

"Come to see me when you are married, my children!" he called to Mame and Charles.

"We will! We will!" shrilled the voices of the Mexican children.

Nodding kindly, Colonel Cash, A. H. G., passed into the moving coach. The train glided smoothly away.

"Gee!" said Mame, turning tearful eyes to her lover. "I just love that old gent!"

"Yeah, he sure is a friend to—to—"

Charles had meant to say "lots of people," but the words seemed inadequate. Mame realized his limitation.

"To the human race," she supplied succinctly.

Conway Comes Back

A COUNTERFEITER TURNS ORIGINATOR AND DEFIES THE
HOUNDS OF THE LAW

By Harry Varley

RUFUS CONWAY started a business of his own. He had only one real competitor in his line, but that one was a large dealer who claimed an absolute monopoly in the manufacture and distribution of the product.

No law could break this monopoly. In fact, all existing laws guarded the monopoly, and frowned severely upon any who dared trespass on an exclusive prerogative.

Conway was an artist and an engraver. That determined his choice of business. He was a money maker—actually. His products were five-dollar bills.

They commanded the same price on the open market as those sent out by his competitor. As it was an unnecessary formality for him to deposit in any treasury the equivalent value in gold or silver, Conway's sales gave him a rate of profit that can seldom be obtained in these days—except, perhaps, by a purveyor of the absolute necessities of life, such as coal for the household or milk for babies.

It was not all cream, however. For example, it was impossible for him to remain long in any one town. By the very nature of his trade, it was impolitic to employ a large sales force. The product couldn't be advertised. Hence it was Conway's task to be head of sales as well as manager of production. As a matter of fact, it was a close corporation—so close that Conway was the whole company.

His factory was in an upstairs back room in New York, overlooking the East River. The address was not on his business cards, because he had no business cards. Only an old woman, who lived downstairs in the tumble-down house, knew that the Conway plant was upstairs.

Conway called her "mother," but she couldn't have been. She was a bent, wizened, gray-haired hag, with a thin, bony face, in which two brilliant eyes were sunk. She had a heart that was as true as a dog's, although her general disposition was feline.

How could *she* be the mother of Conway? He was the artist type—even to the pale, ascetic face, which might have been a monk's if he had shaved off the soft, silky Vandyke beard. She spoke like the fifth generation of an East Side tenement family; he like a man born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the north of England, who has been in America long enough to lose most of his accent, yet not long enough to forget any of his grammar.

How Conway came to know the old woman and to live in her home doesn't concern us. The essential fact is that in this upstairs room were made the famous "Conway fives" that aroused the professional envy of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of the United States government. These fives brought together several bankers who seriously considered asking a private detective agency to find the man who

made them, so that they could pension him under positive contracts to cease his troublesome activities.

The government officials were distraught. Only an expert could distinguish between a "Conway five" and a government or a bank five. Only one expert, the highest in the profession, was able immediately to pronounce a verdict on two fives that were placed before him.

"This," he said with assurance, "is the counterfeit"—and unhesitatingly he pointed out the perfect United States note.

Don't think that in the beginning the government or the bankers referred to "Conway fives" as such. They knew the product, but not the man, until Conway was trapped in Des Moines, Iowa.

It happened because he trusted a woman, talked too much, and permitted the artist in him to get the better of his judgment. The loneliness of his work had made him too susceptible to the charms of female company, personified in the landlady of the rooming house where he was staying. The woman was pretty. She was also affectionate, and on a certain night she cut off one of his brown curls "for a keepsake when you're gone."

Subsequently she explained that she needed money. Conway offered her some of his competitor's manufacture. She refused it. He impelled her to accept by showing how easily and how well he made money.

She took the genuine bills he gave her, and late that night, when Conway slept, she telephoned for the police. They caught Conway napping—or, rather, in a deep sleep—with several hundred samples of his product under the pillow.

When Conway awoke to a realization of his position, he attempted to leave the room by a window exit, whereupon the police, being only six to one, pounded his head with their sticks until it bled profusely. They also opened a wide gash in his cheek.

They allowed Conway to dress—the muzzle of a revolver apparently interesting him less than his necktie—and then they ushered him from the house. Two bulky officers kindly lent their shoulders to support him, for otherwise he might have collapsed at their feet.

The woman who had betrayed Conway stood fearfully in the doorway. He looked straight at her. One side of his mouth

twitched, as if it would smile in spite of his pain. Then, suddenly, all the agony of a female Judas was born in her lifting bosom.

Conway took out a handkerchief and wiped the blood from his mouth. He must have remembered the lock of hair she had cut from his head for a keepsake. His voice was very soft:

"Ah, Delilah!"

Stirred by a peculiarly feminine psychology, she threw herself upon the floor and cried, with anguish in her voice:

"Why did you tell me? It's your own fault! You shouldn't have said a word to me!"

Conway stooped. The policemen released the grip of their fingers screwed around his coat collar. He patted the woman's shoulder.

"Don't cry! You were right—I shouldn't have talked."

He lifted himself as nearly erect as his weakened muscles would permit. A terrible change came over his face. It was as if the very texture of his flesh changed and grew hard—as if his face had suddenly become a white-painted iron mask streaked with red. His voice rasped with the sound of a large-toothed file on wood as he spoke again:

"I shouldn't have talked. I won't talk again, and nobody can make me!"

At the strange change in his voice and demeanor, the policemen, who had been men for a minute, became policemen again. They seized him and hurried him across the threshold past the woman who was lying there, still crying in a low voice and saying over and over again:

"It's your own fault! You shouldn't have said a word to me!"

II

PICTURE all the physical tortures of the Spanish Inquisition applied mentally. Imagine Conway's mind being stretched upon an ever widening rack of sleeplessness; being broken upon a wheel of insolence; having small pieces of mental flesh ripped away by red-hot pincers; feeling the naked steel of questions stabbed from the darkness, while his soul shrank in the white flame of a pitiless light.

Think of these things, and formulate your own picture of the third degree examination as given to Conway by men who demanded a confession. They desired to

know where he made his five-dollar counterfeits; where he kept his plant; who were his friends and accomplices, and all of his business secrets.

The sessions lasted more than a week of red days and black nights. The experts say that a man deprived of sleep will eventually confess the truth; but the truth is that men driven beyond endurance will confess lies, or anything, for a moment's respite.

Conway was the exception that proves the rule. To their thousands of questions he answered never a word. The most exquisite mental torture could not shake him or break the resolution he had made when he said to his betrayer and to the world:

"I won't talk again, and nobody can make me!"

Finally, they had to surrender to the will of this man. He was duly tried, but if his tongue had been removed he could not have been more silent. It was voluntary dumbness. Even when the judge, struck with the fineness of Conway's features and his betrayal by the woman he would have befriended, pleaded with him to speak in his own defense, he coolly turned his back upon the bench.

So there was nothing to prevent the speedy verdict and the terse words, "Ten years!" which wiped out the name of Rufus Conway and replaced it with "No. 10647," Anamosa State Prison.

III

FIVE years in prison changed the man to a monster. Every human emotion had congealed within him. His heart was hard and cold to life in its every manifestation—not cold with the frailty of ice, which can be broken and splintered by a harder substance, or melted by the sun; not hard with the comparative warmth of metal. It was of frozen steel that would need a white-hot flame to melt it; and in all humanity there was not one sympathetic spark of warmth for Conway—except, perhaps, in the heart of his "mother" of the East Side house in New York. She muttered to herself, each night, her only prayer, in which there was a declaration of faith.

"He'll come back some day! The bulls have got him, but he'll come back!"

Conway had kept the vow he made in the presence of his betrayer. He had not spoken to any one from the time of his arrest. They had tried to break his will

in every possible way—hunger, thirst, solitary confinement, gang work on the road and in the fields—but he never flinched.

When hunger was gnawing at his vitals, when his tongue was swollen with thirst, he scratched a wonderful design on a piece of board ripped from his bed. Using the point of a common pin, he incorporated the Statue of Liberty, the American Eagle, and the Stars and Stripes. His art, for the moment, was food, drink, life—as real art should be.

From the first day in prison he rebelled passively against all the rules and discipline of prison routine. Finally he refused to work, and they couldn't make him. A prisoner in a barred cell, yet by virtue of his will he was a king. All the resources of a huge penal institution shattered themselves against his indomitable resistance—iron against steel.

It was not always passive resistance. Once, in the prison yard, before many prisoners who were exercising, a warden thought to make Conway talk by using vile, insulting terms. Conway was deaf as well as dumb until, among the mouthings of the tormentor, there came the word "mother." Conway's thin white fingers closed over the warden's throat and tightened in a grip that never loosened until another warden ran up and beat the convict into insensibility with the butt end of a revolver.

They gave him three months' solitary confinement for that—which was silly. This man, of his own will, was always in solitary confinement—and would have been in a crowd of ten thousand. He had shut himself up within himself, and had closed and locked the door upon the world. Whether he was physically alone or not could make no difference to him.

Two things can happen to a man who chooses to live entirely to himself. If his will eventually breaks, his mind fails with it. Should his will survive, he becomes like a trained animal, or an automaton. The latter phase was the only possibility for Conway. He became like an animal that lived as a man.

Still he ate his rude fare and drank from tin vessels with the manners of a man who knows good eating, and who has drunk from glasses with bubbles rising through their hollow stems. For hours each day, every day in the week, he walked up one side of his cell and down the other, with

his shoulder pressing against the wall—walked until he wore a groove shoulder high in the cement down both sides of his cell.

The man was silent, dumb. These grooves screamed out with a fervid eloquence that was silence articulate—a sermon, or, if you choose, a blasphemy in stone.

IV

FIVE years! And then the miracle!

A new superintendent, Hugh Osgood, had come to the prison. He was walking through the corridors, on his first day, with his wife and his eight-year-old daughter, Norine, showing them the prison. It was a sunny morning.

As the group neared Conway's cell, a warder had thrown open the door to enter on some formal errand. A beam of sunshine shot through the opening, and attracted Norine. She ran ahead before her father or mother could restrain her, and, reaching the open cell door, she stood, dazed, perhaps, by the bright light.

Conway, heedless of the warder's entrance, was making his eternal round. He had walked up the left side of the cell away from the door, had crossed before the barred window, and his shoulder had just sunk into its accustomed groove, when Norine reached the door.

The prisoner stopped as if paralyzed. He saw, framed in a black opening, the face of a child, ineffably beautiful, with the sunlight glorifying her golden curls. Everything that was pure, good, and altogether lovely was manifest in her blue, laughing eyes.

For one agonizing moment his pose was held. Then the iron mask of years dropped suddenly from Conway's face. Hot tears flooded his eyes and melted the steel within him.

Slowly he lifted his hands to the child in a gesture that was invitation, entreaty. And Norine, with the complete understanding of childhood, which is wiser than the wisdom of age, ran to him. He spoke, and his voice, silent for so many years, sounded strangely harsh and mechanical. His tongue labored over pronunciation.

"Who are you? What is your name?"

The warder, realizing that a miracle was happening, slipped to the cell door and out into the passage. By this time Mr. Osgood and his wife had run to the cell, and were calling Norine. Disregarding au-

thority, the warder motioned fiercely for silence.

"For God's sake, leave her there! He is *talking* to her! It's No. 10647."

In a few hurried words he told the story. They looked into the cell. There, under the window, Conway was reverently touching one of Norine's golden curls, while she explained that her mother and she had come here to live, so that daddy could take care of the prison. For five minutes the convict and the girl talked, and then the reaction came.

"You must go now. Will you come and talk to me to-morrow—if you can?"

"Oh, yes—I'll come every day, because I like you! You look like Uncle Teddy, so I'll call you 'uncle.' Good-by!"

With a friendly smile, she ran from the cell.

Conway flung himself face down on the bed. The cell door closed upon him, but he neither heard nor heeded. Heaven and earth had opened their doors again. A child's small white hands had torn down the barriers.

They allowed Norine to see him from day to day. At first he would speak to no one except her. A few days later he called the warder, and asked to see the new superintendent. Osgood came, and No. 10647 explained that henceforth he wanted to work, to exercise, and to be treated exactly like all the other prisoners. As a special favor, he begged that he might be allowed to see Norine sometimes.

The new superintendent was a good man and a big one. He had looked into the story of the man, and, with this in his mind, he gave the necessary permission. From that moment No. 10647 became the model prisoner of Anamosa.

Some say that it was through Osgood's untiring efforts with the Governor of the State that Conway was released on parole eighteen months later. His parting words were to Norine, in the office with her father.

"You won't come back again any more?" Norine asked tearfully.

"No, dear. I would have to be bad to come back, and you want me to be good, don't you?"

"Yes—I want you to be good; but if you don't come back, you'll forget me!"

"I won't forget you. When will you have a birthday?"

"The 15th of May—but that's a long time."

"Only six months. I'll tell you what I'll do. To show you I remember, I'll send you a present every birthday. Will that make you feel better?"

"Yes," she answered doubtfully.

When he said good-by to her father and to herself, and kissed her, she clung to him with all the strength of her little body and sobbed broken-heartedly.

V

THE four months that followed the release of Conway were full of trouble. First he went to Chicago, where he easily secured work in a photo-engraver's shop; but he lost it when his employer learned of his previous attempt to run an engraving business of his own.

He tried wood engraving, but was so good at it that again an employer delved into his antecedents. Conway confessed that he had a prison record, and left the job. In all, he tried six separate positions in Chicago, but as he would not resort to a false name it was only a question of time before he was identified and discharged.

From Chicago he went to Cleveland, but he couldn't stay there. The little money he had when he left prison, and what he had been able to earn since, was nearly exhausted. New York was tugging at his heartstrings. He felt sure that the upstairs room would be awaiting him, and that his "mother" would keep all his possessions intact until he should return.

He arrived in New York when the trees in Madison Square were just breaking into bud. News of his departure from Cleveland and his intended destination—gleaned by a detective—came on a following train, and was delivered to police headquarters. The clerk who opened the missive passed it over to Faulkner as soon as he had noted its contents.

"Guess that's for you, Bill."

"What is it?" asked the detective.

"Conway, the counterfeiter, is out on parole. He's in the city now."

Faulkner betrayed an unusual amount of interest, for him. He was a sleuth of the intellectual type, who specialized in forgers and counterfeiters. He had the reputation of never leaving the scent until his quarry had been run to earth. He glanced through the papers, summarizing the contents in jerky, broken sentences that ran from his lips like water from a thin-necked bottle.

"Rufus Conway—served six and a half years—paroled—cleverest duplicator of fives ever known—gentleman type—artist—since leaving jail has regrown his Vanddyke beard—three months in Chicago, one in Cleveland—left for New York April 10—watch him—will probably go back in the game—plant wasn't discovered when he was arrested, and he wouldn't talk—needs money badly—Bertillon description inclosed—put good man on his trail to find apparatus—nail him with goods if can—"

"Yeh, I know about Conway. Have to tackle him myself, Connors!" he told the clerk. "Get all the dope you can. I'll fix up a rig, and hang around Reilly's. He used to be the little tin god among some small fry artistic crooks at Reilly's, so he'll probably land there within a day or two."

Faulkner was right. He met Conway in Reilly's Café on Twenty-Third Street the next night. Introductions are not essential at Reilly's, so it was a simple matter for the detective, dressed like a workingman out of work, and acting and talking the part, to start a conversation.

"How're things?"

"None too good," Conway answered, looking steadily into the detective's face.

Something that was almost recognition glittered in the ex-convict's eyes, but Faulkner never flinched. It is a fallacy that only honest men can receive or give a look straight in the eye. Evildoers train themselves to do it convincingly.

"What's the trouble?"

Conway smiled.

"No work—honest or otherwise. No money—good or bad. No prospects of anything—good, bad, or indifferent."

"There's a contractor putting up a building at Fourth Avenue and Thirty-Second who needs laborers."

Conway glanced at his white, soft, artistic fingers.

"Bricks aren't good for my hands. They'd ruin them for my regular work."

A sudden gleam flashed and died in Faulkner's eyes.

"What's your line?"

The ex-convict looked from his hands to the face of his questioner—looked with wrinkled brows and a serious, penetrating air, as if to discover what manner of man was this. Apparently satisfied with his steady inspection, he replied:

"Engraving—counterfeiting—but I had to give it up. It meant staying away from

New York too long at a country hotel kept by the United States government. It was too confining for me."

"What was the matter with your stuff? Wasn't it good?"

Resentment burned for a moment in Conway's face. It was the glove in his face—a challenge regarding the quality of his work.

"As good as it could be; but I talked, a woman listened, and—"

The gesture completed the sentence.

"If you're going back into the game, and need help in passing the queer, let me know."

This was crude—very crude, especially for Faulkner, who as a rule was too shrewd to play his hand so openly. That it worked in this instance, however, he was sure. Conway hesitated for a moment, then leaned forward.

"You mean that if I make some bills you'll help me to get rid of them?"

Faulkner smothered the note of triumph, and his tones were almost casual.

"Why not? I'm up against it. I guess you are, too."

Conway nodded acquiescence.

"You see, I knew you as soon as you came in," Faulkner continued. "I knew the kind of stuff you turned out in the old days, and I'm willing to bank on it now. Bank on it's good, isn't it?"

Conway hesitated. He might have been thinking of the scanty amount of money he had left, or of the greeting of his "mother," who had been so glad to see him.

"I'll get some decent grub, now that you're back," she told him.

He might have been thinking how many jobs he had lost in Chicago and Cleveland, and how certain it was that he would be up against similar conditions in New York if he tried to keep straight. He might have remembered, too, that it was only a short time to the 15th of May—for he glanced at a calendar on the wall—and that he had promised a birthday present to a small golden-haired girl in the West.

Whatever passed through his mind, evidently it was sufficient to force a prompt decision. There was neither caution nor suspicion as he leaned forward and spoke in an undertone:

"If you mean it, and if you're absolutely on the level with me, you can have the first chance at my new run."

Faulkner could barely hide his joy. It illuminated his face; but Conway had turned slightly, so that if he saw the warning, he made no sign.

"I am on the level with you—absolutely," said the detective. "What are you working on—fives?"

"No—I threw away all my old plates and stones. I'm working on a ten. It's a wonder, too. When it's finished, it won't differ from the original by a hair. I tell you it's a masterpiece!"

"When will it be ready?"

"In about ten days."

"Where can I see you, to get the stuff?"

"Suppose we arrange to meet here a week from Friday—about seven?"

"Good enough!"

The detective rose, shook hands with Conway, and sauntered to the door.

"So long, then!"

Very obviously Faulkner walked directly across the street, so that Conway could see him turn down the avenue. He was too clever to arouse any suspicion in his victim before the proper time.

Conway, now alone in the back room at Reilly's, laughed boyishly and banged his clenched fist on the table.

"I'll come back! I'll come back strong—and I'll make them know it!"

He seemed to be highly delighted at the launching of his new business enterprise with a partner who would take most of the risks.

Faulkner, too, was pleased with himself. His brief report to the chief ran as follows:

Saw Conway, the counterfeiter. He is slipping. Working on a new ten-dollar note. Arrange for four men to cover Reilly's a week from Friday, from six thirty on. They can hide over Levitsky's store, across the street. When Conway comes out, they must follow him wherever he goes. More dope coming. I'll get him!

FAULKNER.

VI

PROMPTLY on the Friday night, at seven o'clock, Conway swung into Reilly's Café and passed through the bar to the back room. Faulkner was there. There was a group of Italians at the center table, so Conway and the detective moved over to a small one near the window.

Conway was in the best of spirits. He monopolized the conversation, giving Faulkner little opportunity to introduce the subject nearest his heart. For two hours they sat talking, smoking, and taking an

occasional drink of near beer. Then the Italians left.

Faulkner seized Conway's arm. "Have you got the stuff with you?" he demanded.

Conway raised his eyebrows, as if surprised at his friend's nervousness.

"No—I left everything at home."

"Why? Isn't the new ten finished?"

"I finished it this afternoon—pulled the final proof just before I came here. It's a beauty. There isn't a man in New York, or in America, who could have done a better job."

It was no boasting—just the simple statement of the artist, the master craftsman, who is satisfied with his product.

"When are you going to turn over a bunch to me and let me go to work?"

Conway turned on Faulkner sharply, so that the detective started visibly, and his hand made an involuntary movement toward his hip pocket. Conway took out a cigarette case, opened it slowly and deliberately, and extracted a cigarette. Then he struck a match, and watched it burn down almost to the end before he lit his cigarette.

"I don't know. I've been thinking that perhaps I'd better not get back into the game. The Patten Company asked me yesterday to do some wood cuts for advertisements—real art work—at a good price, too. I told them of my past, but they're good scouts, and said they were more interested in my present and future. So I don't know—I really don't know!"

Faulkner saw his victim eluding him. If the counterfeiter took this honest work, perhaps he would destroy the new plates. Instead of nailing Conway and sending him back to prison, Faulkner would be the laughing stock of the office with his boast:

"I'll get him!"

The pretended workman began to argue. Wasn't the new ten ready? Wasn't it the best that had ever been produced?

Conway nodded affirmatively.

"Then why not run off a few hundred, anyhow? Even if you want to quit and take this advertising job, there's no reason under the sun why you can't cash in on the work you've done. Turn the stuff over to me. I'll get rid of it. I'll take all the risks. You can lay low and grab your profits. Imagine you, Conway, making cheap engravings to sell soap or chewing gum! That's rich! You're not afraid of any one spotting your ten, are you?"

10

"No!" answered Conway. "I'm not afraid of any one finding anything wrong with this. It's perfect. It had to be. But I hate the thought of leaving New York again. I want to get back into something legitimate."

Faulkner hung on, talking earnestly for a long time, until it seemed from Conway's monosyllabic answers that he was weakening. When the engraver glanced at his watch and said that he was going home, about half past nine, they had a tacit understanding that within a day or two Conway would let Faulkner know definitely what he planned to do.

As the ex-convict left Reilly's, he did not see four men emerge from a building across the street, nor could he look back into the mind of Faulkner and see what was passing there. The detective was complimenting himself on his strategy in planning to arrest Conway this night.

That he would not be in at the death in person was nothing. That was his way of working—never to let any criminal know the man who baited and set the trap. Sometimes juries turned in a verdict of "not guilty." Often judges imposed lenient sentences. Men who went to prison came out again, and it was better, as in this case, that he should not be known to them in his official capacity.

VII

CONWAY went directly to his room. He stopped downstairs only for a moment, to pass a cheery good night to his "mother."

A few minutes after he had entered his own room, and switched on the light, there was a sudden thunder of blows downstairs. Then he heard the old woman's voice raised in a shrill, bitter protest.

Conway stood by the window overlooking the river. The one light in the room fell on his face. A great change took place within him. It was as if he had put on an iron mask. Heavy footsteps on the run pounded up the stairs, but Conway was motionless. He might have been a statue.

Three detectives and a police officer dashed into the room with revolvers in their hands.

"The game is up, Conway!"

He stood with his arms by his side, his face expressionless, as the detectives glanced around at the camera, the lamp, the acid baths, the bench of finishing tools, and other apparatus scattered about the room,

The spokesman approached Conway carefully, until the mouth of the cocked revolver was pushed against the prisoner's side.

"Look around, Jim! See if you can find the plates and the bills. I'll stick close to him."

Hurriedly they searched the room, but although all the necessary equipment and tools of a counterfeiter were there, they could find no trace of plates or counterfeit bills.

"What's in the iron box on the bench, Jim?"

The man addressed tried to open the box. "Locked—a snap lock."

Just then Conway sneezed a very natural sneeze. His hand went to his trouser pocket, and pulled out a handkerchief and something metallic that glistened and jangled. With a quick jerk of his arm he threw the metallic object through the window pane into the river.

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"Bunch of keys! Guess what we want is in the box. Bring it along, Jim. You, Levinson, stay here. Robbins can take care of the old woman downstairs, and we'll look out for Conway. Come on!" he concluded, addressing the prisoner.

Only for a moment Conway's face relaxed with a grimace that should have been a smile, as he asked:

"Where's my friend Faulkner? I expected him to-night. It's too bad to do this without him!"

Evidently his captors were surprised at Conway's knowledge that Faulkner was responsible for his capture. The detectives didn't know that Reilly was a greater friend of Conway's than he was of the police.

"What do you care? You'll find him over the station, if you want him badly enough."

Conway became the silent man again. The mask was replaced. They took him and the locked box to the station, and, after setting the stage and gathering the actors, the play of the preliminary examination began. It was a deadlock from the first. Conway would not answer even the most prosaic, formal questions.

"Open the box," said the chief. "Send for Barrett. Tell him to bring a hammer and a cold chisel."

Barrett, the station man of all work, came, and with three lusty blows smashed the staple and the lock.

"Now we'll see!"

The chief stepped over to the box under the electric light. He lifted the lid. Inside was a roll of paper with a rubber band around it. Under the paper was a wood cut.

The chief tore off the band and spread out the sheet of white paper. An exclamation compounded of dismay and forced admiration broke from his lips.

He saw, framed in a black opening, the face of a lovely little girl with smiling eyes. On the bottom of the sheet, evidently a title for the picture, was the one word "ten." Clipped to there was a note:

To my dear friend Norine on her tenth birthday. In remembrance—UNCLE.

Then Conway threw back his head and laughed loud and long. It was the laugh of a man who has made a promise to the best that is in him, and is keeping his word, in spite of all the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

PIERROT—A ROUNDEL

PIERROT, in the garden wistaria falls;
White pillars gleam in the deep dusk below,
While the curve of the crescent moon, rising, enthalls Pierrot.

Where light prisms clash as the tall candles blow,
She stands by a mirror in shadowy halls,
Like a pale princess carved on an old cameo.

Wistaria swings on the old Spanish walls;
The last yellow poppy closed fast long ago;
There are stars in high heaven, and Pierrette calls Pierrot.

Mary Louise Mabie