

The Denison Review

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THE PARTING WAYS.

I'd like to see that old cliff path
Which lovers' feet have made,
Just where it leaves the traveled road,
And dips down in the shade
Of the wide-spreading overhang
Of maples and of birch;
The where the hidden thrush once sang,
And pecked out from his perch.

I'd like to wander all alone
Down to the parting ways,
All, all, alone with thoughts of you,
As once in other days
I wandered where the old road lies—
My thoughts—dear, you were fair—
My thoughts were all of your true eyes
And of your truant hair!

And, where the cliff path dipped and
branched
Away from the old trail,
I heard the catbird call, and call,
And watched a blown leaf fall
From off a tossing windblown limb.
Straight down the path it flew,
I watched its dwindling flight and dim,
And—sweetheart! there was you!

You sat beside the dipping way,
And watched the fading gleam
Of dying day down in the vale,
Reflected in the stream.
That wound its crooked way along;
My day had been so sad—
But then it bubbled into song.
And, sweetheart, I was glad!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

SPANISH PEGGY

A STORY OF YOUNG ILLINOIS

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"No, Antywine, I will not take it from you."

"Keep it," he insisted. "I feel better when I am out hunting if you have that around your neck. She bring evil into the house. She is worse than Chasse Galerie."

"What is the Chasse Galerie?"
"Have you never heard of the Chasse Galerie that fly across the sky at night?"

"How could I hear about such things in the Sac village or at Belleville?"
Antywine proceeded at once to tell the story of the wild huntsman and his dogs, and their chase above the clouds. This led on to feux follets, or balls of fire, into which bad spirits turned themselves to lure sinners into quagmires. Then leup-garous, or man-wolves made darkness flame with their eyes, to Peggy's imagination.

"Are your feet or hands cold?" Antywine inquired once in a while. Peggy answered "No," forgetting she had hands and feet, her large, excited gaze fixed on the wonder-world of folk-story. His voice abounded in sympathetic tones. It was full and golden, reaching into distance or sinking to monotonous as he half told and half sang his people's legends.

So hour after hour passed; rain continued to pour down the shingles and "sit them in gusts of spray through the broken chimney.

It was a delicious experience to remember a lifetime. But as Peggy's responses became few, Antywine stretched out his legs and made a pillow of his lap with a corner of the blanket, to which her drowsy head came readily down. He watched and she slept until darkness faded to the pallor of dawn.

The noise of horses' feet in the heavy road, for which he had waited so long, could at last be heard approaching. He withdrew carefully from the head of the sleeper, and went out to intercept the riders.

They were splashed with mud and jaded, moving side by side, their tired horses snorting flakes of foam. Thus more than once the men of New Salem had come back from chasing horse-thieves, less ready, perhaps, to give the details of the exploit than were Shickshack and his companion. Both drew rein when they saw Antywine, and he told them directly where Peggy was.

Shickshack asked where he found her. He pointed to the road beyond the cabin, and in his brief Canadian-English repeated what had happened.

"Your squaw boy doesn't put up many fizzlelegs and fireworks, but he seems to be worth two men," observed Lincoln.

His lank hair dripped moisture. He was haggard with hard riding.

"You catch the man?" inquired Antywine.

"No," Shickshack answered in disgust.

"You know him?"
"No. Me not care now."

"He winked out," said Lincoln. "We lost him this side of Beardstown. The closest view we had was when he nearly ran him down back here. We intended to raise a party and hunt. I reckon you better bring the little girl now, so we can get home to breakfast."

Shickshack's red face revealed itself through growing daylight polished like copper. He gave a strong grunt of satisfaction when Antywine set Peggy behind him on the horse. The Canadian boy mounted lightly to a seat behind Lincoln, and as they rode toward New Salem a clear whiteness like the promise of fair weather appeared in the east. Water hung beaded on the stems of trees, but a great commotion of robins came out of the woods.

It was the general opinion in the village that Don Pedro Lorimer had "done it." Why he should put himself to the inconvenience of trying to carry off such a poor little thing many could not understand.

They visited at the house of the Spaniard who sat

at counters and salt barrels and interrogated him about his night's ride. He joked, as any man among them would have done about the hard service taken out of borrowed horses, instead of dwelling on the Indian's affairs and the labors of the night. Lincoln had the strength of three ordinary men.

"I allow," said one of the Carolina settlers, "that it was an ornary trick of one of them Grove boys."

"I guess you are wrong there," put in a Massachusetts man. "The Grove boys know better than to pick the runt out of a litter. If one of them wanted to steal a girl he wouldn't go so nigh the tavern and stop on the outside."

The outrage was resented as a municipal indignity, whoever had attempted it; but it stirred less resentment than it would have stirred had any other young maid in New Salem been the sufferer. It was talked about a fortnight with zest and much repetition. By the end of a month it was still good material, when women took their knitting and visited one another of afternoons. But by muster day other slow happenings had covered it.

If Sally knew more about it than any one else, she kept the secret. The Sac brave often fixed his eyes on her with speculation in them.

"In my tribe," he said once to Lincoln, "a warrior can take a tent-pole and beat his squaw, or he can give her plenty goods and drive her out of his wigwam. But me marry white woman; me have to stand her like white man."

He was at first concerned, and questioned Peggy about the loss of her wooden leg.

"I will not wear it," she repeated stubbornly. "It hurt, and I threw it away."

She hopped about the street on her crutch, which Ann Rutledge had found by the hand-mill the night the alarm was given, her injured leg hanging straight beneath the deerskin garment. Some change in her was noticed, even by her schoolmates.

"Who cut Peggy Shickshack's hair, Viane Rutledge?" inquired Nancy Green, when the girls sat outdoors with their dinner reticules the first warm day. The budding woods were then alive with bees.

"Ann," responded Ann's younger sister, with asperity. "We have her tagging to our house all the time, now. I allow the Indians might as well move in with us."

"Shickshack's wife doesn't visit the neighbors, does she?"

"No. She stays at home and heats water to scald the boys with."

"Peggy looks nicer with her hair cut straight around below the ears and combed smooth. And I am glad she lost her wooden leg when Satan or something tried to carry her off."

"My brother Red," exclaimed Martha Bell Clary, "told me the horse blanket that was thrown over Peggy Shickshack that night smelt of brimstone!"

"Your brother, Red," retorted Nancy Green with impatience, "gets tangled with brimstone so much in meeting that he smells it on everything!"

"Well, how do you suppose the boat Antywine La Chance went down the river in, got back to the mill by morning, when he rode home on horseback?"

"Antywine brought it back himself. Part of the way he pulled the boat, and part of the way he rode horseback. You get such stories in the Grove!" said Mahaia Cameron.

Martha Bell wagged her head and looked at Peggy, sitting apart, eating corn bread in solitude. She was glad to be Martha Bell Clary instead of Peggy Shickshack. None of the girls meant to be cruel. They wished Peggy well, but made her understand she was not as other daughters of New Salem.

"We all thought she was queer because we found out she was a Spaniard," said Martha Bell.

"You'd be queer, too," exclaimed Nancy Green, "if you'd been born a Spaniard and raised among the Sacs, and dressed always like a squaw."

"But I wasn't."

"Peggy can talk the Sac language just like Shickshack," remarked Mahaia. "Let's get her to do it for us."

"Shickshack won't let her," objected Ann Rutledge's sister. "He wants her to learn English. He says she learned to speak English in a year."

"Humph!" commented another of the group, resentfully; "the master shows partiality to Peggy Shickshack, so he does; but I wouldn't be her, if she is the best reader in school."

The first really warm noon of the budding year, while Peggy's schoolmates were looking at and talking about her, Antywine stood at the open tavern door waiting to speak to Ann Rutledge. Too bashful to knock, he shifted from one moccasin to the other, hoping that some kind saint would send Ann to the door to inquire what he wanted. He had a parcel in his left hand, and sometimes held it before him, and sometimes hid it behind his back, keeping his right hand ready to uncap himself if she appeared. There was not anything in the woods or on the prairie which Antywine feared. But Ann Rutledge represented to his mind the power of society; and he was coming to see that power. She entered, singing, from an inner room, and paused, throwing her long braids behind her back when she saw the Canadian at the door.

He snatched off his cap, standing erect, narrow of hips and shoulders and full in chest, an elegant lightness of make and grace of carriage setting him apart from English-Americans, and fixed his wistful blue eyes upon her.

"Come in, Antywine La Chance."

"No, mam'selle. I will stand here."

"Did you want to see any one?"

"I want to see you."

"Here I am." The girl dimpled at his embarrassment.

"Mam'selle, I have to ask of you a

favor. Will you do me the kindness to look at what I bring in my hand?"

CHAPTER IV.

From the back yard of more than one New Salem home, where soap-making and gardening were going forward, azure smoke rose over pink coals of wood and old vines. The whole world was getting ready to be new. Ann's own winter linsey was laid aside. She wore something which made her look like a blossom to the eyes of the boy.

Antywine gave her the parcel and stood abashed while it was unrolled, revealing yards of dark red and yellow calico, the colors alternating in tiny flecks which globed themselves to pomegranates. Ann had noticed it in the store as a most daring attempt in cotton printing. Some balls of thread fell out and Antywine picked them up.

"It's for Peggy, isn't it?"

"Yes, mam'selle."

"Did you buy it yourself, Antywine?"

"I have some money that I make in Belleville," he apologized. "Shickshack and the woman have not got some tase in clothes for young girls. You, mam'selle, have that tase."

"If you think I really have, Antywine, you must let me help Peggy make this dress."

"Oh, mam'selle! It is what I would ask, but dare not!"

"I would love to do it, and Peggy will be so glad to have a new dress."

Peggy was glad when Ann waylaid her in the evening. Her face quivered and she said, "Goody!" She talked the great event out with Antywine, standing beside their cabin, because they seldom spoke to each other in the presence of Shickshack's wife. Then there was the joy of going to the tavern and learning neat stitches while Ann cut and basted and fitted. The



THEY SAT AND HELD THE BOOK TOGETHER.

slow process of hand sewing went on a part of every day, as the two girls had time, until Peggy, by accident of Antywine's choice, stood at last unconsciously arrayed in the colors of Spain. The garment was gathered to her slim figure under the bust, whence escaping fullness hung as low as her ankles. This short-waisted look, and the gorgeous setting of colors for her pale olive skin, and her hair cut in the fashion of the middle ages, suddenly developed in her a charm. People noticed her, and said that she was not exactly growing pretty, but there was something to her. The confidence of knowing how to do things appeared in her face. For, having begun with the needle, Ann Rutledge went on to knitting and spinning.

Ann had pretty clothes, for her father never rode to Springfield without bringing her a gift, and her mother even indulged her with a cassimere pelisse modeled after one worn by the doctor's wife, who came a bride to New Salem. Viane saw with some resentment her elder sister take things which had usually fallen to her and cut them over for the Indian's adopted daughter. Thus Peggy became transformed in every garment except her moccasins. To these heeled, quilt-embroidered shoes she clung with the instinct of a wilderness lover. They were light and soft and small, hampering her no more than her own muscles. Antywine made them for her when he made his own. In return she knitted woolen stockings to keep him and her foster father warm in winter.

When Peggy first learned to knit she pulled the yarn so tight that the stocking leg stood above the needles as stiff as a board triangle and had to be raveled and done over.

"You're not building stake-and-ridered fences for your men folks," laughed Ann.

Shickshack's wife gave Peggy many tasks to do, but in a house where there was no home-making, strewn with the appointments of a dirty camp, the tasks were sordid and often useless. Sally let pots and kettles litter the hearth, her cob pipe dropped ashes into a dinner hanging on the crane; joists were grimy, and dust stood thick on the pewter she got with her first husband and was too stingy to use. But her splint-bottomed chairs had to be scoured with soap and sand every week, and she made the lame girl, in deerskin dress, creep inch by inch over the puncheon floor, cleaning it by the same hard process. When the weather was bad Peggy's tasks were doubled, and her struggle with marks of New Salem clay became hopeless.

Shickshack's wife never seemed to look up; plodding along the street, her sullen eyes fixed on the ground, she exchanged no word with a neighbor. Shickshack's disgust was extreme with sordid housekeeping he had nowhere encountered in an Indian village.

The changes in Peggy Shickshack were not without influence on her schoolmates, but the Spaniard, with pride of her own, held aloof from

them. They swung their feet from tall benches and whispered behind their books while Peggy fiercely studied. When the Testament class stood up she was at the head. Her progress through the simple course was so rapid that Minter Grayham calculated she would know in a year all that he was able to teach her.

Antywine, whose stepmother had never sent him to school, was nineteen years old, and could not read. Peggy began to teach him during long spring twilights. There was a large stone halfway across the valley, sheltered as the sun slipped north of afternoons, under which Peggy hid her outgrown lesson book for Antywine. Whatever direction his day's hunt led him, he made a detour to arrive at the stone, and if he arrived first, sat down to study. If Peggy, carrying her dinner reticule home from school, reached it first, she waited.

They sat and held their book together. English spelling provoked Canadian exclamations; but he had to spur him not only Peggy, but the powerful example of Sieur Abe Lincoln, studying every spare minute.

Antywine knew where the best swimming places were in the Sangamon. Sometimes he came to his lesson. His blond hair separated into dark clinging tendrils, which, as they dried, became a powder of gold-dust curls around his face and temples. If Peggy could not keep her fingers from touching this fleece, Antywine pretended he did not know it. His hands and shoulders worked as hard as his mind. With shrugs and gesticulating fingers he swung English spelling all around. When he encountered a terrific word he would throw down his book and jump on it. But Antywine's moccasins were light; he did not damage the learning under his feet. His rages were rages of laughter. Whatever he did so delighted Peggy that she said:

"It makes me almost laugh out in school to think how you dance on your speller!"

As month followed month and Pedro Lorimer neither showed himself again in New Salem nor made any other attempt to kidnap the Indian's adopted daughter, her guardian's anxiety relaxed to ease. He thought: "These white men in this village are my friends; they will take my part. The young chief Abe is as strong as three Pedro Lorimers, and his hand is with me."

LUCKY TED.

That was the nickname they called him by—
The boys at his school—and this was why:
He was bound to win from the start, they said:
It was always the way with Lucky Ted!

The earliest flowers in his garden grew:
The suns on his sate came soonest true:
He could sail a boat, or throw a ball,
Or guess a riddle, the best of all.

You wondered what could his secret be,
But watch him for awhile and you would see:
He thought it out till the thing was plain,
And then went at it with might and main.

Trusting but little to chance or guess,
He learned the letters that spell Success:
A ready hand and a thoughtful head—
So much for the "luck" of Lucky Ted!

—Blanche Trenner Heath, in Youth's Companion.



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MRS. FOX RESTORED PEACE.

A Little Story from Animal Land Which Contains a Good Moral for Boys and Girls.

Mr. Lion lived next door to Miss Kangaroo. He was very fond of roaring, and she was a very nervous lady. One day, when Billy Fox went to take the milk to her house, she told him that Mr. Lion had roared so suddenly and so loud that he made her jump and lose her false tooth out of her mouth.

Billy Fox went home and told his wife. He said he was going to tell Mr. Lion, and have him stop roaring. So, "No, indeed, don't do that!" said Mrs. Billy Fox. "They'll both be angry. I'll go and talk to them and fix it all up."

So Mrs. Billy Fox put on her little foxy bonnet and went to call on Mr. Lion. She told him that Miss Kangaroo admired his voice so much that when she heard him roar she forgot everything else. "Why, the other day," said Mrs. Billy Fox, "you roared:

suddenly, and she let her false tooth slip out of her mouth and it got lost—she told me so."

Mr. Lion was very much flattered, and said that he was sorry Miss Kangaroo had lost her false tooth. Then the little fox lady went over to call on Miss Kangaroo. "Oh, Mr. Lion is so sorry to hear that you've lost your false tooth!" she told that lady. "He says he's coming over to apologize for roaring so much. I'm sure I think he's a very delightful old gentleman."

Then, as she saw Mr. Lion coming, she hurried home. Mr. Lion was dressed in his best. He made a fine bow and apologized to Miss Kangaroo for startling her so. Miss Kangaroo could not fail to be delighted, and she smiled and bowed, too, and invited old man Lion to stay for tea. After that the lion and the kangaroo were always fast friends, and I am sure that the little fox lady is a very good sort of person to have in a neighborhood.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

HARMLESS LITTLE REPTILE.

The Fence Lizard Is Easily Tamed and Makes an Interesting and Devoted Pet.

If there is anything we need to teach more than another, it is that numerous insects and reptiles, which are held by many persons to be poisonous, are perfectly harmless. This is especially so of the pinetree lizard, or, as it is often called, the fence lizard. It is true that the lizard has teeth, but they are almost too small to be seen, the finely serrated jaws feeling just like the rough lips of a bass. Moreover, these little saurians seldom attempt to bite, and make interesting pets.

I have a box two feet long, one foot high, and six inches wide, the sides being of glass and the bottom covered with white sand to a depth of two inches. With this on my study table I have a good opportunity for watching the five interesting inmates as they eat and sleep. Two are males and three are females, easily distinguished by their color. Their color seems to be influenced by the conditions of the atmosphere. After a rain or when they first come out of their hiding places in the morning, many of them are very dark. By holding them in the hand a short time, the color changes very perceptibly.

When my pets are ready to go to bed, they dive into the sand, where they remain covered up until morning. Then here and there a head bobs up, and gradually the saurians either stretch out on the sand or prop themselves up on their forelegs in a most comical manner. They soon become alert, and show how keen their appetites are if flies, crickets, grasshoppers or katydids are thrown to them. Frequently, when one has seized a particularly fat grasshopper, another will attempt to take it away. They are also fond of roaches, but care nothing for hard-shelled beetles. They will not

seize an insect unless it is moving, and one often knows when the attack is to be made, as the lizard opens its mouth just a little way before springing upon its prey. It uses its tongue with the same agility as does the frog or toad, and gorges a large insect pretty much the same way as a snake swallows a toad.

In burrowing in the sand they make several strokes with the right or left forefoot, changing from one to the other; but when this dirt is to be worked out of the way, they use their hind feet with alternate strokes with great rapidity. The female in this way evidently digs into the ground, where she deposits a dozen or more white eggs, which she leaves for the warm earth to hatch.

I know of nothing else so easily tamed. When caught in the hand they seldom attempt to escape. Placed on one's clothing, they often sit in the same position for a long time. Knowing this peculiarity, I decorated my little son with 19 lizards, just to prove to some skeptical people that I was willing to back up my assertion with a demonstration. Yet one observer who witnessed it declared that it was risky, and that he knew a man who had lost a finger from the venomous bite of a fence lizard. A teamster who was not afraid to handle a snake could not be persuaded to touch a lizard, although they both saw a finger thrust into a little saurian's mouth. Ignorance is hard to banish, but it easily drives away the truth.

They are not only harmless, but beneficial. Lying on the fences which surround the field of growing crops, they devour many insects as these attempt to enter the fields, thus benefiting the farmers