

thoroughly blended. We shall have no uncertain, half hearted diplomacy under Secretary Hay. Plainness of speech, a steady maintenance of American rights, the hand ever on the sword hilt, absolute justice given and demanded; this, animated by the yearning for combat which governed the *Tribune* during Hay's regency, gives assurance of a positive and progressive diplomacy. Such a policy will be welcome just now.

After the emancipation from the *Tribune* Hay gave his attention to business and literature in a modified degree. There was vouchsafed to him the blessing of an ideal marriage; with days of domestic life, home building, the education of children, and ever watchful interest in public affairs. The Garfield episode, with the sad culmination, profoundly moved him, and for a moment it seemed as if he must take an active interest in politics. He was one of those who stood close to the banner of Blaine. At the request of Mr. Evarts he became Assistant Secretary of State, taking office March 1, 1879, and retiring May 3, 1881. This was the one official interlude in a retirement of a quarter of a century.

Hay had no ambition for office, put it away as a rule. He gave much time to the "Life of Lincoln," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Nicolay, his faithful and gifted associate in White House days. This work belongs to the historical classics. It is a mine of research for the student who would know the making of the West, the

genesis and outcome of the Civil War. The temperance of its judgments, the dignity of its style, its high, broad minded Americanism commend it to every American.

For some years Hay resided in Cleveland. He came at length to live in Washington, his home the center of a gracious hospitality. From this he was summoned by President McKinley to be ambassador to the court of St. James. The story of that embassy is current history and known to all men. And it was natural that the President should offer the primacy to one who had borne himself so worthily in a delicate and exacting station. The selection has fallen upon a statesman in the fulness of his genius, trained above any of his predecessors, with the exception of John Quincy Adams, for diplomatic affairs, having studied his art at the courts of Madrid and Vienna, Paris and London. He takes office at the age of Seward when that gentleman became Secretary of State to Lincoln. A mature man, his growth slow like that of the oak, steadily advancing in public esteem as a man of affairs, of diplomacy, of political acumen, of conceded literary fame. He has learned the wisdom of silence, the discipline of patience. His career, thus faintly outlined, gives every warrant for the belief that one whose life has been so rich in opportunity, experience, and achievement will win fresh titles to renown in the high dignity to which he has been called.

A CANNON SPEAKS.

MINE is no mighty conquest blare,
No red, revengeful fury fire;
Not mine to fright God's quiet air
With peals of unrelenting ire.

Rather I sound the death and doom
Of the old tyrannies of earth,
And destiny to the dreamless tomb
The cruel wrongs of ancient birth.

And while my voice is that of war,
When its loud echoings shall cease
For conquered and for conqueror
Shall dawn a far serenest peace!

Clinton Scollard.

THE PALM IN THE PATIO.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL, CUBAN SEÑORITA, A FAITHFUL, CUBAN WATCHMAN, AND THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF SIX THOUSAND CENTENS.

RUSHING into my room, Simpson seized me by the sleeve of my dressing gown and dragged me to the window.

"It's all up with us," he said, pointing to a fallen palm in the center of the courtyard.

No further demonstration was required to convince me of the truth of Simpson's remark. I realized that the Cuban Iron Developing Company had lost six thousand *centens*, which we had buried for safe keeping in the middle of the patio.

"How about Hernando?" I asked.

"Come and I will show you," replied Simpson. "I'm afraid they've done for him."

We crossed the courtyard and walked down to the servants' quarters in the back part of the dwelling. Hernando, our faithful watchman, was lying upon the floor of his room bound and gagged, with an ugly cut on his forehead. There was a strange, wild light in his eyes, and he seemed to be suffering more from fright and exhaustion than from his wound. Simpson removed the gag from the old man's mouth.

"Kill me, señors," murmured Hernando. "I am no longer worthy that I should live. I struggled hard against them, but they threw me to earth and trampled upon me."

From what we could learn from the old man's disjointed account of the proceedings, he had seen two men digging at the base of the palm in the center of the courtyard. They discovered him at the same moment, and be-

fore he could make any outcry, they knocked him down, bound and gagged him, and fled with the contents of the iron box, which we had buried for safe keeping. In the dim light, Hernando saw a light wagon at the gateway of the courtyard, which the robbers leaped into and rapidly drove away.

We bandaged Hernando's head and propped him up with pillows, and then made a careful examination of the premises. The house, which was originally the residence of a Cuban planter, was a rambling one story structure, built in the form of a hollow square, with a patio in the center. Large double doors had originally closed the entrance to this courtyard, but the great hinges had made such a tremendous creaking that one day Simpson and I, imitating a certain performance of a visitor to Gaza, had taken them down. Our office was on one side of the entrance, and on the other was the stable apartment, where we kept our buckboard and two horses which we used constantly in making trips to the mountain above.

We had chosen this peculiar hiding place in which to bury the money, thinking that here it would be safe from attack by either Spaniards or Cubans. I had carefully counted it and placed the gold pieces in suitable rolls, after the manner of bank clerks. We both felt relieved when we had made this rather curious disposition of our employers' wealth, for there seemed to be no practicable policy just then but that of him who held that the napkin was as good as a safe deposit com-