

and then she saw an envelope lying on the table. It was addressed, in Louis' handwriting, to "Mrs. Louis Fores." She was alone in the house. She felt sick. Why should he write a letter to her and leave it there on the table? She invented half a dozen harmless reasons for the letter, but none of them was in the least convincing. The mere aspect of the letter frightened her horribly. There was no strength in her limbs. She tore the envelope in a daze.

The letter ran:

"DEAR RACHEL,—I have decided to leave England. I do not know how long I shall be away. I cannot and will not

stand the life I have been leading with you this last week. I had a perfectly satisfactory explanation to give you, but you have most rudely refused to listen to it. So now I shall not give it. I shall write you as to my plans. I shall send you whatever money is necessary for you. By the way, I put four hundred and fifty pounds away in my private drawer. On looking for it this afternoon I see that you have taken it, without saying a word to me. You must account to me for this money. When you have done so we will settle how much I am to send you. In the mean time you can draw from it for necessary expenses.

"Yours, L. F."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The River

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

LITTLE lad, little lad, that played along the shore,
I hear your mother calling you, do you hear her no more?

There flows a little river through Catskill town,
And there the little fishing-boats go slowly up and down.

I can hear the windlass where the wet ropes run,
I can see the dripping nets shining in the sun.

Slow and heavy barges with their freight for human needs
Follow where the guide-rope of the little tugboat leads.

Silver, iridescent, the little river lies,
Never asking anything, making no replies.

Green bank and ragged dock, bridged from shore to shore,
And a mother calling for a child that comes no more.

Little lad, little lad, still the river flows,
Still, upon its shining tide the ferry comes and goes.

There's glint of little pleasure-craft, and as the night comes down,
I can see the window lights gleaming in the town.

And the night wind, come from far, is whispering to me:
"There's always toll of weeping where streams run to the sea!"

The Rehabilitation of General Todhunter

BY BRAND WHITLOCK



WHEN Davenport came home from South America and began to make those casual inquiries about old friends and acquaintances which were necessary to bring up the arrears of a ten years' absence, he had asked after half the people he had ever known before it occurred to him to mention General Todhunter. He asked after him idly, sitting there in his club that afternoon; and in the most detached and indifferent manner in the world, Martin said:

"Oh, the old man's getting along, living somehow."

And Martin took a sip of his julep. It was pleasant to Davenport to be back again in the old Southern city, in spring, when the mint was fragrant by the roadside, and along little streams that came back to his mind once more; there was a restful sense of home again, after his wanderings. Martin was going on to talk about something else, or some one else, since in that club persons were discussed more frequently than ideas, but Davenport's mind caught at his last phrase.

"One moment, Martin," he said. "Does the General come to the club any more?"

"Oh no!" said Martin. "He was dropped years ago."

"But does he still practise law?"

"I reckon he pretends to, but he never had much practice. Too much of the old school about him, you know; strong on professional ethics and long speeches to juries; thinks clients should seek him out—you know the kind."

"But how does he live?"

"I don't know. Really, I haven't seen the old man for a long time. Once in a while I catch a glimpse of him, but

somehow, come to think of it, he's always on the other side of the street. I just see him going along over there, dignified as ever."

"Hm," said Davenport, with a little smile. He repeated to himself the words of Martin—"Dignified as ever!" They pleased him, and he lit a cigarette and lay back in his chair. Martin went on to talk about other men, in the professions, in business, in politics, in society. But Davenport thought of General Todhunter, now referred to as old. "Dignified as ever!" The careless phrase was apt, fitting. If ever a man had been dignified, thought Davenport, it was Archibald Todhunter. And proud, and sensitive besides; he had all the attributes one associates with dignity. Davenport's memory went back to the first time he had ever seen Archibald Todhunter, that morning at his grandfather's plantation in Alabama—it must have been in '62—when the soldiers had stopped there and his grandfather had entertained the officers. He could see the brilliant group under the long gallery against the white pillars. The tall young colonel, with the smooth, fair cheeks and chiseled Roman profile, his black locks falling to the high embroidered collar of his new gray uniform, stalking up and down the long veranda, in boots and spurs, smiting the palm of his hand with the gauntlets he had drawn off when he turned his horse over to his orderly—that was Archibald Todhunter in youth, a figure to fill completely the imagination of a boy—or of a girl, for that matter, as no doubt it often did. Davenport could see him as he rode away, so full of hope and confidence and high purpose—and illusions, no doubt, without bounds! Ah! Davenport sighed. That was in the early days of the war!