THIRD PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 17 TO 20.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1891.

ON A TRAINING SHIP.

Bill Nye Visits the Time-Honored Steamer, Minnesota, and Takes Notes,

ALSO A FINE BREAKFAST.

Strange Scenes at the Physical Examination of Recruits.

HAPPY STUDIES IN INDIA INK

Brought Out by a Short and Decisive Engagement in the Bath Tub.

DEFECTS THAT ARE BARS TO SERVICE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

AT the time of this writing the United States steamship Minnesota lies at the foot of Fiftieth street, North river, New York. She is housed over for the winter, and looks like the trim little craft in which Noah defied the long wet spell and saved his allied show to delight and astonish nations yet unborn. She is one of the United States training ships designated by the Secretary of the Navy for the purpose of enlisting and forwarding recruits for the service who are between the ages of 14 and 18. These youth mostly hope to be Admirals as soon as they can get a move on their mustaches. Some of them, I regret to say, are disappointed.

It was my good fortune not long ago, in company with Commodore Roeder, who may be seen on pleasant days walking the poop of the Pulitzer building, to visit the Minnesota and watch the examining board engaged in the arduous task of selecting proper young men for the service, and forwarding sound candidates to join them that do go down to the sea in ships.

Dressed Up for a Picnic.

Dressing myself daintily in fine fatigue dress, with hectic necktie and high silk hat, and with hair thrown carelessly back to about the time of Queen Anne, I joined the Commodore, and we rode together up Ninth avenue on a palatial train of elevated cars, each of which had a blase air, like that you notice on a spring morning when you ride a mile or two through clover meads and blooming peach orchards, and then suddenly step into a nice air-tight sleeping car.

Did you ever, oh! dove-eyed reader, with the delicately chiseled Greco-Roman nose and also delicately chiseled pocketbook, entered a sleeping car just as it was waking up? Didst ever ramble up and down a meadowy brook at early dawn, crushing the heather, and the sweet fern, and the bull frog for an hour, and then, flushed with success, unjoint your rod and, with the dew and the daisies clinging to your high boots, catch an early train and step quickly into the great store works of a through car? Did you ever wring the rough, warm hand of Uncle Eben at the way station at 5 o'clock A. M., and with the memory of tansy and timothy and mignonette and fresh fried cakes and cherry blossoms, blunder hurriedly, while your eyes were a little moist from the parting, into the funky aisle of the sleeping catacombs, where you would think Gabriel could hardly get a bugleful of fresh air?

Gives Him a Keen Neck Pain.

Well, that is how an all-night elevated train strikes me occasionally. It gives me heart failure and a keen neck pain which some day will drive me to the use of creme de menthe.

Fiftieth street is a pleasing locality on the left where the Cathedral and Vanderbilt properties are; but a few blocks away, where she bathes her neglected feet in the North river, you can get a flat very reasonably if you do not care much about environments. It is rather a rocky neighborhood, musical with the bleat of the nanny goat, reeking with the blended odors of passe New York—odors that take one back to the malarial summer following the flood, or the days when Pharaoh and his hosts began to swell up and float ashore.

Stale beer, overstimulated asparagus beds, ill ventilated hotbeds of vice, poorly corked all night rum holes, cast off clothing, cast off children, old and damaged marriage ties, unsecured and non-dividend declaring bonds

Signaling From the Shore.

of wedlock, purple nosed politicians, dignified and greatly overestimated billy goats, mud, ooze, slime, pestilence, frog works, stench, and one long, piercing, wailing cry to heaven for soap, salvation and Street Superintendent Beatty, mark the locality.

Breakfast on the Minnesota.

In strong contrast to all this came the clean and glistening decks of the Minnesota and the trim and well-fed officers who welcomed us. We went down to the wardroom, where I removed my beautifully dimpled high hat, and we sat down to breakfast. At first we had broiled fresh mackerel—at least I think it was. Yes, broiled mackerel raised on the place. Then lamb chops, with nice browned potatoes cut in triangular hunks, also hot rolls. We did not have any horse doovers. Sometimes they have huitres, but not always. Poissons are used quite commonly, especially when company comes on board. Releves occur on Tuesdays and Fridays. We had cafe noir, also sliced oranges with crushed cocoanut on to them, also grown on the grounds. Vins consisted of Phillip Best's Burgundy and crapped Crotonue Sec. Then cigars and speeches followed. I spoke on "Free Coinage and Free Lunch, the Richly Upholstered Road Toward Which We Are All Gaily Hastening Toward." I spoke from mere thoughts, so did not occupy much of the time. It was in every way a corker.

Other speakers followed, but space will not admit of an extended reference to their subjects or the remarks which were made. (Having made several excellent speeches at Delmonico's this winter which have not been reported fully, I refer above rather pleasantly to this one).

Some Studies in India Ink.

After our cigars we went above, and the examination of recruits began. We happened in accidentally while Dr. Keeney was engaged in examining a youth. He had on his breast a very good study in India ink of Washington crossing the Delaware, and on one flank the burial of Sir John Moore. The doctors have to make memoranda of all marks and brands found on these applicants, and transmit them to Mr. Tracy, who is making a collection of them.

Some of these lists read like the catalogue of the Louvre; others read like the record of stock brands for Sweetwater county, Wyoming. Birth marks also have to go in. So the description might read

Nye Hurting the Ship's Timber.

something like this: Name, Michael Doorlinger; residence, Long Island City; age, 15 years; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 138 pounds; eyes blue, hair red, complexion sallow, with olive green dapples on it; respiration normal, with tendency to raw onions in excessive quantities; pulse regular; vision average; birth marks, huckleberry on pit of stomach, raisins on left flank; other marks, Goddess of Liberty in India ink on forearm, portrait of $3 shoe man on withers, Union Jack over pancreatic region, bar—V bar brand—on quarter, panorama of engagement between the Merrimac and Monitor on pectoral region; admission 25 cents.

Impromptu Parents of the Minors.

These boys enlist to serve as apprentices until they are of age, when they may, if still moral and free from the use of profanity, enlist regularly and have their trousers laced up the back for years to come. Minors must try not to enlist under 18 without the consent of their parents or guardians. Some boys get pro tem. parents to come and give their consent; then, when the ship sails, the real parent, with a light running, noiseless hoe handle, comes down to the foot of Fiftieth street and threatens to knock a large chunk off the jib of the war ship or kick her in the waist if the officers do not return his child.

No minor person under 14, or insane person or idiot (who is not related in any way with prominent people), or female person, whether unavoidably so or not, or deserters from the army or navy, or life convicts who are detained by State prison authorities, or Mugwumps over 85 years of age not taxed, may be permitted to enlist under the provisions of section 1,420 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. Applicants must be able to read and write, but, if well, strong and bright, will not be required to read Browning and explain same while not under the influence of liquor.

What a Lad Takes Along.

Shipping articles consist of the consent of parent or guardian, together with a plug of bronze chewing tobacco, a New Testament and a marine glass holding three pints. Boys who have been convicted of a capital offense will not be accepted unless they can cancel their date of execution without loss to local managers.

Recruits are at once, upon their acceptance, made to bathe and visit the barber. Some have to do this before they can be examined. After the bath, new birth marks, Swiss sunsets in India ink, tattooed Raphaels and gaily romping goddesses of liberty emerge from the mist of gathering years and reveal to the astonished surgeon new and beautiful designs in dados and home decorations.

The boys are questioned and sworn in on the starboard side and examined physically on the port side—on the port side of the ship. If you do not know which is the port side, you may easily detect it by asking the ensign or the commanding officer. The wash room and barber shop, containing three chairs, are up one flight, abaft the foyer.

A Discovery in Color Blindness.

Dr. Keeney said he had some odd experiences with color blind boys on examination. One applicant was rejected on account of color blindness who turned out to be an assorter of colors in a silk factory. After further investigation it was shown that his trouble was in distinguishing primary colors. After that he would name the slightest change in shade with great accuracy, like "pink No. 20," "green No. 15," etc., clear down to a traction, but he couldn't be relied upon to tell plain green from blue.

When first received on board the training ship the boys receive an outfit of clothing valued at $45. This amount has to be refunded if the wearer does not serve out the term of his enlistment, as the clothing very rarely fits the admiral or heads of bureaus at Washington, and so is practically worthless. Upon the expiration of his enlistment the recruit will, if recommended, receive an honorable discharge and continuous service certificate. Upon re-enlistment within three months from the date of discharge he will be entitled to three months' pay and the freedom of the Atlantic Ocean and an increase of $1 per month, which he may invest in Government bonds or cover into the United States Treasury, receiving silver certificates for same; or he can through some reliable broker in New York, negotiate for a nice, large watermelon.

A Badly Overworked Engineer.

The engineer came on board before we left, and after examining the place where the engines used to be, retired to his apartments for much needed rest. The gunner was not on board, but by good luck I did not know it while I was there, and so felt comparatively secure. While walking aft I thoughtlessly ran my umbrella through one of the timbers of the ship, but fortunately did not spread it.

The Minnesota is a very old ship, and, like the acting of James Owen O'Conor, somewhat rotten. Unlike his stage work, however, it was not always rotten. Peace and gentle, eternal slumber to the brave old ship! She has won the quiet dock and comfortable repose that come in the twilight of an honorable life.

Thanking the officers for the pleasure and delightful hospitality of the day, I got the ship's carpenter to hammer out the places where my high hat had buckled to, and, shaking hands all around, we took our lives in our hands and started up Fiftieth street for home. Here it was, along this street, that the Minnesota's Japanese steward was held up by a gang and made to treat the Westside. I thought as I waded up through the opaque atmosphere and the choppy pavement that I would hate to leave anything out over night in that neighborhood that I cared anything about. Especially my motives, unless I expected to find them impugned the next morning.

BILL NYE.

HOUSEHOLD goods packed for shipment. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33-34 Water street. Su

A WASHINGTON RELIC

The Mouldering Old Stone House Which Sheltered the Hero

ON HIS MISSION TO THE FRENCH.

It Is Now Utterly Neglected and Used as a Stable for Cows.

SUGGESTION THAT THE STATE BUY IT

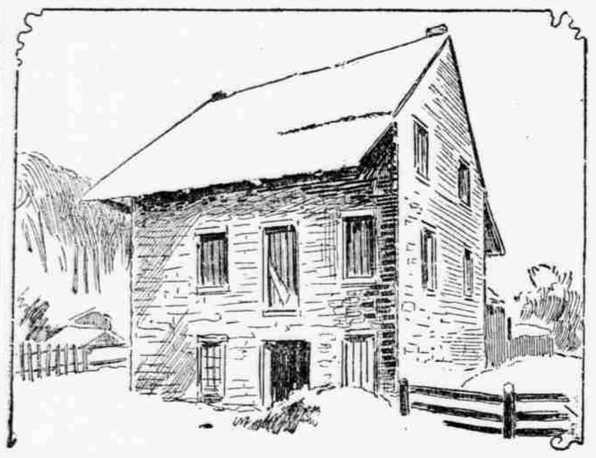
[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

If history were to be obliterated, if destruction suddenly overtook the great volume which events between the head of the Ohio river and the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains has filled; if all records of valor, sturdiness and industry were to be wiped out, then Western Pennsylvania would let it all go in a supreme struggle for the preservation of one sacred leaf. All that is in local lore is not one-half so dear to us as the fact that right here George Washington performed his first public services. These hills and valleys knew the Father of Our Country before the country knew him. It is a precious heritage to Western Pennsylvania, and not one that she would willingly part with.

But with all this patriotic pride in the connection of Washington as a mere stripling with the history of Western Pennsylvania, the city of Pittsburg does not possess a single landmark, or relic either, of the earliest exploits of the famous Virginian hereabouts. When he was first here, in the latter part of November, 1753, Fort Duquesne had not yet been built. Fort Pitt was a construction undertaken only after Duquesne was destroyed, and Boquet's old block house down at the Point is the only vestige now left standing of that relic of British rule at Pittsburg.

It Once Sheltered Washington.

On the west bank of the Allegheny river, about 80 miles above Pittsburg, and only a mile below the town of Foxburg, there still stands a weather-beaten stone house which should become the property of the State if the traditions about it are true. It is said



STONE HOUSE, ONE MILE BELOW FOXBURG.

that in this house George Washington stopped for a night when he was on his way as an envoy from Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, to the French then quartered at Forts Venango and La Beouf. If this statement is correct, the house must be nearly 146 years old. It certainly looks it. It stands on the Fox estate, nearly opposite the mouth of the Clarion river, commanding a wide sweep of the Allegheny, both north and south. The hills there are rugged and the scenery is yet very wild.

The accompanying illustration is from a photograph which I took of the old house on the occasion of a visit to it not long ago. The snow lay deep on and about the house and I could almost imagine what the scene was like when young Washington stopped there in the same month almost a century and a half before. It was described as frightfully stormy. For weeks he underwent terrible struggles in pushing forward his expedition, twice coming within an ace of losing his life. Now the same hills were covered deep with snow, the same river was half frozen across, or floating with huge ice fields, and up the same valley the wind howled a hurricane.

Only a Fragmentary Story.

There is no connected story in the neighborhood of Foxburg, nor in the annals of Clarion county, by which the history of the old stone house can be progressively traced back to dates. There is only the general tradition in all that section of the Allegheny Valley that Washington really did lodge in the place over night when, as a boy, he was acting as a commissioner to effect a settlement of the disputed question of the occupancy of the Ohio country. The property has been in the hands of the Fox family for over 30 years, and was simply occupied as a dwelling when they purchased the land.

It has now been long since abandoned as a residence, and a part of it is now used by a tenant in an adjacent frame dwelling as a cow stable. The windows are all out, and in some instances are replaced with boards. It is built in the colonial style of architecture, with huge fireplaces within and great chimneys without. One of these chimneys has now all tumbled to pieces. There is a big crack down one of the end walls, but in a general way the stone work is still remarkably solid. This stone work has the color and wear of great age, certainly, and everything about the structure indicates its antiquity. It evidently was a hotel long years ago, and before that must have been a sort of redoubt or stronghold for a group of the pioneer settlers against Indian incursions.

Details of Washington's Trip.

The story of Washington's expedition in the interests of the Virginia Government strikingly confirms this tradition about the old stone house. When he was only 21 years of age Dinwiddie sent him out from Virginia to ascertain the state of affairs among the French invaders of the Ohio Valley. His experience in Woodcraft and his courage won him the appointment. He left Virginia late in 1753, and it was the latter part of November before he arrived at the mouth of Turtle Creek on the Monongahela. He had secured the services of the famous trapper, Christopher Gist, and five other men, all of whom accompanied him. The streams were now nearly impassable, and he even experienced great hardship in reaching the junction of the Monongahela and Ohio rivers (Pittsburg).

His enforced leisure here resulted in his laying out the site of a fort, and writing the entry in his journal, recognizing the strategic importance of the site of Pittsburg. Proceeding on to McKee's Rocks, young Washington had an interview with King Shingiss, of the Delaware tribe. Shingiss accompanied the party down to Logstown, where Washington induced the Indians to tell him some inside facts about the Frenchmen.

Interview With the Half-King.

To describe the route then taken by Washington in continuing his journey into the wilderness, an extract from T. J. Chapman's excellent little volume, "The French in the Allegheny Valley," will serve better than condensation. It says of this Logstown conference:

The Half-King informed Washington that the nearest and most level way to the French fort was now impassable by reason of many great swamps; that he would be obliged to go by way of Venango, and that he would not reach the nearest fort in less than five or six days' good traveling. Washington was very eager to set forward, but his Indian escort [now greatly augmented by Shingiss] could not get off, and it was the 30th of November when he finally left Logstown for the French fort. * * * About 9 o'clock of the 13th he started in company with the three chiefs, the Half-King, White Thunder and the Hunter. Their way lay mainly in a diagonal line, more or less direct, through the present counties of Butler and Venango. In their way they were obliged to cross the Connoquenessing, Muddy creek, Slippery Rock creek and Sandy creek.

Of course this was not directly up along the shore of the Allegheny river, as we would go to Foxburg nowadays, in the age of railroads. But take a map of Pennsylvania, and examine the general course of that river. You will find that by cutting across Butler and Venango counties Washington's party saved a wide curve of the river. If they touched the Allegheny at all it was probably just about where the Clarion river empties into it, and consequently

Where the Stone House Stands,

because there the river has not yet commenced its outward bend, or rather it takes it from that point down. Or they may have come back from the expedition down the Allegheny shore as far as the mouth of the Clarion, direct from French creek. In fact, the narrative of the balance of the journey indicates that. On the 4th of December the party arrived at Venango (now Franklin). Washington describes it as "an old Indian town, situated at the mouth of French creek, lying near north about 60 miles from Logstown, but more than 70 the way we were obliged to come."

He proceeded on in a few days to Fort Le Boeuf, up French creek, and after transacting his delicate business with the French commandants, found that they were trying to stir up dissensions among his Indian escort, so as to prevent them from returning with him. It rained and it snowed, and the paths back to where he came from were daily becoming more difficult to follow. He passed down French creek on his way back in canoes, narrowly escaping destruction on the rocks. At Venango he encountered the same trouble as at Le Boeuf, but managed to again thwart the treachery of the French. He had not arrived there until the 22d of December. Of the journey from this point toward Pittsburg, Washington himself says:

A Journey of Hardships.

Our horses were now so weak and feeble, and our baggage so heavy that we doubted much their performing of it. Therefore, myself and the others, except the drivers, who were obliged to ride, gave up our horses for packs, to assist along with the baggage. I put myself in an Indian walking dress, and continued with them three days, until I found there was no probability of their getting home in reasonable time. The horses became less able to travel every day; the cold increased very fast, and the roads were becoming much worse by a deep snow, continually freezing; therefore, as I was uneasy to get back to make report of my proceedings to His Honor, the Governor, I determined to prosecute my journey the nearest way, through the woods on foot.

On the whole, there seems to be enough foundation for the story, that this stone house near the mouth of the Clarion river lay directly in the track of Washington's expedition, to merit its thorough investigation by the State Government. New York State now owns and preserves as one of its richest relics the old house at Newburg on the Hudson, in which General Washington wrote his orders disbanding the army. Why should not Pennsylvania, if it can prove a clear title, preserve and guard with glory a house in which the youthful Lieutenant Washington rested his weary feet? Virginia glories in possessing to this day the home of Washington; New York takes pride in having his military headquarters intact. Why shouldn't Pennsylvania save and revere the cradle of his greatness?

L. E. STOFIEL.

HEAVIEST LOCOMOTIVES MADE.

Something About the Monsters for Service in St. Clair Tunnel.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Four engines have just been completed by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Grand Trunk Railway Company. They are the heaviest locomotives in the world, weighing when in running order 195,000 pounds each—in fact, so great is their weight that it will be necessary to remove the cabs and other parts to insure their safe passage over some of the bridges they must cross in their route. They will run on 100-pound rails, as they would soon destroy lighter rails.

The largest engines in use on either the Pennsylvania or Philadelphia and Reading Railroads haul on the level about 3,000 tons, while these four will haul upward of 5,000 tons on the level. Through the St. Clair tunnel, where they are to be used, and which has a grade of 105 feet to the mile, they are guaranteed to haul 760 gross tons of cars and lading, which is equivalent to 25 or 30 loaded freight cars.

The locomotives are of the class known as tank locomotives, and have no tenders, but on each side of the boiler is a tank with a capacity of 2,000 gallons. The cab is placed on top of the boiler. One conspicuous feature of the locomotives is the absence of the pony wheels; the iron monsters are run on five pairs of drivers, each 50 inches in diameter, with a wheel base of 18 feet 3 inches. The cylinders are 22 inches in diameter, and have a stroke of 28 inches. The airbrakes, which are very powerful, operate upon each wheel.

The St. Clair tunnel passes under the St. Clair river, which connects Lake Huron with Lake Erie, and is 6,000 feet long, with approaches 1,950 and 2,500 feet respectively, making the entire length 10,450 feet, or over two miles. When completed it will afford a direct and continuous line of connection to the Grand Trunk's lines in Canada with its lines in Michigan, thus doing away with the ferriage across the river.

Two Bold Thefts.

[Somerville Journal.]

I.

I only stole a kiss.
She stole my heart.
And now denies the theft.
Of happiness bereft,
I grieve apart,
My heart I sadly miss.

II.

She has some kisses still,
But I no heart.
So, heartless now am I.
What then, if I should try
With love's sweet art
To steal hers?—Jove! I will!

A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as Standard Literature.

CHAPTER XIII.

"My consciousness of myself, you mean, No. I am not sure. But, my dear Unorna. I am very careful in guarding against accidents of all sorts, for I have attempted to resuscitate a great many dead people and I never have succeeded, and I know that a false step on a slippery staircase may be quite as fatal as a teaspoonful of prussic acid—or an unrequited passion. I avoid all these things and many others. If I did not, and if you had any object in getting me under your influence, you would succeed sooner or later. Perhaps the day is not far distant when I will voluntarily sleep under your hand."

Unorna glanced quickly at him.

"And in that case," he added, "I am sure you could make me believe anything you pleased."

"What are you trying to make me understand," she asked, suspiciously, for he had never before spoken of such a possibility.

"You look anxious and weary," he said in a tone of sympathy, in which Unorna could not detect the least false modulation, though she fancied from his fixed gaze that he meant her to understand something which he could not say. "You look tired," he continued, "though it is becoming to your beauty to be pale—I always said so. I will not weary you. I was only going to say that if I were under your influence—you might easily make me believe that you were not yourself, but another woman—for the rest of my life."

They stood looking at each other in silence during several seconds. Then Unorna seemed to understand what he meant.

"Do you really believe that is possible?" she asked, earnestly.

"I know it. I know of a case in which it succeeded very well."

"Perhaps," she said, thoughtfully. "Let us go and look at him."

She moved in the direction of the aged sleeper's room, and they both left the hall together.

It appeared to Unorna a fortunate circumstance, when she at last determined to overcome her pride, that the resolution should have formed itself exactly a month after she had so successfully banished the memory of Beatrice from the mind of the man she loved. She felt sure of producing a result as effectual if this time she could work the second change in the same place and under the same circumstances as the first. And to this end everything was in her favor. She needed not to close her eyes to fancy that 30 days had not really passed between then and now, as she left the house in the afternoon with the Wanderer by her side.

He had come back, and had found her once more herself—calm, collected, conscious of her own powers. No suspicion of the real cause of the disturbance he had witnessed crossed his mind; still less could he guess what thing she meditated as she directed their walk toward that lonely place by the river which had been the scene of her first great effort. She talked lightly as they went, and he, in that strange humor of peaceful, well-satisfied indifference which possessed him, answered her in the same strain. It was yet barely afternoon, but there was a foretaste of coming evening in the chilly air.

"I have been thinking of what you said this morning," she said, suddenly changing the current of the conversation. "Did I thank you for your kindness?" She smiled as she laid her hand gently upon her arm to cross a crowded street, and she looked up into his quiet face.

"Thank me? For what? On the contrary—I fancied that I had annoyed you."

"Perhaps I did not quite understand it all at first," she answered thoughtfully. "It is hard for a woman like me to realize what it would be to have a brother, or a sister, or anyone belonging to me. I needed to think of the idea. Do you know that I am quite alone in the world?"

"It is very strange. And how came you here?"

"I was told that the time had come. We started at night. It was a long journey, and I remember feeling tired, as I was never tired before or since. They brought me here, they left me in a religious house among nuns. Then I was told that I was rich and free. My fortune was brought with me. That, at least, I know. But those who received it and who take care of it for me know no more of its origin than I myself. Gold tells no tales, and the secret has been well kept. I would give much to know the truth—when I am in the humor."

She sighed and then laughed again.

"You see why it is that I find the idea of a brother so hard to understand," she added, and then was silent.

"You have all the more need of understanding it, my dear friend," the Wanderer answered, looking at her thoughtfully.

"Yes, perhaps so. I can see what friendship is. I can almost guess what it would be to have a brother."

"And have you never thought of more than that?" He asked the question in his calmest and most friendly tone, somewhat deferentially, as though fearing lest it should seem tactless and be unwelcome.

"Yes. I have thought of love also," she answered, in a low voice. But she said nothing more, and they walked on for some time in silence.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the midst of the city lies the ancient burial ground, now long disused but still undisturbed, many acres of uneven land, covered so thickly with graves, and planted so closely with granite and sandstone slabs, that the paths will scarce allow two persons to walk side by side. The stones stand and lie in all conceivable positions, erect, slanting at every angle, prostrate upon the earth or upon others already fallen before them—two, three and even four upon a grave, where generations of men have been buried one upon the other—stones large and small, covered with deep-cut inscriptions in the Hebrew character, bearing the sculpture of two uplifted hands, wherever the Kohns, the children of the tribe of Aaron, are laid to rest or the gracefully chiseled ewer of the Levites. Here they lie, thousands upon thousands of dead Hebrews, great and small, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, neglected individually, but guarded as a whole with all the tenacious determinaton of the race to hold its own, and to preserve the sacredness of its dead. In the dim light of the winter's afternoon it is as though a great army of men had fallen fighting there, and had been turned to stone as they fell. Rank upon rank they lie, with that irregularity which comes of symmetry destroyed, like columns and files of soldiers shot down in the act of advancing. And in winter, the gray light falling upon the untrodden snow throws a pale reflection upward against each stone, as though from the myriad sepulcheres a faintly luminous vapor were rising to the outer air. Over all, the rugged brushwood and the stunted trees intertwine their leafless branches and twigs in a thin, ghostly network of gray, that clouds the view of the farther distance without interrupting it, a forest of shadowy skeletons clasping fleshless, bony hands one with another, from grave to grave, as far as the eye can see.

The stillness in the place is intense. Not a murmur of distant life from the surrounding city disturbs the silence. At rare intervals a strong breath of icy wind stirs the dead branches and makes them crack and rattle against the gravestones and against each other as in a dance of death. It is a

BE SILENT! HE EXCLAIMED.

wild and dreary place. In the summer, indeed, the thick leafage lends it a transitory color and softness, but in the depth of winter, when there is nothing to hide the nakedness of the truth, when the snow lies thick upon the ground and the twined twigs and twisted trunks scarce cast a tracery of shadow under the sunless sky, the utter desolation and loneliness of the spot have a horror of their own, not to be described, but never to be forgotten.

Unorna walked forward in silence, choosing a path so narrow that her companion found himself obliged to drop behind and follow in her footsteps. In the wildest part of this wilderness of death there is a little rising of the ground. Here both the gravestones and the stunted trees are thickest and the solitude is, if possible, even more complete than elsewhere. As she reached the highest point Unorna stood still, turned quickly toward the Wanderer and held both her hands toward him.

"I have chosen this place because it is quiet," she said, with a soft smile.

Hardly knowing why he did so, he laid his hands in hers and looked kindly down to her upturned face.

"What is it?" he asked, meeting her eyes.

She was silent, and her fingers did not unclasp themselves. He looked at her, and saw for the hundreth time that she was very beautiful. There was a faint color in her cheeks, and her full lips were just parted as though a loving word had escaped them which she would not willingly recall. Against the background of broken neutral tints, her figure stood out, an incarnation of youth and vitality. If she had often looked weary and pale of late, her strength and freshness had returned to her now in all their abundance. The Wanderer knew that he was watching her, and knew that he was thinking of her beauty and realizing the whole extent of it more fully than ever before, but beyond this point his thoughts could not go. He was aware that he was becoming fascinated by her eyes, and he felt that with every moment it was growing harder for him to close his own, or to look away from her, and then, an instant later, he knew that it would be impossible. Yet he made no effort. He was passive, indifferent, will-less, and her gaze charmed him more and more. He was already in a dream, and he fancied that the beautiful figure shone with a soft rosy light of its own in the midst of the gloomy waste. Looking into her sunlike eyes, he saw there twin images of himself, that drew him softly and surely into themselves until he was absorbed by them, and felt that he was no longer a reality, but a reflection. Then a deep unconsciousness stole over all his senses and he slept, or passed in that state which seems to lie between sleep and trance.

Unorna needed not to question him this time, for she saw that he was completely under her influence. Yet she hesitated at the supreme moment, and then, though to all real intents she was quite alone, a burning flush of shame rose to her face, and her heart sank within her. She felt that she could not do it.

She dropped his hands. They fell to his sides as though they had been of lead. Then she turned from him and pressed her aching forehead against a tall, weather-worn stone that rose higher than her own height from the midst of the hillock.

Her woman's nature rebelled against the trick. It was the truest thing in her, and perhaps the best, which protested so violently against the thing she meant to do; it was the simple longing to be loved for her own sake, and of the man's own free will, to be loved by him with the love she had despised in Israel Kafka. But would this be love at all, this artificial creation of her suggestion reacting upon his mind? Would

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