MRS. VANDERTON'S COMPANION

I HAD stood near the gangway of the steamship Philistine ever since she had begun to take passengers aboard in the morning, and now that the time of departure had arrived and we were leaving the landing stage I turned away to seek my cabin.

For many months large and increasing quantities of diamonds had been smuggled into the States, and the authorities were in despair at their inability to check the practice. Thus it came about that I was deputed to sail across the Atlantic in one of the Liverpool boats that I might endeavor to locate those concerned during the voyage. Hardly had I arrived in England than a cablegram reached me from my chief directing me to take passage with the Philistine, which he had reason to believe was to be the scene of the next attempt.

A hubbub of noise came from the corridor. The occupants of the adjoining stateroom were for the most part excitedly talking and unpacking luggage for immediate use. Suddenly the man who was moving about just beyond my partition opened his door and called for the steward.

Involuntarily, I gave a slight start. Something in that voice was familiar. I listened carefully when next he spoke, but, try as I would, I failed to bring to mind the owner's name. Perhaps a glimpse of the man would stimulate my memory. I rose from my seat and stepped briskly outside, almost colliding with him in my haste.

His back was toward me, and I was able to note his short, thick-set figure supported on the right side by a crutch, before he wheeled around so sharply as to lose his grasp of it. I caught his arm, or he would have fallen.

"Excuse me," I said, apologetically. "I fear I startled you." And stooping I reached his crutch and replaced it.

A slight smile chased away the angry look which had first appeared upon his dark features. "You were not at all in fault," he replied. "I ought not to have attempted such a thing as turning so quickly. I had forgotten my affliction for the moment, and imagined I was as strong as ever."

I found that I had been placed at the captain's table at dinner, and, upon taking my seat, discovered my vis-a-vis to be the very man upon whom my thoughts were centered. He smiled and commenced chatting amiably.

"I hope we shall have a pleasant voyage," he said. "The weather seems propitious."

I made some conventional reply. "Have you friends on board with you?" I inquired.

"Not a single one. I know it is risky to cross the Atlantic in my condition, but circumstances have forced me to do it."

Just why suspicion of this man should enter my head I cannot say, but from that moment a growing feeling that he was not altogether honest in his protestations took possession of me. I watched him keenly.

We went out together and up on to the deck. That strange spirit of unrest still held him. With a muttered apology he hurried off to find the steward. In some eagerness I followed a little way behind.

"Yes, sir," I heard the steward say, "Mrs. Vanderton and her companion are in No. 57."

"Then she is on board?" said Fletcher. With a curt nod he crossed to where I was standing. "I'm going below, Mr. Anderson. I always retire early—doctor's orders, you know. Good night."

"Now, what am I to think?" I communed with myself as he went down below. "The man is not altogether 'square.' First no friends; then he asks after and is anxious about two ladies. I think it will pay me to keep an eye on him. Fletcher! I can't remember anyone of that name."

Later in the evening I had occasion to visit my state room. I went so quietly that my neighbor was unaware of how near I was to him. Contrary to his statement, he had not as yet retired. I heard him walk across the floor, and—yes, there could be no gainsaying the fact—he was not using the crutch.

We were within 36 hours' sail of New York, and I was still in doubt as to what course I should take. Fletcher had given no further sign that he was the man I wanted. Also, the two ladies in whom he had interested me had made their first appearance at the dinner table that evening, and he had not attempted to speak with them. In fact, to me he seemed rather to avoid them.

But that night was to reveal much. I had gone away from the crowd of passengers and found a seat in one of the darkest corners of the deck. Suddenly I heard Fletcher coming along and as he was moving rather rapidly I looked out to find the cause. A few yards before him was a young lady, and he was trying to catch her up. As she passed one of the lamps I recognized her. My heart gave a jump. She was Mrs. Vanderton's companion.

"Lucille!" he called, softly. "Lucille!"

A little cry escaped her, and she halted as though frightened. "Who are you?" she asked, speaking with a slight French accent. "I do not recognize——"

"Of course not," and the man chuckled. I look rather different to what I did two years ago. But you will remember your old friend Alec Heyley!"

"Alec Heyley!" With the sound of the name the owner's past history returned to me in a flash. The last time I saw him he was a criminal in a dock, when I heard him sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment for attempted burglary.

"You!" cried the girl, peering into his face. "Why, what are you doing here?"

"So you have not forgotten? That's all right. Oh! don't be afraid, my dear!" he said, familiarly. "What's the game you're trying to work?"

"I fail to understand your meaning," she replied, with an impatient gesture.

"Come, Lucille, don't behave like a saint! I can tell you things about yourself that even you would not care to hear. Are you supposed to have turned over a new leaf, eh?"

She did not answer him. Her foot was tapping the deck angrily.

"So that's the case, is it? You're earning a living in an honest manner. Quite a change, is it not? But it won't do for me. Can you guess why I took passage aboard this boat?"

"Yes, I can! Your object is some unlucky person's money or jewelry."

"Correct, mademoiselle!" and Fletcher gave a low laugh. "But now I've a little surprise for you. Mrs. Vanderton is the lady to whom I am paying my delicate attentions."

"Mrs. Vanderton!" the girl repeated, in startled tones. "But you shall not harm her. I will go at once and——"

"Not so fast, my dear, or your position would scarcely be an enviable one." He seized her wrist and held her fast. "She carries a large quantity of valuables about with her. I watched her make some pretty heavy purchases of unset diamonds on the continent."

"I know nothing about it. I will not listen. Let me go!" she cried, almost wildly, trying to free herself. "I will have nothing to do with your schemes, and what is more, I shall inform the captain who his passenger is."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the man, releasing her. "But you have a pretty spirit! You are still the Lucille of old in temper, if in nothing else. But listen to me. I've reckoned on your help, and I mean to have it. Mrs. Vanderton would not employ you if she were aware of the character you bear. I don't feel anxious to inform her, but if you prove obstinate——" He paused, meaningly.

A shudder passed over the girl. He saw his advantage and pressed her further.

"There is no need for us to quarrel," he said, quietly. "You will take no part in the business at all. I shall attempt nothing on board this vessel. All I require from you is information about what you will do upon landing at New York."

She stood silent a moment, deep in thought. "I will tell you to-morrow," she answered, slowly. Then without another word she turned and hurried away.

From the conversation I gathered what she had been, and as she had attempted to rise from a criminal sphere I would see that Fletcher should not be the one to drag her down again.

"If the man you overheard was correct in his statement, Anderson," said my chief, "then Mrs. Vanderton is the woman we are in search of. She only declared a small quantity of jewelry."

"Just so," was my reply. "I have traced her to a small hotel and have left a man on the watch. I had intended going there this evening and noting the events. This fellow Fletcher is on the track of the diamonds also, but with a very different object to ours."

"Do as you wish, Anderson. The case is in your hands." And with that the chief dismissed me.

So it came about that at dusk I and two of my comrades were safely installed in a room next to that occupied by Mrs. Vanderton. A ventilator communicated between the two, and by standing upon a table I was able to hear, and in some measure to see, all that took place. Evidently the lady was expecting a visitor, for to Lucille she complained more than once that a certain person was very late.

"You must go out of the room when he comes. Mr. Ryland and I have some business to consider."

"As you wish," was the girl's quiet reply. "In fact, if you will allow me, I should like to go now and take a walk in the avenue."

"By all means," Mrs. Vanderton acquiesced; and shortly afterwards Lucille put on her hat and went out. Left alone, the lady began to read a paper, and just when I was becoming tired of the slowness of the affair there came a sudden sharp rat-tat upon the panels of the door.

"A gentleman wants to see you," called out the hotel boy.

"It's quite right," I heard a deep-masculine voice say. "Mrs. Vanderton is expecting me."

He brushed past the boy and entered the room.

"Good evening," he went on; "so you have reached the States in safety? I must congratulate you most heartily." And he shook hands with her.

"Safely enough," was the lady's smiling reply; "of that I can assure you. Everything has worked splendidly. This is the fourth time I have successfully hoodwinked the customs officers. Oh! they are a smart set of men!"

The two laughed at the sarcasm. "A woman such as you can outwit the whole lot!" he said, gallantly. "But was there no suspicion?" he added, doubtfully.

"I was very closely searched—too closely to please me. Perhaps we had better give the game a rest."

"Well, let me have a look at the stones. I suppose they are in their usual place? I've got a knife."

"Yes, they are in——" She stopped abruptly and glanced apprehensively toward the door. There was someone just outside. Then came a knock.

"Quick!" she exclaimed. "You must not be seen here! Into the other room! I'll go and look who it is!" The sound of a hurried disappearance reached my ears, and Mrs. Vanderton crossed to the door and threw it wide open. A little cry escaped her as the stranger stepped briskly inside. It was Fletcher!

"Excuse me, Mrs. Vanderton," he cried, coolly, "but I want to have a short chat with you. I didn't trouble to tell the clerk I was coming up, so we shan't be interrupted. Will you sit down, please?"

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" she cried. If she had been startled at first her nerve had now returned to her. "If you do not at once leave this room I will ring for help."

"I wouldn't do that, Mrs. Vanderton," responded the man. "I'm a customs officer. That touches you up, eh? You will perhaps remember that I came over in the same boat as yourself, after watching you and a man named Williams purchase rather a large quantity of diamonds in Amsterdam. You forgot to declare those, I believe?"

"I know nothing of what you are talking. Leave this room instantly or——"

"Pardon me, madam, you must not act foolishly. All that I have said is correct. But I have come here to make you an offer."

Mrs. Vanderton was too angry for words. She felt sure that the stranger knew her secret, but having got through safely thus far was not disposed to yield without a struggle.

"Now, perhaps you will allow me to explain my intentions," pursued Fletcher, enjoying her discomfiture. "I want a share in the plunder; or, rather, profit! Let me see the stones, please. You pay me a good proportion, and I will remain silent, besides helping you in the future."

"I know nothing of any stones, and——'

The man rapped out an oath. "Don't try to bluff me, Mrs. Vanderton!" he cried, savagely. "Let me look at those diamonds. I mean to have them for myself. I know where they are hidden. Remarkable cute, eh?—but not smart enough to deceive me!"

He took a step forward and made a clutch at her throat—then paused half in doubt. There came the noise of rapid footsteps upon the corridor, and Lucille, flushed and out of breath, burst into the room. "I saw him in the street," she panted. "Don't talk to him, Mrs. Vanderton. He wants to rob you of your jewels. His name is Heyley, and——"

The man crossed to where she stood, his hand raised ready to strike. But Lucille was not afraid of him. "Shall I fetch the police?" she asked.

"Stop, stop! Lucille!" said Mrs. Vanderton, stepping between the two. "I know this man. He is——"

"Yes, Lucille," interrupted Fletcher. "Please don't fetch the police to Mrs. Vanderton. She's one of the coolest swindlers that ever walked the earth!"

But this was more than Ryland could stand. He threw open the inner door and, rushing forward, thrust Fletcher back. "Clear out of this instantly, or I'll throw you out!" he shouted wildly.

Fletcher gave a gasp. He had not expected such an interruption. "Who are you?" he cried, trying to brazen the matter out. "If you're in the game with Mrs. Vanderton, understand this: I'm going to take a share, and——"

But this time I caused him to break off suddenly. At the sound of Ryland's reappearance I had given the signal to my men, and at their head, had entered the room with my revolver leveled.

"Hands up, both of you!" I called. And, startled into silence, they obeyed. "Smith, put the irons on them. That's right. Now, Mrs. Vanderton, kindly give me that fox necklet you are wearing. You still have it on from force of habit, I suppose? Thanks. Now, Smith, take your knife and rip it open."

Mrs. Vanderton gave a shriek and promptly fainted away. But Smith did not hesitate, and the next moment 15 beautiful stones were withdrawn from the wadding lining, for within the skin had they been cunningly concealed, the thickness of the fur preventing their positions being noticed.

"You can take the two men away with you, also Mrs. Vanderton. She is coming around. Give her more of the water, mademoiselle. Now, will you accompany your friends, please?"

Without a word she stood up, and with firm step marched from the room. I was left alone with Lucille.

"Do you know why I have not arrested you also?" I asked.

She was utterly bewildered by the turn events had taken, but managed to stammer out a negative answer.

"I overheard your conversation with Heyley two nights ago on the deck of the Philistine," I went on, "and I respect your endeavor to lead an honest life. Now, if you care to come home with me, my wife shall look after you until such time as you are able to obtain another situation. Mrs. Vanderton will not require a companion for the immediate future, I believe. What do you say, Lucille? Can you trust me?"

And she thanked me, with tears in her eyes.—London Tit-Bits.

FASHION.

This Fashion's a whimsical sort of a sprite;
Her ways, I confess, are too much for me, quite!

Lavinia, sixty years ago,
Was dressed in the height of style, you know,
The pride of her fond relations;
Yet Mabel smiles at the quaint little miss,
With her frock like that, and her shoes like this,
As some one at Mabel will smile, I wis,
When the dress that to-day she is proud to wear
Belongs with the hoops and the powdered hair
And the patches of past generations!

But this is the question that puzzles me;
The rose's frock is the same, I see,
With the trimming of dew upon it,
That roses wore in Lavinia's day;
And the tulip's petticoat, striped and gray,
Is made in the same old-fashioned way;
And never a change, for a hundred years,
In the cut of the marigold's gown appears,
Or the shape of the sweet pea's bonnet!

Yet nobody says that the flowers look queer.
Pray can you explain to me why, my dear?

—Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas.

THE STORY

A VAIN RESCUE

BY JOHN CLARKE

ON a pleasant summer evening, some years since, the little village of Rosevale, in the western part of Nebraska, was in its regular weekly condition of eager anticipation, and most of its population, old and young, male and female, had collected at the post office to await the arrival of the mail from the east, which was the most anxiously looked for because it came but once in seven days. The postal officials had not yet learned the trick of expediting mail routes.

The mail was carried on horseback, the usual mode in those days, when there were neither railroads nor coaches to connect the remote settlement with those nearer to civilization. When mails were light, one horse sufficed for the carrier and his charge, but in this case, Joe Stanton, who was contractor as well as carrier for the route, used two horses—one to carry himself, and the other for the mailbags—and he took pride in owning a pair of steeds as fleet, staunch and well-cared for as any in that country, not only because he was a great horseman, with a fine appreciation of good stock, but because the route he traveled was constantly beset with more or less danger, and it might at any time be necessary for him to rely upon the swiftness of his gallant beasts for his own safety, as well as that of the precious missives intrusted to his care.

The various Indian tribes, which, in their wanderings, occasionally crossed his trail, had for some time professed to be peaceable, but they were at almost any moment sufficiently treacherous to murder and rob a man, or a small party of whites, whenever they could do so with safety, and, for a short time past there had been growing rumors that they would probably engage in open hostilities as soon as an alliance of all the principal tribes could be effected. This danger, though still regarded by the settlers as rather remote, caused them to exercise unusual vigilance, and rendered Joe Stanton more wary and watchful while on the road.

Joe was at this time a young man of 25, more or less, of fine appearance and great strength and agility. He was born and raised in a New England state, had received a liberal education, and, having little beyond his own resources to depend upon for success in life, had gone west to push his fortune in whatever path might open most promisingly before him. His first stopping-place was in the southern part of Indiana, where he engaged in school-teaching, and fell hopelessly in love with one of his scholars, Millie Stacey by name, a robust beauty, with much natural shrewdness, but little or no refinement. As his passion was returned with the proper degree of ardor, Joe, like all young lovers, was more or less oblivious of the faults and shortcomings of his inamorata, and, when they were sometimes a little rudely thrust upon his attention, consoled himself with the reflection that he would in time be able to eradicate them.

The course of true love ran smoothly enough; the fair one's parents favored Joe's suit, and smiled approvingly upon the young people's engagement; and, when the old folks decided to remove to the far west, it was agreed that Joe should accompany them, and that the marriage should take place as soon as he should establish a home of his own.

They set out to perform the journey in wagons, Joe doing a share of camp duty, and, besides having provided himself with a saddle horse and a good rifle, he spent some time in hunting by the way, and thus added considerably to the quantity and variety of the party's provisions. He soon became an expert and enthusiastic hunter and would often spend an entire day in pursuit of antelope, deer, and, occasionally, buffalo, which, however, was not a favorite viand when anything more tender and toothsome was to be had.

He had gone out one day, when the party had reached a point on their journey near the site now occupied by Rosevale, and, returning in the evening to the spot where he supposed the camp should be, failed to find it. Turning backward on the road, he at length came upon the smouldering ruins of the teams and the mangled bodies of the entire family, except Millie, his darling, of whom he could not find the slightest trace. She had evidently been carried off by the savage marauders, with the horses and such goods as they chose from the lading of the wagons.

If Joe had known in what direction to pursue the cowardly and bloodthirsty Indians, he would certainly have followed them single-handed and alone, but, fortunately for himself, perhaps, he had no skill or experience in following blind trails, and was compelled to abandon the pursuit. Grief-stricken, almost heartbroken, he made his way back to the nearest settlement, where he told the tragic story of his loss, and vainly endeavored to raise a party to accompany him in an attempt to rescue his abducted love, and take revenge on the murderers of her relatives. The settlement could not spare men enough to venture safely upon such an errand.

As the last atrocity was, however, but one of a long series of such fiendish deeds, the government, after some delay, sent a detachment to punish the guilty tribe, and Joe found means to join it as a volunteer scout. But his opportunities for revenge were scanty, and he was unable to get any tidings of Millie, when the savages sued for peace, and obtained it, on the usual favorable terms.

For some time he continued to make researches, but without avail. All the Indians with whom he was able to converse, denied that there were any white women captives in the tribes so far as they knew.

Determined to remain near the spot where the massacre occurred, in the hope of eventually succeeding in his quest, he secured the contract to carry the mails to and from Rosevale, then newly founded, and in this occupation he had made himself so useful to the inhabitants of the village that they felt almost as anxious for him as for their letters and newspapers, and would have regarded his loss from any cause of an almost irreparable calamity. He was wont also to act as expressman and general purchasing agent for the village, and many a much-needed article, unpurchasable at the village store, was brought by his trusty hands from afar. On nearly every trip he had a number of commissions to execute, and many of the village matrons were ready to aver that they could not keep house without his assistance thus rendered.

On the evening mentioned at the commencement of our story, Joe did not keep his patrons long in suspense. The more tardy ones had barely reached the post office when a cloud of dust in the eastern horizon gave the signal of his approach, and ere long he was unstrapping his mail bags, and at the same time exchanging greetings with his friends.

"What's the news, Joe?" asked an inquisitive citizen.

"Indians," answered Joe, briefly. "I did not see them, but I saw plenty of their signs."

"Are they on the warpath?"

"That's the report, and I think it is true."

"Are we in danger here?"

"Not at present, I think. They haven't massed their forces, and for a few weeks, at least, will content themselves with raiding outlying ranches and waylaying small trains of emigrants and travelers, and perhaps mail carriers."

"You're not afraid, are you, Joe?"

"No, indeed; but I shall be much disappointed if the red rascals permit me to make any more trips in peace and quietness. I think I should rather enjoy a brush with them if they gave me a fair show; but there are a good many places on the road where they might ambush and kill me before I had a chance to make any defense."

"Don't you think, Joe," said a stout matron, "you had better lay off for a trip or two, till we see what the Indians are going to do? We had better miss our mails for a while than lose you."

"Time enough for me to lay off when I am dead or disabled," replied Joe, dryly. "The post office department expects me to do my duty, and I shan't disappoint it."

And he started with his weary horses to secure the refreshment and rest which he and they so much needed. By his side walked Mabel Stevens, a young lady whom everybody said would make a good match for Joe, if he would only give up his futile search for Millie Stacey, and make the best of what chance and mischance had thrown in his way.

Joe boarded with her father when in the village, and Mabel, an unusually well-bred and intelligent girl, was his dearest friend. She sympathized deeply with his misfortune, and was, perhaps, the only one who continued to encourage him in his efforts to recover the lost. She entertained great admiration and esteem for Joe, not unmingled with affection, which, however, was of an unselfish and rather sisterly character. She devoted much time and care in making him comfortable, and diverting his mind from the grief that might otherwise have consumed him, and he was not ungrateful. He returned her sisterly tenderness with a brother's thoughtful kindness; and neither of them had any expectation of a closer relationship.

"Do you believe your future trips will be attended by unusual danger?" asked Mabel, after they had walked a few steps in silence.

"I do," he answered. "I feel a presentiment that something extraordinary is about to happen to me, although I do not anticipate any fatality to myself. I sometimes feel as if the great purpose of my life is at length to be accomplished; yet there seems to be some gloomy shadow impending over all. Do you believe in presentiments, Mabel?"

"I scarcely know whether I do or not. Sometimes they seem to be occasioned by one's physical condition. If I am in exuberant health and spirits I have delicious day dreams, but if I am dyspeptic, and consequently despondent, I am afflicted with dark presentiments, which are never realized. Yet there are, doubtless, cases in which 'coming events cast their shadows before.'"

"I think mine is one of those cases," said Joe, earnestly, and lapsed into thoughtful silence.

Having rested his allotted time, Joe set out upon his return trip. About the middle of the afternoon, while passing through a dangerous defile, overhung with a thick growth of bushes, he was suddenly surrounded by a large party of Arapaho braves, and though he fought desperately and managed to kill two of them, they overpowered him, and, having bound him upon one of his own horses, started for the village. They did not reach it until next day, and meantime Joe was closely watched, so that he had no opportunity to escape. On arriving in camp he was delivered to the chief, who ordered him to be bound to a tree, and assembled a council of braves to decide his fate.

While the warriors sat in grave deliberation, the squaws and children amused themselves by insulting the helpless prisoner, who bore their annoyances and persecutions with becoming fortitude. At length a squaw approached, and she seemed to Joe as being quite different from the rest. She was much better dressed, cleaner looking, and lighter in complexion, though her face was dabbed with the usual red and yellow paint.

She scowled angrily at the prisoner, hurled some sticks and pebbles at him, and objurgated him with the choicest Indian expletives; but what was his astonishment to hear her, in the midst of her violent tirade, address him by name. Then she jerked out in broken sentences mixed with Indian, like this:

"Be careful—don't look surprised—curse me—spit at me—do anything to deceive these creatures—your safety and mine depend on it—scowl and look angry when you speak to me—I am Millie Stacey. Be careful, and we will both get free."

It required all Joe's self command to follow the cunning woman's directions, and avoid betraying them both, but he succeeded. As she left and returned to him from time to time, she gradually informed him of the decision of the warriors concerning his case, which was that he should be tortured as soon as a scouting party, then absent, returned, and also of her plans of escape.

When the camp was wrapped in slumber and darkness, Millie cautiously approached, cut the thongs wherewith Joe was bound, led him swiftly and silently to where his own two horses stood waiting for them, and in a moment they were mounted and away. Millie carried a suspicious-looking bundle, and Joe asked her what is was.

"That's my baby, Joe; you wouldn't have me leave that behind, would you?"

There was no time to discuss the question, for the camp was aroused, and with whoops and yells the Indians were preparing to pursue. Joe had no weapons, and they must outride the savages or be lost; but their horses were much superior in fleetness to the ponies of the Indians, and once out of bullet range they were safe. But before they could accomplish this, a volley was fired. Millie uttered a cry of pain, and her child, too, screamed as if it had been hit; but she bore up bravely and rejoiced that Joe had escaped unhurt. Like the wind they fled across the open plain, until the sounds of pursuing hoofs were no longer heard behind them, when Joe drew rein and inquired into Millie's condition.

"I fear I am badly hurt," she said in a weak voice, "and baby is so quiet I think he must be dead. May be that would be better for your sake, Joe—but I loved the little fellow, for I am his mother. I had to marry White Wolf or die, and I wanted to live. You don't blame me, Joe?" she asked in a piteous, pleading tone.

"I can't blame you, Millie," he said tenderly.

But there seemed to be a weight at his heart as he uttered the words.

The hoof beats were again heard in the distance, and Millie roused herself for another effort. But it was her last. When again they paused for a breathing space she fell from her horse, and when Joe dismounted to assist her he found her dead. Her child was also cold and stark.

Tenderly he kissed her lips, quietly he laid the dead mother and child in the shadow of a clump of bushes, and then resumed his flight, for the yelling savages still continued to pursue. After a time, however, they gave up the chase as fruitless. Then he cautiously returned to where he had left the dead bodies, bound them upon his led horse and slowly and sadly made his way back to Rosevale, where the dead were buried, amid the sympathizing tears of the citizens, none of whom grieved more sincerely than Mabel Stevens.

Years have passed, and Joe and Mabel have long been wedded, yet they often visit a grave in the village cemetery, which they deck with the choicest flowers, and water with their mingled tears.—The Boston Budget.

Too Deep for Nye.

Bill Nye, the humorist, once told Dean Hole that when he met Richard Wagner he said to him: "Your music is beyond my comprehension, but I always feel sure when I hear it that it is really much better than it sounds."—Argonaut.