PRIMITIVE FOLK LORE.

AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY, RELIGION AND ROMANCE.

Tales of Creation and of Legendary Heroes.

COLLECTED FROM THE INDIANS IN CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, AND GUATEMALA.

BY JEREMIAH CURTIN.

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PERSONAGES.

Ahalamila, now gray wolf; Bohkuina, now silver gray fox; Chichepa, now spotted hawk; Chuhna, now spider; Hehku, a horned snake; Hichina, now a wildcat; Howichinaipa, now a small bird [unknown]; Huraktupa, orphan; Jewina, now a reddish chicken hawk; Jihkulu, now a large owl; Jupka, now a moth of the wild silk worm; Kaltsauna, now the swift, a kind of lizard; Kaltsiki, now ground squirrel; Keehowala, now a blue jay; Kwalila, now a large hawk; Malbyu, now dove; Matewula, now a wolf; Mepchemaina, the first people, now turned into animals, birds, fish, and other things; Pakalawichi, now a kind of lizard; Petaina, now a skunk; Poplia, now a duck; Topuna, now California lion; Tsanunewa, now a little bird [unknown]; Tuina, now the sun; Wihlaina, now the chipmunk.

THE FIRST BATTLE IN THE WORLD AND THE MAKING OF THE YANA.

After Hehku had risen from the dead and gone home Jupka said to all the Mapchemaina: "Sweat now and swim. You will go to hunt to-morrow early."

The Mapchemaina went to hunt on the following day, but could not kill deer. They had no good arrow points. The points which they had were made of common stone. When they returned to Jigulmatu in the evening without venison Jupka said:

"There is an old man in the south who kills a great many deer. I must bring him up here to show you how he kills them. I will send some one for him. Malbyu, you go for that old man; you travel very quickly."

"I don't know where that man's house is. I cannot find him," said Malbyu. "You had better send some one else."

"Lawalila, you go," said Jupka.

Lawalila dressed himself nicely; took his bow, quiver, and arrows, and went. He went as quickly as though it were only one long step to Kaltsauna's house. Kaltsauna was sitting inside the door with his legs crossed. He was making flint arrow points.

Lawalila stepped in at once and surprised the old man. He had a flint knife at his side and made a thrust at Lawalila as if to kill him.

"Stop. It is I, uncle; you must not kill me."

"Why do you call me uncle?" asked Kaltsauna, hiding his arrow points quickly.

"I have come for you, uncle. The chief sent me here. Jupka invites you to come to Jigulmatu. He wants you to come to his house. He wants to see you. We cannot kill deer with stone arrow points. We have no other kind. The chief knows that you kill deer all the time. He wants you to come to his place and show his people how you kill deer."

Kaltsauna rubbed his hands, rubbed them clean, rubbed all the flint dust from them, and rolled up his flints in a skin very carefully. Next he mixed flint dust, rubbed it on his face, made paint, covered his face with it, and thrust a piece of sharp flint through the septum of his nose. He looked very threatening and strong when he was dressed and armed for the road.

"I am ready; you go ahead; I will come later," said he to Lawalila.

Kaltsauna's quiver was a grizzly bear skin; his bows and arrows were made of black oak. He put his flints under his left arm, took his bow and arrows in his right hand.

"Go on; go ahead; I will come later; I will come by myself; go now and tell the chief to make a great fire of manzanita wood."

Lawalila went ahead and gave Kaltsauna's message to Jupka. The chief had the fire made—a great fire of manzanita wood. "He is coming, he is coming," said the people, when they saw Kaltsauna in the distance. When he was near they didn't try to look at him; they hung their heads.

"Make way for me! Make way! I'll strike unless you give me room!" said Kaltsauna as he came near the crowd of people.

"The old man always talks like that," said Jupka; "he is very strong; that's why he is so bold; that's why he talks so."

"Spread out a skin," said Kaltsauna to Jupka.

The skin was spread, and Kaltsauna emptied his robe full of arrow points on it. He sat down then and said:

"I will divide these and put them in different places."

He gathered each kind of flint into a heap by itself, then pushed it, and said while he pushed: "You go to this place or to that place."

White flint he pushed, and said: "Go you, to Hakamatu" [now Buzzard's Roost]. The white flint went away; disappeared from the robe; went to Hakamatu and there is plenty of white flint in that place to-day.

Blue flint he sent east to the edge of our Yana country. Yellow flint he fixed at Iwilijami [now Montgomery Creek]. To the west he sent flint with fine black, blue, and white stripes; he sent it to Hakashimatu [now Pole Cat Springs]. Green flint he put in Jigulmatu [Round Mountain], and said: "You will find these flints always in the places where I put them to-day, and people who come after you will find them there. There will be flint in those places forever, as long as people want it." Besides flint Kaltsauna gave each of the Mapchemaina a wedge made of deer horn, and a piece of stone; showed them how to dress the flint and make arrow points.

The first arrow points on earth were those which Kaltsauna made.

Next morning after giving the flint and showing the Mapchemainas how to make arrow points, Kaltsauna went home, and on the second day Jupka called all the Mapchemainas together and said:

"Get your arrow points ready; sweat to-night; swim early in the morning, and go out on a great hunt to-morrow."

They did all that Jupka commanded, and went on the following morning toward Jidjilipa [now Cedar Creek]. They went west along Jidjilpa; went on both sides of it; went west toward Tahaujwakaina [Rock-on-the-Road,] which is in the cañon beyond Hakamatu. They went to the rock and went beyond it.

Some distance west of the rock a grizzly bear ran out of a clump of live oak brush. Among the people hunting was Chichepa and the bear rushed at him. Chichepa, had dreamed the night before that this rock in the cañon had jumped up from the ground and frightened him. When he came near the live oak brush the bear growled and sprang out.

Chichepa ran back, ran till he came to Rock-on-the-Road, the bear close after him. The bear was so angry that he tore up big oak trees as he ran. There was a hole in the top of the rock. Chicepa sprang into it. The bear stood on his hind legs. He could barely look over the top of the rock. He looked and saw nothing. Dropped down, ran all around the rock, looked everywhere, saw no sign of Chichepa. Then he turned back and went into the thick clumps of brush from which he had started.

The people went west awhile, then toward the south, began to find deer. Bohkuau killed the first deer, Howichinaipa the second, Kechowala the third, Jihkulu the fourth, Petaina the fifth, and so on till twenty had deer. The party divided then into two. Those who had deer turned home toward Jigulmatu, and went in the order in which they had killed them, Bohkuina first, the others following each in his turn.

The second party hunted toward the east and then toward Jigulmatu. After a while they came to Ketmatu [Poison Place], near Ketmatu. Malewula killed a deer, and Topuna killed one, and Tsanunewa killed a terribly ugly big deer which seemed as though all its flesh and body were swollen. Hichina, Kaltsiki, Wihlaina, and others killed deer; each person killed one deer. The whole party turned toward Jigulmatu then and there was great gladness in Jupka's sweat house. The women prepared acorns and mice to eat.

Jupka himself never went hunting; he stayed at Jigulmatu always, just lay in the house there, told all what they were to do, and showed them how to do what was needed. When they came in from hunting all put their venison in front of the chief, put down before him all the deer they had killed. Jupka took his flint knife then and cut the meat into pieces. He roasted ribs of it, roasted all they brought in. When it was cooked the Mapchemaina sat down and ate the meat together. Jupka placed out before them three very large baskets of mice in three different places, and in front of each basket were people to deal the mice out to each person who wished some.

When they had eaten, Jupka stood up and talked to all present.

"I wish you all to come into the sweat house to-night," said he; "I wish to tell you where you are to hunt to-morrow."

They went into the sweat house that evening, sat down and smoked, and while they were smoking Jupka rose up and spoke to them. Jupka himself never ate anything of any kind; he smoked tobacco, smoked all the time; that was the only thing that he ever took into his body. When he spoke he said:

"I think it is better to hunt in the north to-morrow."

"We do not like to go north when we hunt," said some of the people.

"Well, let another tell where to go. To-night I will have Howichinaipa sing and dance for deer." Then Jupka thought a while and said: "No, I will get Ahalamila; he is a good person to dream and sing about deer, and to dance. I will tell Ahalamila to sing and dance to-night. He will tell where you ought to go, he will say which road to take. I want you all to lie down and sleep to-night, old men and young, and all the women; let all sleep till morning, sleep till I call you to the hunt."

When the time came that evening Ahalamila made a fire and took his pipe. He blew smoke around in every direction. He put down his pipe then and took fir leaves; these he threw on the fire, and while they were burning he sang:

Wilhelaina kulmachi, Wilhelaina kulmachi.

(A quartz rock, a white rock, a quartz rock, a white rock.)

and he put a beautiful white quartz rock on the ground; at each side of it he drove into the earth a small twig of fir and one of blue beech, he put these on the east, west, north, and south sides of the quartz.

Ahalamila kept looking at the twigs, which rose quickly, grew up, and became little trees. He walked around them and sang; then he pinched off a leaf or a bud from one limb or another as he walked. Soon the stone began to move of itself, and it swelled and changed shape, till at last it turned into a white fawn. Just at daybreak the fawn began to walk around among the trees and sniff as though it smelt something.

Ahalamila picked up the little fawn; blew smoke from his mouth; blew it around on all sides; then he put the fawn down again and it turned back into quartz.

It was daylight then, and Ahalamila stopped singing. "I have finished now," said he. "It will be better for us to hunt on the south side."

"I want you, my people," called Jupka, "to rise up, start out and hunt. Howichinaipa will go ahead and make a fire."

Howichinaipa went ahead; went south for some distance; the Mapchemaina followed soon after; went to the place where Howichinaipa had made the fire. When they came up there was a good large fire at a place called Wewauna [Round Place], half a mile from Hakamatu.

"come to the fire, wait a while before we start, talk and get ready to hunt," said Howichinaipa."

Ten men went on further south to find deer while the others waited at the fire. Those ten men went south quickly, then five turned east and five turned west to meet again at Wewauna. They came back about the same time, but not one of them saw deer or game of any kind. Every one wondered that there was no game in any place. Ahalamila and Howichinaipa began to dispute and then to quarrel because they had not found deer.

Howichinaipa was angry; he was offended because Jupka had named him first, then changed his mind and called Ahalamila to sing for deer. He was angry, too, and jealous because he wanted one of Ahalamila's wives who was his own wife's sister. Howichinaipa's wife was a Chuhna and Ahalamila's wife was her only sister. Howichinaipa wanted to have the two sisters as his wives; he wanted both of them. For these two reasons the Mapchemaina could find no deer that day. Howichinaipa had power over the deer and had sent them all under ground. The ten men had looked in a great many places; they had run south, east, west, and could find no deer. Then the whole party turned to the southeast; they went to Dinkelkai [Red Rocks, a place near upper Cow Creek]. Some said, "What is the use in going further? We can find no deer to-day. Ahalamila told us that we should find deer. Where are they? We cannot see them."

"I do not know," said Ahalamila, "why we find no deer. I saw deer dancing last night. I dreamed that I saw deer, that I saw them south of Jigulmatu."

"You will not see deer or any other game to-day," said Howichinaipa; "you cannot find deer no matter how you sing and dance. You are not able to find deer, but you have a nice wife. She is very pretty."

"The deer were coming," said Ahalamila, "but you stopped them, you drove them away," and he sprang at Howichinaipa to strike him. Howichinaipa dodged and went down through the ground.

All the people took sides and began to fight; some were for Ahalamila, others were on Howichinaipa's side. Howichinaipa sprang out from under the ground, stood before Ahalamila; shot at him; Ahalamila dodged and shot too. Howichinaipa dodged very quickly.

They fought on in this way, fought hard, moved toward Jigulmatu, fighting all the time. At last Ahalamila was struck and fell dead. Topuna was killed, Jewina, and Hitchina. A great many tried to kill Howichinaipa, but he dodged all the time, dodged so well, so quickly that not one of all his enemies could hit him. Jihkulu helped Howichinaipa; never stopped fighting for a moment.

They fought all the way to Hwitalmauna [Little Flat] just south of Jigulmatu; the battle there was very hard and people fell on both sides. There are many rocks at Hwitalmauna now, and these rocks are the Mapchemaina killed in that first battle.

Ahalamila's friends fought hard against Jihkulu and spent many arrows, but could not hit him, for he had a robe of rabbit skin around his body.

"We must hit that Jihkulu, we must kill him," said Ahalamila's friends.

"You need not talk like that," said Jihkulu, "you cannot kill me. I am the best fighter in all this world. I have been in every part of it; no one has ever hit me, no one has ever hurt me."

Jihkulu shot at Jewina, but missed.

"You can't hit me!" cried Jewina.

Jihkulu shot off Jewina's coyote skin and then he killed him. Jewina had dreamed a long time before that if he wore coyote skin in battle he would not be killed, and that was why he wore it; but when Jihkulu shot off the skin he killed him easily.

Now Jupka was lying in the sweat house on Jigulmatu and he heard the noise and shouting at Hwitalmauna. "They are fighting! I must stop the battle" cried he. So he ran south—rushed into the middle of the fight.

"I want both sides to stop!" shouted Jupka.

The battle was at an end right there; all followed Jupka to Jigulmatu. That evening he said: "You will hunt in the north to-morrow." All were in the sweathouse then and were listening. Jupka spoke to them some time, and then they all talked at once; it seemed as though the house would burst when they were talking.

Next day they found deer in the north, and found them there in plenty. Each had one to bring back to the sweat house. When they were coming home through thick brushwood Poplia wished to please Ahalamila's friends, and made himself a bear to kill Howichinaipa, who fought the day before with Ahalamila and killed him.

The bear came out and threw his arms around a clump of brush in which Howichinaipa was. Howichinaipa slipped out in time and ran. The bear rushed after him, hunted him, and almost caught him at a rock near Hakamatu. Howichinaipa sprang onto the rock and said: "I am nearly dead; I wish this rock to open; I am too tired to run; I can go no farther." The rock opened and Howichinaipa dropped in. The bear rushed in, stuck his head and fore paws after Howichinaipa, but the rock closed and the bear was caught and killed.

Howichinaipa came out and stood beside the bear. "I am tired," said he. "I was almost dead. You tried your best to kill me, but I am hard to kill." Then he took his flint knife, cut around the bear's neck and behind his two fore paws, and skinned him, put the skin on his shoulder, and started for Jigulmatu. He came behind the others, reached home at dusk. He hung the skin near the door, and said: "We shall hear what Ahalamila's friends will say to-morrow morning."

Poplia's mother heard what her son had done, and when she saw the bearskin she cried and rolled upon the ground. Next day the old woman was sweeping; she swept out a little red-eared boy, a Pakalawichi, and as she swept, he squealed. Poplia Marimi took him up, took a deer skin, and made a blanket of it, and put the little fellow in this deer skin. She boiled water then with hot rocks and washed him, and every time she washed she sprinkled flint dust on the little boy to make him strong. He could creep around next morning, but she said:

"Stay in one place; you must not move; there may be poison in some place; if you touch it it will kill you; stay right where I put you."

The second day the boy could talk. "You cry all the time, grandmother; why do you cry?" asked he.

"Do not ask that question, grandson; it makes me grieve to hear you. All my people were dead except my son; now he is killed."

The fifth day the boy was walking around the house outside.

"Grandmother," said he, "make a great fire."

She made a fire in the sweathouse. The boy stood near the central pillar and sang:

"Hala wata, hala wata."

He fell asleep while sweating; slept till morning. Next day when he woke he said to his grandmother: "What am I to do with my hands?"

The old woman gave him a flint knife and said: "I have had this a long time; take it now and fix your hands with it."

His fingers were joined together as far as the first joint, and she showed him how to separate them from each other. He cut the little finger first, then the third, the second, and the first. The thumb he called big finger, and when the five fingers were separated and free of each other she told him to call the thumb the big finger, and call it one, the next two, the next three, the next four, and the little finger five.

This was the first time that counting was ever done in the world. And when Jupka made Yana he gave them hands like Pakalawichi's.

When his left hand was finished Pakalawichi said: "I don't know how to cut with my left hand." The old woman helped him to free the fingers of the right hand. When all his fingers were free the boy was able to shoot, and he wanted a bow and arrows.

The old woman brought all the bows of her dead kindred; he broke all but one, which had a string made from the shoulder sinews of a deer. He took that and went out. This day Howichinaipa hid himself in a cedar tree; he was watching a bird. Pakalawichi knew that he was there and called with the voice of the bird that Howichinaipa was watching. Howichinaipa came down on the tree lower and lower, looking to see where the call came from.

Pakalwichi was hidden in a tree opposite, where Howichinaipa could not see him; he kept calling, and Howichinaipa kept coming down. Pakalawichi had a good sight of him.

"If I hit him in the body," thought he, "the arrow will not hurt him; I must hit him in the outside toe."

He did that, and Howichinaipa fell to the ground wounded. Pakalawichi pinned him to the earth with one arrow, then with another; pinned his two sides to the ground with two rows of arrows. Pakalawichi ran home.

"Oh, grandmother!" cried he.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman. "you came near falling into the fire."

"There is some one out here. I want you to see him."

The old woman took her cane and followed Pakalawichi.

"Do you see that person lying there?"

The old woman looked and saw the person who had killed her son, saw him pinned to the earth. She was so glad that she cried, dropped down then and rolled on the ground; after that she jumped up and danced around his body; danced many times; danced till she was tired.

"Hereafter," said Pakalawichi, "everybody will call you Howichinaipa; you will be a person no longer; you will be only a little bird, with these arrow marks on both sides of your breast."

He became a little bird then and flew away, the little bird which we call Howichinaipa.

Next morning after the second hunt Jupka heard loud shouting in the east; a great Mapchemaina had thrust his head above the edge of the sky. This person had beautiful feathers waving on his head. Jupka had made him shout, and he said to him:

"Every time you rise up and show yourself to the people of Jigulmatu you must shout in that way."

This great person in the east had two dogs; they were small but very strong. "Which of you is coming with me?" asked he that morning. "I want a good dog; I am always afraid when I travel in the daytime."

"I will give you a name now," said Jupka to this person in the east. "All people will call you Chichepa; the name which I give now. The name which I give you is Tuina. You will be known always by this name. And your name," said he to the dog, "will be Machperkamh."

When Tuina was ready to start he made his small dog still smaller; very small; put him under the hair on the top of his head, and tied him in there.

When all dressed and ready, with the dog fastened in his hair, Tuina became as full of light as he is in our time. Before he was dressed and armed Tuina had been bright, but when he started he filled this whole world with light, as he does now in the daytime.

Bohkuina had made a road for Tuina to travel on; he had made this road in the sky, and Tuina went straight along to the west by it. Till he reached the great water. When he was ready to plunge into the water a batenna [grizzly bear] of the water was coming out and saw him. Tuina put his hands out and motioned with his arms as if they were wings, motioned as if to jump in.

"Tuina, do not come," said the grizzly bear of the water. "It will be too hot here if he comes. Let us make ready and go to high mountains. We cannot stay here if Tuina comes."

A great crowd of water grizzlies came out of the ocean and went away to the mountains. Tuina jumped into the water and it rose on all sides, boiled up, rolled away over the shore; every kind of shell of the ocean went to land at the same time.

Tuina went far into the water, way down to the bottom; he went through the bottom, deep under the water and the ground, and returned to the east.

Long before Jukpa had made a road under the earth for Tuina to travel on, a road back to the east. He turned the earth bottom upward and made this road right through from west to east, and before Tuina started Jupka said to him:

"I have made a road, a straight road under the earth for you, a good road; there are no rocks in it, no snags, no bushes; I made the road on the sky, the road from east to west for you to run on; I made the road down below, the road under the earth from west to east. When you reach the east you will rest a while; rise in the morning, come up and go west again on the road which Bohkuina made, you will do this every day without failing once; you will do this all the time."

When Jukpa stopped talking Tuina went west, went back in the night on Jukka's road, and so he does always.

The day after Jupka had talked with Tuina, given him his name and his work, he said:

"I will make Yana now, and I will give them a good country to live in."

He took buckeye sticks, broke off a large number; he wished to lay them down on the top of Jigulmatu and make Yana. He put down the first stick and said:

"I will call this one Iwilau Yana" [Yana of the middle place]. When he had said these words a man rose up before him, a Yana.

"You will stay here in the middle country," said Jupka. "You will be chief."

Jupka put down another buckeye stick and it became a Yana woman at Jupka's word. He put down a third stick, which became a boy.

"This is an orphan without father or mother," said Jupka, and he called the boy Huraktyupa. Jupka put other buckeye sticks, a large number of them, around the first Yana, the chief, and made common people. They all stood around the chief and Jupka said to them: "This is your chief, he will tell you what to do, you must obey him and do what he commands."

"Now," said Jupka, "what will the people of the middle country eat? what shall I give them?" and he thought a while. "You will eat clover," said he, "and roots. I will give you sticks to dig these roots, you will eat fish, too, and venison. Eat and be strong, be good Yana people. When the chief wants a deer he will call you together and say 'I wish to eat venison, I want you to go out, I want you to hunt deer and bring home venison to eat.' You must obey the chief always."

BEFORE THE WHITE MEN CAME.

A Seneca Indian's Claim of Long Possession of Lands Now in Litigation.

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

John Van Voorhis & Sons are the attorneys for the plaintiff in an action entitled Daniel E. Shongo against Horton A. Ostrander, the result of which will not only be awaited with eagerness all interest by every reservation Indian in the United States, but will also cause much concern among the numerous white men who have rented or preempted lands owned by the poor red man. Shongo is a full-blooded Seneca Indian, and as for thrift is a shining example for many of his white brethren residing near the Seneca reservation in Cattaraugus county.

A time-honored custom among the tribe of which he is a member is for them to apportion lands among themselves, which thereafter descend from father to son through the different generations, as if the land were owned in severalty and not as a community. Under this aboriginal law, Shongo, whose direct ancestors were of unusual thrift, came into the possession of several farms and other valuable property, all of which through his judicious management has become increased in value, making him a man of considerable wealth. One of his farms was leased by him some time since to Ostrander, the defendant named in the action, and while Shongo supposed that he was to receive the rental for the farm, what was his astonishment a short time since to learn that Ostrander had rented the farm from the Seneca council, and no longer recognized Shongo as his landlord.

Shongo was naturally indignant, but instead of starting a scalping expedition, he very properly sought redress through the courts. Remembering the service done his grandfather by John Van Voorhis in defeating the Ogden Land Company bill in the Fifty-third Congress, he laid his troubles before Mr. Van Voorhis, and learned of the existence of a law, passed in 1875, which arbitrarily takes away from the Indian any individual rights in reservation lands and gives the council complete control.

The case will be taken into the United States Court and an effort made to eject Ostrander from the farm. Should Shongo be successful in this, the action of Congress in 1875 in passing the law mentioned will be declared unconstitutional, and numerous other similar actions will doubtless be brought, as there are hundreds of instances where selfish whites have buncoed deserving Indians out of their lands simply by applying to the council.

It is alleged in the complaint that the title of the lands now occupied by the Senecas is original, absolute, and exclusive. They owned the lands when discovered, when America was discovered, and have never bartered or sold it up to the present time.

THE HIRE OF A LORD.

Sometimes Two Guineas an Evening, Sometimes a Fortune.

A TALE OF LONDON SOCIETY.

By ROBERT BARR.

The large mansion of Louis Heckle, millionaire and dealer in gold mines, was illuminated from top to bottom. Carriages were arriving and departing, and guests were hurrying up the carpeted stairs after passing under the canopy that stretched from the doorway to the edge of the street. A crowd of onlookers stood on the pavement watching the arrival of ladies so charmingly attired. Lord Stansford came along in a hansom, and he walked quickly across the bit of carpet stretched to the roadway, and then more leisurely up the broad stairs. He was an athletic young fellow of 26 or thereabouts. The moment he entered the large reception room his eyes wandered searchingly over the gallant company, apparently looking for some one whom he could not find. He passed into a further room, and through that into a third, and there his searching gaze met the stare of Billy Heckle. Heckle was a young man of about the same age as Lord Stansford, and he also was seemingly on the outlook for some one among the arriving guests. The moment he saw Lord Stansford a slight frown gathered upon his brow, and he moved among the throng toward the spot where the other stood. Stansford saw him coming, and did not seem to be as pleasant as might have been expected, but he made no motion to avoid the young man, who accosted him without salutation.

"Look here," said Heckle, gruffly, "I want a word with you."

"Very well," answered Stansford, in a low voice; "so long as you speak in tones no one else can hear, I am willing to listen."

"You will listen whether or not," replied the other, who, nevertheless, took the hint and subdued his voice. "I have met you on various occasions lately, and I want to give you a word of warning. You seem to be very devoted to Miss Linderham, so perhaps you do not know she is engaged to me."

"I have heard it so stated," said Lord Stansford, "but I have found some difficulty in believing the statement."

"Now, see here," cried the horsey young man, "I want none of your cheek, and I give you fair warning that if you pay any more attention to the young lady I shall expose you in public. I mean what I say, and I am not going to stand any of your nonsense."

Lord Stansford's face grew pale, and he glanced about him to see if by chance any one had overheard the remark. He seemed about to resent it, but finally gained control over himself and said:

"We are in your father's house, Mr. Heckle, and I suppose it is quite safe to address a remark like that to me."

"I know it's quite safe—anywhere," replied Heckle. "You've got the straight tip from me; now see you pay attention to it."

Heckle turned away, and Lord Stansford, after standing there for a moment, wandered back to the middle room. The conversation had taken place somewhat near a heavily curtained window, and the two men stood slightly apart from the other guests. When they left the spot the curtains were drawn gently apart, and a tall, very handsome young lady stepped from between them. She watched Lord Stansford's retreat for a moment, and then made as though she would follow him, but one of her admirers came forward to claim her for the first dance. "Music has just begun in the ball room," he said. She placed her hand on the arm of her partner and went out with him.

When the dance was over she was amazed to see Lord Stansford still in the room. She had expected him to leave when the son of his host spoke so insultingly to him, but the young man had not departed. He appeared to be enjoying himself immensely, and danced through every dance with the utmost devotion, which rather put to shame many of the young men who lounged against the walls; never once, however, did he come near Miss Linderham until the evening was well on, and then he passed her by accident. She touched him on the arm with her fan, and he looked around.

"How do you do, Miss Linderham?" he said.

"Why have you ignored me all the evening?" she asked, looking at him with sparkling eyes.

"I haven't ignored you," he replied, with some embarrassment; "I did not know you were here."

"Oh, that is worse than ignorine," replied Miss Linderham, with a laugh; "but now that you know I'm here, I wish you to take me into the garden. It is becoming insufferably hot in here."

"Yes," said the young man, getting red in the face. "It is warm."

The girl could not help noticing his reluctance, but nevertheless she took his arm, and they passed through several rooms to the terrace which faced the garden. Lord Stansford's anxious eyes again seemed to search the rooms through which they passed, and again, on encountering those of Billy Heckle, Miss Linderham's escort, shivered slightly as he passed on. The girl wondered what mystery was at the bottom of all this, and with feminine curiosity resolved to find out, even if she had to ask Lord Stansford himself. They sauntered along one of the walks until they reached a seat far from the house. The music floated out to them through the open windows, faint in the distance. Miss Linderham sat down and motioned Lord Stansford to sit beside her. "Now," she said, turning her handsome face full upon him, "why have you avoided me all the evening?"

"I haven't avoided you," he said.

"Tut, tut, you mustn't contradict a lady, you know. I want the reason, the real reason and no excuses."

Before the young man could reply, Billy Heckle, his face flushed with wine or anger, or perhaps both, strode down the path and confronted them.

"I gave you your warning," he cried.

Lord Stansford sprang to his feet; Miss Linderham arose also, and looked in some alarm from one young man to the other.

"Stop a moment, Heckle; don't say a word, and I will meet you where you like afterward," hurriedly put in his lordship.

"Afterward is no good to me," answered Heckle. "I gave you the tip, and you haven't followed it."

"I beg you to remember," said Stansford, in a low voice with a tremor in it, "there is a lady present."

Miss Linderham turned to go.

"Stop a moment," cried Heckle; "do you know who this man is?"

Miss Linderham stopped, but did not answer.

"I'll tell you who he is; he is a hired guest. My father pays five guineas for his presence here to-night, and every place you have met him he has been there on hire. That's the kind of man Lord Stansford is. I told you I should expose you. Now I am going to tell the others."

Lord Stansford's face was as white as paper. His teeth were clinched, and taking one step forward, he smote Heckle fair between the eyes and felled him to the ground.

"You cur!" he cried. "Get up, or I shall kick you, and hate myself forever after for doing it."

Young Heckle picked himself up, cursing under his breath.

"I'll settle with you, my man," he said. "I'll get a policeman. You'll spend the remainder of this night in the cells."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," answered Lord Stansford, catching him by both wrists with an iron grasp. "Now you attention to me, Billy Heckle; you feel my grip on your wrist; you felt my blow in your face, didn't you? Now you go into the house by whatever back entrance there is, go to your room, wash the blood off your face, and stay there; otherwise, by God, I'll break both of your wrists as you stand here," and he gave the wrists a wrench that made the other wince, big and bulky as he was.

"I promise," said Heckle.

"Very well, see you keep your promise."

Young Heckle slunk away, and Lord Stansford turned to Miss Linderham, who stood looking on speechless with horror and surprise.

"What a brute you are," she said, with a quiver in her under lip.

"Yes," he replied quietly. "Most of us men are brutes when you take a little of the varnish off. Won't you sit down, Miss Linderham? There is no need now to reply to the question you asked me; the incident you have witnessed, and what you have heard, has been its answer."

The young lady did not sit down; she stood looking at him, her eyes softening a trifle.

"It is true, then!" she said.

"Is what true?"

"That you are here as a hired guest?"

"Yes, it is true."

"Then why did you knock him down, if it was the truth?"

"Because he spoke the truth before you."

"I hope, Lord Stansford, you don't mean to imply that I am in any way responsible for your ruffianism?"

"You are, and in more than one sense of the word. That young fellow threatened me when I came here to-night, knowing that I was his father's hired guest; I do not wish exposure, and so I avoided you. You spoke to me, and asked me to bring you out here. I came, knowing that if Heckle saw me he would carry out his threat. He has carried it out, and I have had the pleasure of knocking him down."

Miss Linderham sank upon the seat, and once more motioned with her fan for him to take the place beside her.

"Then you receive five guineas a night for appearing at the different places where I have met you?"

"As a matter of fact," said Stansford, "I get only two guineas. I suppose the other three, if such is the price paid, goes to my employers."

"I thought Mr. Heckle was your employer to-night."

"I mean to the company who let me out, if I make myself clear: Spink & Co., telephone 100,803. If you should ever want an eligible guest for any entertainment you give, and men are scarce, you have only to telephone that, they will send one to you."

"Oh, I see," said Miss Linderham, tapping with her fan upon her knee.

"It is only justice to my fellow employees," continued Lord Stansford, "to say that I believe they are all eligible young men, but many of them may be had for a guinea. The charge in my case is higher as I have a title. I have tried to flatter myself that it was my polished, dignified manner that won me the extra remuneration; but after your exclamation on my brutality to-night, I am afraid I must fall back on my title. We members of the aristocracy come high, you know."

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then the girl looked up at him and said:

"Aren't you ashamed of your profession, Lord Stansford?"

"Yes," replied Lord Stansford. "I am."

"Then why do you follow it?"

"Why does a man sweep a street crossing? Lack of money. One must have money, you know, to get along in this world; and I, alas, have none. I had a little once; I wanted to make it more, so gambled, and lost. I lay low for a couple of years, and saw none of my old acquaintances; but it was no use, there was nothing I could turn my hand to. This profession, as you call it, led me back into my old set again. It is true that many of the houses I frequented before my disaster overtook me do not hire guests. I am more in demand by the new-rich, like Heckle here, who with his precious son does not know how to treat a guest, even when the guest is hired."

"But," said the young Miss Linderham, "that a man like you would go to South Africa or Australia, where there are great things to be done. I imagine, from the insight I have had into your character, you would make a good fighter. Why don't you go where fighting is appreciated, and where they do not call a policeman?"

"I have often thought of it, Miss Linderham, but you see, to secure an appointment, one needs to have a certain amount of influence and be able to pass examinations. I can't pass an examination in anything. I have quarrelled with all my people, and have no influence. To tell you the truth, I am saving up money now in the hope of being able to buy an outfit to go to the Cape."

"You would much rather be in London, though, I suppose?"

"Yes; I had a reasonably good income."

"Are you open to a fair offer?"

"What do you mean by a fair offer?"

"I mean would you entertain a proposal in your present business for a remuneration?"

The young man sat for a few moments and did not look at his companion. When he spoke there was a shade of resentment in his voice.

"I thought you saw, Miss Linderham, that I was not very proud of my present occupation."

"No, but as you said, a man will do anything for money."

"I beg your pardon for again contradicting you, but I never said anything of the sort."

"I thought you did when you were speaking of the crossing-sweeping, but never mind. I know a lady who has plenty of money; she is an artist, at least, she thinks she is one, and wishes to devote her time to art. She is continually pestered by offers of marriage, and she knows those offers come to her largely because of her money. Now, this lady wishes to marry a man and will settle upon him £2,000 a year. Would you be willing to accept that offer if I got you an introduction?"

"It would depend very much on the lady," said Stansford.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't, for you would have nothing whatever to do with her except that you would live in London. She wants to devote herself to painting, not to you, don't you understand? and so long as you did not trouble her, you could enjoy your £2,000 a year. You, perhaps, might have to appear at some of the receptions she would give, and I have no doubt she would add five guineas an evening for your presence. That would be an extra, you know."

There was a long silence between them after Maggie Linderham ceased speaking. The young man kicked the gravel with his boots and the girl gazed at the stars before him. "He is thinking it over," said Miss Linderham to herself. At last Lord Stansford looked up with a sigh.

"Did you see the late scuffle between the unfortunate Heckle and myself?"

"Did I?" she asked. "How could I help seeing it?"

"Ah, then, did you notice that when he was down I helped him up?"

"Yes; and threatened to break his wrists when you got him up."

"Quite so. I should have done it, too, if he had not promised. But what I wanted to call your attention to was the fact that he was standing up when I struck him, and I want also to impress upon you the other fact that I did not hit him when he was down. Did you notice that?"

"Of course I noticed it. No man would hit another when he was down."

"I am very glad, Miss Linderham, that you recognize it as a code of honor with us men, brutes as we are. Would you think a woman should be equally generous?"

"Certainly, but I don't see what you mean."

"I mean this, Miss Linderham, that your offer is hitting me when I am down."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Linderham in dismay. "I'm sure I beg your pardon; I did not look at it in that light."

"Oh, it doesn't matter very much," said Stansford, rising; "it's all included in the two guineas, but I'm pleased to think I have some self respect left, and that I can refuse your lady, and will not become a hired husband at two thousand pounds a year. May I see you back to the house, Miss Linderham? As you are well aware, I have duties toward other guests who are not hired, and it is a point of honor with me to earn my money. I wouldn't like a complaint to reach the ears of Spink and Company."

Miss Linderham rose and placed her hand within his arm.

"Telephone, what number?" she asked.

"Telephone, 100,803," he answered. "I am sorry the firm did not provide me with some of their cards when I was at the office this afternoon."

"It doesn't matter," said Miss Linderham; "I will remember," and they entered the house together.

Next day, at a large studio in Kensington, none of the friends who had met Miss Linderham at the ball the evening before would have recognized the girl; not but what she was as pretty as ever, perhaps a little prettier, with her long white pinafore and her pretty fingers disclosed by the crayons she was using. She was trying to sketch out on the canvas before her the figure of a man striking out from the shoulder, and she did not seem to have much success with her drawing, perhaps because her mind was preoccupied. She would sit for a long time staring at the canvas, and then jump up and put in lines which did not appear to bring the sketch any nearer perfection.

The room was large, with a good north window, and scattered about were the numberless objects that go to the confusing adornment of an artist's workshop. At last Miss Linderham threw down the crayon, went to the end of the room where a telephone hung, and rang the bell.

"Give me," she said, "100,803."

After a few moments of waiting a voice came.

"Is that Spink & Co.?" she asked.

"Yes, madame," was the reply.

"You have in your employ Lord Stansford, I think?"

"Yes, madame."

"Is he engaged for this afternoon?"

"No, madame."

"Well, send him to Miss Linderham, 2,044 Cromwell road, South Kensington."

The man at the other end wrote the address and then asked:

"At what hour, madame?"

"I want him from 4 till 6 o'clock."

"Now," said Miss Linderham, with a sigh, "I can have a model who will strike the right attitude. It is so difficult to draw from memory."

The reason why so many women fail as artists as well as in many other professions may be because they pay so much attention to their own dress. It is an astonishing fact to record that Miss Linderham sent out for a French hairdresser, who was a most expensive man, whom she generally called in only when some very important function was about to take place.

"I want you," she said, "to dress my hair in an artistic way, and yet in a manner that will seem as if no particular trouble had been taken with it. Do you understand me?"

"Ah, perfectly, mademoiselle," said the polite Frenchman. "You shall be so fascinating, mademoiselle, that——"

"Yes," said Miss Linderham, "that is what I want."

At 3 o'clock she had on a dainty gown. The sleeves were turned up as if she were ready for the most serious work. The spotless pinafore which covered this dress had the most fetching little frill around it; all in all, it was doubtful if any studio in London, even one belonging to the most celebrated painter, had in it as pretty a picture as Miss Maggie Linderham was that afternoon. At 3 o'clock Linderham was that afternoon. At 3 o'clock there came a ring at the telephone, and when Miss Linderham answered the call the voice which she had heard before said:

"I am very sorry to disappoint you, madam, but Lord Stansford resigned this afternoon. We could send you another man if you liked to have him."

"No, no," cried Miss Linderham, and the man at the other end of the telephone actually thought she was weeping.

"No, I don't want any one else. It doesn't really matter."

"The other man," replied the voice, "would be only two guineas, and it was five for Lord Stansford. We could send you a man for a guinea, although we don't recommend him."

"No," said Miss Linderham, "I don't want anybody. I am glad Lord Stansford is not coming, as the little party I proposed to give has been postponed."

"Ah, then, when it comes off, madam, I hope——"

But Miss Linderham hung up the receiver, and did not listen to the recommendations the man was sending over the wire about his hired guests. The chances are that Maggie Linderham would have cried had it not been that her hair was so nicely, yet carelessly, done; but before she had time to make up her mind what to do