

INTO THE LIGHT.

First came a presence and sense of light.
Then came a tremor of soft surprise.
All in the morning, with moon yet bright,
Over the house-tops I saw the skies.

Low in the heavens a line of fire
Lifted and widened and reached and rolled,
Until it struck on a distant spire
And made it flame like a dart of gold.

Wide in the east spread a tender flush.
Upward and upward it reached, till where
It vanished away in a rosy hush.
That thrilled with its being the whole wide
air.

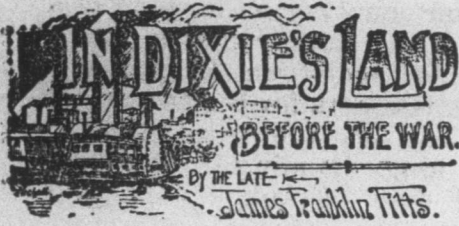
Dim and little the white moon lay;
It nestled close to the brooding sky;
I saw as it paled to a breath of gray—
Saw it fading and watched it die.

A quiver of glory pulsed up the east,
And broke in ripples from side to side;
Then came a torrent of smoke, and creased
The sea of light like an adverse tide.

"Ah! it is sullied," I thought, and pined
I saw it struggle and watched it rise.
"Why with its black should these clouds be
stained."
The perfect light of those tender skies!"

Ever it mounted, and, dark and black
And fierce as a human agony,
It bounded forth on its upward track,
And soared to the sweep of the sunrise sea.

Tainted, sullied! but yet as it rose,
Like to a creature that burst from night,
It paled with a glory that no one knows,
And melted into a perfect light
—Anna H. Branch, in S. S. Times.



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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Perhaps my frame of mind just then inclined me toward a presentiment. Perhaps the reader will say that it is always easy to predict after the fact. No matter; the fact remains the same that a sudden and decided conviction was forced upon me that this stranger was to have a positive influence upon my life, and that his presence here at this time was of itself a promise of great results for me.

He walked rapidly, removing his wide-brimmed palm-leaf hat and wiping his brow with a large red handkerchief as he came. He was tall, powerful of frame and florid of face; and I observed that there was something about this color, hardly a tan, that I at once attributed to the sun of another latitude than this. Every detail of his person and dress I took in at once; my attention was certainly sharpened by the presentiment I have mentioned. I judged him to be at least fifty years old, though his face was plump and unwrinkled. His features were bold and handsome; and there was a twinkle to his eye and an ever-recurring smile upon his face that made him seem the most charming of men. Short curls of chestnut hair ran all over his head. His dress was rich in material and fashionable in cut; diamonds were in his shirt-front, and an immense solitaire sparkled on one of his little fingers.

He came up within a few feet of me, and paused. My father had thus far not seen him at all; he was absorbed in his reverie. The stranger looked from me to him, and spoke in a round, hearty voice:

"Well, here we are. My lad, what's your name?"
"Dorr Jewett, sir."
"Is that your father?"
"Yes, sir."

He walked over to my abstracted sire and bestowed such a hearty thrack upon his shoulders that he jumped to his feet.

"Well, Amos, how are you, anyway?"

My father looked at the laughing face before him, and was disarmed of



"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" "DORR JEWETT, SIR."

all anger. But his memory was not reinforced.

"Really, sir," he said, "you have the advantage of me."

"I am Pierce Bostock."

CHAPTER III.

MY FAIRY PRINCE.

I name him as he appeared to me in the two hours that followed. He came like the benign spirit of some old fairy tale, bearing to me bright promise for the future. Now, when long years have passed, with all the full, strange record with which this narrative deals, I can think of the hour and the man in no other way. It was my hour of promise—he was my fairy prince.

"Bostock!" said my father, holding out his hand, "Little Pierce Bostock? Why, it don't seem possible."

"Yes, that reminds me, Amos, of how we used to wrestle, side hold. You used to throw me."

"I don't think I could do it now," said my father.

"I reckon not, Amos. Well, my old chum, I'm mighty glad to see you. Will you believe it, Amos?—being in Boston for the very first time since I went south, the thought struck me to come up here, and hunt up old friends and schoolmates. There's few of them left; and I'm right glad I've found you."

"I feel flattered by your remembrance and your kindness, Pierce. It's but a poor hospitality I have to offer you; but you're welcome to it. Come to the house, and we'll sit down and talk over old days."

"We'll have to talk fast, Amos. I've

mortgaged my time at the north, and I must leave Boston to-morrow. I can give you two hours only. This is your boy, eh?—fine manly fellow. What's his name?—Dorr? Why, is it possible you called him after my father?"

"Indeed I did, Pierce. You remember how kind he was to me. The boy's name is Dorr Bostock Jewett."

"Now I like that; I'll not forget it. Come along to the house as you said." His beaming smile captivated me; as we walked along, while he busily talked with my father, he playfully shouldered my hoe, and took hold of my hand. Arrived at the house, my mother was introduced.

It was the first exhibition of high-bred politeness I had ever seen, and it impressed me. In the life that I had been living, duty and labor went for everything, courtesy was scant enough. Mr. Bostock removed his hat, gently took my mother's hand, and bowed very low.

"Extremely glad to meet you, madam. Your husband is my oldest and dearest friend, though I've seen nothing of him since we were mere lads."

"Sit down, sir, and make yourself comfortable," said my mother. "Will you stay to tea?"

"Thank you—I shall not have time," he replied, looking at a massive-cased gold watch. "The train leaves the village at seven; it's almost five now."

"If you were raised in New Hampshire, perhaps you haven't forgotten how to eat mush and milk."

"Why, bless me, madam, can you give me a bowl of it? My old nigger cooks get up corn bread, corn cake and all kinds of corn fixings, but they can't make mush. I'd like it above all things."

With a napkin under his fat chin, our jolly guest sat at the table, partaking with evident relish of the simple entertainment that was set before him. He was a keen observer, notwithstanding his easy, careless way, and I think that nothing had escaped his notice. Never had the house and its furnishings seemed as shabby to me as now.

"Beg pardon, Amos; but you know everything is permitted between old friends. You don't thrive well here."

"No," said my father, "and I fear I never shall. You remember something about this old place; twenty acres out of the thirty no better than a stone quarry. Bad luck has followed me; I've had bad seasons, slim crops, sickness and debt. It's a hard struggle, almost a hopeless one."

"I'm sorry for you, Amos; from the bottom of my soul I am. I don't know of a fellow who deserved good fortune ahead of you. If you'd struck out when I did, you'd have succeeded anywhere. New England is a good place to rear men, but no place at all for them to spread, you know. I don't brag, but I've got a right to point with some pride to what I've done since I saw these hills last."

"You are at the south, I infer," said my father.

"I've one thousand acres of the best cotton land in Mississippi below Vicksburg. I plant every acre of it; and I raise sugar in Louisiana."

"I hope you're not a slaveholder, sir," said my mother.

"O, I've a few niggers—hardly a hundred. I've had to hire some the last season."

At the horrified looks of my mother and the painful silence of my father Mr. Bostock wiped his mouth and laughed.

"I'd like to have you come down and see how some of those lazy cattle impose upon me. But, dash it all, Amos, I haven't time to discuss the institution, and it wouldn't do, either—we should quarrel. Of course you're an abolitionist. I remember you in the old days; you were out for one. Let's talk about something else."

"You have a family, of course, Pierce?"

"My wife died a few years ago. I've one child, Coralie, a little witch of seven. I've a great house, which is run by the servants. I know all about the plantation, but I haven't much control inside. Everything is lavish, and it's a wonder to me, sometimes, that I'm not a poor man. But come down, and you'll find hospitality enough."

For more than an hour he talked, interrupted only by an occasional question or exclamation. I did not observe then—long afterward I had occasion to recall the fact—that he parried several attempts of my parents to draw him out about his deceased wife and his daughter. He talked interestingly, almost eloquently, about the cultivation of cotton, the scenes in the immense fields when the picking time arrived, the ginning, the baling and the "shooting" down the long incline to steamboat. To me it was all a new revelation; I listened with all my senses.

He turned to me briskly with the question:

"Well, my lad, how would you like to go down and see all this for yourself?"

"Above all things, sir."

"I say, Amos, why not send him down to me, after a few years? I'll put him in the way to be rich."

I sat with clasped hands, eagerly looking from one to the other of my parents. Their hearts were touched by the thought of parting with me, and by the generous interest of Mr. Bostock.

"I mean it, Amos. I've taken a notion to the boy, and I'd like to have him with me. To be sure, I'm a slaveholder, but there's lots of more dangerous animals in the woods than the unfortunate man who has to feed and clothe a parcel of lazy niggers. You needn't hurry; keep him a few years yet; send him to school; and by and by send him down to me, via Cincinnati, Cairo and Vicksburg. I'll take care of him, and give him such a start in the world as he'd never get up this way. I won't forget what I'm saying, Amos, neither. What do you say?"

"Your kindness quite overpowers me, Pierce. I'll think seriously of it, and talk it over with the boy and his mother."

"All right, my old friend; the thing is as good as done. Now my time is about up. Don't get crazy over politics, Amos, and don't take Dorr to your abolition meetings. Let me have a pen and ink and I'll put down my address for you."

He took from his pocket a narrow blank book, wrote rapidly upon a leaf of it, tore out the leaf, thrust it into my father's hand, and had said his farewell and was out of the house with a celerity that was really bewildering.

My father looked at the paper. It shook in his hand; he turned pale. He could not speak, but held the paper toward us. My mother took and read it, while I looked over her shoulder. The leaf was from a blank check book. On the stub he had written his address; the body was a check on a Boston bank, payable to the order of Amos Jewett for one thousand dollars!

"I can't take it—I really must not," said my father. "Dorr, go and tell him so."

I ran out of the house. Mr. Bostock was already one hundred yards off laying the lash on the horse. I shouted to



HE LOOKED BACK AND WAVED HIS HAT. him; he looked back, waved his hat to me, and disappeared over the hill.

I went back into the house and reported.

"He wants you to have it, Amos," said my mother.

"May God bless his great generous heart," said my father, with much emotion. "Dorr, my dear boy, you can go to the academy now."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW I PLANKED THE DEACON.

I thought, at first, to dismiss the events of the two following chapters with a brief mention, as they do somewhat depart from the course of the narrative. But it has appeared better, on second thoughts, to withhold nothing of the circumstances attending my farewell to my northern home. And it must not be said that the character of Deacon Hallee is presented here as a type of the men of that section. Keenly do I remember the kindness, the patience, the neighborly good will and good works of the people in a community where poverty was the rule and hard toil was the common lot. Because the deacon happened to be connected in a curious way with the final severance of my home ties and old associations his picture is presented here just as he was. I suppose that his kind is not yet extinct. This is autobiography; it should be complete.

The bounty of our generous southern friend enabled me to have one precious year at the academy, some years later, and gave my father the means to replenish his poor stock and poorer farm implements. But when he told Mr. Bostock that bad luck had followed him, he spoke in prophecy as well as history. My poor father! He deserved a better fate. Misfortune followed misfortune; they came

—Not single spies,
—But in battalions.

Each year the thin soil that overlaid the rocks grew more grudging in its yield; a murrain carried off the cattle; hard work and anxiety prostrated my mother, and death mercifully released her. This stroke fell in my eighteenth year. For awhile my father bore up under his accumulating load of misfortune and sorrow; but when his creditor commenced the foreclosure of the mortgage, both hope and ambition left him. He died the day after the place was sold; and if ever a man perished of a broken heart, it was he.

Twice, at his suggestion, at long intervals, I had written to Mr. Bostock to repeat our thanks for his gift and so to remind him of the poor New Hampshire lad in whom he had proffered so warm an interest. Later developments caused me to recall the dates of this correspondence. My first letter was written upon my sixteenth birthday anniversary, January 1, 1853. In the due and rather slow course of the mails of that time an answer came, postmarked at the address in Mississippi which Mr. Bostock had left with us. I was at that time completing my first quarter at the academy; was eager and zealous in my studies, and it must be confessed that I was rather taken aback to discover that my correspondent was a very poor speller. But the matter of the epistle I could not have wished different. It was hearty, generous, sympathetic. He reiterated all I had heard from him as to myself, five years before, and he bade me come down to him as soon as my parents would consent. My second letter was written in 1857, upon the death of my father, and advised my correspondent that both of my parents were no more. To this no answer was ever returned.

I thought strangely of his silence. It troubled me much, although I attributed it to miscarriage of the mails. After the lapse of a few weeks, the desire and intention to write again grew strong. It so happened that the difficulties and annoyances of the situation in which I was placed after the death of my father caused me to defer this design; so that, when I started on my southern journey in the summer of 1858, the letter was still unwritten.

My father died soon after I became twenty years of age. For a year after—a memorable year—I was domiciled in the family of my guardian, Deacon Hallee

Shall I attempt a pen-picture of this man? It is not possible for me to do it justice. He was something over fifty, long, gaunt and sallow, with a high-pitched, squeaking voice that dimly rapped through all better sounds in the church choir. His face was thin, peaked and bloodless, his eyes restless, his hands were always moving about as if searching for more coin to add to his store. He was reported to be worth twenty thousand dollars—a large fortune for that day and place. Behind his back people called him a hard, peevish man; in public he was referred to as "our leading citizen," "a model of piety," "a pillar of religion."

In common with this man's unhappy family, I suffered all the severity of patriarchal government, and all the torments of religious fanaticism, during his sojourn in his house. At sunset of Saturday, the Sabbath was deemed to have begun, and a discipline harsher than that of the penitentiary was enforced. The Scriptures were read and expounded through Deacon Hallee's nose. Morning and afternoon the family was marshaled forth to the meeting-house on the hill, barren of shade, where the people sweltered in summer and froze in winter, as stoves in the latter season would have been deemed a suggestion of the adversary. At all times in the week levity was frowned upon and discouraged. The stray copies of the Boston papers that had been my delight were vigorously confiscated, as the deacon had not the time to go over them with the scissors and clip out the sinful paragraphs. The few volumes of history and poetry which I had accumulated by long and patient self-denial—my precious books!—were seized and put under lock and key, until this Cerberus could look them over and see if any of them were fit to escape the flames. Meantime, pending this decision, I was recommended to peruse the volumes of the deacon's small but select library, of which Baxter's "Perseverance and Rest of the Saints," the lurid sermons of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," may be cited as specimens.

My existence heretofore had been one of toil and poverty; but love and kindness had lighted it. To say that I hated this new existence and its conditions, is very feebly to express my feelings.

In the December before my majority the deacon's barn, situated some distance from the house, caught fire, and was burned to the ground. It was filled with hay, part of the crop from the owner's farm, and some old disused implements, all of which were consumed. The deacon promptly collected the insurance, and it was cautiously whispered about that he had succeeded in getting his loss appraised at about double the actual amount. But people were very careful about repeating this story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE WAS COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

A Calaveras County Justice Who Could Not Be Hurried.

A contributor to the Alameda (Cal.) Argus tells the following story of his observations in the Sierras: As we passed along we noticed a number of deep holes abandoned by prospectors, many of which were near the county road from Stockton to Moquelumne hill in Calaveras county. Curiosity prompted us to look into one of them, and in one, which we took to be about eighteen feet deep, lay the body of a man. How long it had been there, whether dead or alive, we could not tell, having no means of reaching it. Not knowing to whom we should speak, there being no coroner, we called on the justice of the peace, Judge C.

The judge was preoccupied and continued writing while we were talking to him. At length, having finished his letter and while folding it, he said, in an absent-minded way:

"Where did you say you saw the dead man, gentlemen?"

"We saw a man lying at the bottom of a shaft, but whether dead or alive we could not tell. For that reason we considered it our duty to inform you, thinking you might render immediate assistance in case the man is not dead."

"In one of the holes near the road, did you say?"

"Yes, about two hundred yards from here."

"How long ago did you see it?"

"About half an hour."

"Yes; well, it stands to reason that he must be dead by this time. Here, Thomas, take this note to Mr. S. and ask him to secure one of the billiard tables; tell him I'll be with him in ten minutes; and, Thomas, tell him to see that the leather on my cue is all right."

"No, gentlemen," turning to us, "it is of no use bothering about that dead body. I'll see about it to-morrow. He has probably been dead for some time."

Got His Fee.

A good story is told of a late doctor, famous for his skill and also his great love of money. He had a constant and enriching patient in an old shopkeeper.

This old lady was terribly rheumatic and unable to leave her sofa. During the doctor's visits she kept a five-dollar note in her hand, which duly went into Dr. C.'s pocket. One morning he found her lying dead on the sofa. Sighing deeply, the doctor approached, and taking her hand in his he saw the two fingers closed on his fee. "Poor thing," he said, as he pocketed it; "sensible to the last!"

Why They Are Called Spinsters.

Among our industrial and frugal English forefathers it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in all our law proceedings.

WHAT is said to be the smallest species of tree in the world is the Greenland birch. It reaches a height of less than three inches, though it covers a radius of two or three feet.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Prof. Henry Drummond, the Glasgow teacher, says the universities in the United States are something the country has reason to be proud of, and their chairs of philosophy are, as a rule, worthy the admiration of Europe.

—Edward Picard, a celebrated Belgian advocate, announces publicly his intention, in conformity with his democratic views, to abandon luxury and live henceforth as simply as does Count Tolstoi. Brussels society has been stirred up by the announcement.

—An interesting fact in connection with the life of Maria Mitchell, of beloved memory, is that she was never able to overcome her fear and dread of lightning. The heavens were to her as an open book, yet this of their marvels was always awful and mysterious to her.

—Prof. David P. Todd, of Amherst college, has already begun making preparations for an expedition to Japan with other scientists in 1896 to view the total eclipse of the sun scheduled for August 9 of that year. The party will be a large one and the instruments numerous and of the most improved kinds.

—Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Washington, has received permission to take up the graduate course at the Johns Hopkins university with the view of taking the degree of Ph. D. She will be the second woman to enjoy this privilege, the doctor's degree having been conferred last June upon Miss Flora Bascom, the daughter of ex-President Bascom of the university of Wisconsin.

—The late Lucy Stone was the eighth of nine children, and the night before her birth her mother milked eight cows. When she learned the child's sex she said: "Oh, dear, I am sorry it's a girl—a woman's life is so hard!" Lucy, even when yet a child, became indignant at the injustice done to women by the world and resolved with infantile spirit to remedy the matter when she grew up.

—Prof. Koch, the Berlin bacteriologist, who recently secured a divorce from his wife and married an actress, has told his friends that if they want his society in future they must receive also his wife. Berlin has made no outspoken objection, but in the little Hartz mountain village of Clausthal, where Prof. Koch was born, the women have torn down the tablet which had for years marked his birthplace.

—Mr. H. H. Rogers has presented to the Millicent library, in Fairhaven, Mass., a collection of autograph letters written by seventeen of the presidents of the United States. They are all single-page documents, and are framed separately in oak, each with a steel-engraved portrait of the writer. Mr. Rogers promises to add autograph letters from all the presidents as fast as he can obtain good single-page specimens.

—An amusing story of Schumann is told by a veteran Vienna critic. The composer once accompanied his wife, who was even then a celebrated pianist, to the palace, when she went to play before the king of Holland, and was gratified by the monarch's compliments of her performance. The composer was somewhat surprised, however, when the king turned to him and courteously inquired: "Are you also musical?"

HUMOROUS.

—Toper—"What shall I take, doctor, to remove the redness of my nose?"
Doctor—"Take nothing—for three months."—Hullo.

—A Social Dilemma.—"I hear that Tom De Lisle is engaged to one of the Harding twins." "Yes, he is." "To which one?" "He doesn't know."—Detroit Free Press.

—Father—"Always keep the company of those who are better than yourself." Son—"But suppose that kind of company has the same end in view, where am I going to come out?"—N. Y. Press.

—"Moriarty, it's home you should be going; ye're drunk." "Bedad, but O'm not, soir." "Ye're drunk, O' say." "O'm a liar, then, Phelim Reilly?" "No; ye're jist drunk." "If ye was sober ye wouldn't deny it."

—"Is your appetite capricious?" asked the physician, who had been called in to see Farmer Meddgergrass. "That's what it is, doctor. Some days I eat liver and bacon all right, an' then again it seems as if nothin' would do but corned beef an' cabbage, or sour-kraut and sassafras."—Harper's Bazar.

"Sell you a nice alligator bag for three dollars," said the gentlemanly clerk to Uncle Isom, who was trying to buy a valise. "What on earth do I want with an alligator bag?" asked the old man. "I ain't goin' to Florida; I'm goin' to Chicago."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I say, 'mother, didn't I hear you say last night you thought vegetables had feelings?" "Why, yes, my son, it is very pleasant to believe so." "All right then, you don't catch me running that old lawn-mower again. I'm not going to hurt the feelings of the grass."—Boston Transcript.

—He Was a Born Grumbler.—Mrs. Youngwife (entering her mother's house with tears)—"Mamma, mamma, I've—I've—come home to stay. I—I—can't—bear—to live a—any more with Edward. He's too unreasonable!" Mrs. Oldwife—"Why, what has he done, Bessie?" Mrs. Youngwife—"He's so inconsistent. Yesterday he was mad because the rolls were not cooked enough, and to-day he stormed because they were burnt!"

—"Education," said Uncle Josh, "is er mighty good thing, but sometimes it does more harm than good." "There is no doubt about that." "I once knew of a case where education come purty nigh drownin' a rale nice young lady," he went on. "How was that?" "Why, she fell into the water an' bein' too high-toned to holler 'help' she yelled out 'assistance.' An' the blame fool hired hand that heard her lost about five minutes makin' up his mind whether ter pull her out or go home for a dictionary."—Washington Star.

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ments and successes. These articles will be fully illustrated.

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