

dark, mask-like face opposite was lit as if a lamp shone through it. That age-old calm its features had held, contracted to something which was making of its strength ferocity, of its calm cruelty.

Indifferently, Edmiston raised his eyes and glanced at his listener. The necessity for speech was upon him. The desire for comprehension might come afterward.

"I waked the morning following that first time, to find that I had slept in my chair. I was cramped, stiff, unutterably weary, as if I had traveled through worlds on worlds the night before. When I went down to the bank at nine o'clock, the man who had the desk next mine told me that I looked as if I was taking the gripe. I regarded him with secret contempt — poor fellow! He had no key to the paradise where the angel Phyllis played summer afternoons away under the epresses. What he did have was a flat up in Harlem, a worried, over-worked little wife, and two children. They thought they had a hard time. He was taking the gripe himself, it seems. He died of it within two weeks — and I have learned since to envy him. Dying is a little matter beside going to hell alive."

He relapsed into silence, and Ramchundra Dass studied his brooding face with a hot interest that had suddenly grown vastly personal.

"I used to try to question Phyllis to find whether she was dreaming as I was," Edmiston went on; "whether she had a daylight of her own. But it always distressed her, so that I desisted. Once she told me that her real life was hideous; that the only reason she ever came back to the garden where she met me was that for some weeks she had been shut away from the things that grieved her, ill in a hospital, at peace and tended on. She said she lay all day in her little bed with her eyes shut, and her whole soul concentrated on the door that led into the garden. So, as soon as I stepped through the gate, she could come by way of the door, and thus we met. I don't know. She did n't tell it to me all at once, as I've told it to you, but piecemeal. May be I did n't quite understand."

Twice the man from the East made as if to speak; twice he controlled the impulse, drawing long, silent breaths, and diverting his gaze. The third time, he broke out in a louder tone than Edmiston had ever heard from him.

"Did you go there again? How often? When did you see her last?"

It was evident that he strove vainly to keep the eagerness out of his voice. It was not to be disguised; and the other's closed eyes flashed open and interrogated his dark countenance with piteous appeal.

"Of course, I went back," he said half contemptuously. "Could any man resist Phyllis? Through all these weeks we have been together whenever I could shake off the others — whenever I could get away from my work. She said she wanted me. She told me she waited for me. Now, I can not find her and the garden again. I want you to help me."

"I have helped you enough — too much," said Ramchundra Dass. "Go to this garden again at your peril." He folded his arms and leaned back in his chair. "The man in the house at the end of the walk will know how to deal with such as you," he declared in accents thick with passion.

"The garden — go back to the garden!" echoed Edmiston. "God — if I might! Don't I tell you, I have lost her. I have lost the ray! I say the words you taught me, I stare at the stone, it opens, and I step through — into the streets of New York! Down the filthy East-side ways I go; down Division, Chatham, around through Mott, and Pell, across Paradise Park, Mulberry Bend, and all the unspeakable squares where the small boys pelt me with pebbles and bits of coal. I have lived in New York all my life, and have scarcely seen such streets half a dozen times; but the gate leads there now! You must help me to find the garden and Phyllis again."

"I shall never do it," said the man from the East. "You have no right in that garden — you have no right to speak in such tones of the woman you met there —"

He was going on; but Edmiston leaned forward and clutched his sleeve, holding fast with hot, tremulous hands.

"Oh, thank God — thank God!" he almost sobbed. "You know there is a garden, then. You would n't talk like that — you would n't care — if you thought the thing a figment of my fancy. You must know that she is real. That is the question that has tormented me since she — since I can't find her any more."

"I know that there is a garden, and a woman named Phyllis," Ramchundra said doggedly.

"Do you understand what has happened, so that I can't find her?" Edmiston put his query with the simplicity of a little child. "Sometimes I fear that, in that life which she surely lived somewhere, death came to her. Occasionally I get afraid that she is some one who lived a long time ago. But her frocks were the kind women wear to-day, and she had read all the books I ever have — and more too. We used to read Dickens together — queer old English editions, that she'd bring down from the house. I've got to find her, I tell you — I've got to. You will help me, won't you? I'll pay you well. I'd sell anything I have on earth — and throw in my soul to bind the bargain — for sight of her face again."

Ramchundra Dass looked his visitor over with a flicker of his dark nostril which was dangerously like a sneer.

"I might help you — yes — help you to find — something. As for Phyllis and the garden — it is on the knees of the gods."

Edmiston shook his head.

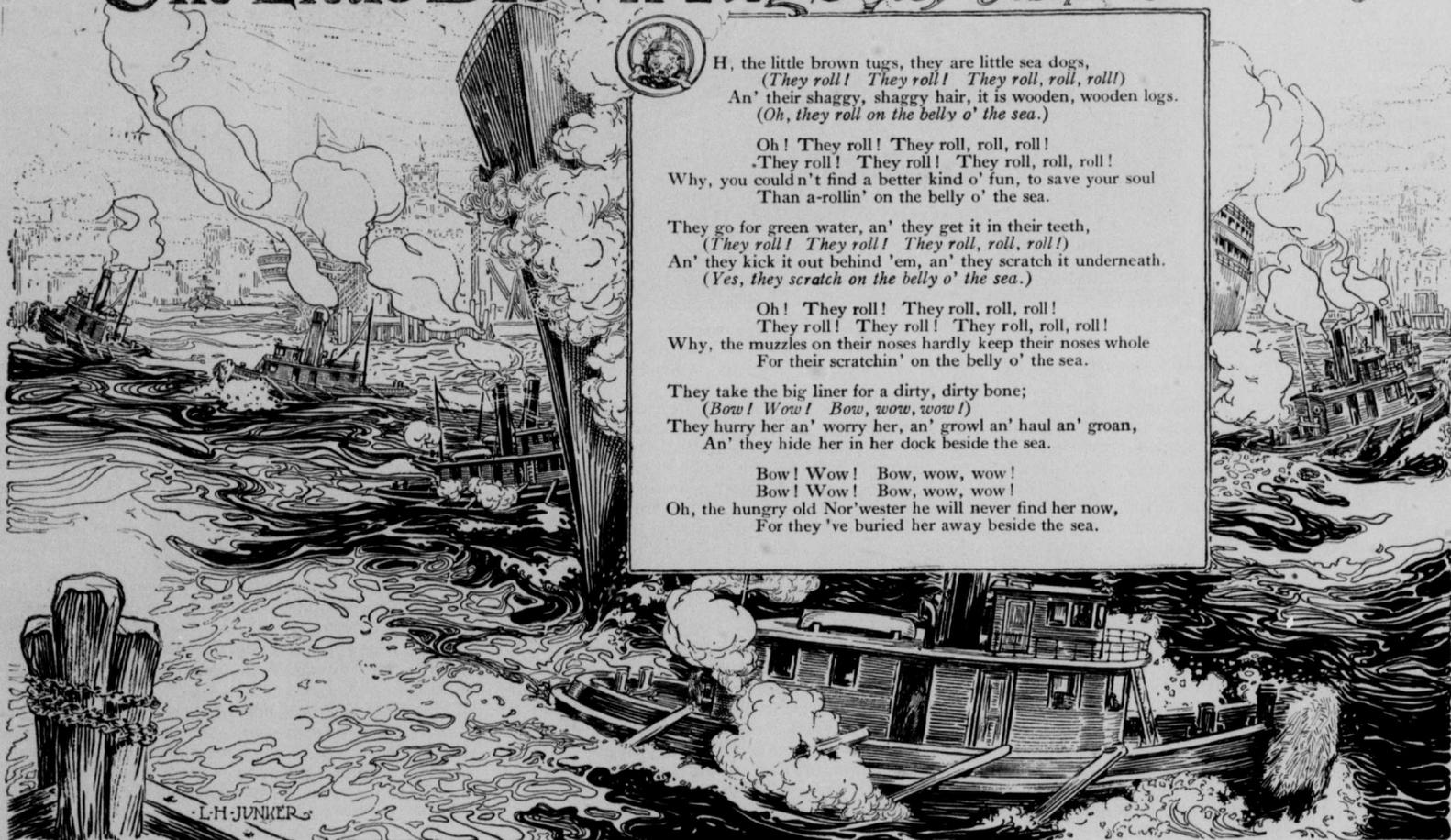
"That or nothing," he said resolutely; and the sound, vital, poised creature regarding him, wondered that such determination could last within that shattered frame. "I have known Phyllis only fifty days — not quite two months," the bank clerk went on slowly. "We have met in this strange way. Prosaic people would call me mad — and have a good right to their opinion. Yet I feel that wherever she is, her soul cries out for me, as mine for her. She needs me — Phyllis needs me, I tell you. I am willing to go through hell to her — so dear, so kind, so fathomlessly sweet! When I remember the little curls on the white nape of her neck, the glint of her eye under the eyelash when she laughed at me, the tender merriment of her — Oh, you must help me to go back!"

Ramchundra Dass shivered a bit. He seemed to take counsel with himself, speaking at last with apparent effort.

"I believe you are right," he said slowly. "You must go back, and I must help you to it. I do know the woman you seek. She is living, and is in this city to-day; I can not tell you what she is called

(Continued on Page 26)

## The Little Brown Tugs by Joseph Boardman, Jr.



Hi, the little brown tugs, they are little sea dogs,  
(They roll! They roll! They roll, roll, roll!)  
An' their shaggy, shaggy hair, it is wooden, wooden logs.  
(Oh, they roll on the belly o' the sea.)

Oh! They roll! They roll, roll, roll!  
They roll! They roll! They roll, roll, roll!  
Why, you could n't find a better kind o' fun, to save your soul  
Than a-rollin' on the belly o' the sea.

They go for green water, an' they get it in their teeth,  
(They roll! They roll! They roll, roll, roll!)  
An' they kick it out behind 'em, an' they scratch it underneath.  
(Yes, they scratch on the belly o' the sea.)

Oh! They roll! They roll, roll, roll!  
They roll! They roll! They roll! They roll, roll, roll!  
Why, the muzzles on their noses hardly keep their noses whole  
For their scratchin' on the belly o' the sea.

They take the big liner for a dirty, dirty bone;  
(Bow! Wow! Bow, wow, wow!)  
They hurry her an' worry her, an' growl an' haul an' groan,  
An' they hide her in her dock beside the sea.

Bow! Wow! Bow, wow, wow!  
Bow! Wow! Bow, wow, wow!  
Oh, the hungry old Nor'wester he will never find her now,  
For they've buried her away beside the sea.