

ger idea than that. It came to me all of a sudden out there on the stairs. I said to myself, 'Rufe, you 've got the only chance now you ever had. Here 's a town full of people, barring three men, who believe in you. They thought once you were no good. Then they changed their minds, or they had 'em changed for them. They think now you were somebody, after all. They 've forgotten all about the reputation you had when you lived here. They don't stop to remember that your father was no good, and your mother died when you were a little shaver because he did n't treat her right. Why not leave things as they are?' Well, that 's my idea.

"I 'll get out of here. It won't need a cent to make me go. I 'll be nobody from the time I hit the railroad tracks down below. The people think I was somebody, after all. It ain't so; but it won't hurt 'em. You won't tell them any different, you three gentlemen, because you 've got good reason to keep shut up. Let things be as they are. What do you say?"

There was a moment's pause.

"If we could be sure—" began Mr. Stonehill.

"You can be dead-sure. I 'll go now before it comes light. What do you say? Will you leave the monument be? Will you let it stay there? Will you let 'em think I was somebody, after all—and that the whole family was n't rotten and no good?"

None of the three men replied. They looked at each other questioningly. The only affirmative was the lack of any negation.

A look of earnestness showed on Rufe's face.

"I 'll get out quick," he said. "Nobody 'll see me. If you 'd let me have a few matches."

Without a word Luther Weatherbee handed him what he wanted. The outside door opened and closed gently.

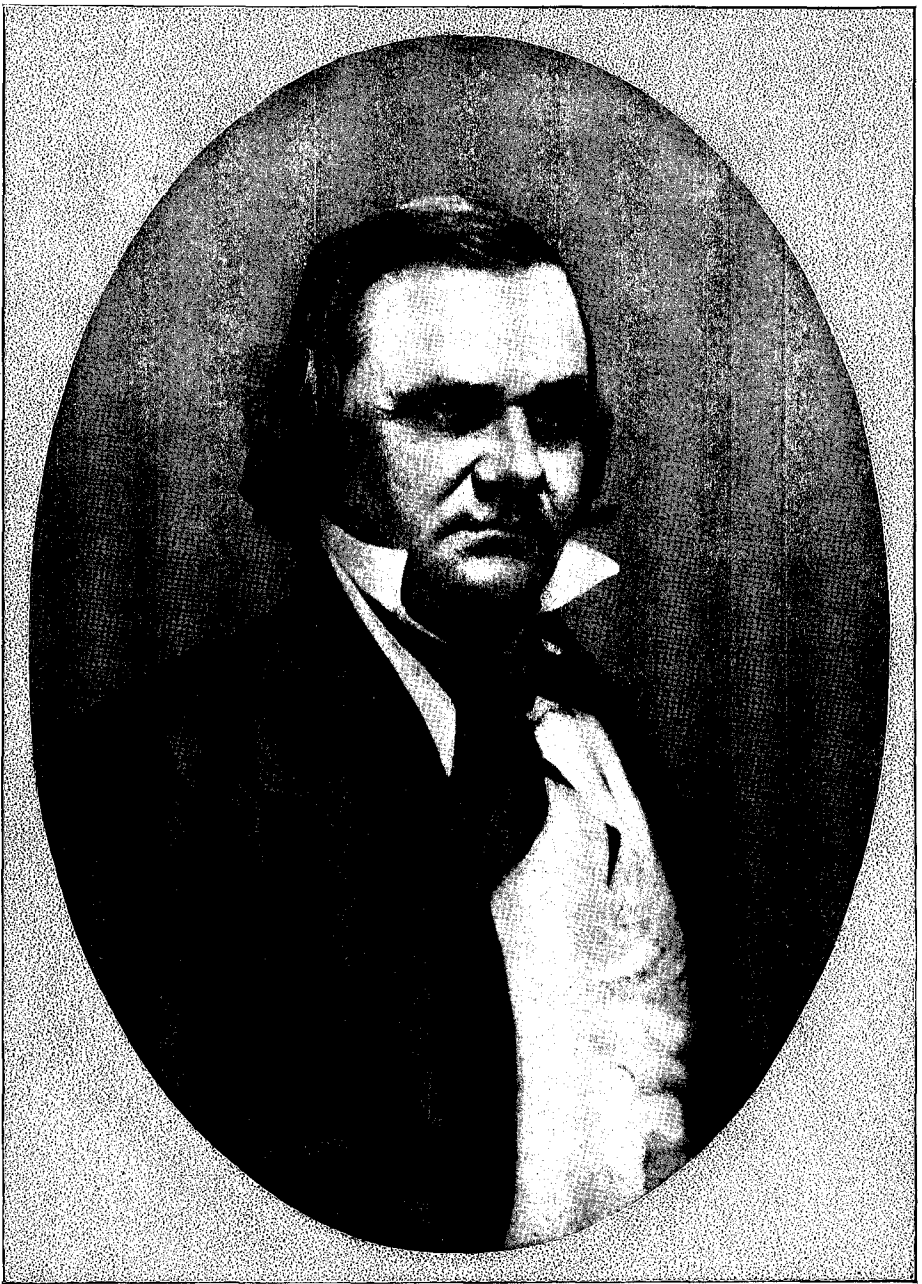
The corporation trustees, actuated by a common thought, went to the door, opened it, and looked out. For several minutes they gazed into the darkness of the common. Then a light flickered over at the end where the monument was. Then it was gone.



SHIPWRECK

BY ROBERT BROWNING HAMILTON

AS some poor merchant who has toiled to gain
 The wealth of India, silks and costly dyes
 And varied treasure, sees his fond emprise
 Fail at the last, and of his ship remain
 Naught but a wreck whose creaking timbers strain
 Ready to part, yet dares the desperate skies,
 The hungry sea, and with wild longing tries
 To save some gem, but sinks to death in vain;
 So, when my life seems wasted, and I see
 Its wreck before me, all my wealth of years
 Sinking in depths of hopeless, mocking past,
 I gather up the days I spent with thee,
 And struggle on until the end appears,
 Hoarding their rich remembrance to the last.



Owned by Mr. Frank E. Stevens, Dixon, Illinois. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

From an unpublished photograph taken at Alton, Illinois, probably in 1854, for
Douglas's friend Major Nathaniel Buckmaster