

ing to the lordship of the race. There is no reason why a resident of Cheverny should regard mankind as natural enemies or as creatures to be brought to heel. The interior is delightfully habitable in its tapestries, panels, fine old fireplaces, and the foolish nothings of taste and fancy that no doubt lie all about when the family is in residence. There is fine carving everywhere, and plenty of color, though much

of it is too manifestly the work of the modern paint-brush. It is all so peaceful in suggestion, so urbane, that the occasional armor looks out of place, even in the guard-room. For the guard-room is now a place to live in, like the rest. Some of the pictures are good: of the "Don Quixote" series in the gallery and dining-room, the less said the better, as works of art.



THE TANAGER

BY ISABEL MCKINNEY

[SEE FRONTISPIECE]

I SAW a scarlet flash to-day;
Was it a poppy blown away
Into the cherry-tree?
Was it a bird?—that sprite of fire,
Drop of sun's blood, heart of desire—
Summer's epitome?



UNDER ROCKING SKIES

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Kerrigan's Diplomacy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY M. J. BURNS

IV



ETTY had spread a shawl on the forward end of the house, and, with her arm resting on the slide of the companion-way, sat with an unopened book in her lap and looked out across the shining sea. It was three bells or more, and the morning sun was warm upon

her face, and painted with rainbow hues the spray that the fresh northwest wind clipped from every toppling wave. The brig was sliding down the seas like a boy let loose from school, now dipping her nose into a long roller with chuckling hawse-pipes, now sinking into the blue hollows, sending the sheeted spray outward for yards as her counter came home with a jarring thud. The spars whined unceas-

ingly, but the sails, bellying in the steady breeze, made scarcely a sound, save when a sudden lurch spilled the wind from the canvas, and it snapped like a great whip.

The scene, with the vividness of its new sensations, now for the first time experienced, impressed itself upon Drew's mind as something wholly mysterious and strangely moving. After the first night, when there had been no sea, he had remained steadily below, too ill to rise; but the sickness had now passed, and it was with only the uncertainty of gait of one not yet accustomed to the motion of the vessel that he had made his way to the deck and looked out over the watery world.

With a sense of aloofness, of absolute separation, from all that he had ever known, he gazed about him. The words,

"Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien,"

flashed through his mind: the perfect poem seemed strangely interpretative of his mood. Then his gaze came back from the notched and leaping horizon to the silent figure of Hetty, and with the lifting spirit of a mind released from the oppression of a strange and portentous solitude, he clumsily made his way to her side, glad for companionship.

She looked up brightly.

"Oh," she said, "I was wishing for some one to enjoy it with. I tried to get my mother, but she would not come up. She said she could *feel* it; that was enough for her. I hope it is not enough for you."

"No," he answered; "there is more in seeing it: it is strange and overwhelming. I am inland-bred, you know: I feel as if all known things had passed away."

"To me it is like coming home," she declared. "I cannot remember when it was not familiar. Now it is like lifting the latch of the door at home after a long absence."

He shook his head, smiling.

"I cannot imagine any one thinking of it as companionable, as a part of actual experience. I need hills and old trees and remembered turns in roads to feel the intimacy of the world. This is strange and beautiful, but leaves me an alien. It is like a kaleidoscope: nothing is twice the same."

"I do not care for things that are twice the same," she told him. "Here something is always likely to happen. The only cer-

tain thing I know of to-morrow is that we shall have plum-duff." She laughed.

He looked at her, gravely smiling.

"A certain noble discontent—you know the thought—is well; but—" he was thinking of her mother's concern, and her words carried him toward it; yet he hesitated, doubtful if it might not be too soon to speak—"but constant change means lack of purpose, does n't it? If you set your heart on something,—something vastly different from anything you have ever known,—it will be fruitless of good unless persisted in—unless it wears grooves in your life. A mere impulse for change is to be distrusted." He smiled and added: "Don't think that I cannot give over preaching."

"I know what you mean," replied the girl, looking seaward with troubled eyes. "I suppose mother has told you what I wish. But it is n't a mere desire for change, and everybody's disapproval only makes me more eager to go. Is n't that a proof that the desire is something to be obeyed—a real call? How can I be sure that it is not, unless I try? Do you think me a silly person?" She looked at him with a suggestion of defiance, but smilingly, too.

"I should be the last one to think that," he told her. "Only look at it from all sides—that is all your friends can ask."

"Not father," she answered laughingly. "If I can be made to look at it from his point of view, he will willingly spare me the rest. Poor father! But let's not speak of it," she went on. "Look! the Mother Carey's chicken!"

She pointed to the bird, the black-and-white little creature which always seems to be hurrying home, wherever it may be. Far to the southeast a trail of smoke from an unseen steamer blotched the white sky. On the main-deck the second mate and a sailor were patching a topsail; from the galley drifted aft the cheerful whistling of the steward, like a flock of blackbirds, and the homelike sound of rattling pans. Only the man at the wheel was aft, now bending to the spokes, now glancing at the binnacle, and now turning his eye aloft to the luff of the mainsail. It was the morning of the third day out.

Drew was silent so long that she turned a troubled face to him.

"You must not think that I do not care for your advice," she said gently; "I do—shall, some day. Just now I cannot bear