

## AU LARGE.\*

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V.

FATHER AND SON.



UCH strange things storms do,—here purifying the air, yonder treading down rich harvests, now replenishing the streams, and now strewing shores with wrecks; here a blessing; there a calamity. See what this one had done for Marguerite! Well, what? She could not lament; she dared not rejoice. Oh! if she were Claude and Claude were she, how quickly—

She wondered how many miles a day she could learn to walk if she should start out into the world on foot to find somebody, as she had heard that Bonaventure had once done to find her mother's lover. There are no Bonaventures now, she thinks, in these decayed times.

"Mamma,"—her speech was French,—  
"why do we never see Bonaventure? How far is it to Grande Pointe?"

"Ah! my child, a hundred miles; even more."

"And to my uncle Rosamond's,—Rosamond Robichaux, on Bayou Terrebonne?"

"Fully as far, and almost the same journey."

There was but one thing to be done—crush Claude out of her heart.

The storm had left no wounds on Grande Pointe. Every roof was safe, even the old tobacco-shed where Bonaventure had kept school before the school-house was built. The sheltering curtains of deep forest had broken the onset of the wind, and the little cotton, corn, and tobacco fields, already harvested, were merely made a little more tattered and brown. The November air was pure, sunny, and mild, and trilled every now and then with the note of some lingering bird. A green and bosky confusion still hid house from house and masked from itself the all but motionless human life of the sleepy woods village. Only an adventitious china-tree here and there had been stripped of its golden foliage and kept only its ripened berries with the redbirds darting and fluttering around them like so many

hiccoughing Comanches about a dram-seller's tent. And here, if one must tell a thing so painful, our old friend the mocking-bird, neglecting his faithful wife and letting his home go to decay, kept dropping in, all hours of the day, tasting the berries' rank pulp, stimulating, stimulating, drowning care, you know,—  
"Lost so many children, and the rest gone off in ungrateful forgetfulness of their old hard-working father; yes"; and ready to sing or fight, just as any other creature happened not to wish; and going home in the evening scolding and swaggering and getting to bed barely able to hang on to the roost. It would have been bad enough, even for a man; but for a bird—and a mocking-bird!

But the storm wrought a great change in one small house not in Grande Pointe, yet of it. Until the storm, ever since the day St. Pierre had returned from the little railway station where Claude had taken the cars, he had seemed as patiently resigned to the new loneliness of Bayou des Acadiens as his thatched hut, which day by day sat so silent between the edges of the dark forest and the darker stream, looking out beyond the farther bank, and far over the green waste of rushes with its swarm of blackbirds sweeping capriciously now this way and now that, and the phantom cloud-shadows passing slowly across from one far line of cypress wood to another. But since that night when the hut's solitary occupant could not sleep for the winds and for thought of Claude, there was a great difference inside. And this did not diminish; it grew. It is hard for a man to be both father and mother, and at the same time be childless. The bonds of this condition began slowly to tighten around St. Pierre's heart and then to cut into it. And so, the same day on which Claude in Vermillionville left the Beausoleils' tavern, the cabin on Bayou des Acadiens, ever in his mind's eye, was empty, and in Grande Pointe his father stood on the one low step at the closed door of Bonaventure's little frame school-house.

He had been there a full minute and had not knocked. Every movement, to-day, came only after an inward struggle. Many associations crowded his mind on this doorstep. Six years before, almost on this spot, a mere brier patch then, he and Maximian Roussel had

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risen from the grassy earth and given the first two welcoming hand-grasps to the schoolmaster. And now, as one result, Claude, who did not know his letters then, was rising — nay, had risen — to greatness! Claude, whom once he would have been glad to make a good fisherman and swamper, or at the utmost a sugar-boiler, was now a greater, in rank at least, than the very schoolmaster. Truly, "Knowledge is power" — alas! yes; for it had stolen away that same Claude. The College Point priest's warning had come true: it was "good-bye to Grande Pointe!" — Nay, nay, it must not be! Is that the kind of power education is? Power to tear children from their parents? Power to expose their young heads to midnight storms? Power to make them eager to go, and willing to stay away, from their paternal homes? Then indeed the priest had said only too truly, that these public schools teach everything except morals and religion! From the depth of St. Pierre's heart there quickly came a denial of the charge; and on the moment, like a chanted response, there fell upon his listening ear a monotonous intonation from within the door. A reading-class had begun its exercise. He knew the words by heart, so often had Claude and he read them together. He followed the last stanza silently with his own lips.

"Remember, child, remember  
That you love, with all your might,  
The God who watches o'er us  
And gives us each delight,  
Who guards us ever in the day  
And saves us in the night."

Tears filled the swamper's eyes. He moved as if to leave the place, but paused with one foot half lowered to the ground. His jaws set, a frown came between his eyes; he drew back the foot, turned again to the door, and gave a loud, peremptory knock.

Bonaventure came to the door. Anxiety quickly overspread his face as he saw the gloom on St. Pierre's. He stood on the outer edge of the sill and drew the door after him.

"I got good news," said St. Pierre, with a softening of countenance.

"Good news?"

"Yass.—I goin' make Claude come home."

Bonaventure could only look at him in amazement. St. Pierre looked away and continued:

"S no use. Can't stand it no longer." He turned suddenly upon the schoolmaster. "Why you di' n' tell me ed'cation goin' teck my boy 'way from me?" In Bonaventure a look of distressful self-justification quickly changed to one of anxious compassion.

"Wait!" he said. He went back into the school-room, leaving St. Pierre in the open door, and said:

"Dear chil'run, I perceive generally the aspects of fatigue. You have been good scholars. I pronounce a half-hollyday till tomorrow morning. Come, each and every one, with lessons complete."

The children dispersed peaceably, jostling one another to shake the schoolmaster's hand as they passed him. When they were gone he put on his coarse straw hat, and the two men walked slowly, conversing as they went, down the green road that years before had first brought the educator to Grande Pointe.

"Dear friend," said the schoolmaster, "shall education be to blame for this separation? Is not also non-education responsible? Is it not by the non-education of Grande Pointe that there is nothing fit here for Claude's staying?"

"You stay!"

"I? I stay? Ah! sir, I stay, yes! Because, like Claude, leaving my home and seeking by wandering to find the true place of my utility, a voice spake that I come at Grande Pointe. Behold me! as far from my childhood home as Claude from his. Friend,—ah! friend, what shall I,—shall Claude,—shall any man do with education? Keep it? Like a miser his gol'? What shall the ship do when she is load'? Dear friend," — they halted where another road started away through the underbrush at an abrupt angle on their right, — "where leads this narrow road? To Belle Alliance plantation only, or not also to the whole worl'? So is education! That road here once fetch me at Grande Pointe; the same road fetch Claude away. Education came whispering, 'Claude St. Pierre, come! I have constitute' you citizen of the worl'. Come, come, forgetting self!' Oh, dear friend, education is not for self alone! Nay, even self is not for self!"

"Well, den," — the deep-voiced woodman stood with one boot on a low stump, fiercely trimming a branch that he had struck from the parent stem with one blow of his big, keen clasp-knife, — "self not for self,—for what he gone off and lef' me in the swamp?"

"Ah, sir!" replied Bonaventure, "what do I unceasingly tell those dear school-chil'run? 'May we not make the most of self, yet not for self?'" He laid his hand upon St. Pierre's shoulder. "And who sent Claude hence if not his unselfish father?"

"I was big fool," said St. Pierre, whitening on.

"Nay, wise! Discovering the great rule of civilize-ation. Every man not for self, but for every other!"

The swamper disclaimed the generous imputation with a shake of the head.

"Naw, I dunno nut'n 'bout dat. I look out

for me and my boy, me.—And, beside,”—he abruptly threw away the staff he had trimmed, shut his knife with a snap, and thrust it into his pocket,—“I dawn’t see ed’cation make no diff’ence. You say ed’cation—priest say religion—me, I dawn’t see neider one make no diff’ence. I see every man look out for hisself and his li’l’ crowd. Not you, but—” He waved his hand bitterly toward the world at large.

“Ah, sir!” cried Bonaventure, “t is not something what you can see all the time, like the horns on a cow! And yet, sir,—and yet!”—he lifted himself upon tiptoe and ran his fingers through his thin hair—“the education that make’ no difference is but a dead body! and the religion that make’ no difference is a ghost! Behole! behole two thing’ in the worl’, where all is giving and getting, two thing’, *contrary*, yet resem’ling! ’T is the left han’—alas, alas!—giving only to get; and the right, blessed of God, getting only to give! How much resem’ling, yet how *contrary*! The one—han’ of all strife; the other—of all peace. And oh! dear friend, there are those who call the one civilize-ation, and the other religion. Civilize-ation? Religion? They are one! They are body and soul! I care not what religion the priest teach you; in God’s religion is comprised the total *mécanique* of civilize-ation. We are all in it; you, me, Claude, Sidonie; all in it! Each and every at his task, however high, however low, working not to get, but to give, and not to give only to his own li’l’ crowd, but to all, to all!” The speaker ceased, for his hearer was nodding his head with skeptical impatience.

“Yass,” said the woodman, “yass; but look, Bonaventure. Di’n’ you said onetime, ‘Knowledge is power’?”

“Yes, truly; and it is.”

“But what use knowledge be power if goin’ give ev’t’in’ away?”

Bonaventure drew back a step or two, suddenly jerked his hat from his head, and came forward again with arms stretched wide and the hat dangling from his hand. “Because—because God will not let it sta-a-y given away! ‘Give—it shall be give’ to you.’ Everything given out into God’s worl’ come back to us roun’ God’s worl’! Resem’ling the stirring of water in a bucket!”

But St. Pierre frowned. “Yass,—wat’ in bucket,—yass. Den no man dawn’t keep nut’n’. Dawn’t own nut’n’ he got.”

“Ah! sir, there is a better owning than to *own*. ’T is giving, dear friend; ’t is giving. To get? To have? That is not to own. The giver, not the getter; the giver! he is the true owner. Live thou not to get, but to give.” Bonaven-

ture’s voice trembled; his eyes were full of tears.

The swamper stood up with his own eyes full, but his voice was firm. “Bonaventure, I don’t got much. I got dat li’l’ shanty on Bayou des Acadiens and li’l’ plunder inside—few kittle’ and pan’,—cast-net, fish-line’, two, t’ree gun’, and—my wife’ grave, yond’ in graveyard. But I got Claude,—my boy, my son. You t’ink God want me give my son to whole worl’?”

The schoolmaster took the woodsman’s brown wrist tenderly into both his hands and said, scarce above a whisper, “He gave His, first. He started it. Who can refuse, He starting it? And thou will not refuse.” The voice rose—“I see, I see the victory! Well art thou nominated ‘St Pierre’! for on that rock of giving—”

“Naw, sir! Stop!” The swamper dashed the moisture from his eyes and summoned a look of stubborn resolve. “Mo’ better you call me St. Pierre because I’m a fisherman what cuss when I git mad. Look! You dawn’t want me git Claude back in Gran’ Point’. You want me to give, give. Well, all right! I goin’ *quit* Gran’ Point’ and give myself, me, to Claude. I kin read, I kin write, I t’ink kin do better ’long wid Claude dan livin’ all ’lone wid snake’ and alligator’. I t’ink dass mo’ better for everybody; and anyhow, I dawn’t care; I dawn’t give my son to nobody; I give myself to Claude.”

Bonaventure and his friend gazed into each other’s wet eyes for a moment. Then the schoolmaster turned, lifted his eyes and one arm toward the west, and exclaimed:

“Ah, Claude! thou receivest the noblest gift in Gran’ Point’!”

## VI.

## CONVERGING LINES.

On the prairies of Vermillion and Lafayette winter is virtually over by the first week in February. From sky to sky, each tree and field, each plain and plantation grove, are putting on the greenery of a northern May. Even on Côte Gelée the housewife has persuaded *le vieux* to lay aside his gun, and the early potatoes are already planted. If the moon be at the full much ground is ready for the sower; and those plowmen and pony teams and men working along behind them with big, clumsy hoes, over in yonder field, are planting corn. Those silent, tremulous strands of black that in the morning sky come gliding, high overhead, from the direction of the great sea marshes and fade into the northern blue, are flocks that have escaped the murderous gun of the pot-hunter. Spring and summer are driving these before

them as the younger and older sister, almost abreast, come laughing, and striving to outrun each other across the Mexican Gulf.

Those two travelers on horseback, so dwarfed by distance, whom you see approaching out of the north-west, you shall presently find have made, in their dress, no provision against cold. At Carancro, some miles away to the north-east, there is a thermometer; and somewhere in Vermillionville, a like distance to the south-east, there might possibly be found a barometer; but there is no need of either to tell that the air to-day is threescore and ten and will be more before it is less. Before the riders draw near you have noticed that only one is a man and the other a woman. And now you may see that he is sleek and alert, blonde and bland, and the savage within us wants to knock off his silk hat. All the more so for that she is singularly pretty to be met in his sole care. The years count, on her brows, it is true, but the way in which they tell of matronhood—and somehow of widowhood too—is a very fair and gentle way. Her dress is plain, but its lines have a grace that is also dignity; and the lines of her face—lines is too hard a word for them—are not those of time, but of will and of care, that have chastened, refined, one another. She speaks only now and then. Her companion's speech fills the wide intervals.

"Yesterday morning," he says, "as I came along here a little after sunrise, there was a thin fog lying only two or three feet deep, close to the level ground as far as you could see, hiding the whole prairie and making it look for all the world like a beautiful lake, with every here and there a green grove standing out of it like a real little island."

She replies that she used to see it so in her younger days. The Acadian accent is in her words. She lifts her black eyes, looks toward Carancro, and is silent.

"You're thinking of the changes," says her escort.

"Yass; 't is so. Dey got twenty time' many field' like had befo'. Peop' don't raise cattl' no mo'; raise crop'. Dey say even dat land changin'."

"How changing?"

"I dunno. I dunno if 't is so. Dey say prairie risin' mo' higher every year. I dunno if 't is so. I t'ink dat land don't change much; but de peop', yass."

"Still, the changes are mostly good changes," responds the male rider. "'T is n't the prairie, but the people that are rising. They've got the school-house, and the English language, and a free, paid labor system, and the railroads, and painted wagons, and Cincinnati furniture, and sewing-machines, and melo-

deons, and Horsford's Acid Phosphate; and they've caught the spirit of progress!"

"Yass, 't is so. Dawn't see nobody seem satisfied—since de army—since de railroad."

"Well, that's right enough; they ought n't to be satisfied. You're not satisfied, are you? And yet you've never done so well before as you have this season. I wish I could say the same for the 'Album of Universal Information'; but I can't. I tell you that, Madame Beausoleil; I would n't tell anybody else."

Zoséphine responds with a dignified bow. She has years ago noticed in herself that, though she has strength of will, she lacks clearness and promptness of decision. She is at a loss, now, to know what to do with Mr. Tarbox. Here he is for the seventh time. But there is always a plausible explanation of his presence, and a person of more tactful propriety, it seems to her, never put his name upon her tavern register or himself into her company. She sees nothing shallow or specious in his dazzling attainments; they rekindle the old ambitions in her that Bonaventure lighted; and although Mr. Tarbox's modest loveliness is not visible, yet a certain fundamental rectitude, discernible behind all his nebulous gaudiness, confirms her liking. Then, too, he has earned her gratitude. She has inherited not only her father's small fortune, but his thrift as well. She can see the sagacity of Mr. Tarbox's advice in pecuniary matters, and once and once again, when he has told her quietly of some little operation into which he and the ex-governor—who "thinks the world of me," he says—were going to dip, and she has accepted his invitation to venture in also, to the extent of a single thousand dollars, the money has come back handsomely increased. Even now, the sale of all her prairie lands to her former kinsmen-in-law, which brought her out here yesterday and lets her return this morning, is made upon his suggestion, and is so advantageous that somehow, she does n't know why, she almost fears it is n't fair to the other side. The fact is, the country is passing from the pastoral to the agricultural life, the prairies are being turned into countless farms, and the people are getting wealth. So explains Mr. Tarbox, whose happening to come along this morning bound in her direction is pure accident—pure accident.

"No, the 'A. of U. I.' has n't done its best," he says again. "For one thing, I've had other fish to fry. You know that." He ventures a glance at her eyes, but they ignore it, and he adds, "I mean other financial matters."

"'T is so," says Zoséphine; and Mr. Tarbox hopes the reason for this faint repulse is only the nearness of this farm-house peeping at



them through its pink veil of blossoming peach-trees, as they leisurely trot by.

"Yes," he says; "and, besides, 'Universal Information' is n't what this people want. The book 's too catholic for them."

"Too Cat'oleek!" Zoséphine raises her pretty eyebrows in grave astonishment—"Cadian' is all Cat'oleek."

"Yes, yes, ecclesiastically speaking, I know. That was n't my meaning. Your smaller meaning puts my larger one out of sight; yes, just as this Cherokee hedge puts out of sight the miles of prairie fields, and even that house we just passed. No, the 'A. of U. I.'—I love to call it that; can you guess why?" There is a venturesome twinkle in his smile, and even a playful permission in her own as she shakes her head.

"Well, I 'll tell you; it 's because it brings you and I so near together."

"Hah!" exclaims Madame Beausoleil, warningly, yet with sunshine and cloud on her brow at once. She likes her companion's wit, always so deep and yet always so delicately pointed! His hearty laugh just now disturbs her somewhat, but they are out on the wide plain again, without a spot in all the sweep of her glance where an eye or an ear may ambush them or their walking horses.

"No," insists her fellow-traveler; "I say again, as I said before, the 'A. of U. I.'—" he pauses at the initials, and Zoséphine's faint smile gives him ecstasy—"has n't done its best. And yet it has done beautifully! Why, when did you ever see such a list as this? He dexterously draws from an extensive inner breast-pocket, such as no coat but a book-agent's or a shoplifter's would be guilty of, a wide, limp, morocco-bound subscription book. "Here!" He throws it open upon the broad Texas pommel. "Now, just for curiosity, look at it—Oh! you can't see it from away off there, looking at it sideways!" He gives her a half-reproachful, half-beseeching smile and glance and gathers up his dropped bridle. They come closer. Their two near shoulders approach each other, the two elbows touch, and two dissimilar hands hold down the leaves. The two horses playfully bite at each other; it is their way of winking one eye.

"Now, first, here's the governor's name; and then his son's, and his nephew's, and his other son's, and his cousin's. And here Pierre Corneaux, and Baptiste Clement, you know, at Carancro; and here's Bazilide Sexnailder, and Joseph Cantrelle, and Jacques Hebert; see? And Gaudin, and Laprade, Blouin, and Roussel,—old Christoffe Roussel of Beau Bassin,—Duhon, Roman and Simonette Le Blanc, and Judge Landry, and Thériot,—Colonel Thériot,—Martin, Hebert

again, Robichaux, Mouton, Mouton again, Robichaux again, Mouton—oh, I 've got 'em all!—Castille, Beausoleil—cousin of yours? Yes, he said so; good fellow, thinks you're the greatest woman alive." The two dissimilar hands, in turning a leaf, touch, and the smaller one leaves the book. "And here's Guilbeau, and Latiolais, and Thibodeaux, and Soudrie, and Arcenaux—flowers of the community—"I gather them in"—and here's a page of Côte Gelée people, and—Joe Jefferson had n't got back to the Island yet, but I 've got his son; see? And here's—can you make out this signature? It's written so small—"

Both heads,—with only the heavens and the dear old earth-mother to see them,—both heads bend over the book; the hand that had retreated returns, but bethinks itself and withdraws again; the eyes of Mr. Tarbox look across their corners at the sedate brow so much nearer his than ever it has been before, until that brow feels the look and slowly draws away. Look to your mother, Marguerite; look to her! But Marguerite is not there, not even in Vermillionville; nor yet in Lafayette parish; nor anywhere throughout the wide prairies of Opelousas or Attakapas. Triumph fills Mr. Tarbox's breast.

"Well," he says, restoring the book to its hiding-place, "seems like I ought to be satisfied with that; does n't it to you?"

It does; Zoséphine says so. She sees the double meaning, and Mr. Tarbox sees that she sees it, but must still move cautiously. So he says:

"Well, I 'm not satisfied. It's perfect as far as it goes, but don't expect me to be satisfied with it. If I 've seemed satisfied, shall I tell you why it was, my dear—friend?"

Zoséphine makes no reply; but her dark eyes meeting his for a moment, and then falling to her horse's feet, seem to beg for mercy.

"It's because," says Mr. Tarbox, while her heart stands still, "it's because I 've made"—there is an awful pause—"more money without the 'A. of U. I.' this season than I 've made with it."

Madame Beausoleil catches her breath, shows relief in every feature, lifts her eyes with sudden brightness, and exclaims:

"Dass good! Dass mighty good, yass! 'Tis so."

"Yes, it is; and I tell you, and you only, because I 'm proud to believe you're my sincere friend. Am I right?"

Zoséphine busies herself with her riding-skirt, shifts her seat a little, and with studied carelessness assents.

"Yes," her companion repeats; "and so I tell you. The true business man is candid to

all, communicative to none. And yet I open my heart to you. I can't help it; it won't stay shut. And you must see, I'm sure you must, that there's something more in there besides money; don't you?" His tone grows tender.

Madame Beausoleil steals a glance toward him,—a grave, timid glance. She knows there is safety in the present moment. Three horsemen, strangers, far across the field in their front, are coming toward them, and she feels an almost proprietary complacency in a suitor whom she can safely trust to be saying just the right nothings when those shall meet them and ride by. She does not speak; but he says:

"You know there is, dear Jos——friend!" He smiles with modest sweetness. "G. W. Tarbox does n't run after money, and consequently he never runs past much without picking it up." They both laugh in decorous moderation. The horsemen are drawing near; they are Acadians. "I admit I love to make money. But that's not my chief pleasure. My chief pleasure is the study of human nature.

"The proper study of mankind is man.

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.'

"This season I've been studying these Acadian people. And I like them! They don't like to be reminded that they're Acadians. Well, that's natural; the Creoles used to lord it over them so when the Creoles were slaveholding planters and they were small farmers. That's about past now. The Acadians are descended from peasants, that's true, while some Creoles are from the French nobility. But, hoo! would n't any fair-minded person"—the horsemen are within earshot; they are staring at the silk hat—"Adjieu."

"Adjieu." They pass.

"—Would n't any fair-minded person that knows what France was two or three hundred years ago—show you some day in the 'Album'—about as lief be descended from a good deal of that peasantry as from a good deal of that nobility? I should smile! Why, my dear—friend, the day's coming when the Acadians will be counted as good French blood as there is in Louisiana! They're the only white people that ever trod this continent— island or mainland—who never on their own account oppressed anybody. Some little depredation on their British neighbors, out of dogged faithfulness to their king and church,—that's the worst charge you can make. Look at their history! all poetry and pathos! Look at their character! brave, peaceable, loyal, industrious, home-loving—"

But Zoséphine is looking at the speaker.

Her face is kindled with the inspiration of his praise. His own eyes grow ardent.

"Look at their women! Ah, Josephine, I'm looking at one! Don't turn away.

"One made up  
Of loveliness alone;  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon.'

"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command.'

"You can't stop me, Josephine; it's got to come, and come right now. I'm a homeless man, Josephine, tired of wandering, with a heart bigger and weaker than I ever thought I had. I want you! I love you! I've never loved anybody before in my life except myself, and I don't find myself as lovely as I used. Oh, take me, Josephine! I don't ask you to love as if you'd never loved another. I'll take what's left, and be perfectly satisfied! I know you're ambitious, and I love you for that! But I do think I can give you a larger life. With you for a wife, I believe I could be a man you need n't be ashamed of. I'm already at the head of my line. Best record in the United States, Josephine, whether by the day, week, month, year, or locality. But if you don't like the line, I'll throw up the 'A. of U. I.' and go into anything you say; for I want to lift you higher, Josephine. You're above me already, by nature and by rights, but I can lift you, I know I can. You've got no business keeping tavern; you're one of Nature's aristocrats. Yes, you are! and you're too young and lovely to stay a widow—in a State where there's more men than there's women. There's a good deal of the hill yet to climb before you start down. Oh, let's climb it together, Josephine! I'll make you happier than you are, Josephine; I have n't got a bad habit left; such as I had, I've quit; it don't pay. I don't drink, chew, smoke, tell lies, swear, quarrel, play cards, make debts, nor belong to a club—be my wife! Your daughter'll soon be leaving you. You can't be happy alone. Take me! take me!" He urges his horse close—her face is averted—and lays his hand softly but firmly on her two, resting folded on the saddle-horn. They struggle faintly and are still; but she slowly shakes her hanging head.

"O Josephine! you don't mean no, do you? Look this way! you don't mean no?" He presses his hand passionately down upon hers. Her eyes do not turn to his; but they are lifted tearfully to the vast, unanswering sky, and as she mournfully shakes her head again, she cries,

"I dunno! I dunno! I can't tell! I got to see Marguerite."

"Well, you'll see her in an hour, and if she —"

"Naw, naw! 't is not so; Marguerite is in New Orleans since Christmas."

Very late in the evening of that day Mr. Tarbox entered the principal inn of St. Martinville, on the Teche. He wore an air of blitheness which, though silent, was overdone. As he pushed his silk hat back on his head and registered his name with a more than usual largeness of hand, he remarked:

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

"Give me a short piece of candle and a stumpy candlestick — and

"Take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber —"

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Tarbox," responded the host; and as his guest received the candle and heard the number of his room, — "Books must 'a' went well this fine day."

Mr. Tarbox fixed him with his eye, drew a soft step closer, said in a low tone:

"My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me."

The landlord raised his eyebrows, rounded his mouth, and darted out his tongue. The guest shifted the candle to his left hand, laid his right softly upon the host's arm, and murmured:

"List! Are we alone? If I tell thee something, wilt thou tell it never?"

The landlord smiled eagerly, shook his head, and bent toward his speaker.

"Friend Perkins," said Mr. Tarbox, in muffled voice —

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams —"

"Don't let the newspapers get hold of it — good-night."

But it was only at daybreak that Mr. Tarbox disordered the drapery of his couch to make believe he had slept there, and at sunrise he was gone to find Claude.

## VII.

### 'THANASE'S VIOLIN.

HAD Marguerite gone to New Orleans the better to crush Claude out of her heart? No,

no! Her mother gave an explanation interesting and reasonable enough, and at the same time less uncomfortably romantic. Marguerite had gone to the city to pursue studies taught better there than in Opelousas; especially music.

Back of this was a reason which she had her mother's promise not to mention: the physician's recommendation — a change of scene. He spoke of slight malarial influences and how many odd forms they took; of dyspepsia and its queer freaks; of the confining nature of house cares, and of how often they "ran down the whole system." His phrases were French, but they had all the weary triteness of these; while Marguerite rejoiced that he did not suspect the real ailment, and Zoséphine saw that he divined it perfectly.

A change of scene. Marguerite had treated the suggestion lightly, as something amusingly out of proportion to her trivial disorder, but took pains not to reject it. Zoséphine had received it with troubled assent, and mentioned the small sugar farm and orangery of the kinsman Robichaux, down on Bayou Terrebonne. But the physician said, "If that would not be too dull"; mentioned, casually, the city, and saw Marguerite lighten up eagerly. The city was chosen; the physician's sister, living there, would see Marguerite comfortably established. All was presently arranged.

"And you can take your violin with you and study music," he said. Marguerite had one, and played it with a taste and skill that knew no competitor in all the surrounding region.

It had belonged to her father. Before she was born, all Lafayette parish had known it tenderly. Before she could talk she had danced — courtesied and turned, tiptoed and fallen and risen again, latter end first, to the gay strains he had loved to ring from it. Before it seemed safe, for the instrument, to trust it in her hands, she had learned to draw its bow; and for years, now, there had been no resident within the parish who could not have been her scholar better than to be her teacher.

When Claude came she had shut the violin in its case, and left the poor thing hidden away, despising its powers to charm, lost in self-contempt, and helpless under the spell of a chaste passion's first enchantment. When he went she still forgot the instrument for many days. She returned with more than dutiful energy to her full part in the household cares, and gave every waking hour not so filled to fierce study. If she could not follow him, — if a true maiden must wait upon faith, — at least she would be ready if fate should ever bring him back.

But one night, when she had conned her simple books until the words ran all together on the page, some good angel whispered,

"The violin!" She took it and played. The music was but a song, but from some master of song. She played it, it may be, not after the best rules, yet as one may play who, after life's first great billow has gone over him, smites again his forgotten instrument. With tears, of all emotions mingled, starting from her eyes, and the bow trembling on the strings, she told the violin her love. And it answered her:

"Be strong! be strong! you shall not love for naught. He shall — he shall come back — he shall come back and lead us into joy." From that time the violin had more employment than ever before in all its days.

So it and Marguerite were gone away to the great strange city together. The loneliness they left behind was a sad burden to Zoséphine. No other one thing had had so much influence to make so nearly vulnerable the defenses of her heart when Mr. Tarbox essayed to storm them. On the night following that event, the same that he had spent so sleeplessly in St. Martinville, she wrote a letter to Marguerite, which, though intended to have just the opposite effect, made the daughter feel that this being in New Orleans, and all the matter connected with it, were one unmixed mass of utter selfishness. The very written words that charged her to stay on seemed to say, "Come home!" — Her strong little mother! always quiet and grave, it is true, and sometimes sad; yet so well poised, so concentrated, so equal to every passing day and hour! — she to seem — in this letter — far out of her course, adrift, and mutely and dimly signaling for aid! The daughter read the pages again and again. What could they mean? Here, for instance, this line about the mother's coming herself to the city, if, and if, and if!

The letter found Marguerite in the bosom of a family that dwelt in the old rue Bourbon, only a short way below Canal street, the city's center. The house stands on the street, its drawing-room windows opening upon the sidewalk, and a narrow balcony on the story above shading them scantily at noon. A garden on the side is visible from the street through a lofty, black, wrought-iron fence. Of the details within the inclosure, I remember best the vines climbing the walls of the tall buildings that shut it in, and the urns and vases, and the evergreen foliage of the Japan plum-trees. A little way off, and across the street, was the pleasant restaurant and salesroom of the Christian Women's Exchange.

The family spoke English. Indeed, they spoke it a great deal; and French — also a great deal. The younger generation, two daughters and a son, went much into society. Their name was that of an ancient French

noble house, with which, in fact, they had no connection. They took great pains to call themselves Creoles, though they knew well enough they were Acadians. The Acadian caterpillar often turns into a Creole butterfly. Their great-grandfather, one of the children of the Nova Scotian deportation, had been a tobacco farmer on the old Côte Acadian in St. John the Baptist parish. Lake des Allemands lay, there, just behind him. In 1815, his son, their grandfather, in an excursion through the lake and bayou beyond, discovered, far south-eastward in the midst of the Grande Prairie des Allemands, a "pointe" of several hundred acres extent. Here, with one or two others, he founded the Acadian settlement of "La Vacherie," and began to build a modest fortune. The blood was good, even though it was not the blood of ancient robbers; and the son in the next generation found his way, by natural and easy stages, through Barataria and into the city, and became the "merchant" of his many sugar and rice planting kinsmen and neighbors.

It was a great favor to Marguerite to be taken into such a household as this. She felt it so. The household felt it so. Yet almost from the start they began to play her, in their social world, as their best card — when they could. She had her hours of school and of home study; also her music, both lessons and practice; was in earnest both as to books and violin, and had teachers who also were in earnest; and so she found little time for social revels. Almost all sociability is revel in New Orleans society, and especially in the society she met.

But when she did appear, somehow she shone. A native instinct in dress — even more of it than her mother had at the same age — and in manners and speech left only so little rusticity as became itself a charm rather than a blemish, suggested the sugar-cane fields; the orange grove; the plantatio house with pillared porch, half-hidden in tall magnolias and laurestines and bushes of red and white camellias, higher and wider than arms can reach, and covered with their regal flowers from the ground to their tops; and the bayou front lined with moss-draped live-oaks, their noon-day shadows a hundred feet across. About her there was not the faintest hint of the country tavern. She was but in her seventeenth year; but on her native prairies, where girls are women at fourteen, seventeen was almost an advanced stage of decay. She seemed full nineteen, and a very well-equipped nineteen as social equipments went in the circle she had entered. Being a school-girl was no drawback; there are few New Orleans circles where it is; and especially not in her case, for



she needed neither to titter nor chatter,—she could talk. And then, her violin made victory always easy and certain.

Sometimes the company was largely of downtown Creoles; sometimes of uptown people,—“Americans”; and often equally of the two sorts, talking French and English in most amusing and pleasing confusion. For the father of the family had lately been made president of a small bank, and was fairly boxing the social compass in search of depositors. Marguerite had not yet discovered that—if we may drag the metaphor ashore—to enter society is not to emerge upon an unbroken tableland, or that she was not on its highest plateau. She noticed the frequency with which she encountered unaccomplished fathers, stupid mothers, rude sons and daughters, and ill-distributed personal regard; but she had the common sense not to expect more of society than its nature warrants, guessed rightly that she would find the same thing anywhere else, and could not know that these elements were less mixed with better here than in any other of the city's circles, of whose existence she had not even heard. However:

Society, at its very best, always needs, and at its best or worst always contains, a few superior members who make themselves a blessing by working a constant, tactful redistribution of individuals by their true values, across the unworthy lines upon which society ever tends to stratify. Such a person, a matron, sat with Marguerite one April evening under a Chinese lantern in the wide, curtained veranda of an Esplanade street house whose drawing-room and Spanish garden were filled with company.

Marguerite was secretly cast down. This lady had brought her here, having met her but a fortnight before and chosen her at once, in her own private counsels, for social promotion. And Marguerite had played the violin. In her four months' advanced training she had accomplished wonders. Her German professor made the statement, while he warned her against enthusiastic drawing-room flattery. This evening she had gotten much praise and thanks. Yet these had a certain discriminative moderation that was new to her ear, and confirmed to her, not in the pleasantest way, the realization that this company was of higher average intelligence and refinement than any she had met before. She little guessed that the best impression she had ever made she made here to-night.

Of course it was not merely on account of the violin. She had beauty, not only of face and head, but of form and carriage. So that, when she stood with her instrument, turning, as it were, every breath of air into music, and the growing volume of the strains called forth

all her good Acadian strength of arms and hand, she charmed not merely the listening ear, but the eye, the reason, and the imagination in its freest range.

But, indeed, it was not the limitations of her social triumphs themselves that troubled her. Every experience of the evening had helped to show her how much wider the world was than she had dreamed, and had opened new distances on the right, on the left, and far ahead; and nowhere in them all could eye see, or ear hear, aught of that one without whom to go back to old things was misery, and to go on to new was mere weariness. And the dear little mother at home!—worth nine out of any ten of all this crowd—still at home in that old tavern-keeping life, now intolerable to think of, and still writing those yearning letters that bade the daughter not return! No wonder Marguerite's friend had divined her feelings, and drawn her out to the cool retreat under the shadow of the veranda lanterns.

A gentleman joined them, who had “just come,” he said. Marguerite's companion and he were old friends. Neither he nor Marguerite heard each other's name, nor could see each other's face more than dimly. He was old enough to be twitted for bachelorhood, and to lay the blame upon an outdoor and out-of-town profession. Such words drew Marguerite's silent but close attention.

The talk turned easily from this to the ease with which the fair sex, as compared with the other, takes on the graces of the drawing-room. “Especially,” the two older ones agreed, “if the previous lack is due merely to outward circumstances.” But Marguerite was still. Here was a new thought. One who attained all those graces and love's prize also might at last, for love's sake, have to count them but dross, or carry them into retirement, the only trophies of abandoned triumphs. While she thought, the conversation went on.

“Yes,” said her friend, replying to the bachelor, “we acquire them more easily; but why? Because most of us think we must. A man may find success in one direction or another, but a woman has got to be a social success or she's a complete failure. She can't snap her fingers at the drawing-room.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Marguerite, “she can if she want!” She felt the strength to rise that moment and go back to Opelousas, if only—and did not see, until her companions laughed straight at her, that the lady had spoken in jest.

“Still,” said the bachelor, “the drawing-room is woman's element—realm—rather than man's, whatever the reasons may be. I had a young man with me last winter—”

"I knew it!" thought Marguerite.

"—until lately, in fact; he's here in town now,—whom I have tried once or twice to decoy into company in a small experimental way. It's harder than putting a horse into a ship. He seems not to know what social interchange is for."

"Thinks it's for intellectual profit and pleasure!" interrupted the ironical lady.

"No, he just does n't see the use or fun of it. And yet, really, that's his only deficiency. True, he listens better than he talks—overdoes it; but when a chap has youth, intelligence, native refinement, integrity, and good looks, as far above the mean level as many of our society fellows are below it, it seems to me he ought to be—"

"Utilized," suggested the lady, casting her eyes toward Marguerite and withdrawing them as quickly, amused at the earnestness of her attention.

"Yes," said the bachelor, and mused a moment. "He's a talented fellow. It's only a few months ago that he really began life. Now he's outgrown my service."

"Left the nest," said the lady.

"Yes, indeed. He has invented —"

"Oh! dear!"

The bachelor was teased. "Ah! come, now; show your usual kindness; he has, really, made a simple, modest agricultural machine that—meets a want long felt. Oh! you may laugh; but he laughs last. He has not only a patent for it, but a good sale also, and is looking around for other worlds to conquer."

"And yet spurns society? Ours!"

"No, simply develops no affinity for it; would like to, if only to please me; but can't. Doesn't even make intimate companions among men; simply clings to his fond, lone father, and the lone father to him, closer than any pair of twin orphan girls that ever you saw. I don't believe anything in life could divide them."

"Ah, don't you trust him! Man proposes, Cupid disposes. A girl will stick to her mother; but a man? Why, the least thing—a pair of blue eyes, a yellow curl—"

The bachelor gayly shook his head, and, leaning over with an air of secrecy, said: "A pair of blue eyes have shot him through and through, and a yellow curl is wound all round him from head to heel, and yet he sticks to his father."

"He can't live," said the lady. Marguerite's hand pressed her arm, and they rose. As the bachelor drew the light curtain of a long window aside, that they might pass in, the light fell upon Marguerite's face. It was entirely new to him. It seemed calm. Yet instantly the question smote him, "What have I done?—what have I said?" She passed, and turned

to give a parting bow. The light fell upon him. She was right; it was Claude's friend, the engineer. When he came looking for them a few minutes later, he only caught, by chance, a glimpse of them, clouded in light wraps and passing to their carriage. It was not yet twelve.

Between Marguerite's chamber and that of one of the daughters of the family there was a door that neither one ever fastened. Somewhere downstairs a clock was striking three in the morning, when this door softly opened and the daughter stole into Marguerite's room in her night-robe. With her hair falling about her, her hands unconsciously clasped, her eyes starting, and an outcry of amazement checked just within her open, rounded mouth, she stopped and stood an instant in the brightly lighted chamber.

Marguerite sat on the bedside exactly as she had come from the carriage, save that a white gossamer web had dropped from her head and shoulders and lay coiled about her waist. Her tearless eyes were wide and filled with painful meditation, even when she turned to the alarmed and astonished girl before her. With suppressed exclamations of wonder and pity the girl glided forward, cast her arms about the sitting figure, and pleaded for explanation.

"It is a headache," said Marguerite, kindly but firmly lifting away the entwining arms.—"No, no, you can do nothing.—It is a headache.—Yes, I will go to bed presently; you go to yours.—No, no—"

The night-robed girl looked for a moment more into Marguerite's eyes, then sank to her knees, buried her face in her hands, and wept. Marguerite laid her hands upon the bowed head and looked down with dry eyes. "No," she presently said again, "'t is a headache. Go back to your bed.—No, there is nothing to tell; only I have been very, very foolish and very, very selfish, and I am going home to-morrow. Good-night."

The door closed softly between the two. Then Marguerite sank slowly back upon the bed, closed her eyes, and, rocking her head from side to side, said again and again, in moans that scarcely left the lips:

"My mother! my mother! Take me back! Oh! take me back, my mother! my mother!"

At length she arose, put off her attire, lay down to rest, and, even while she was charging sleep with being a thousand leagues away,—slept.

When she awoke, the wide, bright morning filled all the room. Had some sound wakened her? Yes, a soft tapping came again upon her door. She lay still. It sounded once more. For all its softness it seemed nervous and eager. A low voice came with it:

"Marguerite!"

She sprang from her pillow.—"Yes!"

While she answered, it came again:

"Marguerite!"

With a low cry she cast away the bed-coverings, threw back the white mosquito-curtain and the dark masses of her hair and started up, lifted and opened her arms, cried again, but with joy, "My mother! my mother!" and clasped Zoséphine to her bosom.

#### VIII.

#### THE SHAKING PRAIRIE.

MANIFESTLY it was a generous overstatement for Claude's professional friend to say that Claude had outgrown his service. It was true only that by and by there had come a juncture in his affairs where he could not, without injustice to others, make a place for Claude which he could advise Claude to accept, and they had parted, with the mutual hope that the separation would be transient. But the surveyor could not but say to himself that such incidents, happening while we are still young, are apt to be turning-points in our lives, if our lives are going to have direction and movement of their own at all.

St. Pierre had belted his earnings about him under the woolen sack that always bound his waist, shouldered his rifle, taken one last, silent look at the cabin on Bayou des Acadiens, stood for a few moments with his hand in Bonaventure's above one green mound in the church-yard at Grande Pointe, given it into the schoolmaster's care, and had gone to join his son. Of course, not as an idler; such a perfect woodsman easily made himself necessary to the engineer's party. The company were sorry enough to lose him when Claude went away; but no temptation that they could invent could stay him from following Claude. Father and son went one way, and the camp another.

I must confess to being somewhat vague as to just where they were. I should have to speak from memory, and I must not make another slip in topography. The changes men have made in southern Louisiana these last few years are great. I say nothing again of the vast widths of prairie stripped of their herds and turned into corn and cane fields: when I came, a few months ago, to that station on Morgan's Louisiana and Texas railroad where Claude first went aboard a railway train, somebody had actually moved the bayou, the swamp, and the prairie apart!

However, the exact whereabouts of the St. Pierres is not important to us. Mr. Tarbox, when, in search of the camp, he crossed the Teche at St. Martinville, expected to find it somewhere north-eastward, between the stream

and Atchafalaya. But at the Atchafalaya he found that the work in that region had been finished three days before and that the party had been that long gone to take part in a new work down in the *prairies tremblantes* of Terrebonne parish. The Louisiana Land Reclamation Company—I think that was the name of the concern projecting the scheme. This was back in early February, you note.

Thither Mr. Tarbox followed. The "Album of Universal Information" went along and "did well." It made his progress rather slow, of course; but one of Mr. Tarbox's many maxims was, never to make one day pay for another when it could be made to pay for itself, and during this season—this Louisiana Campaign, as he called it—he had developed a new art,—making each day pay for itself several times over.

"Many of these people," he said,—but said it solely and silently to himself,— "are ignorant, shiftless, and set in their ways; and even when they 're not, they 're out of the current, as it were; they have n't headway; and so they never—or seldom ever—see any way to make money except somehow in connection with the plantations. There 's no end of chances here to a man that 's got money, sense, and nerve to use it." He wrote that to Zoséphine; but she wrote no answer. A day rarely passed that he did not find some man making needless loss through ignorance or inactivity; whereupon he would simply put in the sickle of his sharper wit and garner the neglected harvest. Or seeing some unesteemed commodity that had got out of, or had never been brought into, its best form, time, or place, he knew at sight just how, and at what expense, to bring it there, and brought it.

"Give me the gains other men pass by," he said, "and I'll be satisfied. The saying is, 'Buy wisdom'; but I sell mine. I like to sell. I enjoy making money. It suits my spirit of adventure. I like an adventure. And if there's anything I love, it's an adventure with money in it! But even that is n't my chief pleasure; my chief pleasure 's the study of human nature.

"The proper study of mankind is man.

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

This spoiling of Assyrian camps, so to speak, often detained Mr. Tarbox within limited precincts for days at a time; but "is n't that what time is for?" he would say to those he had been dealing with, as he finally snapped the band around his pocket-book; and they would respond, "Yes, that 's so."

And then he would wish them a hearty farewell, while they were thinking that at least he might know it was his treat.

Thus it was the middle of February when at Houma, the parish seat of Terrebonne, he passed the last rootlet of railway, and, standing finally under the blossoming orange-trees of Terrebonne bayou far down toward the Gulf, heard from the chief of the engineering party that Claude was not with him.

"He did n't leave us; we left him; and up to the time when we left he had n't decided where he would go or what he would do. His father and he are together, you know, and of course that makes it harder for them to know just how to move."

The speaker was puzzled. What could this silk-hatted, cut-away-coated, empearled free lance of a fellow want with Claude? He would like to find out. So he added, "I may get a letter from him to-morrow; suppose you stay with me until then." And, to his astonishment, Mr. Tarbox quickly jumped at the proposition.

No letter came. But when the twenty-four hours had passed, the surveyor had taken that same generous—not to say credulous—liking for Mr. Tarbox that we have seen him show for St. Pierre and for Claude. He was about to start on a tour of observation eastward through a series of short canals that span the shaking prairies from bayou to bayou, from Terrebonne to Lafourche, Lafourche to Des Allemands, so through Lake Ouacha into and up Barataria, again across prairie and at length, leaving Lake Cataouaché on the left, through cypress swamp to the Mississippi River, opposite New Orleans. He would have pressed Mr. Tarbox to bear him company; but before he could ask twice Mr. Tarbox had consented. They went in a cat-rigged skiff, with a stalwart negro rowing or towing whenever the sail was not the best.

"It's all of sixty miles," said the engineer; "but if the wind does n't change or drop we can sleep to-night in Achille's hut, send this man and skiff back, and make Achille, with his skiff, put us on board the Louisiana avenue ferry-launch to-morrow afternoon."

"Who is Achille?"

"Achille? Oh! he's merely 'Cajun pot-hunter living on a shell bank at the edge of Lake Cataouaché—with an Indian wife. Used to live somewhere on Bayou des Allemands, but last year something or other scared him away from there. He's odd—seems to be a sort of self-made outcast. I don't suppose he's ever done anybody any harm; but he just seems to be one of that kind that can't bear to even try to keep up with the rest of humanity; the sort of man swamps and shaking prairies were specially made for, you know. He's living on a bank of fossil shells now,—thousands of barrels of them,—that he knows would bring him a little fortune if only he

could command the intelligence and the courage to market them in New Orleans. There's a chance for some bright man who is n't already too busy. Why did n't I think to mention it to Claude? But then neither he nor his father have got the commercial knowledge they would need. Now—" The speaker suddenly paused and, as the two men sat close beside each other under an umbrella in the stern of the skiff, looked into Mr. Tarbox's pale blue eyes, and smiled, and smiled.

"I'm here," said Mr. Tarbox.

"Yes," responded the other, "and I've just made out why! And you're right, Tarbox; you and Claude, with or without his father, will make a strong team. You've got no business to be canvassing books, you—"

"It's my line," said the canvasser, smiling fondly and pushing his hat back,—it was wonderful how he kept that hat smooth,—and I'm the head of the line—

"A voice replied far up the height,  
Excelsior!"

"I was acquainted with Mr. Longfellow."

"Tarbox," persisted the engineer, driving away his own smile, "you know what you are; you are a born contractor! You've found it out, and"—smiling again—"that's why you're looking for Claude."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Tarbox.

"Well, I told you the truth when I said I did n't know; but I have n't a doubt he's in Vermillionville."

"Neither have I," said the book-agent; "and if I had, I would n't give it room. If I knew he was in New Jersey, still I'd think he was in Vermillionville, and go there looking for him. And wherefore? For occult reasons."

The two men looked at each other smilingly in the eye, and the boat glided on.

The wind favored them. With only now and then the cordelle, and still more rarely the oars, they moved all day across the lands and waters that were once the fastnesses of the Baratarian pirates. The engineer made his desired observations without appreciable delays, and at night they slept under Achille's thatch of rushes.

As the two travelers stood alone for a moment next morning, the engineer said:

"You seem to be making a study of my pot-hunter."

"It's my natural instinct," replied Mr. Tarbox. "The study of human nature comes just as natural to me as it does to a new-born duck to scratch the back of its head with its hind foot; just as natural—and easier. The pot-hunter is a study; you're right."

"But he reciprocates," said the engineer; "he studies you."





ST. PIERRE AND BONAVENTURE IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

The student of man held his smiling companion's gaze with his own, thrust one hand into his bosom, and lifted the digit of the other: "The eyes are called the windows of the soul.—"

"And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes —"

"Have you tried to look into his eyes? You can't do it. He won't let you. He's got something in there that he does n't want you to see."

In the middle of the afternoon, when Achille's skiff was already reëntering the shades of the swamp on his way homeward, and his two landed passengers stood on the levee at the head of Harvey's Canal with the Mississippi rolling by their feet and on its far-

ther side the masts and spires of the city, lighted by the western sun, swinging round the long bend of her yellow harbor, Mr. Tarbox offered his hand to say good-bye. The surveyor fully held it.

"I mean no disparagement to your present calling," he said, "but the next time we meet I hope you'll be a contractor."

"Ah!" responded Tarbox, "it's not my nature. I cannot contract; I must always expand. And yet — I thank you."

"Pure thoughts are angel visitors. Be such  
The frequent inmates of thy guileless breast."

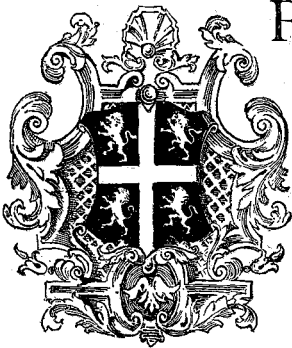
"Good luck! Good-bye!"

One took the ferry; the other, the west-bound train at Gretna.

*George W. Cable.*

(To be continued.)

## DURHAM CATHEDRAL.



SEAL OF THE SEE OF DURHAM.

FROM the east we turn now to the north-east of England. Here again we find a great Norman church, but one which differs widely from the three Norman sister-churches at Ely, Peterborough, and Norwich.

Among all the cathedrals of England, Durham is perhaps the most imposing, and its situation is magnificent past rivalry. We have seen that Ely stands well; but Durham stands well in an opposite sense. At Ely nature seems to have suppressed herself that there might be no scale by which the immeasurable dignity of man's work could be computed. At Durham she seems to have built a great work of her own just that man's work might complete and crown it; not a pinnacled hill, but a broad promontory with a level summit—a lordly pedestal where sits the lordly group of structures as kings sit upon thrones the single end of whose splendor is to enhance and show their own. Lincoln's site is as grand as Durham's, but Lincoln's only; and at Lincoln beauty does not aid and soften grandeur as it does at Durham.

I.

THE history of the choosing of this site takes us very far back in time.

I have spoken of that early church which had christianized a great part of the British Islands under Roman rule. I have said that with the gradual progress of the English conquest in the fifth and sixth centuries it was swept out of sight and almost out of memory in the south and center of England; but that in the far west it lingered on, and that when the good seed from Rome had begun to bear fruit among the heathen English, it too awoke to missionary effort and played its part in the re-christianizing of the realm. Ireland was the chief nurse of this ancient faith during its long languor. But Irish monks were constantly at work in Scotland, and no early monastery was more famous than that which St. Columba established in the sixth century upon the island of Iona off the western Scottish coast.

The Northumbrian land seems not to have been christianized in British-Roman days. So far as we know, the gospel won its first conspicuous body of adherents when it was preached by Paulinus, one of the missionaries of Rome who came from Kent early in the seventh century with the daughter of Ethelbert when she married King Edwin of Northumbria. Nor was this evangelization final. In 633 Edwin was slain by Penda and Cadwalla, heathens of vigorous arm; Paulinus was obliged to flee, and the district was left again