

delirious enthusiasm, crying "South Carolina for South Carolinians!" White rifle clubs were organized but disbanded by the Governor, who called in United States troops to preserve order. Though in the white counties the negroes were cowed, elsewhere they displayed fanatical activity. If the white could shoot, the black could set fire to property. Thus crime and race hostility increased once more to an appalling extent. The Hamburg massacre, where helpless negro prisoners were murdered, was offset by the Charleston riot, where black savages shot or beat every white man who appeared on the streets. The course of events in Louisiana had been similar, though marked by less violence. Nichols was the Democratic aspirant, and the notorious S. B. Packard the Republican. Even President Grant had now changed his view of the Southern situation, stating frankly "that he did not believe public opinion would longer support the maintenance of State governments in Louisiana by the use of the military, and that he must concur in this manifest feeling."

President Hayes withdrew federal support from the South Carolina and Louisiana governments, and they at once fell. Many Republicans fiercely criticised this policy. Some said that by failing to support the governments based upon the canvass of the very returning boards that gave him the electoral delegations in the two States named, he impeached his own title. This was untrue. With regard to State officers, the judicial powers of the returning boards were clearly usurpations, contrary to the State constitutions, while, as to federal officers, such as electors, the power of the boards to modify or reject returns was independent of the State constitutions, yet not forbidden by any federal law.

In 1877 George William Curtis supported, in the New York State Republi-

can Convention, a resolution commending Hayes's administration, and especially his course with regard to the civil service. This aroused Conkling to make a fierce personal attack upon him. Writes Curtis: "It was the saddest sight I ever knew, that man glaring at me in a fury of hate and storming out his foolish blackguardism. It was all pity. I had not thought him great, but I had not suspected how small he was. His friends, the best, were confounded. One of them said to me next day, 'It was not amazement that I felt, but consternation.' Conkling's speech was carefully written out, and therefore you do not get all the venom, and no one can imagine the Mephistophelian leer and spite."

Partly the mode of his accession to office, and partly the rage of selfish placemen who could no longer have their way, made it fashionable for a time to speak of President Hayes as a "weak man." This was an entire error. His administration was every way one of the most creditable in all our history. He had a resolute will, irreproachable integrity, and a comprehensive and remarkably healthy view of public affairs. Moreover, he was free from that "last infirmity," the consuming ambition which has snared so many able statesmen. He voluntarily banished the alluring prospect of a second term, and rose above all jealousy of his distinguished associates. Never have our foreign affairs been more ably handled than by his State Secretary. His Secretary of the Treasury triumphantly steered our bark into the safe harbor of resumption, breakers roaring this side and that, near at hand. That Hayes was such men's real and not their mere nominal chief, in naught dims their fame, though heightening his. President Hayes's veto, in 1878, of the original Bland Bill, for the free coinage of silver by the United States alone, though vain, reflects on him the utmost credit.

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM HURON"

By George A. Hibbard

THE man who was reading the list came at length to the H's.

"Haas," he said.

"Doubtful," observed one of those seated about the table in the small hotel "parlor."

"Hackett," he continued.

"No use," commented the person who had spoken before.

"Haggerty."

"No use," repeated the other, gloomily.

"Hartley," went on the reader.

There was a loud roar of laughter.

"Well," said the man who held the list, lowering it a little and looking over his glasses, "what's the matter with him?"

"He's all right," said another, who had not spoken.

"You—ah—do not think, Dorsey," continued, with some preciseness, the man who had read the names, "that you will experience any difficulty in that direction?"

Dorsey, a younger man than the rest, all of whom could have given an accurate account of the doings of any State Convention anywhere within twenty-five years, looked up with a slight smile.

"No, Mr. Rauceby," he said, again laughing outright, "I don't think I shall."

"You know the man," pursued Rauceby. "Very singular, but I don't."

"Come," exclaimed another, "you remember 'Conscience' Hartley?"

"No, I don't," said Rauceby.

"Don't you remember—it may have been five years ago—when there was some little thing to be done in Tappan County, and a fellow was sent to see the County Clerk. I don't recollect exactly what was wanted, but it was something rather important, and the Company was willing to pay a good price. Well, our fellow went down and found his man. From what he said he must have talked to him pretty much all the morning, showing him what were the

points, and why it would be the best for the community. He fairly talked himself out, the other saying nothing at all, and at last he came to a dead stand-still. He was a little doubtful about speaking more directly and didn't know what to do, so he sat there staring at the man before him. Then the other said, just quietly and gently, 'But I have a conscience.' That settled it. Our fellow knew where he was then. He offered first one sum and then another, until he'd got to the end of his limit; then he went out and telegraphed, 'He has a conscience.' Of course his despatch was understood, and as the matter really was important he was given free hand. In the afternoon our man went back and saw the clerk and raised on him. 'Do you think,' he asked, as he suggested the figure, 'that this is about what you're conscience demands?' The other man hesitated a moment, then he spoke up quick, 'Well, I guess that's about the size of it.' But I can tell you that 'conscience' cost the Company a pretty penny, and that man was Hartley. It's for this reason he's gone by the name of 'Conscience' Hartley among a lot of us ever since."

"I knew him," said Dorsey; "I came from Tappan County, and we went to school together. Afterward, when I began to practise law, I had one or two dealings with him. It was universally conceded that he was perfectly unscrupulous, and when there was any dirty work to be done, he was always the man chosen to do it. At first I was almost sorry for him, for he never had anything to help him, and a good deal by inheritance against him—his people weren't much—and he was as ambitious as the devil. But at last he got too bad. Some of the things he did made one sick, and I hadn't been speaking to him for some time before I left."

"Don't you think," suggested Rauceby, doubtfully, "that perhaps this—early misunderstanding may make some

difficulty? Perhaps he'd better be seen by someone else."

"Oh," exclaimed Dorsey, contemptuously, "a little thing like a man's not speaking to him doesn't make any difference with 'Conscience' Hartley."

"You say," continued Rauceby, "that he is your contemporary. He must be a youngish man."

"Yes," answered Dorsey; "he isn't old. If anything, he's a little younger than I am—and he wasn't a bad-looking devil, with his clean-shaved, pale, thin, eager face."

"Hum," coughed Rauceby. "You knew him in Tappan, and he is now a member from Huron County."

"He had to leave Tappan shortly after he'd got through his term as clerk," explained Dorsey. "There was even something shady about the way he got in, and he went out with a reputation that finished him. Nothing was ever brought home to him—he was too clever for that—but people began to be very shy. Besides, he became very careless in his habits——"

"Drank?" said Rauceby, briefly.

"Yes," said Dorsey; "and so he went off to Huron, married there, and has evidently got himself elected."

"You'll see him, then, at once," pursued Rauceby, picking up the list which he had momentarily laid aside.

"To-morrow morning," replied Dorsey.

"It would seem that we could count on him?" commented the other.

"Yes," said Dorsey, with a light laugh, "I don't think that I shall have very much trouble with the 'Gentleman from Huron.'"

A bright, hard, winter sunlight fell on the snow-sprinkled earth as Dorsey, at about ten o'clock on the following day, made his way up the steep Albany street. He did not walk very briskly, indeed his feet dragged even laggingly, and there was a slight frown of displeasure on his brow. He knew that his heart was not in the work upon which he was engaged, and he could not disguise from himself that there was a feeling lying hidden away somewhere that made him irritable and uncomfortable. It really availed but lit-

tle to recall the cynical conclusions at which he had arrived after a somewhat extended experience with the ways of men. He did not like what he was doing at all. In all other affairs of a like sort there had been a greater remoteness. Things might have been done that were not altogether defensible, but he had not been the one who had directly done them, and they had not appeared so blameworthy in their shadowy detachment. Now he was acting himself, and the facts of the case lay directly before him with a raw crudeness not to be escaped. It was then that he suddenly experienced a sensation of relief in remembering that he was going to meet Hartley. "Conscience" Hartley would receive such a proposition as a matter of course; the business could soon be settled, and then he could quickly forget the whole affair. It was not as if he had to deal with a person who might have scruples that it would be necessary that he should overcome. He could ask Hartley what he would take, as he might ask a man what he would take for a piece of land, and that would be all there would be of it. He found a substantial comfort in this reflection, and the thought of the man now led him to think of the boy he had known in the past. He remembered him scorned at school because of histories as to his parentage—histories known even to himself and to the other urchins. Indeed then and always it had come to be a sort of understood thing that Hartley should be despised, and Dorsey had always taken the attitude of the rest of the world, without much questioning, as he accepted always everything else that the world was prepared to accept. He had been very far away from Hartley in those days in the county town of Tappan County, and very far above him in position even then, when he had not yet become the successful promoter of many a big scheme in the big city. He had always felt that he had the right to scorn the other, and had done so, casting him aside carelessly when the little standing that the other had was gone. To be sure he had never had much to do with him—but here a disturbing thought suddenly came to Dorsey. Was he as far away from Hartley now as he had been then?

Now he was engaged to meet him in the same business—and the position of the one who gave the bribe was not so very much better after all than the position held by him who received it. Dorsey was still young and not quite hardened, and the idea was very bitter. He hated the man he was about to see; he hated the idea of the meeting that was about to take place, and it was with a very disturbed mind and in a very bad temper that he entered the hotel where he expected to find Hartley.

As Dorsey passed through the wide doorway it occurred to him as surprising that he should be going to that particular place. The hotel was quite the best in the city, and that Hartley was there was something little to be expected. A boarding-house on a side street would seem a much more likely abode, and it was with a feeling that there was some mistake that Dorsey spoke to the clerk in the marble office. It seemed all right, however, for the man called "Front" without question, and sent off Dorsey's card by the "hall-boy," who sprang forward quite as if the sending up of cards to "Forty-seven" was a very frequent occurrence.

Dorsey walked about the tessellated floor wondering vaguely. He was not, however, obliged to wait long, for the "boy," quickly returning, announced that "Mr. Hartley" would see him. Nor did Dorsey have far to go, for his guide, ascending a flight of broad steps, shortly paused at a door on the second floor, knocked, and immediately entered.

The room into which Dorsey was thus ushered was a large hotel "parlor," across which the winter sunshine was streaming brightly. A fire burned briskly in the grate, and on the table was a bunch of flowers. On the mantel stood a number of photographs in pretty frames; on a chair were some books and papers, and over the back of a divan was a woman's wrap. If Dorsey had been surprised before, he was fairly astounded as he stepped across the dull-hued rug thrown over the more glaring hotel carpet. A man seated at a large table with his back to the light rose speedily as Dorsey advanced. The face was in such deep shadow that he could

not be sure if it were indeed Hartley, and Dorsey paused, hesitating slightly.

"I believe you want to see me," said the occupant of the room.

Though he had not heard the voice for a long time, Dorsey recognized at once the unmistakable nervous intonation.

"Yes—Hartley." He felt a sudden impulse to say "Mr. Hartley," but he checked himself in very shame, and endeavored to start the interview upon a basis of mutual understanding and rough good-fellowship.

"It's some time since we met." And Dorsey held out a hand which the other took lamely. "I don't think we've forgotten one another."

"No," said Hartley, slowly; "I remember you very well, Mr. Dorsey—but, as you say, it's some time since we met."

"Time enough," continued the other, heartily, "for us to change a good deal—get over a good deal of nonsense that was in us when we were young—"

Hartley nodded, and although nothing was said more explicitly, it was understood that Dorsey had tacitly apologized for the past.

It was manifestly indicative of the moral plane on which Hartley had always lived that he accepted the whole matter as so absolutely natural, and unquestionably felt neither anger nor surprise.

"So they've sent you up here," said Dorsey, "but on the other side, I understand, from what you used to be."

"I've seen the error of my ways," said Hartley.

Both men laughed mirthlessly and recklessly, for although Hartley's speech was innocent enough there was something in his tone that was harshly scoffing.

"There are always two sides to every question," continued Dorsey, "and I've come to see you because I want to talk to you about one particular side of one."

"You're up here in the interest of the old concern," said Hartley.

"Yes," replied the other, "although we don't say much about it. There's a new matter, and the truth is I want you to help give it a lift."

"I think it comes up to-morrow," observed Hartley, thoughtfully.

"Yes," Dorsey answered. "We've been pushing it on; want to get the bill up to the Senate before the close of the session."

"I know about it," said Hartley, slowly nodding.

"That's all right, then," exclaimed the other, seating himself and placing his hand on Hartley's knee. "Now we—you and I—we don't have to waste our time with much nonsense, and we'll just put this through. You know me, and I know you——"

"You knew me," corrected Hartley.

"What do you mean?" asked Dorsey, looking up in surprise.

"Didn't I tell you I've seen the error of my ways?"

"Oh, come," laughed Dorsey, "what are you talking about?"

It was for his interest to carry on the conversation as if there were some secret understanding, some freemasonry of trickery that united them, and he was doing his best to maintain the fiction by a rude and coarse pleasantry.

"You think I don't mean it——"

"I think I can convince you as to the side you want to take in the business," said Dorsey, still laughing boisterously.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Hartley, rising.

He went to the door that led to the next room, opened it slightly and glanced in. As if reassured, he threw it farther back and took a more comprehensive view; evidently satisfied, he closed the door carefully, and returned to the table, near which he again sat down.

"I wanted to be sure there wasn't anyone there."

Dorsey nodded.

"I can talk freely now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Hartley, almost with a sigh of relief, "and so can I."

"This thing is very well worth our while and we are willing to make it worth your while, too," resumed Dorsey. "That's the long and the short of it, and if we talked a week that's what it would be in the end."

"As I understand," said Hartley, "you want to pay me—bribe me to vote for this measure of yours."

"We don't usually put it that way," replied the other man, with a nervous laugh; "but if you haven't got any objection to such directness, we haven't. In fact, I suppose that's about what it is."

"That's very much what it is," said Hartley, in a tone that caused Dorsey to glance up at him in surprise. "Dorsey," he continued, "as you say, we've known each other for a long time."

"Well," said Dorsey, as the other paused.

"That's the reason," pursued Hartley, "that I let you come up here. Do you suppose that I have forgotten?" He looked squarely at the other. "There was a time when you refused to speak to me—when you passed me in the public street without a word."

"I know," said Dorsey. "I was young and—had ideas that the world has knocked out of me. I set myself up then for being better than others. It's only as we grow older that we learn that mighty few of us can afford to do that."

"You thought and announced publicly that I was a person of no principle, of no honor—and—well, you may imagine that it is some satisfaction to have you come to me on such an errand."

"I didn't expect you were going to take it this way, Hiram," said Dorsey. "But I suppose it's natural. You want your little revenge," and again he laughed nervously. "It's the way of the world."

"I won't deny it," said Hartley, rising and pacing the room. "I think we're even now, but I'd have gladly given up this revenge, as you call it, not to have you come to me at this time."

He was silent for a moment and then went on:

"If you were a stranger I shouldn't talk to you, but—we went to school together," Hartley resumed. "I tell you frankly that I need money—nothing crooked, you know—but I've borrowed and speculated and lost. This offer of yours is a temptation, and if I don't accept it I don't know where to turn."

"Well," said Dorsey, phlegmatically.

"And yet I can't do it!" cried Hartley, going to the window, and for a mo-

ment absently gazing down into the busy street. "Good God, I can't do it!"

Dorsey allowed his very real surprise to show in his usually impassive face.

"Why, Hiram," he said, with perfect sincerity, "what's making you so particular at this late day?"

"It is a late day," admitted the man. "I know it, and the knowledge that you have the right to say that to me makes me want to strangle you—or shoot myself."

Tossing up his head he laughed again, shortly and sharply.

"I thought I'd passed the danger—that the necessity would never come again. But it's as bad almost as it ever was." He turned fiercely on Dorsey—"Why did you come here?"

"It seems," said Dorsey, coolly, "to save you from something."

"It's nothing so very much," Hartley went on. "Only the need of money. Only the knowledge that without it there will be trouble, perhaps even want for myself—and another. A little would carry me through—what you would probably give would more than set all right."

"Then why not accept and not think any more about it?"

"I tell you I can't!" cried Hartley.

"You would——" began his companion.

"I should have done it. You're right. I'd have done it and never thought. But why should I have done it? Because I did not know any better, because I was lost anyway, because in one sense there was no reason why I should do any better."

"And there is a reason now?" asked Dorsey, with a vague interest.

"There is," replied Hartley. "There is something that has made all different—for it has made me different; that has put me where I am; that has made me what I am."

"Yes?" said Dorsey, his curiosity really aroused.

Hartley sank into a chair placed near the blazing grate, and let his head rest on his hand.

"Dorsey," he said, "I'm a wretched man—a cursedly wretched man. Fate's been against me. I thought I had pulled through all right, and now I'm

deeper in the mire than ever. Fate has made what so far has been my salvation—a temptation. That's the worst of having once been out of the straight path; it comes so easy the next time. I suppose another man, who had never gone wrong, would have prejudices, principles against soiling his hands; but with me it's only too natural. It's the other thing that's the effort. And when I think of what I've done for nothing, for mere selfishness, it almost seems a duty to do this thing now."

Dorsey, seeing that Hartley expected some response, nodded his head, but did not speak.

"There's no escape," groaned the tortured man. "There's no other way."

Dorsey remained silent.

"If it must be," Hartley said at length, "what is it you want?"

"Simply," said Dorsey, "that you should vote for our measure. You say you know about it, and—and it will be worth your while."

"How much?" asked Hartley, coldly, steadily, rigidly.

"How much did you say you were behind?" asked Dorsey.

Hartley drew a scrap of paper toward him, tore off a strip, scrawled some figures upon it, and handed it to the other. Dorsey, adjusting his eye-glasses, glanced at it quickly.

"Yes," he said, "though it's rather more—still there will be no difficulty. I can promise you, I believe, that there will be no difficulty."

There was a certain dogged weariness in the way that both men spoke that was very noticeable, although both were clearly unaware of it. When Dorsey had finished, the two sat in gloomy absorption, each ignoring the other and evidently following out a particular train of thought. Before either, however, had noticed the awkwardness of such a silence, the door which Hartley had closed so carefully was slowly opened.

"May I come in?" said a gentle, woman's voice, and a young woman's head was thrust into the room and a young woman's alert, bright eyes glanced about the place. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "you are not alone."

"Come in, Maggie," called Hartley. "It's all right."

"I've been out," she said, wholly emerging from her place of concealment and swiftly advancing, "and I did not know anyone was here."

"It's only—" Hartley visibly hesitated and finally hurried on, "an old friend of mine—an old school-fellow."

The girl—for she was hardly more, although in her evident desire to maintain the dignity of wifehood she had dressed herself prettily in a manner that would have been proper for one of far greater years—beamed her welcome upon Dorsey.

"You knew Hiram before he knew me," she said, quickly. "How strange that is—for it seems to me that I have known him always," and she glanced adoringly at her husband.

"Yes," said Dorsey. "Long—long ago."

"How very pleasant it must be," she continued, "for you to see each other again. You must have so much about which you want to talk, since you knew each other at school—all the games and all your scrapes—indeed, all the happy past when one is young. I am so sorry I came in."

"We had very nearly finished our very pleasant conversation," said Dorsey, grimly. "In fact we had—quite got through—"

He rose, as if preparing to take his leave.

"Please sit down," she said. "You are an old friend, and I shall feel very badly if I drive an old friend away in this fashion. You *must* sit down," she concluded, impetuously, "I want to talk to you, too."

Dorsey reluctantly obeyed and sank back into the chair in which he had been seated; Hartley, with deep lines of anxiety and suffering about his eyes and the corners of the mouth, stood looking on.

"Was he always the same?" she asked, gayly. "I'm sure you never got *him* into any of your mischief, he must have been such a good boy," she concluded, laughing. "You must all have been afraid of him—just as I am now. Oh," and she glanced around admiringly at Hartley, "I don't dare tell him half

of the awful things I think and do, I am so afraid he would be shocked."

Hartley looked entreatingly at Dorsey and the latter in embarrassment evaded his glance.

"I suppose that it is quite right for me to say things to you who are an old school-fellow," she continued, doubtfully, "for you knew him and can understand. I go to Hiram with every case of conscience, and I find him awfully severe. Sometimes I am quite ashamed when I find that he utterly disapproves of things that didn't seem to me wrong in the least."

With a half-smothered exclamation Hartley again turned to the window.

"What is it?" she asked, looking after him timidly. "I don't care," she said, defiantly, "if you don't like to hear me say nice things about you. They're true, and there can't be any harm." Then she went on confidentially to the confused man before her: "He hates to have me praise him in that way, but I suppose it's natural, for I know men dislike to be considered too good."

"You cover me with confusion, Maggie," said Hartley, who had returned from the window, with an attempt at lightness.

"I don't see why I should be ashamed if you are," she replied, rebelliously. "Oh," and she laughed brightly, "it always amuses me when I think how astonished some of the wicked people here must be when they find that a man in public office," she spoke in a manner that clearly indicated the unbounded pride that she took in her husband's position as a member of the Legislature, "can really be true and honest. And," she concluded, inquiringly, and turning to the other, "there are a great many who are very wicked, for I have read all about it in the newspapers."

Dorsey smiled with a sickly uplifting of the corners of his mouth, and this he evidently thought would suffice for an answer, but Maggie was clearly intent upon learning his opinion.

"I am afraid," he answered at length, seeing that there was no escape, "that a great deal is done that is not quite right."

"I cannot understand it," she ex-

claimed, indignantly, “when their positions are given to them as a *sacred trust*, when the people they represent have honored them with their confidence—To betray them!”

“They don’t look at it in such a great light,” said Dorsey.

“But they ought,” she insisted. “When a man is chosen from among all the people of a place to guard its interests it is a great distinction. Don’t you suppose I am very, *very* proud of Hiram’s election? Don’t you suppose that I just love everyone of the men who voted for him? It was a great surprise for us—for me when he was nominated. There had never been any reason to expect anything so fine—oh!—and then the election. ‘The gentleman from Huron’—that’s what I always call him, exactly as they do at the Capitol—pretended to be very modest about it, but *I* wasn’t. I was willing that everyone should know what *I* felt.” She looked at her husband inquiringly. “Wasn’t I?”

“I think, Maggie,” he said, with a weak, nervous laugh, “that there could be little doubt about your sentiments.”

“I don’t care,” she declared. “It was a great thing for us—it must be a great thing for anybody—to be chosen of the people. And how any of them can be unworthy I can’t see. How they can be false to their promises, their oaths, just for their own mean good, I can’t understand. It’s wicked and—and—what’s more, it’s cowardly—just like a soldier deserting in the face of the enemy. That’s what I always told my boys when I taught school.”

“I have no doubt,” said Dorsey, “that you have started many future Presidents in the way they should go.”

“I don’t care anything about Presidents,” continued the young girl, hotly, “but I tried to show that truth and faith and honor were real and important things. I hear so much that makes me so indignant that it seems as if I could not be quiet—as if I must do something. And Hiram agrees with me that it is terrible.” She looked toward her husband as she often did, but he had turned away, Dorsey also having instinctively glanced in his direction. “I’m talking as I do now,” she

continued, “because I’ve just heard something that makes me particularly furious. Hiram,” she said, “Jim Pomeroy has been here.”

“Yes,” responded Hartley.

“Jim Pomeroy,” she continued, turning to Dorsey, and speaking in a tone of confidential lowness, “is awfully in love with Annie. Oh, Annie’s my sister, who is here with me. Now, of course, he wants to be nice to me, and he tells me all about everything under the sun, himself included—mostly himself—with all his hopes and fears and wishes. He’s up here just now in the interests of some people who don’t want a bill passed that it seems a certain corporation is making every effort to carry through. I think that is right. When I saw him this morning he was in perfect despair. It appears the thing is coming on to-morrow and there isn’t any hope. Jim says the whole matter is perfectly scandalous—that it’s a ‘steal’ of the worst kind. Indeed, that never before has there been anything so brazen and barefaced. He has been working like everything, poor fellow, using every regular and legitimate means possible to destroy the influence of those working against him, but it is no use. It appears that they are paying enormous sums—buying up votes right and left. Until yesterday he thought that he should be successful, for the measure was so manifestly wrong that a great many were afraid, whatever their principles might be, to go in for it. Jim and his side had gone over every name in the House, and as nearly as they could see those for and against were just even, and he was very hopeful. But then he met a man—” she paused impressively in order to give Dorsey the full benefit of her tone of withering scorn—“a man who was up here, buying the members as if they were sheep. The name of the creature, Jim said, was Dorsey, and Jim and the wretch who, Jim said, is the most prominent of his awful class, had a talk.”

Dorsey stirred uncomfortably, and threw his right leg over his left knee with an affected air of easy indifference.

“I can’t understand how he could have consented to speak to him, but it

seems men look upon those things differently—almost as a joke. Anyway when Jim told this man that he was sure to have his way, the man laughed at him—I can imagine his low, malignant, cunning laughter—and assured him that he was mistaken. It seems"—and again she paused impressively—"it seems that he knew of a member—for so he said—who was so utterly lost to all sense of shame that all he should have to do would be to go to him and ask him what his price would be for 'seeing the thing through all right' and it would be done. He said he shouldn't have any more hesitation about approaching this wretch than he should a newsboy to buy a newspaper. He told Jim that the man's 'record' was so bad, that the man himself was so lost to honor—that he had let him go until the very last because he was absolutely sure of him. Think of anyone being able to say that of another! It appears that this miserable being had held office before somewhere else and had left the place in disgrace, that he had been an object of universal contempt and loathing, and that no decent man had been willing to speak to him. Poor thing! I could almost be sorry for him, only he must be so hardened that sympathy, I imagine, would be utterly lost. And really I despise and hate him," her eyes flashed and she clenched her small hands, "and I should like to tell him what I think of him. Oh, I am so angry about it all that I cannot be still, and that is the reason that I have been talking in this way."

Both men were silent.

"It is terrible," she resumed. "What harm such a man must do; what misery he must bring on anyone who happens to have the misfortune to belong to him. And if he is not utterly lost to all sense of humiliation, what tortures of conscience he must suffer, what shame he must experience when he realizes that his disgrace is known to anyone for whom he cares, for I suppose such people do care sometimes, in strange, perverted ways. And even if all his guilt is not known, what agony it must be to have anyone treat him with a consideration he knows that he does not deserve." Her eyes shone and her breath

came and went more quickly as she poured out hotly and rapidly her indignant words, utterly absorbed by her topic. "I told Jim that I would get the 'Gentleman from Huron' to do something. That he would be the perfect one to stand up and denounce such villany. And," she again turned to Hartley, "I was so proud when I was able to say that—you don't know."

Hartley was leaning with his arm on the mantel, gazing in the fire.

"Why," she said, springing up, "what is it? I have been so busy talking I did not notice. Something is the matter."

She crossed to where Hartley stood, and paused, gazing very earnestly and very anxiously at him.

"Yes," replied Hartley, in a low voice.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, putting her hand on his arm, and evidently utterly forgetful that Dorsey was in the room. "Is it something—serious?"

"Yes," said Hartley, again in the same muffled tone.

"Never mind," she continued, soothingly, "perhaps it isn't so bad after all."

"Mr.—ah," began Hartley, "my old friend has brought me some bad news."

"Is it about money?" she asked.

"About money," assented Hartley.

It was easy to see that the information had little effect upon her, for she merely uttered a little exclamation of half-indifferent scorn.

"If it's only that," she cried, "although I don't very well see what else it could have been, for we are both here and well, and Annie I know is well and happy, and there isn't anything else."

"But," said Hartley, looking up, "we are ruined. We have lost the little that we have saved."

"Never mind," she said, gently. "You know that we didn't use it, but were only keeping it, so we are just the same, really."

"You don't understand," Hartley went on, miserably. "I owe more than I can pay. We are in debt——"

A little, troubled frown appeared for a moment on her low, smooth brow, and a slight sigh broke from her lips.

"Never mind," she went on, valiantly, "we can make money and pay it off."

"But, Maggie," he insisted, anxious clearly that she should know the worst, "it is a great deal."

"It will only take the longer," she said, stoutly. "But neither of us is old."

"You really mean," he said, "that you don't care?"

"Of course I do," she replied, brightly, "but we were poor—very poor when we began, and that didn't last then, and—if we do right, it won't last now."

Dorsey rose.

"I think—I think," he said, casting about him for his hat, "that I must go."

"Oh," exclaimed Maggie, turning swiftly, "I had forgotten. How very rude of me, and your old friend must think us very absurd." She advanced and held out her hand to Dorsey. "You see your bad news wasn't such very bad news after all."

"No, no," muttered Dorsey.

"And so really," said Hartley, from where he stood, to Dorsey, who was now standing up, "I don't think, on the whole, I shall take advantage of your kind suggestion. Maggie and I will face it out together and let the worst come. Unless," and he glanced with a

short laugh at the girl, "you think we'd better turn a penny like those of whom you've heard. My vote is just as valuable as another, and I might go and find the person of whom Jim spoke to you and sell it for what I could get."

She answered his bitter smile with a delighted laugh, and gave him a quick look—a look in which adoration, faith, love, were one and all mingled.

"Oh," she exclaimed, indignantly, "how can you speak of such a thing even in fun. I am *ashamed* of you."

"Well, then," said Hartley to Dorsey, who had found his hat, and was now moving toward the door, "if you happen to meet the man that Maggie has been describing so vividly, you needn't tell him to see me."

"No," said Maggie, defiantly; "but you can say to him positively that he will lose his time if he comes to see the 'Gentleman from Huron.'" And, as she turned and running to Hartley threw her arms around his neck, after the door had closed on Dorsey's departing form, she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry I forgot to tell your old school-fellow that we should be so very happy to see him again."

BENEVOLENCE

By Annie Fields

Poor young poet! when I see
Your meagre room, the noisy street,
The absence of things fair or sweet,
I cry: "O set him free!
The nightingale can never sing
Unless he hide his fluttering wing
In some green spot!"
Alas! I freed him from his pain,
And hid him in a shady lane,
Where all was cool and green;
But now, behold, he singeth not,
He calls the days and nights "serene;"
Sunlight and moonlight all the same,
Are "beautiful beyond a name,"
From his dim garden plot!