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QUADRUPLE SHEET.

[For the Record-Union.]

WHITE-LIVERED BROADBRIM.

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I.

Matthew Irkel was the eldest of three sons of Quaker parents, who lived near the village of Grafton, Mass., and who by hard work and rigid economy had gained a small independence. They had a farm, on which almost anybody but a thrifty New England farmer would have starved, and they were so bent on farming, as they call tilling rocks in that section, that they decided to rear their boys to the same severe and unremunerative occupation. Matthew, however, had no fancy of the kind. He had a bias in favor of the law, and after acquiring an ordinary education at a neighboring academy, he went to Worcester to engage in legal studies. Soon after reaching his twenty-fifth year he was admitted to the bar, and then he announced to his parents his determination to seek his fortune in the West. They tried hard to dissuade him; but, finding that his mind was made up, they parted with him sadly, giving him their blessing and a Bible, and enjoining him to remember always the Christian precepts in which he had been so carefully instructed.

Kansas, to which a number of New Englanders had already emigrated (this was during the summer of 1855), seemed to be a good field for a young lawyer, notwithstanding political troubles had already begun there, and to Kansas he went. He believed that the civil discord would soon be settled, and even if it were not, he felt it to be a sort of duty, having been reared as an abolitionist, and being conscientiously opposed to slavery, to lend his moral influence to the Free State men in their effort to resist Missouri aggression.

He arrived at Lawrence toward the end of July, just after Governor Reeder had been removed; after the Territorial Legislature had expelled the Free State men and given their seats to the pro-slavery men, originally returned, as was alleged, by fraudulent votes. For a man of peace—and he had been bred a non-resistant—he could not well have reached a more uncongenial place at a more uncongenial season. Feeling between the two parties was intense; the entire community was on the verge of war; the most pacific of the inhabitants went armed; everybody was prepared to fight for his principles. Law was out of fashion in the Territory; disorder and anarchy had usurped its place. It was plain to Irkel that if he intended to stay there he would better study military tactics than Coke or Blackstone, and he was so dissatisfied with the appearance of things that he would have gone away at once, had he not considered departure unmanly under the circumstances.

"Because I am opposed to fighting," he said to himself, "it is no reason why I should run away. Heroism consists in moral courage. This is the place for me to prove my Christianity. Here I am, and here I intend to remain."

He took no very active part in politics, although he did not hesitate to express his convictions and opinions, when there was any occasion to. In so small a town as Lawrence everybody knew what side everybody was on. Irkel had not been there a week before he was as clearly understood to be a "nigger-stealer"—so the Missourians designated it—as if he had placarded his principles in each of the half dozen rum shops of the village. The feeling between the opposite parties grew bitterer and bitterer; personal rencounters frequently occurred; every Yankee was liable to insult and assault on account of his nativity, and the lion was aroused in some of the most lamb-like natures. The Free State men became intolerant and violent after a while, and were often the aggressors, although they claimed to be always on the side of law and order.

Irkel had been employed as counsel in a number of cases, but they had all grown out of the existing troubles, and few were pecuniarily profitable. Still, he thought he saw a very favorable opportunity in the future for such talents as he had, and he waited patiently for the cessation of confusion and tumult. But things rather deteriorated than improved as the months went on. The Constitutional Convention had assembled at Topeka, and in November had promulgated a Constitution prohibiting slavery, which roused the Southerners to a pitch of fury, and put the "Yankees" in a frame of mind undeniably belligerent. A number of men were killed on each side. Governor Shannon, who had succeeded Reeder, called out the militia, and the town was, for a time, in a state of siege.

II.

All this while, poor Irkel had been very unfortunately situated; his non-combativeness had been most severely tested; he had shown on several occasions a moral courage little less than sublime; for after his arrival, it was ascertained that he was conscientiously opposed to fighting, and consequently temptations to fight were incessantly thrown in his way.

Kansas at that period swarmed with bullies as well as ruffians, fellows not exactly cowards, but fellows who were morbidly anxious to be considered insensible to fear; who boasted that they loved to fight; who preferred to seem brave rather than to be brave, since the seeming was unattended with any particular risk. One of these—half drunk, of course—encountered the lawyer in the main street one afternoon and denounced him as a "d—d nigger thief," simultaneously drawing a revolver, and inviting him to do the same.

"I have no cause to quarrel with you," replied Irkel. "Besides, I object to fighting on principle, as you know very well. Otherwise, you would not try to pick a quarrel with me without cause."

"It's a d—d lie! I'd rather fight'n eat any day."

"That doesn't prove your courage. If I weren't a non-combatant I'd rather fight ten times than eat once of the kind of food they prepare here. What's being shot at to attacking one of your Kansas leather steaks swimming in flies and grease!"

This presentation of the ludicrous side of the question, which the lawyer had often found effective, caused the tipsy ruffian to break into a horse laugh, and he roared out: "That's so pard; you've got the thing down to a dot, thah; you and me must board at same place, sure. Ha, ha, ha! That's rough on the steak, but d—d true every word. I've been thar. Let's take a drink. They's a white streak in you if you do steal niggers."

Irkel declined—he could not have been more courteous if the fellow had spoken to him with all fairness—and went his way; while Jack Barry, as he was called, steadied himself at a hitching-post, and looking at the retreating figure, soliloquized: "D—n queeah Yankee, that; some good stuff in him. If he'd get drunk and fight, he'd pass for a gen'l'man."

This was a sample of the treatment the young New Englander not infrequently received, and it was not pleasant certainly, especially as he was by nature strong, sentive and quick-tempered, and had hard work to control himself when such gratuitous insults were offered him. On Jack Barry, for example, he had never before laid eyes, to his knowledge; nevertheless, Jack felt privileged, and entirely secure, to abuse him because he was a pacific Yankee. Irkel had a deal of self-discipline for one so young—thanks to his Quaker training—and could preserve his external coolness, no matter how he might blaze within. To this, and to his jocular bearing when affronted, he owed his avoidance of bodily harm, which had been threatened a hundred times. His was a pure triumph of will over blood. He never could have kept Satan down, as he expressed it, had he not read his Bible, and prayed long and earnestly every night before he went to bed.

"It's hard, it's hard," he often said, "to be set upon thus by a set of bullies, whom I have never even looked cross at, and indeed don't know by name or sight."

And when he thought of a Quaker noncombatant settling in Kansas at such a time, his sense of humor inevitably instituted a comparison between himself and a cat doomed to Hades and deprived of claws—a profane picture that had often been drawn for his benefit.

The knowledge that he had been reared a Quaker spread through the town, and he was often called White-livered Broadbrim—an epithet that brought the blood to his cheek, and would have brought his hand to his revolver, had he been of carnal mind.

Poor fellow, he was really to be pitied. His struggles with himself were tremendous; they were wearing him out, and he had well nigh decided again and again to return East. But the idea that it would be cowardly to shrink from what appeared to be duty, riveted him to the West. In moments of extreme bitterness he thought that Christianity ought to expire by limitation, and that its limitation should be the Mississippi river. The more his blood boiled, the more chapters he read in the Bible and the longer he prayed in the dreary room of the second story of a frame building, which served him both for office and bed-chamber. The gleam of his solitary candle might be seen shining through his window almost every night until a late hour, for he was a hard student, though his Bible had recently made marked encroachments upon his law books, for the reason that he needed divine guidance far more than legal attainments in that particular civilization. He was greatly strengthened in his non-combativeness by long letters from his father and mother, especially the latter (he loved his mother devotedly), who earnestly besought him to control his passions, and remember what he owed to Christian example.

"Good, simple souls," he would say, after he had read what they had written, "they little dream how hard it is for a man to appear like a coward, even for the love of God. I'm not afraid to do right, Heaven knows; but I'm almost afraid to seem afraid. I wonder what Thera would think of my meek submission to insults, day after day?"

This question he had put to himself several times recently—why he could not tell; for Thera, as he admitted, was nothing to him, nor would she ever be. Nevertheless, she was in his mind very often, and do what he might he could not keep her out.

Thera Dalton was the daughter of a Vermont farmer, who a few months before, had sold his farm and emigrated to Kansas with a view of making his home there. Thera, his sole surviving child, had taught school in her native State, and expected to teach school in the Territory as soon as she could secure one. She was in her nineteenth year, and though not handsome, she was interesting; she had a good mind without much culture, and was a gentlewoman more by instinct than by breeding. She and Irkel had become acquainted immediately after his arrival, as New England people naturally would, in so small a community; but beyond spending part of an evening at her father's house once a fortnight or so, they seldom met. She was, by all odds, the most refined and attractive woman in or near Lawrence, and given youth, contiguity, difference of sex and acquaintance, the fact of their gravitation to one another was a foregone conclusion. They were unconscious of the fact themselves, and Irkel's question, whenever he asked it, seemed as futile as it was foolish.

Mr. Dalton, who had brought some money with him, had been disappointed, like all the Eastern emigrants, in the political troubles, and was waiting for them to settle before he purchased his farm.

III.

Toward the close of December a client of Irkel brought suit against James Armistead, a Missourian, living near Lawrence, for the recovery of two horses which the plaintiff claimed had been stolen, and which the Judge awarded to him. The decision was largely owing to the management of the counsel, who, as may be supposed, gave great offense to the Missourian because he had honestly won the case and had broken down an evidently perjured witness on the side of the defendant.

The day after the suit Irkel was on his way to the hotel where he took his meals. As he passed a "saloon" Armistead was standing at the door, but was not noticed by the lawyer, who was walking on with his head down, when the latter ran out with a pistol in his right hand, while with the left he seized Irkel's nose and wrung it savagely, saying: "Yuh d——d scoundrel, you d——d abolitionist, I'll learn yuh how to rob a gen'l'man of his prop'ty by yuh d——d lawyer's tricks." At the same time he leveled his revolver at Irkel, intending to shoot him if he should attempt to resent the deadly affront.

The lawyer looked up with a flashing eye, and a burning face. He clenched his fist, lifted his arm a very little from his side, and let it fall again; his breast heaving and his eyes blazing on his enemy until the latter quailed before it. His lips opened and then shut like a vice; the color that had rushed into his face as suddenly retreated, leaving it pale as death, while his eyes glittered still more balefully from the whiteness in which they were set.

A crowd gathered instantly at the prospect of a fight. A Free State man, who knew Irkel by sight, seeing him without a weapon, offered him a pistol, which he declined with the words—they came slow and hard—"I'm a non-combatant. That man knows it. He heard me say so in Court yesterday. He assails me for that reason."

Then again turning his gaze full on Armistead, he continued: "You're afraid of me unarmed. You know you have done a cowardly act. You feel you are a coward. The outrage you have committed makes you cowardly. It's the wrong you have done me that makes you quail. Use your pistol. I have no fear of you. It is you who are afraid."

As he spoke, Armistead, muttering oaths, slunk into the saloon, fairly cowed by Irkel's display of moral courage. The sympathies of the crowd, though they may not have been with the Missourian, refused to go with a man who would not resent such an insult, and voices were heard to say, "Why didn't he kill him?" "D—n a man that won't fight!" "O, that's white-livered Broadbrim." "Every nigger-stealer ought to be hung."

Some one coming along who knew the lawyer, asked him what was the matter. Irkel, who had partially mastered his emotion, tried to be jocose, and replied: "Oh, nothing; I was walking down street when a very pleasant gentleman, whose acquaintance I have not the honor of, stepped out and did me the kindness to—to—pull—pull—my nose—and—and—" He could not finish. His indignation was too great for his assumption. The words rendered the outrage too vivid. His voice choked, and pulling his hat over his eyes, he hurried away.

The affair was immediately bruited. Most of Irkel's friends blamed him for going unarmed, declaring he would be exposed to such outrages just as long as he continued to go unarmed. Several of them called on him and told him that he would better quit the Territory, if he persisted in his Quaker notions; but that the best thing was to fight; that fighting was the only way to get peace.

The lawyer believed otherwise. "I'm determined," he said, "to show the people that I can live here, and not depart from Christian rule. I'll prove to them that moral courage is the only courage worth having. They shall not drive me from the Territory, nor from my principles, either. The real hero is he who can take an insult or a blow in a purely Christian spirit. With God's help, I'll persevere in my course."

Although Irkel talked so, he did not feel so. Since his nose had been pulled, he had nearly lost faith in non-combating his big fist down until the decanters shook, and the painted beauties trembled with enforced and unnatural modesty. He went directly up to him and said, "Mr. iveness. He had no guarantee that every ruffian in Kansas might not take a fancy to do the same thing, and the prospect of having his nose pulled periodically for a series of years was not wholly enchanting. He read his Bible, and prayed more and more; he wrestled night and day with his proneness to evil. He kept aloof from the Daltons, dreading that they, too, might be opposed to the continuation of his entirely pacific habits, and he needed all the strength he could command to do what he piously believed to be right. As he walked through the town he heard ragamuffin boys remark, as they pointed him out, "There's the man that got his nose pulled;" and one urchin, more audacious and insolent than the rest, accosted him one morning with, "I say, mister, as they all's a pullin' of yer nose, ye'd better soap it. It won't hurt much then. S-o-a-p it, old feller!"

This was wormwood to him; he drew down his hat to conceal the fire that flashed into his cheeks; and yet he felt the humor of the speech, and laughed a little, while the bitterness stung him like an asp.

Those were miserable days, and more miserable nights, for the young man. He was convinced he was right, and still he doubted at times if any law, human or divine, should compel an inoffensive man to submit in patience to perpetual insult. He was a martyr to his own opinion; he was stretched on the rack.

"I fear I am a coward, after all," he groaned out while tossing on his bed one night. "I seem not to have the courage to be loyal to my own convictions. Why am I thus tortured?" And the strong man burst into an agony of tears.

IV.

Less than a fortnight after the assault upon him, Irkel was on his way to the miscellaneous store, where the Postoffice was kept, to mail a letter to his parents. The days were short, and the dusk was coming on, as he descried approaching him Thera Dalton. She was walking fast, evidently desirous of getting home before the night had fallen. His instinct was to avoid her, for he had not seen her since he had been assailed by Armistead. He was about to turn off at a cross street when he heard some fellow who had come up behind her accost her with the words, "Yuh anotha o' them d——d Yankee school marms that them Mass'chus'tts nigger-stealers been sendin' out heah. Why in h—— don't yuh go home wheah yuh b'long?"

She turned in terror, and seeing that the ruffian had been drinking, she instinctively fled toward Irkel, whom she had recognized some time before.

The man followed her, and she exclaimed, "Please protect me, Mr. Irkel," and then added, excitedly, "O no; never mind. I'd forgot that you don't—— But can't you detain him a moment until I find some other gentleman?"

He felt the full force of this speech, more keenly than if it had all been expressed. "Have no fear, Miss Dalton," he replied. "You need not go any further for protection. Here my duty's plain." And he stepped between her and the advancing bully.

"Yuh protect hah, yuh white-livah'd Broadbrim!" was the taunt of the ruffian. "Yuh th' meanest sneak and biggest cowah'd in all Kansas. Yuh afeah'd o' a mouse, G—d d—n you! I'll take th' gal away from yuh undah yuh nose."

As he stepped forward to catch hold of her, she shivered towards Irkel, who dealt the scoundrel a ringing blow that sent him to the ground.

In a moment the wretch was on his feet again, in a furious rage. "No man can strike Bill Simms and live to tell o' it," he roared out, drawing a revolver, with murder written in his face.

The girl threw herself before her protector, and as Simms tried to get around where he could use his pistol without endangering her, she clasped Irkel in her arms, saying: "You shall not harm him! Your pistol must reach him through me." And she clung to him convulsively.

The lawyer struggled to get free. "Never fear, my child. There's no harm in him. A fellow who can insult a woman will not hurt a man." But, without violence, there was no way for him to relieve himself of the terrified girl, who clutched him with the desperate nervous force of a drowning person.

Seeing this Simms cried: "Jes like yuh, white-livah'd Broadrim. Skulk behin' a woman—it's the nigger-stealin' style. I let yuh go now. But I've mahk'd yuh. I'll shoot yuh on sight. Ef ye've a spahk o' grit in yuh, ye'll come to th' 'Mer'can Eag'le Saloon to-night and sett'l this eah thing. Rec'leck it's got to be sett'l'd, an' d—n soon!"

Simms strutted off, and Irkel, laboring to calm Thera's fears, escorted her home. To her entreaties not to go near the American Eagle Saloon, he replied with intense bitterness: "Have no apprehension for white-livered Broadbrim! He, as you know full well, is a man of peace. A man who doesn't object to having his nose tweaked isn't likely to get into any serious trouble."

"Please don't speak so of yourself, Mr. Irkel. I admire you for your principle. It's a great deal harder for a man not to fight than to fight. A woman can feel that. I shan't misunderstand you, be sure, especially after your noble conduct this evening. I have no words to thank you; but the thankfulness is in my heart."

Irkel bade Thera good evening at her father's door, declining to go in for tea, and requesting her to say nothing about what had happened.

It was quite dark as the lawyer went to the store to mail his letter (the scene he had passed through had not made him unmindful of that), and on his way there he congratulated himself that nobody had witnessed the "difficulty," thanks to the hour and the unfrequented part of the town. He had determined to go to the American Eagle Saloon and have a settlement with the ruffian. There was no other method. He had already relinquished noncombativeness by striking a blow. He could no longer give that as an excuse for not resenting personal outrages. Besides, to meet his enemy was the safest plan. He knew Simms by reputation as a desperado, who would be very apt to assassinate him, unless he encountered him face to face. Such men were never so dangerous when confronted as when avoided; and it must be confessed, besides, that the lawyer had suddenly got over his scruples against fighting. The insult to Thera, and the blow struck in her defense, had changed him completely. He was like a lion who had tasted blood. His spirit was up, and would not down. There was a sense of emancipation in that blow. He had never experienced a feeling of so unalloyed satisfaction as when he had knocked the braggart down. He wondered how he could have endured all that he had endured. His pulses throbbed at the thought of his wrung nose; his fingers tingled to repay the outrage in kind. The element of the wild beast which is latent in every man of spirit was awakened in him, and the idea of conflict, even to the death, captivated his imagination. While his brain was on fire, his nerves were steady, his muscles like iron. He longed for battle; carnage had its allurement. The thought of danger never obtruded itself; he seemed invulnerable; between life and death there was not a toss. He appeared to be in a dream; and yet so acute was every sense, so vivid every emotion, that the dream on one side was a terrible reality.

V.

In this mood the lawyer stalked into the appointed saloon. It was a long room, a wooden counter running from end to end, lighted by several camphene lamps, and half full of rough men drinking and talking politics with much emphasis and profanity. Behind the counter were two large mirrors in gilt frames, several rows of decanters of liquor, and on the unevenly papered partition hung several cheap pictures of women rejoicing in a superabundant reddish-yellow destitution of all raiment whatsoever.

Irkel saw his challenger with a glass of spirits in his hand, leaning on the counter and talking very loud, occasionally bring-Simms, I am here to settle that matter with you as I have promised."

"Yuh don't mean to say yuh set on a squah fight, do yuh, white-livah?"

"Don't repeat that, or I'll knock you down. The name belongs to me no more. I come here to fight you or anybody else who wants to fight, wherever, however or with whatever you choose."

"That's right. The stuff's in yuh. Glad to see a Yank that'll fight; been lookin' for one long time. Take drink 'fore we git to bus'ness."

The lawyer declined, and the arrangement was made (Simms taking the barroom into his confidence) that the two should step into an adjoining apartment, where several men were drinking and gambling, place themselves fifteen feet apart, each with a loaded revolver, begin firing at the word, and continue until the chambers were exhausted.

Some time was required for adjusting the details, as each tippler had suggestions to make; but everything was ready at last; and the two combatants, with their seconds were about to enter the adjoining room when Irkel remarked to his adversary that the latter might have been drinking so much as to render his aim unsteady.

"Not a bit," answered Simms. "See heeah! I'll show yuh! Look at that eeah statute's head (pointing to a plaster bust of a nondescript Venus) ovah th' dooah at the end of th' saloon.

As he spoke, he raised his revolver and shattered the image with his bullet. A cheer went up from those present; they were all highly excited and delighted at the prospect of the desperate duel.

"Five to one," cried one of the number, "that Simms kills his man at fuhst fire."

Simms gazed into the lawyer's face, as the bust fell to pieces, but not the slightest change was visible. "Yuh a game man, shuah," he exclaimed, "ef yuh ah a Yank. I love a game man whehevah he hails from. Heeah, let me say I was wrong in insultin' that young lady; I respec' you for protectin' her. Ef you hadn't struck me, I'd forgiv yuh; but Bill Simms can't stand a blow."

The gamblers in the room put away their cards with joyous alacrity when they were told of the duel. The distance was measured off, and freshly-loaded revolvers were put into the duelists' hands. As Irkel received his he remarked, with a strange smile, to Simms: "If you serve me as you served that plaster cast, my friends will be saved funeral expenses, for there won't be enough left of me to bury."

"But yuh ah a crack shot, no doubt, Mr. Irkel."

"That remains to be seen," replied the lawyer, who scarcely knew anything of firearms, never having discharged a pistol more than twenty times in his whole life.

They took their positions on one side of the room, a lamp above each of their heads, the seconds standing on the other side, and the spectators crowding round the open door leading to the saloon.

As the moment approached the silence was audible; the lookers-on seemed more excited than the principals; the feeling was intense; the breathing of forty men was distinctly heard; every eye was fastened on the combatants, standing still and silent under the glare of the lamps.

"Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire. One; two; three."

At the word two both pistols were simultaneously discharged. Neither of the men stirred. The witnesses were waiting intently for the next shots. Every second seemed an hour.

"They are both dead," some one whispered. "Shot through the heart," said another, sepulchrally.

The seconds moved forward, when another shot was fired. It came from Simms' revolver, just as he was lifting it toward his adversary, and the bullet went into the floor. Simms himself swayed to the right, and slowly sank to the floor.

"Is he killed?" inquired one of the seconds.

"Dunno," replied Simms, feebly; "but hurt pretty bad," and fainted away.

"How is it with you, Mr. Irkel," asked his second.

"All right, I believe," and he stepped forward. The back of his head was bleeding. Simms' ball had grazed the base of his brain, cut off a lock of his hair, passed through the partition and flattened itself against an adjoining brick wall.

Although Simms was thought to be dying, it was deemed prudent to place him in care of a surgeon, and he was accordingly placed on a board, covered with a blanket, and carried, still insensible, to the office of a physician near by.

As soon as he had been removed the rough men in the saloon began to press about Irkel, drawn, as the crowd always is, to the victor of the hour. They congratulated, flattered, fawned upon him, though they would have insulted and maltreated him an hour before.

The lawyer, anxious to escape from their servility, had announced his desire to surrender himself, and was on the point of going when he perceived Armistead standing at the bar, and trying to steady his nerves, disturbed by the duel, which had resulted so differently from his wishes and expectations.

The sight of the fellow who had outraged him inflamed Irkel afresh. Still holding his revolver, he went up to Armistead, and looking him steadily in the eye, said, in a tone of constrained quietness, "You were good enough to pull my nose the other day, and I am so sensible of your goodness that I should be ungrateful if I did not return it."

With the words, he seized his enemy's nose, wrung it severely, and then dragged him by it across the floor. The bully was so terror-stricken that he merely struggled to get away, muttering something about taking an unfair advantage of him.

"Unfair advantage!" echoed Irkel. "It is you who do that. You assaulted me with a weapon in your hand, knowing that I was not only unarmed, but opposed to fighting. Now that I am armed as well as you, and ready to fight, you prove yourself to be what I have called you—a coward. If you had a particle of spirit, you would make good your pretensions of courage."

Armistead replied not. He sidled to the door, and as he opened it, he flung back, "I'll see yuh agin," and dashed out.

Irkel then said to the men about him, "Armistead is like many of you; he likes to insult those whom he thinks it safe to insult. When I was a non-combatant everybody offered me affronts. Now that I have been driven into resistance I can find few to quarrel with. If any of you present object to me on my abolition principles, I am entirely willing to give you satisfaction. Having begun to fight, I may as well continue. I don't expect to come here again; so you would better embrace the opportunity."

"We ah friends of yuhs," came from half-a-dozen voices. "Let's take a drink, and let bygones be bygones."

At least half of the men in the saloon hated Irkel, whom, had he not shown such prowess, some one of them would have attempted to assassinate. But they were all magnetized and overawed by his courage; he was as secure in that dangerous company as if he had borne a charmed life.

VI.

Leaving the saloon, he went to the police station, related the particulars of the duel, and delivered himself up. To shoot a man in Kansas at that time was a small offense, and the circumstances of this case rendered the offense a Western virtue. Simms, it was ascertained, was not dead; so Irkel, having been put under bail, a dozen men contending for the honor—went to supper, and then to his office, part of which, divided by a partition, served as a bedchamber.

The unnatural strain and calm which the lawyer had been under soon gave way to an intense nervous excitement. To calm this he took down his law books, and looked up certain authorities in a case he had to argue within a fortnight. By a great effort of will he banished from his mind the events of the evening and became interested in his researches.

While he was seated by the window, poring over a book by the light of a lamp, he thought he heard a step on the staircase running outside of the building. He listened for a moment; in another the door flew open, and Thera Dalton burst into the room.

Her face was white as a sheet, and her eyes burned like coals, as she exclaimed, "O, Mr. Irkel, you are to be murdered. I've come to warn you. You must leave here at once."

"You are needlessly alarmed, Miss Dalton. All danger to me has passed. Sit down, please. Quiet your nerves."

"I am not needlessly alarmed. Our servant girl, Nora, while out with her beau to-night, overheard two men planning to murder you in your office. She heard your name mentioned, and knowing that you visited our house, she told me a few minutes ago. The men may be here any minute. Come away with me at once."

"But this cannot be."

"It is time. Do not delay. If you do care for me, Mr. Irkel, you will not stay another second. I beg you, if not for your sake, for mine." And she went to him and caught his arm.

On the instant, the sound of a shot pierced the silence—it was under the window—the glass was shattered, and Thera fell into his arms.

"Poor girl, she has swooned,'" he said, and carrying her to the door that the air might revive her, he drew off her shawl; saw blood upon her gown, and then a ghastly wound. "Great God," he cried, "she is dead! They have murdered her! And it is I who am the cause!"

For weeks Thera Dalton was confined to her bed, and her recovery considered hopeless. The day after she had been shot, Irkel begged to be united to her in marriage, declaring he had loved her from the hour he had seen her first. She assented in a faint voice with the words, "Death has no terrors, Matthew, since I can die your wife."

It proved to be Armistead who had attempted to assassinate Irkel. Knowing the lawyer's habits, he had climbed upon a pile of boards not far from the lighted window, and discharged a rifle at the figure or figures revealed by the lamp. He thought he had had his revenge; but, learning that he had killed a woman, he fled from justice.

Simms did not die, nor Thera either. From the evening of the desperate duel Irkel lost the name of White-livered Broadbrim, and was never afterward insulted or provoked by any ruffian, however ferocious. He had found fighting the surety of peace, and although amiable and kind-hearted, his perfectly understood willingness to accommodate any disposition to pugnacity kept him thenceforth out of serious quarrels.

"Matthew, I have sometimes thought," said Thera, "that you married me from chivalry."

"Not at all, my darling, unless it be the chivalry which springs from answering blood, sympathy of mind and magnetism of the heart."

THE BOY-HERO OF CRECY.

The English army moved rapidly forward and northward toward Calais, conquering everything on its way, till, when in the neighborhood of Crecy, the intelligence came that the French King, Philip, with an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men and all the chivalry of France, had come in between it and the sea. There was no retreat possible. Edward had but thirty thousand to oppose this great host. They were four to one. He was in a dangerous spot also; but after a time he succeeded in getting away to a good position, and there he awaited the onset. No one will doubt that he was anxious enough, and yet what did he do? After arranging his troops in battle order, three battalions deep, he sent young Edward his son to the very front with a group of his finest barons to take the brunt of the terrible charge to come!

Edward made it a point of duty to keep out of the battle altogether. He was nowhere to be seen. He went into a windmill on a hight near by, and watched the fight through one of the narrow windows in its upper story. He would not even put on his helmet. That was the way the father stood by his son—by showing absolute confidence in him, and denying himself all the glory that might come from a great and important battle. And the young fellow was a thousandfold nerved and strengthened by knowing that his father fully trusted in him.

I need not give the details of the battle. It is sufficient to know that the first line of the French chivalry charged with the utmost fury.

Among these was John, King of Bohemia, who with his barons and knights was not behindhand in the deadly onset; and yet this King was old and blind! He would have his stroke in the battle, and he plunged into it with his horse tied by its reins to one of his knight's on either side. A plume of three ostrich feathers waved from his helmet, and the chroniclers say he laid about him well. After the battle, he and his two companions were found dead, with their horses tied together.

But although the French were brave they were not wise. For not only had they brought on the fight with headlong energy before they were prepared, but they had allowed Edward to place himself so that the afternoon sun, then near its setting, blazed full in their eyes and faces. Edward's army fought in the shadow. The terrible English bowmen sent their deadly cloth-yard arrows so thick and fast into the dazzled and crowded ranks of fifteen thousand Genoese archers and the intermingled men-at-arms that the missiles filled the air like snow. The Genoese were thrown into confusion, and this spread throughout the whole French army. The French King, with some of his Dukes, flew foaming over the field, trying in vain to get up in time to swell the onset upon the English front.

But the onset had proved hard enough as it was. The knights around the young Prince were frightened for his safety. One of them, Sir Thomas of Norwich, was sent back to Edward to ask him to come to the assistance of the Prince.

"Sir Thomas," said the King, "is my son dead or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?"

"Not so, my lord, thank God; but he is fighting against great odds, and is like to have need of your help."

"Sir Thomas," replied the King, "return to them who sent you, and tell them from me not to send for me, whatever chance befall them, so long as my son is alive, and tell them that I bid them let the lad win his spurs; for I wish if God so desire, that the day should be his, and the honor thereof remain to him and to those to whom I have given him in charge."

And there he stayed in the windmill till the battle was over. Soon the cry of victory reached him as the French fled in the darkness, leaving their dead strewn upon the field. Now the young Prince appeared covered with all the glory that his father had coveted for him, bearing the ostrich plume which he had taken from the dead King of Bohemia. The boy rode up with his visor raised—his face was as fair as a girl's, and glowed under a crown of golden hair. He bore his trophy aloft, and when it was placed as a knightly decoration above the crest of his helmet, he little thought that the triple tuft was to wave for more than five hundred years, even to this day, on England's front, for such it does, and that, next to the crown, there shall be no badge so proudly known as the three feathers which nod above the coronet of the Prince of Wales. Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, now wears it because Edward, the Prince of Wales, when still in his teens, won it at Crecy.—[St. Nicholas.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Scald the milk and let it cool; grate some sweet apples; to each cupful of apple have two-thirds cupful of powdered sugar, four well-beaten eggs, one cupful milk, one-fourth of a nutmeg; line an earthen pie-dish with a rich crust, and let it bake; then fill with the custard and let it bake for half an hour. To be eaten cold.

MEXICO.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S MINERAL AND AGRICULTURAL WEALTH.

The Importance of Extending Our Commercial Relations with the Republic —Some Practical Views.

By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, and the Gadsden purchase, in 1853, the United States acquired from Mexico the territory now in the States of California, Nevada and Texas, the Territories of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, and the southern part of Colorado. It extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, from the twenty-sixth to the forty-second parallels of north latitude, and includes within its boundaries 967,451 square miles of land. It is safe to assert that no other portion of our country has made such tremendous strides in wealth and importance during the past quarter of a century. When incorporated into the Union it was without population or commerce. It did not possess a mile of railroad, a town of any size, a settled population or a trade. Now it is

THE WEALTHIEST,

The most prosperous and the most progressive section of the United States. It produced from 1848 to 1876 gold and silver to the value of $1,389,372,185. It is now producing from $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 annually, and the richest deposits are yet comparatively untouched. The wheat crop of California and Texas is worth $40,000,000 each year. The cotton crop of Texas is worth $35,000,000 annually, and its corn crop is valued at $25,000,000. There are within the limits of this territory not less than 5,000,000 cattle and 4,000,000 sheep. In 1850 it did not possess a mile of railway. In 1875 it had 5,000 miles. In now possesses over 6,000, and is building more extensively than any other part of the country. Its wines, fruits, wool, silk, wheat, barley, corn, cotton, gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, lead, sulphur, borax and a thousand other products, mineral and vegetable, are unapproachable in quality and exhaustless in quantity. Yet this vast and rich territory, that under the vivifying influence of

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

Has developed into an empire of almost fabulous wealth, was considered at the time of its cession by the Mexicans themselves as the most insignificant portion of their wide domain, and as such was readily yielded to the conquerors. The present territory of Mexico, though smaller in extent than that surrendered to the United States, is unquestionably richer in resources. At the time of the Spanish conquest the natives possessed gold and silver in abundance, and their mines had doubtless been worked with profit for centuries. Since that time they have poured a flood of the precious metals into the channels of trade. The best authorities estimate the total product of gold and silver from 1521 to 1876 at $3,498,140,000. The present annual yield is nearly $30,000,000. It would be very much larger if a stable government and a modern system of transportation allowed the business of mining to be pursued in a thorough manner. All authorities agree in pronouncing the mineral wealth of the Northern States of Mexico

INEXHAUSTIBLE.

Ward's official report to the British Government says: "The States of Durango, Sonora, Chihuahua and Sinaloa contain an infinity of mines hitherto but little known, but holding out, wherever they have been tried, a promise of riches superior to anything that Mexico has yet produced." The Mexican Committee on Mining Taxes reported in 1868 that "the mineral wealth of the States of Durango, Sonora and Chihuahua is greater than all the rest of our territory." Dr. Wislizenus, in his work on Northern Mexico, says: "The silver mines of the State of Chihuahua, though worked for centuries, seem to be inexhaustible." J. Ross Browne, in his report on mining statistics in 1868, says: "Durango is very rich in silver, but its wealth was not known until just before the revolution, and there has been comparatively little exploration since." In a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society of London in 1859 by Charles Sevin, it is stated that "in a space of two square leagues all the mountains of Santa Eulalia, Chihuahua, contain silver." The total yield of the Santa Eulalia mines is estimated at $430,000,000. Great as has been the yield of these mines, the opinion is general among those best acquainted with them that not only is their wealth not exhausted, but that their richness has not even been fully tested. The surface has only been scratched, and in most instances the ores have been worked in the crudest and most primitive manner. With such machinery and system as prevails on the Comstock lode, the product of these border States would be incalculable.

ANOTHER STANDARD AUTHORITY

Says of Sinaloa: "The State of Sinaloa is said to be literally covered with silver mines. Scientific explorers who visited the Sinaloa mines in 1872, reported that those on the Pacific slope would be the great source of supply of silver for the next century." In the palmy days of mining, before the revolution, when by wise and liberal laws that industry was encouraged and protected, the city of Chihuahua had a population of 70,000. Anarchy and misrule, and the want of railroads, have destroyed this prosperity and the town now contains no more than 12,000 people, but the mines are still there and need nothing but American enterprise to restore them to all their former productiveness. Santa Eulalia, too, has sunk from its former magnificence, and since 1833, when regular operations were interrupted, it has not retained more than 1,500 or 2,000 of its population. These, however, as well as the inhabitants of the surrounding country, are wholly supported by its mines, which now, under the most discouraging circumstances, turn out a large and steady yield. But compared with the agricultural wealth of Mexico, its precious metals sink into insignificance. With its favorable climate and vast extent of fertile soil there is no commodity demanded by commerce that it cannot produce

CHEAPLY AND ABUNDANTLY.

Even under existing circumstances, with an indolent population, no railroads, and no improved machinery, the yield of corn, wheat, sugar, coffee and cotton is enormous. If its broad plateaus were traversed by railroads, connecting with the American system, the stimulating effect of the demand thus created would develop production until no portion of the earth's surface would yield such returns. Coffee and sugar are two articles in enormous demand within the United States, and for which we must always go beyond the limits of our present territory. Mexico can easily supply any possible demand for these articles. It produces at present enough coffee for home consumption and a surplus for export. The chaotic condition of the Government makes it impossible to get any reliable statistics, but the report of the United States Consul-General shows that the exports from the single port of Vera Cruz in 1874 amounted in value to $543,352, while in 1876 it had risen to $1,146,845. He estimated the value of the crop on a few scattered plantations around the City of Mexico at $1,000,000, and adds, "This can be increased to a hundred millions, with a comparatively small money capital." The Mexican Government is doing something to encourage the growth of coffee by remitting taxes and offering bounties. Under the encouraging effects of this policy the production is increasing, and the exports from the Western coast is assuming importance. The quality of the product of

THE VOLCANIC SOILS

On the Pacific coast is very fine, and the small lots that have found their way into foreign markets command the highest prices. Colima is especially favored in this particular, specimens of its coffee having taken premiums at the several World's Fairs over the best products of Arabia and Java. Samples of Colima coffee from the Agua Sacra estate, now on exhibition in San Francisco, are superior to the best Mocha. The combination of soil and climate is highly favorable to production. The trees are free from disease, long-lived and prolific, while the quality of the crop is unsurpassed. The yield per tree is estimated at two and one half pounds throughout Mexico, but it is evident that with careful and systematic culture the crop can be greatly increased. The British Minister is authority for the statement that on many plantations the yield is from three to four pounds per tree, and he mentions one tree in the garden of Don Pablo de la Llane, at Cordova, which produced twenty-eight pounds of coffee at a single crop. The capacity of Mexico for

THE PRODUCTION OF SUGAR

Is marvelous. The rich lands near the coast, both on the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, yield double what the best Cuban plantations will produce, and well up on the slopes of the mountain chains the cane grows and thrives. The British Minister estimates that the State of Vera Cruz alone is capable of supplying the entire demand of Europe, and that State includes but a fraction of the lands suited to its growth. The wants of the country tributary to San Francisco are now partially supplied by the Sandwich Islands and Manila, but a good deal of sugar is also shipped here from New York. With the development of the Mexican lands on the western coast San Francisco could supply not only our own people, but control the market in all the interior States. Cotton was cultivated and manufactured by the Aztecs at the time of the