

done and the year was still between promise and its bloom, Adam made himself very clean, and started out along the county road. Old Betsy watched him away. She made fantastic gestures at his back, translating her good-will; then she sat down on the steps and thought of life—chiefly what a big baby Adam had been, and what a freckled boy. Betsy was happy. She often said she had better luck than most, because she had always lived with her own kind of folks.

Adam walked along, neither fast nor slow, and in the darkening turn of the road where the pines meet and there is the sound of running water, he saw Angelica Payne. She was dressed in white, and her face was very pale. The dusk was thin enough for him to see how black and soft her eyes were, and how still she carried herself. She looked like a bride, and a great tenderness calmed his manner toward her. She seemed very little and very young, something miraculously accorded him to protect as well as to adore. She walked up to him, and he took her hands.

"Did you come to meet me?" he asked her gently.

"I don't know," said Angelica. "I came." Their hearts beat thickly, but they beat with an according measure.

"Should you be ready to marry me by

to-morrow?" asked Adam, as if he inquired about the weather.

"Yes," said Angelica, like one speaking out of a dream.

"Should you rather I'd come and see you at the house a few times first?"

"Oh no!" said Angelica, "not unless you'd rather."

"You know what folks 'll say about me! They'll always remember I was queer and went off into the woods!"

"Yes," said Angelica. She was leaning her head against his arm, and thinking his coat smelled of the earth, the spring earth with its imperious promises.

"They may say I couldn't get Melissa after all! Can you get along with that?"

"Not get Melissa?" she repeated, absently. "Poor Melissa!"

They stood silent, the dusk sifting down about them. Angelica, in a flash, recovered her old fire.

"Do you s'pose you're going to make me happy?" she asked, audaciously.

The silence thrilled like unknown, poignant speech. Adam was meeting his hunger for her, his certainty of having found something which was all his own.

"I don't believe I care," said he, "whether I do or not."

Then he lifted her until her eyes were level with his, and kissed her.

"Fools rush in..."

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

ONE fool sailed westward till he found a world;
 One found new worlds within the mind of man:
 The cynics called Columbus charlatan
 And burned Giordano Bruno! . . . Who unfurled
 The heavens like a scroll, that men might *know*,
 But foolish Galileo? . . . Who began
 Our new free art and thought and social plan,
 But that poor outcast crazy fool, Rousseau?

There is one toast the future ages drink
 Standing!—To those who dare, rush in, and die!—
 Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
 Who fight impossible battles, and who think
 True thoughts—at whom with one accord we cry,
 "The fools, the fools, the fools!"—*God bless the fools!*

The Manners of the Past

BY S. G. TALLENTYRE

THERE is no branch of literature once more flourishing and now more decayed than the literature of Etiquette. There was a period when it formed the whole library of woman. Manuals (oh, what little, worn, brown, faded manuals, with their long s's and their whimsical spelling!) on the Etiquette of Love, on the Etiquette of Dancing, "Of Complements," "Of Carving," "Of Visits to a Great Person," "If we have a faculty in singing, playing upon the Musick, how we are to demean"—formed the study of Corinna's waking hours and the nightmare of her sleep.

The gallants of the court of his blessed Majesty King James II. had a little work on "Certain Ways of Deportment observed among all Persons of Quality," newly revised and much enlarged for their benefit.

An American boy, called George Washington, compiled from various sources "Rules of Civility," from which the future President of a republic did not omit admonitions to a respectful demeanour towards the great, the titled, and the rich.

In the eighteenth century and the most famous and infamous Etiquette Book ever written, my Lord Chesterfield, with tears in his eyes, as it were, was imploring Philip Stanhope not to "distort his features" with laughing, and to "loll genteelly."

The little soul of Fanny Burney was hedged in by the *convenances*. The notorious immorality of a certain Royal Duke, who, in his cups, on his birthday, danced the fat ladies-in-waiting round and round the room, was not half so shocking, even to *her* virtue, as that painful breach of decorum. The women who sobbed over Clarissa almost forgave Lovelace, for being what Mrs. Skewton would have called "Such a gentlemanly creature."

All Miss Austen's prim little heroines

are the most orthodox worshippers of the great god Manners.

Till within fifty years of the present day, pious ladies, without the slightest sense of humour and with the very highest intentions, were recommending the Christian virtues to the Young Lady as imparting "elegance of mind," acting as the "choicest cosmetics" upon the complexion, and endowing her with a fascination of address literally impossible to be resisted by the opposite sex.

As a means of vivifying history, as a lively, running commentary on the times of our grandfathers and grandmothers, as bringing to life the men and women who look out of old portraits and lived and died two hundred, a hundred, fifty years ago, they are unrivalled.

They shatter, indeed, not a few illusions. What more charming figure than the gallant at the Court of the later Stuarts—the most delightfully wicked, polished, witty, courtly, accomplished gentleman in history? With his love-locks and his silk stockings, his *bons mots*, *politesse*, *savoir-faire*, his plumed hat always in his hand, and his exquisite bows and compliments, he has been frequently held up as a model to the degenerate youth of the present degenerate age. Yet Erastus required rules, painfully plain-spoken and minute, to assist him in every phase of social life.

At meals, he had to be earnestly warned not to drink the soup from his plate; and reminded that positively "Some are so nice that they will not eat Potage or anything of that Nature, in which you put your spoon unwiped, after you have put it into your mouth."

On the next page he had to be told that "it is uncivil likewise at the Table of a Person of Quality to put up any fruit or Sweetmeat into your Pocket.... unless you be pressed and Commanded," and that "you must not lick your Fingers, your Knife, or your Spoon."