

"A Shadowe Too Art Thou"

By Elizabeth Flint Wade

BETTINA BAYLIS was fond of antiques, and hunted them diligently and indefatigably.

It was to her a memorable day when, in a little fishing village on the Massachusetts Coast, she ran to earth an old sun-dial. Its pedestal was square, with curiously carved figures on the sides, while around the gray, time-worn rim of the dial was cut in long, lean letters the motto: "I am a Shade: a Shadowe too art Thou."

Of all Bettina's "finds," she considered this the dearest. Now, Bettina in her love for antiques had become enamoured of an old-fashioned house in the suburbs of her native town, to which was attached an old-fashioned garden. This house, by dint of much coaxing and the exercise of that woman's power of persuasion which she will, she will, Bettina had persuaded her father to purchase. Here, therefore, in the center of the garden where the paths which intersected it came to a common meeting-place, Bettina's sun-dial, with a due regard to its relations to the polar stars, was established.

She so often visited the spot that the sun-dial became known in time as "Bettina's Shrine," and Bettina a sun-worshiper. Bettina herself affirmed that she was a shadow-worshiper, and truly it was the shadow cast by the gnomon which she most often studied. When it marked a certain hour in a certain day of the week some one else studied the shadow with her, a tall young man with clear, deep blue eyes—eyes which spoke much, though the tongue of their owner said little. Perhaps, then, Bettina was right when she said that she worshipped shadows.

One day there came from over seas to the Baylis

home an English aunt on a visit—a slim, delicate woman of nearly sixty, with whom Bettina instantly fell in love. To her Miss Pamela Eveleen Baylis was a living antique, and prized accordingly.

"She'll be the finishing touch to my garden," she thought as she looked at her admiringly. "How I long to see her by my sun-dial, and, oh, if I only had a peacock to strut beside her! Harcourt shall make a sketch of her for me, peacock and all."

After a few days Miss Baylis was rested enough to go about, and one sunshiny afternoon Bettina took her to the little tea-house in the garden for her afternoon cup of tea. The tea-house was simply a raised platform with a latticed roof. It was set under an old locust, the slight elevation on which it stood giving a fine view of the garden. A path from the tea-house led straight down to Bettina's sun-dial.

"Do tell me, dear Bettina," said her aunt, looking about her as she sipped her tea, "is that a sun-dial you have down there? But of course it isn't! America is too young for sun-dials."

"But it is a sun-dial, Aunt Pamela Eveleen Baylis." Bettina addressed her aunt by her full name—it seemed more dignified, she said. "It's one I bought two years ago from an old sea-Captain's widow. Is there a sun-dial at Baylis Manor?"

"No, dear, but I knew one—a quaint piece of workmanship, too—a long time ago, a long, long time ago."

Tea over, they walked down the path to the sun-dial. Miss Baylis put on her eye-glasses, and traced with thin, blue-veined forefinger the inscription:

"I am a Shade: a Shadowe too art Thou."

"Why, it's the same inscription that was on the sun-dial I knew, and, yes, the pedestal is the same, too. Do you know what these figures are meant for, Bettina? They represent the four winds. This is the north wind, and this on the opposite side is the south wind, and the east wind and the west wind are between. It's like it; but the sun-dial I knew stood on a large, square stone, and there were stone steps leading up to it, and at the sides were stone benches. It seems strange to find in this new country the counterpart of the sun-dial I knew long ago; yes, a long, long time ago. Let us go in Bettina, I am a little tired."

and I pointed to it and said in jest: 'What an ideal lover's post-box; for the shadow should mark the hour when it would hold a message.' Harold looked up quickly, and Isobel turned away and said: 'How silly!' That night when Harold handed me my bed-room candles—"

"Oh, did you have candles?" interrupted Bettina. "Yes, we used candles. Just before bed-time they were placed on the hall table and the gentlemen used to light them for the ladies of the house. It was a pretty custom. As I took my candle, Harold said quite low: 'Will you look in the cranny of the sun-dial when the shadow marks four to-morrow?' and I said I would and ran up the stairs. The next afternoon I slipped away from Isobel—she always was with me, it seemed—and found in the crevice of the sun-dial a little note. In it I read a question."

"A question?" said Bettina, for Aunt Pamela had paused and was gazing dreamily at the sun-dial.

"A question? Yes. The question a man asks the girl he loves, and if I could say yes I was to slip my answer into the cranny; but if not, then I need leave no answer, and he would understand and go away. I had a tablet in my belt. I tore out a leaf, wrote a few words on it and tucked it in the crevice. As I turned away I met Isobel, and she asked me to order the dog-cart and go with her for a drive; but I said no and went to my room and stayed until dinner. Harold's place at table was vacant, and Mrs. Scott-Maxwell said that he had been called suddenly to London."

"That evening as we walked on the terrace Isobel told me that she was engaged to Harold and that he had gone to London to ask the consent of her parents. Then I knew that he had been joking me, because I had called the cranny the lover's post-box. I went home the next day, and three months afterward read of Isobel's death. The same paper gave the news of Harold's joining the army. He went out to India, and Gerald sold the old place and went abroad with his mother. I often see Harold's name in the army news. He won the Victoria Cross, and lost his right arm. He is a retired General now; but I never have forgiven him for making game of me. He never has married. I expect he grieved for Isobel."

"It all happened long ago—a long, long time ago—but the sight of your old sun-dial has brought it all back to me again," and Aunt Pamela Eveleen Baylis sighed and brushed her handkerchief across her eyes. "Our neighbors have a most distinguished visitor," remarked Bettina's father as they sat at breakfast next morning. "No less a person than the great General Scott-Maxwell of the Coldstream Guards, England. He is Mrs. Bolton's great-uncle and has come to America to see what this climate will do for his rheumatism. Shouldn't think an old fellow like him would look for much in the way of a cure for any ailment."

Bettina blessed her stars that Aunt Pamela Eveleen Baylis' invalidism necessitated her breakfasting in bed, and thus prevented her hearing suddenly of the close proximity of the General whom she had not forgiven yet.

"It's fate in the shape of this sun-dial that's bring-



Bettina went back to the sun-dial, and presently came Blue Eyes and stood opposite and promised to make the sketch of Aunt Pamela Eveleen Baylis by the sun-dial, and to add the non-existent but coveted peacock.

It was several days before Bettina and her aunt went again to the little tea-house under the locust.

"Tell me something about my father's old home, please, Aunt Pamela Eveleen Baylis," said Bettina as her aunt set her empty cup on the table and leaned back in the shelter chair. "You know father was so young when he left Baylis Manor that he remembers almost nothing about it."

"Some other day I shall tell you," replied Miss Baylis; "but to-day I'm going to tell you about the sun-dial that I knew so long ago that the recollection of it is almost like a half-forgotten dream. When I was a girl of twenty—just a little younger than you are now, Bettina, I paid a visit to a friend of my mother's, Mrs. Scott-Maxwell. She had two sons, Gerald and Harold. I never had met either of them, neither had I met their cousin, pretty Isobel Wrexham, who was staying at Maxwell Court; but we all soon became good friends. Isobel was a little older than I, and Harold, the youngest son, was seven years older. By and by I began to think a great deal about Harold, and fancied that he thought about me, for though he did not say so, his eyes, which were clear and blue, said it for him; but it may have been my fancy—I have thought so since."

"One afternoon we all were by the sun-dial in the garden. There was a little crevice close to the gnomon,