"And here's the laughing maiden."

Fetch Over the Canoe

A Story of a Song

By WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

"L'amour et la fumee ne peuvent se cacher."

CHICAGO, ILL.:
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1908.

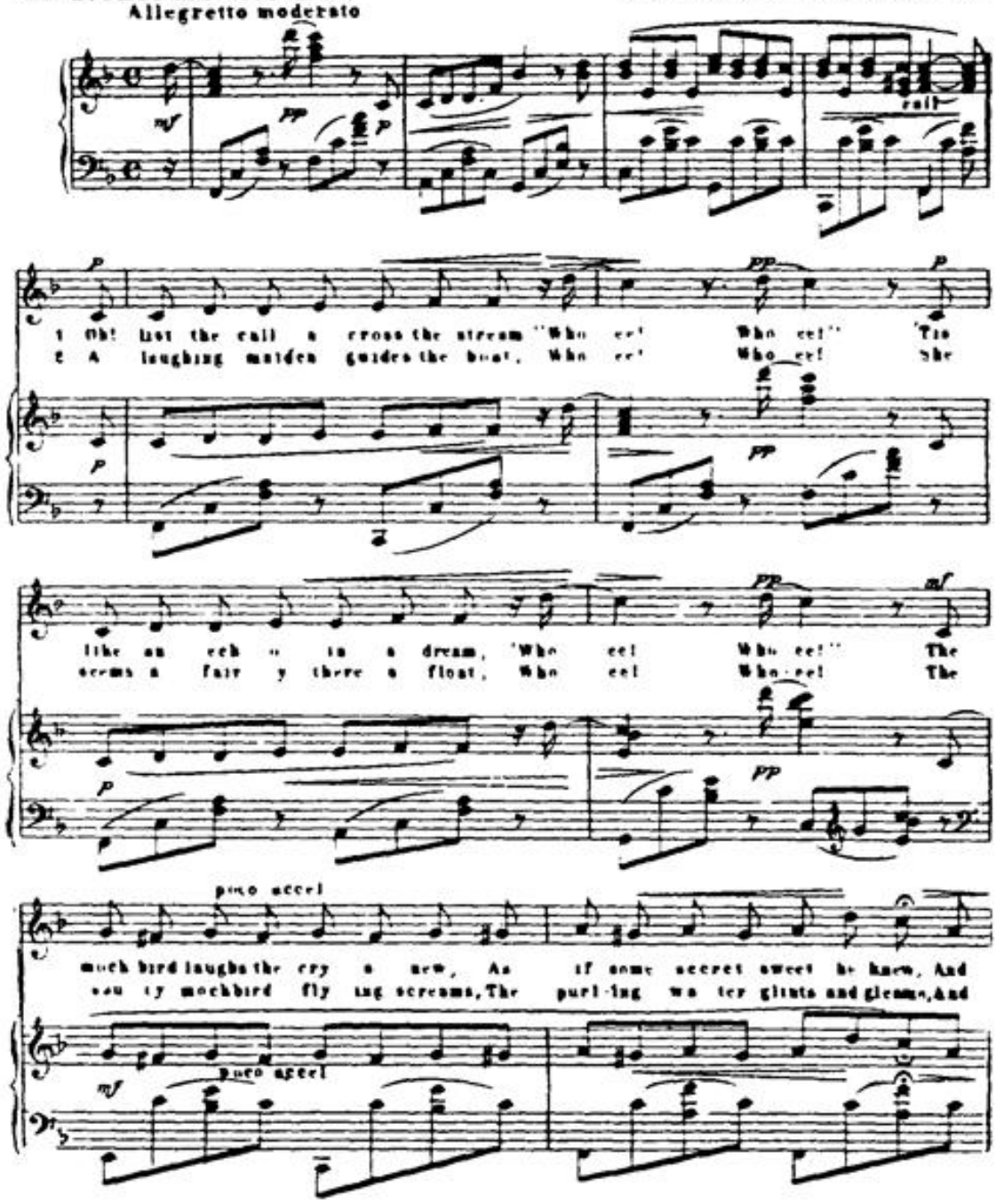
To Hazel Kirke Strayer

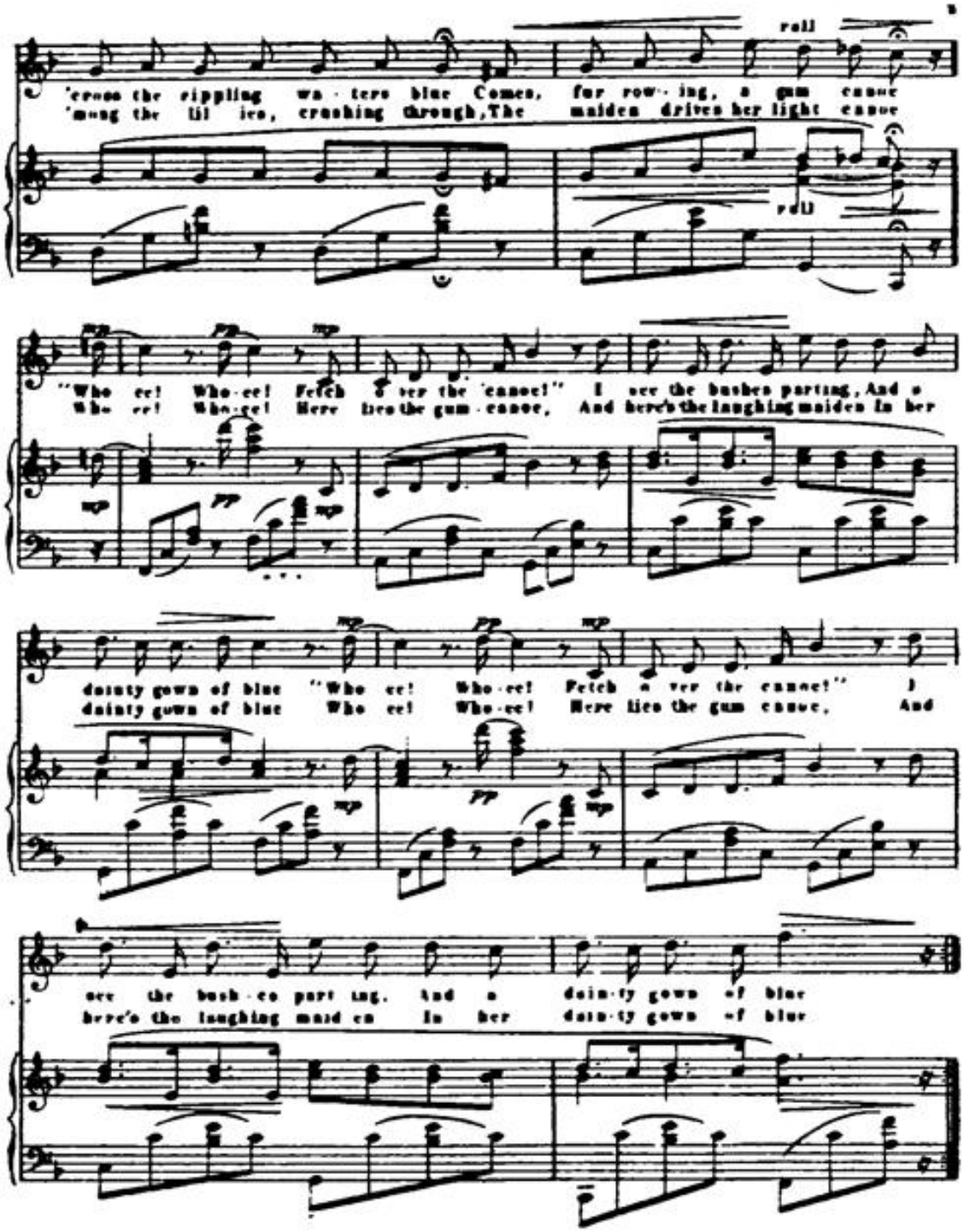
FETCH OVER THE CANOE.

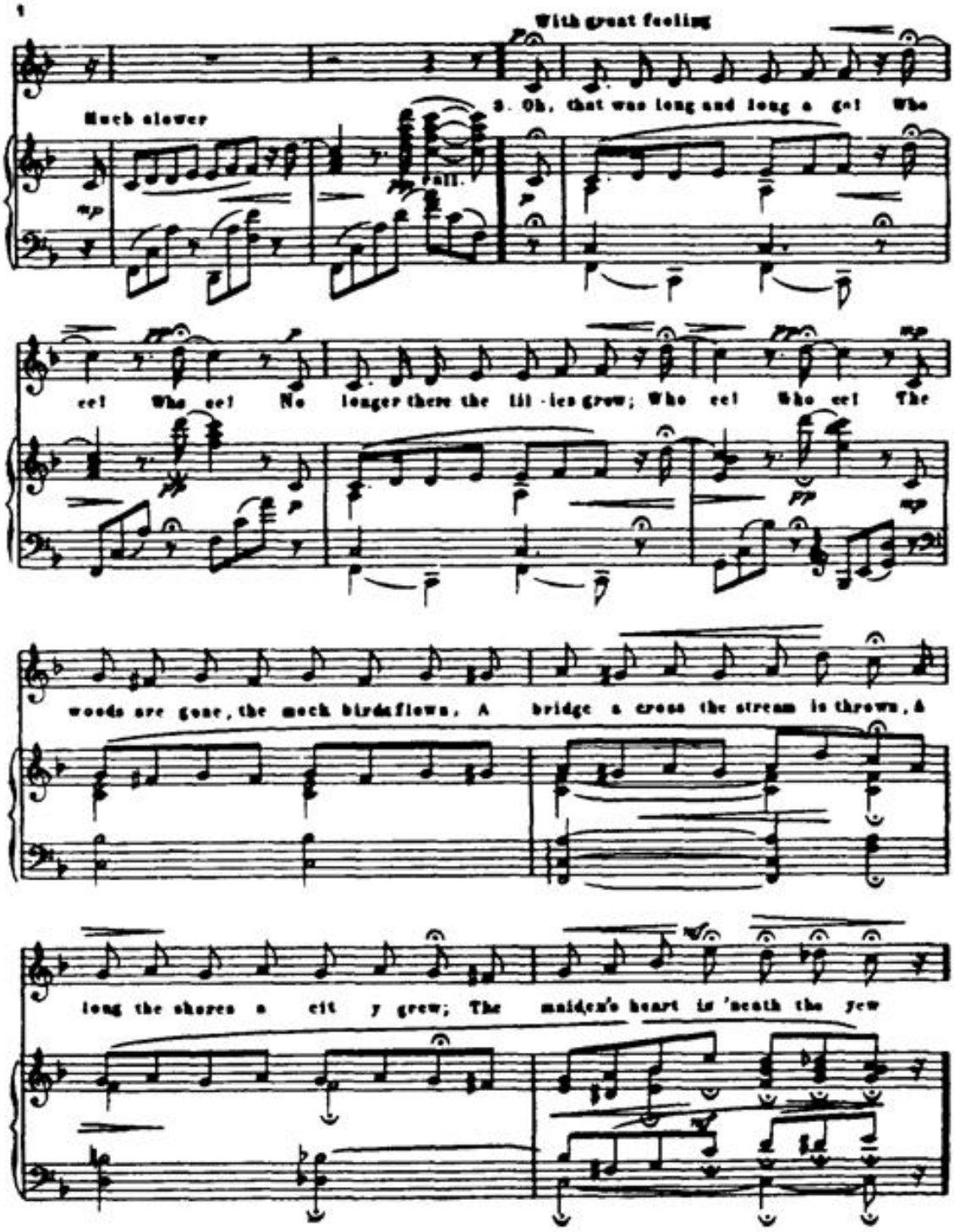
Words by
WM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER

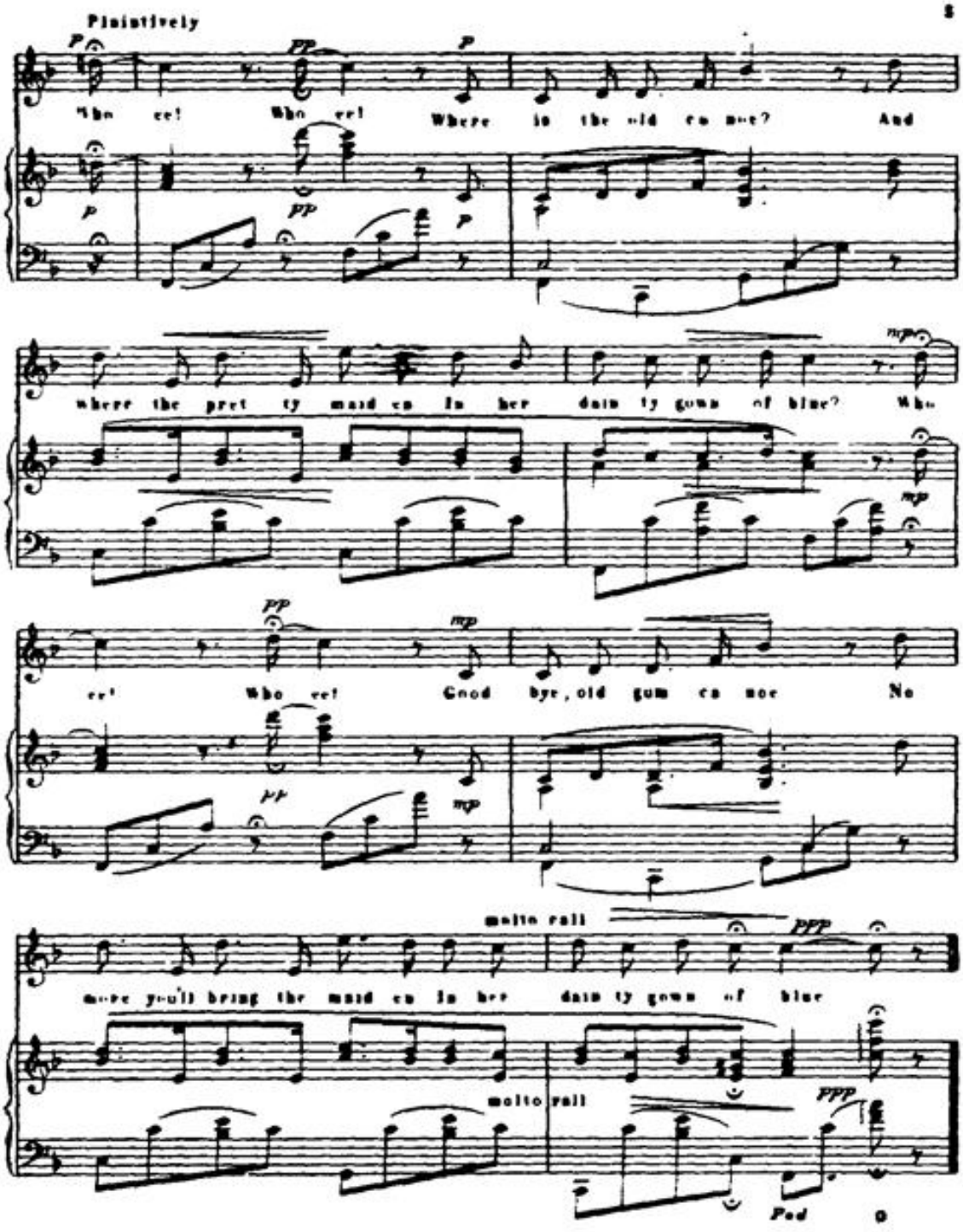
Music by
FRANCES ARMSTRONG WOODS

Allegretto moderato




'cross the rippling wa - ters blue Comes, far row - ing, a gum canoe
'mong the lil ies, crushing through, The maiden drives her light canoe
roll
roll
"Who ee! Who-ee! Fetch o'er the 'canoe!" I see the bushes parting, And a
Who ee! Who-ee! Here lies the gum - canoe, And here's the laughing maiden in her
dainty gown of blue "Who ee! Who-ee! Fetch o'er the canoe!" I
dainty gown of blue Who ee! Who-ee! Here lies the gum canoe, And
see the bush - es part ing, And a dain - ty gown of blue
here's the laughing maid en In her dain - ty gown of blue


With great feeling
Much slower
rall.
3. Oh, that was long and long a go! Who
ee! Who ee! No longer there the lil - ies grow; Who ee! Who ee! The
woods are gone, the mock bird flown. A bridge a cross the stream is thrown, A
long the shores a cit y grew; The maiden's heart is 'neath the yew


Plaintively
Who ee! Who ee! Where is the old co mo?
And
where the pret ty maid co in her dain ty gown of blue?
Who
ee! Who ee! Good bye, old gum co moe
No
molto rall
more you'll bring the maid co in her dain ty gown of blue
molto rall
Ped

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"Oh! that was long and long ago."

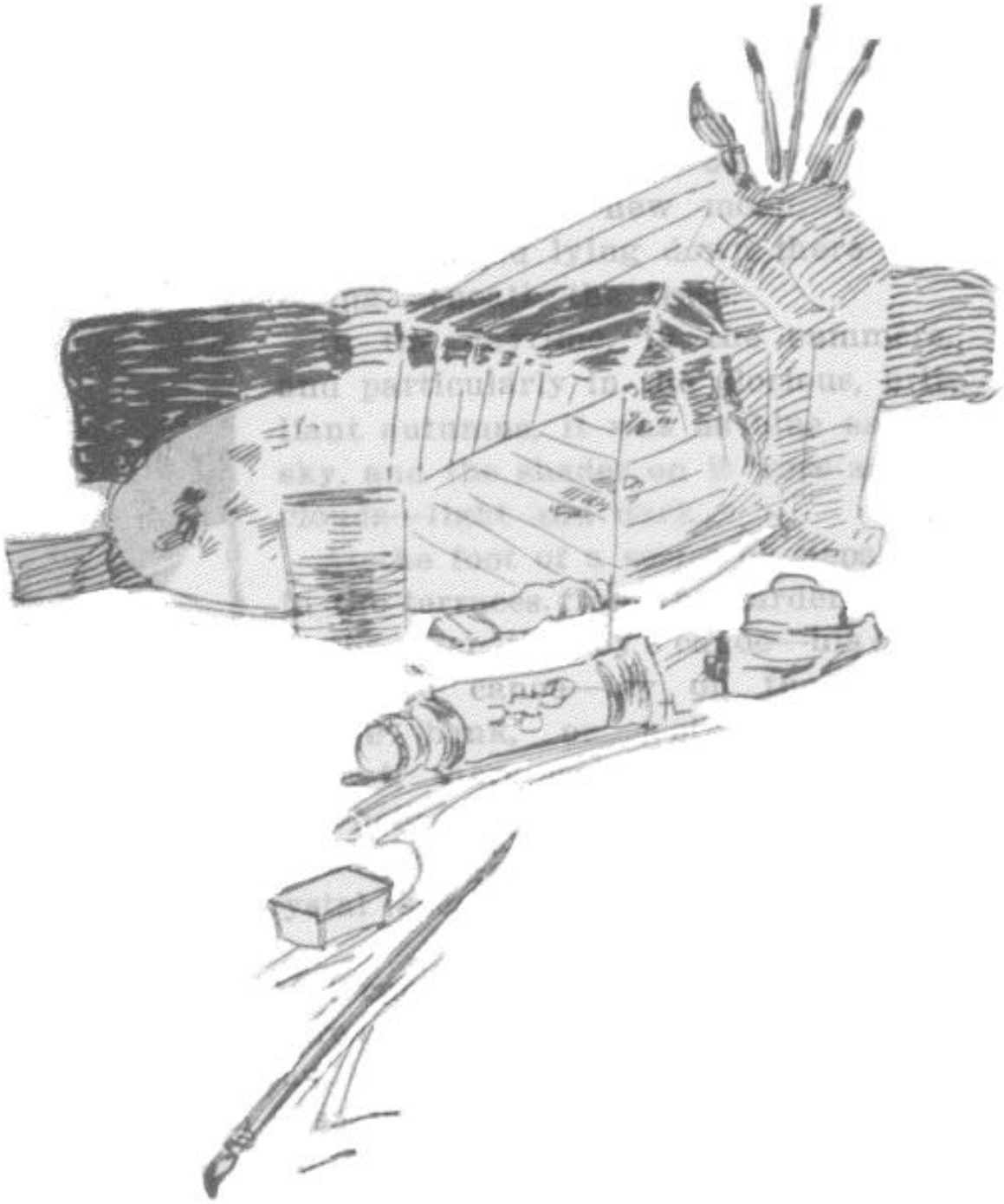
CHAPTER I.

A BOY'S REBELLION.

A VOICE.

Not the words of the song you sung,
  Nor the melody they bore,
Though that was low, and soft, and sweet,
  But never in time before,
Has such a tuneful, soulful voice,
  Rung through the echoing halls
Of a memory, where pictures hang,
  That soften the grim old walls.

Sweet girl, that voice could only come
  From a soul that is white and true,
And were I young and handsome now,
  My life would lay siege to you.



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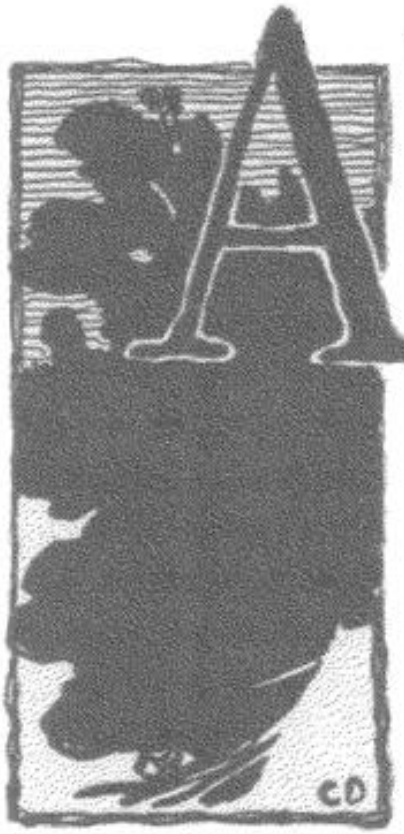
A BOY'S REBELLION.



LONG, sweeping bend of the river.

In Phillip's boyish fancy it seemed, sometimes at night, from his little window at home, to be the white scimetar of the new moon, hugely magnified and lying down there glittering beneath the trees.

In the daytime, in the summers, and particularly in the glorious, brilliant autumns, it was as blue as the sky, and the shades on it were as the clouds—light and dark.

At the foot of a series of steps dug in the terraces from the garden down to the river, the boy's canoe—his dearly loved canoe—lay on the water, still against the bank, or jostling a little from the ripples if there was a breeze. At the bow which was held up stream by a small chain looped about the trunk of a birch sapling, was always a crystal spear of water, made by the current.

The beautiful canoe had been shaped out of a clean poplar tree, and it was as graceful as the neck of a swan.

"I am in despair," said the boy-man one yesterday, "at attempting a description of that canoe. When I try to tell an artist about it, so that he can make an effort to draw a picture of it, and add my own crude sketch to give him a suggestion, I am always distinctly aware of utter failure, and

when he says: 'Oh! I know. Something like this,' then I become angry. He does not touch it, but makes something that is a cross between a birch-bark canoe, a dug-out and a yawl, or—anything.

"Why? Oh! why, did I not induce my mother, who knew it, to make a drawing of that canoe?

"She was an artist when I was a little bit of a fellow, and before I came to get in her way. But when I was big enough to own and handle a canoe so many little brothers and sisters had followed me into the world that the dear little, winsome, black-eyed, gypsy-faced woman had neglected her easel and pallette for us scampering kids, and I remember now, that her paints dried and hardened, the easel was in the garret among a lot of other unused lumber and chattels, the pallette and brushes were there too, or anywhere and nowhere. The toggery and toys of the nursery, school-books, caps, small shoes, sun-bonnets—all sorts of brat's belongings, had whelmed the implements of art, and eclipsed the ambition for it.

"So my mother did not draw a picture of the canoe, but there is a glorious vision of it hanging in the halls of blessed memory."

And poor old "Black Mammy,"—many a time in early summer mornings Phillip would leave her standing arms akimbo, in despair and too much alarmed and indignant to articulate, as he whizzed by her and down the terrace, in one white garment, peeling that as he neared the water, then in puris naturalibus, running the length of the canoe and tumbling, a pink flash, into the blue water for a swim to the other shore and back.

Nearly all boys of that ilk loved a horse. Phillip's horse was a Glencoe beauty that was well cared for, but the canoe, possessed of the

name Chloe Roe, which was also the name of a pretty girl who lived on the mountain side, was his pride and boast, nearly his idol. It was his almost constant companion to the exclusion of all other persons and things that refused to be with them and of them.

And, talk about an Indian handling a canoe—Phillip's mastery over that craft was more entire than any other mastery he has ever achieved.

Big, red apples, strands of black beads, and hearts and crosses that he had cut from cannel-coal, would incline the other Chloe toward him, temporarily but Chloe, the canoe, was ever faithful. No Indian that ever lived could handle a canoe as he did that one. He could stand on its "gunnels" and steer it without a paddle, across or down stream. He could capsize it and right it without getting wet above the ankles, if he chose. Often he paddled it miles upon miles, up and down the river, transported his funnel fish-traps in it and set them from it, fished from it and ferried folks. It was a triumph and a glory, and he delighted to hear some one call from the opposite bank the peculiar "Who-ee!" that meant "Fetch over the canoe," for then it was doing a service that was recognized as being undeniably good.

Some of those persons gave the boy, now and then, a coin for the service. Most of them did not. So many did not that the coin was invariably a surprise. Indeed the gift was generally thought to be almost thrown away, for they knew that he only hoarded them to be used for the purchase of books with which he would idle away his time.

It was true that in the comfortable seat of that canoe, while tied up under the grateful shade of

an over-hanging tree, in a quiet nook, the boy read many books that were, for the most part, stories of the sea—the great oceans that he had not seen yet. He delighted to read thrilling tales of the ancient buccaneers of the Spanish main; of how they climbed over the sides of great galleons, and robbed them of wedges of gold, rich and many-colored gems, beautiful maidens and treasures of silk from the looms of the Orient.

Phillip had never loved gold, nor its equivalents in any sort of merchandise, and one fair maiden at a time has always been enough for him—sometimes too much—and she has generally been at hand, yet he longed to be one of those same buccaneers—or his prototype—and do the same things that they did. Yet he was an honest boy who had not learned the exact shadings of mine and thine, as between the Spaniards who robbed the Peruvians, Aztecs, et al. and those who robbed them.

But those books, and the persecutions they brought, came as near making a pirate of a canoe-boy as such things have ever done, when they did not quite do it.

Phillip's father and mother, who were educated far beyond their general environment, were glad to have him read, but they preferred that it should be along better lines. His brothers who were inclined in other directions, and who slept in the same room he did, kept up a war on his lights in the apartment at night, until he was deprived of candles, and when he substituted split pine-knots and nearly baked his adolescent brains while lying on the floor, head to the fire-place, so that the blaze from the fat-wood might illuminate the already warm pages, they renewed their com-

plaints, righteously enough, as he now sees, down the vista of the years. Then the pine-knots were also made contraband and were cut out, by orders from below.

Then came a quiet rebellion and one day the canoe was lashed alongside a passing flat-boat that was bound for New Orleans, and a runaway boy went to sea to sail many oceans, and to return, after a few years, having at the last of this experience gone ashore from a shipwreck, and over and among the crawling canyons of the deep to temporary safety on a long stretch of sandy beach washed by the Caribbean sea.

Phillip's father had a cousin—a regular old "sea-dog"—who sailed a pretty brigantine out of New Orleans to anywhere that it could go. Now it happened to be in commission to take a cargo of coopering material to Portugal.

The father felt sure that Phillip's aim would be to sail with the skipper cousin, and he wrote to his kinsman to send the boy back. But the old sailor wrote that it would be good for the youth to see something that the "land-lubbers" could not, and without awaiting a reply—it was before the days of telegraphing, in that region—he sailed and thus it was that Phillip went to sea—and to see.

The tars called the boy "The ship's cousin," and he was happy.

Back from Portugal the "Jessie Hall" came laden with wine. Then, with a miscellaneous cargo, she sailed for South American ports. At Montevideo the deck-load of lumber was reconsigned to Rio Janiero, and before the Jessie had cleared the wide mouth of the Rio de la Plata the skipper and first mate were both bed-ridden, and by the time the northward course had been taken

a strenuous gale was making things lively for the Jessie with her top-heavy deck-load. By orders from below the deck-load was unshipped and the brigantine put to sea—the sailor's safest course at times. Only the skipper and his mate, on board, knew navigation, though the crew could put the Jessie where they were told—everything else being equal. But the signals of distress brought help from a Brazilian bark—one of the sea-truants of that coast—and a pilot from that craft sailed the Jessie into the port of Rio Grande de Sul.

In due time the Jessie reached Rio Janeiro and eventually sailed for New Orleans, with a cargo of coffee and other South American products.

When the brigantine had sailed beyond the Amazon's mouth, and was about to reach the Caribbean Sea, between the north-eastern coast of South America and the long sprangle of the Windward Islands, a vicious gale struck the Jessie with ungallant suddenness, and the little tramp went to "Davy Jones' locker."

The crew—all hands—for the skipper and his mate were hale and hearty now—went ashore on spars and things, and for about ten days this small party of the disengaged became the enforced guests of the tanned natives, who gave them bread-fruit, plantain—a large sort of banana, that is remarkably good eating, broiled on coals—and whatever else the island afforded.

Phillip felt himself to be much a Robinson Crusoe, though in his soul he resented such a lot of company, as curtailing the reality of the story.

Signals finally attracted succor, and the English ship that took off the Jessie's crew carried them to Havana, and the skipper's friends in that

capital of the "Ever Faithful Isle" made all hands welcome.

Phillip was happy many weeks with young persons of his own age, and was a sort of hero and wonder among them. But the time came when the skipper, who was a man of large means, sailed for home, and in due time brought Phillip safely to the parental hearth.

All the remainder of this is another story, but it suits this writer to say, just here, that the return of Phillip gave barely time, in boyhood, to give him some preparation, and the first three years of college life. Then came a dreadful war, and he left his student ways for four years of the life of a soldier, which was the open way to a life afterward, all over the world and out in its storms, to the end.

Moreover, the writer is tempted to tell also, that during the years at sea, Phillip had surreptitiously studied navigation, with a view to some time becoming the master of "a long, low, rakish craft," that should "fly the black flag" and become "the terror of the seas." The involuntary landing on one of the little Windward islands, from a spar and a vastness of rude salt water, gave that ambition a chill, from which it never recovered with sufficient strength for any strenuous purpose.

The river, the canoe, the seas, the war, the world, and something renascent or inherent, for he came of a long line of poets, painters, sculptors, sailors and warriors, and on one side from the Hollanders who, to fight old Spain, then the greatest war-power on earth, built for themselves ground amid the sea to fight upon, and on the other side from that Cavalier stock that settled the Southern of the United States, and taught

their sons chivalry and their daughters the purest honor—gave this Phillip the poetic instinct. Thus he wrote verses, from childhood to age. The verses may not have been real poetry. Perhaps he was unable for extraneous reasons, to write real poetry, but he was a poet, notwithstanding, for certain it is, that many a poet has lived and died that never wrote a line, just as

> ". . . many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark, unfathmoned caves of ocean bear,
> And many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> To waste its fragrance on the desert air."

In verse, Phillip attempted, all his life, to tell of those things that were closest to his heart, when it was prompted by love, or patriotism, or veneration, or admiration of the sublime, or detestation of that which is despicable.

Verse has ever been his refuge and solace, and while his Pegasus may have been lame in his feet, weak in his wings, ungainly in shape, and altogether slow, he has been the best conveyance that this Phillip, boy and man, has had for his dearest treasures of thought.

For this reason, or unreason, it happened that, reminiscently, one day, when the shadows of life had begun to fall toward the East, he wrote a song of the canoe, with tender memories of Chloe, the other of his first boyish loves, and whose spirit still guides the graceful craft over the waters, in memory and dreams.

There was truth in the story told by the song, and it had a tinting of fancy. It was written with the certain intent of pleasing himself and the hope that it might please some others. Not any particular others, but any others. Surely it was not written to do any harm to any one, including himself.

At any rate it attracted the attention of one who is an accomplished composer of music and who set the lines to a sweet and plaintive melody; a melody that pleased the singers and those that loved to hear kindly songs.

One night at a function of an organization of men whose calling demands the highest order of intellectuality, a brilliant audience had gathered and out of the wide anywhere of the vast city, from somewhere that Phillip had not specially heard of, led by the composer, came a beautiful young woman who sang his song. He had never heard the melody, and while it was very sweet and tender it was not that which so entranced him. To him the lines were as humble as they could possibly have been to the severest critic, or his most prejudiced enemy. But the melody and words as borne upon the accents of that voice, made the sweetest song he had ever heard, and he has heard the nightingale sing in an orange-grove, on a night in June, beneath the Southern cross.

The voice was as pure as the ring of a golden bell; the face was that of St. Cecelia; the form was petite and graceful as a lily; the girl was winsome, modest, wholesome, with a sweet and tender smile, and there was an evident yearning to please; an ambition to do well for the pure and simple sake of doing good .

Her success was plainly manifest and she accepted the proofs of it with a gentle diffidence that seemed to be tinged with the faintest color of surprise and the soft light of serene gratification, toned by gratefulness.

By proper means she came to Phillip as to an

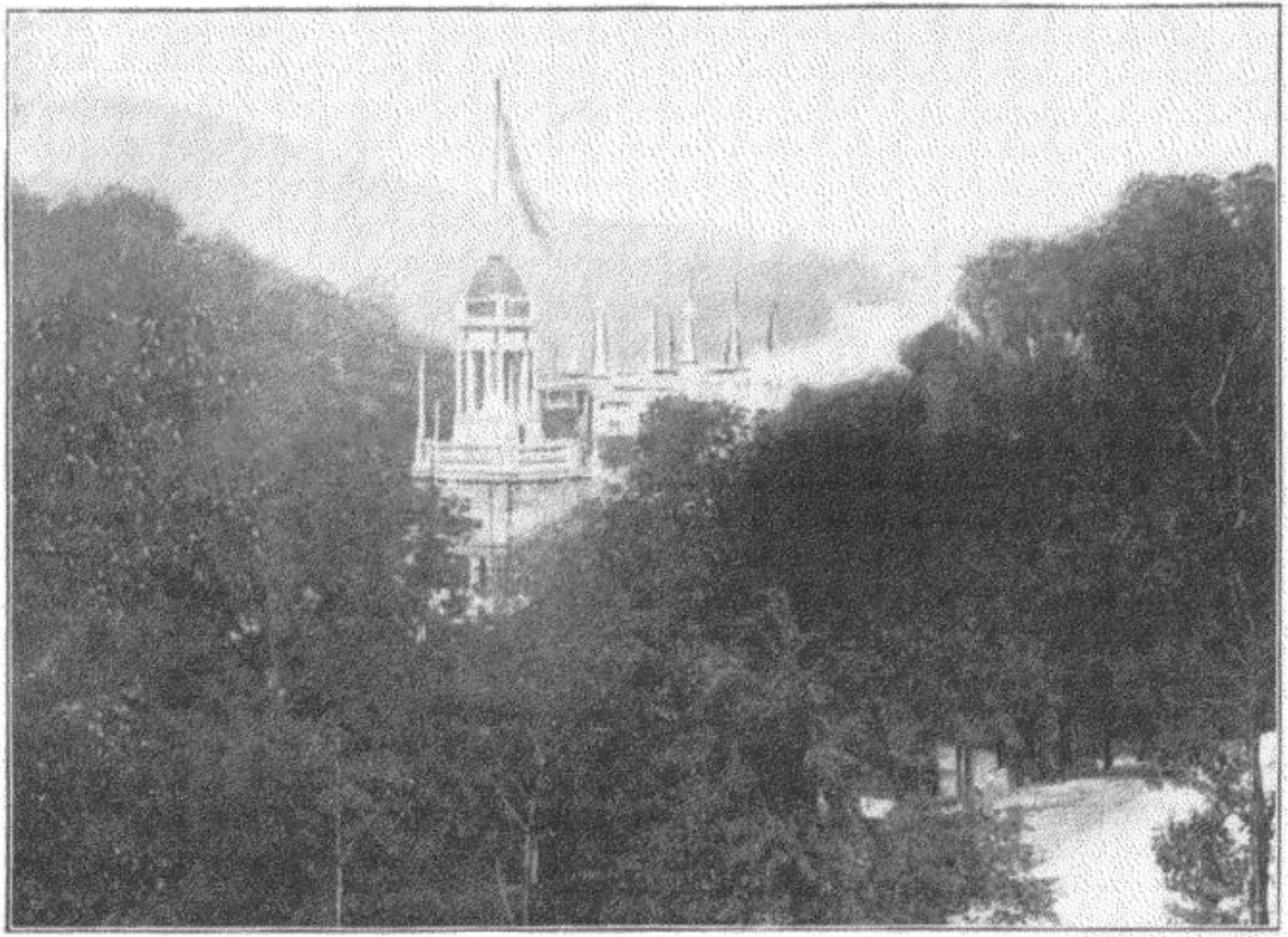
older and most affectionate kinsman. Instantly, he loved her as that.

As the evening advanced Phillip's love grew rapidly and beyond the tone of mere kinship. She was tenderly caressing in her manner toward him and childishly nestling. Innocent as a babe and with the ineffable tenderness of a pure and unsophisticated girl, she came so near to him that he wrapped his soul about her as he would have placed a fleecy garment about the shoulders of his daughter to protect her from a sudden chill breeze.

She did not leave his side until he took her home.

Phillip was homely, poor and almost old. She was young, attractive and rich in possiblities. There was no extenuation of his homeliness, but his poverty was comparative, for he was not a pauper, and was splendidly capable of earning. His age was only years, not senility. He was strong, healthy, virile. However, he was that homely, poor and old that he had not the wildest or most distant thought of attempting to win the love of so lovely a creature as this. He was entirely obsequious to his discrepancies, notwithstanding his intense admiration for the girl.

The day following the function Phillip sent the young lady a book that she had expressed a wish to see, and with it a bunch of roses and a box of bonbons. On a fly-leaf of the book he wrote some lines, the first expression of tenderness from which in the two succeding years of hope and despair, bliss and misery, trust and doubt, satisfaction and suspense, followed a torrent of love's pleadings, chidings, assurances, rejoicings and wailings, that may only come from one who in his fondness is deeply devoted, sincere, anxious, and entirely in-



"Its towers and minarets gleam in the sun."

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capable of reserve as to the condition of his affections.

There is an ancient proverb that says: "There is no fool like an old fool." Referring, of course, to men of years in love. But Stanley Waterloo, a great writer and one who knows men and women, under all sorts of circumstances and conditions, has said in one of his books:

"He who is not a fool when in love is not a man. It is only the half-hearted or the foxy creature who, when in love, retains all his senses."

To endorse this was natural to the subject under consideration, and distinctly comforting.

If at any time in the life of this man, Phillip, he has been capable of saying great and beautiful things, the inspiration of the wondrous love that afterward took possession of him for this girl, produced them. Besides the letters that he wrote her, and that she never would part with, because, she declared, they were so eloquent and rich in sentiment, he wrote for her many earnest and truthful tributes and pleadings in verse, some of which have been made the groundwork of this history.

I submit that not every young fool, no matter how irretrievably and sincerely in love, could have written them, and none shall escape with the assertion that he would not have written them, for nearly every individual of that correlation would give much if he could have written them.

No one knew this more certainly than the stricken writer of the verses, and he admitted the fact with a freedom that was not egotism, but courageous candor.

The offering of the book, the lines, the flowers, and confections, brought a delicious note, prettliy

couched, dainty in chirography and stationery, and there was something in its tone that gave to the man, old and homely as he was, a thrill of hope that he almost resented, for that thrill also hinted to his consciousness that he was one of those same old fools that the proverb exploits so flippantly.

After all, however, he knew that he was in love with this adorable creature and pardoned himself, saying, "How could it be otherwise?" and "What human man could see her and not love her?"

By this latter conviction and its acknowledgment, he had begun, thus early, to construct misery for himself, even in the laying out of a paradise.

Withal, he would not admit to himself, then, that he was in love.

Strange contradiction—he was trying to fool himself, and in this to hinder his right hand from knowing what his left hand was doing, and vice versa. He told himself that there was nothing more serious in the affair than a disinterested intention to be the best friend that this sweet girl ever had.

That note brought also to Phillip an invitation to call on the young lady at her home, and he went, taking more books, flowers and confections, and they talked of poetry and art generally, for she was a brilliant musician and highly artistic in all her instincts.

A friend of us all, who had lately written another book—he does that frequently—George Horton does—has said in the latest one:

"A man of artistic temperament will talk as far over the head of a beautiful woman as the stars

are above the heads of potato blossoms; it is one of the highest tributes to beauty."

How much more should this man Phillip have been led to say the very best things that his artistic temperament could suggest in talking with this girl, when he not only had beauty of form and feature here, but beauty of soul, tinted with all the most delicate colors of art, and traceries of purity, for inspiration?

The friendship of this girl and man—putting the situation as delicately as it should be with such short acquaintance—ripened so that night that he promised to write for her a poem that should be "her very own" as to its direction, and she consented that he might be as expressive therein as he should choose to be, as to his interest in her.

She had read a book of Phillip's verses and she flattered him with words of admiration for it.

In the same book of Horton's from which the previous quotation is made, he says:

"The older a man gets the more he idealizes the women who admire him. He never becomes a cynic enough in his sere and yellow years to pick flaws in the fair hands that bring him back his youth, as they might the roses of a by-gone summer.

Upon Phillip's next visit—and there had not enough of time elapsed to injure in the minutest way the machinery of the most delicate clock that has ever been fashioned—he took with him as the poem that should be "her very own," the verses in this brochure entitled "A Palace for the Queen."

A PALACE FOR THE QUEEN.

I have built you a beautiful palace, my queen,
Where the blue skies are toned through a golden sheen;
Its towers and minarets gleam in the sun,
And the days are all blended in one—only one—
A long, blissful day, where never shall cease
The morning of life, and Love's passion—and peace.

I have built you a beautiful palace, my dear,
And a deep, wide river, that's placid and clear,
Glides ceaselessly by, 'twixt its bloom-broidered
shores,
Where a light pinnace plies, under music-timed oars,
Whose beats are the heart-beats, for you, in my breast;
The ever, forever, of love's sweet unrest.

I have built you a beautiful palace, my love,
My queen and my sweetheart, my tigress and dove;
It stands 'mid the meadows and woods of my heart,
And this, with my life and its hopes, are the part
God gave unto me, and I give it to you,
Bright sun of my soul, ever shining and true.

In the palace I've built you, my bright-eyed queen,
Are fountains that spray in the midst of the green
Of tropical plants, and elsewhere never grew
Such flowers as grow in the gardens for you;
Here music and love, true art and sweet bloom,
Shall compass my queen in their light and perfume.

CHAPTER II.

HAIDEE.

ALONG THE WAY.

Along Life's highway I shall stroll,
  And sing my song right cheerily,
For health of heart and joy of soul,
  That all the world goes merrily.
I'll revel in the woods and fields,
  Beside sweet Nature's mystery,
And live to love, and love to live,
  Amid God's moving history.

I'll eat and drink, and work and sleep,
  Court Peace and banish Sorrow,
Till long processions of the years
  Shall bring me Life's tomorrow.
Nor shall the years bring age to me,
  For Love shall keep me soulfully;
I'll learn no threnody to sing,
  Nor aught to mumble dolefully.

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HAIDEE.

"YOU write pretty stories," the girl said to Phillip one evening. "Please write one that I may think you wrote for me."

The delighted man replied earnestly: "Had I the gifts of Shakespeare, Scott, Poe, Kipling, Tarkington, and all the others of the best, blended, I could not write the story that I would for you. But I will do the best I can. No man does more."

"You do everything to make me happy," she said. "You are always good to me. Oh! what can I do for you?"

"Love me, if you think it possible. Sing for me. I would not have you do more. There is no more," quoth the man.

"Perhaps I shall love you," said the girl. "I believe I will. I am sure of it. But I wish to make assurance doubly sure—for your sake. That is almost love—is it not?"

"Yes."

"Now I will sing."

With the nameless grace that was always hers; a charming manner of unstudied, easy and yet modest abandon; the movement, step and turn of a girl, and yet, withal, the motion and poise of a gentle queen, she seated herself at the piano and sung Cathrine Glen's "Absent."

"Oh! if she might love me," came to the lips of that man's soul, and then the words:

"DAS IST GENUG."

When one who sings with Heaven's gift,
Of voice that's sweet and true,
And that one sings with heart and soul
Inspired by love of you,
Then are you blest, and truly have
More than one mortal's due.

To Phillip, when he left her at the hall door that night, she gave a timid kiss, and her last words were:

"I think I shall."

He was afraid she would, and yet he would have given his life—almost his hope of heaven—could he have known that she loved him. And he was as unselfish in it all as a fond mother is with her babe.

He was afraid for her.

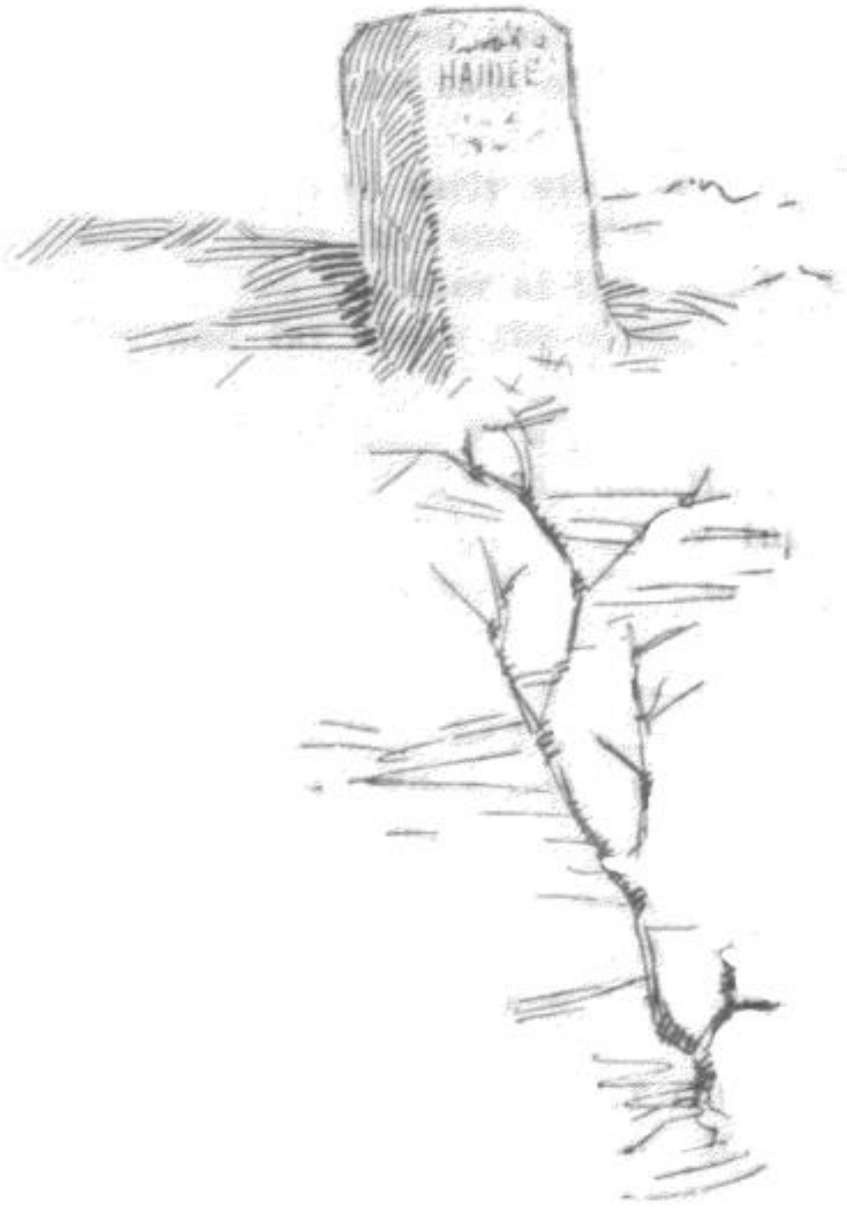
No sleep came to Phillip's eyes that night until sundry sheets of paper on his desk bore the story that follows:

"HAIDEE," The Story.

A sign of something sweet and gentle, at a spot on the shore where a little cove indented the bluffs of Puget Sound, on the south side of Orcas Island, attracted my attention and I rounded the boat toward it.

In a few minutes the bow crunched the sand of a short, white beach, and the skiff was safe aground. Twenty steps took me to a trail that wound up the rocky bluffs.

Fifty feet above the water level, in the primeval


HAMEE

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forest, was a grassy, open space of a few rods square, and at the inland side of this was a lone grave.

The hour was in the early evening of a gold-bright, moonlit night in June. The lofty firs of the forest whispered together at their exalted and shaggy tops, and far above the silent stars kept watch.

I knelt at the headstone which was only a rugged, native rock, but deep and beautifully upon the rough ashlar had been cut, as by the hand of intense love and pure art, the one word: "HAIDEE."

The letters were strong and graceful and about them on the surface that had been chiseled flat, to give space to the stone flowers, was carved a wreath of roses and pansies.

The little wave of earth that formed the grave was beside a rock that was almost square, and in this rock was a natural seat, upon which lay brown fronds of pine and fern.

In the deep silence my quick ear caught faint sounds of approaching footsteps that fell slowly.

Stealthily as possible I stepped aside and took station behind a huge cedar, of which grand tree a few were scattered amid the forest growth.

A man came. He was old but strong and straight. Indeed there was in his appearance and bearing contradictions of vigorous manhood and patriarchal age. His step was that of an Ingomar; his head and beard were like Lear.

He approached the grave as a mother would the cradle of her sleeping infant; he knelt at the headstone, placed his arms about it and kissed the name engraven upon it.

"Haidee!" he said, and there were tears in his big, musical voice. "Haidee, you were all there was to me this side of God. You were my universe, my love, my hope, my passion, my friends, all music, all art, all in all, and the beautiful world was more beautiful because of you.

"What can I do, honey? Oh! what can I do for you?

"I would have conquered all things for your sake. I would have gone forth into the world and worked wonders to have exalted you, and yet you wished to be alone with me in the wilderness.

"How strange! How good of you, Sweet Haidee, to love me so!"

He arose, looking more than ever both Ingomar and Lear, and walked away to the edge of the bluff, where for some minutes he stood with folded arms, looking out upon the glorious inland sea.

The moon's path of shimmering light upon the waters led far away, and toward another shadowy island, and as the old man stood he seemed to be expecting that his lost Haidee would come to him along the wimpling path.

Then he came back to the grave and reaching into a receptacle underneath the side of the rock next to the little mound, he took out a box and from that a violin and bow. Then he sat upon the frond-cushioned seat and played such music as I had not dreamed could come from an instrument of human make.

Perhaps the music would not have been so wonderful in another environment. But there and then it was soulful beyond thought. It was softer than the call of the wooing dove; now wilder than the soughing of the winter winds; it tenderly wept; sometimes it gently laughed. Then it sang

with the stars, and descending sighed with the trees. Lower and lower it came until, with the swishing sounds of the sea that was beating symphonies against the rocks far down the shore, it wailed the wierd harmonies of night and mystery.

This grand old lover played as if he were playing for Haidee in Heaven, and with his music he poured out the soul of a great human love.

Soon he arose, and going back to the edge of the bluff he played louder and stronger; as if in invocation; as if he were calling Haidee to come across the waters on the path of light.

I took advantage of the distance he had made between us and stole through the woods, back to the trail up which I had come, and away to my boat.

When I had reached the home of some friends, in a village near by, on the shores of the sound, they were expecting me and waiting, and they told me the story of Haidee when I had related to them what I had seen.

It is a simple story, plain in its truthfulness.

Horace Vernon of Victoria, met Haidee True when she was eighteen and he forty-eight. She was a girl of wondrous beauty, and yet a little witch that seemed to have grown smaller every time one saw her, and who gave continuous promise of becoming more and more petite and—saucy.

Vernon loved Haidee, and many others did, as to that. The girl's natural guardians were pleased that Vernon fancied her, and fancy was what they measured the preference by. The man was honest, and accomplished, and well-bred. That he was so well along in years made his attentions to the child unique, to say the least. But as the years went by and Haidee had reached twenty-one and

Vernon fifty-one, all who were interested had come to know that the man was passionately in love with the girl, and what was stranger, the girl was in love with the man—"the old man," they called him.

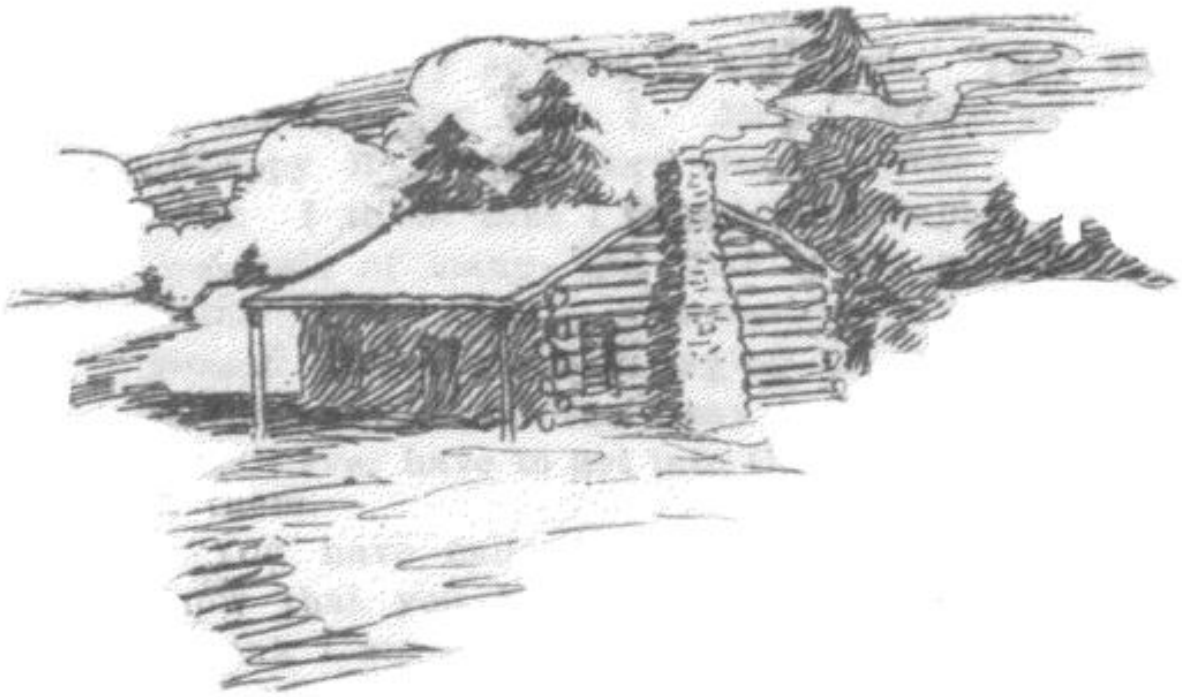
But he was not an old man. He had the years that number fifty-one, but he had the heart of a young god, and the young gods did not grow old in centuries.

Vernon was a healthy, virile, perfectly preserved man, in the very bloom and prime of life, and he was good for thirty years more. Then Haidee would be fifty-one herself, and she would be as old as Vernon.

But these two did not halt to count and calculate as to those things. They knew that they loved each other, and that was enough for them. The intense opposition, however, of everybody else who assumed a right to say anything in the matter, had its effect and Vernon sought the wilderness, south in the state of Washington. There on the shores of Puget Sound, he built a beautiful little home of hewed cedar logs, filled the pretty and picturesque house with the evidences of culture that were natural to him, and there with his books, his carving tools, his violin and piano, he spent the time in—waiting.

Haidee found him. He was her world. She wished to be with him and the few friends that came now and then.

So it all happened, and he and she were happy. He not only loved her with all the robust strength of his superb manhood and his great ripe soul, but he added to it his heart's deep gratitude that she should thus choose him and his island home instead of a younger man and the big world.



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After a few years of this sweet wedded way the seeds of an inherited malady carried her bright life to the skies, and with her life went that of Horace Vernon, except that he stayed a few years in the flesh to watch by Haidee's grave and make sweet music for the rest of her soul and the soothing of his own.

Today there are two graves by the rock seat on the island, and yet the lofty firs sing above them and the silent stars keep watch.

"I like your story of Haidee," she wrote to Phillip. "But Haidee died. You would not have me do that, would you? And you would not like to have me go into the woods, 'wood' you? I should be very envious of the birds. They sing so much better than I. And I would be very unhappy if I could not sing to ever so many folks. I think that I might sing happiness into the souls of many, and that is my greatest ambition. I feel that it is something I owe for the blessed gift. Besides singing is the profession of the angels, and that may be the nearest way I shall ever have to get into their company and be of them.

"You have called me your 'tiger-dove' and I know that you have taken note of my temper. I think I am pleased with the suggestion. I like a row, once in a while. It is good for the nerves. Anyhow it is good, somehow. Persons who are always angelic get monotonous—here below. Doubtless it is all right 'Up Yonder'. But we are not up yonder, yet, and the environment is not the same. They are all angels up yonder. Down here it is different.

"I am glad you are going to always call me Haidee. It is a pretty name, and if I ever become

famous as a singer I shall give my fame to the name 'Haidee'.

"Your song of the 'Tiger-Dove' is wonderfully sweet to me. Perhaps that is because it flatters me—for, you say you wrote it for me.

"Girls are nearly all fond of flattery; not by that name of course.

"I shall sing the 'Tiger-Dove' for you when you come to see me again, and that must be very soon, for I think I sing it quite well.

"You see I am profiting by your lessons in candor. You know you once said to me that if you could play the violin as well as Ole Bull did, and anyone asked you if you played the fiddle you would reply: 'Yes sir, I play quite well. To pretend otherwise would be cheap, mock-modesty. Why should not a sensible person know when he can do a thing creditably? It is so easy.'

"That is what I think about it, now since you mentioned it. But, after all, don't you think this candor of mine is quite elastic?

"You have not mentioned ONE matter since—because you have not had an opportunity, let me add, for the conserving of my own modesty—but as I said to you the other night at the door: 'I think I shall.'

"There, does that make you feel any better, Mein Freund?

Sincerely.

'HAIDEE.'

SONG OF THE TIGER-DOVE.

Oh! sweet is the song she sings always;
  Her soul ever makes it so;
And bright her smile as the sunshine rays,
  On a field of whitest snow.
The song that she sings comes full and free,
  From a fount of purest love;
The heart of the maiden dear to me,
  The soul of my Tiger-Dove.

She is tender and mild; she will fight the wrong;
Her life is a poem, a storm and a song;
She is savage or kind in her mighty love,
My fearless and gentle, my brave Tiger-Dove.

Oh! strong and true is the song she sings,
  As the music of the sea;
Now soft and low, or it swells and rings,
  In the storm's wild symphony;
As the mock-bird and the nightingale,
  In carols of praise and love;
The lark's high glee, the whip-poor-will's wail,
  So sings my brave Tiger-Dove.

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"That I might rise and lift you to the sky."

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CHAPTER III.

"How Do You Say Such Beautiful Things?"

A SONNET FOR HAIDEE.

Sweetheart, let me confess that I had thought
  There was no need to struggle and aspire;
  To fight through life and agonizing fire,
For that which might by any clown be caught;
For that which might by cheap deceit be bought;
  To lift my name and pile my riches higher.
  Too much it was, for just a rose—and briar.
And so, for Peace and plain Content, I wrought.
Then you, dear love, beamed on my aimless life,
  And strong ambition woke my soul, and high
The fires of emulation leapt, and rife
  Came zeal to conquer all, and bravely vie
With every warrior in the strife,
  That I might rise and lift you to the sky.

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"How Do You Say Such Beautiful Things?"

STANLEY WATERLOO says in "The Seekers": "Yule was in that frame of mind when he would follow a woman even in the mazes of a great dry-goods 'emporium'—and when a man gets that way it is a pretty serious matter."

One day when Phillip had accompanied Haidee on a shopping tour during the forenoon—for they had come to be very much together—they sat at noon in a secluded nook at a table in a restaurant of the most important mercantile establishment in the city. The place was exalted, cool and restful, and he told her stories of the loves of the gods. She wished for those classic myths, and among those that he repeated to her was that of Clytie, the beautiful daughter of Oceanus and her love for Apollo; how she watched that young god of poetry, art and all that, as he wheeled his chariot of the Sun across the heavens, and how in gratitude to her for the love that he could not return, he changed her to a sun-flower, that ever since has kept its face towards the orb of day.

Often in the blissful days and months that they had together, when he declared that he knew that she could not love him if he grew to be plainly old, she would say:

"But, you will remember, that to the worshippers and devotees of the ancient gods, their deities did not grow old in centuries."

She asked him of his travels and he told her of the life of the cowboy; of the vast western plains and their hot, white glare of cloudless sky, in summer-time; the snows and blizzards of winter; the rains and blackness of many a night herding the cattle; the wild stampedes of the longhorns, and the drives from the pampas of Texas, through the mountains and their sublime parks, through gorges and across rivers, to the measureless feeding grounds of Wyoming and the Dakotas; of wanderings amid orange groves and palms, and the far-off music that sometimes came in low, and sweet, and witching strains, as siren songs, weird-like from wooded shores of placid lakes, stealing softly over listening waters; of the silence and solitude of desert plains where even desolation seemed to be lost, of the lonliness of a little island far out amid the sea, where he had watched the illimitable and hungry waters, day by day, to catch sight of a sail that might bring rescue; of the fierce sirocco of battle, where beloved comrades fell before the blasting breath of war, never to rise; of an awful night, half sunk in the mud and blood of a hard-fought field, in the darkness and the chilling rain, wounded and helpless, among groaning and dying men and horses.

How after many a night of anguish and of horror, where the crushing agony of it all tried the souls of the strongest and the best, he had seen the beautiful sun arise to cheer soul and limb. But no such sun had ever risen for him, out of the trials and storms of life, as that of hope for love out of the azure depths of her beautiful eyes; that he had never known of such rich argosies as those that seemed coming to him over the sweep of their calm, blue sea; eyes whose light

warmed his life and hopes until his limbs forgot the years they had marched along beside, since roseate, glowing youth was all his own.

A massing of horses and vehicles, and their commotion on the street, far below, attracted Phillip's attention for a moment and when he looked toward Haidee again he found that she was gazing at his face.

"Does my homeliness transfix you, sweetheart?" he said.

"Are you homely, dear?" she asked, and then:

"How do you say such beautiful things as you have just been saying to me?"

Transported by the kindly flattery that lay in the first question, and delighted that she should think he had said beautiful things in his enthusiastic desire to please her, Phillip replied:

"Yes, I am almost picturesquely homely, Haidee, and I do not say beautiful things. You say them. They are merely the echos of your gracious esteem and your gentleness."

The next day he sent to her the verses, "'Tis You."

'TIS YOU.

"Oh! how do you say such beautiful things?"
  My sweetheart said to me;
"They are sweeter far than the mock-bird sings,
When the echoing woodland family rings,
From where he quivers his purple wings,
  And riots in his glee."

"Oh! they tell the mighty passion that swells
  Your soul," she said to me;
"And they sound as sweet as the Sunday bells,
Ringing afar, and over the dells,
The song of love, and the story that tells
  Of Christ and Calvary."

"They reach to the stars and plunder the skies,"
  My sweetheart said to me;
"They sing of the depths of my azure eyes,
And they say that love's mornings there arise;
That hope for all of your future lies
  Within their deep blue sea."

Yet never a word of it all, my light,
  Is true—though you are true—
But, soul of my soul, my day and my night,
'Tis you, who are love, and all that is bright,
My queen and my sweetheart, my hope and might,
  You make me say them—you.

"She is gracious yet a tyrant, this little Queen of Me."

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CHAPTER IV.

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

QUEEN OF ME.

She is gracious yet a tyrant, this little Queen of Me,
I bow in hope or servitude, before her majesty,
Where regally she holds her sway, by sovereignty her own,
Beneath Love's silken canopy and from her royal throne.

Great Love's a power stronger than the armies of the earth;
'Tis tenderness and cruelty, 'tis woe or giddy mirth;
'Tis noble, grand and chivalrous; 'tis narrow, selfish, mean;
It will make a man a hero, or a beggar, for his queen.

Aye, life would be a desert waste without the rule of Love;
It makes the sum of misery, or bliss like that above;
But I am ever singing, for this little Queen of Me,
The sweetest songs my heart may know, and call them all "Haidee."

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AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

IN his life, that encompassed much of the world, Phillip had met, now and then, a woman of whom he was fond —sometimes thought he loved her.

It had always been a passing fancy.

He had come to almost believe that there was no such thing as real, disinterested love, except that of consanguinity. He had begun to associate all other loves with some selfish motive. He more than half believed that men and women married simply to promote their social or financial conditions, and for personal comfort and convenience.

Why should young persons be so unanimous in the matter of linking fortunes, when neither had a fortune? Why should beautiful girls of America marry scrawny, old, broken-down, foreign noblemen? Why should the lovliest maidens marry rich roues and boors? Why should people marry at all, when they know they are pawning their freedom?

Phillip's love for Haidee banished all this.

He had found in her real love at last, and how all-absorbing it was.

Yet there was selfishness in it, to the extent that he believed if he could win her love and make her his own, he would find therein the only perfect happiness he could ever know. But he would not have thought it possible to be happy unless he could make her happy also. Death would have

been far preferable to any other condition than that in this man's union with this girl-woman, that he so chivalrously loved.

To his dearest friend Phillip had said, when telling of his fathomless love for Haidee:

"Because of the discrepancy in our years, I would have been glad to have married Haidee and die, if before going I could have placed her on the road to the success in her art that I knew would always be first in her affections. There was not, and could not have been, even a suggestion of jealously of that. But I would have wished to have lived long enough to see her triumph, and feel that I had been instrumental in it. Even the wish for that much of life was from the desire to be certain that she was safe in her hold upon fame and fortune.

"Thus did I love her, and with all my soul.

"Not a moment of my waking life was she out of my thoughts.

"I had to do my work, and I often wondered how I did it, thinking all the time of her. For my calling was one that demanded the exercise of all the intelligence I was born with and had acquired, or could acquire. I was a professional writer and was required to write on all manner of subjects bearing upon everyday interests: religion, politics, art, health and all the economies. With these I must deal as a thinker; as a logician; as an adviser.

"Now it had become necessary that I should do my work better than before, and I did, for now success was not only a matter for my own interest and benefit. I must vastly improve my affairs, if I should win Haidee, because I must be strong in every possible way, to be worthy of her and to

be a great help to her. Indeed she was to be my all, the object of every hope, wish and accomplishment. I must get all the money that might be honestly obtained; all the influence, honors, health, good-looks, cleanliness, wisdom, good manners, steadiness, faithfulness, affability, good-humor possible—everything desirable that would in any way be advantageous to her. All for her happiness.

"The world, the solar system, the universe, so far as I had anything to do with them, must be made subservient to her.

"If I could have chosen between being the Czar of the earth and the possession of her love, I would instantly have chosen her, and would have been angry with the ordering of all things that were not placed at her disposal, behoof, benefit and advantage, when they did not interfere with the natural rights of others.

"Did I love her!

"Positively I had no other separate instinct.

"But in that was co-centered every worthy ambition, hope or desire.

"I would have been supremely grateful to all the sources from whence the attributes came, if I could have been great, good, rich, powerful, beautiful, strong, wise, entertaining, attractive, beloved and loving, beyond all others—all for her.

"Without my love for her I would have been content to be humble, unknown, commonplace in every way, having the quiet respect of my fellows and the ordinary comforts of the simplest life.

"But with my love for Haidee I had laid plans for success.

"I did not stop to fret over successes that had been mine and were gone, nor did I chafe because

the way to all that I desired was long, hard and hazardous.

"Love and determination were in mighty alliance, and the future held no doubts or fears. Even the years that were mine gave no threat, and if they had I should have laughed at and defied them.

"I went to work in a theatre and played unimportant and ungrateful parts that I might again get in touch with the theatrical world, to the end that I might learn of the latest improvements, facilities, ways and manners of the stage behind the curtain today, become familiar with all the details, and also make advantageous acquaintance with managements, and all others with whom I must necessarily deal, in order to take intelligent care of Haidee's interests and be thus more able to advance her in the beautiful art in which she should be 'a bright and particular star.'"

Haidee wished to sing before great audiences, not for fame and money alone, but with the belief that she could do more in that way than in any other to make her world happier.

In one of her letters to Phillip, when she was in a distant place—a German village—for the purpose of perfecting herself in the German language, and studying the German masters of music, she said:

"We are going again this afternoon to see the poor old man who is so ill, and take him some newspapers and books, and some flowers and delicacies. He cannot speak English, and how glad I am that I can talk with him in his own language. If I were unable to speak with him I could not understand his sad story, and could not help his

poor old soul so much. The selfish pleasure of it all would be more than half lost.

"So, my German has done me some good, anyway, already, still.

"I read with thankfulness your beautiful prayer for me, and especially its ending: 'O God! give me power to help my darling do all those beautiful things she so much wishes to do.'

"This is grandly good of you, and surely the prayer will be answered. Indeed it is being answered. And why, if we are co-workers with Him, should He not be pleased in seeing the hearts of His poor people gladdened and purified to the extent that we may help in our united efforts?

"Indeed, sweetheart, when I wish for fame and success for myself, it is not from selfishness. 'Tis not alone the plaudits and homage of people for my work, that I desire success. That would be a mean aim. But by acquiring high position in my art I could command a salary by which I might aid others and relieve the sufferings of some, and we could always be able to live in a true light.

"And, oh! how it would delight me to place my mother in a position of perfect ease and comfort. She deserves such a reward from me for all her patience, and work for, and care of me.

"Haidee.

"P. S. You dear old darling! Now let me call you 'Old Darling', for therein is my boast. Not a young, light-headed, shuttle-hearted, two-stepper. I would not have you to be beautiful and young—so far as I am concerned. If you were so, I tell you you would not know constancy, and it is because of that, and your kindness, your loyalty and devotion, and your high and chivalrous sense of honor, that I love you. So there!

"Pray always. Clasp your dear hands and pray for me, as I do, that I may always know how to appreciate the grand and unselfish love that you have for me.

"Make a Temple of Love of Haidee.

"Say softly, tonight, as though I were kneeling by your side, sweetheart:

" 'Gott grusse dich, du holde Maid. Gutenacht.'

"Your Haidee."

Was it strange that in his all-absorbing love for this girl, he should wish to rise that he might "lift her to the skies?"

One night at the theatre, she was in the audience with a party of friends and Phillip was on the stage in the dress and "make-up" of a particularly repulsive old negro—as to appearance. One of those with her asked:

"What do you think of your old admirer, now?"

She replied:

"There is not a stain on him that soap and water will not remove."

Is it a wonder that she became his queen? Is it remarkable that he, born the owner of black slaves (though he hated the institution of slavery) for such a girl, could smear his face with black grease-paint and wear the rags and patches of a poor old negro, act his servile part—and do it well?

Truly it seems that with Haidee's apparent admiration of this man, he could have been a "hero or a beggar" for his blue-eyed "Queen of Me."

HAIDEE, A SONG.

Sing, my soul, Oh! sing for me;
Sing of Sweet Haidee.
Sing before her love is flown:
Sing while she is yet my own;
Sing.ere I am left alone,
Unloved by Sweet Haidee.
Sing before love's sea is crossed;
Sing before all hope is lost,
And my life, wild tempest tossed,
Shall die for Dear Haidee.

Low and soft the song must be;
Gentle as the summer sea,
Or the south wind o'er the lea,
For 'tis all for Sweet Haidee.
Dearest girl on earth to me,
Words of love in melody,
I send in song to thee,
Life of my soul, Haidee!

She is all the world to me;
Darling, Sweet Haidee.
When her love's no longer mine,
Then the stars will cease to shine;
Dead's the bloom upon the vine,
Without my Dear Haidee.
But I will not lose her so;
Blow ye winds of sorrow! blow!
Sighing come and dying go,
I live for Sweet Haidee.

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"Deep in the woods, beside a winding path."

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CHAPTER V.

"PERHAPS."

SO BLOOMS THE ROSE.

Deep in the woods, beside a winding path,
  Where gnome-faced, purple pansies grow,
And violets shyly peep from hiding nooks,
  And hermit breezes come and go,
A wild-rose tree, in summer garb arrayed,
  Of white and crimson, pink and green,
Dwells there, in gentle majesty and grace,
  The cynosure within the sylvan scene;
  The woodland's pride, the south-wind's loyal queen.

To my dear love she gave a pretty spray
  Of flowers from her swelling breast,
A baby bud, one bursting, and a full-blown rose,
  And one was dead, amid the rest;
In all, a life, from babyhood to age;
  And you, sweetheart, are now the opening rose.
With me, oh may you come to be the bloom!
  And on my breast, in peace and love, repose,
  Till life, and all its hopes and joys, shall close.

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"PERHAPS."

THE time came when work and study; preparation for the future; the attainment of education and information necessary to the advancement of her art, should take Haidee away from home for many long months of the autumn and winter.

Phillip went with her to the train that was to bear her away. She was sad and loth to go. But she was brave as she was gentle. He did not flatter himself that parting from him had superinduced any of her madness. She was leaving home and all its tender ties. She was leaving the great city and all of its attractions; its flowers and music; the gay and genial company that had been hers; the boulevards and the superb architecture; the brilliant dinners, the wit, and art, and song; the comforts and luxuries to which she had been accustomed, to bury herself in a little village far away, and among strangers who did not speak her language, except when necessity demanded, and then imperfectly. Even were the people she was to meet and live with as kind as gentleness itself—and thus they proved—it was a change that only a very brave girl could accept with any degree of content.

She was to live in a cultivated family of German folks, who, to more effectually teach her their language, were to speak to her in no other. A brilliant woman, a perfect musician, was to teach

her German, and she was to teach two children piano.

At the train, before the parting, Phillip begged her to tell him if she intended to be his. She could only answer:

"Perhaps!"

She declared that she was exceeding fond of him; that she did not love any other man; that she believed she loved him, but was not certain.

"Yet you are my sweetheart," impulsively she said, "and I shall have no other—for many years at least—and you must not."

So, she kissed him and the great train moved away.

With heavy heart Phillip turned back into the roaring city, murmuring to himself, disconsolately:

"Perhaps! Always, Perhaps."

In her first letter came a little bunch of wild roses, and she said of them:

"See, dear, what I found in the woods today. Here are four distinct progressions. No, only three progressions. What has become of the softly-tinted, full-blown rose?

"What idea does this little spray suggest to you?

"Suppose you write me some verses about it.

"Look at this dear baby bud, then the one next, then that which is opening its heart to the world, letting the sun in.

"I am now the bursting bud! After a while the full-blown rose.

"What next?"

Later, she said:

"These people are ever so good and kind to me, but oh! it is lonesome here this sad autumn season. Often I sit at my window and watch the leaves fall from a baby tree. It has a strange

effect upon me. Each little falling leaf seems a bit of my courage. But I am strong and will stay it out, even after the tiny tree is entirely denuded."

Then Phillip wrote for her and sent the verses, "So blooms the Rose."

Always kindly and lovingly, she wrote him, but there was ever that tone of "Perhaps," when Phillip urged the main point. Impatiently he wrote at last:

"The earth is going to pass away, some day. There is no 'Perhaps' about that. And 'Perhaps' there is going to be a Judgment, some day. Of that we are not so certain. It is only a part of a religion that we have been brought up in, and the certainty of it is only a matter of Faith. That the wicked more often succeed, now, than others, is not encouraging.

"I am afraid you do not love me dear, and in that, 'Perhaps' you are right. 'Perhaps' you should love a handsome, young man. 'Perhaps' you do. But you ought not to play with the heart, and soul, and love, of a man who has never done you any harm, but who has loved you, prayed for you, wept for you, tried to make you happy.

"It is sometimes a mercy to kill a wounded beast. It is oftener a mercy to say to a man who cannot be wholly loved: 'Go thy ways. I am not for you.' Thus to be true to one's self and fair to all the world.

"Old Polyphemus, though the son of imperial and imperious Neptune, could not keep the love of Galatea, because she met a handsome shepherd named Acis, and in his agony of love he cried:

'Ah! love is always young, and I am old;
And any beardless stripling casts a spell
Of fresh enchantment 'round the nubile heart.'

"It does not matter that I am strong and true, high-bred and honor-bright, I have years and homeliness, and am foolish enough to be hopeful and to listen to the enticing song, 'Perhaps.'

"I am physically and heartfully as good a man as I was at half my years, and I love with a passion that is the essence of such intense natures as mine. And they are comparatively rare. For this I must pay in the unminted coin of a life-sorrow. For having dared to love a girl I must live in the unloved lonliness of that sort of originality. Even though it be a merit, I am not content.

"I have a volcano's baldness at the top of my head, with all its roaring, seething furnace as a panting passion in my heart, but that does not suffice for youth and prettiness in the eyes of woman. So I must pour out the molten lava of vain regret and proud resentment; the tears of unloved manhood, and quiet down to await the time when love shall come to me again and build his fires in my breast anew.

"No more shall I cry out and swear of love! I shall wait! wait! wait! Ah God! wait until doomsday—if need be—for love to come to me. Though I may be unlovable I must be loved. That is a paradox of despotism and justice.

"Kiss me, sweetheart, as I kiss the cross. But I should not kiss the cross—nor bear it—for I will not be crucified. And yet I am faithful.

Phillip."

On the way, that letter passed a letter from Haidee, and in it were these words:

"I am more than pleased with the verses, 'So Blooms the Rose.' They are very sweet. Where

else should the rose bud be placed—tell me—to blossom into all possible beauty? Would that every dear bud might find so strong and noble a breast to repose upon and send forth its sweetness, that might otherwise be blighted.

"The rose will be better on your breast.

"Haidee."

WAITING FOR YOU.

I am waiting, yes, waiting and waiting;
  Dear love, I am waiting for you.
In rain and in shine, 'neath glare and the vine,
  In mist, and in frost, and in dew;
In hope and in pain, my hymn and refrain,
  Are you, my dear one—just you.

  You, you, you, you and only you;
    The tint that is caught
    In the web of each thought
  That comes from my soul, is you—just you.
    At work and in dreams,
    On my life ever gleams
  The light from the love of you—just you.

For you and the love that enthralls me,
  So strong, so sacred and true,
I pray, day and night, in darkness and light,
  That never shall come change or rue,
And never less bliss than that in a kiss,
  From you, my sweetheart,—just you.

"Before this seraph face of thine."

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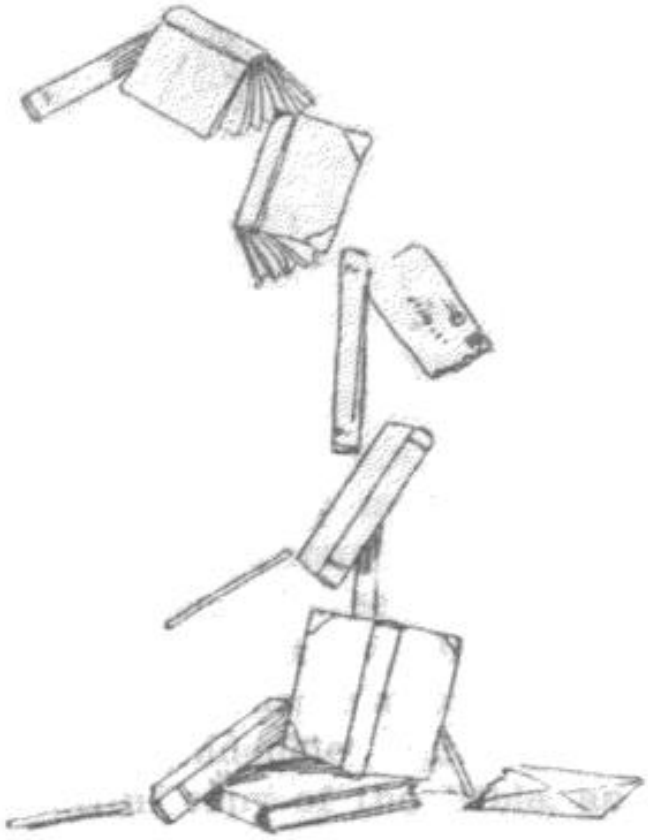
CHAPTER VI.

SOME BOOKS.

THE SHRINE.

Deep in the night, the world is still,
  And I before my altar bow,
A devotee in cloistered cell,
  Renewing here my holy vow,
To God and thee, my hope and faith,
  For this religion, sweet, is mine,
And here your image beams on me,
  The sacred idol of my shrine.

No anchorite in hermit cave,
  Nor cenobite in convent cell;
No priest, or pagan worshipper,
  Hath more devoted love to tell,
Than I in adoration here,
  Before this seraph face of thine,
The portrait of my own Haidee;
  The sacred idol of my shrine.



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SOME BOOKS.

ONE who has a strong sentimental and emotional nature and has a reverance for things holy, is sure to associate pure, true love with a high order of religion. Love rhymes with Dove and Above. The Heavens and the celestial bird that came to the Saviour as He arose from His baptism in the Jordan, are akin to the master passion at its highest.

Phillip had come to love Haidee so that she was to him an angel, and had she been changed to a marble statue he would have been as faithful to her as the veriest idolator is to the image that he worships. She had become his strongest religion, but nevertheless he associated her with that which he had been taught at his mother's knee and in the church of which that mother was a communicant, though he had long ago reasoned far beyond the mere religion of creed. This, perhaps, made it more natural that he should idolize Haidee. However, with the association of religion, and her own religious tendencies influencing him, he sent her a beautiful copy of the Bible, and wrote in it these lines:

"THE BIBLE."

"O! Thou who gave this precious Book,
And sealed it with Thy Love,
Turn, O Jehovah! one fond look,
From Thy White Throne Above,
That shall forever, make the life
Of this dear one, as bright
As angel lives; as free from strife,
And lit by Heaven's purest light."

Haidee had come to have a fondness for Shakespeare, and the two books, the Bible and Shakespeare, Phillip believed to be almost an education in themselves. Hence he was glad when she said in one of her letters: "'I have time for many kinds of study and improvement, and you must write me some lectures—Shakespearian, mind—no other lectures."

Many pleasant nights and far into the mornings, that man worked at the gratifying task of writing for this small queen his opinions of the master poet's work, and elaborately of his greatest characters.

With the first of these essays he sent such a copy of Shakespeare as he thought would please her, and in it wrote:

SHAKESPEARE.

"He seemed to have the glorious mind
  Of all earth's wise men blended;
All Wrong he valiantly contemned,
  And Right he well defended.
He knew the passions, hopes and joys,
  The sorrows and the gladness,
The lights and shades of human life,
  Its blessings and its sadness;
He wrote as one whom Nature chose
  To show her moods and manners,
And ranged his song from lullabies
  To ringing, high hosannahs.

"Read him, sweet Haidee, read and store
Your strong, bright mind with classic lore,
You have a soul that's rich in art;
No learning could improve your heart,
But the world's way you'll better know,
Where falls the Bard of Avon's glow."

With these went also a copy of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" and "Riley's Love Lyrics," both of which Phillip was well aware, she delighted in.

The Rubaiyat bore upon one of its fly-leaves the lines:

"THE RUBYAIT."

"I bless old Omar that he wrote,
For you and me, this book,
And when you read it, Haidee dear,
Take me to that sweet nook—
E'en were it in the wilderness—
For with you there, my soul,
All else of all the universe,
Would be a meager dole."

To this lover of poetry, James Whitcomb Riley is the greatest of living American poets, and no other land has greater living poets than America. The casual observer of such things, for the most part thinks of Riley's poetry only as associated with Hoosier dialect. He recalls "Grigsby's Station," "The Goblins Will Catch You," and the like, and overlooks "The Flying Islands of the Night," 'Old-Fashioned Roses," and all the other of the glorious things that so charmingly exhibit the Indiana poet's wonderful versatility, as well as the true poetry of all his delightful work in verse.

It pleased Phillip that Haidee should be fond of his favorite, though she knew not of Phillip's partiality for Riley, and in the volume that went to Haidee were these lines conveying the book to her:

"RILEY'S 'LOVE LYRICS.'"

"The man who wrote this charming book,
That lovingly I send,
Has been to me, through many years,
A good and faithful friend,
And low before his poet throne,
A loyal liege, I bend.

"If its sweet poesy shall bring
Some pleasant hours to you,
I'll love him even more, dear heart,
For he is tried and true,
Who does the things that help a friend
Seal other loves anew."

Haidee wrote brightly and knowingly of the books.

Of the Bible she said:

"It is the way and the guide; the home and the light therein; the storm and the harbor; love and its consummation; the child and the kind father; it is you and me, and our God; it will make the fogs to lift and the sun to shine. I am so glad you sent it. Through it I see you and the brightness of a beautiful day."

Of Shakespeare she said:

"All the passions, loves and hates, this side the pearly gates, he gives us to see, and he makes a grand and glorious picture of all nature and art, and the ways of folk, from the sinner to the saint. A master he is of all that human mind may dare to dream of. Withal, a kaleidoscope of thought and substance."

Of The Rubaiyat she said:

"A rest in an oasis where plays a perfumed fountain; a sea of flowers; the shade of a great and deep-green tree, with moss and a cool, grassy turf at its base; bread and wine and—true love."

Of Riley and his Lyrics she said:

"Our own dear West; its flowers and its streams; its children of all growths; its romances and its realities; the blue skies, the bright sun, the stars and the somber night; the morning-glory and the vine; frost-pictures on the Christmas windows. Love, Hope, Fun, Peace, The Good Fight, Charity, Faith, Your Friend."

Haidee's birthday came while she was thus away and she wrote:

"Think of it! I am just old enough to vote—if I had been my sister's brother. But somehow I do not seem to wish to vote. Aside from those

matters in which the nation as a nation—for its weal—is concerned, voting appears to me to be something like some men clambering up to get into a window and saying to those who are lifting them from below: "Help us in here, then we'll pull you up, and all of us will help ourselves. But I am only a woman you know, and hence, perhaps I do not know."

With a little birthday gift went the verses, "Haidee's Birthday." In them, each alternate line ends with a term of endearment.

"HAIDEE'S BIRTHDAY."

"Musing, I listen, my sweetheart,
The tick of this tiny clock,
As the moments come and go, dear,
And I hear the time unlock.
But time comes slowly, darling,
When you are so far away,
And I am wishing, my loved one,
Each tick of the clock was a day,
For in an hour, then, my pet,
I'd have you here with me,
Bright light of my life, my sunshine,
My soul and its song, Haidee.

"And then I would wish, my angel,
That time might come so slow,
A hundred years would live, my love,
Before one day could go,
And we would have a lifetime, lieb,
In every fond embrace;
That sorrow dared not come, my own,
To leave one shade or trace
Of sadness on your brow, dear girl,
But all your life should be
One happy birthday, precious queen,
For you—and me—Haidee."

She wrote of the clock facetiously and with the humor that belies the sometime assertions of the self-complacent, that women are never humorists:

"The lovely box came today and the dear little clock is so pretty that it pleases me wonderfully. But you are not pretty and yet you please me wonderfully, too. Isn't that funny?

"Before I knew of the clock I was trying to invent a way to hang my watch on my bed so that I might see it easily upon awakening, that I might not be guilty of rising too early. When I make that mistake I feel as badly as that lazy man you once told me of, who nearly died of chagrin because he found after ten years—or was it longer?—that during all that time he had been winding, every morning, an eight-day clock."

From childhood Phillip had been exceedingly fond of pictures, especially such as present baby animals in character attitudes, and these, from a little wood-cut to a master-piece in painting, were about him, when possible. Now, in his apartments, at every spare space on the walls, the shelves, the furniture—everywhere—were pictures of Haidee—photographs, etchings, paintings and half-tones. In an alcove he had an escritoire, and above it a life-size portrait of his saint, surrounded by emblems of his devotion; pictures of rich flowers, a protecting lion below and a wary tiger above, and on one side a painting of the sea, on the other an imposing view of mountains. As to these there was something in the arrangement by which he desired to suggest that she was his, in the mountains, amid the seas, and all the way between.

He felt that this dear image could enjoy the fragrance of fresh and odor-giving flowers, and in vases beneath the shade of his idol were his

prayers for Haidee, that had been changed to roses by the receiving angel.

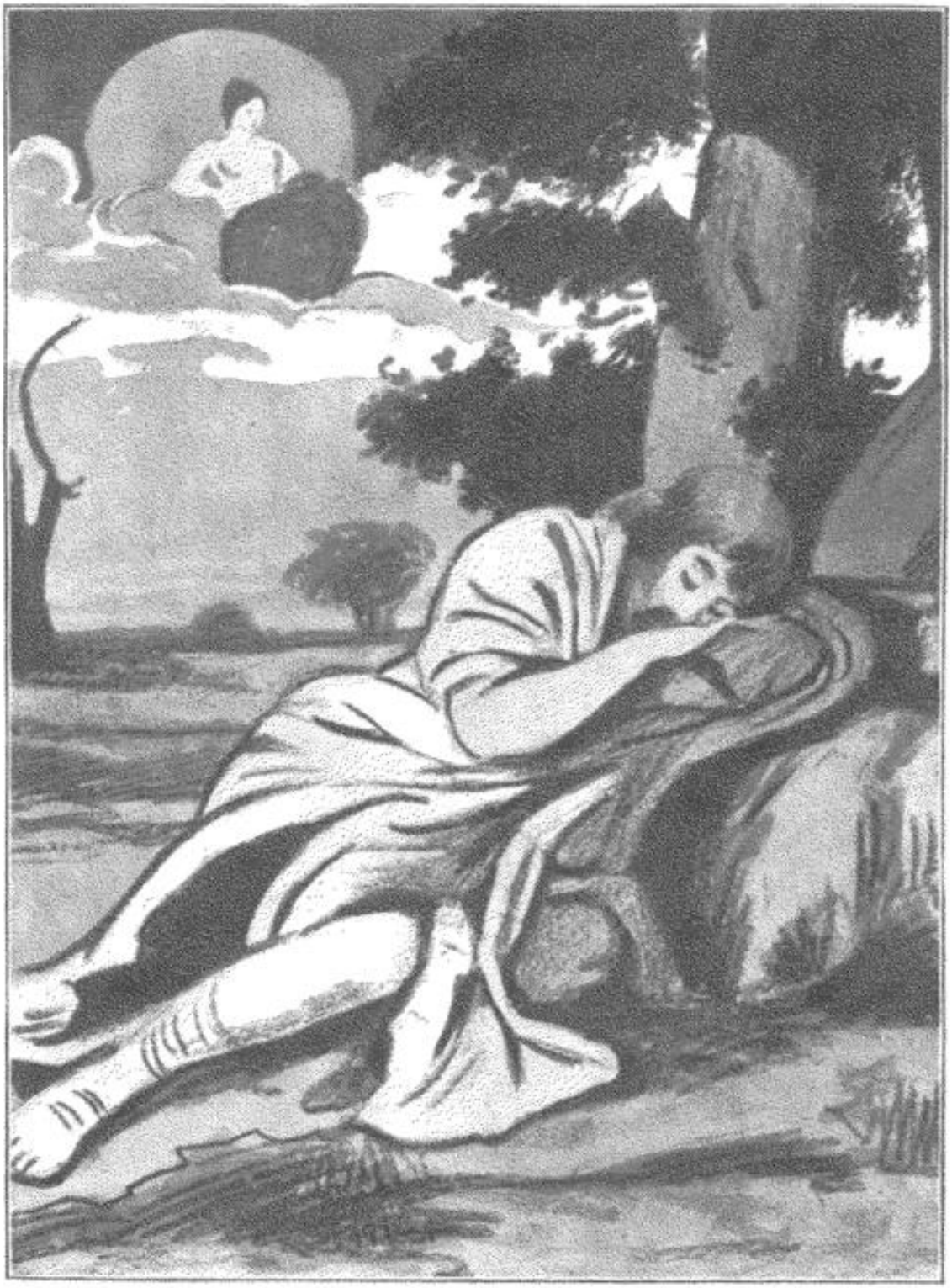
This was Phillip's place of soul-rest, after the day-fight—"The Shrine."

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

When love is kind the day is bright,
  E'en though the clouds hang low;
There's more of beauty in the night;
  The breezes softer blow;
The heart beats high and hope is strong,
  And daily toil is sweet;
Life is a joy, a ringing song;
  A dance of twinkling feet.

When love is kind, when love is kind,
  Soft breezes kiss the bowers;
    More gaily bloom the flowers;
      Fast fly the golden hours;
        The world is fairer, brighter;
          The soul is strong and lighter,
            And blessings fall in showers,

When love is kind, when love is kind.
When love is kind we live in dreams
  That come to peaceful sleep;
'Tis music sweet as murmuring streams,
  Or winds in forests deep.
'Tis Eden's song when Eve was young;
  'Tis joy that comes today;
It is the chant the angels sung,
  Along Judea's way.



*"The **World** is sad without **you**."*

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CHAPTER VII.

An Appeal That Won Its Way.

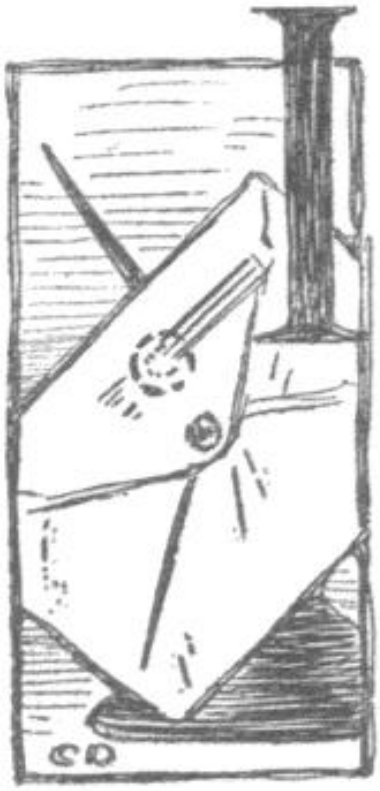
I MISS YOU.

Haidee, sweetheart, I miss you so
  The world is sad without you.
Fond wishes come, and die, and go,
  With thoughts that rise to doubt you.
You say, sweetheart, your love is mine,
  And no one else may claim it,
But in your silence there's a sign—
  My fond love shrinks to name it.

I fear, sweetheart, to be alone,
  For then my love is crying,
And comes a moaning, minor tone,
  The wail of love a dying.
Oh! come, my sweetheart, come to me!
  Lift up my love that's weeping—
My light, my life, my Dear Haidee—
  A love that's worth the keeping.

I know, sweetheart, my homely face
  Lacks all that's fair and winning,
I know, my love, I have not grace,
  And am not free from sinning,
But in my soul you live, Haidee,
  My light, and life, and duty,
Thus all that's comely dwells in me,
  Of love's most cherished beauty.

An Appeal That Won Its Way.



IN one of his letters to her, when Haidee was so far away, Phillip wrote pleadingly:

"Haidee, Dear: Do you know that a long, weary week has gone glimmering into the irretrievable 'Heretofore' since you wrote me?

"Oh! what can be the matter, sweetheart, that I do not hear from you? Have you given me up, entirely? Have you met the man—your prince? At least you should tell me. I will forgive you, for I know you are not for me. God does not love me enough for that. But I have never done you a harm in act or thought. You are to me the one bright, sweet angel of my poor life. For your dear sake I am a better and truer man; for the fond and cherished memory of you I always will be.

"My poor old heart is crying within me, and rebellious as I am against the fate that sent you into my life to go out of it so, I shall bend under the chastening rod and say, with contrite soul: 'Thy will O God! be done!'

"I am not good enough for you, sweetheart, and yet I never committed a dishonorable act in my life, knowingly—no matter what others may tell you. But then you are too good for any man. You will meet—or have met—some one who is younger and more attractive than I. That is so easy. But you will never meet one who can love you so

dearly, so deeply, so purely and faithfully, nor one who would so entirely, absolutely and unceasingly, devote to you his life, should that life last through all eternity and be as important as though I were the czar of the world.

"Not that you would not inspire such a love in the heart of any true man, if he were capable of such love as mine. But such natures rarely exist. Better men may love less. It is best for them that this is true.

"I would be a saint or a devil to serve you—and be sincere. I would work like a slave for you, pray for you, or sin for you, if you needed that any of these things should be done. But I think, my dear queen, my idol and my one sweet love, that you would think you had sacrificed your life if you gave yourself to me, because there are those who would be beautiful to you and because I am so much your senior. And, Haidee, my precious love, my fond interest in you is so great that I would rather die than harm you.

"I am sure that you would find me gentle, devoted, earnest, never-ceasing in affection and fidelity, strong, healthful and pure in act and thought, for just your dear sake. But I could never be handsome and you would be an 'old man's darling'—old in years but not in heart and brawn.

"I cannot help but plead a little for myself. That is the human-nature and manhood in me. But, Haidee, dear, be guided by your own heart, alone. Act for the best that your own clear judgment teaches. Never think that there is any obligation due me, except the regard that you must owe to one who will ever be your faithful friend—if you will never allow anyone to laugh at me because I have dared to love you, a beautiful young

girl. For I do love you and for your own sweet sake have laid my life, body and soul, at your beautiful feet."

Quickly came Haidee's reply. Then this ardent lover was supremely happy. He was at peace with all the world. He had achieved the triumph of his life. Now all that was left for him to do was to use every endeavor to make himself worthy of this glorious girl, and to do all the things possible to make her happy, and to keep her love forever.

"Possibly," he whispered to his friend, "it may be improper for me to tell what she said that made me so exultant. Heaven knows that I only mean to show I was not such an 'old fool' as the adage would make me, and at the same time refute, for the girl's protection, the false notion that was entertained by some, as to her sincerity.

"Any man as strong and heartful as I was, and of such a race of long-lived people as that from which I came, would have been just as self-reliant, jubilant, gratified, earnest, full of faith.

"She said:"

"Why cry at heart, more? Listen now to me. I have always told you I would love some day. I have known that every day has served to bring my heart closer to you, and every day I have said to myself, 'I love him more! I love him more!' Now with all freedom, I allow your sweetness, kindliness and constancy to enter into my life. I love you more than any earthly soul. I love you now, dear, dear, sweetheart.

"I do not want you to cry for me, and sweetheart, you shall no longer do so. I will help you to be happy. You shall have Haidee.

"I have gone, always, feeling my way in love for you, step by step, cautiously and carefully, and

at last I will walk safely into your arms. Now put them around me, sweetheart, and kiss me, your Haidee."

In many letters that followed there was ever a tone of tenderness and the strongest assurances of love. Here and there a sentence that delighted this man with its womanly earnestness, its girlish simplicity, its perfect candor, its prettiness of speech, its confidence, trust, purity, joyous tears, approving smiles, its evidences of her humanity, charity and poetry.

A few of them are these:

"You know that you are secure in my love.

"I have proven it to you.

"Pleading for what you have already! Will the Lord provide more if you remain blind and unmindful of what you already possess?

"Dear Love! Good Soul! Need I always say, over and over: 'I love you! I love you?' But I delight to say it, again and again. Quiet your heart in its turmoil. These storms rage so often about you. The waters are cold and chilling, dashing against your tender, loving heart. Why not stand securely and high on the rock, 'I Love You, Dear?' The firm rock, Haidee's Love, is yours. Hold fast.

"Romeo says: 'I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far as that vast shore washed by the farthest sea, I would adventure for such merchandise.'

"And do you think Desdamona was weak, frivolous, neglectful of her affairs; too thoughtless of matters of impropriety that might smirch her character? You have formed a different opinion from mine, of her. *Like others*, her love for Othello so gladdened and broadened her that she was pleased with all mankind. She gave a helping

hand to all; a tender sympathy, which Othello—being a man—could not see, and understand, conflicting it all with untruthfulness to him. Making himself miserable, of course. Once being inflamed against his imagined rival he forgot the daily bits of affection and loving obedience she always gave him; forgot these, entirely, and observed only what he thought to be faults.

"So, there are those who resent our engagement? Well, let them. It is naught to me, and it should be naught to you.

"Yes, there is always sadness in love. But it is wonderfully sweet sadness. Do not misconstrue me.

"My Precious Old Love; when I am married I intend to be even younger than I am now. I shall thus keep you young. There now, I have called you old. And you are as compared with me in years. But dear, you are stronger in every way than all or any of the young men I have noticed—or the handsome ones. Bah! what is beauty in a man? I know that you are not an Adonis, but you have the most beautiful soul I ever saw, and I have seen your soul so often.

"The pretty things you say to me please me, because *you* say them. I would resent them in others, or at least turn a deaf ear to them. For I know that 'men are deceivers ever.'

"And you think you know me better than I know myself? Ah no! dear, you do not. I know myself perfectly, but do not always know how to manage the creature. When I am married I will relinquish the management to you.

"Your 'Palace of Haidee' is a very beautiful structure. But let me lead you through the real one. Oh! it has so many apartments; one of

Haughtiness, another of Sarcasm, and there are those of Hate, Temper, Love, Faith, Hope, Charity —a spacious one. And sweetheart I shall have it heated with Music, thus to warm the coldest rooms—that is, if the furnace works well. The furnace in this house has already ruined my Hall of Temper.

"Today there is a dreary, cold rain. Oh! how I pity the poor dumb animals that are out in it.

"Yesterday I heard a bird sing in the graveyard near. It was the sweetest music I have heard for many a day. And I saw some women kneeling at graves, praying in the cold for their loved ones buried there. Oh! that so many prayers might be said for the living as the dead.

"Yes, our coming marriage has set some of their tongues going. But they say the only thing they fear is that marriage might interfere with my music. They do not know how generously and self-denyingly you help me in the one great aim of my life. But with that, my dear sweetheart, I hope to make you proud of your child-wife.

"Tell me that you do not see or care for my pettishness.

"It is such a consolation to me to know that even should I ever lose any of my bodily attractiveness to you that I could rely upon your love to cherish me for my soul.

"I am starving, starving, for music. Our grand opera nights are such glorious memories.

"'My hope and my religion,' you say I am. Rather shall I not be your cross? (Kiss the cross) How will you ever get to Heaven with such a religion? A girl wife! My!

"Now I have your face between my hands. Hold your face so! There now, do I kiss you!

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One, two, three—and one more for luck. No, there is luck in odd numbers. So, one more. Good-night. I am crying. So are you, my Love.

"You are always making me so happy. Now I am so plump and healthy that it fills me with delight. Because? Why because it is for you that I want to be as beautiful in mind and body as God and Nature can make me. You have proven yourself so manfully and nobly to me, that I love and honor you with all my heart, and when I have given myself to you, as I have and as I shall, I want the gift to be all that is possible.

"Let them talk on. No one but you can make me believe. So there. I would give worlds to see you now, and assure you that I am not to be turned aside by ill-spoken words of you. I depend upon you and your wondrous sense of honor.

"I am so fond of your pretty name for me. No one else has it. But we will make it famous, wont we?

"If I am to be your helper, I wish to be a perfect one, and at the rate I am growing I shall be quite formidable after a little while.

"God bless you as he blesses me in your dear love."

Thus, and even more affectionately and flatteringly did Haidee write in many rapidly succeeding letters, and Phillip was in Paradise. "A fool's paradise," some will say. But one Paradise is as good as another so long as it lasts. It was happiness, and that is what all people are looking for, who have the sense of enjoyment about them, or anything short of downright lunacy.

Shortly Haidee came home. It was about the time of the Christmas holidays, and gay old winter was abroad in the land. These two took

the amusement centres by storm and reveled in the joy of it all.

With parties of art-loving friends there were dinners at bright places where the viands came and were discussed to the harmonies of well-trained orchestras. Then came the opera and two or three hours more in the evening amid the delights of that. Then a supper at an approved place, with more music. Then home, and as Haidee entered the hall her hat went one way and her coat another; she flew to the piano and instantly the numbers that had particularly attracted her during the evening were sounding through the house. Often, early on the following mornings Phillip caught a glimpse of a fluffy pink vision passing his door, along the hall, and quickly the piano would begin to send forth, again, the music of the night before, and then her own sweet voice, in harmony, would fill the place with its delicious melodies.

The remaining months of winter, through the spring, and into the summer, they worked on their scheme for the future, with hope and flattering promise, the marriage to come when they should find time after their business plans should be so well under way as not to be an obstruction to the amenities of the hymenial affair. She was young enough to wait. He was old enough to be patient. Meantime they lost nothing of the pleasures of music and all other arts within reach.

Haidee had been brought up with the idea that all the world was akin, and in the breadth and beauty of her nature she did not observe the somewhat constricted lines of social caste that perhaps, unfortunately, had grown into Phillip's life, in the section where his youth had been

passed, and which, inherently, had become part of his nature. There were those who said he was not a lover of his fellow-man. But in this they were mistaken, as those who know him best will testify. He simply claimed the indubitable, free-American right to choose his fellow-men, so far as his personal and family associations were involved. He had exalted ideas as to who should be his wife's associates—of either sex. And some times when he spoke to Haidee of her familiarity with persons who could not have visited his home, at any time, she fancied that he was jealous of those persons, notwithstanding that he often asked her if she had ever observed any signs of jealousy on his part when he frequently left her for hours at his club dances, and the like, in the company of those whom he knew to be men and women of honor, intelligence and good-breeding, no matter how young, fascinating or handsome they might be. He endeavored to show her that often well-dressed and apparently good-mannered men were not fit associates for pure young women.

Men of insight in the world's ways know such persons at sight.

Phillip showed her that the very worst men must be well-dressed and smooth—even attractive—to be successful in carrying out their schemes of rascality, such as are often practiced in the very heart of good society. Besides, one who is to be great in art cannot afford to be familiar with the cheap. There is sometimes an embarassing discount in it.

Often Haidee had said to Phillip: "You have helped me so wonderfully in my ideals," But in

this matter it seemed impossible for him to remove the idea that he was jealous.

Perhaps he should have been more patient and bided his time, for that became a dangerous theme and often "sicklied o'er" their pleasure in public places.

But she was always kind and forgiving, and they were so much in earnest in the pursuit of their pleasures that their life was, for the most part, as bright as a kindly day in June.

THE IDOL FELL.

Haidee, to thee I sung my lover lays;
  Within my soul thy presence tuned my shell
To harmonies that rang but in thy praise,
  And they have soothed my aching heart full well.
E'en now they sound the joys of other days,
  In notes as from some distant, silver bell
And in sweet dreams I see again thy charming ways—
  Coy when the tender tale of faithful love I tell.

From out the ruins of my glowing youth,
  I dug an image fair, and called it mine.
It seemed the goddess of my life, in sooth,
  And then became the idol of my shrine.
It was my light, my hope, the soul of truth;
  My senses whelmed, as from excess of wine;
Then came a flashing bolt of wrath—in that no ruth—
  Shattered, the idol fell—the altar bears a vine.

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"As the wreck and I drift on."

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CHAPTER VIII.

A HORRID PROCESSION.

ALONE I STAND.

Gone is my love—forever gone—
  Gone, O God! from me!
And alone I stand, on the wreck of my soul,
  Far out on the open sea—
The roaring, raging sea of life—
  And the sail of hope is torn
To streaming shreds, and night comes on,
  Despair on its black wings borne.

But ever, forever, through night and day,
  As the wreck and I drift on;
Through years, and ages, and endless time,
  I will love the love that is gone.
God help me bear it, all alone!
  O Heaven, help my soul!
And soothe my aching heart, sometime,
  On the sail to Eternity's goal.

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A HORRID PROCESSION.

EARNESTLY, vigoursly, soulfully, this stricken Phillip wrote to his dearest friend the story of the end, and that friend has since grasped the warm and cordial hand of the hale old fellow and rejoiced with him in his rennaisance.

"I saw the end approaching," his letter said.

"There were many who sought to cause a breach between Haidee and the one man who would have willingly risked his life, at any moment, to save her from the slightest danger.

"For the most part, they were gossiping, shrewish women, and small, narrow, cowardly men, all of whom were possessed of a little seeming respectability. None of them with any real decency and humanity.

"The women were generally far beyond their youth, and often beyond middle age, who would have had a past if Time had not held them in such contempt that he would not condescend to record the facts. They resented it that a middle-aged man should love a girl. Bereft of love themselves, they hated it as such always do, that those whom they consider their legitimate prey, should seek love elsewhere than among themselves.

"The men were so pusilanimous as to be envious of the situation between Haidee and myself. Some of them were simply constitutional slanderers and

backbiters by instinct. All cowards and sneaks, for they afterward congratulated both of us—separately — and always for opposite reasons. They congratulated Haidee that she had escaped marriage with a man who was too old for her, and who was not the right sort for her, even had he been young enough. They congratulated me that I had escaped the burden of a frivolous young thing who would have been useless, and probably faithless.

"Of course they put their suggestions in a much more politic way, as to language, else it would not have been altogether safe.

"There were a few real friends of both, who had done nothing to bring about the disruption, who felt that it was not best that a young girl and a man of years should mate. But they generally confessed that it was none of their business after all.

"But the others!—from the time our betrothal was announced—a thing that was done without our consent, and much against our wish—even before that, this hydra-headed, snake-hearted, creeping brood of male and female back-biters, kept up a slimy trail to Haidee and her relatives, and there left horrid deposits of utter, absurd and cruel lies against me. Lies without an atom of truth for a foundation.

"They generally pretended friendship for me, but were specially solicitous for Haidee, and some of them had never heard of her before.

"For those of them with whom I was acquainted, I had never done other than kindness. Many of them I had never met, or heard of. Many knew nothing of my antecedents, good or bad, and yet they claimed to be my intimates.

"I was ignorant of the lies these harpies, serpents and jackals told, in many instances—the worst of course—until it was too late. Then I proved, beyond peradventure, that many of these falsehoods were naturally and physically impossible.

"I was accused of having been seen in places of bad repute, in disreputable company, and under other questionable circumstances; places that I had never heard of and company that was positively mythical to me.

"Lies upon lies that were really ingenious, were dealt out in ways that my fiancee and her guardians should hear them; lies that were hideous and of varied sorts, that I would not now repeat, even if I dared to write of such shocking things.

"These were at first resented and repelled by Haidee, but they became so persistent and insistent that, little by little, they began to take effect, in the manner that microbes, which bared by the microscope present such hideous shapes, become poison in the blood of the purest.

"The purveyors of these noxious tales were wary enough to conceal their identity from me, or of the fact that they had spoken, by plans of confidence and secrecy.

"Denials of alleged faults, the details of which were hidden from me, became very trying, not to say irksome, and there were many times when I lost all patience.

"Concerning the swarm of hidden and hissing vipers, perhaps I have already said too much. Their foul work cannot be undone. But they may have this for a legacy from the affair: Ere I have done with them they will learn really more of me than they will be delighted to know. Some-

time I will be among them with the sort of bludgeon that they deserve, to scotch the squirming swarm.

"The details are not necessary; the time came at last when the engagement between Haidee and myself was suddenly broken.

"At first it stunned me.

"I have seen a man on the battlefield with an entire leg carried away by a cannon-ball, laughing and joking, feeling no pain whatever.

"'Bring me something to eat and drink.' he would say. And the surgeons said:

"'Yes, let him have anything you can get for him. It will do him no harm.'

"They knew he would die as soon as reaction came. The concussion had stunned the nerves and blood-vessels. Reaction instantly tore away life.

"With the cannon-shot, 'Our engagement is broken,' I laughed as though it were a huge joke.

"The reaction came and my life was gone.

"My body did not die, but my soul, that had received the shot, sank within me, and for weeks I was as one without hope, without intelligence, despairing, lost.

"I sought the places I had been with Haidee and worshipped the stones of sidewalks where I had seen her step upon them. I watched to get a bare glimpse of her gown. I wept in an agony of dethroned love.

"Sometimes, deep in the night, when even the great city was hushed, save, now and then, the bay of a lonesome dog the faint buzz of a distant railway train, the swish of waves against the shore, or the melancholly sigh of the wind, I was

sure that I heard Haidee whisper my name. My ear seemed to catch the soft rustle of her gown, and once I saw her pass my door like a beautiful spirit clad in nebulous white. Trembling in an ecstacy of love, wonder and superstition, I staggered to the hall and peered down the long stretch of walled half-light, straining my sight for another glimpse of the dreamy vision, but it came no more. I crept back to my seat, bent my aching head upon my arms, and wept my poor soul and body to sleep.

"Then came a long and painless illness. For weeks I did not leave my bed. The physician who came to see me said that had he delayed an hour I would have been dead.

"I wished that he had not come. He told me months afterward that I had said: 'Give me something to settle forever this thing that is on my mind. I will never say anything about it.'

"I am glad now, that this was only a ghastly piece of humor.

"The birds are singing as sweetly as ever, and I love their song.

"The flowers are as beautiful and as fragrant, and I love their beauty and perfume.

"My friends are as close and true as at any time in my life, and I love them, their kindness and sincerity, and I shall always endeavor to be worthy of their trust.

"But there is one great void in my life; one dull unceasing torture.

"The wine of my soul; the sparkling spirit of my being; the elixir of love, is gone.

"HAIDEE."

SHE WILL LOVE ME THEN.

In the Land where all is gladness;
  In the Gardens up Above,
Where the only thought of sadness
  Is where there is not Love,
By the River Over Yonder,
  That guards the fair Aidenn;
'Long its flowered banks we'll wander,
  And she will love me then.

Let storms of Wrong and Sorrow
  Rage about my pathway here,
I will live for Life's Tomorrow;
  Through its Autumn and its sere,
Till I hear her dear voice singing
  High Hosannas, and Amen!
With the hosts of Heaven winging,
  And I know she'll love me then.

"Perhaps she will love me then."

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CHAPTER IX.

TWO WAYS.

GOODBYE, LITTLE ONE.

Before me floats a vision of a maid in a canoe;
Her paddle cleaves the water and she's swiftly crushing through
A field of pure white lilies, and the bow is turned away—
Goodbye, dear little maiden, for Love has lost the day.

I know that I was dreaming, for I look again and, lo!
'Tis quiet on the river, and the current's gentle flow
No longer bears the maiden in her dancing, light canoe;
The skies have met the waters and they blend their gray and blue.

Goodbye, my little one; goodbye my dear;
Sighs and another one; tears and a year;
Life will go on and the world will go round;
Deep in forgetfulness Love will be drowned.

TWO WAYS.

CONTINUING his vivid letter, Phillip says:

"Strong as I had been my limbs were now weak, and I tottered as I walked—but I would not admit it even to myself.

"I thought only of Haidee.

"Fear that reason would forsake me took possession of me.

"I could not banish her for one instant from my thoughts.

"I was infinitely miserable, and made shallow attempts at jollity. They were pitiful in my own sight. What my friends thought of them I have never known. But I have believed that they knew I was playing a part, and doing it badly. I knew it.

"My friends were unusually kind, and I knew why, though they did not tell me. It was nevertheless impossible to shake off my depression.

"Life seemed useless and not worth while.

"I tried to teach myself that Haidee had no heart to leave me thus. That she was a selfish, ungrateful deceitful, false, treacherous, frivolous and careless girl, and lacking in a high and delicate sense of honor.

"But I was irretrievably in love with her, and idolized every memory of her. I wore a locket containing a tiny portrait of her, and a lock of her hair. A penny that she had given me I

cherished as a talisman that would be a charm to sometime help me back to her, or bring her back to me. I read her letters over and over again, glorified in them and sneered at them.

"'Oh! how she loved me!' I would say. And then: 'How could so much deceit be enveloped in such a bit of lovliness?'

"Sometimes keen resentment possessed me, and then mortification, that I had been so shamefully and wantonly duped.

"But with time I lost all bitterness and remembered only her sweet face and perfect form; her pretty ways and enticing sorceries; her arm about my neck and her kisses upon my homely face.

"The weariness at last left my heart, though its traces are still there. I think of her as a beautiful dream, and try to dream it over.

"She has gone one way and I another. The great world is round and our paths may meet somewhere.

"Anyway, I am much the older. In the nature of things I will be first to cross the deep river between here and the Life and Love Eternal. Sometime she may come to the mortal shore when I am loitering along the bloom-embroidered banks on the Immortal side, waiting for her, and she will be singing:

"'Who-ee! Who-ee!'

"And I will Fetch Over The Canoe.

"Over there we will both be beautiful, and I will be as young as Haidee.

"'Perhaps' she will love me then."

VOILA TOUT.

Like the dimness of a cloister,
  Where a cowled monk is praying,
Is the life that's sad within me,
  Where Love's bent head is graying.

Come star-eyed one and sing to me,
  Your sweetest, brightest song, again.
'Twill light the cell and soothe the soul,
  And sanctify Love's last Amen!

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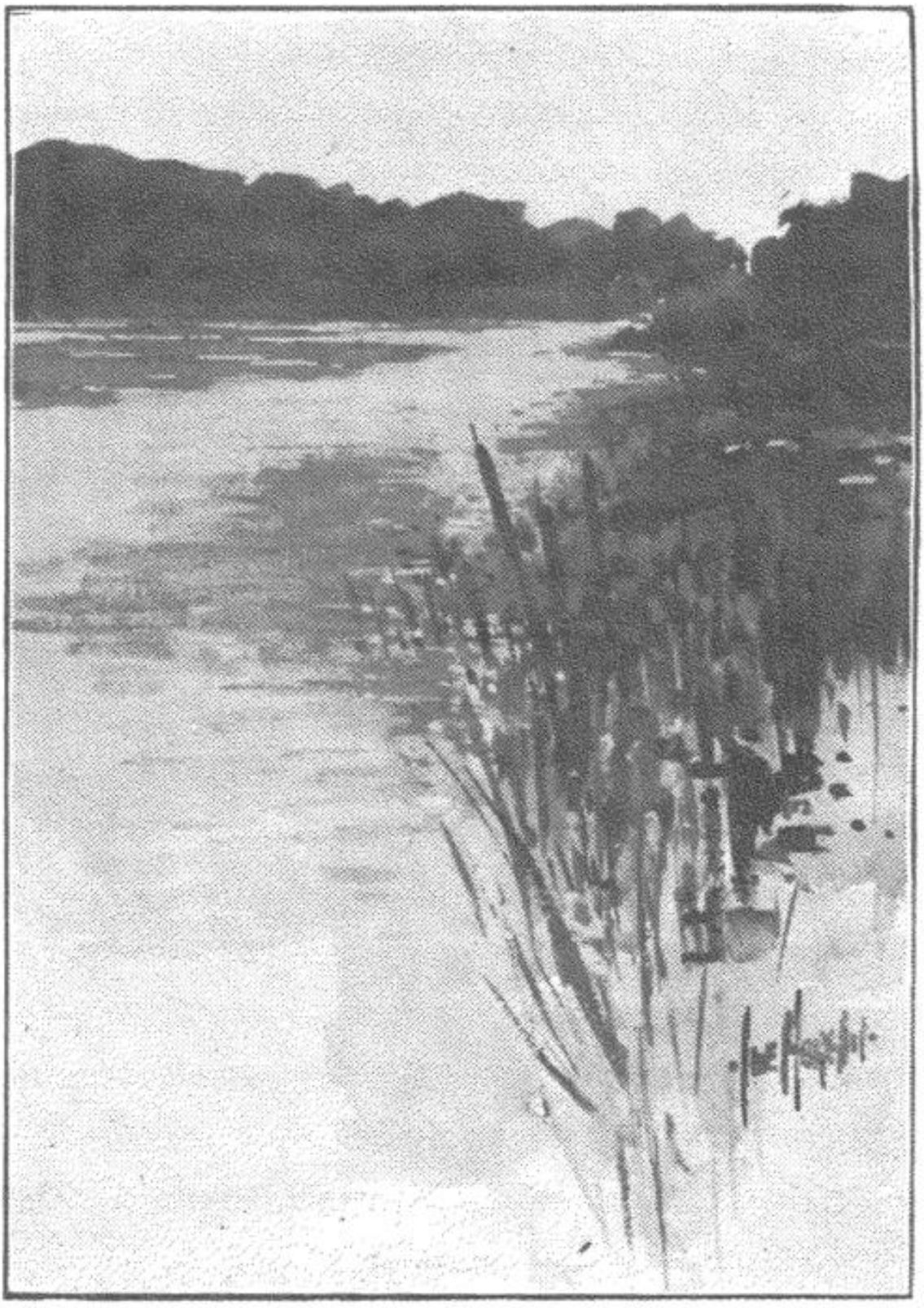

"Tis quiet on the river."