

have to limp at the business, and he made men understand at least that he was a person to be obeyed. He was quite as truculent and violent of temper and arbitrary as Kieft had been before him; but he was much more efficient, and was able to come to an understanding with his neighbors, both on the Sound and within the South River. In 1650 a treaty was at last agreed upon with the English which fixed the boundaries between their settlements and the Dutch, reserving on the Connecticut itself only the fort of Good Hope and the little plot of ground about it; and though the people at Hartford nevertheless seized and appropriated that also, once for all, when they heard of the war between the Netherlands and the commonwealth at home (1654), that was no great loss, and did not disturb the boundaries which had been drawn beyond Greenwich on the mainland and across Long Island at Oyster Bay. Stuyvesant more than compensated himself for the loss of Good Hope; for that same year (1654) he took a force that could not be withstood to the South River, and conclusively put an end to the Swedish power there, making the river once more a part of New Netherland, not to be disputed again by Sweden.

Death the while thrust his hand into the affairs of New England, and sadly shifted the parts men were to play there. In 1647, the year Stuyvesant came, Mr. Hooker had been taken, leav-

ing no such shrewd and kindly statesman and pastor behind him; and in 1649, the year the king died upon the scaffold, John Winthrop departed,—the man who had founded Massachusetts, and who had seemed its stay and prop. Then Mr. Cotton died (1652), to be followed, scarcely six months later, by Mr. Dudley. Mr. Haynes went in 1654, and the gentle Winslow in 1655; and then Standish, the bluff soldier, who had carried so many of Plymouth's burdens at the first (1656), and Bradford, the pleasant gentleman and scholar, whom all had loved and trusted (1657). Last of all, Mr. Eaton was taken (1658), and New Haven mourned her grave and princely merchant and Governor as one whom she could not replace. The first generation of leaders had passed away; men of a new kind were to take their places.

Endecott still lived, to be elected Governor year after year till he died (1665); but many years in the wilderness had done little to soften his hard rigor against those who offended, though it were never so little, against the law or order of the colony, whether in matters of life or doctrine. He was quick to bring men and women alike to punishment for slight offences; and the days of his rule were darkened by the execution of several Quakers who had refused to quit the colony when bidden. The air cleared a little of such distempers when he was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEFORE NIGHT

BY ELEANOR NORTON

IT is the hour when faints the long gold day,
That hour when all the spent world sighs to rest,
The low wind sleeps, the lilies idly sway,
And drops the bee into the rose's breast.

Now the last weary swallow wheels on high,
A flash of silver on the rosy light;
Soon the first star shall gleam in the still sky,
And earth be clasped by the cool arms of night.

Now the round notes of restless birds are dead,
Peace on the scented land and shimmering sea;
Now sorrow fades as fades the sunset red,
And with the tender night comes peace to me!



GUNN PLACED A HAND, WHICH LACKED TWO FINGERS, ON HIS BREAST, AND BOWED AGAIN

CAPTAIN ROGERS

BY W. W. JACOBS

A MAN came slowly over the old stone bridge, and averting his gaze from the dark river with its silent craft, looked with some satisfaction towards the feeble lights of the small town on the other side. He walked with the painful, forced step of one who has already trudged far. His worsted hose, where they were not darned, were in holes, and his coat and knee-breeches were rusty with much wear, but he straightened himself as he reached the end of the bridge and stepped out bravely to the taverns which stood in the row facing the quay.

He passed the "Queen Anne"—a mere beer-shop—without pausing, and after a glance apiece at the "Royal George" and the "Trusty Anchor," kept on his way to where the "Golden Key" hung out a gilded emblem. It was the best house in Riverstone, and patronized by the gentry, but he adjusted his faded coat, and with a swaggering air entered and walked boldly into the coffee-room.

The room was empty, but a bright fire afforded a pleasant change to the chill October air outside. He drew up a chair, and placing his feet on the fender, exposed his tattered soles to the blaze, as a waiter who had just seen him enter the room came and stood aggressively inside the door.

"Brandy and water," said the stranger; "hot."

"The coffee-room is for gentlemen staying in the house," said the waiter.

The stranger took his feet from the fender, and rising slowly, walked towards him. He was a short man and thin, but there was something so menacing in his attitude, and something so fearsome in his stony brown eyes, that the other, despite his disgust for ill-dressed people, moved back uneasily.

"Brandy and water, hot," repeated the stranger; "and plenty of it. D'ye hear?"

The man turned slowly to depart.

"Stop!" said the other, imperiously. "What's the name of the landlord here?"

"Mullet," said the fellow, sulkily.

"Send him to me," said the other, resuming his seat; "and hark you, my friend, more civility, or 'twill be the worse for you."

He stirred the log on the fire with his foot until a shower of sparks whirled up the chimney. The door opened, and the landlord, with the waiter behind him, entered the room, but he still gazed placidly at the glowing embers.

"What do you want?" demanded the landlord, in a deep voice.

The stranger turned a little weazenened yellow face and grinned at him familiarly.

"Send that fat rascal of yours away," he said, slowly.

The landlord started at his voice and eyed him closely; then he signed to the man to withdraw, and closing the door behind him, stood silently watching his visitor.

"You didn't expect to see me, Rogers," said the latter.

"My name's Mullet," said the other, sternly. "What do you want?"

"Oh, Mullet?" said the other, in surprise. "I'm afraid I've made a mistake, then. I thought you were my old shipmate Captain Rogers. It's a foolish mistake of mine, as I've no doubt Rogers was hanged years ago. You never had a brother named Rogers, did you?"

"I say again, what do you want?" demanded the other, advancing upon him.

"Since you're so good," said the other, "I want new clothes, food and lodging of the best, and my pockets filled with money."

"You had better go and look for all those things, then," said Mullet. "You won't find them here."

"Ay!" said the other, rising. "Well, well! There was a hundred guineas on the head of my old shipmate Rogers some