

There were breathing spaces, of course, tete-a-tetes in the conservatory, aloove prattle and loiterings on the piazza—it was a fine old piazza that encompassed three sides of the mansion.

What a night that was for Cato!

And his basket!

Cato was needed for many things, notwithstanding that there was an army of black servants. All of them except Cato were in white jackets. Cato was gorgeous in buff vest and voluminous white scarf, with a standing collar of such dimensions and loftiness that, in a way, it seemed to hide much of Cato, though he was elephantinely elegant in an evening dress-coat. One that had done much service for Colonel John, it is true; and while it was of ancient and honorable vintage, it made Cato look the perfect old-time servitor that of right he was.

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The reception was over; the hour was far after midnight, and the last carriage had long since shimmered down the drive, and out through the vine-clad gate, and rattled away on the white limestone street.

Colonel John had ridden down to the gate with an old friend in this last carriage, and was leisurely sauntering back up the grass-bordered path beside the drive.

He met Cato, basket-laden, and there was a friendly talk, pleasantly patronizing on the master's part, becomingly deferential as to the servant.

"Had a good night to-night, Cato?"

"W'y, laws bress yo' life, Marse Joh! I ain' had sech a good time sence 'fo' de wah, ez I is dis night!"

"Did they give you plenty of cake for the kids?"

"W'y, er—er—ya-a-s, suh. De jes gimme things tell hits pooty nigh all I kin do to tote um. Ya-as, suh, hit wuz de fines' time—!"

An alarm clock in Cato's basket acted as if the mention of time in such complimentary terms demanded some evidence of appreciation. It had been set for one o'clock, and the manner in which it rattled established the fact that it was strenuously punctual.

Cato was in sore distress; but Colonel John roared with laughter, and Cato took courage.

"Hit wuz so pooty, Marse Joh, dat I was jis er borryin' hit fur to 'zibit hit to Luce-Jane an' de chillun'; but p'intedly, suh, I didn' know hit wuz loaden lak dat."

Colonel John reached into the basket, mechanically;

and the clock having closed its performance was not a guide to its locality, thus he took out Aunt Nan's kodak, which Cato had also "borryed" for the purpose of edifying Lucy-Jane and her brood.

"Ya-as, suh," said Cato, "I heerd Miss Nancy say ez how she had pickshers in dat little black box, en' I 'lowed ter 'zibit de pickshers same time I wuz showin' de li'l clock, en' I'd er had um back dar long 'fo' Miss Nancy wuz riz in de mawnin'. Ya-as, suh."

Colonel John believed that Cato was honest about this, and he said:

"I have no doubt, Cato, that you would have taken your Miss Nancy's picture-box back; but if you had taken the pictures out to show them to Lucy Jane and the children you would have ruined them, and—"

"No, suh!" Cato exclaimed, interrupting, "I didn' 'low to have nar one er dem brats—ner Luce-Jane, ez to dat—ter put er han' on um. No, suh!"

"Yes; but that isn't the idea. I can't explain it to you now. But if you had taken the pictures out they would have faded, and you would have almost broken yo' Miss Nancy's heart."

The old negro was appalled at the enormity of the outrage, innocently contemplated, and he said:

"'Fo' de Lawd! Marse Joh! I would'n' do nuffen' to worry Miss Nancy fer all de pickshers dey is

IVORIES AND SPICE

By Cora Lapham Hazard

Heart shrinking, do we pause at brink or arid waste

We needs must cross to reach the glowing land

That we are certain lieth radiant beyond

And holds our longings waiting but our hand.

Mirage-like, that doth desert-traveler beckon on,

Her canvas hath our hope hung 'cross the mist,

To tell to fainting heart of gems of fruit and bloom

That fervent sun hath into being kissed.

But just before doth lie the stretch of arid sand,

And scorching winds reluctant flesh doth sear;

So, weakly, do we make our moanings at the brink,

While crouches at our feet the form of fear.

With envy do we gaze on traveler returned,

And covet we his ivories and spice;

But what he wished came not unto his idle hand;

He braved the desert waste, and paid the price.

on de plantation—en all de yuther things. I gwine tek dat box back, dis minnit!"

"Never mind," said the Colonel. "I'll take it back. Go on home now, and hereafter, if you wish to borrow anything to 'zibit' to Lucy Jane and the children, you ask for it—hear me?"

"Ya-as, suh, I hears you. Um bleeded to you, Marse Joh'. Deed I is, suh. Thankee, suh. Good mawnin', suh." And with an acceleration of his slue-footed gait the ancient darky swung away into the other darkness.

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Colonel John slowly wended his way to the house and to his own apartments. A feeling of wakefulness and restlessness that frequently came over him at night had possession of him now. To entertain himself he decided to develop the contents of Nan's kodak.

The process was a brief one, in Colonel John's practiced hands, and when one of the films upon which was impressed Aunt Nan's attempt at photographing the lightning was examined there appeared, faintly, though with enough distinctness to tell the story, a scene that caused Colonel John to exclaim with more expressiveness than elegance:

"Bully for Jude and Tom!"

"What's the matter, John?" came from the adjoining room in which Judith, the elder, had retired, and where she had been waiting with long-established patience the "Good-night" of her ancient lover and easy-going liege lord.

He asked her to come to him, and somewhat impatiently she threw about her a dressing-robe and came.

"How is that?" he asked, and plainly chuckled.

On the film Judith the elder saw her daughter at the extreme west end of the portico, in the arms of Tom Barclay, and in the act of being kissed by that worthy, and Judith the younger was not at all backward in the scheme.

For a few moments the matron was speechless, then she slowly and softly, though somewhat loftily, said:

"It is the Tarleton way, John Clayton."

"I am proud of the Tarleton way, and I rather like the Barclay way," Colonel John declared, as he took the stately and still beautiful granddame in his arms and kissed her.

"Then let it be the Clayton way," she said.

And it was.

SUMMER IN THE CITY--"The Hoky-Poky Man"

