

WHEN JABBERWOCK RODE

By Keith Gordon

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

There was nothing at all extraordinary in its appearance, and it arrived in the usual way. In other words, it was a box in a square wooden envelope, and the stolid postman stuffed it into that one of the rows of mail boxes which bore the name "Loring" just as indifferently as he tucked an advertising circular into Smith's box and an envelope bearing the same address.

The postman did not venture to cross,

and Barbara stood at the edge of the walk waiting for a break in the line to occur.

She never knew how long she stood there long enough to listen to some new whisperings of his Satanic majesty telling her how much good she could do with all that money for the people she loved and the sufferers of the earth. She was beginning to believe that it was her duty to sacrifice her feelings whether she wished to or not. She might throw away fortune for herself, but she had no right to deny it to the others who would benefit from her.

Her eyes which had been staring fixedly at the procession of carriages without seeing them, were suddenly attracted by an approaching couple. The blood tingled in her veins, for she recognized the Midway livery.

It was a handsome carriage, with the curved glass front which enables the occupant to get a more extended view than can be had in the other kind, and the men on the box sat very straight and stiff. But it was none of these things that held Barbara's gaze fascinated.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake, all the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the upsurging pedestrian. It looked presciently like West—street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement. An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passage died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the result.

In the next block she ran into a port colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung into action as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself, "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meanness. An imagination injured to poverty could not realize the possibilities of such a fortune all at once. It would have to be trained up to it, just as contralto voices sometimes trained up to soprano. Cabs and violets, in deed! Cabs and violets, with two rings in the box, was more like it.

But what were those things? More bagatelles. It meant Paris, London, St. Petersburg and Rome; epic and India and Egypt! It meant all the dreams of her life come true and in addition splendors that she had never even thought of in her wildest flights of fancy.

She drew her breath in sharply. The realization of what it would mean to be the wife of a man with a score of millions was almost oppressive. Even now she was beginning to feel the responsibility of wealth, and as she turned into an art gallery at the corner of Thirty fourth street, where in the silence she meant to sit and think it out, there was a little frown upon her forehead.

For the third time within the hour she read over the note. Now that the first dizziness of the magnificence offered her was over, she began to have an acute sense of something else than the twenty millions meant.

It meant being the wife of a man older than her own father would have been had he lived and for whom in her most enthusiastic moments she had never more than an indifferent tolerance. Still, with the glamour of his great fortune about him, he did not seem repellent. She tried to think what their life together would be like. But in spite of her best efforts it was another face—young, strong and frank—than before her. She summoned Peter Millward, but it was Jack Cuthers that appeared and insisted upon taking this place at her side.

She shook herself impatiently, and from the expression of her face it was evident that she willed Satan not to get behind her, but to come out into the open with all his most alluring temptations.

"I've been poor so long," she was thinking. "Of course it won't be—won't be"—she caught her breath and then forced herself to think the unthinkable—it won't be like marrying Jack. But I should have everything in the world besides him. No life is all beer and skittles, and after all, if I had never met him I should have lived and been happy without him. I shall make believe that I never did."

Having reached this worldly conclusion, she leaned back in a more comfortable position and gazed at a dreamy Claude Monet on the opposite wall. Then her self-comfort began again.

"But, there's Mr. Millward. I shall not be able to forget him. I wish he were not quite so December—if only he seemed a little more alive."

With a quick smile she fancied herself again with him in a beautiful home. Servants moved noiselessly about, but he was always cold and prim and still. She felt stifled. She felt like a prisoner. She belonged to him, for he had bought her with his twenty millions. On the horizon—the degradation of it!

"Once more she took herself to task angrily.

"It's perfect nonsense!" she told her self vehemently. "He is a very nice

THE ENDOWMENTS OF YOUTH

[Original]

Allan Douglas and Austin Brownell were devoted college chums. The intimacy was inexplicable to others. What Douglas, with his splendid physical and intellectual endowments, could find to bind him to Brownell, a reticent, cynical man, without an element of popularity in him, no one could discover.

Relatively she rose and emerged into the street again. The clouds hung low, and there was a slight fog. The gray of the stone walls, the pavements and the sky all seemed to melt together into one sad-toned picture. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the butcher's wagon up, filled the street, keeping so close together that even the most daring person did not venture to cross, and Barbara stood at the edge of the walk waiting for a break in the line to occur.

She never knew how long she stood there long enough to listen to some new whisperings of his Satanic majesty telling her how much good she could do with all that money for the people she loved and the sufferers of the earth. She was beginning to believe that it was her duty to sacrifice her feelings whether she wished to or not.

She might throw away fortune for herself, but she had no right to deny it to the others who would benefit from her.

It was a handsome carriage, with the curved glass front which enables the occupant to get a more extended view than can be had in the other kind, and the men on the box sat very straight and stiff. But it was none of these things that held Barbara's gaze fascinated.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake, all the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the upsurging pedestrian. It looked presciently like West—street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passage died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the result.

In the next block she ran into a port colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung into action as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself, "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meanness.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake, all the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the upsurging pedestrian. It looked presciently like West—street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passage died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the result.

In the next block she ran into a port colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung into action as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself, "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meanness.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake, all the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the upsurging pedestrian. It looked presciently like West—street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passage died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the result.

In the next block she ran into a port colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung into action as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself, "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meanness.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake, all the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the upsurging pedestrian. It looked presciently like West—street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passage died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the result.

In the next block she ran into a port colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung into action as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself, "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meanness.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake, all the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the upsurging pedestrian. It looked presciently like West—street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passage died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the result.

In the next block she ran into a port colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung into action as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself, "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meanness.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake, all the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the upsurging pedestrian. It looked presciently like West—street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passage died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the result.

In the next block she ran into a port colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung into action as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself, "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meanness.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake, all the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the upsurging pedestrian. It looked presciently like West—street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with excitement.

An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passage died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the result.

In the next block she ran into a port colored woman, with a large bundle.

"Twenty million," she began in extenuation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon!" and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat flustered countenance. Once there she swung into action as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself, "Millions—do you understand—millions?"

Then she tried impatiently to get away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more concrete things. It would mean cabs and violets and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meanness.

It was a pair of glittering, fiendish eyes leering at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she blood ran cold, and she started in surprise, tearing the edge of the envelope of daintiness, passed out into the street reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray,