

to Fox How, when the dates and places of these royal deaths and burials kept us—myself in particular—in a perpetual ferment. It must, I think, have been when he was still at Canterbury, investigating, almost with the zest and passion of the explorer of Troy or Mycenæ, what bones lie hid and where, under the Cathedral floor, what sands—"fallen from the ruined sides of Kings"—that this passion of deaths and dates was upon him. I can see myself as a child of seven or eight, standing outside the drawing-room door at Fox How, bracing myself in a mixture of delight and fear, as to what "Doctor Stanley" might ask me when the door was opened; then the opening, and the sudden sharp turn of the slight figure, writing letters at the middle table, at the sight of "lit-

tle Mary"—and the expected thunderbolt:

"Where did Henry the Fourth die?"

Confusion—and blank ignorance!

But memory leaps forward to a day four or five years later, when my father and I invaded the little Dean in his study at Westminster. I remember well the dark high room, and the Dean standing at his reading desk. He looks round—sees "Tom," and the child with him. His charming face breaks into a broad smile; he remembers instantly, though it is some years since he and "little Mary" met. He holds out both his hands to the little girl—

"Come and see the place where Henry the Fourth died!"

And off we ran together to the Jerusalem Chamber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Prayer for the Old Courage

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

STILL let us go the way of beauty; go  
The way of loveliness; still let us know  
Those paths that lead where Pan and Daphne run,  
Where roses prosper in the summer sun.

The earth may rock with War. Still is there peace  
In many a place to give the heart release  
From this too-vibrant pain that drives men mad.  
Let us go back to the old love we had.

Let us go back, to keep alive the gleam,  
To cherish the immortal, God-like dream;  
Not as poor cravens flying from the fight,  
But as sad children seeking the clean light.

O doubly precious now is solitude;  
Thrice dear yon quiet star above the wood,  
Since panic and the sundering shock of War  
Have laid in ruins all we hungered for.

Brave soldiers of the spirit, guard ye well  
Mountain and fort and massive citadel;  
But keep ye white forever—keep ye whole  
The battlements of dream within the soul!

# Tragressor

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

[SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—Captain Reginald Tragressor, of the British Army, suffering from shell shock, which has deranged his memory, is recuperating in the United States. Riding through the woods at Hempfield, he comes upon Dodo Curzon, who has fallen from her horse. He accompanies her to her home, where he is introduced to her family and to Philip Toler, who is in love with Dodo. A press report, which comes into Toler's hands, leads him to believe that the real Captain Tragressor has been killed in action, and that the Englishman, who is being entertained at the Curzon's country home and is becoming seriously interested in Dodo, must be an impostor. At this juncture Sir Arthur Ballantyne and his daughter enter the story. The latter is Tragressor's fiancée.]



FOR the moment speech was denied me. With the apparently rational conviction that the real Captain Tragressor had been killed in action and that the man putting up at the Curzons' was a fortune-hunter; with mind attuned to the complications thereby involved and every thought bent upon getting rid of the fellow with the least possible publicity and a minimum of pain for Dodo—with the situation thus, I say, what more startling *dénouement* could possibly be conceived than the unexpected appearance of the girl to whom he was engaged to be married?

Mechanically I reached into my pocket and drew forth the clipping I had borrowed from Penworthy. Sir Arthur merely glanced at it and handed it back with a shrug—a pure case of mistaken identity, such as was constantly occurring.

When the error was discovered, he said, Tragressor's name was placed upon the list of missing. In reality he had been wounded and taken by the Germans.

"When they retired from Noyon they left him behind," concluded the baronet. "I fancy they didn't particularly care to keep him, as his mind was practically a blank from shell shock."

"Shell shock!" My exclamation seemed to startle Sir Arthur, who glanced at me in surprise while I hurried

on. "Then this aphasia of which he has spoken is genuine—"

"My dear sir," was the grave reply, "it is only too painfully so." Thereupon, with frequent commiserating glances at Miss Ballantyne, who sat leaning forward, arms folded across her lap, her wonderful eyes fixed thoughtfully upon a remote corner of the apartment, he narrated the salient facts in Tragressor's pitiable story.

It seems he had been promptly identified by the advancing English and invalided home. Physically his recovery had been rapid, but on the mental side his progress had been extremely dilatory.

While his aphasia, or, rather, amnesia, bore a general resemblance to type, there were deviations of sufficient importance to confound the prognosis of the best London specialists. For a time the past was utterly lost. He knew merely that he existed in the present; life for him dated from the moment when he recovered consciousness in a field hospital. Everything back of that was a blank. Curiously, he could place his mother as his mother—his father, Gen. Sir Almeric Tragressor, C.B., had yielded his life in the Boer War—but of his boyhood and all the more recent events of a brave, brilliant, crowded life he had no memory whatever.

Of Tragressor's romance with his daughter, Sir Arthur, of course, said little, did nothing more than state the fact of their engagement in the second year