

rist o' thim things, the heart o' me's broke airnin' the money for 't."

She had set her wash-tub into place and began to rub in nervous spurts, talking in the intervals of turning and wringing the pieces.

"An' her clo'es! The fashins is always changin'—an' thim Harrity girruls, they do be always cuttin' a figger—they're settin' their caps fur Jimmy—they're out now wid new saleskin capes that cost fourteen dollars if they cost a cint. Annie Belle shill have one an inch longer at laste, ef it takes me heart's blood to git it. I kin pay fur it by installments. She kin carry it on her arrum Fourt July whin she goes to the 'scurion."

Tim did not answer, and she turned and looked at him. His face was rigid with incredulity.

"Aw now, Ann Flynn! Ye're up to yer owld sports, I see—ye're foolin' jist. A girrul like that, wid good lairnin' an' a peanneh an' sich, not to be airnin' the clo'es to 'er back! Don't be lyin' to me, Ann Flynn."

She turned round and leaned against the tub, picking nervously at her dress.

"It's the coompetition, Tim, it's the coompetition. There's a crowd of bowld-faced girruls that's had no advantages whativer, an' they sets themselves up to be taichers an' painters an' the like, an' a modest lady like Annie Belle has no show. Now jist to show ye: she was taichin' the music to the b'y downstairs, an' she took him chape—a quarter the lissón, no moore. Thin up cooms owld Casey's girrul, a bowld-faced hussy that's no education whativer, an' she agrays to take the spalpeen at twinty cints, an', av coorse, she gits 'im—she that should be workin' in the shops ur at the tubs as her mother did afoore her."

"She should that indade," responded Tim, with emphasis, "though it's meself has no dislike ag'inst her, fur I niver clapped eyes to 'er. But the grand paintin's, Ann Flynn? There's good money in thim, av coorse."

"As I'm jist afther tellin' ye, Tim, it's the coompetition. Annie Belle, she carries thim beautiful paintin's to the shiores till her back aches her—fur she's far from shtrong, an' 'We've great shtock on hand at prisint,' is what they're always tellin' her."

She turned desperately to her tub, and Tim took dumb counsel with his stick. As a result he asked presently:

"Ye're in the Builidin' Loan yit?"

"Three dollars the month, Tim—no moore. An' I've life insurance at tin cints the wake, an'—God leffen me breath—I'll shtick to that. I must have daycint buryin' an' a mass. I'll not comb gray hair—ye might judge that, Tim—fur I've a cowl on me chist, an' there's times when I be that bloated that I be short o' breath. I've raised Annie Belle ginteel, thank God—she's niver worked a tap. She'll marry Jimmy whin she's had her fling; meanwhile the money fur her kapin' is harrd to be had."

She dropped a twisted garment and rubbed the back of her wrist across her eyes, and when she resumed the wringing, Tim's heart was wrung as well.

He got up clumsily and went to the window, looking down into the narrow, cluttered yard with its unpruned grape-vine and pear-tree in whose shade his fancy had so often pictured Tim Junior at play with his aristocratic companions. He put his hand into his pocket and fumbled absently, respiring with a low, long-drawn whistle. When he spoke he turned and leaned against the case-ment, playing his stick limply at his side.

"Has me frind, ex-Alderman Maginnis, the executor, called on ye yit?"

"This day week. I've found a manny places that 'ud do us, but Annie Belle she takes no satisfaction in anny o' thim—an' there's no use forcin' 'er. Was ye goin' to bring yer family here, Tim?"

"It's what I'd in mind, ma'am; but I'm not sufferin' fur it—no moore's Mamie. How'll ye do widout the rint o' the s'loon, Ann?"

"God knows!"

"Ann Flynn," he cried, grasping his stick firmly and giving it one grand flourish before bringing it into legitimate use, "God forbid that I be iver the gintleman to dis-thress the poor, ur her that was the daughther to the sister

o' me own father. Ye kin bide here a few years yit, an' I—I'm not nadin' the rint o' the s'loon at prisint; ye kin c'lect it an'—an' use it jist, till ye hear from me. I'll shtep down to me frind, ex-Alderman Maginnis, an' make explanaytion that he'll not molest ye moore. Good-by to ye, Ann Flynn, an' God bless ye!"

At seven o'clock the next morning some laborers were grouped upon the sidewalk waiting for "the boss." There was a little stir among them as Tim approached. There was mischief in their eyes, but he was not intimidated. He was not restrictive in his enjoyment of a joke, and his own little eyes were atwinkle, and his mouth stationary at its ear termini. He marched straight up to them, set his tin dinner-pail upon the sidewalk, and, with one hand inside and the other outside of his pocket, explored its profoundest depths, bringing to the surface a modicum of small change. With a forefinger he assorted the pieces upon his palm—some coppers, a few nickels, fewer dimes, aggregating them as he worked them into place. Then he counted the grinning men.

"Will anny gintleman oblige me wid the loan of a quarter?"

He was accommodated, and, with a gracious wave of the hand towards a "grocery" across the street, he said:

"Stip over jist, at me expinse."

Old Man Dawson's Illumination

By Ada M. Trotter

School was over; out trooped the scholars, bent on using limbs and throats to the utmost.

"I like to hear 'em beller," said poor old man Dawson from his coign of vantage across the square.

It was Hi' Loomis who led the "beller" so cheering to old man Dawson, and it was Hi' (his active mind finding limited scope in the school-room) who led the pranks without. Folks gossiped finely about that foolish "widdier" Loomis, who gave her son his head so freely, and "wouldn't take no advice as to his management, even from the minister." Something pretty bad would come of it; once let a boy like Hi' take the bit in his mouth and where would she be? But you might as well groan at a stone wall as try to darken the cheery smile of Widow Loomis. "I can head him off when I'm a mind to," was her invariable reply. So mother and son went their own way, the son keeping the folks in gossip at least, as he possessed inventive genius equal to his activity, combined with powers of generalship which held all the boys of Middlebury an admiring crowd at his heels.

Now this sunny afternoon Hi' felt inclined for something out of the common run of daily entertainment. Truth to tell, he had had an encounter with the last imported teacher and had not got the best of it. The feeling of respect for his superior, hitherto a foreign element in his school experience, choked him; he'd got to let out or explode! Thus heading across the square, awake for entertainment, his roving eye caught sight of old man Dawson, who sat, as usual, on the porch of his son's cottage, leaning on the stick he held in both hands, his head raised a little to watch the merry lads as they raced towards him.

"Why, what's the matter, Daddy?" cried Hi, coming to a full stop, as he saw traces of tears on the withered cheeks.

"Want to go to the party," said old man Dawson, putting up a shaking hand to wipe away the tears.

"What party, eh?"

"Over to Jim's. All on 'em be gone. Little Tom, he wanted me to go, but *she* [his son's wife] said I couldn't."

"Why, that's too bad," chorused the boys.

"I know," piped up a lad. "It's a kind of christenin' over to Middlebury Center, and I guess it was too much trouble to dress up the old man and take him."

"Tom says he'll bring me back a cooky for my supper. I ain't eat dinner yet," said old man Dawson, rubbing away another tear. "He says p'raps they'll have ice-cream to the party. I ain't hed no ice-cream, seems to me, in fifty years. *She* says it don't suit me—but it does. It suits me real well."

"I tell you," said Hi, "it's just shameful, the way his folks treat that old man. I've just been peekin', and what do you s'pose they've done?—they've locked up the house and just left him a pitcher of milk and some crusts on the back porch."

"She said I might eat when I'm a mind to," said the old

man, childishly, proud of such liberty, "but I s'pose I ain't hungry 'nough."

By this time the impatient boys were staring at Hi, drumming their heels into the ash-path, and otherwise deploying their insubordinate muscles. The limitations of their sympathies were narrow; they were tired of talking to the old man whose accustomed figure seated thus in the porch was one of their earliest recollections. They all knew his story by heart—what a splendid soldier he had been, how he had displayed such bravery during the war—had saved the life of his general, and, as he carried him out of the thick of the fight, had been wounded in the head. He was carried to the hospital, and when discharged came back to his native village a mental wreck, with his mind simple and childlike, gentle and biddable, but his day of active usefulness over forever. He was stranded on the tender mercies of his son's wife, who was a hard woman. Irritated by the presence of this helpless member in her family, she said cruelly sharp things in his hearing, which, though mercifully slipping away from his treacherous memory, left behind a sting in the feeling that he was unwelcome in his son's home. His grandchildren, who loved him as little ones, neglected him as they grew up and observed their mother's attitude towards him. His son Joe was kind enough, but powerless to curb his wife's tongue. He had wished to take his father to the christening party, but Mrs. Joe willed otherwise. Grandpa's eyes, red with unshed tears as the buggy drove away, left an uncomfortable ache in the son's heart, and he ventured to remark an hour later: "I wisht we'd brought the old man, he gets so few outings."

Mrs. Joe's reply and the ensuing war of words made the drive to the Center anything but a holiday jaunt to parents or children.

"I say, boys," said Hi, "let's do something for the old man."

"Can't think of nothin' to do," from the chorus. "Can't stand round here chirkin' him up till his folks get back!"

Hi was grinning from ear to ear.

"We'll do something better than that," said he. Then he said a few words in a low tone. The immediate result was pantomimic—heads down, heels in the air, to an accompaniment of shrill whistling and cat-calls. Daddy Dawson thought it was done for his entertainment, and chuckled loud and long.

"Go ahead, Hi!"

"Daddy, we're goin' to give you a 'lumination and a percession," said Hi, "soon as it's sundown."

"Be you, boys?" The innocent, trustful tone was infinitely pathetic had the lads only realized what this grand old man had been before the war.

"And you're to come to our house and eat supper," continued Hi. "You know Widow Loomis' lot, don't you?"

The old man smiled radiantly, then bethought him.

"Did your mother say so, Hi?"

"I say so," said Hi, grandly. "I'm off to tell her to get a good supper. I shall be awful hungry myself. Me and the boys has got work to do by supper-time."

"Do you s'pose she'll have beefsteak for supper?" asked the old man. "I ain't had beefsteak for supper, seems to me, in years."

"Beefsteak, hot cakes, and coffee, that's what she'll have," pronounced Hi. "When you hear the town clock strike five, you go over—that's you."

The boys went whooping away across lots to the pine woods, and the old man sat smiling to himself, his anxious eyes watching the slow-moving hands of the town clock opposite, which had to make their circuit twice over before the bell would strike five times.

The townsfolk passing exchanged a few kindly words with the old man, but it had been reserved for the harum-scarum Hi to probe the wound that had given the hero of former days such a sore heart this noon.

"My folks is out; I'm goin' to eat supper with Widow Loomis," was his happy boast.

At last the clock pointed to five; he counted each stroke with bated breath, and then set off across the square—very slowly, for his fine figure was bent, and one leg dragged painfully. He had not far to go, however, before he came to the gay little garden, flaunting with blossom, and he stood there looking over the palings, as though the cottage had been a Paradise. It was so long since he had sat at a festive board, or any one had wanted his company. Suppose Hi's mother should be sharp with him, and tell him to go home? No! old man Dawson, again a child in instinct, knew that Hi had a kind heart and would not bring him to shame.

"Come right in," called a cheery voice from the porch. "I'm real glad to see you. Hi said you was coming. He won't be in till supper-time, but come in and set down in this big chair, and you can visit with me."

She beat up the cushions to make him more comfortable, and,

taking her knitting, sat on the step at his feet, chatting in a friendly way that kept the old man happy and smiling every minute.

The sun sank low in the heavens, and the widow went away to get supper, and the old man, sniffing the fragrance of the coming feast, fell into a series of pleasant dozes.

The return of the boys through the village awakened him. Hi came back triumphant, too full of fun to sober down enough to get that sum done which his new teacher had made a point of for to-morrow.

Supper was indeed a success; beefsteak, coffee, and hot cakes smoked upon the table. The old man ate heartily, with a child's enjoyment of the good fare, and then, while Hi "wrestled" with his lessons, he sat and babbled to Widow Loomis, and the sun set.

Then there was a whooping and hollowing from every point of the compass, and all the boys of the town collected at Hi's gate.

"We're goin' to give him a 'lumination and a percession," said Hi to his mother. "The boys and me been getting plenty pine-knots, and we want all the music we can git. Ain't you a tin can or a tray to lend?"

Then, after marshaling his men, Hi ran back to the cottage. "You set there, grandpa," he said, placing the chair in a good position to command the square. "You'll see it all. We're just going to light up. Come along, boys!"

"Want to go, too," said the old man, pitifully.

"But you can't go. You can't march, you know," said Hi, kindly enough.

"Yes, I kin! You play 'Marching Through Georgy' an' you'll see ef I can't march, boys!"

The fire of better days flashed in his eyes, he straightened himself up, and stood at attention, with eager eyes on the boy general.

"Let him go," urged the widow; "it'll make him so happy."

So the procession started, old man Dawson at the head—for a few steps. But the pace rushed him; the procession came to a sudden stop, and Hi was seen helping the old man to drag himself back to the garden gate.

Now, as nothing can ever be kept a secret in the town of Middlebury, by this time the citizens in sympathy with their boys' desire to do honor to the old soldier had turned out into the square. So when the old man fell out of rank some colored brethren came to the fore and spoke to the boy general.

"Wait a minute, boys! Pete says they 'ull carry him. Mose is gone for a chair," and before old man Dawson had recovered his breath his swarthy friends hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him off at the head of the procession.

Hi set the finishing touch to this moment of rapture by putting a tin pan in his lap and a drumstick, with a request to beat time. Away they went up the town and over the hilly streets, trumpets, conch shells, tin whistles, pails, and trays, one grand hullabaloo, in joyful accompaniment to America, Yankee Doodle, and all the patriotic songs the boys could "beller." One by one the citizens fell into rank and swelled the procession as it passed them by. The women, not to be left out, set lights in the porches and windows. The town was brilliantly illuminated. What thoughts rambled through the old man's brain in this hour of triumph who shall know! Stooping, he asked his bearers—

"Boys, did I kick the goal?"

And the kindly Pete answered back understandingly—

"Yes, massa! you done kick the goal."

"Land sakes! what's come to the town?" cried Mrs. Joe, from the buggy on the hilltop.

"A percession and 'lumination!" cried little Tom.

"In honor of a hero," answered a voice from a distant fence. "It's growed into a kind of indignation meeting. Guess his folks 'ull have to brace up and do what's right by him after this—or make tracks from Middlebury."

'Twas a bitter pill to Mrs. Joe!



Answers to Riddles and Puzzles

See The Outlook of August 15

- I.—Riddle. Tiers, tears.
- II.—Charade. Jay, yew, N. E.—June.
- III.—Charade. Miss, Mr., wry, rye—mystery.
- IV.—Shakespearean Puzzle. Ambition's, Patches, Roman, Imperial, Last—April.
- V.—Puzzle. Tea, T.
- VI.—Progressive Enigma. Livery.
- VII.—Enigma. United States Supreme Court: Fuller, Brown, Field, Gray, White, Harlan, Shiras (Shiraz), Brewer, Peckham.

Books and Authors

La Fayette¹

La Fayette was the youngest officer who ever held the position of Major-General in our army, and is one of the most fascinating characters in history. The most interesting reading in these volumes is furnished by the letters, some preserved among La Fayette's private papers and some obtained elsewhere. In them we see a distinct picture of the man, as clearly drawn in the mind's eye as is Peale's portrait of La Fayette painted for Washington and now in the possession of General G. W. Custis Lee, of Lexington, Va., an engraving from which is the frontispiece to this work.

La Fayette's almost filial relations with Washington are noted in many of these letters; for instance, in the following one written in 1779, after the first period of the Marquis's career in America, and when he was about to return to France:

Though my affairs call me home, private interests would, however, induce me to wait for your Excellency's letters, for the decision of Congress about an exchange in case I should be taken, and for the last determinations concerning the plans of the next campaign. But I think the importance of the dispatches I am the bearer of, the uncertainty and improbability of receiving any others here, my giving intelligence at Versailles for the advantage of both nations, the inconvenience of detaining the fine frigate on board which I return, and the danger of losing all the men, who desert very fast, are reasons so important as to oblige me not to delay any longer. . . . To hear from you, my most respected friend, will be the greatest happiness I can feel. The longer the letters you write, the more blessed with satisfaction I shall think myself. I hope you will not refuse me that pleasure as often as you can. I hope you will ever preserve that affection which I return by the tenderest sentiments. . . . Adieu, my dear and forever beloved friend.

He returned to this country in April, 1780, and in August writes to the Comte de Rochambeau in part as follows:

If you knew to what extent the English and the Tories are trying to persuade people that France merely wants to stir up the fire without extinguishing it, you would understand that my longings to silence such reports make me perhaps too eager. . . . If I have offended you, I ask your pardon for two reasons: first, because I am earnestly attached to you; and, secondly, because my purpose is to do everything here to please you. In every place where I am only a private citizen your orders shall be the law for me; and I should make any sacrifice for the most humble of the Frenchmen who are here rather than not contribute to their glory, their pleasure, and their union with the Americans. These are my sentiments, Monsieur le Comte, and, although you have suspected me of having entertained some that are far different from those that I have at heart, I overlook that injustice, and I remember only my attachment to you.

The next month he writes as follows from West Point to the Chevalier de la Luzerne:

Our struggles have brought forward some heroes who would otherwise have been merely honorable private citizens. We have also developed some great scoundrels who would otherwise have remained obscure rogues. But that Arnold, a man who, though not so highly esteemed as has been supposed in Europe, has nevertheless given proof of talent, of patriotism, especially of the most brilliant courage, should at once destroy his very existence, and should sell his country to the tyrants whom he had fought against with glory, is an event, M. le Chevalier, which confounds and distresses me, and, if I must confess it, humiliates me to a degree that I cannot express. I would give anything in the world if Arnold had not shared our labors with us, and if this man, whom it still pains me to call a scoundrel, had not shed his blood for the American cause.

We thus read the character of one of the most gallant gentlemen whom the world has ever seen. He was still a young man when he first came to America, but in the nineteen months which comprised his first visit he had already obtained a greater hold upon the hearts of the people than any other foreigner has held. He was justly known as "The Idol of Congress, of the Army, and of the People of America." He was not only a man of exquisite amiability of temper, uniting an almost feminine gentleness and tenderness with a masculine tenacity of purpose and courage; he was also a surprisingly prudent officer, and the supposed Gallic traits of mobility, caprice, and shallowness of judgment were never characteristic of him. Crowning all was his superb unselfishness of devotion to our cause, which alone entitles him, and justly, to be placed in the foreground among the acknowledged leaders of the Revolution.

It is, however, the participation of France in our Revolution against Great Britain which lends to these books even a greater historical than biographical worth. It seems strange that the splendid service which La Fayette rendered to Americans should have so long remained unacknowledged by a biography-history combining so much painstaking research and such clear presentation of facts as may be found in these volumes. The archives of France have, of course, been drawn upon for original documents: the evidence thus obtained has been weighed with fairness, and we are enabled to arrive at conclusions which not only enhance La Fayette's reputation, but also give us a satisfying sense of having come nearer the truth of history. These

¹ *The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution.* By Charlemagne Tower, Jr., LL.D. 2 Vols. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$8.

volumes, then, have the value of emphasizing the great debt which we must ever owe to France. She encouraged us by the commission granted to our agents to obtain supplies in her ports, for the maintenance of our army, she borrowed large sums of money which she advanced to Congress, and she sent her soldiers to serve under Washington's command. It is well that we are again reminded of the constant solicitude with which our cause was watched by such men as Vergennes, Rochambeau, De Grasse, D'Estaing, Gérard, La Luzerne, and, above all, La Fayette. We have, then, first of all, a biography of La Fayette; next, a clear account of French enthusiasm for a young nation just bursting into life, of the hostile sentiment in France toward Great Britain, of the relations of the French Government with the colonies of North America, and of the efforts to unite France and Spain in the American War; thirdly, we have one of the most interesting and valuable histories of our Revolution.



Joan of Arc¹

Books and articles on the Maid of Orleans are becoming epidemic. Two specimens are before us. Mr. Lowell's work is unambiguous in its intent, but every one does not know how to take Mark Twain. He may label his book "This is Not a Joke," yet people will smile when they ought to be shedding soft, warm tears while reading his pages. The book in its serial appearance has been pronounced by the unprofessional critics, the intelligent, well-read women of a household, "a pack of lies!" Yet any one may compare Mark Twain's account with Mr. Lowell's and see for himself if the great American humorist has taken the liberties with history that Southey took in his poor performance, or Voltaire in his "La Pucelle" (no nearer historical truth), or Schiller in "Jungfrau von Orleans," or our own Shakespeare in his "I. King Henry VI." The fact is that Mark Twain's work is a historical novel, executed with fidelity to the original documents and records. The true characterization of Joan was made long ago by DeQuincey in almost the finest of his essays. Joan was an enthusiast endowed with military genius. Hers was a strong intellect. She fell victim to politics, principle being as much at a discount in that realm in her day as in ours. Joan is now in danger of being bothered with invocations. Monsignor Dupanloup wanted her canonized.

Among the best pieces of historical work on foreign subjects done by Americans is Mr. Francis Lowell's study of "Joan of Arc." The author has gone to the original documents for his material, and has used uncommon intelligence in the use of them. After a sketch of the condition of things that constituted the environment of the Maid, he proceeds to a strictly biographical account. Perhaps his impartiality leads him too far when it causes him to excuse La Tremoille for selling Joan to the English. The plea is that any one at that day would have done so. There never was an age when the treachery of that betrayal and the iniquity of that murder were not evident. Honorable men detested the crime in its own day. Joan was something more than the ecstatic but simple country maid that Bastien Le Page represents in his great painting now in the New York Metropolitan Art Museum. Her replies to her accusers, and in the cross-examination of her trial, evinced a nimble, keen wit, penetration, strong sense, as well as absolute integrity of purpose. Mr. Lowell recognizes this, though he does not emphasize it. On the whole, he has done a remarkable piece of work, and is entitled to high rank. His investigations will settle much that has been disputed. It is no longer a question of moment whether the English, the Dauphin, or the Bishop of Beauvais behaved the more despicably. It was a bad business for all. Mark Twain does not like the Bishop, Michelet hated the English, and Mr. Lowell is stirred with contempt at the French King. The reader who is about to enter upon a course of reading on the matter of Joan of Arc will certainly find that both these volumes have their use in giving details of the picture in its completeness. In the history of the French people the three most gracious and noble figures are those of St. Louis the King, the Chevalier Bayard, and Joan of Arc. For them, love and the gentle heart was one and the same thing. If, then, we must have a literary cult, or even a fad, nothing more humanizing could arise than that of the shepherd girl who saw the vision of the archangel, and heard voices commanding her to deliver France and to lead her King to where he might be anointed with the oil brought down from heaven by a white dove. From both these books one gains an ultimate impression of the extraordinary mingling of simplicity and shrewdness (such as one mar-

¹ *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte. Freely translated out of the Ancient French into Modern English, from the original Unpublished Manuscript in the National Archives of France, by Jean François Aiden (Mark Twain).* Illustrated from the Original Drawings by F. V. DuMond, and from Reproductions of Old Statues and Paintings. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.
Joan of Arc. By Francis C. Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$2.