[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS

—Written for THE DISPATCH by—

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CHAPTER XLVII.—EDELWEISS.

Philip could not sleep during the night that followed the expedition to the Ober Alp. His mind was occupied with what he had heard. He thought of the poor girl, sold by her mother; of her rude apprenticeship, of the risks she had undergone; beautiful, young, attractive. He tossed in his bed. What would become of her? Could she stand exposed to the dangers that beset her, and not, as she half threatened, throw herself over? What could be done for her?

She had spoken of the freedom of her life as giving zest to existence, but too great freedom may pall; it had palled on the girl, and she had put up her hands, pleading to be fitted with light but strong manacles. What a contrast was to be found between his life and hers! He had been cramped and hedged about with restrictions; she had enjoyed an excess of liberty. Virtue, says Aristotle, is to be found in a happy medium, and not virtue only, but the plenitude and manifoldness of life can only unfurl itself in a happy medium between excess of freedom and oppressive restriction. Philip was and ever had been conscious that his abilities had not been allowed due expansion in the career into which he had been squeezed; and this American girl, with doubtless splendid capabilities of mind and heart, had allowed them to run riot and dissipate their fragrance in untutored independence. When she fixed her great dark eyes on him, what a thrill passed through him! and when she took his hand, fire ran up his veins, and broke into a blaze in his heart.

What could he do for her? How was it possible for him to assist her? to be to her the wise friend she desired? If he had made her acquaintance two years ago it would have been another matter, he would have thrown himself at her feet—metaphorically, of course—and asked her to take him as her guide, protector, and friend, to tie up her future with his, and so each would have contributed something to the other to make up what each lacked. Then what a different sort of life his would have been! His present mode of existence was similar, only better in quality, to that he had led before: one had been a sordid drudgery, the present was a gilded drudgery. The difference was in the adjective that qualified, not in the substance of which the stuff of his life was made up. He had now to devote the same attention to figures and technicalities and details as before. The figures, technicalities, details were formerly relative to conveyancing, they now concerned linen manufacture. Such acquaintances as he had formed at Nottingham had not been interested in much beyond their business, and the acquaintance he had formed at Mergatroyd had their interests concentrated on their business. Art, literature, science had been to those he knew at Nottingham, and were to those he knew at Mergatroyd, names, not ideas. Was life worth living in such surroundings, tied to such a routine? It is said that man as he gets older fossilizes, the currents of his blood choke the arteries, veins, vessels of heart and brain, till like furred water pipes and crusted boilers they can no longer act. But was not the life to which he was condemned, with its monotony, its constraint, its isolation from the current of intellectual life—a mechanizing of man? Philip knew that he was losing, had lost, much of his individuality, almost all the spontaneity that had been lodged in him by the Creator, and was growing more and more into a machine, like his spinning jennies and steam looms. He thought of Salome. Had she many ideas outside the round of ordinary life? Was she not an ennobled, sweeter lodging-house keeper? She had been well educated, but her mind did not naturally soar into the ideal world. It went up, spasmodically, like the grasshopper, a little way, and was down on its feet again directly. She was interested in her baby, anxious to have her house neat, the cobwebs all away, the linen in perfect order, all the towels marked and numbered, the servants in thorough activity, the quotients for the cake and pudding measured in scales, not guessed. She was devoted to her flowers also—he recollected the hyacinths, and certainly they had filled his room with fragrance and anticipation of spring. But he had sent her to sleep by reading aloud Addison's "Spectator," and when he tired "Shakespere" he found that she had no insight into the characters, and accepted the beauties rather than seized on them.

What, Philip asked with a tremor, what if he had never met Salome, and had met Artemisia! Then, indeed, he would have been transported on strong wings out of the world of commonplace, and the sound of common talk, and the murky atmosphere of vulgar interests, into a region where he would have shaken off his half-acquired habits of formality, his shyness, his cumbrousness and angularity, and become light-hearted, easy and independent. In dreams we sometimes imagine ourselves to be flying: we rise from the ground and labor indefatigably with our arms as wings; and Philip was now dreaming, though not asleep, fancying that he could part with some of his gravity and by an effort maintain himself in another sphere. He had missed his way in life; he was never designed to become a piece of clockwork, but to enjoy life, seize it with both hands and hold it fast and drink the mingled cup to the dregs, crowned with roses. Hitherto he had not suspected that the blood in his arteries was an effervescing wine; he had supposed it very still.

What was to be done for Artemisia? It would be inhuman, not to be reconciled with conscience, to turn away, to cast her off, when she entreated him to be her friend and help her with counsel. But how could he assist her? A drowning, despairing girl cried out for help. Could he suffer her to sink? Had he not promised her his assistance?

"I am positively determined," said Mrs. Sidebottom next day, "that we shall go to-morrow to the hospice. I want to see it, and the dogs, and the scenery. So I have ordered carriages, and what is more, we will stay there a day or two; then, such as like, can descend the Val Tremola, and such as like can climb the Pizzo Centrale."

"I have no objection," answered Salome. "We must not leave Andermatt till we have been over the pass and seen the beauties or terrors of the further side. What do say, Philip?"

"I shall be glad."

He stood up from the table.

"Where are you going, Philip?"

"To Miss Durham, to invite her to join us."

"Of course," said Mrs. Sidebottom. "Let me see, we are eight. "Oh! it won't matter, one of the girls can sit outside. The drivers always walk going up hill, so that there will be five in one carriage, and five in the other. And Miss Durham will pay her share. Beside, it there is any climbing and excursioning to be done he will pay half of a guide."

But—strange caprice in Salome, she put her hand on Philip's arm, and said, in a low tone, "No! Philip; no!"

Philip looked at her with surprise. Why should she not wish the American lady to join the party? She was her friend. She had been so desirous that he and Miss Durham should conclude peace, and now that peace was agreed upon, Salome said, "No! Philip, no!" when he proposed to invite the Chicago girl to join them. How capricious! How unreasonable Salome was. She forms a wish, he hastens to accord it, and lo! she hangs back and is dissatisfied.

His aunt's favorite expression, "Fiddlestick ends!" rose to his lips. He was not the man to be turned away by the wayward, unreasoned fancies of his wife. "Why not?" he asked. But Salome gave him no answer. She had formed no motive in her heart for asking him not to invite Miss Durham; she had not considered a reason. She reddened to the roots of her hair, but neither gave a reason nor repeated her request.

There lingered all that day a little something, a dissonance of mood between Philip and Salome; neither could account for it. He was silent; he wandered about the hotel and the grounds with a hope to light on Miss Durham. He did not go into the salle or on the terrace, into the reading room, or about the garden searching for her. He did not ask the waiters where she was, but he looked about wherever he went, expecting to see her, and when he found her not in reading room or salle, on terrace or in garden, he felt that the place was uninteresting, and he must perforce go elsewhere.

Salome was gentle, as usual, spending much time with her baby, showing it to those guests who were so gracious as to notice it, and smiling with pleasure when it was admired; but she was not herself, not as happy as she had been. Hitherto the only jar to her content was her husband's prejudice against Artemisia; now the jar arose—she did not explain to herself how it arose, but she wished that Philip had not gone so far in his change of sentiment. Yet with her natural modesty and shrinking from blame casting, she reproached herself for grudging to her friend that friendship which she had herself invited Philip to bestow.

The next day was lovely, with a cloudless sky, and the carriages departed. Some grumbling ensued and had to be resisted, on the part of the drivers, because five persons were crammed into one carriage. Mrs. Sidebottom pointed out that the driver would walk. That was true, was the reply, but not till Hospenthal was reached; moreover, the horses could not draw more than four up the St. Gotthard road to the Hospice. There was still snow over a considerable tract; however, at length the difference was overcome by the promise of a small extra payment—two and a half francs extra threw such energy into the horses, increased their power of traction—so they consented for that price to draw five instead of four persons up the ascent from Hospenthal to the Hospice. In one carriage, that in front, sat Mrs. Sidebottom, Janet and the Captain, and one of the girls, the youngest. In the other carriage were Salome and Miss Durham, Philip and the two other Labarte girls.

But Philip did not remain long in it; at the steep ascent above the little picturesque cluster of houses, church and castle that constitute Hospenthal, he got out and walked. The banks were overgrown with the Alpine rhododendron, as flames bursting out of the low olive green bushes, and Philip hastened to pick some for the ladies. By a singular chance the best flowers and those best arranged went to Miss Durham.

"See dere!" said the driver, taking off his hat. "Vot ish dat? Dat is Edelweiss. You shee?"

He held his dirty brown cap to Philip and showed him a tuft of white flowers as though made out of wool. Philip had never seen the like before.

"Are these found here, in these mountains?" "Jawohl! round here. Up high! Shee!" The man pointed with his whip to the rocky heights. "She grow up very high, dat vlower you give to your loaf I!"

"Loaf?"

"Jawohl!" The man winked, put his hand to his heart. "To your loaf—shatzi! You understand?"

Philip flushed dark. He was hot with walking.

"Let me have some of that flower. You shall have it back. No, thank you, not your hat."

The man pulled the blossoms out from the dirty ribbon that retained them. "Dey is dry. But you should shee him dey fresh."

Philip took the little flowers to the side of the carriage.

"Look at these," he said. "The man calls them—no I cannot say the name."

"Edelweiss," said Salome, "I have seen it dried in the shop windows. It is rare."

"Edelweiss means the noble white flower," said Miss Durham. "It grows far from human habitation, and is much sought after. I have never found it myself, and never had any fresh-picked given to me."

"Would you like some?" asked Philip.

"Very much indeed," answered Artemisia.

"If it be possible to get any, you shall have it," he said. Then he walked on.

The fore carriage was stopped, and Mrs. Sidebottom was descending with Claudine Labarte, whom she had persuaded to get out with her and pick flowers, thus leaving the Captain and Janet by themselves.

"Before long," said Mrs. Sidebottom, "we shall be beyond the line where flowers grow, so we must make the best of our opportunity now, Miss Labarte."

Then Mrs. Sidebottom fell back to where Philip was and took his arm, and pressed it, looked up at him humorously and said: "I have a bit of news to tell you. He is going to propose. That is why I have got Felicite out of the carriage."

"Who, Lambert?"

"Lambert, of course. Not the driver. And to Janet. Have you not seen it coming?"

"But perhaps she will not have him."

"Fiddlestick ends! Of course she will. Don't you see that she likes him, and has been drawing him on. Beside, I sounded her. The only difficulty is about Salome."

"How can she be a difficulty?"

"Oh, she may think it too soon for them to get married when Mrs. Cusworth died so recently."

"Then they can postpone the marriage."

"Fiddlefaddle! Of course not. Always strike while the iron is hot. That is Edelweiss in your hand, is it? Oh, could you manage to find or get a man to find some quite fresh, for Lambert to present to Janet? It is the correct thing in the Alps. The graceful accompaniment of a declaration."

"I will try to get some," said Philip.

"Lambert, you see, will be too much engaged with Janet to go far himself; besides, he is not able to take great exertion. Climbing has a deteriorating effect on the trouser-knees, it makes them baggy. You will get him some?"

"I will go searching for Edelweiss when we reach the Hospice," said Philip. To himself he muttered, "But not for Lambert and Janet."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—TRAPPED.

For the last hour of the ascent the carriages passed through snow, not continuous, but between walls cut in the avalanches and drifts that had formed in the basins. The air was cold. The ground was so wet through melted snow that Philip and Mrs. Sidebottom and Mdlle. Labarte were obliged to ride. The walls of snow had fallen in here and there, so that the horses were obliged to flounder through. The scenery was bleak and wintery. The ladies shivered. At length the lake was reached in which the Reuss has its source, and a little beyond it the roofs of the hospice and the inn were visible. In ten minutes the shivering party was assembled in the salle-a-manger, which was heated, and was ordering dinner.

The monks have been banished for many years, and the hospice let by the Canton of Tessin to an inukeeper of Airolo, who with his worthy wife and family have been in no way inferior in hospitality, in care for the poor travelers, and in providing for the comforts of the rich than were the Brothers of old.

Signora Lombardi, stout, hale and smiling, was in the hospice, exerting all her energies to get food ready for the large party that had come in. Wines—the best of North Italy—were to be had, and veal in various forms; but always veal, call it what you will.

"Oh! my goodness, gracious me!" cried Mrs. Sidebottom, "there is a dog—a Mount St. Bernard dog! Oh! the size! the beauty! It must become the rage. Why—I have heard of more than £200 being given for a tulip, and what would not be given for such a dog as this—and with pulmonary complaint too, that develops on the plains."

"You do not mean to say, aunt, that you are going to invest in shares in the Beaple Yeo dog-breeding establishment?" said Philip satirically.

"Colonel Yeo are you speaking about?" interrupted Miss Durham, eagerly. "Do tell me—do you think he will establish his claims to the title of Schofield?"

"He can establish his title to that name whenever he pleases," said Philip, "and—once more, if you have any regard for our feelings, you will not mention that person again in our hearing. Oh! here—in this glass on the table—are some draggled specimens of the white fluffy flower you call Edelweiss. Perhaps our landlady, Signora Lombardi, will tell us if it grew near this inn."

"Oh, Signor," answered the stout woman, "it is to be found by the searchers, but I have never discovered it. I am too fat to climb, and besides my day for Edelweiss is over." She laughed and shook her sides as though she had made a good joke. "I leave the Edelweiss to the young people." Her eye rested with a sly twinkle, first on the Captain and Janet, about whom there could be no doubt, and then on Philip and—her eye hesitated a moment between Salome and Artemisia and then rested on the latter. Philip looked uneasily out of the little window at the bleak outer world.

When dinner was finished the afternoon was advanced. Philip went out in front of the inn, on the platform of rock upon which it is built. Some of the ladies talked of taking a stroll to the head of the Val Tremola, but determined not to go far; they would reserve their strength for the ensuing day. He did not volunteer to accompany them. He had another scheme in his head. Outside the inn was a guide lounging about, smoking and calling to such as passed in the road.

Philip signed to him that he desired to speak to him, and the man came to him with alacrity, but shook his head and pointed to one of the snowpeaks. He could speak only Italian and Philip only English. They were obliged to converse in dumb show. Philip showed him the flower of Edelweiss he had brought from the table inside. The man nodded his head. Philip raised his eyebrows in note of query and pointed to the rocks around.

"Sil sil" answered the man, shaking his head like a poised China mandarin.

"All about there? anywhere?" asked Philip, speaking very loud, as though by loudness he could make the man comprehend.

"Oh! if it is anywhere I can find it easily."

The man shook his head and again pointed to a snow peak over which a film of cloud was forming, then being blown away, then forming again.

"Do you mean that it is not out there?" asked Philip. "I knew that as well as you. There are only ice and snow yonder. Bless my soul, what idiots these men are!"

Then he went back into the inn to equip himself with gaiters and strong boots, and to fetch his stick, with a chamois horn for a handle, that he had bought. Whilst he was engaged fastening his leggings, he heard the voices of the young ladies outside the house. They were starting for a walk. Presently he descended from his room and studied the map of the district, suspended in the salle, till he thought he had it well impressed on his brain, after which he sallied forth. The guide was no longer outside. The afternoon was verging to a close, and no one would be likely to require his services, he supposed; consequently he had retired to the lower room of the hospice on a level with the road, where the drivers and carriers, the guides and peasants were regaled with sour wine.

Philip was relieved to see that the fellow was no longer there. He might have wanted to come with him and show him the way, and it would have been irksome to trudge beside a man with whom it was not possible to converse; besides, Edelweiss was to be found everywhere, Madam Lombardi had said, if looked for on the rocks. Those guides made difficulties about finding it, so as to induce the uninitiated and easily persuaded to engage them to direct them to spots where it grew. Philip resolved to go by himself. He would not go far, he could not lose his way; there were no yawning chasms down which he might tumble that he could see, and avalanches, he was told, fell in the early spring. He must do some climbing, of course, because the tourists would have picked all the Edelweiss within reach on both sides of the road, and he must scramble to places they had not ransacked, but he would not go into any danger; he would keep his eye on the Hospice, or at least, the road. Along the road he trudged in his heavy boots till he came to a great weather-beaten crucifix, that marked the beginning of the descent on the Italian side. The cross was painted dull red, but the paint had peeled away in patches, blistered by frost or sun. Philip looked up wonderingly at it. How out of place it seemed there, in that wilderness of bare rock and pure snow! He seemed to be in the midst of a primeval world, which had not yet begun to produce green trees and herbs, the fowl and living beasts—all around was utter silence, the world around was lifeless. The sun was behind the great wall of snowy glacier mountains, and the vapor was collected like smoke on its head, so that the prospect seemed to be that of a world such as existed when there was light but the sun was uncreate. And, in the center of this inchoate, unvitalized world, stood the crucifix. The mountains looked down on it, the glaciers frowned on it, as a thing of to-day, as though they said, "We were before ever you were dreamed of, and we shall be long after mankind has ceased to believe in self-devotion, and has come to laugh at every creed save the idolatry of self."

Then Philip diverged from the road, and began to climb. There was a valley opening here from the highest peaks, down which a little rill fell; and on the flank of the mountain which faced the south there was comparatively little snow, and Philip saw tracts of moss and herbage. That would be the garden of the Edelweiss; there he must search, and he would find the desired flower without serious trouble.

He was surprised to find the distances greater than they appeared. In that highly rarefied and clear air things far off appeared close, and dimensions as well as distances were deceptive. He found green carpets of dwarf campion, studded with pink flower, dense as moss; and in the bogs soldanella shaking their delicately fringed purple bells—but no Edelweiss. Disappointed in his search on the slope which had promised, he crossed the brook and crept along the flank of the opposite mountain; he would turn its shoulder and get to the side well exposed to the sun; that which he had just explored was, he now perceived, shut off from all but vertical rays by the mountain ridge south of it. He groped and scrambled, turned back, went higher, had long lost sight of the Hospice, had not, indeed, remembered to look for it, when suddenly he was enveloped in dense white fog. He could, however, see the sun through it like a copper ball, but only for a minute, and then it sank behind a ridge, at least so he supposed, for it was extinguished gradually. He must now retrace his steps. He dare not advance; he thought he could find his way back. He remembered several landmarks—a rock, on the top of which was some dwarf shrub, like a wig worn by an old fellow he knew at Nottingham, and a furrow which, if he followed it, must lead him to the brook. But he soon found that he had lost all sense of direction; the disappearance of the sun had taken from him the only clew as to the points of the compass.

He was lost. He sat down for a moment and wiped his face; the water was streaming off it. He was not as yet alarmed, only vexed—vexed especially at his having made this expedition in vain. He would have to return without the Edelweiss.

"That is old Jarvis' head with the wig thrust back!" he said, as a nodule of rolled rock appeared through the mist. But when he took a second look at it he doubted.

"I wish I had brought a whisky flask with me," he muttered. "I am beginning to feel an ache in my muscles."

He stumbled on, and now, to his alarm, saw that the darkness was closing in rapidly. He had not considered, when he started, that in the south of Europe there is no twilight, and that night comes after day without hours of grace.

Now it flashed upon him that what the guide had meant when indicating the mountain top wreathed in vapor was—not that Edelweiss grew there, but that the weather was going to change, or the fog to descend. He hurried on, but did not know in what direction he was going. He was on a steep slope of snow that stretched before him apparently interminably, lost itself in vapor and curled over and enveloped him as in an apple-pie bed, a cold sheet of white below, before, above, behind. And, at that moment, he saw on the rock above him, almost within reach, the white, starry, nodding head of an Edelweiss; the wooly flower was burdened with the moisture that had condensed on it from the fog, and was hanging over the stone to shake itself free.

With an exclamation of satisfaction Philip sprang up the slope, caught the rock with the hook of his stick, and tore the Edelweiss away.

Had the crook of his stick been what it professed to be—a chamois' horn, he would have been safe, it would have sustained his weight; but as it was only bone, and the curve came across the grain, it snapped, and Philip shot down the snowy declivity. He still grasped the tuft of Edelweiss: he thrust his stick into the snow to arrest his descent, he tore up the snow, twisted the stick in his hand, and shot further down—shot instantaneously out of the fog into dusk, in which everything was distinct, and below he saw a great sweep of snow like a sheet. He looked into it as Sancho Panza into that in which he was being tossed. He drove his heels into the snow, his elbows, his stick, to retard his descent, and suddenly dropped. Then found himself on rubble, still sliding, and brought up with a jerk by a rock. For a few minutes Philip was unconscious. He was aware of a shock, a slide, darkness and noise, that was all. But—where was he? He had vanished from the face of the earth, gone through the surface of snow into a depth beneath. A field of snow had filled the bottom of a valley, and the river ran beneath in a ravine. Nothing could be seen of the cleft, nothing of the river, the smooth sheet of snow hid both; but the force of Philip's descent had broken through that portion of the covering where it was thinnest, near the rock and rubble, he had gone through, and was buried alive. Beneath him, about him, was darkness, pitch darkness; only above could he see the hole through which he had fallen, looking like a silver-gray disc. The air about him was filled with thunder, the pulsating thunder such as he had heard at the fall of the Reuss at the Devil's Bridge, such as he had heard that very day where the river plunged over a wall of rock in the gorge above Hospenthal. The air moreover was as full of water here beneath as it had been above in the fog, but the particles here were larger. This was the spray cast up by the raging, leaping, headlong water in the abyss.

How far down was it to that torrent? Eye could not penetrate, ear could not tell. The vault of snow overhead reverberated with the boom of the water, and cast it back into the gulf as it cast back the upthrown spray. He could see no water, he could see nothing save the gap overhead.

What was he to do? His arms were heavy and numbed with cold. He cautiously lifted one and found that the snow had been driven, even rammed, hard up the sleeve by his descent. He was safe where he lodged, on rock, and he shook out the snow from one sleeve and then the other. In doing this he found the bunch of Edelweiss. He did not see it, he felt it up his sleeve; it had been carried there by the snow. He did not throw it away, he left it where it was. What was he to do? His situation was precarious. He might turn giddy and fall over. That terrible fascination there is in an abyss might lay hold of him and draw him down. Artemisia had spoken of that fascination, the fascination of despair. Now he felt it.

He tried to scramble up, but the shale slipped away beneath his feet, and he was fain, in an agony of terror, to recover his former place on firm rock. It was not practicable to ascend. He leaned back against the stones, that dripped and ran with water, the melting of the snow overhead, the condensation of the foam from the river beneath. The water condensed also on his forehead and ran off his brows—water cold as ice. Where his fingers touched the ice in the loose soil the water settled and soaked his fingers and turned them dead with cold.

Was it that there was rhythm in the fall of the water, or was it that his pulses beat in his ear and gave rhythm to the continuous thunder? He could not tell. He heard the throb of sound, or it seemed to him to be the rattle of the machinery of his mill at Mergatroyd multiplied to infinity.

His feet had glowed with the exercise, but now they began gradually to lose heat, and turn numb cold. In time they would cease to have feeling in them, then in numbness and weariness his knees would buckle under him, and he would shoot headlong, like a diver, into the black void. How far was it to the water—to death—he wondered. Would he feel—be conscious of the shock over the edge before he went into the water, or crash with his head against a rock? He had heard a fellow clerk say that as he was drowning the whole of his past life rushed before his eyes and spread itself out as a panorama, a succession of scenes, in a moment of time, 20 years unfolded leisurely in one second, displaying every incident, not crowded, but in sequence, and all articulate. Would it be so as he went over the edge, in the span of time between the rocks on which he stood and the clash and extinction below? His heart grew faint; and he felt in him the qualm that a bad sailor knows as the vessel plunges into a deep sea trough.

But—surely he would be sought by the people at the Inn. Certainly he would be sought, but in what direction would they look for him? How trace him in the mist? How suppose he was below the surface of the smooth quilt of snow in the Val Tremola, sunk out of sight, hanging over a boiling torrent? And now down past Philip ran a thread of silver; it startled him, and he looked up the line to see a glimpse of the moon appear above the hole through which he had fallen. The fog must have cleared away, or be clinging partially to certain mountain tops. If the moon were clear, then the search for him could be prosecuted with some chance of success. But Philip was not over-confident. His powers of endurance were ebbing. He raised his feet and stamped on the rock; he could feel the shock in his joints but not in his feet—they were dead. His hands were stiff. He put his fingers into his mouth, but this only momentarily restored vitality. After the feeling had gone the muscular power would become paralyzed. He was not hungry, but squeamish. He looked again at the moon, and continued watching it eagerly; it slid forward and shone full through the window of his dungeon. The light fell on rocky point and rill of leaping water, but could not illumine the abyss below, out of which rose the voices and thunderings—the voices of death, the thunderings preceding judgment.

And now the white ray of the moon smote down into the gulf below his feet and disclosed a shoot of the purest, most sparkling silver, the leaping torrent as it danced over a ledge in the utter darkness, into which no moonray could dive.

Suddenly from above a mass of snow detached itself and fell past him, a mass so big that had it smitten him it would have carried him down with it.

The side of the hole in the snow-dome grazed the moon and ate more and still more out of it. Philip looked with fear—he felt that when the whole of the moon had passed beyond that opening, and not another ray fell into it, when again the darkness of that vault would become utter, hope would die away from his heart, and he must fall.

But as he stood looking up, watching the slipping away of the moon, he saw sharp cut against it a black something, and heard, above the roar of the water, the discordant sounds of a bark. He was found; found by one of the Hospice dogs.

The first giddiness of renewed hope almost overcame him. He trembled as in a fit, and his knees bent so that only by a supreme effort of the will could he brace them again. He believed he heard shouts, but was uncertain.

What followed remained ever after confused in his memory. He heard some Italian words in his ear, saw or felt someone by him, was grasped, a rope fastened round him, he heard himself encouraged to make an effort, tried to scramble, helped by the rope, broke through the snow, was in the upper world again, was surrounded, had brandy poured down his throat.

Then he was seized by the hand and shaken. "Old fellow! Phil! 'Pon my word you have given us a turn. We have been hunting you everywhere."

"Lambert."

"Yes, Phil, and who'd have thought to find you trapped under the snow?"

The men of the party urged immediate movement to restore circulation. Philip's hand, when dropped by Lambert, was seized again and held tightly, but he had lost feeling in it. Nor could he see clearly, he was dazzled by the light—the brilliance of the moon and the glare of the snow—after the darkness below.

"Who is that laughing?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh—Miss Durham," answered Lambert.

"And—who is that crying?"

A whisper in his ear—"It is I—Salome."

(To be Continued Next Monday.)

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BUFF HIDES OFF---HEAVY HIDES FIRM

OFFICE OF PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, July 13, 1889.

The week has been one of abundance and low prices in all seasonable fruits and vegetables. Raspberries, blackberries and whortleberries have been at their best, and another week will bring them close to their end of the season. Potatoes touched bed rock at the beginning of the week, the best having sold as low as $1 50 per barrel. Low prices brought active demand, and markets are firmer to-day with a range of $1 25 to $1 75. It has not been a good week for speculation in vegetables. Low prices tempted many to invest in potatoes who now wish they had not. One speculator who bought a carload of Tennessee rose at $1 40, was glad to unload at $1. Two such abundant seasons as this and last have been furnish little comfort to speculators. Nature is so generous in her contributions that the man who seeks to corner the products of the earth is left every time. Said one of our leading Liberty street merchants: "We have had the best week on record so far as volume of trade is concerned. My sales of potatoes have averaged 500 barrels daily all the week, and on one day I reached 800 barrels.

"I have been in various ways connected with the produce trade of Pittsburg for almost a third of a century, and this week has been my best so far as volume of trade is concerned. I never before sold as much stuff in the same time, and, while margins are not as big as in former years, and we have been forced to handle a large amount at small profits, we are entirely satisfied with our week's work." Another leading commission merchant said: "Our trade for the week has been good. We have had a little too much of everything this week, and, though producers have not reaped much profit for time, labor and trouble, we have not often handled as much stuff in the same length of time, and the week closes with everything well cleaned up. Any amount of potatoes have been handled during the past week, which paid no more than freight and commission."

Cereals.

The marked features of trade the past week were the great scarcity of corn and oats and the upward drift of flour. The demand for car corn and choice oats has been far beyond supply, and prices have been steadily going up. Wheat has had a fall of 5c in the past day or two. Flour, however, cannot be laid down at any lower figures than a week ago.

Said a leading grain operator, "values of grain are firm and receipts are light. It is utterly impossible to secure enough car corn and choice oats to meet demand. I would only be too happy if I could get all the stuff in these lines I want."

Groceries.

Green coffee showed signs of weakness at the beginning of the week, but in the past few days the tide has turned the other way. An advance of 100 points for the week is reported from the East. Package coffee remains unchanged, but a rise cannot be far away from present outlook. The only question is whether the upward movement of options is speculative or not. Time will soon tell. Sugars, which for many weeks have been tending upward, have at last come to a standstill on account of bearish news from Europe. For the first time in many weeks sugar gives signs of weakness.

Hides.

Heavy steer hides of July take-off are firm at a slight advance on old rates. Quality is steadily improving, as it always does at this time of the year, and will until the middle of October. The hair on hides is short and accumulates least of dirt in the summer and early fall months. The late advance in buff hides has not been maintained. Prices have drifted back to the old figure. Calfskins are duller than ever, with 5 cents as the outside rate. Sheep and lamb skins are in good demand at better prices than any time this season. Below is scale of prices as adopted by leading tanners and hide dealers of Pittsburg and Allegheny City:

No. 1 green salted steers, 60 pounds and over	7½
No. 1 green salted cows, all weights	6
No. 1 green salted hides, 40 to 60 pounds	5
No. 1 green salted hides, 25 to 40 pounds	5
No. 1 green salted bulls	4½
No. 1 green salted calfskins	8½
No. 1 green salted veal kips	4½
No. 1 green salted runner kips	3½
No. 1 green steers, 60 pounds and over	7
No. 1 green cows, all weights	4½
No. 1 green bulls	3
No. 1 green hides, 40 to 60 pounds	4½
No. 1 green hides, 25 to 40 pounds	4½
No. 1 green buff skins	8
No. 1 green veal kips	4
No. 1 green runner kips	3
Sheepskins	15 @75
Tallow, prime	4¼

TOO HOT TO HUSTLE.

Effects of Torrid Temperature Felt in Many Lines of Trade.

Hot weather may be a blessing, but it should be taken in small doses and in the shade. It was too much for the hustlers last week, and the result was an apathetic feeling in business circles and a comparatively small volume of transactions, although considerably larger than for the corresponding time in 1888. Stocks and petroleum were featureless, and closed at declines from the opening. The total sales of stock reported were 3,793 shares, of which Electric contributed 2,000.

The number of mortgages recorded was 164, representing 389,889. This is a slight decrease in number from the previous week, but a gain in amount. Real estate maintained its customary activity. The number of transfers recorded was 266, involving $727,902. Jobbers reported a large trade in seasonable goods. The close was characterized by a cheerful and hopeful feeling all round.

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The future of real estate in Pittsburg is a most interesting subject to all who give thought to it. A great deal of money has been made by the immense advance in values in the last ten years. The movement has been steadily upward since 1879, when the iron trade revived. That great advance will also take place in the future no one doubts, but where to look for them is the important question, as to which any ten persons would be liable to give as many different opinions.

One of the sections from which great things were expected was Fifth avenue extension, between the Court House and Soho. When talk favored the cutting down of the "hump" prospects looked bright for speculation out there. After the "hump" project fell through there was a period of dullness. Now, however, activity is again apparent in that quarter—not in sales, but in improvements. A better class of stores is being established along the avenue. They look also as if they have come prepared to do business. In the ten to twenty thousand people the cable line carries daily they will doubtless find abundant custom later on. Property on Fifth avenue extension ranges from about $400 per foot near the Court House to about $150 per foot beyond the market house.

There was only one transaction at the stock exchange last Saturday, that of 100 shares of La Noria at 1¾—a decline. Electric was offered at 50, with 48 bid. Holders of it are not anxious to sell at present quotations. Philadelphia Gas could have been bought at 36¾. The best bid was 36¾. Pittsburg and Western common was offered at 13¾, with 12¾ bid; for the preferred 20¼ was the best figure that could have been obtained. There is said to be a quiet buying movement in this stock; on the strength of better management and increased earnings, which will cause some surprise later on.

The Tractions were weak. Central being offered at 31¾; for Citizens' 68¼ was bid. Pittsburg was neglected. Nobody wanted Pleasant Valley or Pittsburg, Allegheny and Manchester. Cheap lots of any of these, however, would not have gone a-begging. There was a good demand for bank and insurance stocks, but orders were below the market. There was no change in conditions, and no news to affect values, which, with two or three exceptions, were well sustained throughout the week.

The following table shows the prices of active stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. Corrected daily for THE DISPATCH by Whitney & Stephenson, members of New York Stock Exchange, 57 Fourth avenue:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing Bids.
Am. Cotton Oil.	55¾	55¾	55¾	54¾
Atch., Top. & S. F.	35¼	35¾	27¾	28¾
Canadian Pacific	53¾	53¾	55¾	56
Canada Southern	51¼	53¼	53¼	53
Central of New Jersey	113	113¾	113	113¼
Central Pacific	....	....	....	34¼
Chesapeake & Ohio	20¼	20¼	20¼	20¼
C., Bur. & Quincy	99¾	100¾	99¾	100¾
C., Mil. & St. Paul	69¼	69¾	68¾	69¾
C., Mil. & St. P., pf.	108	108	107	108
C., Rock I. & P.	93¼	93¾	93	93¼
C., St. L. & Pitts	....	....	....	11
C., St. P., M. & O.	22¾	22¾	22¾	22¾
C., St. P., M. & O., pf.	....	....	....	77
C. & Northwestern	107	108	107	107¾
C. & Northwestern, pf.	....	....	....	140¼
Col. Coal & Iron	29¾	29¾	29	29¼
Col. & Hocking Val	....	....	....	14¾
Del., L. & W.	140¼	140¾	140¼	143¾
Del. & Hudson	144¼	145	144	144¾
Denver & Rio G., pf.	....	....	....	45¼
E. T., Va. & Ga.	....	....	....	10¼
E. T., Va. & Ga., pf.	....	....	....	72
E. T., Va. & Ga. 2d pf.	....	....	....	23
Illinois Central	....	....	....	113
Lake Erie & Western	17	17¼	17	17¼
Lake Erie & West. pf.	58¾	59¾	58¾	58¾
Lake Shore & M. S.	103¼	103¾	103	103¼
Louisville & Nashville	69¼	69¾	68¾	69¼
Mobile & Ohio	13	13	13	13
Mo., K. & Texas	....	....	....	10¼
Missouri Pacific	68¾	69	68¼	68¼
New York Central	106	106	106	105¾
N. Y., L. E. & W.	26¼	26¼	25¾	26¼
N. Y., L. E. & W. pref	....	....	....	64
N. Y., C. & St. L.	16	16	15¾	16
N. Y., C. & St. L. pf.	....	....	....	69
N. Y., C. & H. R.	....	....	....	93¼
N. Y. & N. E.	50	50¾	49¾	50¼
N. Y., O. & W.	17	17	15¾	17¼
Norfolk & Western	....	....	....	14
Norfolk & Western, pf.	51	51	51	51
Northern Pacific	27¼	27¼	27¼	27¼
Northern Pacific pref.	64	64	63¾	64¼
Ohio & Mississippi	22¾	22¾	22	22¼
Oregon Improvement	....	....	....	33
Oregon Transcon	32¾	32¾	32¼	32¾
Pacific Mail	32¼	32¼	32¼	32
Philadel. & Reading	46¾	46¾	46	46¾
Pullman Palace Car	184¼	184¼	184¼	184
Richmond & W. P. T.	22¾	22¾	22¼	22¾
Richmond & W.P.T. pf	79¼	79¼	79¼	79¼
St. L. & San Fran	....	....	....	5
St. L. & San Fran pf.	67	67	67	66¾
St. L., & San F. 1st pf.	....	....	....	110
Texas Pacific	19	19¼	19	19¼
Union Pacific	57¾	58¾	57¾	58¼
Wabash	....	....	....	9
Wabash preferred	29¾	29¾	29¾	29¾
Western Union	84¾	85	84¾	84¾
Wheeling & L. E.	68¾	68¾	68¼	68¼
Sugar Trust	109	....	....	110¼
National Lead Trust	25	....	....	24¾
Chicago Gas Trust	56¾	59	54¾