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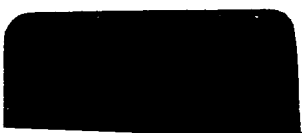
ALICIA

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

By ALEXIS



1875



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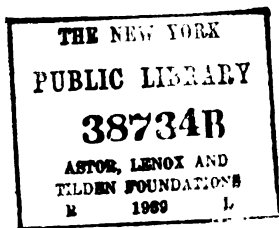
A TALE OF
THE AMERICAN NAVY

By ALEXIS



1898

BONNELL, SILVER AND COMPANY
TWENTY-FOUR WEST TWENTY-
SECOND ST., NEW YORK CITY



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Designed and Executed by
Van Publishing Company
254 W. Fifty-fourth Street
(Manhattan), New York

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ALICIA

I.

ANNAPOLIS.

HOW quaint and charming old Annapolis! Capital of beautiful Maryland! From Chesapeake to mountain what varied and enchanting scenery! And the courtesies of the people harmonizes with the loveliness of nature. Lord Baltimore selected wisely. From her bays and her rivers, her fields and her orchards, Maryland supplies the table with a hospitality worthy of her motherhood. She, too, has a record of struggles for faith and liberty. But on *her* death-roll no martyrs in flames—only patriots on battle-fields. Annapolis is a type of the State and a part of its history. Before the revolution, in the days of aristocratic planters, this ancient town was the gayest social centre in America. The dresses of the colonial gentlemen and ladies were fabulous in expensiveness and splendor. Costume and furniture were from the most fashionable makers in London. During the sessions of the legislature winter was a blaze of festivity. Annapolis

seemed aristocratic as England. Her lords and ladies were not titled or gartered or crowned, but they moved in a circle exclusive as the court of their king. By sovereign custom a mechanic stopped, took off his hat and bowed when he met a gentleman. Nor has a century of democracy wholly obliterated aristocratic tradition. Old colonial mansions are loved and prized because they stand dingy and crumbling witnesses to that proud and costly and brilliant and regretted past. Washington sometimes moved a grand figure in its festive scenes. Lawyers, generals, statesmen, commodores, signers of the Declaration, men who by pen and sword and tongue made history, once walked along these streets, yet bearing royal names, reviewed soldiers under the majestic college poplar, and framed and interpreted laws in yon State-house. Carvings, plate, pictures, many precious relics are preserved and treasured in memory of a social condition preferred and irrecoverable. Annapolis still sighs for the dear old times. Behold, towering over her, that symmetrical and symbolic dome! To me it always seems looking back with sadness and forward with despair! Let us ascend it! We stand on a lofty balustrade. What a picture! Westward, is an undulatory country of farms crowned by distant circling hills. Beneath us the town! Old St. Ann's Church is half hid by elms. Built for a colonial governor, St. John's college,



amid its trees, looks like a decayed aristocrat. Beyond it, how beautiful the grounds and hideous the buildings of the Naval Academy! Rising over the town are stately houses of the last century, its monuments, more loved than our own. Exquisitely soft the mingling reds and yellows of those high, colored banks across the Severn! Now the eye passes down the river to the broad Chesapeake, where the white sails of vessels and the black smoke of steamers present another esthetic contrast in which the past surpasses the present. Far over the bay are visible the graceful outlines of Kent Island, smiling in the mist of the morning like a sleeping beauty.

But we turn from charms of history and landscape to the rattle of a railway train. On her seat in the car Alicia Stanley is recalling what she has heard and read of Maryland's capital. Pleasing pictures like a panorama pass over her mind. Hark! How disturbing to dreams of the past a modern locomotive whistle! A ring of the bell! A jolting of brakes! A grinding of wheels! Different from an approach in a stately colonial coach with liveried slaves and shining silver and dashing steeds as the aristocratic planter rolled into the city for a ball or a reception! Alicia is no more in the past. Her train stops at the station, and she stands on the platform looking round for her cousin. Above the crowd she sees a tall, manly soldier-form.

She notes a fine, high, regular nose, neither Grecian nor Roman but typically American. Beneath a beaming, generous face are broad and well-supporting shoulders, and, crown of the man, a pointed southern hat in cavalier style and suitable to the trimmed and manly beard! She whispers to herself—"Cousin Lee!" Nor is Alicia unrecognized. Her face and figure would mark her anywhere. And quickening other perceptions were the mysterious affinities of blood. A subtle spell of generations drew together those related and responsive souls. As they sat in the carriage Alicia and Lee might have been taken for a brother and sister. By a quick and delicate sympathy they converse without reserve or embarrassment. Now they are at the door of the new home. The light from the window falls on a blush of roses. A wistaria winds about the columns of the porch. Just visible in the gleam of the lamps is the bloom of a mimosa and over the house are the spreading branches of a protecting maple. A young lady stands in the door to give welcome and behind her smile the faces of two colored servants. Alicia enters her home amid all the charms of hospitable Maryland. What will be her history in this new world where she has arrived so bright and so beautiful? We shall attempt a faithful record.

As Lee helps Alicia from the carriage she is

met by Anna Spencer, a young lady from the Eastern Shore, while, on the piazza, look admiringly Polly and Molly, mother and daughter, fresh from the Alston plantation in southern Virginia. The girls were prepared for each other, needed no introduction, and embraced with impulsive ardor.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Alicia. "And how kind and thoughtful you have been! I wish papa could have come to see me begin my housekeeping in this nice cottage you have rented and arranged so beautifully."

"The chaplain's house on the Academy grounds is not in repair," said Lee. "We obtained from the superintendent the privilege of settling you in this nest of a place. I'm glad you like it."

"Like it!" cried Alicia. "You can't tell how I'm surprised. A little glimpse of Paradise. Papa will be delighted."

"Nor can I tell how glad I am to know you are pleased," said Miss Spencer. "Cousin Lee asked my help and we've done the best we could. I hope Dr. Stanley is well."

"Greatly improved by his year abroad, but not yet quite restored to his usual health," said Alicia. "We have been round the world you know. After his long absence papa had to remain in New York with his infirm uncle and also to arrange his affairs."

"Now Alicia," said Anna Spencer, "let

me show you to your room. You are fatigued with your journey and need rest before we have our tea. Excuse us, Cousin Lee!"

The girls went upstairs, and while Alicia is making her toilet we will record a few biographical notes. But no! We have changed our purpose. Our history shall unfold itself. Besides, our young ladies have been too quick for us. They are soon in the parlor chatting like old friends and we have no time to indulge in formal sketches. Lee takes one on each arm and they seat themselves around the tea table. Let it be understood that dinner was considered too stiff for a new acquaintanceship.

In itself eating is an anamalistic process. It proves that we have in the world many brothers besides men and more sisters than women. Earth and sea and air teem with our kindred as eager for dinner as ourselves. Food and appetite! What democratic levellers! They sink our humanity down below itself towards creatures we despise. How homely the business of the market, and the necessities of the kitchen! And when ends the brilliant feast how disgusting its fragments! Hence we make it bright while it lasts with lights and flowers and conversation. Always with grace and beauty hide the skeletons you can neither remove or destroy. At its scant, silent, undorned masculine table grim monkery degrades. Here can be no halo of imagination. In con-

trast see Alicia and her guests! There is a dazzle in her beauty. At that table begins a new era in her young life. Usually a girl's heart flutters when she first presides. Will the novice be embarrassed? Will she be awkward? Will mistakes make her ridiculous? Or will she equal the occasion? Alicia had not reflected on the demands of her novel situation. But she rose to the mastery of her duties. She recognises her mother's chair which had been sent forward with the other furniture, and she is about to take that vacant seat! Before her rises an image of the departed and she pauses with a moment's emotion and a tear gathers in her eye, and only with a strong effort can she control herself. In her place the daughter was a picture of her mother when in the glow and glory of young womanhood. The classic face of Alicia was perfect in its outline; her nose such as artists call Grecian and love to paint and chisel; her thin red lips indicate firmness and sensibility; the rose tinges her cheek; her large black eyes beam with intelligence and animation; her form is tall, slender and graceful; her feet and hands are aristocratically delicate and her small head is poised beautifully on her shapely shoulders. What a splendid creature is such a woman!

Our three friends were soon happy in all the easy familiarity of youth and relationship.

"You know, Alicia," said Alston, "that

you and I are cousins. But Anna and I are cousins, hence we are all cousins, because as Euclid declares, things related to the same things are related to each other, which was the proposition to be proved."

"Conclusion denied unless Anna consents," said Alicia. "She is not a mathematical quantity—neither square, circle or triangle—and she may reject your inference."

"No! Alicia," exclaimed Anna, "Lee's geometry is dry as a college professor. I loved you the moment I saw you. We need no mathematics to prove that our hearts are cousins." And with impulsive southern warmth she rose and kissed Alicia. It was the seal of a life-long friendship.

"Now that in a woman's style you have settled this question, I rise to another which defies adjustment by your lips," said Lee. "Cousin Alicia, you have been round the world. Your eyes have seen all the great historic lands except Maryland's Eastern Shore, which is Anna's home. But how, I ask, could you omit paradise, and visit only the outside wilderness? Your travels are yet incomplete, and your neglect beyond forgiveness."

"Nonsense, Lee!" said Anna. "We have no such silly notions of ourselves. Indeed, we are a modest people. You Virginia cavaliers are the peacocks. One of your own feathers wrote your motto—first in war, first in peace,

first in everything; and that includes your good opinion of yourselves."

"Beg pardon, Cousin!" said Lee. "Eastern Shore is where More should have located Utopia. Like the old Greeks you consider all outsiders barbarians. Alicia is only a very handsome Hottentot. But you are wrong! On this table is my proof! Virginia beats Maryland, Alicia being judge!"

"Not in roses!" cried Alicia. "Yon jacque is superb! These American beauties are queens more royal than their crowned sisters! See that one half opened amid its leaves! I love the rose as I love a star. What colors and fragrance! As in New York, no plebeian ferns with this regal flower! Only its own stem and leaf harmonize with its beauty! To Annapolis I award the palm for the rose."

"Judge!" exclaimed Lee, "you have misled us from the issue. I call back the court to the question, and bring forward my testimony. My appeal is to fact and not to fancy, like the eloquent speaker just heard. Virginia is mother of presidents, and peerless in—*biscuits*."

As he ceased, with quivering finger and assumed earnestness, Lee pointed to the table.

Biscuits, indeed, distinguish the sister commonwealths. They are pounded with interminable patience. From the basement a mysterious sound enters your bedroom to disturb your morning slumber. Do you dream? No! That

is not music from vision-land! It is a commonplace noise and means business. But only a native can interpret it. On and on and on goes the monotonous beating. Will it last forever? It ceases! Soon there will be on the breakfast table a product of African hands, exceeding all the culinary skill of Paris.

"I accept your challenge!" cried Anna, and asked Alicia to touch her bell. Before the sound ceased Molley answered. A whisper from Anna made the negress show her white teeth, and she retired grinning and important with her secret. While the conversation continued, she returned, holding in her hand a napkin. It was daintily done up, and had an air of mystery. Anna took the napkin, unpinned its white folds, and clasping in her hands a small biscuit, placed it on the table with a larger by its side.

"Behold the emblems of two great historic States!" Anna exclaimed. "Before this court I now and here bring the rival claims of Virginia and Maryland."

Are subtle influences of race and character visible in the slightest circumstances? Is the touch of a cook determined by environment? Are a small and a large sphere of kneaded dough, by their size, typical of contiguous States? Virginia gives us a grand race of lofty but self-asserting cavaliers, while the retiring

merit of Maryland veils itself beneath a modest courtesy.

“Decide!” said Anna, appealing to Alicia.

“Decide, we pray!” said Lee.

“I give my judgment,” answered Alicia.
 “Weight with Virginia, Beauty with Maryland.”

“Yours the form and ours the substance,”
 cried Lee.

“Looks I prefer to size,” said Anna, “as I esteem our poetic Key more than your magniloquent Henry.”

After many a gay jest and banter Alston arose to leave.

“Alicia,” he said, “before I go I warn.”

“Of Judgment?”

“No! Deluge!”

“I’ve seen Tiber flood Rome, and Nile Egypt, and Jordan Palestine, and do not fear flood in Annapolis.”

“Not over the dead, but of the living my prophetic deluge,” said Lee. “After to-morrow the flood! And with it altar and incense and rainbow! Beware on uniforms the glitter of brass which wins more hearts than gold! Our Naval Academy currency gives sparkle to the eye of woman.”

After a few more bright words, Alston went into the hall, when Miss Spencer cried

“Back, thou vanquished, back!”

Lee stopped, and hat in hand stood in the door, and said

"Here I am, tyrant!"

"Tell us what happened in your recitation-room yesterday."

"I do not command; I supplicate," said Alicia.

"St. John's and the town are laughing over it," said Anna. "But I want it from yourself."

"Obedience to woman stands first in my statute-book," said Lee gallantly. "I was hearing my class in English Literature. Our subject—CHAUCER. We had been analyzing the Canterbury pilgrims. I asked Mike Shanley 'What is a prioress?' 'The wife of a prior,' he answered with innocent Irish assurance. My class roared and I joined the laugh. Mike had now become confused by the Widow of Bath. I returned to my question—"What is a prioress?' With a look of triumph at his intelligence, Mike cried out—"A prioress is a woman who has had five husbands and wants a sixth.' Good night, ladies!"

"Stop, Lee, stop!" said Miss Spencer. "You've not made a clean breast of it. Tell all! Mike got the better of you at last. Ireland was too quick for Virginia."

"I say no more," replied Lee laughing.

"You shan't escape," said Anna. "Last evening Lee visited old Pinkney Hall. In the morning he had advised his class to exercise themselves privately in elocution. Now, as he passed a door, Mike Shanley came out with his

class-yell on his lips, so far advanced he could not restrain it, and it burst ringing, through the hall. When the yell was over, Lee said sternly, 'Mr. Shanley, what do you mean?' 'Why, Professor, you told us this morning to practice elocution,' answered instantly the quick-witted Irishman."

"Anna, beware!" said Lee smiling. "Virginia never forgets, Good night, ladies!"

The professor vanished through the front door, and in a state of pleased and excited admiration, passed beneath the moon over the lights and shadows of the college-green.

II.

COLLEGE-MEMORIES.

AFTER Lee Alston left the house, Alicia and Anna sat long together talking at an upper window. A full moon shone down on the college-green. Its poplar—a veteran which had defied the storms and lightnings of five centuries—lifted its venerable head silvered in the light. Tremulous shadows of leaves and limbs wavered over the moon-lit lawn. The windows of Pinkney Hall glittered through their ivy-wreaths, and the building, bathed in brilliance, seemed arched and pillared in verdure. Above it rose the white spectral cupola of St. John's College, quaint as in the days of the Revolution. Only a few years before, war had tented the green, and ghastly sufferers from battlefields and hospitals filled the buildings with sights and sounds of misery, and left behind them haunting memories. And beyond McDowell Hall, down towards the moon-bright cove, are the graves of French officers, who, more than a century since, died for our flag.

“How exquisite the scene,” said Alicia.
“What an air of antiquity! I could fancy my-

self in Italy. In America I have seen nothing so pleasing and venerable."

"You will delight Annapolitans," said Anna. "They love the past. Dynamos and bicycles shock their leisure and dignity."

"And what a charming man our cousin!" said Alicia. "You will think I have learned abroad flattery as well as French."

"But you will soon find that Lee with all his virtues has one defect," said Anna.

"What, may I ask?"

"He never dances. *That* in Annapolis is the unpardonable."

"Your people are fond of the polished art?"

"Oh, I am only a visitor to my aunt. When I first came I lived in a whirl. The town seemed to waltz. St. Ann's, St. John's, and the State-house circled round each other, and the Naval Academy about them all. And now, in my dreams, I'm flying with cadets and officers over the floor of the old Gymnasium to the music of the Government band."

"What a merry time in the old town," said Alicia.

"At McDowell Hall," said Anna, "we have a weekly college-hop, and one on Saturday night at the Academy; without number private invitations, and queen of the year is the grand ball in June where promiscuous America dances until morning."

"And is cousin Lee never tempted?" asked Alicia. "His manly, graceful figure would be conspicuous amid a thousand whirlers in the waltz."

"Lee would not learn," said Anna. "As a boy he never could be persuaded to take a step. When he is my escort, he presents me and plays wall-flower until the dance is over."

"Tell me about our cousin," said Alicia. "I should like to know more of his history."

But here the biographer must intervene, and interrupt the ladies by his narration.

Lee Alston was born on the peninsula. His ancestors were planters, descendants of cavaliers who had emigrated in an early period of the colonial history. There was no better blood in proud old Virginia. Alston graduated at her university before he was eighteen, and soon after enlisted as a volunteer in the confederate service. He was speedily elected to a lieutenancy, promoted to be captain, made colonel before he was twenty-one, and eventually placed on the staff of his illustrious relative, General Lee, whom he resembled in face and person. Youth as he was at the time of the surrender he had been in thirty-six battles. When colonel, he always charged on his horse, in regimentals, a conspicuous mark, and yet he had never received a wound. Once a bullet was deadened by his watch, and fell harmless into his military boot.

When the struggle was over Alston decided to study law, and while preparing for the bar had accepted a professorship of English Literature in St. John's College. In his apartment at Pinkney Hall was a memento of the war which was often misinterpreted. After he enlisted, Lee was living in Norfolk, and saw the battle between the Merrimac and the Cumberland. Amid the flash and roar of mortar and cannon the United States ship sank and drew with her down into the ocean the flag of our country. But as the banner disappeared under the waves a blanket from the doomed vessel floated to the shore. It came into the possession of Alston, and was his companion and comfort during the war. In grateful memory of long and faithful service, he preserved his friendly blanket in a large glass case which stood conspicuous in his room, and exposed him to much jealous criticism. But it was no proof of disloyalty. Lee Alston considered the question of secession as decided by the sword. He accepted emancipation as the legal, logical, and inevitable result of war. Nor was any soldier who had shed his blood for our flag more loyal to the stars than this southern gentleman who had fought against the Government. Once, on the college-platform, in an enthusiasm of oratory, he wrapped around his person the banner he had sought to destroy. The thrill of his patriotic

act and eloquence was never forgotten by his auditors.

We must, however, return to the conversation of our young ladies. They are still sitting together in the moonlight.

"But although Lee never dances," said Anna, "and has been too early sobered by war, he is full of frolic as a boy. He is a capital story-teller, and can amuse a dinner-table or charm an evening. I smile when I remember what he related yesterday."

"Tell it to me!" cried Alicia. "Especially if it is connected with the town, the college or the Academy! These will be three elements in my social life, and I want all the light I can have on their ways and wishes."

"Dr. Humphreys," said Anna, "is often absent traveling over Maryland in behalf of the college. When he last went away he directed Lee to act for him as president. For economical reasons Cousin ordered the janitor to plane some desks. Only too effectively was he obeyed! For a century all over these venerable desks boys with their pen-knives had been cutting the names of the first families of Maryland. Immortalized in wood were the Masons and Murrays and Lloyds and Harwoods and Carrolls, Key, the poet, and Pinkney, the orator! Signers of the Declaration and officers of the Revolution around the author of the Star-Spangled-Banner! Yes! Maryland was glorified in these

inscriptions of her children! And all these illustrious names, by a janitor's plane, converted into shavings! What an insult and desecration! A cry of rage and disgust went up, first from Annapolis, and then from all Maryland."

"But Dr. Humphrey must have directed Lee," said Alicia. "If the act was vandalism he is responsible.

"He did not escape," said Anna. "Retribution followed. In the college was a most gifted and courteous professor, but not suited to his chair. He was displaced by the president. A Marylander deposed by a Yankee! Insufferable! The town was a tempest. Both newspapers attacked the Doctor, who made no reply. Our professor, to vindicate his family dignity, was nominated for Mayor and elected by an overwhelming majority, and then had an ovation. It was a popular rebuke and outburst. I saw the conqueror in his carriage drawn by vociferous friends, and over his head a banner with the inscription—'The college puts him down and the town puts him up.'"

"I like this loyal personal devotion," said Alicia. "It is what our Republic wants and you have it in Maryland—another inheritance from your colonial aristocracy. With old Annapolis I cling to the past. How happy I was in the ancient convent of St. Antonio, built five hundred years since, near Tivoli, eighteen

miles over the Campagna from Rome, with St. Peter's in full view, and on either side the whole pontifical city! An English gentleman bought the place for his home and we were his guests. The building was in an olive orchard whose trees a thousand years made venerable. Around us were the ruins of the villa of Horace and classical monuments most touching in history and association. Opposite my window the Anio fell hundreds of feet down the mountain, and formed fourteen other cascades which leaped white with foam over the green rocks. Oh, to me it was paradise. If I had faith I would be a nun, and retire from our coarse nineteenth century."

"Then you have modern doubts," said Anna. "I am a typical Marylander rooted in the past. Why should I question the beliefs of my fathers? No! I take them on trust and follow my ancestors. See that ivy on Pinkney Hall! It seems happy in its moonlight and gives no reasons. I am like it. As it clasps to its wall so I cling to my creed."

"How I envy you," said Alicia. "Yet must I be blamed for wishing to pass from my twilight into sunlight? We left Rome for Paris. The change transformed me. I caught the spirit of our age. It unsettled my beliefs. In Paris I first met the bicycle. Plebeian and mechanic thing! Its graceless motions are not for ladies. Yet nobles, princes, kings, queens,

emperors, bestride the vulgar democrat, which will first destroy dignity, and then overturn thrones. And I followed royal examples! Fashion is a tyrant stronger than Czars. I love the flashing speed and hate the treadmill motion. Peddle or sprawl! Ignoble choice! On wings or in dust! In my faith I am like myself on my bicycle. Whirled from my past, I waver in my present, and shrink from my future."

The girls talked long in the moonlight, and then retired for slumber. Lee Alston had been invited to breakfast. At the table next morning Alicia said,

"Cousin Lee, Anna has interested me in your college. Tell me all about it!"

"It has a history," said Lee. "Under a royal charter it existed for a century as King William's School. The last colonial governor of Maryland, just before the Revolution, erected our McDowell Hall for his residence, but fled terrified. When the war was over, the School became St. John's College, and was endowed by the State. During the fierce battles between Federalists and Democrats a student delivered a speech that gave offence to the majority in the Legislature. To avenge the affront our endowment was illegally and outrageously annulled, and our college has been since struggling for existence. Just now our poverty is almost insufferable. Our President,

Dr. Humphreys, has for years been striving to recover our chartered rights. He has visited and lectured in every county of Maryland. But his efforts have been vain. This year will close our college and leave an indelible blot on the honor of this dear old State."

"No!" cried Alicia. "It must not be! What a charm in that quaint colonial hall, and in your enchanting green! Maryland cannot leave her own child to starve. I will not believe it. Anna tells me that the Star-Spangled-Banner flashed from the soul of an alumnus of St. John's. Pinkney, peer of Webster in legal oratory, here received his classic training. Sons of your greatest historic families have gone from these halls to fame. Your way will open; your college live, and Maryland be saved from disgrace."

"Splendid!" cried Anna. "You shall be our advocate."

"Anna, you are making sport of me," said Alicia, blushing.

"We thank you," said Lee. "And accept your aid. You have before you the example of Washington. He brought here his two adopted sons, and with his own hand wrote their names on our college-roll. Ours was the glory of his presence and patronage. His grand person hallowed our college-green beneath the shadow of that majestic poplar."

"Lee," cried Anna, "you're too sober for

girls at breakfast. Both Alicia and you have Virginia blood, and that always will blaze out into Virginia eloquence. But come down from your clouds! Give us something amusing!"

"When a soldier I learned to obey orders," said Lee. "Here's proof of my discipline! Did you hear that gun after I left you last night?"

"At first I thought it thunder," said Alicia.

"I started as if I was shot myself," said Anna.

"I will explain it," said Lee. "Golden is our model student. He has been here for years without a spot on his record. All his examinations have been passed, and he is waiting to read his commencement-essay and receive his diploma. Last night he was challenged to steal the Doctor's strawberries. To the amazement of his friends Golden accepted, and went into the garden. Our valedictorian, Lipman, is our class-wag. He followed, taking a huge musket loaded without ball. Hiding himself, he shook the bushes. His victim stopped, but resumed his strawberries. Then Lipman fired his musket. It roared like a battery. Golden cries 'I'm shot!' He leaps the fence yelling 'I'm shot!' He runs up stairs screaming 'I'm shot!' He throws himself on his bed squirming and groaning and crying 'I'm shot! I'm shot! I'm shot!' All the students in the hall rush to his room in

terror. Lipman enters laughing with his musket. It had been fired without shot or ball, and Golden was untouched. But on his senior-class-day he'll be hit without mercy."

"When Golden reads his commencement-essay," said Anna, "I'll fancy him twisting on his bed, and will only hear his yells."

"In my ears," said Alicia, "Lipman, your valedictorian will roar like his musket."

"I have told you about students," said Lee. "Now, —, our janitor! Pat Corkle! During the war he obtained leave to cut the grass in the Naval Academy yard. He had filled his cart where he saw a pile of Government-hams. They were too much for Pat, and he hid six under his grass. As his cart passed the gate, by a mere caprice, a sentinel stuck his bayonet into the load. He drew it out. On its point a ham! Second plunge! A ham! Third plunge! A ham! Six hams prove the guilt of Pat. He is reported to the officer in command, tried by drum-head court-martial and imprisoned with his coffin after sentence of death. In this extremity two trustees interpose. They obtain Pat's release, and find the punishment one of Ben Butler's ghastly jokes."

"We have had student and janitor," cried Anna, "Let us rise to President! Did Dr. Humphreys ever scold or laugh? He is sober as judgment—in his black coat and gown my ideal Jeremiah."

"Our President!" exclaimed Lee. "You mistake! Under the ice of the glacier burns the fire of the volcano."

"Hear! hear!" cried Anna. "An old Virginia outburst!"

"Prosy common-place Maryland can't understand our great man," answered Lee warmly. "Twice I've seen him moved—once with laughter and once with indignation."

"The fun first," said Alicia.

"Our students," said Lee, "organized themselves into a band called Night-Rangers. Clothed in their long white sleeping robes and disguised in hideous masks, they moved along our dim streets like ghosts. But they were not silent phantoms. They astounded night with their noises and turned the town topsy-turvy with their tricks. On the next morning Dr. Humphreys could tell what each fellow said and did. Who played spy? They suspected Blake, a tutor they despised. When night came a guard was stationed at his door armed with eggs. The door opens. Blake emerges masked and in his night-dress. He mingles with the white crowd a victim-phantom. Eggs shower over his person. He cries 'Stop! Stop! I'm Mr. Blake!' He is answered, 'You lie! you lie!' with yells and laughter and more eggs. Bespattered, enraged, and mortified poor Blake fled followed by his tormentors. He reached the Doctor's doorstep and furiously pulled his

bell. The door is opened and a flood of light streams over Blake. Now, on the scene appears our President! The sight was too much for him. He broke into roars of laughter, to which the students gave responsive peals."

The girls were merry over the picture and requested to see the Doctor in his wrath.

"One night," resumed Lee, "two fellows took the old white horse on which the Doctor has ridden over Maryland in behalf of the college. They named the animal 'Doc,' after his master, and tied under his tail several packs of immense shooting-crackers. Then they fastened the horse by his halter to a large old-fashioned knocker on the presidential front door. Now the fuses are lighted. Bang! Bang! Bang! The green is ablaze. Doc pulls at the knocker. Up go Pinkney Hall windows and out come fifty heads! Yells of laughter mingle with the noise of the knocker, the explosions of the crackers and the snortings of the frightened horse. As a climax the Doctor opens the door with his candle in his hand and his night-cap on his head. He quickly retires amid thunderous applause and his horse bursts away in wild terror. Such a mad scene is seldom witnessed. On the next morning after prayers the Doctor took as his theme—*The Irreverence of Young America and its Consequences*. I have never known a man so transfigured. For an hour he poured forth a fiery torrent of burning elo-

quence flashing with wit and sarcasm. Our wags proved Dr. Humphreys what we had not suspected—an ORATOR."

"Cousin!" exclaimed Anna. "We have had student, janitor and president. Conclude with yourself."

"Yes!" said Alicia, "crown the occasion!"

"My modesty rebels," said Lee.

"That trial last session before the justice!" said Anna. "The best of all the stories with which you delight dinner-parties!"

"Cruel insinuation!" said Lee. "My stories 'chestnuts' indeed! Yet I obey my slanderer. We had a base-ball match in our campus and our students had a fight with the town-boys. Calvert and Carroll were arested and taken before a justice. They sent for me to act as their lawyer. Although not then admitted to the Bar I assumed the airs of an attorney. The policeman testified that both Calvert and Carroll were drunk, which I knew to be false. I took the witness in hand for cross-examination. 'You say these young gentlemen were drunk?' 'Yes! they were drunk.' 'Did they act like drunken men?' 'No!' 'Did they talk like drunken men?' 'No!' 'Did they walk like drunken men?' 'No!' 'Yet they were drunk?' 'Yes!' 'How did you know it?' 'I smelled their breath.' 'Had they taken a spoonful of whiskey could you have smelled their breath?' 'Yes!' 'Would

they have been drunk?' My witness was puzzled. I knew that the magistrate and each man there had taken his grog that morning. Turning first to his honor and then to the crowd, I said: 'Measured by the rule of this witness each of you would now be drunk.' The justice was disgusted. He said the witness must have heard some temperance lecturer who believed if a man took a little whiskey he was drunk. My clients were released and went away in triumph. But this was not the end. On the next Saturday Dr. Humphreys returned after one of his long absences, and not having yet heard of the trial preached at Sunday Chapel on Paul and Silas in prison. Town and college were present. Winks and nods and nudges were unobserved by the unconscious Doctor who was supposed by all to have in view the recent trial and triumph of his boys. Ever since that discourse St. John's has known Calvert and Carroll by no other names than Paul and Silas. My duty is discharged. I must to my lecture-room. Good morning!"

After the story Lee Alston went to the college and the young ladies remained at the table talking and laughing over his stories. Then their conversation centered on the professor. Did his ear tingle and his cheek blush as he moved over the green while they were eloquent in his praise! Anna had asked:

"What do you think of him?"

"I'm proud of my cousin," said Alicia. "He is a noble specimen of Virginia. A gentleman! More, a man!"

"I'm so glad you like him," said Anna. "Cousin Lee is all he seems."

These were moderate words. Why did they convey so much? Women read each other. The feminine eye with a feminine instinct pierces the feminine breast. Glow in the heart mellows the voice and a tone betrays its love. Alicia penetrated Anna's secret devotion to Alston. Her quick intuition had a potent influence on her own life. Had not, afterwards, a generous loyalty restrained her affection this history would have never been written.

III.

NAVAL ACADEMY.

FIVE generations of Stanleys had graduated at Harvard. They came with the first Puritans from Norwich and boasted that their blood mingled with the Howards, who stand nearest the British throne. Republicanism was not native to their race and they were Tories during the Revolution. Howard Stanley, who makes part of this history, had obtained his degree while yet a lad, studied law, was admitted to the Boston Bar and then visited Europe. In England he had been brought under some unexplained dissenting influence, but emancipated from this, in the General Theological Seminary, he prepared for the Episcopal ministry. At twenty-five he received his commission as Chaplain in the navy. He had now been a quarter of a century in the service. With its men and measures no officer could be better acquainted. When abroad, Dr. Stanley had mingled with the best society in many lands. Indeed, he had been admitted to courts and palaces and knew the most illustrious naval, military, and political personages. In recognition of long and faith-

ful service he had obtained leave of absence on account of his wife's health. Mrs. Stanley was seized with malarial fever in Rome. Father and daughter watched for weeks at her bedside in the old Rospigliosi palace on the Quirinal Hill. Love and skill were vain. Mrs. Stanley sleeps in the Protestant cemetery, near the stately church of St. Paul, just outside the walls of Rome. When the sun shines at noon the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius is on her grave. A rich uncle, then in Naples, realizing how this shattering blow would prostrate his nephew, placed a beautiful steam yacht at his disposal, gave him a check, and insisted that the doctor and Alicia should voyage around the world on his vessel and at his expense. Exhausted nature was restored by this loving foresight. Howard Stanley returned improved in health, but with the shadow of a great sorrow over his life. He was assigned by the Bureau to Annapolis. As the Chaplain's house in the yard was undergoing repair, he had the privilege of a lovely home opposite the college green. A few days after his arrival he was in his parlor with Lee Alston, cousin to his wife and, as we have seen, from southern Virginia.

"I notice some changes," the Doctor said. "Of course the chapel continues homely as ever, and the old buildings belong to our barbaric age of architecture. But the grounds are

exquisite and the library is vastly improved. I have in the world seen nothing more lovely than the little nook whose window commands the Severn, the Bay and Kent Island. To me it will be a charming refuge."

"On the tables you will find an enlarged list of foreign and domestic periodicals," said Lee. "Many new books have been judiciously added. The management is admirable. I have never met greater courtesy."

"That in the navy we expect," said the Doctor, "and especially in hospitable Maryland and polite Annapolis. See this catalogue! I find here retained an arrangement in the course of study I have always opposed."

"The low standard of entrance-examinations!" said Lee. "Absurd! Yet approved by men in the American navy educated in this very institution."

"Think of it!" cried the Doctor, "spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography! These are the only subjects of examination for admission into a National Naval Academy! Hence flock here the crude boys of every country school from Maine to Texas. Congressmen appoint them with no view to their aptitude or acquirement, but from chance, caprice or interest. Failing even in the few primary studies assigned, they leave with a blot on their young lives; or, if, when coached and crammed, they are received, then they are con-

fronted with advanced mathematics without training, and which most can no more master than I can leap the widest chasm I saw in the Alps. How many in the vain struggle lose health and hope! I have seen these boys, first allured then rejected, wander around this town reckless in their despair, ashamed to remain and afraid to meet the frowns of parents and the laughter of neighbors. At last they are driven home, broken down before their lives begin. They are wrecked on the rocks created by their Government. Our Naval Academy is a step-mother to her children. We need a preparatory school."

"A survival of the fittest!" said Lee. "Like the Spartans we kill the weak to help the strong. But I go further. I object to our whole system of school and collegiate education. America is a vast cram. Our youth grow in intellectual hot-beds. We crowd memory and overload reason. Hence our impulsive national crudities. A pupil with us is a vacuum to fill—not an organism to develop. From first to last a locomotive rush! Our American education is like a New York sky-scraper built on Manhattan sand."

"Let us come back to the navy," said the Doctor. "That is more in my line. During my absence I see that the fight between line and engineer officers has been fiercer than ever.

Feuds are bitter and personalities intolerable. We are a divided house."

"I can see only one side to that question," said Lee. "Imagine me leading my regiment into battle with an officer at my side not subject to my order! We would quarrel in the face of the enemy. Rank and file would be confused together. The captain must be supreme in his ship as a colonel in his regiment. A man-of-war with two heads is a monster. In storm or battle doomed! Sails and engines and cannon must be under one command."

"Our system is vicious," said the Doctor. "Having educated our cadet we cannot treat him as a mechanic. Equals in culture must be equals in rank. All our naval graduates should belong to the line. But let those with special aptitudes be trained to supervise machinery, and the engineers be practical mechanics like those on our great commercial steamers."

"Yes," said Lee, "the arrangement you suggest would relieve a large class of naval men from a painfully equivocal position. The fight will never end until our graduate-engineers are made line-officers."

"Only lads," said the Doctor, "should be admitted to our Academy whose fitness for naval life has been proved in our preparatory school. Boys come here dizzied with the glamour of the sea. Our professors can no more educate them into sailors than they could

school-girls. When their illusion is dispelled they hate a ship and abhor the ocean. Yet too late for escape! About them is a net of fate. Theirs is a life-long sea-sickness. Uncle Sam catches them young and holds them fast."

"Patronage, too, is a blight," said Lee. "Congressmen appoint not to help the service but to gain votes. They hurl on us this indiscriminate mass of crude young humanity. For their own interest politicians restore cadets rejected for incompetence or disgraced for misconduct. I have seen the whole machinery of this Academy deranged by selfish and blundering interference at Washington."

"But our radical defect," said the Doctor, "is our rule of advancement. It comes not by merit, but by death. One officer steps up in rank when another steps down to his grave. A man does not obtain command until fifty who was better qualified at thirty. *Gray* heads make our captains. Military and naval genius matures early. The daring essential to victory almost seems a gift of youth. Age lacks fire and nerve. At twenty-five Alexander and Hannibal and Napoleon were conquerors. The three most brilliant fighters won their triumphs in early manhood. We force our officers to watch the death-roll. Grievs of widows and orphans bedew pay and rank. We consult our naval obituary like a barometer and sight it for our meridian altitude."

"I spoke of political influence," said Lee. "Now I add *social*. Our Atlantic squadron follows the New York Yacht Club whose flag leads the cruise. Why was our fleet anchored at Newport and Bar Harbor? Torpedo boats manned the germans! Battle-ships recruited ball-rooms! Officers, decorated with brass and favors, whirled in the waltz and escorted belles to the supper-table! Instead of ocean-drill, flirtation and champagne!"

"Stop, Lee, stop," cried Dr. Stanley excitedly. "I feel like a traitor to the service. We snarl like a pair of starved polar bears. Whatever the faults, our American energy conquers defects. I have been over the world and testify that our officers are the peers of those in any nation. Every emergency has developed among them heroes from Paul Jones to Farragut. In three great wars they have made our flag a symbol of victory and in our next naval battles their skill and courage will astonish the world and begin a new era of history. And their wives and daughters grace any society, and over the globe are esteemed noble types of womanhood. So end our cynicisms! I wish to ask you a question on another subject."

"I know what it will be and am ready," said Lee.

"You were a boy when we last parted," said the Doctor. "Now you have matured to manhood and great events have left their im-

press on you and your country. The war is over. How do you feel towards the flag?"

"Before I answer I must ask a concession," said Lee.

"Name it!" said the Doctor.

"Unless the North admit sincerity in the South we can never fraternize," said Lee. "We may have been wrong, but believed that we were right. Let us view our hero-soldiers as martyrs to their political creed, and bedew their graves with tears, and crown with wreaths their monuments, and we bury with them forever every sectional difference."

"Right, Lee, right!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"I give you my hand."

"And remember," said Alston, "that West Point taught us the doctrine of secession."

"Impossible!" cried Dr. Stanley.

"I'll prove it!"

"Your evidence must be incontestable."

"It will be made part of our country's history."

"Go on! I am ready to hear it."

"Chief Justice Bartol is my friend," said Lee. "He is an honor to Maryland's Supreme Bench. Once during a visit to his room he pointed to a book on his library-shelf. As he took it from its place he showed me, in bright gilt letters, the title—RAWLE ON THE CONSTITUTION. I shall never forget the time, the man, the act. 'The author of this work,' said the

Judge, 'was not a southern fire-eater, but a conservative Philadelphia whig lawyer, who wrote years before the war. Yet he declares in this book that a State may signify its sovereign purpose to secede either by legislature or convention and that there is no power in the Federal Constitution to coerce it into the Union. And this RAWLE was taught at West Point and received as a authority.'"

"Incredible," cried Dr. Stanley.

"Incontrovertible!" answered Lee.

"Rawle a text-book in West Point!" said the Doctor. "A dream."

"A fact," said Lee.

"Hearsay is not history," said the Doctor. "Nor is the word of a Maryland judge enough to establish such a claim."

"Granted!" said Lee. "But I wrote to the Professor of Constitutional Law in the Military Academy. He examined the records of the institution. In my room I have his letter informing me he had found that for three years Rawle *was* a West Point text-book."

"This short space was a parenthesis," said Dr. Stanley. "Against it stand all the other years when Federal sovereignty was taught as the law of the land. Rawle may have been introduced by mistake or artifice. When the book was understood it was withdrawn."

"True!" said Lee. "Yet the fact remains. The Military Academy *did* actually instruct

Davis and Lee and our other Confederate leaders in the precise plan they adopted for secession. Can they be blamed for receiving and following the lessons of their West Point professor? General Lee is my relative. I know him well. He is a man sensitive in honor and scrupulous in integrity. When he resigned his sword and gave his allegiance to Virginia he felt himself in the path of duty. But he alone knows the pang he endured in fighting against the flag he had sworn to defend."

"One point you have made clear," said the Doctor. "Only the sword could have settled the questions between the North and the South."

"The time for words passed; the time for blows came," said Lee. "One arbiter remained—WAR!"

"Do you consider the question of secession decided?"

"Forever," said Lee.

"And slavery?"

"Emancipation was an act of war. As such it was law. It can never be reversed."

"And conceded the sovereignty of the Flag, all minor issues will adjust themselves," said Dr. Stanley.

"Yes!" said Lee. "We are now a nation. Sectionalism is obliterated. North and South and East and West are geographical names. War has made sovereignty indivisible, States

inseparable, liberty universal. See yon Flag floating over our college! In thirty-six battles I sought to strike it down. Here and now, with my life, I vow to defend it against all foes, foreign or domestic, and swear that every drop in my veins pulses true to my country."

Lee Alston spoke with the enthusiasm of an orator. His eye sparkled, his face glowed, his form dilated as he pointed to the flag. Nor was it Virginia magniloquence. He was from the land of the Henrys and the Randolphs. The soil of a grand race! His eloquence was the outburst of a chivalric heart and voiced the loyalty of leaders who had fought bravest and longest for a cause they approved, and were, therefore, most to be trusted in their renewed allegiance. As Lee vanished he left behind him an ineffaceable impression of manly patriotism and also a more tender influence! The mind of Howard Stanley went back a quarter of a century to the home of his bride. What bright visions of an old Virginia plantation! A great red brick mansion with its long wings, its generous, hospitable piazza, its wide front door and spacious lofty hall, having its side-board glittering with silver and sparkling with decanters, which were only too ready to kindle the convivial glow! How elaborate the parlor! What costly furniture and solemn pictures! Before the Doctor rose images of the grand old lord of the mansion, his splendid wife, his

stalwart sons and blooming daughters. Vivid memories of scenes and faces provoke the smile and tear. Balls and barbecues and fox-hunts and anglings! Beneath the wide arms of its patriarchal oak the lawn swarms again with negroes of every size and age and sex and form, but all wild with the joy of barbaric song and dance! Where ever since such outbursts of glee or such a generous hospitality! And the Sunday service of the African, where the gay frock and the red turban appeared, and whose hymn and shout and sermon lingered still in memory! Now Howard Stanley sees himself with his bride on his arm—in her brilliant southern beauty—before the altar of the ivy-covered church! The mother of Alicia! What a morning vision of joy! In contrast, a lonely grave outside the wall of Rome, across the sea, in distant Italy.

IV.

BIOGRAPHIES.

WHY is the visitor in the Vatican Gallery drawn from the immortal pictures of Angelo and Raphael to a ghastly Domenichino? Art never created a more repulsive spectacle than the face and form of the dying monk. Yet it fascinates the gaze. In the Borghese palace is a Domenichino full of joy and genius. Diana in her morning beauty! Radiant nymphs about the glory of the goddess! Suspended from a tree a target! Graceful young deities hold and bend the bow! Below, a lake where other bright divinities disport! Pleasure and beauty and brilliance! Yet few know the picture! The hideous dying Girolomo attracts more than the pagan ideal of joy. Humanity seems drawn to the dark side of life. Lear and Hamlet are more popular than Falstaff. We pet our skeletons and frequent their closets. Beautiful the infant gliding in its boat amid roses and steered by an angel; and also the youth gazing on the temple in the clouds; but we turn from both to the man battling for life in the cataract. By comic pen and pencil our morning dailies find

not easiest way into our pockets. On the first page tragedies sell best. Especially when murder and suicide follow marriage! Divorce is the profitable article in trade. Why? Because in marriage the extremes of happiness and misery! Wedlock converges life to a burning focus. It is a lens with flame. Demon or angel goes away from the altar! Hell or Heaven in these mingled lives! Often hate in hearts vowed to love! Society sells wedlock in the market! Traffic degrades and passion debases the Almighty's noblest gift. Artificial barriers separate men and women who are suited, and sordid affinities draw together those who cannot harmonize. Hence in homes—*Pandemonium!* The result crime, and our curse DIVORCE!

Such familiar facts increase our interest in Alicia. She is a prize for three lovers. Who will get her? Will her choice bring joy or sorrow! Over *her* home what shall we inscribe? These questions we reserve for the future. We are already acquainted with Lee Alston. Him we could certainly trust with Alicia. The cousins seem made for each other. Can it be that Nature herself will be disappointed and misery result? That would, indeed, seem an inexplicable sorrow and argue wrong somewhere. But we turn to the rivals of Lee Alston in this matrimonial race.

Clifford Dulaney proved by historic records

that his ancestors came over with the Conqueror. Afterward the family removed to Ireland, but eventually returned and became rooted in England. During the Civil War the Dulaney's were loyal cavaliers. They hated Cromwell and his regicides and fled for refuge under the shadow of Lord Baltimore in Maryland. After the settlement in America, the third and fourth in the line, father and son, were graduates of Oxford and among the most brilliant of those splendid colonial lawyers educated in the English universities and students in the Temple. The next Dulaney bought a plantation on the Wye, erected a costly mansion and made himself famous by his lavish hospitality. He sleeps in the beautiful family cemetery whose tombs are reflected by the gentle river. Now came a degenerate son who clouded his name and exhausted his estate. To avenge a fancied wrong he used his own idiot boy to murder a neighbor, his enemy. The stain of that blood clung to his posterity. To escape obloquy and retribution, his son and heir moved from the eastern shore to the mountains of Maryland. He began a new life and became an Episcopal clergyman—a polished gentleman, unblemished in character and devoted to his profession. Clifford, his only child, was educated in St. John's College, studied medicine in Baltimore and New York, became a surgeon in the navy and was now stationed at the Academy. No

man in the service was more courtly in his manners or more fascinating in his conversation. What he was in other respects our history is yet to reveal.

TOM BRICE was naval commander and known as captain. He was less than thirty, but having entered the service just after the war he had been in the line of most rapid promotion. Over his early history was a cloud of mystery. He never spoke of it and his reserve was evidently intended. Every trace of it had been obliterated from the records of the Naval Academy. By what hand none could tell. Tom Brice came from a small and obscure village in that part of southern Illinois aptly styled Egypt, because plagued with the darkness of ignorance. He was a mere boy when he entered, small in stature and crude in preparation. But the air of the institution was congenial. Athletic sports were native to the boy and he became the hero of the gymnasium and the ball-field. He was diligent in study and faithful in drill and developed into a man of powerful frame and commanding presence. On his deck Tom Brice stood six feet in height, and his muscular Websterian body was animated by a vigorous intellect. And he loved the sea. Over the deck of his ship he trod its master. His the eye and beak of the eagle. Captain Brice was the handsomest man in the American Navy. So pronounced all its ladies! Such a

verdict was without appeal. There was but one reservation. Tom's nose was rather too imperiously Roman and his lips wanting in refinement. These his defects were trifles. He was no puppet-captain. He was born to command. He was a man from whom in battle you would expect courage, resource and victory. Should war be declared and opportunity offer, you might look for him to win laurels like those of the Porters and the Farraguts.

V.

ROUND BAY.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE was in distress. Indeed the venerable institution seemed in the last gasps of life. Dr. Humphreys had for years traversed Maryland. He had visited every county in the State, delivered lectures, influenced newspapers and sought to obtain from the legislature a generous and permanent endowment. But his effort was in vain. His life was wasted. The people gave slight response. Before the war the rich planters could supply money and support the college which had graduated their sons and given lustre to Maryland. Now, both poverty and enmity made abortive the labors of the president. Buildings were decaying, students leaving, professors starving, and over the historic place hung a dark cloud. In this extremity two friends came forward to the rescue.

Major Sprigg had been a typical planter on South river. His grand house was ever open to his friends and his wide tobacco-fields furnished means for his profuse hospitality. No man was more popular in western Maryland. An alumnus of St. John's, he loved the mother

who had given him intellectual nurture. The war had reduced the Major to poverty, but had not impaired his native generosity. He lived on the income of a small office given him by the loving favor of the people. While he had nothing to bestow from his pocket, his experience and popularity were an invaluable treasure to the institution, and Mrs. Sprigg was even more loved and admired than the Major. At sixteen she was the beauty and belle of Baltimore, and went down as a young wife to preside over the home on South river. In the bloom of her womanhood she became the boast and toast of that region. Now in the close of her life she was known in Annapolis as the duchess. She might as justly have been called the queen. In Hyde Park her superb appearance would have graced the carriage of the most aristocratic nobleman. Mrs. Sprigg, too, had a literary gift. She was devoted to Shakespeare. Her readings were popular. Perhaps she had too much majesty and too little versatility, but her regal air and her enthusiasm always fixed and held attention.

Major and Mrs. Sprigg had unfolded a plan for the college which was to be discussed in an expedition to Round Bay and Kent Island.

It is a bright morning in June. The dew is still sparkling on the grass, when a gay party enter the Academy gate and move merrily over the grounds to the long wharf under the shadow

of the unsightly Santee, that dismal prison-ship, the hate and dread of mischievous cadets. A launch, the Flash, hisses with impatience. In command, Captain Brice, who steps from his seat in the bow and courteously assists the ladies down the stairway. Mrs. Sprigg first descends, followed by the Major. He assumes the place assigned to him as the president of the party. Then come Alicia and Anna Spencer escorted by Lee Alston and Clifford Dulaney. All are seated. The rope is slipped, the valve is turned and the Flash steams slowly up the Severn.

Let us look about us ere the topic of the day is introduced! Far behind, over the blue waters, is Kent Island, just visible through a veil of mist glittering and dissolving in the morning sun. To the left are the noble trees of the Naval Academy; beyond, we see the gleam of the marble monuments of the cemetery; and to the right, picturesque red and yellow banks robed and crowned with verdure. A brilliant sun makes the waves sparkle, and a soft breeze down the river plays in the curtains of the launch, causes the flag to fly gaily and promises to temper the heat of a summer day. On both sides open little coves with waters dark and still under the shadows of the trees, and which seem images of the rest man is ever seeking and never finding.

When the Flash was in mid-stream the Major said:

"We have sought on this bright morning to mingle pleasure with our purpose, but we must not forget the great object of our excursion. Our subject can be introduced by my answer to a question of Miss Spencer, asked while we were passing over the Academy lawn, and which I beg her to repeat."

Anna blushed at the request and said:

"Major, I did not expect to be called out in this way. My question was for your private ear."

"I know it!" said the Major, "but I beg to have it repeated."

"My inquiry touched rumors in regard to legislative bribery," said Miss Spencer. "We are told that by buying votes the college can secure its endowment. I cannot believe that old Maryland is so degenerate and that her sons can be bought and sold in the State House sanctified by the presence of Washington."

"I have no doubt as to the fact," said Lee Alston, "but I would like to know the method."

"And you presume that I am acquainted with it," said the Major, laughing. "A doubtful compliment!"

"No! No! No!" cried Anna Spencer, who had a glowing admiration for her venerable friend. "We ask you because you are above suspicion."

"And your long experience in our capital has given you advantages above all others," said Lee Alston.

"I indeed know the wires of our political puppets," said the Major. "The machine centres in Annapolis. Its master sits in our senate and his aid on an editorial tripod, and together they make the legislature pass laws to help their friends and fill their pockets, with a skill that is amazing. I prefer not to enlarge on the subject. Our board could buy its endowment. Men are in the market inviting sale, but we will not debase ourselves to their purchase. Other institutions pay and thrive; we refuse and starve. We are now in a need we must meet. Mrs. Sprigg will explain our plan."

Thus invoked, that lady said:

"We have all agreed to a suggestion made by the Major. It is proposed to have a series of theatrical entertainments in McDowell Hall."

"But Dr. Humphreys!" exclaimed Anna. "He will never consent."

"I have heard him," said Clifford Dulaney, "in a college-sermon quote Voltaire to prove that Shakespeare was a British barbarian. He described the Bard of Avon as piping men down a flowery road to everlasting fire."

"We knew his fad," said Mrs. Sprigg, "and met him with a promise to banish Shakespeare. Besides, we have all seen Edwin Booth,

and after that sun our lights would be dim tapers. It is no great sacrifice to keep our little lamps out of the noon's dazzle. Having agreed to exile the great bard, and made a few other concessions, the president yielded everything. He stood long against footlights. After granting paint and costumes he said sternly: 'No footlights!' But we ladies were too much for him and he permits even footlights."

"My father," said Alicia, "wishes to make a contribution to the college and authorizes me to state that he will defray the whole expense of our entertainments."

"Excellent!" cried Mrs. Sprigg. "That provides our costumes and will pay for hall-alterations and decorations. Our greatest difficulty will now be in procuring suitable plays. Our invitations will be sent over Maryland and include Baltimore and Washington, cities familiar with the brilliant stars. We will also have as spectators the ladies and gentlemen of the Naval Academy. No audiences could be more critical and if we take their money we must meet their demand. But our work will be delightful and this day and scene inspire us. How lovely!"

As Mrs. Sprigg spoke the Flash was entering Round Bay. About a circle of blue water a half mile in diameter stand those hills which make the Severn so beautiful. Startled by the noise of the launch a flock of wild fowl took

wing and left behind them waves widening and flashing in the sun. Here and there a fish leaped into the air from its cruel pursuer. On the top of a lofty pine sat a solitary hawk which, scared by the intrusion, flew from its perch and circled upward into the blue sky. The launch glided across the bay with a subdued speed and sound which harmonized with the peaceful scene, and was soon tied to an oak overshadowing a grassy promontory. Here the party arranged themselves to continue the discussion. Captain Brice took out his fishing rod, baited his hook and cast in his line, but remained where he could overhear the conversation. Was he conscious of his manly grace? As he stood in his naval blouse, one foot advanced on a great root, holding his rod and watching his line pulled through the water and waiting for the approaching jerk, he was a picture for an artist. The eyes of three ladies photographed the masculine majesty of the gallant commander.

“I have a suggestion,” began Lee Alston, “which I will venture to make as a professor in St. John’s. It would be in harmony with our classic genius and history to revive the old Greek Drama. We can reproduce Æschylus, Euripides and Sophocles in tragedy and Aristophanes in comedy. Let us renew Athens in Annapolis! Let us recall the Acropolis and the Parthenon! Let us vivify the age of Pericles

and Demosthenes and Phidias and Praxiteles! We will even repeople Olympus with its deities. The chorus we can make sing as in the days of Plato and Socrates. Our ladies will lend their voices and Dr. Stanley furnish means for costume and scenery."

"Bah!" exclaimed Clifford Dulaney. "Pardon me Lee! But Bah! I have no other answer save—Bah! Greek tragedy and Greek comedy had a Greek audience. The taste of the nation was refined. Demand created supply. Our age loves vulgarity. Witness our American slang! It would have disgusted Attic lips. Attic eyes would not read our newspapers, nor Attic ears hear our stump oratory. Imagine a New York Theatre, a New York Daily, a New York Haranguer in classic Athens! What a fall from that ancient culture! A foreign flood debases our American blood. Let us keep it pure in the South! Below Mason and Dixon's line we are not equal to the Greek Drama, but we can preserve our Saxon and Norman blood, and not degenerate like Yankees. Miss Alicia, forgive me! My Southern warmth has betrayed me."

While Dulaney spoke Captain Brice colored with resentment, and in his impatience jerked his line and landed his fish. He inwardly exploded, but relieved himself by a command to his men. The Flash was started and the party

conveyed into the cool shadows of an opposite cove as a place more suitable for luncheon. Time was thus given Alicia to answer Dulaney.

"I can," she began, "sympathize with much that has been said. After my visit to Europe I must confess to a recoil from America. Many experience this. The noise of New York is deafening, its rush confusing, and some of its Dailies revolting. Often I sigh for Paris, Rome and Switzerland. But to cherish this spirit is treason to that flag. I love my country. Its faults are those of youth which it will out-grow. Abroad, for my race I feel despair, and at home hope. Our republic is moving towards a day brighter than Athens ever knew. We have in us the seeds of an immortal life. From one of those Dailies which Dr. Dulaney so detests I have taken some verses which express my own views of the genius and future of our American Republic." Miss Stanley unfolded a small piece of paper, and with glowing eye and kindling face and perfect intonation recited:

OUR COUNTRY,

Come, Freedom's sons, unite
Beneath our Flag of Light,
One, strong and true!
Ours is the furnace-blast!
Ours is the old world's past!
Ours is the work to cast
All into new!

Ye men of every race
Where wave our stars find place,
And hope and rest!
Your blood with ours must flow!
Your life with ours must grow!
Till we a manhood show
Earth's last and best!

'Twas o'er the far East first
The light of empire burst
With orient gleams;
But *westward* since its way!
Here let its glories stay.
Back flashing earth's grand day
In Freedom's beams!

Alicia rose as she repeated the last verse and stood an ideal of impassioned beauty and eloquence. Alston and Dulaney and Brice gazed on her, each with admiring eyes and each, about the heart, with a keen and warm masculine thrill. But as Anna Spencer glanced into the Professor's face she experienced a new and inexpressible pang. However, all loftier thoughts were soon lost in an anamalistic wish for luncheon.

Captain Brice directed his men to remove the cushions and lift the lids of the seats, when were seen sundry large hampers well stored. These were carried to the shore and their contents given over to the ladies. A great cloth soon lay white upon the grass and a substantial luncheon was spread before the eyes of men and women whose appetites were made keen

by air and exercise. Coals were now brought from the furnace of the launch; wood was laid on these; a bright fire speedily kindled; a kettle hissed and sent its steam mingled with the smoke curling up amid the leaves of the tree-tops. Here was the promise of an inspiring cup of coffee. Alston and Dulaney disappeared, and so busily engaged were the hands and tongues of the ladies that the absence of the gentlemen was not noticed. But as they return through the trees they are seen followed by two colored servants. On the shoulders of the man is an immense Maryland watermelon. The woman carries in one hand a basket of June strawberries and in the other a pail of rich, yellow cream. These contributions from the neighborhood complete the materials for a delicious repast. But conversation does not cease while nature is refreshed, and especially when the coffee comes and the gentlemen light their cigars do the discussions kindle into animation. It is now informally agreed that Mrs. Sprigg, Alicia and Lee Alston shall be a permanent committee to furnish plays and make all arrangements for their performance. And it is also decided that many months will be required to perfect the plan adopted, but with the promise of the means to be realized money can be borrowed to carry the College over its present emergency. The great difficulty now presented

is to procure dramas that will draw and be within the limits of amateur players.

When the cloth had been removed by the men on the launch and the hampers stowed away, the Major rapped with his cane on the root of a tree, and having secured attention, said:

“Mrs. Sprigg has just suggested what I beg pardon for having forgotten. She addressed literary friends for their opinions in regard to certain authors whose works might be dramatised for our purposes. I have in my hands the answers of these persons. Many of them seem to us crude and wild, but Mrs. Sprigg will examine them again and select such as she deems best to be read. While she is engaged we can stroll through the woods and when she is ready the Flash will call us together by a few strokes from her bell.”

After these words, as the Major suggested, the party dispersed and amused themselves for an hour. At the expiration of that time the bell of the launch rang through the wood and its sharp sounds were echoed from the opposite shore. The Major sat on a great root holding his old plantation-cane under his chin and Mrs. Sprigg stood near with the opened letters.

“It must be understood,” she said, “that we are not responsible for the literary opinions of the writers and will not mention their names. Often the criticisms are too little qualified to

be just. I will read them, therefore, rather for our amusement than instruction. Beginning alphabetically, I find here

BROWNING.

“Riddle without rhythm.—Commonplace and eccentricity magnified in a mist of obscurity.—Bald thought in bad verse—diamonds flashing in a bed of clay.—No music, no beauty, no sparkle when the poetic conception is grand and original.—Stars gleaming through bewildering fog—even in Ring and Book no material for healthful and successful dramas—nor could Browning from the dead explain Browning.”

“Too severe!” exclaimed Mrs. Sprigg. “I have often been edified and delighted with the pages of the poet so unjustly criticized.”

“But when you had the Browning fever,” said the Major, “I doctored you myself. My treatment, homœopathic—dose, nine volumes—effect, prodigious! Browning cured Browning—with an occasional relapse.”

The laugh went against Mrs. Sprigg, but she announced:

DICKENS.

“The Pickwick Papers overflow with the boisterous and magnetic fun of youth. Never before had such sparks of genius flashed out from a lad of twenty-three. At that age had Dickens died he would have been a literary

immortal. Don Quixote pales before Sam Pickwick and Falstaff before Sam Weller. Let us call ourselves Pickwickians and utilize Dickens! But leave out Alfred Jingle! He was first of a series of puppets, which Dickens largely manufactured. Some of his characters suggest a literary Punch and Judy show! But the puppets are stamped with genius. They make you laugh and cry and they *pay*. Charles Dickens was the world's master-showman."

"Abominable!" cried Mrs. Sprigg amid the mingled frowns and clappings of her audience. "Major, I believe you wrote that yourself and I'll tell on you."

The old gentleman shook his cane at his wife and blushed.

"Your cheeks betray you," she resumed playfully. "Once Dickens was your fad. You made me wear a Dolly Varden bonnet, and dragged me to New York to hear your idol lecture. We hired a man for ten dollars to sleep in the street before the office to secure our tickets. Now in your old age you dare deny your youth and call Charles Dickens a puppet-master."

Before the Major had time to answer Mrs. Sprigg announced

D'ISRAELI.

"Long I considered the eloquent orator, the parliamentary wit, the masterful premier, a lit-

erary mephistopheles. His first novels were cynical and skeptical, and written for political advancement, while his last are like gilded machines. But Sibyl! This reveals the genius of the novelist, and shows what the author might have accomplished had he consecrated himself to literature. Sibyl is an unsurpassed creation. Occasionally the old spirit mars this exquisite conception. The father of the heroine exhibits what a magnificent manhood! Admirably depicted the working people! The tragic scenes in Mowbray Castle rival the storming and burning of Torquilstone in Ivanhoe! Sibyl will furnish rich material in both comedy and tragedy."

GEORGE ELLIOTT.

"Her fame is in Adam Bede. Dinah Morris ranks with Sibyl. In her first great work the author rose above herself, and sank below herself in all her subsequent writings. But in Adam Bede alone is a mine for your Dramatic Club."

SCOTT.

"Prince of story-tellers! Wizard of fiction! King in his romantic domain! No man will ever take his crown! How gracefully he intertwines fiction and history! His introductions, his prefaces, his notes, too often publishers' padding! Sir Walter, like Shakespeare, wrote for money. Yet his genius was too noble to

become mercenary. His pen drew out his life-blood to pay for the splendor and hospitality of Abbotsford. But Ivanhoe, and Rob Roy, and Guy Mannering, and Quentin Durward, and the Talisman! Forever these will shine brilliant in the literary heavens! Call your club Waverley and dramatize Sir Walter."

TENNYSON.

"Lyrics inimitable—larger poems, musical, but without the living fire of creative genius—dramas could not be made to draw and pay with Irving as costumer and Booth as tragedian."

TROLLOPE.

"Anthony was a literary plodder. He had little wit, or fancy, or sentiment. Industry enabled him to produce *one* work which almost elevates him to the rank of genius. Study Orley Farm! It will supply ample material for at least one drama."

THACKERAY.

"How second rate the early tales of this writer! Brilliant, indeed, his lectures on the Georges and the Dramatists! But his Esmond and his Philip, and his Virginians, with many bright flashes of wit and fancy, certainly have no dazzling merit. Suddenly, Vanity Fair and Pendennis, and the Newcombes burst into unsurpassed splendor. Beckey Sharp is the

genius of female deviltry. Old Pitt Crawley before her on his knees, with his widower's crape just bound on his hat, begging her to be his wife, when she is married to Rawdon, his son—Clive, at his father's dinner-party, flinging his tumbler into the face of mocking cousin Barnes, the Colonel's horror and the lad's apology—Major Pendennis, that artful worldling, quenching Arthur's boy-love for the Fotheringay—these are unrivalled pictures, whose lines and color time can never dim. In Thackeray's three greatest works your club can find all it wants for adaptation to the stage."

Just here a servant appeared with a large packet of letters which he gave to Mrs. Sprigg. They had been kindly sent over the river by a special messenger from the Naval Academy.

"Thanks," said the lady; "many thanks! The Admiral is most courteous. These are letters from Baltimore, New York, and Washington, in answer to mine requesting suggestions. We will now have help from the most distinguished literati. But our time has expired, and I will reserve these letters for our Committee. However, here are some verses which I find among my letters and will read: "

" Old England! Old England! our hearts are with thee
Where bright gleam thy cliffs that smile o'er the sea!
Old England! Old England! thy blood pulses here,
And soon mingle-drops by kindred made near!

Old England! Old England! thy speech is our own,
And sways with a power more strong than a throne!
Old England! Old England, thy worthies we know
Who kindle our hearts with immortal glow.

Old England! Old England, a crown's on thy brow
But no slave of thine a fetter feels now:
Old England! Old England! with sceptre o'er earth
Hail thee, dear land, where our freedom had birth!

Old England! Old England! our faith is from thee
Which tells us to die that men may be free!
Old England! Old England! thy light in our west
Shall flash round the world like beams of the blest."

The whistle of the Flash shrieked thrice with an energy that stopped the songs of the birds, and might have pierced the ears of the scaly swimmers of the river. Our party was startled, and animated by the vigorous screams, hastened to their places in the launch and were soon flying down the Severn. Now came in sight the green, sloping hill of the cemetery which divides cove and river, and commands a superb view across the Naval Academy grounds, beyond Green Point and Bay Ridge to the broad Chesapeake. Here the Flash was slowed, and pointing with his cane to the white monument, most conspicuous by its situation, and now gleaming in the evening sun, Major Sprigg said:

"Captain Brice, I see there the tomb of young Cushing, just erected. Behind it are graves of captains and commodores and admi-

rals who in peace and in war have served their country well. Some of these men I knew. They were venerable with scars of battle and victory. Was it wise or modest to place the monument of that reckless lad where it out-dazzles so much tried, heroic merit?"

Possibly in this question of the Major there might have been a touch of Southern prejudice, but in the dear old gentleman's kind heart was never a trace of cynical sectionalism. The captain felt the force of the words, and after a moment's reflection answered:

"Major, young America loves *dash*. In the Revolution the wild courage of Paul Jones fired our people. Cushing was not always wise, but he was always heroic. I admire his pluck where I cannot approve his plan. Our academy can teach mathematics, engineering, and navigation, and show us how to manage sails and engines. But courage and command are born in a man. These are beyond education. Admiration for this native and incommunicable heroism expresses itself in yon shining monument. By his deeds Cushing proved he loved his flag more than his life, and hence he stirs the heart and kindles the imagination."

The Flash now reached the old "CONSTITUTION," which was this year the training ship for the cadets. Again pointing with his cane the Major said:

“That spectacle wakes no unpleasant memories. It carries us beyond civil war to the grand days of Jackson and Washington. How merrily floats yon flag! What skill and courage brought that ship to glory!”

“Hurrah for old Ironsides!”

The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the gentlemen their hats, and all cried

“Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!”

Yes! there lay the immortal ship, with her long, black hull, her beautiful lines, her guns gaping through her open ports, and her tall masts tapering gracefully upward into the blue of heaven.

Now the Flash is passing the Monitor, deep and dark in the water, like a hiding monster—her sides and turret battered with cannon balls—each mark a rough but grateful memento of national deliverance.

Suddenly the launch stops by command of Captain Brice. She is just opposite the grounds of the Naval Academy. The cadets are in their evening drill. Bayonets flash in the sun, words of command are borne out on the breeze. Flags wave and glance over the green. Forms of marching men are visible through the trees. Hark! the thunder of muskets and the boom of a cannon! All is the animation of sound and motion on the academy lawn! Ringing down from the homely cupola on the great unsightly hall come the familiar sounds of the old clock

striking the hour! In the midst of the noise and movement the band begins William Tell. How the notes float, mellowed by the water! The trumpet peals out the sound of battle, and the horn of the shepherd echoes amid Alpine mountains. Alicia is transported to the land of Tell. She hears the shriek of the storm and the boom of the avalanche, and cries of war mingle with yells of demons. Then the Marsellaise changes the scene to sunny and vivacious France, and fires the heart as no other music. Our inevitable Hail Columbia chills the patriotic ardor, which revives as the Star-Spangled-Banner is played by a single horn, with a stirring refrain by the whole band. The ladies in the Flash repeat the last stanza, and as they sing are recognized by cadets and people, who wave and shout in response. Bearing those fair forms above the waves of gold, the launch floats like a vision of beauty illuminated in the brilliant rays of the gorgeous evening.

As the Flash is steaming out between Green Point and Bay Ridge we ask what new power has come into Tom Brice? He has always been considered a silent man, who cared not to express in words his inner satisfaction with his mental gifts and large, splendid person. But he has changed! Is it woman's spell? Has love at last pierced that cold, ambitious heart, touched his sleeping fancy and made voluble his quiet tongue? What has produced this

transformation? We cannot yet answer. But Tom Brice stands in the bow of the Flash, and attempts what he had never tried before—a speech. During the exciting scenes we have described he sat with his naval cap drawn down over his brow, his arms folded and his face bent forward, in a deep reflection which made him oblivious to drill and cheers and music. Now he starts up from his silence, stands erect, and is evidently prepared for some weighty and unusual deliverance. Let us hear what he has to say!

“I have been thinking,” began Captain Brice, “of what was said about Cushing and the Constitution, and I have been asking myself what are the elements of successful leadership in battle by sea or land. Plan and Pluck make the victorious commander. Without plan, pluck is a fool, and without pluck plan is a failure. Plan made the Macedonian phalanx, and pluck dashed it over the Granicus, the Issus, the plain of Arbela, and Egypt, and Persia, and into far India. Plan organized and drilled the Roman legion, and pluck led it to the conquest of the world. Plan and Pluck enabled little Greece to defy Asia, little Holland to shatter Spain, and little England to establish the grandest and noblest Empire our world has ever seen. Plan and Pluck captured Burgoyne, helped the American fox to escape the British bag, and take the royal roost at Princeton

before breakfast, and gave the sword of Cornwallis to Washington and liberty. Plan and Pluck enabled our flag to triumph on the sea, and dictated peace at New Orleans behind cotton bales; and Plan and Pluck have again triumphed in the preservation of our Union, so that generous brothers meet as here and now on this launch, and Blue and Gray clasp loyal hands over graves on battle-fields."

The Captain's eloquence was near producing catastrophe. As the voice of the speaker rose and his interest kindled his hearers were fascinated. His man at the wheel came under his spell, and while staring at his commander, entranced by his words, the Flash darted out into the Chesapeake, and just escaped collision. A ring from the bell sharply ended the speech, and prevented comment, and when the Flash resumed her course, conversation had been turned in another direction. As our party crosses the bay, how magnificent its expanse in the crimson and gold reflected from clouds that gave splendor to the evening! The Flash has now reached Kent Island, and it is concluded to have the refreshment on the shore, where our friends loiter an hour in pleasing conversation suitable to a day of literary enterprise and entertainment. When the repast is over, they re-embark and the launch glides slowly over the bright water. The full moon is rising, and above her the evening star. Already the Green

Point lighthouse is flashing far its friendly beams. Bay Ridge and Annapolis multiply their lights, and Naval Academy Hall, in the distance, seems ablaze. Now the stars fill the sky and sparkle in the waves. As the Flash approaches the Constitution her hull is black in shadow, her masts are tipped with silver and her flag floats over the moon. A second inspiration seizes Tom Brice. He rises in the bow of the launch and says

“It strikes me that a remark this morning was too hard on the New York dailies. Murders, suicides, bankruptcies, and horrors innumerable are facts which should be reported. These spots on those suns indeed make the papers sell. But with the spots what light! Our best New York dailies give us in the best words the best thoughts of the best minds. They are modern miracles of enterprise and education. Each morning a world-photograph! Next to the pulpit and the school, the press is the greatest popular elevator. If it slightly demoralizes, it illimitably heightens and expands our American intelligence. Permit me to read a selection which moved my heart and impressed my memory!”

Tom Brice now directed his finger to the flag on the top of the main-mast of old Ironsides. The flap of its folds could be heard as its stars and stripes waved flashing in the moon-

beams. All eyes were fixed on the Captain as he recited :

Flag of Beauty, wide and high,
 Earth saw thee given to the sky
 In Freedom's night:
 Flashing then o'er battle fires,
 Thee a gazing world admires,
 Onward borne by our brave sires
 To Freedom's light.

Flag of Freedom! where a spot
 Darkening did they beauty blot,
 No stain we see!
 Glad to Heaven our song we raise!
 Nations swell the voice of praise!
 Every star floats in the blaze
 Of Liberty!

Flag of Promise, let a world
 Wide thy glories view unfurled
 O'er land and sea!
 Float, forever, gone thy stains!
 Float, 'till earth has burst her chains!
 Float, while heaven bends o'er our plains,
 With eagles free!

Flag of Glory, fly no more
 Where 'mid battle's thunder roar
 Fierce brothers slay!
 Glow now love where once glared ire!
 Never may a star expire
 Til the Heavens in final fire
 Have passed away!

The effect of the recitation was obvious. In the scene was almost the sublime. Yon historic ship, the witnessing moon, the flashing banner, the glittering waves, the commanding form of

Brice, and his low, masculine tones, inspired by glowing patriotism! The silence of his audience was more impressive than audible response, as the noiseless light has a potency beyond that of a bolt with thunder; and yet all was not quite artless in the Captain. Our ladies thought that he studied dramatic effect. Was the Flash indeed steered round the Constitution by order of Tom Brice to give him an opportunity more effectively to recite the poem? Perhaps we may venture to say that Tom Brice seldom forgot Tom Brice. Yet the party had come under his spell and were all delighted. The launch lands at the wharf from which she had untied in the morning. Another day has passed into memory! As our literary friends walk over the Academy grounds, the evening cannon roars down the bay and the hall clock tells out the hour in response to the the thunder of the signal.

VI.

CLIFFORD DULANEY.

CLIFFORD DULANEY was now the last of his race. Except two great lawyers, father and son, his ancestors slept in the cemetery on the banks of the Wye. Thither within a year his parents had been carried, leaving him alone in the world. He resembled a tall youthful pine towering amid the ruins of prostrate trunks scarred by fire, shattered by storm, splintered by lightning and mouldering to decay. The boy inherited the strength, and stature, and comeliness of his race, and gave promise of a distinction that would outshine all who had graced his ancestral line. His features were large and regular, and not specially handsome, but he had a lofty forehead, an expressive face, and a high-born manner. A sensuous mouth, a soft dark eye, and a chronic languor were, however, ominous. At school the boy mastered his lessons only too easily. Ordinary mental exercise was not sufficient stimulus to his faculties. In classics and metaphysics he was brilliant, but in mathematics painfully deficient. He passed forever from the influences of home at fifteen, when he en-

tered St. John's College. What had his father and mother done for him? With fondest affection they had loved their only child. He was an idol on whom was lavished every parental gift. And before him daily were the beautiful examples of his father and mother! Yet they never made their son a *study*. Of his inmost mental and moral nature they knew nothing. They had not sought his confidence. Never once had they touched that fine thread in the organization of Clifford which was the clew to his character, and by which alone he could have been led in the path of his loftiest development. To each of us is a master-key. Only when possessed of *that* can we introduce truth into a soul. Dulaney's parents took for granted that in the light and atmosphere of their pure home an immortal flower would surely unfold itself into moral beauty. Amid all these refining influences Clifford grew up a pagan. Even when a boy under his attractive exterior he concealed habits which would have horrified his father and mother. From his lovely home he brought to college seeds of evil. In him a native esthetic taste and family pride took the place of conscience. He was absolutely without sense of right or wrong. While social Dulaney was solitary. His inmost nature was unsatisfied. Life in his youth was a lassitude, and he never felt the spur of ambition. He had no aim for the future, and hence drifted blindly on the

waves of present gratification. Heart-loneliness drove him to opium and brandy. Even in college he sought relief from himself in artificial stupor and excitement. But when in the great metropolis he studied medicine he yielded to a yet more subtle temptation. Clifford Dulaney was ruled by a passion for gambling which passed into a habit. When he received his diploma as a physician he went abroad, and one wild and successful week at Monte Carlo was the happiest of his life. Then followed the intensified gloom of his chronic solitude. He was a pitiable victim of his own triumphs. Alarmed at the discovery of his gifts as a gamester, he reformed. Friends procured him an appointment as surgeon in the navy. But without the excitement he craved life was insupportable. He soon fell. Annapolis knew his habits. On him was the eye of the Bureau at Washington. The Naval Academy had tolerated him almost to the last limit of endurance. His position lost, he read his future. That slender tapering finger, that furtive glance, that insinuating voice and manner, that fatal aptitude for cards, pointed to a life which was a fascination and a dread. Fatal the beauty of many a venomous serpent! Strange these opposites of good and evil should be born in man! In us battle what infinitudes! With despair of himself a new power came into Dulaney. Hope brightened his gloom. Love will invigorate his weak will,

fill his desolate heart, save his blasted life. Alicia is the star of his future. She knew it not, but Dulaney was her slave. His passion became a speechless idolatry. The girl, without a suspicion, received his thoughtful and delicate attentions, and became dependent on him as an escort. Opium stimulated his fancy, brandy fired his blood, and love awoke in him a slumbering eloquence which had distinguished his ancestors. Dulaney became a delightful companion for Alicia, who was insensible to his feeling and purpose. He was afraid a rash word, or look, or act might deprive him of her society and defeat his hope. And should an enemy reveal to Dr. Stanley his habits he would be banished from the house. He had studied the girl well. Love was his artful teacher. In Alicia he perceived a generosity and independence to which he would appeal. If, in an unguarded moment, he could secure her promise, he knew that her sense of honor would overcome parental opposition. In this flutter, between hope and despair, he now awaited her in the parlor. The rustle of her dress agitated him into trembling. More than life depended on the coming hour. But Dulaney was almost agonized into self-control. He became calm and masterful. Alicia entered! A touch of her hand was a fire in the blood of this man. Again he conquered himself, made himself fascinating, and with subtle skill led the conversa-

tion toward his purpose. When most animated he asked somewhat abruptly:

“Miss Stanley, have you heard of that brave act of Ensign Norman?”

“I read a brief notice in the morning paper,” she answered “but would be glad to know the particulars.”

“Norman,” he said, “was on one of the large battle-ships of the fleet, whose name has not been reported. In some way, yet unexplained, an immense bomb-shell was lying next to the magazine. A crowd of officers and sailors stood near, occupied with duty on the ship. To their horror they heard a fizz in the fuse of the shell, and saw that explosion was inevitable. To a man they fled, except Norman. In the face of death the brave fellow went straight to the shell, carried it to the side of the vessel, lifted it over the railing, and cast it into the ocean. Before it touched the water it exploded with terrific violence, and hurled a few harmless fragments against the ship. As the smoke rose above the blaze a shout went to the clouds, voicing gratitude and admiration for a heroism that saved from destruction. Norman will receive a medal with honorable mention, and be promoted as rapidly as the rules of the service will permit,”

Alicia was breathless during the recital. She sat with black lustrous eyes darting flames into Dulaney. At last she burst out:

"Brave man! How noble such courage! Above all, I admire heroism!"

"But Captain Brice exceeds Ensign Norman," said Dulaney. "Have you never heard of his rescue last summer during the cruise of our practice-ship? It is one of the grandest exploits on the records of the navy."

"Tell it to me!" exclaimed Alicia. "Captain Brice is my ideal of a sailor-officer, both in person and character. He who so looks like a hero should act like a hero."

These words shot a pang through Dulaney. Yet he was committed to paint a picture of the man whom he perceived was to be a dangerous rival; and in terms that would move the heart he so ardently coveted. Unwilling when he began, he kindled as he proceeded.

"Tom Brice," he said, "last year was Lieutenant-Commander on the Constellation when she was out for practice with the cadets. Not far from the Azores a tropical tempest burst over our ship. I was aboard as surgeon, and I certainly never witnessed such a cyclone. Our masts were tipped with fire, and our shrouds in a blaze of lightning. Thunder shook the heavens. Mountain-billows tossed the Constellation as if she were a nut-shell. In the midst of the noise and night of the tempest I saw a form glancing before me down into that horrible ocean. With a wild shriek a boy had fallen from a yard-arm. 'Man overboard!' was

shouted through the storm. Tom Brice was at my side. He did not hesitate. Flinging off his coat he leaped into the billows. I thought him a madman! But he swam to the boy, clasped him with one arm, struggled with the other to keep both afloat, and battled against hope itself, until a boat was lowered and succeeded in rescuing Brice and the lad from destruction. When we welcomed them on deck there went up from our ship a shout louder than the noise of billow, and tempest and thunder."

"You thrill me, Dr. Dulaney," exclaimed Alicia. "That heroism is beyond praise! Such deeds ennoble humanity! And they bring glory to our navy! I have just been reading accounts of another kind of courage and sacrifice. In a Pacific island, enclosed by dreary mountains, men and women live to care for loathsome lepers, with a certainty that loving effort will be followed by disease, a lonely death and a solitary grave."

"Has not your father told you what I am, Miss Stanley!" asked Dulaney.

"Never," said Alicia.

"And have you not known me from your friends?" he inquired.

"Only as Dr. Dulaney, a surgeon in the navy," said Alicia. "Your position is your social passport, and to me you have been a most kind and attentive escort."

"Miss Stanley," he said, "you must know me from my own lips. I am a moral leper!"

"You astonish me, Dr. Dulaney. I do not understand you."

"Miss Stanley, when I was a boy my father often told me the story of an eagle who carried a child in his talons to his mountain-nest. The frantic mother pursued, climbed a dizzy precipice, and saw her babe sleeping on a crag. By wing, and beak and claw the eagles attacked her; but she persisted. With one hand she clasped the boy, and with the other clung to the rocks and descended safely. I am assaulted by fiercer birds of prey, and hang over a more terrible abyss."

Alicia stood astonished at such a revelation. She trembled, paralyzed into silence. On the verge of some disclosure yet more alarming she would have fled. Yet she remained incapable of speech or movement.

After great effort she exclaimed:

"Dr. Dulaney, I must retire. Excuse me! Such words I must not hear."

"Stay!" he cried. "Stay! I beg you, stay! Three wild beasts devour me. Before them I am helpless. My miserable solitude drove me to opium, brandy and gaming. Can you blame a wretch on a desert scorched by the sun, the earth sand, the sky brass, no drop, no leaf, if he seeks an oasis? I am that man!"

"But I cannot help you," said Alicia.
"Summon your manhood and conquer!"

"You do not understand!" he said. "Why say to the paralytic 'hold out your arm?' He has no power."

"But I am not the omnipotent," she said.
"Your aid cannot come from a woman!"

"It can!" he cried, "And from you!"

"What does this mean, Doctor?" she asked in bewilderment. Even yet she did not suspect what was in Dulaney's diseased and excited mind. Indeed, he seemed on the edge of lunacy, when he burst out:

"Miss Stanley, I love you!"

Alicia tried to fly, but found herself under some magnetic spell that made volition powerless to produce movement. Was she the victim of the serpent's fascination? She certainly, for the moment, felt herself passing under the mastering influence of another will. The masculine potency was overcoming the feminine resistance. But here the woman was stronger than the man. Virtue and common sense and healthful nerves have a power superior to the artificial excitements of opium and brandy. Dulaney perceived this, and was animated to one last effort.

"Yes!" he cried, "I love you! Love is my new power. For weeks love conquered my enemies. Alicia was my victory. Then I despaired of you and fell. Be my wife and I

am saved! You stand between me and ruin! Life and death are in your words! Oh, my angel, drive out these demons!"

As he uttered these wild words, Clifford Dulaney fell on his knees before Alicia. He sought to seize and kiss her hand. This she refused. She was, indeed, deeply moved. With a strong effort she pointed to a chair and said:

"Rise, Dr. Dulaney, rise! Be seated! Your posture does not become your manhood."

Strange thoughts flashed through Alicia. Had she not just before praised the courage of Norman who risked his life to save his ship? How glowing her tribute to Captain Brice for plunging amid darkness and tempest into the ocean to rescue a drowning lad! She had been rapturous in her admiration of heroes who devoted themselves to disease and death for the comfort of doomed sufferers. Here is a man in worse peril than ship, or lad, or leper. "Is not this also *my* hour of self-sacrifice?" Alicia asked herself. She despised a philanthropy of words. Cant was her abomination. What costs only breath her generous nature despised. May it not be that to save Dulaney she must give her life to uncongenial wedlock? She knew that noble women had immolated themselves to reform ignoble men. And now, with no time for reflection, she must decide a tremendous question of duty. Her native sense

and sound education came to her assistance. Over her, in that hour, was the influence of her departed mother!

After a long silence Alicia asked:

"Dr. Dulaney, on what must marriage rest?"

"Love!" he cried, with an emphasis from his heart.

"But love," she said, "must be mutual. Love only feeds love. Love must be in both wife and husband. In one alone it dies, and from its grave rise misery and despair."

"Curse reason!" he exclaimed. "Its chill kills. For the love of Heaven save me!"

"Dr. Dulaney," she said, "compassion is not love. Compassion will not support marriage. Compassion will fail, and ruin us both. Home is not a reformatory."

"You shut and lock against me the everlasting gate," he answered with an infinite sadness.

"No!" she said, "Dr. Dulaney, no! Arouse your will! Resolve and be saved! Seek strength from Heaven! I will be no idol! You deceive yourself! Weak I as you! Should I wed you from compassion you would not be satisfied! Love is jealous! Passion would exhaust itself and end your dream. We should tire of each other and sink together. You would hurl to fragments the idol you adored. It cannot be!"

“Miss Stanley,” he said, “I accept my fate. On a midnight ocean I clasped a plank. It would not hold me. I must sink. I am doomed. I am the last of my race, and I end it ignobly.”

Having spoken these words, Dulaney was transformed. After his storm a calm! What produced the change? He talked cheerfully, discussed the themes of the day, was again a gay and delightful companion. But Clifford Dulaney was not deceived. He read his future. On his sky blazed letters of fire. Dark spectres waved their wings over his head. He heard the rustle of the pinions of Hope as she left him in Despair. After sitting long he arose and parted as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Alicia sat meditating. Her philosophical aptitude had been developed by her father's companionship. Before her rose the image of that man kneeling to supplicate her womanhood. Strange reversal of the relations of sex! The masculine sovereign pleading his impotency! A self-confessed slave! Offer opium! He will eat. Give brandy! He will drink. Spread the cards! He will gamble. To indulge himself he would risk hell. He can no more resist temptation than the locomotive its impelling steam. Has he, then, more responsibility than the machine? Yes! There was a time when he could resist. He yielded, until, enfeebled by indulgence, his power to

will was lost. For this *state* of moral impotence he is accountable. By his own act he necessitated his slavery. Long the Brahmin can pull down his uplifted arm. The moment comes when it is petrified.

Another reflection strangely humiliates Alicia. She had urged Dulaney to seek the help of Heaven. Was she not a hypocrite? How could she recommend what she had renounced. Had she not returned to a cant she scorned? Yet did she not follow a natural instinct? Was not her moral need deep as that of Dulaney? He was a slave to debasing appetite. But was she not bound in the chain of her ancestral pride? She felt within her an aristocratic shrinking from vulgarity while alleviating those most needing her help. Alicia was confounded. Surely in the moral world must be some power beyond ourselves! Only by centuries of effort has man developed and mastered electricity. Now with this new force he drives and heats and lights the world. By analogy, we might expect that some omnipotence would animate and invigorate and illuminate the sons and daughters of the Almighty Father.

VII.

DOUBTS.

ALICIA was devoid of vanity in her personal beauty. Nor, until last night, had she a glimmer of a conception of her power over men. Dulaney at her feet, begging her help, was a revelation to her of masculine weakness. His image excited no complacency. Rather, it caused humiliation. Pride of race and character inflamed Alicia, but her soul was cast in a generous mould and she scorned all that was petty and ignoble. In the morning she came down to breakfast with new views of man and of herself and with no elation at her discoveries. When the meal was over she followed her father into his study to tell him what she thought he ought to know. She kissed him, sat on his knee and took his hand.

“Father,” she said, “I had my first offer of marriage last evening.”

Dr. Stanley started. He turned pale. A crisis had come he long dreaded.

“Daughter,” he answered, “on marriage turns a woman’s life. Happiness or misery are in her vow. But vast as are the consequences involved I have always trusted your

excellent judgment and am sure that without consulting me you would not entangle yourself."

"Father," she said, "I have not disappointed you. I am free. Clifford Dulaney sought my hand, but I refused."

The face of Dr. Stanley beamed with smiles. A kiss expressed his love and joy.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, and then said: "Daughter, I have noticed with pain and fear the attentions of Dulaney. He is a most insidious man. I know him well. His father and mother were pure and noble people and my old friends. I could not forbid their son my house and, admitting him, I shrank from telling you his habits and character. He is a victim of debasing vices. I regard him with mingled pity and loathing. A musical, persuasive, insinuating voice and the manners of a gentleman make him of all deceivers the most dangerous."

"He threw himself at my feet, father, and begged me to be his wife, that I might save him from himself and make him a man. It was a most moving scene. But I could not marry from compassion. I fear that in his despair he will rush to swifter ruin."

"That you cannot help. Your duty was plain. I thank heaven that you are delivered."

"But, father, I gave him the advice of a hypocrite."

“Daughter, impossible! No person can be farther removed from cant and deception.”

“I told Dr. Dulaney, father, to seek the help of Heaven which I have renounced myself. Was that right? I cannot answer.”

Howard Stanley was more startled than before. He had been reading the German and English and American literature of doubt and had to confess to himself that questions were asked to which he could give no reasonable reply. His ancestral faith had been rudely shaken, and he resolved that he would seek every means to satisfy his mind and restore the rest he had lost. But he also intended to keep the secret in his own heart. No mortal should know his struggles between his personal doubts and his clerical obligations. Now he seems forced to confession. Shall he be honest with his child in whom he has himself cultivated the most scrupulous integrity? Perhaps he may imperil her by revealing himself. But no! Love of truth is the only security for either. One slight deviation from a straight line may become an infinite deflection.

“Daughter,” he said, “I have been myself passing through severe mental questionings which I never anticipated. And in my position they are peculiarly humiliating. I who profess to be a guide for others am myself a wanderer.”

“Father!” Alicia exclaimed with sobs and tears. “I had not expected this. I am out on

a wild sea. I looked to you for chart and compass. But we are together orphans in the universe."

"And I a gray-headed orphan," he said with a sad smile pointing to his white locks. "We will begin anew and hurl down our ancestral idols. We will extirpate prejudice. We will go together to the great Father. Our aim is Truth. She will disclose to us her beautiful face, give us her hand and guide us to her peace."

Alicia threw herself into the arms of her father. She clasped and kissed him with an almost frantic love. Surely light will come!

After returning these passionate caresses Dr. Stanley said:

"I must compliment you on the success of your theatricals. Your skill both in composing and performing plays has been quite astonishing."

But here a servant interrupted the conversation. Dr. Stanley was called from his study to the Academy hospital, and we are left to relate the result of our literary excursion to Round Bay and Kent Island.

After his graduation at Harvard, Howard Stanley had spent a year in study at his home near Boston. His sister chanced to bring from her school a copy of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and also of his "Anthony and Cleopatra." Young Stanley read them with delight

and recoil. In literature he knew nothing so obscene as a poem and a drama used as text-books in an institution for young ladies conducted by two puritan old maids famed for their pruderies. The young master of arts now gave himself to the study of Shakespeare. He was fascinated and revolted by this masterful and matchless genius. In the theatres of New York and Boston he experienced similar intensities of approval and antagonism. Nor was the effect different in London. But while Stanley regarded the Bard of Avon with these conflicting feelings, there was also created in him an impression that tragedy and comedy were rooted in a universal need of humanity. On his return from the continent he carried a letter of introduction to his distant relative, the Bishop of Norwich, father of Arthur Stanley, afterwards the celebrated Dean of Westminster Abbey. In the Episcopal Palace he met Jenny Lynd, who was there as a guest. The immortal artist became his friend. She told him the story of her life—her childish triumphs; her theatrical apprenticeship under the eye of the Majesty of Denmark—her brilliant Scandinavian success—her humiliating discipline in Paris and her unequalled victories in Berlin, Vienna and London. Jenny Lynd had just come from her magnificent ovations in the English metropolis. The throne, the nobility, the people had done homage to her genius.

Yet, undazzled by her triumphs, the idolized artist shrank from the theatre. She renounced opera with its glittering gains and garlands, and in concert won a new and imperishable crown. On Howard Stanley Jennie Lynd produced an ineffaceable impression. Each had the same recoil from the theatre which they admired. The young man resolved that he would understand the Drama he loved. He buried himself in the British Museum and read and annotated Grecian and Roman and Italian and German and French and English tragedies and comedies. What strange obscenities defile the noblest works of genius! Now Stanley connected himself with a sect that changed the current of his life. Eventually he became a clergyman. But he never lost interest in the drama. His uncle in New York was wasting by slow disease and had just informed the Doctor that he was sole legatee, and that the greater part of the income would be henceforth placed to his credit in bank. Rich thus in possession and prospect, the college-theatricals gave him an opportunity to use his wealth in realization of plans long cherished. He contributed also the literary treasures he had, a quarter of a century before, accumulated in the British Museum. It soon appeared that Alicia had the gift to select and combine. After long labor she created five plays mingling both tragic and comic elements. These were

submitted to the committee and afterwards to the excellent judgment of Dr. Stanley. But this was not sufficient. An experienced dramatist was called from New York. He adapted the plays, chose performers, trained them in elocution, drilled them in their parts and arranged costumes and scenery. Amateur ability had thus the advantage of professional skill. McDowell Hall became a theatre. Nor was there anything in the play inconsistent with the sanctities of the chapel. The innocent laughter was magnetic. Dr. Stanley triumphed in proving that jollity harmonized with piety; that the stage was a power for virtue; that like smile and tear Comedy and Tragedy were together in our humanity; and that we never fail when we appeal to the nature of man as constituted by the Almighty. The players developed unusual talent. But Alicia was the star. As she created the characters, so she shone in the chief parts. She proved herself a dramatic genius. Night after night the Hall was crowded with spectators. Public taste was improved while the college treasury was replenished. How much better to work than to beg! Men and women commanded the money their labors deserved. The town, the Academy, the State furnished appreciative audiences. During commencement week a beautiful tent was erected on the college green for the performances. Over it floated the stars of our flag.

When the legislature was not in session the Governor lent the Senate Chamber, which was even more crowded than the Hall. For a year the plays continued in a favor that supported the college. Nor did Maryland censure or regret the introduction of the drama into that venerable room which had been the honored seat of the Continental Congress; from whose walls look down the pictured faces of illustrious citizens and which witnessed the sublimest scene in the history of our Republic when Washington surrendered the sword of his victories, and proved that he loved his country more than a crown.

VIII.

LEE ALSTON.

ALICIA renounced the bicycle. She had always pedaled with an inner protest against the graceless mechanic movements on the democratic wheel. Now she loves to mount her horse. Her father had bought her a beautiful gray, trained for the saddle. She sat on him with inimitable grace and managed him with a skill acquired in her equestrian school at Paris. Lee Alston became her companion in her rides, in which, as she said, she discharged her superfluous electricity. We add, as her biographer, that fresher bloom also came into her cheeks, with health from the the air and vigor from the motion. Her cousin Lee had ordered from his plantation his old charger which had heard the roar of many battles, but which after the exposures of war still retained the fire of his youth. Like his Virginia ancestors Alston was a master in the saddle. He sat with ease and power, such as became a soldier. After the ancient fashion of his cavalier fathers he just touched his stirrup with the tip of his toe. As the cousins passed together on the gray and the bay along the

college green and round the circle beneath the elms of St. Ann's, all spectators, white and black, admired the handsome equestrians. While riding slowly towards Bay Ridge for its grand view of the Chesapeake we must not fail to note the conversation.

"Cousin Alicia," said Lee, "I am surprised and delighted at your theatrical success. You were born with the dramatic gift. Indeed you are electrical. Such inspiration cannot be educated into people as our mechanical age believes. The true fire comes from Heaven."

"Lee! You are too complimentary," she said. "I feel my cheeks tingling. See how they blush!"

"No!" he said. "Flattery between us would be absurd. I tell you the truth. In Annapolis you are crowned queen of Tragedy and Comedy, and you have saved our old college."

"Not I, Lee," she said. "You forget my associates. We have all worked together and must be included in your approval."

"But you were the indispensable," he said. "You created the plays and shone star in every performance. All Maryland is filled with your praise."

"Between you and me, cousin," she said, "must be no false modesty. I am conscious of an inborn gift. You say that I have walked the stage a queen. Gay and happy time!

Bright hours winged by youth! But the dream is over! Ended the play! The curtain drops! I abdicate! Lee! No crown is on my head! I perform no more!"

Alicia spoke with an assumed tragic air as if bidding farewell to her queenly domain on the stage, and Alston answered:

"You are not in earnest, cousin! Will you hide your talent? It would be wrong. Your gift brings you work and joy; to your friends pleasure and to our college the bread of life."

"I can conceive," she said, "that under certain conditions I might make the stage my vocation. Possession of the dramatic gift proves its use lawful. Garrick and Booth in business were failures. On the stage they dazzled the world and earned fabulous sums. The whole life of Jenny Lynd was a training for her art. With all three, outer circumstance opened the way for the inner endowment. I thus defend as lawful the vocation I renounce."

"But why, Alicia, bury such a gift?"

"Because I am not willing to lose my personality in a world of dreams."

"I cannot understand you. The stage with you is a sport—a playful exercise of faculties that makes yourself and others happy. How beautiful and how profitable this episode in your life!"

"Cousin," she said, "in both writing and acting I made a discovery. I became absorbed

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in my characters and could not treat them as paint and costume. And to cast my spell over others my own nerves had to thrill. My personality was lost. For a year I have lived in a dream-world. My life has resembled a picture gallery. Phantoms, not men and women, my companions! Nature reversed! Fancy was changed into fact and fact into fancy! Such a life exhausts. Lee," she added laughing and pointing to her hair and speaking in a tragic tone. "I must not tinge these locks of youth with the gray of age. Paint and robe and crown and glory, farewell! farewell forever!"

"You convince me," answered Alston, "we live in a hard world of fact where fancy must not rule. Imagination makes life a mirage and its colored clouds hide the light of truth. After all, Reason should be king. But you look serious! Our talk is too grave! We should make our ride gay and relieve, not burden, our minds."

"Lee!" exclaimed Alicia, "I made a discovery last night. The recollection of it brings this cloud over my face. You know that I have been long uncertain in my faith. I went to father for relief. Him, too, I found adrift."

"And I am afloat," cried Alston. "The age is too much for me. A reflux tide is bearing me out towards the dark ocean. But what loosened your father's anchor? *His* ship I thought safe in an everlasting harbor."

"Just before I left him this morning," said Alicia, "I found father wrecked on Rénan."

"Impossible," said Lee. "Dr. Stanley is keen in argument and thorough in knowledge, whereas the brilliant, vivacious Frenchman, exquisite in style, has neither logic or learning. He laughs cynically at the men who chase and praise his splendid literary bubbles. The gay, superficial Breton is the last writer of the age who should influence Howard Stanley."

"Not his argument but his sentiment has touched father."

"Explain! I cannot understand."

"Rénan has a kind heart. His sensibility to suffering is the key to his unbelief. What gave fire to the verses of Byron and Shelley? Their inspiration was their revolt against the constitution of the universe. Childe Harold burns and blazes with the lightning of a rebellion which fascinates while it blasts. Pain seems irreconcilable with love."

"I perceive," said Lee. "And pain is not secondary as Paley taught in his feeble apology. Pain is the end. Pain is contrived. Pain is part of a vast system."

"There, as father says, is the prime and inscrutable difficulty," said Alicia. "His physical organization proves that the shark was *made* to devour the shad. The eagle was *made* to kill the wren. The lion was *made* to eat the lamb. In sea and earth and air are creatures

made to support by their death the life of man. Cycles since earth witnesses to a similar constitution. Its old grim rocks are ghastly with skeletons of innumerable monsters whose jaws and maws were planned to murder and devour. Oh, it's horrible! A young girl should not have such thoughts. I adore my father, and yet, perhaps, he makes me too grave."

"I have been led by a different path," said Lee. "My trouble lies deeper than yours. Dr. Humphreys left me his class in psychology. My duties forced me to read the English, French, Scotch and German writers on the subject. What contradictions! What absurdities! What insults to my American common sense! I have not only lost my faith in philosophers, but my faith in faith itself. I cannot tell why I believe anything. I doubt my eyes as I distrust my reason."

"Cousin, father and you and I are orphans," exclaimed Alicia. "Let us pledge ourselves together and seek until we find the Eternal Truth!"

"My hand, Alicia!" said Lee. "We are bound to each other. Our vow is irrevocable."

"Give us a classic name for our society of three," said Alicia, "and I will procure father's pledge."

"Your own words suggest our title," said Lee. "The Greek—Orphanoi—Orphans."

"Agreed! Agreed! Agreed!" cried Alicia,

and taking off her glove gave Lee her extended hand. He clasped it! Its touch was more than philosophic pledge. Fire was in that finger. Into a heart darted flame. Nor was the touch irresponsive. Alicia felt through herself a sympathetic thrill. She was alarmed. In her excitement she exclaimed:

“A race, Lee! I can beat you at a race.”

The girl touched her horse with her whip and he sprang forward as if electrified. Alston sat, under a spell, gazing at his cousin. As she flew, waving and kissing her hand in playful farewell, she seemed, indeed, a bird of paradise—all flame and beauty. After speeding a few hundred yards she drew her rein and Lee approached her slowly. Side by side they sit! They appear made to journey through life together. Between them all subtle and refined and harmonizing affinities! Here are two kindred lives touching each other! Mingling in one stream they will flow on a joy forever! So thought Lee Alston! He quivered with an excitement kindled in his heart and which he could no longer repress.

“Alicia,” he said, “we have clasped our hands as seekers of truth. Can we not join them in another pledge?”

“Stop! cousin, stop! I beg you, stop!” she cried.

“My hour has come! I must tell you all,” he said.

"No!" she cried. "It must not be."

"Why, Alicia, why?" he asked.

"Lee," she answered, "we must now have no reserves. I understand you. But you must go no farther! It gives me pain to discourage these advances. I suffer as well as you. Between us is an impassable barrier."

"Only such as you create, Alicia!" he answered with just a perceptible tone of bitterness.

"No! Lee, I am not the obstacle!" she said. "Anna stands in our way. I love her as my sister. Her life is bound in yours. You have grown up together. From childhood you have understood that you would marry. Before Heaven you are affianced. Your manhood is involved—your honor is plighted. Could I cloud you by an act of mine? No! Nor can I send my sister to her grave. Her face would haunt me. Go back to Anna! She awaits you! Promise me, Lee! Heaven predetermines!"

It was an intense moment for the cousins. Intimacy had drawn their hearts together. Now they were tearing apart. A wrench of pain, and right triumphed. One clasp, one kiss, one look or tone of love would have made sacrifice impossible. They were saved. After a long silence Alston said:

"Alicia you are always right. Your good sense prevails. By your hand the veil has been taken from my eyes. We will never forget

your faithful friendship. My life belongs to Anna. Take my hand! I vow."

Alicia trembled. She had, indeed, made a fearful sacrifice. But she was right. She clasped and kissed her cousin's hand and dropped on it a hot farewell tear.

What gave this impulsive girl of genius such admirable judgment? Her sensibility and imagination were controlled by her reason and her integrity. How many, without gifts, rush to the stage and blast their lives! Our country gives daily proofs of the crude and the rash, self-immolated on the altar of their vanity. Often youthful folly makes wedlock both miserable and ridiculous. The father and mother of Alicia had studied their child, and obtained the key to her character. Wisdom guided love in her education and discipline. Each virtue of the parent was reproduced in the child. Alicia grew in a healthful atmosphere. She unfolded like a flower in harmony with the laws of her nature. No plant in his conservatory unwatched by the gardener! To each he supplies the air and light, and heat and moisture it needs. His care and skill are rewarded in the glory of the bloom and the sweetness of the fragrance. Richer far the recompense when we wisely cultivate the immortal growths in our homes!

After the conversation we have recorded, the cousins rode in silence. The intensity of the heart had exhausted nature's vigor. Now Lee

and Alicia rein their horses on Bay Ridge, and view the noble expanse of the Chesapeake shimmering in the beams of a declining sun. Gorgeous clouds are mirrored in the waters, and white sails, like phantoms, glide between the real and the reflected splendors. Having satisfied themselves with the beauty, the cousins turn towards home, conversing quietly until they reach the hill just above Annapolis. Here they were confronted by a man leading an enormous bear. Lee's old battle steed was undismayed at the spectacle, but Alicia's horse trembled with terror. He stood staring and snorting and quivering, and then with one mad plunge dashed down the hill, flew along the street and around St. Ann's circle into College avenue, and became wholly beyond the rider's control. Alston followed in a run that he might overtake and rescue. But the clatter of hoofs behind added to the speed of the frightened horse, who turned down Prince George's street, and then wheeled round into Maryland avenue. Alicia maintained her seat and her courage. Her rein was firm and her eye steady. But she was dashing on to death. As she neared the Academy gate, Captain Brice was coming out, and at a glance read the situation. He leaped towards the horse, seized his bridle, slightly checked his speed, ran along at his side, and then with a quick, powerful jerk brought the plunging gray to his haunches.

Alicia saw and seized her opportunity. She dropped her bridle, slipped lightly from her saddle and was saved. Her horse reared, and fell dead in the street. Alicia stood calm in her imperial beauty, and expressed to Captain Brice her thanks for his manly and successful service. He offered her his arm and escorted her home amid the cheers of a crowd, which equally admired the courage of the man and the woman. We will not describe the grateful joy of Howard Stanley at this deliverance.

IX.

THE JUNE BALL.

CLIFFORD DULANEY had left the field. Lee Alston was now devoted to Anna. Tom Brice saw his opportunity. He will win Alicia. She was a brilliant prize. A beauty, an heiress, born to high social position, as graceful in her manners as she was fair in her face, admired for her dramatic gifts, with all classes popular. She moved as nearly an ideal woman as our human nature permits. Her life had been spent with naval people. Many of them remembered her in her cradle, and were proud to have her in their ranks. They had loved her mother, and her father commanded their affection and esteem. Naval officers and their families circulate over the world, and are rarely mistaken in their social judgments. Tom Brice they closely watched in his indefatigable attentions. While the public verdict was universal for Alicia, in regard to the Captain it was widely divided. Major and Mrs. Sprigg disliked him, but could give no good reason for their opposition, which was probably an instinct of aristocratic old Maryland. Both were charmed with Alicia, and re-

garded all admirers with the jealous eye of friendship. Lee Alston and Anna Spencer were almost intense in an antagonism they could not express. Nor was opposition confined to the parlor. It descended to the kitchen. Polly and Molly reflected the feeling of their old Virginia master. Often they discussed the Captain below stairs. Weighed in that nice African balance he was found wanting. With an unconscious accuracy the mother and daughter decided that he did not belong to the genuine aristocracy. On the result of the wooing bets were even at the Naval Academy Club.

But Tom Brice never doubted. He had never known failure. He was a shrewd calculator, full of resolve and energy. He believed in his star.

Howard Stanley was unconscious of this interest centering in his daughter. He had known Brice as a cadet; had served with him on the same ship; was acquainted with his character and career as an officer, and it never occurred to him that there could be any conceivable affinity between Alicia and the Captain. What he had been before he entered the Academy was a speculation. Even the authorities were ignorant. Tom never alluded to his early life. While free, and bright, and jovial, he yet had not an intimate in the navy. He was a solitary. But although a cloud was over his origin, his career in the service had been

brilliant. No man of his age in the American Navy had a brighter prospect. With Alicia he had one inestimable advantage. He had saved her life. In her extremest peril the strong arm of this splendid Captain had interposed. But for him would shine for her nor sun, nor moon, nor star; but for him would be for her no smile of earth, nor glow of heaven; but for him would beat for her no pulse of the hope and the joy of her youthful womanhood. How could she forget the man who had prevented this glory of her being from sinking into the gloom of the ghastly grave? Alicia never thought of love; yet, over her warm and grateful heart was an invisible spell when she remembered her deliverer.

Amid this condition of things the grand annual event of the Academy approached. On the morning of the day of the ball Tom Brice called to see Dr. Stanley on the subject of some arrangements in which each had an interest. As they sat together in the library the Captain said:

“I have come to give an account of the money you contributed to our preparations. Your generosity will make this ball the most splendid in the history of the Academy.”

“No! Captain, no!” said Dr. Stanley. “I wish no statements. Everything was confided to your judgment, and I am sure no man could have better executed the trust.”

“Thank you!” said Brice. “I have done my best. Do you remember a few years since when our ship lay in the mouth of the Amazon? You were chaplain and I a young lieutenant. I heard of a magnificent flower a few miles up the river, and obtained leave and a launch to visit the spot where it grew. We found a small stream, just before it emptied into the Amazon, widened into a lake. This was covered with green, circular disks more than five feet in diameter, and springing up among the gigantic floating leaves were flowers exceeding in beauty all I have ever seen. A spectacle of tropical vegetable glory! I sent to Philadelphia and procured a seed of this flower imported from the Amazon. By increasing the temperature of the water I have forced the bloom, and I will show you the first *Victoria Regia* which has ever flowered in our country.”

“Admirable!” exclaimed the doctor. “I am delighted. No other man in our Academy could have expended my money to such advantage.”

“Miss Alicia and I,” said the Captain, “have been chosen to lead out the first set. I came for your consent.”

“Certainly,” answered the doctor; “Certainly! My daughter and I will come early in our carriage and meet you at the door, and I would like to have you show us the armory before the ball begins.”

"I will be most happy," said Captain Brice, "That was a strange scene in the chapel for a commencement occasion!"

"The Admiral was wrong!" said the Doctor. "Even if the cadets applauded against his order he should not have made a public arrest. Those boys were marched down the aisle like criminals. When the eloquent senator had kindled our enthusiasm to summer heat we had a the chill of a winter shower. I have never known such a change in an audience"

"It was a mortifying blunder," said the Captain. "The young men proved themselves not guilty, and the admiral has ordered them from the Santee."

"Such mistakes are too common," said the Doctor. "The last administration was like a shackling engine, with little steam, and the screws all loose. Now the machine is too tight for work, the boiler hissing and explosion imminent."

"The blame is in our system," said the Captain. "Our Academy educates scholars not fighters. We put a seaman in a land-place and a landman in a sea-place. Our promoters are death and patronage. We have professors who ought to be commanders, and commanders who ought to be professors. Hence our Academy is one eternal ferment."

"My training-school is the solution," said the Doctor. "We want a year to prepare our boys

and to find out who are fitted for the sea. True sailors are born for the ocean. If a lad was made for a clerk or a parson we can't educate him into the commander of a battle-ship."

"I have found a place for your school," said the Captain. "Yesterday my duties took me to inspect the Marine Hospital. What a grand view from the cupola! This noble building is crumbling to ruin. We will use it for your school. Around it are lovely sites for professor's houses. I could make the spot a paradise."

"Capital!" exclaimed the Doctor. "And we will convert it into an immortal monument of the great man to whom it is now a reproach!"

"To both the Commodore and the Admiral," said the Captain. "I love those old-fashioned sea-dogs. They united the size of the generous Newfoundland with the grip of the British bull-terrier."

The gentlemen parted pleased with each other.

During the day frequent whistles announced the arrival of trains. The streets swarmed. With an energy unknown to Annapolis on all other days, vehicles rushed and rattled. How many hands were busy in elaborate toilets, and how many hearts fluttered anxiously!

Alicia is at last ready for the great occasion, and we see her in a carriage with her father at her side and her maid in front. A bright

India shawl conceals her ball-dress. Now, as they alight, they are met by Captain Brice at a side door of the armory. He said:

“Dr. Stanley, I have arranged a place where you and your daughter can command the best view of the building.”

As they stand together a brilliant spectacle presents itself. The vast edifice was unfinished, and, therefore, more easily adapted to the needs of the occasion. Along its whole length, on either side, were rows of extemporized pillars wreathed with creepers and wistarias and columbines. From end to end the ceiling was draped with immense flags, and depending between the Stars and Stripes, in graceful relief, the branches of maple, and beech, and mimosa, gave a forest-like aspect to the scene. A blaze of electric lights rivaled the day. Here and there along the walls stood a gigantic cactus with its scarlet bloom. Over borders of many-colored geraneums glowed the brilliant sylvia and the towering canna, and mingled with their red were the splendid hues of azaleas and hydrangeas, and chrysanthemums. With long tapering fingers, great palms expanded themselves into the light, as if alluring the dew and the rain from their native tropical air. In the center of this wilderness of bloom and verdure a fountain threw up its jets of blue, and gold, and crimson, made varied and gorgeous by changing electric lights. Below it was an en-

circling tank, on which floated the immense green disks of the *Victoria Regia*, whose flower in full regal glory, unfolded its symbolic coronal. The nymphocean and cerulean lotus also displayed their white and blue beauty around petals of rich and exquisite yellow. About these tropical splendors were arranged beds of ferns, and behind them banks of roses of all colors filled the place with their mingling odors.

“Magnificent!” exclaimed the Doctor.

“You are a veritable wizard, Captain!”

“But you, Doctor, supplied the golden wand that created the enchantment.”

“Useless the money without your taste and energy,” said Alicia. “I shall call you Aladdin, and be looking for your lamp.”

Considering his brilliant success, there was, perhaps, a pardonable vanity in the reply of Tom Brice. Glowing with pleasure at the commendations of father and daughter, he said, touching his head and laughing.

“Here is my lamp! Do you see those pillars wreathed with vines? I sent the Standish down the Chesapeake for them, begging and buying, and, I fear, stealing, and after three days she returned loaded with wistarias, creepers and columbines. The effect, I must say, is excellent.”

“Admirable!” exclaimed Dr. Stanley. “A spectacle of beauty we will never forget!”

Alicia gazes through her opera-glass with surprise and delight at the varying and dazzling splendors of the fountain, and, more than all, at the tropical glory of the Victoria Regia.

“We must make haste, Miss Stanley, the Admiral and his wife stand waiting to receive, the band is seating, and we are to lead out the set.” After saying this, Captain Brice offered Alicia his arm, and they went out to a small private room, followed by the maid.

Crowds were pouring into the vast edifice. Belles and beauties in Parisian style, and plain women in provincial dress; all ranks and classes from each State and Territory, and representing the social positions of the cadets, form a promiscuous, but brilliant assemblage. Secretaries of the different national departments, with their wives and daughters, mingle in the animating scene. Foreign ambassadors covered with orders and splendid in costume; officers of army and navy in military attire; statesmen, orators and civilians, with thronging multitudes unknown to fame, together make a spectacle pleasing to the eye, suggestive to the imagination, and such as can be witnessed in no other place in our Republic.

After presenting themselves to the Admiral and his lady, Captain Brice and Alicia stand waiting the first note of the band. Her dress from the queen city of fashion is exquisite in shape and color, and suits her tall, graceful

form. On the top of her hair flashes a small coronal of magnificent rubies. A cross on her breast sparkles with diamonds, resplendent in the blaze of the electric lamps. She has no other jewels. Nor is Tom Brice, with his large, athletic, manly form, and fine face, and air of command, unworthy to lead out such a beauty before the public gaze. All eyes are directed to the handsome pair. When they move at the first note of the band, there is a pause of admiration. Brice and Alicia stand a moment in suspense, and then at a nod from the Admiral begin the dance. As they circle together a murmur of applause is elicited by their grace and elegance of person and movement. Then the crowds advance, the sets are arranged, and all is a confused scene of whirling forms amid a buzz of conversation by the spectators, and the gay music of the band.

After midnight, while players were resting lips, and lungs, and fingers, the multitude pressed around the refreshment tables. Captain Brice invited Alicia to a walk in the fresh air. Exhausted by the heat and motion, they move in silence over the Academy lawn to those seats which have been so often witnesses to the vows they invite. What a relief after the noise, and whirl, and fatigue of the waltz! The moon shines smilingly, the stars glitter peacefully, the breeze plays wooingly, as if luring human hearts to shape mortal destinies. Low

whispers are heard beneath that bright sky, bending to listen—and to mock? What spell is over Alicia? Amid the uncertainties of her opinions had her judgment been unsettled by drifting currents as sands are loosed and swept by ocean tides? Or have her theatrical exercises made her life a phantasmagoria, and dazed and dazzled her native common sense? Or has she whirled her better self away in the maze and music of the dance? Or is she misled by some subtle hidden vanity? Or does gratitude for her preservation soften her heart, sway her reason, and determine her volition? Despite her gifts and education, she is not beyond peril as a woman. Indeed, she is yet a girl! She has been under the breath of Tom Brice, and clasped in his arm, and, perhaps, goes forth from him some potent, masculine, magnetic influence which, for a fatal moment, brings her under his spell. We cannot tell. But we have to record that the unexpected happened. Sightless our human sagacity! Sovereign omnipotent wisdom rules and guides the universe! Predestined our mortal lives!

After long and artful preparation for his question, Tom Brice said: "Miss Stanley, will you marry me?" Alicia replied, "I will!" On her lips the Captain's kiss sealed an irrevocable vow. The pair, in silence, returned to the gay scenes of the whirling waltz. Alicia was pale, but not agitated. The throng, and dance,

and music gave her no time for reflection. She was in great demand, but not again in the embrace of Tom Brice. Others claimed her as partner until the moon had set and the morning star began to pale in the dawn. Then on the great building fell a sudden darkness that hushed the crowd. The dynamo had dashed itself to fragments, the lamps were out, and the brilliance was exchanged for gloom. Murmurs of surprise and disgust filled the air. Matches were struck, but their brief flash only aggravated. Here and there candles glimmered until a few scattered gas jets shed a dismal light over the scene. What a contrast! The roses had faded in the electric glare, and withered the bloom of cannas, and silvias, and azaleas, and their sister flowers! Retired the blue and white lotus to hide their mingling hues in green coarse pods! Our proud Victoria Regia for an unsightly mass has exchanged the regal glory of its coronal! Faded ribbons, and disordered bouquets, and discarded favors have been dropped on the floor, where they lie in unseemly confusion, trampled by the feet of the retreating multitude. Alicia lost her escort. She wanders unnoticed by the crowd which had so lately admired and applauded her queenly beauty, and is unable to command her carriage. A scolding, jostling, disappointed assemblage have slight regard for anything but speedy relief and comfort. Fortunately, Alicia is pushed

against Lee Alston and Anna Spencer, who take her home. Thus ended the most memorable ball in the annals of the Academy! Tom Brice was unable to say farewell to his affianced bride. Before sunrise, with his cadets, in command of the Constellation, he is flying, under full sail, down the Chesapeake, on a distant voyage.

X.

MYSTERY.

BY train and steamer the crowds were soon drawn away from Annapolis. The college was closed, the cadets were on the Constellation, the visitors on their journeys home, and the town seemed a solitude. Languor succeeded the excitement of the ball. Alicia slept long. While she slumbered, the sun rose high in the heavens, and poured his bright summer beams into her window. She did not hear the morning music of the birds. Louder than all, through leaves and over tree-tops, soared the mocking melodies of one feathered mephistopheles, cynically delighting in his satiric song.

When Alicia awoke, the fresh and rosy morn had been succeeded by the mid-day blaze of June. On her heart she felt a weight. To her eye the sun was dull and the sky was grey. It was the morning after her betrothal. Joy should have been bright in that young soul. But no! Over all a dimming mist. She whispered to herself: "it is done! it is done!" Is it not a dream? Her vow is an invincible, incontrovertible, irrepealable fact. The breath of a moment

had turned the current of her life forever. She is bound to Tom Brice by her own voluntary pledge, and she is miserable! Her hand passes over her lips as if it would wipe away the imprint of that sealing kiss. Does she love? Love never questions. Love never doubts. Love knows and is happy. Measured by these laws Alicia feels that she does not love. What does she know of Tom Brice and what does Tom Brice know of her? Each is ignorant of the other. They may be irreconcilable opposites. Marriage is chance where there is no intimate acquaintance. But Alicia is pledged; at whatever cost she will stand by her honor. Duty tells her that she must bear the chain she has forged for herself, and she resolves to conquer. In this spirit comes back to her something of the hope and joy of youth and the world looks brighter.

Just as Alicia completed her toilet a familiar tap was heard at her door. She knew it well. Anna Spencer entered beaming with joy.

"Oh, Alicia," she cried, "I'm so happy!"

"Lee has proposed and you have accepted. How glad I am!"

"Yes, we are engaged. My heart is full!"

Anna flung herself into the arms of Alicia, and the girls mingled tears of joy. They then sat on the bed and talked long together. Indeed, they had all the affection and confidence of sisters. But on the face of Alicia was a

cloud she could not hide. In her eye Anna saw a tear.

"What has happened!" she cried with the sensitive apprehension of love.

Alicia could not answer, but sobbed and wept as if with a breaking heart. At last, after many struggles, she tells her friend of her engagement. Why, now, no words and embraces of joy? Instead, the chill of restraint.

"Do you love him?" asked Anna, in almost an agony of apprehension.

The only answer of Alicia was a rain of tears.

Anna saw the truth, and burst out with all the energy of sincere and ardent friendship.

"If you don't love him, don't marry him! Both will be miserable! Break your engagement! Tell Captain Brice the truth! He will release you!"

Where is the right? Alicia has all the gifts that can allure or command a husband. We can predict that she will be a coveted prize in the matrimonial world. Shall she cast away her advantages and bring her life under a perpetual cloud? Her request will release her. And if she does not love Captain Brice should she permit him to contract a marriage in which she knows the essential element of happiness will be wanting? How can she incur the peril of making both miserable? Is not escape from the entanglement best for both? But she must

not inflict humiliation and disappointment on the man to whom she has promised herself. Her vow is her own act. She will stand by her honor. A kiss was left on her lip. Sacred seal! Alicia will accept the situation and be true to herself.

Anna sat on the knee of her friend, put her arm around her, and with every persuasive word and tone sought to draw her back from the dizzying verge of the abyss. In vain! Alicia had a keen sense of right, a strong judgment, and a resolute will. She was a noble woman with a martyr-spirit. Deepest in her young heart was the love of eternal justice. Gently disentangling herself, Alicia said:

“Anna, it cannot be! I could not blame another for acting as you advise. You give strong reasons. But I must be true to my own convictions. I see my way. Stay here until I can tell my father. This is my hardest task. If he blames me it will kill me. Yes! I would die under his frown. Remain until you hear what sentence he pronounces on your friend.”

Alicia descended the stairs and knocked at the door of the library. When she entered, Dr. Stanley was in his great chair with a book in his hand. He laid the volume on his desk, and his daughter sat on his knee, kissed him frantically and burst into tears.

“What means this?” he asked. “Tell me what has happened? Do not hesitate!”

"Father," she said, "I am ashamed and afraid. You will never forgive me."

"Nonsense, daughter!" he said. "You and I have never had a jar in our lives."

"But I have wronged you and wronged myself, and wronged another," she cried, "and I deserve your blame and anger."

Dr. Stanley began to realize that something most serious had occurred. He kissed and soothed Alicia, but she long struggled with a confession which required all her strength of will. She felt that her rash act was treason against him she loved most. He had a right to her confidence, and without his approbation her promise should never have been given. Often the words came to her lips, and her courage failed in their expression. When at last the truth became plain to Dr. Stanley he was astounded, and for a moment angry and indignant. Alicia had done that which he would not have believed except on her own confession. Her act was contrary to all his conceptions of her character, and all her relations to himself. But the father was strong in Howard Stanley. He was touched by the tears of his child, and suffered in her agony. Before he spoke he had forgiven. Never was his tone softer, his face kinder, his kiss more affectionate.

"Daughter," he said, "I would have had it otherwise. But whether you have done right or wrong I am your father. If you have

erred and brought misery into your life you will need me more. I will not desert you in your sorrow!"

Alicia threw her arms around her father and could only answer him by her tears and her kisses.

"Daughter," he said, "We must understand each other. You must bare to me your heart. One question I am forced to ask. Do you love Captain Brice?"

"There is my crime!" she cried. "In a moment of weakness I gave him my impulsive and thoughtless promise. I would lay down my life to recall my vow. But the words passed my lips and were confirmed by a kiss. Oh, father, I feel bound by my honor to sacrifice myself."

"Daughter!" he said, "I see no escape. You must be true to your pledge. Integrity is better than happiness. Without truth there can be no womanhood. Rather than desecrate the altar be its victim!"

Alicia left her father, smiling through her tears. She is saved! Now she can bear her load. Life to her is not all cloud. On her father she can lean in her solitude. *His* love will never fail. When Alicia returned Anna read in the face of her friend the success of her interview, and renewed her own vows of faithful affection, which she knew Lee would ratify. All the glow of the hope of youth now kindles

Alicia. She will redeem the pledge of her betrothal. As a flower to the sun she will open her heart to Tom Brice. He shall win her love with all the help of her woman's art. She will make him happy and be happy in him. Such was her brave and noble resolve!

Dr. Stanley had accepted the situation, and pledged to his daughter a father's love; but this included a father's duty. He went immediately to the Admiral, and obtained leave to examine the private records of the Academy. Shall we blame him if he indulged a secret wish that something might be found that would prove a bar to the marriage of his daughter, even if his discovery was at the expense of Tom Brice? He is a father. Alicia is dearer to him than the man who has won her hand.

Dr. Stanley is alone in the office. He takes down and examines volume after volume. Now in his hands he holds an immense book. As he reads, we notice in his face the signs of his surprise. He finds an erasure. He rings the bell. He orders the servant to bring him a microscope from the laboratory. After a brief delay he receives the glass. By minute inspection he finds that a record relating to Tom Brice has been obliterated. Reference is made to a correspondence between his father and the Superintendent. Examination shows that all the letters have been removed from the file. This explains the strange ignorance in regard to the

early history of Tom Brice. Now Dr. Stanley remembers that, when a cadet, the lad was Admiral's aid. He had access to these papers. All is clear! The records have been erased, and the letters have been destroyed, and the conclusion is irresistible—by Tom Brice! A flood of light bursts on the mind of Howard Stanley. Will his discovery release his daughter? He leaves the room agitated by the hope that Alicia may be free; and makes his way to Major and Mrs. Sprigg to ask their advice. Finding them in their room at the Maryland, he says:

“My friends, I am in trouble, and need your help.”

And, indeed, Howard Stanley was not himself. His life had resembled a placid stream, or a tranquil sky. Now all is rush, and flood, and storm. The wild forces of nature have broken loose and changed the face of earth and heaven.

“Doctor!” said the Major. “What disturbs you? Explain!”

“My anxiety is for Alicia,” he answered.

“We love her as a daughter,” said Mrs. Sprigg. “What touches her interests us.”

“Yes!” said the Major. “You can rely on our friendship for both you and Alicia.”

“I know it!” said the Doctor. “I know it! else I had not been here. Tom Brice has been a frequent visitor at our house, and attentive to

my daughter, but I never dreamed that he had marriage in view. Between them seemed so little affinity that I could have no fear. Imagine my amazement and consternation when I learned this morning that last evening they became engaged! I know nothing of his family. They may be from the gutter or the poorhouse, or the asylum, or even the jail, or the penitentiary. It distracts me to think that I must yield Alicia in the dark. After searching the Academy records, I find that every letter and entry relating to Brice has been removed or erased. It must have been by design, and, I fear, by himself. We seem on the edge of an abyss, and I recoil from knowing the worst."

"But, Doctor, cannot you wait until the Captain returns from his voyage, and learn from himself what you ought to know?" asked the Major.

"He will be away on the Constellation three months," said Dr. Stanley. "Alicia will have to write to him and commit herself. And, I must confess, I shrink from learning the truth. It is my weakness."

"I fear," said the Major, "you will have to make the best of what you cannot change. My advice is to let the matter rest, and urge no objection, and press no farther inquiries. As an officer, Brice is universally esteemed. Our young ladies think him a 'catch.' He is a

noble fellow in size and appearance, and has the education of the Academy, and the manners of a gentleman."

"Besides," said Mrs. Sprigg. "Suppose that you make a discovery, an obstacle in your judgment, but not in that of Alicia! You would be divided. Of all that could happen, your estrangement would be the most unfortunate. What so terrible as to have such a daughter wed against your wishes as a father!"

"Ah, madam, you have touched the point from which I shrink," exclaimed Dr. Stanley. "Alicia considers her promise inviolable. Her love of right is stronger even than her love of me. Alienation between us would be intolerable. We could bear all but estrangement. I accept the inevitable, and will not interfere."

Howard Stanley went away from Major and Mrs. Sprigg comforted by their sympathy and relieved by their counsel. His duty is plain.

But how with Tom Brice? He is in his captain's cabin on the Constellation. And here is he not king? If not throned, and crowned, and sceptered, he is yet supreme. How tasteful and convenient the appointments of the place where he sits! The sideboard is brilliant with silver plate, and chairs, and lounges, and carpets, and curtains are luxurious. Whatever may prove Tom's democratic birth, we find in the man an aristocratic heart. He prizes his solitude as commander, because it marks his

superiority. Captain Brice loves to dominate. And is he not a success? In his native village he was a prodigy of smartness. At sixteen he received an unexpected appointment. He entered a class in the Academy in which promotion was the quickest in the service. Among lads of superior advantages he was first—having attained the highest grades, and graduated with all the stripes. Now, at thirty he is in rank Lieutenant Commander, with style and duty of Captain. To his naval success he has added a social trophy. A dazzling beauty and heiress is pledged to be his wife. How easily she was won! He asked, and was accepted. He saw, and conquered. He went out under the moon to woo, and came back with his prize on his arm. Yet over his past is one dim mist of a cloud. It is not larger than the nail of his finger. Never can it darken his heavens. Had his early life been known, it might have prevented his engagement. But even when a lad Tom Brice was wise. His foresight had obliterated the proof that could have risen in his path. Peril has passed. Can we wonder at the elation of the man? He leaves his cabin and mounts the deck. Not only was he born to rule, but he is supreme by his knowledge as well as his office. By right Tom Brice is master of his ship. With all her sails set, how the Constellation runs before the breeze! Spanker; and jib-boom, and top-sail, and sky-scraper

take the wind, which swells out every inch of that lofty bulk of white canvass. Splendid spectacle! Between the blue of the sky and the blue of the bay, the ship seems a great, speeding, palpitating life, communicating her exhilaration to every nerve and fiber of her proud commander. But observe! Every thought of Tom Brice is Tom Brice. He is his own center. About him as a sun must circle all as satellites. A little god to himself is this triumphing young Captain.

XI.

THE WEDDING.

WE left the Constellation swarming with cadets, under full sail before a morning breeze, brimming with life and energy, gliding in the sunlight down Chesapeake Bay on a voyage to the Azores and the Mediterranean. See her now! She is anchored in the Severn. Her tall masts, without a rag of canvass, again outtop the opposite hills. Her ropes have the look of a skeleton. Her black hull is sombre as night. Her open ports show her cannon, which suggest the teeth of a snarling dog. Not a man on her decks, nor a sound from below. Two invisible sailors stand alternate watch. The ship is a solitude. Tom Brice has returned. The day of the wedding has been fixed. Alicia and Anna have made repeated visits to New York, and Baltimore, and Washington. Telegrams have been sent to Paris, and answered by boxes containing splendid dresses, and gifts blazing with gems and gold. Invitations have been sent to all parts of the country. In a locked room costly presents await the sound of the key which will end the mystery and show the glory. How

many look to that moment with expectancy! Bridesmaids and groomsmen have all arrived. The last rehearsal of the marriage-service has been made before the chancel of old St. Ann's. On tomorrow the joyous event will be consummated.

Lee and Anna are walking to and fro along the pavements of the college-green, with an occasional rest on a bench beneath the poplar which spreads his shadows, an image of fatherhood. Our friends are not in their usual genial humor. Indeed, they are rather pettish and cynical than bright and dignified.

"I can't hear him, Lee!" exclaimed Anna. "He gets worse and worse."

"Not agreeable, I confess," said Col. Alston. "Tom Brice spreads his wings, and lifts his crest, and crows like a bird I will not name—not one of the royal breed."

"Last night at the rehearsal," said Anna, "he was abominable. He corrected Dr. Stanley. He pointed out our places, and dictated our tones and posture. He made us his puppets, and Alicia his echo. The whole performance was Tom Brice."

"But we must bear with him," said Lee. "For the sake of Alicia we must say nothing against the Captain."

"She's too meek," cried Anna. "I don't know her. She's not like herself. Afraid of offending Tom, she submits to his whims and

makes him worse. The more she yields the more he'll exact. I read him through and through."

Polly and Molly in the kitchen, and Major and Mrs. Sprigg in their parlor, were exchanging similar views. Aristocratic old Virginia and Maryland are still in revolt against Tom Brice.

And in his library Howard Stanley had a not dissimilar antagonism. With all his efforts he was not reconciled. Was the Puritan uniting with the Cavalier unconsciously in a class-protest? Who may penetrate these subtle instincts of a soul? What man can read even himself? The Doctor is in his gown, with his black cap on his head, before his desk, sitting in his great chair, leaning his elbow on his arm, immersed in reflection, and over his classic features are anxious shadows. He, too, was thinking of Tom Brice. Who is he? How came this man of unknown origin to seek and obtain the hand of Alicia? This question was to be answered sooner than Dr. Stanley expected. A ring at his front door, unusual in vigor, startles his reveries. Then follows a knock for admittance to the library, and Molly enters with a grin, and says:

"Docta, a man and woman on de step. Dey want for to see ye."

"Tell them to walk into the parlor, and I will come down."

"No sar! dey says dey ain't gwine to come in til dey sees you fust."

"A gentleman and lady, Molly?"

"Spec not, Massa! Scarsly dat!"

"Say to them that I will be at the door in a moment."

Howard Stanley descended the stair. Before him on the door step stood the man and woman. Each held a paper bundle containing a wardrobe. They were large, naturally handsome, but plainly from the humblest walks of life. On the man's hands were welts which showed that he was a cobbler. The woman's fingers were bent and hard with life-long labor. Both were soiled and weary with their journey.

"Are you Dr. Stanley?" asked the man.

"I am. May I inquire, who are you, and what you want?"

"Yes, sir! I am Ben Brice, Tom's father, and this is my wife, Kitty. We saw a notice of the wedding in a New York paper, and we've come on to see it."

"Hall the ways from Hillinois," said the woman. "Hegypt, they call our section. An 'ard road to travel we've 'ad, and we're hauful 'ot and 'ungry, and tired, too."

Howard Stanley stood aghast. He saw it now. A moment lifted the veil of the mystery of years. In that man and woman how many anxious questions were answered! Why had Tom Brice destroyed the records of his early

life? Only too plain his motive! He was ashamed of his father and mother.

For a moment Dr. Stanley hesitated. But he was a gentleman. He treated Mr. and Mrs. Brice with the kindness and courtesy which became their relations to his family. They were taken into the library, and made to feel at home. With guileless loquacity they told all about themselves and their son. After a long conversation they were conducted to their bedroom; luncheon was sent up, and soon after the wearied pair were buried in slumber, made long and deep by the toils of their journey.

On that door step had been confronted extremes of society. Classes in republics will ever be deep and wide, as in monarchies. Crowns, and thrones, and sceptres do not create, but only accentuate social differences. No legislation or philosophy can bridge abysses made by the wisdom of the Sovereign of His universe. Each has a right to life. Each has a right to liberty. Each has a right to pursue happiness. All are, in these three respects, politically equal, and to be politically guarded. But in personal and social gifts men differ widely, as the paralytic from the athlete; as the lunatic from the philosopher; as the idiot from the genius. In these we can produce equality when we can level the Alps, or make the moon a sun. Earth, and sea, and air teach the same lesson. Is not the lion king of beasts,

the whale monarch of ocean, the eagle emperor of air? The bees have their queen, and the ants their president. Lincoln, by the native majesty of imperial genius, was above his own father, and mother, and kindred, as the cedar towers above the bramble, or Lebanon above its encircling peaks, and vales, and plains. He foreshadows that millennial day when government shall be a universal democratic brotherhood ruled by superior worth. Ranks are in heaven. One everlasting ascent in our universe from jelly fish to Jehovah! Socialists and anarchists war more than against society. They battle omnipotence. Let them reduce our commonwealth to their own monotonous level! The old differences will be soon as powerful as ever. Burn the mountain forest until you equalize it into ashes! New growths will appear with the old varieties of height, and leaf, and color, and vigor, and vegetable glory.

But we return to Tom Brice. He had shrewd sense. Soon as he became familiar with his new life in the Academy, he shrank from being known by the cadets as a cobbler's son. The feeling of the boy became stronger in the man. To conceal his father's trade was ever in his mind. On the subject of his birth this brave and accomplished officer was a crank and a craven. When admiral's aid, he thought, one afternoon, of the official records. While

examining he shuddered. Entries and letters told plainly what his father was. Like a flash came his resolution. He locked the door. He erased the book. He dropped the letters into the fire. With relief he watched them curling and burning in a blaze, and blackening into smoke, and crumbling into ashes. But afterwards, what? Humiliation! That deed he did not like to recall. Yet he could not blot it from memory. After years of hiding it starts up like a phantom. And under circumstances most mortifying! His act has found him out. Ashamed of his father and mother! He will be ashamed of Tom Brice!

Tom Brice must meet a present exigency. Dr. Stanley had called him to his study, and astounded him by announcing that his parents were in the house. The Captain always perceived and acted quickly. Anna Spencer was in the parlor, and her he took aside and made his confidant. She had no time for elaborate preparations. A dressmaker was out of the question. But Anna could borrow. We shall not record in our history where she obtained the neat cap, and the plain silk dress, and the shoes, and the scarf, and the various small feminine ornaments that transformed Kitty Brice, and filled her with innocent delight. And she looked so comely and respectable and behaved so well! Old Ben was metamorphosed by Tom. Clothier, and shoemaker, and hatter, and bar-

ber came to the house, and an hour made a wonderful improvement. When Alicia saw her new parents they appeared plain, but nice old people. She treated them with affectionate courtesy. Dr. Stanley was scrupulous and delicate in his attentions, and all his friends cast a silent mantle over the skeleton. Ben and Kitty Brice never suspected the patronage or the artifice. They were charmed with their reception, transported at the beauty of their daughter, delighted with the success of their son, and returned loaded with presents. We may dismiss them from our narration by adding that during the remainder of their lives they entertained their neighbors with the great things they saw, and heard, and of which they formed a part. They had been moved by sudden impulse to make the journey. It involved an expenditure of a large portion of their small savings. But they never regretted the investment, and went back to Egypt and their honest, industrious, and independent poverty, happy as the most brilliant of that grand wedding party

The eventful day dawns. Never rose a sun more glorious in a sky more blue, or over a scene more lovely. A morning of cloudless beauty! Old Annapolis was smiling to the youthful bride. St. Ann's Church is filled with the bloom and fragrance of flowers. Distinguished people assemble from North, and

South, and East, and West. Maryland's Governor, and Supreme Judges, and eminent lawyers, with their families, mingle with Lieutenants, and Captains, and Commodores in naval uniform, and surrounded by their wives, and sons, and daughters. A grand old Admiral smiles on Alicia as she moves down the aisle, supreme in grace and beauty. Tom Brice never looked handsomer. No man in the navy equaled him in appearance. A gay, inspiring wedding march from the organ gives animation to the assemblage. Crowds of people, white and black, gaze admiringly in the rear of the church. Groom and bride stand before the chancel. Dr. Stanley, in his white surplice, rises, comes forward, and says the service in his musical voice, and with an affectionate paternal earnestness and solemnity. Tom Brice and Alicia Stanley are pronounced man and wife. Whom God joins, let none separate! See the pair kneeling in silence before the altar! Benediction is said, congratulations are exchanged, the crowd disperses, and a new journey of life begins.

XII.

STORM.

TOM BRICE and his bride returned after a happy wedding excursion. The face of their honeymoon had been darkened by no cloud. With them were youth and health and hope, and these three artists paint over life many rainbows. It had been agreed from the beginning that Captain Brice and Alicia should live with Dr. Stanley, and all were now together in the home fronting the college-green. Tom had been affectionate, thoughtful in his attentions, lavish in presents, and generous in expenditure for the pleasure and comfort of his bride. He had said and done nothing that strongly jarred her sensibilities. But had he won her love? The flower turned itself to the sun. Upon its bloom streamed floods of rays. Morning and noon and evening brightened with their beams. In this brilliance of glory was wanting one ray. Without the warmth and color of mutual love vain are the splendors of the spectrum! Here two hues touch! Will they mingle? Are these personalities so opposite that they cannot blend? Alicia had a fear. She noticed in Tom a want of gallantry.

He had no chivalric conception of woman such as is always in the heart of every true and noble and heroic man. Destitute of this feeling there could be to it no appeal. Always there is peril where the wife is strong, and the husband regards her as clay to receive his impress; as a flower to be bent to his will; as an inferior to be made anew by him to suit his caprice. Alicia read her danger. She felt, when she reflected, paralyzed, and almost agonized. Was her life to be a battle? Yes! She saw that, while she might delay the crisis, it was inevitable.

The true selfhood of Tom Brice was revealed by the sudden presence of his father and mother at his wedding. When they left Egypt little they dreamed of the impression they would make on the future of their boy. He was mortified to think that they were unwelcome, and annoyed to see them among his friends. What a contrast between the affectionate joy of the parents, and the selfish shrinking of the child they idolized! Tom was too manly not to feel a sense of self-degradation at his recoil from those who gave him being. Then, too, he had failed in an ignominious but long-cherished purpose. Before the world the skeleton he hid so wisely confronted him with its ghastliness, and mocked his effort. Brice was never pleased when baffled. And how completely had he been exposed!

He had used Anna Spencer to disguise the vulgarity of his own mother. From his fiancé Lee Alston will hear the story. These were the two to whom Tom would not have committed his secret. But he recognized the dress and the cap and the scarf, and even the shoes that grotesquely contributed to the respectability of Kitty Brice. Major and Mrs. Sprigg then had their joke at his expense. He thought of Dr. Stanley with a pang. How did this stately and refined gentleman feel when he saw the father-in-law and the mother-in-law of his daughter on his door-step, warm and weary, each with a wardrobe in a newspaper, and in dress and feature and figure and speech evincing that plebian ignorance and vulgarity which his own patrician aspirations had so long planned to conceal! And Alicia! On her indelible the impression by a disclosure of facts which he had been honorably bound to communicate! These were the thorns that pierced his flesh. But the prickles were even more annoying. Over ship and yard Captain Brice had authority. He bore that air of command which made his fine face and form imposing, and servants and workmen had always associated him with the high birth so esteemed in exclusive Maryland. Indeed, Tom walked the streets of Annapolis like a prince and prized the unconscious deference he received. Now he felt like a gay bird fretted by the loss of a feather from its

plumage. Had he not brought to old Ben the tailor and the shoemaker and the hatter and the barber? Before them all he stood revealed. Each knew that the father of the lofty and commanding officer was a cobbler. They would not be silent. The tailor in his shop, the hatter at his counter, the shoemaker at his last, the barber at his chair would gossip. And at table they would regale their families. Cooks laughed with chambermaids, and waiters with coachmen. A whole community was discussing his fall, and pitying his wife. When he met the barber this gentleman extended his hand with an unwonted familiarity. In shop and store he received greetings only too free and cordial. Servants saluted and obeyed him in a way even more provoking. Indeed, all his relations to his social life appeared revolutionized.

Tom Brice had just commanded a ship in the Mediterranean. Sailors, cadets, officers, the pomp and power and glory of an historic man-of-war, had been subject to his order, and he had access to nobles and princes, and even to a king and an emperor. Over the world his naval uniform was a social passport. Now he has come down from his flight amid the celestials, and is the talk and sport of men and women who turn his father and mother into joke. Before an enemy no officer would show more heroic courage. Our proud young cap-

tain was born and trained to meet and conquer danger. Battle would bind around his brow the laurel of a conqueror. Yet we find him a coward in the presence of cooks and barbers. Beneath his uniform he is pierced by thorns that make him miserable.

It was in the power of Tom Brice to conquer these small ills. They were really too insignificant for his notice. Left alone, the thistles would cease to prick and sting, while the proud trees were extending their shadows. For Alicia's sake Alicia's friends would respect Alicia's husband. On his wife and her father Tom Brice could depend. Every gift of fortune is in the grasp of the young officer. Before him smiles a path through a land of flowers, bright with sunshine, radiant with hope, and leading to all the best that earth can promise. But he stands at a parting where another way, through cloud and storm, ends in night. The future is in his choice. He has become suspicious. In Alicia's face he reads pride. Scorn he sees on the features of her father. Lee and Anna appear to him haughty in their aristocratic condescension. All in their circle are thinking of his mean origin, and smelling his ancestral wax. In this Brice is mistaken. Each one he suspects is wishing to love and respect, and his own manliness will make his position free and secure. His naval education and commission, with his

natural gifts of mind and person, will now place him on a lofty social pedestal. Generations of peasant blood are in this man. His ancestors for centuries had been London cobblers. Old Ben and Kitty wandered to this country, but they were like their fathers. Ben beat Kitty and Kitty slaved for Ben, and both thought it all right and were happy as ordinary mortals. Sixteen years of life in his home had written themselves on Tom Brice and were not to be effaced by education and association. Will he rise to Alicia or sink Alicia to himself? This has become the supreme question his life is now to answer.

Nor is Tom Brice singular in his struggle. How many Americans would cover family stains under pompous genealogies! Pride invents many an ancestral seal, and manufactures many a coat-of-arms, and steals many a flattering tradition. Facts are more honorable than fabrications. Hopeless our silly democratic conceptions! British palace hides no blood-spot of Waldorf butchery. The splendor of a ducal coronet cannot dazzle away memories of Wall Street trickeries, nor infamies of an ancestral conqueror willing to sell his king, and whose sister sold her honor. Like avenging spectres, raids on Erie, cross the ocean to disturb dreams of Parisian grandeur. Gold lavished in Rome gilds not democratic birth, but makes the title of princess like a

misfitting garment on an unsightly person. When European nobles marry for American money they degrade themselves, and cause their republican wives to be detested in the land they leave, and despised in the land they adopt. Only LOVE justifies and sanctifies and glorifies wedlock.

Yes! the ways parted. Tom Brice took his predestined path. He studied Blackstone, and learned his legal rights. He studied his prayer-book, and learned his marital sovereignty. He studied his Bible, and learned, *as he supposed*, that obedience was the sole wifely duty, and that the husband was an irresponsible tyrant. Where his ancestors acted from inherited instincts and habits, the Captain, by *argument*, defends *his* domestic supremacy. On his family ship is he not commander? His naval training made him a martinet, scrupulous in the letter of the service. Education thus intensified transmitted proclivities. Tom will make Alicia over again. Was not the woman formed to be the slave and shadow of the man? The refinements of generations of Stanleys shall be brought down to the vulgarities of generations of cobblers.

This was the stupendous enterprise on which Tom Brice entered. For months he forebore and reflected until he saw where to plant his first blow. It was aimed at a most sensitive spot in the heart of Alicia.

One night, just before retiring, Tom asked:

“Do you think a wife should be loyal to her husband?”

“Certainly, Tom! What do you mean by such a question?”

“To show that you are not true to me.”

Alicia started and trembled. Has the moment she has dreaded come? In this moment are focused the inherited antagonisms of centuries. Will this moment begin her matrimonial battles?

“Tom!” Alicia cried, stretching out her hands beseechingly. “Stop! I beg you, stop!”

“No!” he said, “I must apply my test. Can you love me and love my enemies?”

“Of course not!” she said.

“But Lee and Anna are my enemies,” he continued.

“Nonsense, Tom! You are mistaken.”

“Did they like me before our marriage?”

“No, Tom! I must be honest. Lee and Anna never liked you. But their opinions do not affect me, and they never speak of you.”

“You cannot associate with my enemies, and escape a prejudicial influence. Although they never speak of me their silence turns you against your husband. Why do they avoid my name? Because they scorn and hate me, but dare not express their dislike to my wife. This must stop! It shall not be! I am master and will rule! You shall not visit Lee and Anna,

and you shall not make them welcome here! My command is that all future intimacies cease!"

"Impossible!" she said. "Lee and Anna are my dearest friends. Their engagement makes them both my cousins. You have no right to sunder such sacred ties."

"Did you promise to obey me?"

"I did!"

"Did I promise to obey you?"

"You did not!"

"Then your duty to obey me is clear," Tom Brice said, with masculine assurance. "I hold you to your vow. From this moment must end your old intercourse with Lee and Anna."

"But Tom!" she answered, with feminine energy, "You should have told me your principles before our marriage. You did not dare to do so. You knew it would be your rejection. By your omission I have been kept in ignorance of a fact which you were bound in honor to communicate."

"Yes!" he said bitterly. "There is another confidence which I suppose you claim. I should have told you that I am the son of a cobbler."

"Tom, have I ever alluded to your birth?"

"No! but you are always thinking of it."

"Tom! you are wrong. But if what you

say were true, have you dominion over my thoughts?"

"I know that you judge me and this makes me mad."

"Tom! I will no longer conceal my opinion. You were bound in honor to tell me the business and station of your father. And I ask you, did you not wish to hide the truth?"

"What if I did? That does not change your duty to obey."

"Tom, your concealment was unmanly. It has placed you in a false position, and is the source of your jealous suspicions and irritabilities. Any man I loved and who loved me and was worthy to be loved, I would marry and be true to him in life and death."

Captain Brice could not answer his wife. He was convicted and humiliated by her arguments. Unwilling to confess the truth, he burst into masculine rage, and resorted to the pet expedient of tyrants. When truth fails, then force!

"Alicia!" cried this unmasked husband, "It's useless to argue. I command this ship. Obey your Captain's orders! My sailors have to submit, or take the consequences." Stretching out his brawny arm, he added, "Here is muscular power to enforce authority. I've studied the subject, and know my rights."

"Tom, don't say that! Pause! I offer you my heart. Woo it! Win it! Keep it! Love

me, and I will love you. But don't threaten brute force, and sink yourself into a Turk, a Mormon, an English Bruiser, an American Savage! You will drag us down together. I will never sacrifice my reason. I will never make you my conscience. I will never be your echo or your slave. Never! I tell you, never! I defy your violence. I have no fear. I feel within a spirit stronger than your arm. You can conquer me neither by your rage or your muscle. Here I stand on my womanhood, and say that I love Lee and Anna, and no power of yours can separate me from my friends."

Alicia rose as she spoke. Marriage without love makes always a false and entangling position; and from the moment of her vow she felt a sense of suppression. She was in bondage to herself. The wife was tortured by the fear that she might not win her husband. More than death she dreaded the cold clank of a matrimonial fetter. Hence an unwonted meekness and submission which Tom Brice construed into want of spirit. He had now a sudden awakening to the truth. The assertion of his marital right to masculine force set Alicia free. It struck out, flashing, the fire of her native spirit. Alicia stood forth in her invincible womanhood which refused ignominious obliteration. And in this blaze of a just and courageous indignation she was a type of

thousands of her sex who are fighting in battle against matrimonial tyrants.

Tom Brice was cowed before his wife. Neither slept that night. While the spirit of Alicia triumphed, her body felt the shock. As a consequence a little daughter appeared before her time. In the pangs of her motherhood, Alicia was forsaken by her husband. He sulked in that hour of agony when the sympathy of the man is most prized and needed by the woman. No touch from his hand, no smile on his face, no cheer in his tone, during long and dreadful struggles while life and death contended for mastery! And when the feeble babe lay gasping on the breast of the mother, she looked through an open door into Tom's room and saw her portrait with its face to the wall. Her brightest hopes had been in that picture. It was her father's gift. An artist from New York had come to her home and remained until his work was finished; and then her husband hung about her and caressed her, and was delighted with her beauty, and praised the fair face, and graceful form, and every line, and touch, and color of the portrait. Alicia thought that she was won, and Tom was won. It was her brightest hour of wedded joy. Alas, like a morning cloud, the illusion had passed away! With her deserted child on her bosom, she discovers that the image once admired is now loathed. And there

was no Tom at the Baptism! The frail flower faded! A few spasms! A blackness in the face! A last faint breath! Life is over! The young mother holds her dead babe to her bosom, and not until the burial service does the father appear. What a chill in his presence! In the Naval Cemetery, on a grassy bank sloping to a cove of the Severn, a little grave was opened. As Alicia heard the solemn committal, and saw her first-born hid forever from her eyes, she stood with her arm in the arm of Captain Brice. So near, and yet apart! Side by side and separated! Bound by vow to a love warming neither breast! Already between that husband and wife the cradle, and the font, and the grave! By life and death divided!

XIII.

CYCLONE.

SOON after the events recorded in our last chapter Captain Brice was ordered to sea. He expected to remain three years in command of a ship in the Pacific service. The uncle of Dr. Stanley still lingered, and the chaplaincy of the Academy was continued by special favor of the Naval Bureau. Lee Alston and Anna Spencer married, and were happy in congenial wedlock. Nothing was wanting in life to Alicia but the love which can only be satisfied in its true object. Soon after the Captain's departure twin children appeared—a son and a daughter—pictures of their mother and each other. Here opened a new world of joy for Alicia. A son, a daughter, a father! On these her heart lavished its treasures. When the children were old enough for discipline, she managed with an admirable tact, and their beauty and behavior were appreciated in Annapolis.

Before his departure for his ship, Tom Brice had conquered his sullen dislike, and said farewell to his wife with affectionate courtesy. In that last word was there hope? A touching

sadness mingles in the adieu of a naval officer ordered on a distant service. That kiss! Before another can be imprinted those lips may be cold and irresponsive forever. How warm and thrilling the clasp of the hand! It, too, may be chill and stiff. Love looks from eyes that may be sealed before another meeting. All these reflections awoke tenderness both in Tom Brice and Alicia. During his absence his letters were not infrequent. He esteemed them filled with tokens of affection. Indeed, his pen kindled as he wrote, and he often expressed himself in words which breathed more passion than he felt. His ardor glowed rather in his head than his heart. Was he capable of the true gallantry and manly devotion which alone satisfy woman? Alicia hoped and feared. She trembled as she looked forward to the return of her husband. Experience had taught her that any moment might anger him into explosion. Then for paradise, pandemonium! For three years his vessel was on service between Alaska and Australia, exposed to the perils of arctic and equatorial storms. Once a tropical cyclone almost swept her from the face of the ocean. The lightning, the billow, the thunder, were such as can be seen and heard only when the calm Pacific arises into a sudden outburst of tempestuous majesty. Also Tom Brice encountered a mutiny. Alone, grasping a marlin-spike, he rushed among the infuriated

sailors, strewed the decks with their bodies, seized the leader, bound him in chains, and ordered him to the hold. This experience hardened the Captain. He came home blazing with hatred against mutiny, which he thought he saw rising aboard his domestic ship.

Tom Brice returned with many amiable resolutions, but was confronted by family conditions he had not anticipated. Wisely and delicately, by the advice of Alicia, Dr. Stanley had the lease renewed in the name of the Captain, who was placed at the head of the table and household. This was done to please him, and that the children and servants might respect his person and authority. How striking that domestic circle! At the head of the table Tom Brice, tall, erect, portly, handsome, and the image of command—opposite Alicia, now in the pride of her matronly beauty—on one side her miniatures, the boy with his blue eyes and flaxen curls, and the girl with her black eyes and hair; and on the other Howard Stanley, whose slender form and refined face were in contrast with the ruddy and rugged masculinity of the naval captain. When Polly and Molly, with their red turbans, were in the room the picture was complete.

For three years those children had lived in an atmosphere of love and peace. They had never known a storm in the household. Around their mother and grandfather had grown the

sensitive tendrils of their hearts. Both shrank from their father as a stranger. Easily he could have won their confidence and affection. Their instincts were on his side, and like clasping vines they were yearning for his breast. But Tom Brice was angered because the boy and girl did not rush to his arms and climb his knees. They were repelled and frightened by his irritation, and at last shrank and shivered at the sound of his loud commanding voice. He viewed their childish recoil as rebellion, and began to enforce intimacy by harsh scoldings and unwonted punishments. The young mutineers must be subdued to prevent revolt on the ship. Home must be ruled like a man-of-war. Children must be governed with the precision and severity necessary for sailors. Alicia resented this harsh discipline. Dr. Stanley was silent with a burning inner protest, while Polly and Molly denounced their master in the kitchen, and we fear sometimes beyond its limits. Thus the presence of Tom Brice in his home was a jar to all the domestic machinery, which before his arrival had moved with most admirable harmony. We cannot wonder that he was tried in the sensitive part of his nature. Indeed about him were all the elements of irrepressible and inevitable domestic war. To him the course of Alicia towards her children was despicable. In his view it would make them weaklings, unfitted for life's

hard struggles, such as he had conquered. Even their kisses and plays and frolics and caresses he styled namby-pamby nonsense. All to him was detestable. And he will have none of it! It shall stop! Tom Brice resolves to reform his wife and children, and to fashion his home after his own model. If not wise in this determination, he was certainly honest.

But the Captain soon discovered in his home another cause of irritation. The *ophanoi* met in the Doctor's library. Twice each week Lee and Anna came to the house. They and Alicia and her father were closeted for hours. Tom Brice could hear their voices in animated discussion. Yet *he* had not been invited to the circle. He was an alien in his own household. Had he not forbidden his wife to associate with her cousins, his enemies? She had taken advantage of his absence to scorn his wishes and defy his authority! Another proof that rebellion has lifted its grim visage in his household! He will be supreme! At whatever risk or cost mutiny must be subdued! In the family, as on the vessel, revolt is ruin. Here, again, the Captain was but true to his own cherished principles. And down in his deepest heart he believed that all this opposition to his views and wishes was instigated by a class-antagonism to the cobbler's son. He began his battle one day when he and Alicia were alone in her bedroom, and said:

"As I passed the library I heard the sound of voices. Who were in the room, and what were you doing?"

"Oh," she said, laughingly, "the *orphanoi* were having their meeting. I ought to have told you before, but I forgot. We will be glad to see you."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Do you think I'm a spoony. What does it mean?"

"You don't understand Greek, Tom," she said, with a smile. "Lee has been teaching me that classic tongue, and father has added Hebrew. They and I are the *orphanoi*. Anna comes with her embroidery as spectator."

"Foolery!" he said. "And rebellion! You meet against my orders. I tell you that all the women in this country are trying to oust and rule the men."

"Let me explain, Tom!" she said, almost beseechingly. "Partly in joke we call ourselves *orphanoi*, the Greek for orphans; and have many a laugh over the name, which doesn't exactly suit father's gray head. Yet there is a sad satire in the word. We are really bereft of our Faith and our Father, and are alone in the universe."

"Rot!" he burst out. Tom Brice had never used that word before Alicia. It came down from his ancestors. He brought it from Egypt, and it expressed all the concentrated disgust of the man and his race for the ways of his wife

and her family. To her slang was offensive. Her organization and education made her sensitive to vulgarities of speech and action. But no word in the social vocabulary was so hateful to her as that selected by her husband to give sting to his aversion and contempt for the search after truth which she deemed the loftiest pursuit in her life. Wider and darker than ever the dividing matrimonial chasm!

“Rot!” Tom Brice repeated in his loud voice, now hoarse with rage and piercing with supercilious disdain. “Your father an orphan! He, our chaplain! he a doctor of divinity! he unsettled in his belief! A wolf in our Academy fold! I’d make a storm about his head if I’d expose him as an infidel in a government pulpit. Uncle Sam would soon kick him down stairs. It disgraces his gray head, and if this nonsense doesn’t stop I’ll report him to the admiral.”

“There is a ludicrous side to it,” she said, patiently and pathetically. “The inconsistency in father we hope time will remove. Our search is far more sad than amusing, and we are in earnest. While you have been away father has been selecting and marking books of theology and philosophy. Twice a week Lee and I read the passages aloud and take notes. The *orphanoi* have thus collected in three years an immense amount of material for discussion and investigation.”

"Rot!" Tom Brice shouted, red with anger. "Hebrew and Greek, indeed! Rot! What have women to do with theology and philosophy! Rot! Orphans! A set of fools! I detest your rot, and will none of it in my house. Three years ago I ordered you not to visit Lee and Anna. They shan't come here again! You must obey me! Keep your vow, or take the consequences! No more rot on this ship!"

"Have a care, Tom!" she said. "When you issued your command I stood on my womanhood. Your companion I'll be—never your slave. What's right, in my best judgment, I'll do, if the stars fall. Before you left, to be sure of myself, I submitted the question of duty to father. During your absence we have never reverted to the subject. But now I'll ask his opinion, and abide by it."

"I'll throw you overboard! This I'll never bear! You prefer your father to your husband!"

"On this question I do; he is better informed, and more capable of judging. But when I hear his reasons and conclusions I'll think and act for myself."

"Rot!" he cried, in fury. "I'll be first and last! No man dare come between me and my wife."

"Tom, you are not my master, my conscience, or my oracle. I'm not a thing, but a

woman and a wife. You must take me as God made me."

"Rot!" he answered, with compressed lips and flaming cheeks. "You're training your children to be like yourself. Soon I'll have aboard three mutineers. Use the rod with Stanley and Alice! Rebels must be whipped! I treat children as I treat sailors, and bring them under my foot."

As Brice uttered these words he stamped on the floor until the windows rattled with his violence.

"Tom," she said, "I can't beat the children. Without the rod I have them under perfect control. You and others may properly use the whip. I cannot mark with stripes my children's flesh! Never! Tom I tell you I *will not!*"

"Curse you, Alicia!" he cried. "I'm sorry I ever saw you. I would cast you off if you landed in the pit. Marriage makes hell. I wish I were out of it! But being in it I'll be master!"

Tom Brice then opened the door of the room and pointed to a small brass nail which he had driven into the wall. He then resumed:

"This whip is the symbol of my authority. See! I bought it with this ivory ring! Now I hang it on this nail! Look at it! I command you to use it when you punish the children."

Alicia flashed with indignation. Her eyes were in flames. She stood before her husband in a blaze of defiance, and, looking him in the face with a steady gaze, said:

"Tom, I will consult my father, and do what I think right. This is my room. For the present we have had enough."

Captain Brice retired with a sense of defeat, and Alicia went directly to the library. She knocked, and was admitted. Sitting on Dr. Stanley's knee, and kissing the dear forehead, she said:

"Father, a crisis has come in my married life. I need your help."

"Alicia," he said, "I have heard the Captain's loud and angry tones, and knew what would follow. During all these years I have never interfered. Each day he has been at home his look and tone have been insulting to your wifeness, and his cruelty to the children is outrageous. He bellows at them as if they were sailors, and strikes them until my blood burns. They tremble at his voice, and would fly from his face. I will never again endure his tyrannies."

Alicia burst into tears. "Father!" she said, "I have done all in my power to love him and to make him love me. But, oh, it cannot be! I am in despair. How hard the lines of his face and the tones of his voice! His old peasant nature has come back, and rules Tom.

Sometimes he seems possessed by a demon. Yet he is my husband. Our tie is indissoluble! On you, on myself, on my children, I must not bring scandal."

"Right! Alicia," he exclaimed. "Except for one cause, divorce is against the law of Heaven. No court, no legislature, no potentate has the authority to dissever those whom God has joined. Loose views of marriage fill our land with horrors. The old Common Law wisely provided separation in hopes of reunion, while it held the contract inviolable. But home is sacred, and husband and wife should live together, and avoid public disgrace, unless life becomes intolerable."

"Father, we agree! I want neither divorce nor separation. But, oh, my duty! Show me my duty!"

"Without love, wedlock is eternal jar," said Dr. Stanley. "Love is celestial oil to the domestic machinery. Love is the rainbow over home. Love is the angel whose halo glorifies the altar."

"But, father!" said Alicia, "we cannot command love. Love is responsive only to the object. Love cannot be created by resolve. Love is a sympathy from organization and education, which I have proved beyond my power to excite."

"True, daughter," he said, "and love being absent, we will descend to the level of

practical duty. Between husband and wife marriage is a contract. All its obligations are mutual. Did you promise to obey Tom Brice? Yes! But Tom Brice vowed to cherish you until parted by death. I am witness that he has broken his compact. You are on the same level of obligation and violation."

"True, father," she said. "Yet I am entangled by the word *obey*. My womanhood resents my covenant, and I act on its instinct, while Tom has on his side the letter of the marriage-office."

These words of his daughter kindled Howard Stanley. He rose from his chair in unwonted excitement, and stood before Alicia and said:

"It was through me before the altar that you made the promise to *obey* your husband. From my mistake and thine I absolve thee! from the mistake of two thousand years I absolve thee! from the mistake of patriarchs and popes and bishops and priests and parsons I absolve thee! from the mistake of the church I absolve thee."

Alicia was overwhelmed with astonishment at these words of her father, who stood before her in the glow and majesty of a prophet. He continued, "The old dispensation of letter and bondage tolerated divorce and concubinage, and under it Sarah *obeyed* Abraham. But the new dispensation of light and liberty, which makes marriage indissoluble, introduced a change to

emancipate and elevate women. Paul is the expositor of the gospel of freedom. I will explain! In that Greek Lexicon find *υπακουο!*"

Alicia took the book and turning the leaves, said:

"It means *obey*."

"Now examine *υποτασσο!*"

After a brief search she said:

"It means *submit*."

"Observe," said Dr. Stanley, "when expressing the obligation of slaves to masters and children to parents, Paul always says *obey*, whereas in expressing the obligation of wives to husbands, Paul always says *submit*. Our marriage-office neglects this distinction. The Ecclesiastical Covenant has presumed to alter the Biblical Covenant. For centuries the church has thus entangled the consciences of loyal wives, and encouraged the tyrannies of exacting husbands."

"Thank you, father," cried Alicia. "You have taken a load from my heart and shed light on my life. Oh, together let us help to break this intolerable fetter of womanhood."

"And the reason of the difference is plain," said Dr. Stanley. "Paul is the key to the Master. Let us study his delicate yet practical wisdom! Obedience is peremptory. The child shall not question commands of his parent, or servant those of his master, as a sailor dare not challenge the order of his captain, or

the soldier of his general. Here compulsion is necessity. The wife is not the slave but the companion of her husband. Before marriage, to win her he must woo. He is at her feet to solicit. After the service, instantly are all relations changed? Absurd! Yet by its office the church makes the wife a child or servant, and the husband an irresponsible tyrant. How significant in contrast the word *submit*—which is not inconsistent with argument and persuasion, and is a joy to the true wife, who gladly acknowledges her loving and protecting husband as her head and glory!"

"How beautiful, father!" exclaimed Alicia. "All is clear! You have recalled the image of my mother!"

"My ideal of wifehood!" said Dr. Stanley. "She seems with us as I talk! As angels, our departed hover over those they love and leave!"

"Father, I see my duty," said Alicia. "In all things possible I will defer to my husband. Divorce I consider unlawful and separation a scandal. But when Tom is angry he cannot be my guide; when wrong he cannot be my conscience; when unreasonable he cannot be my master. I am not a child or a servant, but a wife. Abject obedience is not my duty. Much I will sacrifice for peace—but my WOMANHOOD, never!"

"God Almighty bless and guide and keep

you, my daughter!" exclaimed Dr. Stanley as he kissed Alicia.

She moved then towards the door. Opening it, she heard a retreating footstep. The sad sound convinced her that her husband had condescended to the degradation of a spy, which once his manliness would have loathed. But he will not deter from her duty. Before she entered the library Stanley and Alice had transgressed and were awaiting punishment in the bedroom. As the wife crossed the hall she smiled as she saw the whip which hung a symbol of marital authority. She entered, and, as usual, locked the door of her apartment, which she deemed sacred from intrusion. Tom Brice emerged from his concealment. He was infuriated by the words he had heard from Dr. Stanley. He now stands listening as Alicia talks with the children. He burns with anger. He pounds at the door. He demands admission. Alicia makes no reply. Roaring with rage and rushing against the door Tom Brice burst it from its hinges. It fell to the floor with a crash. In a distant part of the room, Alicia and her children escaped injury. She was pale, but strong in her womanly courage, while the boy and the girl were silent with terror. With the whip in his hand the husband stood before his wife. He cried in his rage:

"I'll have in my house no goodie-goodies;

no coddlers, no sugar-plum babies! Use this whip on those children or I'll use it on you!"

Alicia looked her tyrant in the eye and refused. He gave her a stinging blow across her arm, struck each of the children on the shoulder, and satisfied with this show of marital authority left the room in rage. It was a pathetic scene. Blood dropped from the wound of the wife, while her children clung to her in their fear. Alicia threw a mantle over her person, placed the boy and girl in charge of Polly and Molly, and directed them to walk in the college-green that they might not be spectators of what she knew would follow. She then returned to the library, and with her dripping arm embraced her father. Before she could speak, while clasping his neck, Tom Brice appeared and shouted:

"Curse you, Doctor, curse you! You have come between me and my wife! Curse you!"

Howard Stanley gently disengaged his daughter, and stood erect before the furious man, and said with the quiet dignity of a gentleman:

"Captain, you forget! This room is mine!"

Tom Brice was about to burst into more violent abuse. With all the majesty of injured fatherhood Dr. Stanley pointed to the door. He knew that a word would break the spell of his power. He looked the impersonation of commanding authority. He held aloft his

silent finger as a symbol of his parental sovereignty. Tom Brice quailed before his eye and vanished from his presence.

But as the husband passed the door the wife saw before them both a gaping gulf. Separation! Scandal! Disgrace! Misery! In that moment was the agony of years! Even stronger than the daughter's love was the wife's duty! It was a sublime moral victory! Never did Howard Stanley so admire his Alicia as when she left him to supplicate her flying husband! Angels might linger over such a scene! Alicia overtook Brice and flung herself on his bosom, sobbing and crying:

“Tom, do not leave me! Love me! I will love you! Let us love each other! Do not go! Stay! Oh, stay! For your sake, for my sake, for our children's sake, stay, and we will yet be happy!”

One more opportunity for Tom Brice! Again his future is in his choice. His angel pleads. But his demon lures. The hell in him triumphs over Heaven. Brice clasped his left arm round Alicia, with his right flung open the door, and hurled her at the feet of her father. She fell, striking her forehead against his chair. Twice within an hour had blood flowed from a wife smitten by her husband. Such was the issue of a marital authority Tom Brice derived from Blackstone while forgetting Paul.

XIV.

ALOFT IN FIRE.

HOWARD STANLEY was perplexed and relieved. The lion in him had been aroused. He resolved that he would protect his daughter from the tyranny of her husband. For years he had been a silent spectator of petty irritations, but now he has been a witness of a cruel violence. A crisis has come, and he will act. But what is the remedy? Divorce? This popular cure for domestic ills he believes unlawful. What next? Separation? That means public scandal and private suffering. A wife and children apart from husband and father! And must his Alicia descend into the shadows of this disgraceful widowhood? To this hateful end has she been brought by all her gifts of wealth, and position, and person, and character? Surely the hard facts of life had never so shattered a beautiful ideal! Around his lovely daughter Howard Stanley sees only ruins. Shall he reason with his son-in-law? Words will not make a man other than himself. Words will not eradicate the inherited dispositions of generations. Words will not implant the gal-

lantry and refinement which are transmitted from ancestors. His naval academy training had not purified the blood of Tom Brice. The best society at home and abroad had polished only the surface of the man. Under his most glittering uniform lived the nature he had brought from Egypt. What old Ben Brice gave his son, Uncle Sam could not take away. Here was a madness beyond the power of reason. This man had flung away one of the most gifted beauties of his country. He had sought money; his wife was a brilliant heiress. He had aspired to social position; his marriage placed him in the highest ranks of America. He admired beauty in woman; Alicia was not exceeded in graces of mind, person, and culture. On his breast he wore this lovely flower. It opened its leaves and asked the light of his favor. He crushed it in his grasp, and flung it to the earth. How could the father persuade or reason with such a lunatic? Pitiabie passion made him insensible to every appeal. Not only had he rejected the heart of his imploring wife! He had struck it! He had lacerated it! He had cursed it! For Alicia and her children there seemed no hope.

Long Howard Stanley leaned on the back of his great library chair and looked upward, pondering. He saw a black sky. But he starts! A ray breaks into his gloom! We see him rise, hasten to the hall, put on his hat,

seize his cane, pass into the street, walk rapidly to the Maryland, ring, and send up his card to Major and Mrs. Sprigg, who receive him with their usual warm welcome. After some introductory words, he came to the object of his visit, and said:

"My friends, I am in trouble. A coil is about me I cannot unwind. Before me is a question I fail to answer. To you in the darkest hour of my life I have come for help."

"What we have long dreaded, I fear, has happened," said the Major. "But I would rather have the storm burst than live in expectation of it."

"We anticipate you, Doctor," said Mrs. Sprigg, "and you may be sure of our sympathy."

"You, then, know that I am in distress about Alicia."

"In a small city family jars soon become public property," said the Major.

"Captain Brice has a loud voice which is heard in the street," said Mrs. Sprigg, "and servants have sharp eyes, keen ears, and busy tongues. Often we have thought to put you on your guard, but hesitated to interfere."

"Yes!" said Dr. Stanley, sadly. "Publicity is a sting in domestic trouble. But after all, it is the thing which is the misery. Little gusts of passion have long disturbed our house-

hold. Now all is tempest! Our home shakes to its foundations."

"For a quarter of a century you have been our friend," said the Major, "and we love and admire Alicia as a daughter. Have no reserves, and rely on our loyal affection!"

"I do!" cried Dr. Stanley. "I do! I will tell you everything! Captain Brice and Alicia are forever incompatible. He is suspicious, jealous, tyrannical, and at times brutal toward her, and cruel to the children. Habitual violence is relieved by his bursts of affection, which experience proves mere caprice. There is nothing in the man's heart on which we can depend. Yesterday he struck Alicia with a whip on her arm, drew blood, and left a gash. Five minutes after he entered my library raging like a madman, cursed me, and, when I pointed to the door, left with the look of a demon. Alicia rushed to him, begged him to come back, besought his love, prayed that they might not be separated. Only a spirit of evil could have resisted her pathetic eloquence. It made Brice more furious. He seized my daughter, opened the door, and flung her at my feet, and left her there with her forehead bruised and bleeding. Oh, it was a pitiable spectacle! I am in despair!"

After this outburst of grief there were tears and silence. Major Sprigg remained in deep

thought. At last he sprang from his chair, and said:

"Doctor, I have found the way! Do you know the admiral who is now the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation at Washington?"

"Know him!" said Dr. Stanley. "Yes! I have twice served as chaplain on his ship."

"Good!" exclaimed the Major. "That makes all clear. The admiral was son of my next neighbor on South River. He and I were boys together, and have played many a prank. Since those old bright days we have always corresponded. I will go tomorrow to Washington, state to my friend confidentially the case, and ask him to order Tom Brice back to his ship on the Pacific, and keep him there until he learns how to behave himself."

"Capital!" cried Mrs. Sprigg. "The Major is right! He has solved the difficulty! Here is separation, but not divorce, and without scandal! That meets the case precisely! Tom Brice will be brought to his senses."

"Yes!" said the Major. "Such a blow will strike him in the right spot. Success has dizzied his brain. We will bring him down from topmast to deck, and keep him in the hold until his head gets level. Tomorrow will scatter his peacock feathers. He will know where the stroke comes from, and that will be the better. When such a man feels a power behind the throne moving against him he soon

succumbs, and pauses to consult his own interest."

"But it is an awful responsibility!" said Dr. Stanley. "I fear the risk! Life and death may be in it! Suppose he should perish on the voyage! Could I ever absolve myself? We must pause!"

"The risk we have to take," said Mrs. Sprigg. "But I am sure that the best for all is that Captain Brice be sent to the Pacific to learn how he should treat his wife and children."

"I never saw anything more clearly," said the Major. "Whatever the result the course I advise is right!"

After long hesitation Dr. Stanley gave his reluctant consent. Major Sprigg went to Washington, saw the Admiral, and obtained promise of the order, which came next day by telegram.

Tom Brice was astounded. By the regulations of the service a naval officer has three years on land and three years at sea. But in the face of the rule the Captain is sent back to the ship he has just left and to a duty he hates. And by a power he dares not question! For the first time in his career as an officer he has been baffled and defeated. His professional pride is shocked. Upward has been his history. Now he has been struck back on the descent. When a man begins to fall he seldom recovers.

Has he reached his apex, and by his own folly hurled himself downward? From whence the irrecoverable blow he well knew. The agent of his disgrace was the father of his wife, and towards Dr. Stanley and Alicia he felt irrepressible bitterness. Yet he must submit, or resign. Angry and resentful he left his home for his distant command. Behold him in the private room of his car flying towards San Francisco! Between him and his wife soon he will have placed a continent! Then an ocean! Years of exile will separate! As on the wings of the lightning, here is a man rushing from all he had sought and gained and prized! Amazing infatuation! When his first bursts of vengeful rage subside, reason gradually assumes sway, and Tom Brice begins to realize his own reckless folly. Beauty was his. Wealth was his. Position was his. Honor was his. Love wooed him to a loyal breast. With tears he was begged to keep the gift he spurned and flung away as a spoiled child hurls down its toy. After three days of struggle with himself he is forced to confess that he has been a lunatic. While flying along the edge of a mountain-precipice, one morning he plunged his hand into his satchel, and drew out a photograph. Without his knowledge it had been deposited by a happy impulse of Alicia. There sat the mother between her children! Her face touched his heart! The image of the boy

and girl stirred in him the father! He kissed the lovely picture. A new world opened in his breast! Tom Brice felt that he was a demon in the presence of angels! His fancy encircled them with a halo of beauty in which they shone transfigured. Home smiles a paradise, and he seems to himself vile as the blasting serpent. Before the train reached San Francisco, Tom Brice came to himself. Now first Tom Brice knows Tom Brice. He loves Alicia. He is born anew. He enters a world of affection whose existence he never had suspected. Six days of suffering had effected the work of generations. Furnace-fire makes gold pure. After all in Tom Brice was the stuff of a man. In him lived the germs of a true and generous soul. Could he now return to his wife he would be all she wished—her ideal of a husband and a father. And he yearned to be with Alicia! Often he resolved to resign his commission, and go back to his home. He will confess his faults, renew his vows, and begin a life of manly love. But no! He would be suspected of selfish insincerity. He does not deserve happiness. He must suffer his just punishment. He will endure a self-inflicted exile, and after the expiation of years, will live to brighten in his home those whom he has been taught to love.

Alas! it cannot be! We pity Tom Brice. The agonies which purified also exhausted.

This vigorous Captain has almost a look of age. Is that a tinge of gray in his hair and beard? When he takes charge of his ship he is not what he was. With his old air of command he no longer walks his deck. He stoops and his voice has lost its trumpet-ring. Over the broad Pacific speeds his great ship. But she is in charge of the first officer. In his cabin Tom Brice burns with fever. He raves! But no demons darken his wild fancies. Angels hover and smile over his couch. Bright visions of home fill his soul. He is with Alicia and the children. By some strange spiritual power his soul flies over the ocean, brings them to his cabin, and he is happy in their love. During a lucid interval he confesses to the chaplain and receives the sacrament. To the care of the clergyman he confides a letter to Alicia, and a will he had executed at San Francisco.

Tossing on the Pacific, Tom Brice is yet at rest. A tropical storm bursts over the ocean. Lightnings leap from a cloud of fire and the ship is in a blaze. While the Captain lies helpless in his cabin the officers and crew are striving to subdue the flames. The thunders cease, a calm spreads over the deep, but the vessel is in awful peril. Every expedient is baffled by the fire, which nears the magazine. Efforts to extinguish are abandoned, and the executive officer decides to leave the vessel. Boats are stored with provisions, lowered from the davits

and filled with men forced to commit themselves to the ocean's mercies. In the excitement the Captain has been forgotten. Mr. Percival, the chaplain, rushes to the cabin. Tom Brice refuses to leave. He says that he cannot survive the exposures of the deep and will not be a useless burden on men struggling for their lives. The chaplain pleads until the roar of the flames reminds him that explosion is near. Tom Brice resists. He will go down with his ship. Mr. Percival is forced to fly through the fire and resume his place in the boat. As it pulls away he sees his captain emerge from the flames, and with the last energy of life climb slowly the ropes and reach the yard-arm of the tallest mast. There he stands, with one hand pointed upward and the other waving farewell. The chaplain's glass directed to the dying man shows his face radiant in a mystic glory. While all gaze in tears, an explosion is heard like a burst of thunders. Over the ocean a blaze of flame, followed by an obscuring smoke! Then a stillness of death! When the curtain lifts, a few fragments are visible over the sea. Tom Brice has the ocean for his grave, and for his epitaph the applause of his country. •

XV.

LOVE AT LAST.

THE event long-expected had happened. By the death of his uncle, Dr. Stanley inherited millions. His vast estate was in New York, and to watch his interests he was compelled to reside in that city. Already his plans were perfected. After long and faithful service he had resigned his chaplaincy, and resolved to retire from all the active duties of his ministry. At last he was free to determine questions which had given him so much disquiet. To manage his property he selected Lee Alston as his lawyer and agent, who had preceded him to the metropolis and was settled there in his profession. A double house had been purchased near Prospect Park, and doors cut through the wall so that Anna and Alicia could have the freest intercourse. On an eminence, commanding a noble view of the two cities, stood the new home, tasteful and convenient, with all that wealth could supply. Just above the valley of the Hudson, on a lofty spur of the Catskills, had been purchased a cottage for a summer residence, where the pure mountain air invited health and enjoyment. It

was long discussed whether also a house should not be secured on the ocean shore, but it was finally decided to spend the blazing days of an intolerable July or August either in a steam-yacht, or in the sail-yacht which Dr. Stanley had inherited from his uncle. Lee and Anna were living in their new home, while Alicia and her father still lingered in Annapolis, expecting to take a speedy farewell. In this unsettled situation, one morning Mr. Percival was announced.

"I am glad to see you," said Dr. Stanley, cordially extending his hand.

"And I am happy to meet you once more," said Mr. Percival. "We chaplains are like birds of passage, who are scarce settled in one nest before they take wing for another."

"Uncle Sam will never force me to fly again," said Dr. Stanley, "I've resigned from the navy."

"Glad for you, and sorry for the service," said Mr. Percival. "You are to have your perch in New York, but I am sure not among those birds of prey the papers tell us thrive by devouring their mother."

"I hope better for myself," said Dr. Stanley laughing. "But no man is quite certain of himself when he gets into New York. You pretty nearly dropped from your flight into the Pacific, Percival!"

"Yes," he answered, "but we navy-people

are water-birds used to the ocean and its chances. If our officers and men hadn't understood their business, instead of being here in your library, I would be on the bottom of the Pacific, unless the sharks had stopped me on my passage down."

"The ship took fire from lightning?"

"She was in a blaze of those tropical flames that you and I have often seen and escaped."

"None were lost, I believe, but Tom," said Dr. Stanley sadly.

"Except the Captain, all were saved. Our boats were loaded to the gunwales. A slight blow would have sent us to the bottom. But the ocean went to sleep for three days and before his nap ended we were safe. We had superb instruments and a sharp navigator. He calculated that we were near the tracks of the Japan steamers. In meeting one of these was our only hope. On the third day, in the distance, we noticed a smoke. Soon a vessel loomed above the ocean. Our glasses showed her to be the largest of the Japan packets. We hoisted signals and fired our cannon. It was an anxious moment. At first we were not noticed. Over us was the shadow of despair. We all had concluded that, like Brice, our grave would be the Pacific, when we saw the vessel alter her course. We were changed into madmen. I yelled and roared and danced like the other lunatics until we came near upsetting our

boat, and making suicides of ourselves. But we were saved."

Dr. Stanley was greatly moved at this vivid picture by his old friend. He remembered his own agency in sending Tom Brice to sea, and felt almost responsible for his death.

"Percival, it is inexpressibly sad," he said. "Nothing more touching in the annals of our navy! And to me it has brought a peculiar sorrow."

"Captain Brice took me into his confidence before his death," said Mr. Percival. "He confessed to me all the wrong he had inflicted on you and your daughter, and charged me to tell you that he saw his fault, and to beg your forgiveness. In all my long experience in the navy I have never known any man show such penitence."

"Yes! Tom went astray," said the Doctor. "But there was a natural nobility in him which I always admired. From my heart I forgive him. Our service has lost a brave and valuable officer. And now, I suppose you have a delicate duty to discharge towards Alicia. You have known her all her life, and no man could be better qualified."

Dr. Stanley then conducted Mr. Percival to Alicia, who was waiting to receive the venerable chaplain. His manner was most touching and paternal. After a few tender words he said:

"Let me first attend to a matter of business, and then I will give you a message I received."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a large envelope which he opened, and continued.

"When Captain Brice was in San Francisco he was informed that his father had invested some small savings in a few Illinois town-lots. After he and his wife died the property advanced, and is now worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. While ill on our ship the Captain gave me this will previously executed at San Francisco, and told me to place it in your hands. My name you will find here as a witness. Your husband made you sole legatee and your father his executor. By giving this paper to you I discharge my trust."

Alicia took the will with a trembling clasp, and a tear rolled down her cheek. It was a pathetic proof of affectionate remembrance which went to the heart of the youthful widow.

"But I have only in part discharged my task," resumed Mr. Percival. "You know that after taking command of his ship Captain Brice was smitten by a fever. For many days his blood seemed on fire, and his mind wandered wildly. Yet you will be glad to learn that all his visions were bright in the light of love and peace. His face beamed with smiles, and he seemed to live with you and the children, and often mentioned the name of

your father. Frequently he talked with you, and kissed you, and embraced you, and appeared happy amid the scenes of his home. I have never known anything so affecting. When the disease had exhausted its force, he lay in a state of most pitiable weakness. But his mind was clear while his body was feeble. In this condition he sent for me, and with sobs and tears confessed his violence towards you, his severity to the children, and his insult to your father. Never have I known such proofs of sorrow and affection. You may depend on the manly sincerity of your husband which has on it the seal of death. I need not repeat the tragic story of his heroic end, which my own eyes witnessed. It was sublime. But the recital would only tear your heart anew, and you have read the official report. This letter will explain your husband's feelings better than any words of mine."

The patriarch of the navy then gave her the last message of Tom Brice.

"Alicia," said Mr. Percival, "I call you by the name I used when you were a child. Your lovely mother was my friend and you are her image. And now, my dear, I leave you with the salute I often gave you in your girlhood. God Almighty bless and keep you, Alicia!"

So saying the kind and venerable man imprinted on her lips a farewell kiss, and left her in tears

Yes! She holds his letter! In it is the heart of her husband beautified and solemnized in the pure light streaming from the opening gates of paradise! How eagerly she reads it bedewed with her tears! On it were the marks of his own drops from eyes now closed to earth! What manly penitence! What true confessions! What tender words! What immortal hopes! And in contrast how dim her own visions of the future life! Tom Brice is now in her view the saint! He has winged his bright way into the bliss of that state whose very existence she has dared to question! And yet she had considered herself so morally superior to her husband! How pharisaical she appears in her own sight! All her relations have been reversed by the mystic touch of death! Tom Brice has won his wife. Love excites love! Henceforth the husband is bound to the wife in the immortal tie of an everlasting wedlock! Alicia sees Tom Brice on the mast irradiated with a celestial splendor! In her imagination he is glorified. All the earthly elements of his nature have been purified in the fires of a death followed by the baptism of an ocean! He stands before her a naval hero! No man need ever woo her now! To Tom Brice belongs his Alicia forever.

XVI.

PROSPECT HILL.

DR. STANLEY, Alicia, Lee and Anna have been long domiciled in their new home, and identified with the great metropolis. Than theirs, no social position could be more brilliant. All that birth, and wealth, and culture could give in America they enjoyed. Nor in their search for eternal truth did they think it necessary to isolate themselves from the world's throbbing life. They aimed to secure the advantages of both society and solitude. The gentlemen were admitted to the Century and University Clubs, and were thus brought into intimacy with the best culture of the city. As Dr. Stanley had commenced his career as a licensed lawyer, with Lee, he was received into the Bar Association, and also into the Legal Club in the Equitable Building. Alicia, with her dazzling gifts, was welcomed into the gayest and most exclusive circles, and Anna was her loved and faithful companion. But the lives of all were subordinate to loftier pursuits than those of business or pleasure. Questions of religious, social, and political reform were closely studied. Alicia

speedily developed unexpected aptitudes, which will appear in the progress of our history.

Summer had anticipated itself and expelled Spring before the middle of May. The *orphanoi* have met on a lofty balconied tower of the new home, prepared as an evening retreat from unusual heat. The last shafts of the sun are gleaming on the monumental arch and sentinel columns which guard the beautiful entrance to the Park, and blue, and gold, and crimson mingle in the cloud-glory of the West. What a prospect! Toward the North the eye looks over Brooklyn and New York, and beyond sees the Hoboken Heights tipped with fire. Brilliant, too, in the last blaze of day, are the lofty buildings which tower so patronizingly above the spire of old Trinity. Beneath us smiles Prospect Park; sister and equal of Central, throned amid natural and artistic beauty, and whose crown even Europe cannot now dispute. Over this paradise is the plain, bordered by Jamaica Bay, and as the eye moves delighted toward the South it beholds the blue of the ocean; and westward, purpled in the light of the dying day, the Navesink Highlands, and the Orange mountains, with Staten Island between, form one vast enclosing wall built by an Almighty Hand. See! Across the harbor glide two immense steamships, silent in the distance, and resembling sea monsters speeding amid the lesser tribes of the deep. But

while we have gazed, night has come, and the Statue of Liberty, majestic as a goddess, flashes out a star that, at first, we take for its rival in the heavens.

“What a prospect!” exclaimed Dr. Stanley.

“It equals the view at Naples commanded by the balcony of San Martino, from which, opposite, you see Vesuvius; and, like a mist on the sea, Capri and Ischia; and beyond the flash and smoke of the great mountain, out toward monastic Aversa, the plain covered with vines and olive trees.”

“I prefer our harbor to the Golden Horn!” cried Alicia. “Yet the brightest vision of life was the morning when our yacht passed the gardens, and palaces, and minarets of Stamboul, and, above all, the sublime dome of St. Sophia.”

“Nor must we ungratefully forget,” said Dr. Stanley, “the Golden Gate of San Francisco, and the glories of the mountain-circled Bay of Rio Janeiro. But in no place of the world can we see, as in our harbor, the triumphs of modern civilization. Those outgoing and incoming steamers are proofs of a skill exceeding even the dream of the ancients, and pledges to a man of a universal brotherhood. He is a raven who lives in our New York and croaks of human degeneracy. This scene inspires immortal hope!”

“Doctor!” said Lee Alston, “I have been

charmed with these reflections and bursts of admiration, but I must remind you that we are here to-night for another purpose."

"Except myself, Lee," said Anna Alston, laughingly. "I have never yet been enrolled in the learned circle of the *orphanoi*. You admit me by favor. A quiet sea I prefer to the whirl of your maelstrom. My old beliefs make me happy, and I ask no more."

"You are an honorary member, not by election, but consent," said Dr. Stanley, smiling. "We talk and work while you smile and embroider. Perhaps, after all our labors, we will end where you begin."

"I have to report," said Lee Alston, "that our whole course of reading has been completed; we have exhausted everything so kindly and wisely marked for us by our president."

"And I would state," added Alicia, "that I have condensed all our notes and extracts into the briefest space, so that we are now ready for discussion."

"It is agreed," said Dr. Stanley, "that having spent many years in reading, and annotating, and conversing, we now discuss a few fundamental points. State, Lee, our first question!"

"WHY DO I BELIEVE ANYTHING?" answered Alston. "It puzzles me, and I find in books nothing satisfactory."

"And Lee has drawn me into his own

doubts," said Alicia. "With old Sophists and modern Schopenhauers my universe is now a phantasmagoria. It seems only passing images. What is my life but a scene of impressions I cannot control? Existence is to me like the time when I lost my personality in our Annapolis theatricals, and became absorbed in the characters I created and represented."

"I have found an answer," said Dr. Stanley. "Yes! I have emerged from that cloud-land into clear light, and stand on firm ground."

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" cried Alicia and Alston, clapping vigorously.

"Send for the children!" said Dr. Stanley. A few strokes of a small silver bell brought the nurse, who disappeared, soon returning with the twins. Until we have described them, philosophy must wait in respectful silence.

Stanley and Alice had just left behind them the bright years of their infancy. As they came from the doorway to the balcony they seemed living pictures of Alicia. The boy with flaxenlocks and the girl with her raven ringlets, except in the color of the hair, were as alike as is possible to a brother and a sister. So far they had been taught together at home, and were sprightly, healthful, and well-disciplined American children. Their perceptions had been quickened and their intelligence enlarged by afternoon excursions to stores, and parks, and ships, and manufactories, and they had

also explored the environs of the sister cities. Alicia and Anna had taken them from Washington Heights to Staten Island, and from Manhattan Beach to Flushing Bay, explaining to them the scenes of the battles of the Revolution. A favorite spot was Eagle Rock, on Orange Mountain, whence they surveyed the bays, the rivers, the islands, the towns, and hamlets, and villages, clustering like children about the skirts of the mother city; and beyond all, the world's waterway out into the expanse of the ocean. Under such auspicious nurture had the twins developed in a home where Alicia had the power to rule and the skill to brighten, and with her friend, Anna, always near to give aid. Now the boy and girl stand together in their young beauty and curiosity, eager to know why they have been thus unexpectedly summoned.

"Stanley," said the Doctor, "can you point out for me the Statue of Liberty?"

"There, Grandpa!" said the boy, directing his finger to the dark image rising, crowned with light, through a dimming evening haze.

"Right! What is in the hand of the goddess?"

"It looks like a star."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am, Grandpa!"

"Tell me why?"

"Because with my eyes I see the statue and the star."

"Have you any other reason?"

"I don't want any; my eyes are enough."

"Suppose, now, I say that you are mistaken, would you believe me or your eyes?"

"My own eyes, Grandpa, and I'd think yours getting too old to see."

This answer raised a laugh against the Doctor, but yet served his purpose.

"You see from this child," he said, "the natural, the inevitable, the ineradicable belief of the mind in the testimony of the sight. It is a first principle of our human nature, and must be at the basis of all rational philosophy. Our eyes are witnesses for the existence of earth and sky, and we cannot, if we try, overcome their evidence. And now, Alice, what do you hear?"

"A band, Grandpa!" It plays when the fountain plays. There is that beautiful trumpet by itself!"

"You hear it?"

Yes! grandpa, and you too!"

"Now, should I say, Alice, there is no such music! You hear nothing. Would you believe your ears or me?" "My ears, Grandpa! And I'd be afraid you were growing deaf as well as blind."

A second laugh against the Doctor! He presented a rose to the girl and a peach to the

boy. Each insisted on the testimony of nostril and palate. Pinching them playfully, he could not persuade them that they did not feel the pressure of his fingers. After the experiment, all kissed good-night, to the children, and the doctor resumed:

“Our five senses witness to us as to those children. We can persuade neither them nor ourselves out of belief in the existence of the material universe. Only an idiot, or a lunatic, or a Schopenhauer will give the lie to eye and ear and palate and nostril and finger. Witnesses these we can neither hide or silence. Faith in their evidence cannot be eradicated from our humanity. His money and his breakfast were facts as real to Schopenhauer as to other mortals.”

“I am convinced,” said Lee, “and marvel at my doubts. Out of the mouth of babes I am confounded.”

“Our lives depend on our senses,” exclaimed Dr. Stanley. “See those towering Broadway buildings! Without faith in the eye not one could have been erected. How innumerable their contrivances for permanence and comfort! Sight and touch were indispensable to their existence. Not a bank, nor a railway, nor a telegraph, nor a steamship, nor an improvement of our times that does not presume our belief in our senses, on which indeed all our business is founded.”

"And also our physical science," cried Lee. "Its basis is observation, and observation is by the senses. The eye scans stars for astronomy, notes rocks for geology, perceives flowers for botany, and is necessary in all physical research. Disbelieve the senses and you destroy science, arrest progress, sink the world back to barbarism."

"But," said Alicia, "how often the eye and ear deceive us! I have just read of an illusion in London. A crowd of thousands thronged to see a fire. They stood in sickening terror gazing at what they thought was a monkey writhing in the flames. It was a rag streaming in the wind. Each spectator there was mistaken. He was deceived by his eyes. I could multiply instances of similar cases."

"Abnormal cases!" said the Doctor. "One mistake where there have been billions of true perceptions! Our senses correct each other. Despite occasional errors our faith in their testimony remains unshaken, and on it every moment we risk our lives. Nor have we less belief in our mental conclusions. Proved mathematical truth we are forced to accept. The whole is greater than any of its parts! Only a fool denies it! On simplest axioms our universe is founded."

"Doctor," said Lee, "I agree with you in regard to mathematical truth. But in every other domain of knowledge differences of

opinion shake my faith in the conclusions of my reason."

"Alicia," said the Doctor, "can you tell us what were the *idols* of Bacon?"

"Yes, father," the daughter answered. "I made note of them all. Idols of the *cave*, which are prejudices peculiar to the individual; idols of the *theater*, embracing our tendencies to love display more than truth; idols of the *forum*, by which Bacon indicated laxities of speech incident to markets, where men are traders not philosophers; and idols of the *tribe*, which are frailties in judgment common to humanity."

"Well said, daughter!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Now all our triumphs in modern science are because we have demolished these idols and sought laws from facts. Reason, therefore, has power to conquer human infirmities, and seek pure truth. Our faith in her makes our belief in science. Under healthful normal conditions we trust reason as we trust sense."

"I am convinced," said Lee. "The constitution of my faculties is from a sovereignty I am forced to accept. Eye and light, ear and sound, palate and flavor, nostril and odor, finger and object, and also facts and laws and reason, have relations beyond my control. These rejected, and life is a failure, and the world a home for idiots and lunatics and suicides."

“Remember also this hard truth,” said Dr. Stanley. “Mistakes punish, whatever our speculative opinions. Sincerity escapes not penalty.”

“True,” said Lee. “See that structure rising four hundred feet above Broadway! An honest miscalculation may hurl it into ruins and wreck a score of lives. Blazing with lights, how gaily yon crowded steamer moves out towards the ocean! One blunder of her pilot may sink her and a thousand innocent passengers. Mistakes of able generals and patriotic statesmen have overthrown empires and crushed millions. Before this sovereignty of creatorship men sink to the same level of dependence and responsibility.”

XVII.

IS IT MURDER?

WE left Clifford Dulaney years since in Annapolis. After his rejection by Alicia he plunged more wildly into his evil courses, and soon lost his place as surgeon in the navy. He was left without resource, and, driven by his necessities, he availed himself of his aptitude for gambling. In New York he was esteemed an adept in his art. Every trick of cards was at his command. Nor had he a scruple of conscience. Facile, and courteous, and even kind in his disposition, he would yet sacrifice his victim to his success as remorselessly as an Alexander, or a Cæsar, or a Napoleon immolated armies and nations to win the crown of the conqueror. Dulaney had always retained the garb and manner of a gentleman. By his persuasive voice and insinuating address he lured to the gaming table fast young heirs, and drew their money into his pocket slyly and eagerly as a spider bleeds a fly. Did the image of his father or the memory of his mother never rise to rebuke and disturb the successful gambler? No! He continued happy for years in the pursuit and the triumph. At

Baden and Monte Carlo his victories gave him the pride of a conquering general. In the clubs of Paris and London he was long successful before his infamous trickeries were detected. But his richest harvests were in New York. Here he defied the police, had splendid apartments, and lived in luxury. However, his ways were becoming wearisome. Perhaps his inherited ancestral instincts revived. He fancied that he would like to retire to an estate on the Wye or the James, and live in the style of his plantation forefathers. With these views and feelings he invited his uncle to visit him in New York. This gentleman was now advanced in years, and owner of an immense and most productive estate in a mountain-valley of Southern Virginia. His simple uncle knew nothing of the habits of the nephew, and occupied apartments in the same hotel. One morning Col. Preston did not appear at breakfast. A servant was sent to his room. As he rapped he was startled by the smell of gas. He reported to the office. The door was forced, and Col. Preston was seen in his bed dead from suffocation. An examination was held by the coroner, who found that the provincial gentleman, in his ignorance of city ways, blew out the flame instead of turning off the jet, and was thus the innocent means of his own death. Dulaney accompanied the body of his uncle to Virginia, and he was laid in the family vault

without a suspicion. But after the funeral a will was found in the desk of Col. Preston. By this paper Clifford Dulaney was sole legatee to the vast plantation. At once the hostility of expectant and disappointed relatives was excited. The whole region was in ferment. It was soon asserted and believed that the uncle was lured to his destruction by a letter from his nephew found among some refuse papers. On the threshold of his inheritance, with his hand on his golden prize, and his bright dreams realized, Dulaney was surrounded by enemies and dogged by spies. At the peril of his life he remained, and had the will probated. Then he fled. Nor too soon! In another day a bullet would have ended his heirship. But his enemies tracked him to New York. Detectives were employed, the police notified, and when his habits as a gambler became known, his life confirmed and intensified suspicion. In a state of terror, almost of despair, Clifford Dulaney resolved to apply to Lee Alston, his former professor, and the friend and admirer of his father and mother.

We now find the two men together in the library of the home near Prospect Park.

"Glad to see you, Dulaney!" said Col. Alston.

"Your face recalls my bright days at old St. John's," said Dulaney. "The happiest of

my life! We Southerners never get quite acclimated in this chill Northern atmosphere."

"I differ with you," said Alston. "Indeed, I never felt at home before."

"Not wonderful in this charming spot!" said Dulaney. "A man may be well content when he drops down into paradise, and among angels. How are the ladies?"

"Both well!"

"And Dr. Stanley?"

"Vigorous as twenty."

"What a charming house and situation! I have always preferred Riverside and Washington Heights, but I am converted to Prospect Park. How grand its entrance! Poor in contrast is any approach to Central! I passed the plaza when the fountain was in full play. Electricity makes it more splendid than all the royal jets of Great Louis at Versailles."

"We have, indeed, a delightful home. The views are superb, the park a paradise, and the air pure and healthful. Only one objection to it all; those statues in niches of the arch! Grant looks like a farmer riding to market on a sleepy horse, and Lincoln holds his hat as if he were asking you to look inside of a chimney-pot."

"I did not observe those works of art," said Dulaney, sadly. "My trouble is too great to let me notice small things."

"Trouble!" said Alston. "How little peo-

ple know each other! I saw in the newspapers that your uncle had left you his old plantation, and that you would live in Virginia in the style of your Maryland ancestors in their ancient mansion on the Wye."

"But Col. Preston, by his will," said Dulaney, "has brought me into deadly peril. My life is endangered. The police and detectives are always on my track. Day and night I have no rest. There!" he exclaimed, pointing through the window. "See yon fellow standing under the shadow of that tree! Now he moves into the light! He is after my neck! Before me is a vision of an electric chair! I have come to ask you to be my lawyer!"

"You astound me, Dulaney!" exclaimed Alston. "Tell me all the facts, and then I will know how to answer your request."

"You have heard of my way of life since I resigned my commission in the navy."

"Only reports came to me which I would not credit without proof."

"They could not paint me blacker than myself. I have been a gambler, preying on the unsuspecting. With such a father and mother as mine, this seems incredible. But I must confess the truth, even if you refuse to be my lawyer, and leave me to the chances of the chair. I have this only to say, in exculpation, that I had resolved with this inheritance to reform, and live and die a gentleman. What I

thought was my deliverance may prove my ruin."

"You speak in enigmas. If you wish my services, come to the point and conceal nothing."

"I invited Col. Preston to visit me at my hotel on Eighth Avenue, overlooking Central Park. He came. Unversed in our city ways, when he retired he blew out the gas, and next morning was dead in his bed. An inquest was held, and the coroner found according to the facts. I accompanied the body to Virginia, and saw it deposited in the vault. After the interment a will was found in my uncle's library, by which he bequeathed to me his estate. This stirred the wasps. The country was in a buzz. I knew that the venomous insects would sting me to death, and escaped for my life. But I am pursued here, and come to beg your aid."

"On one condition I will undertake your case," said Lee Alston.

"Name it!"

"That you take my hand, and pledge me your honor that you are innocent."

"I will do more! Here on my knees I swear that the charge is false. However bad I have been, I am a gentleman, and incapable of a lie."

"Rise, Dulaney, rise!" said Lee Alston. "I accept your word. You were my pupil! Your

father and mother my friends! How beautiful and fragrant my recollections of your boyhood home! Yes! I will plead your cause; I will save your life; I will vindicate your innocence, and disperse from your name and family these clouds of suspicion."

"Thank you, Alston!" Dulaney cried. "I am saved! Now one more favor."

"What is it? I will grant it if in my power."

"I wish to see the ladies. An hour with them will help me more than all my vows."

"One other condition I must exact," said Lee Alston. "Alicia and Anna wait in the drawing-room. I will take you to them if you will renounce your life as a gambler and live an honest man."

"Here, Lee!" Dulaney said. "Take my hand! Again I pledge you as a gentleman!"

With this understanding Alston and Dulaney went to the parlor, and met the ladies. The former times were recalled, old memories revived, and the hour flew winged with joy. Dulaney was in his gayest of moods. He described scenes in Europe and events in New York with a brilliancy that enchanted. Then he sat at the piano, and played and sang with a freedom of touch and music of tone both charming and surprising. Conversation was resumed under the inspiration of voice and instrument, and all the life at Annapolis passed

in vivid and beautiful review. On this man's life could there be the spot of murder? Suspicion seemed monstrous. Lee Alston was a keen lawyer and a shrewd observer. He watched his client closely. No tone or look escaped his notice. Yet when Dulaney left, in the mind of his friend, the verdict was—innocent.

Only one cloud had obscured the brightness of that charming and memorable evening. Yet even from its dark bosom were drops sacred with emotion, and over it was the bow of the promise of imperishable hope. Clifford Dulaney told his friends that on his way from Virginia he had stopped at Annapolis and found the city in mourning. A few days before he arrived, Mrs. Sprigg had been found dead on her sofa in the Maryland. The news of her sudden end brought to a speedy close the life of the Major. Dulaney had stood and wept over the grave in which the two old people had been buried together. In death, as in life, they were inseparable.

XVIII.

CATSKILLS.

SUMMER had come back with its glow into Autumn, and a July sun glared in an October sky. Owing to the unseasonable heat, the home on Prospect Hill was still closed. Our *orphanoi*, with Anna Alston, are sitting on the lofty piazza of their cottage on the Catskills. On the previous night the first autumnal frost had flung its scarlet among the maples, and morning revealed mountains robed in all the glories of mingling colors. Far below, like a flow of melted silver, the Hudson glittered in the red sun-fires of October, and sometimes flashed crimson when the breeze from the cloves swept down to ripple its surface. From a tower behind the house, with a good glass and on a clear day, were visible Mt. Marcy rising among the Adirondacks, Mt. Mitchell towering above Vermont, and Mt. Washington, king of Eastern heights, while in front, the haze of the Berkshire hills mingled with the blue of the sky, and round towards the Southwest, beyond Mt. Slide, could be seen the top of Pokono, monarch of the Delaware valley. Our party had been long silent, ab-

sorbed in the beauty and grandeur of the prospect. Having given time for the enjoyment of the scene, Dr. Stanley said:

"We have met by appointment for something higher than the contemplation of this Autumn magnificence. I think that we are now prepared for our theme. Please state it, Alston!"

"Alicia and I have reduced it within its smallest limits, and expressed it in the fewest possible words. She will read it in the agreed formula."

When Lee had spoken, Alicia unfolded a little paper and read:

"Is the first cause of the universe a PERSON?"

"That sums all!" said the Doctor, "and goes to the root of man's belief."

"We have been led," said Alston, "by the trend of our times especially to consider this subject, which seems involved in haze. I will take Force! view it as Affinity! The power binding together the atoms of the universe has no visible *personality*."

"Nor has gravitation," interposed Alicia, "which keeps in their orbits the worlds of space."

"Light, heat, electricity!" continued Alston. "These physical forces of creation are not persons. By the pronouns I and Me, we never describe the vast energies uniting

and impelling our universe. We express them by the neuter, *it*, which we apply to the steam driving the ship, the electricity propelling the car, the light painting the image, as also to the gravitation moving suns and systems. Dealing only with bodily organisms, our doctors come to regard man as a mere vital machine. Physical science investigating physical force in a physical universe is educating our age into a materialism oblivious to PERSONALITY."

"Where do we obtain the idea?" asked Alicia. "I begin to see that unconsciously I have learned to look at nature in our dry and cold and hard modern mechanical way. And behind my material view is a dread of going back to the old classic superstitions which converted each power of the world into a visible god, translated it into an image, and paid it worship. This fear of a dead past makes us blind interpreters of our living present."

"Let us look within!" said Dr. Stanley. "In ourselves we find the solution. I cannot eliminate *myself* from the universe. Our material philosophers forget *themselves* and search all else. As well as gravity and affinity and heat and steam and light and electricity and force in all its forms, Science must take *me* into the account. A soul has more claim to her investigation than atoms and worlds. Suppose that Science, with Hume and Mill, calls

my mind a mere succession of ideas, or series of impressions, does she include the whole truth of my nature? No! Science omits one essential from her definition."

"I see where you are tending," said Lee with earnest feeling and surprise. "And I too have been a mole. In the universe I have left out that greater than all mechanical force—*myself!* A new light flashes. In its beam we will find the truth."

"Explain, father!" cried Alicia. "I too begin to have a glimmer. But my skeptical, puritan mind is always on the side of the doubter."

"Like the Irishman just arrived in America," said the Doctor. "When asked his politics, he answered, 'I don't know, but I'm agin the government.' Possibly here is the root of all our human skepticisms. We are 'agin' the government of the universe because the government of the universe is 'agin' us."

When the laugh had subsided Alston resumed:

"Now I perceive that apart from *myself* I cannot consider the operations of my mind, because these are indeed only movements of *myself*. We map and study our faculties separately from ourselves as if they were regions far away from us as Africa or Australia!"

"You have it, Lee!" exclaimed Dr. Stanley. "That arrow pierced the target's eye."

Appetite, passion, affection, memory, reason, imagination, volition—what are these but exercises of *myself* and parts of *myself* and inseparable from *myself*? How do I express these operations, Alicia?"

His daughter reflected a moment and answered:

"Now I, too, catch your idea! I see it all! Your question reveals *me* to myself. Physical forces I express by *It*, but my mental forces I express by *I*, which is always the symbol of personality."

"And which the scientists use even when they would turn themselves into mechanical matter," said Dr. Stanley. "I perceive; I hunger; I thirst; I walk; I love and I hate; I remember and reason and imagine. Every movement of my soul and my body I convey by the pronoun *I*, which thus distinguishes me as a *person*, and fixes my identity in this immeasurable universe."

"True!" cried Lee Alston, glowing with excitement. "True! The fact flames into me like a burst of sunlight. Hume and Mill tangled me with partial definitions, and we have groped with them in their mist. Out of the mind they eradicate a *personality* testified by my consciousness surely as my existence."

"I know that I am a *person* in all my mental and bodily movements as certainly as I know the reality of the movements," said Dr.

Stanley. "Operations presume an operator; thinking a thinker, and willing a willer. And this truth the gentlemen you name have eliminated from their partial and prejudiced philosophy."

"I am convinced, satisfied, delighted," exclaimed Alicia. "Father, you have taken me into the depths of myself, and answered our modern Hartmann as well as Hume and Mill."

"From our premise," said the Doctor, "the influence is vast and all-including. Effect cannot exceed cause."

"Wonderful!" said Lee Alston. "Your conclusion flashes on me like yon sunbeam through the rift of that cloud"; as he pointed all eyes were turned to the brilliant rays pouring amid an opening in a vast mass of rolling mists which had suddenly arisen from the Hudson and were drifting on the morning breeze over those Catskill Heights that seem to the traveler from the train like gigantic dromedaries in the silent march of a caravan.

"This then is settled." said Dr. Stanley. "Each of us is a conscious witness testifying that in every movement of soul and body we exert a causative force which we call *I*, and by which we mean a PERSON."

"Agreed!" said Lee. "Agreed!" repeated Alicia.

"Agreed!" added the Doctor, smiling.

"Now we *orphanoi* stand on the primitive rock of everlasting truth."

"Your conclusion, Doctor, your conclusion!" cried Lee.

"Yes! father. I burn to hear your conclusion!" exclaimed Alicia.

"Hear it!" said the Doctor. "I am a conscious effect. No unconscious cause could produce a conscious me. Also I am a person. Impossible for a cause not a person to create me a person. Consciousness and personality in me, an effect, prove consciousness and personality in my cause. Hence the first cause of the universe is a PERSON."

"Proved by reason!" said Lee.

"Proved beyond doubt!" said Alicia.

"And an INFINITE PERSON," added Dr. Stanley. "In the constellation Auriga a new and strange world has been discovered. It is three thousand times larger and brighter than our sun. The beams which entered the telescope of the astronomer left the parent sphere about the time when Christ was on the earth. How immeasurable this proves our universe! Infinite must be its cause! Yet this cause we have proved a Person!"

"If this Person made me," said Alicia, "then this Person owns me."

"He is my sovereign," said Alston.

"Ah!" said the Doctor. "There you hit the central truth of our humanity. An Infinite

Person is my Creator. To Him I belong. To Him I owe all. To Him my existence is one eternal obligation. His will is my law. The Infinite Person I is sovereign of the finite person *me*. Out of the same supreme relation grows the allegiance of all the intelligences of the universe. Hence, men and angels are one vast personal brotherhood bound together in the personal love of the PERSONAL ALL-FATHER."

XIX.

HOWARD-HOME.

HOW wonderful, and how beautiful the fancy and the sensibility of woman! In her heart of love dwells transforming power. From that center goes forth the influence which gives charm to home, and silently changes our world. Generations of inherited differences had separated Tom Brice and Alicia. Between them were impassable barriers. Beyond their command the love which unites in joyful wedlock. But death has dissolved dividing mountains. Alicia was ever thinking of that brave man on the mast-top, with his face turned to the heavens, waving his farewell to his departing comrades, and brilliant in the light of flames soon to be his winding sheet. His image was inscribed on her heart, purified by fire into glory. Alicia loved Tom with the ardor of a gifted and glowing soul. All aspiring to her hand meet a chill which represses advance. Her marriage tie is immortal.

It was not long after taking possession of their new home that Alicia was alone with Dr. Stanley in the library.

“Father!” she said, “do you remember

what occurred to make this day memorable in my history?"

"Daughter, I do not. Tell me!"

"Tom was taken up by fire."

"What a translation! How it reproaches our pharisaism! We thought ourselves so much better, and yet he is first in paradise!"

"Father, we were not wholly blameless."

"Daughter, I never think of Tom without a rising self-reproach. It was I who had him sent to sea, and was thus an unintentional agent in his death. And I always feared remorse for my act. But I interfered after reflection, consulted wise friends, and did what seemed right and best. To my own surprise I cannot condemn myself, and yet had I known the future, I would not have interposed. This reflection sometimes disturbs me."

"No! no! Father, no! Don't misunderstand me! You were guilty of no wrong. Yet I fear that there was in us an unconscious aristocratic pride which waked Tom's antagonism. All our intimate friends in Annapolis were persons representing old Virginia and Maryland families. We trace our genealogy back to Howards and Stanleys. Puritan and Cavalier are equally vain of ancestry. True, we never snobbishly assert our superiority. Yet, I confess, I *felt* it. Pride of class in the heart will show itself in face or tone or manner. This incensed Tom. He was proud of his gifts

as we of our birth, and perhaps with better reason. Oh, I fear I had not sufficient regard for the small faults of my noble husband!"

"Daughter, your words reveal me to myself. I confess my error, and will correct it if you will tell me how."

"Father, I cannot advise you, but I have resolved for myself to pay the penalty of my pride, and prove my own sincerity."

"In what way, daughter? Let me hear all that is in your heart!"

"Only by association can the rich know and guide the poor," said Alicia. "To win the lowly I must live with the lowly. Distance makes that sympathy impossible which alone can break down class-barriers."

"Your theory I admit," said Dr. Stanley, "but I see no practical remedy."

"I will not withdraw myself," said Alicia, "from the position in which I was born. Society has its right to those esthetical charms that relieve life's bareness and monotony. We owe a debt to progress and civilization, and art aids fashion to promote refinement and reward industry. But while not renouncing society, I will spend a month of every year amid the out-casts of our city, to study their ways, gain their hearts, and brighten their lives!"

"Turn nun, daughter!"

"No, Father. I will bind myself with no vow and connect myself with no organization."

For myself I will discover how to use our money intelligently and so as to accomplish the greatest good."

"Daughter, you shall have ample means and go with my approval. Tom's legacy has been well invested, and will give you a foundation. Under Lee's capital management my income has grown so large that I am embarrassed with my own bank account. You are thus provided with whatever is needed for your experiment."

"Thanks, Father! I will begin at once."

"Will you disguise your name and person?"

"No! I will assume a plain garb and be known as Sister Alicia. While I am in retirement Anna will take charge of the household."

"Wisely arranged!" said Dr. Stanley. "But you have one difficulty you have not yet considered. That aristocratic face and hand and foot! You yourself will defeat your democratic enterprise."

"Not if I have a democratic heart. Democratic Love alone can subdue aristocratic pride and level class-barriers."

Soon after this conversation Alicia began to execute her plans. She hired rooms filled with the moral refuse of the city. At first she placed herself under police protection, but found that her work was a shield more effectual than law. Her dress was of the plainest material, and in a style which might indicate her

a missionary; and she became known as Sister Alicia. The little soiled and ragged children were speedily responsive to her smiles and gifts. She found her way into the homes and hearts of the poor. Here she nursed the sick and gave food and clothing; and there sound advice without intrusion or patronage. Insensibly she won the confidence and affection of the wives and children of even criminals and outcasts. When her month was ended and she returned to her brilliant social life, she did not forget the lessons she had learned. Her heart was more tender, her charity wiser, and her judgment enlarged and invigorated. She saw the necessity of education. Without discipline her work would have no foundation, and vanish like smoke. A kindergarten was established for the younger children, and the best teachers were provided for the older. The school was thus the basis of her enterprise. But education was made attractive for Arabia. Beneath its sandy soil were discovered springs of waters which covered with flowers and fruits many an oasis. An adjoining house was rented to meet the growing demand. Plans enlarged with experience. Land was purchased in the midst of this moral wilderness, and a tasteful building erected with all the improvements of the times. Beautiful as a mirage of the desert arose the edifice, which was no evanescent illusion. All was provided that money could

command. Mr. Percival, Alicia's old friend, had just retired from his chaplaincy. He proved an admirable head for the new enterprise, and was glad to promote so beneficent a work. Expedients were fruitful in making knowledge interesting without injury to discipline. The stereopticon proved an invaluable assistant. All the great cities and famous landscapes of the world, distinguished men of every age and country, statues, pictures, historic scenes, were made vivid on canvas, and furnished themes for lectures. The eye taught the reason. By the same method Science became picturesque and intelligible. Marvellous the intellectual stimulus! Grateful the hearts of the poor! Wonderful the demand for such instruction!

The children were prepared for life's duties and not forgotten amid life's struggles, but were followed by judicious advice and pecuniary help. They developed, not only into industrious laborers and skilled mechanics. More than one passed through the college and the university into the high places of the professions and literature and art and science and government. Alicia was the soul of the enterprise. Out of Tom Brice's death rose the Howard Home, a visible proof that love can bind into sympathy the extremes of society.

XX.

HARBORED.

FOR many years the *orphanoi* had been prosecuting their studies. Facts had been collected and theories examined. An immense mass of material had been reduced to a system. Now the members of the society had come to agreement in their conclusions, and were assembled in the library on Prospect Hill for a final meeting, whose purpose was to summarize the opinions to which all had been led after many discussions. As usual, Anna Alston sat with her friends, busy and silent.

"Lee," began Dr. Stanley, "have you prepared the statement of our final question?"

"Alicia has written it out," said Lee. "Let me apologize for its terse and startling form. You may accuse us of irreverence. But never were we farther from such a feeling."

"*Free thought and free speech*—is the motto inscribed on our new banner. Liberty always produces boldness of expression and investigation. In my old age I have been released from my shell, and I propose to use my young wings in my sunshine. In all our studies we have sought truth. Bacon's laws of induction have

been our guides. Religion as well as philosophy demands the destruction of idols. Never again will I burn incense to ancestral gods who desire the worship of interest and passion, and in past ages have not been satisfied without blood. In our search for truth we *orphanoi* are free. Daughter, without hesitation read the question!"

Alicia arose with a flush on her cheeks and a tremor in her voice, which indicated a shrinking from her task. After a struggle she overcame her reluctance and said:

"Lee and I have reduced our inquiries to a sharp point like the focus-spot of a lens. Perhaps I myself feel a little burned by my own heat. Our question is, 'Could Christ Lie?'"

"That's it," cried Dr. Stanley. "Admirable! Three words include all! When we seek truth, Saxon; when we hide it, Latin! Our universe rays out from the character of Christ as a witness."

"I have sifted the subject as a lawyer," said Lee Alston, "and Alicia has brought it to her common sense. We have examined the record as a judge studies a deposition in a court of justice."

"And we are as much astonished," said Alicia, "as an astronomer whose telescope reveals a new star in the heavens."

"I anticipate you," said Dr. Stanley.

"Christ is the sun-centre of the moral universe."

"One human life alone in earth's history which is perfection," said Alston. "To it I can add nothing and from it I would subtract nothing."

"The ideal of all terrestrial and celestial excellence a fraud! Impossible!" said Alicia. "Man could no more create the character of Christ than he could make a universe."

"Summon from Heaven its angels!" said Dr. Stanley. "Challenge the seraphim and the cherubim! They cannot improve the biographies of the fishermen!"

"We conclude," said Alston, "that this incarnate truth could never lie."

"And *fact!*" said Dr. Stanley. "Our chief inquiry centres in *fact!* Legal testimony demands proof from *fact!* Our witnesses must be the eye and the ear and the finger."

"Here law, science, and religion are one," said Lee Alston. "Evidence in each is from the senses. With the eye astronomy reads her stars; with the eye geology notes her rocks; with the eye botany observes her plants, and to the eye chemistry adds ear and palate and nostril and finger. On the senses rests the whole structure of our modern physical science, and when their testimony is derided by our materialistic philosophers they are undermining

the fabric they construct, and involving themselves in its ruin."

"Speech and motion!" cried Dr. Stanley. "These are facts! Proved by the senses! If a man walks and talks he lives!"

"And with no reference to previous conditions," said Lee Alston abruptly.

"Certainly!" said Dr. Stanley. "My eye sees you walk; my ears hear you talk; my finger feels your pulse! I know you live."

"Now we have reached the point of our argument," said Alston. "I challenge our scientists. I meet them on their own ground. I take my proof from the senses on which all their systems rest. Christ said that after death he would live. Simply then—He would walk and talk! Did he thus walk and talk? If He did not walk and talk He lied. He, the solitary perfection in earth's history, lied. He, the ideal of virtue for humanity, lied. He, the moral example for a universe, lied. And with Him lied His Apostles, who, measured by the rules of legal evidence, are the most credible of all witnesses whose testimony I have examined."

"Thanks, Lee, thanks!" cried Alicia, while her eyes beamed and her face glowed and her voice thrilled. "On eagle-wings I mount. Your argument is a sunburst in my midnight. Eye and ear and finger prove that Christ rose from the grave. He then is Messiah. He is

Jehovah. He is the Incarnate Creator of the universe. I believe and exult in a faith, no longer an instinct, or an inheritance, or a tradition, but a conclusion of proof by my reason."

"Are the *orphanoi* agreed?" asked Dr. Stanley.

"Agreed! agreed! agreed!" all exclaimed eagerly together.

"If Christ rose on the earth He ascended into Heaven," said Dr. Stanley. "Proofs of the one fact are proofs of the other. For faith, reason builds an indestructible foundation."

"We cannot stop here!" said Lee. "Other consequences follow. Between revelation and inspiration we draw a distinction."

"State the difference!" said Dr. Stanley.

"Inspiration relates to words and revelation to things," answered Alston. "Inspiration is the expression—revelation the substance. Hence inspiration is form and revelation is fact. Revelation transcends inspiration."

"Your question then is," said Dr. Stanley, "Is the Old Testament a Revelation?"

Wholly!" said Lee. "Inspiration is too small for our present notice. We have found hundreds of instances which prove that the Old Testament claims to be a Revelation from the Personal Creator of the universe. Yes! a revelation communicated by Jehovah Himself. If the Old Testament is not such a Revelation then the Old Testament is a lie."

"A mean, pious, pharasaical, contemptible lie," burst out Alicia, her tone and face eloquent with disgust. "A lie," she continued, kindling as she proceeded, "I would scorn: a lie, I would blot from my mind—a lie I would trample under foot, and burn from the earth as a pollution. If the Old Testament be not a Revelation from the Creator of all, it is a fiction that has deceived more millions than the Koran, and I would consider Moses more detestable than Mahomet."

"Strong words, daughter, but true!" said Dr. Stanley. "A woman has rebuked our coddling divines! Manhood forces me to say that you are right!"

"Now, our argument!" said Lee Alston. "Christ fulfilled the Old Testament, quoted the Old Testament, recommended the Old Testament, reasoned out of the Old Testament, authorized the Old Testament, and always as a Revelation from the Creator. We have proved Christ the Truth. The Truth could not sanction a lie. This would make the truth lie. On the word of Christ, the Truth, we accept the Old Testament as a Revelation from Him whom we proved to be the Personal Cause of the universe."

"Are we agreed?" asked Dr. Stanley.

"Agreed! agreed! agreed!" all cried with an enthusiasm of conviction in look and tone and voice.

"Now as to the New Testament!" said Dr. Stanley.

"Who were its authors?" asked Lee Alston.

"Apostles and men sanctioned by Apostles," said Dr. Stanley. "We may therefore properly affirm—Apostles."

"To these Apostles, in things pertaining to Himself, infallible guidance was promised by Christ. His seal is on the New Testament as on the Old. Each is a Revelation authorized by Him, the Truth, and whom our reason has accepted and trusts as the Moral Ideal of the universe."

"Are we agreed?" asked Dr. Stanley.

"Agreed! agreed! agreed!" all cried in tones louder and firmer than before.

Then was heard another voice! Anna Alston had for years listened in silence. None of the *orphanoi* knew what on her mind was the impression of their arguments. Even to Lee she had never given a hint of her thoughts or feelings. Great was their surprise and pleasure when they heard from her lips the words:

"Agreed! agreed! agreed!"

Having thus expressed her conviction in the language of her friends, Anna added:

"Before I attended these meetings of the *orphanoi* my belief was a mere inheritance from my ancestors. Let me express my thanks for the light you have flashed into my mind. My mental view is expanded, and my faith founded on proofs which have convinced my Reason."

“ I will now end the life of our society by a few words,” said Dr. Stanley. “ Our work is accomplished, and we are no longer orphans. Henceforth our title would be a misnomer. One strong impression has been made on me by these years we have spent together. Never again in our enlightened world will priests impose religion by authority. A hierarchy can force faith only on ignorance. Intelligence scorns their fetter. They fail where they have no power to use screws and chains and flames as their final arguments. Henceforth the pulpit must give proofs to the pew. If Christianity could not be defended by evidences addressed to the reason it would perish like the ancient mythologies of Assyria and Egypt and Greece and Rome. It would fall because it deserved to fall. Forces of science, like truths of religion, are mysteries. But also as *proofs* of science are plain, so are *proofs* of religion. Between Creation and Revelation analogies are complete. They have the same Author whom we have proved the Personal Cause of the universe. Our examinations I confess I began in doubt. I end them with assurance. The objects of the *orphanoi* have been attained. I dissolve our society with regret and gratitude. Permit, in farewell, a personal testimony. I have passed into the witnessed liberty of the glory of the children of our ALL-FATHER.”

XXI.

CONVICTED.

WHEN we left Clifford Dulaney he had spent a charming evening at Prospect Hill. His brilliant conversation delighted the ladies, and the melody of his sonorous voice and the music he touched from the piano were long sadly remembered. As he talked, and sang, and played, his face was keenly scrutinized by Lee Alston. Could this man be a murderer and a hypocrite? We have seen that the lawyer at the bar of his own judgment had pronounced verdict in favor of the innocence of his client. No trace of crime was visible. Alston never gave a divided confidence. He argued that, however evil had been the life of Dulaney, he was the scion of a noble race, and the offspring of pure and lovely parents, and must, therefore, always retain the feelings of a gentleman. He will never plight his honor with his hand, and on his knees swear innocence, and deceive his friend to save his life. On the next morning after the scene we have described, Lee Alston went to the office of the District-Attorney, assured that his representations would speedily secure the release of

his client. He was received with the respect and cordiality due to his position at the New York Bar. After the salutations of the day, he said:

“I have come to see you about the son of an old friend, and my former pupil, Dulaney.”

“Has he engaged you as his counsel?”

“Yes! I undertook his cause on his pledge to me as a gentleman that he was guiltless. Under ordinary circumstances I would place no confidence in the word of the accused. But this man’s lineage and parents I know, and I am sure that he would not stain himself with a deception unworthy of his race.”

“Did he say that he was innocent?”

“He gave me his hand and swore it on his knees. Otherwise I would not appear in his defence.”

“Colonel, I know from experience that it is hard to get the better of you, but I fear this man has succeeded where I have been baffled. Your admiration for cavalier blood, I fear, he has played upon to gain your help.”

“I shall be slow to believe him guilty. His father and mother were my friends, and I taught him at college. Surely, surely, he could not cloud his bright ancestral name by violating his pledge as a gentleman.”

“He is a gambler.”

“But he gave me his solemn promise to re-

form. It is hard to quench the spark in the breast of a man so descended and educated."

"Colonel Alston, I shall submit to you the proofs, and then as a lawyer you can draw your own conclusions. For two months we have had detectives on the track of Dulaney, and have ascertained his life from boyhood. Even at college he was under suspicion of theft. As a freshman he began to gamble. He was a profligate in the navy, and only saved himself from dismissal by resignation. In both Europe and America his record is black. No man living is more expert in tricks at cards, or more crafty in snaring youth, or more remorseless in sacrificing his victims. I doubt the possibility of reform with such aptitudes for crime when necessity and habit have hardened character. But you cannot condemn even a gambler without proof."

Having uttered these words, the Attorney went to his desk, and returned with a bundle of papers. Untying these, he took out a letter and gave it to Lee Alston.

"Read this!" he said. A glance revealed to the keen lawyer that this epistle might, indeed, be the beginning of a plot against the life of Colonel Preston.

"An invitation from Dulaney to his uncle to visit him in New York. Where did you obtain it?" asked Alston.

"After the interment in Virginia it was

found in the desk of Colonel Preston, in which also a will was discovered. This, too, I request you to read."

Alston took the paper with a trembling hand. It bequeathed to Clifford Dulaney the whole estate, real and personal, of his uncle.

"Suspicion is not evidence," said Lee Alston. "Tell me in brief all you know?"

"We sent a skillful detective to the old mansion in Virginia. He learned from a colored woman, Dinah, that before Colonel Preston's death a stranger had called, whom she showed into the library."

"Dinah! How strange that she should come into my life here in New York! It seems to me like a shadow-made substance. Often I saw Dinah when a boy I visited the home of Colonel Preston."

"She is here!" said the Attorney. "I can show her to you with that red turban I suppose you recollect."

"My own gift!" said Alston. "I remember it well! You are bringing old Virginia into New York!"

"Dinah gave us a most precise and graphic description of the man she left in the library. Her word-picture was the clew to our case.

"Then you obtained from the files of the recorder the will you claim to be a forgery."

"A copy was made by order of the Court,

and the paper in your hand directed to be placed in our possession."

"This writing is surely Colonel Preston's," said Alston. "I have been familiar with these peculiar letters from my boyhood."

"I will give you the facts. Perhaps you may change your opinion. The texture of the paper on which the will was written we examined with a powerful microscope under an intense electric light. We then called to our aid many manufacturers. After long and painful examinations we found where the paper was made, and all the retail purchasers and sellers of its brand in our city. One of these small dealers recalled the appearance of the man who had bought this paper. His description agreed with that of Dinah. We soon found his face in the rogue's gallery, and ascertained that he was a noted criminal and most skillful with his pen. After proving that the will was a forgery, we placed this man under arrest. Then we sent for Dinah. She recognized Stripes as the stranger she introduced into the library. He has also been identified by the merchant who sold him the paper."

"A clever piece of detective work!" said Col. Alston. "Strong circumstantial evidence, but not conclusive proof!"

"We do not depend on inferences!" said the Attorney. "No need in this case of links in a long chain of circumstances. I will end

your suspense. The forger of the will has confessed his crime, and laid bare Dulaney's plot."

"He may fabricate a lie!" exclaimed Alston. "Your case is not conclusive. Even admitting that you have proved the forgery, you have not proved the murder."

"We have other evidence which shows absolutely that Dulaney killed his uncle."

"Give me the whole! I must know the worst."

"I will tell you all. We found out who was hall servant on the night Colonel Preston was suffocated. One of our shrewdest detectives made his acquaintance, and after a month's work obtained his story. He saw Dulaney in his night dress come from his room, open his uncle's door, enter, and, in a few minutes, return to his own bed. At the time this man thought nothing of the circumstance. But when next morning Colonel Preston was found dead, he was sure who was his murderer. Dulaney had seen the servant as he crossed the hall, and promised him a thousand dollars if he would keep silent. When this fellow found that he had betrayed himself to the detective, he confessed everything. Reckless as it may seem, Dulaney gave the servant his check, which I hold here in my hand, and which was given us by the bank."

After hearing the Attorney, Lee Alston

felt an irrepressible pang. It was hard to surrender to death and disgrace a man bound to him by so many ties as Dulaney. But his sorrow was succeeded by a sterner emotion. He resolved to confound the criminal with the proofs of his guilt, and said to the Attorney:

"I am convinced. Of course I abandon his case. Now I ask a favor."

"Name what you wish, and I will grant it if consistent with professional duty."

"In proof, not only of his crimes, but his perfidy to me, I propose to confront Dulaney with the witnesses of his guilt."

"You shall!" said the Attorney. "While Dulaney pursued his life as a gambler he was forced to abandon opium. He became strictly temperate. The gamester has need to command his faculties, and this man is master of his art. But since he has known himself to be under the eyes of policemen and detectives he has sought to forget his crime and his peril by the oblivion of brandy and morphine. He lives in a stupor. We know his habits, what he buys, and when, and where, and how much he eats and drinks. About ten o'clock tonight he will awake from a long sleep, and will then be at your disposal. I will be near as an officer of the law. For myself, I wish to know the result of your experiment."

At the appointed hour a strange group was seen in the room of Clifford Dulaney. The

burners were turned low, so that objects were dimly visible in the gloom. On a lounge was the sleeper in his gown and slippers. The glow and flush of health had been taken by opium from his cheeks, which were always now pale and ghastly, unless reddened for a moment by brandy. Beneath the sunken eyes the skin was blackened. Except for the heavy breathing, so great was the pallor of the face, that the slumberer might have been taken for a ghost. A stir, a moan, a tremor, indicate that the time of awakening is near. Once Dulaney cried out as if he had seen a spectre. Now he is calm as death. But he shows traces of a suffering mind. Beneath that corpse-like exterior do visions haunt the man? Does the worm of regret gnaw? Does the fire of remorse burn? Does the panorama of judgment terrify? Does the gate of an eternal future open? No mortal dare draw that veil! But more awful than the intangible creations of his mind are the visible witnesses of his guilt standing in silence about the sleeper. Gazing at his feet was the forger of the will. Next to this rascal was stationed the bribed servant. Behind looked down the innocent merchant from whom the paper had been bought. Above them all towered the red turban of Dinah who, fresh from his home, suggested memories of her murdered master. Alston and the Attorney stood on opposite sides, withdrawn a little behind Dulaney.

Before another movement there was a long silent waiting. Now a motion on the couch! The foot is drawn upward! The hands are clasped above the head! The lips are parted! Tremors pass over the body! Slowly the eyes open! After a wild stare they are closed! Dulaney lifts himself from his lounge. He sits up! Is it a dream? His gestures and mutterings draw Alston and the Attorney nearer, and they infer that Dulaney thinks he has been summoned to the great white throne of judgment. But soon he knows that this is no opium vision. Around him stand the witnesses of his crimes. On him will be fixed the ineffaceable stain of murder. The shock of this discovery was too much for his exhausted system. While life still pulsed feebly in his veins he sat dumb and cold as death. In the room was stillness, deep as the silence of centuries in the burial vaults of kings in their pyramids. Only it was interrupted by an occasional sob from old Dinah. Shrieks, and hair-tearings, and contortions would have been vulgar and commonplace intrusions on the awfulness of that chamber. With his last strength Dulaney still continued to sit upright. His eyes were fixed in their stare. His arms were outstretched and rigid. His soul in its darkness was immovable as the abysses of the ocean. Out of his despair came a shadow over his face so

black that it might seem projected from eternal night. He fell back on his pillow, and with one loud gasp Clifford Dulaney, last of an old and splendid race, passed into the invisible.

XXII.

EUTOPIA.

NEW YORK harbor requires sunshine. It looks low and commonplace when dimmed in a haze. Like young America its glory is in light. Let it be seen under the brilliant beams of a Summer morning as we steam homeward after a long sojourn amid the shadows of old Europe! Then our harbor reminds us of the genius of our young nation, whose image is—Hope—crowned with eternal sun rays. Fogies in this land, like mists and mules and ravens, are intolerable. Only an old, decaying world, as befits, should scowl and kick and croak. How graceful the outlines of Staten Island, and how it delights the eye as it rises in the glad light, flanked by the Navesink Hills and the Orange Mountains, as we see them when passing Fort Hamilton! And looking back over the bay towards our city, the great buildings along Broadway tower grandly, and their windows flash gorgeous in the sun! The lovely shores and islands smile welcome to his royal face! Never had all seemed to Lee and Anna so beautiful as now, when the “Alicia” was flying, wing and wing, before a

morning breeze of early July. Every sail was filled, and the yacht sped over the sparkling waves as if animated by the spirit of the young day. In sympathy with the glad hour and bright scene, joy glowed in all hearts and shone in all faces.

About two hours after the "Alicia" left Bay Ridge, the "Tom Brice" was drawn out by a tug from the same wharf, and followed through the narrows. Under an awning on the deck sat Dr. Stanley and his daughter in animated conversation.

"Father," said Alicia, "I am taking you where you will soon learn my secret."

"You have kept it long and well, daughter! Often I have seen it just bubbling over your lips, when you have forced it back, and left me disappointed. What it is I cannot conceive."

"A few hours will uncover this mystery of years," said Alicia. "When I thought my plans accomplished, they have been baffled. I have to deal with human nature twisted and diseased and deformed by centuries of degradation, and yet I have founded a republic."

"A republic?"

"Yes, father, a republic!"

"In fancy, you mean!"

"No! my work is a fact."

"You dream! you joke! you speak in riddles!"

"Eutopia, father, is an established govern-

ment, or I would not be here this morning steaming towards it for your scrutiny."

"Well, my daughter, cease mystery! Let me know what you have done!"

"You remember when I began to take our children from the Howard Home on summer excursions into the country?"

"A beautiful charity! What better than to give these little Arabs, shut up in narrow streets and crowded rooms, the health of the pure air, the sight of green fields and trees, and glad frolics in the glorious sunshine!"

"All these we give them now, father, and much more. We had many difficulties. Often it was hard to find places for our children. They were exposed to many evil influences. Instead of scattering them among strangers I resolved to keep them together. But how govern boys and girls from slum-homes and streets suddenly made wild by liberty in the free country air? We tried many plans and failed."

"The problem is surrounded by difficulties innumerable, nor do I think any solution can be found."

"I, father, have discovered Eutopia. Plato and More and Sidney are eclipsed. Their dreams I have reduced to fact. But I spell the name in the old Greek way. My republic is an original American institution. The old world must learn from the new."

"More riddles, daughter! more riddles! my head turns with your riddles!"

"I've bought a farm."

"A farm!" exclaimed Dr. Stanley in amazement. "A farm! Playing Marie Antoinette, and Little Trianon! Like the queenly dairy-maid making butter and feeding ducks and chickens! Your cap and gown in rustic style! Nonsense, Alicia! No such French fancies suit America!"

"A farm of five hundred acres, father, on the Long Island shore facing the ocean! We raise for the New York market vegetables, grapes, apples, cherries, plums, peaches, pears, and berries, and we sell at a profit. I invested Tom's legacy and your own generous gifts, and my enterprize is a beautiful success."

"You are not now talking cloud-land, daughter! Your modern ideas are practical as our grandmother's spinning-wheels. Now I begin to fear too little fancy instead of too much. But what has all you say to do with the children of our Howard Home?"

"Everything, father! During the months of June, July, August, and September I keep the boys and girls of my republic at work on the farm. Our vacation is no mere holiday. With sport we mingle labor. We have no drones. Our American Eutopia resembles a bee-hive or an ant-hill, only our workers are paid in cash."

“ You keep me in a state of puzzle, daughter! My head is whirling with your novelties! Tell me what you mean by your republic! ”

“ Father, I was perplexed about the government of our children. For eight months in our Home they are under strict discipline, but fresh air and bright sunshine kindle their spirits and they run wild with joy, and we were afraid our vacation would relax the training of our school. For without constant control Arabia flies back to barbarism. When almost in despair I had an inspiration. See the gleam from that spire at Navesink! So the bright thought flashed into my mind! ”

“ Daughter, the mystery deepens! You treat the impossible as fact! Little city Arabs can never govern themselves! ”

“ Europe's Utopia was a vision—America's Eutopia is a success. ”

“ You increase my suspense! The more you say the darker you seem. ”

“ Now for the explanation! ” said Alicia.

“ I made our republic after the model of our national government. We have a congress with two houses; a supreme court, a president, police officers, a bank, a store, hotels, a currency; and those two indispensables of civilization—a jail and a poorhouse. ”

“ Who fill your offices? All your gentlemen and lady friends in New York could not carry forward such a government. ”

“Father, our boys manage our republic. They make their own laws, elect their own officers and execute their own statutes. Of course they are not mere street children, and they could not succeed unless they had first a training in our schools. The Howard Home is the foundation of our Eutopian Republic. Mr. Percival and myself have an invisible control, but we seldom openly interfere.”

“Impracticable, daughter, impracticable!”

“Wait and see, father, before you pronounce judgment! Here are our coins!”

As Alicia spoke she took from her satchel five disks of tin representing nickels, dimes, quarters, and half and whole dollars, and gave them to Dr. Stanley, who examined them critically. She then continued:

“No boy or girl has anything without work. Idlers go to the poorhouse, sleep on boards, live on bread and water. When tired of their fare they are glad to labor. We have three hotels—the Stanley, the Spencer, and the Alston, where the meals are according to price, and nothing can be had except for payment in our currency. Our cottages number twenty. They are neat, comfortable, and built suitably to our purpose. For these we charge no rent. Employment on our farm is always ready for those willing to work, and they are paid scrupulously for their labor. The store, the hotels, the bank, are marvelously managed by these

boys. Beginners in business often fail, and are declared bankrupt. We start them afresh, and after a few experiments they usually succeed. Morning is for labor and afternoon for sport, and at night we have brief lectures, recitations, music, and simple dramatic plays. After a few confinements in the jail and the poorhouse, our prisoners and paupers frequently prove our most successful bankers and merchants. The ambition of our boys is not to be presidents, judges, and senators, but police officers. In the eyes of Arabia a 'cop' is the most powerful and splendid of its chieftians. You will soon see our banner waving over a realized Eutopia."

"If I did not know you, Alicia, I should think you were joking your father. What you tell me seems incredible."

"At the close of our season," said Alicia, smiling, "some of our republican American Arabs have from fifty to a hundred dollars in bank. How do you suppose we settle their accounts?"

"Not with money, surely!" said Dr. Stanley. "Cash in pocket would soon turn your youthful democracy back to the ways of their fathers, and mothers, and remote ancestors."

"Yes! dollars would prove ruin as in the case of many who are older. We have always to remember that our boys and girls are sons and daughters of beggars, outcasts, and crimi-

nals, exposed to all the vile influences of degrading homes, and with inherited tendencies to evil. Yet in our Home and our Republic we have taught these Arabs industry, self-reliance, and self-respect, and we will follow them, and help them until they become worthy and successful men and women. Their bank accounts are redeemed with clothing, fruits and vegetables. Idlers go home empty and in rags. The busy and thrifty worker is loaded with useful gifts, his own earnings, for father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters. Between the dress and bearing of the two classes the contrast is touching and amusing."

"Daughter, your words seem to me like pictures of a dream," said Dr. Stanley. "You have taken me into a vision-world. I must see for myself whether Eutopia corresponds to your vivid descriptions."

"I could give you many instances of the shrewdness of these young Arabs in government, politics, and business. They are surprisingly quick and apt. Our summers supplement our winters, and our children return to our Home healthful, and bright, and industrious, and happy. Lee and Mr. Percival have been my invaluable assistants. Our farm is managed by Mr. Agnew, a graduate of Yale, but whose boyhood was spent in labor on his father's stony acres in Vermont. You will be glad to know that our Eutopia pays all the expenses of

Howard Home. Our enterprise is no longer a charity, but a self-supporting and independent republic. We have done what Plato, and More, and Sidney scorned in their sublime flights. Yes! we have brought Eutopia from their clouds down to our earth, and made it *work* and *pay*. In a few years Lee promises us annual *dividends*."

"Now, my dear," said Dr. Stanley, "I understand your plan, and can observe for myself. Is not that the 'Alicia?'"

Dr. Stanley raised his telescope to his eye, looked for a moment, and gave it to his daughter.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, as she gazed. "My namesake!"

"How graceful her lines!" exclaimed Dr. Stanley. "What a beauty! Her white hull and sails gleaming in the sun over the blue waves make her seem as if she were a living creature, exulting in her speed and wings. She flies like a sea-nymph. We must overtake her and come together into Eutopia."

Dr. Stanley gave the order, the "Tom Brice" increased speed, and the two yachts were soon bow and bow. As they turned toward the shore, and anchored on opposite sides of the wharf, a beautiful spectacle met their gaze.

On a high grassy bank looking toward the ocean stood two hundred children, divided into companies of ten, each commanded by a cap-

tain. Over them the American flag floated in the breeze and flashed in the sun. As Dr. Stanley, with Alicia on his arm, and Lee Alston with Anna, moved along the wharf and descended the hill, the boys and girls waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and gave three loud cheers, which were heartily answered. The band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." When the music ceased, and our party came near, they were cheered again. Soon afterwards the children dispersed for their sports on the grass under the shadows of the great trees. At twelve the trumpet blew for luncheon. Never were children better provided or happier, and our ladies and gentlemen enjoyed the country fare more than their city delicacies. After the repast, speeches followed by the visitors. The exercises closed by an address from the President of Eutopia, a lad of sixteen, who amused with his Irish wit and Arab shrewdness—mixture such as only New York produces. A carriage then appeared, and Dr. Stanley and his daughter, with Lee and Anna, entered, and were driven over the farm. Every part was minutely examined. On their return our party visited cottages and workshops, the bank, the store, the poorhouse, the prison, the hotels, the court-room and the state-house. Here were visible proofs of unsuspected powers in young street outcasts. Howard Stanley was forced to acknowledge that his daughter had not drawn

her picture with glaring colors. She had found the missing link between our social extremes. The inspection having been completed, our visitors bade farewell to the children again assembled on the lawn. It had been arranged to leave the "Alicia" behind, so that the "Tom Brice" was boarded for the return. When the yacht had steamed out a short distance from the wharf, she was stopped that the scene on the shore might be impressed and remembered. As the children waved and clapped, their shouts, mingled with the music of the band, came mellowed over the water. Never had the beams of an evening sun brightened such an EUTOPIA.



