amid a buzz of talk and a crowd of strange faces, he was seized with one of those sudden attacks of shyness to which he was always liable. In fact, he had been so long alone with the old major that this plunge in society was too great a reaction, and the very thing he had so longed for became a torture to him.

Freda was at the other end of the room talking to Keith Collins, the well-known member for Codrington, whose curious but attractive face was known to all the world through the caricature of it in "Punch." I knew that she saw Derrick, and that he instantly perceived her, and that a miserable sense of separation, of distance, of hopelessness overwhelmed him as he looked. After all, it was natural enough. For two years he had thought of Freda night and day; in his unutterably dreary life her memory had been his refreshment, his solace, his companion. Now he was suddenly brought face to face, not with the Freda of his dreams, but with a fashionable, beautifully dressed, much-sought girl, and he felt that a gulf lay between them; it was the gulf of experience. Freda's life in society, the whirl of gayety, the excitement and success which she has been enjoying throughout the season, and his miserable monotony of companionship with his invalid father, of hard work and weary disappointment,

had broken down the bond of union that had once existed between them. From either side they looked at each other—Freda with a wondering perplexity, Derrick with a dull grinding pain at his heart.

Of course they spoke to each other; but I fancy the merest platitudes passed between them. Somehow they had lost touch, and a crowded London drawing-room was hardly the place to regain it.

"So your novel is really out," I heard her say to him in that deep, clear voice of hers. "I like the design on the cover."

"Oh, have you read the book?" said Derrick, coloring.

"Well, no," she said, truthfully. "I wanted to read it, but my father wouldn't let me—he is very particular about what we read."

That frank but not very happily worded answer was like a stab to poor Derrick. He had given to the world, then, a book that was not fit for her to read. This "Lynwood," which had been written with his own heart's blood, was counted a dangerous, poisonous thing, from which she must be guarded.

Freda must have seen that she had hurt him, for she tried hard to retrieve her words.

"It was tantalizing to have it actually in the house, wasn't it? I have a grudge against 'The Hour,' for it was the review in that which set my father against it." Then, rather anxious to leave the difficult subject—"And has your brother quite recovered from his wound?"

I think she was a little vexed that Derrick did not show more animation in his replies about Lawrence's adventures during the war; the less he responded the more enthusiastic she became, and I'm perfectly sure that in her heart she was thinking:

"He is jealous of his brother's fame—I am disappointed in him. He has grown dull, and absent, and stupid, and he is dreadfully wanting in small talk. I fear that his life down in the provinces is turning him into a bear."

She brought the conversation back to his book; but there was a little touch of scorn in her voice, as if she thought to herself: "I suppose he is one of those people who can talk only on one subject—his own doings." Her manner was almost brusque.

"Your novel has had a great success, has it not?" she asked.

He instantly perceived her thought, and replied with a touch of dignity and a proud smile:

"On the contrary, it has been a great failure; only three hundred and nine copies have been sold."

"I wonder at that," said Freda, "for one so often hears it talked of."

He promptly changed the topic, and began to speak of the march-past. "I want to see Lord Starcross," he added. "I have no idea what a hero is like."

Just then Lady Probyn came up, followed by an elderly harpy in spectacles and false, much-frizzled fringe.

"Mrs. Carsteen wishes to be introduced to you, Mr. Vaughan; she is a great admirer of your writings."

And poor Derrick, who was then unused to the species, had to stand and receive a flood of the most fulsome flattery, delivered in a strident voice, and to bear the critical and prolonged stare of the spectacled eyes. Nor would the harpy easily release her prey. She kept him much against his will, and I saw him looking wistfully now and then toward Freda.

"It amuses me," I said to her, "that Derrick Vaughan should be so anxious to see Lord Starcross. It reminds me of Charles Lamb's anxiety to see Kosciusko, 'for,' said he, 'I have never seen a hero; I wonder how they look,' while all the time he himself was living a life of heroic self-sacrifice."

"Mr. Vaughan, I should think, need only look at his brother," said Freda, missing the drift of my speech.

I longed to tell her what it was possible to tell of Derrick's life, but at that moment Sir Richard Merrifield introduced to his daughter a girl in a huge hat and great flopping sleeves, Miss Isaacson, whose picture at the Grosvenor had been so much talked of. Now the little artist knew no one in the room, and Freda saw fit to be extremely friendly to her. She was introduced to me, and I did my best to talk to her and set Freda at liberty as soon as the harpy had released Derrick; but my endeavors were frustrated, for Miss Isaacson, having looked me well over, decided that I was not at all intense, but a mere common-place, slightly cynical worldling, and having exchanged a few lukewarm remarks with me, she returned to Freda, and stuck to her like a burr for the rest of the time.

We stood out on the balcony to see the troops go by. It was a fine sight, and we all became highly enthusiastic. Freda enjoyed the mere pageant like a child and was delighted with the horses. She looked now more like the Freda of the yacht, and I wished that Derrick could be near her; but, as ill luck would have it, he was at some distance, hemmed in by an impassable barrier of eager spectators.

Lawrence Vaughan rode past, looking wonderfully well in his uniform. He was riding a spirited bay, which took Freda's fancy amazingly, though she reserved her chief enthusiasm for Lord Starcross and his steed. It was not until all was over and we had returned to the drawing-room, that Derrick managed to get the talk with Freda for which I knew he was longing, and then they were fated, apparently, to disagree. I was standing near and overheard the close of their talk.

"I do believe you must be a member of the Peace Society!" said Freda, impatiently. "Or perhaps you have turned Quaker. But I want to introduce you to my godfather, Mr. Fleming; you know it was his son whom your brother saved."

And I heard Derrick being introduced as the brother of the hero of Saspataras Hill; and the next day he received a card for one of Mrs. Fleming's receptions, Lawrence having previously been invited to dine there on the same night.

What happened at that party I never exactly understood. All I could gather was that Lawrence had been tremendously feted, that Freda had been present, and that poor old Derrick was as miserable as he could be when I next saw him. Putting two and two together, I guessed that he had been tantalized by a mere sight of her, possibly tortured by watching more favored men enjoying long *tete-a-tetes*; but he would say little or nothing about it, and when, soon after, he and the major left London, I feared that the fortnight had done my friend harm instead of good.

CHAPTER VII.

Then in that hour rejoice, since only thus
Can that proud heart grow wholly piteous.
Thus only to the world thy speech can flow
Charged with the sad authority of woe.
Since no man nurtured in the shade can sing
To a true note one psalm of conquering;
Warriors must chant it whom our own eyes see
Red from the battle and more bruised than we,
Men who have borne the worst, have known the whole,
Have felt the last abeyance of the soul.

—*F. W. H. Myers.*

ABOUT the beginning of August I rejoined him at Ben Rhydding. The place suited the major admirably, and his various baths took up so great a part of each day that Derrick had more time to himself than usual, and "At Strife" got on rapidly. He much enjoyed, too, the beautiful country round, while the hotel itself, with its huge gathering of all sorts and conditions of people, affording him endless studies of character. The major breakfasted in his own room, and, being so much engrossed with his baths, did not generally appear till twelve. Derrick and I breakfasted in the great dining hall; and one morning when the meal was over, we, as usual, strolled into the drawing-room to see if there were any letters awaiting us.

"One for you," I remarked, handing him a thick envelope.

"From Lawrence!" he exclaimed.

"Well, don't read it in here; the doctor will be coming to read prayers. Come out in the garden," I said.

We went out into the beautiful grounds, and he tore open the envelope and began to read his letter as we walked. All at once I felt the arm which was linked in mine give an involuntary movement, and, looking up, saw that Derrick had turned deadly pale.

"What's up?" I said. But he read on without replying; and, when I paused and sat down on a sheltered rustic seat, he unconsciously followed my example, looking more like a sleep-walker than a man in the possession of all his faculties. At last he finished the letter, and looked up in a dazed, miserable way, letting his eyes wander over the fir-trees and the fragrant shrubs and the flowers by the path.

"Dear old fellow, what is the matter?" I asked.

The words seemed to rouse him.

A dreadful look passed over his face—the look of one stricken to the heart. But his voice was perfectly calm, and full of ghastly self-control.

"Freda will be my sister-in-law," he said, rather as if stating the fact to himself than answering my question.

"Impossible!" I said. "What do you mean? How could—"

As if to silence he thrust the letter into my hand. It ran as follows:

DEAR DERRICK,—For the last few days I have been down at the Fleming's place in Derbyshire, and fortune has favored me. Now, prepare yourself for a surprise. Break the news to the governor, and send me your heartiest congratulations by return of post. I am engaged to Freda Merrifield, and am the happiest fellow in the world. They are awfully fastidious sort of people, and I do not believe Sir Richard would have consented to such a match had it not been for that lucky impulse which made me rescue Dick Fleming. It has all been arranged very quickly, as these things should be, but we have seen a good deal of each other—first at Aldershot the year before last, and just lately in town, and now these four days down here—and days in a country house are equal to weeks elsewhere. I enclose a letter to my father—give it to him at a suitable moment; but, after all, he is sure to approve of a daughter-in-law with such a dowry as Miss Merrifield is likely to have.

"Yours, aff'ly,
"LAWRENCE VAUGHAN."

I gave him back the letter without a word. In dead silence we moved on, took a turning which led to a little narrow gate, and passed out of the grounds to the wild moorland country beyond.

After all, Freda was in no way to blame. As a mere girl she had allowed Derrick to see that she cared for him; then circumstances had entirely separated them; she saw more of the world, met Lawrence, was perhaps first attracted to him by his likeness to Derrick, and finally fell in love with the hero of the season, whom every one delighted to honor. Nor could one blame Lawrence, who had no notion that he had supplanted his brother. All the blame lay with the major's slavery to drink, for if only he had remained out in India I feel sure that matters would have gone quite differently.

We tramped on over heather and ling and springy turf till we reached the old ruin known as the Hunting Tower; then Derrick seemed to awake to the recollection of present things. He looked at his watch.

"I must go back to my father," he said, for the first time breaking the silence.

"You shall do no such thing!" I cried. "Stay out here, and I will see to the major, and give him the letter too if you like."

He caught at the suggestion, and as he thanked me I think there were tears in his eyes. So I took the letter and set off for Ben Rhydding, leaving him to get what relief he could from solitude, space, and absolute quiet. Once I just glanced back, and somehow the scene has always lingered in my memory—the great stretch of desolate moor, the dull crimson of the heather, the lowering gray clouds, the Hunting Tower, a patch of deeper gloom against the gloomy sky, and Derrick's figure prostrate on the turf, the face hidden, the hands grasping at the sprigs of heather growing near.

The major was just ready to be helped into the garden when I reached the hotel. We sat down in the very same place where Derrick had read the news, and when I judged it politic, I suddenly remembered with apologies the letter that had been intrusted to me. The old man received it with satisfaction, for he was fond of Lawrence and proud of him, and the news of the engagement pleased him greatly. He was still discussing it when, two hours later, Derrick returned.

"Here's good news!" said the major, glancing up as his son approached. "Trust Lawrence to fall on his feet! He tells me the girl will have a thousand a year. You know her, don't you? What's she like?"

"I have met her," replied Derrick, with forced composure. "She is very charming."

"Lawrence has all his wits about him," growled the major. "Whereas you—" (several oaths interjected). "It will be a long while before any girl with a dowry will look at you! What women like is a bold man of action; what they despise, mere dabblers in pen and ink, writers of poisonous sensational tales such as yours! I'm quoting your own reviewers, so you needn't contradict me!"

Of course no one had dreamed of contradicting; it would have been the worst possible policy.

"Shall I help you in?" said Derrick. "It is just dinner-time."

And as I walked beside them to the hotel, listening to the major's flood of irritating words, and glancing now and then at Derrick's grave, resolute face, which successfully masked such bitter suffering, I couldn't help reflecting that here was courage infinitely more deserving of the Victoria Cross than Lawrence's impulsive rescue. Very patiently he sat through the long dinner. I doubt if any but an acute observer could have told that he was in trouble; and, luckily, the world in general observes hardly at all. He endured the major till it was time for him to take a Turkish bath, and then, having two hours' freedom, climbed with me up the rock-covered hill at the back of the hotel. He was very silent. But I remember that, as we watched the sun go down—a glowing crimson ball, half veiled in gray mist—he said, abruptly, "If Lawrence makes her happy I can bear it. And of course I always knew that I was not worthy of her."

Derrick's room was a large, gaunt, ghostly place in one of the towers of the hotel, and in one corner of it was a winding stair leading to the roof. When I went in next morning I found him writing away at his novel just as usual, but when I looked at him it seemed to me that the night had aged him fearfully. As a rule he took interruptions as a matter of course, and with perfect sweetness of temper; but to-day he seemed unable to drag himself back to the outer world. He was writing at a desperate pace too, and frowned when I spoke to him. I took up the sheet of foolscap which he had just finished and glanced at the number of the page—evidently he had written an immense quantity since the previous day.

"You will knock yourself up if you go on at this rate!" I exclaimed.

"Nonsense!" he said, sharply. "You know it never tires me."

Yet, all the same, he passed his hand very wearily over his forehead, and stretched himself with the air of one who had been in a cramping position for many hours.

"You have broken your vow!" I cried. "You have been writing at night."

"No," he said, "it was morning when I began—three o'clock. And it pays better to get up and write than to lie awake thinking."

Judging by the speed with which the novel grew in the next few weeks, I could tell that Derrick's nights were of the worst.

He began, too, to look very thin and haggard, and I more than once noticed that curious "sleep-walking" expression in his eyes; he seemed to me just like a man who had received his death-blow, yet still lingers—half alive, half dead. I had an odd feeling that it was his novel which kept him going, and I began to wonder what would happen when it was finished.

A month later, when I met him again at Bath he had written the last chapter of "At Strife," and we read it over the sitting-room fire on the Saturday evening. I was very much struck with the book; it seemed to me a great advance on "Lynwood's Heritage," and the part which he had written since that day at Ben Rhydding was full of an indescribable power, as if the life of which he had been robbed had flowed into his work. When he had done, he tied up the MS. in his usual prosaic fashion, just as if it had been a bundle of clothes, and put it on a side table.

It was arranged that I should take it to Davison—the publisher of "Lynwood's Heritage"—on Monday, and see what offer he would make for it. Just at that time I felt so sorry for Derrick that if he had asked me to hawk round fifty novels I would have done it.

Sunday morning proved wet and dismal; as a rule the major, who was fond of music, attended service at the abbey, but the weather forced him now to stay at home. I myself was at that time no church-goer, but Derrick would, I verily believe, as soon have fasted a week as have given up a Sunday morning service; and having no mind to be left to the major's company, and a sort of wish to be near my friend, I went with him. I believe it is not correct to admire Bath Abbey, but for all that "the lantern of the west" has always seemed to me a grand place; as for Derrick, he had a horror of a "dim, religious light," and always stuck up for its huge windows, and I believe he loved the abbey with all his heart. Indeed, taking it only from a sensuous point of view, I could quite imagine what a relief he found his weekly attendance here; by contrast with his home the place was heaven itself.

As we walked back I asked a question that had long been in my mind: "Have you seen anything of Lawrence?"

"He saw us across London on our way from Ben Rhydding," said Derrick, steadily. "Freda came with him, and my father was delighted with her."

I wondered how they had got through the meeting, but of course my curiosity had to go unsatisfied. Of one thing I might be certain, namely, that Derrick had gone through with it like a Trojan, that he had smiled and congratulated in his quiet way, and had done his best to efface himself and think only of Freda. But as every one knows—

> "Face joy's a costly mask to wear,
> 'Tis bought with pangs long nourished,
> And rounded to despair,"

and he looked now even more worn and old than he had done at Ben Rhydding in the first days of his trouble.

However, he turned resolutely away from the subject I had introduced and began to discuss titles for his novel.

"It's impossible to find anything new," he said, "absolutely impossible. I declare I shall take to numbers."

I laughed at this prosaic notion, and we were still discussing the title when we reached home.

"Don't say anything about it at lunch," he said, as we entered. "My father detests my writing."

I nodded assent and opened the sitting-room door—a strong smell of brandy instantly became apparent; the major sat in the green velvet chair, which had been wheeled close to the hearth. He was drunk.

Derrick gave an ejaculation of utter hopelessness.

"This will undo all the good of Ben Rhydding!" he said. "How on earth has he managed to get it?"

The major, however, was not so far gone as he looked; he caught up the remark and turned towards us with a hideous laugh.

"Ah, yes," he said, "that's the question. But the old man has still some brains, you see. I'll be even with you yet, Derrick. You needn't think you're to have it all you're own way. It's my turn now. You've deprived me all this time of the only thing I care for in life, and now I turn the tables on you. Tit for tat. Oh! yes, I've turned your d——d scribblings to a useful purpose, so you needn't complain!"

All this had been shouted out at the top of his voice and freely interlarded with expressions which I will not repeat; at the end he broke again into a laugh, and with a look, half idiotic, half devilish, pointed toward the grate.

"Good heavens!" I said, "what have you done?"

By the side of the chair I saw a piece of brown paper, and catching it up, read the address—"Messrs. Davidson, Paternoster Row"—in the first place was a huge charred mass. Derrick caught his breath; he stooped down and snatched from the fender a fragment of paper slightly burned, but still not charred beyond recognition like the rest. The writing was quite legible—it was his own writing—the description of the Royalists' attack, and Paul Wharncliffe's defense of the bridge. I looked from the half-burned scrap of paper to the side-table where, only the previous night, he had placed the novel, and then, realizing as far as any but an author could realize the frightful thing that had happened, I looked in Derrick's face. It's white fury appalled me. What he had borne hitherto from the major, God only knows, but this was the last drop in the cup. Daily insults, ceaseless provocation, even the humiliation of personal violence he had borne with superhuman patience; but this last injury, this wantonly cruel outrage, this deliberate destruction of an amount of thought, and labor, and suffering which only the writer himself could fully estimate—this was intolerable.

What might have happened had the major been sober and in the possession of ordinary physical strength I hardly care to think. As it was, his weakness protected him. Derrick's wrath was speechless, with one look of loathing and contempt at the drunken man, he strode out of the room, caught up his hat, and hurried from the house.

The major sat chuckling to himself for a minute or two, but soon he grew drowsy, and before long was snoring like a grampus. The old landlady brought in lunch, saw the state of things pretty quickly, shook her head and commiserated Derrick. Then, when she had left the room, seeing no prospect that either of my companions would be in a fit state for lunch, I made a solitary meal, and had just finished when a cab stopped at the door, and outsprung Derrick. I went into the passage to meet him.

"The major is asleep," I remarked.

He took no more notice than if I had spoken of the cat.

"I'm going to London," he said, making for the stairs. "Can you get your bag ready? There's a train at two-five."

Somehow the suddenness and self-control with which he made this announcement carried me back to the hotel at Southampton, where, after listening to the account of the ship's doctor, he had announced his intention of living with his father. For more than two years he had borne this awful life; he had lost pretty nearly all that there was to be lost, and he had gained the major's vindictive hatred. Now, half maddened by pain, and having, as he thought, so hopelessly failed, he saw nothing for it but to go—and that at once.

I packed my bag, and then went to help him. He was cramming all his possessions into portmanteaus and boxes; the Hoffman was already packed, and the wall looked curiously bare without it. Clearly this was no visit to London—he was leaving Bath for good, and who could wonder at it?

"I have arranged for the attendant from the hospital to come in at night as well as in the morning," he said, as he locked a portmanteau that was stuffed almost to bursting. "What's the time? We must make haste or we shall lose the train. Do, like a good fellow, cram that heap of things into the carpet-bag while I speak to the landlady."

At last we were off, rattling through the quiet streets of Bath, and reaching the station barely in time to rush up the long flight of stairs and spring into an empty carriage. Never shall I forget that journey. The train stopped at every single station, and sometimes in between; we were five mortal hours on the road, and more than once I thought Derrick would have fainted. However, he was not of the fainting order, he only grew more and more ghastly in color and rigid in expression.

I felt very anxious about him, for the shock and the sudden anger following on the trouble about Freda seemed to me enough to unhinge even a less sensitive nature. "At Strife" was the novel which had, I firmly believe, kept him alive through that awful time at Ben Rhydding, and I began to fear that the major's fit of drunken malice might prove the destruction of the author as well as of the book. Everything had, as it were, come at once on poor Derrick; yet I don't know that he fared worse than other people in this respect.

Life, unfortunately, is for most of us no well-arranged story with a happy termination; it is a checkered affair of shade and sun, and for one beam of light there come very often wide patches of shadow. Men seemed to have known this so far back as Shakespeare's time, and to have observed that one woe trod on another's heels, to have battled not with a single wave, but with "a sea of troubles," and to have remarked that "sorrows come not singly, but in battalions."

However, owing I believe chiefly to his own self-command, and to his untiring faculty for taking infinite pains over his work, Derrick did not break down, but pleasantly cheated my expectations. I was not called on to nurse him through a fever, and consumption did not mark him for her own. In fact, in the matter of illness, he was always the most prosaic, unromantic fellow, and never indulged in any of the euphonious and interesting ailments. In all his life, I believe, he never went in for anything but the mumps—of all complaints the least interesting—and, may be, an occasional headache.

However, all this is a digression. We at length reached London, and Derrick took a room above mine, now and then disturbing me with nocturnal pacings over the creaking boards, but, on the whole, proving himself the best of companions.

If I wrote till Doomsday, I could never make you understand how the burning of his novel affected him. to this day it is a subject I instinctively avoid with him, though the rewritten "At Strife" has been such a grand success. For he did rewrite the story and that at once. He said little; but the very next morning, in one of the windows of our quiet sitting-room, often enough looking out despairingly at the gray monotony of Montague Street, he began at "Page 1, Chapter I," and so worked patiently on for many months to remake as far as he could what his drunken father had maliciously destroyed. Beyond the unburnt paragraph about the attack on Mondisfield, he had nothing except a few hastily scribbled ideas in his note-book, and of course the very elaborate and careful historical notes which he had made on the Civil War, during many years of reading and research—for this

period had always been a favorite study with him.

But, as any author will understand, the effort of rewriting was immense, and this, combined with all the other troubles, tried Derrick to the utmost. However, he toiled on, and I have always thought that his resolute, unyielding conduct with regard to that book proved what a man he was.

CHAPTER VIII.

How oft Fate's sharpest blow shall leave thee strong,
With some rerisen ecstasy of song.
—*F. W. H. Myers.*

As the autumn wore on, we heard now and then from old Mackrill the doctor. His reports of the major were pretty uniform. Derrick used to hand them over to me when he had read them; but by tacit consent, the major's name was never mentioned.

Meantime, besides rewriting "At Strife," he was accumulating material for his next book and working to good purpose. Not a minute of his day was idle; he read much, saw various phases of life hitherto unknown to him, studied, observed, gained experience, and contrived, I believe, to think very little and very guardedly of Freda.

But, on Christmas-eve, I noticed a change in him—and that very night he spoke to me. For such an impressionable fellow, he had really extraordinary tenacity, and, spite of the course of Herbert Spencer that I had put him through, he retained his unshaken faith in many things which to me were at that time the merest legends. I remember very well the arguments we used to have on the vexed question of "Free-will," and being myself more or less of a fatalist, it annoyed me that I never could in the very slightest degree shake his convictions on that point. Moreover, when I plagued him too much with Herbert Spencer, he had a way of retaliating, and would foist upon me his favorite authors. He was never a worshipper of any one writer, but always had at least a dozen prophets in whose praise he was enthusiastic.

"Well, on this Christmas eve, we had been to see dear old Ravencroft and his granddaughter, and we were walking back through the quiet precincts of the Temple, when he said, abruptly:

"I have decided to go back to Bath to-morrow."

"Have you had a worse account?" I asked, much startled at this sudden announcement.

"No," he replied; "but the one I had a week ago was far from good, if you remember, and I have a feeling that I ought to be there."

At that moment we emerged into the confusion of Fleet Street; but when we had crossed the road I began to remonstrate with him, and argued the folly of the idea all the way down Chancery Lane.

However, there was no shaking his purpose; Christmas and its associations had made his life in town no longer possible for him.

"I must at any rate try it again and see how it works," he said.

And all I could do was to persuade him to leave the bulk of his possessions in London, "in case," as he remarked, "the major would not have him."

So the next day I was left to myself again with nothing to remind me of Derrick's stay but his pictures which still hung on the wall of our sitting-room. I made him promise to write a full, true, and particular account of his return, a *bona-fide* old-fashioned letter, not the half dozen lines of these degenerate days; and about a week later I received the following budget:

"Dear Sydney,—I got down to Bath all right, and, thanks to your 'Study of Sociology,' endured a slow and cold and dull and depressing journey with the thermometer down to zero, and spirits to correspond, with the country a monotonous white, and the sky a monotonous gray, and a companion who smoked the vilest tobacco you can conceive. The old place looks as beautiful as ever, and to my great satisfaction the hills round about are green. Snow, save in pictures, is an abomination. Milsom Street looked asleep, and Gay Street decidedly dreary, but the inhabitants were aroused by my knock, and the old landlady nearly shook my hand off. My father has an attack of jaundice and is in a miserable state. He was asleep when I got here, and the good old landlady, thinking the front sitting-room would be free, had invited 'company,' *i. e.*, two or three married daughters and their belongings; one of the children beats Magnay's 'Carina' as to beauty--he ought to paint her. Happy thought, send him and pretty Mrs. Esperance down here on spec. He can paint the child for the next Academy, and meantime I could enjoy his company. Well, all these good folks being just set-to at roast beef, I naturally wouldn't hear of disturbing them, and in the end was obliged to sit down, too, and eat at that hour of the day the biggest dinner you ever saw—anything but voracious appetites offended the hostess. Magnay's future model, for all its angelic face, 'ate to repletion' like the fair American in the story. Then I went into my father's room, and shortly after he woke up and asked me to give him some Friedrichshall water, making no comment at all on my return, but just behaving as though I had been here all the autumn, so that I felt as if the whole affair were a dream. Except for this attack of jaundice, he has been much as usual, and when you next come down you will find us settled into our old groove. The quiet of it after London is extraordinary. But I believe it suits the book, which gets on pretty fast. This afternoon I went up Lansdown and right on past the Grand Stand to Prospect Stile, which is at the edge of a high bit of table-land, and looks over a splendid stretch of country, with the Bristol Channel and the Welsh hills in the distance. While I was there the sun most considerately set in gorgeous array. You never saw anything like it. It was worth the journey from London to Bath, I can assure you. Tell Magnay, and may it lure him down; also name the model aforementioned.

"How is the old Q. C. and his pretty grandchild? That quaint old room of theirs in the Temple somehow took my fancy, and the child was divine. Dou you remember my showing you, in a gloomy, narrow street here, a jolly old watchmaker who sits in his shop window and is forever bending over sick clocks and watches? Well, he's still sitting there, as if he had never moved since we saw him that Saturday months ago. I mean to study him for a portrait; his sallow, clean-shaved, wrinkled face has a whole story in it. I believe he is married to a Xantippe who throws cold water over him, both literally and metaphorically; but he is a philosopher—I'll stake my reputation as an observer on that—he just shrugs his sturdy old shoulders and goes on mending clocks and watches. On dark days he works by a gas-jet—and then Rembrandt would enjoy painting him. I look at him whenever my world is particularly awry, and find him highly beneficial. Davison has forwarded me to-day two letter from readers of 'Lynwood.' The first is from an irate female who takes me to task for the dangerous tendency of the story, and insists that I have drawn impossible circumstances and impossible characters. The second is from an old clergyman, who writes a pathetic letter of thanks, and tells me that it is almost word for word the story of a son of his who died five years ago. Query: shall I send the irate female the old man's letter, and save myself the trouble of writing? But, on the whole, I think not, it would be pearls before swine. I will write her myself. Glad to see you whenever you can run down.

"Yours ever,
"D. V.

"(Never struck me before what pious initials mine are.)"

The very evening I received this letter I happened to be dining at the Probyns'. As luck would have it, pretty Miss Freda was staying in the house, and she fell to my share. I always liked her, though of late I had felt rather angry with her for being carried away by the general storm of admiration and swept by it into an engagement with Lawrence Vaughan. She was a very pleasant, natural sort of talker, and she always treated me as an old friend. But she seemed to me, that night, a little less satisfied than usual with life. Perhaps it was merely the effect of the black lace dress which she wore, but I fancied her paler and thinner, and somehow she seemed all eyes.

"Where is Lawrence now?" I asked, as we went down to the dining-room.

"He is stationed at Dover," she replied. "He was up here for a few hours yesterday; he came to say good-bye to me, for I was going to Bath next Monday with my father, who has been very rheumatic lately—and you know Bath is coming into fashion again; all the doctors recommend it."

"Major Vaughan is there," I said, "and found the waters very good, I believe; any day at twelve o'clock you may see him getting out of his chair and going into the Pump Room on Derrick's arm. I often wonder what outsiders think of them. It isn't often, is it, that one sees a son absolutely giving up his life to his invalid father?"

She looked a little startled.

"I wish Lawrence could be more with Major Vaughan," she said; "for he is his father's favorite. You see he is such a good talker, and Derrick—well, he is absorbed in his books, and then he has such extravagant notions about war, he must be a very uncongenial companion to the poor major."

I devoured turbot in wrathful silence. Freda glanced at me.

"It is true, isn't it, that he has quite given up his life to writing and cares for nothing else?"

"Well, he has deliberately sacrificed his best chance of success by leaving London and burying himself in the provinces," I replied, dryly; "and as to caring for nothing but writing, why he never gets more than two or three hours a day for it." And then I gave her minute account of his daily routine.

She began to look troubled.

"I have been misled," she said; "I had gained quite a wrong impression of him."

"Very few people know anything at all about him," I said warmly; "you are not alone in that."

"I suppose his next novel is finished now?" said Freda; "he told me he had only one or two more chapters to write when I saw him a few months ago on his way from Ben Rhydding. What is he writing now?"

"He is writing that novel over again," I replied.

"Over again? What fearful waste of time!"

"Yes, it has cost him hundreds of hours' work; it just shows what a man he is that he has gone through with it so bravely."

"But how do you mean? Didn't it do?"

Rashly, perhaps, yet I think unavoidably, I told her the truth.

"It was the best thing he had ever written, but unfortunately it was destroyed, burned to a cinder. That was not very pleasant, was it, for a man who never makes two copies of his work?"

"It was frightful!" said Freda, her eyes dilating. "I never heard a word about it. Does Lawrence know?"

"No, he does not; and perhaps I ought not to have told you, but I was annoyed at your so misunderstanding Derrick. Pray never mention the affair, he would wish it kept perfectly quiet."

"Why?" asked Freda, turning her clear eyes full upon mine.

"Because," I said, lowering my voice, "because his father burned it."

She almost gasped.

"Deliberately?"

"Yes, deliberately," I replied. "His illness has affected his temper, and he is sometimes hardly responsible for his actions."

"Oh, I knew that he was irritable and hasty and that Derrick annoyed him. Lawrence told me that, long ago," said Freda. "But that he should have done such a thing as that! It is horrible! Poor Derrick, how sorry I am for him! I hope we shall see something of them at Bath. Do you know how the major is?"

"I had a letter about him from Derrick this evening," I replied, "if you care to see it, I will show it you later on."

And by and by, in the drawing-room, I put Derrick's letter into her hands, and explained to her how for a few months he had given up his life at Bath, in despair, but now had returned.

"I don't think Lawrence can understand the state of things," she said wistfully. "And yet he has been down there."

I made no reply, and Freda, with a sigh turned away.

A month later I went down to Bath and found, as my friend foretold, everything going on in the old groove, except that Derrick himself had an odd, strained look about him, as if he were fighting a foe beyond his strength. Freda's arrival at Bath had been very hard on him, it was almost more than he could endure. Sir Richard, blind as a bat, of course, to anything below the surface, made a point of seeing something of Lawrence's brother. And on the day of my arrival Derrick and I hardly set out for a walk when we ran across the old man.

Sir Richard, though rheumatic in the wrists, was nimble of foot and an inveterate walker. He was going with his daughter to see over Beckford's Tower, and invited us to accompany him. Derrick, much against the grain, I fancy, had to talk to Freda, who, in her winter furs and close-fitting velvet hat, looked more fascinating than ever, while the old man descanted to me on Bath waters, antiquities, etc., in a long-winded way that lasted all up the hill. We made our way into the cemetery and mounted the tower stairs, thinking of the past when this

dreary place had been so gorgeously furnished. Here Derrick contrived to get ahead with Sir Richard, and Freda lingered in a sort of alcove with me.

"I have been so wanting to see you," she said, in an agitated voice. "Oh, Mr. Wharncliffe, is it true what I have heard about the major? Does he drink?"

"Who told you?" I said, a little embarrassed.

"It was our landlady," said Freda; "she is the daughter of the major's landlady. And you should hear what she says of Derrick! Why, he must be a downright hero! All the time I have been half despising him"—she choked back a sob—"he has been trying to save his father from what was certain death to him—so they told me. Do you think it is true?"

"I know it is," I replied, gravely.

"And about his arm—was that true?"

I signed an assent.

Her gray eyes grew moist.

"Oh," she cried, "how I have been deceived, and how little Lawrence appreciated him! I think he must know that I've misjudged him, for he seems so odd and shy, and I don't think he likes to talk to me."

I looked searchingly into her truthful gray eyes, thinking of poor Derrick's unlucky love-story.

"You do not understand him," I said; "and perhaps it is best so."

But the words and the look were rash, for all at once the color flooded her face. She turned quickly away, conscious at last that the midsummer dream of those yachting days had to Derrick been no dream at all, but a life-long reality.

I felt very sorry for Freda, for she was not at all the sort of a girl who would glory in having a fellow hopelessly in love with her. I knew that the discovery she had made would be nothing but a sorrow to her, and could guess how she would reproach herself for that innocent past fancy, which, till now, had seemed to her so faint and far away—almost as something belonging to another life. All at once we heard the others descending, and she turned to me with such a frightened, appealing look, that I could not possibly have helped going to the rescue. I plunged abruptly into a discourse on Beckford, and told her how he used to keep diamonds in a tea-cup, and amused himself by arranging them on a piece of velvet. Sir Richard fled from the sound of my prosy voice, and needless to say, Derrick followed him. We let him get well in advance, and then followed, Freda silent and *distraite*, but every now and then asking a question about the major.

As for Derrick, evidently he was on guard. He saw a good deal of the Merrifields and was sedulously attentive to them in many small ways; but with Freda he was curiously reserved, and if by chance they did walk together, he took good care to bring Lawrence's name into the conversation. On the whole, I believe loyalty was his strongest characteristic, and want of loyalty in others tried him more severely than than anything in the world.

As the spring wore on, it became evident to every one that the major could not last long. His son's watchfulness and the enforced temperance which the doctors insisted on had prolonged his life to a certain extent, but gradually his sufferings increased and his strength diminished. At last he kept his bed altogether.

What Derrick bore at this time no one can ever know. When, one bright sunshiny Saturday, I went down to see how he was getting on, I found him worn and haggard, too evidently paying the penalty of sleepless nights and thankless care. I was a little shocked to hear that Lawrence had been summoned, but when I was taken into the sick-room I realized that they had done wisely to send for the favorite son.

The major was evidently dying.

Never can I forget the cruelty and malevolence with which his blood-shot eyes rested on Derrick, or the patience with which the dear old fellow bore his father's scathing sarcasms. It was while I was sitting by the bed that the landlady entered with a telegram, which she put into Derrick's hand.

"From Lawrence!" said the dying man triumphantly, "to say by what train we may expect him. Well?" as Derrick still read the message to himself: "can't you speak, you d——d idiot? Have you lost your d——d tongue? What does he say?"

"I am afraid he cannot be here just yet," said Derrick, trying to tone down the curt message; "it seems he cannot get leave."

"Not get leave to see his dying father? What confounded nonsense. Give me the thing here;" and he snatched the telegram from Derrick and read it in a quavering, hoarse voice:

"Impossible to get away. Am hopelessly tied here. Love to my father. Greatly regret to hear such bad news of him."

I think that message made the old man realize the worth of Lawrence's often expressed affection for him. Clearly it was a great blow to him. He threw down the paper without a word and closed his eyes. For half an hour he lay like that, and we did not disturb him. At last he looked up; his voice was fainter and his manner was more gentle.

"Derrick," he said, "I believe I've done you an injustice; it is you who care for me, not Lawrence, and I've struck your name out of my will—have left all to him. After all, though you are one of those confounded novelists, you've done what you could for me. Let some one fetch a solicitor—I'll alter it—I'll alter it!"

I instantly hurried out to fetch a lawyer, but it was Saturday afternoon, the offices were closed and some time passed before I caught my man. I told him as we hastened back some of the facts of the case, and he brought his writing materials into the sick-room and took down from the major's own lips the word which would have the effect of dividing the old man's possessions between his two sons. Dr. Mackrill was now present; he stood on the side of the bed, his fingers on the dying man's pulse. On the other side stood Derrick, a degree paler and graver than usual, but revealing little of his real feelings.

"Word it as briefly as you can," said the doctor.

And the lawyer scribbled away as though for his life, while the rest of us waited in a wretched hushed state of tension. In the room itself there was no sound save the scratching of the pen and the labored breathing of the old man; but in the next house we could hear some one playing a waltz. Somehow it did not seem to me incongruous, for it was "Sweethearts," and that had been the favorite waltz at Ben Rhydding, so that I always connected it with Derrick and his trouble, and now the words rang in my ears—

> "Oh, love for a year, a week, a day,
> But alas! for the love that loves alway."

If it had not been for the major's return from India, I firmly believed that Derrick and Freda would by this time have been betrothed. Derrick had taken a line which necessarily divided them, had done what he saw to be his duty; yet what were the results? He had lost Freda, he had lost his book, he had damaged his chance of success as a writer, he had been struck out of his father's will, and had suffered unspeakably. Had anything whatever been gained? The major was dying unrepentant to all appearance, as hard and cynical an old worldling as ever I saw. The only spark of grace he showed was that tardy endeavor to make a fresh will. What good had it all been? What good?

I could not answer the question then, could only cry out in a sort of indignation, "What profit is there in his blood?" But looking at it now, I have a sort of perception that the very lack of apparent profitableness was part of Derrick's training, while if, as I now incline to think, there is a hereafter where the training began here is continued, the old major in the hell he most richly deserved would have the remembrance of his son's patience and constancy and devotion to serve as a guiding light in the outer darkness.

The lawyer no longer wrote at railroad speed; he pushed back his chair, brought the will to the bed, and placed the pen in the trembling yellow hand of the invalid.

"You must sign your name here," he said, pointing with his finger; and the major raised himself a little, and brought the pen quavering down toward the paper. With a sort of fascination I watched the finely pointed steel nib; it trembled for an instant or two, then the pen dropped from the convulsed fingers, and with a cry of intolerable anguish the major fell back.

For some minutes there was a painful struggle; presently we caught a word or two between the groans of the dying man.

"Too late!" he gasped, "too late!" and then a dreadful vision of horrors seemed to rise before him, and with a terror that I can never forget he turned to his son and clutched fast hold of his hands: "Derrick!" he shrieked.

Derrick could not speak, but he bent low over the bed as though to screen the dying eyes from these horrible visions, and with an odd sort of thrill I saw him embrace his father.

When he raised his head the terror had died out of the major's face; all was over.

CHAPTER IX.

> To duty firm, to conscience true,
> However tried and pressed,
> In God's clear sight high work we do,
> If we but do our best.—*W. Gaskell.*

LAWRENCE came down to the funeral, and I took good care that he should hear all about his father's last hours, and I made the solicitor show him the unsigned will. He made hardly any comment on it till we three were alone together. Then with a sort of kindly patronage he turned to his brother—Derrick, it must be remembered, was the elder twin—and said pityingly, "Poor old fellow! it was rather rough on you that the governor couldn't sign this; but never mind, you'll soon, no doubt, be earning a fortune by your books; and besides, what does a bachelor want with more than you've already inherited from our mother? Whereas, an officer just going to be married, and with this confounded reputation of hero to keep up, why, I can tell you he needs every penny of it."

Derrick looked at his brother searchingly. I honestly believe that he didn't very much care about the money, but it cut him to the heart that Lawrence should treat him so shabbily. The soul of generosity himself, he could not understand how any one could frame a speech so infernally mean.

"Of course," I broke in, "if Derrick liked to go to law he could no doubt get his rights; there are three witnesses who can prove what was the major's real wish."

"I shall not go to law," said Derrick, with a dignity of which I had hardly imagined him capable. "You spoke of your marriage, Lawrence; is it to be soon?"

"This autumn, I hope," said Lawrence; "at least if I can overcome Sir Richard's ridiculous notion that a girl ought not to marry till she's twenty-one. He's a most crotchety old fellow, that future father-in-law of mine."

When Lawrence had first come back from the war I had thought him wonderfully improved, but a long course of spoiling and flattery had done him a world of harm. He liked very much to be lionized, and to see him now posing in drawing-rooms, surrounded by a worshipping throng of women, was enough to sicken any sensible being.

As for Derrick, though he could not be expected to feel his bereavement in the ordinary way, yet his father's death had been a great shock to him. It was arranged that after settling various matters in Bath, he should go down to stay with his sister for a time, joining me in Montague Street later on. While he was away at Birmingham, however, an extraordinary change came into my humdrum life, and when he rejoined me a few weeks later, I—selfish brute—was so overwhelmed with the trouble that had befallen me that I thought very little indeed of his affairs. He took this quite as a matter of course, and what I should have done without him I can't conceive. However, this story concerns him and has nothing to do with my extraordinary dilemma; I merely mention it as a fact which brought additional cares into his life. All the time he was doing what could be done to help me he was also going through a most baffling and miserable time among the publishers; for "At Strife," unlike its predecessor, was ejected by Davison and by five other houses. Think of this, you comfortable readers, as you lie back in your easy-chairs and leisurely turn the pages of that popular story. The book which represented years of study and long hours of hard work was first burned to a cinder. It was rewritten with what infinite pains and toil few can understand. It was then six times tied up and carried with anxiety and hope to a publisher's office, only to reappear six times in Montague Street, an unwelcome visitor, bringing with it depression and disappointment.

Derrick said little, but suffered much. However, nothing daunted him. When it came back from the sixth publisher he took it to a seventh, then returned and wrote away like a Trojan at his third book. The one thing that never failed him was that curious consciousness that he *had* to write; like the prophets of old, the "burden" came to him, and speak it he must.

The seventh publisher wrote a somewhat dubious letter; the book he thought had great merit, but unluckily people were prejudiced, and historical novels rarely met with success.

However, he was willing to take the story, and offered half profits, candidly admitting that he had no great hopes of a large sale. Derrick instantly closed with the offer, proofs came in, the book appeared, was well received like its predecessor, fell into the hands of one of the leaders of society, and, to the intense surprise of the publisher, proved to be the novel of the

year. Speedily a second edition was called for; then, after a brief interval, a third edition—this time a rational one-volume affair; and the whole lot—6,000 I believe—went off on the day of publication. Derrick was amazed; but he enjoyed his success very heartily, and I think no one could say that he had leaped into fame at a bound.

Having devoured "At Strife," people began to discover the merits of "Lynwood's Heritage;" the libraries were besieged for it, and a cheap edition was hastily published, and another and another, till the book, which at first had been such a dead failure, rivaled "At Strife." Truly an author's career is a curious thing; and precisely why the first book failed, and the second succeeded, no one could explain.

It amused me very much to see Derrick turned into a lion; he was so essentially un-lionlike. People were forever asking him how he worked, and I remember a very pretty girl setting upon him once at a dinner-party with the embarrassing request:

"Now do tell me, Mr. Vaughan, how do you write your stories? I wish you would give me a good receipt for a novel."

Derrick hesitated uneasily for a minute; finally, with a humorous smile, said:

"Well, I can't exactly tell you, because, more or less, novels grow; but if you want a receipt, you might perhaps try after this fashion: Conceive your hero, add a sprinkling of friends and relatives, flavor with whatever scenery or local color you please, carefully consider what circumstances are most likely to develop your man into the best he is capable of, allow the whole to simmer in your brain as long as you can, and then serve, while hot, with ink upon white or blue foolscap, according to taste."

The young lady applauded the receipt, but she sighed a little, and probably relinquished all hope of concocting a novel herself; on the whole, it seemed to involve incessant taking of trouble.

About this time I remember, too, another little scene, which I enjoyed amazingly. I laugh now when I think of it. I happened to be at a huge evening crush, and, rather to my surprise, came across Lawrence Vaughan. We were talking together, when up came Connington, of the Foreign Office. "I say, Vaughan," he said, "Lord Remington wishes to be introduced to you." I watched the old statesman a little curiously as he greeted Lawrence, and listened to his first words: "Very glad to make your acquaintance, Captain Vaughan; I understand that the author of that grand novel, 'At Strife,' is a brother of yours." And poor Lawrence spent a *mauvais quart d'heure*, inwardly fuming, I know, at the idea that he, the hero of Saspataras Hill, should be considered merely as "the brother of Vaughan, the novelist."

Fate, or perhaps I should say the effect of his own pernicious actions, did not deal kindly just now with Lawrence. Somehow Freda learned about that will, and, being no bread-and-butter miss, content meekly to adore her *fiance* and deem him faultless, she "up and spake" on the subject, and I fancy poor Lawrence must have had another *mauvais quart d'heure*. It was not this, however, which led to a final breach between them; it was something which Sir Richard discovered with regard to Lawrence's life at Dover. The engagement was instantly broken off, and Freda, I am sure, felt nothing but relief. She went abroad for some time, however, and we did not see her till long after Lawrence had been married to £1,500 a year and a middle-aged widow who had long been a hero-worshiper, and who, I am told, never allowed any visitor to leave the house without making some allusion to the memorable battle of Saspataras Hill and her Lawrence's gallant action.

For the two years following after the major's death, Derrick and I, as mentioned before, shared the rooms in Montague Street. For me, owing to the trouble I spoke of, they were years of maddening suspense and pain; but what pleasure I did manage to enjoy came entirely through the success of my friend's books and from his companionship. It was odd that from the care of his father he should immediately pass on to the care of one who had made such a disastrous mistake as I had made. But I feel the less compunction at the thought of the amount of sympathy I called for at that time, because I notice that the giving of sympathy is a necessity for Derrick, and that when the troubles of other folks do not immediately thrust themselves into his life, he carefully hunts them up. During these two years he was reading for the Bar—not that he ever expected to do very much as a barrister, but he thought it well to have something to fall back on, and declared that the drudgery of reading would do him good. He was also writing as usual, and he used to spend two evenings a week at Whitechapel, where he taught one of the classes in connection with Toynbec Hall, and where he gained that knowledge of East End life which is conspicuous in his third book—"Dick Carew." This, with an ever-increasing and often very burdensome correspondence, brought to him by his books, and with a fair share of dinners, "At Homes," and so forth, made his life a full one. In a quiet sort of way I believe he was happy during this time. But later on, when, my trouble at an end, I had migrated to a house of my own, and he was left alone in the Montague Street rooms, his spirits somehow flagged.

Fame is, after all, a hollow, unsatisfying thing to a man of his nature. He heartily enjoyed his success, he delighted in hearing that his books had given pleasure or had been of use to any one, but no public victory could in the least make up to him for the loss he had suffered in his private life; indeed, I almost think there were times when his triumphs as an author seemed to him utterly worthless—days of depression, when the congratulations of his friends were nothing but a mockery. He had gained a striking success, it is true, but he had lost Freda; he was in the position of the starving man who has received a gift of bonbons, but so craves for bread that they half sicken him. I used now and then to watch his face when, as often happened, some one said: "What an enviable fellow you are, Vaughan, to get on like this!" or, "What wouldn't I give to exchange places with you!" He would invariably smile and turn the conversation; but there was a look in his eyes at such times that I hated to see—it always made me think of Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Mask"—

> "Behind no prison-grate, she said,
> Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,
> Live captives so uncomforted
> As souls behind a smile."

As to the Merrifields, there was no chance of seeing them, for Sir Richard had gone to India in some official capacity, and no doubt, as every one said, they would take good care to marry Freda out there. Derrick had not seen her since that trying February at Bath, long ago. Yet I fancy she was never out of his thoughts.

And so the years rolled on, and Derrick worked away steadily, giving his books to the world, accepting the comforts and discomforts of an author's life, laughing at the outrageous reports that were in circulation about him, yet occasionally, I think, inwardly wincing at them, and learning from the number of begging letters which he received, and into which he usually caused searching inquiry to be made, that there are in the world a vast number of undeserving poor.

One day I happened to meet Lady Probyn at a garden-party; it was at the same house on Campden Hill where I had once met Freda, and perhaps it was the recollection of this which prompted me to inquire after her.

"She has not been well," said Lady Probyn, "and they are sending her back to England; the climate doesn't suit her. She is to make her home with us for the present, so I am the gainer. Freda has always been my favorite niece, I don't know what it is about her that is so taking; she is not half so pretty as the others."

"But so much more charming," I said. "I wonder she has not married out in India, as every one prophesied."

"And so do I," said her aunt. "However, poor child, no doubt, after having been two years engaged to that very disappointing hero of Saspataras Hill, she will be shy of venturing to trust any one again."

"Do you think that affair ever went very deep?" I ventured to ask. "It seemed to me that she looked miserable during her engagement, and happy when it was broken off."

"Quite so," said Lady Probyn; "I noticed the same thing. It was nothing but a mistake. They were not in the least suited to each other. By the bye, I hear that Derrick Vaughan is married."

"Derrick?" I exclaimed; "oh, no, that is a mistake. It is merely one of the hundred and one reports that are forever being set afloat about him."

"But I saw it in a paper, I assure you," said Lady Probyn, by no means convinced.

"Ah, that may very well be; they were hard up for a paragraph, no doubt, and inserted it. But, as for Derrick, why, how should he marry? He has been madly in love with Miss Merrifield ever since our cruise in the 'Aurora.'"

Lady Probyn made an inarticulate exclamation.

"Poor fellow!" she said, after a minute's thought; "that explains much to me."

She did not explain her rather ambiguous remark, and before long our *tete-a-tete* was interrupted.

Now that my friend was a full-fledged barrister, he and I shared chambers; and one morning about a month after this garden party, Derrick came in with face of such radiant happiness that I couldn't imagine what good luck had befallen him.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed; "here's an invitation for a cruise in the 'Aurora' at the end of August—to be nearly the same party that we had years ago," and he threw down the letter for me to read.

Of course there was a special mention of "my niece, Miss Merrifield, who has just returned from India, and is ordered plenty of sea-air." I could have told that without reading the letter, for it was written quite clearly in Derrick's face. He looked ten year's younger, and if any of his adoring readers could have seen the pranks he was up to that morning in our staid and respectable chambers, I am afraid they would no longer have spoken of him "with bated breath and whispering humbleness."

As it happened, I too was able to leave home for a fortnight at the end of August; and so our party in the "Aurora" really was the same, except that we were all several years older, and let us hope wiser, than on the previous occasion. Considering all that had intervened, I was surprised that Derrick was not more altered; as for Freda, she was decidedly paler than when we first met her, but, before long, sea-air and happiness wrought a wonderful transformation in her.

In spite of the pessimists who are forever writing books—even writing novels (more shame to them) to prove that there is no such thing as happiness in the world, we managed every one of us heartily to enjoy our cruise. It seemed indeed true that—

> "Green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
> And singing and loving all come back together."

Something, at any rate, of the glamour of those past days came back to us all, I fancy, as we laughed and dozed and idled and talked beneath the snowy wings of the "Aurora;" and I cannot say I was in the least surprised when, on roaming through the pleasant garden walks in that unique little island of Tresco, I came once more upon Derrick and Freda, with, if you will believe it, another handful of white heather given to them by that discerning gardener! Freda once more reminded me of the girl in the "Biglow Papers," and Derrick's face was full of such bliss as one seldom sees.

He had always had to wait for his good things, but in the end they came to him. However, you may depend upon it he didn't say much. That was never his way. He only gripped my hand, and with his eyes all aglow with happiness, exclaimed: "Congratulate me, old fellow!"

[THE END.]

SPLINTERS.

"THAT actor is pretty prominent on the bill boards," remarked the guest at the hotel. "Yes, but very obscure on the board bills," replid the landlord.—*Washington Post.*

"THERE goes a brother-in-law of mine." "I didn't know you had any." "Oh, yes; the girl he married promised to be a sister to quite a number of us fellows."—*Washington Post.*

HOGS out West sell at five cents a pound, live weight. At this rate the market price of the man who sits cross-legged in the street car would be about $8.50.—*New York Recorder.*

"Do you know, Ethel," said Chappie, "that you dwell in my mind altogether." "I don't either," said Ethel, "and, what is more, I shall never live in a flat as long as I live."—*The Epoch.*

THE editor of the *Chicago Tribune* has probably run into an umbrella. He prints this admonition: "No man should carry a half-opened umbrella in a crowd. He should either put up or shut up."—*Kansas City Star.*

PRETTY Daughter—Ma, may I go boating? Fond Mother—"Indeed, you shan't! The idea! Who invited you?" Daughter—"Mr. Bliffers." Fond Mother—"Oh! Yes, you may go with Mr. Bliffers. He has a cork leg, and if the boat upsets, just hang on to that."

Dr. Winscombe's Sacrifice.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

"BUT doctor, dear dear doctor, what are we to do without you? Mamma will die a thousand times over; and I never shall know whether I am really ill or making believe, without you to assure me of the latter."

The doctor looked pleased, and adjusting his gold-bowed glasses, took a smiling survey of the lovely speaker, with her great violet-blue eyes, and maze of sunny hair, and skin of cream and roses, and rounded beauty of form.

"But I have procured a successor, a charming young man, and as skilful as charming."

"I here solemnly register a vow of everlasting hatred against this accomplished youth. What is his name?"

"Robert Winscombe, and he isn't such a youth as you seem to think. Fully thirty, I should say, and a very manly, handsome fellow."

"Is he married, doctor?" asked a frail, sweet voice, as a hand, like a moonbeam, put aside a lace drapery, screening a couch, in one corner.

"Oh, mamma, are you awake!" exclaimed Millicent, running to arrange the dainty draperies. "And did you hear what this dear, horrid, old thing has been saying?"

"Yes, and I was so grieved I couldn't speak, at first," said the invalid, plaintively. "How *could* you do it, doctor? But is he married?"

"No, that is, I never asked him; but he mentioned that his only family was a sister, who keeps house for him; and he expects a younger brother, by-and-by. I suppose, by that, he's not married."

"I'll treat him horribly," cried Millicent.

It was the third day after this, that Millicent, dreaming in her hammock, under shelter of the vine-clad verandah, heard the familiar roll of the doctor's buggy upon the gravelled drive below. In a few minutes more, he had mounted the steps, and presented himself inside the wall of greenery, saying, gleefully:

"Here is Dr. Winscombe, Mrs. Batolphe."

Millicent started from her recumbent position, or rather tried to do so; for to rise gracefully and suddenly from a hammock, is rather a difficult feat, as Milly proved; for alas! the long slender heel of her French slipper got entangled in the meshes of the hammock, and as she sprang up, tripped her so suddenly and violently, that she fell forward. As she fell, she struck her head against a croquet mallet, that had been carelessly left lying upon the floor, receiving a wound sufficient to stun her for some moments.

When the blue eyes next unclosed, their half-conscious and dreamy gaze settled upon a strong, dark face, bending over her, the gray eyes full of watchful interest, the stern mouth breaking into an evidently unaccustomed smile.

"You are better," said this vision, quietly; and Milly, closing her eyes, heard again and again the brief phrase, reverberating, as it seemed, through vast reaches of echoing space, "you are better, you are better;" and then down, down through, those dark, endless spaces, slid the swooning sense, and all was silence.

Later on, she woke again, to find herself lying on the bed in her own pretty bedroom, while her mother, and a maid, and Dr. Wetherbee, stood around her; and straight and silent as a sentinel, at the foot of the bed, was the athletic form, and the grave, kind face, for which, half-consciously, she looked.

A wan smile flitted across her lips, and very softly she whispered:

"Yes, I am better, now."

Dr. Winscombe smiled again, and came forward, with a soothing draught, he had been preparing. Then the room was darkened; and the invalid left to solitude and repose.

But the repose would not come. For some five minutes, she lay, silent; then springing from the bed, she staggered to the mirror, and gazed feverishly at her own image. The fluffy golden curls, deluged with water and cologne, had been ruthlessly dragged back, and lay clumped, in wet-darkened masses. A great blue swelling, upon one temple, was crested by a deep cut. Pallid cheeks, and drawn and haggard features, and violet shadows beneath the eyes, all proved the severity of the late shock; and Milly, clinging to the toilet-table lest she should fall, contemplated the image, in stern disapproval.

"A hideous monster, nothing less." said she, aloud, and then crept back to bed, and cried herself to sleep.

That evening, the doctors came again, together. But the next morning, Dr. Winscombe came alone, and so slid quietly into the position of daily visitor; for before Milly was quite recovered, her mother, upset by the worry and fatigue her daughter's accident, fell into one of her nervous crises; and the new doctor found his skill and patience, not to mention his amiability, severely taxed.

Summer waned into autumn, and although Mrs. Batolphe was better, it had become so strong a habit of the doctor's horse to turn in at the great iron gates of the Batolphe place, that he seldom resisted it; and the delicate and nervous invalid fancied that some access of vigor and calm came to her with his presence. Not infrequently, she prevailed upon him to stay for dinner, or tea, or at least to take a biscuit.

"By the bye." said Mrs. Batolphe, one day, to Millicent, "you ought to call on the doctor's sister. Go, dear, and ask her to tea."

So Millicent went. But while unlatching the doctor's garden-gate, she heard a quick, strong step behind her, that sent the blood tingling to her cheeks, and made the warm white fingers so clumsy over the latch, that another hand took latch, and fingers, and all into its brown, firm grasp, while a voice Milly knew, so well, ah! so well, said, blithely:

"Let me! You are coming in?"

"Yes," replied the girl, forcing herself to speak calmly, as a young lady speaking to a friend ought to speak, and raising her eyes, though not quite to the level of his own; adding.

"Yes, I am going to call upon Miss Winscombe. I thought these were your office-hours."

"They are. I was called home, suddenly."

There was something peculiar about him, today; but what was it? His look, the one look she had dared to meet, was burning and eloquent with—ah, what? Was it love? Did he love her? If so, why had he never said it, except in some half-dozen glances, and in this, the most fervent of all? And his voice! She, who knew its every tone so well, she could not mistake that thrill, that caressing vibration, almost a kiss, in which he had spoken those last words. And the air of intense, yet subdued excitement, pervading his whole manner—what did that mean?

Millicent had not answered one of these questions, when she found herself standing in the middle of the low-ceiled, sunny parlor, with the doctor holding both hands, and looking straight into her face, which before that gaze, drooped, and drooped like a flower, upon whose heart the sun gazes too pitilessly. What did he read there? Heaven knows. But releasing the little hands, that were almost crushed by that iron grasp, he suddenly dashed his clenched fist against his forehead.

"God forgive me!" he groaned. "God forgive me!" Then, snatching her hand, he said, "But, promise you will never hate me!"

"Hate you!" murmured she, in soft incredulity, yet puzzled inexpressibly by his words and manner, so contradictory.

"Millicent,," he pursued, in an agitated voice, "look around this room, and tell me what I may give you—some memento of this visit, this strange, strange visit."

"Why strange?" demanded the girl, a touch of womanly pride beginning now to struggle through her agitation.

"Why? Who can tell why?" replied he, vaguely. "But choose. What will you have? Something you *must* take—something to mark this day."

"Then, it shall be this," exclaimed Millicent, carried away by what spirit she knew not; and snatching from the table an engraving of the Crucifixion, that lay there, in an open portfolio.

Robert Winscombe took the picture from her hand, looked at it, and turned ghastly pale. Then, returning it, he said, very quietly:

"You could not have chosen better. Wait Let me write the date upon the back."

He did this, and folded the picture in a bit of paper, tying it methodically with card. Neither of them spoke, or looked at each other, while he was doing this. Why, they could not tell. But there are some crises too sad for speech.

Winscombe had just finished, when a carriage drove to the door. He started, glanced out at the window, seemed to grow suddenly rigid, and said, in an odd, restrained voice: "That is my brother, who has come to bring me a patient, and if you do not care to see them, you can go through the garden, and so out to the other street. I need not apologize for sending you away. You will not mistake me."

Millicent only bowed her head, and like one in a maze, followed the doctor, as he opened a side door, and silently pointed down the path, to a little gate. She thought only of herself and her companion, and never glanced back, so that she did not see the blithe, handsome fellow, who dismounted from the carriage, and carefully lifted down a pallid, swooning figure.

"Well, is she coming?" asked Mrs. Batolphe, as her daughter came languidly into the parlor.

"Coming? Who?" asked Millicent, dreamily.

"Why, Miss Winscombe, of course. Didn't you go there to invite her to tea? What in the world is the matter with you, child?"

"I—I didn't see Miss Winscombe, mamma."

"Didn't see her? What can you mean?"

"I will tell you, some other time," answered Millicent, rising. "But, just now, my head aches, and I will go and lie down."

Mrs. Batolphe rather pettishly picked up her novel; and Millicent, in her room, sat drearily staring out of the window, seeing nothing, hearing nothing except that inward, inarticulate voice, whose utterances are so much more engrossing than the most eloquent speech from without.

"He loves me," said the voice, "certainly he loves me. His eyes, his tone, his manner, all said it. But why so strange about it all? Why is the Crucifixion the best memento I could have chosen of that visit?" So went on the voice, the busy, cruel, untiring, dreary voice, telling of love with none of love's sweet assurance and joy, of a heart given perhaps unasked and unvalued, except as a trophy; "and yet, and yet he surely loves me," passionately broke in the voice, the voice now of wounded maiden pride. "I never could have loved him, if he had not tried to win my love."

When all in the house were asleep but herself, Millicent unfolded her picture, and falling upon her knees, gazed long and earnestly at it. She seemed, in that image of supreme self-devotion, of sacrifice, and of love stronger than death, to read the story of her own and another's life. Then she hung the picture up, close beside her bed, that her first and last look, morning and night, might fall upon it; and so drearily undressed, and lay down, to cry herself to sleep.

But the next day was bright and clear, and Mrs. Batolphe felt herself able for a drive in the pony carriage. "You must be the driver, Millicent," she said, "for Mouse and Midge travel more demurely and steadily under your hand than that of even Munny." Munny was the coachman, and was nothing loth to take the seat behind, in the rumble.

"Really, Milly," said her mother, when they had been driving for about an hour, "this is charming. But, perhaps, we've gone far enough. Hadn't you better turn round?"

Millicent obeyed, but just in the midst of the manœuvre, a dog burst yelping from the thicket, that fringed the road, and sprang at the heads of the ponies. The unexpected noise and sight, frightened the nearest horse, and this terror communicated itself immediately to the other; and getting the bits between their teeth, the two set off at a breakneck pace, utterly beyond Millicent's power to control. Meantime, the first mad whirl had unseated the stately Munny, and thrown him into the ditch, so that he could not assist her. A catastrophe was imminent. But Millicent, in all her dismay, found time to hope that her mother, at least, would escape with life and limb, and to wonder for her herself, "Will Robert be sorry if I am killed?"

But rescue was nearer at hand than she supposed. The master of the guilty spaniel, a long-legged, athletic young fellow, no sooner saw the mischief he had done, than throwing down his gun, he started across the field, reaching its opposite end, just as Mouse and Midge, putting down their obstinate little heads, prepared to bolt round the corner there. Taking the fence in his stride, he was in the middle of the road, as the ponies came up. Seizing the bridle of the nearest, he flung the horse with a quick, powerful movement, almost on its side; checked its mad career and that of its fellow; and in a moment more had both bits in his grasp, and had brought the terrified animals under control.

"I hope you are not much frightened, ladies," he said, as the ponies stood, with steaming, panting sides, regarding him with staring and astonished eyes. "These little rascals are quite safe now."

"Thanks—my mother—" replied Millicent, choking back a sob, turning to take the poor hysterical, convulsed invalid in her arms.

"If Bob was here, now," said the young man, half shyly. "Perhaps you know my brother, Dr. Winscombe?"

"Yes, indeed, he is our physician. Oh! I wish, with all my heart, he was here now. Poor darling, poor little mamma—there, dear, there. If I had some sal-volatile, or cologne—"

"I tell you what," broke in their half-boyish deliverer, "if your man can walk home, I'll take

his seat, and drive to my brother's house, as fast as the ponies can lay legs to the ground. It isn't over a mile, I should say, and he is at home until noon to-day, looking after—will you do that?"

"Yes, if you please," replied Millicent. "I couldn't drive, just now; and, besides, mamma can't spare me."

Off went the ponies, at a rigidly correct pace, though Mrs. Batolphe shrieked and moaned afresh at every motion, and Millicent patiently and sweetly soothed her.

"What a trump of a girl! And ain't she pretty?" said Harry Winscombe to himself, as he watched these proceedings, and blessed the chance that had brought him to that especial field at that especial moment. In fifteen minutes, the ponies were at the doctor's gate. Hardly had they stopped, before the doctor himself was at the side of the carriage.

"What is it? An accident?" he asked, anxiously.

A few clear words, from his brother, explained all that needed to be told; and Milly added, eagerly:

"Do take her in, and give her something, doctor. I can't drive through the town with her, poor soul, in this way. She'll soon recover."

A strange shadow of hesitation passed over the doctor's face, and it was a moment before he replied, and then very coldly:

"Certainly. Shall I carry her in?"

"Yes, please," replied Milly, with a wistful glance at the stern, set face, that would not turn toward her.

The doctor lifted the sobbing sufferer, as if she had been a child, and bore her into the house, laying her upon a sofa in the parlor.

"I will call my sister," said the doctor, abruptly, as he turned from Mrs. Batolphe, and strode out of the room, still never glancing at Millicent.

Harry entered now, and by his sympathy, he made both women feel that he was a friend, not only willing, but anxious to take any trouble, or make any sacrifice of time, or labor, to help them out of their worries. Moreover, Millicent, at least, could not but see that Harry Winscombe was one of the handsomest men she had ever met; very like his elder brother, but more regular in feature, with bright brown hair, and clear, light hazel eyes.

Steps were now heard upon the floor overhead; then a murmur of voices; and finally the doctor's firm tread, descending the stairs. But just as he reached the foot, a shriek, a succession of shrieks, from the upper room, pursued him, as it were; and turning, he sprang up three steps at a time, and re-entered the room.

"Oh, my goodness, what's that? Millicent, what has happened? Do go and see! They are killing somebody — dear — dear — dear!" And poor Mrs. Batolphe's sobs and cries returned with redoubled force, and for some moments mingled, in maddening confusion, with those from the upper room.

"What *is* the matter, Mr. Winscombe?" demanded Milly, almost at her wits' end, and glancing over her shoulder, as she knelt beside her mother. Harry Winscombe's face had suddenly changed. It wore a curious guilty look, and had crimsoned like a girl's.

"I—I—it's a poor creature come here, to be under my brother's care," he stammered, turning away from that bright, inquisitive glance. "I'm afraid she's a little out of her head, to-day, and very likely didn't want Robert to leave her."

"Well, I must get my mother away, at once. If Dr. Winscombe had explained that this was a private madhouse, we certainly would not have intruded."

"I'm sorry you're angry," replied Harry, so simple and honestly that Milly blushed with shame at her own ill-temper, and penitently said:

"Oh, excuse me, but I am coming to the end of my endurance, and am hardly responsible for what I say. But we must get away, really; that poor woman's cries will kill mamma. The ponies won't answer. Will you go down to a livery stable, and get a close carriage, as quickly as you can? And you can tell them to send up a man to drive the ponies home, if you please."

He darted from the room at her words, and soon returned with a carriage, having been fortunate enough to find one ready harnessed. Just before he arrived, Dr. Winscombe once more descended the stairs, and this time entered the parlor, looking flushed, annoyed, and anxious.

"I am so sorry to have been detained; I sent some sal-volatile. Did your mother take it?" he said. He spoke almost timidly, and now it was his look that sought Millicent's and hers that refused to be met.

"It was not brought," said she, very coldly. "And I do not think mamma will be any better here. Mr. Winscombe has gone for a carriage to take her home."

The dark brows met over Robert Winscombe's eyes, and his teeth set themselves, as in strong pain. Mrs. Batolphe unclosed her eyes.

"Who is that madwoman? Why do you have her here? She has frightened me almost to death," she said.

"I am very sorry. I would have helped it, if I could. She's a patient, whom I have taken into the house—for a time."

The desolate, hopeless tone of his voice smote upon Millicent's heart; but she would not look at him, or try to put down the unreasoning anger burning in her heart against him, nor did he once look at or speak to her, until after the carriage had arrived, and Harry and he had placed Mrs. Batolphe within.

That evening, Dr. Winscombe came, as in duty bound, to call upon his patient; but Millicent did not appear.

The next morning, the brothers came together for a visit, and Harry Winscombe proved himself one of the best bred, sunniest, most sympathetic of young fellows.

From his conversation, it appeared that he had just graduated from Harvard, and inclining to his brother's profession, was to spend some months with him in preparatory studies. Then, if he still remained of the same mind, he was to go to a great medical school, at the beginning of the next year.

"And during my sojourn here, Miss Batolphe, I shall throw myself upon your mercy for society, and the humanizing influence of 'fair woman,'" said he, gayly. Millicent smiled, but not quite so frankly, while she replied:

"Yes, indeed, you must come to us a great deal. But you are not so destitute as you wish to represent. You have your sister, there, at home."

"Sophia! Yes, she is with us—" began Harry, with rather a twist of the merry mouth. But just at that instant, Millicent caught a swift warning look shot from Robert's eyes to his brother's, and the latter stopped abruptly. Vexed, yet without knowing why, and impelled by that strange perversity that so often makes angry lovers long to wound the beloved object, Milly turned toward the doctor, saying:

"I suppose, however, Miss Winscombe is a good deal engaged, at present, in attending your resident patient. Isn't it rather dangerous to leave her alone with such a violent maniac?"

She meant to annoy him, but she was not prepared for the livid pallor that suddenly overspread his face; the bitter anger that shook his voice, and sparkled in his eyes; or the haughty coldness with which he replied:

"You are very good to trouble about my sister, or my patient; but I hope your anxiety is groundless. I will, however, return to my home duties at once. Harry, are you ready?"

When they were gone, Milly rushed to her own room, threw herself down before her picture, and cried until she could not see.

A day or two after this, Dr. Winscombe called, alone, one day, and found both ladies in their pretty little library.

"Mrs. Batolphe," he said, "I want advice. But, first, I must tell you a secret, that is a secret until now—don't go, if you please, Miss Millicent; I shall be glad to have your opinion as well as your mother's in this affair."

Mrs. Batolphe, like most women of small experience and limited mental capacity, was always pleased to have her advice asked, and was always very ready to give it.

"I'm sure, I shall be most happy to help you, doctor," she said.

Milly, without looking up, selected some crewel from her basket, and began her conventional rose-bush, in the middle of her conventional pond. Robert Winscombe did not look at her. In fact, he gave his chair an impatient hitch, bringing it nearly with its back to the embroidery frame.

"Eight years ago," he began, abruptly, "when I was just out of college, a green, romantic boy of two-and-twenty, they sent me to the West Indies for a winter, on account of my health. They'd better have tied a stone round my neck, and pitched me into the Atlantic, before I was out of sight of land; for though my lungs got sound, the end of it was, that, in a moment of boyish passion—God knows, I soon found it was not love—I married a Spanish girl, beautiful, indeed, but with nothing else to recommend her. In short, I ruined my life. That is to say, ruined its domestic and social hopes, ruined whatever happiness men draw from family ties. I took her home to the West, and I think it broke my mother's heart. At any rate, she died in a year or two, and my father said I had killed her. I went abroad to study my profession, and when I came home, my wife was in an insane asylum, and my father dead; no one left to me but my brother Harry, and my half-sister, who never forgave me for her mother's suffering and death, and what she called the disgrace I had brought upon the family. Still, she is a good woman, and a devoted one, in her grim fashion. She had been once a month to visit my wife ever since she was shut up, and frankly offered to come and make a home for me, wherever I might settle, if I wished it.

"I did, and we came here. Dr. Wetherbee asked nothing about my domestic concerns, and I did not volunteer any information. My sister never opens her lips, if she can help it, least of all in the way of gossip; and so it came about, with no premeditated deceit on my part, that everybody has taken me for a single man.

"Some weeks ago, I received a message, from the physician in charge of the asylum, saying that my wife had partially recovered her mind, although liable still, if excited, to paroxysms of furious mania. But the doctor added that she was dying of an internal disease, in fact could not live the year out, by any possibility. I went to see her. You remember I was absent for several days, and although neither her sufferings, nor her approaching death, could revive a tenderness that never existed, or pity long since worn out, I decided, as an act of duty toward the woman who bore my name, to bring her home, and devote myself to the care and attention still possible to offer her; to let her die at least in the home that, in health, she never should have entered. Was I right? Tell me, Millicent, was it not my duty to do this?"

His voice had a piteous pleading in it, strangely at variance with its usual robust tones; but Millicent's was clear and cold as the north wind, while she made answer:

"I do not know why you ask the question, Dr. Winscombe, or why you even made a mystery of your marriage. It is not dishonorable to be the husband of an afflicted woman, but it is most dishonorable to assume the character—any character which does not belong to you."

Millicent, as she spoke, got up and left the room. The doctor sighed, but went on:

"There isn't much more to say. My brother was traveling in the West just then; and I asked him to bring my wife here under his escort. She arrived when Millicent was at my house, and I could not explain then; afterward, when you were there, she heard women's voices, and it brought on a paroxysm of jealous fury in which I thought she would die. I waited to see how it would end, and since—well, Mrs. Batolphe, I have been a coward in the whole matter—but I think you will forgive me, won't you?"

"That I will, my dear doctor, fully and freely; and after all I cannot blame you. It would have been so disagreeable," said the gentle matron, fervently. "But what are you going to do?"

"This is the advice I told you I wanted. Shall I tell everybody? Will you tell two or three people for me? The poor creature cannot live many weeks, not over two or three months at most; but she has a right to my name, although I might have been released by law long ago."

Why did he wish so earnestly to insist to Millicent's mother that by man's law he might have been free already, and that by God's law of death he must be free before many weeks were past? Ah! why?

So it was settled that the news was to be told, and Robert Winscombe, as he rode away, said to himself:

"And when Milly knows all, she will, she must forgive me; and she cannot but realize that in a little while, a very little while, I shall have the right to say, in so many words, I love you."

His dark eyes lightened, as he said this, with a tender joy, as if already his probation were over, and he could clasp the reward of so many bitter years of suffering and shame.

"He says she can't, anyhow, live over two or three months, poor thing," repeated Mrs. Batolphe to her daughter. "And I, for one, shan't blame him if he does not always remain a widower. Shall you, Milly?"

"Dear little mamma, my fancy is not so vivid as yours, and I can't possibly tell how I shall feel when Mrs. Winscombe is dead and buried, and Dr. Winscombe, after a decent mourning, marries again. I may be dead or married myself."

And so the golden autumn days went on, and Dr. Robert Winscombe visited his patient sedulously as ever, Mrs. Batolphe calling him in very frequently; and he accepted quietly, but not without deep mortification and suffering, the changed, chilled manner in which Millicent always met him; a change so slight outwardly, that nobody else perceived it, but one so marked to himself, that it told even on his health.

Harry Winscombe, happy, care-free, handsome Harry, saw nothing of all this; he knew that Millicent had seemed offended with his brother, at the time the latter declared his marriage; but he had set it down to annoyance at having been kept so long in ignorance of so important a fact in her friend's history. Very soon he forgot all about it, and Millicent's eyes and Millicent's smiles fascinated him more and more daily.

In two words, Harry Winscombe was very thoroughly in love, and didn't care who knew it. Even Mrs. Batolphe could see it, and murmured calm satisfaction over the prospect; for the young man possessed everything Milly's husband ought to have except money, and of that the Batolphes themselves had more than enough.

And Milly? Who can read a girl's heart, supposing she has one? and Milly had. That she had loved Robert Winscombe, with at least the beginnings of a strong, great love, there can be no doubt; but it was not a love that had reached its climax; it was still unexpressed. And, meantime, Harry was charming in his way, and loved and admired her, and all so frankly and unreservedly; and there were no dark corners in his life, no old loves, rightful or wrongful, to jeer at her with their boast of priority. Why not love Harry? Yes, and marry him?

She used to ask herself that question day after day and night after night. She had given her first love mistakenly. She had been shamefully deceived. Dr. Winscombe knew well when he sought her heart, if not in words, at least in looks, that he had a right to do so. Was ever innocent girl so treacherously treated? It was not in her proud heart to forgive a great injury, and continue loving.

So matters stood when, one windy, rainy, equinoctial night, poor Teresa Winscombe's soul went forth of her wasted body.

The next morning Harry came and told the news, and wondered why Millicent, turning pale in hearing it, went presently to her own room.

Ten days or so later, Dr. Winscombe sat alone in his office, his head upon his hand, his eyes intently fixed upon a picture of Millicent, given him months before, and always in his pocket-book since. He did not speak aloud, but if he did it would have been to say:

"At last, at last, my darling! How soon may I speak? Not to shock her by lovemaking, but just to put my hope in words, just to do away with this long, dreary winter, that has fallen between us. No wonder you were angered, my proud, petted darling. But you'll forgive—"

The door opened, and Harry, blithely, in his usual exuberant fashion, rushed into the room.

"Bob, I've a confession to make," he stammered, hesitatingly. "The fact is, Bob, I'm dead in love; I'm going to propose this very day, this very afternoon, that is, if you don't object."

"Who, under the sun—why you've kept the matter sly enough—I hope it's no low affair that you've been carrying on out of my sight!" exclaimed the doctor angrily.

"Low affair! Sly!" repeated Harry, in the same tone. "Well, if you call the Batolphes low; and as for sly, it couldn't well have been more open; and Mrs. Batolphe herself told me, or as good as told me, last night, that she saw how it was, and had no objection. Sly, indeed!"

"Do you mean that you love Millicent Batolphe, and have reason to think your love returned?" demanded the elder brother, in so stern and harsh a tone that Harry, forgetting his own anger, looked at him in astonishment, as he replied:

"Yes, why not? What's the matter? Why shouldn't I?"

"She loves you?" asked Robert, his forehead falling again into his open hand, and so hiding his face.

"Yes—at least I think so. Bob, what is it? Do you know some dreadful reason why she cannot marry? Insanity? Consumption?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort. Wait a minute, I have to attend that patient, knocking at the outer door. Stay till I return. Will you stay?"

"Yes. I didn't hear any one knock. But I'll stay," said Harry.

There was no patient in the outer office, but for the next ten minutes there was a man shut up there alone to endure such an agony as no physical suffering ever produced.

At last, Robert Winscombe returned master of himself, and taking up his hat said, quietly:

"No, Harry, there's no reason whatever, if you love Miss Millicent Batolphe honestly and manfully, and she loves you, as she is well capable of loving, that you should not marry; and I for one wish you God-speed."

"You are sure your brother won't object to your throwing yourself away in this fashion?" demanded Millicent, a few hours later, with a pretty coquetry of manner, not very well supplying the place of tenderness.

"Quite sure. He wished me God-speed in my wooing. Now say yes, Millicent," replied the lover, and she saucily replied: "Yes, Millicent."

Well, he was content, and so they were engaged, and that night Millicent sent the little picture of the Crucifixion back to the donor without any message. "He will understand," she said.

He did understand. But she did not. For, snatching a pencil, the doctor wrote beneath the picture:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his brother."

Then he sighed heavily and said, half-aloud:

"But she shall never know what it cost me; and I will not cloud the happiness I have laid down my life to secure for him; Harry might guess if he saw what I have written."

Taking a scalpel from the table, he cut off the text, and then nailed the picture upon the wall opposite his usual evening seat. There it remained as the years went on; there it remains to-day, when years for Robert Winscombe are no more; for he died at Memphis in 1878, after such work as made a great nation admire and mourn. You have all heard of him, but not as Robert Winscombe.

Millicent was very sorry when she heard of his death, and cried quite heartily for several minutes; but little Bob ran in just then with a cut finger, and Tot was clamoring for apples, and the doctor drove up in his buggy, for Harry had succeeded to his brother's practice; so that with so many calls upon her love and attention the young wife and mother wiped her eyes, and in the course of an hour ate a very good dinner.

So runs the world away!

RELATIONS OF NUMBERS.

There are many illustrations of the odd properties and relation of numbers; but one of the most interesting and remarkable is that known as Bode's Law.

As most girls and boys doubtless know, the earth on which we live is one of the eight planets which are continually revolving around the sun, at different distances from it. These eight planets and their satellites, and the minor planets known as asteroids, form, together with the sun, what is known as the solar system.

Astronomers have calculated with remarkable accuracy the distances of these planets from each other and from the sun.

Now, at one time, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn were the only planets known to astronomers, neither the asteroids, nor Uranus, nor Neptune yet having been discovered.

According to Prof. Lockyer, Titius discovered that if we write down a row of fours and place under them the figures 0, 3, 6, 12, 24, 48, 96, thus:

4	4	4	4	4	4	4
0	3	6	12	24	48	96
4	7	10	16	28	52	100

By adding, we get an odd series of numbers. They represent very nearly the relative distances from the sun of the planets above mentioned, as follows: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, ——, Jupiter, Saturn.

As fifty-two in the above series represents the relative distance of Jupiter, there was among the planets apparently no representative for the fifth term of the series.

The surprising accuracy, however, with which the series represented the distances of the other planets caused many astronomers to firmly believe that the number twenty-eight stood for an undiscovered planet.

When, some years later, upon the discovery of the planet Uranus, it was found that the position of this planet was very well represented by the next term of Bode's series, 196, an organized search for the suspected planet was determined upon.

A society of astronomers was formed for this purpose, and a certain section of the heavens assigned to each member of the society.

The results of these efforts was the discovery of the asteroids, the first and largest of which, Ceres, was discovered on the first day of the present century.

Since that time about 300 of these small planets have been discovered.

No satisfactory physical reason has yet been given to account for the workings of this law, which remains classed among the oddities of numbers.—*Santa Claus.*

AND SO THEY PARTED.

They were standing by the window looking out at the golden sunset. His arm was around her slender waist and her head rested confidingly on his manly shoulder. Life looked rosy to the youthful pair, and not a visible cloud obscured the bright firmament of their hopes.

"Perseus," she murmured, "it seems almost incredible that we never met until three weeks ago."

"It does, indeed, Andromeda," replied the youth. "We have had hardly time to become acquainted with each other's views of life and its problems, not to speak of each other's peculiarities and prejudices. Yet it seems as if we must have known one another always."

"And that reminds me, Perseus," rejoined the lovely New England girl, thoughtfully adjusting her spectacles, "that I have never heard you express your opinion of theosophy."

"My opinion of theosophy, love," the young man said, breaking it to her as gently as he could, "is that the system, as thus far developed, hardly meets the requirements of an exact science."

It was a severe shock, but the maiden did not flinch. She only leaned a little harder on the young man's shoulder.

"You find much to admire in Emerson and Thoreau, do you not?" she asked, hopefully.

"I cannot say, I do. The one seems too transcendental, the other almost atheistic."

"Does not the Delsartean idea appeal to you favorably?"

"H'm! This Delsartean business, dearest, I regard as a harmless kind of thing, suitable for twelve-year-old school girls who have no roller-skating facilities."

"Well, Perseus," she said, with a happy sigh, "what difference does it make after all if we love each other? These little differences of opinion shall not separate us."

"No, Andromeda, they shall not. We will not speak of them. They are trifles. Look at the roses in this beautiful vase—"

A cry of horror broke from the lips of Andromeda. She sprang from his embrace.

"What is the matter, dearest?" exclaimed the young man with the utmost concern.

"Don't touch me," she panted, sinking on a sofa. "Don't come near me!"

"What have I—"

"Mr. Grigson," she said, recovering herself by a powerful effort and standing erect, "I can overlook your lack of appreciation of the great names in our literature; I can forgive your want of sympathy with the great movements in the world of thought that possess my soul and move all my powers to action; but"—and the proud Boston girl pointed sternly to the door—"I can never look with anything but utter abhorrence on a man who does not know how to pronounce the word 'vahz!' Go!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

SPLI[illegible]S.

"Logic is good enough, but it can't prove that that a rooster is a hen." "No, but it can prove that a hen is a rooster."—*Society.*

Customer—"Seems to me that razor is rather dull?" Barber—"Mought be, sah. It was to a pahty las' night, sah."—*New York Weekly.*

"Now," said the tramp who had been laboring at the wood pile, "I'll go around to the kitchen and see if I can't cash a few of these chips."—*Washington Post.*

Dr. Pillus—"Mr. Graves is dead." Franklin—"So? I've been expecting to hear of his death. I've seen your carriage there two or three times lately."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Unnizi—"John, I think there's a burglar down in the hall." Mr. Unnizi—"Let him stay there. There's nothing he can take except that umbrella I borrowed from Jones."—*Puck.*

The Parson's Secret Sin.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"YES, Deacon Pilgrove, you may well say it's a world of sin and sorrow!" ejaculated Mrs. Simon Sweetser, applying her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away an imaginary drop of moisture, evolved by the sympathy her generous heart felt for the wicked sons of men.

"It is bad enough," she continued, "when we poor worms of the dust that hain't nobody, forget ourselves and serve the great adversary; but when a minister of the gospel—oh, dear!" and up went the handkerchief to finish the sentence.

"I don't wonder you're affected, sister Sweetser," said Miss Anna Strickland, a very proper spinster of forty-five. "It's enough to draw tears from a stone to see the wickedness and depravity of this world! and of men in particular! Thank the Lord, I never had nothing to say to none of the desateful critters! Whatever else I may be guilty of, I hain't got that to answer for!"

"Let me see," said Deacon Pilgrove, slowly, wiping his spectacles as though he wanted the glasses clean to help him see it. "It's as much as six weeks since the parson took to cutting up, hain't it?"

"Jest six weeks day before yesterday," said Miss Strickland, solemnly. "I and Mrs. Sweetser watched him, and we've watched him ever sense, off and on. I, for one, calculate to be a faithful sentinel on the walls of Zion."

"Yes, Deacon, so do I," said Mrs. Sweetser; "and I think it's the bounden duty of some of us to break down the doors of that house, and affront the arch deceiver right in his den!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, a timid little woman, who, being something of a invalid, did not often meet with the Spruceville Sewing-Society. "Do tell me what Parson Howard has done!"

"Why, Mrs. Perkins, is it possible you hain't heard?" exclaimed Mrs. Sweetser, amazed.

"Indeed, not. You see I go out very little," apologetically.

"He's a wolf in sheep's clothing!" cried the deacon, with righteous indignation.

"For full six weeks and two days," began Miss Strickland, oracularly, "there has been lights seen from nine till ten o'clock in the back chamber of the old Jenkins' house jest below the parsonage; and nobody has lived there for ten year! Lights in an old ontenanted house, and up stairs, too."

"Spirits," suggested Tom Chester.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Strickland, contemptuously; "there hain't no spirits now days! Sister Sweetser will agree with me in that; and she's lived years bef[illegible] was born, and ought to know."

"Not more than [illegible] or three year, sister Strickland," said Mrs. Sweetser, mildly.

Miss Strickland took up her narrative where it was dropped.

"Me and Mrs. Sweetser, we watched, and the deacon helped us. Well, seven nights in concession we seed Parson Howard steal out of his house by the back-door—about nine—with a bundle of something in his arms; and he'd clip it acrost the field, climb the fence, and go right up to the side door of the old Jenkins' house. And after stopping a minnit on the steps to listen, he'd onlock the door and make his enterance, and lock it behind him; and in five minnits them back chamber winders would be a blazing with light, and we'd see such dreadful shadders on the curtains, and hear such noises, that I felt as if somebody was a pouring ice-water right down the spine of my back! It was enuff to make yer blood run cold!"

"What kind of noises?" asked Mrs. Perkins, shivering, and drawing nearer Miss Strickland.

"Oh! the most terrible sounds that ever you heard; groans as if somebody was almost killed alive; and cries of 'oh! oh! oh!' and 'ah!' and 'um!' and rattling of chains; and sometimes something would fall so heavy that the very windows rattled."

"Oh, goodness me!"

"I don't wonder you turn pale, Mrs. Perkins—it's enough to make anybody turn! A minister, too—a man that sets himself up for a moddle and patron for the people!"

"But what can it mean?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"I'll tell you," said Miss Strickland, impressively, "I've studied it all out——"

"He's a counterfitting these ere United States bonds!" said the deacon—"that's what he's about! They say he's got a sight of bonds over to Spruceville bank; and I'll bate ten dollars they're counterfit. I read about how that the country was fludded with 'em; and he's a making of 'em—that's what he's about."

"No, deacon, you're wrong," said Miss Strickland, positively. "He's got a crazy wife shot up in that back chamber!"

"Gudness gracious!" cried Mrs. Perkins. "Why, he's got a wife to home."

"That makes no difference in these days. He's a bigotist! You may depend on it that he's got another wife besides poor Mrs. Howard; and she's shot up out in that chamber! Don't you remember that when the Howards moved here they come in the night? Wall, they had a reason for it! Kitty Malone, stop your giggling! You're blazy enough naturally; but when you giggle so, you're as red as a poppy!"

"Never mind, dear," said Tom Chester, squeezing Kitty's plump little hand under the table. "It's a great deal better to be a poppy than a sunflower, and going to seed at that."

"I've noticed that Mrs. Howard's eyes is always red," said Mr. Perkins.

"I thought they were weak; that's what she told me," said his wife.

"Crying makes weak eyes," said Mrs. Sweetser; "'tain't likely she'd tell that it was crying, though. She's got some pride, I reckon."

"Wall, what shall be done about it?" asked the deacon. "Miss Strickland, what do you say?"

"Jest what I have said from the first, deacon. We will arm ourselves, and march in a body to the house; burst open the door—rush up stairs, and surprise him in his iniquity; for I've no doubt but that he's up there beating his poor crazy wife; and that's where the 'ohs!' and 'ahs!' and 'ums!' come from."

And then the outraged citizens of Spruceville drew nearer together and laid their plans, and concurred in Miss Strickland's opinion. The next evening was the time set apart for the confounding and exposing of Parson Howard.

It came in due time—dark and wet. Miss Strickland put on her water-proof, armed herself with a butcher-knife and a clothes-pole, and set forth for the rendezvous, which was the bit of cover just behind the Jenkins' house. Deacon Pilgrove and Mr. Perkins were already there, each carrying an old-fashioned rifle, and each feeling very weak in the knees. Soon after Mrs. Sweetser, and Tim Jones, their hired man, arrived—Mr. Sweetser refused to have anything to do with the affair. Parson Howard was about his own business, he said, and what that business was did not concern anybody.

A little further back in the woods, still as mice, were Tom Chester, and two or three of his chums, gathered to see the fun.

Presently Mr. Howard came out of his house and walked rapidly to the old mansion. Unlocking the door he disappeared within, and soon afterward the back chamber windows were lighted up as usual; and just then the bell on the factory rang out for nine.

"Now is the time," said Miss Strickland. "Come, you men folks, lead off."

"Let the deacon go first," said Tim Jones; "he's one of the officers of the church."

"Mr. Perkins you go ahead," said the deacon, in a faint voice. "I'm rather nigh-sighted, and can't see the path so well."

"And I'm subject to turn of faintness," said Mr. Perkins. "If I see anything frightful I'm allers took swoonding. You go, deacon."

"I'll lead off myself!" said Miss Strickland, brandishing the clothes-pole. "If I am a woman, I hain't afeard of my shadder, as some people be. Come on!"

She put her shoulder against the door of the old house, but it was such a rickety concern that she did not have to exert herself. It flew open at once, and the whole party, headed by the adventurous spinster, filed up the stairs.

The back-room door was not fastened, and Miss Strickland flung it wide open.

And what was the scene revealed?

Why, there, in the center of the room, was Parson Howard dressed in a pair of red-flannel pantaloons, his chest bare, and his feet likewise; and the good man was making a desperate effort to fling himself over a bar, stretched from the posts, about seven feet from the floor.

The women shrieked at sight of the parson's *en deshabille*, and the parson seized his coat and flung it blushingly over his shoulders.

"Why, brethren and sisters!" he exclaimed, "what means this unseasonable intrusion?"

"Where is she?" cried Miss Strickland. "Where is your miserable victim?"

"I do not understand you, sister Strickland," said the parson, mildly.

"There's none so deaf as those who don't want to hear!" exclaimed Miss Strickland, tartly. "Where is your wife?"

"She's at home, and in bed."

"Not that one!" returned Miss Strickland, with dreadful emphasis. "I mean the poor, crazy being that you keep shot up here, and amuse yourself with beating every night till the whole neighborhood can hear her scream, 'ah!' and 'oh!' and 'um!'"

"Deacon Pilgrove, please explain Miss Strickland's meaning," said the parson.

"Ahem! hem!" said the deacon, clearing his throat, and evidently not knowing where to begin. "You see, sir, we've noticed these lights here o' nights in the winders, and seen you come in here night after night."

"But how in the world did you happen to see the lights, deacon? I selected the back chamber because it looked out on Cedar Lennap, where no one would be likely to notice the light, or be disturbed by it."

"I saw it from the garret winder first," said Miss Strickland. "I was up there to get some arbs for Frank Grimly's wife, that was sick with the information of the stummak; and after that I watched—yes, Parson Howard, I watched and seed all of your dreadful doings!"

"And now, if you've got a crazy wife, less git a view of her," said Mrs. Sweetser. "I read in a book once about a man by the name of Rochester that kept his maryrade wife shot up in his house, and set out to merry another woman; but the Lord didn't let him be so wicked."

"I have no one here but myself," said the parson.

"Well, what upon earth are you doing here at nights, after it's time for decent folks to be abed?" asked the deacon, impatiently. "It's dreadful works for a minister of the gospel."

"I know it is wrong," replied the parson, meekly. "It is my weakness—my sin, if you choose to call it so. We all have these secret sins, you know?"

"I dont!" said Miss Strickland, emphatically.

"And now, brethren and sisters, I have a confession to make." He wiped his forehead, and pulled his coat closer around him. "My sin is—"

"Bigotry!" ejaculated Miss Strickland.

"The Lord forbid!" said the minister, devoutly.

"Wall, what is your sin, then?" asked Mrs. Sweetser.

"Smoking! I am an inveterate smoker, and my wife detests the smell of the weed. She objects to my smoking at the parsonage because it fouls the curtains. The doctor has ordered me to practice gymnastics every day to keep up my strength, and I told Charlotte I would have the things put up out here; and here I come every night for an hour to exercise and smoke!"

"But, dear me, Parson Howard!" said Mrs. Sweetser, "where did all the 'ahs!' and 'ohs!' and 'ums!' and the groans come from?"

"Just try and swing yourself over that bar, sister Sweetser, and come down on your head, as I have done many a time, and you will believe me when I tell you, I made the noise myself. And now, ladies, if you will have the goodness to take leave, I will dress myself and go home."

There was a stampede down the stairs; a wild whoop from Tom Chester and the other boys, who had listened on the landing—and the discomfited gossips sought their several homes.

The next day, Miss Strickland left Spruceville to visit an imaginary aunt a hundred miles off, and did not return in a hurry. She could not endure the jokes of which she was wise enough to know she would be made the butt.

Deacon Pilgrove made his atonement by sending the minister a load of potatoes; and one of Mrs. Sweetser's best cheeses found its way to the parsonage larder before the week was out.

And Parson Howard still exercises at the Jenkins' mansion, and, probably, indulges in his secret sin; but he is suffered to go on unmolested.