THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR

By A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "Micah Clarke: his Statement," etc.

COMPLETE.

FEBRUARY, 1890

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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The March Number

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By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

Author of "The Deserter," "From the Ranks," "Dunraven Ranch," etc.

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"The Author of 'The Collegians,'" by Lucy C. Lillie.
And other Articles, Poems, Stories, etc.

The Complete Novels which have already appeared in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE are:

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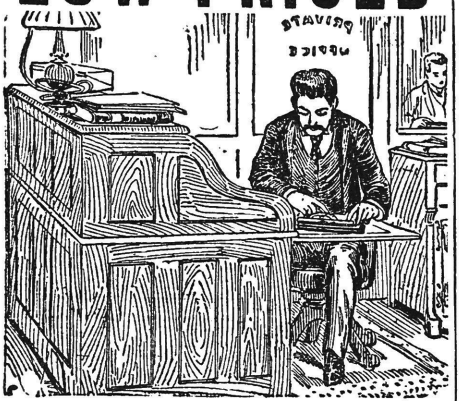

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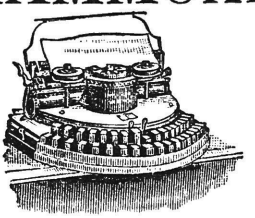

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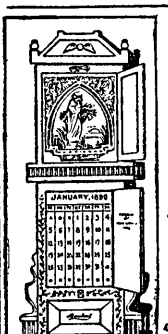

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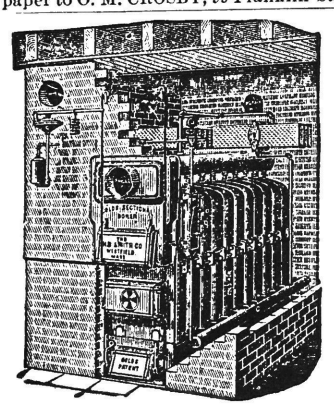

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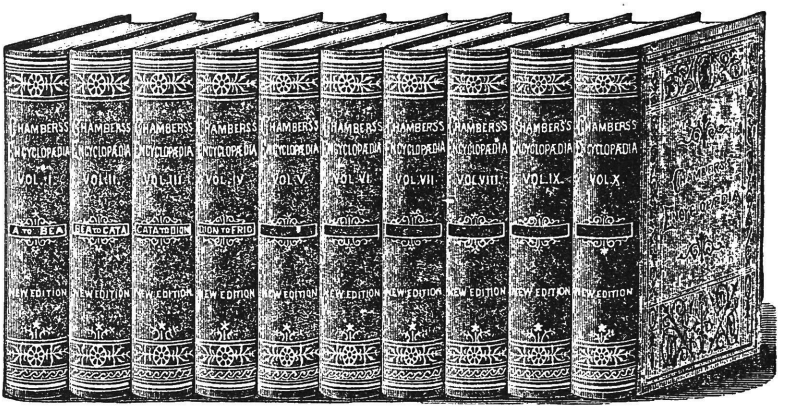

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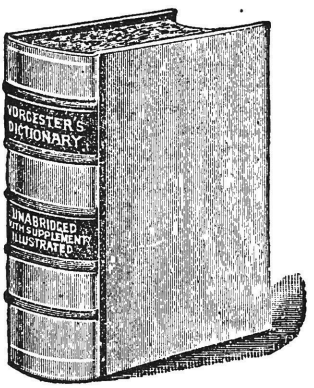

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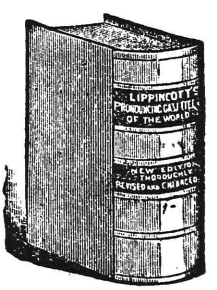

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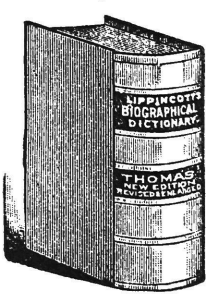

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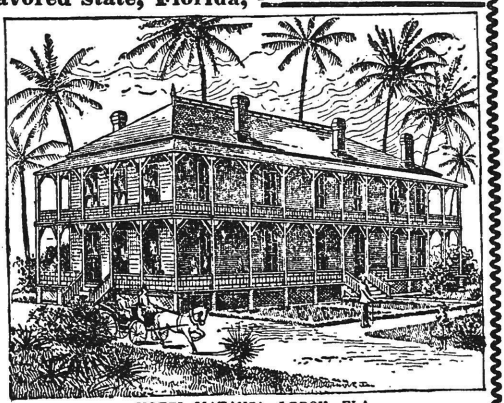

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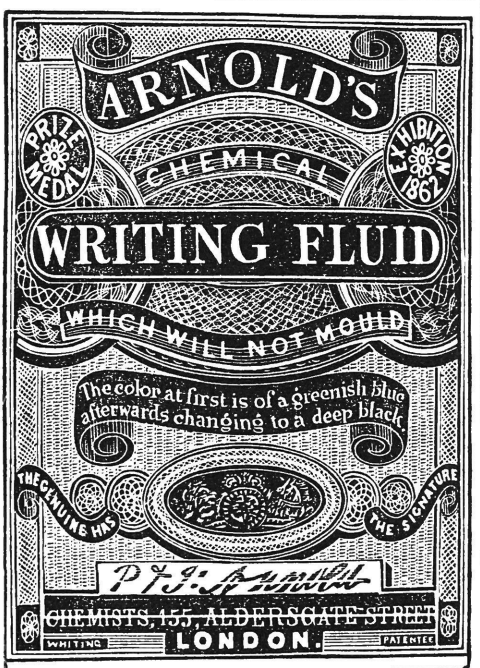

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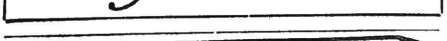

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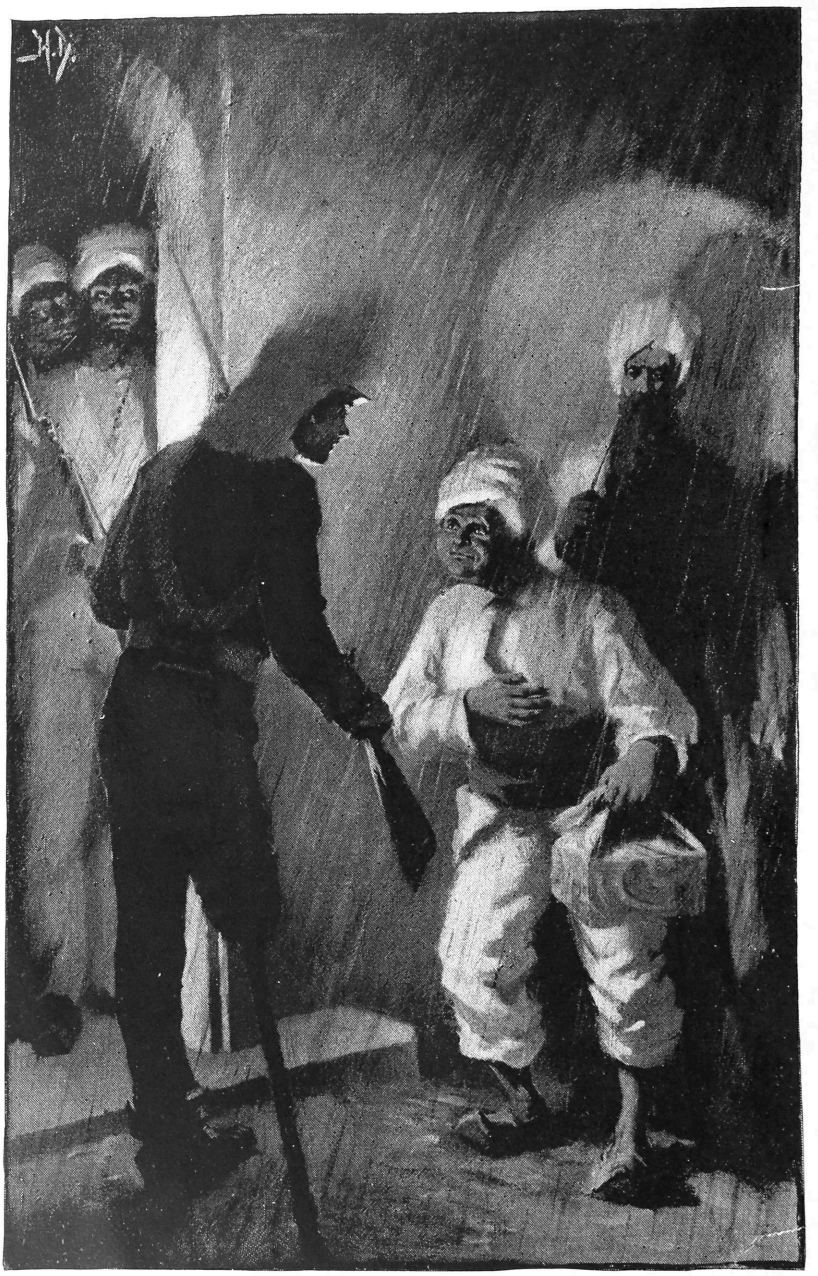

"'I shall reward you, young Sahib, and your governor also, if he will give me the shelter I ask.'"

(Page 214.)

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR;

OR,

THE PROBLEM OF THE SHOLTOS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "MICAH CLARKE: HIS STATEMENT," "A STUDY IN SCARLET," ETC.

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

SHERLOCK HOLMES took his bottle from the corner of the mantel-piece and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle, and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture-marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined arm-chair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the Beaune which I had taken with my lunch, or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it to-day?" I asked,—"morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said,—"a seven-per-cent. solution. Would you care to try it?"

"No, indeed," I answered, brusquely. "My constitution has not

got over the Afghan campaign yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

"But consider!" I said, earnestly. "Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process, which involves increased tissue-change and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession,—or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson or Lestrade or Athelney Jones are out of their depths—which, by the way, is their normal state—the matter is laid before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I, cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly, I cannot congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unravelling it."

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker Street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had had a Jezail bullet through it some time before, and, though it did not prevent me from walking, it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the Continent," said Holmes, after a while, filling up his old brier-root pipe. "I was consulted last week by François Le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will, and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases, the one at Riga in 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign note-paper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray "magnifiques," "coup-de-maîtres," and "tours-de-force," all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge; and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccoes.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar-, cigarette-, and pipe-tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clue. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder has been done by a man who was smoking an Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trichinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiæ," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of Paris as a preserver of impresses. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers, and

diamond-polishers. That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective,—especially in cases of unclaimed bodies, or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "It is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his arm-chair, and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore Street Post-Office this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you despatched a telegram."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse upon my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise,—"so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous; and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mould adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Seymour Street Office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of this peculiar reddish tint which is found, as far as I know, nowhere else in the neighborhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of post-cards. What could you go into the post-office for, then, but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him over the watch with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens. I could hardly keep

from smiling at his crestfallen face when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my research has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack-lustre eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather, no doubt, from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch: so it was made for the last generation. Jewelry usually descends to the eldest son, and he is most likely to have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits,—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guess-work?"

"No, no: I never guess. It is a shocking habit,—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch-case you notice that it is not only dinted in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great

feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded, to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin-point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference,—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference,—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the key-hole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole,—marks where the key has slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvellous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None. Hence the cocaine. I cannot live without brain-work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across the dun-colored houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

I had opened my mouth to reply to this tirade, when with a crisp knock our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the brass salver.

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.

"Miss Mary Morstan," he read. "Hum! I have no recollection of the name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I should prefer that you remain."

CHAPTER II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

MISS MORSTAN entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a sombre grayish beige, untrimmed and unbraided, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but

her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated, thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawk-like features. "State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones.

I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. "You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

To my surprise, the young lady held up her gloved hand to detain me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stop, he might be of inestimable service to me."

I relapsed into my chair.

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these. My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I was seventeen years of age. In the year 1878 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained twelve months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe, and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham Hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham, and was informed that Captain Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers. Our inquiries led to no result; and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home with his heart full of hope, to find some peace, some comfort, and instead——" She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence.

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his note-book.

"He disappeared upon the 3d of December, 1878,—nearly ten years ago."

"His luggage?"

"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a clue,

—some clothes, some books, and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman Islands. He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict-guard there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of,—Major Sholto, of his own regiment, the 34th Bombay Infantry. The major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in the *Times* asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had at that time just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess. By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small card-board box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and lustrous pearl. No word of writing was enclosed. Since then every year upon the same date there has always appeared a similar box, containing a similar pearl, without any clue as to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"

"Yes, and no later than to-day. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope too, please. Postmark, London, S. W. Date, July 7. Hum! Man's thumb-mark on corner,—probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at sixpence a packet. Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Be at the third pillar from the left outside the Lyceum Theatre to-night at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful, bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What do you intend to do, Miss Morstan?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go. You and I and—yes, why, Dr. Watson is the very man. Your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression.

"I should be proud and happy," said I, fervently, "if I can be of any service."

"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life, and have no friends whom I could appeal to. If I am here at six it will do, I suppose?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point,

however. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl-box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see, now." He spread out the papers upon the table, and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands, except the letter," he said, presently, "but there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greek *e* will break out, and see the twirl of the final *s*. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Pray allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half-past three. *Au revoir*, then."

"*Au revoir*," said our visitor, and, with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she replaced her pearl-box in her bosom and hurried away. Standing at the window, I watched her walking briskly down the street, until the gray turban and white feather were but a speck in the sombre crowd.

"What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.

He had lit his pipe again, and was leaning back with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said, languidly. "I did not observe."

"You really are an automaton,—a calculating-machine!" I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."

He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biassed by personal qualities. A client is to me a mere unit,—a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance-money, and the most repellent man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however——"

"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study character in handwriting? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"

"It is legible and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That *d* might be an *a*, and that *l* an *e*. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his *k*'s and self-esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book,—one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' I shall be back in an hour."

I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts

were far from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor,—her smiles, the deep rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were seventeen at the time of her father's disappearance she must be seven-and-twenty now,—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self-consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused, until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology. What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking-account, that I should dare to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor,—nothing more. If my future were black, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it by mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

CHAPTER III.

IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION.

It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager, and in excellent spirits,—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."

"What! you have solved it already?"

"Well, that would be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, *very* suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the *Times*, that Major Sholto, of Upper Norwood, late of the 34th Bombay Infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. *Within a week of his death* Captain Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"

"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes, pensively. "But our expedition of to-night will solve

them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strange enterprise upon which we were embarking, yet her self-control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

"Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

"It is paper of native Indian manufacture," he remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numerous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is '3.37 from left,' in faded pencil-writing. In the left-hand corner is a curious hieroglyphic like four crosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written, in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four,—Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book; for the one side is as clean as the other."

"It was in his pocket-book that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan, for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzly fog lay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy,

vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was, to my mind, something eerie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which flitted across these narrow bars of light,—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open note-book upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket-lantern.

At the Lyceum Theatre the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front a continuous stream of hansoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and beshawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, with a certain dogged manner, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police-officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an unknown errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax,—which was an inconceivable hypothesis,—or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-streets.

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. We are making for the

Surrey side, apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two-storied villas each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings,—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that at which we stopped was as dark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thrown open by a Hindoo servant clad in a yellow turban, white loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this Oriental figure framed in the commonplace door-way of a third-rate suburban dwelling-house.

"The Sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

We followed the Indian down a sordid and common passage, ill lit and worse furnished, until he came to a door upon the right, which he threw open. A blaze of yellow light streamed out upon us, and in the centre of the glare there stood a small man with a very high head, a bristle of red hair all round the fringe of it, and a bald, shining scalp which shot out from among it like a mountain-peak from fir-trees. He writhed his hands together as he stood, and his features were in a perpetual jerk, now smiling, now scowling, but never for an instant in repose. Nature had given him a pendulous lip, and a too visible line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by constantly passing his hand over the lower part of his face. In spite of his obtrusive baldness, he gave the impression of youth. In point of fact he had just turned his thirtieth year.

"Your servant, Miss Morstan," he kept repeating, in a thin, high voice. "Your servant, gentlemen. Pray step into my little sanctum. A small place, miss, but furnished to my own liking. An oasis of art in the howling desert of South London."

We were all astonished by the appearance of the apartment into which he invited us. In that sorry house it looked as out of place as a diamond of the first water in a setting of brass. The richest and

glossiest of curtains and tapestries draped the walls, looped back here and there to expose some richly-mounted painting or Oriental vase. The carpet was of amber-and-black, so soft and so thick that the foot sank pleasantly into it, as into a bed of moss. Two great tiger-skins thrown athwart it increased the suggestion of Eastern luxury, as did a huge hookah which stood upon a mat in the corner. A lamp in the fashion of a silver dove was hung from an almost invisible golden wire in the centre of the room. As it burned it filled the air with a subtle and aromatic odor.

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto," said the little man, still jerking and smiling. "That is my name. You are Miss Morstan, of course. And these gentlemen——"

"This is Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and this Dr. Watson."

"A doctor, eh?" cried he, much excited. "Have you your stethoscope? Might I ask you—would you have the kindness? I have grave doubts as to my mitral valve, if you would be so very good. The aortic I may rely upon, but I should value your opinion upon the mitral."

I listened to his heart, as requested, but was unable to find anything amiss, save indeed that he was in an ecstasy of fear, for he shivered from head to foot. "It appears to be normal," I said. "You have no cause for uneasiness."

"You will excuse my anxiety, Miss Morstan," he remarked, airily. "I am a great sufferer, and I have long had suspicions as to that valve. I am delighted to hear that they are unwarranted. Had your father, Miss Morstan, refrained from throwing a strain upon his heart, he might have been alive now."

I could have struck the man across the face, so hot was I at this callous and off-hand reference to so delicate a matter. Miss Morstan sat down, and her face grew white to the lips. "I knew in my heart that he was dead," said she.

"I can give you every information," said he, "and, what is more, I can do you justice; and I will, too, whatever Brother Bartholomew may say. I am so glad to have your friends here, not only as an escort to you, but also as witnesses to what I am about to do and say. The three of us can show a bold front to Brother Bartholomew. But let us have no outsiders,—no police or officials. We can settle everything satisfactorily among ourselves, without any interference. Nothing would annoy Brother Bartholomew more than any publicity." He sat down upon a low settee and blinked at us inquiringly with his weak, watery blue eyes.

"For my part," said Holmes, "whatever you may choose to say will go no further."

I nodded to show my agreement.

"That is well! That is well!" said he. "May I offer you a glass of Chianti, Miss Morstan? Or of Tokay? I keep no other wines. Shall I open a flask? No? Well, then, I trust that you have no objection to tobacco-smoke, to the mild balsamic odor of the Eastern tobacco. I am a little nervous, and I find my hookah an invaluable sedative." He applied a taper to the great bowl, and the smoke bub-

bled merrily through the rose-water. We sat all three in a semicircle, with our heads advanced, and our chins upon our hands, while the strange, jerky little fellow, with his high, shining head, puffed uneasily in the centre.

"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he, "I might have given you my address, but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant people with you. I took the liberty, therefore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to proceed no further in the matter. You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even say refined, tastes, and there is nothing more unæsthetic than a policeman. I have a natural shrinking from all forms of rough materialism. I seldom come in contact with the rough crowd. I live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness. The landscape is a genuine Corot, and, though a connoisseur might perhaps throw a doubt upon that Salvator Rosa, there cannot be the least question about the Bouguereau. I am partial to the modern French school."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sholto," said Miss Morstan, "but I am here at your request to learn something which you desire to tell me. It is very late, and I should desire the interview to be as short as possible."

"At the best it must take some time," he answered; "for we shall certainly have to go to Norwood and see Brother Bartholomew. We shall all go and try if we can get the better of Brother Bartholomew. He is very angry with me for taking the course which has seemed right to me. I had quite high words with him last night. You cannot imagine what a terrible fellow he is when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood it would perhaps be as well to start at once," I ventured to remark.

He laughed until his ears were quite red. "That would hardly do," he cried. "I don't know what he would say if I brought you in that sudden way. No, I must prepare you by showing you how we all stand to each other. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several points in the story of which I am myself ignorant. I can only lay the facts before you as far as I know them myself.

"My father was, as you may have guessed, Major John Sholto, once of the Indian army. He retired some eleven years ago, and came to live at Pondicherry Lodge in Upper Norwood. He had prospered in India, and brought back with him a considerable sum of money, a large collection of valuable curiosities, and a staff of native servants. With these advantages he bought himself a house, and lived in great luxury. My twin-brother Bartholomew and I were the only children.

"I very well remember the sensation which was caused by the disappearance of Captain Morstan. We read the details in the papers, and, knowing that he had been a friend of our father's, we discussed the case freely in his presence. He used to join in our speculations as to what could have happened. Never for an instant did we suspect that

he had the whole secret hidden in his own breast,—that of all men he alone knew the fate of Arthur Morstan.

"We did know, however, that some mystery—some positive danger—overhung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize-fighters to act as porters at Pondicherry Lodge. Williams, who drove you to-night, was one of them. He was once light-weight champion of England. Our father would never tell us what it was he feared, but he had a most marked aversion to men with wooden legs. On one occasion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden-legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter up. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father's, but events have since led us to change our opinion.

"Early in 1882 my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast-table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was short and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen, but he now became rapidly worse, and towards the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication to us.

"When we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come upon either side of the bed. Then, grasping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us, in a voice which was broken as much by emotion as by pain. I shall try and give it to you in his own very words.

"'I have only one thing,' he said, 'which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor Morstan's orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting sin through life has withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which should have been hers. And yet I have made no use of it myself,—so blind and foolish a thing is avarice. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not bear to share it with another. See that chaplet tipped with pearls beside the quinine-bottle. Even that I could not bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Agra treasure. But send her nothing—not even the chaplet—until I am gone. After all, men have been as bad as this and have recovered.

"'I will tell you how Morstan died,' he continued. 'He had suffered for years from a weak heart, but he concealed it from every one. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I, through a remarkable chain of circumstances, came into possession of a considerable treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan's arrival he came straight over here to claim his share. He walked over from the station, and was admitted by my faithful old Lal Chowdar, who is now dead. Morstan and I had a difference of opinion as to the division of the treasure, and we came to heated words. Morstan had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backwards, cutting

his head against the corner of the treasure-chest. When I stooped over him I found, to my horror, that he was dead.

"'For a long time I sat half distracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance; but I could not but recognize that there was every chance that I would be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel, and the gash in his head, would be black against me. Again, an official inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know.

"'I was still pondering over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the door-way. He stole in and bolted the door behind him. "Do not fear, Sahib," he said. "No one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and who is the wiser?" "I did not kill him," said I. Lal Chowdar shook his head and smiled. "I heard it all, Sahib," said he. "I heard you quarrel, and I heard the blow. But my lips are sealed. All are asleep in the house. Let us put him away together." That was enough to decide me. If my own servant could not believe my innocence, how could I hope to make it good before twelve foolish tradesmen in a jury-box? Lal Chowdar and I disposed of the body that night, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Captain Morstan. You will see from what I say that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to Morstan's share as well as to my own. I wish you, therefore, to make restitution. Put your ears down to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in——' At this instant a horrible change came over his expression; his eyes stared wildly, his jaw dropped, and he yelled, in a voice which I can never forget, 'Keep him out! For Christ's sake keep him out!' We both stared round at the window behind us upon which his gaze was fixed. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild cruel eyes and an expression of concentrated malevolence. My brother and I rushed towards the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father his head had dropped and his pulse had ceased to beat.

"We searched the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single footmark was visible in the flower-bed. But for that one trace, we might have thought that our imaginations had conjured up that wild, fierce face. We soon, however, had another and a more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all round us. The window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been rifled, and upon his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper, with the words 'The sign of the four' scrawled across it. What the phrase meant, or who our secret visitor may have been, we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been turned out. My brother and

I naturally associated this peculiar incident with the fear which haunted my father during his life; but it is still a complete mystery to us."

The little man stopped to relight his hookah and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat absorbed, listening to his extraordinary narrative. At the short account of her father's death Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. She rallied, however, on drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her from a Venetian carafe upon the side-table. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lids drawn low over his glittering eyes. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bitterly of the commonplaceness of life. Here at least was a problem which would tax his sagacity to the utmost. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effect which his story had produced, and then continued between the puffs of his overgrown pipe.

"My brother and I," said he, "were, as you may imagine, much excited as to the treasure which my father had spoken of. For weeks and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden, without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think that the hiding-place was on his very lips at the moment that he died. We could judge the splendor of the missing riches by the chaplet which he had taken out. Over this chaplet my brother Bartholomew and I had some little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was averse to part with them, for, between friends, my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's fault. He thought, too, that if we parted with the chaplet it might give rise to gossip and finally bring us into trouble. It was all that I could do to persuade him to let me find out Miss Morstan's address and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals, so that at least she might never feel destitute."

"It was a kindly thought," said our companion, earnestly. "It was extremely good of you."

The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees," he said. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Besides, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so scurvy a fashion. '*Le mauvais goût mène au crime.*' The French have a very neat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself: so I left Pondicherry Lodge, taking the old khitmutgar and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I learn that an event of extreme importance has occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicated with Miss Morstan, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew: so we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

Mr. Thaddeus Sholto ceased, and sat twitching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silent, with our thoughts upon the new

development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan remarked just now, it is late, and we had best put the matter through without delay."

Our new acquaintance very deliberately coiled up the tube of his hookah, and produced from behind a curtain a very long befrogged topcoat with Astrakhan collar and cuffs. This he buttoned tightly up, in spite of the extreme closeness of the night, and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the ears, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and peaky face. "My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked, as he led the way down the passage. "I am compelled to be a valetudinarian."

Our cab was awaiting us outside, and our programme was evidently prearranged, for the driver started off at once at a rapid pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked incessantly, in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels.

"Bartholomew is a clever fellow," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere in-doors: so he worked out all the cubic space of the house, and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccounted for. Among other things, he found that the height of the building was seventy-four feet, but on adding together the heights of all the separate rooms, and making every allowance for the space between, which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than seventy feet. There were four feet unaccounted for. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the lath-and-plaster ceiling of the highest room, and there, sure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up and was known to no one. In the centre stood the treasure-chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of the jewels at not less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss Morstan, could we secure her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richest heiress in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news; yet I am ashamed to say that selfishness took me by the soul, and that my heart turned as heavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation, and then sat downcast, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondriac, and I was dreamily conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms, and imploring information as to the composition and action of innumerable quack nostrums, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his pocket. I trust that he may not remember any of the answers which I gave him that night. Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him against the great danger of taking more than two drops of castor oil, while I recom-

mended strychnine in large doses as a sedative. However that may be, I was certainly relieved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman sprang down to open the door.

"This, Miss Morstan, is Pondicherry Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as he handed her out.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAGEDY OF PONDICHERRY LODGE.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly fine. A warm wind blew from the westward, and heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky, with half a moon peeping occasionally through the rifts. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddeus Sholto took down one of the side-lamps from the carriage to give us a better light upon our way.

Pondicherry Lodge stood in its own grounds, and was girt round with a very high stone wall topped with broken glass. A single narrow iron-clamped door formed the only means of entrance. On this our guide knocked with a peculiar postman-like rat-tat.

"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice from within.

"It is I, McMurdo. You surely know my knock by this time."

There was a grumbling sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The door swung heavily back, and a short, deep-chested man stood in the opening, with the yellow light of the lantern shining upon his protruded face and twinkling distrustful eyes.

"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who are the others? I had no orders about them from the master."

"No, McMurdo? You surprise me! I told my brother last night that I should bring some friends."

"He hain't been out o' his room to-day, Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no orders. You know very well that I must stick to regulations. I can let you in, but your friends they must just stop where they are."

This was an unexpected obstacle. Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a perplexed and helpless manner. "This is too bad of you, McMurdo!" he said. "If I guarantee them, that is enough for you. There is the young lady, too. She cannot wait on the public road at this hour."

"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the porter, inexorably. "Folk may be friends o' yours, and yet no friends o' the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't know none o' your friends."

"Oh, yes, you do, McMurdo," cried Sherlock Holmes, genially. "I don't think you can have forgotten me. Don't you remember the amateur who fought three rounds with you at Alison's rooms on the night of your benefit four years back?"

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" roared the prize-fighter. "God's truth! how could I have mistook you? If instead o' standin' there

so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross-hit of yours under the jaw, I'd ha' known you without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high, if you had joined the fancy."

"You see, Watson, if all else fails me I have still one of the scientific professions open to me," said Holmes, laughing. "Our friend won't keep us out in the cold now, I am sure."

"In you come, sir, in you come,—you and your friends," he answered. "Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus, but orders are very strict. Had to be certain of your friends before I let them in."

Inside, a gravel path wound through desolate grounds to a huge clump of a house, square and prosaic, all plunged in shadow save where a moonbeam struck one corner and glimmered in a garret window. The vast size of the building, with its gloom and its deathly silence, struck a chill to the heart. Even Thaddeus Sholto seemed ill at ease, and the lantern quivered and rattled in his hand.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "There must be some mistake. I distinctly told Bartholomew that we should be here, and yet there is no light in his window. I do not know what to make of it."

"Does he always guard the premises in this way?" asked Holmes.

"Yes; he has followed my father's custom. He was the favorite son, you know, and I sometimes think that my father may have told him more than he ever told me. That is Bartholomew's window up there where the moonshine strikes. It is quite bright, but there is no light from within, I think."

"None," said Holmes. "But I see the glint of a light in that little window beside the door."

"Ah, that is the housekeeper's room. That is where old Mrs. Bernstone sits. She can tell us all about it. But perhaps you would not mind waiting here for a minute or two, for if we all go in together and she has had no word of our coming she may be alarmed. But hush! what is that?"

He held up the lantern, and his hand shook until the circles of light flickered and wavered all round us. Miss Morstan seized my wrist, and we all stood with thumping hearts, straining our ears. From the great black house there sounded through the silent night the saddest and most pitiful of sounds,—the shrill, broken whimpering of a frightened woman.

"It is Mrs. Bernstone," said Sholto. "She is the only woman in the house. Wait here. I shall be back in a moment." He hurried for the door, and knocked in his peculiar way. We could see a tall old woman admit him, and sway with pleasure at the very sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Thaddeus, sir, I am so glad you have come! I am so glad you have come, Mr. Thaddeus, sir!" We heard her reiterated rejoicings until the door was closed and her voice died away into a muffled monotone.

Our guide had left us the lantern. Holmes swung it slowly round, and peered keenly at the house, and at the great rubbish-heaps which cumbered the grounds. Miss Morstan and I stood together, and her hand was in mine. A wondrous subtle thing is love, for here were we

two who had never seen each other before that day, between whom no word or even look of affection had ever passed, and yet now in an hour of trouble our hands instinctively sought for each other. I have marvelled at it since, but at the time it seemed the most natural thing that I should go out to her so, and, as she has often told me, there was in her also the instinct to turn to me for comfort and protection. So we stood hand in hand, like two children, and there was peace in our hearts for all the dark things that surrounded us.

"What a strange place!" she said, looking round.

"It looks as though all the moles in England had been let loose in it. I have seen something of the sort on the side of a hill near Ballarat, where the prospectors had been at work."

"And from the same cause," said Holmes. "These are the traces of the treasure-seekers. You must remember that they were six years looking for it. No wonder that the grounds look like a gravel-pit."

At that moment the door of the house burst open, and Thaddeus Sholto came running out, with his hands thrown forward and terror in his eyes.

"There is something amiss with Bartholomew!" he cried. "I am frightened! My nerves cannot stand it." He was, indeed, half blubbering with fear, and his twitching feeble face peeping out from the great Astrakhan collar had the helpless appealing expression of a terrified child.

"Come into the house," said Holmes, in his crisp, firm way.

"Yes, do!" pleaded Thaddeus Sholto. "I really do not feel equal to giving directions."

We all followed him into the housekeeper's room, which stood upon the left-hand side of the passage. The old woman was pacing up and down with a scared look and restless picking fingers, but the sight of Miss Morstan appeared to have a soothing effect upon her.

"God bless your sweet calm face!" she cried, with an hysterical sob. "It does me good to see you. Oh, but I have been sorely tried this day!"

Our companion patted her thin, work-worn hand, and murmured some few words of kindly womanly comfort which brought the color back into the other's bloodless cheeks.

"Master has locked himself in and will not answer me," she explained. "All day I have waited to hear from him, for he often likes to be alone; but an hour ago I feared that something was amiss, so I went up and peeped through the key-hole. You must go up, Mr. Thaddeus,—you must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Sholto in joy and in sorrow for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that."

Sherlock Holmes took the lamp and led the way, for Thaddeus Sholto's teeth were chattering in his head. So shaken was he that I had to pass my hand under his arm as we went up the stairs, for his knees were trembling under him. Twice as we ascended Holmes whipped his lens out of his pocket and carefully examined marks which appeared to me to be mere shapeless smudges of dust upon the cocoa-nut matting which served as a stair-carpet. He walked slowly from step to

step, holding the lamp low, and shooting keen glances to right and left. Miss Morstan had remained behind with the frightened housekeeper.

The third flight of stairs ended in a straight passage of some length, with a great picture in Indian tapestry upon the right of it and three doors upon the left. Holmes advanced along it in the same slow and methodical way, while we kept close at his heels, with our long black shadows streaming backwards down the corridor. The third door was that which we were seeking. Holmes knocked without receiving any answer, and then tried to turn the handle and force it open. It was locked on the inside, however, and by a broad and powerful bolt, as we could see when we set our lamp up against it. The key being turned, however, the hole was not entirely closed. Sherlock Holmes bent down to it, and instantly rose again with a sharp intaking of the breath.

"There is something devilish in this, Watson," said he, more moved than I had ever before seen him. "What do you make of it?"

I stooped to the hole, and recoiled in horror. Moonlight was streaming into the room, and it was bright with a vague and shifty radiance. Looking straight at me, and suspended, as it were, in the air, for all beneath was in shadow, there hung a face,—the very face of our companion Thaddeus. There was the same high, shining head, the same circular bristle of red hair, the same bloodless countenance. The features were set, however, in a horrible smile, a fixed and unnatural grin, which in that still and moonlit room was more jarring to the nerves than any scowl or contortion. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with us. Then I recalled to mind that he had mentioned to us that his brother and he were twins.

"This is terrible!" I said to Holmes. "What is to be done?"

"The door must come down," he answered, and, springing against it, he put all his weight upon the lock. It creaked and groaned, but did not yield. Together we flung ourselves upon it once more, and this time it gave way with a sudden snap, and we found ourselves within Bartholomew Sholto's chamber.

It appeared to have been fitted up as a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass-stoppered bottles was drawn up upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was littered over with Bunsen burners, test-tubes, and retorts. In the corners stood carboys of acid in wicker baskets. One of these appeared to leak or to have been broken, for a stream of dark-colored liquid had trickled out from it, and the air was heavy with a peculiarly pungent, tar-like odor. A set of steps stood at one side of the room, in the midst of a litter of lath and plaster, and above them there was an opening in the ceiling large enough for a man to pass through. At the foot of the steps a long coil of rope was thrown carelessly together.

By the table, in a wooden arm-chair, the master of the house was seated all in a heap, with his head sunk upon his left shoulder, and that ghastly, inscrutable smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold, and had clearly been dead many hours. It seemed to me that not only his features but all his limbs were twisted and turned in the most fantastic fashion. By his hand upon the table there lay a peculiar instrument,—

a brown, close-grained stick, with a stone head like a hammer, rudely lashed on with coarse twine. Beside it was a torn sheet of note-paper with some words scrawled upon it. Holmes glanced at it, and then handed it to me.

"You see," he said, with a significant raising of the eyebrows.

In the light of the lantern I read, with a thrill of horror, "The sign of the four."

"In God's name, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means murder," said he, stooping over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it. Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long, dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the ear.

"It looks like a thorn," said I.

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out. But be careful, for it is poisoned."

I took it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin so readily that hardly any mark was left behind. One tiny speck of blood showed where the puncture had been.

"This is all an insoluble mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of clearer."

"On the contrary," he answered, "it clears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have an entirely connected case."

We had almost forgotten our companion's presence since we entered the chamber. He was still standing in the door-way, the very picture of terror, wringing his hands and moaning to himself. Suddenly, however, he broke out into a sharp, querulous cry.

"The treasure is gone!" he said. "They have robbed him of the treasure! There is the hole through which we lowered it. I helped him to do it! I was the last person who saw him! I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came down-stairs."

"What time was that?"

"It was ten o'clock. And now he is dead, and the police will be called in, and I shall be suspected of having had a hand in it. Oh, yes, I am sure I shall. But you don't think so, gentlemen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know that I shall go mad!" He jerked his arms and stamped his feet in a kind of convulsive frenzy.

"You have no reason for fear, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes, kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my advice, and drive down to the station to report the matter to the police. Offer to assist them in every way. We shall wait here until your return."

The little man obeyed in a half-stupefied fashion, and we heard him stumbling down the stairs in the dark.

CHAPTER VI.

SHERLOCK HOLMES GIVES A DEMONSTRATION.

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rubbing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves. Let us make good use of it. My case is, as I have told you, almost complete; but we must not err on the side of

over-confidence. Simple as the case seems now, there may be something deeper underlying it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Surely," said he, with something of the air of a clinical professor expounding to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your foot-prints may not complicate matters. Now to work! In the first place, how did these folk come, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. How of the window?" He carried the lamp across to it, muttering his observations aloud the while, but addressing them to himself rather than to me. "Window is snibbed on the inner side. Framework is solid. No hinges at the side. Let us open it. No water-pipe near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man has mounted by the window. It rained a little last night. Here is the print of a foot in mould upon the sill. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson! This is really a very pretty demonstration."

I looked at the round, well-defined muddy discs. "This is not a footmark," said I.

"It is something much more valuable to us. It is the impression of a wooden stump. You see here on the sill is the boot-mark, a heavy boot with a broad metal heel, and beside it is the mark of the timber-toe."

"It is the wooden-legged man."

"Quite so. But there has been some one else,—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good sixty feet from the ground, and, look where I would, I could see no foothold, nor as much as a crevice in the brick-work.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you this good stout rope which I see in the corner, securing one end of it to this great hook in the wall. Then, I think, if you were an active man, you might swarm up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, untie it from the hook, shut the window, snib it on the inside, and get away in the way that he originally came. As a minor point it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden-legged friend, though a fair climber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood-mark, especially towards the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hand."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into the room?"

"Yes, the ally!" repeated Holmes, pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the commonplace. I fancy that this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country,—though parallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

"How came he, then?" I reiterated. "The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the chimney?"

"The grate is much too small," he answered. "I had already considered that possibility."

"How then?" I persisted.

"You will not apply my precept," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible whatever remains, *however improbable*, must be the truth? We know that he did not come through the door, the window, or the chimney. We also know that he could not have been concealed in the room, as there is no concealment possible. Whence, then, did he come?"

"He came through the hole in the roof," I cried.

"Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will have the kindness to hold the lamp for me, we shall now extend our researches to the room above,—the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He mounted the steps, and, seizing a rafter with either hand, he swung himself up into the garret. Then, lying on his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it while I followed him.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was about ten feet one way and six the other. The floor was formed by the rafters, with thin lath-and-plaster between, so that in walking one had to step from beam to beam. The roof ran up to an apex, and was evidently the inner shell of the true roof of the house. There was no furniture of any sort, and the accumulated dust of years lay thick upon the floor.

"Here you are, you see," said Sherlock Holmes, putting his hand against the sloping wall. "This is a trap-door which leads out on to the roof. I can press it back, and here is the roof itself, sloping at a gentle angle. This, then, is the way by which Number One entered. Let us see if we can find some other traces of his individuality."

He held down the lamp to the floor, and as he did so I saw for the second time that night a startled, surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his gaze my skin was cold under my clothes. The floor was covered thickly with the prints of a naked foot,—clear, well defined, perfectly formed, but scarce half the size of those of an ordinary man.

"Holmes," I said, in a whisper, "a child has done this horrid thing."

He had recovered his self-possession in an instant. "I was staggered for the moment," he said, "but the thing is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to foretell it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"What is your theory, then, as to those footmarks?" I asked, eagerly, when we had regained the lower room once more.

"My dear Watson, try a little analysis yourself," said he, with a touch of impatience. "You know my methods. Apply them, and it will be instructive to compare results."

"I cannot conceive anything which will cover the facts," I answered.

"It will be clear enough to you soon," he said, in an off-hand way. "I think that there is nothing else of importance here, but I will look."

He whipped out his lens and a tape measure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long thin nose only a few inches from the planks, and his beady eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bird. So swift, silent, and furtive were his movements, like those of a trained blood-hound picking out a scent, that I could not but think what a terrible criminal he would have made had he turned his energy and sagacity against the law, instead of exerting them in its defence. As he hunted about, he kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into a loud crow of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he. "We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has had the misfortune to tread in the creasote. You can see the outline of the edge of his small foot here at the side of this evil-smelling mess. The carboy has been cracked, you see, and the stuff has leaked out."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. If a pack can track a trailed herring across a shire, how far can a specially-trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the—— But halloo! here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamor of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm, and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual *rigor mortis*. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or '*risus sardonicus*,' as the old writers called it, what conclusion would it suggest to your mind?"

"Death from some powerful vegetable alkaloid," I answered,—"some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanus."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. On getting into the room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp. You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned towards the hole in the ceiling if the man were erect in his chair. Now examine this thorn."

I took it up gingerly and held it in the light of the lantern. It was long, sharp, and black, with a glazed look near the point as though some gummy substance had dried upon it. The blunt end had been trimmed and rounded off with a knife.

"Is that an English thorn?" he asked.

"No, it certainly is not."

"With all these data you should be able to draw some just inference. But here are the regulars: so the auxiliary forces may beat a retreat."

As he spoke, the steps which had been coming nearer sounded loudly on the passage, and a very stout, portly man in a gray suit

strode heavily into the room. He was red-faced, burly and plethoric, with a pair of very small twinkling eyes which looked keenly out from between swollen and puffy pouches. He was closely followed by an inspector in uniform, and by the still palpitating Thaddeus Sholto.

"Here's a business!" he cried, in a muffled, husky voice. "Here's a pretty business! But who are all these? Why, the house seems to be as full as a rabbit-warren!"

"I think you must recollect me, Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes, quietly.

"Why, of course I do!" he wheezed. "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you! I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes and inferences and effects in the Bishopgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track; but you'll own now that it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple reasoning."

"Oh, come, now, come! Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business! Bad business! Stern facts here,—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be out at Norwood over another case! I was at the station when the message arrived. What d'you think the man died of?"

"Oh, this is hardly a case for me to theorize over," said Holmes, dryly.

"No, no. Still, we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"

"Fastened; but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well, if it was fastened the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit; but then the jewels are missing. Ha! I have a theory. These flashes come upon me at times.—Just step outside, sergeant, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain.—What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"On which the dead man very considerately got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto *was* with his brother; there *was* a quarrel: so much we know. The brother is dead and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed had not been slept in. Thaddeus is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is—well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddeus. The net begins to close upon him."

"You are not quite in possession of the facts yet," said Holmes. "This splinter of wood, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's scalp where you still see the mark; this card, inscribed as you see it, was on the table; and beside it lay this rather curious stone-headed instrument. How does all that fit into your theory?"

"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective, pompously. "House is full of Indian curiosities. Thaddeus brought this up, and if this splinter be poisonous Thaddeus may as well have made murderous use of it as any other man. The card is some hocus-pocus,—a blind, as like as not. The only question is, how did he depart? Ah, of course, here is a hole in the roof." With great activity, considering his bulk, he sprang up the steps and squeezed through into the garret, and immediately afterwards we heard his exulting voice proclaiming that he had found the trap-door.

"He can find something," remarked Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "He has occasional glimmerings of reason. *Il n'y a pas des sots si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'esprit!*"

"You see!" said Athelney Jones, reappearing down the steps again. "Facts are better than mere theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trap-door communicating with the roof, and it is partly open."

"It was I who opened it."

"Oh, indeed! You did notice it, then?" He seemed a little crestfallen at the discovery. "Well, whoever noticed it, it shows how our gentleman got away. Inspector!"

"Yes, sir," from the passage.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way.—Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."

"There, now! Didn't I tell you!" cried the poor little man, throwing out his hands, and looking from one to the other of us.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes. "I think that I can engage to clear you of the charge."

"Don't promise too much, Mr. Theorist,—don't promise too much!" snapped the detective. "You may find it a harder matter than you think."

"Not only will I clear him, Mr. Jones, but I will make you a free present of the name and description of one of the two people who were in this room last night. His name, I have every reason to believe, is Jonathan Small. He is a poorly-educated man, small, active, with his right leg off, and wearing a wooden stump which is worn away upon the inner side. His left boot has a coarse, square-toed sole, with an iron band round the heel. He is a middle-aged man, much sunburned, and has been a convict. These few indications may be of some assistance to you, coupled with the fact that there is a good deal of skin missing from the palm of his hand. The other man——"

"Ah! the other man—?" asked Athelney Jones, in a sneering voice, but impressed none the less, as I could easily see, by the precision of the other's manner.

"Is a rather curious person," said Sherlock Holmes, turning upon his heel. "I hope before very long to be able to introduce you to the pair of them.—A word with you, Watson."

He led me out to the head of the stair. "This unexpected occur-

rence," he said, "has caused us rather to lose sight of the original purpose of our journey."

"I have just been thinking so," I answered. "It is not right that Miss Morstan should remain in this stricken house."

"No. You must escort her home. She lives with Mrs. Cecil Forrester, in Lower Camberwell: so it is not very far. I will wait for you here if you will drive out again. Or perhaps you are too tired?"

"By no means. I don't think I could rest until I know more of this fantastic business. I have seen something of the rough side of life, but I give you my word that this quick succession of strange surprises to-night has shaken my nerve completely. I should like, however, to see the matter through with you, now that I have got so far."

"Your presence will be of great service to me," he answered. "We shall work the case out independently, and leave this fellow Jones to exult over any mare's-nest which he may choose to construct. When you have dropped Miss Morstan I wish you to go on to No. 3 Pinchin Lane, down near the water's edge at Lambeth. The third house on the right-hand side is a bird-stuffer's: Sherman is the name. You will see a weasel holding a young rabbit in the window. Knock old Sherman up, and tell him, with my compliments, that I want Toby at once. You will bring Toby back in the cab with you."

"A dog, I suppose."

"Yes,—a queer mongrel, with a most amazing power of scent. I would rather have Toby's help than that of the whole detective force of London."

"I shall bring him, then," said I. "It is one now. I ought to be back before three, if I can get a fresh horse."

"And I," said Holmes, "shall see what I can learn from Mrs. Bernstone, and from the Indian servant, who, Mr. Thaddeus tells me, sleeps in the next garret. Then I shall study the great Jones's methods and listen to his not too delicate sarcasms. '*Wir sind gewohnt dass die Menschen verhöhnen was sie nicht verstehen.*' Goethe is always pithy."

CHAPTER VII.

THE EPISODE OF THE BARREL.

THE police had brought a cab with them, and in this I escorted Miss Morstan back to her home. After the angelic fashion of women, she had borne trouble with a calm face as long as there was some one weaker than herself to support, and I had found her bright and placid by the side of the frightened housekeeper. In the cab, however, she first turned faint, and then burst into a passion of weeping,—so sorely had she been tried by the adventures of the night. She has told me since that she thought me cold and distant upon that journey. She little guessed the struggle within my breast, or the effort of self-restraint which held me back. My sympathies and my love went out to her, even as my hand had in the garden. I felt that years of the conven-

tionalities of life could not teach me to know her sweet, brave nature as had this one day of strange experiences. Yet there were two thoughts which sealed the words of affection upon my lips. She was weak and helpless, shaken in mind and nerve. It was to take her at a disadvantage to obtrude love upon her at such a time. Worse still, she was rich. If Holmes's researches were successful, she would be an heiress. Was it fair, was it honorable, that a half-pay surgeon should take such advantage of an intimacy which chance had brought about? Might she not look upon me as a mere vulgar fortune-seeker? I could not bear to risk that such a thought should cross her mind. This Agra treasure intervened like an impassable barrier between us.

It was nearly two o'clock when we reached Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servants had retired hours ago, but Mrs. Forrester had been so interested by the strange message which Miss Morstan had received that she had sat up in the hope of her return. She opened the door herself, a middle-aged, graceful woman, and it gave me joy to see how tenderly her arm stole round the other's waist and how motherly was the voice in which she greeted her. She was clearly no mere paid dependant, but an honored friend. I was introduced, and Mrs. Forrester earnestly begged me to step in and to tell her our adventures. I explained, however, the importance of my errand, and promised faithfully to call and report any progress which we might make with the case. As we drove away I stole a glance back, and I still seem to see that little group on the step, the two graceful, clinging figures, the half-opened door, the hall light shining through stained glass, the barometer, and the bright stair-rods. It was soothing to catch even that passing glimpse of a tranquil English home in the midst of the wild, dark business which had absorbed us.

And the more I thought of what had happened, the wilder and darker it grew. I reviewed the whole extraordinary sequence of events as I rattled on through the silent gas-lit streets. There was the original problem: that at least was pretty clear now. The death of Captain Morstan, the sending of the pearls, the advertisement, the letter,—we had had light upon all those events. They had only led us, however, to a deeper and far more tragic mystery. The Indian treasure, the curious plan found among Morstan's baggage, the strange scene at Major Sholto's death, the rediscovery of the treasure immediately followed by the murder of the discoverer, the very singular accompaniments to the crime, the footsteps, the remarkable weapons, the words upon the card, corresponding with those upon Captain Morstan's chart,—here was indeed a labyrinth in which a man less singularly endowed than my fellow-lodger might well despair of ever finding the clue.

Pinchin Lane was a row of shabby two-storied brick houses in the lower quarter of Lambeth. I had to knock for some time at No. 3 before I could make any impression. At last, however, there was the glint of a candle behind the blind, and a face looked out at the upper window.

"Go on, you drunken vagabone," said the face. "If you kick up any more row I'll open the kennels and let out forty-three dogs upon you."

"If you'll let one out it's just what I have come for," said I.

"Go on!" yelled the voice. "So help me gracious, I have a wiper in this bag, an' I'll drop it on your 'ead if you don't hook it."

"But I want a dog," I cried.

"I won't be argued with!" shouted Mr. Sherman. "Now stand clear; for when I say 'three,' down goes the wiper."

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes—" I began, but the words had a most magical effect, for the window instantly slammed down, and within a minute the door was unbarred and open. Mr. Sherman was a lanky, lean old man, with stooping shoulders, a stringy neck, and blue-tinted glasses.

"A friend of Mr. Sherlock is always welcome," said he. "Step in, sir. Keep clear of the badger; for he bites. Ah, naughty, naughty, would you take a nip at the gentleman?" This to a stoat which thrust its wicked head and red eyes between the bars of its cage. "Don't mind that, sir: it's only a slow-worm. It hain't got no fangs, so I gives it the run o' the room, for it keeps the beetles down. You must not mind my bein' just a little short wi' you at first, for I'm guyed at by the children, and there's many a one just comes down this lane to knock me up. What was it that Mr. Sherlock Holmes wanted, sir?"

"He wanted a dog of yours."

"Ah! that would be Toby."

"Yes, Toby was the name."

"Toby lives at No. 7 on the left here." He moved slowly forward with his candle among the queer animal family which he had gathered round him. In the uncertain, shadowy light I could see dimly that there were glancing, glimmering eyes peeping down at us from every cranny and corner. Even the rafters above our heads were lined by solemn fowls, who lazily shifted their weight from one leg to the other as our voices disturbed their slumbers.

Toby proved to be an ugly, long-haired, lop-eared creature, half spaniel and half lurcher, brown-and-white in color, with a very clumsy waddling gait. It accepted after some hesitation a lump of sugar which the old naturalist handed to me, and, having thus sealed an alliance, it followed me to the cab, and made no difficulties about accompanying me. It had just struck three on the Palace clock when I found myself back once more at Pondicherry Lodge. The ex-prize-fighter McMurdo had, I found, been arrested as an accessory, and both he and Mr. Sholto had been marched off to the station. Two constables guarded the narrow gate, but they allowed me to pass with the dog on my mentioning the detective's name.

Holmes was standing on the door-step, with his hands in his pockets, smoking his pipe.

"Ah, you have him there!" said he. "Good dog, then! Athelney Jones has gone. We have had an immense display of energy since you left. He has arrested not only friend Thaddeus, but the gatekeeper, the housekeeper, and the Indian servant. We have the place to ourselves, but for a sergeant up-stairs. Leave the dog here, and come up."

We tied Toby to the hall table, and reascended the stairs. The room was as we had left it, save that a sheet had been draped over

the central figure. A weary-looking police-sergeant reclined in the corner.

"Lend me your bull's-eye, sergeant," said my companion. "Now tie this bit of card round my neck, so as to hang it in front of me. Thank you. Now I must kick off my boots and stockings.—Just you carry them down with you, Watson. I am going to do a little climbing. And dip my handkerchief into the creasote. That will do. Now come up into the garret with me for a moment."

We clambered up through the hole. Holmes turned his light once more upon the footsteps in the dust.

"I wish you particularly to notice these footmarks," he said. "Do you observe anything noteworthy about them?"

"They belong," I said, "to a child or a small woman."

"Apart from their size, though. Is there nothing else?"

"They appear to be much as other footmarks."

"Not at all. Look here! This is the print of a right foot in the dust. Now I make one with my naked foot beside it. What is the chief difference?"

"Your toes are all cramped together. The other print has each toe distinctly divided."

"Quite so. That is the point. Bear that in mind. Now, would you kindly step over to that flap-window and smell the edge of the wood-work? I shall stay over here, as I have this handkerchief in my hand."

I did as he directed, and was instantly conscious of a strong tarry smell.

"That is where he put his foot in getting out. If *you* can trace him, I should think that Toby will have no difficulty. Now run downstairs, loose the dog, and look out for Blondin."

By the time that I got out into the grounds Sherlock Holmes was on the roof, and I could see him like an enormous glow-worm crawling very slowly along the ridge. I lost sight of him behind a stack of chimneys, but he presently reappeared, and then vanished once more upon the opposite side. When I made my way round there I found him seated at one of the corner eaves.

"That you, Watson?" he cried.

"Yes."

"This is the place. What is that black thing down there?"

"A water-barrel."

"Top on it?"

"Yes."

"No sign of a ladder?"

"No."

"Confound the fellow! It's a most break-neck place. I ought to be able to come down where he could climb up. The water-pipe feels pretty firm. Here goes, anyhow."

There was a scuffling of feet, and the lantern began to come steadily down the side of the wall. Then with a light spring he came on to the barrel, and from there to the earth.

"It was easy to follow him," he said, drawing on his stockings and

boots. "Tiles were loosened the whole way along, and in his hurry he had dropped this. It confirms my diagnosis, as you doctors express it."

The object which he held up to me was a small pocket or pouch woven out of colored grasses and with a few tawdry beads strung round it. In shape and size it was not unlike a cigarette-case. Inside were half a dozen spines of dark wood, sharp at one end and rounded at the other, like that which had struck Bartholomew Sholto.

"They are hellish things," said he. "Look out that you don't prick yourself. I'm delighted to have them, for the chances are that they are all he has. There is the less fear of you or me finding one in our skin before long. I would sooner face a Martini bullet, myself. Are you game for a six-mile trudge, Watson?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Your leg will stand it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Here you are, doggy! Good old Toby! Smell it, Toby, smell it!" He pushed the creasote handkerchief under the dog's nose, while the creature stood with its fluffy legs separated, and with a most comical cock to its head, like a connoisseur sniffing the *bouquet* of a famous vintage. Holmes then threw the handkerchief to a distance, fastened a stout cord to the mongrel's collar, and led him to the foot of the water-barrel. The creature instantly broke into a succession of high, tremulous yelps, and, with his nose on the ground, and his tail in the air, pattered off upon the trail at a pace which strained his leash and kept us at the top of our speed.

The east had been gradually whitening, and we could now see some distance in the cold gray light. The square, massive house, with its black, empty windows and high, bare walls, towered up, sad and forlorn, behind us. Our course led right across the grounds, in and out among the trenches and pits with which they were scarred and intersected. The whole place, with its scattered dirt-heaps and ill-grown shrubs, had a blighted, ill-omened look which harmonized with the black tragedy which hung over it.

On reaching the boundary wall Toby ran along, whining eagerly, underneath its shadow, and stopped finally in a corner screened by a young beech. Where the two walls joined, several bricks had been loosened, and the crevices left were worn down and rounded upon the lower side, as though they had frequently been used as a ladder. Holmes clambered up, and, taking the dog from me, he dropped it over upon the other side.

"There's the print of wooden-leg's hand," he remarked, as I mounted up beside him. "You see the slight smudge of blood upon the white plaster. What a lucky thing it is that we have had no very heavy rain since yesterday! The scent will lie upon the road in spite of their eight-and-twenty hours' start."

I confess that I had my doubts myself when I reflected upon the great traffic which had passed along the London road in the interval. My fears were soon appeased, however. Toby never hesitated or swerved, but waddled on in his peculiar rolling fashion. Clearly, the pungent smell of the creasote rose high above all other contending scents.

"Do not imagine," said Holmes, "that I depend for my success in this case upon the mere chance of one of these fellows having put his foot in the chemical. I have knowledge now which would enable me to trace them in many different ways. This, however, is the readiest, and, since fortune has put it into our hands, I should be culpable if I neglected it. It has, however, prevented the case from becoming the pretty little intellectual problem which it at one time promised to be. There might have been some credit to be gained out of it, but for this too palpable clue."

"There is credit, and to spare," said I. "I assure you, Holmes, that I marvel at the means by which you obtain your results in this case, even more than I did in the Jefferson Hope murder. The thing seems to me to be deeper and more inexplicable. How, for example, could you describe with such confidence the wooden-legged man?"

"Pshaw, my dear boy! it was simplicity itself. I don't wish to be theatrical. It is all patent and above-board. Two officers who are in command of a convict-guard learn an important secret as to buried treasure. A map is drawn for them by an Englishman named Jonathan Small. You remember that we saw the name upon the chart in Captain Morstan's possession. He had signed it in behalf of himself and his associates,—the sign of the four, as he somewhat dramatically called it. Aided by this chart, the officers—or one of them—gets the treasure and brings it to England, leaving, we will suppose, some condition under which he received it unfulfilled. Now, then, why did not Jonathan Small get the treasure himself? The answer is obvious. The chart is dated at a time when Morstan was brought into close association with convicts. Jonathan Small did not get the treasure because he and his associates were themselves convicts and could not get away."

"But this is mere speculation," said I.

"It is more than that. It is the only hypothesis which covers the facts. Let us see how it fits in with the sequel. Major Sholto remains at peace for some years, happy in the possession of his treasure. Then he receives a letter from India which gives him a great fright. What was that?"

"A letter to say that the men whom he had wronged had been set free."

"Or had escaped. That is much more likely, for he would have known what their term of imprisonment was. It would not have been a surprise to him. What does he do then? He guards himself against a wooden-legged man,—a white man, mark you, for he mistakes a white tradesman for him, and actually fires a pistol at him. Now, only one white man's name is on the chart. The others are Hindoos or Mohammedans. There is no other white man. Therefore we may say with confidence that the wooden-legged man is identical with Jonathan Small. Does the reasoning strike you as being faulty?"

"No: it is clear and concise."

"Well, now, let us put ourselves in the place of Jonathan Small. Let us look at it from his point of view. He comes to England with the double idea of regaining what he would consider to be his rights and of having his revenge upon the man who had wronged him. He found

out where Sholto lived, and very possibly he established communications with some one inside the house. There is this butler, Lal Rao, whom we have not seen. Mrs. Bernstone gives him far from a good character. Small could not find out, however, where the treasure was hid, for no one ever knew, save the major and one faithful servant who had died. Suddenly Small learns that the major is on his death-bed. In a frenzy lest the secret of the treasure die with him, he runs the gauntlet of the guards, makes his way to the dying man's window, and is only deterred from entering by the presence of his two sons. Mad with hate, however, against the dead man, he enters the room that night, searches his private papers in the hope of discovering some memorandum relating to the treasure, and finally leaves a memento of his visit in the short inscription upon the card. He had doubtless planned beforehand that should he slay the major he would leave some such record upon the body as a sign that it was not a common murder, but, from the point of view of the four associates, something in the nature of an act of justice. Whimsical and bizarre conceits of this kind are common enough in the annals of crime, and usually afford valuable indications as to the criminal. Do you follow all this?"

"Very clearly."

"Now, what could Jonathan Small do? He could only continue to keep a secret watch upon the efforts made to find the treasure. Possibly he leaves England and only comes back at intervals. Then comes the discovery of the garret, and he is instantly informed of it. We again trace the presence of some confederate in the household. Jonathan, with his wooden leg, is utterly unable to reach the lofty room of Bartholomew Sholto. He takes with him, however, a rather curious associate, who gets over this difficulty, but dips his naked foot into creasote, whence come Toby, and a six-mile limp for a half-pay officer with a damaged tendo Achillis."

"But it was the associate, and not Jonathan, who committed the crime."

"Quite so. And rather to Jonathan's disgust, to judge by the way he stamped about when he got into the room. He bore no grudge against Bartholomew Sholto, and would have preferred if he could have been simply bound and gagged. He did not wish to put his head in a halter. There was no help for it, however: the savage instincts of his companion had broken out, and the poison had done its work: so Jonathan Small left his record, lowered the treasure-box to the ground, and followed it himself. That was the train of events as far as I can decipher them. Of course as to his personal appearance he must be middle-aged, and must be sunburned after serving his time in such an oven as the Andamans. His height is readily calculated from the length of his stride, and we know that he was bearded. His hairiness was the one point which impressed itself upon Thaddeus Sholto when he saw him at the window. I don't know that there is anything else."

"The associate?"

"Ah, well, there is no great mystery in that. But you will know all about it soon enough. How sweet the morning air is! See how

that one little cloud floats like a pink feather from some gigantic flamingo. Now the red rim of the sun pushes itself over the London cloud-bank. It shines on a good many folk, but on none, I dare bet, who are on a stranger errand than you and I. How small we feel with our petty ambitions and strivings in the presence of the great elemental forces of nature! Are you well up in your Jean Paul?"

"Fairly so. I worked back to him through Carlyle."

"That was like following the brook to the parent lake. He makes one curious but profound remark. It is that the chief proof of man's real greatness lies in his perception of his own smallness. It argues, you see, a power of comparison and of appreciation which is in itself a proof of nobility. There is much food for thought in Richter. You have not a pistol, have you?"

"I have my stick."

"It is just possible that we may need something of the sort if we get to their lair. Jonathan I shall leave to you, but if the other turns nasty I shall shoot him dead." He took out his revolver as he spoke, and, having loaded two of the chambers, he put it back into the right-hand pocket of his jacket.

We had during this time been following the guidance of Toby down the half-rural villa-lined roads which lead to the metropolis. Now, however, we were beginning to come among continuous streets, where laborers and dockmen were already astir, and slatternly women were taking down shutters and brushing door-steps. At the square-topped corner public houses business was just beginning, and rough-looking men were emerging, rubbing their sleeves across their beards after their morning wet. Strange dogs sauntered up and stared wonderingly at us as we passed, but our inimitable Toby looked neither to the right nor to the left, but trotted onwards with his nose to the ground and an occasional eager whine which spoke of a hot scent.

We had traversed Streatham, Brixton, Camberwell, and now found ourselves in Kennington Lane, having borne away through the side-streets to the east of the Oval. The men whom we pursued seemed to have taken a curiously zigzag road, with the idea probably of escaping observation. They had never kept to the main road if a parallel side-street would serve their turn. At the foot of Kennington Lane they had edged away to the left through Bond Street and Miles Street. Where the latter street turns into Knight's Place, Toby ceased to advance, but began to run backwards and forwards with one ear cocked and the other drooping, the very picture of canine indecision. Then he waddled round in circles, looking up to us from time to time, as if to ask for sympathy in his embarrassment.

"What the deuce is the matter with the dog?" growled Holmes. "They surely would not take a cab, or go off in a balloon."

"Perhaps they stood here for some time," I suggested.

"Ah! it's all right. He's off again," said my companion, in a tone of relief.

He was indeed off, for after sniffing round again he suddenly made up his mind, and darted away with an energy and determination such as he had not yet shown. The scent appeared to be much hotter than

before, for he had not even to put his nose on the ground, but tugged at his leash and tried to break into a run. I could see by the gleam in Holmes's eyes that he thought we were nearing the end of our journey.

Our course now ran down Nine Elms until we came to Broderick and Nelson's large timber-yard, just past the White Eagle tavern. Here the dog, frantic with excitement, turned down through the side-gate into the enclosure, where the sawyers were already at work. On the dog raced through sawdust and shavings, down an alley, round a passage, between two wood-piles, and finally, with a triumphant yelp, sprang upon a large barrel which still stood upon the hand-trolley on which it had been brought. With lolling tongue and blinking eyes, Toby stood upon the cask, looking from one to the other of us for some sign of appreciation. The staves of the barrel and the wheels of the trolley were smeared with a dark liquid, and the whole air was heavy with the smell of creasote.

Sherlock Holmes and I looked blankly at each other, and then burst simultaneously into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS.

"WHAT now?" I asked. "Toby has lost his character for infallibility."

"He acted according to his lights," said Holmes, lifting him down from the barrel and walking him out of the timber-yard. "If you consider how much creasote is carted about London in one day, it is no great wonder that our trail should have been crossed. It is much used now, especially for the seasoning of wood. Poor Toby is not to blame."

"We must get on the main scent again, I suppose."

"Yes. And, fortunately, we have no distance to go. Evidently what puzzled the dog at the corner of Knight's Place was that there were two different trails running in opposite directions. We took the wrong one. It only remains to follow the other."

There was no difficulty about this. On leading Toby to the place where he had committed his fault, he cast about in a wide circle and finally dashed off in a fresh direction.

"We must take care that he does not now bring us to the place where the creasote-barrel came from," I observed.

"I had thought of that. But you notice that he keeps on the pavement, whereas the barrel passed down the roadway. No, we are on the true scent now."

It tended down towards the river-side, running through Belmont Place and Prince's Street. At the end of Broad Street it ran right down to the water's edge, where there was a small wooden wharf. Toby led us to the very edge of this, and there stood whining, looking out on the dark current beyond.

"We are out of luck," said Holmes. "They have taken to a boat

here." Several small punts and skiffs were lying about in the water and on the edge of the wharf. We took Toby round to each in turn, but, though he sniffed earnestly, he made no sign.

Close to the rude landing-stage was a small brick house, with a wooden placard slung out through the second window. "Mordecai Smith" was printed across it in large letters, and, underneath, "Boats to hire by the hour or day." A second inscription above the door informed us that a steam launch was kept,—a statement which was confirmed by a great pile of coke upon the jetty. Sherlock Holmes looked slowly round, and his face assumed an ominous expression.

"This looks bad," said he. "These fellows are sharper than I expected. They seem to have covered their tracks. There has, I fear, been preconcerted management here."

He was approaching the door of the house, when it opened, and a little, curly-headed lad of six came running out, followed by a stoutish, red-faced woman with a large sponge in her hand.

"You come back and be washed, Jack," she shouted. "Come back, you young imp; for if your father comes home and finds you like that, he'll let us hear of it."

"Dear little chap!" said Holmes, strategically. "What a rosy-cheeked young rascal! Now, Jack, is there anything you would like?"

The youth pondered for a moment. "I'd like a shillin'," said he.

"Nothing you would like better?"

"I'd like two shillin' better," the prodigy answered, after some thought.

"Here you are, then! Catch!—A fine child, Mrs. Smith!"

"Lor' bless you, sir, he is that, and forward. He gets a'most too much for me to manage, 'specially when my man is away days at a time."

"Away, is he?" said Holmes, in a disappointed voice. "I am sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to Mr. Smith."

"He's been away since yesterday mornin', sir, and, truth to tell, I am beginnin' to feel frightened about him. But if it was about a boat, sir, maybe I could serve as well."

"I wanted to hire his steam launch."

"Why, bless you, sir, it is in the steam launch that he has gone. That's what puzzles me; for I know there ain't more coals in her than would take her to about Woolwich and back. If he'd been away in the barge I'd ha' thought nothin'; for many a time a job has taken him as far as Gravesend, and then if there was much doin' there he might ha' stayed over. But what good is a steam launch without coals?"

"He might have bought some at a wharf down the river."

"He might, sir, but it weren't his way. Many a time I've heard him call out at the prices they charge for a few odd bags. Besides, I don't like that wooden-legged man, wi' his ugly face and outlandish talk. What did he want always knockin' about here for?"

"A wooden-legged man?" said Holmes, with bland surprise.

"Yes, sir, a brown, monkey-faced chap that's called more'n once for my old man. It was him that roused him up yesternight, and, what's

more, my man knew he was comin', for he had steam up in the launch. I tell you straight, sir, I don't feel easy in my mind about it."

"But, my dear Mrs. Smith," said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, "you are frightening yourself about nothing. How could you possibly tell that it was the wooden-legged man who came in the night? I don't quite understand how you can be so sure."

"His voice, sir. I knew his voice, which is kind o' thick and foggy. He tapped at the winder,—about three it would be. 'Show a leg, matey,' says he: 'time to turn out guard.' My old man woke up Jim,—that's my eldest,—and away they went, without so much as a word to me. I could hear the wooden leg clackin' on the stones."

"And was this wooden-legged man alone?"

"Couldn't say, I am sure, sir. I didn't hear no one else."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Smith, for I wanted a steam launch, and I have heard good reports of the—— Let me see, what is her name?"

"The Aurora, sir."

"Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line, very broad in the beam?"

"No, indeed. She's as trim a little thing as any on the river. She's been fresh painted, black with two red streaks."

"Thanks. I hope that you will hear soon from Mr. Smith. I am going down the river; and if I should see anything of the Aurora I shall let him know that you are uneasy. A black funnel, you say?"

"No, sir. Black with a white band."

"Ah, of course. It was the sides which were black. Good-morning, Mrs. Smith.—There is a boatman here with a wherry, Watson. We shall take it and cross the river.

"The main thing with people of that sort," said Holmes, as we sat in the sheets of the wherry, "is never to let them think that their information can be of the slightest importance to you. If you do, they will instantly shut up like an oyster. If you listen to them under protest, as it were, you are very likely to get what you want."

"Our course now seems pretty clear," said I.

"What would you do, then?"

"I would engage a launch and go down the river on the track of the Aurora."

"My dear fellow, it would be a colossal task. She may have touched at any wharf on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich. Below the bridge there is a perfect labyrinth of landing-places for miles. It would take you days and days to exhaust them, if you set about it alone."

"Employ the police, then."

"No. I shall probably call Athelney Jones in at the last moment. He is not a bad fellow, and I should not like to do anything which would injure him professionally. But I have a fancy for working it out myself, now that we have gone so far."

"Could we advertise, then, asking for information from wharfingers?"

"Worse and worse! Our men would know that the chase was hot at their heels, and they would be off out of the country. As it is, they

are likely enough to leave, but as long as they think they are perfectly safe they will be in no hurry. Jones's energy will be of use to us there, for his view of the case is sure to push itself into the daily press, and the runaways will think that every one is off on the wrong scent."

"What are we to do, then?" I asked, as we landed near Millbank Penitentiary.

"Take this hansom, drive home, have some breakfast, and get an hour's sleep. It is quite on the cards that we may be afoot to-night again. Stop at a telegraph-office, cabby! We will keep Toby, for he may be of use to us yet."

We pulled up at the Great Peter Street post-office, and Holmes despatched his wire. "Whom do you think that is to?" he asked, as we resumed our journey.

"I am sure I don't know.

"You remember the Baker Street division of the detective police force whom I employed in the Jefferson Hope case?"

"Well," said I, laughing.

"This is just the case where they might be invaluable. If they fail, I have other resources; but I shall try them first. That wire was to my dirty little lieutenant, Wiggins, and I expect that he and his gang will be with us before we have finished our breakfast."

It was between eight and nine o'clock now, and I was conscious of a strong reaction after the successive excitements of the night. I was limp and weary, befogged in mind and fatigued in body. I had not the professional enthusiasm which carried my companion on, nor could I look at the matter as a mere abstract intellectual problem. As far as the death of Bartholomew Sholto went, I had heard little good of him, and could feel no intense antipathy to his murderers. The treasure, however, was a different matter. That, or part of it, belonged rightfully to Miss Morstan. While there was a chance of recovering it I was ready to devote my life to the one object. True, if I found it it would probably put her forever beyond my reach. Yet it would be a petty and selfish love which would be influenced by such a thought as that. If Holmes could work to find the criminals, I had a tenfold stronger reason to urge me on to find the treasure.

A bath at Baker Street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully. When I came down to our room I found the breakfast laid and Holmes pouring out the coffee.

"Here it is," said he, laughing, and pointing to an open newspaper. "The energetic Jones and the ubiquitous reporter have fixed it up between them. But you have had enough of the case. Better have your ham and eggs first."

I took the paper from him and read the short notice, which was headed "Mysterious Business at Upper Norwood."

"About twelve o'clock last night," said the *Standard*, "Mr. Bartholomew Sholto, of Pondicherry Lodge, Upper Norwood, was found dead in his room under circumstances which point to foul play. As far as we can learn, no actual traces of violence were found upon Mr. Sholto's person, but a valuable collection of Indian gems which the

deceased gentleman had inherited from his father has been carried off. The discovery was first made by Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, who had called at the house with Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, brother of the deceased. By a singular piece of good fortune, Mr. Athelney Jones, the well-known member of the detective police force, happened to be at the Norwood Police Station, and was on the ground within half an hour of the first alarm. His trained and experienced faculties were at once directed towards the detection of the criminals, with the gratifying result that the brother, Thaddeus Sholto, has already been arrested, together with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, an Indian butler named Lal Rao, and a porter, or gatekeeper, named McMurdo. It is quite certain that the thief or thieves were well acquainted with the house, for Mr. Jones's well-known technical knowledge and his powers of minute observation have enabled him to prove conclusively that the miscreants could not have entered by the door or by the window, but must have made their way across the roof of the building, and so through a trap-door into a room which communicated with that in which the body was found. This fact, which has been very clearly made out, proves conclusively that it was no mere hap-hazard burglary. The prompt and energetic action of the officers of the law shows the great advantage of the presence on such occasions of a single vigorous and masterful mind. We cannot but think that it supplies an argument to those who would wish to see our detectives more decentralized, and so brought into closer and more effective touch with the cases which it is their duty to investigate."

"Isn't it gorgeous!" said Holmes, grinning over his coffee-cup. "What do you think of it?"

"I think that we have had a close shave ourselves of being arrested for the crime."

"So do I. I wouldn't answer for our safety now, if he should happen to have another of his attacks of energy."

At this moment there was a loud ring at the bell, and I could hear Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, raising her voice in a wail of expostulation and dismay.

"By heaven, Holmes," I said, half rising, "I believe that they are really after us."

"No, it's not quite so bad as that. It is the unofficial force,—the Baker Street irregulars."

As he spoke, there came a swift pattering of naked feet upon the stairs, a clatter of high voices, and in rushed a dozen dirty and ragged little street-Arabs. There was some show of discipline among them, despite their tumultuous entry, for they instantly drew up in line and stood facing us with expectant faces. One of their number, taller and older than the others, stood forward with an air of lounging superiority which was very funny in such a disreputable little scarecrow.

"Got your message, sir," said he, "and brought 'em on sharp. Three bob and a tanner for tickets."

"Here you are," said Holmes, producing some silver. "In future they can report to you, Wiggins, and you to me. I cannot have the house invaded in this way. However, it is just as well that you should

all hear the instructions. I want to find the whereabouts of a steam launch called the Aurora, owner Mordecai Smith, black with two red streaks, funnel black with a white band. She is down the river somewhere. I want one boy to be at Mordecai Smith's landing-stage opposite Millbank to say if the boat comes back. You must divide it out among yourselves, and do both banks thoroughly. Let me know the moment you have news. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins.

"The old scale of pay, and a guinea to the boy who finds the boat. Here's a day in advance. Now off you go!" He handed them a shilling each, and away they buzzed down the stairs, and I saw them a moment later streaming down the street.

"If the launch is above water they will find her," said Holmes, as he rose from the table and lit his pipe. "They can go everywhere, see everything, overhear every one. I expect to hear before evening that they have spotted her. In the mean while, we can do nothing but await results. We cannot pick up the broken trail until we find either the Aurora or Mr. Mordecai Smith."

"Toby could eat these scraps, I dare say. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"

"No: I am not tired. I have a curious constitution. I never remember feeling tired by work, though idleness exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this queer business to which my fair client has introduced us. If ever man had an easy task, this of ours ought to be. Wooden-legged men are not so common, but the other man must, I should think, be absolutely unique."

"That other man again!"

"I have no wish to make a mystery of him,—to you, anyway. But you must have formed your own opinion. Now, do consider the data. Diminutive footmarks, toes never fettered by boots, naked feet, stone-headed wooden mace, great agility, small poisoned darts. What do you make of all this?"

"A savage!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps one of those Indians who were the associates of Jonathan Small."

"Hardly that," said he. "When first I saw signs of strange weapons I was inclined to think so; but the remarkable character of the footmarks caused me to reconsider my views. Some of the inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula are small men, but none could have left such marks as that. The Hindoo proper has long and thin feet. The sandal-wearing Mohammedan has the great toe well separated from the others, because the thong is commonly passed between. These little darts, too, could only be shot in one way. They are from a blow-pipe. Now, then, where are we to find our savage?"

"South American," I hazarded.

He stretched his hand up, and took down a bulky volume from the shelf. "This is the first volume of a gazetteer which is now being published. It may be looked upon as the very latest authority. What have we here? 'Andaman Islands, situated 340 miles to the north of Sumatra, in the Bay of Bengal.' Hum! hum! What's all this? Moist climate, coral reefs, sharks, Port Blair, convict-barracks, Rutland

Island, cottonwoods— Ah, here we are. 'The aborigines of the Andaman Islands may perhaps claim the distinction of being the smallest race upon this earth, though some anthropologists prefer the Bushmen of Africa, the Digger Indians of America, and the Terra del Fuegians. The average height is rather below four feet, although many full-grown adults may be found who are very much smaller than this. They are a fierce, morose, and intractable people, though capable of forming most devoted friendships when their confidence has once been gained.' Mark that, Watson. Now, then, listen to this. 'They are naturally hideous, having large, misshapen heads, small, fierce eyes, and distorted features. Their feet and hands, however, are remarkably small. So intractable and fierce are they that all the efforts of the British officials have failed to win them over in any degree. They have always been a terror to shipwrecked crews, braining the survivors with their stone-headed clubs, or shooting them with their poisoned arrows. These massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast.' Nice, amiable people, Watson! If this fellow had been left to his own unaided devices this affair might have taken an even more ghastly turn. I fancy that, even as it is, Jonathan Small would give a good deal not to have employed him."

"But how came he to have so singular a companion?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell. Since, however, we had already determined that Small had come from the Andamans, it is not so very wonderful that this islander should be with him. No doubt we shall know all about it in time. Look here, Watson; you look regularly done. Lie down there on the sofa, and see if I can put you to sleep."

He took up his violin from the corner, and as I stretched myself out he began to play some low, dreamy, melodious air,—his own, no doubt, for he had a remarkable gift for improvisation. I have a vague remembrance of his gaunt limbs, his earnest face, and the rise and fall of his bow. Then I seemed to be floated peacefully away upon a soft sea of sound, until I found myself in dream-land, with the sweet face of Mary Morstan looking down upon me.

CHAPTER IX.

A BREAK IN THE CHAIN.

It was late in the afternoon before I woke, strengthened and refreshed. Sherlock Holmes still sat exactly as I had left him, save that he had laid aside his violin and was deep in a book. He looked across at me, as I stirred, and I noticed that his face was dark and troubled.

"You have slept soundly," he said. "I feared that our talk would wake you."

"I heard nothing," I answered. "Have you had fresh news, then?"

"Unfortunately, no. I confess that I am surprised and disappointed. I expected something definite by this time. Wiggins has just been up to report. He says that no trace can be found of the launch. It is a provoking check, for every hour is of importance."

"Can I do anything? I am perfectly fresh now, and quite ready for another night's outing."

"No; we can do nothing. We can only wait. If we go ourselves, the message might come in our absence, and delay be caused. You can do what you will, but I must remain on guard."

"Then I shall run over to Camberwell and call upon Mrs. Cecil Forrester. She asked me to, yesterday."

"On Mrs. Cecil Forrester?" asked Holmes, with the twinkle of a smile in his eyes.

"Well, of course on Miss Morstan too. They were anxious to hear what happened."

"I would not tell them too much," said Holmes. "Women are never to be entirely trusted,—not the best of them."

I did not pause to argue over this atrocious sentiment. "I shall be back in an hour or two," I remarked.

"All right! Good luck! But, I say, if you are crossing the river you may as well return Toby, for I don't think it is at all likely that we shall have any use for him now."

I took our mongrel accordingly, and left him, together with a half-sovereign, at the old naturalist's in Pinchin Lane. At Camberwell I found Miss Morstan a little weary after her night's adventures, but very eager to hear the news. Mrs. Forrester, too, was full of curiosity. I told them all that we had done, suppressing, however, the more dreadful parts of the tragedy. Thus, although I spoke of Mr. Sholto's death, I said nothing of the exact manner and method of it. With all my omissions, however, there was enough to startle and amaze them.

"It is a romance!" cried Mrs. Forrester. "An injured lady, half a million in treasure, a black cannibal, and a wooden-legged ruffian. They take the place of the conventional dragon or wicked earl."

"And two knight-errants to the rescue," added Miss Morstan, with a bright glance at me.

"Why, Mary, your fortune depends upon the issue of this search. I don't think that you are nearly excited enough. Just imagine what it must be to be so rich, and to have the world at your feet!"

It sent a little thrill of joy to my heart to notice that she showed no sign of elation at the prospect. On the contrary, she gave a toss of her proud head, as though the matter were one in which she took small interest.

"It is for Mr. Thaddeus Sholto that I am anxious," she said. "Nothing else is of any consequence; but I think that he has behaved most kindly and honorably throughout. It is our duty to clear him of this dreadful and unfounded charge."

It was evening before I left Camberwell, and quite dark by the time I reached home. My companion's book and pipe lay by his chair, but he had disappeared. I looked about in the hope of seeing a note, but there was none.

"I suppose that Mr. Sherlock Holmes has gone out," I said to Mrs. Hudson as she came up to lower the blinds.

"No, sir. He has gone to his room, sir. Do you know, sir,"

sinking her voice into an impressive whisper, "I am afraid for his health?"

"Why so, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Well, he's that strange, sir. After you was gone he walked and he walked, up and down, and up and down, until I was weary of the sound of his footstep. Then I heard him talking to himself and muttering, and every time the bell rang out he came on the stair-head, with 'What is that, Mrs. Hudson?' And now he has slammed off to his room, but I can hear him walking away the same as ever. I hope he's not going to be ill, sir. I ventured to say something to him about cooling medicine, but he turned on me, sir, with such a look that I don't know how ever I got out of the room."

"I don't think that you have any cause to be uneasy, Mrs. Hudson," I answered. "I have seen him like this before. He has some small matter upon his mind which makes him restless." I tried to speak lightly to our worthy landlady, but I was myself somewhat uneasy when through the long night I still from time to time heard the dull sound of his tread, and knew how his keen spirit was chafing against this involuntary inaction.

At breakfast-time he looked worn and haggard, with a little fleck of feverish color upon either cheek.

"You are knocking yourself up, old man," I remarked. "I heard you marching about in the night."

"No, I could not sleep," he answered. "This infernal problem is consuming me. It is too much to be balked by so petty an obstacle, when all else had been overcome. I know the men, the launch, everything; and yet I can get no news. I have set other agencies at work, and used every means at my disposal. The whole river has been searched on either side, but there is no news, nor has Mrs. Smith heard of her husband. I shall come to the conclusion soon that they have scuttled the craft. But there are objections to that."

"Or that Mrs. Smith has put us on a wrong scent."

"No, I think that may be dismissed. I had inquiries made, and there is a launch of that description."

"Could it have gone up the river?"

"I have considered that possibility too, and there is a search-party who will work up as far as Richmond. If no news comes to-day, I shall start off myself to-morrow, and go for the men rather than the boat. But surely, surely, we shall hear something."

We did not, however. Not a word came to us either from Wiggins or from the other agencies. There were articles in most of the papers upon the Norwood tragedy. They all appeared to be rather hostile to the unfortunate Thaddeus Sholto. No fresh details were to be found, however, in any of them, save that an inquest was to be held upon the following day. I walked over to Camberwell in the evening to report our ill success to the ladies, and on my return I found Holmes dejected and somewhat morose. He would hardly reply to my questions, and busied himself all evening in an abstruse chemical analysis which involved much heating of retorts and distilling of vapors, ending at last in a smell which fairly drove me out of the apartment. Up to

the small hours of the morning I could hear the clinking of his test-tubes which told me that he was still engaged in his malodorous experiment.

In the early dawn I woke with a start, and was surprised to find him standing by my bedside, clad in a rude sailor dress with a pea-jacket, and a coarse red scarf round his neck.

"I am off down the river, Watson," said he. "I have been turning it over in my mind, and I can see only one way out of it. It is worth trying, at all events."

"Surely I can come with you, then?" said I.

"No; you can be much more useful if you will remain here as my representative. I am loath to go, for it is quite on the cards that some message may come during the day, though Wiggins was despondent about it last night. I want you to open all notes and telegrams, and to act on your own judgment if any news should come. Can I rely upon you?"

"Most certainly."

"I am afraid that you will not be able to wire to me, for I can hardly tell yet where I may find myself. If I am in luck, however, I may not be gone so very long. I shall have news of some sort or other before I get back."

I had heard nothing of him by breakfast-time. On opening the *Standard*, however, I found that there was a fresh allusion to the business. "With reference to the Upper Norwood tragedy," it remarked, "we have reason to believe that the matter promises to be even more complex and mysterious than was originally supposed. Fresh evidence has shown that it is quite impossible that Mr. Thaddeus Sholto could have been in any way concerned in the matter. He and the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, were both released yesterday evening. It is believed, however, that the police have a clue as to the real culprits, and that it is being prosecuted by Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard, with all his well-known energy and sagacity. Further arrests may be expected at any moment."

"That is satisfactory so far as it goes," thought I. "Friend Sholto is safe, at any rate. I wonder what the fresh clue may be; though it seems to be a stereotyped form whenever the police have made a blunder."

I tossed the paper down upon the table, but at that moment my eye caught an advertisement in the agony column. It ran in this way:

"LOST.—Whereas Mordecai Smith, boatman, and his son Jim, left Smith's Wharf at or about three o'clock last Tuesday morning in the steam launch Aurora, black with two red stripes, funnel black with a white band, the sum of five pounds will be paid to any one who can give information to Mrs. Smith, at Smith's wharf, or at 221*b* Baker Street, as to the whereabouts of the said Mordecai Smith and the launch Aurora."

This was clearly Holmes's doing. The Baker Street address was enough to prove that. It struck me as rather ingenious, because it might be read by the fugitives without their seeing in it more than the natural anxiety of a wife for her missing husband.

It was a long day. Every time that a knock came to the door, or a sharp step passed in the street, I imagined that it was either Holmes returning or an answer to his advertisement. I tried to read, but my thoughts would wander off to our strange quest and to the ill-assorted and villanous pair whom we were pursuing. Could there be, I wondered, some radical flaw in my companion's reasoning? Might he be suffering from some huge self-deception? Was it not possible that his nimble and speculative mind had built up this wild theory upon faulty premises? I had never known him to be wrong; and yet the keenest reasoner may occasionally be deceived. He was likely, I thought, to fall into error through the over-refinement of his logic,—his preference for a subtle and bizarre explanation when a plainer and more commonplace one lay ready to his hand. Yet, on the other hand, I had myself seen the evidence, and I had heard the reasons for his deductions. When I looked back on the long chain of curious circumstances, many of them trivial in themselves, but all tending in the same direction, I could not disguise from myself that even if Holmes's explanation were incorrect the true theory must be equally *outré* and startling.

At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a loud peal at the bell, an authoritative voice in the hall, and, to my surprise, no less a person than Mr. Athelney Jones was shown up to me. Very different was he, however, from the brusque and masterful professor of common sense who had taken over the case so confidently at Upper Norwood. His expression was downcast, and his bearing meek and even apologetic.

"Good-day, sir; good-day," said he. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is out, I understand."

"Yes, and I cannot be sure when he will be back. But perhaps you would care to wait. Take that chair and try one of these cigars."

"Thank you; I don't mind if I do," said he, mopping his face with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"And a whiskey-and-soda?"

"Well, half a glass. It is very hot for the time of year; and I have had a good deal to worry and try me. You know my theory about this Norwood case?"

"I remember that you expressed one."

"Well, I have been obliged to reconsider it. I had my net drawn tightly round Mr. Sholto, sir, when pop he went through a hole in the middle of it. He was able to prove an alibi which could not be shaken. From the time that he left his brother's room he was never out of sight of some one or other. So it could not be he who climbed over roofs and through trap-doors. It's a very dark case, and my professional credit is at stake. I should be very glad of a little assistance."

"We all need help sometimes," said I.

"Your friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes is a wonderful man, sir," said he, in a husky and confidential voice. "He's a man who is not to be beat. I have known that young man go into a good many cases, but I never saw the case yet that he could not throw a light upon. He is irregular in his methods, and a little quick perhaps in jumping at theories, but, on the whole, I think he would have made a most promising officer, and I don't care who knows it. I have had a wire from

him this morning, by which I understand that he has got some clue to this Sholto business. Here is his message."

He took the telegram out of his pocket, and handed it to me. It was dated from Poplar at twelve o'clock. "Go to Baker Street at once," it said. "If I have not returned, wait for me. I am close on the track of the Sholto gang. You can come with us to-night if you want to be in at the finish."

"This sounds well. He has evidently picked up the scent again," said I.

"Ah, then he has been at fault too," exclaimed Jones, with evident satisfaction. "Even the best of us are thrown off sometimes. Of course this may prove to be a false alarm; but it is my duty as an officer of the law to allow no chance to slip. But there is some one at the door. Perhaps this is he."

A heavy step was heard ascending the stair, with a great wheezing and rattling as from a man who was sorely put to it for breath. Once or twice he stopped, as though the climb were too much for him, but at last he made his way to our door and entered. His appearance corresponded to the sounds which we had heard. He was an aged man, clad in seafaring garb, with an old pea-jacket buttoned up to his throat. His back was bowed, his knees were shaky, and his breathing was painfully asthmatic. As he leaned upon a thick oaken cudgel his shoulders heaved in the effort to draw the air into his lungs. He had a colored scarf round his chin, and I could see little of his face save a pair of keen dark eyes, overhung by bushy white brows, and long gray side-whiskers. Altogether he gave me the impression of a respectable master mariner who had fallen into years and poverty.

"What is it, my man?" I asked.

He looked about him in the slow methodical fashion of old age.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" said he.

"No; but I am acting for him. You can tell me any message you have for him."

"It was to him himself I was to tell it," said he.

"But I tell you that I am acting for him. Was it about Mordecai Smith's boat?"

"Yes. I knows well where it is. An' I knows where the men he is after are. An' I knows where the treasure is. I knows all about it."

"Then tell me, and I shall let him know."

"It was to him I was to tell it," he repeated, with the petulant obstinacy of a very old man.

"Well, you must wait for him."

"No, no; I ain't goin' to lose a whole day to please no one. If Mr. Holmes ain't here, then Mr. Holmes must find it all out for himself. I don't care about the look of either of you, and I won't tell a word."

He shuffled towards the door, but Athelney Jones got in front of him.

"Wait a bit, my friend," said he. "You have important information, and you must not walk off. We shall keep you, whether you like or not, until our friend returns."

The old man made a little run towards the door, but, as Athelney Jones put his broad back up against it, he recognized the uselessness of resistance.

"Pretty sort o' treatment this!" he cried, stamping his stick. "I come here to see a gentleman, and you two, who I never saw in my life, seize me and treat me in this fashion!"

"You will be none the worse," I said. "We shall recompense you for the loss of your time. Sit over here on the sofa, and you will not have long to wait."

He came across sullenly enough, and seated himself with his face resting on his hands. Jones and I resumed our cigars and our talk. Suddenly, however, Holmes's voice broke in upon us.

"I think that you might offer me a cigar too," he said.

We both started in our chairs. There was Holmes sitting close to us with an air of quiet amusement.

"Holmes!" I exclaimed. "You here! But where is the old man?"

"Here is the old man," said he, holding out a heap of white hair. "Here he is,—wig, whiskers, eyebrows, and all. I thought my disguise was pretty good, but I hardly expected that it would stand that test."

"Ah, you rogue!" cried Jones, highly delighted. "You would have made an actor, and a rare one. You had the proper workhouse cough, and those weak legs of yours are worth ten pound a week. I thought I knew the glint of your eye, though. You didn't get away from us so easily, you see."

"I have been working in that get-up all day," said he, lighting his cigar. "You see, a good many of the criminal classes begin to know me,—especially since our friend here took to publishing some of my cases: so I can only go on the war-path under some simple disguise like this. You got my wire?"

"Yes; that was what brought me here."

"How has your case prospered?"

"It has all come to nothing. I have had to release two of my prisoners, and there is no evidence against the other two."

"Never mind. We shall give you two others in the place of them. But you must put yourself under my orders. You are welcome to all the official credit, but you must act on the lines that I point out. Is that agreed?"

"Entirely, if you will help me to the men."

"Well, then, in the first place I shall want a fast police-boat—a steam launch—to be at the Westminster Stairs at seven o'clock."

"That is easily managed. There is always one about there; but I can step across the road and telephone to make sure."

"Then I shall want two stanch men, in case of resistance."

"There will be two or three in the boat. What else?"

"When we secure the men we shall get the treasure. I think that it would be a pleasure to my friend here to take the box round to the young lady to whom half of it rightfully belongs. Let her be the first to open it.—Eh, Watson?"

"It would be a great pleasure to me."

"Rather an irregular proceeding," said Jones, shaking his head. "However, the whole thing is irregular, and I suppose we must wink at it. The treasure must afterwards be handed over to the authorities until after the official investigation."

"Certainly. That is easily managed. One other point. I should much like to have a few details about this matter from the lips of Jonathan Small himself. You know I like to work the detail of my cases out. There is no objection to my having an unofficial interview with him, either here in my rooms or elsewhere, as long as he is efficiently guarded?"

"Well, you are master of the situation. I have had no proof yet of the existence of this Jonathan Small. However, if you can catch him I don't see how I can refuse you an interview with him."

"That is understood, then?"

"Perfectly. Is there anything else?"

"Only that I insist upon your dining with us. It will be ready in half an hour. I have oysters and a brace of grouse, with something a little choice in white wines.—Watson, you have never yet recognized my merits as a housekeeper."

CHAPTER X.

THE END OF THE ISLANDER.

OUR meal was a merry one. Holmes could talk exceedingly well when he chose, and that night he did choose. He appeared to be in a state of nervous exaltation. I have never known him so brilliant. He spoke on a quick succession of subjects,—on miracle-plays, on mediæval pottery, on Stradivarius violins, on the Buddhism of Ceylon, and on the war-ships of the future,—handling each as though he had made a special study of it. His bright humor marked the reaction from his black depression of the preceding days. Athelney Jones proved to be a sociable soul in his hours of relaxation, and faced his dinner with the air of a *bon vivant*. For myself, I felt elated at the thought that we were nearing the end of our task, and I caught something of Holmes's gayety. None of us alluded during dinner to the cause which had brought us together.

When the cloth was cleared, Holmes glanced at his watch, and filled up three glasses with port. "One bumper," said he, "to the success of our little expedition. And now it is high time we were off. Have you a pistol, Watson?"

"I have my old service-revolver in my desk."

"You had best take it, then. It is well to be prepared. I see that the cab is at the door. I ordered it for half-past six."

It was a little past seven before we reached the Westminster wharf, and found our launch awaiting us. Holmes eyed it critically.

"Is there anything to mark it as a police-boat?"

"Yes,—that green lamp at the side."

"Then take it off."

The small change was made, we stepped on board, and the ropes were cast off. Jones, Holmes, and I sat in the stern. There was one man at the rudder, one to tend the engines, and two burly police-inspectors forward.

"Where to?" asked Jones.

"To the Tower. Tell them to stop opposite to Jacobson's Yard."

Our craft was evidently a very fast one. We shot past the long lines of loaded barges as though they were stationary. Holmes smiled with satisfaction as we overhauled a river steamer and left her behind us.

"We ought to be able to catch anything on the river," he said.

"Well, hardly that. But there are not many launches to beat us."

"We shall have to catch the Aurora, and she has a name for being a clipper. I will tell you how the land lies, Watson. You recollect how annoyed I was at being balked by so small a thing?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gave my mind a thorough rest by plunging into a chemical analysis. One of our greatest statesmen has said that a change of work is the best rest. So it is. When I had succeeded in dissolving the hydrocarbon which I was at work at, I came back to our problem of the Sholtos, and thought the whole matter out again. My boys had been up the river and down the river without result. The launch was not at any landing-stage or wharf, nor had it returned. Yet it could hardly have been scuttled to hide their traces,—though that always remained as a possible hypothesis if all else failed. I knew that this man Small had a certain degree of low cunning, but I did not think him capable of anything in the nature of delicate finesse. That is usually a product of higher education. I then reflected that since he had certainly been in London some time—as we had evidence that he maintained a continual watch over Pondicherry Lodge—he could hardly leave at a moment's notice, but would need some little time, if it were only a day, to arrange his affairs. That was the balance of probability, at any rate."

"It seems to me to be a little weak," said I. "It is more probable that he had arranged his affairs before ever he set out upon his expedition."

"No, I hardly think so. This lair of his would be too valuable a retreat in case of need for him to give it up until he was sure that he could do without it. But a second consideration struck me. Jonathan Small must have felt that the peculiar appearance of his companion, however much he may have top-coated him, would give rise to gossip, and possibly be associated with this Norwood tragedy. He was quite sharp enough to see that. They had started from their head-quarters under cover of darkness, and he would wish to get back before it was broad light. Now, it was past three o'clock, according to Mrs. Smith, when they got the boat. It would be quite bright, and people would be about in an hour or so. Therefore, I argued, they did not go very far. They paid Smith well to hold his tongue, reserved his launch for the final escape, and hurried to their lodgings with the treasure-box. In a couple of nights, when they had time to see what view the papers

took, and whether there was any suspicion, they would make their way under cover of darkness to some ship at Gravesend or in the Downs, where no doubt they had already arranged for passages to America or the Colonies."

"But the launch? They could not have taken that to their lodgings."

"Quite so. I argued that the launch must be no great way off, in spite of its invisibility. I then put myself in the place of Small, and looked at it as a man of his capacity would. He would probably consider that to send back the launch or to keep it at a wharf would make pursuit easy if the police did happen to get on his track. How, then, could he conceal the launch and yet have her at hand when wanted? I wondered what I should do myself if I were in his shoes. I could only think of one way of doing it. I might hand the launch over to some boat-builder or repairer, with directions to make a trifling change in her. She would then be removed to his shed or yard, and so be effectually concealed, while at the same time I could have her at a few hours' notice."

"That seems simple enough."

"It is just these very simple things which are extremely liable to be overlooked. However, I determined to act on the idea. I started at once in this harmless seaman's rig and inquired at all the yards down the river. I drew blank at fifteen, but at the sixteenth—Jacobson's—I learned that the Aurora had been handed over to them two days ago by a wooden-legged man, with some trivial directions as to her rudder. 'There ain't naught amiss with her rudder,' said the foreman. 'There she lies, with the red streaks.' At that moment who should come down but Mordecai Smith, the missing owner? He was rather the worse for liquor. I should not, of course, have known him, but he bellowed out his name and the name of his launch. 'I want her to-night at eight o'clock,' said he,—'eight o'clock sharp, mind, for I have two gentlemen who won't be kept waiting.' They had evidently paid him well, for he was very flush of money, chucking shillings about to the men. I followed him some distance, but he subsided into an ale-house: so I went back to the yard, and, happening to pick up one of my boys on the way, I stationed him as a sentry over the launch. He is to stand at the water's edge and wave his handkerchief to us when they start. We shall be lying off in the stream, and it will be a strange thing if we do not take men, treasure, and all."

"You have planned it all very neatly, whether they are the right men or not," said Jones; "but if the affair were in my hands I should have had a body of police in Jacobson's Yard, and arrested them when they came down."

"Which would have been never. This man Small is a pretty shrewd fellow. He would send a scout on ahead, and if anything made him suspicious he would lie snug for another week."

"But you might have stuck to Mordecai Smith, and so been led to their hiding-place," said I.

"In that case I should have wasted my day. I think that it is a hundred to one against Smith knowing where they live. As long as he

has liquor and good pay, why should he ask questions? They send him messages what to do. No, I thought over every possible course, and this is the best."

While this conversation had been proceeding, we had been shooting the long series of bridges which span the Thames. As we passed the City the last rays of the sun were gilding the cross upon the summit of St. Paul's. It was twilight before we reached the Tower.

"That is Jacobson's Yard," said Holmes, pointing to a bristle of masts and rigging on the Surrey side. "Cruise gently up and down here under cover of this string of lighters." He took a pair of night-glasses from his pocket and gazed some time at the shore. "I see my sentry at his post," he remarked, "but no sign of a handkerchief."

"Suppose we go down-stream a short way and lie in wait for them," said Jones, eagerly. We were all eager by this time, even the policemen and stokers, who had a very vague idea of what was going forward.

"We have no right to take anything for granted," Holmes answered. "It is certainly ten to one that they go down-stream, but we cannot be certain. From this point we can see the entrance of the yard, and they can hardly see us. It will be a clear night and plenty of light. We must stay where we are. See how the folk swarm over yonder in the gaslight."

"They are coming from work in the yard."

"Dirty-looking rascals, but I suppose every one has some little immortal spark concealed about him. You would not think it, to look at them. There is no *a priori* probability about it. A strange enigma is man!"

"Some one calls him a soul concealed in an animal," I suggested.

"Winwood Reade is good upon the subject," said Holmes. "He remarks that, while the individual man is an insoluble puzzle, in the aggregate he becomes a mathematical certainty. You can, for example, never foretell what any one man will do, but you can say with precision what an average number will be up to. Individuals vary, but percentages remain constant. So says the statistician. But do I see a handkerchief? Surely there is a white flutter over yonder."

"Yes, it is your boy," I cried. "I can see him plainly."

"And there is the Aurora," exclaimed Holmes, "and going like the devil! Full speed ahead, engineer. Make after that launch with the yellow light. By heaven, I shall never forgive myself if she proves to have the heels of us!"

She had slipped unseen through the yard-entrance and passed behind two or three small craft, so that she had fairly got her speed up before we saw her. Now she was flying down the stream, near in to the shore, going at a tremendous rate. Jones looked gravely at her and shook his head.

"She is very fast," he said. "I doubt if we shall catch her."

"We *must* catch her!" cried Holmes, between his teeth. "Heap it on, stokers! Make her do all she can! If we burn the boat we must have them!"

We were fairly after her now. The furnaces roared, and the power-

ful engines whizzed and clanked, like a great metallic heart. Her sharp, steep prow cut through the still river-water and sent two rolling waves to right and to left of us. With every throb of the engines we sprang and quivered like a living thing. One great yellow lantern in our bows threw a long, flickering funnel of light in front of us. Right ahead a dark blur upon the water showed where the Aurora lay, and the swirl of white foam behind her spoke of the pace at which she was going. We flashed past barges, steamers, merchant-vessels, in and out, behind this one and round the other. Voices hailed us out of the darkness, but still the Aurora thundered on, and still we followed close upon her track.

"Pile it on, men, pile it on!" cried Holmes, looking down into the engine-room, while the fierce glow from below beat upon his eager, aquiline face. "Get every pound of steam you can."

"I think we gain a little," said Jones, with his eyes on the Aurora.

"I am sure of it," said I. "We shall be up with her in a very few minutes."

At that moment, however, as our evil fate would have it, a tug with three barges in tow blundered in between us. It was only by putting our helm hard down that we avoided a collision, and before we could round them and recover our way the Aurora had gained a good two hundred yards. She was still, however, well in view, and the murky uncertain twilight was settling into a clear starlit night. Our boilers were strained to their utmost, and the frail shell vibrated and creaked with the fierce energy which was driving us along. We had shot through the Pool, past the West India Docks, down the long Deptford Reach, and up again after rounding the Isle of Dogs. The dull blur in front of us resolved itself now clearly enough into the dainty Aurora. Jones turned our search-light upon her, so that we could plainly see the figures upon her deck. One man sat by the stern, with something black between his knees over which he stooped. Beside him lay a dark mass which looked like a Newfoundland dog. The boy held the tiller, while against the red glare of the furnace I could see old Smith, stripped to the waist, and shovelling coals for dear life. They may have had some doubt at first as to whether we were really pursuing them, but now as we followed every winding and turning which they took there could no longer be any question about it. At Greenwich we were about three hundred paces behind them. At Blackwall we could not have been more than two hundred and fifty. I have coursed many creatures in many countries during my checkered career, but never did sport give me such a wild thrill as this mad, flying man-hunt down the Thames. Steadily we drew in upon them, yard by yard. In the silence of the night we could hear the panting and clanking of their machinery. The man in the stern still crouched upon the deck, and his arms were moving as though he were busy, while every now and then he would look up and measure with a glance the distance which still separated us. Nearer we came and nearer. Jones yelled to them to stop. We were not more than four boat's-lengths behind them, both boats flying at a tremendous pace. It was a clear reach of the river, with Barking Level upon one side and the melancholy Plumstead Marshes upon the

other. At our hail the man in the stern sprang up from the deck and shook his two clinched fists at us, cursing the while in a high, cracked voice. He was a good-sized, powerful man, and as he stood poising himself with legs astride I could see that from the thigh downwards there was but a wooden stump upon the right side. At the sound of his strident, angry cries there was movement in the huddled bundle upon the deck. It straightened itself into a little black man—the smallest I have ever seen—with a great, misshapen head and a shock of tangled, dishevelled hair. Holmes had already drawn his revolver, and I whipped out mine at the sight of this savage, distorted creature. He was wrapped in some sort of dark ulster or blanket, which left only his face exposed; but that face was enough to give a man a sleepless night. Never have I seen features so deeply marked with all bestiality and cruelty. His small eyes glowed and burned with a sombre light, and his thick lips were writhed back from his teeth, which grinned and chattered at us with a half animal fury.

"Fire if he raises his hand," said Holmes, quietly. We were within a boat's-length by this time, and almost within touch of our quarry. I can see the two of them now as they stood, the white man with his legs far apart, shrieking out curses, and the unhallowed dwarf with his hideous face, and his strong yellow teeth gnashing at us in the light of our lantern.

It was well that we had so clear a view of him. Even as we looked he plucked out from under his covering a short, round piece of wood, like a school-ruler, and clapped it to his lips. Our pistols rang out together. He whirled round, threw up his arms, and with a kind of choking cough fell sideways into the stream. I caught one glimpse of his venomous, menacing eyes amid the white swirl of the waters. At the same moment the wooden-legged man threw himself upon the rudder and put it hard down, so that his boat made straight in for the southern bank, while we shot past her stern, only clearing her by a few feet. We were round after her in an instant, but she was already nearly at the bank. It was a wild and desolate place, where the moon glimmered upon a wide expanse of marsh-land, with pools of stagnant water and beds of decaying vegetation. The launch with a dull thud ran up upon the mud-bank, with her bow in the air and her stern flush with the water. The fugitive sprang out, but his stump instantly sank its whole length into the sodden soil. In vain he struggled and writhed. Not one step could he possibly take either forwards or backwards. He yelled in impotent rage, and kicked frantically into the mud with his other foot, but his struggles only bored his wooden pin the deeper into the sticky bank. When we brought our launch alongside he was so firmly anchored that it was only by throwing the end of a rope over his shoulders that we were able to haul him out, and to drag him, like some evil fish, over our side. The two Smiths, father and son, sat sullenly in their launch, but came aboard meekly enough when commanded. The Aurora herself we hauled off and made fast to our stern. A solid iron chest of Indian workmanship stood upon the deck. This, there could be no question, was the same that had contained the ill-omened treasure of the Sholtos. There was no key, but it was of con-

siderable weight, so we transferred it carefully to our own little cabin. As we steamed slowly up-stream again, we flashed our search-light in every direction, but there was no sign of the Islander. Somewhere in the dark ooze at the bottom of the Thames lie the bones of that strange visitor to our shores.

"See here," said Holmes, pointing to the wooden hatchway. "We were hardly quick enough with our pistols." There, sure enough, just behind where we had been standing, stuck one of those murderous darts which we knew so well. It must have whizzed between us at the instant that we fired. Holmes smiled at it and shrugged his shoulders in his easy fashion, but I confess that it turned me sick to think of the horrible death which had passed so close to us that night.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT AGRA TREASURE.

OUR captive sat in the cabin opposite to the iron box which he had done so much and waited so long to gain. He was a sunburned, reckless-eyed fellow, with a net-work of lines and wrinkles all over his mahogany features, which told of a hard, open-air life. There was a singular prominence about his bearded chin which marked a man who was not to be easily turned from his purpose. His age may have been fifty or thereabouts, for his black, curly hair was thickly shot with gray. His face in repose was not an unpleasing one, though his heavy brows and aggressive chin gave him, as I had lately seen, a terrible expression when moved to anger. He sat now with his handcuffed hands upon his lap, and his head sunk upon his breast, while he looked with his keen, twinkling eyes at the box which had been the cause of his ill-doings. It seemed to me that there was more sorrow than anger in his rigid and contained countenance. Once he looked up at me with a gleam of something like humor in his eyes.

"Well, Jonathan Small," said Holmes, lighting a cigar, "I am sorry that it has come to this."

"And so am I, sir," he answered, frankly. "I don't believe that I can swing over the job. I give you my word on the book that I never raised hand against Mr. Sholto. It was that little hell-hound Tonga who shot one of his cursed darts into him. I had no part in it, sir. I was as grieved as if it had been my blood-relation. I welted the little devil with the slack end of the rope for it, but it was done, and I could not undo it again."

"Have a cigar," said Holmes; "and you had best take a pull out of my flask, for you are very wet. How could you expect so small and weak a man as this black fellow to overpower Mr. Sholto and hold him while you were climbing the rope?"

"You seem to know as much about it as if you were there, sir. The truth is that I hoped to find the room clear. I knew the habits of the house pretty well, and it was the time when Mr. Sholto usually went down to his supper. I shall make no secret of the business. The best defence that I can make is just the simple truth. Now, if it had

been the old major I would have swung for him with a light heart. I would have thought no more of knifing him than of smoking this cigar. But it's cursed hard that I should be lagged over this young Sholto, with whom I had no quarrel whatever."

"You are under the charge of Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard. He is going to bring you up to my rooms, and I shall ask you for a true account of the matter. You must make a clean breast of it, for if you do I hope that I may be of use to you. I think I can prove that the poison acts so quickly that the man was dead before ever you reached the room."

"That he was, sir. I never got such a turn in my life as when I saw him grinning at me with his head on his shoulder as I climbed through the window. It fairly shook me, sir. I'd have half killed Tonga for it if he had not scrambled off. That was how he came to leave his club, and some of his darts too, as he tells me, which I dare say helped to put you on our track; though how you kept on it is more than I can tell. I don't feel no malice against you for it. But it does seem a queer thing," he added, with a bitter smile, "that I who have a fair claim to nigh upon half a million of money should spend the first half of my life building a breakwater in the Andamans, and am like to spend the other half digging drains at Dartmoor. It was an evil day for me when first I clapped eyes upon the merchant Achmet and had to do with the Agra treasure, which never brought anything but a curse yet upon the man who owned it. To him it brought murder, to Major Sholto it brought fear and guilt, to me it has meant slavery for life."

At this moment Athelney Jones thrust his broad face and heavy shoulders into the tiny cabin. "Quite a family party," he remarked. "I think I shall have a pull at that flask, Holmes. Well, I think we may all congratulate each other. Pity we didn't take the other alive; but there was no choice. I say, Holmes, you must confess that you cut it rather fine. It was all we could do to overhaul her."

"All is well that ends well," said Holmes. "But I certainly did not know that the Aurora was such a clipper."

"Smith says she is one of the fastest launches on the river, and that if he had had another man to help him with the engines we should never have caught her. He swears he knew nothing of this Norwood business."

"Neither he did," cried our prisoner,—"not a word. I chose his launch because I heard that she was a flier. We told him nothing, but we paid him well, and he was to get something handsome if we reached our vessel, the Esmeralda, at Gravesend, outward bound for the Brazils."

"Well, if he has done no wrong we shall see that no wrong comes to him. If we are pretty quick in catching our men, we are not so quick in condemning them." It was amusing to notice how the consequential Jones was already beginning to give himself airs on the strength of the capture. From the slight smile which played over Sherlock Holmes's face, I could see that the speech had not been lost upon him.

"We will be at Vauxhall Bridge presently," said Jones, "and shall land you, Dr. Watson, with the treasure-box. I need hardly tell you that I am taking a very grave responsibility upon myself in doing this. It is most irregular; but of course an agreement is an agreement. I must, however, as a matter of duty, send an inspector with you, since you have so valuable a charge. You will drive, no doubt?"

"Yes, I shall drive."

"It is a pity there is no key, that we may make an inventory first. You will have to break it open. Where is the key, my man?"

"At the bottom of the river," said Small, shortly.

"Hum! There was no use your giving this unnecessary trouble. We have had work enough already through you. However, doctor, I need not warn you to be careful. Bring the box back with you to the Baker Street rooms. You will find us there, on our way to the station."

They landed me at Vauxhall, with my heavy iron box, and with a bluff, genial inspector as my companion. A quarter of an hour's drive brought us to Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servant seemed surprised at so late a visitor. Mrs. Cecil Forrester was out for the evening, she explained, and likely to be very late. Miss Morstan, however, was in the drawing-room: so to the drawing-room I went, box in hand, leaving the obliging inspector in the cab.

She was seated by the open window, dressed in some sort of white diaphanous material, with a little touch of scarlet at the neck and waist. The soft light of a shaded lamp fell upon her as she leaned back in the basket chair, playing over her sweet, grave face, and tinting with a dull, metallic sparkle the rich coils of her luxuriant hair. One white arm and hand drooped over the side of the chair, and her whole pose and figure spoke of an absorbing melancholy. At the sound of my foot-fall she sprang to her feet, however, and a bright flush of surprise and of pleasure colored her pale cheeks.

"I heard a cab drive up," she said. "I thought that Mrs. Forrester had come back very early, but I never dreamed that it might be you. What news have you brought me?"

"I have brought something better than news," said I, putting down the box upon the table and speaking jovially and boisterously, though my heart was heavy within me. "I have brought you something which is worth all the news in the world. I have brought you a fortune."

She glanced at the iron box. "Is that the treasure, then?" she asked, coolly enough.

"Yes, this is the great Agra treasure. Half of it is yours and half is Thaddeus Sholto's. You will have a couple of hundred thousand each. Think of that! An annuity of ten thousand pounds. There will be few richer young ladies in England. Is it not glorious?"

I think that I must have been rather overacting my delight, and that she detected a hollow ring in my congratulations, for I saw her eyebrows rise a little, and she glanced at me curiously.

"If I have it," said she, "I owe it to you."

"No, no," I answered, "not to me, but to my friend Sherlock

Holmes. With all the will in the world, I could never have followed up a clue which has taxed even his analytical genius. As it was, we very nearly lost it at the last moment."

"Pray sit down and tell me all about it, Dr. Watson," said she.

I narrated briefly what had occurred since I had seen her last,—Holmes's new method of search, the discovery of the Aurora, the appearance of Athelney Jones, our expedition in the evening, and the wild chase down the Thames. She listened with parted lips and shining eyes to my recital of our adventures. When I spoke of the dart which had so narrowly missed us, she turned so white that I feared that she was about to faint.

"It is nothing," she said, as I hastened to pour her out some water. "I am all right again. It was a shock to me to hear that I had placed my friends in such horrible peril."

"That is all over," I answered. "It was nothing. I will tell you no more gloomy details. Let us turn to something brighter. There is the treasure. What could be brighter than that? I got leave to bring it with me, thinking that it would interest you to be the first to see it."

"It would be of the greatest interest to me," she said. There was no eagerness in her voice, however. It had struck her, doubtless, that it might seem ungracious upon her part to be indifferent to a prize which had cost so much to win.

"What a pretty box!" she said, stooping over it. "This is Indian work, I suppose?"

"Yes; it is Benares metal-work."

"And so heavy!" she exclaimed, trying to raise it. "The box alone must be of some value. Where is the key?"

"Small threw it into the Thames," I answered. "I must borrow Mrs. Forrester's poker." There was in the front a thick and broad hasp, wrought in the image of a sitting Buddha. Under this I thrust the end of the poker and twisted it outward as a lever. The hasp sprang open with a loud snap. With trembling fingers I flung back the lid. We both stood gazing in astonishment. The box was empty!

No wonder that it was heavy. The iron-work was two-thirds of an inch thick all round. It was massive, well made, and solid, like a chest constructed to carry things of great price, but not one shred or crumb of metal or jewelry lay within it. It was absolutely and completely empty.

"The treasure is lost," said Miss Morstan, calmly.

As I listened to the words and realized what they meant, a great shadow seemed to pass from my soul. I did not know how this Agra treasure had weighed me down, until now that it was finally removed. It was selfish, no doubt, disloyal, wrong, but I could realize nothing save that the golden barrier was gone from between us. "Thank God!" I ejaculated from my very heart.

She looked at me with a quick, questioning smile. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because you are within my reach again," I said, taking her hand. She did not withdraw it. "Because I love you, Mary, as truly as ever a man loved a woman. Because this treasure, these riches, sealed my

lips. Now that they are gone I can tell you how I love you. That is why I said, 'Thank God.'"

"Then I say, 'Thank God,' too," she whispered, as I drew her to my side. Whoever had lost a treasure, I knew that night that I had gained one.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE STORY OF JONATHAN SMALL.

A VERY patient man was that inspector in the cab, for it was a weary time before I rejoined him. His face clouded over when I showed him the empty box.

"There goes the reward!" said he, gloomily. "Where there is no money there is no pay. This night's work would have been worth a tenner each to Sam Brown and me if the treasure had been there."

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto is a rich man," I said. "He will see that you are rewarded, treasure or no."

The inspector shook his head despondently, however. "It's a bad job," he repeated; "and so Mr. Athelney Jones will think."

His forecast proved to be correct, for the detective looked blank enough when I got to Baker Street and showed him the empty box. They had only just arrived, Holmes, the prisoner, and he, for they had changed their plans so far as to report themselves at a station upon the way. My companion lounged in his arm-chair with his usual listless expression, while Small sat stolidly opposite to him with his wooden leg cocked over his sound one. As I exhibited the empty box he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud.

"This is your doing, Small," said Athelney Jones, angrily.

"Yes, I have put it away where you shall never lay hand upon it," he cried, exultantly. "It is my treasure; and if I can't have the loot I'll take darned good care that no one else does. I tell you that no living man has any right to it, unless it is three men who are in the Andaman convict-barracks and myself. I know now that I cannot have the use of it, and I know that they cannot. I have acted all through for them as much as for myself. It's been the sign of four with us always. Well I know that they would have had me do just what I have done, and throw the treasure into the Thames rather than let it go to kith or kin of Sholto or of Morstan. It was not to make them rich that we did for Achmet. You'll find the treasure where the key is, and where little Tonga is. When I saw that your launch must catch us, I put the loot away in a safe place. There are no rupees for you this journey."

"You are deceiving us, Small," said Athelney Jones, sternly. "If you had wished to throw the treasure into the Thames it would have been easier for you to have thrown box and all."

"Easier for me to throw, and easier for you to recover," he answered, with a shrewd, sidelong look. "The man that was clever enough to hunt me down is clever enough to pick an iron box from the bottom of a river. Now that they are scattered over five miles or so,

it may be a harder job. It went to my heart to do it, though. I was half mad when you came up with us. However, there's no good grieving over it. I've had ups in my life, and I've had downs, but I've learned not to cry over spilled milk."

"This is a very serious matter, Small," said the detective. "If you had helped justice, instead of thwarting it in this way, you would have had a better chance at your trial."

"Justice!" snarled the ex-convict. "A pretty justice! Whose loot is this, if it is not ours? Where is the justice that I should give it up to those who have never earned it? Look how I have earned it! Twenty long years in that fever-ridden swamp, all day at work under the mangrove-tree, all night chained up in the filthy convict-huts, bitten by mosquitoes, racked with ague, bullied by every cursed black-faced policeman who loved to take it out of a white man. That was how I earned the Agra treasure; and you talk to me of justice because I cannot bear to feel that I have paid this price only that another may enjoy it! I would rather swing a score of times, or have one of Tonga's darts in my hide, than live in a convict's cell and feel that another man is at his ease in a palace with the money that should be mine." Small had dropped his mask of stoicism, and all this came out in a wild whirl of words, while his eyes blazed, and the handcuffs clanked together with the impassioned movement of his hands. I could understand, as I saw the fury and the passion of the man, that it was no groundless or unnatural terror which had possessed Major Sholto when he first learned that the injured convict was upon his track.

"You forget that we know nothing of all this," said Holmes, quietly. "We have not heard your story, and we cannot tell how far justice may originally have been on your side."

"Well, sir, you have been very fair-spoken to me, though I can see that I have you to thank that I have these bracelets upon my wrists. Still, I bear no grudge for that. It is all fair and above-board. If you want to hear my story I have no wish to hold it back. What I say to you is God's truth, every word of it. Thank you; you can put the glass beside me here, and I'll put my lips to it if I am dry.

"I am a Worcestershire man myself,—born near Pershore. I dare say you would find a heap of Smalls living there now if you were to look. I have often thought of taking a look round there, but the truth is that I was never much of a credit to the family, and I doubt if they would be so very glad to see me. They were all steady, chapel-going folk, small farmers, well known and respected over the country-side, while I was always a bit of a rover. At last, however, when I was about eighteen, I gave them no more trouble, for I got into a mess over a girl, and could only get out of it again by taking the queen's shilling and joining the 3d. Buffs, which was just starting for India.

"I wasn't destined to do much soldiering, however. I had just got past the goose-step, and learned to handle my musket, when I was fool enough to go swimming in the Ganges. Luckily for me, my company sergeant, John Holder, was in the water at the same time, and he was one of the finest swimmers in the service. A crocodile took me, just as

I was half-way across, and nipped off my right leg as clean as a surgeon could have done it, just above the knee. What with the shock and the loss of blood, I fainted, and should have been drowned if Holder had not caught hold of me and paddled for the bank. I was five months in hospital over it, and when at last I was able to limp out of it with this timber toe strapped to my stump I found myself invalided out of the army and unfitted for any active occupation.

"I was, as you can imagine, pretty down on my luck at this time, for I was a useless cripple though not yet in my twentieth year. However, my misfortune soon proved to be a blessing in disguise. A man named Abelwhite, who had come out there as an indigo-planter, wanted an overseer to look after his coolies and keep them up to their work. He happened to be a friend of our colonel's, who had taken an interest in me since the accident. To make a long story short, the colonel recommended me strongly for the post, and, as the work was mostly to be done on horseback, my leg was no great obstacle, for I had enough knee left to keep a good grip on the saddle. What I had to do was to ride over the plantation, to keep an eye on the men as they worked, and to report the idlers. The pay was fair, I had comfortable quarters, and altogether I was content to spend the remainder of my life in indigo-planting. Mr. Abelwhite was a kind man, and he would often drop into my little shanty and smoke a pipe with me, for white folk out there feel their hearts warm to each other as they never do here at home.

"Well, I was never in luck's way long. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the great mutiny broke upon us. One month India lay as still and peaceful, to all appearance, as Surrey or Kent; the next there were two hundred thousand black devils let loose, and the country was a perfect hell. Of course you know all about it, gentlemen,—a deal more than I do, very like, since reading is not in my line. I only know what I saw with my own eyes. Our plantation was at a place called Muttra, near the border of the Northwest Provinces. Night after night the whole sky was alight with the burning bungalows, and day after day we had small companies of Europeans passing through our estate with their wives and children, on their way to Agra, where were the nearest troops. Mr. Abelwhite was an obstinate man. He had it in his head that the affair had been exaggerated, and that it would blow over as suddenly as it had sprung up. There he sat on his veranda, drinking whiskey-pegs and smoking cheroots, while the country was in a blaze about him. Of course we stuck by him, I and Dawson, who, with his wife, used to do the book-work and the managing. Well, one fine day the crash came. I had been away on a distant plantation, and was riding slowly home in the evening, when my eye fell upon something all huddled together at the bottom of a steep nullah. I rode down to see what it was, and the cold struck through my heart when I found it was Dawson's wife, all cut into ribbons, and half eaten by jackals and native dogs. A little farther up the road Dawson himself was lying on his face, quite dead, with an empty revolver in his hand and four Sepoys lying across each other in front of him. I reined up my horse, wondering which way I should turn, but at that moment I saw thick smoke curling up from Abelwhite's bungalow and the flames beginning to burst through the roof.

I knew then that I could do my employer no good, but would only throw my own life away if I meddled in the matter. From where I stood I could see hundreds of the black fiends, with their red coats still on their backs, dancing and howling round the burning house. Some of them pointed at me, and a couple of bullets sang past my head: so I broke away across the paddy-fields, and found myself late at night safe within the walls at Agra.

"As it proved, however, there was no great safety there, either. The whole country was up like a swarm of bees. Wherever the English could collect in little bands they held just the ground that their guns commanded. Everywhere else they were helpless fugitives. It was a fight of the millions against the hundreds; and the cruellest part of it was that these men that we fought against, foot, horse, and gunners, were our own picked troops, whom we had taught and trained, handling our own weapons, and blowing our own bugle-calls. At Agra there were the 3d Bengal Fusiliers, some Sikhs, two troops of horse, and a battery of artillery. A volunteer corps of clerks and merchants had been formed, and this I joined, wooden leg and all. We went out to meet the rebels at Shahgunge early in July, and we beat them back for a time, but our powder gave out, and we had to fall back upon the city. Nothing but the worst news came to us from every side,—which is not to be wondered at, for if you look at the map you will see that we were right in the heart of it. Lucknow is rather better than a hundred miles to the east, and Cawnpore about as far to the south. From every point on the compass there was nothing but torture and murder and outrage.

"The city of Agra is a great place, swarming with fanatics and fierce devil-worshippers of all sorts. Our handful of men were lost among the narrow, winding streets. Our leader moved across the river, therefore, and took up his position in the old fort of Agra. I don't know if any of you gentlemen have ever read or heard anything of that old fort. It is a very queer place,—the queerest that ever I was in, and I have been in some rum corners, too. First of all, it is enormous in size. I should think that the enclosure must be acres and acres. There is a modern part, which took all our garrison, women, children, stores, and everything else, with plenty of room over. But the modern part is nothing like the size of the old quarter, where nobody goes, and which is given over to the scorpions and the centipedes. It is all full of great deserted halls, and winding passages, and long corridors twisting in and out, so that it is easy enough for folk to get lost in it. For this reason it was seldom that any one went into it, though now and again a party with torches might go exploring.

"The river washes along the front of the old fort, and so protects it, but on the sides and behind there are many doors, and these had to be guarded, of course, in the old quarter as well as in that which was actually held by our troops. We were short-handed, with hardly men enough to man the angles of the building and to serve the guns. It was impossible for us, therefore, to station a strong guard at every one of the innumerable gates. What we did was to organize a central guard-house in the middle of the fort, and to leave each gate under the charge of one white man and two or three natives. I was selected to

take charge during certain hours of the night of a small isolated door upon the southwest side of the building. Two Sikh troopers were placed under my command, and I was instructed if anything went wrong to fire my musket, when I might rely upon help coming at once from the central guard. As the guard was a good two hundred paces away, however, and as the space between was cut up into a labyrinth of passages and corridors, I had great doubts as to whether they could arrive in time to be of any use in case of an actual attack.

"Well, I was pretty proud at having this small command given me, since I was a raw recruit, and a game-legged one at that. For two nights I kept the watch with my Punjaubees. They were tall, fierce-looking chaps, Mahomet Singh and Abdullah Khan by name, both old fighting-men who had borne arms against us at Chilian-wallah. They could talk English pretty well, but I could get little out of them. They preferred to stand together and jabber all night in their queer Sikh lingo. For myself, I used to stand outside the gate-way, looking down on the broad, winding river and on the twinkling lights of the great city. The beating of drums, the rattle of tomtoms, and the yells and howls of the rebels, drunk with opium and with bang, were enough to remind us all night of our dangerous neighbors across the stream. Every two hours the officer of the night used to come round to all the posts, to make sure that all was well.

"The third night of my watch was dark and dirty, with a small, driving rain. It was dreary work standing in the gate-way hour after hour in such weather. I tried again and again to make my Sikhs talk, but without much success. At two in the morning the rounds passed, and broke for a moment the weariness of the night. Finding that my companions would not be led into conversation, I took out my pipe, and laid down my musket to strike the match. In an instant the two Sikhs were upon me. One of them snatched my firelock up and levelled it at my head, while the other held a great knife to my throat and swore between his teeth that he would plunge it into me if I moved a step.

"My first thought was that these fellows were in league with the rebels, and that this was the beginning of an assault. If our door were in the hands of the Sepoys the place must fall, and the women and children be treated as they were in Cawnpore. Maybe you gentlemen think that I am just making out a case for myself, but I give you my word that when I thought of that, though I felt the point of the knife at my throat, I opened my mouth with the intention of giving a scream, if it was my last one, which might alarm the main guard. The man who held me seemed to know my thoughts; for, even as I braced myself to it, he whispered, 'Don't make a noise. The fort is safe enough. There are no rebel dogs on this side of the river.' There was the ring of truth in what he said, and I knew that if I raised my voice I was a dead man. I could read it in the fellow's brown eyes. I waited, therefore, in silence, to see what it was that they wanted from me.

"'Listen to me, Sahib,' said the taller and fiercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. 'You must either be with us

now or you must be silenced forever. The thing is too great a one for us to hesitate. Either you are heart and soul with us on your oath on the cross of the Christians, or your body this night shall be thrown into the ditch and we shall pass over to our brothers in the rebel army. There is no middle way. Which is it to be, death or life? We can only give you three minutes to decide, for the time is passing, and all must be done before the rounds come again.'

"'How can I decide?' said I. 'You have not told me what you want of me. But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort I will have no truck with it, so you can drive home your knife and welcome.'

"'It is nothing against the fort,' said he. 'We only ask you to do that which your countrymen come to this land for. We ask you to be rich. If you will be one of us this night, we will swear to you upon the naked knife, and by the threefold oath which no Sikh was ever known to break, that you shall have your fair share of the loot. A quarter of the treasure shall be yours. We can say no fairer.'

"'But what is the treasure, then?' I asked. 'I am as ready to be rich as you can be, if you will but show me how it can be done.'

"'You will swear, then,' said he, 'by the bones of your father, by the honor of your mother, by the cross of your faith, to raise no hand and speak no word against us, either now or afterwards?'

"'I will swear it,' I answered, 'provided that the fort is not endangered.'

"'Then my comrade and I will swear that you shall have a quarter of the treasure which shall be equally divided among the four of us.'

"'There are but three,' said I.

"'No; Dost Akbar must have his share. We can tell the tale to you while we await them. Do you stand at the gate, Mahomet Singh, and give notice of their coming. The thing stands thus, Sahib, and I tell it to you because I know that an oath is binding upon a Feringhee, and that we may trust you. Had you been a lying Hindoo, though you had sworn by all the gods in their false temples, your blood would have been upon the knife, and your body in the water. But the Sikh knows the Englishman, and the Englishman knows the Sikh. Hearken, then, to what I have to say.

"'There is a rajah in the northern provinces who has much wealth, though his lands are small. Much has come to him from his father, and more still he has set by himself, for he is of a low nature and hoards his gold rather than spend it. When the troubles broke out he would be friends both with the lion and the tiger,—with the Sepoy and with the Company's Raj. Soon, however, it seemed to him that the white men's day was come, for through all the land he could hear of nothing but of their death and their overthrow. Yet, being a careful man, he made such plans that, come what might, half at least of his treasure should be left to him. That which was in gold and silver he kept by him in the vaults of his palace, but the most precious stones and the choicest pearls that he had he put in an iron box, and sent it by a trusty servant who, under the guise of a merchant, should take it to the fort at Agra, there to lie until the land is at peace. Thus, if the

rebels won he would have his money, but if the Company conquered his jewels would be saved to him. Having thus divided his hoard, he threw himself into the cause of the Sepoys, since they were strong upon his borders. By his doing this, mark you, Sahib, his property becomes the due of those who have been true to their salt.

"'This pretended merchant, who travels under the name of Achmet, is now in the city of Agra, and desires to gain his way into the fort. He has with him as travelling-companion my foster-brother Dost Akbar, who knows his secret. Dost Akbar has promised this night to lead him to a side-postern of the fort, and has chosen this one for his purpose. Here he will come presently, and here he will find Mahomet Singh and myself awaiting him. The place is lonely, and none shall know of his coming. The world shall know of the merchant Achmet no more, but the great treasure of the rajah shall be divided among us. What say you to it, Sahib?'

"In Worcestershire the life of a man seems a great and a sacred thing; but it is very different when there is fire and blood all round you and you have been used to meeting death at every turn. Whether Achmet the merchant lived or died was a thing as light as air to me, but at the talk about the treasure my heart turned to it, and I thought of what I might do in the old country with it, and how my folk would stare when they saw their ne'er-do-weel coming back with his pockets full of gold moidores. I had, therefore, already made up my mind. Abdullah Khan, however, thinking that I hesitated, pressed the matter more closely.

"'Consider, Sahib,' said he, 'that if this man is taken by the commandant he will be hung or shot, and his jewels taken by the government, so that no man will be a rupee the better for them. Now, since we do the taking of him, why should we not do the rest as well? The jewels will be as well with us as in the Company's coffers. There will be enough to make every one of us rich men and great chiefs. No one can know about the matter, for here we are cut off from all men. What could be better for the purpose? Say again, then, Sahib, whether you are with us, or if we must look upon you as an enemy.'

"'I am with you heart and soul,' said I.

"'It is well,' he answered, handing me back my firelock. 'You see that we trust you, for your word, like ours, is not to be broken. We have now only to wait for my brother and the merchant.'

"'Does your brother know, then, of what you will do?' I asked.

"'The plan is his. He has devised it. We will go to the gate and share the watch with Mahomet Singh.'

"The rain was still falling steadily, for it was just the beginning of the wet season. Brown, heavy clouds were drifting across the sky, and it was hard to see more than a stone-cast. A deep moat lay in front of our door, but the water was in places nearly dried up, and it could easily be crossed. It was strange to me to be standing there with those two wild Punjaubees waiting for the man who was coming to his death.

"Suddenly my eye caught the glint of a shaded lantern at the other side of the moat. It vanished among the mound-heaps, and then appeared again coming slowly in our direction.

"'Here they are!' I exclaimed.

"'You will challenge him, Sahib, as usual,' whispered Abdullah. 'Give him no cause for fear. Send us in with him, and we shall do the rest while you stay here on guard. Have the lantern ready to uncover, that we may be sure that it is indeed the man.'

"The light had flickered onwards, now stopping and now advancing, until I could see two dark figures upon the other side of the moat. I let them scramble down the sloping bank, splash through the mire, and climb half-way up to the gate, before I challenged them.

"'Who goes there?' said I, in a subdued voice.

"'Friends,' came the answer. I uncovered my lantern and threw a flood of light upon them. The first was an enormous Sikh, with a black beard which swept nearly down to his cummerbund. Outside of a show I have never seen so tall a man. The other was a little, fat, round fellow, with a great yellow turban, and a bundle in his hand, done up in a shawl. He seemed to be all in a quiver with fear, for his hands twitched as if he had the ague, and his head kept turning to left and right with two bright little twinkling eyes, like a mouse when he ventures out from his hole. It gave me the chills to think of killing him, but I thought of the treasure, and my heart set as hard as a flint within me. When he saw my white face he gave a little chirrup of joy and came running up towards me.

"'Your protection, Sahib,' he panted,—'your protection for the unhappy merchant Achmet. I have travelled across Rajpootana that I might seek the shelter of the fort at Agra. I have been robbed and beaten and abused because I have been the friend of the Company. It is a blessed night this when I am once more in safety,—I and my poor possessions.'

"'What have you in the bundle?' I asked.

"'An iron box,' he answered, 'which contains one or two little family matters which are of no value to others, but which I should be sorry to lose. Yet I am not a beggar; and I shall reward you, young Sahib, and your governor also, if he will give me the shelter I ask.'

"I could not trust myself to speak longer with the man. The more I looked at his fat, frightened face, the harder did it seem that we should slay him in cold blood. It was best to get it over.

"'Take him to the main guard,' said I. The two Sikhs closed in upon him on each side, and the giant walked behind, while they marched in through the dark gate-way. Never was a man so compassed round with death. I remained at the gate-way with the lantern.

"I could hear the measured tramp of their footsteps sounding through the lonely corridors. Suddenly it ceased, and I heard voices, and a scuffle, with the sound of blows. A moment later there came, to my horror, a rush of footsteps coming in my direction, with the loud breathing of a running man. I turned my lantern down the long, straight passage, and there was the fat man, running like the wind, with a smear of blood across his face, and close at his heels, bounding like a tiger, the great black-bearded Sikh, with a knife flashing in his hand. I have never seen a man run so fast as that little merchant. He was gaining on the Sikh, and I could see that if he once passed

me and got to the open air he would save himself yet. My heart softened to him, but again the thought of his treasure turned me hard and bitter. I cast my firelock between his legs as he raced past, and he rolled twice over like a shot rabbit. Ere he could stagger to his feet the Sikh was upon him, and buried his knife twice in his side. The man never uttered moan nor moved muscle, but lay where he had fallen. I think myself that he may have broken his neck with the fall. You see, gentlemen, that I am keeping my promise. I am telling you every word of the business just exactly as it happened, whether it is in my favor or not."

He stopped, and held out his manacled hands for the whiskey-and-water which Holmes had brewed for him. For myself, I confess that I had now conceived the utmost horror of the man, not only for this cold-blooded business in which he had been concerned, but even more for the somewhat flippant and careless way in which he narrated it. Whatever punishment was in store for him, I felt that he might expect no sympathy from me. Sherlock Holmes and Jones sat with their hands upon their knees, deeply interested in the story, but with the same disgust written upon their faces. He may have observed it, for there was a touch of defiance in his voice and manner as he proceeded.

"It was all very bad, no doubt," said he. "I should like to know how many fellows in my shoes would have refused a share of this loot when they knew that they would have their throats cut for their pains. Besides, it was my life or his when once he was in the fort. If he had got out, the whole business would come to light, and I should have been court-martialled and shot as likely as not; for people were not very lenient at a time like that."

"Go on with your story," said Holmes, shortly.

"Well, we carried him in, Abdullah, Akbar, and I. A fine weight he was, too, for all that he was so short. Mahomet Singh was left to guard the door. We took him to a place which the Sikhs had already prepared. It was some distance off, where a winding passage leads to a great empty hall, the brick walls of which were all crumbling to pieces. The earth floor had sunk in at one place, making a natural grave, so we left Achmet the merchant there, having first covered him over with loose bricks. This done, we all went back to the treasure.

"It lay where he had dropped it when he was first attacked. The box was the same which now lies open upon your table. A key was hung by a silken cord to that carved handle upon the top. We opened it, and the light of the lantern gleamed upon a collection of gems such as I have read of and thought about when I was a little lad at Pershore. It was blinding to look upon them. When we had feasted our eyes we took them all out and made a list of them. There were one hundred and forty-three diamonds of the first water, including one which has been called, I believe, 'the Great Mogul' and is said to be the second largest stone in existence. Then there were ninety-seven very fine emeralds, and one hundred and seventy rubies, some of which, however, were small. There were forty carbuncles, two hundred and ten sapphires, sixty-one agates, and a great quantity of beryls, onyxes, cats'-eyes, turquoises, and other stones, the very names of which I did not

know at the time, though I have become more familiar with them since. Besides this, there were nearly three hundred very fine pearls, twelve of which were set in a gold coronet. By the way, these last had been taken out of the chest and were not there when I recovered it.

"After we had counted our treasures we put them back into the chest and carried them to the gate-way to show them to Mahomet Singh. Then we solemnly renewed our oath to stand by each other and be true to our secret. We agreed to conceal our loot in a safe place until the country should be at peace again, and then to divide it equally among ourselves. There was no use dividing it at present, for if gems of such value were found upon us it would cause suspicion, and there was no privacy in the fort nor any place where we could keep them. We carried the box, therefore, into the same hall where we had buried the body, and there, under certain bricks in the best-preserved wall, we made a hollow and put our treasure. We made careful note of the place, and next day I drew four plans, one for each of us, and put the sign of the four of us at the bottom, for we had sworn that we should each always act for all, so that none might take advantage. That is an oath that I can put my hand to my heart and swear that I have never broken.

"Well, there's no use my telling you gentlemen what came of the Indian mutiny. After Wilson took Delhi and Sir Colin relieved Lucknow the back of the business was broken. Fresh troops came pouring in, and Nana Sahib made himself scarce over the frontier. A flying column under Colonel Greathed came round to Agra and cleared the Pandies away from it. Peace seemed to be settling upon the country, and we four were beginning to hope that the time was at hand when we might safely go off with our shares of the plunder. In a moment, however, our hopes were shattered by our being arrested as the murderers of Achmet.

"It came about in this way. When the rajah put his jewels into the hands of Achmet he did it because he knew that he was a trusty man. They are suspicious folk in the East, however: so what does this rajah do but take a second even more trusty servant and set him to play the spy upon the first? This second man was ordered never to let Achmet out of his sight, and he followed him like his shadow. He went after him that night, and saw him pass through the door-way. Of course he thought he had taken refuge in the fort, and applied for admission there himself next day, but could find no trace of Achmet. This seemed to him so strange that he spoke about it to a sergeant of guides, who brought it to the ears of the commandant. A thorough search was quickly made, and the body was discovered. Thus at the very moment that we thought that all was safe we were all four seized and brought to trial on a charge of murder,—three of us because we had held the gate that night, and the fourth because he was known to have been in the company of the murdered man. Not a word about the jewels came out at the trial, for the rajah had been deposed and driven out of India: so no one had any particular interest in them. The murder, however, was clearly made out, and it was certain that we must all have been concerned in it. The three Sikhs got penal servitude

for life, and I was condemned to death, though my sentence was afterwards commuted into the same as the others.

"It was rather a queer position that we found ourselves in then. There we were all four tied by the leg and with precious little chance of ever getting out again, while we each held a secret which might have put each of us in a palace if we could only have made use of it. It was enough to make a man eat his heart out to have to stand the kick and the cuff of every petty jack-in-office, to have rice to eat and water to drink, when that gorgeous fortune was ready for him outside, just waiting to be picked up. It might have driven me mad; but I was always a pretty stubborn one, so I just held on and bided my time.

"At last it seemed to me to have come. I was changed from Agra to Madras, and from there to Blair Island in the Andamans. There are very few white convicts at this settlement, and, as I had behaved well from the first, I soon found myself a sort of privileged person. I was given a hut in Hope Town, which is a small place on the slopes of Mount Harriet, and I was left pretty much to myself. It is a dreary, fever-stricken place, and all beyond our little clearings was infested with wild cannibal natives, who were ready enough to blow a poisoned dart at us if they saw a chance. There was digging, and ditching, and yam-planting, and a dozen other things to be done, so we were busy enough all day; though in the evening we had a little time to ourselves. Among other things, I learned to dispense drugs for the surgeon, and picked up a smattering of his knowledge. All the time I was on the lookout for a chance of escape; but it is hundreds of miles from any other land, and there is little or no wind in those seas: so it was a terribly difficult job to get away.

"The surgeon, Dr. Somerton, was a fast, sporting young chap, and the other young officers would meet in his rooms of an evening and play cards. The surgery, where I used to make up my drugs, was next to his sitting-room, with a small window between us. Often, if I felt lonesome, I used to turn out the lamp in the surgery, and then, standing there, I could hear their talk and watch their play. I am fond of a hand at cards myself, and it was almost as good as having one to watch the others. There was Major Sholto, Captain Morstan, and Lieutenant Bromley Brown, who were in command of the native troops, and there was the surgeon himself, and two or three prison-officials, crafty old hands who played a nice sly safe game. A very snug little party they used to make.

"Well, there was one thing which very soon struck me, and that was that the soldiers used always to lose and the civilians to win. Mind, I don't say that there was anything unfair, but so it was. These prison-chaps had done little else than play cards ever since they had been at the Andamans, and they knew each other's game to a point, while the others just played to pass the time and threw their cards down anyhow. Night after night the soldiers got up poorer men, and the poorer they got the more keen they were to play. Major Sholto was the hardest hit. He used to pay in notes and gold at first, but soon it came to notes of hand and for big sums. He sometimes would win for a few deals, just to give him heart, and then the luck would set in

against him worse than ever. All day he would wander about as black as thunder, and he took to drinking a deal more than was good for him.

"One night he lost even more heavily than usual. I was sitting in my hut when he and Captain Morstan came stumbling along on the way to their quarters. They were bosom friends, those two, and never far apart. The major was raving about his losses.

"'It's all up, Morstan,' he was saying, as they passed my hut. 'I shall have to send in my papers. I am a ruined man.'

"'Nonsense, old chap!' said the other, slapping him upon the shoulder. 'I've had a nasty facer myself, but——' That was all I could hear, but it was enough to set me thinking.

"A couple of days later Major Sholto was strolling on the beach: so I took the chance of speaking to him.

"'I wish to have your advice, major,' said I.

"'Well, Small, what is it?' he asked, taking his cheroot from his lips.

"'I wanted to ask you, sir,' said I, 'who is the proper person to whom hidden treasure should be handed over. I know where half a million worth lies, and, as I cannot use it myself, I thought perhaps the best thing that I could do would be to hand it over to the proper authorities, and then perhaps they would get my sentence shortened for me.'

"'Half a million, Small?' he gasped, looking hard at me to see if I was in earnest.

"'Quite that, sir,—in jewels and pearls. It lies there ready for any one. And the queer thing about it is that the real owner is outlawed and cannot hold property, so that it belongs to the first comer.'

"'To government, Small,' he stammered,—'to government.' But he said it in a halting fashion, and I knew in my heart that I had got him.

"'You think, then, sir, that I should give the information to the Governor-General?' said I, quietly.

"'Well, well, you must not do anything rash, or that you might repent. Let me hear all about it, Small. Give me the facts.'

"I told him the whole story, with small changes so that he could not identify the places. When I had finished he stood stock still and full of thought. I could see by the twitch of his lip that there was a struggle going on within him.

"'This is a very important matter, Small,' he said, at last. 'You must not say a word to any one about it, and I shall see you again soon.'

"Two nights later he and his friend Captain Morstan came to my hut in the dead of the night with a lantern.

"'I want you just to let Captain Morstan hear that story from your own lips, Small,' said he.

"I repeated it as I had told it before.

"'It rings true, eh?' said he. 'It's good enough to act upon?'

"Captain Morstan nodded.

"'Look here, Small,' said the major. 'We have been talking it over, my friend here and I, and we have come to the conclusion that

this secret of yours is hardly a government matter, after all, but is a private concern of your own, which of course you have the power of disposing of as you think best. Now, the question is, what price would you ask for it? We might be inclined to take it up, and at least look into it, if we could agree as to terms.' He tried to speak in a cool, careless way, but his eyes were shining with excitement and greed.

"'Why, as to that, gentlemen,' I answered, trying also to be cool, but feeling as excited as he did, 'there is only one bargain which a man in my position can make. I shall want you to help me to my freedom, and to help my three companions to theirs. We shall then take you into partnership, and give you a fifth share to divide between you.'

"'Hum!' said he. 'A fifth share! That is not very tempting.'

"'It would come to fifty thousand apiece,' said I.

"'But how can we gain your freedom? You know very well that you ask an impossibility.'

"'Nothing of the sort,' I answered. 'I have thought it all out to the last detail. The only bar to our escape is that we can get no boat fit for the voyage, and no provisions to last us for so long a time. There are plenty of little yachts and yawls at Calcutta or Madras which would serve our turn well. Do you bring one over. We shall engage to get aboard her by night, and if you will drop us on any part of the Indian coast you will have done your part of the bargain.'

"'If there were only one,' he said.

"'None or all,' I answered. 'We have sworn it. The four of us must always act together.'

"'You see, Morstan,' said he, 'Small is a man of his word. He does not flinch from his friends. I think we may very well trust him.'

"'It's a dirty business,' the other answered. 'Yet, as you say, the money would save our commissions handsomely.'

"'Well, Small,' said the major, 'we must, I suppose, try and meet you. We must first, of course, test the truth of your story. Tell me where the box is hid, and I shall get leave of absence and go back to India in the monthly relief-boat to inquire into the affair.'

"'Not so fast,' said I, growing colder as he got hot. 'I must have the consent of my three comrades. I tell you that it is four or none with us.'

"'Nonsense!' he broke in. 'What have three black fellows to do with our agreement?'

"'Black or blue,' said I, 'they are in with me, and we all go together.'

"Well, the matter ended by a second meeting, at which Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, and Dost Akbar were all present. We talked the matter over again, and at last we came to an arrangement. We were to provide both the officers with charts of the part of the Agra fort and mark the place in the wall where the treasure was hid. Major Sholto was to go to India to test our story. If he found the box he was to leave it there, to send out a small yacht provisioned for a voyage, which was to lie off Rutland Island, and to which we were to make our way, and finally to return to his duties. Captain Morstan was then to apply for leave of absence, to meet us at Agra, and there we

were to have a final division of the treasure, he taking the major's share as well as his own. All this we sealed by the most solemn oaths that the mind could think or the lips utter. I sat up all night with paper and ink, and by the morning I had the two charts all ready, signed with the sign of four,—that is, of Abdullah, Akbar, Mahomet, and myself.

"Well, gentlemen, I weary you with my long story, and I know that my friend Mr. Jones is impatient to get me safely stowed in chokey. I'll make it as short as I can. The villain Sholto went off to India, but he never came back again. Captain Morstan showed me his name among a list of passengers in one of the mail-boats very shortly afterwards. His uncle had died, leaving him a fortune, and he had left the army, yet he could stoop to treat five men as he had treated us. Morstan went over to Agra shortly afterwards, and found, as we expected, that the treasure was indeed gone. The scoundrel had stolen it all, without carrying out one of the conditions on which we had sold him the secret. From that day I lived only for vengeance. I thought of it by day and I nursed it by night. It became an overpowering, absorbing passion with me. I cared nothing for the law,—nothing for the gallows. To escape, to track down Sholto, to have my hand upon his throat,—that was my one thought. Even the Agra treasure had come to be a smaller thing in my mind than the slaying of Sholto.

"Well, I have set my mind on many things in this life, and never one which I did not carry out. But it was weary years before my time came. I have told you that I had picked up something of medicine. One day when Dr. Somerton was down with a fever a little Andaman Islander was picked up by a convict-gang in the woods. He was sick to death, and had gone to a lonely place to die. I took him in hand, though he was as venomous as a young snake, and after a couple of months I got him all right and able to walk. He took a kind of fancy to me then, and would hardly go back to his woods, but was always hanging about my hut. I learned a little of his lingo from him, and this made him all the fonder of me.

"Tonga—for that was his name—was a fine boatman, and owned a big, roomy canoe of his own. When I found that he was devoted to me and would do anything to serve me, I saw my chance of escape. I talked it over with him. He was to bring his boat round on a certain night to an old wharf which was never guarded, and there he was to pick me up. I gave him directions to have several gourds of water and a lot of yams, cocoa-nuts, and sweet potatoes.

"He was stanch and true, was little Tonga. No man ever had a more faithful mate. At the night named he had his boat at the wharf. As it chanced, however, there was one of the convict-guard down there,—a vile Pathan who had never missed a chance of insulting and injuring me. I had always vowed vengeance, and now I had my chance. It was as if fate had placed him in my way that I might pay my debt before I left the island. He stood on the bank with his back to me, and his carbine on his shoulder. I looked about for a stone to beat out his brains with, but none could I see. Then a queer thought came into my head and showed me where I could lay my hand on a weapon. I

sat down in the darkness and unstrapped my wooden leg. With three long hops I was on him. He put his carbine to his shoulder, but I struck him full, and knocked the whole front of his skull in. You can see the split in the wood now where I hit him. We both went down together, for I could not keep my balance, but when I got up I found him still lying quiet enough. I made for the boat, and in an hour we were well out at sea. Tonga had brought all his earthly possessions with him, his arms and his gods. Among other things, he had a long bamboo spear, and some Andaman cocoa-nut matting, with which I made a sort of a sail. For ten days we were beating about, trusting to luck, and on the eleventh we were picked up by a trader which was going from Singapore to Jiddah with a cargo of Malay pilgrims. They were a rum crowd, and Tonga and I soon managed to settle down among them. They had one very good quality: they let you alone and asked no questions.

"Well, if I were to tell you all the adventures that my little chum and I went through, you would not thank me, for I would have you here until the sun was shining. Here and there we drifted about the world, something always turning up to keep us from London. All the time, however, I never lost sight of my purpose. I would dream of Sholto at night. A hundred times I have killed him in my sleep. At last, however, some three or four years ago, we found ourselves in England. I had no great difficulty in finding where Sholto lived, and I set to work to discover whether he had realized the treasure, or if he still had it. I made friends with some one who could help me,—I name no names, for I don't want to get any one else in a hole,—and I soon found that he still had the jewels. Then I tried to get at him in many ways; but he was pretty sly, and had always two prize-fighters, besides his sons and his khitmutgar, on guard over him.

"One day, however, I got word that he was dying. I hurried at once to the garden, mad that he should slip out of my clutches like that, and, looking through the window, I saw him lying in his bed, with his sons on each side of him. I'd have come through and taken my chance with the three of them, only even as I looked at him his jaw dropped, and I knew that he was gone. I got into his room that same night, though, and I searched his papers to see if there was any record of where he had hidden our jewels. There was not a line, however: so I came away, bitter and savage as a man could be. Before I left I bethought me that if I ever met my Sikh friends again it would be a satisfaction to know that I had left some mark of our hatred: so I scrawled down the sign of the four of us, as it had been on the chart, and I pinned it on his bosom. It was too much that he should be taken to the grave without some token from the men whom he had robbed and befooled.

"We earned a living at this time by my exhibiting poor Tonga at fairs and other such places as the black cannibal. He would eat raw meat and dance his war-dance: so we always had a hatful of pennies after a day's work. I still heard all the news from Pondicherry Lodge, and for some years there was no news to hear, except that they were hunting for the treasure. At last, however, came what we had

waited for so long. The treasure had been found. It was up at the top of the house, in Mr. Bartholomew Sholto's chemical laboratory. I came at once and had a look at the place, but I could not see how with my wooden leg I was to make my way up to it. I learned, however, about a trap-door in the roof, and also about Mr. Sholto's supper-hour. It seemed to me that I could manage the thing easily through Tonga. I brought him out with me with a long rope wound round his waist. He could climb like a cat, and he soon made his way through the roof, but, as ill luck would have it, Bartholomew Sholto was still in the room, to his cost. Tonga thought he had done something very clever in killing him, for when I came up by the rope I found him strutting about as proud as a peacock. Very much surprised was he when I made at him with the rope's end and cursed him for a little blood-thirsty imp. I took the treasure-box and let it down, and then slid down myself, having first left the sign of the four upon the table, to show that the jewels had come back at last to those who had most right to them. Tonga then pulled up the rope, closed the window, and made off the way that he had come.

"I don't know that I have anything else to tell you. I had heard a waterman speak of the speed of Smith's launch the Aurora, so I thought she would be a handy craft for our escape. I engaged with old Smith, and was to give him a big sum if he got us safe to our ship. He knew, no doubt, that there was some screw loose, but he was not in our secrets. All this is the truth, and if I tell it to you, gentlemen, it is not to amuse you,—for you have not done me a very good turn,—but it is because I believe the best defence I can make is just to hold back nothing, but let all the world know how badly I have myself been served by Major Sholto, and how innocent I am of the death of his son."

"A very remarkable account," said Sherlock Holmes. "A fitting wind-up to an extremely interesting case. There is nothing at all new to me in the latter part of your narrative, except that you brought your own rope. That I did not know. By the way, I had hoped that Tonga had lost all his darts; yet he managed to shoot one at us in the boat."

"He had lost them all, sir, except the one which was in his blow-pipe at the time."

"Ah, of course," said Holmes. "I had not thought of that."

"Is there any other point which you would like to ask about?" asked the convict, affably.

"I think not, thank you," my companion answered.

"Well, Holmes," said Athelney Jones, "you are a man to be humored, and we all know that you are a connoisseur of crime, but duty is duty, and I have gone rather far in doing what you and your friend asked me. I shall feel more at ease when we have our story-teller here safe under lock and key. The cab still waits, and there are two inspectors down-stairs. I am much obliged to you both for your assistance. Of course you will be wanted at the trial. Good-night to you."

"Good-night, gentlemen both," said Jonathan Small.

"You first, Small," remarked the wary Jones as they left the room. "I'll take particular care that you don't club me with your wooden leg, whatever you may have done to the gentleman at the Andaman Isles."

"Well, and there is the end of our little drama," I remarked, after we had sat some time smoking in silence. "I fear that it may be the last investigation in which I shall have the chance of studying your methods. Miss Morstan has done me the honor to accept me as a husband in prospective."

He gave a most dismal groan. "I feared as much," said he. "I really cannot congratulate you."

I was a little hurt. "Have you any reason to be dissatisfied with my choice?" I asked.

"Not at all. I think she is one of the most charming young ladies I ever met, and might have been most useful in such work as we have been doing. She had a decided genius that way: witness the way in which she preserved that Agra plan from all the other papers of her father. But love is an emotional thing, and whatever is emotional is opposed to that true cold reason which I place above all things. I should never marry myself, lest I bias my judgment."

"I trust," said I, laughing, "that my judgment may survive the ordeal. But you look weary."

"Yes, the reaction is already upon me. I shall be as limp as a rag for a week."

"Strange," said I, "how terms of what in another man I should call laziness alternate with your fits of splendid energy and vigor."

"Yes," he answered, "there are in me the makings of a very fine loafer and also of a pretty spry sort of fellow. I often think of those lines of old Goethe,—

> Schade dass die Natur nur *einen* Mensch aus dir schuf,
> Denn zum würdigen Mann war und zum Schelmen der Stoff.

By the way, *à propos* of this Norwood business, you see that they had, as I surmised, a confederate in the house, who could be none other than Lal Rao, the butler: so Jones actually has the undivided honor of having caught one fish in his great haul."

"The division seems rather unfair," I remarked. "You have done all the work in this business. I get a wife out of it, Jones gets the credit, pray what remains for you?"

"For me," said Sherlock Holmes, "there still remains the cocaine-bottle." And he stretched his long white hand up for it.

THE END.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

HOW HAWTHORNE WROTE.

II.

[WE have seen, in last month's instalment, the manner in which Nathaniel Hawthorne laid his first grasp upon the elements of a story,—how the subject began to shape itself, not in his mind, perhaps, but under his hand, after the early mental processes had already been performed. Instead of starting, as in the published "Septimius," with a pastoral glimpse of those young people on a spring day, and with an allusion to the impending shadow of war, he aims at once at the core of the matter, and brings the hero, Septimius, himself to investigation. Until he has made this central figure in some degree real and reasonable to his own view, he cannot, it would seem, attend to any of the side-issues or environment of the tale. It is the human beings that he cares for,—their inmost hearts and souls: their outward aspect, and the events in which they are to take part, exist solely as an outcome of what they are, and as a means of forcing that inner being of theirs into visible manifestation. Meanwhile, however, the proportions and coloring of the story regarded as a whole, and from the artist's point of view, are always present in his mind, and he perceives intuitively the propriety of grouping certain elements in the picture. The story is of Life, its possibilities and its limitations; and the characters and occurrences on which the action turns must be representative respectively of the most widely diverse types of humanity and of the most fundamental situations. It is not even necessary to suppose that Hawthorne consciously resolved on this; but he conceived his theme deeply and reverently, and the artistic instinct in him—which is merely the instinct to be true—supplied the rest.

Now, it may be noted that not only in the present story and in "Septimius," but in "The Dolliver Romance," and even in "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" (which has no avowed relation to the idea of earthly immortality), there are certain leading characters bearing to one another something more than a family resemblance. The same character, in the various stories, will not always have the same part to play; yet he or she will have a like effect in the different designs. Take, for example, the character of Doctor Grimshawe himself. He is described as broad, rather short, shaggy-headed, with a red ugly face and fierce red eyes; he continually smokes a pipe and has recourse to a black bottle; he cultivates spiders, and talks in a queer, fierce, forcible, scoffing way that puzzles and intimidates his hearers. In "Septimius Felton" the personage known as Doctor Portsoaken is, with slight changes, the same man: he is a similar mixture of roughness, coarseness, intellect, mystery, and spider-webs. The Colonel Dabney of "The Dolliver Romance" is, again, but an elder brother of these two: he is more pronounced in evil than they, but the "grim old wreck,

with his ashen, angry, wrinkled face, which, till extreme age quenched it, had been a blazing red, his dull, fiery eyes, and his terrible outbursts of wrath," is obviously a member of the same family. A rich, strong, passionate color glows through them all,—a coarse, earthly force, which, to the author's perception, was a necessary element in a tale of earthly immortality. It is echoed in the crusty Hannah of "Grimshawe," in the old Martha of "Dolliver," and in the much more elaborated Aunt Keziah and Aunt Nashoba of "Septimius" and "The Elixir." On the opposite or spiritual side, we have, in the different stories, the children Elsie and Pansie, and the maiden Rose; and in "Septimius" and in the present story there is the mysterious, phantom-like girl whom the young officer wronged, and who haunts his grave on the hill-top.

These and other features of resemblance in the stories are the result, not of any dearth of inventiveness in the writer's mind, but of a controlling artistic instinct, which recognized their presence as essential to the proper treatment of the theme. And if the earthly features are emphasized more strongly than the spiritual ones, it is by way of indicating that it is to this side of our nature that the idea of earthly immortality most strongly appeals, and towards which those who favor it inevitably tend. For immortality, in the usual sense, is one thing, and indefinite prolongation of physical existence is quite another,—is, indeed, separated from it as nadir from zenith. It is the aim of the story to explain and expound this difference; and the spiritual aspect of it, as being familiar to thought, is passed over lightly.

We now come to the second distinct step in the evolution of the idea,—the analysis of death. Until this step has been taken, we are not in a position to appreciate the value either of a physical life freed from the apprehension of death, or of a spiritual life which has left death's gates behind it. The placing of the story at a period of war renders the introduction of the necessary episode natural and unforced. Septimius might have been made a murderer; but a needless shadow would thus have been cast upon the picture, and a superfluous element introduced into his character. As it is, we are required only to contemplate the abrupt and untimely termination of a life, the agent being the very man, of all others, to whom physical life has assumed an exaggerated and paramount value. The perverse irony of the situation is manifest; and it is also made to subserve the advancement of the plot. For the gay, fascinating, and somewhat cynical young English officer whom Septimius slays (in a sort of duel forced on him by the officer himself) turns out to be his own distant kinsman, the last representative of the English branch of the family that remained in possession of the English estates at the remote and indeterminate epoch of the American emigrants' departure. The bearing of this upon Septimius's history will be immediately evident.

The succession of events at this point is enough like that in the published "Septimius" to relieve us of the necessity of quoting at length. We see the dawn of the April morning, after a night of vague alarms, rumors, and omens, when the British soldiers, in their march from Boston, had received their first check in Lexington, and were now advancing along the old road which still stretches between that town

and Concord. Septimius, his step-sister Rose, and her lover, Robert, are standing by the roadside before their dwellings, discussing the news, and full of dark forebodings. And even now the head of the column is seen amidst the dust down the road, the barrels of their muskets gleaming in the sunshine. Robert counsels Rose to fly, but old Aunt Nashoba will not have it so.]

"No, no," she cries, brandishing a broom, "let her stay here with me! I'm not afraid of the villains, though they spare neither men nor women. And you, Seppy, my boy, what do you mean to do? Where's your old gun, that came from England, and that was owned by the Norton that lived among the Indians? Some say Satan gave it to him, and that the barrel was forged in Tophet, and so cunningly that it is sure to kill. Where is it, I say? It is not in your blood, whether Indian, Norman, or Puritan, to be quiet such a day as this!"

But Septimius is sensible of an odd chilliness and composure, "like those places of still water that we see in a rushing stream." "I know not what I have to do with the quarrel," he says, coolly. "I am almost a clergyman, and have no such conviction of our right as would justify me in shedding blood or taking life,—that precious possession that we should be so much the more careful of because we know not what it is, nor why it is given, and so cannot justly estimate its value; only, all our instincts assure us that it is incalculably valuable. Ah, what a strength of motive must it be," he adds, "that would induce me to take what I myself hold at so high a price and would keep so tenaciously!"

Aunt Nashoba peers askance into his face, marvelling whence he inherits this coldness of the blood, and doubting that he is bewitched; and Robert, scandalized at his mood, strives to awaken his spirit. "These British regulars," he exclaims, "have killed your countrymen, and are marching hither with bloody hands, to kill us, and burn our houses, and haul away our women by the hair, and you talk of the preciousness of human life! If I get near enough to one of those Englishmen to see the buttons on his waistcoat, he shall find what value I have for his life,—just at the powder and bullet that it will take to kill him!" And when Rose would deprecate his fierceness, "Ah, Rose," he says, "do not say anything to discourage me! anything to make my hand tremble and shake my aim, or unnerve me if it comes to wielding the musket-butt, on a day like this. Bid me think what I have to fight for,—my country, my mother, you, Rose! What is a man's life—an enemy's or mine—in comparison with these?"

And here—because in any great tumult of affairs "there is an influence which causes feminine coldness and reserve to dissolve like a slight frost-work, so that young girls, if conscious of any weakness at heart, any slightest inclination for a young man, had better not trust themselves with him at such times, for it will be almost certain to display itself: rules of decorum are obliterated, maiden chariness is shaken from its proprieties; the great, restraining orderliness of human life being done away with, for the time, by the interposition of critical circumstances, all the ordinary rules are suspended along with it,"—at this strange juncture, then, "Rose allowed Robert—or rather she could not help it—to be aware of a tenderness on her part that she had never before betrayed; and, scarcely conscious that Septimius and Aunt Nashoba were there, she suffered him half to enclose her with his arm." Whereupon Aunt Nashoba, sneering at them, like an old witch as she was, jogs Septimius's arm. "Look at them!" she says. "Isn't it a pretty sight, when the people's hearts are stirring up to war, and when in an hour some of us may be lying dead, and the boy Robert among them! I wonder how a woman feels to be hugged! Nobody ever hugged me!" No wonder; for, "to say the truth, there never could have been much feminine charm in poor Aunt Nashoba, even in her freshest days; and now she was surely the ugliest old squaw-like, witch-like figure, so fierce, so wild, so slovenly, that could well be seen or fancied: smoke-dried, too, yellow as the jaundice, wrinkled, and with the Indian look more perceptible than usual under the stir of the morning's alarm. On the other hand, there could not be a chaster yet tenderer spectacle than that of the young man and girl, whom the flames of mutual affection seemed to envelop in a sort of illuminated veil, for an instant, before the two spectators; so sweet a sight, so congenial with that soft, sunny morning of early

spring, as if that genial sunshine were what had brought it to sudden perfection; whereas it was the high atmosphere of danger and trouble in which this Alpine flower had bloomed."

The spectacle softens even Aunt Nashoba. "He is a goodly young fellow," she mutters, "six feet and an inch high at least, and as stalwart a man as shoulders his musket to-day. And Rose is a pretty flower: none of the witch blood in her veins,—she'd never ride on a broomstick, or brandish a tomahawk; but she has her uses, for all that. God bless them both!"

[This picturesque passage is not found in "Septimius Felton."]

Meanwhile, the British, preceded by five or six mounted officers, were advancing at a rapid pace, the officers pausing occasionally to let the column of infantry come up. One of these halts took place opposite Septimius's abode. Seeing Septimius standing there with his aunt and sister (Robert had departed to join the militia in the village), the officers spoke together, and one of them, a handsome and gay young fellow, threw himself from his horse and approached the group.

"How far off is the village, bumpkin?" said he, with a kind of insolent good humor; "and is this the way?"

"It is not my business to tell you," said Septimius, haughtily, though his heart beat quick at finding himself thus immediately confronted with the enemy. "I am no traitor!"

"No traitor, only a rebel," said the young officer, laughing carelessly. "But we will not shoot you for your contumacy; at least not yet, while we have this very pretty damsel, and this respectable old lady, to give us the information which you refuse.—What say you, my dear?" he continued, addressing Rose; "will you tell a poor youth the way, and go along with him a little, showing it?"

"Get along with you, villain!" cried Aunt Nashoba, unconsciously clawing into vacancy, as if impelled to clutch the young man's curling locks. "We will show you no way, unless it be to the pit! Meddle with me and see what you come by! My great-grandfather took a scalp, and perhaps the hair was as curly as that on your head!"

But Rose, fearing an actual encounter, pointed along the road. "There, there is your way," she said. "Good Englishman, for Heaven's sake don't harm us!"

"Harm you! Not for the world, my angel,—unless you call this harm!" said the young man, suddenly throwing his arm round the young girl's neck and snatching a kiss; "and as for the excellent and warlike old dame, in case of an encounter I fear I should come by more harm than I could possibly do her. So, another kiss, and I am gone!"

"Stop, sir!" said Septimius, who ought, indeed, to have interfered sooner, but, being a person of shy habits, with no propensity for action, had not readily seen what to do. "Coward, do you make war on women?"

Being of a temper irascible enough, but that kindled gradually, he was by this time in a dark rage, and, clutching at the insolent young Englishman's throat, might have done him a mischief, being of a more stalwart make than he, had they really come to close grips. But the officer, who seemed to keep his physical powers as well as his wits prompt for use, easily escaped from his grasp, without laying hand on

sword, and, as safe as if he were of intangible essence, held up his riding-whip, playfully threatening his antagonist.

"Take care, friend, take care, or you will come by a notable disgrace," cried he; "and I would not willingly inflict it in presence of your pretty sweetheart, or sister, whichever she be, for the sake of the kiss I snatched from her."

"Come, no more of this nonsense!" cried one of the young man's companions, impatiently. "Here is old Pitcairn close behind. Mount, and forward, or you will be sharply reprimanded."

The officer made no more delay, but, flinging a laughing and kindly glance at Rose, one of gibing defiance at Septimius, and making a mock obeisance to Aunt Nashoba, who uttered a kind of spiteful snort in reply, like a cat just ready for the scratch, he mounted and rode forward, laughing merrily with his companions.

[It will repay students to compare the above more elaborate version of the scene with the brief treatment of it in "Septimius." All this part of the story is worked up in greater detail than in the published romance, though resembling it in general features; and Aunt Nashoba, throughout, is given much more prominence than Aunt Keziah in the other book. While the British column is marching by, for example, she delivers herself of the following remark: "If our men now, Seppy, are what they were when your great-grandfather the parson shot an Indian with his great-grandfather's gun, not half of these villains will ever see Boston again, not to say their own country. Ha! ha! I wonder how many of their shirts will be bloody before night! I pity the washerwoman!" And a little later we see the old lady working off her superfluous energy in her domestic duties, which she "carried on with more than her usual vigor; rattling among pots and pans with a sort of frenzy, and often taking a slight potation from a certain earthen jug, the muzzle of which was stopped with a corn-cob, and which seemed much to comfort Aunt Nashoba, although by no means to assuage the fiery ardor of her proceedings. She rattled and clattered like a whirlwind through the house, making still another and another and yet other visits to the brown jug aforesaid, of the contents of which (and they are very important to our story) we shall give the reader such account as we can, in a future page."

An interval now elapses, during which the British soldiers are marching to Concord bridge and meeting their repulse there, whereof faint intimations come through the air to Septimius, who, outwardly calm, is inwardly deeply perturbed. For, "when we are angriest or most passion-stirred in whatever mood of love or hate, or in highest poetic mood, or in whatever intensest action, there is a certain semblance of quiet, which has a homely symbol in the slumbering and snoring of a child's top, that goes to sleep because it is in such a frantic whirl."

Presently to him enters Aunt Nashoba.]

"Seppy, boy, what is the matter with you? Ain't you ashamed to hide yourself in the house, when every young man in the country is astir? Here is the old gun I have brought you, and the powder-horn.

You used to shoot ducks well enough: try if you can hit a man, with that Indian eye of yours!"

"Well, Aunt Nashoba," said Septimius, opening the door, "so far as taking the gun in hand and going to our own hill-top, I will do as you bid me. But I will slay nobody. Do not hope it."

"That is as may turn out," said Aunt Nashoba, turning upon him with her wild, cruel eyes all glittering, so that she was transformed into an actual squaw. "You will be the first of your race that did not bloody his hand when there was good opportunity. But be careful, Seppy dear. Tree yourself, and watch your chance."

He took the ponderous old gun, which might once have had a match-lock, but now had a clumsy old wheel-lock, and threw over his shoulder the antique powder-horn, carved curiously with devices of twining snakes and tortoises, that looked like an Indian's handiwork; and with these and a green bullet-pouch, he left the house, and climbed the hill-side. He heard Rose calling to him, but did not turn back.

Here he remains, hearing the sounds of the retreat of the British gradually coming nearer, until the redcoats themselves appear down the road, having thrown out a flank guard on the ridge of hills to their left. The men of this squad presently ascend his own hill, and as he withdraws among the bushes they pass close to him. In their rear follows a young officer, who, hearing a slight noise made by Septimius, covers him with his pistol, and cries out, "Stand forth, or I shoot!"

Out steps Septimius accordingly, and the two recognize each other. It is the same young officer that had snatched a kiss from Rose. In compliance with his challenge, though unwillingly, Septimius raises his gun, and both fire. Septimius feels a sting on his temple, where the bullet of the officer grazed him; but the latter falls dying, with a hole in his breast.

Septimius is horror-struck, and scarcely realizes what has happened; but the officer is dying in earnest, and hastens to give his slayer some directions regarding the disposal of his remains. Round his neck he wears a miniature of a woman's face, which he desired to have sent to a certain address, although the bullet that had wounded him had passed through the pictured countenance. His sword and fusil belong to Septimius as spoils of war, and his watch he gives him as a keepsake. Then he bids him bury him where he lies. "I have a reason for it," he says, "and a most earnest one, and there may be mischief if you disregard my wish. Bury me here, and tell no one the spot. A secret," he adds, "shall be buried with me, that has vexed my race too long. See that you keep your promise, or there may be a penalty come even on you. Bury me as I lie. Take nothing from me save what I have given you. Farewell!"

"Shall I pray with you?" says Septimius, in a faltering voice.

"I thank you," replies the other, quietly, though speaking with difficulty, "but I seem to hear my mother's voice, telling me to say the same old familiar words she used to say by my bedside when I was a child. Ah! I know I have been a wild and naughty child, dear mother; but you are praying for me, and all will be well. Yes, I hear her quiet voice, as of old. All will be well. God forgive me. Amen!"

He seems to sink away, but after a moment partly revives again, and mutters that he dreamt that some one was groping in his breast. Then, with another farewell, he closes his eyes and dies indeed. Septimius has slain a man.

The gloom and horror of his lonely meditation are disturbed by a step among the shrubbery; and here follows a scene not found in "Septimius."

He heard a screeching voice, in as ugly a tone as ever came from the human throat, if it were not rather a screech-owl's; for it was fierce, and all the worse because it was a woman that made it; and

Septimius knew whose it was, in spite of a fierceness and horror that he had never heard in it before.

"Seppy! Scalp him, Seppy!"

He turned slowly round, and there, just peeping over the hill, was Aunt Nashoba, with whatever there was of witch and Indian squaw in her alive and triumphing over what civilization and Christianity had been trying for a century and a half to do towards taming her,—a strange, turbulent figure, with her Indian eyes glittering, stretching out her claws towards the poor victim, as if she would herself do what she bade Septimius do. As he made no response, she came stealthily creeping towards the corpse, appearing to be drawn by it, as such things have a sensible attraction for wild beasts; or like a crow snuffing carrion; till she stood over it, looking down upon it with an insatiable curiosity and a kind of greediness.

"Ah, the villain!" muttered she. "That was a shot worthy of our old red grandsire. Scalp him, Seppy! scalp him!"

"Hush, witch! are you woman at all? Look at the boy, and think that he had a mother!" said Septimius, in utter loathing of poor Aunt Nashoba.

Whether it were that Septimius's harsh rebuke produced the effect, or that her hidden womanhood—the English womanhood, capable of tender love, sweet and mild affections, and household woes and joys—awoke in her and overcame the savage strain whose instinct it was to be like the she-wolf—so it was that, as Aunt Nashoba looked down on the dead youth, a change came over her face, and, as well as its ugliness might allow, it began to show symptoms of compassion.

"Well, he is a beauty, and but a boy, too, with his mother's milk hardly out of him. Oh, Seppy, Seppy, it was a cruel thing to kill him, when the Indian has been out of you so long! But is he quite dead? If there's any life in him, a taste of my drink might raise him from the dead: your great-grandsire could all but raise the dead with it."

"Your drink will not help him," said Septimius. "Nothing will help him. He is dead, and I must bury him here."

"Here! on our hill-top! without a funeral! without a coffin!" cried Aunt Nashoba. "Why, Seppy, 'twill be heathenish—cruel! I shall lose my church-membership if I consent to it."

"He chose it himself, poor fellow," answered Septimius, "and I have promised to gratify him. And it is not for you and me, Aunt Nashoba, with the blood that we inherit, to be horror-stricken at the thought of putting a man to his last rest where he chanced to fall and die. Many of our ancestry have lain unburied in their native forests, except as the leaves fell, autumn after autumn, and covered them."

"You say true, Seppy," said Aunt Nashoba; "and he is such a fresh blossom, that it would be a pity not to let him lie in fresh earth; for in our burial-ground it has been turned over-much, and is made up of bones of good housewives, heavy farmers, and such tame clay, that I should hate to have that earth clogging round my own old bones. So I'll help you bury the poor lad according to his own notion."

Feeling an uneasiness as long as the dead youth lay there, Septimius fetched a shovel and pickaxe, marked out a six-foot space, and began his unwonted office of grave-digger, and, burrowing vigorously, was soon half hidden in the hollow that he made. Aunt Nashoba, meanwhile, with tender care, laid the dead youth's limbs straight, and arranged the clustering curls over his brow; and taking off his crimson silken sash, which was very wide and voluminous when unfolded, and might have served to bear him off in, wounded, from a battle-field, she decided that this would be a fitting shroud to envelop him in. At length the new grave, though a somewhat rugged-sided and unshapely specimen of the narrow house, was ready for its tenant.

"Look at him," said Aunt Nashoba. "He's smiling at us, as if he were pleased with what we're doing for him."

The old woman was right. But, though Septimius struggled to believe that the smile was a divinely decreed augury of the blessedness of heavenly immortality, yet, sad doubter and questioner that he was, another view of the matter obtruded itself, and would not be shut out. What claim had this young man, having led a wild and evil life, and dying with a wrong upon his conscience (as Septimius inferred from something he had intimated about the young girl who was the original of the miniature), and having lost the purity of childhood, and contracted early the vices of a man,—what claim had he to receive the hallowed radiance of bliss at once upon his brow? How could it be the sign and seal of Heaven's approval, dying, as he did, in attempting a bloody act, and having scant time for the beginning of repentance, none for the genuine change of heart that could have transformed the dissolute boy into the purified spirit? Was this bliss upon the features, therefore, anything more than a token of that contemptuous kindness (it was Septimius's expression, not ours) which Nature shows, in innumerable ways, for our physical comfort; never giving us a needless anguish; and so, when death is inevitable, she has contrived that the bitterness of it should be past, and that the last effect of life, and the last sensation of the body, before feeling quite deserts it, should be a thrill of the very highest rapture that the body has ever experienced, and the glow resulting from it is what we see upon the features? This idea was of a piece with the earthliness that haunted all Septimius's meditations at this period: there was an evil ingenuity in it: he valued mortal life so much, chiefly because doubts had got possession of his mind, whether the end of all our being was not to be consummated here. Therefore none the more joyfully for this sweet and high expression did he proceed to lay his slain antagonist in the hasty grave prepared for him.

At Aunt Nashoba's suggestion, they opened the crimson sash upon the ground, when it proved to be six feet square, and very strong, though of so delicate a texture as not to have been cumbersome to the wearer; then lifted the corpse and laid it upon the silk, and gathered up the corners for a shroud.

"Lift you his head," said Aunt Nashoba.

"Are you strong enough to lift his feet?" said Septimius.

"I think so," said Aunt Nashoba: "I am a vigorous woman of

my age; but, to tell you the truth, Seppy, I am a good deal taken down by the thought of this poor boy's being killed on our hill. I thought the Indian blood would have helped me better than it does. Seppy, I must go down the hill and take just a sip of your great-grandsire's drink: it will strengthen me for anything. Meanwhile, do you be thinking of a prayer to say over him; else there will be nothing to keep him quiet in the new grave."

With these words, poor rheumatic Aunt Nashoba went down the hill, but speedily returned, looking much invigorated, refreshed, and comforted.

"Now say your prayer, Seppy, and we will lift him into his grave. You are almost a minister, you know."

"Would you have me lift hands like these to Heaven?" asked Septimius, holding them out before her eyes. "I will make no prayer to-day. Pray you if you like."

"I have no gift of prayer, Seppy," said Aunt Nashoba, "and I have heard it told of my great-grandmother that she went mumbling a prayer one day in the wood (she had lost her teeth and spoke very indistinctly), and the Black Man showed himself and said he was her God. Perhaps she did not quite know in her heart which of the two she loved. At any rate, they hanged the poor thing for it. Now, Seppy, I have sometimes, in my trouble, and when my drink was low in the bottle, had a temptation to try what would happen if I were to mumble a prayer, and whether the Black Man would do as much for me. So I will not pray at this grave, lest the wrong one hear it,—lest the young man's soul fare the worse for it."

"He will sleep as well without it," said Septimius.

"It's a pity to bury up this good silk," said Aunt Nashoba, feeling of the scarf, "but it serves him instead of all other decorations."

They put green branches at the bottom of the grave, lowered the slender form of the young man into it, and then threw in boughs of white pine and sprigs of wintergreen and hemlock, so that he was enclosed in a sort of green coffin. Then each threw a handful of earth into the grave, after which Septimius set to work with immense vigor and rapidity, shovelling the earth and pebbles back into the pit; for he had a repugnance to the lingering way in which Aunt Nashoba seemed inclined to perform their strange rites, as if she derived a dismal sort of enjoyment from the thing, something like that of a mother putting her child to bed; and finally she smoothed down the little hillock that rounded itself over what was just now a pit, as the mother smooths the pillow and bedclothes.

At that moment a distant boom of cannon smote upon the air, indicating that the disastrous rout of the British was stayed by reinforcements from Boston. The sound served to the young soldier for the volley which his comrades should have shot over him.

"Let it alone now, Aunt Nashoba," said Septimius, as the old woman kept smoothing down the heap. "You make it look too much like a grave already. People will wonder what it can be."

"Let them wonder, or let them know: what do you care?" said Aunt Nashoba. "A score of our townsmen will boast, all the rest of

their lives, of having done just such a deed as you have done to-day. To be sure, it is not quite the thing for a minister to do. Bloody fingers should not break the communion-bread. And yet I don't know! Your great-grandfather preached and prayed and broke the communion-bread twenty years after he slew and scalped the Indian."

"Scalped him!" exclaimed Septimius. "Did he scalp him, Aunt Nashoba?"

"That he did! and got the reward for it,—twenty pounds currency," answered the old lady.

"Then it's my belief he's had a fitter reward since!" said the young man. "But come, we have done all we can for poor Francis Norton. Let us leave him now."

"Francis Norton, do you call him?" said Aunt Nashoba.

"He so called himself," answered Septimius.

"Dear me! I thought I loved the boy strangely! Then he was one of our English relations, and nobody had a better right to bury him than we, though mayhap some other hand might more fitly have slain him. Here, Seppy, here's something that may tell you something about him, and what his kinship was. It's well we did not bury it."

[In "Septimius" the hero's family name is, early in the story, given as "Felton." The above passage indicates that the name here designed for him was the same as that of the youth he slew. It is also to be observed that in "Septimius" the officer gives the packet voluntarily to his slayer, whereas here he made it his last request to be buried with it. Aunt Nashoba unwittingly frustrates this wish, thereby inflicting upon her nephew some twinges of conscience.]

She put into his hand a parchment case or envelope, tied up with a string and sealed with black wax, and apparently containing papers; and as Septimius took it he perceived that the bullet had gone directly through it, and that it was besmeared with blood from the young officer's wound. The truth was that, in arranging the body for its extempore burial, Aunt Nashoba's hand had touched the parchment package, and, having a reverence for all written documents, the greater that she could not read them, she had taken possession of them, thinking that they might be of use above ground and could be of none beneath it. In so doing, however, she had probably defeated the whole object that Francis Norton had in view in prescribing the secret buried, and had kept still on earth some secret which he had apparently wished to be buried from the knowledge of man, and had kept a mischief alive and active which otherwise would have gone to decay, like a pestilence hidden among the bones and ashes of its last victim.

"Aunt Nashoba, you have done wrong," said Septimius, sternly; for it is to be noted that, since he had slain a man, he insensibly took more state and authority on him than heretofore. "You have made me violate the poor youth's dying wishes, and break my promise to bury along with him everything save the articles which he mentioned, and which he freely bequeathed to me, his slayer. It is impressed on my mind that there is deadly mischief within this parchment, be-

smeared with blood as it is, and bored with the deadly bullet. You are responsible to me and the world for it."

"No, no, Seppy," said Aunt Nashoba, "I'll not be answerable for any witchcraft there may be in that package. You need never break the seal, unless you like; and if you choose to bury it again, there is the spade, and there's the earth lying loose as yet: so 'twill be easy digging. But if you'll take my advice you'll keep the package, and open it and puzzle it out at your leisure. Who knows what it may be? I've often heard that, if ever we had our rights, there are great estates coming to us in England; and these papers may tell us all about it. But bury them if you like. It is your own choice to keep them or no."

If there had been no other inducement to keep the package than the one suggested by Aunt Nashoba,—the chance, namely, that it might contain documents enabling him to trace out and establish his claim to an English inheritance,—it is probable that Septimius would again have betaken himself to the grave-digger's toil, and not have rested till he had deposited the mysterious parchment on the dead breast of its former possessor, thus hiding forever the secret that it contained. But the young officer had uttered a few words that sank into Septimius's memory and were more strongly felt and appreciated by him now than when he had heard them. When uttered, they seemed to partake of the mocking, mystifying, playful, boyish mood in which, so far as Septimius had opportunity to observe, the young officer indulged, and which even his death-wound had not wholly done away with. Therefore it might all, perhaps, have been an old hereditary jest, handed down from generation to generation, and laughed at by each with a mirth that was but an echo and could not be appreciated by strangers. But now, with that fresh hillock before him, and the blood-stained corpse that he knew was beneath it, the words took the solemnity of a dying man's almost latest utterance; the assertion (for so Septimius interpreted it) that his fatal bullet had cut off the prospect of an existence capable of being prolonged indefinitely beyond the common lot of mortals; and what was more natural than to suppose the secret of such existence contained in the package so strangely treasured in the young man's breast? or what likelier than that, disappointed of his hope of such long life, he should choose, in a natural resentment, to keep the benefit of it from his slayer?

"At all events," thought he, "it was a mad wish of his to seek to bury the secret with him, be it what it may. I am his executor at least, if not his heir, and can better judge what is fit to be done than he, in the surprise and agony of his dying moments. I will examine the papers, and bury them afterwards, should that appear the best mode of dealing with them."

They now descended the hill, Septimius bearing along with him the spoils of the poor youth,—the sword, the gun, and the rest of the property which he resolved to keep in trust for the heirs of the young man, whenever they should appear. On reaching the house, Aunt Nashoba betook herself to the chimney-corner, where she squatted (a favorite attitude of hers, derived from the Indians) over the little rem-

nant of embers, looking much like a very old and withered frog; and, first of all taking a cupful of her favorite herb-drink, she lighted a pipe, and brooded over the occurrences of the day, uttering no distinct word, but mumbling a good deal of indistinct mutter, which seemed to be of much the same substance as the puffs of strongly odorous smoke which came from her lips. Probably it was this habit of muttering to herself, together, perhaps, with the deep rumblings of wind in the chimney, that seemed to answer her, that led to the odd stories about Aunt Nashoba's holding conversations with the demons,—a scandal for which it was once moved to bring her before the church and to combine with this investigation an inquiry into the composition of the herb-drink of which she made such a mystery. Fortunately, the minister discouraged the idea, and Aunt Nashoba still continued to mumble in her chimney-corner, puff her rank tobacco, and sip her herb-drink, in peace.

In reference to this very drink, moreover, there was an awful statement that it was concocted after a recipe from that famous ancestress who had been hanged for witchcraft, and that it was the liquor brewed in the infernal regions, which used to be handed round for the refreshment and delectation of the company at the merry-meetings of witches, wizards, Indian sorcerers, and demons, in the primitive forest. And, furthermore, those who had been favored by Aunt Nashoba with an opportunity to taste this exquisite beverage ever afterwards believed the legend, believing that such a brewage could have had no less diabolical an origin.

[Here we will leave Septimius until next month. The above scene at the grave differs in most respects from that in the published volume. There it is the minister, and not Aunt Nashoba, who surprises Septimius on the hill-top, beside the body of his victim, and the conversation that ensues between them is of a comparatively unimportant character. It is evident that it was Hawthorne's original intention to make Aunt Nashoba a leading personage in the evolution of the tale: her portrait is already very powerfully drawn. In the next instalment we shall see in what adventures and complications the possession of the parchment packet involved him.]

Julian Hawthorne.

(To be continued.)

EVERGREENS.

HOW deathlessly from age to age
The master-minds have wrought!
We cull from many a precious page
Their evergreens of thought.

William H. Hayne.

WHY DO WE MEASURE MANKIND?

WHY should you, the reader, put yourself to the trouble of being measured, weighed, and otherwise tested? Why should I, the writer, and why should others, take the trouble of persuading you to go through the process? Are the objects to be gained sufficient to deserve this fuss? The reader may be supposed to say, "I do not care for science, and do not intend to go out of my way to advance it. The so-called scientific men may, and probably have, reasons satisfactory to themselves for asking me to go and be tested, but their motives do not influence me a jot. If anybody can show me that all this measuring will be useful to myself, I will undergo it with pleasure; otherwise not."

It is to this very cynical and not quite imaginary speaker that the first answer must be given. It will make it easier to do so satisfactorily if we confine ourselves to showing that there will be at least a fair proportion between his expenditure and what he will gain by it. So we must begin by showing what the cost of measurement is likely to be.

At the laboratory at Cambridge the charge of threepence per head suffices to defray the working expenses of a short but important series of tests, and of registering the results for future reference. But the use of the part of the room where the testing is carried on is given free of cost, the operator has other sources of remuneration, and the instruments were presented. At the International Health Exhibition the charge was the same, and fully defrayed the working expenses. Here also the necessary space and protection were gratuitously given, and the instruments were lent. The little laboratory I have started and carry on, that is attached to the Western Gallery of the South Kensington Scientific Collection, hardly serves as a guide towards expense. There the measurements are at present gratuitous. I think we may say, roundly, that a laboratory that was much and regularly frequented could be wholly and well maintained by a charge of a shilling per head. Accepting this as a basis to reason from, the question that the cynical reader is supposed to have asked may be changed into this:

"Is it worth while for myself, or for my boys and girls, to pay a shilling, a sixpence, or other small sum, in order to be measured and tested in many ways, to have the results registered for future reference, and their meaning explained?" I do not say anything about the trouble of going to the laboratory, because there may be an equivalent for it in the instruction to be found in the books and diagrams that are kept there, and in the amusement of seeing the process. I have always noticed that people seem much interested in looking on.

First, as regards boys and girls, in what way would the measurements be worth the expenditure on them? The answer is briefly this. They will show how the boy or girl ranks among other children of the same sex, age, and of similar social position, in respect to physical efficiency in various specified respects, which give a fair indication of

physical efficiency generally. A comparison of the measures made from time to time will show whether the child maintains his former rank, or whether he is gaining on it or losing it. It must be confessed that at the present moment the necessary tables for giving this information are very imperfect. They exist as yet only for some faculties, ages, and broad subdivisions of social position. But there is nothing to hinder the indefinite extension of tables of this kind. Their construction is steadily going on. Before long, the required information may be given with perfect distinctness for many measurable qualities.

As an example of what can easily be done, let us consider the measurement of eyesight. Its degree of keenness, in persons whose power of accommodating the focal length is normal, is most easily ascertained by noting the greatest distance at which printed numerals of a specified size can be freely read. Measurement would give an indication of the eyesight becoming less good, long before the child would find it out for himself or before its impairment could attract the observation of others. It is frightful to think of the frequent mischief to eyesight that has been caused by the neglect at schools of the most elementary requisites to protect it from unnecessary strain, such as an abundance of light coming from the proper direction, and desks and chairs so shaped as to discourage a lolling or sidelong attitude, by supporting the book or paper squarely before the reader. The stupid want of care in providing these essentials to eye-comfort has gone far towards converting the educated classes of Germany and the cultured girls of England into short-sighted sections of society. When measurement shows that the sight is beginning to be slightly impaired, there is probably time to hunt out and abolish the cause of mischief before serious harm is done, and an occasional small fee would be little grudged by most persons to insure so timely a warning of danger.

The unobserved existence of color-blindness is another possibility well worth being inquired into at an early age, as it materially limits the choice of occupation. It is curious to hear how late it may be in life before this remarkable defect is found out either by the person or his friends; and, as it affects about one male in twenty-five, the risk of being subject to it is considerable. I have myself witnessed painful scenes at my own laboratory when the discovery was first made by grown-up persons who came there for general measurement. One case occurs vividly to me as I write, which will serve as an example of what might often happen. A young widow brought her only son, a youth of about eighteen, to the laboratory. When he was put to the color test he blundered hopelessly among the reds and greens. I privately drew his mother's attention to his indecision and blunders, while he was in the midst of them, but she could not or would not believe that he really had not the power of distinguishing colors. At first she thought he was joking, then she expressed her vexation at his silliness, and at last grew quite angry with the lad. Poor boy! It was easy to realize from that brief experience all the accusations of stupidity and of negligence and all the humiliations that must be endured by every color-blind person, until the true cause of his failures is ascertained to be due neither to stupidity nor to negligence, but to a natural incapacity in a

single particular. Not a few persons have entered upon their occupations without the least conception that this irremediable defect must cause them to fail. In some pursuits color-blindness is no hinderance to success: in others it is an absolute bar. Therefore before preparing plans for a start in life the efficiency of the color sense ought to be tested.

The rest of my remarks will refer to adults as well as to youths, though after adult life has been reached the value of yearly measurement decreases. Perhaps the best general test of bodily efficiency is the breathing capacity, taken not by itself, but with reference either to the stature or the weight. Lungs that are amply large enough for a small man would be wholly inefficient for a large one, as the tables of averages and of "rank" show very distinctly. The next test in importance is that of strength, and preferably the strength of grip. It serves as a fair sample of the general strength, and it can be measured very easily and accurately, without any risk of bodily strain. Like the breathing capacity, the strength also has to be considered in reference to the stature. The possession of a considerable amount of breathing capacity and of muscular strength is an important element of success in an active life, and the rank that a youth holds among his fellows in these respects is a valuable guide to the selection of the occupation for which he is naturally fitted, whether it should be an active or a sedentary one. As life proceeds, the strength declines somewhat, and the breathing capacity is materially reduced. It is well that a man should have the advantage which occasional measurement affords, to be warned of any premature decay in his powers. If it should take place, and if it is due to mere indolence and disuse, he may exert himself with advantage before it is too late. A register of measures resembles a well-kept account-book. It shows from time to time the exact state of a man's powers, as the account-book shows that of his fortune.

Whatever may be whispered by the inner voices of vanity or of envy, no sane and experienced person can doubt the enormous difference between the natural gifts of different men, whether in moral power, in taste, in intellect, or in physical endowments. Those who have frequently pitted themselves fairly against others, doing their very best to succeed, must have often known what it is to be utterly beaten by their natural superiors. It is only those who have kept aloof from contest who can possibly flatter themselves with the belief that their failures are wholly due to circumstance and in no degree to natural incapacity. Such persons will quickly be awakened from their self-conceit by submitting themselves to physical measurement and thereby ascertaining their exact rank among others in each several respect. They will be pretty sure to receive a good moral lesson from the results.

Employers of labor might often find it helpful to require a list of laboratory measurements when selecting between many candidates who otherwise seem to be equal in merit. Certainly a man who was thereby shown to be measurably much more highly endowed than the generality of his class with physical efficiency would have a corresponding chance of being selected for any post in which physical efficiency of the kind tested was of advantage. I have great hope of seeing a system of

moderate marks for physical efficiency introduced into the competitive examinations of candidates for the Army, Navy, and Indian Civil Services.

In this brief notice I will allude to only one other advantage in going to a laboratory,—namely, the help that the registration of the measures might hereafter give to identification. Rogues had better avoid such places, but respectable people who may possibly at some future time desire to have their identity proved, or at least their presumed identity with some other undesirable personage disproved, might reasonably go to a laboratory to secure the necessary evidence. Differences that hardly strike the eye or are retained in the memory, whether of the breadth or of the length of the head, or of the cubit, or of the length of foot, and so forth, exceed the greatest errors of measurement that need be feared, added to the utmost change of which the human body is capable between the ages of twenty-one and sixty. They are relied upon as guides to identification in the criminal administration of France, according to the method of M. Alphonse Bertillon. The prints of the thumbs or fingers also afford a singularly exact means of identification. I now always cause the thumb-prints to be taken at my laboratory, partly for that reason, and partly because they bear, to myself, a present interest of their own, that lies wholly outside the subject we are talking about, and of which I hope before long to give some account.

The stage at which we have thus far arrived is that a man who occasionally takes a child, or who goes for his own sake, to a well-equipped laboratory where numerous measurements are made, where their meaning is explained and the results are preserved, will obtain what is worth much more to himself than the small fee which is sufficient to defray the cost of the process.

Now let us endeavor to justify those who, like the writer of these remarks, are taking much trouble to persuade persons to be measured and afterwards to discuss the results. Is it more than a harmless hobby on their part, or have they substantial reasons for what they do? My reply is that these measurements afford apparently the only way of obtaining information upon a variety of important topics on which we are at present in deplorable ignorance.

For example, we have no knowledge of the degree in which the promises of youth are fulfilled in after-life. How far may the vigor, strength, keenness of senses, and efficiency in other respects at the various ages of childhood and boyhood be accepted as true indications of the future efficiency of the man? The answer to this question has a direct bearing on the value of examinations at different ages, as a means of selecting capable candidates for employment. To the best of my knowledge, this problem has never been adequately discussed,—mainly, I presume, owing to the want of a sufficient collection of trustworthy data. It is a question that admits of a perfectly precise and complete answer, as those who are familiar with the modern developments of statistical analysis are well able to appreciate.

Another problem is to ascertain with precision the influences of special education as distinguished from natural capacity. Suppose there

are two youths who have been reared in a similar and ordinary way, and who are alike in their physical performances, but that one of them afterwards becomes an artisan in a trade that greatly exercises some particular set of muscles, while there is nothing peculiar in the occupation followed by the other. The years go by, and the performances of the same persons are again compared. What is the difference between them now, in respect to the set of muscles in question? By taking many such pairs, the entire history of the effects of that sort of education ought to be clearly made out. We should learn, and be able to express in a very compendious way, the frequency with which education produces each of the various gradations of effect. We should, for example, know in what proportion of cases the strength of those muscles was increased by a quarter, by a half, or in any other ratio. No measurements of persons engaged in different occupations, without a knowledge of their previous history, can tell us this. It would be absurd to compare the strength of the arms of blacksmiths with that of the arms of tailors, for the very obvious reason that strong men rarely become tailors, or weak men blacksmiths. The results of such comparisons as these would confuse natural gifts with acquired ones, and would probably be more influenced by the former than by the latter.

It would be most instructive to analyze the measures after a sufficient number had accumulated, in order to find out the rate at which the education of a muscle or a faculty proceeds. At a gymnasium the hitherto imperfectly exercised muscles of new-comers become rapidly strengthened, but the rate of their daily improvement steadily lessens, and at last it stands still. Then the limit of perfectibility has been reached. Experiences of this kind on a large enough scale to give trustworthy results would have a direct bearing on the science of education.

The effect of environment is another obvious line of investigation. As we should have *precise measures* to deal with, we might fairly hope to obtain *precise* results. This, in the most general sense and in the briefest form, is the true justification of those who spend their time in measuring mankind.

The educational effect of a habit of human measurement may be of much value in promoting accuracy of ideas and language. The present vague way in which men mostly estimate and describe the performances of themselves or others testifies to much muddleheadedness and to a sad lack of power of expression. There is no measure in their epithets; their phraseology readily flies off into hyperbole; superlatives abound, but precision is wanting. The generality of mankind would be astonished to learn that a precise measure may be applied to the general performance of a man, although his performances vary in value from time to time, and that a measure of the most successful performance is of very little importance. They never dream of using the simple scientific expression, say in reference to a marksman, that such a proportion of his shots, at such and such a range, lie within such and such a distance either to the right or to the left of the bull's-eye. They have no conception of *the completeness* with which a brief statement like that defines the varying accuracy of his aim; how it enables us to foretell the distance within which one-quarter of his shots, one-half, or any

other specified proportion of them, will fall. There is a world of interest hidden from the minds of the great majority of educated men, to whom the conceptions and laws of the higher statistics are unknown. A familiarity with these conceptions would soon be gained by the habit of dealing with human measurements, as by the assignment of rank in a class, or by making other deductions that I have not space to refer to here, such as the numerical values by which the nearness of different degrees of kinship may be expressed, or the closeness of correlation between different parts of the body. There is no intrinsic difficulty in grasping the conceptions of which I speak, but they are foreign to present usage, and look strange at first sight. They are, consequently, very difficult to express briefly and intelligibly to those to whom they are wholly new.

It is reasonable to expect that if intelligent interest should be taken by many persons in the methods of human measurement, the number of the faculties that we shall be able to deal with will steadily increase. It is only a few months since the ingenuity of one of the masters at Eton College devised a test of muscular endurance. It is made with an ordinary grip dynamometer, that measures the strength of squeeze or grasp. The utmost strength of squeeze is first noted; then a second trial is made to test the length of time during which the experimentee can maintain his previous grip, so far as not to permit the index hand of the instrument to fall back more than ten pounds below its previous maximum. This precise limit of ten pounds is of small importance, as when the muscles fail they give way rapidly. Experience has not yet adequately confirmed the value of this simple and novel measure of an important quality. It is alluded to merely as an example of one of the steps by which the art of human measurement may become indefinitely extended.

Francis Galton, F.R.S.

BOMBIN.

THEY are burying Bombin over the way.
The village street will miss him some,—
His vacant smile and look astray,
And the unused tongue grown strangely dumb.
Six feet to rest in many a day,
Prince or princess, what more have they?
Six feet by three of narrow clay.

The school-boys straying along the street
Will miss the quaint, uncanny form,
The sad tired look they would surely meet
In summer's sun or winter's storm,
And the head that little more did shield
Than it finds to-day in potter's field,
Unless there is shelter unrevealed.

Somewhere she went for a short sojourn,
A kind sweet woman, with words of joy,
And the light of love in her eyes did burn;
And with her the gold-haired, blue-eyed boy
Of Bombin went; and all was fair,
For who so happy as he was there?
For love of his kin was his only care.

The cars went over a precipice,
And the two fair people came back no more,
And so fell Bombin's house of bliss.
The gods who rule on sea and shore
Took away his faithful and happy mind,
And left but little of thought behind,
Yet in that little was hope confined.

Bombin each day, when the mails came in,
Stood in the row at the postman's door,
With a look of hope on his face so thin,
And waited there till his chance was o'er;
And he turned sadly, and went his way,
To come again on the coming day
And hear the postman say him nay.

The years went by, and a message came;
It summoned him to the latest mail;
And I hope he reads his hopeless name
Where the saddest lives the most avail,
And that that lost woman waits for him,
With his tattered coat and eyes grown dim,
In the fields of the New Jerusalem;

And the boy with the shining golden hair,
And dimpled small hands leaning down,
And sunny eyes, and face so fair,
May clutch his hand in a far-off town,
And lead him through a golden door,
And go away from his side no more,
For the ferries are far to the further shore.

Who knows? Bombin is buried to-day,
And the village streets are a shade more drear,
And we who are left have much to say
Of many things we still must hear.
Was Bombin's life more aimless quite
Than the vistaless one of the Sybarite
Or the eyeless path of the anchorite?

Daniel L. Dawson.

THE SALON IDEA IN NEW YORK.

Can rules or tutors educate
The semi-god whom we await?
He must be musical,
Tremulous, impressional,
Alive to gentle influence
Of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the spirit-touch
Of man's or maiden's eye;
But, to his native centre fast,
Shall into Future fuse the Past,
And the world's flowing fates in his own mould recast.
EMERSON.

IT may be that the literary drawing-rooms of the metropolis form a subject so delicate in its connection with personal sensitiveness that its discussion should be relegated solely to the aforesaid assemblies. Possessing undoubted interest, and perhaps comparative freshness, as a topic, the salient features of the *salon*, as it has grown and flowered in this alien soil, will be roughly outlined, in the hope that more attention may be drawn to the laudable efforts that have been made to give needed opportunity to Genius, to Culture, and to Art.

If anything is true of life in the metropolis, it is that it is too serious, too hurried, too money-making, in its diurnal pursuits. To offset this, its amusements are apt to be of too trivial, passive, or sensuous a nature. To rush through two days' work in one, whether in Wall Street, Park Row, or Union Square, and to spend the evening with the "Minstrels," or lounge in an opera-box, trying to compel recreation from surges of sensuous music and gorgeous panoply,—this is a frequent way of making the night balance the day.

Such is not the ideal of life to those who hope for the supremacy of the finer qualities of the mind. With the plea for more intellectual entertainments must also go one for less haste and worry for the last dollar in business life. The devotee of Mammon during the day can hardly shine among the Muses and Graces at night.

It is a regrettable fact that the mere existence of classes and cliques in society is apt to bring about unreasonable jealousies and animosities between those classes. If literary drawing-rooms can be made to bring together representatives of the various classes, they may do much good. The different strata need to be kept mellow by intercommunication and sympathy if budding talent is to push its way to the top.

There are times when it is an inestimable boon to have a cultured circle open to you, where a valued idea may be unfolded and perfected by the friction of minds. The little touch of sympathy gained in such places may prove the magnetic spark that shall set world-wide influences in motion.

For these and kindred reasons a good word for the literary coteries in New York, their past efforts and present aims, may not be out of

place. The leaders of intellectual life there form a mighty power, when even a few are gathered together; but they lack organized expression, to a great extent. The differentiation of life tends too much to make each man a specialist, more or less isolated from his kind, a cog on a wheel instead of a man. A return to plain living and high thinking, to sociability, to studious, ingenuous comradeship, is desirable for all such. Gold and Position and Pleasure may be worth some of this fevered struggle to secure; but how about Life itself? Is it not worth thinking about? Is not fifty minutes of indulgence to the life of the soul better than a cycle in the Cathay of Wall Street?

Before recounting the experiments and describing the gatherings that have marked the introduction of *conversazioni* in New York, it may be well to glance at the classic French models of this form of entertainment, at those brilliant *salons* of the past that wielded so mighty an influence, that were powers to be courted or dreaded, but

> Whose lights are dead,
> Whose guests are fled.

The name of Madame de Staël is concededly pre-eminent as representative of the halcyon era of the *salon*. It is unnecessary to say that New York has no such woman as was this superbly-endowed and fascinating daughter of Literature, who grew up under the guardianship of a wonderfully-gifted mother and listened in her girlhood to the conversations of Buffon, Diderot, Marmontel, and St.-Lambert,—a woman who dazzled Bonaparte until he grew jealous or afraid of her, who rallied around her such lights as Talleyrand, Constant, Gérard, and Montmorency, and who made celebrities such as Madame Récamier, the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, Sophie Gay, and Madame Le Brun shine only as if by her reflected light. It would appear as if to edit a newspaper, play in tragedies, or write brilliant books was but by-play to her. Evidently she was born to show what could be made out of a literary drawing-room presided over by one who was indubitably queen in that province, so that even when banished forty leagues from Paris she had power to make her parlor more of a court than the Emperor could make his palace; and it was said of her gatherings that republican orators and journalists went from her parlors in the evening with their speeches or editorials for the morrow ready prepared, so potent was the inspiration of her presence and conversation.

One who would study the requirements of a leader of brilliant men and women, such as would change a formal parlor assemblage into a court of wit and wisdom, will immediately see that the first requirements such a leader must possess are entire fearlessness and independence of thought and action. It is because New York society (one might as well say modern society) apparently lacks a woman who combines rare mental and physical charms with absolute fearlessness and indifference to criticism, that we have no such successful *salon* queens as Madame de Staël.

How patent it is that people will not unbend and become sympathetic in company unless they can get rid of this sensitiveness to criti-

cism, of which literary people often have the lion's share! Who is going to present a cherished idea when he expects it to be picked to pieces, sneered at, laughed at, distorted, and, in fact, foully murdered, and its ghastly relics thrown back in his face? Only a presiding genius, a woman to whom all defer, whose smile confers the highest court decoration in the room, whose personal assumption of all risk of criticism sets every one else free, whose manner encourages each to do and be his best, and who recognizes her humblest guest as the equal of princes,—only such a woman need hope to make her drawing-room brilliant, powerful, and famous. If a woman lacks this magnetic force and devotion to her guests and the spirit of the occasion, she may have all the brilliant men and women in the country in her parlors, and, ten to one, they will move around like puppets and talk gibberish.

Here is a motto for a *salon*, culled from Madame de Staël, which is worthy to be studied by all earnest promoters of culture:

"It is important to connect classes now at variance; and to do this urbanity of manners is the most efficacious means, in order that enlightened men, firmly united and connected, may form a tribunal of opinion to distribute praise and censure, and likewise to exercise an influence over literature, so that authors may apprehend what is the natural spirit and taste."

It is quite evident that the woman who wrote thus might pick up in a drawing-room to-day the sceptre which she dropped in the first part of the century.

Travellers tell us that New York as a city grows more and more like Paris. There are features of that city that the average New-Yorker is still Puritanical enough to prefer should not be imitated by his favorite city. But as far as imitating the brightness, the vivacity, the clean streets, the open museums, the courage, artistic spirit, independence, and general *bonhomie* of the gay capital is concerned, we could have much worse models. In considering what availability there is in the idea of the French drawing-room for us, we must of course take cognizance of New York as it is, even more carefully than we study France at the periods when the *salon* was most powerful. Meanwhile, if any of us prefer to copy from English precedent, we have only to observe that the "drawing-room" is a quite popular London institution, not only as patronized by the nobility and the younger school of artists and writers, but as used by the most aristocratic for social and political purposes. Such political canvassers as Lady Churchill and Lady Rosebery could write interesting views of the *salon* and its influence on politics. One of these London clubs is called the "Salon," and is now enjoying decided success. Any wielder of pen or brush may belong, and the different members entertain the club in turn.

But New York is neither Paris nor London. It has some peculiar conditions that operate against large and brilliant literary *soirées*. It is not a capital city. Therefore we have a scarcity of leading diplomats or statesmen. Begging the pardon of Washington people, we feel like a big Sunday-school that has seen the circus and the lions go by to entertain the boys in a much smaller village. Some will argue that we are too busy a people to stop for the elegant exchange of thought in

drawing-rooms. It is a fact that many of our brightest men and women are also the busiest,—in newspaper, magazine, and publishing offices, lawyers, physicians, ministers, etc. Still, many of them would find the time, if the congenial place and company and "atmosphere" were provided. As for the average busy, money-making, mercantile-minded New-Yorker, he would in most instances prefer the theatre to conversation.

Still, the need of an intellectual "Exchange" is obvious. Is it not true to some extent that many of our novelists are giving us more or less false pictures of fashionable life for the very reason that they do not see the interior of that life, but, instead, see only one side of it? Then the false idea is perpetuated by people reading such delineations, and, perhaps, accepting or unconsciously imitating them. The doubly-false reflection thus continues to lead each class farther away from natural, healthful standards of living. Artists are perhaps less free from a catering to what they fancy to be the weakness of luxurious people. Yet would it not have a salutary effect on art if there were a more healthful and representative tribunal of opinion and criticism?

Nor is it probable that the Bohemian element would be the only one to make advances towards a common meeting-ground under unimpeachable auspices. The names of a numerous class of young men in society come to mind,—clever and well-educated scions of the oldest families, who have passed the adolescent period of dancing attendance on *débutantes*, who are tired of the excess of vapidity in ultra-fashionable life, and who would enjoy trying their wings in the company of our best thinkers, writers, and artists. They would not only ornament but enliven any such gathering. Need it be said that there are as many fashionable young ladies with spirit and ambition to complement them? Successes in art like Miss Rosina Emmet's, or in literature like Amélie Rives's, are indicative of such a feeling that is widely prevalent. And again, New York is growing less hurried, more leisurely. Witness the shorter working-hours, the Saturday half-holiday, the long summer vacations in the country. As a city grows old, after a certain period of nervous growth, it becomes more sedate, and adopts the gait and motion of an elderly person. New York's position is assured; it need not hurry; it even has a "past," and is falling into the steps of London. People are beginning to forsake the elevated roads for the leisurely, humdrum, easy-going stages and horse-cars. We are beginning to realize that the man who hastes loses the pleasure of living. Hence the increasing opportunity for informal social intercourse.

It hardly seems worth while to argue, either, that literary drawing-rooms might prove a great boon to New York society, if rightly conducted, or that it is possible and entirely feasible so to conduct them and to make them a success. And yet many literary and "society" people shake their heads and smile incredulously. Certainly the greatest literary centre on this side of the ocean must be strangely impotent if it cannot make as much a success of literary entertainments as it does of other things it attempts.

Yet there are difficulties, it must be conceded, and perhaps one cannot state them better than by using the words of a popular matron in

society, who attempted a *salon* and failed, or, rather, thought she failed. "Somehow," said she, "I could never get my guests to thoroughly mix and sympathize. The fashionable clique and the literary or Bohemian set would always keep a little aloof, as if they feared to venture off their own ground; and each preferred to stay where they felt their superiority. Of course this feeling was not conducive to animated conversation, and my mixtures of wealth and Bohemia seemed to make a rather heavy composition. They did not leaven each other.

"Next I tried to entertain Bohemians by themselves, and, while a few were inclined to talk too much, the most of them were stiff and silent. Cliques and jealousies were quite apparent, and it was evident that they enjoyed more the watching of some one else venturing to 'take a slide' on the ice of conversation, and laughing at the occasional tumbles, than to make an attempt themselves.

"Then there were *such* eccentric people who would occasionally creep in, either with friends who had received cards or else boldly on their own recognizance. There was the lean, long-haired individual who *would* get up and talk on the most abstruse topic imaginable and coldly bore people to death. One old woman with false frizzes would follow me round the parlor all the evening, cornering me at every opportunity, and reciting verses that were tinctured with nothing but lunacy.

"There was even a person whose engrossing idea was that the grindstones were all turned the wrong way, and if they were only turned from left to right the world would be made an Eden again!"

This hostess could not have failed because of any lack in her own attractiveness. A native Southern grace and hospitality, united with rare intellectual charms and indubitable tact and various social resources, make her in many ways a model. It is quite likely that she was too charitable, and included in her *salon* many people who could not or would not contribute to the feast of reason. For it is certain that her own informal drawing-rooms or days at home are as charming and edifying as possible, and are frequented by a constellation of social and literary stars.

The opinion of another conspicuous leader in society, one of the few gentlemen of leisure and taste who keep up the traditions of Lord Chesterfield and devote themselves to society, may be quoted as coming from a source where social tendencies are weighed with great nicety. He said recently, "It is really a great lack in our best society, that of intellectual entertainment and conversation. The tendency for social intercourse to degenerate into mere hollow talk and babble is so strong that something should be done to avert it. The fashionable call,—what is it? A few trite observations on the opera, the weather, the day's social sensation, with perhaps some threadbare witticism or the latest fad in fashionable slang, all in a high-pitched metallic voice, constitute the intellectual pabulum. If one ventures an original remark or introduces a subject that calls for any brain-effort, he is likely to be met with a wide stare instead of anything like sympathetic response. There is the greatest opportunity for a lady of brilliant qualities to institute a *salon* and do a great amount of good right in the upper 'four hundred' of fashionable society."

The idea of the literary *conversazione*, however, has not been confined to theory in this city, but has passed the boundary into practice. It has been of long, if of interrupted, growth; it has led to many pleasant meetings, notwithstanding some failures; and perhaps the only reason it has not scored an adequate and brilliant triumph and won an assured position is that the demands on it have also grown, and grown faster than the institution itself. For New York society grows larger and more unwieldy each year; and if it shall ever flower into a really representative and brilliant literary *salon* this would have to be representative of a number of lesser ones,—so rich are we in writers, artists, and clever people generally.

When one comes to instance some of the gatherings of metropolitan culture,—hostesses who have made many a pleasant evening for weary scribblers, houses that have heard many a pungent sally of wit, and literary clubs in which weighty questions have been tossed about as shuttlecocks,—the number which come to mind is astonishing, and does not at first intimate that the *salon* idea needs any nursing. Sound a white-haired *littérateur* of standing, and how his eyes will kindle with recollections of drawing-rooms where wit and grace sparkled more than champagne and diamonds! In the words of *Touchstone*, he "will rhyme you [on *salons*] eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping-hours excepted."

Many will recollect a house in the vicinity of Gramercy Park whose fair young hostess was wont to hold evening receptions and supper-parties on Sunday evenings. People dropped in after ten o'clock, and many a good thing was said over her coffee or chocolate. A lady who made a striking social success with her literary receptions was Mrs. Sidney Brooks, who some ten years ago used to entertain almost every distinguished foreigner that came to these shores. As she kept up her informal levees at Newport in the summer season, she won an acknowledged place as a social leader. Mrs. Paran Stevens has to a considerable extent taken the place of Mrs. Brooks. Her house in Fifth Avenue has been the social Mecca to which most titled visitors have been accredited. Those who enjoy her good graces feel sure of meeting good company on any Sunday evening in her stately parlors, which are a veritable museum of paintings and sculpture. Mrs. Stevens's hospitality, broad views, and faculty of making people feel at ease have helped wonderfully to make her receptions successful. A dinner-party to her most favored guests or to strangers generally precedes the evening's entertainment, which is entirely informal. Her latch-string at Newport is just as free: so that when she makes her periodical trips to Europe she is one of the most missed of New York women.

The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor, as many know, was decidedly catholic and cordial in entertaining the literary world as well as the fashionable, and it is quite probable that the wife of W. W. Astor, himself a successful author, will follow where that most gracious and widely-mourned lady, the elder Mrs. Astor, was so successful.

Glancing up and down Fifth Avenue, many ladies suggest themselves as natural leaders of the literary movement, whose receptions approach the *salon* idea and might, with their influence and gifts, easily

fill it. Such a one is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, herself an arsenal of expedients for amusing a company, and her house a palace to inspire a dullard. Mrs. W. C. Whitney, enterprising and winning, with her Washington experience in diplomatic circles, will probably enlarge the space devoted to letters in her château drawing-room. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, a peerless hostess, of New-England culture and antecedents, with a magnificent house, always hospitable to the gifted as well as to the foreign nobility, comes easily on this list of natural leaders. Only a favored few of the literary coterie, however, meet at Mrs. Roberts's.

One must hurry on to reach the genuine Bohemian assemblies, but on the way must note such semi-literary centres as the houses of Judge and Mrs. Brady and their gifted daughters; General A. S. Webb's; Mrs. Robert Hoe's, the cosey retreat of the Grolier guild; Mrs. and the clever Misses Remsen; the musical Misses Shea; Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher; the Misses Gallaudet; Mrs. Van Anken, now Mrs. Andrews; the Doremuses, di Cesnolas, and Drapers. Nor must one forget Washington Square, where Mrs. Hicks Lord holds her marvellous assemblies of learning and blood, wit and beauty, where Mrs. Griswold Gray, a most charming hostess, entertains several literary clubs, and where the literary ex-railroad-magnate George R. Blanchard rallies a coterie of sympathetic souls and admirers. Mr. L. K. Hammersley's *salon* for gentlemen is not only a novelty, but also a highly pleasing and practical scheme for enjoying the cream of club-life in one's own house, to the exclusion of scandal, bores, and club-servants. Indeed, in this line one should put in a word for the studio receptions of Mr. Harry Cannon or the winter smokes of the Salmagundi.

For an example of a delightful, informal, almost spontaneous inflowing of the guild of culture,—a *salon par excellence* for this city,—one cannot but refer to Professor and Mrs. Vincenzo Botta's long-established literary receptions. Distinguished guests like Dr. Holmes or Matthew Arnold might come and go at the Botta house, but the guild that frequented it hoped that the receptions might go on forever, for they seemed to have as perennial a charm as Tennyson's brook. Though some of the same people—General Winslow, Horace Porter, Albert Bierstadt, Edgar Fawcett, Judge Davis, Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. Neftel, Mrs. Isaac Lawrence, and others—strive to keep up the traditions of Mrs. Botta's *salon* in "The Drawing-Room Club," yet it can never have the same charm in its peripatetic wanderings. This organization, however, has displayed vigor, even, it is said, to the extent of securing a charter, and has listened to several papers at private houses or public rooms.

To return to private parlors. The late Miss Mary L. Booth should be long remembered in Bohemia for the evenings she regularly devoted to the social amenities that authors so often need. Colonel Higginson, R. H. Stoddard, Mrs. Spofford, Lew Wallace, Mrs. Sangster, W. W. Story, Hamilton Gibson, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Jewett, are a few of many who have contributed to the unpublished magazine of wit in Miss Booth's parlors. Mrs. John Bigelow's house in Gramercy Park was distinctively a home of literature,—a place where conversation never

flagged, and both the talk and the company had the charm of pleasant variety. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's is more of a refuge for serious workers in literature, and indicates a large acquaintance among the thinkers of the city. On the other hand, Mrs. John D. Jones rallies a more talkative following of wits, doctors, lawyers, judges, and clergymen. Mrs. Musgrave's name is identified with many evenings of exquisite music and charming hospitality, while Mrs. Colden Murray and her companions of the Pianists' Club are open to the same charge.

A decidedly pleasant and congenial company of writers, artists, and musical people meets at such houses as Mrs. T. M. Wheeler's, where there are many attractions besides the hostess and her talented artist daughter. Miss Wheeler has, indeed, quite a *salon* of leading writers painted on canvas. Much the same people meet at Mrs. F. B. Thurber's, Mrs. Arthur Sherwood's, R. W. Gilder's, Miss Gilder's charming rooms, E. C. Stedman's, or Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's cheery apartments. Such gatherings are not apt to be so large as to be unwieldy and "stiff," and the conversation is sure to be fresh and bracing. Art, music, and literary topics come up bright from the mint and with all the attractiveness of personal sympathy and knowledge.

The house of Mrs. Burton N. Harrison is a bright oasis, known of many prominent writers as well as a large contingent of our leisurely society. The hostess draws tribute from genius of all kinds, and her receptions are noted for all that is best and most gracious on such occasions. Here flourished *The Ephemeron*, the journalistic night-blooming cereus, that came to an untimely end, but afforded such amusement that it deserves to be resurrected. Professor Boyesen, F. D. Millet, Julian Hawthorne, the sturdy democrat and millionaire author Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Potter, Miss Fairfax, are among those met at Mrs. Harrison's.

Mrs. John Sherwood rallies a large and powerful acquaintance in society and literature. One can imagine how brilliant would be the result if the energies and gifts that she devotes to charity and entertainments at the houses of others were concentrated to forming a literary shrine in her own parlors. As it is, she entertains a favored number,—though her joy appears to be in work rather than in receiving homage. She sustains the reputation of the best conversationalist among the ladies at dinner-parties that the city holds,—which is no slight distinction.

One must glance briefly at some other noted hostesses, like that clever little lady, "Jennie June," in whose parlors it is always June, the season of roses, of good-fellowship and perennial pleasure. The Sunday evenings are never too long at Mrs. Croly's,—a house that all regret must now be closed for a time. Many have attended the receptions of that lovely and accomplished woman, Madame Modjeska, at the Clarendon. Though they never attained to the great desideratum of entire warmth and sympathy, owing doubtless to much strangeness between guests themselves, it was not due to any lack in the gracious hostess.

Mrs. O. B. Bunce entertains informally a numerous coterie in liter-

ature, friends of the Appleton house and others. Mrs. H. Herrman has brought together more than once a delighted company to listen to music, or to the perfect sentences of Julia Ward Howe, or to lecturers like Mr. Conway. Another whose name is familiar is Mrs. Frank Leslie, who holds court at the Windsor, Thursday evenings, when she converses with a half-dozen various foreign gentlemen at once, listens to Joaquin Miller's latest poem, or touches the guitar to a Spanish serenade. At Mrs. Fanny Barrow's may be met many an affectionate admirer of that perennial story-teller,—people such as Miss Craddock, W. H. Bishop, or Miss Combs. Mrs. Harriet Webb's house, the favorite haunt of the Criterion Club, and a resort for a varied circle of Bohemians, is another exponent of the *salon* idea. But the list can only be indicative or representative, not exhaustive nor exclusive. Neither can one enumerate particularly the choice souls to be met at any house with exactness, as the *littérateur* is a migratory bird.

One must not forget to mention Mrs. Josephine May, who plays the piano so exquisitely that the 'cello virtuoso Mr. Bergner is proud to accompany her. Her *musicales* and receptions draw a throng of brainy people who might well represent the culture of the city. Her Fifth-Avenue parlors are also admirably adapted for a *salon*. Many people, too, can testify to the attractiveness of the Sunday evening receptions of Robert Ingersoll, whether it be due to the genial magnetism of the host or to the grace and—one must say it—the beauty of the daughters.

Our regular literary clubs deserve notice as aggressive champions in the renaissance of intellectual and artistic entertainments as against the kind whose attractions are only gastronomic, anatomic, sartorial, or suggestive of Babel. Most of them are so well known as to call for only brief recognition. The Thursday Evening, conservative and exclusive, leads an easy life, entertained at private houses by the invitation of some one of its members, such as John Jay, Pierpont Morgan, Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. George Bowdoin, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John Taylor Johnston, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Jr., W. W. Astor, Chauncey M. Depew, Philip Schuyler, and Mrs. R. B. Minturn. Its entertainments are simple and of a passive order, including magic-lantern exhibitions, recitations, essays, music, etc., at the discretion of the hostess. Its success has been marked, and so its features are worthy of imitation or study.

As a foil to the Thursday Evening, the Nineteenth Century Club is enterprising, aggressive, and cosmopolitan,—an arena where atheists and clergymen play at quarter-staff and give resounding thwacks, where no question is too weighty to be tackled, and where the greatest freedom of speech prevails. The club certainly deserves credit for independence and sturdy tenacity, and it has no doubt broken ground that will produce good crops. It is a question which are the more enjoyable,—the quiet social meetings at the houses of members, or the open discussions of social topics, where ladies watch timidly the athletic intellects like Numidian lions in strenuous combat. The late Courtlandt Palmer was its president; and Andrew Carnegie, T.

G. Shearman, A. H. Nicoll, Van Buren Desbrow, Rabbi Gottheil, Robert Ingersoll, Mrs. Custer, and Dr. Hammond are among the members.

The ladies' Causeries de Lundi, which has often met at Mrs. Astor's, has done excellent work, keeping up in many busy society and literary women their interest in and study of science, and forming a bond of sympathy incomparably better than gossip, to say the least. The Goethe Club, with Mr. Godwin as president, has had some interesting sessions, and some able papers have been recently read before it by Mr. Lathrop and others. The Cosmopolitan Club may be added to the list as a fairly successful society, which has not, however, made so great a bid for public notice as some of the others. The Wagner Society, recently formed, might be instanced also,—the rumors of occasional dissonance and rivalries being but natural to a company of admirers of the tempestuous composer.

Recognizing all the pleasant assemblies for culture, then, in the city, and some of the best have probably not been mentioned, it may yet be admitted that our literary *salons* lack considerably of ideal excellence and usefulness, in number, force, method, and brilliance. The ladies who preside over them and the men and women who compose them would be the readiest to admit this. Nor is it profitable to wish for Madame de Staëls or Margaret Fullers. We could probably not have Mrs. Julia Ward Howe for the asking, either. Evidently our *salon* queens must be found in New York; and the above list is certainly a promising one. To a woman of tact, of ideas, of accomplishments and charming manners, the opportunity for wielding a great influence through her drawing-room should be very alluring. The aggressive ladies who wish to vote might by their influence wield thousands of votes in such a regency, and do a lasting good to society. It would certainly be no mean ambition to harmonize cliques and classes in society, to study and rightly apprehend the best tendencies of the day, to guard jealously the canons of the best art, to uphold American ideas and principles, to rid society of shams, and to give all worthy political measures the sustaining influence of social recognition. Viewed in this light, the *salon* has a field of usefulness as well as the press and the pulpit.

If a dozen men or women were to entertain us, after the manner of the Salmagundi Club, with five-minute sketches of an ideal *salon*, the pictures would probably show a wide variety. But doubtless a few of the bolder lines would agree on such points as the exclusion of chronic bores, hobby-riders, snobs, and dead-weights; the production of essays on interesting topics and their informal discussion, without *vivisection;* music and recitations enough for variety, always providing the quality is good; the absence of formalities without the absence of good breeding; and the necessity of some popular, capable, and fearless leader who should command the utmost deference and the best efforts of all present and so produce the utmost good-fellowship. Perhaps most necessary of all would be that each person should bring to such a gathering an earnest desire and a practical purpose to contribute to the general profit and enjoyment, and to increase its influence for good.

A Frenchman of rank recently wrote to a gentleman in this city asking what was the best plan for making the acquaintance of rich American ladies in "*high-life saloons.*" Of course he was not to be blamed for not appreciating the highly contrasting shades of meaning in the word "saloon," nor for his ignorance of our social usages. He would find that the doors of our "saloons" swing easily enough; and even the doors of society are all too apt to open to the sesame of a title. Is it not unfortunate that there are not more doors in society as open to the young, the ingenuous, and the gifted, as are the "saloons" with gilded lamps? Is it too utopian an idea to look forward to a time when the *salon* shall usurp the *saloon* and become the greater power in our social and political life?

C. H. Crandall.

VALENTINE.

WINTER turneth unto Spring,
Icicles upon his cheek
Into tear-drops melting fast:
Fitting time it is to speak.
Sweetheart, to my plea incline,
Take me for your valentine.

Long I, like the birds that lilt
In the spicy forest brush,
Like the bee asearch for flowers,
Brooks enchained by winter's hush,
Murmuring, 'tween stones and ice,
Dreams of summer's paradise.

To the buds upon the tree
All the juices long to flow;
They in silence long to break,—
Break their downy coats and blow.
Nature's longing heart is mine,—
Be that heart your valentine.

Open at the sweetest page,—
Winter turning into Spring,
Brooklets longing for the sun,
Birds and branches listening
For the south wind in the pine.
Sweetheart, read your valentine.

Margaret H. Lawless.

SHELLEY'S WELSH HAUNTS.

THE poetry of England in our century has notoriously gathered much about her mountains, and English poets have shown no infrequent disposition to make their home there. Yet of the four or five great mountain districts of the country—"The Lakes," "The Highlands," Wales, Killarney—only two can be said to have received that poetic transfiguration in the national consciousness which belongs to what we call classic ground. And these two owe their quality principally to two men,—one of them a Lowlander, who had not yet discovered that his true genius lay in painting men, not mountains, when he threw out that charming but essentially second-rate picture of Highland life which, just because it was charming and second-rate, at once captivated the great public and surrounded Loch Katrine with a halo of indefinable romance that still lends zest to a picnic on its shores; the other, the only full and legitimate member of that heterogeneous family of "Lakists," of whom some, like Southey, lived at the Lakes and wrote about other things, while others, like Coleridge, lived somewhere else and wrote about—other things too. Something of accident, we see, was at work in attracting to these two centres, pre-eminently, the impulses of mountain poetry which in the early years of our century palpitated vaguely through the English air. And one may surmise that accident was not less concerned in diverting them from other regions by nature not less favorable to them. Wales, in particular, with its scenery still more impressive and vaster in scale than that of the Lakes,—why is it provincial while the Lakes are classical? It is true that Thomas Gray elaborated some fine verses about Snowdon from his well-stocked library at Cambridge; true that the "matchless Orinda," a century earlier, anticipated the revival of "sentiment" in the sweet shire of Cardigan; true that Thomas Peacock, in the pursuit of that "Snowdonian antelope" who by and by became his wife, gathered the materials for pictures of Merioneth scenery which serve as a romantic background for the post-prandial discussions of his philosophic Epicureans; true that—but there were no end to these pleasing intimations of the unfulfilled. Wales has, for all that, had no Scott and no Wordsworth, or, at best, only such as have been mute as well as inglorious on what patriotic Welshmen call the wrong side of Offa's dike. Yet it has been within a measurable distance of such good fortune: it has, if not produced, yet lured within its borders, as something more than passing guests, poets capable of immortalizing whatever they touched. While the promise was still unaccomplished, however, some perversity of fortune intervened: the incredulity of landlords, or the intrusiveness of burglars, or the more subtle amenities of the "aristocrat" and the "saint" (two classes into which an exhaustive analysis has resolved the Cambrian population), put the shy genius to flight, and wild Wales sank back into its natural seclusion, though not silent, yet unsung.

The reader will have perceived that we refer to a picturesque episode

in Shelley's early life. Of all the haunts of beauty on this side the Channel,—and he tried many,—Wales, it is clear, attracted him most. For absolute loveliness, indeed, the arbutus islands of Killarney bore away the palm, and later on, at Como, he knew no other scene to compare with that exquisite lake. But he never thought of revisiting Killarney, while his fancy continually recurred to Wales, nor did he ever abandon the hope of finding a home there, until the day when, foiled and baffled, he indignantly shook the dust of England from his feet, never to return. Three houses in Wales were occupied for a longer or shorter time by Shelley: Tanyrallt, near Tremadoc, the scene of his heroic efforts to save Mr. Madock's sea-wall; Cwm Elan, where he stayed as the guest of his cousin Thomas Grove in the July of 1811, immediately before his first marriage; and Nantgwillt, which he occupied in the following summer, with his young wife and the redoubtable "Eliza." The first is destroyed, the others remain substantially as Shelley knew them. Above all, it was the old mansion of Nantgwillt which fascinated him, with its wild witchery of wood and water, its dark precipices and brawling stream, and its flitting population of ghosts and goblins. In the year after his residence there, we find him again longing for Nantgwillt; and in the following year, 1814, he had infused the same longing into his future second wife. "Oh, how I long to be at our dear home," she writes to him in the midst of money and other troubles, "where nothing can trouble us, neither friends nor enemies! . . . Nantgwillt,—do you not wish to be settled there, in a house you know, love, with your own Mary,—nothing to disturb you, studying, walking? Oh, it is much better, believe me, not to be able to see the light of the sun for mountains than for houses!"*

It was under circumstances which made it easy to understand its charm for Shelley that the present writer saw the spot thus feelingly described by the town-bred daughter of Godwin. Nantgwillt and Cwm Elan lie within half an hour's walk of each other, near the meeting-point of the deep and narrow glens of the Elan and the Clearwen. The easiest approach is from the little town of Rhayader, five miles off, but a more suggestive way (for good walkers) is to cross from the west coast over the high table-land which divides the valleys of the Ystwyth and the Elan and follow the little river down from its uncertain source among the moors. For several miles it meanders quietly through a bleak heathery upland, until a huge mass of mountains, rising right athwart its path, turns it into a narrow ravine that shelves away to the south and abruptly changes at once its course and its character. The still stream now roars and foams among the rocks through which it has fretted its tortuous way, and its dark waters grow darker as the wall of mountains on either hand climbs higher and higher up to the sky. As it descends, the landscape, while continually gaining in scale and grandeur, assumes at the same time a richer and more varied beauty; luxuriant masses of oak and beech nestle under the lower slopes, or detach themselves in graceful clusters along the meadows and hedgerows; the stream flows more quietly now, overshadowed by the leafy

* Quoted by Dowden, Shelley, i. 502.

woodlands it feeds, and sending up into the still air, as evening draws on, a tender haze that mellows all hues and gradually blends with the deepening shadows. Slowly the valley grows dim, while the limestone precipices still flame crimson overhead. It was in this gracious season of the day that we found ourselves, after winding through a thick wood, standing, with scarcely a moment's warning, before the gate of Cwm Elan. A stately eighteenth-century mansion, gleaming pale and ghostly against its embosoming background of forest; desolate and forlorn enough, too, for it is long since it had a tenant, and the visitor wanders freely along the garden-walks which Shelley often paced with his impatient step, fuming at the strange fact that there were people who, like his genial host and cousin, "never thought." The situation recalled that of a homelier dwelling occupied about the same time by a greater poet than Shelley,—Goethe's charming "Garden-house," which looks out from its embosoming woods across the gray gleaming reaches of the Ilm at Weimar. How characteristic of the two lives, that Goethe's was his home, set in the midst of the scene where he labored for fifty years, and in view of the spot where he was to rest at their close, while Shelley's was but one of the countless resting-places of his bright, erratic spirit, and divided by a thousand miles from that dark-blue Spezzian bay on whose shore, ten years later, the consuming fire bore up into the July sky all of him that could fade!

Immediately opposite to Cwm Elan the river is crossed, and a few minutes' walk along a wooded lane leads to the point at which it enters the still narrower and deeper gorge of Clearwen. A light gleamed cheerfully from one of the clustered cottages by the bridge, and the gathering darkness afforded a welcome excuse for inquiries. In Professor Dowden's Shelley mention is made of an aged woman, Elizabeth (or rather, it would seem, "Gwen") Jones, who remembered, in the days when as a young girl she carried the post-bag to and fro, a "very strange gentleman" who wore his neck bare and was addicted to the well-known Shelleyan sport of sailing paper boats. Could any further grain of reminiscence be extracted by dialectic ingenuity from the faded memory of fourscore-and-ten? But no; a kindlier destiny had conveyed poor old "Gwennie," as her neighbors fondly called her, forever beyond the reach of the inquisitor; six years ago she died, and she lies in the lonely churchyard, within a stone's throw of the high-road along which she had once hastened, a child, laden with the rapturous outpourings of the strange gentleman to his philosophic Portia.

The autumnal moon had now risen, golden, over the mountains, and, as we strolled up the Clearwen valley, lay full upon the river that brawls and dances along its rocky bed to the left of the road; to the right the woods sloped steeply up to the precipices. At length a gate appeared, and beyond it a drive. Within, some fifty yards away, stood a large mansion of the last century, with low gable crowning the centre of the façade, and windows opening upon the lawn. The moon shone directly over it, casting its shadow in sharp profile upon the grass, whence a pale reflected light glimmered upon its gray stone walls covered here and there with ivy and creepers. Behind, and on either side, arose a tumultuous phalanx of pines, tossing their dark arms in

MARRIED GENIUSES.

WHEN Alphonse Daudet wrote, nearly twenty years ago, a series of sketches entitled "Les Femmes d'Artistes," he probably did not imagine the scope which the title would gain by translation in America. "Wives of Geniuses" is the name of the book, recently issued in English here, and the freedom of translation will scarcely be unpleasing to the author, for, although nearly all the male characters in the book are artists, it is with the mental quality called genius, and not with any special method of expression, that the author concerns himself.

The purpose of the sketches collectively is to show that geniuses should not marry. The author has too much genius of the higher quality known as common sense to prosily argue his side of the subject; he reasons by illustration instead, giving a few clever sketches of the lives of poets, painters, sculptors, dramatists, and other alleged geniuses to prove that wife and family hamper the man in whom is the spark supposed to be divine, and prevent him letting his light so shine that it shall glorify—himself. The author would not for the world be understood as implying that the fault is all with the women; on the contrary, his sketches warn women not to marry geniuses, for these fellows make unsatisfactory husbands; they may be faithful, but they are given to fits of abstraction, and become so absorbed in whatever may be the newest subject in mind that they have neither head nor heart for anything else. It matters not if the wife be sweet, loving, intelligent, complaisant, and adoring, she is not mentally her husband's other self, so she is to him a hinderance instead of a help.

It may be said, in passing, that if the rule needs proof in the form of an exception, the author himself supplies it, for Daudet has long been happily married, his wife is said to be part and parcel of her husband in all respects, and their relations are as delightful as any of which romancers dream.

It would be easy to dismiss such a book with the thought that its ideas are peculiarly French, and that Frenchmen of imaginative temperament are so affected and selfish that an honest and self-respecting woman is beyond their comprehension. But talk like Daudet's about married geniuses is not confined to France; much of it had come from England. Who does not remember the columns and pages of dreary twaddle inflicted upon the reading public when Dickens separated from his wife on the ground of "incompatibility"? The termination of Ruskin's marital relations started a new deluge of words about the miseries of married genius, and essayists are not done peering into the family life of Carlyle and his wife. There are whispered tragedies about the married lives of some American geniuses; women, as well as men, are pitying some husbands while being sorry for the wives, men are indignant that some women artists and authors were tied to "sticks" by the marriage-knot, and there seems a general impression that among geniuses marriage is a failure.

Waiving, as too well known to require discussion, the fact that genius, like the grace of God, does not always bring common sense with it, and that without the exercise of common sense any person may marry disastrously, it is fair to ask, What is a genius, that exception should be made in his case to the rules that govern ordinary humanity? Is he a being of a distinct species, or one of the gods, that he should be regarded as unlike other human beings? Is he so

great that woman, who is so little lower than the angels that men seldom can see where one ends and the other begins, is unfit to be his mate?

He is nothing of the sort, but merely a man who has the faculty, natural or acquired, of for a time concentrating his mind on a given subject. Worshipful awe in the presence of genius began in old times, when art was almost the only outlet of imagination, concentration, and executive ability. Nowadays, however, opportunity makes so many occupations for genius that the woman who would avoid marrying a man who may distinguish himself in some way above his fellows must not marry at all. It requires as much genius to devise a new machine as to write a poem,—to plan and complete a railway as to paint a great picture,—to evolve a beautiful house from rough stone and wood as to coax a statue from a block of marble: the direction may be different, but the mental qualities required are the same. But does any one advise that inventors, architects, engineers, railway presidents, or even the politicians who wrest victory from defeat in doubtful States, shall not marry? Does any one counsel women not to marry such men? Not unless the world has changed since yesterday.

Unquestioning worship of genius should take a place among the dying beliefs. The indulgence that has been granted genius has no more foundation in morals and manners than "the divinity that doth hedge a king." Before education, proper food and clothing, soap and a knowledge of its uses, were within the reach of every one, men in general were so stupid that when any one displayed enough ability to rule his fellow-beings he was regarded as a part of the Divine: so the king could do no wrong. Other men were punished for murder, theft, and lying, but the king could behead his father, strangle his mother, steal his neighbor's wife, and break his word, as carelessly as if it were merely one of the ten commandments, and the people never said him nay. All that has been changed; even an Asiatic sultan cannot be killed nowadays without a lot of foreign physicians being persuaded to certify that he committed suicide.

In like manner geniuses have been discovered to be similar to other men, and to be liked or detested accordingly. It is no longer a sign of genius to display long hair, dirty linen, or rude manners. Men no longer crown the genius with laurel, nor do women lay offerings of flowers at his feet, unless a genius for murder has brought him under the shadow of the gallows. The genius of to-day, like his commonplace neighbor, is expected to pay his washerwoman, keep off the grass in the parks, avoid mistaking his neighbor's property for his own, and be knocked down if he calls another man a liar. Like other men, he must keep a civil tongue in his head, pay his taxes, vote not more than once on election-day, and be picked up by the police if he seeks inspiration too long in the bottle. To do him justice, he is quite as careful as his neighbors to comply with these and all other approved rules of conduct, and his respectability has no undesirable effect upon his work, whatever it may be.

Why, then, should it be assumed that he cannot behave himself properly in marriage without belittling the output of his brain? Simply because some people have been foolish enough to allow him more privileges than other men, and absolve him from some responsibilities, and because some geniuses have been mean enough to take advantage of these concessions. Geniuses are not unlike the rest of us in this respect: no class of persons ever were discovered that could be absolved from mental and moral obligation without harm to themselves and torment for every one about them. Unfortunately for women, it is from their sex

weigh but two pound and a half when he was born, and his head was the biggest part about him. I see him settin' on the floor lookin' like a little tadpole; and he could talk and reach when folks said he wouldn't never walk. He did walk, though, fine-ly. And *then* he wasn't bigger than a monkey. Mis' Lib Stevenson's seen trouble, losin' her man, and havin' his girls by his first wife and their husbands cut up about the property. And *him* never good for nothin' about the farm, so she has to hire all the time. I don't know what I'd reely do if he's my boy."

"You'd set him in a horse-collar and give him playthings," said Joce, lifting her lip. "That's pretty nigh what Mis' Lib Stevenson's always done with her man-child. Now, if I owned him I'd put him in one of these here leather slings that the young ones shoot birds with, and just as far as I could sling him the man-child 'd go."

"Oh, you never had the feelin's of a mother, Joce," said Samson Gearing's wife.

"And I never could see how Mis' Lib Stevenson could have," said Joce, tramping the bushes down, "considerin'."

Mrs. Lib Stevenson was long used to the feeling that her neighbors talked about her,—not in the general spirit of criticism, but with particular contempt and disapproval. She did not care: there was so much which seemed hardly worth while to her in common trivial conversation, and her vital interests were so centred in her son, that she could not be sensitive around the outer rim of her nature.

Mrs. Lib was a lean but handsome brown-eyed woman, a mixture of gentleness and strength, ignorance and learning, keenness and credulity. She kept her house well, even to daintiness; she would also put on a pair of her husband's boots kept for the purpose, and tramp over her farm, looking to its minute interests.

Before the women left the elderberry-bushes, Mrs. Lib had her milk-pans shining in the sun, and the day's churning in a crank-churn set on the dewy brick pavement in front of her milk-house. The milk-house door stood open, and looking down the steps you could see the covered crocks and tins in rows on a sweet cemented floor. The projecting roof overshadowed the woman farmer. She sat on a splint-bottomed chair and whirled the churn-crank, feeling contented with the pleasant landscape. That negative content became positive joy in her face when a slim little fellow came out of the house to stand by her churn. He had a very youthful face with an aged expression, clear, high temples, and eyes deepening from blue to blue, like the sky. His head, on such a narrow stem of body, looked top-heavy, and its apparent size was increased by clusters of gold-tinted curls. There was nothing clammy or unwholesome about his pale little hands. His lips had the undefined flush and half-crumpled appearance of white-rose petals. He was more like a pretty, tenderly-bred girl than a youth of twenty-one; nervous in all his motions, and full of a trembling sensibility which called forth its responsive lights like a flitting aurora on his mother's face. His whole appearance went beyond exquisite neatness; it betokened luxurious elegance; he wore a dressing-gown of flowered

silk, and tiptoed, as Oberon might do, in wee slippers upon the dew-damp walk. This was an ineffectual, fairy creature to be living in a world of big men and women such as inhabited the banks of the Feeder.

"Shall we have breakfast now, Lewie?" asked Mrs. Lib, who never put this man-child at the table with her hired laborers.

"Whenever you please, mither," responded Lewie. And he went around her chair and kissed her, drawing her head back against him.

"Some of the neighbors or the men might see," observed Mrs. Lib, laughing and patting his hand. The churn-dasher rested from its work. "I guess I'll let it stand," she added, "till I set the breakfast on. The cream's only started."

"Mither dear," continued the mellow tones of Lewie,—and his voice was his most mannish attribute,—it had chest-depths and could be deliberate and impressive, "I want to talk to you just now. I want you to put me right."

"You haven't had bad feelings in the night?" spoke out the mother. "Them pains in your limbs were all gone."

Lewie leaned his head back against the milk-house and looked up into the deep autumn sky. A cedar-bird tilted from the roof-comb and glanced at him before uttering its note and taking flight. He could hear the poultry in the barn-yard, the colts in the pasture. Every animal had its proper expression, while he stood dumb and shamed beside that heart which was tenderest to him in the world.

"Speak out," said Mrs. Lib, in a sharp tone of alarm. "What makes you look that way? What is the matter?"

Lewie all at once flung himself upon her lap and clasped her neck. He sobbed against her breast, and Boadicea defending Britain never looked more the queen and mighty mother than did this plain farming woman. She strained him to her and kissed his hair, his ears, and his temples, over and over.

"Oh, my baby, my blue-and-gold man-child! Bless the little man! My darling! Who has done anything to hurt him? Don't you know mither is always here to stand between you and trouble? Tell me, Lewie. Tell me, my boy."

"I can't," he whispered.

"Something's happened to him that he can't tell! Is it anything you've done?"

He shook his head, its golden fleece rubbing her cheek.

"Then it's what somebody has done against you," pronounced Mrs. Lib, with a manner militant.

Again he shook his head.

"Then what do you *want?*"

"I want," stammered Lewie, tracing the outline of her shoulder with unconscious finger, "to be liked."

"He wants to be liked!" exclaimed his mother, pulling his face upward and boring it with the fervid irons of her maternal brown eyes. The fine hairs upon the skin around her mouth began to show plainly against an ashy background. She was too cunning a woman to add, "Do I not adore you? Whom will you find in all the world that will answer your needs and ask nothing in return, like your

mother?" Neither did she cry out, as one has every right to do when a sensitive nerve is suddenly laid bare.

"Who is she?" inquired Mrs. Lib, dryly, pressing her cheek against his forehead.

"Mither, you can guess."

"Big Joce Jeffr's?" put forth Mrs. Lib, with hard hilarity, and Lewie shook in her arms. "You're lookin' out for a stepmother, and she'd *be* one. 'Tisn't one of the Gearing girls?"

"Nor any other person six feet high," suggested the man-child, as a pointer.

"There ain't many squabs lives in this neighborhood. But there's Elder Brock's girl comes round with him every quarterly meeting."

The silence which grew around this point seemed to increase until it enclosed them like a huge bubble and swam apart with them off the earth. Rainbow colors came and went before Mrs. Lib's eyes, and, stealthily as she wiped one eye with the knuckle of her forefinger, it splashed the man-child's cheek.

"Why, mither, do you care that way?" he exclaimed.

"No! No, I don't care. Of course you'll have to get married some time, if you can suit yourself. I's wondering if she'd like to hear you read Emerson and them poets as well as I do."

"It wouldn't make a bit of difference," murmured Lewie. "Do you think it's possible she might like me, mither?"

"She'd jump to get you," returned Mrs. Lib, with practical hardness. "Who's the Brocks, I'd like to know! Except her father's our presidin' elder and a good man, they ain't worth a cent in the world. And you've as nice a property as ever laid out of doors, and when I'm dead you'll have more."

The man-child caressed her shoulder and said, "I wouldn't know how to live if you were dead, mither."

"Wouldn't you?" she replied, with a keen tingle of delight in her voice. "Even with Elsie Brock? You wouldn't want me to be clearin' out to let her have full sweep?"

"Why, no! She would just live with us, of course, and everything would go on the same as now."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Lib, smiling, and showing the pleasantest amber lights of her eyes. "They say your son's your son till he gets him a wife."

"But you tell me I'm like boy and girl both to you; and your daughter's your daughter the whole of your life, mither."

This pet name, borrowed from the Scotch, Lewie accompanied by a gentle stroke of his hand down one side of her face. He did look very effeminate sitting upon her knees,—a gayly-plumaged bird perching. Any masculine man must have observed him with contempt; and Ham Jeffries was rudely masculine, so that he hated any softness in himself. He said he had no use for any woman who couldn't heft her end of the load and turn off a day's work same as a good horse could. So when he came unexpectedly around Mrs. Lib's house—having tied his nag at the front fence—and saw the man-child on the mother's lap, his disgust was extreme.

It was but a dissolving view which he had, however, so soon was Mrs. Lib transformed into the woman of business standing up to talk unconcernedly with him. Lewie did not like Ham Jeffries's glistening red cheeks and black eyes. He preferred the society of the bees and the risk of their stings to Ham Jeffries's society and the risk of his stings, and with much candor marched toward the hives while Mrs. Lib held conference.

Ham looked after Lewie, lifting his lip, and giving his own big boot an expressive swish with the cattle-whip which he carried coiled in one hand.

"Elder Brock and Elsie they've just come to 'r house. Said they promised to come home with you to dinner after big meetin' to-morrow. I's goin' past, and thought I'd better ask whether you expect to fetch them home with you, or if I should offer him my mare and buggy."

"We expect to drive two horses to our two-seated buggy," replied Mrs. Lib, trimly. "The elder's a big man, but I reckon we can pull him."

"Oh, it's all right, then. Folks here so's they're able to set up, I s'pose," said Ham, narrowing his eyes and smiling.

"We're hearty," replied Mrs. Lib. "How's all at your house?"

"Middlin'. So's they can loll round on each other's laps. Tell Lew," said Ham, as he started, switching his boot again with the cattle-whip, "I seen a real easy swing up to Lancaster last week. A man can lay down and stretch himself out in it. They call it a hammick."

"Thank you kindly. I'll tell him," said Mrs. Lib, with undisturbed good humor, sitting down again to her churning.

II.

The principal session of quarterly meeting was over, the elder and his daughter had been driven to Stevensons' through the silent autumn noon sunshine, and with their host and hostess had eaten such a dinner as Ohio farm-houses set forth. The elder was a huge, benevolent man, illiterate but earnest, whose hale old cheeks seemed to cast a pinkish tint into his gray hair. He filled up Mrs. Lib's best hair-cloth rocker, visibly breathing in long heaves beneath the hands which he crossed upon his mighty chest, and watched—with curious interest in the gambols of such a creature—Lewie's attitudes toward Elsie. Mrs. Lib also sat beside a window where she could watch the two heads moving about her garden. She was solemn in her best black cashmere dress, and examined Brother Brock with a penetrating eye when he talked.

"The Lord," said he, ponderously, "has seed fit to call my family all home, Sister Stevenson, except the one yo-lamb." He beat his chair-arm reflectively with the side of his fist. "And I have just this keer now: that is, to see her settled before I'm called myself."

"That's a natural feelin', Brother Brock," said Mrs. Lib. She was startled by the sudden thud of her own pulses.

"Yes. They may not put me on the superannuated list for a good many ye'rs yit; I hope my usefulness ain't over; but, whether I live to be superannuated or not, I want to see her settled. Yes, I druther

see her settled soon than not so airly. And I guess the thing is workin' about." The elder laughed a good-natured rumble. "Brother Jeffr's's son is a fine young man. He ain't been brought under conviction of his sins yit, but he has a prayin' father and mother, and he showed consider'ble intrust at the last revival. 'Tain't houses and big farms and fine furneytoor that makes a woman happy in the married state: it's a manly husband. But Brother Ham Jeffr's is right well fixed, too, for a young man."

"Ham Jeffr's and Elsie's up and down engaged to be married, then?" queried Mrs. Lib. In her neighborhood such a question was considered a prying indelicacy, but she could stop at nothing while she thought of the blue eyes and curly golden head.

"Well," said the elder, twinkling, and using his privilege of evasion, "they haven't took me into their counsel yit."

"Ham Jeffr's is a decent enough young man," the widow's conscience compelled her to admit. "I never heard anything against him, except he was pretty free and rough with his tongue."

"Them kind of faults wears away with experience," said Brother Brock. "The deepest convicted sinner I ever seen had been a profane swearer."

Mrs. Lib fixed her eyes on the splashy figure of her parlor carpet. She was used to concentrating her thoughts to a focus; and all the outdoor world,—lighted by that double portion of sunshine with which autumn garnishes the crowns and feet of all trees,—the ponderous ticking of the cherry clock, feeling its way with iron hands around its own scarred face,—even the elder's voice carrying on a burden of camp-meeting reminiscences, had no part in her mind, while she gazed and talked with that inner voice which sometimes does, but generally does not, use the tongue.

"My man-child can't stand suffering. He never could endure pain. That butter-faced Elsie Brock! I wish I could *make* her love him. Yet she'll never appreciate him and know all that's in him, like I do. It might be best to have him die, if I could be dead with him. But then the girls would get his things I've saved and taken care of. Misery and satisfaction get so mixed in this world you can't separate them nor say what's best. I can't bear to see him wrapped up in any woman not good enough for him, and yet I couldn't lay still in my grave and leave him alone."

Thus her mental activity ran on into jangles while she looked at the carpet or nodded assent at Brother Brock.

Like all energetic women who feel the responsibilities of this intertangled life, she was fiercely anxious to act as a special Providence to her own. That changeable and elusive quality which we call happiness, and which varies so strongly at different periods of our experience, she was determined to have for her son; while, staring this determination in the face, stood the common lot of probable disappointment.

The innocent creature who was adding to the many agonies Mrs. Lib had endured over her man-child walked along the garden-path, enjoying the surface of all things, without a suspicion that she was potentate of the soil on which she trod.

Lewie, trim in his tailor-made Sunday clothes, hung beside her, his eyes watching the German gravity of Elsie's face. The girl's ways were plain and Quaker-like. Her various little adornments were conspicuous only in being exceedingly clean. She had a bulging white forehead and calm blue eyes, and her strongest trait was a direct sincerity almost as ponderous as her father's physical presence.

"But didn't you ever hear of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene'?" said Lewie, hovering.

"No," replied Elsie, in perfect good-fellowship, "but my grandmother used to tell about spooks. There really isn't any spooks or fairies."

"This is such a beautiful poem."

"Is it long?"

"Yes. But I can repeat the argument to you."

"I don't like to hear arguments," said Elsie, "or debates of any kind."

"But I wish you would like what I do," urged the man-child. "I've walked up and down this particular garden-alley—from that cross-path to the currant-bushes—nearly every evening since I was a little boy. Mother set the pinks all along because I enjoy them so much."

"Yes," assented Elsie, forming the words with sweet lips, "I think pinks are the most prettiest flower that grows."

Lewie laughed and trembled, feeling the sincere goodness of her soul penetrate him like some exquisite odor.

"You couldn't use any word that I wouldn't admire," said he. "And I'd like to know how you spell, so I could spell just like you."

"I don't spell very well," owned Elsie, sincerely. "I always had to work, and didn't get much of a chance at schoolin'. Your mother's educated you up to be a fine scholar. But doesn't so much readin' and study make you feel kind of do-less?"

The pipes of the late summer insects came in to fill a pause; and Elsie knocked a grasshopper off her sleeve.

"Is your father do-less because he preaches instead of ploughs?" put forth Lewie, after turning her question in his mind.

"No, he isn't. Some folks says he's the powerfullest exhorter they ever heard."

"Consider me an exhorter, too," said Lewie. "I expect to do my work, if I don't do it altogether with my muscles like Ham Jeffr's. Did you ever lean against the window-sash at night, with nothing but it between you and the great dark, and feel as if you *must* burst out and fly to the ends of the earth?"

"No," said Elsie. "I always put the blind down and seen if things were comfortable for father."

"It does please me to have you talk like you do!" the boy exclaimed, laughing. "I'm a balloon; you're the rope that holds me."

Elsie regarded him with serene disapproval.

"I ain't a rope," said she. "You talk so funny."

"Don't you like to hear me talk a bit?" faltered Lewie.

"I don't mind it," she replied, strictly candid in her demeanor, "when I hain't got better company."

"And what do you call better company?" the boy inquired, his lips whitening. "Is it Ham Jeffr's?"

"He's been keepin' company with me till I've got used to him," said Elsie, glancing mildly toward the road.

"Do you like him?"

"He's real good company," the girl admitted.

The boy gazed at her with a fierce puckering of his whole face.

Elsie was watching two calves which poked their noses between the garden-palings. The expanse of their pasture was not enough for them, but they must be stretching at raspberry-briers on forbidden ground. The swiftly-changing countenance beside her passed through its passion unnoted by her. Lewie turned his back.

"Them's right nice calves," said Elsie.

The boy whispered between his teeth, "You've the soul of a butcher!"

Mrs. Lib saw him flying from the garden, and heard him run upstairs, where he slammed and locked his chamber door.

Later, she knocked to call him down to prayers and Sunday evening luncheon.

"Don't let anybody come near me," he responded. "I'm in solitary confinement."

And, knowing him as she did, she made excuses for him, and herself drove the Brocks to evening meeting, where they were to be delivered into the hands of other neighbors. After the sermon and exhortation Ham Jeffries stood at the chapel door and crooked his arm for Elsie. Mrs. Lib had imagination enough to arrange the conversation in which the girl would express to her lover her candid disapproval of Lewie, while the two drove along moonlighted roads. It was egotism on her part, however, to suppose that he occupied a fraction of their talk.

She crept home through the woods herself, and gave the horses to her hired man, who was sitting on the barn-yard fence whistling and waiting for her.

Her man-child's room stood open and empty, so she lay down on the sitting-room lounge and waited for him, as many a mother has waited for a wayward child. Next day would be her wash-day. She needed sleep for the hard labors to be performed; but these would be as nothing compared to the strain of that cord by which the boy dragged her after all his moods.

He came in after midnight, damp with dew and physically exhausted, and Mrs. Lib made him lie on the lounge while she brought him a drink of jelly-water. She was triumphant at having him once more for her own, she was hurt and indignant because he had evidently met with a repulse, she was solemnly bent on comforting him as only an angel or a doting woman can comfort.

"I'll be the death of you yet, mither," he whispered, remorsefully, setting the empty goblet down.

"Not while my man-child comes home to lay his head in my lap," said Mrs. Lib. She saw with the eyes of hard practical sense that his

fancy had been but the caprice of a boy, while with the eyes of sympathetic insight she beheld the gash which even this had left in his soul.

"Soon as harvest is clean over, Lewie, we'll go away for another little journey together."

"I'd like to get out of this into something else, mither. Why isn't every woman like you?"

"Oh, the one you're to have will be clear beyond me, man-child!"

"I wish people were born mated; then they would never go bumping against walls like blind bats."

"Give us mothers a chance before the wives are fetched onto the carpet. You wouldn't have been satisfied with *this* one. In five years' time you'd rue it."

"Mither, I walked for hours in the woods. I thought it over and over. It isn't her liking Ham Jeffr's. But she wasn't the person I thought her. I've lost something I can never get back. I've lost that person forever."

"No, you haven't," said Mrs. Lib. "Travel on awhile with mither, and we'll come to her yet."

The elderberry-bushes had ripened their remaining tender green parasols into huge ruby bunches when Joce Jeffries again encountered the sun-bonnet of Samson Gearing's wife among the leaves.

"I thought I'd come down and pick some more of these elderberries before you carried them all off," she observed in greeting.

"I guess Mis' Lib Stevenson don't care which of us gets them," said Samson Gearing's wife.

"No; she's all took up with gettin' ready for another jaunt with that man-child of hers."

"Is it on account of his health?"

"No. It's on account of his lackin' horse sense," said the large woman, treading down bushes without mercy. "Folks that's born that way has far to go in this world."

M. H. Catherwood.

GRACE.

I KNOW not what, but when she lifts her hand
To point a flower's perfection, with but "See,
How exquisite!" the blossom magically
Assumes a rare new richness, as by wand,
And all the quickened sense is straightway fanned
With wave on wave of Eden fragrancy,
A subtlety we may not understand,
Past painter's brush, past poet's minstrelsy.

Orelia Key Bell.

THE NEWSPAPER AND THE INDIVIDUAL: A PLEA FOR PRESS CENSORSHIP.

(BY THE CITY EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA "PRESS.")

THE city editor is the man who says twenty thousand words about his neighbors every morning. Good news is no news, and most of the twenty thousand words are disagreeable ones. It is the city editor's duty, then, before all men, to be circumspect about the pains and penalties in such cases made and provided. The news or telegraph editor says more things than the city editor, and generally more disagreeable things, but he does not say them about his neighbors. He says them, as a general thing, about people who do not know he is saying them. The chief editorial writer says more important things than either the news or city editor, and says them in a more elaborately disagreeable and authoritative way, but he says them about a class of people whose principal function in life is to have things said about them; that is to say, that callous and casehardened class known as Public Men, whom the laws and Constitution strip of the right of self-defence, and who remind the quizzical observer of affairs in a free country of the rows of puppets at a country fair whom everybody has the right of pelting at five cents a pelt. The puppets are continually hit; they are continually knocked down; they always reappear smiling by a simple but invisible and ingenious device which is known in mechanics as a spiral spring and in public life as a Pull.

To illustrate more clearly the functions and responsibility of these three executive heads of the editorial or "up-stairs" half of a newspaper. If the news editor describes in glowing hues the career of a metropolitan adventuress, the only antagonistic interest aroused is a mild wonder on the part of the personage in question as to how the newspapers "got on to" her. If the chief editorial writer decides that a certain Public Personage has broken every law in the U.S. Revised Statutes, every principle of political morality, every promise in the party platform, and every pledge in his letter of acceptance, the person most grievously hurt is the private personage who keeps the Public Personage's scrap-book and by such decision has his weighty labors added to. But if the city editor should happen to say that Lawyer Muggins has filed papers in divorce in behalf of Grocer Buggins against Mrs. Buggins, and it should turn out that Lawyer Muggins had only drawn the papers and sent them by his clerk to be filed and the clerk had loitered in one of the inns about the court and had arrived thereat too late to file the papers, then would it be conclusively proved to Grocer and Mrs. Buggins that each had grounds for a libel suit, in which belief Lawyer Muggins and his clerk would undoubtedly concur; to the chief editorial writer, that the city news was so unreliable that he did not dare trust himself to comment upon it; to the editor-in-chief, that such extraordinary recklessness showed an amount of

indiscretion sufficient to warrant the reorganization of the department; to the manager, that such carelessness damaged the property; to the friends of the Bugginses, that the newspapers ought to be suppressed; to the managing editor, that we've been rather unlucky lately; and to the other newspapers, that you are a "daily fake" or a "mendacious contemporary."

It therefore follows that the city editor becomes an expert on the seamy side of newspaper life, a connoisseur in libel suits, corrections, retractions, and the relations of the newspaper, not to the public, but to the individual. As one of this class of experts, though perhaps the least of the class, the fact that has struck me with the greatest force in the relation of the newspaper to the individual is the utter inadequacy of the present libel law to protect either party to that interminable quarrel. In closely following the numerous attempts in this and other States so to amend that law as to afford the now notoriously inadequate protection, I have come to the fixed conclusion that the only way to amend the libel law is to abolish it. If it were abolished it would have to be replaced. There is but one thing which can replace it,—a press censorship.

This is a startling, a sweeping, a perhaps impracticable and apparently reactionary proposition. But let us think what the present libel law is. An engine for the oppression of decent citizens and conscientious journals. A harbor of refuge for the expert purveyor of filth in journalism. A club in the hands of the bravo and adventurer. On the newspaper side of the question, I doubt if a single capitalist could be induced to invest a single dollar in a newspaper enterprise if he knew what a mediæval instrument for the suppression of truth the libel law is. Every day we see cable despatches portraying the hardships of English editors under English law. The law of England as to civil suits is the law of Pennsylvania. The common-law decision that a woman who is called a bawd and simply proved to be a procuress is entitled to damages stands to-day in this State, and in most States of the Union. It is no defence to prove a man ten thousand times blacker than he has been painted. He must be conclusively shown to have been of exactly the same shade. If you have thrown a soft crimson reflection on his character, it will not aid you to say you might have made a fierce scarlet. This is the law to which respectable moneyed and business men, the owners of newspapers, and conscientious, clean, and upright professional men, the writers of them, are amenable in the year of grace 1890. This is but a joint, a cog in this monstrous engine of oppression, devised as it was for the suppression of a free press, and since unchanged by a single relieving statute or decision.

On the other hand, the condition of the individual is, if anything, worse than that of the newspaper. The worst wrongs that the newspaper of to-day can inflict and does daily inflict can be brought under no measure of civil damages. Let me illustrate. A short time ago a respectable and generally careful newspaper, which claims and possesses an enormous daily circulation, published as a fact in the leading news article on its first page that a whole class of securities, in which hundreds of its own constituents had invested hundreds of thousands

of dollars, was worthless. It did so upon the testimony of an anonymous individual who had paid a flying visit to the section of the country in which the investments in question were made. The anxiety, the sleepless nights, the distrust of all investments, caused by this careless use of a great function, are simply incalculable; but, as this journal had erroneously charged not man but the elements with the depreciation of these securities, there was and can be no legal redress for this unsettling of the financial world. Under a discreet press censorship a fine of ten thousand dollars would be a light penalty for such an offence, and a repetition of its commission would be followed by a suppression of the newspaper. Another case which has attracted wide attention is the practical murder of a once distinguished New York physician by a "sensational" New York newspaper. In his tottering mind there was a great, morbid horror of publicity. That newspaper gave him four columns of it, and he went and hanged himself. A discreet press censorship would have allotted to the man or men who had an individual participation in that publication the term of imprisonment prescribed by the law for any other homicide. But under the "law of evidence" (that quaint antiquated instrument for the extinction of the spirit and the survival of the letter, the devilish ingenuity of which I, from my adolescence in a law office, to this day have admired as a modern mechanic may admire the thumb-screws or the iron boot in the Tower) that death could not be laid at the door of the men who wrought it. Yet some newspaper will suffer for that crime,—not the newspaper in question, but some newspaper a thousand miles east or west or north or south, which has been innocently misled into saying that a parricide was a simple murderer, or that a forger was a pickpocket, but which will be duly mulcted in damages and costs because the judge and jury and the people think that "the newspapers" are "growing too bold."

It is plain, therefore, that it is impossible to assess the most serious damages that a newspaper can inflict. Under the conditions of modern life, the common law cannot protect the individual from the unscrupulous or reckless newspaper. Let us glance at some of the propositions to protect the newspaper from the individual. One which is frequently insisted on by a high authority is to make a security for costs a preliminary to the institution of a libel suit. This might do away with a small percentage of speculative libel suits, but would not prevent the institution of a single spiteful one. Another is the allowance of the plea of retraction in mitigation of damages. It is not the assessment of damages, which is a trade risk, which is most hurtful to a newspaper in an unsuccessful litigation, but the loss of prestige and incitement of other suits. Still another provides that express malice shall be shown in order to carry punitive damages. The intricate and inexact common law leans somewhat in this direction now, but all experience teaches that a jury will hang a very large verdict on very small proof of express malice. The amendment which has been most loudly advocated in one quarter relieves the publisher of all liability and places it solely on the writer. Personally, I, in common with most writers, I think, would welcome this amendment. The dignified retirement of the second tier

for the three months following a plea of guilty would be heaven compared with the month or so of nervous strain consequent upon the preparation and trial of a libel suit. But the proposition to relieve the principal beneficiary of an offence from all responsibility for its commission is so inherently absurd as to call for no comment, adverse or otherwise. Still another device is to make the source of a newspaper's information solely liable for its correctness. This would be to destroy the press as an institution and make it a more or less foul conduit of rumor.

It therefore follows, I take it, that the law of the land is quite incompetent to protect the newspaper from the unscrupulous individual.

Let us, then, frankly acknowledge that the law of the land is incompetent to deal with the relations of the individual to the newspaper. Long, long since we practically acknowledged its incompetency to deal with the relations of the public man and the newspaper, by giving the latter comparative immunity for anything it might publish concerning the former. Let us erect an extra-judicial body which shall, with the approval of the legislative body, create its own code. Let it be composed of one journalist, one lawyer, and one man of affairs. Let it define exactly, after mature deliberation, and the hearing of all sides, exactly what the functions of a newspaper are, and let it protect its use of those functions and punish its abuse. I am quite aware of the clack and clatter which any newspaper advocating this reform would meet. We would hear first of "the constitutional right of trial by jury." The gentlemen of the long robe are making that constitutional right such a public scandal that it is a question if it long survives; but grant its immortality,—the American Constitution is about the most elastic thing in the cosmos. For three months of every year in the city of Philadelphia a court sits which tries the moral character and claims to good citizenship of three thousand men, finds more than half of them wanting, stamps them as wanting, is sustained by the law and public opinion in so doing, and does it all without the aid of "the jury system" or "the law of evidence." No press censorship could be more arbitrary than the License Courts of Philadelphia and Pittsburg; and yet if a press censorship when erected should accomplish one-half the good that the License Courts have done, newspaper and individual alike would rise up and call it blessed. The times are ripening for a change. The murmurs of the people are loud. The press of the country is attempting to deal to-day with assaults upon its liberties in the courts. It may soon have to deal with them in the legislatures. When a good general knows the ground on which an impending battle is to be fought, he occupies the ground.

A. E. Watrous.

fantastic disarray against the pale-purple sky,—a ghostly assemblage of silent shapes, wildly beckoning or derisively pointing, fit accompaniment to the lonely house, to the amphitheatre of solemn mountains in whose heart it lay, to the mystic voice of the river rushing, now invisible, at its feet. I stood before Nantgwillt. So seen, the best-loved of Shelley's Welsh haunts appeared instinct with the spirit of Shelleyan landscape. The house itself, indeed, revealed in its architecture the manner of a prosaic and rationalistic age, just as in Shelley himself there ran a vein of the eighteenth century congealing the surface of his ardent prose into hard and rigid dialectic. But the sober style of the building appeared in a setting of the wildest romance; and the rationalist in Shelley was embedded in, and at length overwhelmed and all but obliterated by, the poet.

Very little of Shelley's poetry belongs, however, to this time, and that little is still unmistakably boyish. Nor has the scenery of Cwm Elan left deep traces upon his later verse. The grander scenery of the Alps was more fitted to occupy an imagination which, like his, lived upon the immaterial elements of landscape, as of life,—upon light and space and air,—things to be fully realized only when the landscape is on a great scale. Whatever Shelley saw became intense, luminous, passionate in his vitalizing thought; and there are touches in the beautiful glen and river pictures of "Alastor" which suggest rather a sublimated reminiscence of Wales than a simple reproduction of Switzerland or the Rhine. The "labyrinthine dell" recalls the tortuous curves of Cwm Elan; the "pass" where

> the abrupt mountain breaks,
> And seems with its accumulated crags
> To overhang the world,

reads like a grandiose rendering of the "rocks piled on each other to an immense height and intersected with clouds" which he describes in prose to his "Portia," or the

> mountain piles
> That load in grandeur Cambria's emerald vales,

of which he tells in an early unpublished sonnet quoted by Mr. Dowden. In "Alastor," again, it is to be noted, Shelley was palpably under the influence of Wordsworth,—more so than ever before or after; and that influence, while it doubtless tended to temper and to chasten the ethereal-izing bias of his style, at the same time rendered him more alive to the power of the native scenery in which Wordsworth's genius familiarly moved. Yet it was but for a moment; his faculty lay elsewhere; and it was not the Lord Chancellor's decree alone, but his destiny and his genius, which, four years after the delicious and unforgotten days at Nantgwillt, led him from England to Italy, his home and his grave.

C. H. Herford.

THE BLUE-AND-GOLD MAN-CHILD.

I.

AS Joce Jeffries, parting her way through the elder-bushes, stood still a moment to pull down a bunch of the berries which spread like a red-brown canopy above her, she saw the sun-bonnet of Samson Gearing's wife.

"Well, law! I thought I heard somebody in here," she exclaimed. "Have you got many?"

"About a half a bucketful," replied Samson Gearing's wife, displaying her elderberries by a motion of the elbow. "Enough to make pies for quarterly meetin'. A body don't know hardly what to make pies of, now the plums is all gone and it bein' such a bad peach year. Our folks gits tired of apples."

"So do our'n; but I don't think elderberry-pies is fit to eat this time of year. We jam our'n and kind of git the wild taste out."

"It's anything to fill up the table quarterly-meetin' times," said Samson Gearing's wife, shredding off the fruit with a tranquil hand. "How's all up to your house? You goin' to attend?"

"That's the calculation," replied Joce, lifting her skirts higher above her dew-soaked ankles. The adjacent woods were full of morning stir, and the fragrance of all these elder-bushes filling the fence-corners was pungent. There was an immense spider-web, humid and glistening, between Joce's face and the rising sun. The proprietor of the web had yellow spots on a hairy black coat: he sat on a leaf to which he had attached one guy-rope of his snare. "Mother she's been workin' too hard. The rest's reasonable. I'll be glad when the fall work's done. And I concluded I'd come down and git some of these here elderberries before they was carried off. Mis' Lib Stevenson made us welcome to them for the pickin'."

"She done me the same," remarked Samson Gearing's wife, with composure. "The' ain't nobody up to her house that'll tech elderberries."

"Specially her man-child," said Joce, laughing and showing the wine-stain of the seed-like fruit in her mouth.

The name of an empress had been contracted and ruralized to fit this huge, sylvan, middle-aged creature who laid hold of all things with a materialistic grip. Her freedom of comment was always royal.

Samson Gearing's wife chuckled under her sun-bonnet slats. "Man-child!" said she, with zest as fresh as if she had not tickled herself with the name for a score of years.

"Doll-baby's what he is," pronounced Joce, shredding a very full bush into her basket.

"Yes, she's babied him up till it's been the ruination of him," assented Samson Gearing's wife. "But a body never knows what they'd do if they had just one own child, and him weakly. He didn't

that most unusual allowances to geniuses come. Women who make the mistake of believing their own lives petty because consumed in attending to small things, imagine that the man-life is grandest and most admirable which produces results most distinctly visible. It seems not to occur to them that a good poem, novel, picture, or statue is the result of as much petty, worrying detail as the making-over of a new dress or the management of a successful home. Before the man who does something that seems unusual, that "stands out," these women bow down and worship, and men accept such attentions quite as naturally as women, though gods haven't the faculty of goddesses for sometimes stepping from their shrines to be gracious.

But suppose that a woman's adoration of a man's genius cause her to marry him! Well, she is not to be envied. A woman who marries a man for any quality which is not distinctively husbandly commits a terrible blunder, and there seems to be no law of earth or heaven to relieve woman, any more than man, of the penalties of blundering. Genius does not necessarily imply the accompaniment of a single human virtue. Aaron Burr was a genius, and a curse to every one who liked him; Guiteau wrote some poems that were not bad; indeed, Satan is a marvellous genius, according to the confessions of those who believe in his personality. Genius is often an accident of birth, for physical reasons which anatomists are beginning to understand; it comes as unexpectedly, through natural or abnormal causes, as the handsome face or the adorable moustache for which some women marry, and with deplorable results.

After much observation of living geniuses,—for "a cat may look at a king,"—the writer feels justified in saying that, other conditions being equal, as usually they are, no other men are happier in married life or make better husbands. Further, to no man is the companionship of a loving woman so necessary and precious as to him whose work demands extreme mental concentration. No true genius is likely to attain to the full measure of his ideals, or to be satisfied with his work; he can out-criticise his critics: so the sympathy of his wife is unspeakably gratifying and consoling. The results of his work are as truly due to his wife as to himself, though her hand may never have touched it nor her mind comprehended it. Though he be so great in his line as to have no peer, and she the simplest of women, her love, if it be constant and active, is what he most needs, and quite as much as he deserves. To such a woman the heart of a man really great goes out in continual gratitude; and, after all, it was his heart for which she married him, unless she was a fool.

If geniuses should not marry, what is to become of men? Genius is not a monopoly of the ruder sex; it is quite as common among women as among men. There is not a department of art which has not been successfully invaded by women. Women's names abound in catalogues of modern picture-exhibitions; women write a full half of our popular novels and many of our poems; women on the lyric and dramatic stage rank as high in public estimation and on managers' pay-rolls as men; women deliver lectures (before the curtain as well as behind it), and some of them preach good sermons. Not a month passes without the results of woman's inventive genius being recorded in the Patent Office at Washington. In the broader fields of applied genius the man must be blind who cannot see that woman has no superior in the concentration of mind, the absorption in the work in hand, which are the distinguishing marks of genius. It requires as high quality of genius to dress beautifully and in taste, or to make the inside of a house sightly with common material, as to turn mere paint and

canvas into a picture. The world contains no more estimable, marvellous work of genius than the successful maintenance of a two-thousand dollar home on a one-thousand dollar income; yet everybody knows women who accomplish it. Are not such geniuses to marry? The serious suggestion of so dreadful a possibility would cause a revolt such as the world has never dreamed of. Men are enduring creatures,—being born of women,—but they are smart enough to know when endurance means annihilation.

Geniuses must marry and be given in marriage; without it they never can live up to their possibilities. They must marry, as most of them do, in their capacity of human beings,—not geniuses. Life in all its natural interests is quite the same to the genius as to any one else, for he can never safely rear his head above the clouds unless his feet are firmly planted on the earth. Selfishness, arrogance, thoughtlessness, and cruelty are not distinguishing marks of genius, but faults too common in individual members of all classes: they merely become more prominent when allied to genius. When this is understood, as it should have been long before this, a large class of people, who, taken for all in all, are quite as estimable as their neighbors, will be relieved of a burden of undeserved suspicion.

John Habberton.

THE FORESTRY PROBLEM.

WHEN Columbus discovered America it was a land of forests, a woodland world, on which he seemed to have fallen. And for nearly three hundred years afterwards the settlers, in their march westward, found interminable avenues of trees. It seemed as if America was the native realm of the forest giant. In the present century, however, there has been found good reason to reverse this decision. In the region west of the Mississippi a treeless domain has been entered upon, much greater in dimensions than the forest-land to the east. The State of Texas alone contains treeless areas greater than Pennsylvania, and most of the States and Territories of the Far West possess forests only on their mountain crests and slopes.

Originally, as the most recent statistics indicate, not more than four-tenths of the area of the United States was forest-clad. At present the forests of marketable timber cover about three-tenths of the area, one-fourth of the whole vast sum having vanished. The remaining fraction is being reduced, by aid of axe and firebrand, with alarming rapidity. The great white-pine forests of the North, our most valuable timber, have already suffered fatal inroads. The pines which once covered New England and New York are no more. Of the formerly vast pine forests of Pennsylvania only a remnant remains. The broad pineries of the Northwest are being cut into and burnt into with frightful lack of economy. The pine belt of the South Atlantic, it is true, still contains immense quantities of excellent timber, while the Gulf States possess pines enough to supply for a long time all probable demands upon them; but these Southern pines are no fitting substitute for the white pine of the North, being hard and resinous and much more difficult to work.

Our forests of hard-wood timber have suffered similar, though less severe, inroads. Several large areas of these still remain. That of the Mississippi

basin has lost much of the best of its walnut, ash, cherry, and yellow poplar, but is still rich in valuable trees. There are two other great bodies of hard-wood timber, which have suffered but little from the axe. One of these is that which covers the Southern Alleghany system, occupying the west of Virginia and the Carolinas and the east of Kentucky and Tennessee. Here abound oak of the best quality, walnut, cherry, and other valuable woods. West of the Mississippi, from central Missouri to central Louisiana, extends another great hard-wood forest, largely composed of oak. The forests of Michigan are yet rich in maples. These constitute the chief existing remains of the once all-embracing forests of the Atlantic region.

The Pacific slope is still rich in mountain-woodlands. The great fir forests of the coast districts of Washington and Oregon are nearly intact, and contain an enormous supply of valuable timber. The sierras of California are richly clothed with pines; but the huge red-woods of the coast ranges, first-cousins of the gigantic Sequoias, are being fatally assailed. These furnish the only real substitute for our vanishing white pines, and at their present rate of reduction they promise to lose their importance before many years have passed. The other valuable forests of the Pacific region are the pines of the western slopes of the northern Rocky Mountains and those of the ranges of central Arizona and southwestern New Mexico. These are yet almost undisturbed. The remaining forests of the Pacific region are fast disappearing, and are of local importance only.

The forest wealth of the United States, as the above statement indicates, is still enormous, but it is far from inexhaustible, and the wasteful consumption to which it is exposed, if not checked, will before many years leave us poor in timber. As to its value, we may state that the forest-products of a single year, 1880, were estimated by the Census agents as worth probably $700,000,000. In the same year 10,274,089 acres were robbed of their forests by the agency of fire, thus adding enormously to our annual consumption of woodland wealth. In regard to our most valuable timber, the white pine, the total supply ready for the axe was estimated by Professor Sargent in 1882 at about 80,000,000,000 feet, while it was being consumed at an annual rate of 10,000,000,000 feet.

The axe, as we have said, is far from being alone to blame for the destruction of our forests, though it has done its work with reckless waste. Two other agencies of destruction have added enormously to the devastation. One of these is the agency of fire, which annually sweeps over many square miles of primeval forest, destroying all life in its fatal pathway, and injuring the fertility of the soil to such a degree that years of useless undergrowth must elapse before the surface is in condition to bear another forest; and frequently the new-grown trees are of inferior species, far less valuable economically than those which they replace.

These ruinous conflagrations are in great part due to pure carelessness. Their most frequent causes are the heedlessness of farmers in brush-burning and of hunters in leaving their camp-fires unextinguished. The railroads also are answerable for a considerable share of the damage. The heaps of dried refuse left by the lumbermen are like so many powder-magazines, and have much to do with the starting and the spread of the flames. All these causes are preventable, and for one acre burned over by act of Providence there are fifty burned over through the improvidence of man.

A second source of great damage is the forest browsing of animals. It is

common in the Southern Atlantic States and in California to turn cattle, sheep, horses, and hogs into the woods, to pick up there a scanty subsistence. The result is the destruction of seedling plants in immense numbers, while young trees, and often old ones, are killed by the loss of their bark. Hogs add to the ruin by rooting up the young pines and feeding on their succulent roots. Professor Sargent tells us that at the opening of the dry season in California immense herds of cattle, horses, and sheep are driven into the mountains to graze, and that from the foot-hills to the highest alpine meadows not only every blade of grass but also every seedling tree is destroyed. The present forests await the axe, but the hopes of future forests are ruined.

Nor is this all. The sharp hoofs of the sheep, winding up the steep acclivities, tread out the roots of the grasses and other perennial plants; the soil, deprived of its vegetable covering, is washed away by the rains; and not only is the possibility of future forests destroyed, but the fertile plains below are threatened with burial under the gravel and sand swept from the bare mountain-sides.

The evil results of the reckless destruction of our forests is by no means confined to loss of timber, though this in itself is sufficiently severe. It takes from fifty years to a century or more to replace a mature tree that has been destroyed; and where the course pursued seems specially designed to prevent its replacement, its loss is irreparable. But forests are of other utility than as sources of lumber-supply. As guards to the river-flow they are of inestimable value, and the loss of the mountain-forests of our country would prove seriously disastrous to the fertility of the plains,—fatally so, in some instances. It seems not without design that the watercourses of the land have their sources in the forests, since these are the balance-wheels of the rivers, the regulating agency to retain the rains and yield their waters in quiet flow instead of in desolating torrents to the plains. Their destruction means the ruin of our great rivers for purposes of navigation and irrigation, the desolation of bordering cities, and the devastating overflow of fertile valleys.

The forest-covered hill has as one of its chief missions the retention of the rains, which percolate slowly through the mat of fallen leaves and the covering of soil, gradually feeding the springs and streams, while much of the water is returned to the air through leaf-evaporation. The snows of winter are likewise retained, and melt but slowly. A forest-denuded hill, on the contrary, suffers the rains to flow at once into the streams, swelling them suddenly and dangerously, while in seasons of drought they become injuriously reduced. The snows likewise, lying on bare hill-sides, melt with perilous rapidity under the first warm suns of spring, pour their waters in torrents into the streams, and make themselves felt in ruin far below. Nor is this the only damage. The mountains, once denuded of their trees, soon become robbed of their soil, and incapable of future forest growth. The work which nature has done through ages of slow soil-building is often thus undone in a few years of man's *civilized* energy.

The question which next arises is, how is this destruction to be avoided? That governmental interference for the protection of the forests is necessary is self-evident; but what steps should government take to prevent man's lavish wastefulness and restrain the selfishness of reckless individuals who may well say, "After us the deluge," since their methods of operation are particularly well calculated to drown the river-valleys with annual floods? In parts of Europe conservative methods are now in progress. Many of the river-yielding

hills of that continent have been long since denuded of their trees and soil, and their rivers in consequence vibrate between destructive flood and shallow flow, to the virtual ruin of large districts of fertile land. France and some other countries are seeking to reafforest the hills, but the process must necessarily be a slow one. The slopes are terraced and the descending waters made to flow slowly back and forth in lateral channels, thus preventing their rapid descent to the plains, and favoring the accumulation of soil and the growth of the trees which are planted on the terraces.

In this country, fortunately, such measures have not become necessary, and it is to be hoped that our forest conditions may reach no such extreme. We have grown wise in time, and a present application of our wisdom may save us from much future trouble. That our woodlands can be made permanently productive has already been proved in Maine. In that State the reckless waste of former years has been followed by a careful preservation of the forest, while fires in the woodlands have almost ceased. The cutting of young trees is in large measure prohibited, and large areas are being replanted. The people of Maine clearly perceived that one of their chief sources of wealth was vanishing, and the growth of a healthy public opinion has put an end to waste by fire and axe. A fixed annual supply from that State may be counted on in the future.

In New York earnest attention has recently been directed to the Adirondack forests, the rapid felling of which is threatening serious injury to the Hudson River, whose head-waters they protect. The State owns much of this forest-land, and is seeking to acquire more, as State ownership seems the only safeguard against the reckless greed of foresters.

In the West the prairie-regions are becoming covered with woodland with encouraging rapidity. The original cause of the treeless character of these great plains is not well known, but it has been long continued by the annual grass-burnings and the almost impenetrable character of the soil. The breaking of the soil with the plough, the cessation of the burnings, and the efforts of the farmers, promise before many years to produce a decided change of condition in these fertile plains, whose climate and rainfall, except in their western border-land, are well adapted to the growth of trees. Several of the prairie States—as Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa—offer a reward for the planting of trees, and this stimulus has done much to promote the rapid spread of woodland throughout this region. One valuable result of this process will probably be to reduce the destructiveness of the winds which cause such havoc upon these Western plains.

Just what measures will be best adapted to preserve the forests which remain to us can be decided only by experiment. Severe penalties for the starting of woodland fires would seem in order, rewards for the preservation as well as for the planting of young trees, and a rigid system of supervision over the still extensive government forests, with strict regulations in regard to the cutting of mountain-woodlands. The "killing the goose which lays the golden eggs," which has been the method hitherto in our forest economy, needs to be sternly prohibited, if we are to transmit to our children the noble forest domain with which nature has provided us.

It cannot be said that this vital necessity has made itself apparent to Congress, whose course of action has been conspicuous for the unconcern and levity with which it has treated this great question. Fortunately, the people themselves have taken it in hand. State Forestry Associations are earnestly studying the situation and pressing for reform, and the new institution of Arbor Day is instilling into

the rising generation that reverence for the tree which has almost died out under the long tyranny of the axe. These movements had their fitting expression in the Forestry Congress which recently met in Philadelphia, in which the situation was ably discussed and an urgent appeal made to Congress to adopt stringent measures of forest-preservation. This was embodied in a resolution asking Congress to withdraw from sale for the present all forest-lands belonging to the government, and to provide for their protection until a governmental commission shall have thoroughly examined these woodland regions, decided what forests shall be permanently preserved, and laid out a plan of national forest administration.

That this shall be done speedily and efficiently, and shall be aided and abetted by similar local action in the several States, is most earnestly to be desired, both for our own sake and for that of the generations to come.

Charles Morris.

THE DISSIPATION OF READING.

IT is related somewhere of a remarkable somebody that after reading his morning paper he could repeat its contents *verbatim*, including the advertisements. Wonderful, to be sure! But what object had he in reading everything in his morning paper? Of the thousand items in it, how many of them either concerned or interested himself? He read for either mental solace or mental stimulant. He took his morning dram of reading as the toper takes his cocktail. It was habit and necessity with him.

It is told of another somebody that he would not read a newspaper at any time,—asserting as his reason that nine-tenths of it was an irritating patchwork of events, soul-stirring and aggravating, and the other tenth did not contain comfort proportioned to the smart.

In neither of these opposite cases was there intellectual temperance.

The profit in judicious reading, both in quantity and in quality, is undeniable, but by far the greater number of readers are mental drunkards. Their dissipation is most injurious to themselves, and selfish towards others: they do little if any thinking; they absorb mental stimulants; they excrete nothing.

The habitual reader of fiction must have a daily dose and be wrought up by the excitement it affords,—must live for hours among fancied characters and exciting scenes,—love with lovers, hate with haters, mourn with mourners, be supremely happy if all things turn out right, or suffer the pains of quarrelsome disgust if things go wrong. Among the readers of all classes of literature these mental inebriates exist. Their mental cravings must be gratified. Writers upon every subject concoct their several tipples, and the book-stall is the inviting bar at which they purchase, or the library the well-stocked cellar from which they draw. The effect of constant imbibition from the mighty river of Literature upon the minds of such drinkers is most damaging. Reading from habit, their intellectual faculties cease to act in unison with the eye: the book becomes the brain. When it is read and covers closed, its ideas are inside, indelibly inscribed in the ink that lives, but such readers' memories have not received on their tablets one single scratch to mark its perusal. Again, so much do such repeated

debaucheries of the intellect disorder it, that column after column will word for word be taken in by the eye while thought wanders away on a tramp of its own. A touch, a slammed door, an upward cast of the eye, and the half-hour's reading and the half-hour's tramp are blanks comparable to fly-leaves. The drunkard is subject to alcoholic trances; the dissipated reader has reading-trances quite as profound.

Reading too much has worse results than reading too little. Action may and does accompany ignorance, but idleness is the result of living upon the brain of others. The reading debauchee neither acts nor thinks.

The endeavor of readers should be to benefit themselves by what they read, and to benefit others by what they remember and think about it. As they indulge in viands, so should they offer them.

The curiosities of the dissipation of reading are many. An acquaintance of the writer's—a distinguished lawyer—carries home with him from his office, not briefs to be conned, but dime novels, and draws from their vivid imagery of impossible life a forgetfulness of all business care. Reading to such a one is the eighth sister of Sleep. If the orders for books given by one of America's greatest statesmen to his importing book-agent were shown to the public, it would be seen that he sought his mental cups in *erotica*. A well-known author does not compose a line until the last edition of his favorite evening paper is read by him from title to tail-piece,—such is the fascination of the daily sheet. One of the oldest and most reliable booksellers in the country said, "I rarely sell a copy of Rabelais to others than clergymen." Think of it!—Rabelais as a clerical *pousse-café!*

Works upon chemistry are plentiful upon the desk of a busy railroad official, and he may often be found apparently deeply absorbed in them. He confesses that beyond H_2O he does not remember a single chemical formula, nor could he perform an experiment to save his neck; but when a knotty railroad problem has to be solved he finds his best inspiration among acids and salts and the intricacies of their compounds.

Certain books are indulged in by many persons as necessary condiments to season enjoyably their daily lives, and they are wretched without these cerebral stimulants. To many people the Bible is as potent as Bourbon. The writings of Artemus Ward were as an elixir to the mighty Lincoln.

The output of the press in these our times is enormous. From its champagnes to its heaviest ports, it affords choice stimulants; but they should be used neither as mental intoxicants nor as Lethean draughts.

Among the treasures of fairy-lore is the story of a not extraordinary young prince who preferred play to study. He strongly objected, so the story goes, to compulsory cramming by the wise men assembled from all parts of the world to instruct him. A pitying and beneficent fairy presented him with a relieving sponge possessing wonderful properties. While he indulged in his predilection for play at will, his instructors lectured at the sponge to their hearts' content, and it patiently absorbed their words. When the young prince tired of his tops or the jabber of his playmates, he had but to give the sponge a squeeze and hearken to all that had been said into it, or to as little as he chose to squeeze out. The wise men, prince, and sponge have their counterparts in writers, readers, and books. Writers talk into books, and readers squeeze their ideas out. The dissipated reader takes the dose because he is tired of everything else. In these modern times dissipated absorption may be better likened to a hypo-

dermic injection: it is only skin-deep, but it affects the whole mental and physical structure.

The newspaper-habit is a vicious foe to concentration of thought. We could not do without newspapers; their influence for good, instruction, and advancement is marvellous; but the habit of reading column after column, mechanically, dropping inch by inch from one subject to another, from murder to heroic act, from scandal to deserved praise, from the prices of marketing to the selected poem in the corner, is stuffing the mind with incompatibles and indigestibles, highly pernicious to consecutive thinking. And the same can be said of the book-habit.

The ancient slur, "He has forgotten more than you ever knew," is in most instances an unintended compliment to the second person singular. It is not what is forgotten, but what is known and remembered, that equips the mind for usefulness.

Most victims of the newspaper- and book-habits can diagnose their own cases,—if they are not too far gone to make the effort. Let such as have had either a somnolent, Lethean, exhilarating, or nauseating draught in this article describing their own disease inquire of themselves the names of the heroes and heroines they were so much interested in, in the novel they read a week ago; or the last chemical theory, so strikingly ingenious; or the latest departure in theology, so liberal and sensible; or the whereabouts of the orbit of the newly-discovered planet; or yesterday's state of Haytian affairs, so exciting to read about; or the number of Queen Victoria's descendants and the amount it costs to keep them, which so roused their sympathies for the English tax-payer and excited their enthusiasm for republican institutions and the independence of republican babies. If they remember a single item, or can recall a single answer, there is hope for themselves yet.

The remedy is simple and worth taking, even if it does cause a wry face at first. Let the person who reads a sentence or chapter turn book or paper upside down while thought, writing, or conversation engages him or her upon its subject-matter. This is feeding memory, and improving the mental faculties by its quick digestion. Such a plan cultivates the thinking-habit, which is an antidote to all evils produced by the dissipation of reading.

Charles McIlvaine.

TRADUTTORE TRADITORE.

THE "traitor translator" has been a fruitful source of wrath on the part of the betrayed author and of amusement on the part of the general public. Some of his blunders are really bewildering. One can understand how Cibber's comedy of "Love's Last Shift" lent itself to travesty as "La dernière Chemise de l'Amour," how Congreve's tragedy of "The Mourning Bride" might become "L'Épouse de Matin," or how "The Bride of Lammermoor" might be turned into "La Bride ["the bridle"] de Lammermoor." One can even understand how the English student could have rendered the Greek *embrontetos* (a thunderstruck, or idiotic, person) by "a thundering fool." But Miss Cooper, the daughter of the novelist, tells a story which is well-nigh incredible. When in Paris, she saw

a French translation of "The Spy," in which a man is represented as tying his horse to a locust. Not understanding that the locust-tree was meant, the intelligent Frenchman translated the word as "sauterelle," and, feeling that some explanation was due, he gravely explained in a note that grasshoppers grew to an enormous size in America, and that one of them, dead and stuffed, was placed at the door of the mansion for the convenience of visitors on horseback. Another case where the translator, vaguely conscious that his version lacks intelligibility, increases the fun by volunteering explanations, is that of the Frenchman who rendered a "Welsh rabbit" (in one of Scott's novels) "a rabbit of Wales," and then inserted a foot-note explaining that the superior flavor of the rabbits of Wales led to a great demand for them in Scotland, where consequently they were forwarded in considerable numbers. Far more candid was the editor of an Italian paper, *Il Giornale delle due Sicilie*, who, translating from an English newspaper an account of a husband killing his wife with a poker, cautiously rendered the latter word as *pokero*, naïvely admitting, "we do not know with certainty whether this thing 'pokero' be a domestic or a surgical instrument."

As a rule, the public have to bear this sort of thing as well as they can and try to lighten the burden by grinning. But in Paris, when *L'Opinion Nationale* undertook to publish a translation of "Our Mutual Friend" under the title of "L'Ami Commun," the readers arose *en masse* after the first seven chapters had been issued, and protested against the continuance of a tale which abounded in such monstrous absurdities. And the public were right; though they probably held the author rather than the translator responsible. A literary gentleman who translates "a pea overcoat" as "un paletot du couleur de purée de pois" ("a coat of the color of pea-soup") is capable of almost any enormity. And in fact he was guilty of the following. In introducing Twemlow to the reader, Dickens employs this language: "There was an innocent piece of dinner-furniture that went on easy casters, and was kept over a livery-stable yard in Duke Street, St. James's, when not in use, to whom the Veneerings were a source of blind confusion. The name of this article was Twemlow." The rendering of this sentence was as follows: "Il y a dans le quartier de St. James, où quand il ne sort pas il est remise au-dessus d'une écurie de Duke Street, un meuble de salle-à-manger, meuble innocent, chaussé de larges souliers de castor, pour qui les Veneerings sont un sujet d'inquiétude perpétuelle. Ce meuble inoffensif s'appelle Twemlow."

But what can be expected of a nation where so great a man as Alexandre Dumas undertook to introduce a translation of Goethe's "Faust" in Paris, though he confessed that he only knew enough of the German language to ask his way, to purchase his ticket on a railway, and to order his meals, when in Germany?

German, indeed, has proved as great a stumbling-block to our Gallic neighbors as English. A certain Bouchette, the biographer of Jacob Boehm, gave, in an appendix, a list of his works. One of these was Boehm's "Reflections on Isaiah Stiefel." Now, Stiefel was a contemporary theological writer; but the word *stiefel* also means a "boot," and poor M. Bouchette, knowing that the subject of the treatise was scriptural, fell into the delicious error of translating the title as "Réflexions sur les Bottes d'Isaïe."

It is well known that Voltaire, in his version of Shakespeare, perpetrated several egregious blunders; but even in our own time some of his countrymen

have scarcely been more happy in their attempts to translate our great dramatist's works. Jules Janin, the eminent critic, rendered Macbeth's words, "Out, out, brief candle!" as "Sortez, courte chandelle!" Another French writer has committed an equally strange mistake. Northumberland, in the Second Part of "King Henry IV.," says,—

> Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, *so woe-begone.*

The translator's version of the words italicized is, "Ainsi, douleur, va-t'-en!" ("Thus, grief, go away with you!")

In a recent illustrated catalogue of the Paris Salon, which gives rough sketches of the pictures, with their titles in English and in French, there is one sketch representing a number of nude ladies disporting themselves in the clouds, to which the English inscription is "Milk Street." Your astonishment is changed to delight when you find that this is a translation of "La Voie lactée."

An English temperance orator in Paris preached a sermon in French to a large audience, and at the close of his animadversions recommended his astonished hearers to eschew everything but *l'eau de vie*, which means "brandy," but by which he intended "the water of life."

The translation by a miss in her teens of "never mind" into "jamais esprit" is matched by a version, which once amused the undergraduates of a Philadelphia university, of the title of a popular song. The Latin translation is as follows: "Qui crudus enim lectus, albus et spiravit." Our classical readers might puzzle over the above for a long time without discovering that it means "Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!" But even this was eclipsed by the Englishman who, coming to a foreign teacher to be "finished" in German, was asked to write a sentence in colloquial English and then to translate it. He wrote, "He has bolted and has not settled his bill," translating it by "Er hat verriegelt und hat nicht ansiedelt seinen Schnabel." *Verriegeln* meaning "to bolt a door," *ansiedeln* "to settle as a colonist," and *Schnabel* "the bill of a bird," this extraordinary sentence really signified, "He has driven in a bolt and has not colonized his beak."

But the height of pretentious absurdity was reached in a volume of translations of Spanish poems published in London several years ago, which contained such gems as the following:

> I stand by smiling Bacchus,
> In joy us wont to wrap he;
> The wise Dorilla lack us
> The knowledge to be happy.
>
> What matters it if even
> In fair as diamond splendor
> The sun is fixed in heaven?
> Me light he's born to render.
>
> The moon is, so me tell they,
> With living beings swarmy;
> "There may be thousands,"—well, they
> Can never come to harm me.

BOOK-TALK.

Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám has often been cited by literary annalists as an example of a still-birth which was to have a later and a glorious avatar. A fresh instance of the same phenomenon must now be cited in the case of "Looking Backward." Published over a year ago, it has only within the past few months bounded into popularity. It is a good sign when books of this serious import are read and discussed by the public,—a sign that the tragic cruelty of our present social system, its hideous injustice, its selfishness which yet runs counter to all true self-interest, its lamentable failure, are calling loudly for reform at the hands of earnest and thoughtful men and women. That the outcome of the present struggle between labor and capital will be in the line of progression, no man, with the history of the past before him, can doubt for a moment. Nor can any man safely assert that such a Utopia as Mr. Bellamy paints may not be established by the twentieth century on the ruins of our present order. Mr. Bellamy has cogently answered a criticism in a Boston paper which insisted not that so great a degree of human felicity and moral development was unattainable by the race, but that it was unattainable within the limit of time which the author fixes. "Looking Backward," says Mr. Bellamy, "although in form a fanciful romance, is intended, in all seriousness, as a forecast in accordance with the principles of evolution of the next stage in the industrial and social development of humanity, especially in this country, and no part of it is believed by the author to be better supported by the indications of probability than the implied prediction that the dawn of the new era is already near at hand, and that the full day will swiftly follow. Does this seem at first thought incredible, in view of the vastness of the changes presupposed? What is the teaching of history, but that great national transformations, while ages in unnoticed preparation, when once inaugurated are accomplished with a rapidity and resistless momentum proportioned to their magnitude, not limited by it?" Thou reasonest well, Mr. Bellamy: would to God that fine words would butter parsnips and logic would control events! We certainly rise from the perusal of this book with buoyant hopes, with visions of an approaching golden era in which poverty and crime shall be abolished, because poverty and crime are the necessary outcome of human struggles with the environment, and the environment itself is only the result of a yet inchoate evolution. Mr. Bellamy's cheerful optimism in the midst of what he looks upon as the horrors of the present, his firm belief in the natural goodness of man and in the magnificent future open before him, act as a stimulating tonic. Whether the predictions of "Looking Backward" are realized or not, it may live in literature among the many famous Utopias which keen wits and kindly hearts have conceived of from time to time, and as a representative of the ideals cherished by humanity at the close of the nineteenth century.

In his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" Dr. Holmes refers with kindly sympathy to those sweet albino poets the burden of whose plaintive songs is, "'I shall die and be forgotten, and the world will go on just as if I had never been;—and yet how I have loved! how I have longed! how I have suffered!'

And, so saying, the eyes grow brighter and brighter, and the features thinner and thinner, until at last the veil of flesh is threadbare, and still singing they drop it and pass onward!" "How marvellously appropriate to Marie Bashkirtseff!" you will say at once. And so it is, and, what is more extraordinary, you find the same sentiment expressed in almost the same words in the preface to her Journal, which Cassell has just issued in an English translation: "This is the thought that has always terrified me. To live, to have so much ambition, to suffer, to weep, to struggle, and in the end to be forgotten; as if I had never existed." And the poor girl, dreading lest she should not live long enough to become famous, trusts at least that "this journal will be interesting to the psychologist." That very remark, which might set the teeth on edge if it came from any one less naïve and spontaneous,—as from one who, finding herself unequal to the task of becoming a great actor in the theatre of life, contents herself with being a freak in a side-show,—that very remark describes exactly what the perennial interest of the book must be. "I write down everything, everything, everything!" she cries; and we believe her implicitly, in spite of the fact that she is a woman, and that we with our clever worldly wisdom would naturally be inclined to look askance at a woman's self-revelations, holding that she cannot help having her reserves even in her moods of uttermost frankness. If you did not believe this poor little girl whose great eyes look upon you so piteously and appealingly from out of the lovely face in the frontispiece, you would see nothing extraordinary in her or in her career. She died at twenty-four without having accomplished any great work. She had a voice once, which she lost, but which does not seem ever to have been a peerless one; she painted pictures full of life and spirit, but not great pictures; she was differentiated from the mass of clever young people who long to be famous, to have the world at their feet, only by the terrible hold which this passion took upon her, and by marvellous powers of introspection, or rather it would be more pertinent to say by the savage ingenuousness which cast off the trammels of conventional pudency and could leave her naked and not ashamed. She is an unbounded egotist; she takes an intense interest in herself, but she lets nothing swerve her from the task of being her own best interpreter; she points out her good traits, numbers and extols them, gravely and seriously; she exposes her weaknesses not only without shrinking, but with no consciousness of the fact that she ought to shrink. They are there, why shouldn't people know all about them? If she had had any sense of humor it would have destroyed everything.

Why does this book take such a mighty hold upon us? Because it reflects the egotism of all of us. We too have been in Arcadia. We too have lived in a world where glory awaited us. We too have felt our hearts beat in anticipation of the time when we should be figuring away brilliantly in the arena of action. Yes, even you, my middle-aged fellow-fogy, have passed through those dreams. The fever may have taken a mild form; it may have limited itself to a boyish desire to scalp Indians on the plains, or to rifle mail-coaches *à la* Jesse James. But in some form or other it was there. You have grown wiser now. You have curbed your ambitions. You have renounced your ideals. You are satisfied if you can get "social recognition" and a fair competence, you solace yourself with the substantial joys of terrapin and truffles, you cultivate a taste for *bric-à-brac*, you read Howells's prose and Dobson's poetry. You say you have gained common sense. Bah! Nature is tired of you, that is the real truth; she has thrown you aside as a failure, she has found out her mistake: she

visits with wondrous dreams only the young and eager whose possibilities have not yet been put to the test. But because she once liked you and believed in you she smooths your pathway to the eventual grave. She has only the husks of her former bounty to bestow, but she gives you an appetite for husks, and you are content.

It is a good thing for Marie's fame, perhaps, that she died young, so that she shall ever remain the most striking embodiment in literature of the divine discontent of youth. She will always look at us with the same soulful eyes; we shall have no disturbing vision of her when she had lost her fairness and become fat and forty and (to close with a bull) had destroyed her "Journal."

William S. Walsh.

If the ingenious theory advanced in his voluminous "Viking Age" should be eventually upset, Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu would none the less have contributed to our literature a book of permanent interest and worth. The argument he advances, as the result of years of archæological investigation and a patient study of the Sagas, does away with the so-called Jutes, Angles, and Saxons whom we have been taught to regard as Germanic tribes, our remote ancestors, who left the Cimbric Chersonese and settled in Britain in the early centuries of the Christian era. Mr. Du Chaillu simply asks, Were not the Romans mistaken in giving the names of Saxons and Franks to the maritime tribes of whose origin, country, and homes they knew nothing? Were not these Saxons and Franks in reality tribes of Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians? That the testimony of the Eddas and Sagas should seem to favor this novel proposition is not, perhaps, a cogent reason for accepting it. This literary evidence is of too late a date, and on its face not wholly trustworthy. But the abundant archæological finds of recent years are more convincing. They lead Mr. Du Chaillu, at any rate, to the conclusion that the "Viking Age" lasted without interruption from about the second century of our era to about the middle of the twelfth; that the ancestors of the Northmen migrated at a very remote period from the shores of the Black Sea, through southwestern Russia, to the shores of the Baltic; that the various tribes reached a high degree of civilization, and were skilled in weaving and in the arts of writing, gilding, and enamelling; that they not only led their conquering hosts through Germany and the South of Europe, and into Palestine and Africa, but, as the undisputed masters of the sea, even crossed the ocean to America; and that early and late it was their surplus population that colonized Roman Britain and thus made them the Norse progenitors of the English race.

A pretty hypothesis, surely, and so buttressed with likely interpretation of moot passages in authentic history, but, above all, as we have said, with an imposing array of archæological discoveries, that it is only seemly the modest reviewer should stand mutely aside and await the judgment of his betters. Perhaps the philologist is, after all, the man to adjudge this question; but whether or not it shall be ever settled, who cares? That for which we are sincerely grateful to Mr. Du Chaillu is his copious translation of a quaint and picturesque literature, illuminated by hundreds of vivid pictorial glimpses of the Norse life it perpetuates. It is as tonic as the shock of frosty air in the face of a feverish student to live in fancy among these heroic Vikings, to listen to the songs of their *scalds*, to watch their sacrifices and their *idrottir*, their swimming and snow-shoe contests, their furious battles fought hand to hand. The procession of

Olafs, Sigurds, Ivars, and Harolds moves before us, stirring our blood; gladly would we own these mighty heroes as ancestors. And they? If perchance they view us from afar, are they proud of us? Or do they murmur at the abasement of the strain?

Melville Philips.

"Aspects of the Earth. A Popular Account of some Familiar Geological Phenomena." By Prof. N. S. Shaler. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

In these days of active literary evolution we may perhaps extend the domain of "books that are books" beyond the somewhat narrow limits to which Charles Lamb confined it. Such subjects as science, for instance, lay, in the opinion of this amiable essayist, quite outside the realm of literature. A scientific volume might be a book in flesh and blood, but was not so in spirit, and took its proper place in an outer limbo that was filled with all manner of statistical and technical lumber. We have, in a measure, "reformed all that." Science is taking on some of the literary spirit,—popular science, that is, science which is intended to reach the multitude and pleasantly deceive readers into the acquisition of knowledge. Professor Shaler's "Aspects of the Earth" belongs to this category, though it does not quite descend to the level of scientific recreation. It is too closely packed with information to be in any ordinary sense light reading. Its method, however, is clear and simple, and the student who sits down to its feast of facts cannot fail to rise with a valuable addition to his knowledge. The author, nevertheless, we venture to suggest, would have done well to confine himself more strictly to facts and indulge less in unproved hypotheses, since some of the views which he advances are scarcely in accordance with the results of observation. He is, we fear, too strongly imbued with the belief that nature employs but one agency to produce one effect, a conception which scientists are growing away from rather than growing towards. In the case of volcanic eruptions, for example, he maintains that they are due solely to the action of the water which was enclosed in the rock strata of the earth during their slow formation on the ocean bottom. It may be possible that this rock-water has something to do with the phenomena, but it is not likely to be accepted by volcanists as the sole or even as the chief agent, since the theory of its agency has not an observed fact in its support. That volcanic eruptions are due to the lifting powers of confined steam is now generally believed, but the water from which this steam arises is most probably that of the ocean and that which exists as streams and reservoirs in the interior of the earth's crust, this water making its way through fissures to the region of molten rock. Among the facts advanced in support of this theory are the following. During volcanic eruptions the surrounding country is frequently drained of its water-supply, the flow being towards the volcanic centre. In the Sandwich Islands it has been observed that an unusual rainfall is very likely to be followed by volcanic outbreaks. The water ejected by volcanoes is evidently sometimes salt and sometimes fresh, as proved by its products. These facts certainly favor the accepted theory that the surface-water makes its way downward to the heated regions of the earth's crust, and, being suddenly converted into steam, produces earthquakes where there is no vent to the surface, and volcanic eruptions where there is such a vent. As for the theory of the present work, no single fact is offered in its favor.

In like manner Professor Shaler attributes the various forms of rotating storm—the cyclone, tornado, dust-whirl, etc.—to a single cause, and this cause

one based more on analogy than on observation. It would undoubtedly simplify the labors of scientists if this doctrine of single causes could be sustained, but nature tells a different story. If Professor Shaler's theory be well founded, all such storms must be preceded by a state of dead calm in the atmosphere; yet the condition ordinarily observed is the reverse of this. We are all aware that the dust-whirls in our streets occur in windy, never in calm weather, and observation has proved that winds immediately precede the tornado. The theory is based on the analogy of the water-whirl, or eddy; but it is well known that this has more than one cause. It may be produced by a downflow, as when water rushes downward through the vent of a bath-tub, but its general cause is the meeting of opposed surface-currents. A similar meeting of opposed air-currents has very probably much to do with the origin of wind-whirls. We might take exception to other statements, such as that declaring that the Gulf Stream has been permanent since the Lower Silurian age of geology; but enough has been said in the way of fault-finding. Aside from these questionable theories, the work is valuable in its discussion of useful facts, is handsomely printed and fully illustrated, and is an important addition to our works on popular science.

Charles Morris.

"Mito Yashiki. A Tale of Old Japan." By Arthur Collins Maclay, author of "A Budget of Letters from Japan." New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Compared with Mr. Greey's translation of that delightful Japanese novel, "The Captive of Love," Mr. Maclay's "Mito Yashiki" is dull. If one wants to get near to the life of the Japanese, Greey's translations offer the easiest way. It has been objected to "The Captive of Love" that the translator softened certain licentious passages which portray the effect of Buddhism on morals. A similar objection may be made to Mr. Maclay's "Mito Yashiki," which is not a "tale," but a rather cumbersome treatise on Japanese life since the fall of feudalism. Mr. Maclay describes the despotic espionage exercised in Japan as late as 1853 under the feudal system; he shows us that the middle classes of the Japanese were and are as contented and as moral as the average citizen of London, enjoying much the same pleasures in a quiet, domestic way. Mr. Maclay, like Mr. Greey, has evidently left out something for fear of bringing a blush to the cheek of the young person who reads tales, but who will not read treatises. What is really needed is an honest and impartial picture of the life of the people of Japan, and the effects of Buddhism—which may mean anything from utter agnosticism to fetich-worship—on their morals and manners. Mr. Maclay at times forgets his pretence of novel-writing and drops into controversy. We see the Buddhist priest out-argued by the fearful despot Gotairo, who is a thorough agnostic, and then we have a Buddhist converted to Christianity by reading the Bible. We are told, however, that the real reason why an intelligent Japanese would surrender his belief that life is entirely bad and annihilation best is that Christianity helps men to build better, fight better, and to have great respect for themselves. The government, therefore, in time will approve of the introduction of Christianity, as it does of the introduction of locomotives, and with the same object,—that of making the Japanese more able to take care of themselves. Mr. Maclay's "Budget of Letters from Japan" might have been written by an energetic tract-distributor, and it had the faults of its qualities; "Mito Yashiki" has few of these faults, though surely a "*mauvaise quatr' heure*" might

be better Frenched, and one is a little shocked when the mystical Buddhist priest says to the awful Gotairo, "I see where you are crowding me." After that, the Mikado himself might speak of "hustling the mourners" and no surprise be felt. As a contribution to the study of modern Japanese life, Mr. Maclay's book is valuable. It is full of details too often omitted in more pretentious works. But Mr. Maclay is too heavy-handed to write a novel, which just now is becoming the most perfect literary form we have, and which must be like a living organism, not like the cochineal-colored coating to a pill.

"Sforza. A Story of Milan." By William Waldorf Astor, author of "Valentino." New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Duke of Valentinois—the "Valentino" of Mr. Astor's two novels, and the Cæsar Borgia of history and fiction—had no doubt some good points, or his contemporaries would not have given him so many opportunities for deceiving them. Yriarte tells us how he came to give up the service of the Church for the career of arms, and Mr. Astor makes him regret this for an equivocal reason. The last we see of this astute personage is as he stands over the body of a wretched Italian into whom he has just plunged a stiletto. The Chevalier Bayard is treated with sympathy, and the opening chapters are vivid and even brilliant. The plot is what might have been expected of a romance of Italy at the end of the fifteenth century: it is the kind of plot that Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., gave us scores of times, and in which G. P. R. James delighted. There is a gallant young noble, in love with a lady of Milan; there is a Spanish girl, also in love with him: the wicked Valentino casts his eyes on the Milanese lady, and she vanishes, through the rather vaguely defined treachery of the Spanish girl. Ludovico Sforza, Isabelle of Aragon, and the Doge of the time appear, with Louis the Twelfth and other historical personages. Mr. Astor has a good style; he would probably write well if he could make up his mind whether he was writing history or fiction. With "Romola" and "I Promessi Sposi" on our book-shelves, it is hard to tolerate lesser books whose authors merely get a prismatic scum from magnificent opportunities. The last chapter is a bit of good writing. If Mr. Astor, who has the talent and the advantages for so doing, would carefully study the period of which he now writes after the manner of a *dilettante*, he might appeal to our intellects and our hearts. In the beautiful and touching description of the death of Ludovico Sforza he shows that he has great felicity and power of expression. It is to be hoped that we shall have no more of the melodramatic Valentino, who, if he murdered within the precincts of his own circle, was never so barbarous as to treat murder as less than a fine art.

"The Aspen Shade." By Mabel Louise Fuller. De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.

This story has more promise than either "Kathleen" or "Theo" showed. Miss Fuller has a vocabulary of delicate shades, imagination, keen observation, and quick sympathy. And she is not deficient in "wit" as Pope meant it, or in wit as we mean it in our time. Mrs. Desmond would be very pleasant if she were not so very elegant. There are great possibilities in her companion, Miss Trecartin, who is not such a Philistine as the American who asked if the Rubens in the Louvre were really "hand-painted," but who approaches that personage in her attitude towards foreign things. On the whole, "The Aspen Shade" is a clever and readable novel.

Maurice F. Egan.

It is a wonder where Mrs. Wister finds so many clever German novels to translate, for really clever novels are rare, and the Germans furnish their quota of dull and stupid ones. "Erlach Court" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), Mrs. Wister's latest translation, is from the German of Ossip Schubin. It is a very entertaining novel, the scene of which is laid first in a country-house in Austria and then shifts to Paris. There is a good deal of quiet and delicious humor in the book, and some of the episodes in Paris, such as a meeting of a singing-class, and a ball given by a rich American woman anxious to shine in high society, are capitally hit off. The character of a gossipy and mischievous old maid, "Stasy," is admirably drawn, and we recognize the type as not at all foreign to our own country. The heroine is a charming girl, ardent, impulsive, and unconventional, who is continually shocking "Stasy" on account of her lack of due regard for the proprieties as "Stasy" interprets them. Schubin understands women well, and he also understands men, but his keen perception of their weaknesses and follies does not blind him to their nobler qualities and impulses. He laughs at folly, but he knows how to sympathize with suffering, and the sad story of the heroine's father is told with rare pathos. It is needless to say that the novel is admirably translated.

To the legions of people interested in bicycles, etc., can be heartily recommended "Cycling Art, Energy, and Locomotion: A Series of Remarks on the Development of Bicycles, Tricycles, and Man-Motor Carriages," by Robert P. Scott (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The growth of the cycle industry within the past few years has been marvellous. It is estimated that there are now upward of six thousand five hundred cycle patents, and millions of dollars are invested in factories for the turning out of machines. Mr. Scott describes many different machines and patents, and discusses various topics and problems of special interest to bicyclists, and at times touches on topics of wider interest, as, for instance, the question of how springs lessen draught by preserving momentum against the diminishing shocks of the road, which has a practical value for every teamster. No patron of the wheel who desires to understand his machine can afford to be without this book.

Every good Philadelphian who has any interest in this city should possess a copy of "Philadelphia and its Environs: A Guide to the City and Surroundings" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). For, no matter how well one may know the city, this book will be sure to add to his store of information, and at the same time will prove a great convenience as a ready reference. To strangers, and to people who are visiting or who intend to visit Philadelphia, the book is indispensable. The alphabetical guide to objects of interest which precedes the descriptive part tells the stranger at once where to go and how to get there, while the descriptive part serves as an excellent guide-book to all the principal points of interest, and is rendered particularly attractive by means of profuse illustrations. No object of interest in or about the city escapes notice, and the information given is terse, accurate, and valuable. The book is clearly printed, and the illustrations are excellent.

H. C. Walsh.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT'S will find in this new department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

Poetry.—ASOLANDO, FACTS AND FANCIES, by Robert Browning (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The literary event of the past year was the issue of this volume of new poems on the day (December 12) of the death of the author. It contains some twenty characteristic pieces, many of them full of the odor and color of Italy, and one, at least ("Rosny"), with its ringing refrain, a reversion to the poet's earlier manner. It is clear that Browning's preachment, in his verse, of the philosophy of his vast learning, has cost him the popularity that George Eliot lost through the maladroit use of her encyclopædic information in fiction. That Browning *could* write clearly when he wished is proved by a dozen of the shorter poems in this volume,—notably by "Summum Bonum" and the sonnet "Now."——AMERICAN WAR BALLADS AND LYRICS, two of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," edited by George Cary Eggleston (Putnams). Nothing of importance is missed in this collection of the songs and ballads of the Colonial wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Rebellion.——WYNDHAM TOWERS, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Aldrich has not achieved distinction by means of his longer poems, but this narrative in blank verse is one of the most admirable of his efforts in poetry. It is a doleful English legend of the days of "the last Tudor's virgin reign,"—a tale of the loves, hate, and mysterious fate of two brothers. There are fine lines in it in plenty, with here and there a skilful change of foot, and throughout an effective control and conduct to the best dramatic end. A happy fancy thus depicts a stretch of Devon coast:

> There frets the sea and turns white at the lip,
> And in ill weather lets the ledge show fang.

——POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, by Austin Dobson (Dodd, Mead & Co). Plentiful proof is here that if Mr. Dobson would abandon French verse-forms it would be well for his fame. In the two comely volumes there is a respectable body of poetry that does more than charm the ear.

Fiction.—A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT, by Mark Twain (Webster). The humorist is in philosophic mood. He introduces his Yankee, Hank Morgan, to Camelot, and permits him to play fantastic tricks with the Knights of the Round Table. He does more, however, than lasso Sir Launcelot in tourney; he discovers to King Arthur the misery of the people and the horrors of slavery. He is well on the way to a complete overthrow of sixth-century customs and the substitution of the conspicuous features of the civilization of our day,—soap-factories are asmoke, "plug" hats are in vogue, the nobility plays base-ball, and dukes are conductors of railroad-trains,—when his career as reformer is suddenly checked by the power of the Church.——A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD, by Charles Dudley Warner (Harpers). This is an excellent and impressive study of a familiar and evil phase of our

national life. A young New-England woman of exceptional nicety of moral sense loves and marries a man in whom at first it is difficult to detect unworthiness. Her eyes are opened gradually to the facts of his business. He is a speculator; a wrecker of railroads. But by the time she can see this, the luxuries of her new life have done their levelling work. She cannot look down upon him from a moral height. The lesson rests lightly upon the story; it sits heavily upon the conscience of the reader; it constitutes Mr. Warner's supreme effort in literature.——A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES, by W. D. Howells (Harpers). This latest illustration of life as Mr. Howells finds it has one lurid spot. A man is shot to death in it. Even this, however, we may say, is done to the life. An original venture in journalism brings together typical characters of various sections, businesses, and social sets. Mr. Howells makes speaking effigies of them.——STANDISH OF STANDISH, by Jane G. Austin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). A romance of the Pilgrims, with their most picturesque fighter as titular hero, and the gentle John Alden and demure Priscilla in their proper and pleasing rôles.——THE TWO BROTHERS, by Guy de Maupassant (Lippincotts). Few foreign novelists have their stories so deftly Englished as is this by Albert Smith, and novels in any tongue are seldom or never published so sumptuously. The fine illustrative drawings by E. Duez and A. Lynch are reproduced exquisitely in photogravure, and the letter-press is of faultless finish. The story deserves its superb setting. A painful plot is wrought out with the delicate touch of a master-hand, leaving at once a picture and a lesson in life. ——STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA, by George W. Cable (Scribners). It must be said of these tales by Mr. Cable that the author is too well pleased with them. Their verity has carried him away, and the material (abundant and rich enough, it is true) is not plastic in his hands. The sketchiness fatigues. ——WHITE MARIE, by Will N. Harben (Cassells). A reminder of the pitiless cruelty of slavery. It transpires when too late that both parents of the heroine, who has passed for an octoroon, were full-blooded whites. But her life is wrecked: she is already the mother of black children. There is inexpressible pathos in the hint that this pivotal fact of the story is but a bare report of an episode in the South before the war.——THE CAREER OF A NIHILIST, by Stepniak (Harpers). We are naturally to suppose that only the letter of this work is fiction. It is an authority's artistic description of the life and work of Russia's patriot band of youthful revolutionists.

History and Biography.—DIARY OF PHILIP HONE, edited in two volumes by Bayard Tuckerman (Dodd, Mead & Co.). A chance to make the intimate acquaintance of a polished Knickerbocker, who during a quarter of a century (1826–1851) was one of the "leading citizens," socially and commercially, of New York City, its mayor for one term (1826–1827), afterwards the naval officer of its port, and always one of the most honored and hospitable of its residents. The Diary gives interesting glimpses of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Lord Morpeth, Fanny Kemble, Captain Marryat, John Galt, and Charles Dickens. It could, however, with advantage have been readily compressed within smaller space.——WALPOLE, by John Morley (Macmillans). The latest issue in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen." There is obvious fitness in the authorship of this monograph, and, after many years and many partial portraits, it seems to us that Walpole is finally given his due. There is no undue celebration of the man's merits; all that he early owed to happy circumstance,

and later to the influence of Queen Caroline, is fully set forth; but his character is brightened by a luminous review of the familiar charges of corruption, and an ample vindication shows through the almost bitter exposure of the malicious libels propagated by the brilliant but unscrupulous Bolingbroke.——WILBUR FISK, by Prof. George Prentice (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This is the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the series of "American Religious Leaders." It is plain, even in this naturally prejudiced presentment, that the leadership of Fisk lay in the line of action, not in that of thought. He was the first president of Wesleyan University, but his success in the building up of that institution was rather due to the shrewdness and eloquence of his outside activity than to his abilities as an educator. In his own Church he does not rank with Whedon as a theologian; and in the present composite series he is not, of course in this respect, to be compared with the subject of the initial volume, Jonathan Edwards.——THIERS, by Paul de Rémusat, translated from the French by Melville B. Anderson (A. C. McClurg). M. Rémusat makes a brave attempt to detach Thiers the writer from Thiers the statesman. But this feat would be impossible to the most artful biographer. All his life he was engaged in reading history, in writing it, in declaiming it to the French Assembly, or in making it. What he actually accomplished as an historian in letters and in life was this. He wrote ten volumes on the French Revolution, twenty volumes on the Consulate and the Empire; he filled fifteen volumes with his parliamentary speeches; and he filled with rare executive ability and exceptional purity of patriotism the office of (first) President of the French Republic.——SAINT THERESA OF AVILA, by Mrs. Bradley Gilman (Roberts). The sanity of judgment, impartiality of religious feeling, and adroit condensation of material facts, which characterize this volume, are wholly commendable. The difficult task before the author was to write a life of Theresa the woman, not the saint. The result is interesting, trustworthy, and adequate.

Miscellaneous.—THE AMERICAN RAILWAY (Scribners). A comprehensive account of the construction, development, management, and appliances of a stupendous industry, representing over nine thousand million dollars in its hundred and fifty thousand miles of road.——APPRECIATIONS, WITH AN ESSAY ON STYLE, by Walter Pater (Macmillans). In these ten essays and postscript, scholarly and thoughtful words are said about Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Shakespeare, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The prime objection to Mr. Pater's writing is its exquisite polish. Or, again, it holds so much matter in suspension that clarity is impossible. All the time that one is cordially admiring an art that can enmesh the most fugitive thought, the style is felt to be elliptical and at fault.——MAN AND HIS WORLD, by John Darby (Lippincotts). An entertaining and clever extension of the Socratic dialogues. That which is new in the book is best. The author has a "spiritualistic" philosophy of his own, and a forceful way of stating it.——THE POETRY OF TENNYSON, by Henry Van Dyke (Scribners). Altogether the most exhaustive and readable criticism of the art and message of Tennyson that has been written. "The Princess" and "Maud" are held to be "two splendid failures."——PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN, by Joseph Pennell (Macmillans). A work so important as this cannot be dismissed with a word. It is unique, of extraordinary elegance and interest, and shall be adequately reviewed in another number.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE stomach is the source of a very large share of our animal enjoyment if treated properly; but if allowed to fall into disease life is rendered miserable. Much food is swallowed which would be much better out than in, and health is constantly being undermined by the consumption of unsound articles of food. "Constant dripping wears away the stone;" deadly drugs taken in minute doses may seem to engender no disastrous effects, but little by little the indulgence tells upon the system. To cheapen food-products and fill the coffers of their manufacturers, poisonous and injurious substances are being introduced into our food, to the detriment of mind and body.

The United States is flooded with baking-powders of poor quality,—cheap goods, poorly made. Of these cheap goods, all contain alum. Strong evidence has been found to prove that alum in baking-powders is objectionable, since under certain conditions it acts injuriously upon the digestion. Its effect may not be very marked at first, but it is cumulative,—slow but sure. Some of the alum powders are so prepared as to increase the extent of any injurious action, owing to the mixture of ingredients whose combination nothing on earth can justify. The bad effects of the food prepared with these baking-powders must be felt by those who use them, but who are yet too ignorant to understand where the trouble lies. It is for this class that a strong stand against food-adulteration must be taken. Government chemists, State Food Commissions, to whom just complaints have been made against the great adulteration and impurity in baking-powders, which has seriously undermined the public health, have made careful and laborious investigations and analyses. There was no thought on the part of these commissions to aid or defeat any one enterprise, but simply to give to the public an impartial analysis, thereby enabling them to intelligently choose the goods they deemed most healthful. Since the issuance of these circulars manufacturers of certain brands, for their own nefarious purposes, have sought to pervert the facts brought out by these analyses,—with fallacious arguments and unwarranted conclusions they assumed that these circulars show facts—which *they do not show*. Truth, however, will assert itself and dishonesty in trade react upon its instigators. Many things are written which appear very reasonable, but their rationality vanishes into thin air when put to the test of severe investigation. If there could only be a more prudent examination by housekeepers into the purity and healthfulness of ingredients used in our daily food, nine-tenths of all the suffering of this world could be prevented. Most of the diseases to which common humanity are subject they attribute to the visitation of God's providence, when they might more truthfully call them the visitation of their own folly or ignorance. They rely for vigor and strength of body upon food whose ingredients set all the known or unknown laws of health at defiance. Surely the stomach deserves protection against swindling, as well as the purse, and the only safety is in food which the honest and well-substantiated opinions of competent judges place before the public as the most reliable and health-giving. A baking-powder compounded on scientific principles, and with a careful regard to purity and healthfulness, is the baking-powder for healthful homes. Such a one is Dr. Price's Cream Baking-Powder, which has stood the test of use for more than a quarter of a century and been pronounced by scientific minds a pure cream of tartar powder, untainted by ammonia, alum, or any injurious substances.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER won his earliest reputation, long ago, as a light and delicate humorist: in the last year or two he has gained fame as a serious and statistical traveller. With Mark Twain he was joint author of "The Gilded Age." He has now dropped into fiction of a more dignified but not wholly dissimilar character, in "A Little Journey in the World" (Harpers). This too is a social satire, a fling at certain modern and American facts and tendencies, wherein the philosophic looker-on at life finds an abundant target for his shaft. That in the struggle for the ladder's top an amiable and well-mannered "rising man" may without compunction throw down and trample on competitors by the score; that a railroad-wrecker may be a cultivated gentleman and prince of good fellows; that an elect and admirable young Puritan, so unworldly that she refuses the serious-minded and congenial heir to an earldom, may be so misled by her fine instincts as to link her fortunes and spirit to those of the polished pirate; that such an unconscious apostate from plain living and high thinking, while seeming to ride on the topmost wave, may really be engulfed in the maelstrom of worldliness, and pointed inevitably to the dismal depths below; that the loosening of conscience, deadening of sympathy, and departure from the ideal in the defeated soul may be visible to those even who would gladly barter their birthright for far less beauty, luxury, and success,—all this is set forth by Mr. Warner with eminent taste, with no exaggeration, and with much wisely gentle moralizing. It is a tragedy in the guise of a comedy. As a treatise the book is eminently instructive: as a novel it would be no worse if the action were less retarded in the earlier chapters by voluminous disquisitions on international relations, tendencies of the age, and what not. In these things example, positive or negative, is better than precept, and large topics should be briskly as well as largely handled.

MISS WOOLSON'S native heath is the upper peninsula of Michigan: she has added, by adoption or conquest, certain portions of the semi-tropical South. In "Jupiter Lights" (Harpers) her pictures of sea and shore are as vivid as in "East Angels:" it is no disparagement to say that the people do not get as firm a grip of our sympathies, for "East Angels" was an uncommonly powerful book. We have again the capricious Southern heroine with any amount of sensibilities but no soul to speak of, and the more or less exemplary Northern heroine with a tormentingly exigent and morbid conscience. Being distinctly individualized, they are different persons from those we had before, and the Puritan one is (in her later development, at least) more irritating than attractive. She insists on self-maceration to the extent of having to be pursued across an ocean and two continents, and her much-tried lover, who stands for Yankee pluck, persistence, and masterfulness, is obliged to force his way into a religious retreat and knock down several human obstacles before he can make her hear reason. There is also (as before) the fascinating but by no means estimable second hero, who was born in the North by mistake, and makes his wife's existence a burden: this time he is married to the Southern girl, and one does not greatly care what becomes of the widow. Miss Woolson cannot write a poor story, but she has done better work than this,—and also work not so good, when it dealt with Italian topics; for, however this author may live and study abroad, she is heart and soul American.

SCHOOLS IN GERMANY AND FRANCE.—At the last annual meeting of Berlin elementary teachers a comparison was made between the number of schools in Germany and in France. In Germany there are 3718 elementary schools for 1280 townships,—about three schools to each. For the 37,319 county parishes and the 16,403 manors there are 30,300 schools,—an average of .56 school for each. In France the 36,400 communes have 67,300 government schools, so that France at present has proportionately more schools than any other country. Three-fourths of all the classes of the Prussian schools are mixed. In only 20,000 classes are the sexes separated. The principal subjects for discussion were—(1) the deficiency in the supply of teachers, (2) the excessive size of the classes, and (3) the decrease in the salaries.

"ALL HE KNEW," the complete novel by John Habberton which appeared in the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, has made a deep impression, and is creating great interest among all classes of readers. The publishers have received numberless letters in commendation of the story; and, to show what enthusiasm the novel has created even among men who rarely read novels, the following extracts are quoted from a letter written by the Rev. M. L. Gates, of Elizabeth, New Jersey: "I have read 'All He Knew' in your December number of your magazine, and think it the *grandest* thing out, surpassing 'Dan'l Quorm' by far. . . . It ought to go into every Christian home in the land; and my judgment is that it would sell by the tons. It is a decided hit, and as happy as opportune. . . ."

MARRIAGE UNPOPULAR IN ENGLAND.—The unpopularity of marriage continues unabated, and last year was the first in recent times in which, while the price of wheat fell, the marriage rate remained stationary. It is now 14.2 per thousand. The decline in the popularity of matrimony is greatest with those who have already had some experience of wedded life. Between 1876 and 1888 the marriage rate fell twelve per cent. for bachelors and spinsters, twenty-seven per cent. for widowers, thirty-one per cent. for widows. The drop in the remarriage of widows, however, is probably due to the glutting of the marriage market with surplus spinsters. The excess of women over men in England and Wales is estimated at 765,000.

Another interesting fact is that the births have now reached the lowest rate recorded since civil registration began. In 1876 the rate was 36.3 per 1000; it is now 30.6. This is very satisfactory; and it is also notable that the illegitimate birth rate has declined, the proportion, 4.6 per cent., being the lowest yet registered. The worst feature in the Registrar-General's returns, however, is the fact that the male births had fallen in proportion to the female: in the last ten years 1038 baby boys were born for every 1000 girls, and last year the male preponderance had dropped by 5, and is now standing at 1033 to 1000. With a surplus female population of three-quarters of a million, this is a move in the wrong direction.

It is worth noting that while the increase in marriages between English people has not kept pace with the population (having increased only four per cent. in the last nine years), marriages according to Jewish rites have grown no less than sixty-five per cent. If this rate is kept up we shall become Anglo-Israelites indeed, in a way not dreamed of by those enthusiasts who have identified us with the lost Ten Tribes.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

IN "Kit and Kitty" (Harpers) Mr. Blackmore displays that rich and self-indulgent discursiveness of style which so often—not to say generally—has the unlucky effect of retarding the action of his tale and cumbering his pages with extraneous and unnecessary matter. He has the air of writing for his own amusement rather than that of his audiences, and of caring as much for details of grafting, gardening, and what not, as for the development of his characters and the unfolding of his plot,—which is usually a good plot enough, if it were not weighted with so many digressions and interludes. In this leisurely manner he pursues the fortunes of his Kit, who is perpetually telling us that he is a small person of insignificant claims on the score of brains and character (a rash proceeding, for the hasty reader might take him at his word), and of a heroine who seems fit for better uses than to be beguiled by a knave's trick into deserting her husband without a word. By the way, Mr. Blackmore is incapable of spelling her "Kittie," as some of his reviewers slanderously do: he loves old fashions and plain simplicity too well. The path his latest lovers follow is anything but smooth; even after marriage it is needlessly and wofully rough and intricate and tangled; yet the tale of its tanglings could be started much sooner and told in far less space. There are those who consider Blackmore the strongest brain in English fiction between George Eliot and Stevenson,—and not without warrant: he might have written a dozen Lorna Doones. If he were only less wilful and more artistic, if he would give less attention to his words and more to his matter and his endings, what might he not do yet! This last book has the same prodigal and ungoverned wealth of style that marked its precursors, but, alas! far less of substance to enchain the reader and carry him along. One has an uneasy feeling that he is being befooled into wasting time on trivialities, that the game is hardly worth the candle.

THERE is considerable conjecture in Baltimore, and especially at the Johns Hopkins University, over the probable authorship of the new socialistic novel, "Metzerott, Shoemaker," recently published anonymously by a Baltimore lady. Dr. Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University, who is a friend of the authoress, and who, it is said, suggested the idea of writing the book, says that she is a young woman in her twenties, of high social standing, and a member of one of the oldest families in Maryland. He keeps the name of the young authoress secret.

THAT interesting series of stories which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* under the general head of "With Gauge & Swallow" has been published in book form. Gauge & Swallow are supposed to be a great legal firm, and the stories are a series of episodes related by a subordinate of the firm: the episodes are distinct and have a separate interest, but gradually they culminate in the story of the narrator's own romance. Both on account of his experience as a lawyer and his experience as a writer, Judge Tourgee is eminently well qualified to tell such stories. As the author points out in his preface, the romance which the practice of his profession reveals to the lawyer is of the most intense and fascinating character. To the lawyer the secrets of all hearts are laid bare; he knows better than any one else the good and ill of humanity, and in what proportion joy and sorrow are mingled in every rank of life. The battle of life becomes to him an endless series of independent conflicts. Individual qualities, personal characteristics, striking incidents, make up his view of human existence. Readers will find in this book the romantic experiences of a lawyer's life told in the most engaging fashion.

WHOM DID BENNIE STANDISH IN "CREOLE AND PURITAN" MARRY?—This question has been asked by a great number of correspondents, and to set their minds at rest the author of the story has been asked to answer the question himself, which he does in the following manner:

"When I wrote the novel published in the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine* it was with no intent to create a Stocktonesque puzzle, after the manner of 'The Lady, or the Tiger?' Much surprise, therefore, followed the receipt, by the editor of the magazine and myself personally, of a great number of letters, all varying the query, 'Whom did Bennie Standish marry?—Adrien Latour, the Creole, or Dale Everett, the Puritan?'

"I had no possible idea that this point would ever become one of moot. In my novel 'Juny, or Only One Girl's Story,' a character is left upon a bed, stark and cold, with the blade of a knife buried in his heart, its buck handle hard jammed against his breast. Now, it is a simple question of physiology whether that man died, or not. Who shall pretend to say that he did not, some time later, rise up and walk, taking his bed with him? Not I, indeed, with these letters about me.

"But in 'Creole and Puritan' the plain intent of the author was meant to be given conveyance by the words of Bennie Standish, kneeling by the bedside of the Puritan and refusing to take the hand of Adrien Latour, which Dale Everett strove to join with hers: 'We *were* old friends, dear Dale. Now, with the blessing of God, we will be *more* than that, "until death do us part!"'

"The misfortune of being a bachelor may, perhaps, excuse my ignorance of the little real meaning attached by our better public to this point of the marriage ritual; the request of the editor will excuse my obtruding the plain statement that I meant it to convey that Bennie Standish married Dale Everett, the Puritan.

"It is also proper for me to add here that I have been strangely Buttercupped with my brother, Edwin De Leon, late Consul-General in Egypt. He, not I, is author of 'Askaros Kassis' and 'The Khedive's Egypt;' while I am very sure he would hastily disclaim what the *Saturday Review* called my 'merry but wicked skit' on a former *Lippincott* novel, 'The Rock or the Rye.'

"T. C. DE LEON.

"MOBILE, ALABAMA, January 2, 1890."

TONTINES, loans given for life-annuities, were invented by Laurence Tonti, a Neapolitan. They were first set on foot at Paris to reconcile the people to Cardinal Mazarin's government by amusing them with the hope of becoming suddenly rich. Tonti died in the Bastile, after seven years' imprisonment.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—The postage-stamp will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary next year. Its invention is due to printer James Chalmers, of Dundee, who died in 1853, and who finally, with his system, the adhesive postage-stamp, conquered the whole civilized world. England, fifty years ago, introduced the postage-stamp, and according to a decree of December 21, 1839, issued the first stamps for public use on May 6, 1840. A year later they were introduced in the United States of North America and Switzerland, and again, a few years later, in Bavaria, Belgium, and France. One of the most important and valuable collections of postage-stamps is in the German Imperial Post-Office Museum, which contains over ten thousand postage-stamps and other postal-delivery devices.—*American Notes and Queries.*

A WELL-MANAGED and vigorous life insurance company, in so far as its death-rate is concerned, may be aptly compared to a large and prosperous city in which the population is constantly changing and steadily increasing. Its manufacturing, commercial, and social advantages attract a large number of all classes annually, and thus the decrease in the population that otherwise would result through deaths and removals is more than compensated for; in like manner the decrease in membership of a life insurance company is more than counterbalanced by the influx of new members.

A successful corporation like THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION, Home Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York, continues to furnish life insurance at about one-half the usual rates charged by the old-system companies.

It has already paid to the widows and orphans of deceased members more than seven million dollars in cash.

It has already saved to its living members, by reducing the rates of life insurance; said saving exceeds twenty million dollars in cash.

In addition to reducing the rates to less than one-half the amount charged by the old-system companies, its cash surplus accumulations equal a dividend of more than thirty per cent. upon the total mortuary premiums paid by members of five years' standing.

Which thirty per cent. dividend is payable at the expiration of fifteen years from date of membership.

It has a cash surplus reserve emergency fund exceeding two million two hundred thousand dollars, with assets exceeding three million dollars.

It has more than fifty-five thousand members; more than fifty-five thousand homes are provided for through its policies of insurance. It has more than one hundred and seventy-five million dollars of insurance in force.

Attention is called to the fact that the largest sum collected by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association in any single year, which includes the amount required to provide for the death claims, expenses, and the reserve fund, was but $16.01 for each $1000 of insurance exposed or carried, and during that year the association paid its death claims, paid its expenses, and added to its surplus reserve fund more than $500,000, while during the same year, 1888, the old-system level premium companies collected $53.24 on each $1000 insurance exposed or carried by them, but their death losses were but $13.19 for each $1000 insurance exposed.

Ordinarily, a merchant buying an article for $1.00 and selling it for $2.00, the one hundred per cent. profit would be considered by his customers as slightly excessive; but the margin between $13.19, the cost, and $53.24, the charge by the old-system companies, is equivalent to more than three hundred per cent. profit.

Comment is unnecessary. The intelligence of our people may be depended upon to secure their life insurance in companies that do not charge excessive and unnecessary premiums.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association advances money to the widows and orphans within twenty-four hours after the death of its members.

It is the greatest financial success ever known in the history of life insurance. Write for full particulars.

E. B. HARPER, President. Home Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.—These islands derive their name from Juan Bermudez, who first discovered the group early in the sixteenth century. Philip II. of Spain granted them to one Ferdinand Camelo, who took possession in 1543, but the colony did not flourish, and abandoned the islands. In 1609 an English fleet of nine vessels, commanded by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, bound for Virginia, which was then being colonized, was dispersed by a great storm. One of the vessels, the Sea Adventure, with Sir George Somers on board, was wrecked on the reefs of Bermuda, and the crew managed to reach the land. They constructed a cedar pinnace and sailed for Virginia, but soon afterwards returned to Bermuda to found a settlement. Sir George Somers died, and, leaving three of their number to hold possession, the rest of the crew sailed for England, bearing their commander's dead body embalmed. Much interest was created in England by the arrival of the bold adventurers, and so captivating were their tales of the beautiful islands they had left behind them that a company was formed to colonize the Bermudas. The first ship-load of emigrants reached the islands in 1612, and since that date Bermuda has been a colony of Great Britain.

The islands lie in about the same latitude as Charleston, S.C., some seven hundred miles eastward. It is only of recent years that the claim of Bermuda as a winter resort has begun to be appreciated. The climate is mild, the scenery is beautiful, and especially for people who delight in bathing, boating, and fishing is Bermuda a paradise, while the entire change of life that it affords cannot fail to attract many to its peaceful shores. As Bermuda becomes better known there is no reason why it should not become the most popular of all winter resorts for the inhabitants of our Eastern States. It is only three days' sail from New York, and offers every inducement for searchers after health and pleasure.

THE RUSSIAN PASSPORT SYSTEM.—You cannot enter or leave a city or town in the empire without reporting yourself to the police like a ticket-of-leave man; you are forbidden to extend the hospitality of your roof to your friend or neighbor for a single night without first informing the police of your intentions and sending them your guest's passport; whether you are a Russian or a foreigner, you can no more spend a night in a hotel or change your lodgings even for twenty-four hours without communicating with the police and sending them your passport, than you can bespeak rooms in the Winter Palace. Nay, whether you are a Russian subject or a foreigner, you cannot possibly subsist a week without a passport, which is such an essential part of your being that Russian lawyers have not inappropriately defined a man as an animal composed of three parts,—a body, a soul, and a passport. This passport you must have renewed once a year, unless you are a noble or an honorary citizen, and the process is as tedious and painful as moulting is to birds. A voluminous correspondence, and a pile of documents with copies, petitions, and fifteen supplements, was the result of the attempt of a man named Dudinsky, in the government of Smolensk, to renew his passport two years ago. And yet his papers were in order, his conduct irreproachable, and his right to have his passport renewed was not even called in question. These obstacles and irritations make one's soul weary of life, and explain why it is that in the course of one year in St. Petersburg alone fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine persons were arrested and imprisoned for not having complied with the passport laws. Many of these wretched creatures may be now on their way to Siberia.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

"POUR LE ROI DE PRUSSE."—In the beginning of the eighteenth century the now so powerful German Empire was nothing more than the little kingdom of Prussia, having just dropped its title of Duchy of Brandenburg. The country was very poor and the military discipline very hard. Frederick William I. was very harsh, cross, and stingy, and did not even know, perhaps, what it was to make a present. And his reputation was so well grounded and so widely spread that it became a by-word to say that a man had worked for the King of Prussia when he had done some unprofitable job.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE STORY OF THE COAT.—One of the devices of the Elizabethan gallants was to perfume their doublets, or sweeten them by "froating" or rubbing in fragrant oils. As we read in Middleton's "Trick to Catch the Old One," where a creditor arrests Witgood, "What say you extempore now to your bill of a hundred pound? A sweet debt for froating your doublets."

Allusions galore to the new-fangled bravery in which all classes indulged occur in Bishop Hall's "Satires." There is a half-length portrait of a gay gallant, attired in his best, which may be quoted with advantage:

His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock, Amazon-like, dishevelèd,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.

This is one of the earliest allusions to the "love-lock," which afterwards became so characteristic of our cavaliers. The "native cord" is the hangman's rope, which the satirist hints may one day be the gallant's fate.

All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notchèd is his beard, both lips and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met.

The cuffs of cambric or fine lawn, which at this period were of phenomenal size, were worked into complicated plaits with a "poking-stick," the process being one of no little difficulty.

His sleeves half hid with elbow-pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.

A reference to the slender waist, sometimes confined by stays, and the enormous trunk-hose.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

A NOVELTY in book-making, and a very valuable novelty, is "The Mercantile Speller, containing the Correct Ways of Spelling Words used in Correspondence, and their Prefixes and Suffixes, for Bankers, Merchants, Lawyers, Authors, Type-Writers, etc." The book is published by Edmund Blunt, 159 Front Street, New York City, and satisfies a real need. The principal words of the English language are given, alphabetically arranged, and the book has a patent index, so that the needed word can be readily found. The Worcesterian, Websterian, and current English styles of spelling are all given, and the type is large and clear.

HISTORICAL PUNS.—The following list of puns may prove interesting. The Roman bishop's famous compliment to the handsome Anglo-Saxon captives, "Not Angles, but angels," had greater results than its actual brilliancy might seem to merit; and St. Leo doubtless had no idea when he prayed to heaven to aid Rome against the invading Huns, "and hurl back these Tartars into the fires of Tartarus," that this punning prayer was to fix upon the unlucky "Tartars" (as they were then called) a nickname that would never die.

Such puns have more than once played a formidable part in history. France expiated by the devastation of an entire province a coarse and clumsy play upon "corpse" and "corpulence" made by the French king in derision of his terrible neighbor, William the Conqueror. Charles the Fifth's jesting assertion that he could put Paris in his glove (*gant*), though meant only to indicate the superior size of Ghent to the Paris of that day, stung Francis the First into the renewal of a languishing war. One of Louis the Fifteenth's upstart favorites was driven from the court by the biting pun that turned his new title of Marquis de Vandière into "Marquis d'Avant-hier" (the day before yesterday).

The epigrammatic brevity of Sir Francis Drake's celebrated but probably mythical despatch announcing the rout of the Armada, which consisted of the single word "Cantharides," *i.e.*, the Spanish fly, has been twice paralleled in our own age. Sir Charles Napier and Lord Dalhousie respectively announced the annexation of Scinde and that of Oude in one word apiece, "Peccavi," I have sinned (Scinde), and "Vovi," I have vowed (Oude). Equally historical is the bitter pun that changed the name of the sluggish Admiral Torrington to "Admiral Tarry-in-town."

Napoleon (who was no man for light jesting) is credited with only a single pun, and that a rather poor one. During his great Italian campaign of 1796–7 he replied to a lady who wondered to find such a famous man so young, "I am young to-day, but to-morrow I shall have Milan" (*i.e.*, "mille ans," a thousand years). A much better joke was that made on the great conqueror himself by an Italian countess, who, hearing him say, "All Italians are traitors," replied, pointedly, "Not all of them, but a good part" (Buona-parte). Equally neat, and even more grimly significant, was Bismarck's answer to a person who was speculating how much the impending war of 1870 would cost France. "Not much," said the Iron Count; "only two Napoleons!"—*American Notes and Queries.*

IN the department "Talk about New Books" the *Catholic World* comments upon Habberton's story "All He Knew" as follows: "Mr. John Habberton publishes in *Lippincott's* for December a novelette entitled 'All He Knew,' to which the conductors of the magazine call special attention as likely to prove an antidote to 'Robert Elsmere.' Perhaps it may have some salutary influence in that way. It is not only interesting and brightly written, but it hits the right nail on the head. . . . Abstracting from the divinely instituted external order of Christ in the world, Mr. Habberton has presented the interior life of the unintelligent believer blamelessly lacking sacramental aids. He proves conclusively the great weight of evidence there is in favor of the religious verities in the soul of any one who honestly undertakes to live out the maxims of the gospel. Such work as his is of invaluable service to religion. Nor do we wish to say aught against its circulation and use merely on the ground that it is a statement of but one side of integral Christianity. So far as it goes it is both charming and convincing."

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.—The publication of the first part of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Elixir of Life" in the January number of *Lippincott's* has created wide interest and comment. This is a version, hitherto unpublished, of the theme of "The Bloody Footstep," also treated by Hawthorne in "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," "Septimius Felton," "The Dolliver Romance," etc. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who edits the manuscript, by drawing attention to the similarities and discrepancies between this and other versions presents an interesting study of the great romancer's methods of work, and by paraphrasing such portions of the manuscript as are repeated in the published stories above named imparts to the whole the character of a complete and rounded tale. The second part of the "Elixir of Life" appears in the present number, and it will be concluded in four parts.

A NEW CORSET.—Ferris Bros., the manufacturers of the celebrated "Good Sense" corset waists, have recently brought out an entirely new style of corset. Each style of these goods has special characteristics and advantages; that all are appreciated is exemplified in their immense sale. The latest is called *Style* 237, *Good Sense*, and has plaited bust and removable pads. The makers claim for it that it produces an elegant form without the injurious effects of the ordinary stiff corset. The pads can be easily removed and the bust left soft, if preferred. When the pad is removed the bust will lie as flat as desired, and thus fit a variety of shapes. All bones or steels are placed in patent pockets, and can be instantly removed or replaced. Shoulder-straps are adjustable to fit any shoulders. Ferris's patent Tape-fastened Buttons are used at front instead of clasps. Ferris's patent Cord-edge Button-holes won't wear out, and their Patent Ring Buckle at hip is the most convenient to secure the hose-supporters. Sensible women want the best they can get for their money, so they insist upon having the "Good Sense" waist in preference to any other.—*From "Fabrics, Fancy Goods and Notions," N. Y. City.*

THE longest telephone-circuit on the continent of Europe has been recently opened. The line is from Vienna in Austria to Leipsic, and every word could be perfectly understood and the voice recognized without difficulty. The distance between the two cities by rail is something less than three hundred miles, but the telephone-wires, instead of being carried along the routes of the railways, where the noise of passing trains was found to interfere materially with the working of the long-distance instruments, are strung along the highways, where the results are found to be much better, and the actual distance on these routes is nearly three hundred and fifty miles. A strange fact has been noticed in connection with this route. While the speaker at Vienna is heard with clearness and accuracy at Leipsic and all points along the route, as at Prague and Dresden, a speaker at either of these points is heard with much more difficulty at Vienna. The electricians of the company are as yet unable to furnish a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon.—*Halifax (N.S.) Critic.*

A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT.

Yes, it had to be admitted, he was gloomy and unfitted for the drain required to measure to occasions as they rise;
For on every sheet of paper, by a hyper-nervous caper, came a face of mournful sweetness with an April in the eyes.

April eyes with April weather, sunny smiles and tears together, moods amazing, sweet, capricious, all that ravish us or vex,—
These, in every phase inviting, laughed or languished through his writing; for he'd left in tears that morning just the sweetest of the sex.

True, the bee had sipped the clover; true, the honey-moon was over; but the dews of dawns succeeding had new richness for his lips:
So it wasn't incompleteness, nor the lees of surfeit sweetness; for the brooklet isn't emptied when the feathered rover dips.

No, the deeps were still unsounded, the horizon yet unbounded; 'twas a matter of adjustment that had gone awry a bit,—
An attempt at self-assertion,—a laborious exertion to explain a crude position with a cruder lack of wit.

There were habits he depicted, that he didn't want restricted; nothing villanous or vital: all he wanted was his way.
And with matters thus adjusted, all their intercourse, he trusted, would be roses, dew, and glamour in a never-ending May.

Did she catch his meaning? "Surely," said his little wife, demurely. "You're to mix your cakes and kisses with a little ancient ale:
My desires must be in keeping with your——" Here she fell to weeping, and he had to leave her comfortless, for words had no avail.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

So you see his thoughts and phrases had to take abnormal phases; it was natural to conjure out of vacancy a face;
Right enough this incompleteness——"Hem!" a voice of witching sweetness; then a pair of arms were folded round his neck in soft embrace.

"George,"—the word had music in it,—"don't turn round, dear, for a minute; I will try to catch the wisdom of your logic if I can;
But I always thought adjusting came from patience, yielding, trusting; then I didn't know how hard it was for one to be a man.

"So, if yielding is your weakness, I will bear it, dear, with meekness; but I've thought of one condition——" "So have I," he murmured, "too."
And he added, in contrition, "I agree to this condition,—that if ever I'm inclined to yield, 'twill be, my dear, to you."

"Splendid!" cried his angel, sweetly. "If you yield, then yield completely; and there hasn't been a moment quite so opportune as this."
Then he quickly turned and faced her, and—because it rhymes—embraced her; then, unmindful of the office-boy, she gave her slave a kiss.

No Risk.

"A church fair there's to be, I hear,"
A clam remarked upon a fishing-sloop.
"If that's the case," the oyster said, "my dear,
We run no risk of getting 'in the soup.'"

THE fall of the year is a bad time for reforming, because it's impossible to turn over a new leaf.

Possible and Plausible.

Dolliver.—"What a peculiar book-reviewer Razzle is! Did you ever notice how confused his ideas seem to be?—how rambling and incoherent?"

Pompous.—"Yes; I've noticed it." (*Struck with an idea.*) "Perhaps he reads the books he reviews!"

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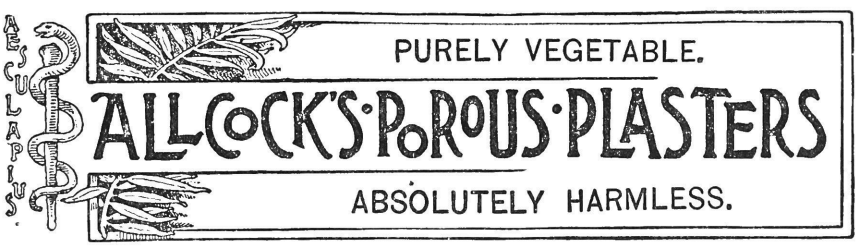

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MUSIC

MUSIC is a subject which to-day interests probably 99 per cent. of the American people. Let us look into it a little and see what it is, and was, and may become.

Music is an arrangement of sounds. The more rapidly the vibrations of air strike the ear, the higher is the pitch. The gravest sound which is really musical is caused by 40 vibrations a second in the ear, and the highest pitch is produced by about 40,000 a second.

But in the proper range of music the range or sound is covered by seven octaves, from 40 vibrations to about 5000 a second.

The history of music is older than civilization. The lowest savages have some rude instrument of music. As a nation advances its music follows the national growth. The Hindoo and Chinese music is probably the same to-day that it was thousands of years ago.

Coufucius said, one hundred years before Plato, "Would'st thou know if a people be well governed, if its manners be good or bad, examine the music it practises."

If we examine the music of the nineteenth century, we find that it has been very decidedly influenced and moulded by the creation of one musical instrument,—the piano-forte. The extensions and improvements of that instrument, now carried so far as to make it the one and only epitome of the orchestra, have been of great value to all musical composers. Through the modern piano-forte the science of harmony has been explored, chords analyzed, melody developed.

Some few makers of piano-fortes have become famous through liberal advertising of their goods. In many cases the instruments themselves are not especially popular, but it often happens that the name of the maker is so widely known that it suggests itself strongly to the intending purchaser, and he is thus led to make a selection—not of the best piano, but of the best-known maker.

The two are far from identical. It is one of the less famous instruments that is usually selected by an experienced musician, as he thereby secures an equally good piano at a less price. It is good reasoning which decides the purchaser to this selection, as the actual value, or the amount of piano given for the amount of money, is much greater than in the case of a widely advertised make.

About one-third of all the pianos made in this country come from Boston. It is perhaps invidious to give any one maker the distinction of making the best. It is safe to say, however, that, considering the price asked, there is no piano that is equal to the "Briggs."

It is an instrument of sterling merit, and ranks deservedly high. The construction is absolutely first-class in every respect. It has a tone of exceptional purity and power.

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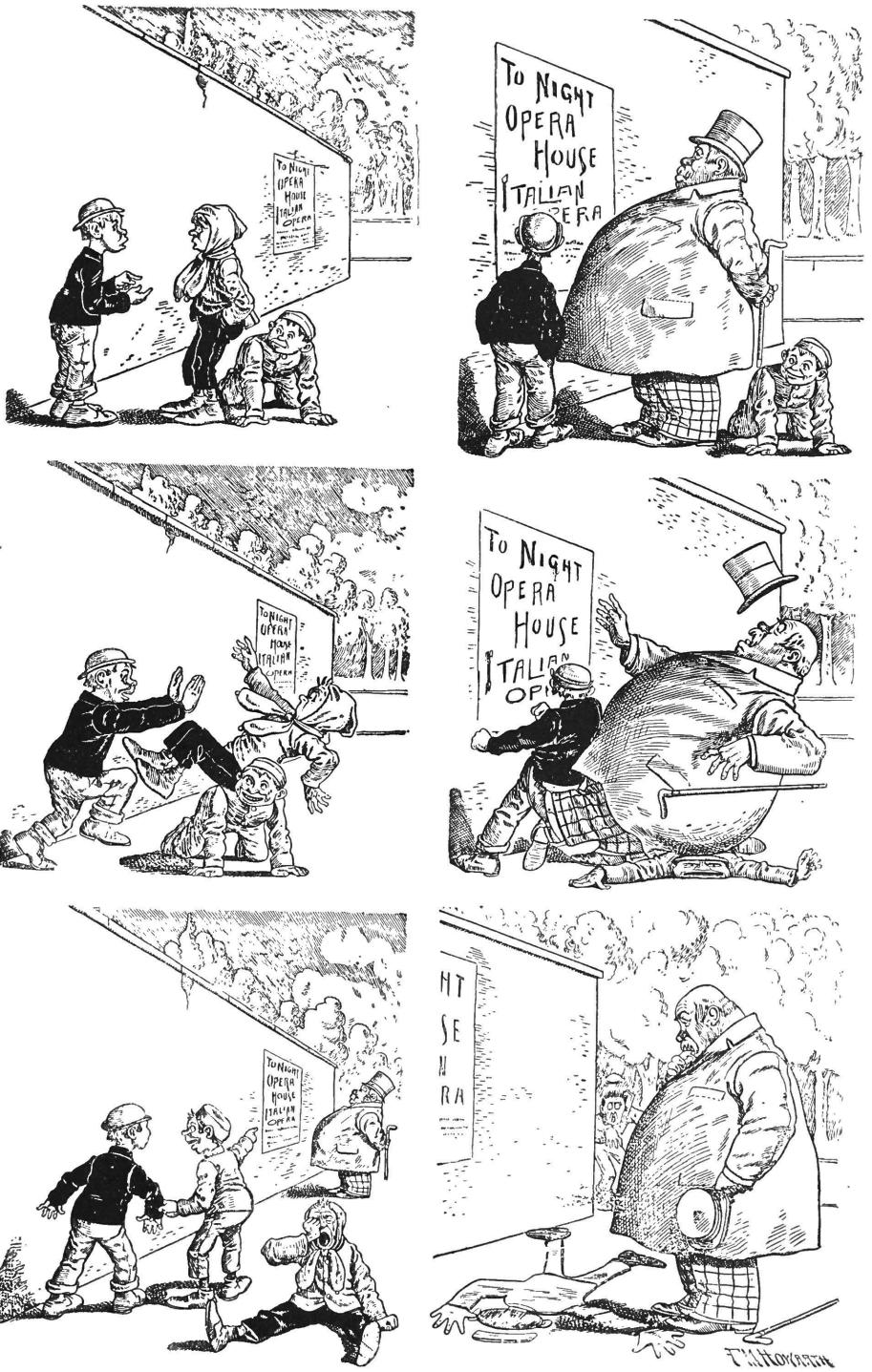

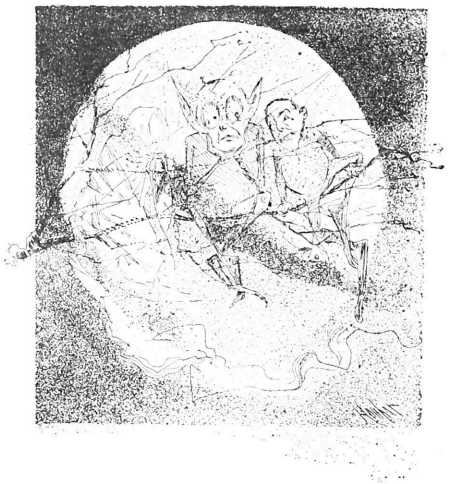

A Spook Surprise-Party.

They sat on the limb of a crab-apple tree,
A Bogy, a Spook, and a little Banshee.
The wind blew north, and the wind blew free,—
Oh, 'twas a merry meeting.
The Bogy had eyes as big as a plate,
The Spook had feet number twenty-eight,
While the Banshee had covered her horrible pate
With the ghastliest kind of sheeting.

Said the Bogy, at last, with a dismal wail,
"To frighten folks now I always fail;
They laugh instead of becoming pale
When they at midnight meet me.
Our business is falling in disrepute,
It's neither productive of fame nor loot;
Back to the shades I think I'll scoot,—
There the ghosts will be glad to greet me."

"Not far from here," croaked the grim Banshee,
"Lives a lonely man of low degree;
Pale and sad and sickly he,
And 'twould be funny, very,
To frighten him into a fearful fit,
Just to 'liven us up a bit,
Before we take our final flit
Over the spectral ferry.

"We'll descend on him in a baleful bunch,
Grinning as if we'd like him for lunch;
I'll howl, while the Bogy his teeth can scrunch;
The Spook can be sadly singing."
"Agreed," cried the ghastly, ghostly pair.
They sped away through the midnight air,
Routed the recluse out of his lair,
By their howls, and growls, and ringing.

Courteously he invited them in.
In vain did the Spook grimace and grin,
And the Bogy raise a horrible din:
Their host smiled more than any.
He didn't turn pale nor his blood congeal,
But considerately asked, "Well, how do you feel?"
And spread them out a bountiful meal,
While his welcome words were many.

"Do you not stand," said the Bogy, "aghast
At the terrible trio who join your repast?
We, whose business it is to cast
Mortals in misery dumb!"
"Afraid of spectres!" he laughed. "Not much!
I make my living by dealing in such,—
Black and white, Danish and Dutch.
Sweet Spooks, I'm a *medium!*"

Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

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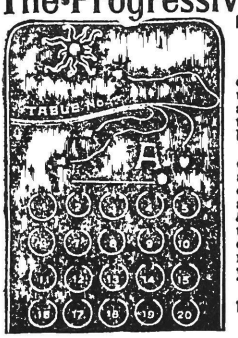

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In the TREATMENT OF CHRONIC BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

By M. M. JORDAN, M.D., Boydton, Virginia.

DR. M. M. JORDAN, OF BOYDTON, VIRGINIA.

(A Communication from the *Virginia Medical Monthly* for March, 1888.)

"Three years ago, without having been previously sensible of impaired strength or any deterioration of health, I found myself suffering from BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the KIDNEYS. My attention was first directed to the existence of Renal trouble by DROPSY making its appearance as ŒDEMA on the face, particularly around the eyes, and simultaneously in the lower extremities. Examination showed that the urine contained two and a half per cent. of ALBUMEN, there was a heavy sediment, and CASTS and URATES were deposited in abundance. This state of things was soon followed by URÆMIC POISONING, manifested by COMA and delirium, and I was confined for many months to my bed, everything pointing to a fatal termination. Other treatment failing of any permanent good results, I was, in this condition, put upon BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 2, the good effects of which were soon apparent in a notable diminution of the ALBUMEN, a partial disappearance of the DROPSY, and a gradual subsidence of the COMA and delirium. Under the continued use of the Water there was slow but constant improvement in my condition, until I was so far restored as to be able to enter actively upon the practice of my profession, in which I have now been engaged for some two years, without any interruption of moment on account of my health. There has been, occasionally, some manifestation of unpleasant symptoms, but I have found them promptly disappear under the influence of the Water. With this experience I cannot do less than commend this Water to the profession as worthy of trial in other similar cases."

Water in Cases of one dozen half-gallon Bottles, $5 at the Springs.

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SOZODONT

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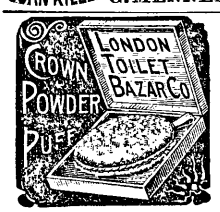

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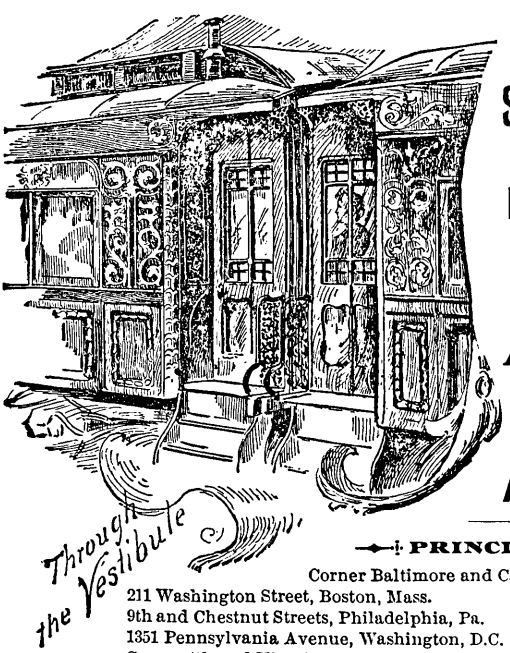

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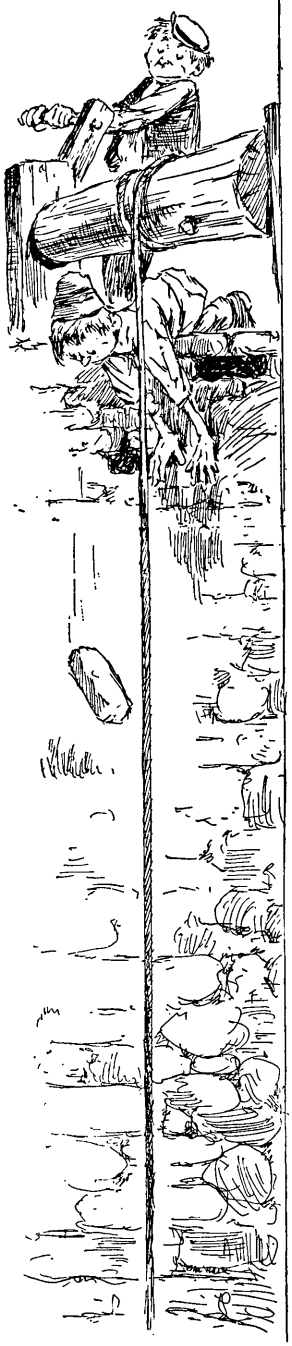

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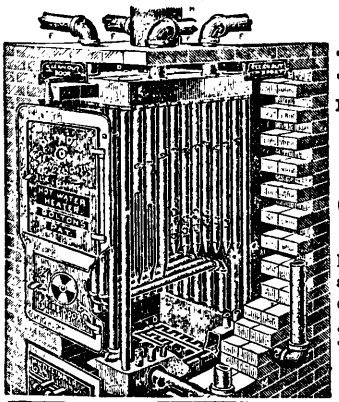

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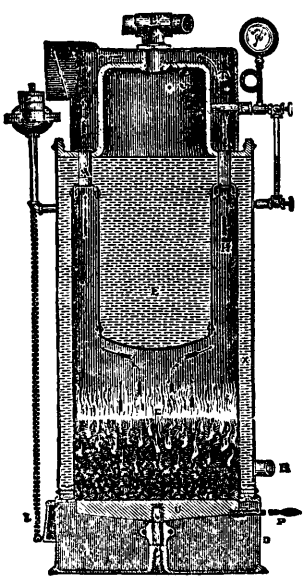

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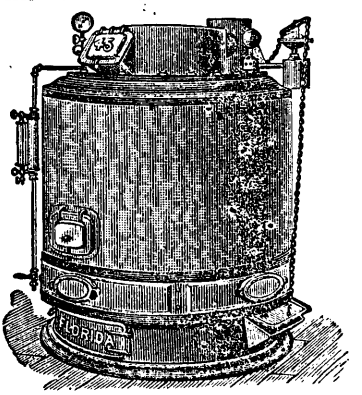

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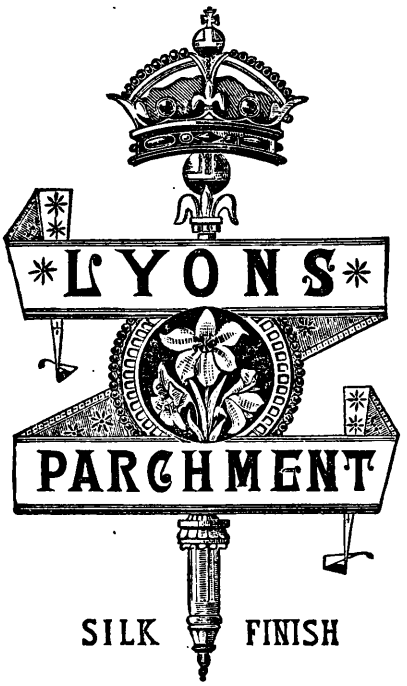

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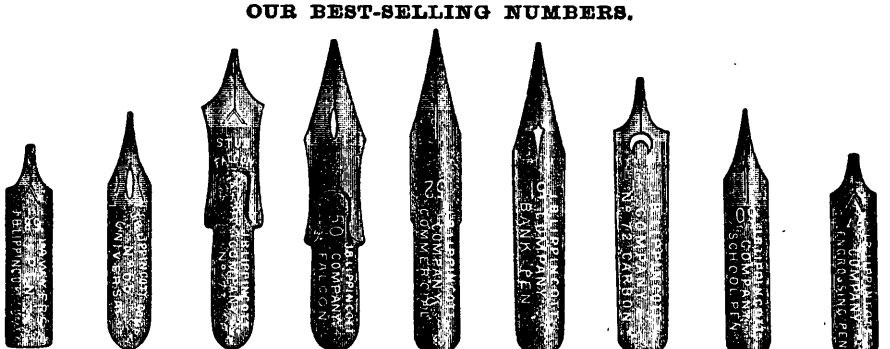

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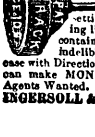

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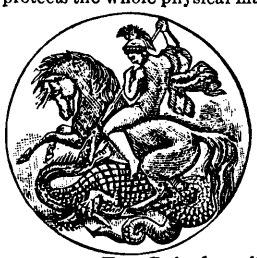

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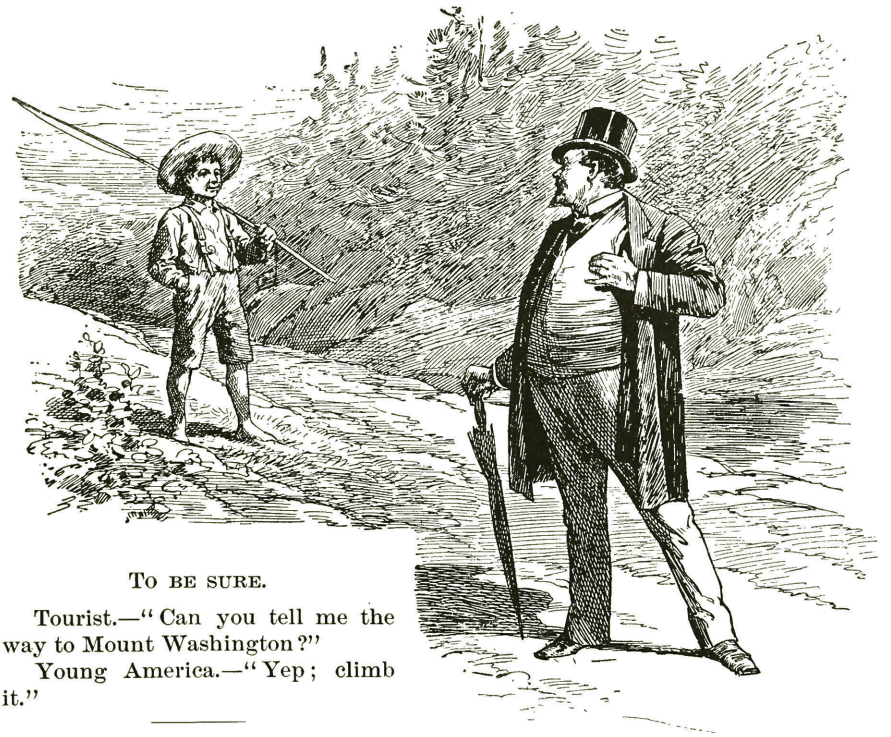

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Yet lovers never had a level head.

"None but the brave"—again—"deserve the fair."
Only the brave to live with them would dare.

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But presents will be found a surer bond.

If fools rush in where angels fear to tread,
That's why in love and life the fool's ahead.

"A good thing needs no puffing"? Try it, then,
Upon your choice havanas, smoking men.

"Figures won't lie"? Who said so was not fly;
There's Sallie's figure is a living lie.

"What one man loses is another's gain"?
You lose your temper to your neighbor's bane.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."—
Not when the fellow feels your purse to find.

"A gentle answer turneth wrath away."—
Best trust your legs and scoot from out the fray.

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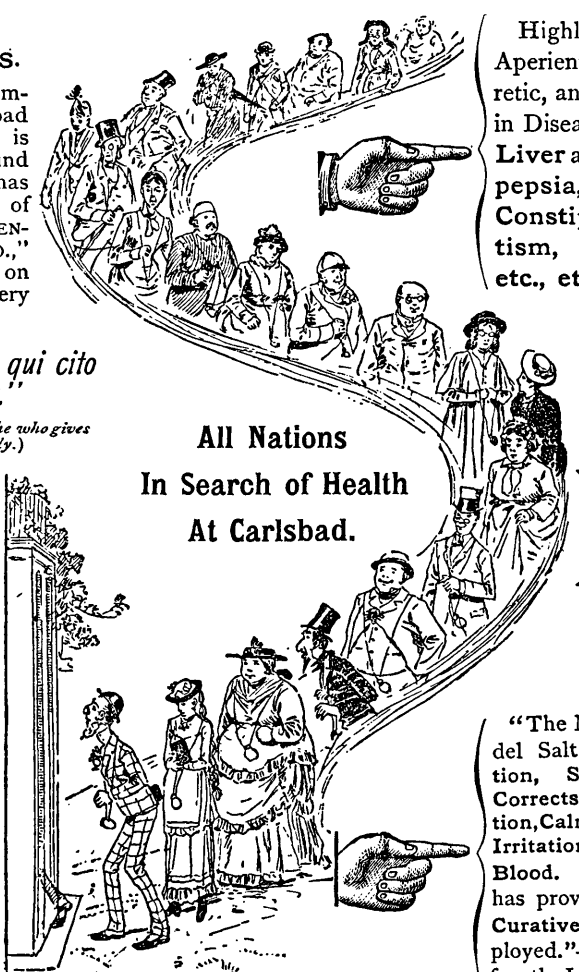

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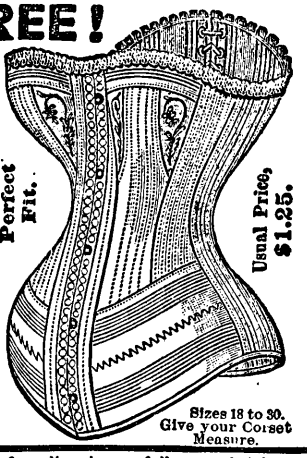

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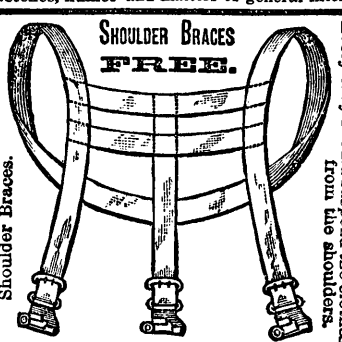

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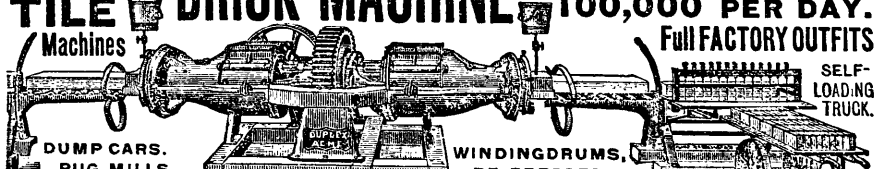

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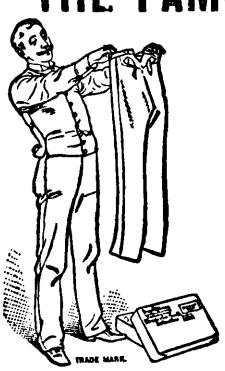

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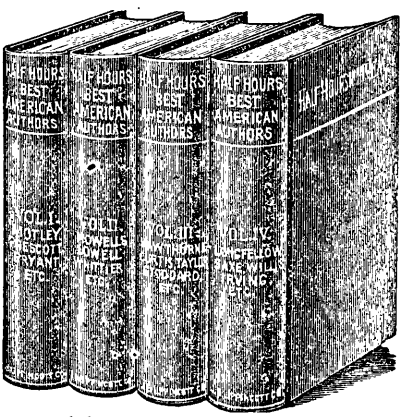

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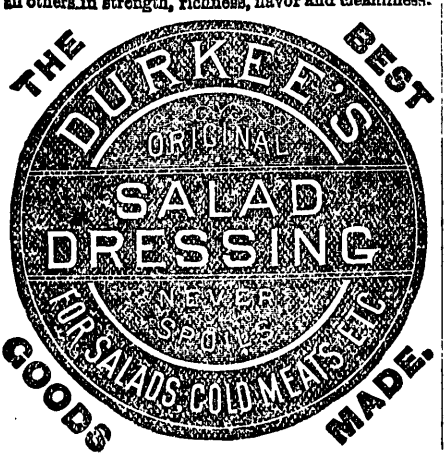

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