

may lead the judge to ignore the other, and so the public be gradually deadened to a sense of the danger as well as the wickedness of crime? But with infinite wisdom in the judge pardon is safely left with him. He will wisely determine its conditions, and never toss it out as a free gift to every criminal. He will never "cast pearls before swine," and never so act that it blots out the sense of guilt. The same lips that declared, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him,"

also declared, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Justice and mercy are alike handmaids of the Omnipotent. Not inaccurately did the great Apostle, himself a lawyer, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, declare that "love is the fulfilling of the law." So out of my judicial experience, and looking through the glass of my life-work, I have learned to see in the cross the visible symbol of faultless justice, and in the resurrection of Christ the prophecy and truth of its final triumph.

The Marriage of Katinka

By Zona Gale

"I SHALL take my white lady's-cloth gown," I repeated, obstinately.

"You don't need it no more than what you need two heads," maintained Nichola.

"But it is the first visit that I've made in three years, Nichola," I argued, "and it is the first best dress that I've had for—"

"Yah!" Nichola denied, "you've got four sides of a closet hung full. An' where you goin' but down on a farm for three days? Take the kitchen stove if you must, but leave the dress here. You'll be laughed at for fashionable!"

I wavered, and looked consultingly at Peleas.

It is one sign of our advancing years, we must believe, that Peleas and I dislike to be laughed at. Our old servant scolds us all day long and we are philosophical; but if she laughs at either of us, Peleas grieves and I rage. Nichola's "You'll be laughed at for fashionable" humbled me.

Peleas, the morning sun shining on his white hair, was picking dead leaves from the begonias in the window, and pretended not to hear. Peleas is far more in awe of Nichola than I, but it angers him inexpressibly to be told this.

I looked longingly at my white lady's-cloth gown, but Nichola was already folding it away. It had ruffles of lace and a chiffon fichu, and was altogether most magnificent. I had had it made for Enid's wedding, and, as it had not

been worn since, I was openly anxious again to appear in it. Had not Peleas said that it became me like my wedding-gown? And now, upon occasion of this visit to Cousin Diantha at Paddington, Nichola threatened me with remorse if I so much as took it with me. I would be "laughed at for fashionable"!

However—Peleas continuing to pick dry leaves in a cowardly fashion—there would have been no help for me had not old Nichola at that moment been called from the room by the poultry wagon which drew up at our door like a god from a cloud. Our suit-case, carefully packed, lay open upon the bed, with room enough and to spare for my white lady's-cloth gown.

"Peleas!" I cried, impulsively.

He looked up inquiringly, pretending to have been vastly absorbed until that moment.

"If I put the gown in," I cried, excitedly, "will you strap the bag before she gets back!"

Peleas wrinkles his eyes adorably at the corners when he chooses. He did this now, and it was the look that means whatever I mean.

In a twinkling the gown was out of the drawer and tumbled into place in a fashion that would have scandalized me if I had been feeling less adventuresome. Peleas, whose hands could have trembled with no more sympathy if he had been expecting to appear in the gown too, strapped the bag, and together we de-

scended the stairs, Peleas carrying it. In the hall we met Nichola.

"You needn't to hev brought it down," she grunted, graciously.

We passed her in guilty silence.

That afternoon Nichola put us on our train, and stood on the platform to see the last of us, her gray hair blowing. Not until our coach had rolled past her could I feel certain that at any moment her keen old eyes might not pierce our bag, to our undoing.

"If only there is actually a chance to wear the dress," I confided to Peleas, "it will make it all right to have taken it."

"What a frightful principle, Ettare!" said Peleas, quite as if he had not helped. And besides, even if ethics does extend to white lady's-cloth, is a man the one to apply it?

We were met at Paddington Station by something that Cousin Diantha called "the Rig." It was four-seated, and had flying canvas sides which seemed to billow it on its way. From an opening in the canvas Cousin Diantha herself thrust out a red mitten, while the bony driver was conducting us across the platform. Our Cousin Diantha Bethune is the mince-pie and plum-pudding branch of the family; we can never think of her without recollecting her pantry and her oven. And whereas some women have ever the air of having just dressed several children, or written letters, or been shopping, Cousin Diantha seems to have been caught, red-handed, at slicing and kneading, and to be away from those processes under protest. She never reads a book without seeming to turn the leaves with a cook-knife, and I fancy that they made her ancient wedding-gown with an apron front.

"Ain't this old times, though?" she cried, opening her arms to me—"ain't it? Ettare, you set here by me. Peleas can set front with Hiram there. My!"

It was late autumn, the trees were bare and wet, and the ground had no resistance. "The Rig" rocked up the dingy village street, with us as its only passengers, buttoned securely within its canvas sails, so that I could only see Paddington before us like an aureole about

Peleas's head. But if a grate fire had been alight in that dingy interior, it could have cheered us no more than did Cousin Diantha's ruddy face and scarlet mittens. She gave us news of the farm that teemed with her offices of spicing and frosting; and by the time we had reached her door we were already thinking in terms of viands and ingredients.

"What a nice little, white little room!" said Peleas, for instance, immediately we had set our lamp on our bureau. "The ceiling looks like a lemon pie." For verily there are houses whose carpets resemble fruit jelly, and whose bookcases look like a gingerbread!

Cousin Diantha was bustling down the stairs. She never walked as others do, but she seemed always to be hurrying for fear, say, that the toast were burning.

"Baked potatoes!" she called back cheerily. "I put 'em in last thing before I left, an' Katinka says they're done. Supper's ready when you are."

I was hanging up my white lady's-cloth gown under the cretonne curtain.

"Katinka!" I repeated to Peleas, in a kind of absent-minded pleasure.

"It sounds quite like throwing down a handful of spoons," submitted Peleas, wrinkling the corners of his eyes.

We saw Katinka first when we were all about the table—Cousin Diantha, Miss Waitie, who was her spinster sister, Peleas and I, and Andy, who works for his board. I shall not soon forget the picture that she made as she passed the corn cakes—Katinka, little maid-of-all-work, in a patched black frock and a red rubber ring and a red rubber bracelet. Her face was round and polished and rosy with health, and she was always breathless and clothed with a pretty fear that she was doing everything wrong. Moreover, she had her ideas about serving—she told me afterward that she had worked for a week at the minister's in Paddington, where every one at breakfast, she added, in an awed voice, "had a finger-bowl to themself." Cousin Diantha, good soul, cared little how her dainties were served so that the table were kept groaning, and Katinka had therefore undertaken a series of reforms, to impress which she moved in

a mysterious way. For example, she passed the corn cakes to me, and just as I raised my hand to take one—steaming, moist, yellow, and quite beneath my touch—the plate was suddenly sharply withdrawn, a spirited revolution of Katinka's hands ensued, and the cakes reappeared upon my other side.

"We got the table set long-ways the room to-night," she explained, frankly, "an' I can't hardly tell which *is* left till I look at my ring."

Conversation with Katinka while she served was, I perceived, a habit of the house; and, indeed, Katinka's accounts of kitchen happenings were only second in charm to Katinka's comments upon the table talk. It was to this informality that I was indebted for chancing upon a most radiant mystery on that very night of our arrival.

"Mis' Grocer Helman," said Cousin Diantha to me at this first supper—every woman in Paddington has her husband's occupation for a surname—"wants to come in to see you about making over her silk. She's heard you was from the city, an' she says Mis' Photographer Bronson's used up the only way she knew on a cheap taffeta. Mis' Grocer Helman won't copy. She's got a sinful pride."

Katinka set down the bread-plate.

"I had some loaf sugar sent up from Helman's to-day," she contributed, "because I just *had* to get that new delivery wagon up here to this house somehow. It'd been in front o' Mis' Lawyer More's twict in one forenoon."

And at this Miss Waitie, who was always a little hoarse and very playful, shook her head at Katinka.

"Now, new delivery wagon nothin'," she said, skeptically. "It's that curly-headed delivery boy, I'll be bound."

So it was that, in my very first hour in Cousin Diantha's house, I saw what those two good souls had never suspected. For at Miss Waitie's words, Andy, who worked for his board, suddenly flushed one agonizing red and spilled the preserves on the table-cloth. What more did any sane woman need upon which to base the whole pleasant matter? Andy was in love with Katinka.

I sat up very straight and refused the

fish-balls, in my preoccupation. My entire visit to Paddington was resolving itself into one momentous inquiry: Was Katinka in love with Andy?

"Is Katinka in love with Andy?" I put it to Peleas, excitedly, when we were upstairs, at last.

"Katinka? Andy? Andy? Katinka?" responded Peleas, politely.

"One would think you were never in love yourself," I chided him, and fell to planning what on earth they would live on. Why are so many little people, with nothing to live on, always in love, when every one knows spinster after spinster with an income each?

I was not long in doubt about Katinka. The very next morning I came upon her in the hall, with her arms full of kindling for the parlor fire. I followed her. Her dear, bright little face and yellow braids reminded me of the kind of doll that they never make any more.

"Katinka," said I, lingering shamelessly, "do you put the sticks in across, or up and down?"

For it may very well be upon this nice question, as well as Persian cats, that Peleas and I will have our final disagreement—which let no one suppose that we will really ever have.

She looked up to answer me. The gingham bib of her apron fell down. And there, pinned to her tight little waist, I beheld—a button-picture of Andy! Never tell me that there does not abide in the air a race of little creatures whose sole duty it is to unveil all such heavenly secrets to make glad the gray world. Never tell me that it is such a very gray world, either, if you wish my real opinion.

She looked down and espied the exposed mystery. She cast a frightened glance at me, and I suppose she saw me—who am a very foolish old woman—smiling with all my sympathetic might. At all events, she gasped and sat down among the kindling and said:

"Oh, ma'am, we're a-goin' to be marrit to-morrow. An' Mis' Bethune—I'm so scairt to tell 'er."

I sat down, too, and caught my breath. This blessed generation! I had been wondering if these two were in love, and

what they could live on when at last they should make up their minds, and, lo, they were to be married to-morrow!

"Why, Katinka!" said I. "Where?"

The little maid-of-all-work sobbed in her apron.

"I do' know, ma'am," she said. "Andy, he's boardin' so, an' I'm a orphing. I t'ought," mentioned Katinka, still sobbing, "maybe Mis' Bethune 'd let us stand up by the dinin'-room windy. The hangin' lamp there looks some like a weddin'-bell, Andy t'ought."

The hanging lamp has a bright scarlet shade and is done in dragons.

"When I see you an' him las' night," went on Katinka, motioning with her stubby thumb toward the absent Peleas, "I t'ought mebbe you'd sign fer seein' it done. I tol' Andy so. Mis' Bethune, I guess she'll be rarin'. I wanted it to be in the kitchen, but Andy, he's so proud. His pa was in dry goods," said Katinka, wiping her eyes at the mere thought.

Here was a most delicious business thrown, as it were, fairly into my arms. I hailed it with delight, and sat holding my elbows and planning with all my might. Ah, you young, who are so impatient of the affairs of others! what can you know of the sweetness of being of use to some one when you shall be seventy?

"Katinka," said I, portentously, "you leave *where* you are to be married to me."

"Oh, ma'am!" said Katinka.

I never had more earnest appreciation.

Cousin Diantha Bethune was heard calling her at that moment, and Katinka went off with the coals quite as if the next day were not to see her a bride, married in the parlor.

For I was determined that the wedding should be in the parlor, and I spent a most feverish day. I made repeated visits to the kitchen and held consultations with the little maid, whose cheeks grew rosy and whose eyes grew bright at the mere heaven of having some one in the world who was interested in her.

While she washed the dishes, she told me that she and Andy had saved enough together to live for three months at Mis'

Slocum's boarding-house. After that the future was a pleasant but indefeasible mystery. While she cleaned the knives, I slipped down to find out if Andy had remembered to engage the parson; and he had done so, but at the risk of having the ceremony performed in the scullery as the only available apartment. Andy, it appeared, objected to being married at the parson's house, and Katinka seemed to think that this also was because his father had been "in dry goods." And at our last consultation, during lamp-cleaning, I advised Katinka to break the news to Cousin Diantha Bethune immediately after supper, when we were still at table. Katinka promised, and her mouth quivered at the thought.

"She'll never hev us in the parlor, not in this world, ma'am," she said to me, hopelessly. "Not with that new three-ply ingrain on the floor."

Meanwhile I had told Peleas, who, though he is disposed to scoff at all romance which he does not himself discover, was yet adorably sympathetic. We were both hopelessly excited at supper, and Peleas heaped little attentions upon Andy, who ate nothing and kept brushing imaginary flies from before his face to show how much at ease he was. And after the last plate of hot bread had been brought in I wonder now at my own self-possession, for thereafter I knew that little Katinka, by the crack in the pantry door, was waiting the self-imposed signal of Cousin Diantha's folded napkin; and when this came, she popped into the room like a kind of toy and stood directly back of Cousin Diantha's chair.

"Please, ma'am," she said, "Andy and me's goin' to get marrit."

Andy, one blush, rose and shambled spryly to her side, and caught at her hand, and stood with glazing eyes.

Cousin Diantha wheeled in her chair and her plate danced on the table. My heart was in my mouth, and I confess that I was prepared for a dudgeon such as only mistresses know when maids have the temerity to wish to marry. In that moment I found, to my misery, that I had forgotten every one of my arguments about young love and the way of

the world and the durability of three-ply ingrain carpets, and I did nothing but sit trembling and fluttering for all the happy world as if it were my own wedding at stake. I looked at Peleas beseechingly, and he nodded and smiled and rubbed his hands under the tablecloth—oh, I could not have loved a man who would look either judicious or doubtful, as do too many, at the very mention of anybody's marriage but their own!

Dimly I saw Cousin Diantha look over her spectacles; I heard her amazed "Bless us, Katinka! what *are* you talking about?" and I half heard the little maid add, "To-morrow," quite without expression as she turned to leave the room, loyally followed by Andy. And then, being an old woman and no longer able to mask my desire to interfere in everything, I was about to have the last word, when Cousin Diantha turned to me and spoke:

"Listen at that!" she cried. "Listen at that! to-morrow—an' not a scrap o' cake in this house! An' a real good fruit-cake had ought to be three months old at the least. I declare, it don't seem as if a wedding could be *legal* on sponge-cake!"

I could hardly believe my old ears. Not a word against the parlor, no mention of the three-ply ingrain, nor any protest at all. Cousin Diantha's one apprehension was concerning the legality of weddings not solemnized in the presence of a three-months-old fruit-cake. The mince-pie and plum-pudding branch of our family had risen to the occasion as nobly as if she had been steeped in sentiment.

Upstairs Peleas and I laughed and well-nigh cried about it.

"And, Peleas," I told him, "Peleas—you see it doesn't matter in the least whether it's romance or cooking that's accountable, so long as your heart is right!"

So it was settled, and I lay long awake that night and planned which door they should come in, and what flowers I could manage, and what I could find for a little present. Here at last, I thought triumphantly, as I was dropping asleep, was a chance to over-

come Nichola by the news that I had actually found another wedding at which to wear my white lady's-cloth gown.

With that I sat suddenly erect, fairly startled from my sleep.

What was Katinka to wear?

Alas! I have never been so fully convinced that I am really seventy as when I think how I remembered even the parson, and yet could forget Katinka's wedding-gown.

I roused Peleas immediately.

"Peleas!" I cried, "what do you suppose that dear child can be married in?"

Peleas awoke with a logical mind.

"In the parlor, I thought," said he.

"But what will she wear, Peleas?" I inquired, feverishly. "What can she wear? I don't suppose the poor child—"

"I thought she looked very well to-night," said Peleas. "Couldn't she wear that?" and drifted into dreams.

Wear *that*! The little tight black dress in which she served. Really, for a man whom I have trained for forty-eight years, Peleas can seem stupid—though he never really is stupid.

I lay for a little while looking out the high window at the Paddington stars, which somehow seemed unlike town stars. And on a sudden I smiled back at them, and lay smiling at them for a long time. For I knew what little Katinka was to wear at her wedding. My white lady's-cloth gown!

As soon as her work was done next morning I called her to my room. It was eleven o'clock, and she was to be married at noon.

"Katinka," said I, solemnly, "what are you going to wear, child, to be married in?"

She looked down at the tight little black gown.

"I t'ought of that," said the poor little thing, uncertainly. "But I haven't got nothink nicer than what this is."

She had thought of that! The tears were in my eyes as I turned to the cretonne curtain and pulled it aside.

"Look, Katinka!" I said, "you are going to wear this."

There hung the white lady's-cloth gown, in all its bravery of fichu and chiffon and silver buttons. Katinka.

who is very nearly my size, looked once at that splendor and smiled patiently, as one who is wonted to everything but surprises.

"La, ma'am," she humored me, pretending to appreciate my jest.

When at last she understood, the poor little soul broke down and cried on the foot of the bed. I know of no sadder sight than the tears of one to whom they are the only means of self-expression.

Never did gown fit so beautifully. Never was one of so nearly the proper length! Never was such elegance! When she was quite ready, the red ring and red bracelet having been added at her request, Katinka stood upon a chair to have a better view in the mirror above my wash-basin, and she stepped down, awe-struck.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, in an admiring whisper, "I look like I was ready to be laid out!"

Then she went to the poor, tawdry things of her own which she had brought to my room, and selected something. It was a shabby plush book, decorated with silk flowers, and showing dog-eared gilt leaves.

"I t'ought I'd carry this here," she said, shyly.

I opened the book. And my eye fell first upon these words, written in letters which looked as if they had fallen to the page from a sieve:

There may be sugar and there may be spice,
But you are the one I shall ever call nice.

It was an autograph album.

"Why, Katinka," I said, "what for?"

"Well," she explained, "I know in the fashion pictures brides allus carries books. I ain't got no other book than what this is. An' this was mother's book—it's all of hers I've got—an' so I t'ought—"

"Carry it, child," I said; and little Katinka went down the stairs with the album for a prayer-book.

And, lo! as the door opened my heart was set beating. For there was music—the reed organ in the parlor was played furiously—and I at once realized that Peleas was presiding, performing the one tune that he knows—the long-meter doxology.

The parlor blinds were open, the ge-

raniums had been brought up from the cellar to grace the sills, and, as finishing symbol of festivity, Diantha had shaken about the room a handkerchief wet with cologne. Miss Waitie had contributed the presence of her best dress. Andy, blushing, waited by the window, pretending to talk with the parson, and continually brushing imaginary flies from before his face. When he saw Katinka, he changed countenance, and fairly joined in the amazed "Ah!" of the others. Indeed, the parson began the ceremony with Andy's honest eyes still reverently fixed upon Katinka's gown.

There was but one break in the proceedings. Peleas attempted to play softly through the ceremony, and he reckoned without one of the pedals, which stuck fast with a long, buzzing sound and could not be released, though every one had a hand at it. And finally Katinka herself, who had dusted the pedal for so long that she understood it, had to come to the rescue, while the parson waited for her "I will."

As for me, by the time that it was all over I was crying softly behind the stove, with as much enjoyment as if I had been Katinka's mother. And not until I took up my apron to wipe my eyes did I remember that I had not changed my own gown that morning. As if, because one is seventy, that is reason for losing one's self-respect!

Peleas put the rest in my head.

"Ettare," he said, while we were having sauce and seed-cakes after the ceremony, "you've got your gray gown, haven't you?"

"Why, yes," said I, not understanding.

"And you don't really need that white one—" He hesitated.

I saw what he meant. We both looked across at the little bride, speechlessly happy in my old woman's finery.

"Not a bit," I said, loving Peleas for his thought.

His hand slipped under the big napkin and found mine, and we smiled at each other with the tidings of a new secret.

That is why, when we reached home next night, we gave our suit-case to Nichola to unpack and had no fear. The white lady's-cloth gown was not there.

The Diary of Grant Duff¹

THIS spring Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff brings his diary to a close in the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of the series. There is something monumental in reminiscences of such proportions, even though, as in this case, they are of the lightest chit-chat. Shelves will groan at it; proof-readers must have been supplied in relays; even the author could have been supported in the reviewing of his accomplishment only by the help of a stoical conscience. Fortunately for the public, some of the volumes at least are sold separately; one may dip in and out at random, fish up three or four readable anecdotes from every page, and digest them—the process is incredibly easy—in the turn of a signature.

Not an unkind word enters these pages. The author is amiable both by nature and grace—by grace of the circle to which his birth and his talents, or both, have given him entrance, where money has brought forth piety, piety virtue, virtue respectability; where woman is protected in her innocence from all reflection on the evils of the world and old age is mellowed into a tolerance of gout. Not a penetrating word enters these pages. The author is not of a peering disposition. But he is an accomplished *raconteur*, and gives point and charm to the small-talk of a class which, if not brilliant, is at any rate versed in the personal affairs of Church, State, and letters. He feels nicely and not too pointedly the varying degrees of distinction in the exceptional society to which he is so deservedly congenial, and if his gossip, always light and entertaining, loses something in specific gravity as it rises toward the throne, it makes up for its lack by a gravity of the author's own, genial and diplomatic. Puns lose their point but become aromatic with the names of the Duchess of This and the Princess of That. The rest is silence.

¹ *Notes from a Diary. 1896 to January 23, 1901.* By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

"After eleven," so runs the diary, "I went out with the Empress [Frederick] who was attended by Miss Ethel Cade-gan. It was a lovely morning, not too warm for a fur coat, and we walked for about an hour and a half, talking of many subjects, of which, as usual in such cases, I make no note."

It is in comments on Jowett that we approach nearest to characterization. And here it must be added that whatever Sir Mountstuart does he manages felicitously. "Jowett's sermons," says the diarist, "are not the counsels of a saint, but of a sage who knew a good deal both of the world and of the church; from a point of view rather of a spectator than of an actor in either." "The Master," he adds a little later, "was a very good and a very wise man; but there were whole realms of thought and feeling into which he could not enter." And he concludes: "It is quite evident that a good many people, and especially women, used him as a father confessor—a rôle for which he appears to me to have been eminently unfit. Some of his friendships were grotesque enough, but several are explained by his intense shyness. A great big, bouncing, barking Newfoundland dog like Morier saved him all the preliminary trouble of making acquaintance. Others are explained by his love of success and position for their own sakes, though it is only just to add that Morier and most of the others of whom I am thinking, as I write, had very considerable merits. His love of success and position had nothing ignoble about them. They were like the love of some people for brilliant colors, for light, splendor, and pagantry."

The Master of Balliol cannot be dismissed without three anecdotes:

"George Brodriek told me an amusing reply of Jowett's to a silly young fanatic, from whom he had inquired whether he found his work congenial. 'Yes,' he answered, 'but I have found something else.' 'What have you found?' asked the old Master. 'I have found