

tering cheerfully by her side. Wrapped in dark thoughts, she passed, without recognition, a man coming from the opposite direction. He greeted her familiarly by name, and she glanced up to see Reginald Kip, a light-minded bachelor of the community, looking from Duke to her with an amused smile. "Keeping the commandments, I see—so intent on 'em you cut your friends in the street. What is it about loving your neighbor's dog—or is it ox?"

Sara responded without responsive display of jocosity, "He seems to have attached himself to me."

Reginald, being a professional wit, continued in his usual vein: "So long as his master doesn't follow suit. Wouldn't want it to be a case of love me, love my dog. Who *could* love Old Nick? I couldn't. Could you?"

It was all very easy to snub poor Miles, but Reginald was not snubable. Sara, realizing it, was at a disadvantage. Reginald bent a disrespectful consideration upon Duke, who, always the gentleman, had paused politely to meet the social exigency.

"What sort of a beast would you call him, anyway?"

"I suppose he is a kind of Newfoundland," Sara replied, with bored literalness.

"In any case," Reggie went on, "his color is unique. *Café au lait*, would you call it, or champagne?" Then he exploded loudly at his unexpected hit. "Champagne. That's it. I saw a case going in there yesterday."

The dog raised his eyes and gazed calmly up into Reggie's face. A more sensitive soul might have been abashed. Even Reggie showed some consciousness of rebuke. "Never mind, old chap. I don't believe he gave you any. You're as sober-minded a dog as I ever saw."

Duke escorted Sara to her gate, then went off on some tack of his own without lingering for sentimental farewells. In the evening, however, as Sara went to the window to arrange a refractory blind she discovered him dozing on the mat. She broke out then a little irritably, "I should like to know why that dog doesn't stay at home!"

Annie glanced up in some surprise at her tone, for Sara was usually amiable

except when dealing with Miles Haviland. "I suppose," Annie suggested, "he wants company. Dogs are dependent creatures."

Sara refused to be moved by any picture of Duke's lonely hearthstone. "I am going to drive him away so that he will stay, this time," she announced, almost vindictively, and gentle Annie looked disturbed.

Then Sara, determinedly opening the door to put her threat into practice, came face to face with a man who proved to be none other than the depraved Sharpless himself.

This gentleman, evidently quite unaware of his lack of social and moral qualifications, reverentially raised his hat, disclosing in the light that streamed from the hall a shining bald spot and a cheerful, rubicund countenance. His manner of apology was elaborate.

"So sorry to disturb you, Miss Henderson—only came for my dog. *Hope* he hasn't annoyed you." The tone of Mr. Sharpless's question was almost emotional. Sara found herself mechanically responding, "Oh no, not at all."

Sharpless slipped his hand under the dog's collar. Duke looked up, regarding his master with the same dignified confidence with which he met all the world. "Funny old beast, eh?" Sharpless gave the dog a clumsy pat. "A poor thing, but mine own, eh? That's the idea. Came to me, you know. Wouldn't take no for an answer—" Sharpless gave a fat laugh that certainly gave an impression of amiability. "Funny how dogs take fancies like that."

Sara reflected that Duke's taste was evidently poorer than one would have imagined. Certainly the value of his tribute to her was reduced to a minimum by Sharpless's statement.

Sharpless, finding his conversational efforts unencouraged, took his departure with nods and smiles. Evidently he was not easily chilled.

That night as Sara stood before her mirror, her dark hair in a long, neat braid, her hand raised to turn out the light, she had a thought which she instantly dismissed as too trifling to be dwelt upon. Nevertheless, she had the thought. Miles Haviland, after years of mawkish, unquestioning devotion, had

All facts concerning Sara were of moment to Miles. He recorded with the air of one making an observation worthy of note, “I saw him lying on your doorstep early this afternoon when I went past. He seemed quite at home.”

“Dogs usually are, don’t you think?” was Sara’s reply. “They tend to be socialists.”

Sara’s apparent willingness to indulge in flights of fancy encouraged Miles to continue. “I had thought they were rather apt to be snobs. Just see how they will bark at a tramp and fawn upon a well-dressed caller.”

Sara was fond of dogs, and the turn the conversation had taken for the moment entertained her. “I don’t know,” she responded. “The other night the Browns’ dog by an error of judgment welcomed a burglar into the house.”

“I hope he never found it out,” laughed Miles. “Poor old chap! He would have been so mortified and upset.”

Then, fatuously exalted by Sara’s unusual responsiveness, poor Miles fell into error. “This seems a very nice old chap”—he referred to the companionable Duke, now walking close at his side—“but do you really feel it necessary to receive calls from such a disreputable old party as his owner, just because he is a neighbor—”

Something then in Sara’s silence or the look on her face warned Miles, but too late. Sara did not tell him that he was laboring under a misapprehension. She only said in her most freezing tones: “Don’t you think, Miles, that it is rather a mistake to listen to gossip about people? Mr. Sharpless may be a very worthy man.”

“He may be—” Miles could go no further than that. Had any one ever before attempted any defense of Sharpless? And that Sara— It was too monstrous. “Such a long call, Sara,” he broke out uncontrollably. “Why, it was barely two o’clock when I went home from lunch, and at quarter to four he was still there—”

The look Sara bent upon Miles at that point was so terrible as she repeated “Mr. Sharpless!” that Miles, unable to explain or readjust his sentence, could only finish his original construction—“on your door-mat.”

The literal picture thus conjured up of Sharpless the rubicund reclining upon Sara’s door-mat failed at the moment to present itself entertainingly either to Sara or Miles, so destructive to the sense of humor is wrath in most natures. There was a dreadful pause; then Sara remarked in arctic tones: “You must be suffering from some singular form of optical delusion. We are not in the habit of sitting on the veranda in December. You did not see either Annie or me or Mr. Sharpless.”

“The dog,” Miles urged, weakly. “He was there yesterday, too. I did not, I admit, *see* Sharpless, yet the presence of the dog there naturally implied—” The look on Sara’s face must have unseated his reason for the moment or he never would have concluded as he did—“The dog, you see, *was* rather a give-away—”

“A *give-away*!” Words will not describe Sara’s manner by this time. “Really, Miles, this is the first time I have known you to be actually *coarse*. It only shows how long one can know a person and be deceived as to his true nature.” She broke off there, and in truth there was nothing she could have added to make Miles more wretched. It is doubtful if he plumbed further depths of despair when she concluded: “I would appreciate it if you would allow me to walk the rest of the way alone. I really prefer—”

Miles gave a wild laugh—“The society of Sharpless’s dog,” he concluded for her, and Sara accepted it with heart-breaking serenity.

“Precisely! Of Sharpless’s dog.”

Miles, not being of a haughty, high-handed type, lingered a moment miserably even after this. “Sara, do you realize the wretched creature *this man* is, this man that you in your innocence are willing to make a friend of—”

But Sara’s answer was to turn upon him a blank face. “Will you leave me, please, to go home alone?”

Miles went, more miserable than he had been yet. Sara walked on, raging in spirit. That Miles should dare to speak to her like that! Miles to dare accuse her, to think for one moment that she would allow that odious creature to call! She frowned at the innocent cause can-

posed he would. Instead he sank lightly upon the mat again. His eye exhibited a sensitive consideration for her movements and more than a hint of willingness to fall in with her plans. Sara went indoors, however, and closed the door firmly. Duke did not look yearningly after her; he merely relaxed and waited. An occasional pricking of the ears revealed from time to time a tenser interest in some exciting object, but he did not rouse to personal examinations or explorations.

Miles Haviland passed by slowly, his eyes searching the windows without reward. Then he noted the taffy-colored dog at ease upon the porch, its paws lightly crossed, its dreaming eyes on space, with all the air of a dog completely at home, and a shade passed over his face. The villainous Sharpless actually calling on Sara! He was a neighbor, to be sure—he had called on some neighborhood matter of arbitration or adjustment. Nevertheless, the thought of Sharpless within Sara's doors was desecration.

Miles had barely moved out of sight when Sara came out, hatted and coated, bound for "the village," by which the correct dwellers on the outskirts meant the shopping district. The dog arose with punctilious recognition, and without waiting for her invitation walked at a pace adjusted to hers down the path and out the gate. Evidently it was his intention to accompany her.

Sara paid scant attention to him. She supposed he would drop off when he passed his own house, but instead he walked past it as if he had never seen it before. He did not have altogether the air of following her; his manner suggested rather that he was going her way. From time to time he deflected down by-paths on excursions of his own, but he always returned with a pleasant air of reunion. As they got farther from home he paused once or twice, looked back and seemed to consider, with the air of one consulting a watch, whether his engagements would permit him to go on; then, as if deciding that he would risk it for the pleasure of Sara's company, continued the whole distance.

Sara's first errand was at the butcher's. The dog remained delicately outside

during this visit. When her order had been duly recorded, Mr. Hawkins escorted Sara to the door, discoursing of the weather. His blandly wandering eye took note of her escort. "Ain't that Sharpless's dog?" he inquired; and Sara, admitting the damaging fact, murmured that he seemed to be a "very friendly animal."

She went next to Cox's, the grocer's. Her Duke entered with her, and was greeted by the grocer's boy by name. Mr. Cox, however, did not place Duke so quickly. "Got a new pet there, Miss Sara?" he inquired. Mr. Cox had known Sara since childhood.

"No, he isn't mine." Sara was more frugal of explanation this time, but Mr. Cox made tardy recognition of Duke's identity. "Oh, I see now; that's Sharpless's dog." Then he grinned and shook his head. "Talk about the joy o' living. I guess that's where you get it!" he said.

Sara did not respond to this delicate observation save by a vague smile. But by the time the plumber had identified Duke and had remarked, "I hear Sharpless is going to buy the house and make alterations—how is that?" as if she, Sara Henderson, could possibly be acquainted with Sharpless's horrid plans, she began to feel annoyed. This situation of acquaintanceship with the pariah Sharpless, thrust upon her by the dog, was really objectionable. She quickened her steps with the idea of eluding him, but the dog quickened his steps into a trot, barely glancing at objects he had formerly found worthy of inspection. Sara started to say, "Back, sir!" but meeting the frank *camaraderie* of his glance, felt the words die on her lips. Why try to convince Duke that she did not want him? He would not believe her.

At the corner by the bank she came suddenly face to face with Miles Haviland. She scarcely noted the light that came into his face, but to his eager question, "May I join you?" she replied unsentimentally, "Of course. Why not?" And he gladly turned about.

He gave a glance at the dog. "Isn't that Sharpless's dog?" he asked.

"Yes." Sara was apt to skimp her words with the inferior male, but her "yes" this time was a little shorter than usual.



A DOG WITH A PLEASING PERSONALITY, SARA REFLECTED

straightforward make-up, indicated disregard of her good looks almost to the point of not availing herself of the full advantage of them. It was true that Sara felt no feeble-minded dependence upon men's society, as excellent Miles

Haviland had discovered to his sorrow. Longer than Jacob languished for Rachel had Miles Haviland hopelessly wooed Sara Henderson.

When the dog had finished the teacake, he did not depart, as Sara had sup-

“How Poor an Instrument”

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

SARA HENDERSON, opening her front door to consider the temperature, found the door-mat occupied. “That Sharpless dog is here again,” she remarked to her sister, who sat in the living-room crocheting.

The dog, roused from his day dream, looked up pleasantly. He was a rather large, blond dog with a magnanimous expression, yet Sara’s first impulse was to say, “Go away, sir!” It was not that she disliked dogs or was unfavorably impressed by the appearance of her uninvited guest; her disapproval was entirely a matter of the dog’s home associations.

Mr. Nicholas Sharpless, familiarly known as Nick and sometimes Old Nick, had been a most unwelcome addition to the well-bred, conservative neighborhood upon which he had intruded his ribaldry. Nicholas was frankly dissolute, a joyous outcast, a complacent black sheep. The mere sight of his jovially apoplectic countenance proclaimed the futility of hopes of regeneration or reformation. Old Nick was almost grossly hospitable. Automobiles were constantly disgorging parties of corpulently prosperous guests at his gate. It was rumored that casks whose contents gave forth liquid sounds were deposited at frequent intervals at his modern Colonial door which formerly had opened to admit the irreproachable friends of the respectable Bradford-Smiths.

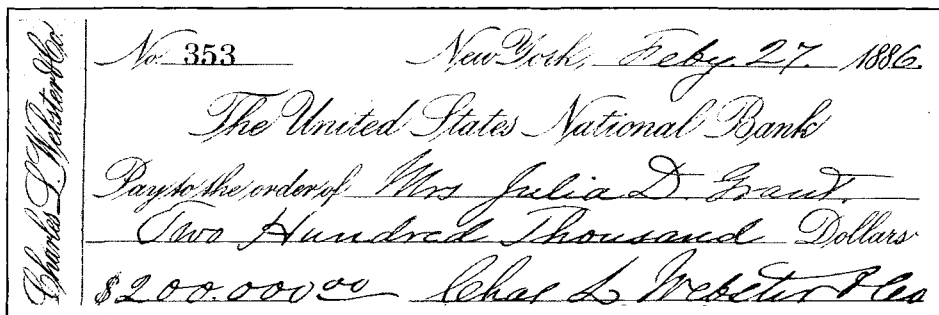
And it was the disreputable name of Sharpless that was branded upon the blond dog’s innocent collar. Nevertheless, Sara considered him relentingly. Sincere, dignified, friendly, he disarmed suspicion. It was difficult to connect him with the sinister Sharpless. The slow wave of the tail indicated a quiet confidence in his welcome. He was not apologetic or conciliatory, as his species often are, yet he obviously did not belong to any of the established families.

It would have been difficult to classify him socially. Various but not warring elements had gone into his making. For general convenience he might be described as a taffy-colored Newfoundland. His vest was white. A touch of roundness about the forehead, the arch of the neck, above the collar, seemed to indicate that his age was not so advanced as his dignity and composure might otherwise suggest.

As Sara looked at him, memories of her dead cocker-spaniel Lucy swept over her and moved her heart to softness. Harsh injunctions to depart died on her lips. Instead she bent and patted the dog’s head, noting the noble name of “Duke” engraved upon his collar—counteracting to some extent the unfavorable effect produced by the surname of his owner—and called to her sister to bring out what was left of the tea-cake.

Sara’s sister Annie, a gentle, indefinite-looking spinster with spectacles, came out bearing a plate of tea-cake, a gray sweater in the making thrown over her arm. An absent frown of concentration still lingered upon her smooth brow. She was struggling with the intricacies of a new stitch. Annie set the plate down upon the floor of the piazza. The dog’s eye brightened and his tail-beat quickened, yet the act seemed partly courtesy. He ate with the self-restraint of a well-cared-for animal.

A dog with a pleasing personality, Sara reflected, watching him. Evidently the dog thought the same of Sara, as well he might. Not precisely young, yet comfortably this side of middle age, with clear skin, good teeth, abundant hair, firmly set mouth, and bright eyes, Sara gave the impression of decided character and perfect health. There was perhaps too definite an air of self-reliance about her; certainly she gave no suggestion of the clinging vine. Also something about her neat dress, her whole sensible,



THE \$200,000 ROYALTY CHECK PAID TO MRS. GRANT BY MARK TWAIN'S PUBLISHING COMPANY

mira there came a summons saying that the General had asked to see him. He went immediately, and remained several days. The resolute old commander was very feeble by this time. It was three months since he had been believed to be dying, yet he was still alive, still at work, though he could no longer speak. He was adding, here and there, a finishing-touch to his manuscript, writing with effort on small slips of paper containing but a few words each. His conversation was carried on in the same way. Mark Twain brought back a little package of those precious slips, and some of them are still preserved.

On one of these slips is written:

There is much more that I could do if I was a well man. I do not write quite so clearly as I could if well. If I could read it over myself many little matters of anecdote and incident would suggest themselves to me.

On another:

Have you seen any portion of the second volume? It is up to the end, or nearly so. As much more work as I have done to-day will finish it. I have worked faster than if I had been well. I have used my three boys and a stenographer.

And on still another:

If I could have two weeks of strength I could improve it very much. As I am, however, it will have to go about as it is with verifications by the boys and by suggestions which will enable me to make a point clear here and there.

Certainly no campaign was ever conducted with a braver heart. As long as his fingers could hold a pencil he continued at his task. Once he asked if any estimate could now be made of what portion would accrue to his family from the

publication. Clemens's prompt reply that more than one hundred thousand sets had been sold, and that already the amount of his share, secured by safe bonds, exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, seemed to give him deep comfort. Clemens told him that the country was as yet not one-third canvassed, and that without doubt the return would be twice as much more by the end of the year. Grant made no further inquiry, and probably never again mentioned the subject to any one.

When Clemens left, General Grant was sitting fully dressed, with a shawl about his shoulders, pencil and paper beside him. It was a picture that would never fade from the memory. In a later memorandum Mark Twain says:

I then believed he would live several months. He was still adding little perfecting details to his book and preface among other things. He was entirely through a few days later. Since then the lack of any strong interest to employ his mind has enabled the tedious weariness to kill him. I think his book kept him alive several months. He was a very great man—and superlatively good.

This note was made July 23, 1885, at 10 A.M., on receipt of the news that General Grant was dead.

In the end more than three hundred thousand sets of two volumes each were sold, and between four hundred and twenty and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid to Mrs. Grant. The first check of two hundred thousand dollars, drawn February 27, 1886, remains the largest single royalty check in history. Mark Twain's prophecy had been almost exactly verified.

stillness, and for the first time during the day the General got a good, sound, peaceful nap.

The little bust of Grant which Gerhardt worked on that day was widely reproduced in terra-cotta, and is still regarded by many as the most nearly correct likeness of Grant. The original is in possession of the family.

General Grant worked industriously on his book. He had a superb memory and worked rapidly. Webster & Co. offered to supply him with a stenographer, and this proved a great relief. Sometimes he dictated as many as ten thousand words at a sitting. It was reported at the time, and it has been stated since, that Grant did not write the *Memoirs* himself, but only made notes which were expanded by others. But this is not true. General Grant wrote or dictated every word of the story himself, then had the manuscript read aloud to him, and made his own revisions. He wrote against time, for he knew that the disease from which he suffered was fatal. Fortunately the lease of life granted him was longer than he had hoped for, though the last chap-

and renewed his task—feebly at first, but more perseveringly as each day seemed to bring a little added strength—or perhaps it was only resolution. Now and then he appeared depressed as to the quality of his product. Once Colonel Fred Grant suggested to Clemens that if he could encourage the General a little it might be worth while. Clemens had felt always such a reverence and awe for the great soldier that he had never dreamed of complimenting his literature.

"I was as much surprised as Columbus's cook could have been to learn that Columbus wanted his opinion as to how Columbus was doing his navigating."

He did not hesitate to give it, however, and with a clear conscience. Grant wrote as he had fought, with a simple, straightforward dignity, with a style that is not a style at all, but the very absence of it, and therefore the best of all literary methods.

Within two months after the agents had gone to work canvassing for the *Grant Memoirs*—which is to say by the 1st of May, 1885—orders for sixty thousand sets had been received, and on that

day Mark Twain in his note-book made a memorandum estimate of the number of books that the country would require, figuring the grand total at three hundred thousand sets of two volumes each. Then he says:

If these chickens should really hatch according to my account, General Grant's royalties will amount to \$420,000 and will make the largest single check

ever paid an author in the world's history. Up to the present time the largest one ever paid was to Macaulay on his *History of England*, £20,000. If I pay the General in silver coin at \$12 per pound, it will weigh seventeen tons.

The Clemens household did not go to Elmira that year until the 27th of June. Meantime General Grant had been taken to Mount McGregor, near the Catskills, and the day after Clemens reached El-

*There is much more that I could do
if I was a well-man. I do not write
quite as clearly as I could if well.
If I could read it over myself
many little matters of fact etc.
and incident would suggest themselves
retrospectively to me.*

ONE OF GENERAL GRANT'S LAST PENCILLED NOTES

ters were written when he could no longer speak, and when weakness and suffering made the labor a heavy one indeed; but he never flinched or faltered, never at any time suggested that the work be finished by another hand.

Early in April General Grant's condition became very alarming, and on the night of the 3d it was believed he could not survive until morning. But he was not yet ready to surrender. He rallied

that General Grant was writing his memoirs got into the newspapers, and various publishing propositions came to him. In the end the General sent over to Philadelphia for his old friend George W. Childs and laid the whole matter before him and asked his advice. Childs said later that it was plain that General Grant, on the score of friendship if for no other reason, distinctly wished to give the book to Mark Twain. It seemed not to be a question of how much money he would make, but of his personal feeling entirely. Webster's complete success with *Huck Finn* being now demonstrated, Colonel Fred Grant said that he believed Clemens and Webster could handle the book as profitably as anybody, and, after investigation, Childs was of the same opinion.

The contract for the publication of the Grant Life was officially closed February 27, 1885; five days later, on the last day and at the last hour of President Arthur's administration and of the Congress then sitting, a bill was passed placing Grant as full General, with full pay, on the retired-army list. The bill providing for this somewhat tardy acknowledgment was rushed through at the last moment, and it is said that the Congressional clock was set back so that this enactment might become a law before the administration changed.

Clemens was with General Grant when the news of this action was read to him. Grant had greatly desired such recognition, and it meant more to him than to any one present, yet Clemens in his notes records:

Every face there betrayed strong excitement and emotion—except one, General Grant's. He read the telegram, but not a shade or suggestion of a change exhibited itself in his iron countenance. The volume of his emotion was greater than all the other emotions there present combined, but he was able to suppress all expression of it and make no sign.

Grant's calmness, endurance, and consideration during his final days astonished even those most familiar with his noble character. One night Gerhardt, the sculptor, came into the library at Hartford with a package and the announcement that he wished to show his patron a small bust he had been making

in clay of General Grant. Clemens did not show much interest in the prospect, but when the work was uncovered he became enthusiastic. He declared it was the first likeness of any sort of General Grant that approached reality. He agreed that the Grant family ought to see it, and that he would take Gerhardt with him next day in order that he might be within reach in case they had any suggestions. They went to New York next morning, and called at the Grant home during the afternoon.

In the note-book he writes:

Friday, March 20, 1885.—Gerhardt and I arrived at General Grant's about 2.30 p.m., and I asked if the family would look at a small clay bust of the General which Gerhardt had made from a photograph. Colonel Fred and Jesse were absent to receive their sister, Mrs. Sartoris, who would arrive from Europe about 4.30; but the three Mrs. Grants examined the work and expressed strong approval of it, and also great gratification that Mr. Gerhardt had undertaken it. Mrs. Jesse Grant had lately dreamed that she was inquiring where the maker of my bust could be found (she had seen a picture of it in *Huck Finn*, which was published four weeks ago), for she wanted the same artist to make one of General Grant. The ladies examined the bust critically and pointed out defects, while Gerhardt made the necessary corrections. Presently Mrs. General Grant suggested that Gerhardt step in and look at the General. I had been in there talking with the General, but had never thought of asking him to let a stranger come in. So Gerhardt went in with the ladies and me, and the inspection and cross-fire began—"There, I was sure his nose was so and so," and "I was sure his forehead was so and so," "and don't you think his head is so and so?" And so everybody walked around and about the old hero, who lay half reclining in his easy-chair, but well muffled up and submitting to all this as serenely as if he were used to being served so. One marked feature of General Grant's character is his exceeding gentleness, goodness, sweetness. Every time I have been in his presence—lately and formerly—my mind was drawn to that feature. I wonder it has not been more spoken of.

Presently he said, let Gerhardt bring in his clay and work here, if Gerhardt would not mind his reclining attitude. Of course we were glad. A table for the bust was moved up in front of him; the ladies left the room; I got a book; Gerhardt went to work, and for an hour there was perfect

Clemens was in the habit of calling on Grant now and then, to smoke a cigar with him, and he dropped in next morning to find out just how far the book idea had developed and what were the plans of publication. He found the General and his son, Colonel Fred Grant, dis-

pauy at Hartford and see what they will do for you."

But Grant demurred. He said that, all things being equal, the book ought to go to the man who had first suggested it to him. Clemens spoke up:

"General, if that is so, it belongs to *me*."

Grant did not understand until Clemens recalled to him how he had urged him in that former time to write his memoirs — had plead with him, agreeing to superintend the book's publication. Then he said:

"General, I am publishing my own book, and by the time yours is ready it is quite possible that I shall have the best-equipped subscription establishment in the country. If you will place your book with my firm—and I feel that I have at least an equal right in the consideration—I will pay you twenty per cent. of the list price, or, if you prefer, I will give you seventy per cent. of the net returns, and I will pay all office expenses out of my thirty per cent."

General Grant was really grieved at this proposal. It seemed to him that here was a man who was offering to bankrupt himself out of pure philanthropy.

Clemens said:

"General, I have my check-book with me. I will draw you a check now for twenty-five thousand dollars for the first volume of your memoirs, and will add a like amount for each volume you may write as an advance royalty payment, and your royalties will continue right along when this amount has been reached."

Colonel Fred Grant now joined in urging that matters be delayed, at least until more careful inquiry concerning the possibilities of publishing could be made.

Clemens had left, then, and set out on his trip with Cable, turning the whole matter over to Webster and Colonel Fred Grant for settlement. Meantime a note



GERHARDT'S BUST OF GENERAL GRANT

cussing some memoranda, which turned out to be a proposition for the book publication of his memoirs. Clemens asked to be allowed to look over the proposed terms, and when he had done so he said:

"General, the terms proposed in this contract indicate that the publishers expect to sell five, possibly ten thousand copies. A book from your hand, telling the story of your life and battles, should sell not less than a quarter of a million, perhaps twice that sum. It should be sold only by subscription, and you are entitled to double the royalty here proposed. I do not believe it is to your interest to conclude this contract without careful thought and investigation. Write to the American Publishing Com-



CLARA CLEMENS AND ONE OF THE WARNER CHILDREN IN THEIR PLAY FROM "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"

fancies as yet, and it would be a long time before the story would become a fact. Literature must wait for a time of fewer practical ventures.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was officially published in England and America in December, 1884, but the book was not in the canvassers' hands for delivery until February. By this time the orders were approximately for forty thousand copies—a number which had increased to fifty thousand a few weeks later. Webster's first publication venture was in the nature of a triumph. Clemens wrote to him March 16th:

"Your news is splendid. *Huck* certainly is a success."

Clemens felt that he had demonstrated his capacity as a general director, and Webster had proven his efficiency as an executive. He had no further need of an outside publisher.

The success of *Huck Finn*, though sufficiently important in itself, prepared the way for a publishing venture by the side of which it dwindled to small proportions. One night (early in November, 1884), when Cable and Clemens had finished a reading at Chickering Hall,

Clemens, coming out into the wet blackness, happened to hear R. W. Gilder say to some unseen companion:

"Do you know General Grant has actually determined to write his memoirs and publish them? He has said so today in so many words."

Of course, Clemens was immediately interested. It was the thing he had proposed to Grant some three years previously, during his call that day with Howells concerning the Toronto consulship.

With Mrs. Clemens, he promptly overtook Gilder and accompanied him to his house, where they discussed the matter in its various particulars. Gilder said that the *Century* editors had endeavored to get Grant to contribute to their war series, but that not until his financial disaster, as a member of the firm of Grant & Ward, had he been willing to consider the matter. He said that Grant now welcomed the idea of contributing three papers to the series, and that the promised payment of five hundred dollars each for these articles had gladdened his heart and relieved him of immediate anxiety.*

*Somewhat later the *Century* Company, voluntarily, added liberally to this sum.

half sitting on the corner of the executive desk. He leaned back a little, and suddenly about a dozen young men opened various doors, filed in, and stood at attention, as if waiting for orders. No one spoke for a moment; then the Governor said to this collection of attendants:

"You are dismissed, young gentlemen. Your services are not required. Mr. Clemens is sitting on the bells."

On Thanksgiving eve the readers were in Morristown, New Jersey, where they were entertained by Thomas Nast. The cartoonist prepared a quiet supper for them, and they remained overnight in the Nast home. They were to leave next morning by an early train, and Mrs. Nast had agreed to see that they were up in due season. When she woke next morning there seemed a strange silence in the house, and she grew suspicious. Going to the servants' room, she found them sleeping soundly. The alarm-clock in the back hall had stopped at about the hour the guests retired. The studio clock was also found stopped—in fact, every time-piece on the premises had retired from business. Clemens had found that the clocks interfered with his getting to sleep, and he had quieted them, regardless of early trains and reading engagements. On being accused of duplicity, he said:

"Well, those clocks were all over-worked, anyway. They will feel much better for a night's rest."

A few days later Nast sent him a caricature drawing—a picture which showed Mark Twain getting rid of the offending clocks, and Cable, with lighted candle, a witness to the performance. It is here reproduced for the first time.

At Christmas-time they took a fortnight's holiday, and Clemens went home to Hartford. A surprise was awaiting him there. Mrs. Clemens had made an adaptation of his "Prince and Pauper" play, and the children of the neighborhood had prepared a presentation of it for his special delectation. He knew on his arrival home that something mysterious was in progress, for certain rooms were forbidden him, but he had no inkling of their plan until just before the performance, when he was led across the grounds to George Warner's home, into the large room where it was to be given, and

placed in a seat directly in front of the stage.

Gerhardt, the sculptor, whom Clemens had sent abroad to study, had painted the drop-curtain and assisted in the general construction of scenery and effects. The result was really imposing, but presently, when the curtain rose and the guest of honor realized what it was all about and what they had undertaken for his pleasure, he was deeply moved and supremely gratified.

This was only the beginning of "Prince and Pauper" productions. The play was repeated, Clemens assisting, adding to the parts, and himself playing the character of Miles Hendon.

It was one night at Rochester, during the reading tour, that an incident happened which led to the writing of one of Mark Twain's important books, *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*. Clemens and Cable had wandered into a book-store for the purpose of finding something to read. Pulling over some volumes on one of the tables, Clemens happened to pick up a little, green, cloth-bound book, and after looking at the title turned the pages rather curiously and with increasing interest.

"Cable," he said, "do you know anything about this book, *The Arthurian Legend of Sir Thomas Malory, Morte Arthur*?"

Cable answered: "Mark, that is one of the most beautiful books in the world. Let me buy it for you. You will love it more than any book you ever read."

So Clemens came to know the old chronicler's version of the rare Round Table legends, and from that first acquaintance with them to the last days of his life seldom let the book go far from him. He read and re-read those quaint, stately tales and revered their beauty, while fairly reveling in their absurdities. Presently he conceived the idea of linking that day, with its customs, costumes, and abuses, with the progress of the present—of carrying back into that age of magicians and armor and superstition and cruelties a brisk American of progressive ideas who would institute reforms. His note-book began to be filled with memoranda of situations and possibilities for the tale he had in mind. These were vague, unformed

ing around the circuit, reaping a golden harvest.' He offered to be general manager of the expedition—the impresario, as it were—and agreed to guarantee the others not less than seventy-five dollars a day apiece as their net return from the "circus," as he called it.

Howells and Aldrich liked well enough to consider it, as an amusing prospect, but only Cable was willing to realize it. He had been scouring the country on his own account, and he was willing enough to join forces with Mark Twain.

Clemens saw little pleasure in the prospect of the regulation tour. He detested platforming, but the idea of reading from his books or manuscript for some reason seemed less objectionable, and, as already stated, the need of much money had become important.

He arranged with J. B. Pond for the business side of the expedition, though in reality he was its proprietor. The private-car idea was given up, but he employed Cable at a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars a week and expenses, and he paid Pond a commission. Perhaps without going any further we may say that the tour was a financial success, and yielded a large return of the needed funds.

A good many interesting and amusing things would happen on such a tour. Many of these are entirely forgotten, of course, but of others certain memoranda have been preserved. Grover Cleveland had been elected President when they set out on their travels, but was still holding his



THOMAS NAST'S CARTOON OF MARK TWAIN COLLECTING THE OFFENDING CLOCKS

position in Albany as Governor of New York. When they reached Albany, Cable and Clemens decided to call on him. They drove to the Capitol and were shown into the Governor's private office. Cleveland made them welcome, and after the greeting, said to Clemens:

"Mr. Clemens, I was a fellow-citizen of yours in Buffalo for a good many months, some years ago, but you never called on me then. How do you explain this kind of conduct?"

Clemens said: "Oh, that's very simple to answer, your Excellency. In Buffalo you were a sheriff. I kept away from the sheriff as much as possible; but you're Governor now, and on the way to the Presidency. It's worth while to come and see you."

Clemens meantime had been resting—