money. It had to pay twelve pence to the royal treasury on every pound of tea it imported, whether it sold it in England or not; but the government there offered to relieve it of that tax on every pound it carried on to America, and exact only the threepence to be paid at the colonial ports under Mr. Townshend's act: so willing were the king's ministers to help the company, and so anxious also to test the act and the submissiveness of the colonists. The test was soon made. The colonists had managed to smuggle in from Holland most of the tea they needed; and they wanted none, under the circumstances, from the East India ships,—even though it cost less, with the twelve pence tax off, than the smuggled tea obtained of the Dutch. The East India Company promptly sent tea-laden ships to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston; and in the autumn of 1773 they began to come in. In Boston a quiet mob, disguised as Indians, threw the chests overboard into the harbor. At New York and Philadelphia the ships were "permitted" to leave port again without landing their cargoes. At Charleston the tea was landed, but it was stored, not sold, and a public meeting saw to its secure bestowal. The experiment had failed. America was evidently of one mind, and had determined not to buy tea or anything else with a parliamentary tax on it. The colonists would no more submit to Mr. Townshend's tax than to Mr. Grenville's, whatever the legal difference between them, either in principle or in operation. The issue was squarely made up: the colonies would not obey the Parliament,—would be governed only through their own assemblies. If the ministers persisted, there must be revolution.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Imp Disposes

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

NOTHING was so pleasing to the Imp as an invitation to accompany Miss Eleanor on some expedition. He adored her, and her conquest was the more noteworthy in that her hair was not red, but a dark, dark brown. Generally speaking, the Imp lost his heart to red-haired femininity.

Enough that since that hot afternoon when, weary and cross with a long stage drive, the Imp had stumbled up the steps of the hotel piazza and bumped into a brilliant scarlet dress so violently that it collapsed with him, and they sank to the floor together, he had worshipped the dress and the wearer. On that occasion he had been drenched in mortification. He had hardly dared to lift his eyes above the waist of the scarlet dress. In fact he burrowed obstinately into the lap of it and refused to move. As he lay there, sobbing with rage and shame and sleepiness, clutching a ruffle like grim death, utterly oblivious to the hasty rush of masculine feet, he heard above the confusion a voice very near his own bowed head, a voice not rough, but with a strange sweet little shake in it that made the other women's voices sound high and thin.

"Let us alone, please! Don't you see how mortified we are? Please go away! We can help each other up, can't we, boy?"

When angels out of heaven speak, it is in that tone, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The Imp's nose, pressed against the scarlet crêpe, sniffed inquiringly, his head raised a little. He wriggled up involuntarily—it was sweeter yet! Up among a nest of fluffy softness it was sweetest of all, and there the Imp hid his head. Later he stole a glance at her chin, which was very close, and as she was absolutely silent, he even went so far as her nose. Still she made no sign. The Imp felt a flood of renewed self-respect rise within him. He drew a long sigh, lifted his eyes, and faced her.

Then he realized that he had known her always: she lived in a picture-frame

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THEY SANK TO THE FLOOR TOGETHER

in his aunt Gertrude's room.

"Oh, do you live here?" he said, wonderingly.

She nodded. "Will you help me up?" she asked in a matter-of-fact way, and he scrambled up and benevolently assisted her. He had really forgotten how she came to fall.

That evening the Imp amazed his mother by replying calmly, when she chided him for tagging about after Miss Eleanor too much — his devotion was scandalous: "Oh, it didn't hurt her; she said she was all right. She told you herself. And anyway, it did her good."

"Did her good! What on earth do you mean?"

"The men like her better!"

"Good heavens! Do you suppose, Donald, we can get our cottage next week? If we have to stay here much longer, I sha'n't dare let that child out of my sight!"

A rule was finally announced that threatened to darken his days for the rest of the summer, had he not been confident of Miss Eleanor's assistance in the matter. He was not to follow her about without an invitation. When the Young Gentleman in White Flannels, and Mr. Florian with his everlasting camera, and Mr. Bishop, gathered round her and shuffled each other about and suggested errands for each other and the Imp, he was not to worm his way through the group and cuddle her hand and grin at them triumphantly. Personal and particular summons must precede such action on his part.

So he lurked on the outside of the ring that always surrounded her, and cast such glances as would have melted a harder heart than the one that beat under the sweet-smelling red chiffons. Sometimes on such occasions she would single him out, and they would start for a walk alone, the group dissolving behind her as quickly as it had formed. And this, as I said, was particularly pleasing to the Imp.

To-day, however, things went wrong in the very beginning. Miss Eleanor had a headache, and asked him please not to step *all* the time on her skirt; he had been sent from the breakfast table for rudeness to the waiter, which rankled still at ten o'clock; it appeared that their walk was to end at the big tree half-way through the wood that separated the North Beach from the South Beach. This was hardly enough to stretch one's legs— and he had boasted to one of his friends that he would have walked all of three miles, probably, before his return! So when Miss Eleanor stopped under the big tree, sat down, and took out a book,

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he groaned aloud with disgust and disappointment.

"Dear, dear!" she said, settling back comfortably, "you sigh as if you were in love! Not that I ever knew anybody to sigh under such circumstances—it's indigestion mostly, they say. Are you in love?"

"Huh?" said the Imp, inquiringly.

"Because if you are, I'm sorry for you," she went on. "It's not worth it, Perry, take my word for it."

"I love cream," announced the Imp, with a reminiscent glare—it was in the matter of cream that he and the waiter had recently disagreed. Miss Eleanor laughed.

"Cream?" she said. "A good, safe object, I'm sure. Stick to it, dear, and be happy. If it isn't so exciting at first, at least it isn't horrid and troublesome at the end. It has no hasty, suspicious tempers—not that tempers are the worst things in the world. It's far worse to have them and control them. To be sarcastic and cool—oh, so cool!"

"Ice-cream is cold," said the Imp, argumentatively, "dreadful cold. But I love it, just the same. I love it more. It stings my eyes and aches my nose—the top part—and I us'ally scream right out. We have it here quite often, don't we?"

"Coldness is all very well in ice-cream, but very different in—in other things one likes—has liked," Miss Eleanor continued, decidedly. "*You* aren't blamed if it is cold. You aren't informed that so long as you act as—as you *do* act it will continue to be cold—as if you were a child of twelve! If ice-cream is cold, it's not your fault."

"'Tis, too," rejoined the Imp, stubbornly, "if you freeze it! It don't freeze itself, does it?"

"Ah!" said Miss Eleanor, softly. "Ah-h!" as if it hurt her greatly to breathe.

"Let it alone, if you don't want it to freeze," pursued the Imp, instructively. He had no idea what they were talking about, but he was not by way of analyzing conversational plans; he took sentences as he found them. Indeed, experience had taught him that this was his only practicable method of joining a general conversation. Questions or contradictions were fatal to his social schemes.

"Did you know that the ice they put around the thing that holds it while it's freezing is awful to eat?" he added, confidentially. "I always eat out of the ice-cart at home, while the man is taking it in the house—little bits on the floor of the wagon, you know. You can lick off the sawdust, and they taste very good. Last Sunday morning I took a few little pieces out of one of those tall red pails out in the back." He paused and scowled reminiscently. "I had to swallow them, because I began to, but they made me feel awfully—awfully!"

Miss Eleanor was looking over his head, through the wood. Her eyes were very soft and dark. She made no reply, and he knew perfectly that she had not been listening. His sense of ill treatment returned.

"I don't think it's any fun to sit still here!" he burst out. "You said you'd walk, and you aren't walking; and you don't talk, either. If Mr. Florian was here, with that camera, you'd talk! If Mr. Hunter was here—"

"Perry Stafford, you are a very disagreeable little boy, and a saucy one too," interrupted Miss Eleanor, coldly. He started, not at her words—he knew his conduct occasionally merited reproach—but at her tone. He had never had that tone from her. His lip quivered; he rubbed his shoes together till they squeaked again.

"For Heaven's sake, Perry, stop that hideous noise!" she cried, nervously. "I should *not* talk if Mr. Florian were here! I came out here to get away from him, and all the others, too. I am to go, I suppose, all my life, with my mouth closed and my eyes shut. Of course if I laugh and talk, I am perfectly happy! Of course, because I don't snap people up and act like a bear, I am the greatest flirt that ever lived. Of course I care for nothing but admiration and flattery! Oh, what fools men are!"

Miss Eleanor's cheeks were very red; she breathed deep and looked so strangely at the Imp that he felt actually embarrassed, and dropped his eyes to his offending boots.

"Not that I care," she added in a lower voice, "not that I care at all. Naturally

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HE LURKED ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING

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I couldn't, being perfectly heartless, and preferring the admiration of a dozen men to the— Oh dear! I wish I had never been born!"

At this point she slipped down under the tree, turned over with her face on her arms, and lay perfectly still.

The Imp regarded her for a moment, but as she paid no attention to him and seemed to be asleep, he got up softly and walked away on his tiptoes. He felt distinctly depressed. So low, indeed, were his spirits that he utterly forgot that he was every minute moving farther away from the big tree that a too-thoughtful Providence seemed to have established at just the point to satisfy his mother's idea of a boundary to his unaccompanied strolls.

A passing chipmunk caught his eye, and he instinctively stepped out of the beaten track to follow it. It went very slowly, so that one's hand was almost close to it before it gave a little bound and escaped. It was evidently lame, and the hope of capturing it and teaching it tricks in a cage lured the Imp from the path and duty alike, and it was only after an hour of wandering that he woke up to the fact that he was a lost and culpable boy. He called to mind the tales of people who had been lost in these woods, and how they had gone round and round helplessly, always coming out just where they started.

It occurred to the Imp that in just about three seconds he would feel quite certain he was lost, and behave accordingly, when he heard a faint sound of tramping through the undergrowth. It drew nearer; it turned aside; it was growing fainter.

"Oh! come here! come here!" cried the Imp, desperately. The footsteps ceased utterly.

"Call again!" shouted a deep voice.

"O-o-o-o-o-h-h-h — !" trumpeted the Imp, like a frightened fog-horn, too excited to stop even when a tall man hurried through the trees and shook him rapidly to stop the amazing noise.

"There, there! It's all right. Let up on that yelling! It's really almost unnecessary, I assure you," he begged. "We're saved—land is in sight!" And he hurried the breathless Imp off to the left. The exigencies of the human mechanism forced his captive to fill his lungs, and by the time he had recovered himself they were in sight of another road and another centre of civilization.

It was a solitary house, built like an enormous log cabin of rough timbers. But it was far from rough in other respects. Wide piazzas with polished floors ran all round it; hammocks and bright rugs, tables filled with books and pipes, two beautiful golden setters and an enormous bull-dog, gave it an air of great comfort. The man led the Imp up to one of the big willow chairs, plumped out the pillows that half filled it, and waved his hand hospitably.

"Welcome to Benedick's Inn!" he said. "I gather that you have momentarily lost your bearings?"

"I lost the chipmunk," returned the Imp, cautiously.

The man laughed. "Same thing," he said. "You came from the North Beach, I suppose?"

"I live in the hotel," replied the Imp, with dignity. "It is bigger than this, a great deal."

"Ah?" said the man, politely. "This is not a hotel, however. It is large enough for the Benedicks. And they do not give parties."

"Why not?" asked the Imp, promptly. "We do, and we have ice-cream and lanterns."

"I don't doubt you do," rejoined the man, "and that is just what we wish to avoid. Ice-cream means women, and women mean trouble and dress-clothes. We came here to be by ourselves and be happy. Perfectly happy. And we are, of course. We have not a care or sorrow. We dress not, neither do we dance. I, for instance—*moi, qui vous parle*—am a perfectly happy man!"

"Humph!" said the Imp.

"Do you doubt it?" demanded his host. "Why that vague and scornful smile? You are too young to be cynical. Why should I not be happy? Have I not proved my point? Was I not perfectly right in the most important affair of my very important existence? You may be ignorant of the facts, but take my word for it, I was. I was wise in time. Is not that enough to make a man happy?"

For some reason this speech struck the Imp as humorous, and he laughed, chew-

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ing the edge of his cap in his embarrassment.

"Good heavens! You doubt that, too?" cried the man. "What a generation is growing up under our nose! Allow me to show you this watch, by which you may judge, without trusting me to any degree whatever, that it is high time we started back for the North Beach, if you want to dine there."

He laid an open watch ostentatiously in the Imp's lap. In the cover was a face the Imp knew well.

"She don't know where I am!" he chuckled to himself.

"She! Who?" demanded the owner of the watch.

The Imp pointed to the picture. The man laughed loud and long.

"I don't believe she does," he said, shortly. "Who do you think it is?

"It is the Countess Potocka," he added, after a pause, "and she cares very little, presumably, where you are—or where I am either! It is a famous picture. I love art, and therefore I am in the habit of associating myself with masterpieces."

"That's not her name at all," said the Imp, decidedly. His aunt Gertrude had insisted on this very same thing with regard to the picture in her room, and it seemed to him a very puerile attempt to confuse him. He knew well enough who it was.

"No? She lived under an assumed name, then?" inquired the man, with a surprised air. "However, that is a pedantic distinction, as it is by that name she has become dear to so many of us. Don't disturb the popular idea, I beg of you!"

He shut his watch and took an elaborate fishing-rod from a corner of the piazza.

"Come on," he said, holding out his hand; "we'll start, for I shouldn't wonder if you'd be in demand, a little later."

They struck out into the wood, hand in hand.

"I trust you left your friend the Countess in good health?" inquired the man.

There was in his question no apparent rudeness, but the Imp recognized the tone perfectly. His uncle Stanley employed that tone very frequently.

"She was asleep," he returned, briefly, and fingered the rod with deep admiration.

"Indeed! Is she as popular as ever? She is reported to have been very attractive to the men—like her namesake!" he added, quickly. "Do they hover about her and paint her portrait and write waltzes for her? Poor men—what fools they are!"

"That's what she says," the Imp agreed.

The man stared at him.

"Oh, she does!" he said. "Well, she ought to know, I'm sure. And yet it seems rather unjust to make a man a fool and then laugh at him for it, doesn't it, now? Have you ever noticed that injustice is their most pronounced quality—always excepting their absurd attractiveness? 'Oh, yes, indeed,' they say, 'I love you, and you only, and since you know that, I feel perfectly free to reduce as many of your companions as possible to your state. If you object, you are ridiculously jealous.' Has that occurred to you, my young friend?"

"I am jealous," the Imp announced. "I am as jealous as can be. My mother says she should think I'd be yellow all over me, I'm so jealous. She says a little is all very well, but too much is childish. It tires anybody to death. They get cross."

"They do indeed," the man returned, fervently. "They get almighty cross. That shows their conscience is not clear."

"It shows you don't deserve anybody to be nice to you," contradicted the Imp, promptly. "So I don't go till I'm asked—I wait. But Mr. Florian never waits," he scowled. "Mrs. Bishop says she pities my wife," he concluded, proudly.

The man burst out laughing.

"She does, does she?" he said. "And why, in Heaven's name?"

"Because I'm so jealous," replied the Imp, tranquilly. "She says an angel would get out of temper with me."

The man made no remark for some time after this. It was as well that he did not, for he strode along so fast that the Imp panted in his efforts to keep up, and would never have been able to answer any. Finally he spoke.

"Do you believe that?" he asked. "Do

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you believe that a fellow should put up with anything and everything?"

"Huh?" said the Imp.

"If the only girl you ever—if the Countess Potocka, we'll say"—here the Imp scowled again—"treated everybody just as she treated you—"

"But she don't, she *don't!*" interrupted the Imp, quite out of patience with the haste and the obstinate allusion to the Countess. "I can hold her hand, and wear her ring, and I can kiss her—if I'm good. Nobody else can. She *don't* treat me the same!"

The man stopped abruptly and drew a long breath. He shut his eyes, and it seemed to the Imp that he stood still for an hour. Presently he appeared to wake up.

"Will you say that again?" he requested. The Imp stuck out his lip and started on by himself. This man was worse than his uncle Stanley.

"I say she *don't* treat me the same!" he flung back. Suddenly he caught the glimmer of a red parasol.

"There she is! There's Miss Eleanor now!" he cried.

The man dragged him back. The rod clattered to the ground.

"My good child," he said, in a low, hurried voice, "will you be so exceptionally kind as to inform me if the person you refer to is called Miss Eleanor Whitney?"

"Yes, she is," grunted the Imp, struggling to escape. "Let me go, will you?"

"No," the man replied, calmly, "not till I memorialize my gratitude and affection. Let me beg your acceptance," he continued, untwisting the Imp from around his legs and holding him fast with one hand while he picked up the fishing-tackle with the other, "of this elegant rod and all its appurtenances. It seems to have caught your fancy, and if you will keep it intact for a few years, I assure you that your evident appreciation of its qualities will not diminish. For it is an excellent rod." He handed it over, and the Imp, doubting the evidence of his senses, took it in silence.

Miss Eleanor's back was turned to them, and only as they reached her did she lift her head. "Oh, Elmer!" she cried, softly. "How—where—"

The Imp dashed ahead and squatted down beside her.

"Look—look here!" he burst out. "See what he gave me! I got lost, and I was at a Benedick Inn; and you've been here all the time!"

"Eleanor," said the man, standing tall behind the Imp, "I was utterly and entirely wrong and unreasonable. I beg your pardon. An angel would have been out of temper with me."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Eleanor, softly; "no, indeed. Because I was. And I'm not an angel. Whatever you were that was—was not nice, I made you be. It was my fault."

"Then—then—" the man stopped. He seemed to expect some remark, but none was forth-coming. Miss Eleanor patted the Imp's brown little hand and stared at the rod.

"Won't you be wanting your dinner?" asked the man abruptly, stooping down and lifting the Imp bodily from the ground. Grasping his rod, the Imp started to explain that he would wait for Miss Eleanor, but when he looked around his seat beside her was gone. "And when you *do* go," continued the man, easily, "don't say anything about where we are, or anything at all, in fact," he concluded, sweepingly. "Can you keep a secret?"

"I'll have to tell my mother all about the rod," the Imp demurred.

"Oh, tell your nice mother about it all," said Miss Eleanor. "I mean," she added, "I mean—" The man caught her hand.

"Good-by!" he called to the Imp. "Hurry up, or they will be through dinner—good-by!"

"But she wants her dinner too," began the Imp, doubtfully. "I can wait a *little* longer—"

"Good-by, Perry dear," said Miss Eleanor, decidedly. "I am very glad you came with me—good-by!" He looked back once or twice hesitatingly, but they did not call him.

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The Passing of a Shadow

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

THE earth renews itself continuously for the new generations of men, but the old houses—palaces or lonely mountain cabins—in which human life has begun, spent its substance, and ended, have no power to re-create themselves for the new histories which begin within their walls.

Lethy Elrod, so far as houses were concerned, had few standards of comparison, even as neither through books nor art had she learned the height and depth of human sentiment; but when Jeff Miles asked her to marry him, his young hardihood for once timid and humble, a primal instinct sent her towards the path to which he pointed her. And on the May morning, with its pervasive life and motion in tree and grass and springing corn, of lapping streams and birds in swamps and hollows, when he brought her into the old four-room dwelling of hewn logs, an instinct which has been in every good woman from the beginning thrilled her with joy—the joy not merely of possession, but of possibility; this place shut off from all the rest of the world was henceforth to shelter her; but it was the place she was to make beautiful for her beloved. She had left a mother and sister as quiet as herself in the little frame house five miles beyond the creek, and an existence as colorless as it was inoffensive, to come here; but she responded without error to the eternal magic transfusing the counterfeit presentment of the merely external in the lowly home and the undisciplined man beside her with the profound beauty of the hidden and the real.

It was one of the first things that came to her in those early days when Jeff watched her with a boyish delight, his mirth often a relief to her shyness and his own, that this house was full of memories of things that had already been done and yet could not pass away. She saw her husband's face darken as he looked at the rail fence cutting off two-thirds of the rich creek bottoms, and the fact that his father years ago had squandered life and property in drink acquired for her the significance of a tragedy of yesterday. "My room's small and ill-convenient," Jeff had said, "but we won't move into mother's till cold weather;" and from the break in his voice as he spoke, and from the humble appointments of the home, she reconstructed his mother's life—the long years of monotonous toil, the long months of suffering at the last, when it was Jeff who staid by her day and night and lifted her on her bed of pain. The girl tottered under the inrush of knowledge that had come to her husband through the slow medium of experience. She who was by nature silent, who moved and spoke with habitual slowness, was driven often to speech, often to swift gestures, to little hurrying steps, as she ran to meet him or followed him, as if she could not let him go until he had taken some of the emotion of her surcharged heart.

One day he went with her into the little front room cut off from one end of the piazza. A narrow green chest stood between the three-cornered shelf that served for a wash-stand and the high plain bureau. "Mother's quilts and counterpanes are in here," Jeff said, laying his hand on the lid; "any time you want to use them—"

Lethy put her hand on his. "She was such a dear good mother, Jeff," she said, softly.

"The best anybody ever had."

She drew him down into a chair, and stood behind him with her small cheek against his yellow hair.

"You know, Jeff," she said, hesitatingly, after a little silence, "I did think sometimes about a little new white house—not a two-story house like Alice Crosby's—maybe not even painted at first—"

His face reddened. "I could have

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