

THE WINDS OF MEMORY.

Upon the western shore to night I'm sitting,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless
sea,
And watch the white ships inward, outward
fleeting,
And wonder when my ship will come for
me;
And where it lies, and whither it is go-
ing;
I only hear the winds of memory blow-
ing.

Across the cliffs of yesterday they're coming,
They fan my forehead with the forest air.
Remembered melodies the hills are hum-
ming;

A scene of pine trees hovers everywhere.
I hear again the balsamie brooklet flow-
ing,
While all the winds of memory are blow-
ing.

Blow on, sweet winds, your singing or your
sighing
Brings back to night a half-forgotten tune:
Beneath the apple blooms once more I'm
lying.

I feel the breath of girlhood's happy June;
Life's early dawn, again I see it glowing,
While all the winds of memory are blow-
ing.

A summer song, now faint, now fuller growing
A far-off lullaby from mother lips.
Love, living love, receiving and bestowing;
I listen, listen! On, ye white-winged ships,

I do not heed your coming or your going,
While all the winds of memory are blow-
ing.

Upon the western shore to night I'm straying,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless
sea,
And watch the white ships inward, outward
fleeting,
And wonder when my ship will come for
me;

But do not care how near the tide may be;
Or, if the waters touch my feet, not
knowing,
While I can hear the winds of memory
blowing.

—[Exchange.

An Old Roman of Mariposa.

BY FLORENCE FINCH-KELLY.

Mariposa is a wreck of the gold fever. The merest skeleton of its former self, it lies there in the gulch between the chaparral-covered foothills and remembers the time when it was lusty and vigorous, in the full flesh of feverish youth, and had a murder every morning for breakfast.

All around it the gashed and seamed and scarred and furrowed earth bears testimony to the labors of those stirring times when men dug a fortune from the ground in a day, and spent it in the town at night.

The people live in the past. The first man with whom you talk will make you hear the sound of barroom fights and pistol shots down the street, and the rolling chorus of "Forty-nine" and make vivid for your eyes the piles of gold dust upon the gaming tables, the hundreds of gold-weighted miners that came tramping into town on Saturday night, and the placer mines down the bed of the creek, as populous then as a city street, though utterly deserted now. And every man and woman above middle age with whom you talk will do the same for you with new characters and incidents, until in the town becomes a rolling panorama of the gold days and you feel as if you were yourself living through their excitements and had gotten their deliriums in your veins.

At least that was what was happening to me as I sat on a bench in front of a little house whose narrow porch was flush with the sidewall of the main street. My hostess, herself an old timer, the first woman in the town, began the entertainment as we sat there in the early afternoon, shelling peas for dinner and breathing deep draughts of the honey-scented air that blew down the hills from thousands of pink-flowered manzanita bushes. She told how she and her sister had alighted from the stage in Mariposa that evening so many years ago, when they were both "just slips of girls," the very first women in that region for miles and miles around; and how the men, hundreds of them, who had not seen the form of a woman for months, save Indian squaws, came at the news that two women were in town and begged her father to be allowed just to look at them; and how the two of them, hand in hand, came shyly out and the men crowded around with looks of respectful adoration and then passed on to let others look, though one stopped long enough to fall on his knees and kiss the hem of her dress; and how the whole great crowd of men suddenly started up, as if by one impulse, the hymn, "Ne'er, My God, to Thee."

Then along came a newspaper man—a bit of the present mingled with the past. He was there reporting a murder trial for his San Francisco paper.

"Better come to this afternoon's session of the trial," he said. "The prisoner isn't much, but his father is the most interesting old chap I've run across since I've been on the Coast. I'll tell you about him as we walk over."

"It's a brutal, ghastly case," the newspaper man said, "and to my mind the only mystery about is the prisoner's father. He is a fine-looking old man, with the manner and head of an old Roman. He has the reputation of being the straightest and surest man in the county, and how he ever came to be the father of such a good-for-nothing scum of the earth as the prisoner I can explain only in the supposition that he isn't."

"The old man is one of the pioneers in Mariposa and they tell me that he was one of the most violent men that ever drew a gun in this town. He killed his man in those days, just as lots of other good men did, but it was in self-defense and everybody was glad that the town was rid of the man he dropped and so nothing was said about it. There was a Coroner's jury, which gave a verdict of suicide, and explained their finding on the ground that it was suicidal for any man to draw on Dan Hopkins and they gave Dan the chance to shoot first."

The old man was universally known to be so honest and square in all his dealings and so upright and honorable in every way that the son's depravity seemed all the blacker by contrast. He has stood by the young fellow from the first of his wickedness, so everybody says, and has always shown toward him not only the greatest affection. He has never intimated even to his best friend that the young man was anything but the best and most dutiful son that had ever lived. He has kept him supplied with money, so that the fellow's only reason for the petty thievery he had was pure love for stealing. He has paid his fines when he has been arrested and shielded him from public contempt and done everything possible to make it easy for him to be honest and respectable. But the boy has steadily gone on, they say, from bad to worse, and now he has capped it all with this crime, which in willful and unprovoked brutality, was worthy of a criminal

hardened by twice his years and experience.

He and another young blade about as bad as he is, though this one seems to have been the one who planned it and led in the execution, went to the house of an old man, who lived alone a little farther up in the foothills toward the Yosemite valley, and asked to be allowed to stay all night. The old man took them in, got supper for them, made them as comfortable as he could, and in the night they got up and murdered him, stole all his money—he had just sold some horses and cattle to the prisoner's father—and were preparing to skip the country and go to Australia when they were arrested.

"The thing's not been absolutely proven on young Hopkins yet, but the circumstantial evidence is so plain that even if there is nothing else I don't see how he's going to escape the rope. I've just heard a rumor, though, that there's to be some new evidence this afternoon which will settle the matter without a doubt."

The room rapidly filled up, and as we waited for court to open the newspaper man pointed out one and another and old man whose clear eyes and fresh skin belied his years, and told tales of his daring forty years before, of the wealth he had dug from the earth, and of the reckless ways in which he had lost it. And at last came the prisoner and his father. The old man's figure was tall, erect, broad-shouldered and muscular, and his bearing proud and reserved.

"I'm always half expecting to see that old man get up," the newspaper man whispered to me, "fold his arms across that great chest of his and say 'Romans 13:1' and then proudly lead his son away."

He must have been sixty-five years old or more, though he looked twenty years younger. His dark hair and beard were only sifted with gray, and he held himself so erectly and with such dignity, and all the lines of his countenance expressed such force and nobleness of character that the suggestion of his appearance was of the strength of middle age.

But the boy was a painful contrast. His eye was shifty, his expression weak and sensual, and the hard lines of his face and the indifference of his manner told the story of a man old in criminal thoughts if not in years and deeds. For he looked no more than twenty-five, and might have been even younger.

The father sat near him, and although they seldom spoke together he frequently by some small act or apparently unconscious movement showed a tenderness and affection for the wayward son that seemed all the greater by contrast with his own proud reserve and the boy's hardened indifference.

The new testimony was brought in. The Sheriff had set a go-between at work with the two prisoners, and with his aid had secured copies of all the notes they at once began writing to each other. In these letters, which were all produced in court, they had freely discussed their crime and argued about the points wherein they had made mistakes. Young Hopkins had boasted to the other that he need not fear conviction because his father would certainly get them clear, and they had planned what they would do after the trial was over, fore-casting with joyful anticipations a course of crime and debauchery.

When the Sheriff began to give this testimony the old man's hand was resting affectionately on his son's shoulder. As it went on laying bare the utter depravity of his boy's soul, the muscles of his face quivered a little, and presently, with just the suggestion of a flinching shudder in face and figure he took his hand away and shrank back a little from the young man. I had wondered as I watched him if it was a revelation to him of a depth of depravity in his son's heart of which he had not guessed before.

Then the prosecution asked for a few moments' recess, announcing that it had a new witness to bring forward. And after much haggling and consulting among lawyers and court and prison officials young Hopkins' accomplice appeared on the witness stand and turned State's evidence. He had learned of the intercepted letters, and, frightened by their probable result for himself, told the whole story of the crime from the time Hopkins had first broached it to him until they were arrested in San Francisco. And during the entire narration of the cold-blooded, brutal and cowardly deed old Dan Hopkins sat with his eyes on the witness stand steady and unflinching in color and nerve and muscle as if he had been listening to a lecture or a sermon.

At last it was all over, the jury listened to the Judge's charge and filed out. "It's a hanging, sure," said the newspaper man. "Aft'er that evidence and that charge there's only one verdict they can bring in. It's a good thing as far as the boy's concerned, but I do feel sorry for his father."

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