

THE SON OF ROYAL LANGBRITH.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART VII.

XXX.

LIFE is never the logical and consequent thing we argue from the moral and intellectual premises. There ought always to be evident reason in it; but such reason as it has is often crossed and obscured by perverse events, which, in our brief perspective, give it the aspect of a helpless craze. Obvious effect does not follow obvious cause; there is sometimes no perceptible cause for the effects we see. The law that we find at work in the material world is, apparently, absent from the moral world; not, imaginably, because it is without law, but because the law is of such cosmical vastness in its operation that it is only once or twice sensible to any man's experience. The seasons come and go in orderly course, but the incidents of human life have not the orderly procession of the seasons; so far as the sages or the saints are able convincingly to affirm, they have only the capricious vicissitude of weather.

Anther had been in charge of Hawberk's case for twenty years; and, though he had always forbidden himself to despair of it, he had long ceased to hope for any final cure. He was used to changes for the better and changes for the worse in Hawberk's habit, and to the psychological consequences when he limited his indulgence and when he lapsed again into his debauch. Under it all, though the man's character was deteriorated or ameliorated, his temperament remained fundamentally the same, and Anther had never ceased to feel the charm of his gayety and his goodness, which, as they reappeared in Hope charmed and deeply touched him. Hawberk's recovery had become personally indifferent to him, so far as it concerned the hopes he had once built upon it; but the girl's joy in it gave poignancy to the fears that had replaced his hopes. In a reasonable forecast of the effect, Hawberk must return in his self-restoration to a full sense of the reality concerning the wrong done him by Langbrith; and in place of the delusion he had promoted in the helpless mendacity of his habit, he must know and speak the truth. There had already been hints of such an eventuality: hints that sickened Anther in the thought of the time

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when he would have welcomed them, and that made him tremble for the misery which the truth must bring upon Hope, through her love for the man whose father had so pitilessly wronged her own. Anther had believed that he wanted justice done. This had been his argument with Judge Garley; it had been his suggestion to Dr. Enderby. It ought to avail him in any emergency, but now it did not avail him, and he accused himself of having cared for the truth only in his own interest, as the truth would have promoted it with Mrs. Langbrith against her son.

What did avail him in the course he must pursue was his sense of professional duty; amidst all the moral confusion, that was clear. He ought to have no question but of the recovery of his patient, and he tried to fix his mind upon this, and not let it stray to any question of consequences. He did his best to keep his study of the case physiological, and not to concern himself with those psychological aspects which Hawberk himself found more interesting, and which he was fond of turning to the light in his visits to his physician. With his escape from the terrors of his opium nightmares, he found a philosophic pleasure in noting facts from which even the physician was aware of shrinking.

Once, toward the end of summer, when they had been "taking stock," as Hawberk called it, of his symptoms, and he was exulting in the reduction of his laudanum to the equivalent of three grains of morphine a day, he said: "The most curious thing about it is that I seem to be doing a sort of Rip Van Winkle act, and waking out of a dream of twenty years or so. It's a dream that's been going on steadily all the while that those little one-horse nightmares have been cavorting round, with green dwarfs on their backs, and playing the devil generally; and this steady dream has had a good genius in it that I'm beginning to have my doubts about, now that I'm waking up. It seems to me that Royal Langbrith wasn't such a friend of mine as I've been trying to make out. What do you think? Or did I put this up on you once before?"

"Not just in so many words."

"Well, I wasn't certain. Royal Langbrith seems to have a better grip as a good genius when I've been dipping into the laudanum pretty freely, than he does when I've kept to the medicine and the tonics. I have my ups and downs about him. But what do *you* think of him in the capacity of a good genius?"

"As I told you before, Hawberk, that's something you've got to work out for yourself."

"And if I've worked it out that he was an infernal scoundrel, and was ready to say so, what are the chances that folks would believe it?"

"The chances would be against you, with your past as an opium-eater."

"They could say it was another of my pipe-dreams?"

"You would have to bring the strongest sort of proof."

"With every one?"

"What makes you think now that you were mistaken about him before?"

"Look here, Doct' Anther, what do *you* think about Royal Langbrith?"

Anther suddenly perceived that he had a duty toward Hawberk not contained in the duty of a physician to his patient: the duty one has to a man whom one knows to have been wronged. "I?" he hesitated. Then he plunged. "*I* think he was an infernal scoundrel!"

Hawberk laughed, queerly. "Don't you *know* he was?"

"Yes, I *know* he was." The truth was open between them, and each was astonished at the effect the open truth had on himself.

"What," Hawberk parleyed, with a smile as queer as his laugh, "should you say we'd ought to do about it?"

"I don't know," Anther candidly avowed. "Once I should have known."

"So should I." And now Hawberk roared with pleasure. "But I guess that devil has *got* us now. I've seen the time when I wanted to go into the cemetery and dig him up and burn him, but I don't know as I do now. What do you say, Doct' Anther? Let bygones be bygones, as the fellow said about his old debts when he started in to make some new ones? Still, it does gravel me when I think of that tablet in the front of the library. I was looking at it as I came along down. Kind of pathetic, too, when you think of Jim. How did they ever keep him in the dark about his father?"

"It happened naturally enough. It rested with his mother; and, when the time came for him to know the facts, the time for her to tell them was past."

"I see. A good deal as it is with me now. You might almost say that devil had planned it out to have his boy make it up with my girl, so as to stop my mouth for good and all. First off, after I lost my wife, I used to think I should like to make him suffer for the lies he threatened me with. I wanted to kill him. Well, what's the use? Somehow, I don't feel that way now. I don't want to revenge myself, and I don't believe she'd want me to revenge her. Curious!" Hawberk reflected, with a pause, in view of the interesting predicament. After a while, he said, "How that devil must have chuckled when he saw me up there, with the other leading citizens that day, dedicating that tablet to his memory! But, Doct' Anther, there's something I can't get through me. I can understand why *I* should be there. I was game for anything, when I was filled up with laudanum; but I don't see how you came to be celebrating the life, death, and Christian sufferings of Royal Langbrith. Never did *you* any harm, did he?"

"Not while he lived," Anther said.

"Kind of fetched you a back-hander from the grave? Well, I don't want to ask you what it was, but I should like to ask how you

came, knowing all you did about him, to let Judge Garley and Dr. Enderby in for their share in the proceedings. They any notion of the peculiar virtues of the deceased?"

A painful flush overspread Anther's face. "I felt it my duty to tell Judge Garley as soon as I found that the scheme had taken shape in James's mind, and he held the legal view of it. He was duly warned, and I have nothing to blame myself with there. I don't feel so easy about Dr. Enderby. I am afraid I let a personal motive influence me in withholding the truth from him until it was practically too late for him to withdraw. I can't decide how much he wished to spare me in arriving at the conclusion he did. He agreed substantially with Garley that no good could come of exposing Langbrith at this late day, and much harm might come. Besides, James was to be considered."

"Ah!" Hawberk said. "That's where I come in. What about James? Hadn't he ought to know about it? Hadn't I ought to have it out with him before he marries a daughter of mine?"

"Dr. Enderby thought that no one should tell him now; that no one could, without interfering with the order of Providence, without forcing God's purposes, as he put it. The truth could come out fully only when it could come out naturally, necessarily, inevitably."

Hawberk fetched a long, deep sigh of relief. "Well, that lets me out. I was feeling my way in that direction, I guess. I guess Doct' Enderby is right. Any rate, I'm going to let the thing rest for the present. I'm satisfied with what I've got. It wouldn't help me any, and it wouldn't help Hope, if the whole thing was out. Let the damned thing be, I say, and that's what I understand Doct' Enderby says: maybe not just in the same words. I don't know as I should exactly want Hope to marry Jim Langbrith, without he had been told something about it—say enough to understand that there wa'n't any flies on me when I was put out. That's only fair to Hope; I don't care for myself. But if there's an order of Providence, I'm willing to wait for the procession. Yes, I'm willing to wait and see if there is any procession. If there ain't, it'll be time enough to start one. Well, Doct' Anther," Hawberk said, putting out his hand to the doctor as he rose, "I don't want to holler before I'm out of the woods, but as far as I'm a judge, you've saved me, body and soul. I don't know how you feel, but I should be glad to swap my feelings for yours, whatever they are. Yes," and Hawberk broke down with his laugh from the height of sentiment he had reached; "I don't know but I'd be willing to swap Royal Langbrith's feelings for yours, this minute."

Anther could not refuse to join in his laugh, but he felt it right to put in a word of caution. "We mustn't brag about your case. But I'll say that I've hopes of you that I never had before. It now rests with you, mainly. If we pull through together, I'll be glad to swap feelings with you. We won't say anything about Langbrith; he mightn't be willing to trade."

"Not without some boot, you may bet," Hawberk shouted, with supreme joy in the joke, as he went out of the doctor's door, where the doctor stood looking after him, not unhappy for himself, as he ought logically to have been in contrasting his hopeless life with the life that was beginning anew so hopefully for Hawberk, and with something of the peace that passes understanding in his heart.

XXXI.

John Langbrith continued to talk of going away. Upon the inspiration of meeting an old acquaintance whom he asked where he had been keeping himself of late, and who answered that he had been in Japan, John Langbrith began to think of going round the world, as a little experimental journey, since a man could go to Japan and back without being noticed. He asked Anther what he thought of circumnavigating the globe as a remedy for nervous dyspepsia, and the doctor told him he did not think it would be bad. Then John Langbrith said he had half a notion to go out to Paris, and see James; there had never been much affection between them, but John Langbrith considered that James could get him a comfortable boarding-place, where he could stay while he was picking out some German spring to go to more permanently. He asked Anther if he did not think some of those German springs would be good for him. Again Anther said that he did not think it would be bad; and this suggested giving Saratoga a trial. John Langbrith could go to Saratoga for a week before the season ended, and he shaped his business so that he could put it in the hands of a young subordinate, with instructions to reach him by telegraph if needed, for he could return at a second's notice; and he actually went. At Saratoga he drank impartially of all the waters, at all hours of the day, without regard to diet, and came home worse, if anything, than he went, but somehow with a sense of renewed energy.

He took hold with so much force that, before the snow flew, he had, as he phrased it to Anther, got round to a little back of where he started. Then the doctor indulged a sentiment of something like poetic justice, in suggesting a means of relief for John Langbrith from one side of his work, and of benefit for another patient.

"Why don't you split up your responsibility?" he asked. "Shoulder the business half yourself, and let Hawberk look after the manufacturing. He needs something to help keep him out of mischief, and he is able now to take hold of the paper-making and run it as well as ever he did. He hasn't forgotten how to use his own inventions, I guess."

John Langbrith's jaundiced eyes emitted a yellow light of appreciative relish. "Lord! Make Royal turn in his grave—what there's left of him to turn! Do you mean to say you could put any dependence on Hawberk?"

"Why not? It would be merely a mechanical exercise of his faculties, and it would occupy him and keep his mind off the opium."

"Lord!" John Langbrith said again; and after a moment's muse, he said, "Send him round," and so took himself away with a galvanic activity that supported him in his automatic progress toward the mills.

Hawberk had much the same sardonic pleasure as Langbrith had shown at the notion of his being re-instated in his old charge; but it was sweetened to something better by the virtues of temperament in him. "Now, Hope," he bade his daughter, after the first day's experiment had justified the confidence with which he entered on his work, "you write to James about this. He'll like to hear about it, and he'll like to hear about it from *you*. And you tell him it was Doct' Anther's idea. He'd ought to like that, too, and the doctor'd ought to have the credit of it, anyway. If I should make a slump, later on, I'll take the credit of *that*. But I guess there ain't going to *be* any slump."

The few spectators of Hawberk's experiment who could witness it with a fully comprehensive intelligence of the case, regarded it according to their respective natures. To the community at large, it had the interest of something miraculous—something between rising from the dead and returning cured from an inebriate asylum. If anything could have rendered Hawberk a more dramatically notable member of society than he had been as an opium-eater of twenty-five years' standing, it was his novel quality of reformed opium-eater. This gave him a claim upon the wonder of every stranger who came to Saxmills, and it conferred the right on every citizen to point him out to the sojourner in his going and coming. This fascination of the fact extended itself to Hope, when she happened to be seen, and to the house where the Hawberks lived.

The general belief was, that the thing would not last; and this was the particular belief of Judge Garley, who owned his scepticism to Dr. Anther, with some tendency to an amiable criticism of Anther's share in the affair. He had seen so little of reform, in his acquaintance with the law, he said, that he was shy of it wherever he saw it. But he was willing to give it time; it never took much time. Perhaps, though, he suggested, this was a case not so much under the law as under the gospel. If that was so, he would like to know if the doctor really believed in the supernatural.

"No," Anther said, "only in the natural." And this was, substantially, the answer which he opposed to Mrs. Enderby's secret wistfulness regarding a fact which she beheld as with clasped hands, uncertain how, as a church-woman, she ought to feel toward miracles post-dating those of Scripture. She would have liked to feel the hand of God in the tardy and partial retribution of a man cruelly wronged; and it is doubtful if she thought the rector quite level with his spiritual opportunities in his preference of Dr. Anther's theory, that the unexpected was one of the things always to be looked for in the practice of medicine. What measurably consoled her was the tender seriousness of her husband in the whole matter—

the brotherly affection which he showed Hawberk in the relation which he was able to form with him, as a man doing a man's part in the world's work after long uselessness, and the delicacy with which he forebore to recognize that there was anything novel in this performance of duty by Hawberk. She was peculiarly touched when he proposed that they should have Hope and her father to supper, and she promised that she should be forever ashamed that she had let her husband think of it first.

Mrs. Enderby atoned, as far as she could, by asking Mrs. Langbrith and Dr. Anther, but neither of them could come, and she wasn't sorry that they had the Hawberks alone; with retrospective prevision she perceived that anything else would have been overdoing it. She found Hawberk very entertaining. He talked frankly of getting back to his old work in the mill, and he tried to make her understand an invention he had hopes of perfecting for the "Dandy Roll," as he called it, so that the water-marking of paper could be done at an immense saving of time and money. He explained to her that the words, or designs, to be water-marked had now to be put in by hand with bits of fine wire, and sewed on a cylinder with fine metallic thread; but he was trying to make a Dandy Roll on which the design could be changed as easily as if it were a section of type in a printer's form. It was very luminous while he talked, but it all faded away afterwards, and left in Mrs. Enderby's intelligence only the words "Dandy Roll," which had a queer fascination, together with a sense of Hawberk's dignity and enthusiasm about it.

Hope was gay, as always; but it seemed to Mrs. Enderby that she was not so gay as she had sometimes seen her, when she had far less reason to be so. There was a shadow of anxiety in her beauty which Mrs. Enderby wondered never to have found there before, and a sound of anxiety in her lovely tones unheard before. She thought she could see the girl closely following all her father did and said; but perhaps it was only the effect in her of hopes not cherished till now, naturally betraying themselves in anxieties. As a matter of fact, Hope had no reason to feel anything but joy in her father's restoration to his old usefulness. There was no poison of a gratified vengeance in her heart, for it was agreed almost tacitly between Hawberk and Anther that no good could come of her knowing, for the present at least, the outrage of the past. "Time enough," her father had gone so far as to say, "for Hope to be brought into all that when we see that it's got to come out generally. I don't know as I should feel just right about letting her keep on with Jim, if she was one to blame a man for what she has to suffer instead of for what he has done. Any rate, till we see our way to telling Jim, I guess we'd better keep dark with Hope, heigh?"

Whatever might have been the full mind of Dr. Anther, he assented to Hawberk's decision, though he had to hold to it against

counter reasoning that searched his deeper nature or his complexer conscience. It was not finally strange to him that this reasoning should have come from one whose peace was more intimately involved than that of any one but Hope herself. 'Anther must long ago, if it had not been for his tenderness of her, have owned that Mrs. Langbrith had shown a moral cowardice concerning her son, which was hardly less than a culpable weakness; but he defended her to himself, because he perceived that weakness could never be culpable. He might as well blame any of the feeble creatures which she made him think of for not being strong, and he was not ready with praise for the unexpected force which she showed, where he took her weakness for granted. He merely reflected that he had not taken into account the pity of women for women, when one of them has been able to put herself perfectly in another's place, and to ignore in behalf of their sex's helplessness the other claims of nature. A sense of this awed him at Mrs. Langbrith's refusal to acquiesce in Hawberk's notion of what was best to be done in regard to Hope. At first, she had seemed to acquiesce in it, as something that superiorly concerned the father and the daughter. Then one day, suddenly, she went to Anther, and, not finding him, she left a message of peremptory entreaty for him; and they found themselves together, in the early falling twilight of an autumn day, in the dim parlor where their middle-aged drama had already seemed to play itself out.

"I can't let this go on, Dr. Anther," she said, traversing any pretense of greeting between them when he appeared. "Mr. Hawberk is making a mistake. Hope ought to *know*. She ought to be *told*. James is his father's *son*. He may be *like* him. He may make his wife suffer what his father made me suffer. How do we know what he is doing there in Paris, now?"

She was a woman of few words, and in these few she had compacted her suspicions, her reasons, her conclusions; and, though she pressed them upon Anther with hysterical nervousness, he had to respect the sense there was in them, as well as the anguish there was behind them.

He could only parley, for a beginning. "He is *your* son, too, Amelia."

"And what if he is?" she retorted. "What is *me* in him will be crushed out by what is *him* in him," and Anther saw that she had thought it better than she could speak it, though but for her erring grammar it was spoken well enough.

He said, "I should not fear for her in her marriage with James. She is a stronger character than he."

"That was what I said when I began to think of it. But the weakest man can make the strongest woman suffer things worse than death; and I don't care whether there would be any suffering or not. There would be wrong. She has a right to know. Her father has no right to keep her from knowing. Why, it's wicked!"

What will she think, what will he say if she doesn't find it out till afterwards?"

"He can say that he didn't know himself. She will not blame him, at any rate."

"That isn't enough. She has got to have the right to say now she will not marry the son of such a man. Will you tell her?"

Anther reflected. "No, Amelia," he said, "I don't think that I will tell her."

"Why?"

"Because I have only the relation of her father's physician to her. If I could have had another relation to her," and Mrs. Langbrith winced at the implication, so that he felt sorry for it, "I might have been justified in telling her. As it is, I don't."

"Well, then," Mrs. Langbrith said, desperately, "I will tell her."

"Before you tell *him*?"

The question daunted her; it was necessary, but he realized its cruelty as well as its necessity. She gasped inarticulately; the unfalling tears started into her eyes. She had, as he saw, reached the limit of her small strength. It must be days or weeks, possibly months, before she could gather force for a new effort.

Anther tried to say something consoling to her; he succeeded only in saying something compassionate, which did not avail. "You have taken away my chance," she said, and he would not take from her the slight stay she found in her resentment.

XXXII.

Anther noted in himself, with curious interest, the accomplished adjustment of the spirit to circumstances that once seemed impossible, and the acceptance of conditions which before had been intolerable. He had gone on to the end of a certain event, strongly willing and meaning something which then he no longer willed or meant. With a sense of acquiescent surprise he found himself at peace with desires and purposes that had long afflicted him with unrest, and it was not they, apparently, that differed, but himself. To the young this will be a mystery, but to those no longer young it will be of the quality of many experiences which, if still mysterious, are not more so than the whole texture of existence.

He had foregone a hope that had seemed essential to his life, but that, once foregone, was like other things outlived—like something of years ago, of his early manhood, almost of his boyhood. He was still baffled and disappointed, but he perceived that he did not care, did not suffer, as he supposed he should care and suffer. It was his compensation that what was ignoble in his regret was gone from it. Neither resentment nor the selfish sense of loss tinged it. Primarily, his regret was hardly for himself; and he perceived that, so far as it concerned another, it was mixed with a sense of escape from anxiety, from fears which the fulfilment of his hopes would have perpetuated. He realized more and more that he had been

having to do with weakness, and he realized this not in contempt of weakness, but in the compassion which was the constant lesson of his calling. He blamed Mrs. Langbrith, in her shrinking from collision with her son's will, no more than he would have blamed any timorous creature for seeking to shun a physical ordeal to which it was unequal. He had, at least, learned patience and mercy from his acquaintance with disease; and he had learned to distinguish between what was disease and what was an innate fault which no drugs, either for the soul or body, could medicine.

What surprised him and, when it first suggested itself, shocked him, was a sort of reason, which was not an excuse, for Royal Langbrith in the defect which he realized. Given such a predatory nature as his, was it not in the order of things that there should be another nature formed for his prey? Must not the very helplessness of his victim have been the irresistible lure of his cruelty? We are not masters of those vagaries, good or evil, that fill the mind after its disoccupation by direct purposes; and Anther did not seriously blame himself for their wild play. He broke this up and banished the vagaries sometimes by calling to his help things that he ought to think of, or by confronting them with the woman they wronged and so rendered the more tenderly dear to him.

She was, in fact, never more tenderly dear to him than now, when he had abandoned the hope, almost the wish, of making her his wife. She had been a wife long ago, and yet he began to feel a sort of profanation in the idea of making her a wife. The time came when Anther wondered whether he had ever really felt a passion for her, such as even in middle life a man may feel for a woman, and whether, in that embrace into which they had once been surprised, there was any love other than the affection of a brother and sister, drawn heart to heart in a moment of supreme emotion. At such a time he made entire excuse for James Langbrith, and accounted for him as forgivingly as for her. If her son had instinctively the feeling which had tardily worked itself out in Anther's consciousness, then, surely, it was not the son whom he could blame. One hints at cognitions which refuse anything more positive than intimation, and which can have no proof in the admissions of those who deal conventionally with their own consciences. It was because Anther was not one of these that he was a nature of exceptional type, and because he could accept the logic of his self-knowledge that he was a character of rare strength. He was strong enough not only to forgive the frantic boy who had insulted and outraged him in his pain, but to feel a share in the error which had kept him in ignorance of the truth. It was not the less his right to know this because there had never been the moment to make it known to him. Anther realized that the boy had been deeply injured, and he accepted his own share of the retribution as the just penalty of his share in the error. He saw, too late, that it was his weakness not to have overruled the weakness which he

spared the supreme ordeal. He promised himself, somehow, sometime, to make good to James Langbrith the wrong he had suffered.

In this self-promise, after the experience which had stirred his life to its depths, he found a limpid peace from which his dream of passion hung retreatingly aloof, like a cloud broken and drifting away. He had a gayety of heart for which he did not logically account, but in which he felt the power of consoling and supporting the weakness he had once imagined protecting through a husband's rights. When he first saw Mrs. Langbrith after his tacit renunciation, much more real than that explicit renunciation which preceded it, he was aware of an apprehension in her which it was not for words to quiet. By what he forebore, he must make her know that he had ceased to think of her as he had thought, and that she was as safe from the pursuit of what had been his love as from the reproach which he would never join her in making herself.

They talked of Hope and Langbrith, and of the reason there was in believing that it might be safe for the girl to trust her father to himself, if James wished it, before very long. Mrs. Langbrith did not know directly of her son's plans and purposes. Apparently, the communication between them was formal and restricted, and she spoke of what was in her mind rather because of the girl than of him. In an involuntary measurement of her interest with his own, it appeared to Anther that it was he who was the more concerned for James Langbrith; and it was with surprise that he saw she really did not understand him at first when he said, "I wish he could be assured that, when he comes home, there will be no question of its being the same home to him that it has always been."

"I don't know what you mean," she returned.

"I really believe you don't," he said, musingly, with his unselfish gaze on her. "Well," he explained, "that he need not be afraid of my making a difference in it."

"Oh!" she evaded whatever challenge she might have fancied in the words, "he will have a home of his own. Dr. Anther," she continued, "I don't know what you'll think of me, but I don't feel the same towards James that I used to. I can't make it out, exactly, but should you think it was wicked if I had changed so that I did not care for him so much? When I was a child I was that way, if ever they made me do what I didn't want to do, and didn't make me see the reason. I remember it about my mother once, when I was quite little. I had to do what she made me, but after that she wasn't the same to me. It is so with James, now. He is not the same to me. I don't want to punish him for it, but he is not the same. I don't know whether I explain it."

"Yes, I think you do."

"And do you blame me?"

"No, but I think you may change again towards him." She

shook her head doubtfully. "You're one of those who need to get back their strength when they have been tried."

His pitying intelligence was very sweet to her. "If I tried to say what I thought of *you*,—" she began.

"Don't try," he said, simply, and she did not.

She said, "I don't like to think how you have to live there in that way, taking your meals out, and your house so uncomfortable."

"Is it uncomfortable? I don't notice those things very much. I like going to the hotel; it gives variety, and it seems to me I don't get things so cold as I did with Mrs. Burwell."

She gave a housekeeper's sigh of compassion, but she said, from a higher feeling, "I know why you bought it."

"Yes, I told you. But that's all past now."

"Why is it past?" she demanded, almost resentfully. "Do you think I've changed towards you, too, Dr. Anther?"

"No, I don't, Amelia. I believe you're just what you always were towards me."

"Then, if it's all past, as you say, it must be you that have changed."

"No. I am the same, too."

She looked at him with a wistfulness which he knew to be entreaty of him for that strength to give herself to him which she did not feel in her own will.

"If you say so," she tried her courage, "I will do it now—to-morrow—to-day, if you say so. I told you that James took back what he said; that he was willing. At any rate, what is the use? He can never feel right to me after this, no matter what I do. I know him—he can't forgive the hurt to his pride."

"It was a hurt to something better than his pride," Anther said, justly.

"No matter. It's something he can't forgive me and I don't care. You're more than James is, and now he doesn't want me—he won't need me. If you ask me now to marry you, I will."

He believed that he saw in her the little maximum of her force, which perhaps spent itself in the words, and would have nothing left for the deed. The deed must be altogether his. In the sweetness that welled up in his soul from the consciousness of perfectly comprehending, not her intention merely, but her nature, he was happier than the fulfilment of his hopes could once have made him.

"Do you say that, Amelia, because you wish it or because you think I do?"

"I want to do everything that you want me to."

"Then I don't want you to do this, my dear. I know you will understand me. I don't believe we ought to get married."

"Because James—?"

"He has nothing to do with it, now. Because we can be more to each other if we remain as we are."

She looked bewilderedly at him, but he believed that he saw in her the relief that weakness intimates to one who forbears demand upon it. She had fulfilled her impulse, and spent all her force on it. She was not hurt, either in her vanity or affection. He could see, indeed, that she trusted him too entirely for such an effect.

"Then," she said, in simple abeyance to his judgment, "Will you let me do anything for you that I think you need?"

"What is there that I need?" he parried her question. "I am very well as I am. I assure you that I am quite as I wish to be. I don't feel what seems to you discomfort, and after this understanding, that has no misunderstanding in it, I shall feel happier about you than I have ever felt. If I didn't believe you would rather live your life alone, or if I could believe you wanted me to join mine with it for any help I could give, you know I would make you do what you have offered to let me. But I believe the one thing, and I don't believe the other. I know you're wanting to put yourself under my will to sacrifice yourself to me.

"No!"

"Yes, it is so. If you ever want my help or counsel or friendship, you know it is always here for you, as fully and freely as if I were your husband—perhaps more so. At any rate, I should not exact anything in return, for I need nothing!"

"But if you ever do need anything—me or anything I can do—you will you promise—promise—"

"Oh, yes, I will ask you. I promise you that."

Nothing seems final in human experience, and neither of these two who now parted really accepted the conclusion to which they had come as the last word in their affair. It was to be held in that sort of solution in which all human affairs are held, until that happens which can alone precipitate them. She went on with the life to which alone she was, perhaps, equal. She was, at any rate, inveterately used to its abnegations, if they were abnegations; and he did the daily duties which were always full of interest and had the variety which keeps men from stagnating. He had not falsely pretended that he liked meeting the new people he met at the hotel, and he was richer in old companionships than most men of his age. The new people, it must be confessed, were oftenest the commercial travellers whose enterprises brought them to Saxmills. But, to a man who took other men as unconventionally as he offered himself, they were less typical and more personal than they are in common acceptance. The younger ones might be noisy in manner, and over-jocular with one another at table and in the hotel office, where Anther sometimes paused for a moment of digestion after his meals, before driving off on his calls. But with the old fellow, whose bounds they did not try to traverse, they were quiet and gentle. When they had identified him, through the landlord, they liked to ask him if there was much sickness around. Now

and then, one submitted a malady of his own to Anther, and took his medicine with a deferential inquiry whether the doctor thought smoking hurt a man. Now and then, there was a young family man among them, who was homesick for his wife and babies. The older family men liked the quiet of Anther's willing talk, and put before him their own philosophic conjectures and conclusions about life in general. Of their own sort of life they were confessedly tired, but what, at their time of day, could a man do? If they could get hold of a piece of land near a good market, they would be all right. What about abandoned farms in that neighborhood?

Among the transients, there happened people who had chanced stopping at Saxmills, because they had a fancy for seeing what such a place was like. They were people of independent tastes, from some of the larger cities, and of æsthetic occupations or none, who brought the waft of a larger life and the eagerness of a sympathetic intelligence. There was once an elderly couple from the West, who, after sparsely owning that they were originally from this part of the country, developed into pilgrims to the old homestead of one or other of them, which they thought of buying back and fixing up for a summer place, if they could get the children to see it the same way. More than once there was a young couple, still in the flush of immediate marriage, who were breaking their wedding journey to Portland or Montreal or Boston, and were first diffident and then confident of Anther's good-will in his approaches to their acquaintance.

Besides all these, there were regular boarders, as the bank cashier and his wife, somewhat arid financial and social types; and that young and foolish matron who seldom fails, in any village community, to supply food for general reflection, and who, in the idleness of the hotel, where her young husband, a travelling man, had left her, amuses herself by wearing a white yachting-cap and a toothpick about the verandas, and varying her monotonous leisure by buggy-rides with a merchant of the place old enough to behave better.

Anther liked to drop in on Judge Garley of a late afternoon, when he commonly found the jurist reading a novel; he preferred the translations of French novels, which he devoured insatiably, but was as fond, in another way, of scientific tracts, such as he found in the mustard-colored Humboldt series; he liked psychology in any sort and size. With Anther he had always a certain effect of consideration, as one to whom, if not apology, tenderness was due, because of his peculiarities of temperament. The Langbrith incident remained closed between them, and there was no reason for Anther to believe that Garley had any misgivings as to his own attitude in it. Such spare reference to that business as Anther permitted himself was in his talk with Dr. Enderby, whom he fancied of an uneasy mind concerning it, and with whom he had a humane interest in administering the anodyne of his own final peace. It was,

in fact, from the rector's reasoning to the conclusion he had reached before, that Anther was most helpful to his friend; Enderby himself was never so much satisfied with being in the right, as sure that he was right in what he had done. It was one of those experiences, he once owned, that intimate a less perfect adjustment of the moral elements in this life than we may hope for in the life hereafter; as if the earthly materials of conduct were cruder and coarser than the spirit which dealt with them, and which was attuned to finer issues of behavior. Occasionally, he asked if Anther knew anything of James Langbrith's immediate purposes, and if he might be expected to return at all soon. He betrayed that he was not at rest with regard to Langbrith's unwittingly making another a sharer in the responsibilities which he must some day assume towards the past.

Mrs. Enderby kept herself as fully instructed as possible from Hope as to the future of the young people, and if she partook of her husband's uneasiness, she did not show it. Perhaps, in that optimistic view of marriage which some of the best women take voluntarily, if not instinctively, she looked forward to that as the panacea of whatever ills life had in store for them. Of course, she allowed, Hope ought somehow to know the truth before she committed herself to the keeping of such a man's son, but this she felt would be somehow divinely rather than humanly accomplished; in reverting to the comfort of a more positive faith from her ancestral Unitarianism, she grew constantly in the grace of a belief in, at least, subjective miracles. That everything would come out right in the end, was so clearly a part of the universal justice, that she could not have final question of it. When she permitted herself to join in any of the rare and guarded approaches of Anther and her husband to the matter, it was to interpose herself between what the doctor might say and its effect upon the rector. She made herself the interpreter of Anther's acquiescence in the rector's reasoning, so that it should be more of the nature of a robust and positive support. If it would not have taken from Enderby the honor of being first to reach a right conclusion, she might have argued that Anther had himself intimated it to him—when she was less confident of it she sometimes conjectured this. But, for the most part, she was sure that Dr. Enderby had been inspired to it, and that the notion of patience, of waiting on the Supreme Will, of looking for what the older theology called a "leading," was the true ground to take. She was the more to be praised in this, because patience was not one of her innate virtues, and it was ordinarily her practice in life to anticipate the signs and tokens for which she was now willing to trust.

Something, in fact a great deal, she held, was to be hoped from Hawberk's return to health and work. There, she argued, was proof that the case had never really lapsed into forgetfulness with the Power that makes for righteousness. It was affecting, it was

enough to bring the tears—and she showed them in her eyes—to know, as she knew by her husband's report of Anther's confidences, how poor Hawberk was taking the cruel wrong that had been done him by that wretched creature. No one else, surely, ought to insist upon justice, if *he* preferred mercy; and, certainly, if Hawberk took such a large, humane view, her husband ought to feel himself fully confirmed in it. Such a man could be trusted with the decision of what ought to be done about Hope. If he was willing to let the matter go for the present, no one else need bother.

To this conclusion, in these terms, Mrs. Enderby came; and, without transgressing the bounds of confidence in her cordiality with Hawberk, she tried to throw into her manner an appreciation, an approbation, which should be a reward to him, even in its want of relevance. As nearly as she might with self-respect, she lay in wait for him in his goings and comings to and from the mills, and she sent the very latest of her autumn flowers home by him, now to his daughter, and now to his mother-in-law, so that the old lady might not feel neglected. After one of the gay confabulations which Hawberk was as willing to hold as herself, she told him that now she knew where Hope got her happiness, and he owned that, well, yes, that sort of thing seemed to run in the family. As to his infirmity and his recovery from it, she would have liked to question him about it; but no opening offered itself, though she felt that Mr. Hawberk would have been perfectly willing to talk if they had once begun.

He was the most enthusiastic and optimistic of convalescents, and Anther, who had always to count with some sort of weakness, physical or moral, in his patients, had not the worse weakness to deal with in Hawberk. It was weakness of body, not of spirit, that confronted the physician, who could caution, but must not alarm, his patient as to his limitations. Hawberk was more strenuous than Anther in pushing their advantages against the common enemy, when he had begun sensibly to realize them. Without instruction, he suspended the laudanum altogether for a week; and one morning, at the end of it, he fell in the street, and was carried home senseless. It was just when John Langbrith had summoned his forces to the point of putting the mills into the charge of Hawberk and his business assistant, preparatory to going round the world so quickly that he would not be missed before he got back. When they told him of what had happened to Hawberk he said, "Hell!" and took up his burden again.

Hawberk went back to the alternating bane and antidote, and was much sooner at his work than John Langbrith in his skepticism could have imagined; but Langbrith's faith in him was gone, in spite of all that Anther could say or do to restore it. Even when, as the winter wore along towards the spring, and he was made to believe that Hawberk's laudanum had been gradually reduced again to nothing, and he had the witness of Hawberk's enthusiastic

efficiency against his own doubts, he practised a sardonic self-denial with regard to the fact.

"You let it run along till winter," he said to Anther, "and, if he keeps up till then, it'll be time enough to talk to me about taking a vacation. But I guess I've got enough of putting an opium-eater in charge of the mills, for one while."

In early April, when the first of the blackbirds had come prospecting as far north as Saxmills, Hawberk was one day making a personal examination of the logs in the boom at the head-gates, for certain sticks which he wished to experiment with, in a new idea of pulp which he had got. He slipped and fell into the water, still icy-cold; but he easily climbed out, and hurried home, to laugh at the prophecies of his mother-in-law, who told him that he had taken his death, as soon as he came dripping into the house. For once in a long series of gloomy forecasts, she was right. Pneumonia set in and, twenty-four hours after it set in, death put his seal to the cure of opium-eating which Doctor Anther had effected in a typical case.

As long as she lived, the seeress could boast, not only that she knew Hawberk would die as soon as she laid eyes on him, but also that, if Doctor Anther could have attended him, Hawberk would not have died.

XXXIII.

In March, John Langbrith's misery had pushed him to the desperate step of writing to his nephew that, somehow, at any risk or cost, he must get away from work for a while. It was not a case of life or death, and neither he nor Anther had pretended that it was so; but it was a case of what a man could stand and care to live. He said this to his nephew; but he said also that he had merely reached the point where he did not care what became of the business. If James Langbrith cared, he had better come home and look after it; for, in a month from the time he wrote, John Langbrith was going to leave it. Like some men who have found a grim pleasure in suppressing their feelings, and who, upon a sudden occasion, find a yet grimmer pleasure in freeing them, he poured out on his nephew the disgust he had bottled up in his heart for James Langbrith's views and aims, and said that he had better learn to make paper than plays, for more people wanted it; there was more demand even for poor paper than for poor plays. He said something about James Langbrith's being old enough to leave off being a loafer, and to turn to and do something for a living.

The letter, rightly read, was a cry of physical pain; but there is no doubt that it was a vulgar and abusive cry, and it filled Langbrith with a fury which was not greater than his astonishment. In his whole life, his uncle had never spoken so many words to him on business, and had never offered him any criticism on what he was doing or proposing to do. He had felt a sardonic reserve in John Langbrith at their spare encounters, but so long as it

continued reserve he did not care for it. He had a general contempt for his uncle, as a sort of mechanical-minded insect who could fulfil its office without volition or imagination, and now this insect had venomously risen and stung him in the tenderest part of his vanity. But he resolved to be a gentleman in repelling the attack. He determined not to answer John Langbrith's letter till he had let his wrath cool; not to judge him till he had submitted the case to another. The other was, of course, Falk, who did not give the matter too great thought when Langbrith pushed the letter peremptorily between him and a sketch Falk was making, and required to know what he thought of it. Falk read it with the sort of amusement which the pain of such a man as Langbrith is apt to give those who know him, and even those who like him; but, though he smiled, he could not refuse his friend the justice of owning, "Pretty nasty letter!"

Langbrith briefly wrote back to his uncle that he was not prepared to leave Paris at the moment; but that, if John Langbrith wished to relinquish his charge of the mills, it would be entirely acceptable to have them left in the hands of his business lieutenant and of Mr. Hawberk, who, as the old and devoted friend of his father, would doubtless feel, as his father's brother seemed not to have felt, the importance and sacred character of the charge. He made no reply to John Langbrith's sarcasms, but suffered himself the expression of a high, impersonal regret that he should have always mistakenly inferred his uncle's character from his father's. He could not, however, be altogether sorry that he had credited John Langbrith with the noble nature and magnanimous ideals of Royal Langbrith. Brief as it was, the letter was as insolently foolish as it could well be, and John Langbrith, reading it on the way up to Hawberk's house, where he had been summoned by news of Hawberk's dangerous condition, pushed it into his pocket with a pleasure in not having been mistaken as to the writer which few men would have been able to feel.

He had been told that he had better go up, by the young doctor who was hopelessly looking after Hawberk in place of Dr. Anther, then in the second week of typhoid fever. Anther had fought against the fever to the last, and when he succumbed to it he was already delirious, so that it was not known whether his asking for Mrs. Langbrith was or was not from a mind fully master of itself. But it did not matter. She was already on her way to him, at the first rumor of his sickness; and she carried her home into his homeless house, and gave him the tireless devotion in which alone she was not weak. She took her two women with her and installed them in the place, which she stripped the Langbrith homestead to make a little less comfortless. She published, so far as her action went, the fact of their affection to the whole village world. To some of those who came to offer the help she almost passionately refused; she said that Dr. Anther and she were engaged, and

that they were to be married as soon as he was well again. In the sort of vehemence with which she declared this, she might well have wished to put her purpose beyond recall. Mrs. Enderby and Mrs. Garley would have helped her; there were few in the village who would not have been glad to offer help, if that of her nearest friends and his had been allowed. She was not stupidly and jealously set upon the sole charge of the sick man: it was she who had first thought of having a trained nurse from Boston, and had suggested it to the young doctor, who did not like to venture on it. She put herself second to the nurse, and subordinately shared her duties and vigils, claiming no rights and asserting no hopes they had not in common. She had not even the poor consolation of being the subject of the sick man's ravings. His crazy thoughts ran mostly upon Hawberk, whom he fancied advising and cautioning as to his case. Two or three times he dimly knew Mrs. Langbrith, but supposed himself in her own house with her. He sometimes mistook the nurse for her. All the tragedy that had allied them in the past, the baffle, the defeat, the despair was wiped out; and a trivial cheerfulness replaced it in the sick man's delirium.

John Langbrith came to tell her of Hawberk's death, and he said to the bewilderment in which she listened, "What are you going to do about James? He ought to come home, if he ever means to; but *I* can't make him."

"I will," she said from her daze, without asking him why he could not do it, as he, perhaps, intended. But she sat still without offering to put her will into any sort of effect.

"I've got the cablegram-blank with me," John Langbrith said. "You want to cable him, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered. "What shall I say?" she asked.

"Oh, anything, just 'Hawberk dead: come immediately.'"

She wrote mechanically from his dictation; then she put in a word.

"Well," John Langbrith said, with his grim smile, "it wa'n't necessary to have the 'Mister,' but it only costs twenty-five cents more, and he didn't get the 'Mister' so often while he was alive. Want to sign it, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," and she took the despatch from him. Then, after a hesitation she signed it "Mother" and gave it back, and let him go without asking anything about Hope.

John Langbrith staid two days for Hawberk's funeral; then, with some formality, referring to the favorable symptoms in Anther's case, which he would not have observed, perhaps, if they had been unfavorable, he broke away from his work, and took his misery with him on a vacation. He had a blind notion that a sea voyage would be the thing for him, and he thought of a trip to Bermuda. But he found that he could not get back under a week, and, desperate as he was, he could not bring himself to put that time be-

tween him and possible recall to his life cares. He devolved upon a trip to Old Point Comfort, and went and returned by the coast-wise steamers, which encountered heavy weather enough to prolong both voyages, and to give him several days of haggard unrest at the beach hotel. He got in, he considered, a full week of sea-air by this means, and he arrived in New York one morning in time to take a Boston train which would connect for Saxmills, so that he could sleep at home that night.

He imagined it in this phrase before he realized, with a sardonic humor, that it would be going to bed, rather than sleeping, at home. He did not know how he was ever to sleep again anywhere; and the flame in his stomach fretted him to a white heat of exasperation with everything in life and the world. He was going back not better but worse, and he was going to take up alone the burden that Hawberk had divided with him during the last six months. Why need Hawberk have died now, damn him? He raged, and he cursed the fool for losing his life on that idiotic venture, when he could have sent any boy in the mills to pick out the right logs. In his thought, he visited the insufficiency of his business lieutenant with equal fury and profanity, and wondered what hell of a muddle he would have contrived to make of things in the week that he had been left alone. He included Anther in the rage of his condemnation, for being down with typhoid just when his skill was needed to save Hawberk, and he included that young jackass of an Emering, who knew as much about practising medicine as John Langbrith knew about sailing a ship. The figure was an effect from his recent voyages, in which all forms of navigation had fallen under his contempt, as incompetent to supply a man with the seasickness on which he had counted as one of the means of relief from his dyspepsia. While the boat rolled and pitched, and cries for help hailed the stewards from every stateroom, he had kept a steadfast stomach, such as it was; and he had maniacally calculated in his anguish that there was not enough water in the Atlantic Ocean to put out the fire that was burning in his hold.

It was still smoldering when the train stopped ten minutes for refreshment at New Haven, and Langbrith, who had started breakfastless from New York, recklessly decided to supply it with fresh fuel. As everything indifferently disagreed with him, he did not see why he should not have a cup of turbid coffee, a plate of cold beans and a piece of apple-pie, as well as anything wholesome, and he was wiping the traces of this repast from his shaggy moustache when he ran for his train, and scrambled into his parlor-car, just before the porter picked up his carpeted-step and swung himself aboard. As he crowded through the narrow aisle on his way to take his seat again, he glanced into the smoking-room and met the eye of his nephew, who turned at the same moment from watching the shipping in the harbor through the windows and over the platforms of the cars receding on the sidings.

They knew each other with less surprise on John Langbrith's part than James Langbrith's; but it was the uncle who expressed an ironical astonishment, when he decided to be first to break the silence in which they were glaring at each other. "Oh!" he said, "*thought* you'd come over!"

XXXIV.

Everything in the sight of the young man made the older man hate him; but, most of all, it was the indefinable touch of Europe, of France, of the Latin Quarter in James Langbrith's dress which, while it could not interpret itself explicitly to John Langbrith's ignorance, expressed something superiorly and offensively alien.

"Uncle John," the young man's misfortune was to intensify this effect by the tone of his suggestion, "don't you think we had better leave anything of this sort till after—till later?"

"No, I don't," John Langbrith sourly responded. And he came into the smoking-room, and sat down in a chair opposite the corner of the sofa where James had been looking out of the window.

They had the place to themselves. It was the train which used to be called the "ladies' train," because of its convenient hours and slower gait, suitable to the leisurely transit of the unbusiness sex; and James Langbrith, in entering the car, had noted that, but for one man, there were only women in it, and had taken possession of the smoking-room to think the more unmolestedly of things that had filled, it seemed almost to bursting, his mind for the last ten days. John Langbrith had made no such observation, but he saw that they were alone with an opportunity for quarrel, with which he luxuriously toyed before he fully grasped it.

"When did you come?" he asked, after looking vainly for a splinter to chew upon. He caught sight of the porter's whisk-broom over the wash-bowl, and supplied himself with a straw.

In the mean time, James had said, "We got in this morning; our boat was thirty-six hours late; it was two days before I could get away after the cable reached me. She was the first boat out."

The words were spare enough, but there was an exculpatory flavor in them that suited John Langbrith's ferocious mood, and when James added, "How is my mother, and Hope?" he loosed himself upon the young man.

"I don't know. I haven't seen them for a week, and I don't want to bandy any small talk with you. I got your answer to my letter all right, and I want to have a square understanding with you. I don't know as we ever had a regular understanding, did we?"

"I don't know that we did, if you mean about the mills."

"I mean about the mills. What the devil else could I mean?"

"That," said James, "was all arranged before I was old enough to have any understanding with you, and since then I have let my absolute trust in you take the place of an understanding."

"I know that damn well. But the time has come now when I don't want your absolute trust."

It occurred again to James Langbrith, as it had occurred before, since getting his uncle's astounding letter, that his uncle might be mad.

"I want to know whether you've come home for good, to take a grown man's share in your own business."

"That depends," James parried the issue. He was really no more afraid of the impending quarrel than his uncle, but he was a dreamer, and he liked to nurse his conclusions before trying them: liked to shy off from them and feign that they were not immediate, and perhaps not at all. John Langbrith was concrete where the young man was abstract, and his pleasure was to force the issue.

"It don't depend on me. I'm done with the thing. I'm going back to Saxmills, but it's to pull out for good and all."

"I suppose," James Langbrith assented, "that there will be an accounting and a settlement?"

"Oh, don't you be afraid of that, young man. There'll be a settlement all right, and after I've been paid a little more than day's wages, you can have the rest." John Langbrith felt the coffee and beans and pie beginning to ignite, and he flamed out upon his nephew from that inner conflagration, "What do you mean by 'an accounting,' you—you whippersnapper?"

James Langbrith made no answer, and his uncle pulled his chair closer, and put his face so near that the young man turned his own slightly aside, to get it out of the current of his uncle's dyspeptic breath.

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" John Langbrith insisted. "Do you suppose Royal Langbrith was a man to put anybody slippery into his business?"

"You know," James Langbrith disgustedly, but quietly, responded, "that I could not mean to impugn your honor." With the effect of being pushed to the wall and menaced there, he looked like his mother, who had so often been in that place, first through his father's duress and then through his own.

"Honor!" John Langbrith spat the word out of his mouth. "*I'm talking business!* What sort of man do you suppose your father was, anyway?"

A light, less of hate for his uncle than of love for his ideal of the father he had never known, kindled in James Langbrith's eyes, the long eyes of his mother. "He was, at least, a gentleman."

"That's to say I'm *not*. Well, go on. We'll take it for granted in my case. How do you know he was a gentleman, heigh?" He pressed him with the last word, and repeated it with a smile of scorn and pain. "Heigh? How do you know?" James Langbrith moved his head from side to side, as much now to escape what message of disaster might be coming as the effluvium that should bear it. But he made no answer, and John Langbrith hitched himself so near that his bony shins sawed against his nephew's legs, and he tapped him on the knee with his spiky forefinger, in the habit he had when

talking business with people. He was talking business now as he said: "You don't know? Well, I do, because he was my brother, and I knew him up to within twenty minutes of his death. If he didn't reform within them twenty minutes"—John Langbrith in his passion lost the grip, always uncertain, of his grammar—"he'd ought to have went smack, smooth, to hell, like shot out of a shovel!" James Langbrith's eyes dilated with the assured conviction of his uncle's insanity, but at the same time his nostrils swelled with resentment of the maniac's offence. John Langbrith gave him no chance for the expression of either the belief or the emotion. "Ever since I could remember him he was the coolest and slickest devil! I don't know where he got it! He had the trick of making other folks do his dirty work,—and he was full of that, I can tell you,—and keeping such a hold of 'em that they never had the chance to squirm out of the blame. He had *me* fixed good and fast, while we were boys, by a scrape he hauled me into along with him, and when he wanted me, any time, and said 'Come!' you bet I went. That's the way I came to be left in charge of his business when he died, and that poor fool of a Hawberk crowded out of it with lies that Royal threatened to tell his wife if he peeped. That's the way the woman Royal lived with down to Boston came to take what he give her and no questions asked, without makin' trouble for him, alive or dead. *She* was fixed so that *she* didn't peep! And so right along the whole line! If he hadn't cowed your mother for good and all *she* might have said something about the way he used to bully her; and when he came home from his Boston spees used to pound her. Oh, he was a *gentleman*, Royal was! And that poor sheep of an Anther might have spoke out in meetin' if your mother hadn't been so mollycoddlin' about you, that she couldn't bear to have you told the truth, when he wanted to marry her, and couldn't make her tell. But *I'll* tell you now, and don't you forget it! Royal was such a gentleman that he cooked it up with the devil how to fool the whole town, and make 'em believe he was a saint upon earth. That library buildin'! He gave it out of the profits of the first year after he choused Hawberk, and the mis'ble crittur was makin' it all right for Royal by tryin' to kill himself with laudanum! Why, he made Royal Langbrith rich with his inventions, and then Royal got the credit of 'em; and he got the credit of doin' the handsome thing by a man that was an opium-fiend, according to his tell, from the beginning. And when you took it into your fool head to put up that tablet to him in the front of the library, he had things so solid that all hell couldn't bust 'em up. Anther did go round to Garley and tell him the rights of it, but that old chump honey-fugled him into believin' that he better let bygones be bygones, for fear of the corruptin' effects on the community. Then Anther come to me, the last thing, but I was stickin' to my job, just about then, and I thought if your mother wouldn't keep you from runnin' your neck into the noose, *I* wouldn't. I believe there wasn't a last one of them

jackasses up on the platform that wasn't as big a fool as you, except me and Anther and that old honey-fugler. And I ain't sure," John Langbrith said, withdrawing his furious face a little from its proximity to his nephew's, "but what I'd have held my tongue, now, if you hadn't put it to me that Royal Langbrith was a gentleman and I wasn't; but now you've got it, I guess, about as strong as they make it, right in the collar button!" He leaned forward again, and demanded in a fresh burst of fury, "I suppose you don't believe me? I presume you think I'm tryin' to work you, or off my nut, or just pure ugly! Well, you can ask Anther, when you get home. And you can ask your mother! And you can ask the mother of his other children—I'll give you her address. And you can ask that old honey-fugling fraud of a Garley! And you can ask Haw— Oh no, you can't ask him! He's out of it, but I guess his mother-in-law could tell you something she's suspected, all right! Oh, you've got a nice job cut out for you, young man! Why I wouldn't be in your shoes—"

The parlor-car conductor put his head in at the door, and looked at them. John Langbrith fell as suddenly silent as James Langbrith had been throughout. With the shadow of a changing mind passing over his face, the conductor said, "See: d' I get your tickets?" and James Langbrith, if not John Langbrith, knew that he had been drawn to them by the sound of a noisy, angry voice, and had meant to ask them to be quieter.

But the young man could not care. It would not have mattered to him now whether the whole world had overheard; the universal knowledge of the fact could be nothing, compared with the fact itself. His uncle got up and went out to his seat in the parlor, but James Langbrith did not move. He sat exposed to the tempest that had opened upon him without the shelter of a doubt. It seemed still to rage upon him like some war of the elements, and he was aware not only of the truth of what had been told him, but of its not being novel. He had that mystical sense of its having all happened before, long ago, and of a privy to it, in his inmost, dating back to his first consciousness. The awful conviction of the reality which held him like a demoniacal obsession was mixed with a physical loathing of his uncle's person, a disgust verging on sickness for his boiling hate, his vulgar profanities, mixed with the oldest and the newest slang, and the brute solecisms of the vernacular into which John Langbrith had lapsed in his passion. If he had wanted proof of what had been said of his father, the fact that John Langbrith was his father's brother would have been proof enough to the young man's shame.

From time to time, in the turmoil of his cognitions he had a nerveless impulse to follow his uncle, where he had gone to his seat in the drawing-room, and ask him this and that, but he did not. He was not aware of stirring till the porter came for his bag at the South Terminals in Boston. Then the horrible dream went on like

waking, as he drove across the city to the Northern Stations, and found his train for Saxmills. Till then he had lost sight of his uncle, but he saw him boarding the same train; he looked into the smoker, and finding it fairly full, he got into it, making sure that John Langbrith would not come to molest him there. He had no wish now but to keep away from him, to keep for the present out of the sight of the man who had heaped his dishonor upon him, and who alone of all that he could encounter, would be knowing to it.

Apparently John Langbrith had no wish to look him up. He had doubtless poured the last drop from the vials of his wrath out upon him, and was without any purpose of breaking them upon his devoted head. At any rate when they got out of the train at Saxmills, the uncle made no motion to approach his nephew. He stared at him, ignoring him as perfectly as if he were any other shadow of the vaguely lighted depot, and getting into one of the two ramshackle public carriages which had chanced a late passenger, drove off into the darkness. James Langbrith took the other, and bade the man, who was a stranger to him, drive to Mrs. Langbrith's.

All the way he had a sinking of the heart which was not related to the failure of his mother to have him met, after he had telegraphed her from New York that he was coming on that train. There was no lifting at sight of a belated lamp in the parlor, or at its moving thence, at his knock, and showing through the transom of the hall-door, which his mother opened to him herself.

(To be Continued.)

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE, U. S. N.,

stands high among the eminent men who, by their deeds and achievements, have brought great honor upon the American Navy and the American name. In 1861, he entered the navy as an assistant engineer, with the rank of midshipman. During the Civil War he gained a reputation for dauntless valor, having volunteered on several occasions for services of the most desperate character. After passing through all intermediate grades, he was made Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy in 1887, with the rank of Commodore, and he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral in 1899. As Engineer-in-Chief, he has contributed largely to the building up of the new navy, designs having been made, during his term, for over 120 ships and 700,000 horse-power. His most signal professional success was, probably, the perfecting of triple-screw machinery. Admiral Melville has made three voyages to the Arctic seas, and his name will always have an illustrious place in the heroic history of the effort to reach the North Pole. In 1879, he sailed with DeLong in the ill-fated "Jeannette," and he commanded the boat's crew which, through his resoluteness, wise judgment, and unfailing resourcefulness, escaped from the wastes of the Lena delta. Subsequently he headed expeditions which recovered the records of the "Jeannette" expedition and the remains of DeLong and his companions. In 1890, he was voted a gold medal and advanced fifteen numbers by special act of Congress, for bravery in the Arctic.

THE HON. JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU

represents in Parliament the New Forest Division of Hampshire. At school and college he took an active part in athletics; he was stroke in the winning College Eight at Oxford in 1887. He is interested in sport, especially automobilism, and is editor of "The Car," one of the leading automobile papers in England. He has travelled in America, Japan, China, India, and Egypt; also in South Africa, where he acted as correspondent of *The Times* in Rhodesia during the Matabele War.

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a Director of the Anglo-Austrian Bank in Vienna, is a European financier of the highest standing. He has an intimate knowledge of the conditions which prevail within the dominions of the Sultan, having been in constant contact with the Ottoman Government since the construction of the lines of railway in European Turkey.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS,

whose lamented death some weeks ago brought to an end a career of great and varied usefulness, was one of the most eminent of modern American classicists. The Latin Dictionary compiled by him and used on both sides of the Atlantic stands as a monument to his vast learning. He lectured on life insurance in Harvard and Columbia Universities, and on the principles of life insurance in Cornell University. Dr. Lewis was much interested in penology and kindred subjects. He was president of the Prison Association of New York, and of the State Charities Aid Association of New Jersey; chairman of the Commission to revise the Penal Laws of New Jersey; and United States delegate to the Paris Congress of Prisons in 1895.

ELIZABETH CARPENTER

is a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where she taught school for a number of years. For some time she was on the staff of the *Philadelphia Record*, and, as a writer on general literature, of the *Household News*. She is the author of a set of charts called "The Student's Guide to General Literature." She now lectures on History and Literature, and has won a reputation for careful and successful work, which owes its distinctive value to her deep interest in the ethical significance of history.

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one of the founders of the Immigration Restriction League, is Assistant Professor of Climatology in Harvard University. He is a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the Royal Meteorological Society of London, and a member of the *Deutsche Meteorologische Gesellschaft*. He is the author of a work entitled "Practical Exercises in Elementary Meteorology."

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HENRY W. NEVINSON

is a well-known English writer. He was correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* during the Greek and Turkish War in 1897, and in Natal and the Transvaal during the Boer War. Among his writings are "Neighbors of Ours," "In the Valley of Tophet," "The Thirty Days' War," "Ladysmith," and "The Plea of Pan."

H. H. BANCROFT

was born in Ohio and went to San Francisco in 1852. He collected, as materials for Pacific Coast history, a library of 60,000 volumes, and with the aid of a staff of collaborators he has written and published an historical series of thirty-nine volumes, covering the western part of North America.

SYDNEY BROOKS

is an English journalist who has already contributed a number of articles to the REVIEW on a variety of subjects.

H. A. AND J. H. C.

are students of the Constitution who take different views of the question whether Congress can legally give independence to the people of the Philippine Islands. The first of the two papers was prepared in consultation with high officials of the United States Government.