

WAKING DREAMS.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, Like red and satin poppy leaves, Lie soft the dreams of Paradise...

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, Like star-beams melting into peace, Drift on the visions out of skies...

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, With love's bright mystery and grace, My precious friends without disguise...

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, I live and conquer, see and know, O let my spirit on this wise...

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, Along the trackless confines go! No other universe so sweet...

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, As this—forever bright, complete— Between mine eyelids and mine eyes...

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, -Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, in Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED. It was my final moment. Casting a quick look over the table for anything in the matter of writing that might be used as a pass...

taken from the room. I felt new strength as I fastened on my sword and stuffed the pistols in my belt, and, taking my rifle, I went out, the way I had gone in, and still without opposition.

And still without opposition or interruption I regained the burned district. It had been a miracle, but I was now no better off than before, save that I was armed and commanded the lives of at least three men when the attempt should be made to take me.

To this end I bethought me of taking to water, and by swimming outflank the defenses; but I soon realized that the banks of either river would be doubly guarded by sentinels and patrol boats, though, aside from the risk, I gave over the idea, as the attempt would necessitate my complete disarming.

Turning northward, therefore, I kept within the limits of the black desolation until I reached its upper termination. Leaving it behind, I cut through the grounds of King's college, walking with apparent carelessness, then on to the hospital, through its confines, and still onward over a garden or two and a field until I had arrived at the edge of Lispenard's Meadows.

I dared not trust myself to its broad open; it had been too easily marked from a distance, so I turned me toward the Hudson, keeping the white close to the shrubbery which defined the meadow's limits, and made a narrow path, barely avoiding the grasp of Mrs. Badely, who made a hob at me and would have hung like a leech had she fastened to my clothing.

In less than a second I was over the rail, and, landing on the turf, took to my heels, pointing myself to the earthworks of the deserted "Oyster Battery," which had been erected by the Americans exactly in the rear of headquarters and on the edge of the Hudson.

This battery, grass-grown, dismantled, and neglected as useless by the British, I knew would be no permanent cover, but its embankments made a temporary shield betwixt me and a possible shot from the house had my line of flight been discovered. It was a fair post for a minute's observation and reflection, and, bounding through an empty embrasure, I dodged down, and then raising my head above the edge of the works, looked back.

My fist took the man fair in the temple. I doubt if he ever knew what struck him, for he went down with no other sound than that occasioned by the fall of his body.

CHAPTER XI. THE DOVE TAVERN.

I had never before and have never since in cold blood struck violently an unarmed man. God knows I recoiled as I felt the plates of this fellow's skull give beneath my fist, and, though I knew my act to be a righteous one, and that had I been discovered I would have had a foot of cold steel in my vitals, I could not at once overcome the feeling of having committed murder.

Whether or not the man was a sentinel I could not tell. The shiftless way of leaning his gun against a tree and humming made me doubt it, but it mattered little—he was an obstacle whose removal was necessary. I was fairly sure there was more to overcome beyond, but resolved to try strategy in passing unless driven to open violence, even then my fist should not be my mainstay.

With my temper inflamed, it hoded ill for the man who crossed me; with my pulses slow and even, it went against my grain to spill human blood, especially that of one doing his duty, and this fact alone would have made me a poor soldier for the ranks. Now I unshipped my sword, drew my cloak about me, and walked on as openly as though I was an officer of "grand rounds."

It was not my plan to halt, or answer either, for that matter. I had located the voice to the right, but could see no one, and was fairly sure that only the noise of my progress had been marked, and not myself. Therefore I swung toward the left and hurried along as rapidly and silently as I could, soon having the pleasure of hearing the sentinel stumble across my trail some distance in the rear.

I had now the redoubt to flank, and, as the woods had been cut down at its front as well as on either side, there was an open space for me to traverse. Here I lowered my dignity by setting on to all-fours, and, holding my blade betwixt my teeth, I crept slowly onward, taking advantage of every stump and fallen tree as a post to halt and listen. But these latter were none too frequent, and I used at least an hour in getting the few hundred feet which lay between the works and the abatis protecting them.

Having gained the abatis, I rose and felt my way through the tangled branches of the felled timber, making a deal of noise I thought, but finally got past and into the woods beyond. These woods proved to be but a strip, and a narrow one at that, for I soon came to a road which served me only in showing my location, as I knew of one crossing from the Kingsbridge road to another leading to the village of Greenwich.

I was well satisfied with myself and my progress, considering that the worst was passed, but my pride underwent a sudden fall when, as I was putting my leg over the snake fence, a voice came out of the darkness: "Halt! Who goes there?"

utly from which I could not easily recover. I was now at a distance from the cross road, and knew not if I was hearing out of my line northward or toward one of the two great highways, to approach either of which was fraught with the greatest danger.

Therefore I determined to settle where I was until a glimmer of dawn should show me my way onward. I had no choice of spots, and so sat me down on the stump I had but just fallen over, and, drawing my cloak about my head, exalted the extreme patience of Job, who, for all his troubles, had never been beset as was I.

Not for an instant did I nod or cease my watchfulness through all the long hours. The rain, noted for its impartiality, seemed to belie the adage and focus on me as though I sat beneath a gargyle. Toward daylight, which came none too early, the heat had gone from my blood, and something like a chill took its place, and with the first sign of lividness in the clouds above I set out, more from an instinct toward flight than from any definite plan.

The birds had begun to stir in their nests and twitter sleepily as I came to the edge of the woods and beheld the checker of farm fields and woodland from the elevation on which I was standing, a fine-drawn mist so blurring the distance that it seemed infinite. I went on, and by sunrise crossed the Minetta water, striking westward that I might get into the wilderness above Greenwich, reaching that almost primeval forest toward noon.

But it is useless to follow my old trail here. I did it years after with great satisfaction to myself, calling up a cloud of memories that brought back my lost youth, albeit it brought (as it does now) a mist before my eyes as well. Through that afternoon I wandered west toward Bloomingdale, and as the shadows fell, cut eastward near the old Anthony mansion and across the wild land which lies a beautiful waste about the center of the island. "Now Central Park."

I was now close to the Kingsbridge road again, and not half a mile from the Dove. The storm had cleared with the going down of the sun, leaving the air cool and pleasant, but, though I am a lover of nature and prone to mark the effect of storm and sunshine, I remember little of this evening save that it was a gorgeous one, with a moon, something less than half-grown, swimming in the sky like a cleft cloud.

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