THE CANDIDATE

A Political Romance

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By Joseph A. Altsheler

SYNOPSIS PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jimmy Grayson, the dark horse of a national convention, is nominated for the Presidency. Harley, the correspondent of the New York Gazette, is the first to tell the candidate the good news. He accompanies the Graysons to their Western home and meets Grayson's niece, Sylvia Morgan. The two are mutually attracted. On the night of Grayson's great speech Sylvia, in her enthusiasm, throws her arms about Grayson's neck and kisses him. On the following morning Harley finds the incident illustrated in the yellow journals, and Sylvia named as "Grayson's Egeria; the beautiful young girl who furnishes Western fire for his speeches." Churchill, correspondent of the Monitor, New York's "yellow" journal, allies himself with a party of financiers who follow Grayson to Milwaukee, and, by process of flattery, induce Churchill to start an opposition movement through his dispatches. "King" Plummer, a political power in the West and a multimillionaire, appears on the scene. Harley believes him to be Sylvia's uncle, but learns that he is her guardian and betrothed.

Churchill's dispatches are read to the Grayson party by Hobart, a newspaper man. Sylvia promises to win over Churchill.

The triumph of the candidate's oratory is reached at Weeping Water, where Grayson, after riding 400 miles and making 23 speeches, holds an audience spellbound from midnight until 3 in the morning, while a blizzard is raging.

Driving over the plains the candidate, Harley, and the driver are lost and seek shelter in a lonely house, where a tragedy—unearthed by Harley—is under way.

The following day finds the candidate's party reunited. Plummer witnesses Sylvia's warm welcome of Harley, and is brought to realize his age. Heathcote arrives from the East, having been appointed committeeman from his State because of his wealth. He is just back from Europe, and travels with a valet. He assumes management of Grayson's campaign. The citizens of the Colorado town and the newspaper correspondents hold an indignation meeting, and Harley maps out a line of action which is to make the way so rough for Heathcote and his valet that they will be discouraged with campaigning in the West.

The party reaches Grayville for Sunday, where a hanging is about to occur. Hobart interviews the condemned youth and is convinced of his innocence. He holds a conference with Grayson, and the next night, when the opera house is crowded for Grayson's speech, Hobart manages to have the three false witnesses to the murder in attendance. The candidate appears on the stage with the light of great eagerness in his eyes and confronts the audience.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"Sylvia," he said, "the perils and hardships of the trip we are just finishin' have set me to thinkin' hard."

She trembled again. She felt as if he were going to say something that she would not like to hear.

"That trip was full of dangers for you, and, as we go through all this Western country, there may be more to come. I want the right, Sylvia, to look after you, to look after you more closely than I've ever done before, and to do that, Sylvia, I've got to be your husband."

"I have promised."

"I know you have, an' I know you'll keep your promise. But I want you to keep it now. Why couldn't we get married, say next week, and make this campaign one big weddin' tour. I think it would be grand, Sylvia, an' it's right easy to arrange."

He paused, awaiting her answer, but she had suddenly lost all her color, and, despite herself, she trembled violently.

"Oh no!" she cried, "not now! It would be better to wait. Why break up this pleasant—— Oh, I don't mean that! I mean, why not go on as we are through the campaign, and afterward we could talk of—of—what you propose? Anything else now would be so unusual. I think we'd better wait!"

She spoke almost breathlessly under impulse, and then she stopped suddenly as if afraid. The color poured back into her face, and she waited timidly.

The King of the Mountains, who had never known fear, was gripped by a cold chill. He had delivered his master-stroke and it had failed.

"We'll wait, Sylvia," he said, gloomily. "Of course a woman's wish in such a matter as this is law, and more than law."

"Oh, daddy, don't you see how it is?" she cried, moved by his tone. "I'm but twenty-two. I don't want to marry just yet. I haven't seen enough of this big world. Why can't we wait a little?"

"Don't be afraid, child; no one shall make you marry when you don't want to," he said, smoothingly and protectingly, and this role became him superbly. "The subject shan't be mentioned to you again while the campaign lasts."

"You are the best man in the world, daddy!" she exclaimed. Suddenly she rose on tiptoe, kissed him lightly on the cheek, and then ran away. "King" Plummer walked gravely back to the lobby of the hotel, where a crowd was gathered.

Harley was one of this crowd, and on entering the room he had been met at once by Churchill, upon whose face was a look of consternation.

"Harley," he asked, "is the report true that Grayson was in danger of being kidnapped by bandits on this trip to Crow's Wing?"

"It is true, every word of it."

"My God! what will Europe say?" exclaimed Churchill, aghast.

Harley laughed, but he did not attempt to reason with Churchill. He knew that the correspondent of the Monitor was too far gone to be reached by argument.

Churchill sent a lurid dispatch to the Monitor, describing in detail the folly and recklessness of the candidate, and the manner in which he neglected the great issues of the campaign for the sake of impulses, which always terminated in frivolous or dangerous adventures. And the Monitor fully backed up its correspondent, because, when the issue of the paper had published the dispatch reached them, it also contained an editorial, in which the editor wrote in anguish of heart:

"We have supported Mr. Grayson in this campaign with as much zeal and energy as our moral sense would permit. We have given him full credit for all the virtues that he may possess, and we have been willing at all times for him to profit by our experience and advice. But our readers will bear witness that we have never failed in courage to denounce wrong, even if it should be in our own house. Our easy, and on the whole superficial, American temperament condones too many things. Never was it more noticeable than in the vital issues of this Presidential campaign. The yellow journals are making a great noise over Mr. Grayson; they shout about his oratory, his generosity, and his noble impulses until the really serious minority of us can scarcely hear; but the grave, thoughtful people, those who are recognized in Europe as the real leaders of American opinion, will not be put down. Despite the turmoil of the childish, we have never lost our heads. The Monitor, from the very first, has perceived the truth, and it has the courage to tell it. We contribute this advice willingly, and without charge to those who are conducting the campaign.

"The youthful and flamboyant qualities must be eradicated from Mr. Grayson. Our young republic cannot afford to be discredited in the eyes of Europe by the sensational or frivolous actions of one who is nominated by a great party for the high office of President. This last adventure with brigands in the mountains is really more than our patience will bear, and our readers know that our patience is great. We have suggested, we have advised, and we have even threatened by indirection, but thus far it has all been futile.

"Now, we mean to speak with the bluntness and decision demanded by the circumstances. A committee of men, mature in years and solid in judgment, some of whom we can name, must be put in control of the campaign. Mr. Grayson must be kept within strict limits; he must take advice before delivering his speeches, and he must not be permitted to turn aside for irrelevant issues. And since the Monitor speaks reluctantly, and in the utmost kindness, we suggest that he become a faithful reader of our columns. A word to the wise is sufficient."

The day this issue of the Monitor arrived Sylvia said to Churchill:

"Mr. Churchill, I want to thank you in behalf of my uncle for that beautiful editorial in the Monitor. It was put in the very way that would appeal to him most."

"Do you really think so, Miss Morgan?" said Churchill, blushing with borrowed pride.

"Oh, yes; but is was so typical, it had so much of a certain personal quality in it, that I am sure you must have telegraphed it to the Monitor yourself."

"King" Plummer, who stood by and who had very little to say these days, smiled sourly.

CHAPTER XVI.

By the Firelight.

The special train now entered one of the most mountainous portions of Utah, and, as the strenuous nature of the campaign continued, its exigencies permitted little time for other things. Personal feelings, fears, and hopes had to be buried, or at least hidden for the time, and Harley, like all the rest, was absorbed in work. Nevertheless, his feeling of confidence, even exhilaration, remained. He believed that he would yet discover a way.

He found this part of the campaign pleasant, physically as well as mentally. The alternation of huge mountain and fertile valley was grateful to the eye, and, however severe the day's journey might be, they knew there would be good rest at the end.

It had been nearly a week since the episode of the dead city, when Hobart bustled back to Harley and said:

"Harley, we shall have the noble red man to hear us to-night. We stop just at the edge of the Indian reservation, and a lot of the braves, with their squaws, too, I suppose, will attend. Of course they will be duly impressed by Jimmy Grayson's oratory."

Sylvia Morgan was present when this news was announced, and Hobart suddenly stopped short and glanced at her. She had turned pale, and then, remembering that old tragedy in her life when she was a little child, he ascribed her pallor to her horror at the mention of Indians. But Hobart did not know that they were approaching the scene of the memorable massacre.

The train now curved southward and entered a fertile valley lying like a bowl among the high mountains. They saw here fields that had been golden with wheat, ripe fruit yet hung from the trees, and the touch of green was still visible, although autumn had come. By the railway track a clear mountain stream flowed, sparkling in the thin, pure air, and there was more than one full-grown man in the candidate's party who, with memories of his youth before him, longed to pull off shoes and socks and wade in it with bare feet.

The sight was most refreshing after so much mountain and arid expanse, and the tired travelers brightened up visibly.

"One of the States has the motto, 'Here we rest'—I've forgotten which it is—but it ought to be Utah," said Hobart, "and now's the time."

He was not disappointed. They came before noon to Belleville, the metropolis of the valley, the place where the candidate was going to speak, one of the prettiest little towns that ever built its nest in the Rocky Mountains. They were all enthusiastic over it, with its trim houses, its well-paved streets, the clear water flowing beside the curbs, and its air of completion. The people, too, had all the Western courage and energy, without its roughness and undue expression, and so the candidate and his party luxuriated.

"You wouldn't think that this gem of a town was harried more by Indians in its infancy than perhaps any other place in the West, would you?" said Hobart to Harley.

"Hobart, what a nuisance you are!" replied Harley; "you are always prowling around in search of useless facts. Now, I don't want to hear anything about bloodshed and massacre, when Belleville is the picture of neatness and comfort that it is to-day. Look at that little opera house over there! You couldn't find anything handsomer in a city of fifty thousand in the East."

"Harley," said Hobart, with emphasis, "I wouldn't have your lack of curiosity for anything in the world," and he wandered away in disgust to pour his ancient history into the ears of a more willing listener.

At twilight they ate an admirable dinner, and then Harley, Hobart, who had returned from his explorations, Blaisdell, and two or three others, after their custom, filled in the interval betweeu supper and the speeches with a stroll through the village, Mr. Plummer going along as a sort of mentor. The keeper of the hotel informed them that many of the Indians already were in town and were "tanking up." Harley found this to be true, and the red men failed to arouse in him either respect or admiration. If they had ever had any nobility of the wilderness, it was gone now, and they seemed to him a sodden, depressed, and repellent race. A half-dozen or so, in various stages of drunkenness, through whisky surreptitiously obtained, increased the feeling of aversion.

In the dusk they stumbled over a figure lying squarely across the path, and Harley drew back with a word of disgust. An old Indian, dilapidated and in the last stages of intoxication, was stretched out on his face. A local resident named Walker, who had joined them, laughed.

"That," said he, "is a chief, a great man, or at least he was once. It's old Flying Cloud—poetical name, though he doesn't look poetical now by a long shot. Here, get out of this; you're blocking up the road!"

With true Western directness he administered a kick to the prostrate form, but the old chief, buried in a sodden dream, only stirred and muttered; then the resident opened up a battery of kicks, and presently the Indian rose to his feet and slunk off, muttering, in the darkness.

"They're no good at all," said Walker. "Only a lot of sots, whenever they get the chance."

But Harley was thinking of the contrast between what he had just seen and what he had imagined might be the freedom and nobility of the wilderness.

It was a beautiful autumn night, and the candidate spoke in the open, in the village square, with the mountains that circled about him as his background. Sylvia Morgan was not among the listeners. Usually she enjoyed these speeches in the evening, with the crowds, the enthusiasm, and the encircling darkness. But to-night she would not come, nor would she tell the reason to Harley or any of his friends. She merely said that she wished to stay in her room at the hotel.

The audience was quiet and attentive, and Harley noticed here and there on the outskirts the dark faces of the Indians. They interested him so much that he left the platform presently to watch them. He was wondering if they had any conception at all of Jimmy Grayson's words or of a Presidential campaign. Nor did he gain any knowledge by his examination. They listened gravely, and their faces were without expression.

The nearest of them all to the stand Harley recognized as the old chief, Flying Cloud, whom Walker had kicked off the sidewalk. He seemed to have recovered physical command of himself, and stood erect. There was a red feather in his felt hat, and a shawl in brilliant stripes was drawn across his shoulders.

The candidate spoke in a specially happy vein that night, and the background of the mountains added impressiveness to his words. To Harley, again the analyst, and seeking to put himself in the Indian's place, there was a rhythm and power in what Jimmy Grayson said, although he, as an Indian, might not understand a word. He could interpret it as a chant of battle or victory, and such, he had no doubt, was the view of Flying Cloud.

The chief, so Harley judged, was still half under the influence of drink, but he was paying close attention to the speaker, and the correspondent at last saw in his eyes what he took to be the stir of some emotion. It was a light, as of memories of his own triumphs, and the chief's figure began to sway gently to the music of Jimmy Grayson's voice. They had built a bonfire near the speakers' stand, and by its flare Harley clearly saw old Flying Cloud smile.

Hobart came up at that moment, and Harley pointed out to him the transformation in the old chief's appearance. Hobart's opinion agreed with Harley's.

"It's a battle-song that Flying Cloud is hearing," he said. "It's Jimmy Grayson that's stirring him up, though maybe the old fellow doesn't understand it that way."

The speeches ended after a while, and the people began to leave. Presently only a few were left in the square, and among them Harley, who felt no touch of sleepiness. He looked at the quiet town, then up at the ridges and peaks, crested with snow and silhouetted against the moonlit sky, and thought again of that little girl, alone with her dead and in the night among the vast mountains.

The next moment he believed that it was a telepathic feeling, because at his elbow was Sylvia Morgan herself, a red-striped shawl over her head to protect her from the cold, and "King" Plummer, who had evidently brought her from the hotel, not far away.

"Are they all gone?" she asked.

"No," replied Harley; "the Indians and a few more are left."

Harley, in the moonlight, clearly saw her shiver.

"I was restless, and I could not sleep," she said. "I came out for the sake of the air. But I'll go back."

"No," said Harley, "don't go. Stay with us, please. Now what can that mean?"

A wild, barbaric chant arose near the bonfire behind them.

"Come!" exclaimed Harley, keen to see and hear. "I think it's old Flying Cloud, and he's ready to turn himself loose. We can't miss this!"

Sylvia was about to turn away, but as "King" Plummer came up on the other side of her, and seemed to have a curiosity like Harley's, she yielded at last, though with reluctance, and the three walked toward the fire.

Harley's surmise was correct, as old Flying Cloud jumping back and forth, was singing some kind of war song. There was a group about him, and in it was Hobart, who Harley guessed had been a moving spirit in this scene. Jimmy Grayson's fire and eloquence had done the rest.

The flames burned down a little, but they cast a weird light on the old chief's face, bringing out like brown carving the high cheek bones, the great, hooked nose, and the seamed cheeks. The thin lips fell away from long, yellow teeth, and heightened the effect of cruelty which his whole expression gave.

Hobart came over to them, and said: "See how the old fellow is changing! We've got him to sing one of his ancient war songs, and I guess he thinks he's beating Jimmy Grayson now!"

Sylvia Morgan shuddered, but she said nothing. She seemed to be held by the fascination of the serpent.

The chief continued to make his queer little jumps back and forth, and went on with his chant. As he had begun in English for his auditors, so he continued, although he was now oblivious of their presence. Harley, watching him, knew it, and he knew, too, that the chief's mind was far back in the past. His was not the song of the broken derelict, but of the barbarous and triumphant warrior, and as he sang he gathered fire and strength.

The circle of white faces grew around the old chief. Every loiterer was there, and others came back. Not one spoke. All were fascinated by the singular and weird scene. The moon, low down on the mountain's crest, still shed a pallid, grayish light that mingled with the fitful red glare from the glowing coals, the two together casting an unearthly tinge. But Harley's eyes never left the chief, as he saw his figure continue to expand and grow with ancient memories of prowess, and the eyes of Sylvia beside him, as she too listened, expressed many and strong emotions.

Flying Cloud told of hunting triumphs, of the slaughter of the buffalo, of fierce encounters with the mountain lion, of hand-to-hand combat with the grizzly bear, and then he glided into war. Now his voice rose, full and prolonged, without any of the tremor or shrilliness of age, and his eccentric dancing grew more violent. His emotions, too, were shown on his face in all their savagery as he told of the foray and the fight.

At first it was Indian against Indian, and never was any mercy shown—always woe to the conquered; then it was the whites. An emigrant train was coming over the mountains—men, women, and children. There was danger in their path; a Ute war band was abroad, but the fools knew it not. They traveled on, and at night the children played and laughed by the camp fire, but the shadow of the Utes was always there. Flying Cloud led the war band, but held them back until the time should come. He was waiting for a place that he knew. At last they reached it, a deep canyon with bushes on each side, and the train entered the defile.

Harley suddenly felt a hand upon his arm. It was the fingers of Sylvia grasping him, but unconscious of the act. He looked up and saw her face as white as death, and a yard away the eyes of "King" Plummer were burning like two coals.

Flying Cloud's figure swayed, and his voice trembled with a curious joy at the old memories. He was approaching the great moment of triumph. He told how the warriors lay among the bushes, watching the foolish train come on, how they looked at each other and rejoiced in advance over an easy victory.

Some would have fired too soon, but Flying Cloud would not let them. He was the cunning mind, as well as the bold heart, and he omitted nothing. The trap was perfect. The fools never suspected. They stopped to make a camp, and still they did not know that a ring of death was about them. They built their fires, and again the children laughed and played by the coals. It was the last time.

The old chief was now wholly the wilderness slayer, the Indian of an earlier time. His glittering eyes at times swept the circle of white faces about him, but he did not see them, only that old massacre.

The narrative went on. Flying Cloud told each of his warriors to select a victim, and fire true when he gave the word. He chose for himself a large man who stood by one of the wagons, a man who had with him a woman and a little boy and a little girl, and the little girl had long curls.

A groan burst from Plummer, and Harley saw his great figure gather as if for a spring. But Harley, quick as lightning, seized the man in a powerful grasp, and cried in his ear: "Not now, Mr. Plummer; not now, for God's sake! Wait until the end!"

Harley felt the "King" quiver in his hands, and then cease to struggle. Sylvia stood by, still as white as death and absolutely motionless. The others, held by the old chief's song, did not see nor hear.

Flying Cloud's eyes were glittering with cruel triumph as he continued his chant. The rifles were raised, the white fools yet suspected nothing, but laughed and jested with one another as if there would be a to-morrow.

Then he gave the word, and all the rifles were fired at once. The canyon was filled with smoke and the whistling of bullets. Most of the men in the train were killed at once, and then the warriors sprang among those who were left. Flying Cloud had shot the tall man by the wagon, and then he sought the woman and the two children. He slew the woman and the little boy, and he scalped them both. Then he sprang at the girl, but the child of the Evil Spirit slipped among the bushes, and he could not find her.

The old chief stopped a moment, and once more his glittering eyes swept the circle of white faces, but saw them not. Then that fierce cry burst again from Plummer. Suddenly he threw off Harley as if he had been a child, and sprang through the ring of white faces into the circle of the firelight. The tall, pale girl, still not saying a word, stood by, like an avenging goddess.

"Murderer!" cried the "King." "It is not too late to punish you!"

He seized the old chief by the throat, but the white men threw themselves upon him and tore him off.

Flying Cloud reeled back, gazed a moment at Plummer, and then drew a knife.

"It was when there was war between us, and I will not swing at the end of the white man's rope," he said.

So speaking, he plunged the blade into his own heart and fell dead, almost at the feet of the woman whose kin he had slain.

"Whatever the red scoundrel was," said Hobart, later, "I shall always use the old text for him, and say that nothing in this life became him like the leaving of it."

But there were no such feelings in the heart of Sylvia Morgan. When "King" Plummer sprang upon Flying Cloud, Harley turned involuntarily to Sylvia, and he saw the pallor replaced by a sudden flush; then, when the chief slew himself with his own knife, the flush passed, and whiter than ever she sank down gently. But Harley caught her in his arms before she fell, and in a moment or two she revived. It seemed to be her first thought that she was held by him, and she struggled a little.

"Let me go," she said; "I can stand. I assure you I can. It was just a passing weakness."

But Harley wished to make certain that it was not more than that before he released her, and the friendly darkness and the interest of the crowd centered on Flying Cloud aided him. A minute later Mrs. Grayson and the wife of a local political leader, Mrs. Meadows, took her from him and carried her to the hotel. Mrs. Grayson, who had heard the chief's chant, understood the story, but Mrs. Meadows, who knew nothing of Sylvia's relation to it, but who guessed something from the talk of the others, was devoured by curiosity. However, she prevailed over it, for the time, and was silent as she went with Sylvia back to the hotel, although she made a vow which she kept—that she would find out the full truth in the morning.

Harley lingered a little by the firelight and joined Hobart and the crowd. The tragedy had cut deep into his thoughts—and he did not care to talk, but the others had plenty to say.

"What a singular coincidence," said Tremaine, stroking his fine, white, pointed mustache, of which he was very proud. "I call it very remarkable that this savage should have told the story of that old tragedy the very night when the only survivor of it was present."

"I do not call it remarkable at all," said Hobart. "It is not even a coincidence in the usual meaning of the word. It came about naturally, each chapter in the story being the logical sequence of the chapter that preceded it."

"It may all be very clear to a man like you, one who makes a study of crime and mysteries," said Tremaine, ironically, as he gave him mustache an impatient tug, "but it is far from being so to me. I still call it a coincidence."

"That is because you haven't taken time to think about it, Tremaine. Your mind is entirely too good to accept such a theory as coincidence. In the first place, Mr. Grayson is making a thorough tour of the West, all the more thorough because these are supposed to be doubtful States. Now what more natural than his coming to Belleville, which is one of the most important towns in Northern Utah, and, having come, what more probable than the presence of the Indians at his speech, because such attractions are rare in Belleville, and the Indian would come to see what it is that stirs up so much his white friend and brother. Of course, the Indian, in his degenerate days, would take the chance to get drunk, and, being in a whisky stupor, he naturally supposed that Mr. Grayson was chanting a chant of victory, and quite as naturally he chanted in return his own chant, and also quite as naturally this chant was about the deed that he considered the greatest of his life. So, there you are; the chain is complete, the result is natural; any other result would have been unnatural."

Tremaine laughed.

"You have worked it out pretty well, Hobart," he said, "but I have my own opinion."

"You are entitled to it," rejoined Hobart, briskly, "but be sure you keep it to yourself, and then you won't suffer from the criticisms of the intelligent."

Tremaine laughed good-naturedly, and then avowed his concern about that beautiful girl, Miss Morgan, who suddenly, and under such peculiar circumstances, had been brought face to face with the slayer of her people; he had perceived from the first her noble qualities, and he felt for her the deepest sympathy. Tremaine, while a great lover of the ladies, had in reality less perception than any of the others in affairs of the heart. He was, perhaps, the only one in the group who did not know what was going on, and for that reason he talked at length of Sylvia, no one being able to stop him. He thought it a pity that Sylvia should be wasted on "King" Plummer, who was a good man, a fine old Roman soul, but then he had his doubts about Sylvia's love for him—that is, as a husband. Mr. Plummer was too old for her. Tremaine, by a curious inconsistency, never looked upon himself as old, and thought it perfectly natural that he should carry on a mild flirtation with any girl, provided she be handsome, although young enough to be his daughter.

Harley was uneasy, and would have left them had not the act called attention to himself too pointedly, and he was forced to listen to Tremaine's rambling comment, knowing that all the others had him in their thoughts as they heard. Fortunately, Tremaine did not require any comment from others, preferring an unbroken stream of his own talk, and Harley was able to regain his hotel in silence.

They were confronted the next morning by an announcement that sent sorrow through the whole group. Mrs. Grayson felt that the events of the night before were too much for a young girl, and unless she were removed for a time to quieter scenes and a less arduous life they would leave lasting effects. Moreover, the campaign was about to enter upon a phase in which women would prove burdensome, hence she and Sylvia were going to Salt Lake City for a stay of two weeks, and then they would rejoin the party at some point in the Northwest.

It was with no counterfeit grief that they heard this news. The ladies had added brightness and variety to a most toilsome campaign, and their daily travel would seem very black indeed without them. Even Churchill was loud in his regrets, because Churchill had some of the instincts of a gentleman, and he never failed in what was due to Mrs. Grayson and Sylvia. But he could not keep from making one nasty little stab at Harley.

"Harley," he said, "do you know that they are going to have a very stalwart escort to Salt Lake?"

"I do not," replied Harley, in some surprise. "I think they are quite able to take care of themselves."

"Perhaps they are, but 'King' Plummer is going with them, nevertheless. At his age it is well for a man to keep watch over a young girl whom he expects to marry, or some husky youth may carry her off."

Harley was surprised at the strength of his desire to strike Churchill in the face, and he was also surprised at the fact that he resisted it. He accounted for it by his theory that Churchill could not help being mean at times, and, therefore, was not wholly responsible. So he contented himself with saying:

"Churchill, you are a fool now and then, but you never know it."

Then he walked carelessly away before Churchill had made up his mind whether to get angry or to return a sarcastic reply. Churchill liked to use sarcasm, as it made him feel superior.

But Harley was much disturbed by Churchill's statement. Sylvia was going away, and her stay of two weeks might lengthen into months or become permanent. And Mr. Plummer was going with her. Harley's own absence would put him at a great disadvantage, and for a moment he suspected that this stop at Salt Lake City was an artful movement on the part of the "King," but reflection made him acquit Mr. Plummer, first, because the "King" was too honest to do such a thing, and, second, because he was not subtle enough to think of it.

While he was planning what he would do to face this unforeseen development, a boy from the hotel handed him a note. Harley's heart jumped when he saw that it was in the handwriting of Sylvia Morgan, and it fluttered still further when she asked to see him in the hotel parlor for a few minutes. He was apprehensive, too, because if she had anything good to tell him she certainly would not send for him.

Sylvia was sitting in the parlor beside a window that looked out upon a vast range of snow-covered mountains, rising like the serrated teeth of a saw, and, although she heard his footsteps, she did not turn her face until Harley stood beside her. Then she said, irrelevantly:

"Isn't that a grand view!"

"You did not send for me to tell me that," said Harley, with a certain protecting tenderness in his tone, because what he took to be the sadness in her face appealed to his manly qualities.

"No, I did not. I have been thinking over what we said to each other when we were coming back from Crow's Wing, and I have concluded that it was wrong."

"Why was it wrong? I love you, and I had the right to tell you so."

"No, you did not. You would have had were I free, but I am promised to another. I was wrong to let you speak; I was wrong to listen to you."

"I will not admit it," said Harley, doggedly, "because Mr. Plummer is going to give you up. He will see that he ought not to hold you to this promise."

She smiled sadly.

"I must be loyal to him," she said, "and before starting for Salt Lake City I want to tell you that you must not again speak to me of this."

"But I shall write to you in Salt Lake."

"You must not write of this. If you do, I will not open another one of your letters."

"I promise not to write to you of love, but I make no promise after that. You are not going from Salt Lake to Idaho? This is not an excuse to leave us for good?"

Her eyes wavered before his. It may be that she had intended to abandon the campaign permanently, but, with his straight and masterful glance demanding an honest answer, she could not say it.

"Yes, I will come back," she said, and then, with a sudden burst of feeling: "Oh, I like your group; I like all of you. This great journey has been something fresh and wonderful to me, and I do not want to leave it!"

"I thought not," said Harley, with returning confidence, "and I am glad that you sent for me here, because it has given me a chance to tell you that, while you mean to keep your promise, I also mean to keep mine. Mr. Plummer will yet yield you up. You are mine, not his; you know you are!"

He bent suddenly and kissed her lightly on the forehead, and every nerve in her tingled at the first touch of the lips of the man whom she loved. Yet with the sense of right, of loyalty to another, strong within her, she was about to protest, but he was gone, and the first kiss still tingled on her forehead. She felt as if he had put there an invisible seal, and that now in very truth she belonged to him.

The two ladies under the escort of Mr. Plummer left an hour later for Salt Lake City, and everybody was at the station to see them go. Mrs. Grayson was quiet as usual, and Sylvia was noticeably subdued, a fact which most of them ascribed to the tragedy of Flying Cloud and her coming absence of two weeks from a most interesting campaign.

"You ought to cheer up, Miss Sylvia," said Hobart, "because you are not half as unlucky as we are. You can spare us much more easily than we can spare you."

"I am really sorry that I must go," she said, sincerely.

"But you will come back to us?"

"I have promised to do so."

"That is enough; we know that you will keep a promise, Miss Sylvia."

Sylvia at first would not look at Harley. His kiss still burned upon her brow, and she yet felt that it was his seal, his claim upon her. And her conscience hurt her for it, because there was "King" Plummer, strong, protecting, and overflowing with love for her and faith in her. But as she was telling them all good-by, she was forced to say it to Harley, too, in his turn, and when he took her hand he pressed it ever so little, and said, for her ear only:

"I am still hoping. I refuse to give you up."

She retreated quickly into the Salt Lake car to hide her blush.

When they saw the last smoke of the train melting into the blue sky, Harley and Mr. Heathcote walked back to the hotel together. A strong friendship had grown up between these two, and each valued the other's opinion.

"A fine woman," said Mr. Heathcote, looking toward the silky blue of the sky where the smoke had been.

"Yes, Mrs. Grayson has always impressed me as a woman of great dignity and strength," said Harley, purposely misunderstanding him.

"That is apparent, but I was not speaking of her. I meant Miss Morgan; she seems to me to be of a rare and noble type. The man who gets her, whoever he may be, ought to think himself lucky."

Harley noticed that Mr. Heathcote did not take it for granted that "King" Plummer would get her, but he said nothing in reply.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

CARDUCCI, THE POET

Brilliant Italian Winner of a Nobel Prize.

Translated for Boston Transcript from Le Temps.

The Nobel prize awarded to Giosue Carducci has suddenly revealed to the general public of France the existence of a great Italian poet. For glory has shown herself at once generous and niggardly toward Carducci. Adored in his native country as a demigod and worshiped as a laic saint, it is doubtful if so much as the titles of his works are known to anybody outside Italy. My present desire is to vindicate the justice of his national popularity and to explain the reasons for foreign ignorance of him.

Though there is indeed little excuse for the Boulevard's indifference, there are extenuating circumstances attending our French dearth of knowledge touching Carducci's works. Those incomparable masterpieces have never been translated into our language, and probably never will be.

Why? Simply because they are incapable of translation. Neither in France nor in Italy do I know a writer rash enough to break the rhythm or destroy the harmonious order of words in Carducci's winged strophes. I remember how, one December day—after a morning in the Roman Forum with Gabriel d'Annunzio and Giacomo Boni, who had belauded the singer of the Mother City and had so wondrously rendered his verses that I was carried away by a fury of enthusiasm—I went home mad with ambition to turn the Italian's poems into French for the delight of my countrymen at home. Alas, poor me! As well might I have tried to bring to Paris the lovely winter sunshine that illumined the ruins of the Palatine; as well have sought to set the waves of the Mediterranean a-surging beneath the Port de l'Alma. Hopeless and impotent, I tossed aside the book, which seemed in its every splendid line to reproach my sacrilegious version.

Played a National Role.

But if we French may be pardoned for not knowing all the lyrical thrills of Carducci's odes, there is one thing we can no longer ignore; and that is the great role played by Carducci in the evolution of his country and in the exaltation of the Latin race. What Dante was to an Italy conquered and trampled under foot by the barbarian, Carducci is to an Italy regenerated and free. What Cavour did as a statesman and Garibaldi as a warrior, Carducci has done as a poet. Diplomacy, the sword, the lyre—these were the three forms of the Italian genius that achieved the Risorgimento. It is impossible to separate them.

Here, for instance, is a necessarily inexact prose rendering of the fiery verses Carducci sent to Garibaldi when that hero, beaten and wounded, was taken captive upon his way to Rome; it is one of his most famous poems, and its title is "Dopo Aspromonte:"

"Bear, O winds of Italy—bear my salutation to the hero, to the wounded martyr, silent now within his prison cell!

"Hail, thou loyal rebel! The groves of Aspromonte shall send thee holy laurel leaves to crown thy brow withal!

"Hail, thou loyal rebel, thou father of thy country! Countless generations shall worship at thy shrine. The heart of all the nation beats for thee!

"Prometheus, curse thy gods, yet smile upon thy children, still blackened by the thunderbolt. The future? Lo, 'tis we!"

No poet of ours, excepting perhaps Victor Hugo in the days of the "Chatiments," has had so direct and powerful an influence as that wielded by Carducci throughout his career. An old Garibaldian with whom I dined in Rome the other day told me that his nascent verses were awaited with a sort of religious awe and suspense; even before they were printed, they were passed from lip to lip as if modern Italians had been ancient Greeks; they were recited around the campfire, in the forest, behind the breastworks, and in the hospitals where the wounded had come to die.

His Love for the Queen.

People wonder, not without reason, how our Italian poet, who is so good a republican and so stout a revolutionist when he writes about France, should have become a monarchist at home and an ally of the house of Savoy. Superficial critics have thought this attitude a flagrant contradiction. And if Carducci had betrayed the principles of his people, if he had wantonly or basely abandoned the doctrines of his militant youth, we should have to regard his right-about-face as an indelible stain upon his honor. Let us then seek the source of his conversion—if conversion there was.

There goes a romantic story that says Carducci fell in love with Queen Margherita, and that, through his admiration for the fair-haired princess, the proud lion ceased showing his claws, and offered up his old-time conviction upon the flower-decked altar of the young monarchy. The story is perhaps true, but the conclusions are false.

Carducci, who never stirred from Bologna where he had established himself after the triumph of Italy and where he taught Italian literature until recently at the university, had refused all reward and desired that no decoration should signalize his participation in the founding of the nation. Now upon a certain November day in 1878 he saw Queen Margherita pass by in a procession of banners and flowers. The poet was about forty years old. The Queen was in the glory of her radiant beauty. She loved poets and profoundly admired Carducci. She requested that Carducci should come and salute her—not as a subject before a sovereign, but as a poet before a noble and cultured lady. What befell, at that hour, within the heart of the ardent but knightly republican? What thunderbolt burst upon that disciple of Virgil and Petrarch? At all events, there appeared a few days later the famous "Ode to Queen Margherita:"

"Whence cometh thou to us? What ages have vouchsafed to us thy sweetness and thy beauty? One day I did behold thee, Queen, and thou wert like to them the sacred poets sing!"

No Longer Opposed Monarchy.

To be sure, this purely lyric and chivalric ode contains nothing of a royalist blandishment, but solely a man's admiration for a woman's womanliness and beauty. And as several of the poet's friends, who remained fiercely revolutionary, denounced this hymn to a queen, Carducci—embarrassed, well knowing that he was no courtier, and yet not daring to avow the true spring of his enthusiasm—replied that he had only sung to the eternal feminine. And he wrote:

"The Queen is a beautiful and gentle lady, of exquisite speech and wonderful tact; never did Greek or Girondin poet stand in the presence of beauty without saluting it."

In reality, Carducci became more and more romantically enthusiastic about the Queen, so that one day he suffered himself to be received at court, and soon ceased his opposition to the monarchy. Need we conclude that he had changed his views? Was he no longer a republican and a revolutionist? Had he, in a word, turned renegade? Not at all. In him there was no change. He was the same Carducci as before. His heart and his energies were still with free, revolutionary Italy. And in order to understand this, you must understand the political psychology of modern Italy.

Although a monarchy, Italy is at heart a republic—perhaps more of a republic than France. Whence comes it, then, that her republican heroes—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Carducci, and the rest—have given her a royal house? Simply because of a circumstance unique in history: a king came and helped those republicans, and helped them by manifesting ideas akin to theirs. This king, who lent them his sword, was a revolutionist and an anticlerical.

Pact with the King.

Between king and republicans a sort of pact was established. They said to him: "We desire to found the Republic of United Italy; we want to enforce the principles of the revolution in our country; but since you are with us, and since the people love you and you love them, instead of electing a president of that republic, we will agree that the presidency shall be hereditary in your family. You will never lay hands upon our fundamentally republican institutions and customs. As long as your family remain faithful to this pact, the Italians will remain faithful to their agreement."

That is why there are so few self-styled republicans in Italy, and that is why the Italians are almost all republicans—from the King down!

So, when Carducci accepted the house of Savoy without a protest, he wasn't playing traitor to any of his republican principles. A queen's smile made him accomplish for chivalry's sake what the Garibaldis and the Cairolis and all the self-sacrificing heroes who shed their blood for the revolution had accomplished through historical necessity.

HOME OF THRONELESS KINGS.

Paris Acts as a Magnet to Draw Deposed Royalty.

From the New York World.

The dethroned King of Dahomey died in Algeria, leagues away from the boulevards dear to exiled royalty, but he was none the less a Daudet type. Behanzin was nominally a prisoner on French soil, but the rigors of his earlier confinement in Fort de France had been tempered. His old bodyguard of Amazons was gone and most of his thirty-six wives. Human sacrifice was forbidden him, and if he maintained a snake temple it was decorously screened from public view. But there remained a mimic state and the diversions of decayed royalty, in his case dancing girls, Turkish cigarettes, and benedictine.

A near neighbor of Behanzin's in Algeria was the exiled Queen of Madagascar, Ranavalona, also a French hostage, and known to Paris only from surreptitious visits there for clothes. But at least these royal captives must rank as nonresident members of the colony of illustrious exiles which has given France a unique reputation as the asylum of repudiated royalty.

What an Almanach de Gotha of discarded potentates the list is! London had the Orleanist refugees and various Bonaparte kings and princes, Italian cities housed the Stuart pretenders, and New York has extended its hospitality to Garibaldis and Kossuths. But to Paris throneless monarchs have gravitated as if by force of magnetic attraction. To mention only those who have sought refuge there within recent times is to recall King Milan and Queen Natalie, ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, the former Queen of Naples, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Parma, and many others. And about this inner circle revolves other circles of Russian grand dukes and eloping princesses, Central and South American dictators, together with many kings of the industrial world who have found it convenient to go into voluntary exile.

A variegated kaleidoscope it is, to which a barbaric royal personality like Behanzin or Ranavalona contributes an added touch of interest.

SETTING AMERICAN PEARLS.

More Money Spent for Domestic Jewels Than Ever Before.

From the