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GARVANZA

**Prose and Verse**

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BY THE

Fortnightly Club

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Inez and Manda  
Annabella Gray

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GARVANZA, 1906

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Mrs Ethel Mann

## PREFACE.

The following chapters afforded the members of the Garvanza Fortnightly Club so much pleasure that they have decided to preserve them in this form as a souvenir of the very enjoyable neighborhood gatherings held often at different homes, but usually at the fine arts museum of Prof. Judson.

The prose story was written during the winter of 1904-5, and was read a chapter at a time by the successive authors.

The rhymed romance came out at the meetings of the season of 1905-6.

# INEZ AND WANDA.

## CHAPTER I.

WM. L. JUDSON.

Down the echoing vista of the Arroyo came a long howl.

To the two girls on the great rock it seemed like an Indian's cry of rage. It was repeated, and immediately there arose a roaring, screeching hubbub of voices from the Indian village, whose tepees and shacks dotted the crest of the bluff a half mile away.

The children—for they were little more—scrambled to the crest of the rock and stood straining their eyes to the north, but a jutting promontory of live oaks covered the scene of the commotion, whatever it might be. To the children of the mesa, half wild in their experience, every incident of life exaggerated itself into an event. It was in the pastoral age of California, when life moved smoothly as a placid stream.

"What is it?" whispered the younger, a girl of twelve, whose tawny color and straight black hair indicated her native origin.

The other, her senior by a few years, shook her head with a look of perplexity, but said nothing. She stood with a riding quirt in her hand shading her eyes, her figure already suggesting the mature outline of Southern womanhood, and the rich adolescent blood flushing her cheeks—a picture to stir the pulses of an artist.

The poplar trees at their feet stirred in the soft ocean breeze which whispered up the canyon, hiding and revealing in turn the rippling, chuckling streamlet at their feet.

What was it, comedy or tragedy? They were soon to know, and knowing, their lives were to receive the tincture of a fresh color. Plash, plash. Stealthy footsteps—footsteps, cautious but rapid, were approaching. The younger girl, kneeling, clinging about the robe of her mistress (for such was their relation), trembled with excitement. The elder, placid and self-poised, breathless and expectant.

At the foot of the rock below them suddenly darted out a panting Indian, almost nude and bleeding from many wounds. He paused, looked back, examined the rock intently, and was about to dash again into the stream when he caught sight of the statuesque group above him. For a moment he seemed stunned with fear, then recovering himself, he raised his hands toward the sky, then clasped them in supplication and placed the fingers of one hand on his lips. The girl nodded, and with her quirt made a quick motion in the direction in which he was going. Not a word was spoken, but both understood.

The wretched Indian instantly darted along the base of the rock and seemed to efface himself behind a wisp of mesquite bush, for he disappeared utterly to sight and sound. None too soon, indeed, for the sound of a galloping horse came crunching over the arroyo ground. It was a handsome young cavalier this time who emerged into the open at the foot of the rock. He drew rein and listened. He looked sharply about anxiously. Suddenly he discovered the girls on the rock far above his head. He started as if he had seen a vision. "Dios mio," he exclaimed under his breath. Then lifting his cap courteously, he said:

"Pardon me, Senora, I am looking for a runaway Indian. Have you seen——" He paused abruptly. The look of disdain on her face was his answer. He was abashed.

"Perhaps," he began again, "the senora is not aware——"

She gave him the same sign with her quirt that she had given the Indian. He looked long and curiously before turning his horse's head. Then suddenly he dashed the spurs into its flanks and rode away, turning to look again as he went. The crunching hoof-beats died away in a curve of the Arroyo and the breeze whispered through the poplar leaves again as if there was nothing but Sabbath peace in the world.

"What is it?" whispered the Indian girl, still clinging to the robe of the elder.

"I do not know, Chicquita, but they will find him, think you?"

"No."

"But he found the cave."

"Si, Senorita mia, but he was an Indian and hunted."

"And the Indians will come; perhaps the whole vil-

lage." The white maiden watched the dusky face, confident that the Indian nature would understand something of the mystery.

"No, the Indians are not coming. They have stopped yelling. Listen!"

Faintly through the poplars came the sound of hoof-beats, unshod hoofs sounding a long roll on the grassy sward, growing in volume every instant. The girls crouched in terror behind a crag, peering through the weeds. Down through the valley dashed an Indian with streaming hair, lying forward almost on the neck of his pinto as he eagerly scanned the trail. Behind him rushed a rabble of gaily dressed Mexicans in broad sombreros. They swept past with a rush and a roar and in a moment they were gone.

The girls clung to each other in fear. "Dios mio," whispered the younger. "What does it mean?"

"I do not know, Chicquita, but we must go."

"Shall we not speak to him first?"

"Not today, cara, but tomorrow we will come back and bring food."

"Ha, tomorrow we come back and bring food," giggled the Indian girl hysterically. Then she repeated in a loud voice, "Yes, tomorrow we come back and bring food. Good!"

They climbed the steep arroyo cliff together, where under a great spreading live oak their horses awaited.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS WM. ROBERTSON.

The two girls rode slowly away from the scene of their exciting adventure and turned their horses toward the distant ranch home, the property of Don Miguel Estudillo, the wealthiest ranch owner in all the country around, and whose daughter, the beautiful Senorita Inez, was the acknowledged belle, and whose singular beauty charmed all who knew her.

Fresh from the convent, her mind unformed and with but vague ideas of real life, she presented that charming combination of ingenuousness and knowledge which makes the girl women forever irresistible to men.

She was an accomplished horsewoman, and as she rode up the long steep hill leading to her home, her hair loosened by the wind and falling over her shoul-

ders; her erect form, her sparkling eyes and splendid vitality, made an impression not easily forgotten.

So absorbed was she reviewing the tragic events of the day, and devising some means to succor the unfortunate Indian, that she failed to see the figure of a priest who was walking along the dusty highway, and whose salutation of "Buenos noches" was unheeded as she rode by him intent on her own thought.

"Senorita," timidly said the little maid, "the good father spoke to us. Shall we not stop and wait for him? Perhaps he will help us."

"No, no!" vehemently replied the girl. "Not a word to *him*."

But she greeted his approach with a winning smile. The priest, whose gray gown and cowl and sandaled feet proclaimed him a priest of the Franciscan Order, looked up with evident pleasure. His cold and austere face softened as he looked at the radiant creature, so full of life and energy.

Inez was yet in her cradle when Father Anselmo, young and full of enthusiasm, had entered ardently on the duties of a Catholic priest, having for his inspiration those early Franciscan Fathers whose work has left their names a sacred and undying memory to all who recognize the great spiritual benefits which these early Franciscan Fathers bestowed wherever their lot was cast.

Lacking the spiritual greatness of these early martyrs, Father Anselmo found after a few years of work a lack of sympathy, which is so necessary a factor in dealing with an ignorant and superstitious race.

He had no sympathy with the Indian temperament. He despised their shiftless ways and lack of ambition, and the sullen secretiveness of their nature.

He had in the fatal enthusiasm of youth made a mistake which wrecked his whole life. His energetic nature called for expression in action, which would bring *practical* results. If, instead of the Indian soul to train, he had had charge of him in the laboring world, how much more he could have done with him! He was essentially a leader of men, and as such would have used his surplus energy in ways which would have told in a definite manner. As a Father of the church, he was not conspicuously a success. As a father who would have reared sturdy sons and fair daughters, he

would have found the happiness the church had denied him.

His heart was warm and kindly, but the repression of his nature had given him that cold and forbidding look which caused Inez to withhold her confidence, whereas had she told him her dilemma, his response would have been all she could have wished.

But fearing otherwise, Inez dared not speak of her wishes, but said cordially, "Surely, you stay at our house, Father, tonight. Are you not on your way there? I will hasten home and send word to our people that you will hold service in our chapel tomorrow."

"No, my daughter," gently replied the monk. "I am on business connected with the church. I will avail myself of your kind hospitality on my return," and he turned away and continued his journey toward San Diego.

"See, Chiquita; what is that lying in the road? Is it a horseshoe? If so, get down and pick it up, for it is a good omen to find a horseshoe."

If the mistress had her superstitions, so had the maid. "No," she said, "not good luck if the ends are lying toward you, and these *are*."

"Never mind," gaily cried Inez; "get it for me. I will take it, and what Fate brings with it for good or evil," and as she took the shoe into her hand, a strange electric thrill ran through her, and she felt as though intuitively she had taken Fate into her hands, and had somehow in some way changed the current of her life. She could scarcely believe her eyes when, on entering the driveway of her home, she saw one of the men leading a limping horse away, and her father talking earnestly to a stranger who sat resting on the veranda.

### CHAPTER III.

MISS C. A. SOMERBY.

Meanwhile the Indian from his covert behind the mesquite bush silently watched the swiftly passing scenes of the drama enacted before him, of which he, too, was a participant, but as hero or villain—which? When the last echoing hoof-beats of the girls' horses died away in the distance, he arose from his place of concealment and cautiously made his way to the little stream that

flowed through the arroyo and there quenched his thirst in its clear, sweet waters, and, knowing the virtues of Mother Earth, he took of the moist clay and stanchd his bleeding wounds. Refreshed by these simple remedies, and reassured by the girls' promise to bring food on the morrow, he returned to the shelter of the cave and proceeded to guard himself against surprise. Hour after hour passed as he watched for some sign of his pursuers, but nothing disturbed the quiet peacefulness of the night save the murmur of the stream or the whisperings of the leaves as they nodded to each other in the quiet evening breeze, or the distant cry of a coyote as he scented his prey, while fair Luna from her throne in the heavens smiled serenely on the scene.

Although faint from hunger and loss of blood, with the chill air of the cave penetrating his scant attire, he kept his vigil until the faint echoing chimes of the matin bells in the neighboring pueblo proclaimed the dawn of another day.

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When Inez saw the stranger, she hastily concealed the horseshoe and, quite ignoring their former meeting, she greeted him with the quite courtesy becoming the mistress of her father's home, for such she was, her mother having died in her early childhood.

As for the stranger, whatever his motive in pursuing the Indian, it was subordinated in the greater desire to see and know more of this dark-eyed girl, who was

"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where womanhood and childhood meet."

and he readily accepted the hospitality of Don Miguel.

After a few moments' conversation, Inez retired to arrange for the comfort of their guest, eagerly followed by the little Indian maid. "Senorita, how shall we get food to the Indian?" she asked. "Never fear, little one; we will arise with the dawn, take an early ride and return before breakfast. As she was an accomplished horsewoman, and in the habit of taking early morning rides, this could be done without causing comment. This they accordingly did, and the early morning found them on the way well laden with food and other comforts. The distance was soon covered, and they reached the cave to find the Indian much exhausted from his night's vigil and sorely in need of help, which Inez and the little Indian maid soon gave

him. Having done all they could for his comfort, they were about to depart when an exclamation from the Indian caused them to stop and look at him, when he said, "Horseman coming. He stops." Inez hastened to the entrance of the cave and, peering through the mesquite bush which concealed it, her gaze fell on the cavalier, mounted on one of her own horses and standing where she had first seen him, looking eagerly up and down the arroyo.

"Surely," he muttered to himself, as his gaze rested on two horses quietly cropping the grass, "there are the horses, but where are the girls?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

ANTONY ANDERSON.

Astonishment and vexation were writ so large upon the handsome countenance of the cavalier that Inez almost laughed aloud in the exuberance of her girlish glee. As it was, she was compelled to press her fingers to her twitching lips to keep back her bubbling merriment.

Even the Indian had to smile in sympathy with the gaiety of the young girl's humor. As he peered forth over Inez's shoulder, however, his smile slowly froze to the malevolent grin of a cornered wild beast that turns upon its hated pursuer. His breath came heavily and fast, as if he were even now but resting in a wild race for life. Was this, in truth, the Indian's case? Inez wondered, as she glanced, almost fearfully at the distorted face so near her own.

Chiquita alone did not smile. The serving-maid's superstitious little soul was vaguely disquieted. All the events of yesterday, and those they were in the very midst of now, were so foreign to her placid experiences that she could not follow them in their kaleidoscopic rapidity. The complexities of life were becoming too numerous and too crowding for Chiquita. Oh, if her beloved Senorita Inez had only never picked up that fateful horseshoe! The Indian girl had felt trouble in the air at the very sight of it. And even now it was on the way! Chiquita cowered in the somber shadows of the cave, as if doom and destruction were already hanging above the heads of all three of them.

For many minutes the cavalier lingered in the immediate vicinity of their retreat, riding now and then within a foot or two of them. But the screening mesquite bush proved faithful in its kindly allegiance, and it gave no stir or sign that three hearts were beating tumultuously behind it.

At last, however, he turned and rode away, and they heard the dull thud of his horse's hoofs grow fainter and fainter in the grasses of the arroyo.

"I breathe again," said Inez, creeping out. She stood erect and stretched her lithe arms. "Pah! but the air in that cave was vile! How good, how wondrous good it seems to feel the sun upon one's face again! Come forth, Chiquita mia, sad little coward that you are. There is no danger, child, and there never was any."

Thus commanded, Chiquita, too, left the cave. She looked crestfallen and a trifle ashamed of herself. The sunshine lay so benignly upon the long stretches of the arroyo that her dark brood of fears took sudden flight. Then, too, it had ever been her way to reflect the moods of her mistress.

"Afraid!" she exclaimed, with a naive attempt at bravado. "Who's afraid, *Senorita Inez*? Certainly, not I."

"I'm glad to hear it," laughed Inez. "There was a moment when I thought—but we'll forget about that, Chiquita." Then she leaned towards the mouth of the cave. "We will bring food tomorrow, and the day after, and every day till we find the cave empty," she said, speaking very distinctly. "When the bird has grown strong wings again, and when we know the cage is deserted, then, and not till then, shall we forget its very existence. Not so, Chiquita mia?"

"Yes, *Senorita*," was the serving-maid's earnest response.

There came a grunt of gratitude from the cave, and the girls knew that their hapless new friend had heard and understood.

"And now, Chiquita," Inez cried, happily, "duty done, let us claim our reward of pleasure. The day is too beautiful to waste. We'll ride and ride—to the very end of the earth. Eh, my pretty child?"

"Yes, *Senorita Inez*," answered the Indian maiden, the rich blood surging to her dusky cheeks. She looked at her young mistress with adoring eyes. Stern Father

Anselmo might not agree with her, but Chiquita *knew* that *Senorita Inez* was a saint on earth, who could neither do nor think a wrong thing.

On and on they rode, glad of the wind and the sun; glad of the greenness underfoot and the blueness overhead; glad of the crickets' staccato challenge; glad of youth and the certainty that life and love were still before them.

Suddenly Inez drew rein. Her eager horse snorted with impatience, but he obeyed her quick, strong hand.

"Hush, Chiquita!" she whispered in a voice that trembled with awe and wonder. "Listen!"

The sound of an exquisite voice singing a plaintive ditty of love floated down the Arroyo Seco.

"An angel!" whispered Chiquita.

"A man!" retorted Inez, with decision.

## CHAPTER V.

### MRS. CREIGHTON.

Slowly the girls approached the sycamore grove where the horse of the cavalier was pawing the earth. The cavalier, lying at full length on the clover, with his arms above his head, gazing into a little patch of blue sky above him where the flecks of golden light touched the deep zinibar of the oak leaves to a golden green, was thinking meanwhile of the *senorita's* beautiful eyes and sweet young beauty.

Hearing the soft whispering of the breeze among the oak leaves, he hummed to himself the native national air of his country, beginning, "I think of the days when I sailed away from thee," and this was the song the girls had heard—"La Paloma." Feeling, rather than seeing, the approach of Inez, the object of his thoughts, he turned, resting his head on his elbow, the little flecks of golden light touching his blue-black hair into a golden-brown, adding new beauty to his already handsome face.

Wanda, the Indian girl, whom Inez often affectionately addressed as Chiquita (little one), caught for one brief instant the curve of the mouth before hidden by his mustachio, and startled by its cruelty and weakness, recoiled with a nameless fear and foreboding, completely destroying the sense of protection before felt in his presence. Inez, carried out of herself by

the notes of the beautiful old love song, hastened forward as the cavalier arose to his feet, and with graceful apologies thanked her for her hospitality of the previous night, and declared his intention of accepting Don Miguel's invitation to remain and hunt with him for a month.

Wanda, finding her little mistress engaged in earnest conversation with the cavalier, withdrew to the end of the rock and walked briskly to the bed of the arroyo and toward the east, rapidly leaving the sycamore grove in the distance, trying to realize in deep thought the sudden changes, one following so rapidly on the trail of the other. Wanda did not recover from her reverie until she felt, rather than observed, a dark object looming up before her, and raising her eyes exclaimed under breath in superstitious awe, "Again the enchanted mesa!" But she did not retrace her steps, but climbing to the very rock where we first met her, turned her eyes toward the mesquite bush, which was trembling in the afternoon breeze. What was it? Was it the spirit of her tribe calling, calling to her, "Come"? And looking up she saw the Indian boy holding out his hand, giving her the peculiar welcome sign of her race. Without a thought, she answered and commenced again the ascent of the mesa.

"You are well?" she asked.

"I am now," he answered. "I called to the Great Spirit and he sent me the singing bird."

Wanda gazed at the tender sweetness yet firm outlines of the boy's mouth and unconsciously contrasted them with the thin, cruel lines of the one she had fled from a short hour before.

Together they approached the cave, and he questioned her of her race and told her in return of his forefathers, who were for generations the "Wierowance" or historians of the tribe, and thus the keepers of the secret totems of all the Pacific tribes; and the enchanted mesa was the totem.

When the boy hesitated in his story, the mind of the maiden, now fully awakened to the tales told her by her old Indian nurse, supplied the lapse and finished to his legends the broken thread. How the tribe had wounded the Great Spirit and he had predicted through the Wierowance that when the tribe had least warning, their enchanted mesa, their beloved totem,

would be seized by the white man and the decay of the tribe would follow, and never regain its power until the coming of a prophet—"whose name should be called Immanuel," whispered Wanda with glistening eyes. "You are our deliverer, and you shall escape your cruel pursuers and find your way to the sea from the secret passage in the cave of the mesa. I only know of the cave, and I will guide you."

"No, Wanda," replied Immanuel; "your way lies with Senorita Inez. I will find my way—it is foretold." And taking her palms in his brown hands and kissing them as a king would his lady's, he walked into the darkness, first pausing to tell her, "Wanda, when I return I will give the call of the curlew. Be not afraid, for I will be near when you are in danger, for I have a fear of some evil to you in future."

What Immanuel told Wanda of the crime laid to him, remained a secret in her own heart for many a day. How much better it would have been for both had the two girls exchanged confidences that night at home, as they had ever done heretofore. Many a sorrow and misunderstanding for both would have been averted.

Meanwhile in the grove the cavalier was accounting his experiences on meeting them at the mesa that fateful day how he approached the Indian village and found the chief in council over the case of the young Wierowance, who had been up for trial for the killing of the chieftain's son, the old medicine exorcist protesting that the son was getting well when the Wierowance took him from the sweat house and placed an evil spell on him, from which the boy died. The howling of the mother and the beating of the death drum ceased as the old medicine man left the council to go to the tent where the young boy was laid, apparently in death. "Following the old man under cover of the mesquite bush, I distinctly saw the boy rise, speak to the medicine man, and then the old man placed his hand over the child's mouth and deliberately held it there until the boy actually died. By this time the sounds from the council warned me that an unusual event had occurred, and as I caught my horse and motioned to my companions, I saw the young Indian flying for life, and then disappear in the stream. We pursued him, intending to shelter him with our forces, but the earth seemed to open and swallow him,



for he disappeared, and we found ourselves before the mesa and *you*."

## CHAPTER VI. THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

HARRIET WILLIAMS MEYERS.

When Chiquita had gone and the Indian was alone, he began an investigation of the cave, being anxious to find the secret passage of which the girl had spoken. Slowly he began his search for some sign of the outlet, going carefully along one side and then the other, hoping every moment that his search would be rewarded; but for some time his keen eyes detected nothing unusual, nothing that was suggestive of a passage or outlet other than the one by which he had entered. Finally, in a niche at one side of the cave, a heap of rubbish attracted his attention, and pushing it to one side, he instantly saw, even in the dim light, that there was something unusual about the place. It did not take him long to throw aside the rubbish, loosen the stones that blocked this secret passage, nor long to crawl through and fasten the place behind him.

The new cave was very dark and damp, but Alessandro stole cautiously along for some distance, when, coming to an abrupt turn in the passage, he saw far ahead of him a speck of light, at the sight of which a grunt of satisfaction escaped him. Ahead was the other end of the tunnel and his surest way of escape.

He moved faster now and had almost reached the opening when, blinded by the light which, coming in only faintly, seemed very bright in contrast to the utter darkness he had been in, he stumbled over something and fell upon his knees beside what proved to be a rude chest. The lock was old and gave way to his efforts to open it, and there before him lay old Spanish coins, gold and silver ornaments—and what was this? Surely that had once been a part of the altar of the Mission of San Gabriel Archangel! Several pieces beautifully wrought of gold and silver, proclaimed that they had been made in Spain, while others were more crudely, clumsily made of virgin gold by less skilled hands.

Alessandro had found a bandits' treasure, but as he knelt above it he thought not of that, but only of his people and the good that he might do for them through the finding of this chest. He would buy the Enchanted Mesa for them, that it might always be their home. Yes, he would, indeed, be their Prophet, their Deliverer. To whom could he go for help and council in this new undertaking? Instantly there came before him the face of Father de la Peña, and he knew that if he could but reach him he would find the friend he sought. Some years before this holy man had journeyed from San Diego toward San Gabriel, but sickness overtaking him, he had laid many days with the Indians, and Alessandro had been his nurse. A friendship had sprung up between the two, and on parting the Father had said, "Come to me, my son, should you ever need help, and I will strive to repay, in part at least, the kindness you have shown me." Now was his time. He would go to Father de la Peña. Rising, he made his way to the entrance and peeked out. This opening was high up on the side of a steep hill, which was well covered with bushes, and was so inaccessible that no one would ever find it who did not know of its presence. Below ran a well-beaten highway over which Alessandro had gone many times without mistrusting that a secret passageway—the hiding place of bandits—was concealed behind these bushes. Perhaps this was where Jesus Tejada, that boldest of outlaws, had concealed his stolen treasure, intending soon to return for it, when he had met the death he so long deserved.

In the distance—a glistening, white streak in the bright sunlight—ran El Camino Real. Many times Alessandro had traveled this highway, but he dared not venture upon it now. He was a fugitive, and as such must not let himself be seen. But there were other ways to reach San Diego which the Indian knew, and when the sun had set and Kookooskoos (the owl) should call his mate, Alessandro would steal forth and the Great Spirit would guide his steps.

The girls had finished their morning meal, and, seated upon their horses, were preparing to ride away, when the cavalier rode up and begged of Inez that he might accompany them.

"We ride far upon an errand of mercy, and Señor would not care to go with us," said Inez, casting a knowing glance upon Chiquita.

"I would ride with Senorita to the end of the earth," smiled Carrilla, casting upon her a languishing glance.

"Not today, Señor; some other day—perhaps," replied the girl, and touching her horse she dashed away, followed by Chiquita.

When the girls came to the cave they found it deserted. Inez only looked in, but the little Indian maiden, quickly leaving her mistress, darted to the secret passageway, and as quickly returned. In that hurried survey her keen eyes saw that the stones had been moved, and, filled with joy and thanksgiving, she returned to Inez, for she knew that Alessandro was safe.

"I hope no harm has come to our Indian," said Inez. "You think he has made his escape, Chiquita mio?"

"I am sure of it, Señorita. The Holy Mother will guide his footsteps," replied the Indian girl.

"Thy faith is good to see," my Chiquita. It almost persuades me. I should not like it if aught befell our Indian, for he had a noble face, little one. But come, we must not tarry here. We are on an errand of mercy," and Inez's liquid laugh rang out upon the clear air as she thought of Señor Carrilla's chagrin at not being permitted to accompany her.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE RETURN OF ALESSANDRO.

CHARLOTTE A. HOLWAY.

Several years have elapsed since the cavalier, Señor Carrilla, left the hospitable home of Don Miguel Estudillo. The month of his stay at the great ranch had passed rapidly, in hunting and fishing, and also in frequent visits to the Indian village, for Señor Carrilla seemed to enjoy hearing from the chief of the greatness of his tribe, and with interest he witnessed their dances and festivities. Inez, seeing his apparent interest in all that pertained to these people, did not wonder that he had tried to save the life of Alessandro; but Wanda, as the time for his departure drew near, gave a sigh of satisfaction, for the distrust she felt on first meeting him had only been strengthened.

In the evenings, while Inez played the guitar, he sang in his rich, mellow tones the songs of his native land, and the hours passed swiftly. With reluctance, he said adios to his friends, and as Inez re-entered the house, there came through the open window strains of that same song that floated down the Arroyo Seco and made little Wanda tremble and wonder as she whispered, "An angel."

This morning—after the lapse of years—she stood again on the same rock where Wanda and herself had stood so long ago, and where they had first seen the Indian, Alessandro, and Señor Carrilla. Yes, she had sometimes—sometimes thought of him and wondered, and wondered—as a maiden will.

But where was Wanda, the little Indian maid? Back in her native village, happy in her free wild life. Three times during the years had Inez gone to the Indian village and, by promises of pretty clothes, trinkets and music lessons (for Wanda loved the songs of the birds and the music of the guitar), brought the little one back to her, for she loved the companion of her girlhood, and Wanda loved her young mistress. But after staying some time, there would come over Wanda the inherited natural longing for the free life of her people, and, leaving her pretty things, even her shoes and stockings, she would return to the home of her tribe, and with the other Indian maidens sit on a mat and weave into the design of her baskets the artistic ideas and impressions she had received at the ranch, making her baskets the envy of all her companions. But not one of these had she ever finished, for only the old squaws and married women were allowed that privilege. Some day, perhaps, she would finish them. Then, too, she had thought that by staying there she might hear from and perhaps help Alessandro. She, too, sometimes thought and wondered and wondered why he had never returned. Had he been killed in making his escape? Had he crossed the path of that smooth cavalier? If she went to Inez again, would she be in a better position to hear and help in case of need?

While thus thinking she heard the well-known voice of her mistress as she came up the path.

"Chiquita mine, I have come once again to take you to my home, and I know you will come, for Alessan-

dro calls. He is dying at our house and has much to say to you."

Wanda sprang to her feet.

"Yesterday morning I was on the rock," continued Inez, "where we first met him, thinking of that day when I heard a groan, and turning, I saw lying in the shadow of the rock an Indian. My first impulse was to run away, for there seems to be trouble in the air. Only a few days ago I heard of a fight on the road to San Diego, in which old Father de la Peña was said to have been taken prisoner; and you know ever since Father Anselmo has been with us, that your people have not seemed as friendly. They feel his lack of sympathy for them. But suffering always appeals to my better self, and I got down from the rock and, going to him, was surprised to see the Indian we saved so long ago. I had him taken to the house and his first request was for you, Chiquita, so I hurried away and am here."

How fast Wanda's heart beat! All the latent energies within were on fire. From a child of twelve years she had suddenly become a woman grown. Without saying a word, she hurried to the tepee of the medicine man, and soon Inez and herself were on the way back. All nature, all life, was beautiful, but Wanda's one thought, as she hurried away, was that Alessandro, the Prophet, and Deliverer of her tribe, was dying.

When near the house, a band of Spanish soldiers passed them. "Wanda," said Inez, did you notice the soldier on the farther side, the handsome one?" But Wanda had only thrown a passing glance and knew not what Inez in her heart felt.

As soon as they reached the house they hurried to the room, where Inez, on her departure, had left Alessandro, but on entering they found it empty.

Where was Alessandro? As before, the earth seemed to have opened and swallowed him. After the first surprise, Wanda thought of his parting words, as he took her palms in his hands and kissed them in tribal loyalty. "When I return I will give the call of the curlew, and do not fear, for I will be near when you are in danger, for I have a fear of some evil to you in the future."

Would she ever hear the call? Or was he beyond giving forth the welcome sound? Who knew?

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MOVEMENTS OF ALLESSANDRO.

WILLIAM N. HOLWAY.

When the young Indian, ever keen of eye, and now strong of limb, left the cave and its treasure, it was not without fear of his pursuers, yet with the confidence born of youth, and sustained by an intimate knowledge of the country he was about to traverse.

His eye roamed over the dark, wooded arroyo, the tree-clad hills, each familiar feature of the scene now clothed in night's somber shadows.

Hope bade him look up to starry skies, then smiled at him through the rustling leaves, sang at him with the myriad songs of the night, laughed with him in the arroyo's merry rippling stream, until fair Hope retired, well pleased, as her elder brother, Courage, appeared to make strong the heart of this child of nature.

"The Great Spirit is near," he said in simple recognition, and immediately began his journey.

Following the Arroyo Seco with cautious step, thence skirting the hills by seldom-trod paths, he safely reached the mountain range that led toward the sea, resting near its summit while night still wrapped him in her protecting robe; his ample tent stretched from horizon to horizon, and through its vaulted roof the gleaming stars looked down and seemed the friendly eyes of a great spirit.

Early on the morrow he hastened onward, and ere noon stood by the sea. In the harbor lay a sailing craft, with whose owner he engaged passage to San Diego. He arrived in due time, only to find that Father de la Peña, whom he sought, was absent on a long trip in Baja California.

The second day he sought at the Mission San Diego to learn if any news of himself had preceded him. It was evening as he joined a group of Indians in friendly converse. This was the mission of his childhood days, and soon a young priest recognized him and made him welcome. In the midst of a repast beneath the trees a messenger arrived and excitedly announced the news from San Gabriel—the death of the chieftain's son, the trial and escape of the accused one.

"His name?" asked the priest.

"He is known as Alessandro."

Faces, once kindly, gleamed with hatred, for the chief was a power among the coast tribe. Alessandro was quietly surrounded, but asked to be heard.

"Let him speak; he is my friend and guest," said the friendly priest. There was a moment of intense silence.

"When my life was in its morning, I lived at this mission. Did Alessandro lie or steal or do wrong to his brother?" he asked proudly. "If the young twig be straight, shall the tree be bent and crooked?" The Great Spirit has seen the heart of Alessandro; that is clear like the mountain stream." As he spoke, his sharp glance, seeking some way of escape, suddenly met the cruel, mocking eyes of the cavalier. Behind him were soldiers. With sudden decision he darted through the crowd, ran toward the plaza, mounted a picked animal and dashed away. He had not been mistaken; it was his own swift-footed pony of four years previous, that knew his voice, felt the sharp cut of the two-thonged quirt, and was flying well ahead of his astonished pursuers. He ultimately turned southward, determined to seek the powerful aid of de la Peña.

We need not follow his successful flight, the years of absence or the return journey with de la Peña. Avoiding Mission San Diego, they proceeded to the Mission San Juan Capistrano, then in its best days, where services were held and a great welcome extended the popular priest. Journeying northward on the morrow, they were suddenly confronted by soldiers and a demand was made for the surrender of Alessandro, which was promptly refused. "He is under my protection," said de la Peña.

In the skirmish that ensued, victory rested with the valiant old priest, though Alessandro was severely wounded, and several soldiers, under the cavalier who directed them, were disabled.

"When the arm of the church is not sufficient to protect her sons, we must use our own," said the Father, grimly preparing his weapons for future need.

After a short rest, all were able to proceed, and at the end of three days the company camped late at night in the Arroyo Seco, not far from the spot where the adventures of Alessandro began. He had already confided to the priest the story of the treasure, but not its hiding place. This night he was awake, thinking of his people, of Wanda, fair Indian maid, whose image had oft been mirrored before him through the years.

Was it well with his singing bird? Was she near him now? The cave was not far away. Silently he left the camp, climbing the steep hill with eager step, when a sudden fall opened his wound afresh. Crawling painfully to the spot so fragrant with pleasant memories, he staunched the wound as best he could for a time, until weakness and exhaustion overcame him. Here it was when day had dawned that Inez found him, had him conveyed to her home, fearing in her anxiety that death was near, as she stated to Wanda.

### THE CAVALIER.

The life of the cavalier was garmented in mystery, but when some flashlight of events revealed his bold outlines among the shadows of uncertainty, it tended to pique the curiosity and stimulate the interest in this youth, who so opportunely and dramatically appeared in response to the omen of the horseshoe found by the fair Inez. Whence came he? His character—motives? His relationship to the opening events of the story? What was there between himself and Alessandro? All seemed obscured in the high fogs clinging persistently to the mountain top of truth.

The cavalier had devoted himself to Inez with the easy grace and sentimental warmth of his race, varying his program from passionate wooing to tantalizing indifference, as best suited the mood of one who was no novice in the art.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun, well behind the western mountains, lit the sky with a soft glow of color, swiftly changing to wondrous hues beneath the touch of the invisible hand of the Master. Softly, musically, the leaves whispered their secrets, responsive to the cares of the evening breeze.

Then it was that Señor Carrilla, his visit drawn to a close, saw the climax of a summer's romance. Gracefully he said adios, fiercely he said other things as he rode away from the ranch of Don Miguel.

Then came three years of military service and general adventure, wherein, as has been related, he twice crossed the path of the Indian, and following his encounter with de la Peña's little band at Capistrano, he spurred on to San Gabriel; but, avoiding his friends

of old, rode steadily toward the mountains, where at the end of a long day's journey he rested deep in a remote canyon.

A call! and there emerged from the rocks a tall slender man with long, drooping mustachios and easy, indolent grace of movement.

"Ah, Señor; again seeking thy fortune; many pardons, I would say thy neighbor's fortune?" was his cynical greeting.

"And finding it not, because of the delicate mechanism of my conscience," quoth Carrilla.

"What wouldst thou now—a señorita of fifty summers, with a bad cough and a goodly sack of gold?" suggested the man, regarding Señor Carrilla quizzically.

"A stream of gold; never mind the source. But," said Carrilla eagerly, "what news of the treasure?"

"None; dead bandits leave no news."

"'Tis true, my friend, but live ones make discoveries."

"And yourself?" queried the man.

"For myself, let us eat and confer together," answered Señor Carrilla.

On the morrow the two companions returned toward the Indian village, arriving a day before Father de la Péna's company pitched their tents in the Arroyo Seco.

\* \* \* \* \*

Under the direction of Inez, Alessandro at the ranch revived, and though weak and suffering, asked for Wanda, whereupon Inez departed for the Indian village to summon her, as related in a previous chapter.

Alessandro lay earnestly pondering over the future of his tribe, his dreams and aspirations for their welfare, when his keen hearing caught the smooth tones of the cavalier's voice, asking for Inez. Every Indian instinct was now alert. He arose and silently followed, as best he could in his weak condition, the form of the cavalier as he rode toward the Indian village.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the two girls, amazed at the mysterious disappearance of Alessandro, were eagerly debating what next to do, the Indian maid exclaimed, with sudden determination, "Remain here and wait!"

Mounting her horse, she rode swiftly away, and when screened from view, wheeled her horse to the right

and galloped down the arroyo road. From a path on the arroyo's side two horsemen flanked her movement and were soon in apparent pursuit.

Wanda's sharp quirt stirred her steed into new life. Instinctively she guided him toward the scene of the enchanted mesa and the cave, and as she approached a chosen spot, well ahead of her pursuers—if such they were—she sprang from her horse, with a sharp parting cut that sent him galloping onward.

Then, above the sound of approaching and departing hoof-beats, rose a clear, sharp, whistling sound that gladdened the heart of the Indian maid.

It was the call of the curlew!

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DILATORY HERO COMES.

GALPIN.

Wrightsley George Baker, younger son of the younger son of an English lord, with fifteen or twenty lives between him and the title, had lived twenty-six years, of which the latter ten had been spent in the fashionable occupation of globe-trotting. Mr. Baker did not travel in fashionable style, nor had he visited the resorts frequented by the fashionables of his day. He had tried to pay his respects in person to the Grand Llama of Thibet, succeeding only in escaping at the expense of much hardship and taking with him a memento of the country and its inhabitants in the shape of an ugly scar around his body just below the armpits, where, by way of introduction to the customs of the country, the Thibetans had tied a narrow piece of rawhide around his breast and then twisted it so tight as to force the victim to forego breathing, or to breathe at the expense of some blood letting as the rawhide cut into the flesh when the chest expanded. He had had some experience with Soo Loo pirates, pleasant enough to remember, but not at all enjoyable in the undergoing. He had done a little mining on the coast and in the mountains of Peru, which he remembered with an odd mingling of pride, satisfaction and regret. In the days so spent he had acquired by exceedingly hard labor the only money he had ever earned in his life.

Regret hinged on the fact that the natives had driven him out of the country just as hope appeared about to be realized. He had boarded a tramp schooner and sailed north along the west American coast, stopping at ports unheard of except by owners of tramp ships having knowledge of places where hides, horns and tallow were to be obtained at prices lower than those ruling in the world's market.

Fair winds and foul, supplemented by labor at the oars when there was no wind at all, had brought the ship, and Baker with it, to Bahia del Fumos, on the California coast. At Callao, Baker had met a man who knew an Englishman, then in California, who had been Baker's bed-fellow at school. The Englishman was owner, part owner, manager—something—of the Rancho San Pasqual. Before the tramp ship captain had fairly dropped anchor in the Bay of Smokes (now San Pedro) Baker heard somebody speak of San Pasqual.

The skipper took from his pocket a dingy and battered note book.

"Look here, Baker," he said; "thirty miles north of here is the Mission of the Angels. Six or eight miles farther north is a thundering big farm called the San Pasqual Rancho, and there are some Englishmen there. Get a horse and go over and tell 'em there's a ship here for hides."

Baker got the horse, a good-looking animal that belied his appearance, for he went lame, and Baker in mercy alighted and led him for the last three or four miles of the journey. He slept at the Mission de la Reina de Los Angeles. The next day was a holiday. A horse was not to be obtained for money, and Baker found no one to whom he was inclined to offer love for a mount. The distance was not great; the friars' directions were plain. Baker started on foot, following the course of a dried-up stream, making some detours to head a rocky gulch or to avoid ponds whose bottoms looked suspiciously like quicksand. Mounting half way up the hill at some such place, Baker discovered that the day was hot and the air close. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. The sun was almost directly overhead. Leaves of brush and small trees seemed to curl languidly.

"It's hot," said the man to himself, "and there's no rush."

He sat down in the shade of the bushes, breathing

rather heavily. There was an outcropping of rock at his elbow with an opening, as if to the burrow of some cave-dwelling animal. Idly he looked at the rock, and then with more attention.

"Wonder if vermin in this country are in the habit of burrowing through metamorphic rock," he muttered, looking more closely. In a dozen places on the rock were little three-cornered marks somewhat resembling the cuneiform inscriptions on old Assyrian monuments. But no laborious study is necessary to the understanding of the meaning of such marks by any man who has prospected for gold or silver for so much as one day. Those marks showed clearly, decisively, that someone had made or enlarged that opening with the tool that miners know as a diamond drill. Baker forgot that the day was hot. He threw a pebble into the hole, listened a moment, and then crept in after the pebble he had thrown. The passage was narrow, and Baker was not a small man, but he crowded forward till in black darkness he failed with outstretched hand to touch either wall or ceiling. He heard some faint sound and stood up, listening.

Wanda, the Indian girl, hearing the call of the curlew, hesitated not an instant. Whether she herself was in danger, as Alessandro had said would be the case, she did not know; she did not know that Alessandro was in danger and weak from wounds. In all that region there was but one place where she believed he would be safe. She ran to the entrance of the cave, and the little noise she made was the sound that Baker heard as he groped in the darkness.

Inez had not thought herself under any obligation to obey commands given by one who, after all, was her servant. A little angry, but actuated more by a spirit of girlish mischief, she mounted her horse and followed Wanda. In her desire to keep the Indian girl in sight, she failed to note the horsemen in pursuit. She saw Wanda dismount and saw her horse gallop away. She also saw Wanda go into the cave, and after a moment of hesitation that ended with the thought that she would herself be safe where Wanda was not in danger, she stopped, and with a half timid, half victorious giggle, followed where Wanda had led.

The cavalier, Carrillo, greatly desired a word with the Indian girl Wanda. Wanda knew the whereabouts of the Indian totem-keeper, commonly called Alessan-

dro, and Alessandro, the cavalier believed, knew something or everything about certain treasure concealed aforesaid by bandits that had terrorized the country and incidentally accumulated to themselves a large portion of the portable valuables of the region.

He drove the spurs into his horse's flanks, risking a fall along the rocky trail in the hope of overtaking the girl, and catching momentary glimpses of horse and rider among the trees and bushes. A few minutes later the horse Wanda had ridden stumbled, rose, and, as horses will when left without direction, turned his head toward home and toward the cavalier. The cavalier reined in his horse, stood up in his stirrups and looked about for the girl. On the hillside, scarcely twenty yards away, two small feet twinkled for an instant. The cavalier dismounted and sought the place where the feet had been, finding an opening between outcropping stones. Now, Inez wore moccasins of deerhide, but much use had brought them to the color of Wanda's bare feet. The cavalier had no doubt that the feet he had seen were the feet of Wanda, and as little doubted that the girl herself was hiding in a cavern to which this opening gave access. The place might be a mere squirrel hole, large enough to hide a frightened girl; it might also conceal the treasure he sought; it might conceal armed men.

From the breast of his doublet the cavalier drew a dagger with a slender triangular blade, and with the weapon between his teeth followed after the three that had gone before.

Through the narrow passage and into the broader cave, with careless speed at first, more slowly and more quietly as the darkness and silence grew more dense. Still crawling on hands and knees, his outstretched hand touched a square corner. The moving hand passed from side to side, from front to back, from top to bottom. What he had found was evidently a box, fourteen by twenty inches, more or less, and ten inches deep, some carving on the front, bound with straps of copper or iron; the cover was loose. The groping hand slipped down between the displaced cover and the side of the box or chest, finding something of irregular shape and something oblong, clearly a box, six inches by four. Then as the moving fingers touched something circular, there was a faint clink. No man who has seen the world needs to listen twice

to recognize the clink of gold coin. The cavalier's breath came hard. Instinctively he tried to suppress the sound of it. His hand came out of the chest, sought and found a handle. He lifted one end of the box from the floor of the cave and sighed as he estimated the weight. Twenty pounds; at most not more than thirty pounds. Forty or fifty pounds, half of it box, was no fortune, even if all the contents was gold. Nevertheless it was something, and just now the cavalier's exchequer would welcome any addition, no matter how small.

He stood up beside the treasure chest, his back against the wall. The Indian girl was in the cave and there might be others. Either the girl or the possible others might possess the Indian ability and willingness to drive a knife into the white man that had come into their hiding place.

The cavalier listened, hearing no sound save the beating of his own heart. He fumbled for a moment in the bosom of his outer garment, and then the silence was broken by the sharp click of steel on flint. The cavalier lifted his head, peering at the darkness, listening intently. He saw nothing, heard no sound. He turned his eyes to the chest. The first stroke of flint and steel had been effective, and as the eager eyes looked down, the dull gleam of burning sulphur gave place to the bright flame of the tallow-soaked splinter. The others in the cave heard a great gasp as the cavalier exclaimed under his breath, "Holy Mother of God!"

What they saw was the upper half of a man's body, bending over a square patch of light. What the cavalier saw was contained in the little box, from which he had moved the cover as he groped in the darkness. The blazing match rested on the corner of the box, and, reflecting the light, there came up to the greedy eyes of the cavalier the glint of diamonds and the pale sheen of pearls, the steady gleam of emerald and ruby and the infernal sparkle of opal.

Instantly the scene changed. The stooping man stood up straight, and with his left hand lifted the match from the treasure chest that he might investigate as to the contents and the occupants of the cave.

What the cavalier saw was the figure of a woman with her arms raised to shield her eyes from the light that seemed painfully brilliant after the black darkness of the place. What he said was a muttered "Dead

men tell no tales" as he raised his hand with the dagger in it to remove from the path to fortune so little an obstacle as the life of an Indian girl whom nobody knew and for whom nobody cared.

What Inez, whom the cavalier had mistaken for Wanda, saw, was the figure of a man looming large in the flickering light, as he raised a hand that carried the glitter of steel. Behind him, and very near, was another man in the full glare of the light. As not infrequently happens to persons at times of intense emotion, Inez absorbed the details of the scene with a sort of photographic quickness and accuracy. The man standing in the light was whiter of face than any Spaniard she had ever seen; smiling as in humorous appreciation of his situation, yet alert and watchful. He was not afraid; he was good. In that instantaneous glance, also, Inez saw the face change in expression. The indolent eyes opened so widely that the white showed below the upper lid, and the square jaw set firmly. When the dagger in the hand of the man in the shadow had been raised shoulder high, the hand of the man standing in the light caught the wrist close under the weapon. The light was extinguished. Inez dropped on hand and knees and made for the exit from the cave, shrieking as she went. In time she reached her home, where she told a hysterical tale of bandits and a hero who had rescued her; of Wanda, who was lost, and of treasure that was found in a cave in the hillside.

Baker saw a man about to strike a woman with a dagger. He wore at his side a heavy double-barreled pistol, but the Anglo-Saxon conscience revolts at the thought of shooting a man in the back and without warning. Besides, he lacked time. He caught the upraised wrist with his right hand and clasped his left arm about the man's body in an attempt to secure his opponent's left hand. There was a sharp struggle as the hand holding the dagger tugged for freedom. The men stumbled against the chest and again the cavalier heard the clink of gold. Baker felt a suggestive movement of the left arm under his own.

"Got another knife, eh?" he grunted, as he tightened his clasp about the body of his antagonist. He shifted his weight to his left foot and swung his right leg across the ankles of his opponent, bending forward strongly. The men fell heavily, Baker on top. He felt

the man's muscles relax and took the dagger from the limp fingers.

"Good god!" he said under his breath, "I hope I have not killed him."

He rose to his knees. There was a blinding flash, a roar as of thunder near at hand, then silence broken by a man's quick breathing. Then came the click of steel on flint, and again the sulphur match burned brightly, illumining the cave.

The cavalier looked at what lay on the floor of the cave. It was not a pleasant sight—the strange, ungainly heap that had been a man until Carrillo's pistol, fired at close range, had apparently blown away half of his head. Carrillo looked at the face. It was a face he had never seen before. He shrugged his shoulders and turned away. Yet the cavalier soon showed that he was not incapable of strong emotion. What he had seen brought a careless shrug of the shoulders. What he did not see stopped his breath till he tugged at his collar as one choking, and caused his knees to shake. Of the regal jewels he had seen, of the box that had held them, of the chest that he had seen and felt and lifted—the chest that twice had given forth the clink of gold—there was not so much as a shadow.

He searched the place with feverish haste, in anxiety that was agony. He cursed the Indian girl that had led him to the cave and the white man whose life had paid the penalty for his interference. Then he knelt and prayed, with more fervor than at any other time since he was a child. Then he searched again, more carefully, but found no jewel casket, no chest, nor entrance to the cave except that through which he had come. His matches had all been used. There was nothing in the cave that might be burned. Time was passing. The Indian girl would bring her friends. This place was not safe.

He crept through the tunnel to the open air. Fear demanded that he depart at once. The lust for gold impelled him to gather fuel and to make one more search for the treasure. The trampling of horses not far away decided him. He mounted his horse, and with one despairing backward look at the mouth of the tunnel, rode away.

Came Señor Porfirio del Valdez, with his daughter Inez as guide; came also sundry vaqueros, sheep herders and house servants, their hastily collected arms



ranging from hidalgo's gold-mounted sword to ranch hand's irrigating hoe. Inez was sent home under adequate guard. At the tunnel's mouth Wanda was called on, but she made no answer. Who should lead the way into the bandits' cave? Any one should be glad to undertake the heroic task of rescuing him that had rescued the daughter of his ancient house. But not one would. Don Porfirio hated to unbend his stately dignity and crawl into that black hole, but it seemed to be his duty. He went, thrusting his long sword before him. Soon he returned without the sword, carrying a lighted candle in his hand. His dignity returned as he rose upright. He strode to his horse and took the riata coiled about the saddle horn.

"There is a man in the cave," he said, "wounded, but not dead. Go thou," to one of his men, "and fasten the riata around him. See that he strikes not sharp rocks as we drag him forth."

The man went, not willingly, but without spoken demur, and Baker, still unconscious, was dragged forth and with careful speed conveyed to the residence of Don Porfirio, where Father Anselmo was called to minister to his needs. Bits of news leaked out of the sick man's chamber and trickled into that of Inez, who was busy with pen and paper when the maid came to make report. The man's name was printed on a card, whereof the maid had brought one. He was not badly hurt, the bullet not having penetrated the skull. He was not fully conscious, but Father Anselmo said he would soon regain his senses and would not be long ill.

Inez listened, still writing. The maid could not see what was written, for the girl put her arms over the paper as soon as the letters were made.

When the maid left the room, Inez lifted her arm and looked at what she had written. Girls younger and girls older, girls Spanish and girls English, girls of all ages and of all nationalities, since that time when girls first learned to write, have written, under similar circumstances, words of similar import.

The words on the page before Inez were these:

"Señora Inez Ignacia del Valdez de Baker.

"Señora Inez del V. de Wrioghtsley G. de Baker.

"Señora Inez del V. de Baker."

Inez looked fixedly at the paper. Then she blushed crimson from the roots of her carefully dressed black hair to the white ruffle of her low-cut muslin dress.

She crumpled the paper in her hand and thrust it up the chimney of the fireplace in her room.

## CHAPTER X.

"this dance  
Of plastic circumstance."

F. I. WHEAT.

In that last look of passionate disgust which the cavalier cast upon the entrance to the cave, he beheld it for the last time. Plunging down the arroyo bed in his flight, he left forever the scene of the Enchanted Mesa, the Indian village and the Estudillo Rancho. Comet-like, he flashed into the range of this story, became entangled for a moment with the interests of our little group, felt the influence of their lives and the clash of their interests, and exerted in turn the force of his own interests and will upon them. But now, like the comet, he is again flying away out of their range. His influence served to arrest the even flow of events and to dislocate and readjust the relations of the other members of the group, so that the effects of his presence were enduring, but this is his sole interest for us. Into what other groups his restless activity brought him, and what were the scenes of his later career, cannot be told.

For the treasure's sake he had tried to murder an Indian girl and had killed, as he supposed, an unknown man who interfered. His eyes had looked upon his fortune. The deep marrow hunger of his soul had in that moment gloated in its satisfaction. Victory, delight, keen joy, flashed through his nerves and gleamed in his eyes. Every door of opportunity for power and pleasure which his varied experience had showed him seemed opening before him, so that he caught in that moment a glimpse of his secret ambitions fulfilled, of freedom to work his will in his chosen way.

But while his hand was striking the last blow to break down the last barrier between him and his triumph, almost in the space it takes to turn about and salute a friend and turn again, the treasure had disappeared and the Indian girl had vanished. Both were utterly gone. The haste of his flight gave no time to adjust the amazement of his mind. Blind rage heaved up to his throat so bitter and fierce that no words of

wrath have ever been formed fitted to be its vehicle. His feelings found expression only in gritting of teeth and hissing growls and the vicious thrust of his spurs into the horse's flank. Many times will he ponder upon this mystery in his fortunes, with calmer thought as the years pass, but never without that twinge of madness in his breast.

But who can understand the workings of the two young Indians' minds in those wild moments where so much was crowded into so brief a span of time? Alessandro was indeed in the cave. Wanda's instinct had been correct. The woes and the doom of his people had pictured themselves in his imagination with such vividness that he had sprung from his bed healed as by magic of his wound. He, the last of his line, was the keeper of the sacred objects and the sacred places upon which depended the welfare of the tribe. The Enchanted Mesa had slipped away. His race was shrinking and shriveling in the presence of this new immeasurable greatness and wisdom. The treasure! The hidden spoils of pirates and bandits! It would redeem the holy ground and enable the tribe to keep its place! How could Alessandro know that this wave of another civilization, to which he and Wanda owed the awakening in their own souls, must engulf his race in irretrievable ruin by the universal law of fitness, with no reference to totems and sanctuaries than the tides have for the cloud-shadows that lie upon the flats they overflow. His one fixed idea is to hold this shadow of barbarian fetich rites against the invasion of the white men, though the shadow itself is slipping away while he tries to hold it.

Alessandro made his way quickly to the cave, every inherited Indian faculty, sharpened by Indian training, alert to accomplish the great purpose. Already he had uncovered and partly opened the box, when the approach of the Englishman by the secret entrance forced him to hide against the wall. Wanda came at that moment and he drew her to the wall at his side. Not a syllable was whispered, not a breath was heard, but Wanda understood. The entrance of Inez brought Baker into complete silence, and her call to Wanda finding no response, she, too, paused in a minute of perplexity. Then the cavalier's approach and his actions held all of them spellbound. When he lifted the cover of the box, Alessandro felt his muscles coiling for the spring, and

when he raised his hand to stab Inez—the Indian girl, as he supposed—the Indian's powers were just poised for the lightning stroke as the stranger interfered. As Inez fled from the cave, Wanda and Alessandro saw what seemed to be the death struggle of two quarrelling bandits, each intent upon the whole of the plunder. Instantly they acted. Without a word, almost without a sound, they took the treasure box from the cave and burrowed with it under the chapparal at the side of the cañon. Had the cavalier come forth at once, he would likely have found them. While he searched within, they were burrowing deeper into the thicket. When he at last appeared he had not a moment to lose if he were to save his life. The two Indians lay silent with their prize while the rescuers searched the cave, and until the cavalcade had moved away bearing the wounded man with them. Then they hid the treasure away beyond the chance of discovery and took council together about the purchase of the Mesa.

The next day Wanda appeared at the rancho and listened with demonstrations of great astonishment to the story related to her by Inez. Some of this astonishment was real enough, for she learned that she and Alessandro had permitted the hated Cavalier to strike down and, as they had believed, to kill one who was no bandit, but the rescuer of Inez. Wanda knew also that Inez's heart had found its romance. The call of love had come to her; it rang and vibrated in her being till every nerve thrilled with the passion, the mingled ardor and bliss of untainted love, that transformed her very life. With her whole soul, she responded to the call, her untouched affections answering with a joy that was not only irresistible, but altogether unresisted. Wanda saw and knew. Though younger, she was more quickly matured under the Indian influence, and the song in Inez's heart set ringing the sympathetic notes and sang in her own heart, also. Wondering, but glad with unmixed happiness in the joy of her friend, Wanda put her arms around Inez's neck and kissed her face with such a jesture and look that Inez knew that Wanda had read her soul, and the current of her love sprang up afresh in every corner of her affections and ran into her heart and brain along every vein and nerve with boundless sense of sweetness and beauty. How happy the girl who finds reached out to her across the abyss of her longing a hand that

is tender and true and strong enough to lead her with fullness of joy across the threshold of womanhood.

But the Indian girl! Who shall ever read her soul? Who can bring to her that sympathy in which she may rest because she knows she is understood? Straight to its goal as an arrow to its mark sprang the love of her soul to the Indian youth watching beside his prize. But even then, as the girls sat silently listening to the music of their own hearts, Wanda knew that her love must be a greater passion than Inez's. Alessandro was a handsome Indian youth, but he was something more than this. Was he not the priest of his people? Through him the tribe grasped the hand of the Great Spirit, and through him the Great Spirit guided and preserved the tribe. Only he could save them from the inundation of this new life that was beginning to flow in about them so rapidly. The coming of this man, who was Inez's supreme joy, was a fresh reminder of the oncoming of that strange new life, that her own soul indeed desired and pronounced to be good, but which made her people petty and mean and must force them into the corners and crevices of the world. Alessandro alone is left to save them. With the Enchanted Mesa in his possession, he may keep the tribe abreast of this incoming flood and save them. He may even make them partakers of the mysterious greatness of the intruders and a part of the new world that already is forming about them. To this Alessandro—the man, the priest—she will devote herself, her love, her strength, her service, her life. She loves him without alloy, with a longing desperate passion, but there is no hesitation in her heart as to the course she must and will pursue. Perhaps some day he will see and know. And if for one moment, at last, he understands, she will be satisfied.

That little portion of land known as the Enchanted Mesa was a part of the Estudillo Rancho, and had come into the possession of the present owner, Don Miguel, through inheritance from the original court favorite, to whom it had been patented as a grant by the crown of Spain in the earliest days of Spanish occupation of California. The Don was loath to part with any portion of his estates. He was like a prince in the midst of a vast principality which had been granted him by his monarch and which he now held with no less cavalierly pride under the Republic of Mexico than had

his ancestors under the King of Spain. The Indians were his tenants, whom he would fully protect as his tenants. Moreover, their superstitious attachment to the Enchanted Mesa was in his opinion a superstition which should be combated in them for the sake of their own souls. From every point of view the old Don hesitated to restore the Mesa to the tribe or to any representative of the tribe.

Yet at the earnest solicitation of his daughter, who begged it as a boon in view of her departure from her home as the wife of the Englishman, and her desire to leave some memento of her regard for Wanda and her people, he prepared, signed, sealed and delivered a deed of the Mesa to the tribe, to be held in trust by Alessandro and to revert to the estate when it ceased to be used for the common benefit of the tribe.

For this he would accept no money, though Alessandro laid all at his feet. Therefore the treasure was put aside in a secret place known only to Wanda and himself, for use at any time of necessity. It proved to be a means of protection in many a time of pressing need in the future trials of the Indians.

Meanwhile the relations of the young people at the rancho evolved quite naturally to the grand climax that transformed the whole estate and all its people with the marriage feast of the master's daughter.

The wedding was surely a great event in the social life of the isolated ranchos. The festival was continued for several days, to the endless amusement of Baker, notwithstanding a certain natural impatience to have them all away and Inez at last to himself. But it was a constant joy to him to see the honors showered and lavished upon his affianced, the halo in which she seemed to be surrounded in the imagination of all the assembled people and the joyous grace and radiant modesty of this his bride, so soon to be, in the midst of the admiration, the flattery and the merriment.

At last the great day of the feast came, and the wedding, with all the Castilian jollity and Catholic pomp. The people went singing to their scattered homes bearing with them some of the freshness and social joy of which they had partaken so bountifully. Then came the time for departure. Inez found her whole heart singing of the future and reposing trustfully in its hopes and anticipations, but at the same time pierced by keen regrets and thrusts of sharpest pain as the

parting hour drew nearer. Tears sprang spontaneously from her eyes in the very midst of the raptures of her love. And through it all this strong, tenderly loving, indulgent, sympathizing gentleman who had come so strangely into her career and was now her own husband, went by her side, making her suffering half joy and turning her happiness into a beauty and glory that was wonderful to herself.

And now returns the courier sent to see if a ship is ready to take them away. Yes, the ship is waiting. They must say adieu, and on the morrow hasten to the coast. Old Don Miguel will accompany them to the very ship's side, to return thence alone and lonely. As they pass down the trail, Alessandro and Wanda wave farewell from the mesa. When Inez finally passed from their sight, they turned to each other, and in the eyes of Alessandro was such a look of irrepressible passion and pain of love that Wanda trembled, half with fear, yet more with joy, but her whole soul rose up into her face and she answered the imperious demand of his gaze with the unreserved "yea" of every feeling and faculty of her being. It was enough. They suddenly found themselves in the focus of all the radiance of the world and all the joy of all things that rejoice. Their love was more than others' love. In vital touch with all things about them, nature rose up and joined the revelry of their hearts and poured the tides of her exhaustless gladness till the cup of their happiness overflowed and they laughed and shouted in their exultation, and the piquancy and charm of romance which the new world of the white men had disclosed to them transfigured this revelry of nature in them into utmost grace and loveliness. All day long they walked and talked and stayed together till the eyes of their spirits, as it were, became more accustomed to the brilliancy of their love. With glowing features and rapturous embraces and tender, passionate words, they passed the hours through, and the Great Spirit came and sealed with olden mystic rites their plighted love. Then in due order they stood before the elders of their people to proclaim their marriage and receive the favor of the tribe with all the convention and ancient customs that should make worthy of all honor their married life.

## ANNABELLE GRAY.

### CANTO I.

Annabelle Gray was sweet sixteen,  
Lithe as a willow—and just as green;  
Yet though so verdant, she still was fair,  
With glints of gold in her long, lank hair;  
With eyes like saucers of turquoise blue  
That shone as celluloid buttons do;  
With cheeks like apples, so round and red—  
A regular beauty, when all is said.

She lived on a rocky old ranch in Maine,  
Near to a village, beside the lane.  
The house, like a Puritan, stern, austere,  
Knew not the meaning of joy or cheer;  
Its angular gables were prim, precise,  
And frightened away the vermin and mice;  
The family portraits upon the walls  
Were crayon things, of the kind that appals

The grim old pa of Annabelle Gray  
Toiled in the stones of the farm all day;  
Her ma was the laundress, the milkmaid, the cook,  
Who gave no thought to a pen or a book.  
But Annabelle Gray was a lily fair,  
With never a duty and never a care;  
She swung in a hammock from dawn to dusk,  
Crimped, and bangled, and smelling of musk.

The favorite reading of Annabelle Gray  
Was a score of novels by Bertha M. Clay.  
She sighed and wept over "Dora Thorne,"  
And felt forsaken and so forlorn!  
She walked with duchesses, talked with dukes,  
Reveled in patches and powdered perukes,  
Thrilled with rapture and froze with hate,  
And marveled much that an unkind Fate  
Had made her a maid on an acre in Maine  
Instead of a princess in Poland or Spain.  
Her face was so pretty, her figure so tall,  
She knew she would grace either castle or hall;  
The lines in the palm of her lily-white hand  
Proved, without doubt, she was born to command.  
So she fretted and worried, and read herself ill—  
Work would have cured, but she hated the pill!

Now, Miss Gray had a lover, a flat-footed swain,  
 As red as a beet and remarkably plain;  
 His eyes were unmated, his teeth didn't fit;  
 Too awkward to stand, and too bashful to sit,  
 He floundered about like a fish out of soak,  
 And almost collapsed whenever he spoke.  
 Though flouted and routed by Annabelle Gray,  
 Though humbled and harried, he wouldn't hear Nay!

One morning in May-time our heroine took  
 A stroll through the meadow and down by the brook.  
 The trees were in blossom, the violets, too,  
 Were lifting their faces of navy-cloth blue;  
 The breezes were busy, the clouds were afloat,—  
 Yet Annabelle's musings were sadly remote:  
 Her pa, o'er the flapjacks, had called her a shirk,  
 Her ma had decreed she must soon get to work!

Vexed at her pa, and mad at her ma,  
 Annabelle's only retort was a "La!"  
 She turned on her heel with a flirt and a founce,  
 And fled from the house with a jerk and a jounce.  
 Work! The idea! Why, who ever heard  
 Of talk so disgusting, so wildly absurd?  
 She was born to the purple, not calico prints;  
 To riches and honor, not poverty's stints.

She paused, all a-flutter, for down in the sedge,  
 Close by the brooklet's butter-cupped edge,  
 An easel was propped, and an artist at work  
 Was wielding his brush as if twisting a dirk;  
 He slashed and he thrust, while he whistled and sang  
 Till woodside and welkin with melody rang.  
 Annabelle hearkened; she breathed not, nor stirred,  
 Lest movement should joggle a note or a word:

O, Love's a burning, blushing rose  
 Whose perfume is so rare  
 That we must snatch and hold it close,  
 Though thorns should rend and tear.

But when the rose doth droop and die,  
 The cruel thorns remain,  
 An ever-present agony,  
 An eating, bitter pain.

He ceased; but the silence seemed eloquent still,  
 And Annabelle's heart was a-throb and a-thrill.  
 Her eyes were bulged out and her breath was quite gone,  
 She stood like a startled and lovely young fawn.  
 "He looks like a lord!" was her rapturous thought.  
 The spot that she stood on was slippery; she sought  
 A place of advantage from which she might look—  
 Then Annabelle Gray fell into the brook!

ANTONY ANDERSON.

## CANTO II.

The artist, much startled, sprang up at the sound,  
 For hearing the splash, he thought some one was  
 drowned.

He ran with much haste to the sputtering maid;  
 She, wet and dishevelled, was sorely afraid  
 That the distinguished stranger would find her less fair  
 with gown much bedraggled, no crimps in her hair.  
 In haste, with much vigor, he pulled her ashore,  
 And when Annabelle stood firmly once more,  
 She stammered her thanks with blushes and tears,  
 But her gratitude soon overcame all her fears.  
 "I beg you to come to my parents," said she;  
 In our ancestral home they are waiting for me.  
 They will thank you for bringing me safe from all harm,  
 For rather than lose me they would give the whole  
 farm."

(Allow me to say, just as an aside,  
 To enlighten poor westerners, not to deride,  
 That Annabelle Gray, nor her father nor mother  
 Ever heard of a *ranch*, nor did her big brother.)  
 Our damsels discomfort to try to alay,  
 The hero talked fast this bright summer day.  
 He talked of the grass, he talked of the weather;  
 She walked by his side attempting to smother  
 Her heart's pitty-pats; and her dismal array  
 To forget; as she quoted from Bertha M. Clay—  
 When at length (all joys end) she reached her own  
 door,

She was met by her mother with questions galore.  
 "Pray where have you been? Why, look at your dress!  
 And who is this stranger? Oh, my what a mess!"  
 The father was called from his work with a bell;  
 When he heard the adventure he answered, "Dew tell!"  
 Now I leave it to all with a poetic soul,

Could condition more trying ever unroll?  
 Could a girl with a romance have parents less fit  
 To impress a *bright swain with her family wit?*  
 The table was laden with pies, cake and cup,  
 The hero seemed only too willing to sup.  
 And under the mellowing influence of tea  
 Pa Gray's tongue was loosened, he buzzed like a bee;  
 Annabella sat by most eager to know  
 The rank and the wealth of this prospective beau.  
 One by one the old man her illusions dispelled,  
 As he plied with his questions her castles were felled.

No Count from the Rhine, nor e'en from the Thames,  
 No artist from Paris, no name known to fame;  
 This youth who had rescued the maiden so fair  
 Was no famous artist, no foreign Duke's heir,  
 But only (Oh, girls, listen you to my ditty)  
 A farmer-bred lad with *clothes from the city*.  
 After months of hard work he took this vacation  
 From NEWSPAPER WORK at the next railway station.

MRS. WILKES.

### CANTO III.

Into the deep-wooded forests of Maine  
 Came a young farmer, our flat-footed swain.  
 "Down by the brooklet's buttercupped edge,  
 Down by the easel propped up in the sedge,"  
 Into this beautiful verdure of green,  
 Viewed in dismay, a heartrending scene.  
 Here was the maiden of beauty so fair,  
 Bright were the "golden glints in her dark hair."  
 Viewed he her willowy figure of grace;  
 Alack and alas! Someone else in his place  
 Walked by her side. 'Twas her hero so brave;  
 Knew at a glance he was wholly her slave.  
 Saw the return look of Annabelle Gray,  
 Heard her quotations from Bertha M. Clay;  
 Knew by her manner, knew by her mien,  
 Actions speak louder than words it would seem.  
 She was happy and cheerful, with spirits grown gay,  
 As on thro' the woodland they wended their way,  
 Then to the turning that leads to the lane,  
 Up to the doorway the young couple came;  
 Soon were admitted and passed from his sight,  
 Left him to ponder and think what he might;

At first he was crushed, he scarcely could feel  
 When he set his foot down, which meant a great deal;  
 He clenched his big fists, and he cursed his sad fate;  
 He said *one* word six times, and he was very irate.  
 Then he vowed he would leave the state of his birth,  
 And go to some far distant corner of earth.  
 He would buy a sombrero, and a great big six-shooter,  
 And ride thro' the land, a lawless freebooter.  
 He would rescue fair maidens from artists and sich,  
 Or else he would slay them, he couldn't tell which.  
 He was mad—awful mad—mad as a hatter;  
 To lose one's best girl is no trivial matter.  
 So he started out West, as did Old Sancho Panza,  
 And after a while he fetched up at Garvanza.  
 Fair Annabelle Gray felt uncommonly queer  
 As she saw the artist disappear  
 From her view at the railway train,  
 And murmured, "I never shall see him again";  
 Then she turned about and sought her home;  
 Her eyes of blue like headlights shone.  
 But as she passed thro' the garden gate,  
 She murmured again at her cruel fate.  
 Then in the stillness and blackness of night  
 Came to the parents sounds that affright;  
 Heard moans and groans from Annabelle's room.  
 Hastened and found her but none too soon;  
 For to their sorrow the maid had turned ill,  
 And lapsed into a congestive chill.  
 Then, too, a fever had followed after;  
 They soon applied a soothing plaster.  
 The doctor drove out in his one-horse shay,  
 And knitted his brows, when he noticed the way  
 In which Annabelle's eyes rolled about in their sockets,  
 With a gaze which seemed to go thro' all of his pockets.  
 He saw at a glance 'twas a serious case,  
 So he pursed up his mouth and drew down his face,  
 And said, "I'll read up the symptoms and phone you;  
 It may be a cold, but I think it's pneumonia.  
 Of course I can't say in quick diagnosis,  
 But I'll not be surprised if it's tuberculosis."  
 He called them up promptly at half-past nine,  
 And got them next day—'twas a suburban line.  
 He said, "I have read all my books, and your daughter  
 Has fallen in love, or else in the water.  
 The results are the same—she'll have nervous pros-  
 tration  
 If you do not immediately change your location.

I think I'll prescribe a decoction of tansy,  
 And if she grows worse, take her out to Garvanzie,  
 A city in which I have recently bought  
 From George W. Wilson, a choice corner lot.  
 They say that the scenery there's so sublime it  
 Enables the people to live upon climate.  
 But yet I imagine if anyone thought  
 This diet too light, that eggs could be bought  
 At the Ostrich Farm near, so your fragile young  
 daughter  
 Could have an egg nogg, when you tho't that she'd  
 oughter."

Annabelle only sighed when she heard the decision;  
 In the depths of her heart she felt only derision.  
 "I shall fade as a snow wreath," she said, quite forlorn,  
 "As in books by the author of sweet 'Dora Thorne'—  
 The heroine does when she loses her lover;  
 And he'll kill himself when he hears it's all over.  
 How cruel is life. How cruel when such is  
 The fortune of one who was made for a duchess."

Nor *her* lover was camping with friends on the Hudson,  
 Who advised *him* to come *West* and learn painting from  
 Judson.

MRS. MESSER.

#### CANTO IV.

Alas for the fortunes of Annabelle Gray;  
 They seem to be in a very bad way.  
 Twixt the doctor's command and lovers twain,  
 'Twas like to turn her poor little brain.  
 But fate is not always unkind, they say,  
 And thus it happened to Annabelle Gray.  
 As she lay in the hammock one bright summer's day,  
 And watched the smoke from a train far away,  
 She watched the train as it neared the station,  
 And idly thought of the swain,  
 Who had left the station in great agitation,  
 And was now far away from Maine.  
 Did he go by the brakebeam route?  
 Or was he counting the ties?  
 Or was he "personally conducted" to the land of the  
 sunny skies?  
 And while she swung, she chewed spruce gum  
 To aid in her digestion,  
 For she was not a new-thought maid,  
 And nothing knew of "suggestion,"

Nor did she know the deadly ill that in "bacilli" lay;  
 Nor yet the power microbe (Mike Roby) has  
 His victims for to slay,  
 And so the microscopic germ it had full sway  
 On poor unconscious Annabelle Gray.  
 Nor did she read the fairy tales anent our food and  
 drink,  
 For if she had her weary brain would have given way,  
 I think.

All unaware of this she wondered why  
 These things had happened to her,  
 And she drowsy grew, as the train thundered by,  
 And her thoughts became a blur.  
 She gave a sigh both long and deep,  
 And Annabelle Gray was fast asleep.  
 When Annabelle opened her turquoise eyes,  
 She gave a look of startled surprise,  
 For a youth was sauntering up the lane;  
 Her heart gave a thump (was such sweet pain!).  
 This youth was clothed in the latest style,  
 From his tan-colored shoes to his high silk tile.  
 His other vestments, upon my word,  
 Were of the kind which can be heard!  
 His name was Percy Algernon McCarty Brown,  
 A native son of Boston town—  
 Town of codfish, beans and brain,  
 And, incidentally, George Francis Train.  
 He came to Maine on pleasure bent,  
 And seeking board, to Farmer Gray was sent.  
 Ma Gray demurred, and Pa Gray looked askance  
 Till the youth began to talk of high finance.  
 Then pa took notice, asked questions galore;  
 Percy oozed information from every pore.  
 He talked of mergers, bulls and bears,  
 Stocks and bonds, and railroad shares;  
 Tried to induce Pa Gray to invest,  
 But pa was wary, said, "We are going West.  
 Annabelle here, she goes for her health,  
 But as for *me*, I'm going for wealth;  
 I think I'll take a trip to Nome,  
 And make a fortune ere I come home."  
 Then Percy spoke, "Why go to Nome, or even Dawson?  
 Just take a tip from Thomas Lawson,  
 And make a fortune of riches untold  
 By taking a flyer in copper or gold."  
 Annabelle listened, and her heart went a-flutter.  
 Oh! for words her thoughts to utter.

He surely must be an oil magnate,  
 Or a copper king, at any rate.  
 And she builded again her castles in Spain,  
 With yachts, motor cars and a special train;  
 With a private car to take her with ease  
 To the sunny southland, and the town of sweet peas.  
 But what of our flat-footed, love-sick swain,  
 He of the mismatched eyes,  
 Who left his home in the state of Main,  
 For the scorn in a girl's blue eyes?  
 He traveled for many a weary day,  
 This desperate lover of Annabelle Gray.  
 But as he neared the Pacific Coast,  
 He repented him sore of his vengeful boast.  
 He arrived in the rain in the tourist train,  
 And the tourists rushed "helter skelter"  
 Up and down throughout the town,  
 In vain attempts to find a shelter.  
 He wandered to the ostrich farm one day  
 To buy some plumes for Annabelle Gray;  
 And as he was going home, near the gate  
 He espied a chick—the temptation was great—  
 He seized the chick and hurried away,  
 But conscience smote, and he said, "I will return it  
 tomorrow."  
 But the plans of men "aft gang agley,"  
 And so he found to his sorrow.  
 He quickly ran down the arroyo, and ill at ease,  
 He hid among the sycamore trees.  
 "I'll wait until the sun goes down,  
 And then I'll wend my way to town."  
 He waited until the moon arose,  
 Concealed that chick beneath his clothes.  
 Alas for him, in fear of being overtaken,  
 He ran into the arms of Lawyer Bacon.  
 The lawyer was on his way to the Fortnightly Club,  
 And feared he would miss the poem, "Ah, There was  
 the Rub."  
 "But what shall I do with the boy and the bird?"  
 The situation is surely absurd."  
 He pondered a while and said, "Well! Well!  
 This is a case for Major Donnell.  
 "I'll lock him up in the professor's cellar,  
 For he doesn't seem a desperate feller.  
 He may reform 'mid so much fine art,  
 For he surely needs a change of heart;  
 And in the morning I'll clap him in jail,

Unless his friends provide him bail."

MISS CORA SOMERBY.

#### CANTO V.

'Twas true at last, that Annabelle Gray  
 To the glorious West was speeding her way.  
 And, what to Annabelle seemed like a dream,  
 She was traveling west as befits a queen.  
 She lived for a week in a white stateroom,  
 That was swept each morn by a Chiny-eyed coon.  
 She ate her meals in a swell buffet  
 (It cost her "pa" ten dollars a day).

From the back of the observation car,  
 With a glass, she viewed the scenes afar.  
 She read her favorite novel some,  
 As she sat and chewed that same spruce gum;  
 And ever again her thoughts would range  
 O'er the strange events which had wrought this change  
 In the life of a girl brought up in Maine,  
 In a quiet home, a country lane.

Through the influence of Percy Algernon Mc. Brown,  
 That wise young native of Boston town,  
 Her "pa" was induced to sell the farm—  
 If it did no good, it could do no harm.  
 Since the doctor advised them to go to Garvanza,  
 Offered them his choice lot—my, what a bonanza!  
 They would live in such style, according to Percy,  
 That all of their neighbors would beg them for mercy

From Percy her "pa" had bought large mining stocks;  
 From Percy her "pa" had bought mineral rocks.  
 Percy told him of fortunes to be made in gold  
 (That sweet fairy tale will never grow old).  
 To Percy he listened from morning till night,  
 Till Annabelle wished he would fade from her sight.  
 And Annabelle's "ma" spoke in tones quite acute  
 About "that young man in the loud circus suit."

Now deep in Annabelle's pearl-gray bodice  
 Reposed a missive, which no one had noticed.  
 It came from her hero of artist fame  
 (Alexander Hamilton Rice was his name).  
 Said he to Annabelle, "If you go West,



I shall go, too, or never know rest."  
 He had an excuse—his friends on the Hudson,  
 Had advised him to go and learn painting from Judson.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Grays thought Garvanza the healthiest place.  
 Already a rose bloomed in Annabelle's face.  
 As they walked through the canyons and roamed o'er  
 the hills

They saw Annabelle gradually lose all her ills.  
 And Annabelle, wearing a suit, oh, so natty,  
 Thought that she could be perfectly, *perfectly* happy,  
 If Alexander Hamilton Rice were but here,  
 To paint these fine scenes—and call her "his dear."

They drove out through the Arroyo Seco,  
 Staid until twilight to see the day go.  
 They stopped at the home of Andrew McNally,  
 And came back by the way of Eagle Rock Valley.  
 They gave a picnic at Johnston's Lake,  
 And passed just six different kinds of cake.  
 They walked clear out to Devil's Gate,  
 And then walked back—no ice to skate!

One day they went to old Mt. Lowe;  
 How "ma" survived they did not know.  
 For after the car had begun the ascent,  
 She jumped, screamed, kicked, and spent  
 All her strength on a feat to science unknown,  
 Fell three hundred feet without breaking a bone!  
 They gathered her in, and the rest of the day  
 She was meek as a lamb—so the family say.

To the Church of the Angels, Miss Annabelle went,  
 And while she was there, her time mostly spent  
 With planning how she would some day be wed  
 In this dear little church—and then Annabelle's head  
 Drooped low on her breast—she had to admit  
 That no one had asked her to wed him as yet.  
 True, Alexander Hamilton Rice *loved* her, 'twis plain.  
 And so did the flat-footed boy up in Maine.

Among the younger social set,  
 Annabelle soon became a pet.  
 They thought that she, with her face so fair,  
 Her lily-white hands and her golden hair,

Her eloquent phrases brought into play  
 (Of course *they* did not recognize Bertha M. Clay);  
 They thought that she was something so rare,  
 That they sang her praises into the air.

One day Annabelle came home quite excited,  
 A stranger in town had just been indicted  
 For stealing a chick from the Ostrich Farm  
 ('Twas Lawyer Bacon who gave the alarm).  
 It happened, they said, away last year;  
 And from Annabelle's eye there dropped a tear,  
 As she thought of those weary months in jail,  
 With no friend near who would go his bail.

The youth gave the name of Reuben L. Payne,  
 The same as her flat-footed lover in Maine;  
 And Annabelle swore that if this were her friend,  
 Her misery and shame would never know end;  
 For down in the depths of Annabelle's heart  
 She loved "Rube" more than the man of art.  
 So Annabelle's father and Annabelle's mother  
 Have gone to the jail to rescue her lover.

MRS. ANNA CADY.

#### CANTO VI.

The night lay deep upon both ridge and slope;  
 The mountains, outlined 'gainst the starlit sky;  
 Tower'd ridge on ridge, to where, in silent night,  
 All bathed in pale and phosphorescent light,  
 "Old Baldy" glowed beneath the summer stars.  
 Across the desert, in the far-off east,  
 The light'ning sky proclaimed the coming dawn;  
 While fast departing night, from out its vast  
 But gentle breast, breathed benediction down  
 On all the sleeping earth.

How sweet the night!  
 How wonderful the dawn! But most of all  
 How stirring is that time 'twixt night and dawn,  
 When halting 'tween the sweetness of the night  
 And coming of the day, the earth, enwrapt  
 In dew, though silent, seems to breathe in sleep.

But now the grayness of the eastern sky  
 Is pierced with a golden beam of light,  
 And "Baldy's" distant peaks shine more distinct,

While o'er its snowy breast glow pearly tints  
 That quickly change to rose, and so again  
 To shimm'ring white, and all the sky is changed  
 From black to deepest blue. The stars, that shine  
 Nowhere in all the world as in the skies  
 Of California, have hid themselves  
 Behind a glowing veil of sapphire blue.  
 Across the stretches of the plains, the sun  
 Is streaming in a flood of golden light.  
 The mountain heights now flaunt in gowns of green,  
 The upper ridges dark with fir and pine,  
 The lower slopes with chaparral and oak;  
 And every canyon 'neath the blinding light  
 Shows like a gash, clean-cut and well defined.

What would be more inspiring that the birth  
 Of day? The earth refreshed and bathed in dew,  
 And blushing to be caught while at her bath,  
 Yet unashamed by knowledge of her virgin  
 Beauty thus disclosed, uplifts her head,  
 And chants her hymn of praise; while every hill  
 and vale, and every mountain height and plain  
 Of level sward, awaking in their turn  
 Re-echo to the glad refrain.

#### Within

The canyon's deeps, beside the flowing stream,  
 Before the sky began to show the dawn's  
 First omens, from his couch upon the sand  
 A youth arose, and stood with head thrown back,  
 And watched the growing light on all above.  
 He saw the flush of pink across the sky;  
 He noted with a quickened pulse, the lines  
 Of crag and tree take form against the blue;  
 He saw, and thrilled with rapture at the sight,  
 The pearly drops of dew on leaf and flower.  
 The ripple of the stream near by, the roar  
 Of distant waterfalls, sang to his ear  
 A new, entrancing song.

The youth who stands  
 With face uplift, is one whom we have met  
 Before. But hardly would we know him now;  
 The awkward boy who once had been so shy  
 And bashful, now has changed into a man  
 Of power; his eyes perhaps unmated, yet  
 Can look a man straight in the eyes, and none

Will call him "Reub," tho' Reuben be his name.  
 He holds himself erect, his head well poised,  
 His figure, though ungainly, lacks no strength.

Yes, this is Reuben Payne. A year ago  
 He languished in a jail. For what?

A theft.

A petty larceny; while other men  
 Whose crimes gigantic hold the world amazed,  
 Walk unafraid upon the city's streets,  
 And flaunt their wealth and power before the eyes  
 Of those whose wealth by every right it is.  
 And for this year, what has he now to show?  
 Just this, the growth from bumkinhood to man's  
 Estate. A year beneath the golden skies  
 Of California spent in the air,  
 Six months of steady work upon a ranch,  
 And then another six prospecting in  
 The hills, and 'neath Dame Nature's magic charm,  
 The mind has blossomed, as the keen glance tells.  
 Nor is there any need to wonder at  
 This transformation, those who come within  
 The reach of Nature's pure embrace, cannot  
 Do else but grow. They may not gain that false,  
 Unnecessary finish, known as style.  
 A man who has this style is often known  
 As polished. So he is. But underneath  
 May hide a crooked, rough-grained, treach'rous soul.  
 This comes from contact with the baser side  
 Of men, and those who have it also have  
 The knack of cheating other men, and thus  
 We have these words, polite and politics.

Not such are those whose education comes  
 Through contact of a soul at bottom fine,  
 With all the beauty of the universe.  
 And this was true of Reuben Payne. Beneath  
 The rough, uncouth exterior, beneath  
 The unmatched eyes and uncombed hair, there lurked  
 A soul as yet unwoke, that needed but  
 A touch to wake it to its potencies.  
 This touch it got, and in a manner most grotesque.  
 Almost unknowingly, and quite  
 Unreasoning, he stole the ostrich chick,  
 And landed quickly in the city jail.  
 All this you know. But this you do not know:  
 The "Rube" that had been caught and jailed

Had taken his experience to heart,  
 And suffering had changed him to a man  
 In thought if not in deed. He recognized  
 His own unworthiness to ask the hand  
 Of my maid; but swore, if Annabelle  
 Would wait, to gain an education, and  
 To win by honest work enough to keep  
 A wife. And then, the promise gained, he left  
 Her, and fared forth to seek for wealth.

His life

From then to now, we need not seek to know;  
 We only need to look upon his manly face,  
 To call it good. We only need to hear  
 His merry song and blithesome laugh, to know  
 That he has won his fight; that as he stands  
 To greet the bright'ning day beside the stream,  
 And gazes from the golden light above,  
 Back to the golden quartz he holds within  
 His hand, that he is thinking of a maid  
 Who waits for him down in Garvanza town.

Ah! Reuben, lad. Pin fast to her, and you  
 Will find that you have won a priceless gem,  
 Which far outbalances a million tons  
 Of gold. You left a girl behind; a girl  
 With hardly any sense; but you will find  
 A woman true, who loves you with the love  
 A woman true alone can give. You think  
 You are a man, but you are only half  
 A man until you're wedded to your wife.  
 'Twas yesterday you found your mine,  
 But it was just one year ago you found  
 A treasure worth a thousand mines; you found  
 A woman's heart that beat alone for you.

But hark! What is that sound, that on the morn's  
 cool breeze, comes floating upward through the pines,  
 That dominates all Nature's harmonies,  
 That swells above the boom of waterfalls,  
 That mingles with the song bird and the breeze?  
 It bubbles like the brook, and trills above  
 The sweetest notes of all the woodland song.  
 A laugh! A bubbling, ringing woman's laugh!  
 Ah! Reuben lad, why do you start?

And why

Within your eyes, springs up that sweet surprise?

HUBERT WHITEHEAD.

CANTO VII.

(With apologies to the admirers of Henry W. Long-  
 fellow, *i. e.*, Everybody.)

A twelvemonth had passed since the maid had commis-  
 sioned her father and mother  
 To rescue the man of her choice from the yawning  
 gates of the prison.  
 Now that she knew that she loved him, all things seemed  
 changed. And the common  
 And hitherto humdrum routine of daily existence  
 Was wrapt in a magical haze of real and genuine  
 romance.  
 Looking no more for a castle, nor the trailing robes of  
 a duchess;  
 Dreaming no longer of jewels, and laces, and splendor;  
 Read she no longer the novels that once formed her  
 mental horizon;  
 Covered with dust in the attic was Bertha M. Clay, and  
 forgotten.  
 Reuben had come and departed; he loved her, and that  
 was sufficient.  
 The foolish heart of the girl was the faithful heart of  
 the woman.

Early the following day, as the birds were beginning  
 their matins,  
 Just as the dawn was breaking beyond the winding  
 arroyo,  
 Annabelle came to the kitchen adjoining the spacious  
 veranda,  
 Swathed in a kitchen apron, and offered to help with the  
 breakfast.  
 With the sleeves of her dainty gown pushed back to the  
 dimpled elbows,  
 Passed she to and fro from the spotless shelves of the  
 pantry  
 Out to the vine-wreathed piazza, where, covered with  
 snowy damask  
 Stood the table in waiting, as though it were proud to  
 receive them,  
 The old blue cups and the plates of the quaint old willow  
 pattern,  
 And the equally quaint old silver. And where did she  
 learn it,  
 The skill which at last she displayed in preparing

Dainty brown slices of toast, while the golden and  
steaming coffee  
Filled with its matchless aroma the fragrant air of the  
morning?  
Forgetting that Reuben had left her to seek far away  
for his fortune,  
Remembering only the love that they bore, the one to  
the other,  
Broke she forth into singing, and blithe was the sound  
of the music.

When the breakfast things had been washed, and the  
tiny house was in order,  
And father had gone to the city (he seemed to be  
worried, she noticed),  
Annabelle looked at her mother with eyes that no longer  
were blinded.  
Wrinkles she saw on the faded old cheek, and neglected  
Tresses of gray thrust stiffly back from her forehead.  
Glancing now at her delicate muslin, beruffled and fluted,  
Saw she also the knotted and worn old hands that had  
made it;  
Then looked at her own white hands and the shabby old  
gown of the mother.

Year after year has the gold in the gaunt, gray moun-  
tains been waiting,  
Covered and mingled with earth, till at length some  
fortunate miner  
Brings it forth from its dungeon to gladden the world  
with its beauty.  
Thus the heart of the maiden, hidden no more by a  
mountain  
Of selfish and foolish ambitions, was brought in a  
moment from darkness  
As gold from the depths of the mine, and Love himself  
was the miner.  
And when the mother and daughter were seated at  
luncheon together,  
Surely a miracle was there, for mother and child had  
changed places.  
Placid and calm was the elder, while the thoughtful  
eyes of the younger  
Noted each want of the other. But ere they had finished,  
Voices were heard from below which commingled and  
blended

Softly together with bird-songs. And glancing down  
the arroyo,  
Saw they some ladies advancing, and rose to receive  
them.  
"Early the hour is for calling," but quickly the hostess  
made answer,  
Bidding them sit and partake of the golden fruit on the  
table.  
Talked they on many themes; of the charms of the  
winding arroyo,  
Dotted with myriad blossoms, and home of a host of  
sweet singers;  
Spoke of the project to make it the natural park of  
the city;  
Then of the gas works, the Art School, and the latest  
pupil of Judson.  
One of the ladies had met him, a handsome young stu-  
dent from Portland,  
Or some other town down in Maine. Yes, Rice was the  
name of the artist.  
Discussed they the news of the weather, and incidentally  
mentioned,  
Just as they rose to go, their errand and reason for  
calling.

"So we have come to invite you, you and your daughter  
and husband,  
To come to our neighborhood club, which we call the  
Garvanza Fortnightly.  
You, I am sure, will enjoy it, for among our numerous  
members  
We have artists and lawyers and preachers, musicians  
and newly fledged poets.  
To you who have lived in the East, the things of the  
West will seem, doubtless,  
Crude; but you must remember that most of our talent  
is Eastern."  
This with a smile, as at length they took their belated  
departure,  
This to the kitchen drudge and the reader of second-rate  
novels.

Swiftly the days passed by, till the sun had completed  
his journey  
Once through the circle of months, and another year had  
departed.

New thoughts and new duties, new friends in the world  
 of books and of people,  
 A new Annabelle had created; and again in the glorious  
 springtime,  
 Happy, expectant, yet patient, she waited the coming of  
 Reuben.

FONETA CHASE.

CANTO VIII.

THE ARTIST'S OUTING AND OTHER HAPPENINGS.

Upon a glorious afternoon,  
 When all the fields were thickly strewn  
 With California flowers,  
 The youths and maids at Judson's station  
 Went forth in search of inspiration  
 To thrill their latent powers.

Beyond the hills and vales of green  
 The mountains rose through misty sheen  
 Into the shining sky;  
 The purple summits draw a line  
 On radiant blue that is divine  
 Unto an artist's eye.

Across the hills, past Johnson's lake,  
 With kindling souls their way they take  
 To reach a lovely place,  
 Where running water adds a voice  
 To beauty. All their hearts rejoice  
 In nature's perfect grace.

In such a spot the Nymphs were seen,  
 Where spring was young and hills were green,  
 And poets' eyes were true;  
 And here are eager hearts of youth,  
 And minds aspiring after truth  
 To peer old nature through.

The Nymphs trooped forth and Satyrs danced,  
 Where beauty held the Greek entranced,  
 In nature's deep retreat;  
 But here is beauty just as rare,  
 Shall Nymphs be wanting just as fair,  
 Since love is just as sweet?

Each eager student looks to find  
 The scene that nature has designed  
 To stir his genius up,  
 To wake and feed imagination,  
 To bring the joy of inspiration,  
 And brim the empty cup.

The youth who painted by the brook,  
 Ere far New England he forsook,  
 Has found a quaint recess  
 Where parting boughs a nook reveal,  
 Whose beauties through his senses steal,  
 He feels the loveliness.

Sweet visions in his brain distill,  
 And tender joys his being thrill,  
 The loves his thoughts entwine;  
 But art's enthusiasm wakes,  
 His pencil in his hand he takes,  
 To draw the forms divine.

He looks again, transfixed, amazed!  
 For lightly stepping, while he gazed,  
 A living Nymph appeared!  
 A radiant, joyous, moving grace;  
 A figure lithe, a beaming face,  
 And one to him endeared.

She waged with nature beauty's strife,  
 She seemed to give the breath of life  
 To every silent thing;  
 A precious jewel, gold enshrined,  
 Is not so fair as she, entwined  
 In nature's garlanding.

Across the stream the branches sway,  
 The moving shadows there betray  
 A presence unforeseen;  
 The startled artist spares a glance  
 To see a living Satyr prance  
 Before the leafy screen.

Into the glen with speed he burst,  
 But when he saw the maid, at first  
 A backward step did take;  
 The startled Nymph essayed to fly,  
 But fetters bound them eye to eye  
 With strength no fear could break.

The two are rapt in glad surprise,  
 The love-joy lights their beaming eyes,  
 They answer heart to heart;  
 The troubled past has brought them here,  
 And perfect love has banished fear,  
 They meet no more to part.

Did Grecian poet ever see  
 A sylvan scene so rare as he,  
 Or budding artist saw,  
 When modern Nymph and Satyr met,  
 Enmeshed in nature's beautiful net,  
 Fulfilling lover's law.

F. I. WHEAT.

#### CANTO IX.

By inspection of the story  
 Of the quartette from the East,  
 I have tried to differentiate  
 The "Beauty" from the "Beast";  
 But that inquiry seems closed,  
 If we apply the usual rules,  
 So now we'll only try to find  
 The pair we think were fools.

A Couplet from each Canto  
 For this purpose I have taken,  
 With intent to read the medley,  
 After all have been well shaken;  
 And I here present you all the facts  
 That I got from this recipe,  
 And if you want any more  
 You'll have to file a recipe.

#### I. ANDERSON.

"Annabelle Gray was sweet sixteen,  
 Lithe as a willow, and just as green";  
 But this was when she lived in Maine,  
 When she first fell into the artist's seine;  
 But when the fellow from Judson's school  
 Lately "copped her off" from the artist's stool,  
 Both were somewhat older, and used to the game,  
 So the young man at once foreclosed his claim.

#### 2. MRS. WILKES.

"This youth who had rescued the maiden so fair  
 Was no famous artist, no foreign Duke's heir";  
 When this was disclosed to our maiden so fickle,  
 Her warm little heart turned to an icicle.  
 And for a while Reuben, the flat-footed boy,  
 Thought he saw visions, with a foretaste of joy.

#### 3. MRS. MESSER.

"Into the deep-wooded forests of Maine  
 Came a young farmer, our flat-footed swain";  
 Who can tell why, a disgruntled lover,  
 Is always despised, this cold world over,  
 And often is known as a cold-blooded villain,  
 When all the matter is, that he is too willin'.

#### 4. MRS. SOMERBY.

Alas for the fortunes of Annabelle Gray,  
 They seem to be in a very bad way";  
 But that, you remember, was also in Maine,  
 Before she had crossed the vast desert plain,  
 And come to Garvanza, of which we now boast,  
 As the loveliest spot on this western coast.

#### 5. MRS. CADY.

"'Twas true at last that Annabel Gray  
 To the glorious West was speeding her way";  
 How many people have traveled that road  
 That had not the pleasure of love for a goad;  
 But our Annabelle worried not the least bit,  
 For she had at least three that her charms had smit.

#### 6. WHITEHEAD.

"The night lay deep upon both ridge and slope,  
 The mountains outlined 'gainst the starlit sky";  
 Methinks I'll catch her with this brand of dope.  
 If metaphoric mountains fail, the ocean I will try,  
 So idly mooned our lovesick swain  
 That followed our sweet maid from Maine.

#### 7. MISS CHASE.

"A twelve month had passed since that maiden had com-  
 missioned  
 Her father and mother";  
 At this point we won't follow closely the printed record

Of the thoughts of this maiden;  
 For at about this time in her life we gather that she  
     Was in quite a smother,  
 Because, while one of her loves was fresh,  
 The other two had done considerable fadin'.

## 8. WHEAT.

"Upon a glorious afternoon,  
 When all the fields were thickly strewn  
     With California clovers,"  
 Would have been a good time,  
 With good jingling rhyme,  
     To dispose of *all* of Annabelle's lovers.

But our last writer of verse,  
 With few words, and terse,  
     Fixes only one of the gang,  
 And left two of them roaming,  
 Out in the gloaming,  
     For any sheriff to hang.

## RESULT.

We have traced the career of Annabelle Gray  
 Through all stages of grass up to harvested hay;  
 Her doings have happened in most of the states,  
 So we've had to travel, regardless of rates;  
 Her poetic story oft had too many feet,  
 But as a love story 'twould be hard to beat.  
 When all's said and done about her biographers,  
 'Tis found that they all have been first-class geographers.

Just look at the road that this maiden fair  
 Has taken us over, via swift palace car.  
 As a memory exercise, the names are quite good  
 Of things in the state where her father's house stood.  
 There is Aroostook, Penobscot, and soft Piscataquis,  
 And many other lovely names that sound just like a kiss;  
 There's Kennebeck and Kennebunk and frosty Andros-  
     coggin,  
 Moosehead and Panedecook, the home of the toboggan.

We've followed Annabelle,  
 We've often thought to eat her,  
 And always failed because the car  
     Was such a poor repeater;  
 At least that is the reason given

To cover up confusion;  
 A halting muse with leaden feet,  
 We now see on reflection,  
 Will always keep us far behind,  
     Unless we change the metre.

Poor Annabel Gray,  
 What a sad fate was yours;  
 Beloved by a jay,  
 Forced to make many tours.  
 Why didn't you think,  
 When you launched your career,  
 And not fall over the brink  
     Of that precipice sheer.

You're as perverse a maiden  
 As any we know;  
 You're only contented  
 When you're the whole show.  
 You had one lover dying,  
 With another in jail,  
 While the third one was crying,  
 And hot on your trail.

But the last news we had  
 From the scene of your trouble,  
 Gives us hope to believe  
 That you'll receive double  
 The usual dose  
 That falls to the lot  
 Of those that love fondly  
 But love wisely, not.

But may heaven forbid  
 That we should exult  
 O'er the fate that awaits you,  
 For the usual result  
 Of obeying "love's law,"  
 As we last heard you were doing,  
 Means a prosaic wedding  
     Under our rule of construing.

There are many ways of thinking,  
 There are many twists to fate;  
 To some the consummation  
 Of true love comes too late;  
 To some who think but little

'Tis like a pleasing, gladsome song;  
To others, like an anthem,  
Resistless, deep and strong.

And this pleasing Yankee maiden,  
Captured near the Judson lake,  
Has the inherent right of women,  
Of either choice to make.  
She may choose of her own notion  
To be a shrinking little thing,  
Or elect with much commotion  
To make the welkin ring.

The Lady or the Tiger,  
That one time had us guessing,  
Was easy as a problem,  
Compared to the assessing  
Of the contrary rules of action  
With which Annabelle was blest,  
That she carried ever with her  
On her journey to the west.

Who can tell from his experience  
With any other woman,  
What Annabelle thinks best to do  
With this measly little human?  
She may henpeck or ignore him,  
Or rule him with a rod,  
Or as easily bow down and make  
Of him a demigod.

But whatever she does,  
Or whichever rules;  
If they live like doves,  
Or quarrel like fools;  
If they have heaven on earth,  
Or live in endless perdition,  
Be sure of one thing,  
'Tis of Anna's volition.

## CONCLUSION.

Fair Annabelle, we've flouted thee,  
And have been careless of your name,  
Unmindful of the undying fame,  
That should your lot and portion be.

To Reuben, your flat-footed swain,  
Whose crude love was the real thing,  
We've handed many a real mean thing,  
And smote him sore, and oft, amain.

You had two other tame men friends,  
You made them both subservient,  
Your every wish had their assent,  
As to the wind the willow bends.

And if we badgered these two friends,  
And if, perchance, you have relented,  
We promise you that *we've* repented,  
And will do our best to make amends.

So good-by, Rube and Annabelle,  
Good-by to your two other flames  
(We don't just now recall your names),  
But we wish you joy, no tongue can tell.





## ADDENDA.

No one knows what nor how many fancies were inspired in the minds of the club members by the successive cantos of this love-epic, but so far as known only one found expression. This poured itself out in verses, from the versatile fountain of the Professor's heart, just after the second canto had been read, before the later remarkable developments, and should be read in that connection.—Ed.

"Is largely philosophical and may well be skipped."

If the prince come not with his silken hose  
And buckles and spangles and robes of fur,  
A red-headed, pigeon-toed, country-bred lad  
Makes a good enough prince for her.

She must have a hero and builds one forthwith  
Out of any male thing at hand;  
Be he blind or conceited or silly or fat,  
Love weaves him a robe of such gossamer that  
He looks like a prince of the land.

'Tis nature's importunate pressing demand  
For an idol. 'Tis strange but true  
That sometimes I think that, lacking a man,  
An anthropoid ape would do.

Indeed, we oft see some callow-brained youth  
In pursuit of his love or her pelf;  
To please some slim, giggling, girly girl  
Makes a monkey out of himself.

Love turns the glass and swiftly flows  
The stream of golden days;  
Love lights his torch of flaming rose  
And rosy sunlight plays.

O'er earth and sky, o'er sea and shore  
Its magic color glows;  
Love strikes the chord and evermore  
Music entrhralling flows.

Love, the enchanter, waves his wand  
And a nimbus of rainbow hues  
Encircles the brow of the veriest scamp,  
His tatters assume the glory and stamp  
Of Solomon, King of the Jews.

So the red-headed, knock-a-kneed country-bred lad  
And the apple-cheeked diffident lass  
Each find in the other that ideal one,  
That perfect, angelic, heroic person  
The best in the world of its class.

*(Interlude of 30 seconds.)*

Dear reader, were you ever kissed?  
No? Well, that is not often.  
Our mothers, now, when we were small—  
Tut, tut! I see you've clearly missed  
My meaning; 'tis not grasped at all.

That mother's kiss, how warm it fell,  
Brimful of love that won us.  
We answered not, nor scarcely felt  
The wealth of love that pressure dealt  
So lavishly upon us.

Nor do I mean that sisterly,  
Habitual osculation  
That looks and feels as when a hen  
Pecks at a doubtful ration.

But, ah, to be kissed as they used to kiss  
In the good old days of yore,  
When it seemed providentially rhymed with bliss  
And it seemed providential that girls like this  
Were never so kissed before.

For the pulse was young and the blood was warm,  
And at meeting of the lips  
Our souls coalesced and electric thrills  
Coursed through the frame in waves and trills  
To our toes and finger tips.

Ah, those were the days; but I digress,—  
Pegasus will loiter and browse  
On his favorite food, whatever his mood,  
For love is his life and he cannot be wooed  
By such chaff as this story allows.

Beloved, be patient; this singular tale  
Is not built on the stereotyped plan,  
Where you read fifty chapters of a song, thus  
To arrive at a page of feathers and fuss  
And end with five minutes of bliss.

Where the hero climbs mountains, fights dragons, or else  
 Is pursued by a villainous chap,  
 For the sake of some dutiful, beautiful Miss  
 For ages; rewarded at last by a kiss,—  
 Our hero begins that way.

In the orthodox way 'tis the custom, I read,  
 To kneel as he makes his request,  
 And crying with passion suppress,  
 "Oh, wilt thou be mine, darling? Wilt thou?"  
 And instanter she wilts on his breast.

Not so in real life, though it may be in bookland,  
 'Tis far more informal, I hear;  
 With an arm round her waist, but without undue haste,  
 He whispers the question with exquisite taste,  
 "Shall we double, dear Molly?" says he.  
 "Sure, Mike, you bet," says the maiden; "that's me."

So sped the moonlit nights away,  
 So came they round again,  
 And yet the young man lingered there  
 And every evening warmed a chair,  
 Sometimes till half-past ten.

By candle light the dear old dame  
 Was mending socks within,  
 While Dad, with weekly paper spread,  
 Dozed over tales of sin.

Anon a rustling floated on  
 The anxious mother's ears,  
 And whispered words, "Oh, don't,"  
 "Oh, please," "Just one," "Now quit."

And then the evening stillness woke  
 With a resounding smack.  
 I fear the rascal stole it,  
 But then—he put it back.

The dozing farmer started up  
 And listened—and then,  
 "Dat blim that mean oneasy brute!  
 That mule is loose again!"

A robin stirred in the apple tree,  
 And clucked a broody hen;  
 A katydid chirped sleepily  
 And all was quiet again.

Then the youth to the maiden whispered,  
 For he did not need to speak loud,  
 "I've heard of a wonderful land in the west  
 Which with all that is lovely and all that is best,  
 And all that is sweet is endowed.

Where sunlight falls warm on a place of peace,  
 It blooms like an infinite flower,  
 A place where the world forever seems young,  
 'Tis called in the musical Spanish tongue  
 By the name of a fragrant flower.

And the people there are all wise and good,  
 And witty and handsome, I'm told;  
 Nor gossip nor scandal are ever heard  
 And the people never grow old.

And there in that land of the afternoon,  
 On the hillsides with posies spread,  
 The youths and maidens gather and greet,  
 And there they meet and sit at the feet  
 Of teachers of great renown.

And the men are all doctors and colonels and things,  
 professors with all sorts of frills,  
 And judges and poets, but nary a faker;  
 The tailor and baker and thingembob baker  
 Forget to send in their bills.

And the beauty of life and the beauty of worth  
 And the worth of this beautiful world,  
 And every good thing that wisdom can bring,  
 The finest and greatest on earth.

If I had but the money I'd go to that place,  
 I'd seek out that sweet paradise,  
 I'd make a great fortune as quick as a wink  
 And come back to tootsy. My dear, don't you think  
 We could work the old man for the price?

Don't you dream it. The old man is wise  
To all the slick games ever soared.  
If you have any money, I'd hide it, my honey;  
for Dad, if he knows it, will borrow it, sonny,  
And then charge it up to your board.

The youth scarcely uttered a word, but he muttered,  
"Then the brake-beam" under his breath.  
"Yes, baked beans are nice, but they don't cut no ice  
In getting you over to this paradise;  
It worries me almost to death."

"But where is this singular, blessed old place?  
It sounds like an extravaganza."  
"The name of the city I can't recollect,  
Nor remember its politics, business or sect,  
But—Oh, yes! I recall it—Garvanza.

