Black Rock

By RALPH CONNOR

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE IS NOT ALL.

THOSE days when we were waiting Craig's return we spent in the woods or on the mountain sides or down in the canyon beside the stream that danced down to meet the Black Rock river, I talking and sketching and reading and she listening and dreaming, with often a happy smile upon her face. But there were moments when a cloud of shuddering fear would sweep the smile away, and then I would talk of Craig till the smile came back again.

But the woods and the mountains and the river were her best, her wisest, friends during those days. How sweet the ministry of the woods to her! The trees were in their new summer leaves, fresh and full of life. They swayed and rustled above us, flinging their interlacing shadows upon us, and their swaying and their rustling soothed and comforted like the voice and touch of a mother. And the mountains, too, in all the glory of their varying robes of blues and purples, stood calmly, solemnly, about us, uplifting our souls into regions of rest. The changing lights and shadows flitted swiftly over their rugged fronts, but left them ever as before in their steadfast majesty. "God's in his heaven." What would you have? And ever the little river sang its cheerful course, fearing not the great mountains that threatened to bar its passage to the sea. Mrs. Mayor heard the song, and her courage rose.

"We, too, shall find our way," she said, and I believed her.

But through these days I could not make her out, and I found myself studying her as I might a new acquaintance. Years had fallen from her. She was a girl again, full of young, warm life. She was as sweet as before, but there was a soft shyness over her, a half shamed, half frank consciousness in her face, a glad light in her eyes that made her all new to me. Her perfect trust in Craig was touching to see.

"He will tell me what to do," she would say till I began to realize how impossible it would be for him to betray such trust and be anything but true to the best.

So much did I dread Craig's homecoming that I [illegible] Graeme and old man Nelson, who was more and more Graeme's trusted counselor and friend. They were both highly excited by the story I had to tell, for I thought it best to tell them all, but I was not a little surprised and disgusted that they did not see the matter in my light. In vain I protested against the madness of allowing anything to send these two from each other. Graeme summed up the discussion in his own emphatic way, but with an earnestness in his words not usual with him.

"Craig will know better than any of us what is right to do, and he will do that, and no man can turn him from it, and," he added, "I should be sorry to try."

Then my wrath rose, and I cried:

"It's a tremendous shame! They love each other. You are talking sentimental humbug and nonsense."

"He must do the right," said Nelson in his deep, quiet voice.

"Right! Nonsense! By what right does he send from him the woman he loves?"

"'He pleased not himself,'" quoted Nelson reverently.

"Nelson is right," said Graeme. "I should not like to see him weaken."

"Look here," I stormed. "I didn't bring you men to back him up in his nonsense. I thought you could keep your heads level."

"Now, Connor," said Graeme, "don't rage. Leave that for the heathen. It's bad form and useless besides. Craig will walk his way where his light falls, and, by all that's huge, I should hate to see him fail, for if he weakens like the rest of us my North star will have dropped from my sky."

"Nice selfish spirit," I muttered.

"Exactly so. I'm not a saint, but I feel like shooting [illegible] when I see him."

When, after a week had gone, Craig rode up one early morning to his shack door [illegible] told me that he had [illegible] and was [illegible] all right and was ready to [illegible] with a promise.

"Craig will keep," he said, putting out his hand. "I'm a bit prejudiced. There was a letter now at the landing. I have just shot it [illegible] Craig's eyes. It was awful. I must get sleep. Look after Dandy, will you, like a good chap."

"Oh, Dandy be hanged!" I said, for I knew it was not the fight nor the watching nor the long ride that had shaken the iron nerve and given him that look. "Go in and lie down. I'll bring you something."

"Wake me in the afternoon," he said. "She is waiting. Perhaps you will go to her." His lips quivered. "My nerve is rather gone." Then, with a very wan smile, he added, "I am giving you a lot of trouble."

"You go to thunder!" I burst out, for my throat was hot and sore with grief for him.

"I think I'd rather go to sleep," he replied, still smiling.

I could not speak and was glad of the chance of being alone with Dandy.

When I came in, I found him sitting with his head in his arms upon the table fast asleep. I made him tea, forced him to take a warm bath and sent him to bed, while I went to Mrs. Mayor. I went with a fearful heart, but that was because I had forgotten the kind of woman she was.

She was standing in the light of the window waiting for me. Her face was pale, but steady; there was a proud light in her fathomless eyes, a slight smile parted her lips, and she carried her head like a queen.

"Come in," she said. "You need not fear to tell me. I saw him ride home. He has not failed, thank God! I am proud of him. I knew he would be true. He loves me"—she drew in her breath sharply, and a faint color tinged her cheek—"but he knows love is not all—ah, love is not all! Oh, I am glad and proud!"

"Glad!" I gasped, amazed.

"You would not have him prove faithless!" she said, with proud defiance.

"Oh, it is high sentimental nonsense!" I could not help saying.

"You should not say so," she replied, and her voice rang clear. "Honor, faith and duty are sentiments, but they are not nonsense."

In spite of my rage I was lost in amazed admiration of the high spirit of the woman who stood up so straight before me, but as I told how worn and broken he was she listened with changing color and swelling bosom, her proud courage all gone and only love, anxious and pitying, in her eyes.

"Shall I go to him?" she asked, with timid eagerness and deepening color.

"He is sleeping. He said he would come to you," I replied.

"I shall wait for him," she said softly, and the tenderness in her tone went straight to my heart, and it seemed to me a man might suffer much to be loved with love such as this.

In the early afternoon Graeme came to her. She met him with both hands outstretched, saying in a low voice:

"I am very happy."

"Are you sure?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," she said, but her voice was like a sob, "quite, quite sure!"

They talked long together till I saw that Craig must soon be coming, and I called Graeme away. He held her hands, looking steadily into her eyes, and said:

"You are better even than I thought. I'm going to be a better man."

Her eyes filled with tears, but her smile did not fade as she answered:

"Yes, you will be a good man, and God will give you work to do."

He bent his head over her hands and stepped back from her as from a queen, but he spoke no word till we came to Craig's door. Then he said with humility that seemed strange in him:

"Comm[illegible] that is great—to conquer oneself. It is worth while. I am going to try."

I would not have missed his meeting with Craig. Nelson was busy with tea. Craig was writing near the window. He looked up as Graeme came in and nodded an easy good evening, but Graeme strode to him and, putting one hand on his shoulder, held out his other for Craig to take.

After a moment's surprise Craig rose to his feet and, facing him squarely, took the offered hand in both of his and held it fast without a word. Graeme was the first to speak, and his voice was deep with emotion.

"You are a great man, a good man. I'd give something to have your grit."

Poor Craig stood looking at him, not daring to speak for some moments. Then he said quietly:

"Not good or great, but, thank God, not quite a traitor."

"Good man!" went on Graeme, patting him on the shoulder. "Good man! But it's tough."

Craig sat down quickly, saying, "Don't do that, old chap!"

I went up with Craig to Mrs. Mayor's door. She did not hear us coming, but stood near the window gazing up at the mountains. She was dressed in some rich soft stuff and wore at her breast a bunch of wild flowers. I had never seen her so beautiful. I did not wonder that Craig paused with his foot upon the threshold to look at her. She turned and saw us. With a glad cry, "Oh, my darling, you have come to me!" she came with outstretched arms. I turned and fled, but the cry and the vision were long with me.

It was decided that night that Mrs. Mayor should go the next week. A miner and his wife were going east, and I, too, would join the party.

The camp went into mourning at the news, but it was understood that any display of grief before Mrs. Mayor was bad form. She was not to be annoyed.

But when I suggested that she should leave quietly and avoid the pain of saying goodby she flatly refused.

"I must say goodby to every man. They love me, and I love them."

It was decided, too, at first, that there should be nothing in the way of a testimonial, but when Craig found out that the men were coming to her with all sorts of extraordinary gifts he agreed that it would be better that they should unite in one gift. So it was agreed that I should buy a ring for her. And were it not that the contributions were strictly limited to $1 the purse that Slavin handed her when Shaw read the address at the farewell supper would have been many times filled with the gold that was pressed upon the committee. There were no speeches at the supper except one by myself in reply on Mrs. Mayor's behalf. She had given me the words to say, and I was thoroughly prepared, else I should not have got through. I began in the usual way:

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Mayor is"—

But I got no further, for at the mention of her name the men stood on the chairs and yelled until they could yell no more. There were over 250 of them, and the effect was overpowering. But I got through my speech. I remember it well. It began:

"Mrs. Mayor is greatly touched by this mark of your love, and she will wear your ring always with pride."

And it ended with:

"She has one request to make—that you will be true to the league and that you stand close about the man who did most to make it. She wishes me to say that, however far away she may have to go, she is leaving her heart in Black Rock and she can think of no greater joy than to come back to you again."

Then they had "The Sweet By and By," but the men would not join in the refrain, unwilling to lose a note of the glorious voice they loved to hear. Before the last verse she beckoned to me. I went to her standing by Craig's side as he played for her.

"Ask them to sing," she entreated. "I cannot bear it."

"Mrs. Mayor wishes you to sing in the refrain," I said, and at once the men sat up and cleared their throats.

The singing was not good, but at the first sound of the hoarse notes of the men Craig's head went down over the organ, for he was thinking, I suppose, of the days before them when they would long in vain for that thrilling voice that soared high over their own hoarse tones. And after the voices died away he kept on playing till, half turning toward him, she sang alone once more the refrain in a voice low and sweet and tender, as if for him alone, and so he took it, for he smiled up at her his old smile, full of courage and full of love.

Then for one whole hour she stood saying goodby to those rough, gentle hearted men whose inspiration to goodness she had been for five years. It was very wonderful and very quiet. It was understood that there was to be no nonsense, and Abe had been heard to declare that he would "throw out any cotton backed fool" who couldn't hold himself down, and, further, he had enjoined them to remember that her arm wasn't a pump handle.

At last they were all gone, all but her guard of honor—Shaw, Vernon Winton, Geordie, Nixon, Abe, Nelson, Craig and myself.

This was the real farewell, for, though in the early light of the next morning 200 men stood silent about the stage and as it moved out waved their hats and yelled madly, this was the last touch they had of her hand. Her place was up on the driver's seat between Abe and Mr. Craig, who held little Marjorie on his knee. The rest of the guard of honor were to follow with Graeme's team. It was Winton's fine sense that kept Graeme from following them close. "Let her go out alone," he said, and so we held back and watched her go.

She stood with her back toward Abe's plunging four horse team and, steadying herself with one hand on Abe's shoulder, gazed down upon us. Her head was bare, her lips parted in a smile, her eyes glowing with their own deep light, and so, facing us, erect and smiling, she drove away, waving us farewell till Abe swung his team into the canyon road and we saw her no more. A sigh shuddered through the crowd, and, with a sob in his voice, Winton said, "God help us all!"

I close my eyes and see it all again—the waving crowd of dark faced men, the plunging horses, and, high up beside the driver, the swaying, smiling, waving figure, and about all the mountains, framing the picture with their dark sides and white peaks tipped with the gold of the rising sun. It is a picture I love to look upon, albeit it calls up another that I can never see but through tears.

I look across a strip of ever widening water at a group of men upon the wharf, standing with heads uncovered, every man a hero, though not a man of them suspects it, least of all the man who stands in front, strong, resolute, self conquered, and, gazing long, I think I see him turn again to his place among the men of the mountains, not forgetting, but every day remembering, the great love that came to him and remembering, too, that love is not all. It is then the tears come.

But for that picture two of us at least are better men today.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

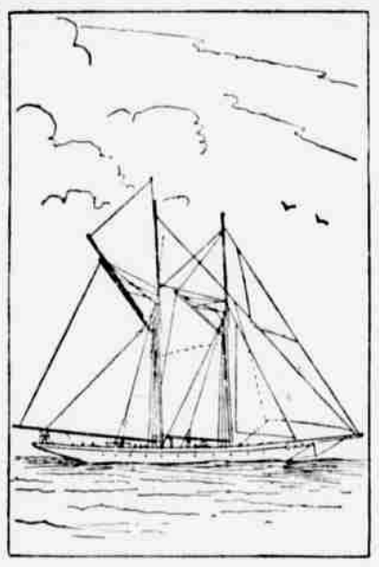
THE THIRD METEOR.

Sail Plan of Emperor William's Famous New Yacht.

It Gives Her Great Driving Power, So That She Should Make a Fine Cruiser as Well as a Champion Racer.

The sail plan of the German emperor's new schooner yacht, Meteor III., shows that A. Cary Smith, the designer, while not giving the boat an excessive spread of canvas, has given her sufficient driving power, which, with the fineness of her model, should develop good speed in the yacht, so much so that she should not only make a fine cruiser, but should be able to show her heels to any schooner. The yacht will spread, as nearly as can be figured from the sail plan, 11,612 square feet of canvas, under the measurement rule of the New York Yacht club. The mainmast, which is of Georgia pine, and a beautiful piece of wood, is 21 inches in diameter. It is stepped 6[illegible] feet aft of the forward end of the water line, and from deck to cap measures 80 feet. The maintopmast is 40 feet over all, of which 17 feet are in the doublings, so that from deck to truck the mainmast is 132 feet. The main boom, which is 82 feet over all, is five feet above the deck at the gooseneck, so that there is plenty of room on the quarter deck for any one to move about without any danger of being struck by the boom, while the vessel is being sailed.

To measure the spread of canvas the length from the upper side of the main boom to the sheave of the topsail halliard block is taken, and this on the Meteor III. will be 119 feet. The foremast, which is 20 inches in diameter, is stepped 29 feet aft of the forward end of the water line. From deck to cap it measures 84 feet. The foretopmast measures 55 feet over all, of which 16 feet are in the doublings, so that from deck to truck the foremast measures 123 feet. The foreboom is 36 feet in length. At the gooseneck it is four feet above the deck, and from the



SAIL PLAN OF METEOR III.
(Why Kaiser William's Yacht Should Be a Prize Winner.)

boom to the foretopsail halliard block measures 114 feet.

From the end of the bowsprit to the end of the main boom is 195 feet six inches, and the base line for measurement is taken from the end of the main boom to a point midway between the jibstay and the jib topsail stay. This is 192 feet. The bowsprit extends 24 feet outward, and from the foremast to the end of the bowsprit is 71 feet. The main gaff is 48 feet long and the fore gaff 36 feet long. The excess of the main gaff over 80 per cent. of the maintopmast measured from the hounds to the topsail halliard block is four feet, and this is added to the base line for measurement. The club topsail spars are 52 and 41 feet long, respectively, the yard being 52 feet. These spars will carry the largest club topsail intended for use, and when set the head of the sail will be 146 feet above the deck and 150 feet above the water. The hoist of the mainsail and foresail will be 56 feet each. The mainsail will be 98 feet long on the leach, and the foresail 80 feet long on the leach.

The general dimensions of the Meteor III. are 161 feet over all, 120 feet on the water line, 27 feet beam, 18 feet six inches depth and 15 feet draft. The least free board is six feet. The beak of the eagle on the figurehead is 11 feet above the water, and the taffrail eight feet above the water. The forward overhang is 18 feet, and the after overhang 23 feet long. She is a keel boat, with an S section quite full below. The yacht is built of steel throughout, in and out plated, and built for strength. On deck aft there is a low steel house sheathed with teak. The windows in the house are high enough to permit a view of the horizon just clear of the rail. Stairs lead from this house to the steerage, or three-quarters of the width of the yacht. A. Cary Smith, the designer of the yacht, is the son of a New York clergyman, and was originally a marine artist by profession.

POTATO EXPERIENCE.

How One Farmer Found Out That It Takes Good Soil to Secure a Rich Harvest.

When I first began tilling the soil I was told that ground that was not good enough for other crops was good enough for potatoes and that they would grow whether the ground was cultivated or not. As I had about an acre of just such ground and plenty of good seed I planted it. This was about the middle of June. It took nine bushels of seed to plant that piece of ground and when I dug my potatoes I had just eight bushels—a good yield, wasn't it? It was hard work planting, hard work tending and still harder work digging them, and then to have nothing but small potatoes for my pains was very discouraging. Still that small crop of potatoes did me a world of good, for I have found that the best soil is none too good for the potato. In the first place I secure the best seed I can find. These I plant on the best piece of land on the farm, onto which has previously been hauled a lot of well-rotted manure and spread nicely and disked both ways with a disk pulverizer, thus thoroughly mixing the top soil and the dressing. I like the manure from the hog yard with plenty of cobs in it, but if I cannot have that I use that from the barnyard. I use my riding plow as a substitute for a potato planter. I set the beam over so as to cut 13 inches and drop the seed in every third furrow. This puts the potato down into moist ground, and it will stand drought better than if planted shallow. After they begin to peep through the ground I take the disk and go crosswise of the ground. Leave the ground a little rough and the weeds will not be so troublesome. If the weather is dry, in about a week I give them another disking and then drag them. After they have begun to grow and if the ground is right, that is, mellow down deep, I use a surface cultivator and stir them every few days till the first of July, after which time they will take care of themselves. I find it a better plan to cultivate in the afternoon as they do not seem to do so well when the dew is on the plant and the dust accumulates. Potatoes should be kept clean and free from weeds. Do not plant onions or horseradish too near or their eyes will water and they cannot see to grow.—Prairie Farmer.

Lightning on the Wing.

In a recent communication to the British Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr. Leonard Joseph reported the following unusual occurrence: During a thunder storm a wild goose was seen to fall to the ground, apparently directly out of the storm clouds. After the storm was over an examination revealed the body of another goose at some distance from the first. The only wounds found upon the birds were a narrow cut on the neck of one and a small puncture at the point where the neck joins the body on the other. At these points the feathers were slightly singed. Both birds proved prefectly fit for the table.

German Police Regulations.

For using the word "archduke" on the stage in Vienna, and thereby infringing a police regulation, Fraulein Frisch, a German actress, has just been fined ten dollars.

Yet to Be Learned.

There are three things about the north pole that have never been discovered—exactly where it is, what is it and why it is.

Be Lenient.

"You should'nt judge a man by the cigars he gives you," remarked the philosopher. "Some one may have given them to him."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.