

men," said to himself this rather un-  
clerical clergyman.

When Mary reached the inn garden, she  
found Roxie weeping and pacing up and  
down frantically, while the American  
Baby was indulging in stentorian and  
vindictive shouts of rage. Some Italian  
priests sipping Rhine wines at the little  
garden tables looked on in amused won-  
der. The young bookkeeper sat at a  
table all alone, listening despairingly to  
the American Baby's screams.

"Ah wants some watuh fuh dis chile!"  
Roxie had said to her interpreter.

"I big your paddin—er—I comprehend  
not ze word 'watuh,' the young man,  
red faced, anxious, had answered, rub-  
bing his hands together in embarrass-  
ment.

"Mah Baby wants watuh jis' awful!"  
Roxie repeated this phrase again and  
again, more in temporary dementia than  
in any hope of making her wants known  
to the appalling stranger.

The landlord came to the bookkeeper's  
assistance, but his animated gestures and  
ejaculations only frightened Roxie the  
more. Pale with fear, dropping big tears  
on her projecting bosom, she began to  
pace frantically up and down with the  
screaming child, like a caged animal that  
fears it knows not what.

THUS it was that Mary found them,  
when she rushed breathlessly into  
the garden. "Oh! what has happened,  
Roxie?" she cried in dreadful anticipa-  
tion. How she would have betrayed her  
trust if anything happened in her absence  
to Elizabeth's baby!

"Fo' Gawd's sake, Miss Mary, dis chile  
jes' wants watuh, and dat thing da," here  
Roxie, her confidence restored by Mary's  
presence, gave the interpreter a scornful  
look, "can't onerstan' hisself, let lone  
Merican ways o' talkin'!"

While the landlord ran for the water to  
quench the baby's noise as well as thirst,  
the bookkeeper could not fail to under-  
stand Roxie's looks and tried to make his  
explanations to Mary.

"The gracious fraulein," Georg had  
long since given the history of the Amer-  
ican Baby to the landlord, "will pardon;  
I did not quite comprehend. Ze black  
fraulein, she not spik English. It makes  
me very sorry she not spik ze English."

AT supper all these chance met travelers  
sat together at the long table of the  
inn. The Italian priests at the bottom of  
the table were gay as boys on a lark,  
emptying bottle after bottle of mine host's  
light wines. The French and German  
tourists filled opposite sides of the table.  
At the head sat the clergyman, with Mary  
and Fraulein Lechner on his right and left.

Apologizing to Hamilton for the hur-  
ried leave they had taken of him on  
the mountainside, Fraulein Lechner ex-  
plained the American Baby and the pur-  
port of Mary's travels.

"Joan of Arc was not braver when she  
undertook to lead the French soldiers to  
battle," said the debonair clergyman,  
with an admiring look at Mary. "I am  
sure no harm will come to you ladies  
while you have the strong voice of the  
American Baby to call assistance to you,"  
he added. "But, as we shall be in Italy  
at the same time,—I go to meet my son  
in Rome,—I shall hope to meet you there,  
and perhaps I shall be able to be of service  
to you."

After the meal the travelers hurried to  
their waiting carriages, amid the cordial  
adieux of mine host and all the rosy  
cheeked waitresses, and drove down the  
mountain road on their way to Oberam-  
mergau. The full moon poured down on  
the somber, dusky tops of the firs that  
climbed the mountainsides, an evanescent  
gilding. The soft musical jingle of the  
Swiss bells beneath the necks of the  
horses sounded down the line of carriages.  
Mary and Fraulein Lechner sat, the whole  
way, wrapped in reverie, as deep as the  
slumber that enveloped the American  
Baby.

MIDNIGHT after the Passion Play.  
Little Oberammergau lay as quiet  
and dreamful in its mountain cradle as if  
in the waking hours just past it had not  
been the World's Inn. The encircling  
mountains, brooding tenderly over the in-  
spired hamlet of their guardianship,  
gathered above it a soft, fleecy, coverlet  
of clouds. The moon, full rounded, leaned  
over a Titan peak and, dropping her float-  
ing, effulgent mantle on the mountain tops,  
looked down on the Passion Play village,  
as if mystically meditating on the moun-  
tain nursing's achievements. The tall  
gilded cross on the Kofel Peak caught the  
golden love beams and reflected them  
again on the domed belfry of the village  
church. No sound broke upon the brood-  
ing peace of the night, save the tuneful  
flow of the Ammer, murmuring its ancient  
lullaby as it wound through a tangled em-  
broidery of meadow flowers and slipped  
out under the rustic bridges of the village.  
In all Oberammergau no one was awake  
to all this magical beauty of the luminous  
night but one very enthusiastic and ro-  
mantic foreigner.

Mary had looked on with pity at the  
hurried, pell-mell flight of the five thou-  
sand people that witnessed the great  
drama. In a short time after the last  
fearful act of the Passion Play, no one of  
that spellbound audience seemed to have  
a thought but to catch the six o'clock  
train for Munich. Mary, walking as one  
in a dream, had sought a bench in a  
meadow near the Ammer, over which  
rose a tall pole bearing aloft an image of  
the Crucified One. How the time  
passed or how her stirred emotions fi-  
nally settled down or her mind became  
conscious of every day matters, she  
hardly knew.

EVEN after everyone at her pension  
had retired, she could not sleep.  
The stupendous Drama of the Cross, as  
it had advanced hour after hour of that  
century long day to its fearful climax,  
still cast its mystic shadow on her. She  
threw wide open her sash opening win-  
dows, and, leaning on the broad sill,  
where, beneath, she could hear the  
Ammer, gazed out on the mountains  
and all the moonlit loveliness of the  
scene they inclosed. Under this soften-  
ing mood of the night, Mary was able to  
review the day's experience more  
calmly. To-day she had witnessed and  
felt to her soul's depths the real, human,  
heart sickening tragedy of Jesus of  
Nazareth.

She recalled another day, the only  
other time she had so felt it. It was  
when as a child she had first read the  
story of the Cross for herself. Begin-  
ning to read carelessly, she had been  
swept on in breathless absorption to  
the conclusion of the tale. With eyes  
dimmed by tears she had followed the  
thorn crowning and the cross burdened  
march to Calvary. With a child's un-  
quenched hope she had turned the  
pages, expecting to read at the end, as  
in her story books, of love and mercy  
and joy. The unsparing pitilessness of  
the story of Calvary had torn her  
childish heart. Shaken with a storm  
of sobs, she had thrown the book from  
her.

Since that day had intervened the  
years that brought the blunted sensi-  
bility, the unrealism, that comes with  
familiarity. But to-day she had realized



Mary Sprang Wildly  
Down the Mountain.

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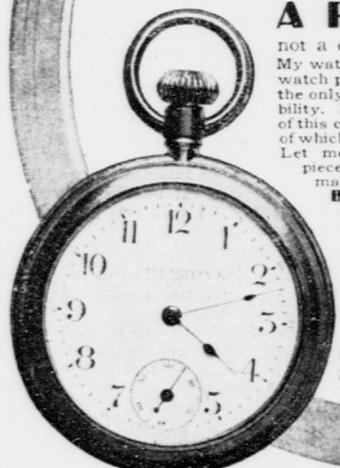
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