

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

LXIV.

THE great carnival completely restored Glory's spirits. She laughed and cried out constantly, and lived from minute to minute like a child. Everybody recognized her, and nearly everybody saluted her. Drake beamed with pride and delight. He took her round the course, answered her questions, punctuated her jests, and explained everything, leaving Lord Robert to entertain his guests. Who were "those dwellers in tents"? They were the Guards' Club, and the service was also represented by artillerymen, King's Hussars, and a line regiment from Aldershot. This was called "the Hill," where jovial rascaldom usually swarmed, looking out for stray overcoats and the lids of luncheon dishes left unprotected on carriages. Yes, the pick-pocket, the card sharper, the three card artist, the confidence man, the blarneying beggar, and the fakir of every description laid his snares on this holy spot. In fact, this is his sanctuary, and he peddles under the eye of the police. "Holy Land"? Ha, ha! All the patriarchs out of the Bible here? Oh, the vociferous gentlemen, with patriarchal names, in velveteen coats, under the banners and canvas signboards—Moses, Aaron, and so forth. They were the "bookies," otherwise bookmakers, generally Jews, and sometimes welshers.

"Here, come along, some of you sports-

men. I ain't made the price of my railway fare, swelp me!"

"It's a dead cert, gents, but I can't afford to buy thick uns at four quid apiece!"

"Five to one on the field!"

"I lay on the field!"

A "thick un"? Oh, that was a sovereign; "half a thick un," half a sovereign; twenty pounds, a "pony"; five hundred, a "monkey"; flash notes were "stumers"; and a bookmaker who couldn't pay was "stony broke." Amusement enough? Yes; niggers, harpists, christy minstrels, strong men, acrobats, agile clowns on stilts, and all the ragamuffins from "the Burrer" bent on "making a bit." "African jungle"? A shooting gallery with model lions and bears. "Fine art exhibition"? A picture of the hanging of recent murderers. Boxing ring? Yes, for women; they strip to the waist and fight like fiends. Then look at the lady auctioneer selling brass sovereigns at a penny apiece.

"Buy one, gentlemen, and see what they're like, so that the bookies can't pawse 'em on ye unawares."

Food enough? Yes; stewed eels, trotters, cocoanuts, winkles, oysters, cockles, and all the luxuries of the New Cut. Why were they calling that dog "Cookshop"? Because he was pretty sure to go there in the end.

By this time they had plowed over some quarter of a mile of the hillside,

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fighting their way among the carriages that stood six deep along the rails and through a seething mass of ruffianism, in a stifling atmosphere polluted by the smell of the ale and the reeking breath of tipsy people.

"Whoo! I feel like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, rolled into one," said Glory.

"Let us go into the paddock," said Drake, and they began to cross the race track.

"But wasn't that somebody preaching as we galloped down the hill?"

"Was it? I didn't notice;" and they struggled through.

It was fresh and cool under the trees, and Glory thought it cheap, even at ten shillings a head, to walk for ten minutes in a green field. Horses waiting for their race were being walked about in clothes with their names worked on the quarter sheets, and breeders, trainers, jockeys, and clerks of the course mingled with gentlemen in silk hats and ladies in smart costumes.

Drake's horse was a big bay, very thin, almost gaunt, and with enormous, high stepping legs. The trainer was waiting for a last word with his owner. He was cool and confident.

"Never better or fitter, Sir Francis, and one of the grandest three year olds that ever looked through a bridle. Improved wonderful since he got over his dental troubles, and does justice to the contents of his manger. Capital field, sir; but it's got to run up against summat smart today. Favorite, sir? Pooh! A coach horse! Not stripping well, light in the flank, and tucked up. But this colt fills the eye as a first class one should. Whatever beats him will win, sir, take my word for that."

And the jockey standing by in his black and white jacket wagged his head, and said in a cheery whisper:

"Lay what ye like on 'im, Sir Francis. Great horse, sir! Got a Derby in 'im or I'm a slowcome."

Drake laughed at their predictions, and Glory patted the creature while it beat its white feet on the ground and the leather of its saddle squeaked. The grand stand from there looked like a sea of foaming laces, feathers, flowers, and sun-

shades. They turned to go to it, passing first by the referee's box, whereof Drake explained the uses, then through the Jockey Club inclosure, which was full of dukes, duchesses, lords, judges, members of Parliament, and other turfites, and finally through the betting ring, where some hundreds of betting men of the superior class proclaimed their calling in loud voices and loud clothes, and the gold letters on their betting books. To one of these pencilers Drake said:

"What's the figure for Ellan Vannin?"

"Ten to one market price, sir."

"I'll take you in hundreds," said Drake; and they struggled through the throng.

Going up the stairs Glory said, "But wasn't the archdeacon at your office this morning? We saw him coming out of the square with little Mr. Golightly."

"Oh, did you? How hot it is today!"

"Isn't it? I feel as if I should like to play *Ariel* in gossamer! But wasn't it?"

"You needn't trouble about that, Glory. It's an old story that religious intolerance likes to throw the responsibility of its acts on the civil government."

"Then John Storm?"

"He is in no danger yet—none whatever."

"Oh, how glorious!" They had reached the balcony, and Glory was pretending that the change in her voice and manner came of delight at the sudden view. She stood for a moment spell bound, and then leaned over the rail and looked through the dazzling haze that was rising from the vast crowd below. Not a foot of turf was to be seen for miles around, save where, at the jockeys' gate, a space was kept clear by the police. It was a moving mass of humanity, and a low, indistinguishable murmur was coming up from it, such as the sea makes on the headlands above.

The cloud had died off Glory's face and her eyes were sparkling. "What a wonderfully happy world it must be, after all!" she said.

Just then the royal standard was hoisted over the club stand to indicate that the prince had arrived. Immediately afterwards there was a silent movement of hats on the lawns below the boxes, and

then somebody down there began to sing "God Save the Queen." The people on the grand stand took up the chorus, then the people on the race track joined it, then the people on the hill, until finally the whole multitude sang the national hymn in a voice that was like the voice of an ocean.

Glory's eyes were now full of tears, she was struggling with a desire to cry aloud, and Drake, who was watching her smallest action, stood before her to screen her from the glances of gorgeously attired ladies who were giggling and looking through lorgnettes. The fine flower of the aristocracy were present in force, and the grand stand was full of the great ladies who took an interest in sport, and even kept studs of their own. Oriental potentates were among them in Anglo Indian racing suits of blue and gold, and French was being spoken on all sides.

Glory attracted attention, and Drake's face beamed with delight. A distinguished personage asked to be introduced to her, and said he had seen her first performance and predicted her extraordinary success. She did not flinch. There was a slight tremor, a scarcely perceptible twitching of the lip, and then she bore her honors as if she had been born to them. The prince entertained a party to luncheon, and Drake and Glory were invited to join it. All the pretty people were there, and they looked like a horticultural exhibition of cream color, and rose pink, and gray. Glory kept watching the great ones of the earth, and she found them very amusing.

"Well, what do you think?" said Drake.

"I think most people at the Derby must have the wrong makeup on. That gentleman, now—he ought to be done up as a stable boy. And that lady in mauve—she's a ballet girl really, only—"

"Hush, for heaven's sake!"

Glory sat between Drake and a ponderous gentleman with a great beard like a waterfall.

"What are the odds against the horse, Drake?"

Drake answered, and Glory recalled herself from her studies and said, "Oh, yes, what did you say it was?"

"A prohibitive price—for you," said Drake.

"Nonsense! I'm going to do a flutter on my own, you know, and plunge against you."

It was explained to her that only book-makers bet against horses, but the gentleman with the beard volunteered to reverse positions and take Glory's ten to one against Ellan Vannin.

"In what?"

"Oh—h'm!—in thick uns, of course."

"But what is the meaning of this running after strange gods?" asked Drake.

"Never mind, sir. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, you know;" and then the bell rang for the race of the day, and they scurried back to the stand. The numbers were going up, and a line of fifty policemen abreast was clearing the race track. Some of the party had come over from the coach, and Lord Robert was jotting down in a notebook the particulars of the commissions to bet for his fair companions.

"And am I to be honored with a commission from the Hurricane?" he asked.

"Yes. What's the price for Ellan Vannin?"

"Gone up to five to one, pretty lady."

"Get me one to five that he's going to lose."

"But what in the world are you doing, Glory?" said Drake. His eyes were dancing with delight.

"Running a race with that old man in the box which can find a loser first."

At that moment the horses were sent out for the preliminary canter and parade before the royal stand. Drake's horse was not among them, and a tingling electrical atmosphere seemed to come from somewhere and set every tongue wagging. It seemed as if something unexpected was about to occur, and countless eyes went up to the place where Drake stood with Glory by his side. He was outwardly calm, but with a proud flush under his pallor; she was visibly excited, and could not stand on one spot for ten seconds together. By this time the noise made by the bookmakers in the inclosure below was like that of ten thousand sea fowl on a reef of rock, and Glory was trying to speak above the deafening clangor.

"Silver and gold have I none, but if I had— What's that?"

The flag had fallen as a signal for the

start. There was a hollow roar from the starting post point, and people were shouting, "They're off!" "There they go!" Then there was a sudden silence, a dead hush below, above, around, everywhere, and all eyes, all glasses, all lorgnettes, were turned in the direction of the runners.

The horses got well away, and raced up the hill like cavalry charging in line. Then at the mile post the favorite drew to the front, and the others went after him in an indistinguishable mass. But the descent seemed not to his liking; he twisted a good deal, and the jockey was seen sawing on the reins and almost hanging over the horse's head. When the racers swung around Tattenham Corner and came up like mice in the distance, it was seen that another horse had taken advantage of an opening and was overhauling the favorite with a tremendous rush. His colors were white and black. It was Ellan Vannin. From that moment Drake's horse never relinquished his advantage, but came down the straight like a great bird with the flapping of his wings below him, passed the stand amid tremendous excitement, and won handsomely by a length.

Then, in the roar of delight that went up from the crowd, Glory, with her hand on Drake's shoulder, was seen to be crying, laughing, and cheering at the same moment.

"But you've lost," said Drake.

"Oh, bother that!" she said; and when the jockey had slipped from his saddle and the "All right!" was shouted, she started the cheering on the stand again, and said she meant to make a dead heat of it with Tennyson's brook.

"But why did you bet against me?" said Drake.

"You silly boy!" she answered with a crow of happiness and gaiety, "didn't the gipsy tell me I should lose money to-day? And how could I bet on your horse without you lost the race?"

Drake laughed merrily at her delicious duplicity, and could hardly resist an impulse to take her in his arms and kiss her. Meantime his friends were slapping him on the back, and people were crushing up to offer him congratulations. He went off to lead his horse into the pad-

dock, and Lord Robert took Glory down after him. The trainer and jockey were there, looking proud and happy, and Drake, with a pale and triumphant face, was leading the great creature about. It was breathing heavily, and sweat stood in drops on its throat and head and ears.

"Oh, you beauty! How I should love to ride you!" said Glory.

"But dare you?" said Drake.

"Dare I! Only give me the chance."

Somebody brought champagne, and Glory had to drink a bumper to "the best horse of the century, bar none!" Then her glass was filled afresh, and she had to drink to the owner, "the best fellow on earth, bar none!" and again she was compelled to drink "to the best bit of history ever made at Epsom, bar none!" With that she was excused, while the men drank at Drake's proposal "to the loveliest, liveliest, leeriest little woman in the world, God bless her!" and she hid her face in her hands and said with a merry laugh, "Tell me when it's over, boys, and I'll come again."

After Drake had despatched telegrams and been bombarded by interviewers, he led the way back to the coach on the hill, and the company prepared for their return. The sun had now gone, a thick veil of stagnant clouds had gathered over it, the sky looked sulky, and Glory's head had begun to ache between the eyes. Rosa was to go home by train in order to reach her office early, and Glory half wished to go with her. But an understudy was to play her part that night, and she had no excuse. The carriage wormed its way through the close pack of vehicles at the top of the hill and began to follow the flowing tide of humanity going back to London.

"And what about my pair of gloves?"

"Oh, you're a hard man, reaping where you have not sowed and gathering——"

"There, then, we're quits," said Drake, leaning over from the box seat and snatching a kiss of her. It was now clear that he had been drinking a good deal.

LXV.

BEFORE the race had been run, a solitary man with a dog at his heels had crossed the Downs on his way back to the

Downs station. Jealousy and rage possessed his heart between them, but he would not recognize these passions; he believed his emotions to be horror and pity and shame. John Storm had seen Glory on the race course, in Drake's company, in Drake's charge, under Drake's protection, he proud and triumphant, she bright and happy and gay.

"O Lord, help me! Help me, O Lord!"

And now, dragging along the road, in his mind's eye he saw her again as the victim of this man, his plaything, his pastime to take up or leave, no better than any of the women about her, and where they were going she would go also. Some day he would find her where he had found others, outcast, deserted, forlorn, lost, down in the troughs of life, a thing of loathing and contempt.

"O Lord, help her! Help her, O Lord!"

There were few passengers by the train going back to London, nearly all traffic at this hour being the other way, and there was no one else in the compartment he occupied. He threw himself down in a corner, consumed with indignation and a strange sense of dishonor. Again he saw her bright eyes, her red lips, the glow of her whole radiant face, and a paroxysm of jealousy tore his heart to pieces. Glory was his. Though a bottomless abyss was yawning between them, her soul belonged to him, and a great upheaval of hatred for the man who possessed her body surged up to his throat. Against all this his pride as well as his religion rebelled. He crushed it down and stifled it, and tried to turn his mind to another current of ideas. How could he save her? If she should go down to perdition, his remorse would be worse to bear than flames of fire and brimstone. The more unworthy she was the more reason he should strive to rescue her soul from the pangs of eternal torment.

The rattling of the carriage broke in upon these visions, and he got up and paced to and fro like a bear in a cage, and like a bear, with its slow, strong grip, he seemed to be holding her in his wrath and saying, "You shall not destroy yourself! You shall not! You shall not, for I—I—I forbid it!" Then he sank

back in his seat, exhausted by the conflict which made his soul a battlefield of spiritual and sensual passions. Every limb shook and quivered. He began to be afraid of himself, and he felt an impulse to fly away somewhere. When he alighted at Victoria his teeth were chattering, although the atmosphere was stifling, and the sky was now heavy with black and lowering clouds.

To avoid the eyes of the people, who usually followed him in the streets, he cut through a narrow thoroughfare and went back to Brown's Square by way of the park. But the park was like a vast camp. Thousands of people seemed to cover the grass as far as the eye could reach, and droves of workmen, followed by their wives and children, were trudging to other open spaces farther out. It was the panic terror. Afterwards it was calculated that a hundred thousand persons from all parts of London had quitted the doomed city that day to await the expected catastrophe under the open sky.

The look of fierce passion had faded from his face by the time he reached his church, but there another ordeal awaited him. Though it still wanted an hour of the time of evening service a great crowd had gathered in the square. He tried to escape observation, but the people pressed upon him, some to shake his hand, others to touch his cassock, and many to kneel at his feet and even to cover them with kisses. With a sense of shame and hypocrisy he disengaged himself at length, and joined Brother Andrew in the sacristy. The simple fellow was full of marvelous stories. There had been wondrous manifestations of the workings of the Holy Spirit during the day. The knocker up, who was a lame man, had shaken hands with the father on his way home that morning, and now he had thrown away his stick and was walking firmly and praising God.

When the doors were opened the people poured into the church. It was large and square and plain, and looked a well used edifice, open every day and all day. The congregation was visibly excited, but the service appeared to calm them. The ritual was full, with procession and incense, but without vestments, and otherwise monastic in its severity. John

Storm preached. The epistle for the day had been from Corinthians, and he took his text from that source also: "Deliver him up to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord."

People said afterwards that they had never heard anything like that sermon. It was delivered in a voice that was low and tremulous with emotion. The subject was love. Love was the first inheritance that God had given to His creatures, the purest, the highest, the sweetest, and best. But man had degraded and debased it at the temptation of Satan and the lust of the world. The expulsion of our first parents from Eden was only the poetic figure of what happened through all the ages. It was happening now. And London, the modern Sodom, would as surely pay its penalty as did the cities of the ancient east. No need to think of flood or fire or tempest, of any given day or hour. The judgment that would fall on England, like the plagues that fell on Egypt, would be of a kind with the offense. She had wronged the spirit of love, and who knows but God would punish her by taking out of the family of man the passion by which she fell, lifting it away with all that pertained to it, good and bad, spiritual and sensual, holy and corrupt?

The burning heat clouds of the day seemed to have descended into the church, and in the gathering darkness the preacher, his face just visible, with its eyes full of smoldering fire, drew an awful picture of the world under the effects of such a curse. A place without unselfishness, without self sacrifice, without heroism, without chivalry, without loyalty, without laughter, and without children! Every man standing alone, isolated, self centered, self cursed, outlawed, loveless, marriageless, going headlong to degeneracy and death! Such might be God's punishment of this cruel and wicked city for its sensual sins.

Thus the preacher lost control of his imagination and swept his hearers along with him as he fabricated horrible fancies. The people were terror stricken, and not until the last hymn was given out did they recover the color of their blanched faces. Then they sang as with one voice,

and after the benediction had been pronounced, and they were surging down the aisles in close packs, they started the hymn again.

Even when they had left the church they could not disperse. Out in the square were the thousands who had not been able to get inside the doors, and every moment the vast proportions of the crowd were swelled. The ground was covered, the windows round about were thrown up and full of faces, and people had clambered on to the railings of the church, and even on to the roofs of the houses.

Somebody went to the sacristy and told the father what was happening outside. He was now like a man beside himself, and going out on to the steps of the church, where he could be seen by all, he lifted his hands and pronounced a prayer in a sonorous and fervent voice.

"How long, O Lord, how long? From the bosom of God, where Thou reposest, look down on the world where Thou didst walk as a man. Didst Thou not teach us to pray 'Thy kingdom come'? Didst Thou not say Thy kingdom was near? That some who stood with Thee should not taste of death till they had seen it come with power? That when it came the poor should be blessed, the hungry should be fed, the blind should see, the heavy laden should find rest, and the will of Thy Father should be done on earth even as it is done in Heaven? But nigh upon two thousand years have gone, O Lord, and Thy kingdom hath not come. In Thy name now doth the Pharisee give alms in the streets to the sound of a trumpet going before him; in Thy name now doth the Levite pass by on the other side when a man has fallen among thieves; in Thy name now doth the priest buy and sell the glad tidings of the kingdom, giving for the gospel of God the commandments of men, living in rich men's houses, faring sumptuously every day, praying with his lips, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' but saying to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' How long, O Lord, how long?"

Hardly had John Storm stepped back when the heavy clouds broke into mutterings of thunder. So low were the sounds

at first that in the general tumult they were scarcely noticed, but they came again and again, louder and louder with every fresh reverberation, and then the excitement of the people became intense and terrible. It was the same as if the heavens themselves had spoken to give sign and assurance of the calamity that had been foretold.

First a woman began to scream as if in the agony of death or the pains of labor; then a young girl cried out for mercy and accused herself of countless and nameless offenses; then the entire crowd seemed to burst into sobs and moans and agonizing expressions of despair, mingled with shouts of wild laughter and mad thanksgiving. "Pardon, pardon!" "O Jesus, save me!" "O Saviour of sinners!" "O God, have mercy upon me!" "Oh, my heart, my heart!" Some threw themselves on the ground, stiff and motionless and insensible as dead men; others stood over the stricken people and prayed for their relief from the power of Satan; others fell into convulsions, and yet others, with wild and staring eyes, rejoiced in their salvation as brands plucked from the burning.

It was now almost dark, and some of the people who had been out to the Derby were returning home in their gigs and costers' carts, laughing, singing, and nearly all of them drunk. There were wild encounters. A young soldier (it was Charlie Wilkes) came upon Pincher the pawnbroker.

"Wot tcher, mite? Wot's yer amoosemint now?"

"Silence, you evil liver, you gambler, you son of Belial!"

"Stou thet, now. D'ye want a kepple of black eyes or a pinch on the nowze?"

At nine o'clock the police of Westminster, being unable to disperse the crowd, sent to Scotland Yard for the mounted constabulary.

LXVI.

MEANTIME the man who was the first cause of the tumult sat alone in his cell-like chamber under the church, a bare room without carpet or rug, and having no furniture except a block bed, a small washstand, two chairs, a table, a prayer

stool and crucifix, and a print of the Virgin and Child. He heard the singing of the people outside, but it brought him neither inspiration nor comfort. Nature could no longer withstand the strain he had put upon it, and he was in deep dejection. It was one of those moments of revulsion which come to the strongest souls when, at the crown, or near to the crown of his expectations, he asks himself, "What is the good?" A flood of tender recollections were coming over him. He was thinking of the past, the happy past, the past of love and innocence which he had spent with Glory, of the little green island in the Irish Sea, and of all the sweetness of the days they had passed together before she had fallen to the temptations of the world and he had become the victim of his hard, if lofty, fate. Oh, why had he denied himself the joys that came to all others? To what end had he given up the rewards of life, which the poorest and the weakest and the meanest of men might share? Love, woman's love, why had he turned his back upon it? Why had he sacrificed himself? O God, if it was all in vain!

Brother Andrew put his head in at the half open door. His brother, the pawnbroker, was there, and had something to say to the father. Pincher's face looked over Andrew's shoulder. The muscles of the man's eyes were convulsed by religious mania.

"I've just sold my bizness, sir, and we 'aven't a roof to cover us now," he cried in the tone of one who had done something heroic.

John asked him what was to become of his mother.

"Lor', sir, ain't it the beginning of the end? That's the gawspel, ain't it? 'The foxes hev 'oles, and the birds of the air hev nests——'"

And then close behind the man, interrupting him and pushing him aside, there came another with fixed and staring eyes, crying, "Look 'ere, father! Look! Twenty years I 'obbed on a stick, and look at me now! Praise the Lawd, I'm cured, en' no bloomin' error! I'm a brand as was plucked from the burnin' when my werry 'ends 'ad caught the flames! Praise the Lawd! Amen!"

John rebuked them and turned them

out of the room, but he was almost in as great a frenzy. When he had shut the door his mind went back to thoughts of Glory. She, too, was hurrying to the doom that was coming on all this wicked city. He had tried to save her from it, but he had failed. What could he do now? He felt a desire to do something, something else, something extraordinary.

Sitting on the end of the bed, he began again to recall Glory's face as he had seen it at the racecourse. And now it came to him as a shock after his visions of her early girlhood. He thought there was a certain vulgarity in it which he had not observed before, a slight coarsening of its expression, an indescribable degeneracy even under the glow of its developed beauty. With her full red lips and curving throat and dancing eyes she was smiling into the face of the man who was sitting by her side. Her smile was a significant smile, and the bright and eager look with which the man answered it was as full of meaning. He could read their thoughts. What had happened? Were all barriers broken down? Was everything understood between them?

This was the final madness, and he leaped to his feet in an outburst of uncontrollable rage. All at once he shuddered with a feeling that something terrible was brewing within him. He felt cold, a shiver was running over his whole body. But the thought he had been in search of had come to him of itself. It came first as a shock, and with a sense of indescribable dread, but it had taken hold of him and hurried him away. He had remembered his text, "Deliver him up to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord."

"Why not?" he thought. "It is in the holy Book itself. There is the authority of St. Paul for it. Clearly the early Christians countenanced and practised such things." But then came a spasm of physical pain. That beautiful life, so full of love and loveliness, radiating joy and sweetness and charm! The thing was impossible! It was monstrous! "Am I going mad?" he asked himself.

And then he began to be sorry for himself as well as Glory. How could he live in the world without her? Although

he had lost her, although an impassable gulf divided them, although he had not seen her for six months until today, yet it was something to know that she was alive, and that he could go at night to the place where she was and look up and think, "She is there." "It is true I am going mad," he thought, and he trembled again.

His mind oscillated among these conflicting ideas until the more hideous thought returned to him of Drake and the smile exchanged with Glory. Then the blood rushed to his head, and strong emotion paralyzed his reason. When he asked himself if it was right, in England and in the nineteenth century, to contemplate a course which might have been proper to Palestine and the first century, the answer came instantaneously that it *was* right. Glory was in peril. She was tottering on the verge of hell. It would not be wrong, but a noble duty, to prevent the possibility of such a hideous catastrophe. Better a life ended than a life degraded and a soul destroyed.

On this the sophism worked. It was true that he would lose her, she would be gone from him, she who was all his joy, his vision by day, his dream by night. But could he be so selfish as to keep her in the flesh, and thus expose her soul to eternal torment? And after all, she would be his in the other world, his forever, his alone. Nay, in this world also, for being dead, he would love her still. "But, O God, must I do it?" he asked himself at one moment, and at the next came his answer, "Yes, yes, for I am God's minister."

That sent him back to his text again. "Deliver him up to *Satan* * * *" But there was a marginal reference to Timothy, and he turned it up with a trembling hand. *Satan* again, but the revised version gave "the Lord's servant," and thus the text should read, "Deliver him up to the Lord's servant for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord."

This made him cry out. He drank it in with an inebriate delight. The thing was irrevocably decided. He was justified, he was authorized, he was the instrument of a fixed purpose. No other consideration could move him now.

By this time his heart and temples were beating violently, and he felt as if he were being carried up into a burning cloud. Before his eyes rose the vision of Isaiah, the meek lamb converted into an inexorable avenger descending from the summit of Edom. It was right to shed blood at the divine command, nay, it was necessary, it was inevitable. And as God had commanded Abraham to take the life of Isaac, whom he loved, so did God call on him, John Storm, to take the life of Glory, that he might save her from the risk of everlasting damnation.

There may have been intervals in which his sense of hearing left him, for it was only now that he became conscious that somebody was calling to him from the other side of the door.

"Is anybody there?" he asked, and a voice replied:

"Dear heart, yes, this five minutes and better; but I didna dare come in, thinking surely there was somebody talking with you. Is there no somebody here, then? No?"

It was Mrs. Callender; she was carrying a small Gladstone bag.

"Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Ay, it's myself, and sorry I am to be bringing bad news to you."

"What is it?" he asked, but his tone betrayed complete indifference.

She closed the door and answered in a whisper, "A warrant. I much misdoubt but there's one made out for you."

"Is that all?"

"Bless me, what does the man want? But come, laddie, come, you must tak' yoursel' off to some spot till the storm blows over."

"I have work to do, auntie."

"Work! You've worked too much already—that's half the botherment."

"God's work, auntie, and it must be done."

"Then God will do it Himself, without asking the life of a good man, or He's no just what I've been takin' Him for. But see"—opening the bag and whispering again—"your auld coat and hat. I found them in your puir auld room that you'll no come back to. You've been looking like another body so long that naebody will ken you when you're like yourself

again. Come, now, off with these long ugly things."

"I cannot go, auntie."

"Cannot?"

"I will not. While God commands me I will do my duty."

"Eh, but men are kittle cattle! I've often called you my ain son, but if I were your ain mother I ken fine what I'd do with you. I'd just slap you and mak' you. I'll leave the clothes, any way. Maybe you'll be thinking better of it when I'm gone. Good night to you. Your puir head's that hot and moidered. But what's wrang with you, John, man? What's come over ye, any way?"

He seemed to be hardly conscious of her presence, and after standing a moment at the door, looking back at him with eyes of love and pity, she left the room.

He had been asking himself, for the first time, how he was to carry out his design. Sitting on the end of the bed with his head propped on his hand he felt as if he were in the hold of a great ship, listening to the plash and roar of the stormy sea outside. The excitement of the populace was now ungovernable, and the air was filled with groans and cries. He would have to pass through the people, and they would see him and detain him, or perhaps follow him. His impatience was now feverish. The thing he had to do must be done tonight, it must be done immediately. But it was necessary, in the first place, to creep out unseen. How was he to do it?

When he came to himself he had a vague sense of some one wishing him good night. "Oh, good night, good night," he cried with an apologetic gesture. But he was alone in the room, and on turning about he saw the bag on the floor and remembered everything. Then a strange thing happened. Two conflicting emotions took hold of him at once, the first an enthusiastic religious ecstasy, the other a low criminal cunning.

Everything was intended. He was only the instrument of a fixed purpose. These clothes were proof of it. They came to his hand at the very moment when they were wanted, when nothing else would have helped him. And Mrs. Callender had been the blind agent in a

higher hand to carry out the divine commands. Fly away and hide himself? God did not intend it. A warrant? No matter if it sent him like Cranmer to the stake. But this was a different thing entirely, this was God's will and purpose, this—

Yet even while thinking so he laughed an evil laugh, tore the clothes out of the bag with trembling hands, and made ready to put them on. He had removed his cassock, when some one opened the door.

"Who's there?" he cried in a husky growl.

"Only me," said a timid voice, and Brother Andrew entered, looking pale and frightened.

"Oh, you! Come in. Close the door. I've something to say to you. Listen! I'm going out, and I don't know when I shall be back. Where's the dog?"

"In the passage, brother."

"Chain him up at the back lest he should get out and follow me. Put this cassock away, and if anybody asks for me say you don't know where I've gone—you understand?"

"Yes. But are you well, Brother Storm? You look as if you had just been running."

There was a hand glass on the washstand, and John snatched it up and glanced into it and put it down again instantly. His nostrils were quivering, his eyes were ablaze, and the expression of his face was shocking.

"What are they doing outside? See if I can get away without being recognized." And Brother Andrew went out to look.

The passage from the chambers under the church was to a dark and narrow street at the back, but even there a group of people had gathered, attracted by the lights in the windows. Their voices could be heard through the door, which Brother Andrew had left ajar, and John stood behind it and listened. They were talking of himself—praising him, blessing him, telling stories of his holy life and gentleness.

Brother Andrew reported that most of the people were at the front, and they were frantic with holy excitement. Women were crushing up to the rail which

the father had leaned his head upon for a moment after he had finished his prayer, in order to press their handkerchiefs and shawls on it.

"But nobody would know you now, Brother Storm; even your face is different."

John laughed again, but he turned off the lights, thinking to drive away the few who were still lingering in the back street. The ruse succeeded. Then the man of God went out on his high errand—crept out, stole out, sneaked out, precisely as if he had been a criminal on his way to commit a crime.

He followed the lanes and narrow streets and alleys behind the Abbey, past the Bell, the Boar's Head, and the Queen's Arms—taverns that have borne the same names since the days when Westminster was Sanctuary. People home from the races were going into them with their red ties awry, with sprigs of lilac in their buttonholes and oak leaves in their hats. The air was full of drunken singing, sounds of quarreling, shameful words, and curses. There were some mutterings of thunder and occasional flashes of lightning, and over all there was the deep hum of the crowd in the church square.

Crossing the bottom of Parliament Street he was almost run down by a line of mounted police who were galloping into the Broad Sanctuary. To escape observation he turned on to the Embankment and walked under the walls of the gardens of Whitehall, past the back of Charing Cross station to the street going up from the Temple.

The gate of Clement's Inn was closed, and the porter had to come out of his lodge to open it.

"The Garden House?"

"Garden House, sir? Inner Court, left hand corner."

John passed through. "That will be remembered afterwards," he thought. "But no matter, it will all be over then."

And coming out of the close streets, with their clatter of traffic, into the cool gardens with their odor of moistened grass, their dull glow in the sky, and their glimpse of the stars through the tree tops, his mind went back by a sudden bound to another night when he had walked over

the same spot with Glory. At that there came a spasm of tenderness, and his throat thickened. He could almost see her and feel her by his side, with her fragrant freshness and buoyant step. "O God, must I do it—must I—must I?" he thought again.

But another memory of that night came back to him; he heard Drake's voice as it floated over the quiet place. Then the same upheaval of hatred which he had felt before he felt again. The man was the girl's ruin; he had tempted her by love of dress, of fame, of the world's vanities and follies of every sort. This made him think for the first time of how he might find her. He might find her with *him*. They would come back from the Derby together. He would bring her home, and they would sup in company. The house would be lit up, the windows thrown open; they would be playing and singing and laughing, and the sounds of their merriment would come down to him in the darkness below.

All the better, all the better. He would do it before the man's face. And when it was done, when all was over, when she lay there—lay there—there—he would turn on the man and say, "Look at her, the sweetest girl that ever breathed the breath of life, the dearest, truest woman in all the world! You have done that—you—you—you—and God damn you!"

His tortured heart was afire and his brain was reeling. Before he knew where he was he had passed from the outer court into the inner one. "Here it is—this is the house," he thought. But it was all dark—just a few lights burning, but they had been carefully turned down. The windows were closed, the blinds were drawn, and there was not a sound anywhere. He stood some minutes trying to think, and during that time the mood of frenzy left him and the low cunning came back. Then he rang the bell. There was no answer, so he rang again. After a while he heard a footstep that seemed to come up from below. Still the door was not opened, and he rang a third time.

"Who's there?" said a voice within.

"It is I—open the door," he answered.

"Who are you?" said the voice, and he replied impatiently.

"Come, come, Liza, open and see."

Then the catch lock was shot back. At the next moment he was in the hall, shutting the door behind him, and Liza was looking up into his face with eyes of mingled fear and relief.

"Lor', sir, whyever didn't you say it was you?"

"Where's your mistress?"

"Gone to the office, and won't be back till morning. And Miss Gloria isn't home from the races yet."

"I must see her tonight. I'll wait up stairs."

"You must excuse me, sir—father, I mean—but I wouldn't a' known your voice, it seemed so different. And me that sleepy, too, being on the go since six in the mornin'."

"Go to bed, Liza. You sleep in the kitchen, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. I think I will, too. Miss Gloria can let herself in, any way—same as comin' from the theater. But can I git ye anyfink? No? Well, you know your way up, sir, down't ye?"

"Yes, yes. Good night, Liza."

"Good night, father."

He had set his foot on the stair to go up to the drawing room when it suddenly occurred to him that though he was the minister of God he was using the weapons of the devil. No matter. If he had been about to commit a crime it would have been different. But this was no crime, and he was no criminal. He was the instrument of God's mercy to the woman he loved. *He was going to slay her body that he might save her soul!*

LXVII.

THE journey home from the Derby had been a long one, but Glory had enjoyed it. When she had settled down to the physical discomfort of the blinding and choking dust, the humors of the road became amusing. This endless procession of good humored ruffianism sweeping through the most sacred retreats of nature, this inroad of every order of the Stygian *demimonde* on to the slopes of Olympus, was intensely interesting. Men and women merry with drink, all laughing, shouting, and singing; some in fine clothes and lounging in carriages, others

in striped jerseys and yellow cotton dresses, huddled up on donkey barrows; some smoking cigarettes and cigars and drinking bottles of champagne, others smoking clay pipes with the mouths downwards and flourishing bottles of ale; some holding rhubarb leaves over their heads for umbrellas and pelting the police with confetti, others wearing executioners' masks, false mustaches and red tipped noses, and blowing bleating notes out of penny trumpets—but all one family, one company, one class.

There were ghastly scenes as well as humorous ones. An old horse killed by the day's work and thrown into the ditch by the roadside; axletrees broken by the heavy loads, and people thrown out of their carts and cut; boy tramps dragging along like worn out old men; and a welsher, with his clothes torn to ribbons, stealing across the fields to escape a yelping and infuriated crowd.

But the atmosphere was full of gaiety, and Glory laughed at nearly everything. Lord Robert, with his arm about Betty's waist, was chaffing a coster who had a drunken woman on his back seat.

"Got a passenger, driver?"

"Yuss, sir; and I'm a-goin' 'ome to my wife tonight, and that's more nor you dare do."

A young fellow in pearl buttons was tramping along with a young girl in a tremendous hat. He snatched her hat off, she snatched off his; he kissed her, she smacked his face; he put her hat on his own head, she put on his hat; and then they linked arms and sang a verse of the "Old Dutch."

"That's a little bit all right," said Glory, and Drake screamed with laughter.

It was seven o'clock before they reached the outskirts of London. By that time a hamper on the coach had been emptied and the bottles thrown out; the procession had drawn up at a dozen villages on the way; the perspiring tipsters, with whom "things hadn't panned out well," had forgotten their disappointments and "didn't care a tinker's cuss"; the head-gear of every woman in a barrow was in confusion, and she was singing in a drunken wail. Nevertheless Drake, who was laughing and talking constantly, said it was the quietest Derby night he

had ever seen, and he couldn't tell what things were coming to.

"Must be this religious mania, don't you know," said Lord Robert, pointing to a new and very different scene which they had just come upon.

It was an open space covered with people, who had lit fires as if intending to camp out all night, and were now gathered in many groups singing hymns and praying. The drunken wails from the procession stopped for a moment, and there was nothing heard but the whirring wheels and the mournful notes of the singers. Then "Father Storm!" rose like the cry of a cormorant from a thousand throats at once. When the laughter that greeted the name had subsided Betty said:

"'Pon my honor, though, that man must be off his dot," and the lady in blue went into convulsions of hysterical giggling. Drake looked uneasy, and Lord Robert said, "Who cares, what an elephant says?" But Glory took no notice now, save that for a moment the smile died off her face.

It had been agreed when they cracked the head off the last bottle that the company should dine together at the Café Royal or Romano's, so they drove first to Drake's chambers to brush the dust off and to wash and rest. Glory was the first to be ready, and while waiting for the others she sat at the organ in the sitting room and played something. It was the hymn they had heard in the suburbs. At this there was laughter from the other sides of the walls, and Drake, who seemed unable to lose sight of her, came to the door of his room in his shirt sleeves. To cover up her confusion she sang a "coon" song. The company cheered her and she sang another, and yet another. Finally she began "My Mammie," but floundered, broke down, and cried.

"Rehearsal ten in the morning," said Betty.

Then everybody laughed, and while Drake busied himself putting Glory's cloak on her shoulders he whispered, "What's to do, dear? A bit off color to-night, eh?"

"Be a good boy and leave me alone," she answered, and then she laughed also.

They were on the point of setting out

when somebody said, "But it's too late for dinner now. Why not supper at the Corinthian Club?" At that the other ladies cried "Yes!" with one voice. There was a dash of risk and daring and doubtful propriety in the proposal.

"But are you game for it?" said Drake, looking at Glory.

"Why not?" she replied with a merry smile, whereupon he cried, "All right!" and a look came into his eyes which she had never seen there before.

The Corinthian Club was in St. James' Square, a few doors from the residence of the Bishop of London. It was now dark, and as they passed through Jermyn Street a line of poor children stood by the poulterer's shop at the corner waiting for the scraps that are thrown away at closing time. York Street was choked with hansoms, but they reached the door at last. There were the sounds of music and dancing within. Officials in uniform stood in the hall examining the tickets of membership and taking the names of guests. The ladies removed their cloaks, the men hung up their coats and hats, a large door was thrown open, and they looked into the ball room. The room was full of people as faultlessly dressed as at a house in Grosvenor Square. But the women were all young and pretty and the men had no surnames. A long line of gilded youths in dress clothes occupied the middle of the floor. Each held by the waist the young man before him, as if he were going to play leapfrog.

"Helloa there!" shouted one of them, and the band struck up. Then the whole body kicked out right and left, while all sang a chorus, consisting chiefly of "Tra-la-la-la-la-la!" One of them was a lord, another a young man who had lately come into a fortune, another a light comedian, another belonged to a banking firm on the Stock Exchange, another was a mystery, and another was one of "the boys," and lived by fleecing all the rest. They were executing a dance from the latest burlesque.

"Helloa there!" the conductor shouted again, and the band stopped.

Lord Robert led the way up stairs. Pretty women in light pinks and blues sat in every corner of the staircase. There was a balcony from which you could look

down on the dancers as from the gallery of a playhouse, also there was an American bar where women smoked cigarettes. Lord Robert ordered supper, and when the meal was announced they went into the supper room.

"Helloa there!" greeted them as they entered. At little tables lit up by pink candles sat small groups of shirt fronts and butterfly ties with fair heads and pretty frocks. Waiters were coming and going with champagne and silver dishes, there was a clatter of knives and forks and a jabber of voices and laughter. And all the time there came the sounds of the band, with the "Tra-la-la," from the ball room below.

Glory sat by Drake. She realized that she had lowered herself in his eyes by coming there. He was drinking a good deal, and paying her endless compliments. From time to time the tables about them were vacated and filled again by similar shirt fronts and fair heads. People were arriving from the Derby, and the talk was of the day's racing. Some of the new arrivals saluted Drake, and many of them looked at Glory. "A rippin' good race, old chappie. Didn't suit my book exactly, but the bookies will have smiling faces at Tattersall's on Monday."

A man with a big beard at the next table pulled down his white waistcoat, lifted his glass, and said "To Gloria!" It was her acquaintance of the racecourse.

"Who is Bluebeard?" she asked in a whisper.

"They call him the Faro King," said Drake. "Made all his money by gambling in Paris; and now he is lord of the manor and has a church living in his gift."

Then over the laughter and voices, the band and the singing, with an awful suddenness there came a crash of thunder. The band and the comic song stopped, and there was a hush for a moment. Then Lord Robert said:

"Wonder if this is the dreadful storm that is to overwhelm the nation, don't you know!"

That fell on the house of frivolity like a second thunderbolt, and the people began to look up with blanched faces.

"Well, it isn't the first time the storm has howled; it's been howling all along," said Lord Robert, but nobody laughed.

Presently the company recovered itself, the band and the singing were heard again, louder and wilder than before, the men shouted for more champagne and nicknamed every waiter "Father Storm."

Glory was ashamed. With her head on her hand she was looking at the people about when the "Faro King," who had been making eyes at her, leaned over her shoulder and said in a confidential whisper, "And what is Gloria looking for?"

"I am looking for a *man*," she answered. And as the big beard turned away with, "Oh, confound it!" she became aware that Drake and Lord Robert were at high words from opposite sides of the table.

"No, I tell you no, no, no!" said Drake. "Call him a weakling and a fool and an ass, if you will, but does that explain everything? Point to his blunders and failures, but what difference does that make? This is one of the men with the breath of God in him, and you can't judge of him by ordinary standards."

"Should think not, indeed, dear chap!" said Lord Robert. "Common sense laughs at the creature!"

"So much the worse for common sense. When it judges of these isolated beings by the standards of the common herd, then common sense is always the greatest nonsense! Jesus Christ was mocked at and ridiculed by the common sense of His time, by His own people, and even His own family, and His family and people and time have been gibbeted by all the centuries that have come after them. And so it has been with every ardent soul since who has taken up his parable and introduced into the world a new spirit. The world has laughed at him and spat upon him, and, only for its fear of the sublime banner he has borne, it would have shut him up in a madhouse. But these somber giants are the leaders of the world, for all that, and one hour of their divine madness is worth more to humanity than a cycle of our sanity. And yet we deny them friendship and love, and do our best to put them out of the pale of the human family! We have invented a new name for them, too—degenerates—pigmies and pigs as we are, who ought to go down on our knees to

them with our faces buried in the dirt! Gentleman," he said, filling his glass and rising to his feet, "I give you a toast—the health of Father Storm!"

Glory had sat trembling all over, breathing hard, blushing and wide eyed until he had done. Then she leaped up to where he stood beside her, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him.

"And now you ring down quick, my dear," said Betty, and everybody laughed a little.

Drake was laughing with the rest, and Glory, who had dropped down to her seat in confused embarrassment, was trying to laugh too.

"Another bottle of fizz, any way!" cried Drake. He had mistaken the meaning of Glory's kiss, and was utterly intoxicated by it. She could have cried with shame and rage, seeing he thought such conduct came naturally to her, and perhaps imagined it wasn't the first time she had done as much. But to carry off the situation she laughed a good deal with him, and when the wine came they jingled glasses.

"I'm going to see you home tonight," he whispered, smiling slyly and looking her full in the eyes. She shook her head, but that only provoked him to fresh effort.

"I must—I will—you *shall* allow me!" and he began to play with her hand and ruffle up the lace that covered her round arm.

Just then his man Benson, looking hot and excited, came up to him with a message. Glory overheard something about "the office," "the secretary," and "Scotland Yard." Then Drake turned to her with a smile, over a look of vexation, and said, "I'm sorry, dear—very—I must go away for a while. Will you stay here until I return? Or——"

"Take me out and put me in a cab," said Glory. Their getting up attracted attention, and Lord Robert said:

"Is it, perhaps, something about that——"

"It's nothing," said Drake, and they left the room.

The band in the ball room was still playing the dance out of the burlesque, and a hundred voices were shouting "Tra-la-la-la" as Glory stepped into a hansom.

"I'll follow on, though," whispered Drake, with a merry smile.

"We shall all be in bed and the house locked up. How magnificent you were tonight!"

"I couldn't see the man trodden on when he was down. But how lovely you've looked today, Glory! I'll get in tonight if I have to ring up Liza or break down the door for it."

As the cab crossed Trafalgar Square it had to draw up for a procession of people coming up Parliament Street singing hymns. Another and more disorderly procession of people, decorated with oak leaves and hawthorns, and singing a music hall song, came up after it and collided with it. A line of police broke up both processions and the hansom passed through.

LXVIII.

ON entering the drawing room John Storm was seized with a weird feeling of dread. The soft air seemed to be filled with Glory's presence, and her very breath to live in it. On the side table a lamp was burning under a warm red shade. A heap of petty vanities lay about—pieces of silver, little trinkets, fans, feathers, and flowers. His footsteps on the soft carpet made no noise. It was all so unlike the place he had come from, his own bare chamber under the church.

He could have fancied that Glory had at that moment left the room. The door of a little ebony cabinet stood half open, and he could see inside. Its lower shelves were full of shoes and little dainty slippers, some of them of leather, some of satin; some black, some red, some white. They touched him with an indescribable tenderness, and he turned his eyes away. Under the lamp lay a pair of white gloves; one of them was flat and had not been worn, but the other was filled out with the impression of a little hand. He took it up and laid it across his own big palm, and another wave of tenderness broke over him.

On the mantelpiece there were many photographs; most of them were of Glory, and some were very beautiful, with their gleaming and glistening eyes and

their curling and waving hair. One looked even voluptuous with its parted lips and smiling mouth, but another was different, it was so sweet, so gay, so artless. He thought it must have belonged to an earlier period, for the dress was such as she used to wear in the days when he knew her first, a simple jersey and a sailor's stocking cap. Ah, those days that were gone, with their innocence and joy! Glory! His bright, his beautiful Glory!

His emotion was depriving him of the free use of his faculties, and he began to ask himself why he was waiting there. At the next instant came the thought of the awful thing he had come to do, and it seemed monstrous and impossible. "I'll go away," he told himself, and he turned his face towards the door.

On a what-not at the door side of the room another photograph stood in a glass stand. His back had been to it, and the soft light of the lamp left a great part of the room in obscurity, but he saw it now, and something bitter that lay hidden at the bottom of his heart rose to his throat. It was a portrait of Drake, and at the sight of it he laughed savagely and sat down.

How long he sat he never knew. To the soul in torment there is no such thing as time; an hour is as much as an eternity, and eternity is no more than an hour. His head was buried in his arms on the table and he was a prey to anguish and doubt. At one time he told himself that God did not send men to commit murder, at the next that this was not murder, but sacrifice. Then a mocking voice in his ears seemed to say, "But the world will call it murder, and the law will punish you." To that he answered in his heart, "When I leave this house I will deliver myself up. I will go to the nearest police court and say, 'Take me; I have done my duty in the eye of God, but committed a crime in the eye of my country.'" And when the voice replied, "That will only lead to your own death also," he thought, "Death is a gain to those who die for their cause, and my death will be a protest against the degradation of women, a witness against the men who make them the creatures of their pleasure, their playthings, their victims, and their

slaves." Thinking so, he found a strange thrill in the idea that all the world would hear of what he had done. "But I will say a mass for her soul in the morning," he told himself; and a great chill came over him, and his heart grew cold as a stone.

Then he lifted his head and listened. The room was quiet; there was not a sound in the gardens of the inn, and through a window, which was partly open, he could hear the monotonous murmur of the streets outside. A great silence seemed to have fallen on London, a silence more awful than all the noise and confused clamor of the evening. "It must be late," he thought; "it must be the middle of the night." Then the thought came to him that perhaps Glory would not come home that night at all, and in a sudden outburst of pent up feeling his heart cried, "Thank God! Thank God!"

He had said it aloud, and the sound of his voice in the silent room awakened all his faculties. Suddenly he was aware of other sounds outside. There was a rumble of wheels and the rattle of a hansom. The hansom came nearer and nearer. It stopped in the outside courtyard. There was the noise of a curb chain, as if the horse were shaking its head. The doors of the hansom opened with a creak and banged back on their spring. A voice, a woman's voice, said "Good night," and another voice, a man's voice, answered, "Good night, and thank you, miss!" Then the cab wheels turned and went off. All his senses seemed to have gone into his ears, and in the silence of that quiet place he heard everything. He rose to his feet and stood waiting.

After a moment there was the sound of a key in the lock of the door below, the rustle of a woman's dress coming up the stairs, an odor of perfume in the air, an atmosphere of freshness and health, and then the door of the room, which had been ajar, was swung open, and there on the threshold, with her languid and tired but graceful movements, was she herself—Glory. Then his head turned giddy, and he could neither hear nor see.

When Glory saw him standing by the lamp, with his deadly pale face, she stood a moment in speechless astonishment,

and passed her hand across her eyes as if to wipe out a vision. After that she clutched at a chair and made a faint cry.

"Oh, is it you?" she said, in a voice which she strove to control. "How you frightened me! Who ever would have thought of seeing you here!"

He was trying to answer, but his tongue would not obey him, and his silence alarmed her.

"I suppose Liza let you in. Where *is* Liza?"

"Gone to bed," he said, in a thick voice.

"And Rosa—have you seen Rosa?"

"No."

"Of course not. How could you? She must be at the office, and won't be back for hours. So you see we are quite alone."

She did not know why she said that, and in spite of the voice which she tried to render cheerful, her lip trembled. Then she laughed, though there was nothing to laugh at, and down at the bottom of her heart she was afraid. But she began moving about, trying to make herself easy, and pretending not to be alarmed.

"Well, won't you help me off with my cloak? No? Then I must do it for myself, I suppose."

Throwing off her outer things, she walked across the room and sat down on the sofa near to where he stood.

"How tired I am! It's been such a day! Once is enough for that sort of thing, though. Now where do you think I've been?"

"I know where you've been, Glory. I saw you there."

"You? Really? Then perhaps it *was* you who— Was it you in the hollow?"

"Yes."

He had moved to avoid contact with her, but now, standing by the mantel-piece looking into her face, he could not help recognizing in the fashionable woman at his feet, the features of the girl once so dear to him, the brilliant eyes, the long lashes, the twitching of the eyelids, and the restless movement of the mouth. Then the wave of tenderness came sweeping over him again, and he felt as if the ground were slipping beneath his feet.

(To be continued.)



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"SWIFT AND HIS STELLA."

From the painting by Margaret Isabel Dicksee—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



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"A PRIESTESS OF BACCHUS."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau.

skied nor floored, but hung on the line. Those opponents of the wheel who claim that it is impossible for a woman to look well on a bicycle may, in future, be referred to the committee on admission of the Royal Academy.

GIBSON AND DU MAURIER.

Since England lost her most famous illustrator, many of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's friends and admirers have been prophesying that he would step into Mr. Du Maurier's place, as the artistic chronicler of contemporary social types. The London *Spectator* gives this interesting opinion of the American artist:

"In looking at Mr. Gibson's drawings, one is more struck by the recurrence of the models, and by the fashion plate brilliancy of their clothing, than by close or humorous observation. Du Maurier was a great social satirist, Keene a humorous physiognomist and a great draftsman; Mr. Gibson is neither, but rather a technically accomplished person, like our own Mr. Bernard Partridge."

The criticism recalls an oft quoted American opinion, expressed early in the artist's career, which was to the effect that Mr. Gibson's success was due largely to the good clothes of his friends.

THE FIELD OF THE OLD MASTERS.

It is strange that with all the elaborate public buildings which have been erected in this country during the last few years, it has been left to the modern hotel to return the American artist to the favorite field of the old masters—mural decoration. While the great new libraries in Boston and Washington have perhaps carried this work of mural decoration farther into the realm of art than any other buildings, the new hotels recently erected, and those in course of construction, in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, have given our artists the largest fields of labor. The ample expanses of wall and ceiling offered by the public rooms in these palatial hostelries, as well as the great sums of money lavishly expended in their furnishing, have attracted our very best artists, and the names of such well known men as Will Low, George W. Maynard, Frank Fowler, and J. Wells Champney appear conspicuously

among the decorators of the newest metropolitan hotels.

It has been very hard for Germans to recognize the progress of women, especially in art, but now they are beginning to acknowledge her rights, and are proving in solid and substantial ways that they recognize her genius. For the first time a woman has been commissioned by the government to furnish an art contribution to the public buildings. Mrs. Cadwallader Guild, an American who has a studio in Berlin, has received an order from Postmaster General von Stephan for two statues, representing the post and the telegraph. They are to be placed on the new post office in the German capital.

Mrs. Guild has recently executed a bust of the Duchess of Saxe Altenburg. It is now on exhibition in Berlin, where it has attracted attention by its beauty and by the originality of its treatment. This royal portrait in marble undoubtedly led the way for the government order.

* * * *

What is perhaps the smallest painting in the world is the work of a Flemish artist. The canvas is the smooth side of a kernel of common white corn. So skillfully has the artist worked that even in this small space there is painted a picture of considerable latitude. There is a mill on a terrace, a miller with a sack of grain on his back. By the building stands a horse and cart, and in the roadway is a group of peasants.

* * * *

Raphael's birthplace, Urbino, in Central Italy, has honored the great painter with a monument. At the dedication of the memorial, which took place this summer, there was opened an international exhibition of copies of the master's works. All kinds of reproductions were shown, oil, water color, pastel, line, and photographs.

* * * *

A bit of art history, interesting especially to those who swear by the Royal Academy, is found in the statement, made by an English publication, that of the twenty eight pictures sold in London during 1896, at a price of \$7,000 or more, every one was by a British painter.

LITERARY CHAT

A CHANGE OF DIET.

Most people find a certain gratification in an occasional complete change of literary diet. Indeed, the pabulum of the modern novel is often of such slender nutritive value that novel readers are quite justified in seeking a square meal now and then in other quarters as a measure of preservation against literary starvation. Unfortunately appetites accustomed to the light and easy qualities of fictional diet do not take kindly, as a rule, to the ponderous tomes of history or science, and the writer of facts must leaven his wares mightily if he is to compete in popular regard with the writer of fictions.

Nevertheless, there exist many thoroughly readable books of popular science to which the novel reader may turn with zest and appreciation. First among these we find "The Story of the Atmosphere," by Douglas Archibald. This volume is half way between a text book and a novel, and the marvels of the medium in which we live are expounded in a readable manner. We go with the author high up into the air on huge kites, and are allowed to take "snap shots" at the receding earth. Mr. Archibald discusses wind storms and gives us as close an acquaintance as our ambition calls for with that peculiarly American phenomenon, the cyclone—or as the author more correctly calls it, the tornado. The nature and composition of our atmosphere are looked into, the temperatures and their bearing on animal life are studied, and the problem of the seasons is brought out clearly. Altogether the book is capital reading, but is not wholly devoid of that ponderosity of style which is an integral part of the majority of scientific treatises.

Next on our table we find an altogether light and readable collection of botanical sketches gathered under the title of "The Plant World." These sketches are carefully culled from a wide range of high scientific authorities. Nearly all present strange and wonderful features of the plant world. Especially noteworthy are the articles on the weird flesh eating pitcher plants. There is a singular fascination about these uncanny vegetable gourmets with their extraordinary faculty of enticing and trapping inquisitive insects and assimilating them with the help of a true digestive secretion. To use the words of Mr. Darwin, who is quoted in this connection, this plant positively digests exactly the same substances in exactly the same way that the human stomach does. While we dislike

to accuse Mr. Darwin himself of insectivorous proclivities, his words are always worthy of respectful attention, and the subject of flesh eating plants is altogether one of absorbing interest. There is also something impressive in the narrative of forest patriarchs, among which one particular tree is mentioned, supposedly antedating the Christian era. Other noteworthy chapters are those on "The sleep of plants" and "Curiosities of the vegetable kingdom."

Probably no members of the plant world are more worthy of note than those which, from very familiarity, we are accustomed to ignore. These humble aspirants for recognition are gathered into a book—the third on our table—called "Familiar Features of the Roadside." This volume, for artistic treatment and profound interest, discounts many of the popular novels of the day, and is, we think, the most noteworthy of the three treatises we have named. It does not limit its functions to either animate or inanimate nature, but describes birds, insects, and plants in their own intimate relationship. After all, nature is best studied in her entirety, and between the plant world and the world of living creatures exist relationships and mutual dependencies which, until Darwin's time, were hardly suspected.

While it is undoubtedly true that a surfeit of scientific books would be far from welcome to the average reader, there is yet a certain satisfaction in reading an occasional well chosen book of popular science, and those to whom such a field of reading is new cannot fail to take a deep interest in the devices and subterfuges of nature.

"WOLFVILLE."

They say in literary snobdom that a writer makes his "literary début" not when he begins to write, but at that supreme moment when he collects his writings and publishes them in book form, or, as they say in brilliant literary circles, "between covers."

According to this philosophy, Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis may be said to have just made his literary début as the author of the book of Western stories called "Wolfville." There are some of his Western admirers, however, who have been familiar with his work for years, who would say that he made his literary début when he began to write the inimitable "Dan Quin" sketches which are now offered to the public in book form. There are even some who would say that his literary career

began long ago, when he was roaming across the plains, ostensibly a driver of mules and a herder of cattle, but in reality a man with education enough to allow him to think and reason and plan things during his long days and nights of solitude.

Mr. Lewis is still under forty years of age, and has been engaged in newspaper work during the past half dozen years. A native of Ohio, he devoted his earlier life to the study and practice of law in Cleveland, from which city he journeyed to the far West, and was for a long time a rover across the great plains of Texas and New Mexico. During the past two years his political contributions to a New York daily have made him known to Eastern readers.

His book has won instant favor by reason of its striking originality. Its stories have already been published in newspaper form in the West, where they have found many appreciative and eager readers. In telling them, the author quotes the exact words of the *Old Cattleman*, and the score or more of tales that fall from the lips of that veteran of the plains are well worth telling and reading. They are not imitative of Bret Harte, or Mark Twain, or any other historian of those phases of Western life which are fast passing away from us. The *Old Cattleman* had plenty of time to think during the years that he has spent following his cattle across the plains and lying down in his blanket with a clear, star lit heaven to compose his thoughts. He has learned a heap of philosophy during these years, and there is scarcely a page of "Wolfville" in which he does not give us a little taste of it.

"You've got to ketch folks young to marry 'em," he remarks sagely. "After they gets to be thirty years, they go slowly to the altar. If you aims to marry a gent after he's thirty, you has to blindfold 'im and back 'im in. Females, of course, ain't so obdurate."

This is what one of the characters has to say about a funeral which he is arranging: "I wants that hole at least a mile from camp. In order to make a funeral a success you needs distance. That's where deceased gets action. It gives the procession a chance to spread an' show up. You can't make no funeral imposin' except you're plumb liberal on distances."

"Wolfville" is illustrated by Frederic Remington, but it is the letterpress, and not the pictures, that will probably make it one of the most popular books of the season.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

Last month, in writing of Du Maurier and his work, we noted the duality of his genius as the first element of his success. His draw-

ings in "Trilby," for instance, were not in any way supplementary to the text, but were an integral part of the story. The illustrator works always at a disadvantage, of more or less consequence, in having to interpret the precise ideas of the author, but in Du Maurier's case the unusual combination of artistic and literary genius produced results having a unique charm of their own, results which, for this very reason, were not subjected to the harsh critical accounting that might otherwise have fallen to Du Maurier's lot.

Mr. William Hamilton Gibson presented an analogous case of diversified genius. A born naturalist, he was also an artist of recognized genius and a facile writer. We venture to assert that his renown as a naturalist was dependent no less upon his technical skill with brush and pencil than upon his exact knowledge of all the living things in field and wood. His last published book, "Eye Spy," exhibits this intimate blending of artistic and literary power in a delightful manner. Mr. Gibson wrote generally in a vein suited to the tastes of young readers, so that his descriptions are at times quite childlike in unaffected simplicity of style and treatment. There is something so awe inspiring to the average intellect in the revelations of the naturalist that any method of literary treatment other than one of frank simplicity would have made Mr. Gibson's work far less sympathetic, and of vastly less popular interest.

"Eye Spy" is a collection of short illustrated talks about birds, insects, and flowers. There is no orderly array of topics, but the whole presents a picturesque confusion, with Mr. Gibson's individuality everywhere apparent.

Mr. Gibson was born to be a naturalist, and his skill in drawing came as a consequence of his untiring efforts to faithfully portray the characteristics of his botanical and entomological specimens. When he was a small boy the secrets of plant and flower were his favorite studies, and in his tenth year occurred the seemingly trifling episode which led him to give his life to the work that, in due course, made him famous. He has said of the occurrence: "I was playing in the woods. I tossed over the fallen leaves, when I came across a chrysalis. There was nothing remarkable in that, for I knew what it was. But, wonderful to relate—providentially, I deem it—as I held the object in my hand a butterfly slowly emerged, then fluttered in my fingers. Yes, that butterfly breaking from its chrysalis in my hand shaped my career."

Finding New York City not too well fitted for the pursuit of the naturalist's labors, he

moved, a number of years ago, to Brooklyn, where even Prospect Park was laid siege to in his conquest of all things botanical. His summer home in Washington, Connecticut, was built with the view of disturbing natural conditions as little as possible. Only a diminutive lawn was leveled off and the rest of his estate left in its primitive beauty. Here, surrounded by nature, he did much of his later work, and here he died.

There is a quality, subtle and illusive of definite analysis, in the writings of men who have lived on speaking terms with birds and flowers, which is never found in the work of those who are too actively and aggressively literary to heed the simple things of woods and meadows. Thoreau and Burroughs have exhibited this quality, varied, of course, in each case by the personality of the writer, and Mr. Gibson caught much of the same spirit. He may not have been a man of conspicuous literary attainments, but he had the rare faculty of being able to write clearly, frankly, and attractively. Penmen whose literary entourage consists of hordes of dusty journals and tiers of dustier tomes might do well to follow the methods of Burroughs and Gibson, and move outdoors.

HENRY JAMES OF LONDON.

Mr. Henry James has practically expatriated himself, and has become a well known factor in London society. He lives in Kensington, near the palace, where he has an apartment in one of the "mansions" in De Vere Gardens. His windows are the highest in the house, and from them you step upon a balcony which is wide enough to hold a writing table, where Mr. James does much of his work in the early mornings, and the cage of a screaming parrot.

While the parrot does not appear to disturb the turgid flow of stories such as "What Maisie Knew," and "The Other House," the noises of the street annoy Mr. James. Last summer, when the season waned and the grooms took the early mornings to exercise the horses of the neighborhood, Mr. James sent down not only words, but finally flower pots upon their heads. And after he had secured silence he went back to the sentences which appear to have been constructed when there was nothing to divert the author's mind.

Mr. James and his wife entertain a great deal, and are social favorites, although one wit did say that whenever an idea struck Henry James at an evening party, he immediately went home for fear he should give it to somebody in conversation.

Mr. James has written about thirty five books, all of them fairly good, all showing

great cleverness and a wide culture; and yet he will always be remembered in the first instance as the author of one short story—"Daisy Miller." Mr. James was educated abroad, so that his expatriation is not singular. He is the son of the Rev. Henry James, of Boston, who was a well known writer of the last generation, and one of that little coterie which made Boston famous. His early life in America was spent in Newport, Rhode Island, where he is still borne in kindly remembrance, particularly so by the boatmen. Those critics who have had occasion to complain of the watery character of much of Mr. James' prose, certainly that entire absence of blood and sinews from his created characters, will learn with interest that young James was aquatic, and spent much of his time upon the water. It was then, doubtless, that the damage was done and his inspiration diluted

A COMMERCIAL SUCCESS IN FICTION.

Miss Marie Corelli is one of the most successful novelists of this age, if success consists in selling an enormous number of books and being noticed in high quarters. She may be called the favorite of the English middle class. She has absolutely no sense of humor. She preaches and she prosed, and the half educated say to each other "How true!" when they have waded through her fine writing of platitudes. Reading her books, they feel that they are getting something for their money. J. M. Barrie would starve if he depended upon England to support him by buying his books, but Miss Corelli is growing rich.

A great deal more has been made of Queen Victoria's alleged favor toward Marie Corelli than the facts warrant. Kensington Palace, where the queen was born, is a sort of royal asylum in these days. In it are a dozen families, or more, who have some sort of claim upon the crown. The widows of bishops or high army officers, of aristocratic birth but small purses, are lodged there free of charge. Some of them have been and still are close friends of members of the royal family. It happened, a few years ago, that one of these ladies extended her income by taking an ambitious American girl as a "guest." This young woman made friends right and left, and among them was Marie Corelli. Her hostess was induced to bring one of Miss Corelli's books to the notice of the Princess Christian, and the princess read it and handed it over to the maids of honor who read aloud to the queen. The sovereign asked what else this young lady had written, and the authoress sent her majesty an *édition de luxe* of her works.

Miss Corelli is the adopted sister of Eric

Mackay, who wrote "The Love Letters of a Violinist." She was adopted as a child by Charles Mackay, the song writer, who educated her with his son. The two have a home together in London. "A Romance of Two Worlds" was Miss Corelli's first book. She sent it to several publishers, who refused it. She finally rubbed her own name from the title page, and signed it "Marie Corelli." The next publisher took the book, and she has kept the name for her own.

Miss Corelli has always been unwilling to allow her photographs to be published, but lately she sent a card to the London newspapers, announcing that a portrait of herself would be on exhibition in a certain gallery.

GEORGE GISSING AND HIS BOOKS.

George Gissing is one of the men who is writing for posterity, the student, and the lover of the morbid. His most depressing books are full of understanding of certain phases of civilization, that excess of civilization which becomes the apotheosis of selfishness. They are fine in form, well constructed, entertaining with the fascination of an unstrained cleverness, but they do nothing to cheer the people who are struggling through the very conditions he depicts, and trying to lighten their sorrows with the aid of their imagination. Most of us get our enjoyment out of life as the prisoner in "Little Dorrit" got feasts out of plain bread. The man who puts sentiment into our lives, who gilds their humdrum dullness, is a benefactor. The man who shows us their sordidness steals from us what nature meant us to enjoy.

The sale of Mr. Gissing's books is not particularly large. He lives outside of London, not far from the Epsom Downs, where the Derby is run. He is one of the men who have absolutely no touch with the literary or social life of London, where he could have so much of that advertising which we have grown to expect public people to seek. He asks to be left entirely alone. He has a tiny little house, with a quiet work room, and he goes up to London for a day or a night, wandering through the streets and looking for his characters. He is like Dickens in some ways, and yet entirely different, inasmuch as the great love of humanity, the firm belief in humanity, which was the essence of Dickens' genius, appears to be lacking in Mr. Gissing. He sees only the dark side, and yet he sees it vividly and portrays it powerfully.

ROYALTY IN PRINT AGAIN.

There must be something delicate and perishable about royalty which causes it to blight and wilt when the rude finger of the press is laid upon it—precisely as the "sensitive plant"

shrinks even from the breath of the inquisitive examiner. However this may be, royal personages seldom appear to advantage in print. The level of the daily press is none too exalted at best, and it is possible that the incongruity of penny newspaper interviews with reigning monarchs strikes discordantly upon the sensibilities of the reader.

Even to our democratic minds—we may say especially to our democratic minds—a royal personage is essentially different from ordinary people, and the blazoning forth of petty details of royal attire, royal habits, and royal gossip is out of keeping with the dim religious light of our somewhat weak minded hero worship.

Some ill advised person—"a member of the royal household" is all that is vouchsafed to us on the title page—has written all about the private life of Queen Victoria. Her majesty appears as an economical housekeeper, the head of a quiet, typically English home, a genial hostess—in fact, everything but a crowned queen. We are told where she sleeps and what she eats and drinks; when she retires and when she rises; the author waxes eloquent over the royal washbasin; we are taken into the storerooms, and the confidential domestic details are aired for our benefit; we are taken into the cellars and the kitchen, we dine with the butler, and are even permitted to take a fitting glimpse of the royal stables. If one is inquisitive enough to enjoy it, he should be duly grateful to this "member of the royal household." But this gratuitous task of elbowing one's way into print with the private affairs of the queen seems to us a bad breach of etiquette.

One chapter is devoted to "The queen as a writer." The author says: "It was at one time rather the fashion to decry the queen's power as an author—or rather as an expressive writer. Those who did so were neither judges of style nor method. Such writings of the queen which the public have been permitted to see essentially have the elements of great work, perfect simplicity of expression, and admirable self restraint." And so with a disregard for the rudiments of grammar which is positively delightful in its naïve simplicity the author continues.

As a sample of the publisher's art, the book, with its royal binding of scarlet and gold, its excellent photographic reproductions and careful presswork, is admirable, but as an exhibition of questionable taste, ponderous treatment of household trifles and small gossip, it exceeds anything within our recollection.

THE NEW ENGLISH POET.

The recent publication of a new volume of poems by Francis Thompson brings to mind

the early struggles of this young, but widely known poet. His autobiography, if he ever writes one, will make an impressive narrative of hardship and struggle. Mr. Thompson is thirty five years old, and his name has been before the literary world for possibly four years, but between the ages of twenty four and thirty he knew every depth of poverty, of wretchedness and misery, which the streets of London exhibit.

His father, a practising physician, angered by his son's refusal to study medicine, cut off his allowance and set him adrift. Young Thompson, wrapt in dreamy meditation, which makes an admirable substitute for laziness, could find nothing to do. It is said that for years he lived the life of a beggar—if a London beggar may be said to live. At times he blacked shoes and sold matches, and thus enjoyed occasional waves of beggarly prosperity. Yet he never once relaxed his hold on the world's best literature. It is inspiring to think of this waif haunting the libraries day after day until he became too shabby even for admittance to these centers of free learning. Often hungry for food, he was yet more hungry for book lore, so he stifled the lesser hunger with drugs and read instead of eating.

After four years of such a life, he sent some poems to an editor. They were written on dirty fragments of paper; every editorial office receives many just like them, mere odds and ends of wrapping paper, and—yes, even torn grocery bags; but, alack, genius is not often wrapped up in them.

The story of the final acceptance of the despised manuscripts, the search for Thompson, and the quick recognition of his work, constitutes one of the most dramatic episodes in recent literary history.

"Those who claim to know" are loud in the poet's praise, and indeed his work possesses qualities which compel recognition. At the same time he exhibits little which may be called essentially new, and we occasionally find a time worn figure decked out in the stiff finery of cumbersome wording. Then, again, the imagery is at times positively startling.

Mr. Thompson is not likely to become a popular poet while his work abounds in baffling metaphors and agonizing flights of poetic fancy. The experiences of the young poet through those trying days in London were not precisely what one would choose as a literary preparation, and they should draw to the young poet at least a sympathetic audience. One critic has said, "I could wish that Mr. Thompson had set himself in the past few years to cultivating the comely beauty of lucidity," forgetting that for a number of years the object of his displeasure had

to set himself rather hard at work to cultivate the comely beauty of a square meal.

A SOURCE OF "PROBLEM" PHILOSOPHY.

In the crowds of new books, books whose allusions to today's events assure us that they are "up to date," we are apt to lose sight of the old ones from which the core of most recent literature has been borrowed. When a new writer comes up on the crest of one of the little waves which are constantly landing things worthy and worthless at our feet, we are gravely presented with a list of the books that have been studied by the author. It seldom appears to strike the reader that the thoughts of the earlier writers might be a little less mixed and distorted if they were taken at first hand instead of being filtered through somebody else's brain, often an immature one.

Arthur Schopenhauer is one of the men who have done much to influence the past decade's novels—chiefly, it would seem, because he is easy reading. His meanings are not obscured by the intricacies in which most of the philosophers delighted to lose themselves. A dip into his essays, for those to whom he is unknown, will give the concentrated essence of many of the conversations which have gone halting through some of the novels we have read in recent years. His "Metaphysics of Love" appears to have been a gold mine to a certain class, who have spread his theory thinly upon their own dross. It isn't a healthy theory, or a poetic one, but it sounds better in the brutal fashion in which he writes it down than when made up into the sickening messes we have been asked to swallow as "problem novels."

A new book has just appeared in Germany, edited by Dr. Griesbach, which is called "Schopenhauer's Table Talk." It gives some of the interesting incidents of this man's life. Schopenhauer was the son of Johanna Schopenhauer, the German novelist, who made her home at Weimar, and who was the center of a brilliant literary circle there. Her son took his doctor's degree at Jena, and then went to Weimar, where he became the intimate friend of Goethe and of Mayer, the orientalist. It was through them that he took up the study of the old Indian philosophies by which he was so deeply influenced.

Wagner sent him a copy of some of his Nibelung operas, and Schopenhauer wrote back: "Hang music on the nail; you have more genius for poetry." But one of the quaintest stories in the book relates that, while the famous pessimist admired Byron immensely, and had not much opinion of women, he was prevented from presenting an

introduction to Byron, which Goethe had given him, because a woman with whom he happened to be in love at the time was a worshiper of the poet, and Schopenhauer was jealous!

A QUESTION OF TIME.

"At what time of day do authors work?" is a question recently asked at a literary gathering. Several authors who were present said that they always worked in the morning, and this seems to be the rule with a large number of popular writers at the present time. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who gave up the practice of law only four or five years ago, still keeps his old law chambers in Buckingham Street (where, by the way, it is as quiet as the heart of the country, though it is just off the roaring Strand), and there he repairs every morning at six o'clock, as he long ago formed the habit of doing. After smoking a pipe he buckles down to write, and he does not leave the office, save for luncheon, till four o'clock. In telling of this, however, he always explains that he does not write steadily from ten till four; much of the time is consumed in revising.

Du Maurier, when he had a book under way, used to write for a large part of the day, but on three days in the week only. Stanley Weyman writes in the morning, going to his desk with hatred for his task, a feeling that soon wears away, however, as he gets into the glow of his narrative. Henry James finds the latter part of the afternoon a good time for authorship, and W. E. Norris, who turns out novels with a steadiness that at once betrays system, has confessed that he never works more than two hours a day—from three to five in the afternoon—the rest of the day being devoted to sports. Another enthusiastic literary sportsman is Conan Doyle. He writes in the morning and does his studying and reading in the evening, giving three or four hours of his afternoon to the exercise that he feels he needs from his long confinement in his den.

Among our American writers, the most prolific—like Stockton, who dictates every morning to a stenographer, and like Howells, who either writes in his own hand or on the typewriter—are those who work every morning. Marion Crawford is even more industrious, for he can write at any time of day and all day. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is another English or American author who is so assiduous. To his wonderful physique is undoubtedly due his capacity for long stretches of work. He has unusually good health, and the only ill effect he ever feels as a result of his labors is an occasional touch of insomnia; at night when he cannot sleep

he writes. When he has finished a particularly hard task at his home in Sorrento he likes to go for a trip on a sailing vessel and share the work and the hardships of the voyage with the seamen.

"It is the continual dropping of the water that wears away the stone," says Anthony Trollope, in his "Autobiography," a book, by the way, that every writer ought to read, and the testimony of living authors only adds to the evidence given of the energetic Englishman who turned out so many books, that perseverance and pluck count in authorship as well as in any other career.

There are still, of course, some authors who follow the old fashioned habit of writing when they are in the mood, or when they are spurred by necessity only. Some of these perform very remarkable feats. Every writer has noticed in his own experience that his best work can sometimes be done under pressure and under adverse circumstances. It is also true, that under the same conditions a great deal of bad work is done. A story is told of a popular American writer who received an order for a story of sixty thousand words to be delivered within six months. He accepted the commission, put off undertaking the work for a time on account of other tasks, and finally forgot all about it. Three days before the manuscript was due, he received a letter from the editor saying: "I must have that story on the first of the month. If it isn't delivered then I shall not be able to use it at all." The unhappy author had the alternative of letting five hundred dollars slip through his fingers or of writing the story in three days. He wrote the story, and as one of his friends, in relating the incident, says, he has never accomplished anything to compare with his best work since. It may be that the strain hopelessly injured his creative faculty.

A somewhat similar incident occurred only a few months ago. Two young writers, both of whom have been rapidly growing in popular favor during the past three years, were dining together at a hotel. At the close of the dinner the editor of a popular periodical rushed up to the table.

"I've been hunting for you for three hours," he said to one of them. "I want a story for our Christmas number at once—ten thousand words. I'll pay you two hundred dollars for it."

The writer considered for a moment and then said, "When do you want it?"

The editor replied, "I must have it tomorrow. The man who promised to do it has disappointed us."

The writer shook his head. "I haven't it on hand, and though I'd like to oblige you, and though I want the money badly enough,

I couldn't risk my reputation by turning out a story at such a short notice."

The editor's face fell; then his eyes brightened. Turning to writer number two he said eagerly, "Will you do it?"

The man addressed pondered a moment. Then he said:

"What is the latest possible moment you can receive it?"

"I must have the copy in my hands at twelve o'clock tomorrow without fail," the editor replied. "Haven't you something written?"

"Not a line," replied the young author, "but you'll have it."

He left the place at once, wrote all night, finishing the story at seven in the morning, sent the manuscript to a typewriter, slept till eleven, and at twelve he placed the work in the editor's hand.

A French author has just had the good luck to have his new novel barred out of Russia. Pierre d'Alheim is the man, and "Sur les Pointes" the book. D'Alheim was for some time the Russian correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, and only his nationality saved him from repeated conflicts with the Muscovite authorities. The Russians belong back a century or two in the order of civilization, and they do things which our ancestors thought all right, but which scarcely suit our modern ideas. D'Alheim's book was suppressed because it gives an account of a Russian shooting match which some of the highest Russian nobility organized immediately after the disaster on the plains of Chodinka, where so many peasants were crushed to death, and very close to the scene of the tragedy.

This is one of the stories which Mr. Richard Harding Davis did not tell us about the coronation times. No doubt he knew of it, because he is always invited to everything; but while it was a good story, it would not have been courteous to the highest nobility in Russia.

The statement has lately been made that Mark Twain is to receive forty thousand dollars for his forthcoming book. Assuming that this work is to be eighty thousand words in length—an assumption based merely on averages—this is at the rate of fifty cents a word. Under such stimulating and incentive conditions one's genius should be unflagging, and we do not wonder that there exists a vast army of people each with a literary bee in his bonnet. But Mr. Clemens can write.

Count up the words in your next letter and reflect that it would be worth say a hundred dollars "at current rates," if you had the

genius of Mark Twain. The other side of the question is not so alluring, however. Many a newspaper writer is glad to get half a cent a word against Mr. Clemens' fifty, and the latter's generous remuneration is no more to be taken as an average example of the compensation of literary people than Patti's fabulous salaries were to be taken as a corresponding example in the world of music.

Eighteen years ago Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote "An Old Maid's Paradise," and the story is still fresh in the minds of many of our readers. Now comes, from the pen of Herbert D. Ward, the belated sequel to that story in the shape of a volume with the title, "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise." This enterprising robber not only burglarized the matched board cottage by the sea, but carried off the house and its mistress on a floating arrangement of scows and tugboats. The narrative is bright and entertaining, but here, as elsewhere, fact is stranger than fiction, and news comes from the far West of a feat of engineering that puts *The Burglar* to shame. This is nothing less than the moving of a whole town several miles by water, the houses having been towed on scows in much the manner suggested by Mr. Ward. Verily these are wonderful times. Possibly the day is not far distant when the engineers of great projects will turn, for suggestion and advice, not to the ponderous scientific treatises of their libraries, but to the latest novel!

James Lane Allen's success as a novelist is not of such recent origin that one may speak of him as a new man, but his name has been more prominently before the reading public during the last few months than ever before. In fact, the remarkable qualities of "The Choir Invisible" have placed him very near the top of the list of the literary successes of the year. Mr. Allen is a man of unassuming nature, and is said to have a horror of the publicity which does duty for legitimate renown. Therefore, one hears far more about his last and most notable book than about the author. He is well known to New Yorkers, however, and it is here that he finds his keenest incentive to continued literary labor in the tremendous activity of the metropolis. The literary tastes of a noted writer are always a matter of interest, though so many factors of a purely personal nature influence the choice that the importance to be attached thereto is questionable. Mr. Allen speaks appreciatively of Kipling and Balzac, and our clever commentators may find much opportunity for the display of sagacity in tracing his literary qualities to these dissimilar favorites.