

THE TWO VANREVELS

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SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-IX—In the spring of the year that saw the outbreak of the Mexican War, Miss Betty Carewe, the daughter of the rich old widower, Robert Carewe, comes home to Rouen, Indiana, from the Convent school, and captures the hearts of all the young men in town. Most sorely smitten of all are the two law partners, Tom Vanrevel and Crailey Gray. Vanrevel, however, has had a bitter political quarrel with Miss Betty's father, who has threatened to shoot him should he ever catch him trespassing on Carewe property. Crailey Gray, on his side, finds as serious an obstacle to the furtherance of his suit, in the fact that he is already engaged to Miss Fanchon Bareaud. The situation is further complicated by the circumstance of Miss Betty's having confused the two gentlemen in her mind—mistaking each of them for the other.

This mistake Crailey Gray is the first to discover

—being apprised of it by the young lady herself, as he is escorting her home from the great fire, at which she had saved both his life and Vanrevel's. Instead of undeceiving her, he takes adroit advantage of the opportunity, to make love to her in the character of Vanrevel.

The next morning Miss Betty's father flies into a fearful rage over the account in the Rouen "Journal" of his daughter's heroism and rescue of his bitterest foe. His denunciations naturally serve only further to raise in Miss Betty's estimation the gentleman whom she supposes to be the subject of them. Mr. Carewe leaves that day for the country, and an old friend of the family, Mrs. Tanberry, arrives to chaperon his daughter during his absence. That evening Vanrevel serenades Miss Betty from her garden. Miss Betty recognizes the voice, and very properly despises the serenader for what she considers his infidelity to his betrothed, Miss Bareaud.

CHAPTER X

Echoes of a Serenade

MORE than three gentlemen of Rouen wore their hearts in their eyes for any fool to gaze upon; but three was the number of those who told their love before the end of the first week of Mr. Carewe's absence, and told it in spite of Mrs. Tanberry's utmost effort to preserve, at all times, a conjunction between herself and Miss Betty. For the good lady, foreseeing these declarations much more surely than did the subject of them, wished to spare her lovely charge the pain of listening to them.

Miss Carewe honored each of the lorn three with a few minutes of gravity; but the gentle refusal prevented never a swain from being as truly her follower as before; not that she resorted to the poor device of half-dismissal, the every-day method of the school-girl flirt, who thus keeps the lads in dalliance, but because, even for the rejected, it was a delight to be near her. For that matter, it is said that no one ever had enough of the mere looking at her. And her talk was enlivening even to the lively, being spiced with

surprising turns and amiably seasoned with the art of badinage. Also, to use the phrase of the time, she possessed the accomplishments—an antiquated charm now on the point of disappearing, so carefully has it been snubbed under wherever exhibited. The pursuing wraith of the young, it comes to sit, a ghost, at every banquet, driving the flower of our youth to unheard-of exertions in search of escape, to dubious diplomacy, to dismal inaction, or to wine; yet time was when they set their hearts on "the accomplishments."

Miss Betty Carewe at her harp, ah! it was a dainty picture: the clear profile, with the dark hair low across the temple, silhouetted duskily, in the cool, shadowy room, against the open window; the slender figure, one arm curving between you and the strings, the other gleaming behind it; the delicate little sandal stealing from the white froth of silk and lace to caress the pedal; the nimble hands fluttering across the long strands,

"Like white blossoms
Borne on slanting lines of rain,"

and the great gold harp rising to catch a thin javelin of sunshine that pierced the vines at the window, where the honeysuckles dipped to the refrain—it was a picture to return many a long year afterward, and thrill the reveries of old men who were young then. And, following the light cascading ripples of the harp, when her low contralto lifted in one of the “old songs,” she often turned inquiringly to see if the listener liked the music, and her brilliant dark eyes would rest on his with an appeal that blinded his entranced soul. She meant it for the mere indication of a friendly wish to suit his tastes, but it looked like the divine humility of love. Nobody wondered that General Trumble should fall to verse-making in his old age.

She sketched magnificently. Frank Chenoweth and Tappingham Marsh agreed with tears of enthusiasm that “magnificently” was the only word. They came to this conclusion as they sat together at the end of a long dinner (at which very little had been eaten) after a day’s picnic by the river. Miss Carewe had been of their company, and Tappingham and Chenoweth each found his opportunity in the afternoon. The party was small, and no one had been able to affect a total unconsciousness of the manoeuvres of the two gentlemen. Even Fanchon Bareaud comprehended languidly, though she was more blurred than ever, and her far-away eyes belied the mechanical vivacity of her manner, for Crailey was forty miles farther down the river, with a fishing-rod neatly packed in a leather case.

Mr. Vanrevel, of course, was not invited; no one would have thought of asking him to join a small party of which Robert Carewe’s daughter was to be a member. But it was happiness enough for Tom, that night, to lie hidden in the shrubbery, looking up at the stars between the leaves, while he listened to her harp, and, borne through the open window on enchanted airs, the voice of Elizabeth Carewe singing “Robin Adair.”

It was now that the town indulged its liveliest spirit; never an evening lacked its junketing, while the happy folk of Rouen set the early summer to music. Serenade, dance, and song for them, the light hearts, young and old making gay together! It was all laughter, either in sunshine or by candle-light, undisturbed by the far thunder below the southern horizon, where Zachary Taylor had pitched his tents upon the Rio Grande.

One fair evening, soon after that excursion which had proved fatal to the hopes of the

handsome Tappingham and of the youthful Chenoweth, it was the privilege of Mr. Thomas Vanrevel to assist Miss Carewe and her chaperon from their carriage, as they drove up to a dance at the Bareauds’. This good fortune fell only to great deserving, for he had spent the last hour lurking outside the house in the hope of performing such office for them.

Heaven was in his soul, and the breath departed out of his body, when, after a moment of hesitation, Miss Betty’s little lace-gauntleted glove was placed in his hand, and her slender white slipper shimmered out from the lilac and white flounces of her dress, to fall like a benediction, he thought, on each of the carriage steps.

It was the age of wreaths; they wreathed the muses, the seasons, and their speech; so the women wore wreaths in their hair, and Miss Betty’s that night was of marguerites. “Read your fortune in them all,” whispered Tom’s heart, “and of whomsoever you wish to learn, every petal will say ‘He loves you,’ and none declare ‘He loves you not!’”

She bowed slightly, but did not speak to him, which was, perhaps, a better reception than that accorded the young man by her companion. “Oh, it’s *you*, is it!” was Mrs. Tanberry’s courteous observation as she canted the vehicle in her descent. She looked sharply at Miss Betty, and even the small glow of the carriage lamps showed that the girl’s cheeks had flushed very red. Mr. Vanrevel, on the contrary, was pale.

They stood for a moment in awkward silence, while, from the lighted house where the flying figures circled, came the waltz, “*I dreamt that I dwe-helt in ma-har-ble halls.*” And Tom’s own dreams were much wilder than the gypsy girl’s. He knew they were; yet he spoke out bravely:

“Will you dance the first two with me?”

Miss Betty bit her lip, frowned, turned away, and, vouchsafing no reply, walked toward the house with her eyes fixed on the ground; but just as they reached the door she flashed over him a look that scorched him from head to foot and sent his spirits down through the soles of his boots to excavate a grotto in the depths of the earth, so charged it was with wrathful pity and contempt.

“Yes!” she said abruptly, and followed Mrs. Tanberry to the dressing-room.

The elder lady shook her head solemnly as she emerged from the heroic folds of a yellow silk cloak. “Ah, Princess,” she said, touching the girl’s shoulder with her jeweled hand, “I told you I was a very foolish wom-

an, and I am, but not so foolish as to offer advice often. Yet, believe me, it won't do. I think that is one of the greatest young men I ever knew, and it's a pity—but it won't do."

Miss Betty kept her face away from her guardian for a moment. No inconsiderable amount of information had drifted to her, from here and there, regarding the career of Crailey Gray; and she thought how intensely she would have hated any person in the world except Mrs. Tanberry for presuming to think she needed to be warned against the charms of this serenading lady-killer who was the property of another girl.

"You must teach him so, I think," ventured Mrs. Tanberry gently.

At that Betty turned to her and said sharply:

"I will. After this, please let us never speak of him again."

A slow nod of the other's turbaned head indicated the gravest acquiescence. She saw that her companion's cheeks were still crimson. "I understand," said she.

A buzz of whispering like a July beetle followed Miss Carewe and her partner about the room during the next dance. How had Tom managed it? Had her father never told her? Who had dared to introduce them? Fanchon was the only one who knew; and, as she whirled by them with Will Cummings, she raised her absent glance long enough to give Tom an affectionate and warning shake of the head.

Tom did not see this; Miss Carewe did. Alas! She smiled upon him instantly and looked deep into his eyes. It was the third time.

She was not afraid of this man-flirt; he was to be settled with once and forever; she intended to avenge both Fanchon and herself; and yet it is a hazardous game, this piercing of eye with eye, because the point which seeks to penetrate may soften and melt, and leave one defenseless. For perhaps ten seconds that straight look lasted, while it seemed to her that she read clear into the soul of him, and to behold it, through some befooling magic, as strong, tender, wise, and true, as his outward appearance would have made an innocent stranger believe him; for he *looked* all these things, she admitted that much; and he had an air of distinction and resource beyond any she had ever known; even in the wild scramble for her kitten he had not lost it. And so, for ten seconds, which may be a long time, she saw a man such as she had dreamed; and she did not believe her sight, because she had no desire to be as credulous as the others, to be as easily cheated as that poor Fanchon!

It was now that the luckless Tom found his own feet beautiful on the mountains, and, treading the heights with airy steps, appeared to himself as a wonderful and glorified being—he was waltzing with Miss Betty! He breathed the entrancing words to himself, over and over; it was true, he was waltzing with Miss Betty Carewe! Her glove lay warm and light within his own; his fingers clasped that ineffable lilac and white brocade waist. At times her hair came within an inch of his cheek, and then he rose outright from the hilltops and floated in a golden mist. The glamor of which the Incroyable had planned to tell her some day surrounded Tom, and it seemed to him that the whole world was covered with a beautiful light like a carpet, which was but the radiance of this adorable girl whom his gloves and coat-sleeve were permitted to touch. When the music stopped, they followed in the train of other couples seeking the coolness of out of doors for the interval, and Tom's soul laughed at all other men with illimitable condescension.

"Stop here," she said as they reached the open gate. He was walking out of it, his head in the air, and Miss Betty on his arm. Apparently he would have walked straight across the state. It was the happiest moment he had ever known.

He wanted to say something wonderful to her; his speech should be like the music and glory and fire that was in him; therefore it was a shock to hear himself remarking, with an inanity of utterance that sickened him, "Oh, here's the gate; isn't it?"

Her answer was a short, scornful laugh. "You mean you wish to persuade me that you had forgotten it was there?"

"I did not see it," he protested lamentably. "No?"

"I wasn't thinking of it."

"Indeed! You were lost in thoughts of —"

"Of you!" he said before he could check himself.

"Ah!" Her tone was as quietly contemptuous as she could make it. "How very candid of you! May I ask are you quite convinced that speeches of that sort are always to a lady's liking?"

"No," he answered humbly, and hung his head. Then she flung the question at him abruptly:

"Was it you who came to sing in our garden?"

There was a long pause, and then a profound sigh came tremulously from the darkness, like a sad and tender confession. "Yes."

"I thought so!" she exclaimed. "Mrs. Tanberry thought it was some one else; but I knew that it was you."

"Yes, you are right," he said quietly. "It was I. It was my only way to tell you what you know now."

"Of course!" She set this aside with the two words and the slightest gesture of her hand. "It was a song made for another girl, I believe?" she asked lightly, and, with an icy smile, inquired farther: "For the one—the one before the last, I understand?"

He lifted his head, surprised. "What has that to do with it? The music was made for you, and it was the music that spoke for me. But then, I think all music was made for you."

"Leave the music out of it, if you please," she said impatiently. "Your talents make you modest. No doubt you consider it unmaidenly in me to have referred to the serenade before you spoke of it; but I am not one to cast down my eyes and let it pass. No, nor one too sweet to face the truth either!" she cried with sudden passion. "To sing that song in the way you did, meant—oh, you thought I would flirt with you! What right had you to come with such a song to me?"

Tom meant only to disclaim the presumption, so far from his thoughts, that his song had moved her; for he could see that her attack was prompted by her inexplicable impression that he had assumed the attitude of a conqueror; but his explanation began unfortunately.

"Forgive me," he begged. "I think you have completely misunderstood; you thought it meant something I did not intend at all, and——"

"What!" she exclaimed, and her eyes blazed, for at that moment she beheld him as the arrant sneak of the world. He, the lady-killer, with his hypocritical air of strength and melancholy sweetness, the leader of drunken revels, and, by reputation, the town Lothario and Light-o'-Love, under promise of marriage to Fanchon Bareaud, had tried to make love to another girl, and now his cowardice in trying to disclaim what he had done lent him the insolence to say to this other: "My child, you are betrayed by your youth and conceit; you exaggerate my meaning. I had no intention to distinguish you by coquetting with you!" This was her interpretation of him, and her indignation was not lessened by the inevitable conclusion that he, who had been through so many scenes with women, secretly found her simplicity diverting. Miss Betty had a little of her father in

her; while it was part of her youth, too, that of all things she could least endure the shadow of a smile at her own expense.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, her voice trembling with anger. "I suppose your bad heart is half choked with your laughter at me."

She turned from him swiftly, and left him. She almost ran into the house, and hurried to a seat by Mrs. Tanberry, nestling to her like a young sapling on a hillside. Instantaneously, several gentlemen, who had hastily acquitted themselves of various obligations in order to seek her, sprang forward to greet her, so that when the stricken Tom, dazed and confounded by his evil luck, followed her at about five paces, he found himself confronted by an impenetrable abatis formed by the spiked tails of the coats of General Trumble, Madrillon, Tappingham Marsh, Cummings, and Jefferson Bareaud. Laughter and sally from Miss Carewe rang out within this fortification; her color was high and her eyes sparkled never more brightly.

Flourish and alarums sounded for a quadrille. Each of the semicircle, firmly elbowing his neighbor, begged the dance of Miss Betty, but Tom was himself again, and laid a long, strong hand on Madrillon's shoulder, pressed him quietly aside, and said:

"Forgive me. Miss Carewe has honored me by the promise of this quadrille."

He bowed, offering his arm; and none of them was too vain to envy that bow and gesture.

For a moment he remained waiting. Miss Carewe rose slowly, and, directly facing him, said in composed and even voice: "You force me to beg you never to address me again."

She placed her hand on the General's arm, turning her back squarely upon Tom.

In addition to those who heard, many persons in that part of the room saw the affront, and paused in arrested attitudes; others, observing these, turned inquiringly, so that sudden silence fell, broken only by the voice of Miss Betty as she moved away, talking cheerily to the General. Tom was left standing alone in the broken semicircle.

Every eye wandered from her to him and back again; then every one began to talk hastily about nothing. The young man's humiliation was public.

He went to the door under cover of the movement of the various couples to find places in the quadrille, yet every sidelong glance in the room still rested upon him, and he knew it. He remained in the hall, alone, through that dance, and at its conclusion walked slowly through the rooms, speaking

to people here and there, as though nothing had happened; but when the music sounded again he went to the dressing-room, found his hat and cloak, and left the house. For a while he stood on the opposite side of the street, watching the lighted windows, and twice he caught sight of the lilac and white brocade, the dark hair, and the wreath of marguerites. Then, with a hot pain in his breast, and the step of a grenadier, he marched down the street.

In the carriage Mrs. Tanberry took Betty's hand in hers. "I'll do as you wish, child," she said, "and never speak to you of him again as long as I live—except this once. I think it was best for his own sake as well as yours, but——"

"He needed a lesson," interrupted Miss Betty wearily. She had danced long and hard; and she was very tired.

Mrs. Tanberry's staccato laugh came out irrepressibly. "All the vagabonds do, Princess," she cried. "And I think they are getting it."

"No, no; I don't mean——"

"We've turned their heads, my dear, between us—you and I—and we'll have to turn 'em again, or they'll break their necks looking over their shoulders at us, the owls!" She pressed the girl's hand affectionately. "But you'll let me say something just once, and forgive me because we're the same foolish age, you know. It's only this: the next young man you suppress, take him off in a corner. Lead him away from the crowd, where he won't have to stand and let them look at him afterwards. That's all, my dear, and you *mustn't* mind."

"I'm not sorry," said Miss Betty hotly. "I'm not sorry."

"No, no," said Mrs. Tanberry soothingly. "It was better this time to do just what you did. I'd have done it myself, to make quite sure he would keep away—because I like him."

"I'm not sorry," said Miss Betty again, and "I'm not sorry," she repeated and reiterated to herself after Mrs. Tanberry had gone to bed. She sank into a chair in the library with a book, and "I'm not sorry," she whispered, as the open, unread page blurred before her. "I'm not sorry." He had needed his lesson; but she had to bear the recollection of how white his face went when he received it. Her affront had put about him a strange loneliness; the one figure with the stilled crowd staring; it had made a picture from which her mind's eye had been unable to escape, danced she never so hard and

late. Unconsciously, Robert Carewe's daughter had avenged the other lonely figure which had stood in lonely humiliation before the staring eyes.

"I'm not sorry!" Ah, did they think it was in her to hurt any living thing in the world? The book dropped from her lap, and she bowed her head upon her hands. "I'm not sorry!"—and tears upon the small lace gauntlets.

She saw them, and with an incoherent exclamation, half self-pitying, half impatient, ran out to the stars above her garden.

She was there for perhaps half an hour, and just before she returned to the house she did a singular thing.

Standing where all was clear to the sky, where she had stood after her talk with the Incroyable, when he had bid her look to the stars, she raised her arms to them again, and her face, pale with a great tenderness, uplifted.

"You, you, you!" she whispered. "I love you!"

And yet it was to nothing definite, to no man, nor outline of a man, to no phantom, nor dream-lover, that she spoke; neither to him she had affronted, nor to him who had bidden her look to the stars. Nor was it to the stars themselves.

She returned slowly and thoughtfully to the house, wondering what she had meant.

CHAPTER XI

A Voice in a Garden

CRAILEY returned the next day, with a new poem, but no fish. He came, late in the afternoon, humming cheerfully to himself, and, dropping his rod in a corner of Tom's office, laid the poem on the desk before his partner, produced a large, newly-replenished flask, opened it, stretched himself comfortably upon a capacious horse-hair sofa, drank a deep draught, chuckled softly, and requested Mr. Vanrevel to set the rhymes to music immediately.

"Try it on your instrument," he said. "It's a simple verse about nothing but stars, and you can work it out in twenty minutes with the guitar."

"It is broken," said Tom, not looking up from his work.

"Broken! When?"

"Last night."

"Who broke it?"

"It fell from the table in my room."

"How? Easily mended, isn't it?"

"I think I shall not play it soon again."

Crailey swung his long legs off the sofa and abruptly sat upright. "What's this?" he asked gravely.

Tom pushed his papers away from him, rose and went to the dusty window that looked to the west, where, at the end of the long street, the sun was setting behind the ruin of charred timbers on the bank of the shining river.

"It seems that I played once too often," he said.

Crailey was thoroughly astonished. There was no pettishness in Tom, he knew, and it was therefore difficult to accept his declaration seriously. He took a long affectionate pull at the flask, and offered it to his partner.

"No," said Tom, turning to him with a troubled face, "and if I were you I wouldn't, either. These fishing trips of yours——"

"Fishing!" Crailey laughed. "Trips of a poetaster. It's then I write best, and write I will. There's a poem, and a damned good one, too, old preacher, in every gill of whiskey, and I'm the lad that can extract it. And what's better than to be out in the open—all by yourself in the woods, or on the river? Think of the long nights alone with the glory of heaven and a good demijohn. Why, a man's thoughts are like actors performing in the air, and all the crowding stars for audience. You know in your soul you'd rather have me out there, going it all by myself, than raising thunder over town. And you know, too, it doesn't tell on me; it doesn't show! You couldn't guess, to save your life, how much I've had to-day, now could you?"

"Yes," returned the other, "I could."

"Well, well," said Crailey good-naturedly, "we weren't talking of me." He set down the flask, went to his friend, and dropped a hand lightly on his shoulder. "What made you break the guitar? Tell me."

"What makes you think I broke it?" asked his partner sharply.

"Tell me why you did it," said Crailey.

And Tom told him, pacing the room, while Crailey stood in silence, looking him eagerly in the eye whenever Tom turned his way. The listener interrupted seldom; once it was to exclaim:

"But you haven't really explained why you broke the guitar?"

"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out! I ought to have cut off the hands that played to her."

"And cut your throat for singing to her?"

"She was right," the other answered, striding up and down the room. "Right—a thou-

sand times!—in everything she did. That I should even approach her was an unspeakable insolence. I had forgotten, and so, possibly, had she; but I have not even been properly introduced to her."

"No, you hadn't; that's true," observed Crailey reflectively. "You don't seem to have much to reproach her with, Tom."

"Reproach her!" cried the other. "That I should dream she would have anything to do with me, speak to me, or countenance me in any way, was to cast a doubt on her loyalty as a daughter. From her point of view it was nothing short of an insult. She was right, I say! And she did the only thing she could do—rebuked me before them all. No one ever merited what he got more roundly than I deserved that. Who was I, in her eyes, that I should come besieging her with my importunities; who but her father's worst enemy? She was right—right in everything! I deserved far worse at her hands than she gave me!"

Deep anxiety knitted Crailey's brow. "I understood she knew of the quarrel," he said thoughtfully. "I saw that, the other evening when I helped her out of the crowd. She spoke of it on the way home, I remember; but how did she know that you were Van-revel? No one in town would be apt to mention you to her."

"No; but she did know, you see."

"Yes," he returned slowly. "So it seems! Probably her father asked her to avoid you, and described you, so that she recognized you as the man who caught the kitten." He paused, picked up the flask, and again applied himself to its contents, his eyes peering over the up-tilted vessel at Tom, who continued to pace up and down the length of the office. After a time, Crailey, fumbling in his coat, found a long cheroot, and, as he lit it, inquired casually:

"Do you remember if she addressed you by name?"

"I think not," Tom answered, halting. "What does it matter?"

Crailey drew a deep breath.

"It doesn't," he returned.

"She knew me well enough," Tom said sadly, as he resumed his sentry go.

"Yes," repeated Crailey deliberately. "So it seems; so it seems!" He blew a long parasol of smoke up into the air above him, and softly murmured again, "So it seems; so it seems!"

Silence fell, broken only by the sound of Tom's footsteps, until, presently, some one informally shouted his name from the street

below. It was Will Cummings, passing the time of day; and when Tom turned from the window, after answering him, Crailey, his poem and his flask were gone.

That evening Vanrevel sat in the dusty office, driving himself to his work with a sharp goad. He had a hard problem before him, a case in which he would have preferred the opposite side, and as he took up the details, one by one, each that he surmounted was at the cost of a battle with himself. For there was a face that came between him and all else in the world, and a voice that sounded always in his ears. But he fought the fight, to an end, and the work was done before he rose from his chair, though he showed a haggard visage as he bent above his candles to blow them out.

It was eleven o'clock. Crailey had not come back, and Tom knew that his light-hearted friend would not return for many hours; and so, having no mind to read, and no belief that he could if he tried, he went out to walk the streets. He went down to the river first, and stood for a little while gazing at the ruins of the two warehouses, and that was like a man with a headache beating his skull against a wall. As he stood on the blackened wharf, he saw how the charred beams rose above him against the sky, like a gallows, and it seemed to him that nothing could have been a better symbol, for here he had hanged his self-respect. "Reproach her!" *He*, who had so displayed his imbecility before her! Had he been her father's best friend, he should have had too great a sense of shame to dare to speak to her after that night when her quiet intelligence had exhibited him to himself, and to all the world, as naught else than a fool—and a noisy one at that!

He retraced his steps—a tall, gray figure moving slowly through the blue darkness, and his lips formed the heartsick shadow of a smile when he found that he had unconsciously turned into Carewe Street. Presently he came to a gap in a hedge, through which he had sometimes stolen to hear the sound of a harp and a girl's voice singing; but he did not enter there to-night, though he paused a moment, his head bowed on his breast.

There came the sound of voices. They seemed to be moving toward the hedge, toward the gap where he had paused—one, a man's, eager, quick, but very musical; the other, a girl's, a rich and clear contralto that passed into Tom's soul like a psalm of rejoicing and like a scimitar of flame. He shivered, and moved away quickly, but not before the man's

voice, somewhat louder for the moment, came distinctly from the other side of the hedge:

"After all," said the voice, with a ripple of laughter, "after all, weren't you a little hard on that poor Mr. Gray?"

Tom did not understand; but he knew the voice. It was that of Crailey Gray.

He heard the same voice again, that night, and again stood unseen. Two hours later he was still tramping the streets on his lonely rounds, when he chanced to pass the Rouen House, which hostelry bore, to the uninitiated eye, the appearance of having closed its doors upon all hospitalities for the night, in strict compliance with the law of the city fathers; yet a slender wand of bright light might be discovered underneath the bar-room street door. From within the merry retreat issued an uproar of shouting, raucous laughter, and the pounding of glasses on tables, heralding all too plainly the hypocrisy of the landlord, and possibly that of the city fathers also. Tom knew what company was gathered there—gamblers, truckmen, drunken farmers, men from the river steamers making riot while their boats lay at the wharf, with a motley gathering of good-for-nothings of the back-alleys and tipling clerks from the Main Street stores. There came loud cries for a song, and in answer the voice of Crailey rose over the general din, somewhat hoarse, and never so musical when he sang as when he spoke, yet so vibrant with dramatic tenderness that the noise fell away at once, and the roysterers sat quietly to listen. This was not the first time Ben Jonson's song had stilled a disreputable company.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine."

Perhaps, just then, Vanrevel would have wished to hear him sing anything in the world rather than that, for on Crailey's lips it carried too much meaning to-night, after the voice in the garden. And Tom lingered no more near the betraying sliver of light beneath the door than he had by the gap in the hedge, but went steadily on his way.

Not far from the hotel he passed a small building brightly lighted and echoing with unusual clamors of industry—the office of the "Rouen Journal." The presses were going, and Mr. Cummings's thin figure crossed and re-crossed the windows, while his voice could be heard energetically bidding his assistants to "look alive," so that Tom imagined that something might have happened between the Neuces River and the Rio Grande; but he did not stop to ask the journalist, for he desired

to behold the face of none of his friends until he had fought out some things with himself. So he strode on toward nowhere.

Day was breaking when Mr. Gray climbed the stairs to his room. There were two flights, the ascent of the first of which occupied about half an hour of Crailey's valuable time; and it might have taken more of it, or possibly consumed the greater part of the morning, had he received no assistance. But, as he reclined to meditate upon the first landing, another man entered the hallway from without, ascended quickly, and Crailey became pleasantly conscious that two strong hands had lifted him to his feet, and, presently, that he was being borne aloft upon the newcomer's back. It seemed quite a journey, yet the motion was soothing, so he made no effort to open his eyes, until he found himself gently deposited upon the couch in his own chamber, when he smiled amiably, and, looking up, discovered his partner standing over him.

Tom was very pale, and there were deep violet scrawls beneath his eyes. For once in his life he had come home later than Crailey.

"First time, you know," said Crailey with difficulty. "You'll admit first time *completely* incapable? Often needed guiding hand, but never—quite—before."

"Yes," said Tom quietly, "it is the first time I ever saw you quite finished."

"Think must be growing old, and constitution refuses to bear it. Disgraceful be seen in condition, yet celebration justified. H'rah for the news!" He waved his hand wildly. "Old red, white, and blue! American eagle, now kindly proceed to scream! Star-spangled banner intends streaming to all the trade winds! Sea to sea! Glorious victories on political thieving exhibition—no, expedition! Everybody not responsible for the trouble to go and get himself patriotically killed!"

"What do you mean?"

"Water!" said the other feebly. Tom brought him the pitcher, and Crailey, setting his hot lips to it, drank long and deeply; then, with his friend's assistance, he moistened a towel heavily and tied it round his head. "All right very soon, and sober again," he muttered, and lay back upon the pillow, with eyes tightly closed in an intense effort to concentrate his will. When he opened them again, four or five minutes later, they had marvelously cleared, and his look was self-contained and sane.

"Haven't you heard the news?" He spoke much more easily now. "It came at midnight to the 'Journal.'"

"No; I've been walking in the country."

"The Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande on the 26th of last month, captured Captain Thornton, and murdered Colonel Crook. That means war is sure."

"It has been sure for a long time," said Tom. "Polk has forced it from the first."

"Then it's a devil of a pity he can't be the only man to die."

"Have they called for volunteers?" asked Tom, going toward the door.

"No; but if the news is true they will."

"I hope so," said Tom, and as he reached the hallway he paused. "Can I help you to undress?"

"Certainly not." Crailey sat up indignant. "Can't you see that I'm perfectly sober? It was the merest temporary fit, and I've shaken it off. Don't you see?" He got upon his feet, staggered, but shook himself like a dog coming out of the water, and came to the door with infirm steps.

"You're going to bed, aren't you?" asked Tom. "You'd much better."

"No," answered Crailey. "Are you?"

"No. I'm going to work."

"You've been up all night, too, haven't you?" Crailey put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Were you hunting for me?"

"No; not last night."

Crailey lurched suddenly, and Tom caught him about the waist to steady him.

"Sweethearting, tippling, *vingt-et-un*, or poker, eh, Tom?" he shouted thickly with a wild laugh. "Ha, ha, old smug-face, up to my bad tricks at last!" But, recovering himself immediately, he pushed the other off at arm's length, and slapped himself smartly on the brow. "Never mind; all right, all right—only a bad wave now and then. A walk will make me more a man than ever."

"You'd much better go to bed, Crailey."

"I can't. I'm going to change my clothes and go out."

"Why?"

Crailey did not answer, but at that moment the Catholic church bell, summoning the faithful to mass, pealed loudly on the morning air, and the steady glance of Tom Vanrevel rested thoughtfully upon the reckless eyes of the man beside him, as they listened together to its insistent call. Tom said gently, almost timidly:

"You have an—engagement?"

This time the answer came briskly. "Yes. I promised to take Fanchon to the cemetery before breakfast, to place some flowers on the grave of the little brother who died. This happens to be his birthday."

It was Tom who averted his eyes, not Crailey. "Then you'd best hurry," he said hesitatingly. "I mustn't keep you," and went downstairs to his office with flushed cheeks, a hanging head, and an expression which would have led a stranger, seeing him thus, to believe that he had just been caught in a lie.

He went to the Main Street window, and seated himself upon the ledge, the only one in the room not too dusty for occupation, for here, at this hour, Tom had taken his place every morning since Elizabeth Carewe had come from the convent. The window was a coign of vantage commanding the corner of Carewe and Main Streets. Some distance west of the corner, the Catholic church cast its long shadow across Main Street, and, in order to enter the church, a person who lived upon Carewe Street must pass this corner, or else make a half-mile detour and approach from the other direction—which the person never did. Tom had thought it out the first night that the image of Miss Betty had kept him awake (and that was the first night Miss Carewe spent in Rouen). The St. Mary's girl would be sure to go to mass every day, and that was why the window ledge was dusted the next morning.

The glass doors of the little corner drug store caught the early sun of the hot May morning and became like sheets of polished brass. A farmer's wagon rattled down the dusty street. A group of Irish waitresses from the hotel made the board walk rattle under their hurried steps as they went toward the church, talking busily one to another; and a blinking youth in his shirt sleeves, who wore the air of one newly, and unwillingly, risen, began to throw open the shutters of Madrillon's bank. A moment later Tom heard Crailey come lightly down the stairs, sure of foot and humming lightly to himself. The door of the office was closed; Crailey did not look in, but presently appeared, smiling, trim, immaculate, all in white linen, on the opposite side of the street, and offered badinage to the boy who toiled at the shutters.

The bell had almost ceased to ring when a lady, dressed plainly in black, but graceful and tall, came rapidly out of Carewe Street, turned at the corner by the little drug store, and went toward the church. The boy was left staring, for Crailey's banter broke off in the middle of a word.

He overtook her on the church steps and they went in together.

That afternoon Fanchon Bareaud told Tom how beautiful her betrothed had been to

her; he had brought her a great bouquet of violets and lilies, and had taken her to the cemetery to place them on the grave of her baby brother, whose birthday it was. Tears came to Fanchon's eyes as she spoke of her lover's goodness, and of how wonderfully he had talked as they stood beside the little mound.

"He was the only one who remembered that this was poor tiny Jean's birthday," she said, and sobbed. "He came just after breakfast and asked me to go out there with him."

CHAPTER XII

The Room in the Cupola

MR. CAREWE returned one warm afternoon by the six o'clock boat, which was sometimes a day late and sometimes a few hours early, the latter contingency arising, as in the present instance, when the owner was aboard. Nelson drove him from the wharf to the bank, where he conferred briefly, in an undertone, with Eugene Madrillon, after which Eugene sent a note containing three words to Tappingham Marsh. Marsh tore up the note and sauntered over to the club, where he found General Trumble and Jefferson Bareaud amicably discussing a pitcher of cherry bounce. "He has come," said Tappingham, pleased to find the pair the only occupants of the place. "He saw Madrillon, and there's a session to-night."

"Praise the Lord!" exclaimed the stout General, rising to his feet. "I'll see old Chenoweth at once. My fingers have the itch."

"And mine too," said Bareaud. "I'd begun to think we'd never have a go with him again."

"You must see that Crailey comes. We want a full table. Drag him by the hair of his head if you can't get him any other way."

"He won't need urging," said Jefferson.

"But he cut us last time."

"He won't cut to-night. What hour?"

"Nine," answered Tappingham. "It's to be a full sitting, remember."

"Don't fear for us," laughed Trumble.

"Nor for Crailey," added Jefferson. "After so long a vacation you couldn't keep him away if you chained him to the court-house pillars; he'd tear 'em in two!"

"Here's to our better fortune, then!" said the old soldier, filling a glass for Tappingham; and "Here's to our better fortunes!" echoed the young men, pouring off the gentle liquor heartily. Having thus made libation to their particular god, the trio separated.

But Jefferson did not encounter the alacrity of acceptance he expected in Crailey, when he found him half an hour afterward at the hotel bar. Indeed, at first Mr. Gray not only refused outright to go, but seriously urged the same course upon Jefferson; moreover, his remonstrance was offered in such evident good faith that Bareaud, in the act of swallowing one of his large doses of quinine, paused with only half the powder down his throat, gazing, nonplussed, at his prospective brother-in-law.

"My immortal soul!" he gasped. "Is this Crailey Gray? What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," answered Crailey quietly. "Only, don't go; you've lost enough."

"Well, you're a beautiful one!" Jefferson exclaimed with an incredulous laugh. "You're a master hand; you, to talk about losing enough!"

"I know, I know," Crailey began, shaking his head, "but——"

"You've promised Fanchon never to go again, and you're afraid Miss Betty will see or hear us and tell her you were there."

"I don't know Miss Carewe."

"Then you needn't fear; besides, she'll be out when we come and asleep when we go. She will never know we've been in the house."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Crailey impatiently, and he was the more earnest because he remembered the dangerous geography of the Carewe house, which made it impossible for anyone to leave the cupola room except by the long hall which passed certain doors. "I will not go, and, what's more, I promised Fanchon I'd try to keep you out of it hereafter."

"Lord, but we're virtuous!" laughed the incredulous Jefferson. "I'll come for you at a-quarter to nine."

"I will not go, I tell you."

Jefferson roared. "Yes you will. You couldn't keep from it if you tried!" And he took himself off, laughing violently, again promising to call for Crailey on his way to the tryst, and leaving him still vehemently protesting that it would be a great folly for either of them to go.

Crailey looked after the lad's long, thin figure with an expression as near anger as he ever wore. "He'll go," he said to himself, frowning slightly. "And—ah, well—I'll have to risk it! I'll go with him, but only to try and bring him away early—that is, as early as it's safe to be sure that they are asleep downstairs. And I won't play. No, I'll not play; I'll not play."

He paid his score and went out of the hotel by a side door. Some distance up the street

Bareaud was still to be seen, lounging homeward in the pleasant afternoon sunshine; he stopped on a corner and serenely poured another quinine powder into himself and threw the paper to a couple of pigs who looked up from the gutter maliciously.

"Confound him!" said Crailey, laughing ruefully. "He makes me a missionary! For I'll keep my word to Fanchon in that, at least. I'll look after Jefferson to-night. Ah, I might as well be old Tom Vanrevel, indeed!"

Meanwhile Mr. Carewe had taken possession of his own again. His daughter ran to the door to meet him; she was trembling a little, and blushing and smiling, held out both her hands to him, so that Mrs. Tanberry vowed this was the loveliest creature in the world and the kindest. Mr. Carewe bowed slightly, as to an acquaintance, and disregarded the extended hands.

At that the blush faded from Miss Betty's cheeks; she trembled no more, and a salutation as icy as her father's was returned to him. He bent his heavy brows upon her, and shot a black glance her way, being, of course, immediately enraged by her reflection of his own manner; but he did not speak to her.

Nor did he once address her during the evening meal, preferring to honor Mrs. Tanberry with his conversation, to that diplomatic lady's secret anger, but outward amusement. She cheerfully neglected to answer him at times, having not the slightest awe of him, and turned to the girl instead. Nay, she was only prevented from rating him soundly at his own table by the fear that she might make the situation more difficult for her young charge. She made her escape with Miss Betty as soon as it was possible, and they drove away in the twilight to pay visits of duty, leaving Mr. Carewe frowning at his coffee on the veranda.

When they came home, three hours later, Miss Betty noticed that a lustrous fringe of illumination bordered each of the heavily curtained windows in the cupola, and she uttered an exclamation, for she had never known that room to be lighted.

"Look," she said, touching Mrs. Tanberry's arm, as the horses trotted through the gates under a drizzle of rain, "I thought the room in the cupola was empty. It's always locked, and when I came from St. Mary's he told me that old furniture was stored there."

Mrs. Tanberry was grateful for the darkness. "He may have gone there to read," she answered in a queer voice. "Let us go quietly to bed, child, so as not to disturb him."

Betty had as little desire to disturb her fa-

ther as she had to see him; therefore she obeyed her friend's injunction, and went to her room on tiptoe. The house was very silent as she lit the candles on her bureau and began her preparations to retire. Outside, the gentle drizzle and the soothing drip-drop from the roof were the only sounds; within, there was only the faint rustle of garments from Mrs. Tanberry's room. Presently the latter ceased to be heard, and a wooden moan of protest from the four-poster upon which the good lady reposed announced that she had drawn the curtains and wooed the rulers of Nod.

It was one of those nights of which they say "It is a good night to sleep," but Miss Betty was not drowsy. She had half-unfastened one small sandal, but she tied the ribbons again, and seated herself by the open window. The ledge and lintels framed a dim oblong of thin light from the candles behind her, a lonely luster which crossed the veranda and melted shapelessly into the darkness on the soggy lawn. In the softly falling rain and wet black foliage she felt a melancholy that chimed with the sadness of her own spirit, and the night suited her very well, for her father's coming had brought a weight of depression with it. Why could he not have spoken one word to her, even a cross one? She knew that he did not love her, yet, merely as a fellow-being, she was entitled to a measure of courtesy, and the fact that she was his daughter could not excuse his failure to render it. Was she to continue to live with him on their present terms? She had no intention to make another effort to alter them; but to remain as they were would be intolerable, and Mrs. Tanberry could not stay forever, to act as a buffer between her and her father. She peered out into the dismal night, finding her own future as black, and it seemed no wonder that the Sisters loved the convent life, that the pale nuns forsook the world wherein there was so much unkindness, and where women were petty and jealous, like that cowardly Fanchon, and men who looked great were tricksters, like Fanchon's betrothed. Miss Betty clenched her delicate fingers. She would *not* remember his white shocked face again!

Another face helped her to shut out the recollection—that of the man who had gone to mass to meet her yesterday morning, and with whom she had taken a long walk afterwards. He had shown her a quaint old German gardener who lived on the bank of the river, had bought her a bouquet, and she had helped him to select another to send to a sick friend. How beautiful the flowers were and how hap-

py he had made the morning for her, with his gaiety, his lightness and his odd wisdom. Was it only yesterday? Her father's coming had made yesterday seem a fortnight old.

But the continuously pattering rain and the soft drip-drop from the roof, though as mournful as she chose to find them, began, afterwhile, to weave their somnolent spells, and she slowly drifted into reveries of unhappy sorts, and into half dreams in which she was still aware she was awake, yet slumber, heavy-eyed, softly stirring from the curtains beside her with the small night breeze, breathed strange distortions upon familiar things, and drowsy impossibilities moved upon the surface of her thoughts. Her chin, resting upon her hand, sank gently, until her head almost touched her relaxed arms.

"*That is mine, Crailey Gray!*"

She sprang to her feet, immeasurably startled, one hand clutching the back of her chair, the other tremulously pressed to her cheek, convinced that her father had stooped over her and shouted the sentence in her ear. For it was his voice, and the house rang with the words; all the rooms, halls, and even the outer walls were still murmurous with the sudden sound, like the tingling of a bell after it had been struck. And yet—everything was quiet.

Miss Betty passed a vague hand across her forehead, trying to untangle the maze of dreams which had evolved this shock for her: the sudden clamor in her father's voice of a name she hated and hoped never to hear again, a name she was trying to forget. But she was unable to find trace of anything which had led to it; therefore there remained only the conclusion that her nerves were not what they should be. The vapors having become obsolete for young ladies as an explanation for all unpleasant sensations, they were instructed to have "nerves." This was Miss Betty's first consciousness of her own, and, desiring no further acquaintance with them, she told herself it was unwholesome to fall asleep in a chair by an open window when the night was as sad as she.

She turned to a chair in front of the small oval mirror of her bureau, unclasped the brooch that held her lace collar, and, seating herself, began to unfasten her hair. Suddenly she paused, her uplifted arms remaining mechanically as they were.

Some one was coming through the long hall with a soft, almost inaudible step, a step which was not her father's. She knew at once, with instinctive certainty, that it was not he. Nor was it Nelson, who would have shuffled; nor could it be the vain Mamie, nor one of the

other servants, for Nelson was the only one of them who slept in the house. It was a step more like a woman's, though certainly it was not Mrs. Tanberry's.

Betty rose, took a candle, and stood silent for a moment, the heavy tresses of her hair, half unloosed, falling upon her neck and left shoulder like the soft folds of a dark drapery. At the slight rustle of her rising, the steps ceased instantly. Her heart set up a wild beating, and the candle shook in her hand. But she was brave and young, and, following an irresistible impulse, she ran across the room, flung open the door, and threw the light of the candle into the hall, holding it at arm's length before her.

She came almost face to face with Crailey Gray.

The blood went from his cheeks as a swallow flies down from a roof. He started back against the opposite wall with a stifled groan, while she stared at him blankly, and slowly grew as deathly pale as he.

He was a man of great resource in all emergencies which required a quick tongue, but, for the moment, this was beyond him. He felt himself lost, toppling backward into an abyss, and the uselessness of his destruction made him physically sick. For he need not have been there; he had not wished to come; he had well counted the danger to himself; and this one time in his life had gone to the cupola room out of good nature. But Bareaud had been obstinate and Crailey had come away alone, hoping that Jefferson might follow. And here he was, poor trapped rat, convicted and ruined because of a good action. At last he knew consistency to be a jewel, and that a greedy boy should never give a crust; that a fool should stick to his folly, a villain to his deviltry, and each hold his own; for the man who thrusts a good deed into a life of lies is wound about with perilous passes, and in his devious ways a thousand unexpected damnations spring.

Beaten, stunned, hang-jawed with despair, he returned her long dumbfounded gaze hopelessly, and told the truth like an inspired dunce.

"I came to bring another man away," he whispered hoarsely, and at the very moment several heavy, half-suppressed voices broke into eager talk overhead.

The white hand that held the candle wavered, and the shadows glided in a huge, grotesque dance. Twice she essayed to speak before she could do so, at the same moment motioning him back, for he had made a vague gesture toward her.

"I am not faint. Do you mean—away from up there?" She pointed to the cupola stairs.

"Yes."

"Have—have you seen my father?"

The question came out of such a depth of incredulousness that it was more an articulation of the lips than a sound, but he caught it, and with it, not hope, but the shadow of a shadow of hope, a hand waving from the far shore to the swimmer who has been down twice. Did she fear for his sake?

"No—I have not seen him." He was groping blindly.

"You did not come from that room?"

"No."

"How did you enter the house?"

The draft through the hall was blowing upon him; the double doors upon the veranda had been left open for coolness. "There," he said, pointing to them.

"But—I thought—I heard you come from the other direction."

He was breathing quickly. He saw his chance—if Jefferson Bareaud did not come now.

"But you did not hear me come down the stairs." He leaned toward her, risking it all on that.

"No."

"Ah!" A sigh that was almost a gasp burst from Crailey. His head lifted a little, and his eyes were luminous with an eagerness that was almost anguish. He set his utmost will at work to collect himself and to think hard and fast.

"I came here resolved to take a man away—come what would," he said. "I found the door open, went to the foot of that stairway; then I stopped. I remembered something, turned, and was going away when you opened the door."

"You remembered what?" Her strained attitude did not relax, nor, to his utmost scrutiny, was the complete astonishment of her distended gaze altered one whit; but a hint of her accustomed high color was again upon her cheek, and her under lip trembled a little, like that of a child about to weep. The flicker of hope in his breast suddenly increased prodigiously, and the wild rush of it took the breath from his throat and choked him. Good God! Was she going to believe him?

"I remembered—you!"

"What?" she said wonderingly.

Art returned with a splendid bound, full-pinioned, his beautiful and treacherous Familiar, who had deserted him at the crucial instant; but she made up for it now, folding him in protective wings and breathing through

his spirit. In rapid and vehement whispers he poured forth rushing words upon the girl in the doorway.

"I have a friend, and I would lay down my life to make him what he could be. He has always thrown everything away—his life, his talents, all his money, and all of mine, for the sake of—throwing them away. Some other must tell you about that room; but it has ruined my friend. To-night I discovered that he had been summoned here, and I made up my mind to come and take him away. Your father has sworn to shoot me if I set foot in his house or on ground of his. But my duty was clear, and I came to do it. And yet—I stopped at the foot of the stair—because—because I remembered that you were Robert Carewe's daughter. What of you—if I went up and harm came to me from your father? For I swear I would not have touched *him*! You bade me not to speak of 'personal' things, and I have obeyed you; but you see I must tell you one thing now: I have cared for this friend of mine more than for all else under the stars, but I turned and left him to his ruin, and would a thousand times, rather than bring trouble upon you! 'A thousand times?' Ay! I swear it should be a thousand times a thousand!"

He had paraded in one speech from the prisoner's dock to Capulet's garden; and her eyes were shining into his with a great light when he finished.

"Go quickly," she whispered. "Go quickly! Go quickly!"

"But, do you understand?"

"Not yet, but I shall. Will you go? They might come—my father might come—at any moment."

"But——"

"Do you want to drive me quite mad? Please go!" She laid a trembling, urgent hand upon his sleeve.

"Never, until you tell me that you understand," replied Crailey firmly, listening in-

tently for the slightest sound from overhead. "Never—until then!"

"When I do I shall tell you; now I only know that you must go."

"But tell me——"

"You must go!"

There was a shuffling of chairs on the floor overhead, and Crailey went. He went even more hastily than might have been expected from the adamant attitude he had just previously assumed, and, realizing this as he reached the wet path, he risked stealing round to her window.

"*For your sake!*" he breathed; and, having thus forestalled any trifling imperfection which might arise in her recollection of his exit from the house, he disappeared, kissing his hand to the rain that fell upon him as he ran down the street.

Miss Betty locked her door and pulled close the curtains of her window. A numerous but careful sound of footsteps came from the hall, went by her door, and out across the veranda. Silently she waited until she heard her father go alone to his room.

She took the candle and went in to Mrs. Tanberry. She set the light upon a table, pulled a chair close to the bedside, and placed her cool hand lightly on the great lady's forehead.

"Isn't it very late, Princess? Why are you not asleep?"

"Mrs. Tanberry, I want to know why there was a light in the cupola room to-night."

"What!" Mrs. Tanberry rolled herself as upright as possible, and sat with blinking eyes.

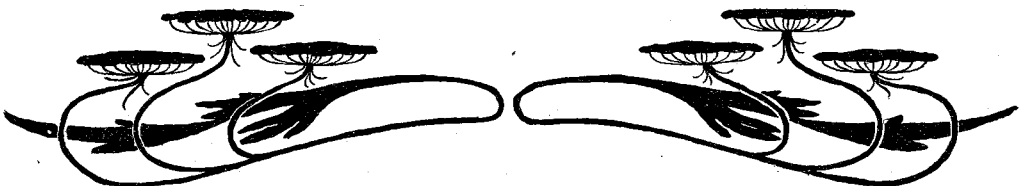
"I want to know what I am sure you know, what I am sure everybody knows except me. What were they doing there to-night, and what was the quarrel between Mr. Vanrevel and my father that had to do with Mr. Gray?"

Mrs. Tanberry gazed earnestly into the girl's face. After a long time she said in a gentle voice:

"Child, has it come to matter *that* much?"

"Yes," said Miss Betty.

(To be continued)



HOW I BECAME AN AËRONAUT AND MY EXPERIENCE WITH AIR-SHIPS

PART II

BY ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT

THE next year I built a new air-ship, which Paris at once christened the "Santos-Dumont No. 2." It had the same length as the first and about the same form; but its radius was greater—1 meter.90 (6 feet, 4 inches) instead of 1 meter.75 (6 feet)—which brought the volume up to 200 cubic meters (7,062 cubic feet) and gave me 44 pounds more ascensional force. I had taken account of the insufficiency of the air-pump which had all but killed me; and I added a little aluminium ventilator, to make surer of stability in the form of the balloon.

The first trial was fixed for Thursday, May 11, 1899, the Feast of the Ascension. Unfortunately a steady rain came on, making the balloon of the air-ship heavy, and depriving me of the ascensional force requisite for undertaking the journey in sufficient security. I, therefore, contented myself with going through evolutions at the end of a cord. The trial, nevertheless, ended in the neighboring trees.

The balloon had doubled up under the combined action of the contraction of the hydrogen and the force of the wind.

My friends began again at me now, saying: "You must understand that it is impossible to keep the shape of your cylindrical balloon rigid. You must not risk your life again by taking a petroleum motor into the air."

I said to myself: "Errors do not count. Little by little I shall correct the defects that have been revealed by my accidents; and I shall end in complete success."

The First Flight Around the Eiffel Tower

Accordingly, during the same year, I built a new balloon, the "Santos-Dumont No. 3." Its principal measurements were: Capacity, 500 cubic meters (17,655 cubic feet); length, 20 meters (66 feet); middle diameter, 7 meters. 50 (25 feet). The basket and machine remained the same; but I suppressed the little air-balloon that had worked so badly in my previous experiment. As will be noted from the dimensions, this balloon differed greatly from the others in shape; and its increased capacity permitted me to employ illuminating

gas instead of hydrogen. When inflated thus, it lifted 231 pounds of ballast together with myself and the machine, basket, rigging, and utensils.

I started for the first time in the "Santos-Dumont No. 3" from the Parc d'Aërostation, at Vaugirard, on November 13, 1899, at 3.30 p.m. The Eiffel Tower made the center for my evolutions. Around that wonderful landmark, for twenty minutes, I had the immense satisfaction of describing circles, figure eights, and whatever other manœuvres it pleased me to undertake, and in all directions, diagonally up and down as well as laterally. I had at last realized my fullest expectations. Very faithfully the air-ship obeyed the impulse of propeller and steering-rudder, fixed to the rear suspension-cord which served it as a hinge.

From the Eiffel Tower I took my course to the Parc des Princes, and then, making a great loop, passed over the training-fields at Bagatelle, near Longchamps. I had, indeed, decided to come down there again, where I had landed so unwillingly before; and this landing I effected under the best conditions—at the exact spot where "Santos-Dumont No. 1" had fallen.

Had the air been calm, my speed on this trip might have reached 25 kilometers (15½ miles) an hour. That day, however, the wind was so strong that a return to the starting-place appeared to me to present great difficulties, considering the small size of the Parc d'Aërostation at Vaugirard, surrounded on all sides by the houses of the *quartier*. Landing in Paris, in general, is something next to impossible for any kind of balloon.

Considerations of this order made it desirable for me to have a plant of my own. The Aëro Club had acquired some land on the newly opened Côteaux de Longchamps, at Saint-Cloud; and I decided to become my own master by building on it a great shed, high enough to contain my air-ship with the balloon fully inflated, and furnished with a hydrogen generator. This Aërodrome, which I built at my own expense, was 30 meters (99 feet) long, 7 meters (23 feet) wide, and 11