

place in the country, miles from civilization. I found it, without then knowing whose it was, a quiet, rambling house, many-cornered, many-gabled, covered warmly with ivy—in which, it appeared to me, all the sparrows in those parts had chosen to make their nests—four miles from a village, the name of which I do not mean to give you.

There was an atmosphere of rest and content about the place that seemed to float over the terraces, over the well-clipped lawns, over the heads of the ancient oaks and beeches, over the four-foot wall of faded brick—from all the cracks of which the heads of open-eyed green weeds peeped curiously out—into the very road on which I stood.

Inside those walls, it seemed to me, the leaves were greener and rustled less uneasily than in other places. The trees, although older, and with limbs just as twisted as the limbs of other trees, seemed less weather-worn, more optimistic. The crows living in their branches cawed less raucously, and appeared less quarrelsome, less given to saying nasty things about each other, than other crows. The rabbits bobbed in and out among the bracken with a quaint air of security, without the strained erect ear, the half-turned head, of other rabbits. Even the cows, chewing in the paddocks, seemed to lash their tails at the persistent flies less restlessly, less unavailingly than other cows, and their chewing was more leisurely, less ravenous, less competitive—I mean in the sense that they appeared to know they were not eating to provide a market with milk, but simply in order to give milk to people who kept them as a hobby.

The hissing of cheerful grooms in the distant stables, the sudden musical clang of pails upon cobbles, the occasional merry cry of some boy or

girl, mingled, as the voices of alto and tenor mingle with those of bass and baritone in an unaccompanied quartet, with the tender pipings of the birds, the deep minor note of the sheep-bell, the almost imperceptible rustling of leaves, the just discernible buzz of insects.

There was something about it all that filled me with a desire to climb the wall, find some mound of moss for my head, fling away my cares with my hat—if I could be said to have any cares other than those following upon a happy marriage of three years' standing—and go to sleep for a week, a month, a year, ten years.

A yokel came along, with bent back and wizened face dried like an apple and slashed with deep cuts, who told me in answer to my question, with that air of ineffable surprise which is the one great characteristic of yokels, that "Muster Toll'r" lived there.

"Mr. Arthur Toller?"

He tilted his mud-colored hat and passed his crinkled hand over his upper lip, paying no attention to the eager way in which I shot my second question at him. "Muster Toll'r's the name 'e goes by. Oi 'ave 'eard suthin' o' Arthur, though. Mabbe—"

But I had vaulted the wall and was almost running toward the house. This was where the Tollers lived! This was the place in which they had been content to remain for nine whole years! This was the place from which Toller had dictated letters to me, perhaps twice a year, to tell me what an exquisite thing was life when love was in it; how beautiful his wife was; how little he cared for all the things he had lost, except his sight! I might have guessed it from the appearance of the trees,

the crows, the cows, the rabbits, for there is nothing so catching as love.

I can't tell you how excited I felt at the prospect of seeing these people again. I hadn't seen them since they were married. I was Arthur's best man, you know, and I had not forgotten the odd, pathetic and yet strongly optimistic picture they made standing at the altar of the little quiet church, in which we were alone except for the old clergyman and his verger.

A glint of sun slanted from the window down upon the face of handsome Arthur Toller. His once don't-care-a-little-hang eyes were expressionless, wide open and cold; but there was an infinitely sweet smile on his lips as he clung tenderly, with almost childlike trust and faith, to the hand of the woman at his side—"the most beautiful woman in the world," Mary Street, the nurse. How did it go? "A hideous woman," they said, didn't they? What was it? "A hideous woman of low birth. A woman from nowhere, without an aitch to her name; as good as that kind of woman generally is, good gad!"

That was the description they gave you, these people who had never seen her. No truth in it, of course. Mary Street was not a beautiful woman, as beautiful women go. She was no more indeed than a plain woman. Her face was gravely irregular, and even commonplace; but she looked at one with a pair of eyes in which shone devotion, constancy, truth, love—those things which do not always go with beauty, but which are there when beauty has shed its last petal and winter has withered up its bloom.

I crossed the paddock, made my hurried way

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DECORATIONS OF EARLY AMERICANS

IF one is disposed to study art or the art-sense of decoration, no better beginning could be made than in the ancient burying-grounds, kitchen-middens and old town-sites of the Pacific Coast, as here we have a people who up to 1545, as far as known, had no intercourse with the whites in anyway. They never had seen a piece of modern jewelry, gold or silver or pearl. They knew nothing of the vanities of life as found among the whites of Europe; hence all their ideas were evolved at first hand and were the results of purely natural desires. Hence the jewelry, which we may take as an illustration, is a pure expression of a crude art-sense, a base or foundation upon which all modern art, or the production of beautiful objects, was founded.

The writer has been fortunate in finding from time to time in the shell mounds and kitchen-middens of the coast many articles of personal adornment that are particularly interesting as illustrating the art-sense of the natives. On the islands of the Santa Catalina Channel the aborigines had literally nothing with which to beautify themselves, except red, blue, white and black colors, the pearly shells of various kinds, particularly the haliotis. They also made wampum from shell and bone, not especially attractive, after the fashion of the Indians of the interior. The accompanying illustration shows a native of Zuni boring wampum with the peculiar instrument that has been known to man in some form for a long time and whose real history is lost in the past.

The haliotis was the most important animal for these jewelry-makers. It is found in large quantities alongshore on rocks down from one to ten feet or more, and is pried off with specially-made tools. Its meat is excellent food, its shell was the ancient drinking-cups, while its rich pearly interior formed the most of the material for countless conceits in the way of jewelry. Everywhere on the islands of the Catalina Channel the writer has found this shell, and taken a dozen carefully packed one in the other, selected to fit by some native, from the side of a wash twenty-five feet below the surface on the slopes of the interior mountains four miles from the water. How long it must have taken for these shells to become buried twenty-five feet on comparatively level ground the reader may imagine.

After a careful examination of the surroundings, the writer was convinced that some child had packed these shells into a "nest" ages ago, as the earth above them was carefully stratified with repeated layers of vegetation, showing that the deposit had been of the slowest possible kind, the growth of soil—a natural deposit of dead vegetation in a locality where vegetation was not particularly abundant. In walking along the bed of an ancient wash the writer picked out from the sides many

By Charles F. Holder



Zuni Native Boring Wampum

shells, pieces of cut haliotis; and from end to end Santa Catalina has kitchen-middens. San Nicolas has one a mile in length and ten feet high, and San Clemente is strewn with them, scattered with the shells of the haliotis often of great size.

This shell was the gold mine of the ancients. They recognized its many beauties, and cut out the most perfect and lustrous portions, inlaying their ollas and vessels, fastening on the pieces with asphaltum. If a man had a mortar or seed grinder which he valued highly, he proceeded to inlay it with mother-of-pearl—crudely, it is true, but the worker was animated by the same love of the beautiful as the mosaic worker of Rome or Venice of to-day. He had the same idea—the birth of the idea, as it were. These people five hundred or more years ago decorated their flutes with mosaic, and many of their large beads were dotted with mother-of-pearl.

In other beads they displayed the most elaborate

love of the beautiful. These beads were buried with the owner, and in taking up an old skull from a trench the writer found it was a third full of beads. The strings had been placed on the face over it, and in time had fallen into the cranium. They were of all kinds and shapes, but mostly of shell, perforated, doubtless, in the manner shown in the cut of the Zuni worker, only the Catalinian probably worked the drill by rubbing the hands quickly back and forth, holding it between the palms. Some of the beads were especially attractive. One especially was half an inch in diameter, yet so thin that fifty would not have made an inch, each selected for its iridescence. Had the haliotis been rare, these perfect spheres of marvelous tenuity would have rivaled pearls; and when it is remembered that the artisan possessed no tools but wood and shell, surprise is succeeded by admiration.

The women used earrings of real beauty, bearing a resemblance to some gold ring of the Censola collection; but the type was a ring resembling a fish-hook with the barb absent upon the inside. The writer has found these earrings from the initial movement of the maker to the finished architect. The haliotis shell was chipped away until it formed a circle about an inch or a little more in diameter. This was perforated in the manner described, then a larger tool, numbers of which were found, with the rings, was used to enlarge the orifice until it had the appearance of a ring; a section of this was then skilfully broken out, and the development of the ring proceeded.

Fish-hooks were made in the same way, only larger and having a pronounced barb, but curiously enough upon the outer side. Among these beads were some which the ancient islanders of San Nicolas, sixty miles from Santa Catalina, considered extremely choice, and these were concealed in what for a better name are called "jewel-cases." They were merely two haliotis shells face to face, one a trifle smaller than the other, and fastened together, sealed tightly with asphaltum. When taken from the grave the contents would sound like seeds in a rattle, and the last discovered were supposed to contain treasure of some kind; but when broken open all that was found were a few beautifully colored beads of haliotis shell, or some curiously marked pebble—the choice trinkets of some maiden, who treasured them so fondly that she had them sealed up, as she thought, for all time and buried with her.

The old sultans of Egypt thought they were secure in their pyramids, their caves skilfully cut and concealed in solid rock; and so the natives of the Catalina Islands probably never dreamed that their graves would be despoiled by strange white-faced people and their household gods distributed over the face of the globe.