WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Poet Traveler Continues His Tramp Through Cornwall.

Some Cornish Hobgoblins and Bugaboos—Grewsome Deserted Mine-stacks—Moving a "Mine-Bob"—Growder and Growder Sellers—Roadside Games and Strange Old Customs.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

CROWAN, Cornwall, June 15, 1892.

Whatever Wesley and Whitfield, with the railway, the newspaper and the telegraph, may have done in altering the everyday lives of the Cornish folk, no power has yet been able to banish the endeared wraiths of the mysticisms and mysteries of a legendiarily heroic past. To-day, as firmly as five centuries since, the inner heart of the Cornish man clings to his "droll" or tale of giant, hobgoblin and fairy with the greatest tenacity, and a few of these are interesting by way of illustration. Bellerian was formerly the name of Land's End, as also the name of a mighty giant who made it his home. Conmoran built St. Michael's Mount, but was slain by the redoubtable Jack the Giant Killer. Holiburn of the Cairn defended ordinary mortals from other giants than himself. The Giant of Nancledry principally subsisted upon little children. The Giant Trebiggan frightened bad children into virtuous lives, and dined off the incorrigible ones, which he usually fried upon a flat rock by his cave door. The Giant Blunderbus, killed by little Tom Hickathrift with a cart-axle, was the embodiment of surly laziness and cruel greed. The Giant Wrath, terror of the coast, walked out to sea a dozen miles or so, and, fastening the fishermen's boats to his girdle, strolled leisurely back to his cave to serve his prisoners up for food at will.

Gogmagog lost the kingdom of Cornwall to a Trojan giant, Corineus, in a wrestling match. Thunderbone walked the land everywhere inspiring terror by his awful ugliness. While the mighty Bolster, whom Cruikshank endeavored to depict, was so huge that he could stride from St. Agnes Beacon to the top of Cairn Brae, a distance of six miles. This was the amorous giant who, while nearly killing his wife from overwork, was making love to St. Agnes, who, to rid herself of his importunities, persuaded Bolster, as a test of affection, to bleed himself to death in an attempt at Chapel Porth to fill a hole, which had a secret outlet to the sea, with blood let from a vein in his massive arm.

To all Cornish folk these monsters still live in fireside tales, and the numberless monuments to a pagan past scattered over the rocky tors and wild moors, such as cromlechs, monoliths and other rude stone monuments, are the household goods and pastime implements of this vanished but not vanquished race. Every hill or crag has its cairn or cromlech; every gorge or glen its ghost or goblin. The knowledge of all this takes firm possession of the wanderer through Cornwall.

If these were not snough to keep alive all manner of weird superstitions, the chimneys of the deserted mines of Cornwall alone would furnish sufficient grewsome influence to create and foster spooks enough for an entire people. Any one who has ever looked upon the dreary round tower puzzles of Ireland, will recall the feeling of dread and mysticism they always engender. But these lonely landmarks of former activities seem to possess more dire and forbidding aspect.

Away back in the vicinity of Liskeard they began to loom darkly upon the landscape. From this place they are everywhere seen, increasing in numbers as the Redruth District is approached, and decreasing in frequency toward St. Ives and Penzance. From the top of some high Cornish hill what seems to be hundreds, can be seen; and on the road between Redruth and Camborn, a distance of but five miles, I counted upward of forty "knacked," or abandoned mine stacks.

They usually comprise the tower-like chimney, the old engine-room and the lofty bob-shaft. Indescribable sterility and dreariness encompass them. Not even furze will grow upon the "poor dirt" and "churks," or mine refuse around them. Daws chatter in their tops. The wind moans through the rotting chimneys. Weird tales, superstitions and whispers of tragedies are associated with them. I often turn aside to the dreariest of these places. In one I found a half-dead English tramp with his half-starved wife who had just given birth to a child. Here was a real tragedy for another Cornish bugaboo. I left them a little money, sent a member of the mounted constabulary to them, and went on my way; but now I see ghastly faces through the crumbling walls of every other "knacked" mine-stack that looms in sight.

Moving a mine-bob is one of the curious performances in the Cornish mining districts I happened to witness. Turning from a hill lane into a wide highway I saw a great concourse of people following an enormous truck drawn by at least twenty teams of shaggy Welsh horses. Joining the crowd I found that Cornish folk had come from miles around to see the "mine-bob movin'." This "mine-bob" is the great beam, the hugest piece in all huge Cornish mining machinery, which works, like a steamer beam, the man-engine and the man pumps. This one weighed upward of 118 towns. A mine had been abandoned, a new one was being opened by the same company, and from the great forge works at Hayle had come this iron truck forty feet long, with steel wheels like engine drivers, on which the tremendous casting was being conveyed. The earnest interest of miners, "kepens" (captains) and engineers who accompanied the ponderous beam, the curious excitement of hundreds of stragglers drawn together by the event, and the mischievous prayers of Cornish boys that something would "scat" or break, to increase the anxieties of the occasion, here very great owing to the hilly nature of Cornish roads, furnished a most interesting opportunity for character study. The greatest personage on all the road that day was the teamster who drove those forty Welsh horses. Like the boys, I envied him, and marveled with them at his handling of his whip, his powerful lungs and his glib and urgent tongue.

The marvelous whiteness of all Cornish housewives' floors, tables, chests and chairs have been my constant admiration. I learned the secret on a recent Friday, which day of every week is "growder day" in Cornwall. You will see numberless donkey carts hurrying up and down the hilly highways or halting before village doors. They are filled with some light and pumice-like substance dug from near hillside pits, and are in charge of women, or of boys already full of shrill whistling and the quiet philosophy of older tradesmen.

I stopped one of these boys with a smile, a sixpence and the question:

"What have you in your cart, my lad?"

"Doan't e knaaw, you? Loaad o' growder, my son."

"Growder? What is it for, my lad?"

"Scroobin' floars, my son."

"What do you get for it?"

"Same ol' drug—hap'ny a tub." And then, with an unearthly whistle and a "Goas 'long dunk," both directed to his shaggy little beast, away he goes with his cart load of stuff resembling as much loose tapioca in his cartbox.

In a few moments he will be found before the window of the miner's cottage with the growder-seller's question of time immemorial.

"Growder to-day, mawther?"

"Hown't a sellen' un to-day, my son?" is her as ancient answer.

The reply forever has been the same as to me—

Same old drug,
Hapn'y a tub—

Which is both fine sense and poetry in Cornwall. For, by "drug" is meant task, labor, drag or burden; and "hap'ny" or a half penny, a tub, which holds about a peck, has been the price of growder since "twenty thousand Cornishmen" started for London singing, "And shall Trelawney die?" A handful of growder is scattered upon the soiled table and sprinkled with water. There is a "swish" of the housewife's brush, and in an instant the whole top is foaming with lather. Once each week every square inch of the Cornish home is so "scroobed" with growder that for the time the entire interior foams and lathers like a turbulent geyser.

One of the most fascinating pleasures of the road in Cornwall will be found in loitering alongside groups of Cornish boys engaged in their various games. Chief of these are "toe-stones" and "cob-nutting." Both are played wherever the spirit of emulous battle overtakes these sturdy little embryo miners and fishermen, and their pluck, persistency and pertinacity are unsurpassed.

In "toe-stones" a diagram, similar to the one chalked on deck for "ship billiards," with a rounded end like that of a bagatelle board, is drawn in the road, and the game consists in kicking with the left foot, the right foot being always held in the right hand, a round flat stone from the approaching line from one space to another, but never over but one line, clear around the entire thirteen spaces, and out again, without ever once having dropped the right foot. The little fellows become wonderfully expert in this difficult feat.

"Cob-nutting" is an all-the-year-round sport. Much of its zest comes from the dangers in securing the nuts necessary for the year's supply. Common hazelnuts are used. These are got at great risks from the demesne copses and forest edges. The prizes, with the "shucks" still on, are stowed away in the attic and dried with the greatest care, so that the nut-fiber becomes hard and horny. The hazelnuts are allowed to literally fall out of their sheaths. All the round, smooth, ripe, shiny nuts are preserved sacredly for "cob-nutting." It is often a Cornish boy's entire winter employment and diversion to prepare the cobnuts for the rest of the year's battle for superiority with his fellows. The sport takes its name from the "cob" or shell of the nut.

The cobnuts are prepared by boring a hole through each side of the nut, removing the kernel and filling the hollow shell with lead or shoemaker's wax, the latter being preferred. The shoemaker of the village is consequently an almost revered personage with all Cornish boys. A "waxed end" drawn through the loaded "cob" or shell, and held by a strong knot, completes the cobnut, and you cannot find a boy in all Cornwall who has not one ready strung for contest, and a pocketful ready for stringing for reserve contingencies.

Ties are drawn for first "crack." The loser throws his hat upon the ground, and lays his cobnut in a little hollow upon its top. Then the "cobber," or striker, holding his cob between the ends of the fingers of his left hand and the end of the attached wax end in his right, after many feints, motions and "sights," brings his cob with almost the force of a bullet upon his opponent's. One or the other is "scated" or broken. It is turn and turn about. Generally one of the lads has his entire stock of reserve cobs destroyed. Nor will he then yield. He borrows and begs of his companions to the limit of his power, until, perhaps, a superior cob is found, and by his spirited "cracking" he at last triumphs over his adversary.

Yesterday was "Taking Sunday" in this parish, and a most interesting and ancient Cornish custom was observable in Clowance Park on the noted St. Aubyn estate. The park and gardens are open to all on "Taking Sunday." One of the glories of this park is a magnificent mall, bordered with some of the noblest beech trees in all England.

On the afternoon of the Sunday, two weeks before Mazard Fair—which derives its name from the Mazard Cherry Fair, annually held at Praze in the latter part of June, when tons of this luscious fruit are disposed of by the farmers of the surrounding country—thousand of Cornish youths and maidens may be found promenading in this Clowance Park mall. They sometimes come from a distance of ten and twenty miles. Cornish young men resort here to choose their "pairdners," or "company," for Mazard Fair; and here blooming lasses come to be "taken," that is, pledged for Mazard Fair Day.

Many an exultant or broken heart returns home that night, successful in its secretly-cherished hope, or stinging from bitter disappointment. But Mazard Day comes, the lad walks miles for the girl he has chosen on "Taking Sunday," and together they tramp away to Praze. It is a glorious thing to be chosen or "taken" at Clowance Park, but her whole fate hangs upon a parcel of cookies and almonds at Praze.

These constitute the "fairin'" or pledge of betrothal, and it is asserted that half of the women of Cornwall have been married through this curious troth. If the maiden's "pairdner" buy her one pound of ginger cookies and a half pound of almonds, and she accepts the same, the two are as sacredly betrothed as though bans had been read from the pulpit. The lucky maiden carefully preserves the "fairin'" and triumphantly divides it with her relatives and friends, in token of her new relations to, and consequence in, her own curious little world of affairs.

A few weeks ago I ran down from London to witness "Furry Day!" at Helston. This festival, undoubtedly, having its origin in the "Floralia" of the Romans, is annually celebrated throughout Cornwall by little home and neighborhood parties, and at Helston, from time immemorial, as a festivity peculiar to that place, on the 8th day of May. Long before daylight happy groups of lads and lasses start in every direction for the country lanes and hedges singing—

For we were up as soon as any day, O,
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May, O;
For summer is a-come, O,
And winter is a-gone, O!—

Or a dozen other ballads of similar import, the refrain of which is—

On the eighth of May,
The Floral Day,
We all set off a-dancing!"

And indeed do they. At every farmhouse there are mad rushes of these merry-makers to be first to hang a twig of "sloane" blossoms upon the latch, for such for centuries have been entitled to a portion of bread and cream. The blossoms of the "sloane," a kind of cherry, are gathered everywhere with all precious buds and blossoms of early summer. Garlanded with these the floral troopers return to Helston, when the festivities of the day really begin. The old town is fairly embedded in spring blossoms and garlands. This completed, all classes join in a universal carnival of dancing. Every house in Helston is thrown open to the merry marauders. Arm in arm, and usually four abreast, thousands dancing to a sort of quickstep time and accompanied by May Day songs, pass in the front doors of houses, and thence from rear to front of other houses, and from dawn to dark weave serpentine threads of blossom, odor and song through and through the old Cornish town.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Brazilian Trade.

Brazil, with 3,210,000 square miles and 14,000,000 people, is the United States of South America. Her foreign trade is now $315,000,000, about equally divided between exports and imports. England sells Brazil $47,000,000 worth of goods annually, and buys only $5,000,000. The United States last year took from Brazil $83,233,656 worth of coffee, rubber, sugar, hides and skins. We sold to Brazil $14,710,955 worth of our products, but this is double the amount sold four years ago.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TAKE Hood's and only Hood's, because Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. It possesses merit peculiar to itself. Try it yourself. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

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Most of the men in the islands of Southwestern Japan lead lives of idleness, and are cheerfully supported by the women.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

"Suggestions have recently been made," says the *Living Church* (P. E.) of Chicago, "touching the powers of General Conventions, which call for some attention. It is contended that on certain points connected with the Prayer Book, the Convention may legislate without the postponement provided for in the constitution in the case of 'alterations in the Book of Common Prayer.' The rearrangement of the contents is the chief example given. It is proposed that the Psalter be printed immediately after the Offices of Daily Morning and Evening Prayer and Litany. The use of the Psalter in these offices makes the reasonableness of this apparent. Things which belong together in use are brought together in the book. Then would follow the Collects, Epistles and Gospels for the year, with the Communion Office. This would complete the whole order of ordinary public worship. A more daring proposal is to relegate the other forms, namely, the Baptismal Offices, Confirmation, Matrimony, Visitation of the Sick, Burial of the Dead, etc., to a separate volume, as being merely 'occasional offices.' Of course such a grouping of subjects would be rational and in accordance with historical precedents. We should thus have, first, the simple 'Breviary' of the Anglican Communion, and next, clearly distinguishable from it, the 'Missal,' to use the ancient names, and, finally, a manual of sacramental and other offices. We have grave doubts, however, whether our canonists would not hold that so wide a departure—though it be simply in the matter of sequence—from an arrangment some centuries old is equivalent to an 'alteration' within the meaning of the constitution. As to consigning the latter part of the Prayer Book to a separate volume, we feel quite sure that such a proceeding would be far too grave in its bearings to be seriously contemplated by many persons. To banish such offices as those of Baptism, Confirmation, Marriage, and the rest from the volume in common use would be to make them practically unknown to a large number of our people."

The New York *Christian Union*, commenting on the resolution adopted by the Presbyterian General Assembly urging ministers to resign when they no longer accept the Bible as the infallible word of God, says: "We advise the Presbyterian ministers to pay no attention to this resolution; neither to attack it nor to obey it; but to go on with their work as though it had never been passed; to abide by their own promise to try all questions, including the question of the authority and inerrancy of Scripture, by an examination of the Scripture itself—that is, by the use of what is known as the Higher Criticism, which is only a modern name for the study of the Bible. They may possibly be turned out of their pulpit—with the result of a freer pulpit and a larger audience somewhere else. No man need turn himself out. On the contrary, it is his duty to stay where he is—stand fast for the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free. Creed subscription is a harness, not a manacle; and the first duty of the hour is to resist the men who are trying to make of it a manacle and of the subscribing ministry serfs in chains."

Touching this same resolution, the New York *Observer* (Pres.) declares: "We have no fear of a split in the Presbyterian Church. Of course the overture adopted clearly defines the only honorable position to be taken by men whose views have changed on the points laid down. They who no longer regard the Scriptures as inspired and as an infallible rule of faith and practice have no legitimate standing in the Presbyterian body, either as preachers or professors. They have no right to continue in their positions until they are dislodged by the slow process of discipline. Nothing can be more dishonorable than to hold aloft the Presbyterian banner over a fortress that is discharging its shot and shell against the fundamental doctrine of the Presbyterian Church. But if such preachers and professors continue in their course and have not the honor to quit the church whose faith they deny and seek to destroy, then it is incumbent, as it surely has always been, upon their presbyteries to interpose and deal with them for the violation of their ordination vows. That is plain English. That is constitutional Presbyterianism. There the Presbyterian Church stands to-day, and well may stand. All its achievements have been made, all its successes have been secured, and all its history has been written as a result of that position. By this it both holds and is held. Any departure therefrom can only lead to the most unhappy complications and disastrous results. Those who will may call this teaching 'blue,' but the color is of heaven."

"We are told," says the New York *Examiner* (Baptist), "that institutions of sound learning cannot be institutions of theological doctrine, that scientific research must be untrammeled, that the methods of the prayer-meeting and the Sunday-school do not suit an academy or a college that aims to be abreast of the times. All of which is in a sense perfectly true. It is to the emphasis and tone with which these things are said that we demur, rather than to the things themselves. Nothing, we believe, could be more shallow and fallacious than the idea, implied, if not expressed, in such utterances, that there is an incongruity between religion and scholarship. Not so much in behalf of religion as in behalf of scholarship, we would enter against a notion like that our most serious protest. Instead of antagonizing or cramping education, religion exalts and completes it. To leave out that element makes the whole scheme of culture fragmentary and incoherent. There cannot be a well-rounded, full-orbed scholarship in any department without the royal acknowledgment and fair estimate of the presence and power of Him by whom all things consist. No branch of study can be pursued in its utmost reach and with the candor essential to thoroughness, if entirely dissociated from religious truth. We read in Scripture that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning,' not only of 'wisdom,' but of 'knowledge.'"

Speaking of the distinction that some Biblical critics are inclined to make between the "words" and "mind" of Jesus, the *Watchman* (Bapt.) of Boston observes that "the fatal objection to this doctrine is that it supplies us with as many different pictures of Jesus as there are critics to make them. For these critics do not agree as to what there is in the Gospel narrative that accords with His 'mind' as it is there revealed. One person will strike out this class of sayings and another will strike out that. There is no common law or rule to go by, and the result is that no consensus of opinion is reached. It is the Jesus of A, B or C that we are asked to admire, reverence and imitate, and not the Jesus of the Four Biographers. And this objection, we repeat, is a fatal one. We are deprived of the Jesus of history, and have substituted for Him numerous other ideal persons bearing His name, not one of whom perfectly agrees with any one of His companions and each of whom differs more or less materially from the Jesus of the Evangelists. Consequently it is fair to demand that, before we are asked to admit the distinction which our critics insist so much upon, they shall agree among themselves as to what there is in the Gospels that, under the guidance of the 'mind of Jesus,' must be eliminated, that the sorrowing, sinning world may have trustworthy account of Him for its comfort and inspiration."

The New York *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) is very indignant at the action of the General Conference with regard to the admission of women. It says: "Political parties in this country have done many things which even those who did them had not the hardihood to defend, but they have never done anything so utterly indefensible and ruinous to public confidence as this. By such means every restrictive rule could be destroyed. The formula is very simple: (1) declare that the words mean what history shows they did not mean at the time the role was adopted; or, shrinking from that, declare that it is right to put in a meaning that did not exist 'to provide for unforeseen cases;' (2) having done this, bring up an actual case, and being defeated upon it by a judicial decision of a general conference, send it down to the annual conferences for a change of the constitution; (3) being defeated on that, turn the thing around and make the people vote to insert precisely what it is generally admitted the framers of the constitution thought they put in; but decree that, if it does not receive a three-quarters vote, it shall be construed as the majority wish to have it construed. If the church accepts this as a proper action it has no constitution, nor has it a sound moral sense. A flat declaration that women are in by the constitution, though it would be in opposition to all the facts and the decision of the General Conference of 1888, would have been less demoralizing than this artifice."

"Archbishop Ireland by his effort to reconcile the Christian character of our State with the idea of a religious education under it for our youth, and those opposed to him for so doing, have forced the school question to the fore," says the New York *Freeman's Journal* (R. C.), "and in a few short months thrown more light upon it and placed it in a fairer way of settlement all around than did all the agitation and denunciation of the past thirty years. Under the decision of Leo XIII. the Bishops of this country have the power to make what arrangement they deem essential with the local authorities by which the religious rights of the parents and children shall be recognized, and that they will proceed to do so, if the Faribault-Stillwater experiments continue to make the present favorable showings, it would be as doubting their wisdom to question for one moment. There will be a steady advance from this time forward. Parochial schools will continue to go up, and no friend of religion will stand in opposition, but in so far as it is possible to incorporate those schools in the public system it will be done. This is the direction of the thought and the logic of the present position of affairs. Enemies will help along the conclusion even mere than friends, but that outcome can be nothing but satisfactory to Catholics."

HOW SHE LOVED HIM.

"Ha, ha!" said Chappie Fizzlewig, and he laughed in ghoulish glee;
"I'm making love to a dozen girls, but none shall marry me;
I sigh to them and lie to them and fall upon my knees,
As I twist their trusting hearts about precisely as I please."
And the parlor clock
Beat on tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low,
As he waiting sat and held his hat for the girl who loved him so.

And when she'd frizzled her old-gold hair and painted her faded face
She was a vision fresh and fair, with comely, child-like grace.
"Poor, unsuspecting soul!" though he, she little dreams that I
Flit on from bud to bud as does the careless butterfly."
And the parlor clock
Beat on tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low,
As he somehow planned to hold the hand of the girl who loved him so.

And when the proper time arrived he fell upon his knees,
And words he wished to emphasize he'd give her hand a squeeze;
There was no one near to hear his tale, so he told her of his love,
As true and pure and constant as the stars that shine above.
And the parlor clock
Beat on tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low,
As with subtle art he won the heart of the girl who loved him so.

And the tender, trustful maiden, she—she laughed a gentle laugh,
For she knew each word was clearly caught in her sofa phonograph.
And when he kneeled before her she a button gently pressed,
And her photographic camera in silence did the rest.
And the parlor clock
Beat on tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low,
And she sweetly smiled, did the guileless child—the girl who loved him so.

The world went round, and by and by he tired of her love,
'Twas then that she reminded him the stars still shone above,
And into the court the phonograph and the photographs were brought
And the gay young man threw up the sponge, for he saw that he was caught.
And the parlor clock
Beat on tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low,
And the guests all came and he gave his name to the girl who loved him so.

—Chicago Mail.

BRAVEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thoug
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a welled-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part;
Lo! there is that battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town,
Fights on and on, in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

—Joaquin Miller.

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"BRIMSTONE CAMP."

[Written for the RECORD-UNION by Gale Braith.

It is noisier than usual in Brimstone Camp this evening. Loud, deep curses and blasphemous oaths, mingled with snatches of rude song, fill the poisonous air of Tim Brophy's barroom, reeking with the sickening odor of vile tobacco and foul with the disgusting smell of strong grog.

Sitting upon broken boxes, or barrels, with murderous looking knives, or daggers, thrust into their wide leather belts, and clay-stained trouser-pockets—every nationality is here represented—the majority with slouched, wide-brimmed hats pulled far over their shifting, fugitive eyes.

It is an interesting study to note the different manner in which a man wears his hat. Over his brows, treachery, murderous; upon the side, careless, reckless; upon the back of his head, jolly, honest, straight-forward; set straight upon his head, cautious, selfish, cowardly.

Here to the left, seated around an upturned barrel, are a noisy trio each with a half-emptied tin of grog before him. The game is evidently not going to suit the largest and tallest of these men—"English George"—a great, powerful fellow with the form and shoulders of a Hercules, the most antagonistic, abusive bully in the camp. He is arguing loud and fiercely now with a fiery-haired son of Erin. Each man fingers cautiously his ever-ready and well-loved knife. Their companion is an American, quiet, indolent, alert, regarding with a lazy, indifferent smile the dispute between his partners.

To the right is Hans, the good-natured German, just in the act of discarding his three greasy unpaired cards. Opposite to him, with the chips piled in a towering heap, is his partner, Biexetto Pliemeto, a swarthy Italian, most repulsive in face and figure, darker and more forbidding by contrast with his sandy-haired, jolly companion. He is winning largely, however, and, to give vent to his satisfaction, whistles loudly a few bars from the "Garibaldi March."

A group of, perhaps, ten are at the farthest end of this room. Among them is a boy whose rusty hat is pushed far backward, disclosing a pair of wide, blue eyes, above which shines a careless mass of sunny, curly hair, brushed impatiently from off his smooth, white forehead. The fever of play is upon this handsome lad. The blue eyes are unnaturally bright, and a deep spot of crimson burns in either round cheek. Seventeen summers can scarcely have passed over his bright, young head. This is Willie, the favorite and especial pet of Brimstone Camp. Seated apart, with bared head, a short clay-pipe between his lips, from which he emits numerous curling rings, is the new clergyman, alone and quiet, with hands burried deep in his coat pockets—a handsome, strong young fellow, not at all like the orthodox clergy in white tie and broadcloth, but simply dressed in a rough tweed suit which has seen its best days.

When he came among them the men fully intended running him out of camp as they did his numerous predecessors, but somehow he was an independent chap who could handle a pick and shovel with the best of them, therefore they suffered him to remain. He preached outdoors the Sunday previous to a congregation of about half a dozen less hardened miners, and was, for a wonder, not molested.

The noise is at its highest when Peggy enters, walking with the free, easy grace of some wild, untamed animal, gorgeous in barbaric splendor, with the yellow gold dust sprinkled thickly in her somber hair, a great bunch of half-withered wild flowers fastened at her breast. Beautiful she is, yet with such a restless, changeful charm about her, it would be difficult to study minutely the brilliant loveliness of this fierce and reckless creature whose eyes scan swiftly the rough, unshaven faces before her, until they linger upon English George. From him they turn upon Willie, and she is immediately by his side.

"How goes the luck, Willie?"

The boy stops to press the hand which is lying upon his shoulder with a gentle, loving touch.

"I'm almost cleaned out, Peg. Dan here has scooped the whole swag."

She raised the boy's cup to her lips swallowing a drop or two. A score of voices cry, "A song, Peggy. Come, give us a song, won't you?"

The girl, unheeding the request, calmly lights a cigarette.

"Will you sing, Peg?" asks the boy, coaxingly.

"Yes," coolly between the puffs of smoke; "but blamed if I'll sing to the beggars for nothing. Pass your hat, Willie, and if you bring it back full it's a go."

The hat is soon returned filled to overflowing with the yellow, shining nuggets, and Peggy's glorious, rollicking voice rang out:

The Pope, he leads a happy life,
No maid has he, nor married wife,
No child has he to raise his hope—
I do not wish I were the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me;
His is a life of jollity,
With wives as many as he will—
The Sultan's throne I'd rather fill.

But then he's not a happy man,
He must obey the old Koran;
He dare not touch one drop of wine—
I do not wish his lot were mine.

So now I'll take my lonely stand
In Australia Felix—happy land.
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me
I'll fancy I, the Sultan be;
And when my rosy glass I thope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

At the conclusion a deafening uproar arises.

"Twig the parson, Peggy," says English George, who has made his way to the girl's side. A look of devilish mischief flashes in her eyes. Quick as thought she raises her revolver, and, taking steady aim, knocks the short clay-pipe from the young man's mouth; but, in an instant later, there follows a second report, and the half-smoked cigarette is swept from Peggy's lips, scattered in a thousand tiny fragments, floating in the powder-filled air, whilst the clergyman, laughing lightly, replaces in his pocket the smoking pistol and takes thence another pipe which he proceeds leisurely to fill.

Peggy's eyes are ablaze with surprise, fright and a terrible anger. The miners laugh loud and long. Evidently "the parson" has raised a hundred fold in their rough esteem. The laughter and jeers, half-madden Peggy; in a sudden fury, she again raises her weapon, but ere she can pull the trigger Willie has caught her arm and lowered it to the ground.

"For shame, Peg, would you murder him?"

"Faith, a kiss all around for endangering our lives, an' shure let me turn come first," cries the Irishman, seizing her around the waist and bringing his brown, tobacco-stained lips within an inch of her own. Then a heavy blow upon his head sends him reeling and staggering backward. Pale and tall, the young clergyman is among them.

"Men, I warn you, the first to lay a finger upon this girl I will shoot down like a dog."

"Why, it's only Peggy, and I'm sure a kiss won't hurt her," said one, in an injured voice, followed by a burst of meaning laughter.

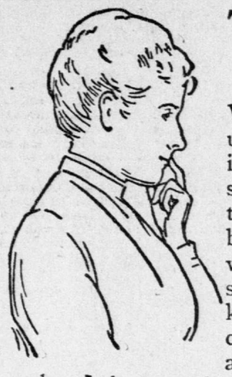
"No matter. She is a woman and unprotected, therefore entitled to my respect and assistance."

"Well said for the parson," cry a dozen voices. "Let the girl alone, mates."

And they one and all return to their whisky and card playing.

Peggy's black eyes are softened with unshed tears as she extends a slim, brown hand to her defender with a brief, "Thank you, sir," and, quickly turning, passes through the canvas door into the outer darkness.

There is a strange, undefined gloom prevailing in Brimstone Camp. The nightly crowd that throng Tim Brophy's shanty handle and shuffle the dirty cards in a listless half-hearted fashion.



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Willie is sick, sick unto death; and not one of these reckless, hardened desperadoes but feels a soft aching in his heart for the sunny-tempered boy.

"Poor little chap," sighs one. "Blamed if it ain't hard for him to die so far away from home, mother and friends."

This speech sets a score of minds wandering away to far-off homes—wives, children, sweethearts.

"I tell you what, pards," continues the speaker, "a cove don't appreciate woman until he falls sick, and then he knows her true value. I left a little woman behind me when I got this cursed gold fever, intending to return at the end of a year, and here I have drifted from place to place, and now, at the end of five years, I'm no better off than when I started. Blast me," dashing his cards upon the ground, "if I haven't a mind to start for home to-morrow. I tell you, pards, all the gold in the world ain't worth a true woman's heart. We neglect, slight and toss 'em aside, but it's the truth what I'm saying."

"Right you are, Bill," echoed one of his companions. "Sick or in trouble, who so kind and gentle as a woman. God bless them."

Inside a little cabin the sick boy lies with the unmistakable pallor of death upon his sunken, pain-drawn face. The curly, light hair is dark and moist from the burning fever. He is not alone. Peggy is kneeling by his narrow bedside with one of his wasted hands clasped tight between her own. She is sobbing softly.

"Don't cry, Peg, dear. It is not half so hard to die as one would think for. The worst part of all is that I must go without bidding mother and sister Nell good-by. Nell is about your age, Peg. She cried so hard when I left. I told her I was going to the diggings to make my fortune, and I would come back rich, then she and mother would be fine ladies. Poor mother. We did not let her into the secret, because if we did she would never have let me come. I intended to return home next month, and now," with a pitiful quiver of his lip, "I must never see them any more. Oh! Peg, Peg, if I could see my dear mother's face just for half a moment. She has such a sweet, kind face, Peg. Such pretty white hair that waves so nice around her forehead. I am the youngest of six. She was so proud of me, Peggy. She used to lay my head upon her breast and kiss me so many times. If I could only feel one of her dear, dear kisses upon my lips now I could die content. Would you mind," with a faint blush staining his hollow cheeks, "would you mind kissing me just once, Peg. I will try and think it is my mother."

With a sob the girl draws his head to her bosom, and resting it there presses slowly and reverently a dozen tender kisses upon the thin, blue lips.

"Dear Willie. Poor little boy," she whispers, brokenly, lovingly stroking and gently smoothing the matted, wet hair from off his forehead.

"I wonder if God would hear and listen if I tried to pray. Do you think He would, Peg? But I am so tired—so very tired. Will you pray for me, dear?"

The girl nods assent. Gently replacing him upon the pillow with bowed head and clasped hands Peggy prays. She starts as another form slips down by her side, and the clergyman's clear, kind voice arises in earnest, passionate pleading. The divine flow of words overwhelms Peggy, kneeling, spellbound, beside the speaker. Her soul is filled with a strange, hitherto unknown feeling—beautiful, mysterious, vague. And when he ceases involuntarily she again raises the dying boy upon her breast.

"I wish I could go with you, Willie. Death is beautiful. It is rest, rest."

The young parson gained a strong, warm hold upon those rugged, hardened hearts with but one exception, and that was English George, who had conceived a jealous hatred for the clergyman, occasioned, no doubt, by the respectful attention which he paid Peggy, for whom George had long secretly cherished a mad infatuation.

Since Willie's death the girl was strangely changed. Her old haunts were deserted. Tim Brophy's shanty knew her no longer. The other women of the camp sneeringly remarked, "Peg was sweet on the parson." So she roamed alone over the thickly-timbered hills to return at night, weary and footsore, to her own little hut.

It was soon whispered around that "Peggy would shortly leave the camp." English George heard the news in sullen anger: "Stow that d—n preacher and his blessed hymn singing. We had better change the name of the blooming place and called it 'Hallelujah Camp,' or 'Angels' Ground,' or something." And in his innermost heart George swore dire vengeance against "the parson," and patiently bided his time. He was scrambling over the hills and bowlders one evening toward dusk