

THE JOURNAL OF A MILLIONAIRE

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

AUGUST 5. This is the only moment that I may have. I am nearly dead with sleep. I shall have to go to a hotel to get any rest. This place of mine—Greenlawns—is altogether too much like a hotel, without the seclusion. There must be fifteen or more people here at the present moment. Last night the most of them did not go to their rooms until after three. I had a certain hesitation about leaving my guests in my own house and going to bed. Not that they wanted me. Indeed, Billy Bollen did not scruple to declare that my presence was not at all necessary.

"Better turn in, you old Puritan," he exclaimed. "We can take care of ourselves."

I did not do it. Aside from my old-fashioned prejudices as host, I should have been too nervous to go to sleep. What they might take it into their heads to do next I could not tell, and the safer course was for me to remain.

Then this morning I was awakened by the Whytelaws' trunks. I do not know how many Mrs. Whytelaw brought, but it seemed to me that they were taking the luggage of a circus down the stairs. It is one of Charton Rogers's peculiarities always to have the *Vierna* sail at daybreak, and the Whytelaws were going on board.

As I felt that I could not sleep, I got up, dressed, and went down to see them off. There was, of course, no use in going to bed again. The time seemed endless until the regular routine of the day began. I wandered about the house and tried to read, but the servants in their morning rounds drove me out of one room after another. I strolled through the gardens, and was nearly drenched by a man with a garden-hose. By this time the sun was well up. I walked down the path along the

shore. How bright and fresh everything was! In the wonderful air of the morning I wandered aimlessly forward.

The grounds belonging to a number of the places stretch down to the edge of the ocean. I had reached the Landons' boundary fence, when I saw a flash of white among the bushes. My heart gave a quite unexpected bound. Could it be Margaret Landon herself at such an hour? Impossible! And yet I had only experienced this very peculiar sensation on the very few occasions when I had seen her. I hastened forward. As I came nearer, my heart, after galloping wildly, brought up suddenly,—*"refused,"* as it were,—and I stood hesitating. Unquestionably it was she. Finally I advanced boldly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in accents of real distress, as soon as she saw me. "Come and help me."

Usually she will hardly speak to me—persists in looking with disconcerting steadiness in the opposite direction whenever I appear before her. She will not have it said that she is civil to me because I am so rich. The result is that she treats me as I should not treat a "toot" at the races. Indeed, I find that it is an affectation with very many of the young women of greater consideration to be as ungracious as possible to me. In fact, it is as much as I can do to get a really nice girl to speak a pleasant word to me. I have become quite accustomed to this with the others, but in Miss Landon's case I must say that I struggled and suffered. Now to hear her actually appealing to me was bewildering and delightful.

"So careless of me!" she said. "I was twisting a ring on my finger, and it slipped, and I lost it."

She was moving about with her head

bent, staring at the lawn. I joined her at once, and began to do likewise. Very much after the manner of two mourners, we circled slowly about the place, not looking at each other, but carefully gazing at the ground.

"It is the early bird," I said tentatively, "that catches the—"

She looked up quickly and inquiringly.

"Ring," I continued hastily, for I saw that she was prepared to misunderstand me.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it *is* early, I suppose, for you."

"You did not think that I cared for nature at this hour," I observed reproachfully.

"No," she replied uncompromisingly.

"It is so easy to be misunderstood," I answered sadly.

"Do you?" she asked with sudden directness, raising her eyes, for a moment, and letting them rest on me.

I had committed myself by insinuation. I trust that I may be forgiven. I started upon a rapturous account of the joys of early rising that I am convinced was a triumph of the imagination.

"You surprise me," she said briefly after I had got through.

"Perhaps," I answered boldly, "I might in several ways."

"It is very singular that two people cannot find a ring in such a small place," she answered irrelevantly.

After we had searched for a time, we found the ring and sat down. She seemed willing enough to talk to me, indeed rather disposed to do so. This was truly an unusual experience for me. Generally, with people about, she would have been acutely aware of what she was doing. Now she appeared perfectly frank, comfortable, and natural. At last, with a start, she asked me what o'clock it was.

"A quarter to nine," I said, glancing at my watch.

She jumped up at once, ready for flight.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I must go! Won't you—" She paused and suddenly resumed that manner, in which I detect a strange mingling of toleration and defiance, that she has always had when I am with her. "You must have a houseful of people, and of course must go back to them."

There it is! If I had been any one else she would have asked me to breakfast. I

could see she thought of it and then did not do it.

As I walked back along the path I considered how delightful it had been. But of course, as soon as she remembered, the inevitable had happened. And I should very much like to have gone to breakfast at the Landons'.

If I had been any one else!

August 11. To-day I opened the newspapers in fear and trembling. To be sure, I experience this sensation more or less every day when I look at them. I never can tell what I may find. But on this occasion I had a particular reason for my apprehension. By some means yesterday a man gained access to the house, and I came on him in the hall. He told me that if I did not send him a certain sum of money by a specified time in the afternoon he would blow his brains out, leaving a letter saying that it was because of his vain appeal to me that he had been forced to this desperate deed. The same thing had happened to me once before. I then gave the money. I had not the least idea that the person would do as he threatened, but he made me nervous. If I refused I knew that I should be forced to think of what my refusal might mean, and if the man did as he said he would do the result would be most unpleasant. When this second man appeared I confess that I was exasperated. Some latent obstinacy in my disposition asserted itself, and I refused to be "held up" in this manner. He was a sufficiently unprepossessing and also a sufficiently desperate-looking person. I could not get the thought of him or what he had said out of my mind all the rest of the day. I can kill a mosquito with but little compunction, but I hesitate a bit over a fly. The thought that the life of a fellow-being might be dependent on my action was distressing. Besides, all the newspapers, if anything unfortunate happened, would denounce me as a murderer. I spent a restless day and a miserable night. This morning I was up early to find if what I feared had actually happened. I was in terror that I should see my name in big letters on the first page, with a description of my cruelty. I breathed again as I discovered that I had for once escaped. There was only a brief announcement stating that Professor Alpheus Culp, the "Magnetic Healer," was wanted for big-

amy. I believe that was the name the person had given me.

But I found something else that has made me wretched ever since. In a prominent place in an accursed "Society Column" I read that a marriage had been definitely "arranged" between Miss Margaret Landon and me. Good heavens! If she would hardly speak to me before, what will she, or won't she, do now? She will feel that it is necessary to disprove any such assertion in the eyes of every one. And we had just begun to get on a little better since the morning when we hunted for the ring. What shall I do?

August 14. I have been most anxious to find out the effect of the announcement, but she has let me have no chance. Last night at the Crosbys' I thought that I should have an opportunity; but no. Although older and more distinguished men were present, I took in the hostess, and on the other side of me sat Mrs. Roustabout, who always manages to be where she thinks that she can do the most good—for herself. This is often the way. Generally I have to go in to dinner with the oldest and invariably the ugliest woman in the room. The only thing that would save me would have to be a duke at least, and dukes are not about in large enough quantities to be practically useful.

On the terrace afterward I did manage to say a few words to Miss Landon. Nothing could have been more unsatisfactory. As usual, she only answered "yes" and "no"; then, after a moment of silence, she spoke.

"Do you know," she said, "that I think it will be better if I am perfectly frank with you."

I bowed nervously in acquiescence, and felt that something unpleasant was coming.

"Of course I've seen what all the newspapers are saying," she continued, "and I do not like it. Think of the position in which it places me! I wish that you would stop—persecuting me."

"Is it as bad as that?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied slowly; "I am afraid that it is."

"You hate me," I said.

"No," she answered deliberately. "I promised to be perfectly truthful. I liked you so much the other morning. Really, after that I thought about you a good deal. And then I read those things in the news-

papers, and it was a shock. When you are just beginning to like a person, it startles you to see in print that you are going to marry him. It seemed to frighten back the things that I had been thinking."

"Why should it make any difference?" I asked weakly.

"All this talk has annoyed me, and I am sure that you do not want that."

I assured her that what I wished above all was to have her pleased—to please her.

"Then," she said promptly, "I wish that you would let me entirely alone. I have done the best I could to prove to the world that there is nothing in all this silly gossip. I wish that you would help me. Can't you pretend that you dislike me particularly?"

There was a light in her eyes as she glanced sidewise at me; a smile on her lips, showing a gleam of her little teeth, that made me mad to catch her up and carry her away then and there. And she wished me to make the world believe that I did not like her!

"I think that I might have a chance," I murmured.

"But you are so different," she said decidedly. "In a way, you are like royalty, and it is—unpleasant, and I won't have it."

There is nothing for me to do but to go away. I should like to stay, but since my presence here makes life unpleasant for her, it is my duty as a gentleman to efface myself. It will be disagreeable and difficult. Perhaps she will think more kindly of me; but even that will hardly repay me for being wretchedly miserable.

August 17. The work of going through the morning mail is always trying enough. Even with my secretary to sift it, there is much I must read. Not a day passes without propositions, entreaties, threats, to say nothing of constant abuse.

I have always held the belief that each American city should have its park, the nearer to the center of the city the better. It is a place of rest for the working-people, a playground for the children. Nothing, I am convinced, can do more good than such breathing-places. Whenever I have found any considerable community parkless, I have given one at once. Generally I have discovered that they wanted something else and had no hesitation in saying so. Last week I gave the money for a park to the city of C—. To-day I received a

letter from the mayor saying that the place does not wish one, but that a Union Railway Station is much desired. He writes that there is a good deal of feeling about parks. A number of the more conservative maintain that the creation of one will lead to idleness and a lessening of restraint. A quantity of newspapers also arrived in which I was vigorously censured for trying to pauperize a self-respecting and industrious community. The mayor adds, however, that he will take the park if I do not see my way to giving them something else.

Another trouble that I have is with heirlooms. Hardly a day passes but some one wants to sell me his oldest and most cherished possessions, the sentiment connected with which being always one of the things counted in the price. They take the form of family portraits, lace, jewelry, silver, books. Many seem to think that I am a bric-à-brac shop. Of course it is always suggested that I should naturally wish to possess the object because of its rarity or beauty, but the need and poverty of the seller are always plainly and painfully stated. Such reading is far from pleasant, and I often go about all day feeling like a brute for having disregarded some more than usually touching appeal.

Some of the things are undoubtedly genuine. Still, with the stables full of "fakes" that I have accumulated, what am I to do? In buying such things, am I not as often encouraging fraud as helping the worthy? And to-day's mail brings me a notice from a lawyer saying that he is about to sue me to obtain the true value of a portrait sold to me by a minor—a picture which I did not want, of course, and which I gave to the Historical Society. The claim was that the picture was painted by Gilbert Stuart—the portrait of which historical character of the Revolution I forget. I have since found out that it is nothing of the kind. I shall have to compromise for a large sum, I suppose. No jury would give me a fair hearing.

This did not make me feel very amiable, and I opened the rest of the letters impatiently. One was from the man who used to tutor me in college. He is in debt, he says, and wishes to get married. The college will give him a position if he pays all that he owes. He wants me to lend him that sum, so that he can take the place. It is a typical request. I get such every

day, sometimes several times a day. I used to like Reginald Mason, but how do I know how much he is to blame for the position in which he finds himself, what he will really do with the money, whether he is telling the truth at all? That is the worst of my position. There are so many deceptions that I feel I cannot believe any one. I am not a charitable institution, and I shall not answer Mason. I don't believe him. The last time that I lent money in that way I heard of the borrower breaking the "bank" at a place where I have never gone.

But there was one letter that caused me real alarm, and has rendered me uneasy ever since. It was from some scoundrel or other who pretends that he knows of a plot to kidnap Miss Landon. The world generally supposes that we are engaged, and the scheme, he says, is to "strike" me for a great sum. I cannot believe that this can be true, but as to such a thing I dare not take any chances. Anyway, I am perfectly wretched. I would give my life to spare her anything, and now it seems that I am almost certainly creating annoyance for her, if not bringing her into actual danger.

I have tried to convince myself that the whole affair is only a blackmailing plan. After I had spent a number of hours of unequivocal torture, I sent for the fellow. I have had but small help from this. He could tell me very little, as he said he had heard of the plot only from another, who will tell him no more. But he asserts with such conviction that what he says is true that I have not felt justified in dismissing the matter. Indeed, I dare not do it. I have given the man money, and sent him to learn all that he can. Is he laughing at me and with his associates rejoicing over the easy way in which I have been "worked"? I do not care. She must not be molested. I have seen a person whose business it is to manage such affairs, and she is to be guarded, unknown to herself, by private detectives.

September 1. I have always had a passion for polar exploration. I have studied the subject diligently, and should like to go to the arctic regions myself. In the race of the nations for the north pole I have always wished to see this country the first at the goal. Therefore, early in the spring I began fitting out an expedition to carry

the flag to the farthest North and, if it could be done, place it first on that spot that so many are trying to reach. Having the means, I have wished to help in accomplishing this in the interest of my country and my countrymen.

I had quite forgotten it,—the amount of my income that is derived from it is so inconsiderably small,—but I am the owner of a spring from which comes a mineral water largely in use. To-day I had the gratification of finding on the first page of one of the comic papers a caricature representing myself painting "Aliquippa Lithia Water" on the north pole. I telegraphed at once to suspend preparations for the expedition. If the world thinks that I am doing this as an advertising dodge, I shall give it up. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts. Indeed, I did not remember that I owned the miserable spring.

Nothing new from the man who made the disclosures to me as to the plot. He is unquestionably bleeding me, but I am afraid to cut him off. I am also afraid to allow the detectives watching Miss Landon to relax their vigilance.

September 6. She has discovered that there is something unusual going on, and has noticed that she is being watched. I have avoided her; but to-day, meeting me at the Polo Club, she sought me herself. For an instant I was happy as she stopped me. I might have known that it would only be something to make me more wretched.

"Did n't I ask you," she said coldly, "not to give the world a chance for further talk? You follow me everywhere, you watch me constantly, and every one sees it."

It is true that in my anxiety I have often tried to act as a guard for her, but without her knowledge, as I thought.

"Besides," she continued indignantly, "whatever I do, wherever I go, I am followed by men. I do not understand it, but I feel that you are responsible for it. It is very unpleasant for me, as you may imagine. Why do you do it?"

I could hardly tell her, to render her anxious and spoil her days with the apprehension of a possible danger hanging over her. I merely mumbled.

"I thought better of you!" she exclaimed bitterly. "Have you no idea at all of what is proper or right? I don't mind telling you now that I hate you. Why, I even

liked you at first, and I am so disappointed."

If anything could make me more wretchedly miserable, it is the thought that she "even liked" me. If I had been any one else I might have retained her liking, increased it, and—who knows?

September 9. Another difficulty, and "other counties still to be heard from." That this has come out of a clear sky does not surprise me. I am always expecting thunderbolts. Why am I not always prepared for them?

When I took Charley Driscoll and gave him a place merely to help him, I believed that I was doing him a good turn. He was without a cent and without any visible means of making one. I thought that such a start would give him a chance to pull himself together and find something better. He knew all about horses, and I placed him in charge of the racing-stables.

He has not been leading a life that I should wish. Indeed, if any one has given indications of going to the dogs, it is he. He has become careless, reckless to a degree, and when once or twice I have spoken to him about it, being older than he, I have always found my remonstrances met with a surly defiance. I only wanted to be of assistance to him, for I had always known his people, and I liked him. I thought that we were friends, and that I was playing the part of a friend. The result!

I was delighted when Roxana won the race yesterday, but I was very much surprised. Truly I had always considered that she had but a poor chance, and I never was more astonished than when I received the telegram announcing her victory. Now it is all about the club that the jockey riding Leander, the favorite, was paid to "pull" his horse. The man has confessed, and declared that he was bribed by people from my establishment. Pleasant for me, very. I sent for Driscoll at once. I told him what was being said; I showed him that denial was impossible, for I had the proof.

"And I do not deny it," he burst out. "I did it. What could you expect? You bring me without a penny into the life that I have been leading, and you think that I will go on as if I were deaf and dumb and blind. It's more than human nature can do. I might have managed it well enough, though, if I had not seen her."

I was about to interrupt him, for I felt that something unfortunate was coming; but I concluded that it was better to let him go on.

"You don't know what it is to want anything. I've had food enough and clothes enough, but there's very little else that I have n't wanted—the things such men as you have and hardly know that you have. I stood it until I fell in love with a girl. Oh, I know that I had no chance, that she would not listen to me while you were about. I should despise her—hate her; but I don't—for I love her. And I have no chance just because of you—because she is waiting to attract your attention, as dozens of others are waiting to do it. Do you think that it is not enough to make a man desperate? My family is as good as yours. I have as good abilities, as good looks. And yet I might as well not exist, had better not, in fact. I did what I could to forget. I fell into the ways that I did. I got into a scrape. I needed money. I did arrange it with the man who rode Leander. I did not have one of your horses pulled."

"I almost wish that you had," I answered fervidly. "The world could hardly be made to believe that I wanted money, but they may believe—or at least want to believe it, and say it—that I wanted my horse to win."

"If I had not known you this would not have happened," he went on. "Do you think that it is fair to tempt a man?"

"I wanted to help you," I said.

"Is it helping a man who is starving to show him a feast that he may not have; dying of thirst, drink that he may not touch? If it had not been for your friendship I should not be a ruined man. As it is, all the world will hear of it, and that will be an end of me. What I hate the worst is that Margaret Landon should know it."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Miss Landon!"

"Of course," he said quickly. "Whom do you think I meant?"

"And you are in love with her?"

"Why not? I suppose you think that I have no right—that the cat," he sneered, "may not look at the queen."

"But what you say is untrue," I cried hastily. "Miss Landon does not wish to marry me. She would not consent to do it. Indeed, she avoids me as much as possible—"

"Don't I see?" he scoffed. "Don't I understand? It's her way."

"It's false," I exclaimed. "Miss Landon does not think of me, or, if she does, it is with dislike."

"She—" he began.

"Enough," I said peremptorily. "This is a subject that is not to be discussed."

He fairly broke down at that, for his life had been such as to leave him no nerves at all. Of course I must hush this thing up. I shall find some way of managing it, with judicious expenditure. Certainly there will be talk. All sorts of things will be said about me. I must bear it. I can; I am accustomed to it.

Am I accursed? Is there nothing that I can touch without creating trouble for myself and others? Is it impossible for any one to approach me, to be connected with me, without being injured, without injuring me? Am I a kind of human deadly upas-tree? Is my whole life to be a sort of last act of "L'Africaine"?

September 12. Finally something that I can view with some satisfaction. After all, I have had a chance of doing some good. I was so placed as to be obliged to give a cup for some races for schooner-yachts, and this afternoon the race took place, and I had to follow it in the *Lucasta*. All things considered, I believe that I have been more troubled with the *Lucasta* than with any other of my possessions. She is three hundred and eighty-two feet long and has a crew of seventy men. A white elephant with a bee in his bonnet would not be so constantly disturbing. A Presidential campaign does not require so much attention. The boat has had two collisions already this season. Some of the crew are always doing things, and getting arrested, and having to be bailed out. When the captain is not making demands, it is the chef. But this is neither here nor there.

I did not want to go at all this afternoon, as the sea was rather rough and I am a poor sailor. I had to be present, however, and I had to take a large party. The only person—Miss Landon—whom I should like to have was out of the question. On the contrary, a nice gang went with me. The Chiswicks invited themselves. The Gadsdens, whom I detest and don't know, came with them, as they are staying at their house. In a moment Sam Leete whispered to me that he had

a friend with him, as he felt sure that he knew me well enough to bring him. Leete is just starting as a broker, and Mr. Thomas J. Plunks, of "Plunks's Soap," the friend, is his most important client. Mrs. Keppel brought Mrs. "Val" Le Strange. She said she thought it would be such an advantage for Mrs. Le Strange to be seen on my yacht. Christian charity is an excellent thing, but it seems to me that it is n't my mission in life to "float" beautiful ladies who are separated from their husbands.

With slight attacks of seasickness to make me uncomfortable, I had a most unpleasant afternoon. Just the crowd of which Miss Landon would disapprove was on board. Of course she will believe that I asked every one of them. Finally I landed them at the wharf.

We were steaming across the harbor at half-speed, making for the *Lucasta's* anchorage, where I was to take the launch and go home. As we slipped on through the water I saw, a short distance ahead, a canoe. The usual young man and young woman were in it. Suddenly, as we drew near, it upset. In an instant it had turned over, and the man and the girl were struggling in the water. He immediately made for the canoe. She was visibly sinking. I loosened a life-buoy. I sprang over the side. There was no sea, and I had no difficulty in swimming to her. I held her, and got her to the buoy. A boat was lowered. We were taken dripping on board. A very short time after we reached the *Lucasta* she revived.

I found that she was a Miss "Pinkie" White, whom I know slightly. She is staying with the Simpsons, some people that I do not know at all. She thanked me for what she called "preserving" her life. She was becoming unconscious, she said, when she felt my grasp upon her. She told me—somewhat effusively, I thought—that my conduct was "heroic." I had the *Lucasta* turned about. We brought up off the Simpson place, and I went ashore with her. The Simpsons were most anxious that I should stay for dinner, but I refused and went away, telling them that I would come the next day to ask how Miss White was.

I am glad that the *Lucasta* came just at that time, and I am pleased that I had a part in anything so useful as pulling a young woman out of the water. I think

that I am justified in feeling a little satisfaction in the afternoon.

September 13. As I was sitting in one of the smaller rooms of the club last evening I heard great laughter outside the door. Some men were just entering, and I rose to escape.

"So he has taken to rescuing young women from watery graves," roared "Larry" Outis, in unmistakable delight, as I hastened toward the only exit by which I could get away unnoticed.

Again there was a loud burst of merriment.

"It's the very best," Outis continued.

"But I don't see what there was to do but what he did," said another. "The man who was with her left her and was making his way to the canoe. She evidently could n't swim—was sinking—and some one had to pull her out."

I was just beyond the window when in some way my coat caught on a projecting nail. I tried to tear it away, but it was firmly held. While I was loosening it, I could not help hearing Outis's next speech.

"Don't you know?" he exclaimed. "Sinking! Your grandmother! Could n't swim! She is the girl who did a mile in thirty-six minutes the other day, almost beating the record for women. She was as safe in the water as he was on the yacht. The man who was with her knew she could take care of herself better than he could, and swam straight for the canoe. Why, she did it on purpose. It's all got out. She told some girl, who told some one else. She upset the canoe just as she saw the *Lucasta* coming, so that she should be taken on board. Wanted to excite his sympathy, you know, besides arouse his interest in her because he saved her life. And he tumbled to the bait like a silly mackerel. Her preserver! Oh, it's too good!"

Outis rolled on the divan in convulsions of delight, while all in the room laughed in chorus.

It's all in the newspapers this morning. I do not mean about the young woman's upsetting the canoe on purpose, but about my having jumped overboard after her. I should rather that they had written the truth than the things that they have. A hero! And every one knows the facts. I am the joke of the place. It is too maddening.

September 16. I saw Miss Landon today, but she did not see me, at least she did not appear to see me. And yet it seemed utterly impossible for her not to do

it, as I stepped back for her to pass through a door. To make sure, I went up to her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed helplessly as I stood before her.

"I wanted to know whether you had seen me or not," I said doggedly.

"I did n't want to," she answered defiantly. "I *never* want to see you again. I haven't told you that before. This is final."

She moved away and left me perplexed and helpless. Something must have happened to make her suddenly so much more than usually severe. What can it be? There is enough, I know, with this racing business and then this ridiculous adventure. The first must be the cause of the difficulty, for I can see no reason why she should be affected by the latter.

September 18. I feel that it would give me considerable satisfaction to jump on my own prostrate body. I heard this afternoon from a man who was in my class, and who had also been tutored by Reginald Mason, that all that he had written me was true. The college has not given him the appointment. Her people have taken the girl away. Mason has fallen ill from care and anxiety. I always liked him, and, knowing how proud a man he is, I recognize how hard it was for him to beg from me. And what can he think of me? We were friends, and I did not even answer him. Perhaps it may not be too late. I telegraphed at once that all care should be taken of him. I wrote to the president of the college that he must interest himself in the case. The building that I gave to the old place last year will lead him to do as I say. If I could get away I should go myself.

A small thing that was very characteristic, and very unpleasant, came to my notice to-day. I had observed that Billy Bollen, no matter how few or how many might be in the smoking-room, has always demanded a particular kind of villainous cigar. This rather astonished me, as Bollen very well knows what is good. Of course, with his offhand way, what he did made very little impression on me. His unpromising directness—I could very well say his rudeness—was what first attracted me to him. Therefore, when he called anything else that was given him after dinner "rotten," and insisted on having this one kind, I was merely amused. I think that I have suffered Billy for the reason that I put, without thinking of it, a

certain confidence in his downright incivility. After all the flattery to which I have to listen,—the deference, not to say slavishness, that I meet,—his manner was something of a relief. I felt that there must be some sincerity in such cool impudence, and I have encouraged him.

Very recently, however, Billy has been clamoring for still a different kind of cigar, and refusing any other. To-day I got a letter from the firm importing the kind that Bollen first demanded, telling me that he had been receiving a certain sum from them monthly for insisting that I shall have this particular brand in my house and generally spreading it abroad that it was the kind that I used. The truth seems to be that lately he has been bought at a better price by another house. To prevent his puffing the goods of a rival, I have been informed of what he has been doing. It makes me downhearted. What am I to think? If Bollen's impudence was only another way of taking me in, to make use of me, what am I to do? I feel that I can't believe in anything, trust anybody. And yet, in my distrust, I am forced into making mistakes like this about Reginald Mason. It's a dog's life.

September 20. To-day there is the first "meet" of the season at my place. As a matter of fact, I am anxiously desirous of being in town, as there is a very important sale of a celebrated library, and there are several books that I want very much to secure. It would be real pleasure for me to see the books, and I feel that I could transact the business better than any agent. But I have to stay here. I am the M.F.H., and it would not do for me to be absent. Truthfully, the occupation of riding a horse across country does not interest me as much as it seems that it should. There are a great many things of which I have to think, and the constant attention that I have to give to the animal annoys me. Anyway, I shall have to appear and ride. It is a dull, cold, rainy day, but as it is a "drag," it will be very fast and I shall not have to be long in the saddle. The run will be over a very stiff country. I hope no one will come to grief.

September 21. The first thing I knew I found myself lying on a lot of coats and wraps, with a number more under my head, in the corner of a fence. A small crowd was about me. Beyond the fence, in the

road, I could see dimly a number of traps with women in them.

"He's all right," I heard some one call. "He's opening his eyes."

I tried to struggle to my feet, but fell back.

"Hold on!" said Larry Outis, who was leaning over me. "Better lie still. You came a nasty cropper."

"Anything broken?" I asked.

"I think not," he replied.

I could see more clearly now, and, as I thought, made out Miss Landon hurrying away. I could not depend on myself, and so I asked.

"Miss Landon?" I murmured, still half dazed.

"Yes," said Larry.

"She was here?" I said more strongly.

"Very much here," Larry replied; and by this time I had got enough control of my wits to notice that several of the men tittered audibly. "Miss Landon was the first here, and we found her with you when we came."

I realized that he, as well as the others, was singularly embarrassed.

With a little help I got into the Crosbys' trap and was driven to the house. After a good night's sleep I feel as well as I ever did. Undoubtedly, though, I had a narrow escape. Athos, the top rail of a heavy fence not breaking, came down and fairly rolled over me. They tell me that it was one of the worst-looking spills ever seen in the hunting-field.

Tom Loring has just been here.

"Well," he said jovially, after he inquired as to my condition, "of course it's all settled, and I am to congratulate you."

"What do you mean?" I demanded in amazement.

"Why, your engagement to Miss Landon," he answered.

"I only wish I could say that there is such an engagement. It's what I want the most in the world," I replied. "As it is, there is not the least truth in it, or the slightest possibility of it."

"What—" he began, and then stopped himself in sudden perplexity.

"Miss Landon would n't have me at any price," I said.

"Well—" he began again, the expression of amazement increasing on his face. "I'll be hanged if I understand it!"

Tom made up his mind long ago that there are many things which the brains

that he inherited do not permit him to understand, and he is quite reconciled to the fact. That is one of the reasons why he is so popular. Still, I was for a moment struck by his expression. He had such an air of bewildered amazement.

September 22. The only thing that I can do is to go away. I have found out that that plot about which I was warned is wholly a fake—a scheme devised to raise money from me. There is no use in my staying. It is only fair to her. I shall go somewhere at once.

How can I make myself realize what has just happened? I cannot seem to believe it even yet. I feel as if I were indeed in a dream, and no amount of pinching would do anything toward rousing me.

I had made up my mind to go away, but before I went I was determined to see Miss Landon and say good-by to her. This morning I walked across to the Landon place, and boldly asked for her. Much to my surprise, I was at once admitted. I did not find her in the library, where I was taken, but, looking through the window, I saw her on a little balcony outside. I was amazed at the way she greeted me. There was such a strange mingling of shyness and excitement and distress. She had never appeared more adorable than in this more docile mood.

"You will forgive me," I said abruptly; "but I could not go away without seeing you just once more and saying good-by."

"Good-by!" she almost gasped.

"Yes," I continued. "You said that you never wished to see me; that this was final. I thought that all I could do was to pass from your sight and, I have no doubt, from your memory."

"You are going away—*now!*" she gasped again. "But you can't—don't you see that you can't?"

I gazed at her, trying to understand what she meant.

"Oh, if you should go, it would be awful *now*," she said, putting her hand on my arm. "You can't mean it."

"But I do," I asserted firmly. "It seems that it is best under the circumstances."

"The circumstances!" she cried, sinking down in a chair. "How can you say that? It seems to me that the circumstances ought to make you stay."

"I mean since you hate me."

She looked up wildly.

"After what has happened you think—that!" she exclaimed.

"What has happened?" I asked impatiently. "I know that I love you madly, but what has happened but that—"

"You don't know?" she said, looking at me strangely.

"No," I answered a little angrily.

"Oh, it's too awful," she said, almost laughing, although at the same time she was almost crying. "Have I got to tell you? But it does not make any difference now. You would know it anyway, for you would be told by some one else." She stood up. "I love you," she said.

I had her in my arms before she could go on.

"And you don't know what happened?" she said, looking up and then quickly looking down again.

"No," I replied very impatiently.

"Why," she said slowly, "when you fell I was in the nearest trap. I jumped out and ran to you. I could n't help myself. When they came up I was holding your head on my arm—and they saw me—and I—I don't know how to tell you! Now *could* I let you go away after that?"

September 25. There is another small surprise. Driscoll and Miss "Pinkie" White are also engaged. That young person, Margaret tells me, having recovered from her bath, and being rather disconcerted by the notoriety of her exploit, has suddenly announced the fact. It seems that she has always been in love with Driscoll, and he must have found consolation. I will send him out to a ranch that I have in the West, where I think they will both find happiness. Margaret tells me that when she heard that I had pulled Miss White out of the water, absurd as the whole affair was, she was jealous. And yet at the time she was behaving as if I were the dust under her feet. It is strange, but I am not disposed to wonder. I am not quarreling with life in any way. The world is one large wonderful rosy delight to me. Margaret says that she wishes that I were not so rich, for then we should have learned the truth much sooner. Also that she should prefer to have me penniless, for then every one might believe that she really loved me. No one does, for all declare that she is marrying me for my money. But that is one thing that is the result of my position for which I do not care in the very least.



THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO¹

BY JOHN MUIR

Author of "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," etc.

HAPPY nowadays is the tourist, with earth's wonders, new and old, spread invitingly open before him, and a host of able workers as his slaves making everything easy, padding plush about him, grading roads for him, boring tunnels, moving hills out of his way, eager, like the devil, to show him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory and foolishness, spiritualizing travel for him with lightning and steam, abolishing space and time and almost everything else. Little children and tender, pulpy people, as well as storm-seasoned explorers, may now go almost everywhere in smooth comfort, cross oceans and deserts scarce accessible to fishes and birds, and, dragged by steel horses, go up high mountains, riding gloriously beneath starry showers of sparks, ascending like Elijah in a whirlwind and chariot of fire.

First of the wonders of the great West to be brought within reach of the tourist were the Yosemite and the Big Trees, on the completion of the first transcontinental railway; next came the Yellowstone and icy Alaska, by the Northern roads; and last the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which, naturally the hardest to reach, has now become, by a branch of the Santa Fé, the most accessible of all.

Of course with this wonderful extension of steel ways through our wildness there is loss as well as gain. Nearly all railroads are bordered by belts of desolation. The finest wilderness perishes as if stricken with pestilence. Bird and beast people, if not the dryads, are frightened from the groves.

Too often the groves also vanish, leaving nothing but ashes. Fortunately, nature has a few big places beyond man's power to spoil—the ocean, the two icy ends of the globe, and the Grand Cañon.

When I first heard of the Santa Fé trains running to the edge of the Grand Cañon of Arizona, I was troubled with thoughts of the disenchantment likely to follow. But last winter, when I saw those trains crawling along through the pines of the Cocanini Forest and close up to the brink of the chasm at Bright Angel, I was glad to discover that in the presence of such stupendous scenery they are nothing. The locomotives and trains are mere beetles and caterpillars, and the noise they make is as little disturbing as the hooting of an owl in the lonely woods.

In a dry, hot, monotonous forested plateau, seemingly boundless, you come suddenly and without warning upon the abrupt edge of a gigantic sunken landscape of the wildest, most multitudinous features, and those features, sharp and angular, are made out of flat beds of limestone and sandstone forming a spiry, jagged, gloriously colored mountain-range countersunk in a level gray plain. It is a hard job to sketch it even in scrawniest outline; and try as I may, not in the least sparing myself, I cannot tell the hundredth part of the wonders of its features—the side-cañons, gorges, alcoves, cloisters, and amphitheaters of vast sweep and depth, carved in its magnificent walls; the throng of great architectural rocks it contains re-

¹ See drawing by Maxfield Parrish on page 2. The adventurous narrative by Major J. W. Powell of the pioneer exploration of the cañons of the Colorado by his boat expedition will be found in this magazine for January, February, and March, 1875 (Vol. IX, Old Series), with many drawings of the region by Thomas Moran. — EDITOR.