

TO THE LAPLAND LONGSPUR.

Oh, thou northland bobolink, looking over the summer's brink up to winter, white and dim, peering down from mountain rim, something takes me in thy note, quivering wing, and bubbling throat; something moves me in thy ways—bird, rejoicing in thy days, in thy upward hovering flight, in thy suit of black and white, chestnut cape and circled crown, in thy mate of speckled brown; surely I may pass and think of my boyhood's bobolink.

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN. Copyright, 1900, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

It would have been impossible for him to believe that she was not speaking to him as she would have spoken to an old friend, and this drew him to her. The irritation of a short while before was swept away. He found himself telling her that he had feared she would never remember him, and that she had made him very happy by coming back to speak to him.

"As if I could forget the first time I ever saw you!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands over her knee and looking out over the stream. "I had actually given myself up for lost, Mr. Fanshaw. Being a man, it may not seem that you did much for me, that day, but I have seen that frightful bull in my dreams and heard his awful bellowing a thousand times. I remembered that he had gored a little boy almost to death the spring before and when I saw him coming I simply could not run. Then I saw you rush into the very arms of death and catch it by the horns. Ah, I have seen that awful struggle in my dreams, too! You don't know how terrible it was; the veins of your face and neck stood up like cords under the skin and your eyes nearly left their sockets. Once your foot slipped and I screamed as you went down. I thought it was all over then, but you held onto his horns and when he flung up his head he raised you. Then I saw the gleam of a set purpose in your eye as you slowly backed him to the big stick near by and then I saw you grasp it and beat him off."

She paused out of breath, she had spoken so rapidly. "I see you have not forgotten," he laughed, modestly. "My arms ached for a week after that. I don't think I ever gave my muscles a greater rest." She gazed at him admiringly. "I think a strong, manly man is God's best creation"—her tone was almost reverent. "No, I have not forgot—I never shall forget that you offered your life as readily as Capt. Winkle" (she sneered slightly) "would hand me a glass of wine. You were so exhausted afterwards that you could not speak and yet you helped me over that high fence; I know you were exhausted, for you sank down and could not rise."

"You thought we should never meet again!" she spoke in slow surprise, as the import of his words dawned on her, and then he saw her eyes go down, and a fresh shaft of bitterness pierced his heart. He knew she was thinking of the gulf which lay between them. The look of pain which crossed her face almost distorted it. Still it was only to add new character to her beauty.

"I want to tell you more than all," she shrugged her shoulders, as if to shake off the unpleasant thought he had just read, "how very much good your example has done me. You remember you told me how you had learned French by studying it at night, and by hiring a man to work for you who spoke the language to you as you worked in the field together, and that you used to walk three miles after supper to an old German, who spoke his tongue to you and lent you the German classics? Well, when I got back to school and was tempted to neglect my studies I recalled the efforts you were making to educate yourself and I became ashamed of myself and really I profited by your example. I took two medals. I should never have won them but for you."

Her companion laughed softly. "I did not have such good fortune in adding a teacher of Italian to my faculty," he told her. "He was making his way over the mountain with a hand-organ and a monkey and told me he was out of money. My answer to him was that I needed a man to pick cotton and that I would pay him the wages of an experienced hand if he would stay with me through the season. He readily consented and everything might have worked out to the glory of my perseverance, but he insisted on working with the monkey on his shoulder, and the two together proved such an attraction that all the negroes in my field gathered around him. I gave them the first day off, but when the next came and the pickers came in holiday attire accompanied by hosts of neighboring negroes I called a halt. I paid the stroller for the day he had not worked and dismissed him. This infuriated him, and I received my first gratuitous lesson in Italian—a beautiful string of oaths which may never be worth what I paid for them."

Evelyn laughed long and heartily. "You are the most original man I ever met," she declared. "What funny experiences you do have. And did your Italian master forsake you?" Ronald laughed drily. "After he had got his organ out of the barn, he began to play it in the main road, and it wasn't twenty minutes till every negro, young and old, for a mile around was dropping his money into the monkey's cap. The trouble is the farmers in the neighborhood blamed me with the commotion and called me a greater crank than ever."

There was a sound of some one coming through the woods, and David Fanshaw, barefooted and coatless, emerged carrying a gun and a bag of game. Seeing them together he stared in astonishment, and shifting his gun awkwardly from one hand to the other he blurted out: "I didn't know anybody was here; I was after a flyin' squirrel in that tree thar."

"I wouldn't shoot here," his brother admonished. "There is a party fishing a little way down the stream." Without saying more the great ill-clothed fellow shouldered his gun and plunged again into the wood; this time headed for the main road. "It is my brother David," explained Ronald to Evelyn.

"I thought he was," she said, looking down, "but I don't think he is at all like you," and then it seemed to strike her that the comparison was too great a reflection on David to be quite polite, for she reddened. "No, we are decidedly unlike," he came to her relief. "In fact, people are constantly remarking that I am unlike my whole family."

CHAPTER III.

Out in the open he saw David standing before the horses and trap of the fishing party, holding his gun across the back of his brawny neck, like the yoke of a water-carrier. "Well, I'll be dumswiveled," he said, as Ronald approached, "an' may I make the biggest cracklin' in eternal fire, if ever I'd believed a brother o' mine could be seen in confidential confab with a daughter of old Habsbrooke. If I'd a-had a bottle along, I'd a-swore it was a delusion, but I hain't tetch'd a drop sence ten o'clock this mornin'."

"You don't mean you an' her could get acquainted like that, in such a short time," remarked David, as they walked along the sandy road side by side. "I have met her once before—a year ago. She was in Regan's meadow, and got frightened at his bull. I drove the bull away, and she—she stopped to speak to me again to-day. That was all."

But David's fancy for the novelty of the situation from his standpoint was not easily cooled. It was plain to Ronald that he was still turning it over in his mind by the low grunts and exclamations of wonder that seemed jolted from his lips by his heavy strides. "Well, I'm shore glad of one thing," he said, finally, "and that is that the colonel didn't happen along just like I did."

His brother knew what was coming, and yet he asked: "Why, Dave?" "Because the old coddler'd 'd raised more sand 'n a Texas tornado, that's all. Why, Ron, are you a blamed fool, with no more sense than a last year's bird nest? Don't you know nobody by the name o' Fanshaw never stood on a level with them sort o' folks? Ef I went up thar on business, or ma, or pa or either of the gals went to sell 'em eggs or socks, wouldn't we go to the back door, like all the rest of our sort? Why, Ron, jest now you was a settin' cross-legged on the colonel's piazza smoking 'one of his seegars like a privileged character. Ha, ha, don't know how it knocked the wind out of me!"

Ronald, his face dark and his brow lowering, found himself reduced to saying: "I hope you won't mention it at home, Dave." His brother stared at him curiously. "You know I can hold my tongue," he said. "I wouldn't go round shootin' off my mouth about a thing like that for anything. The colonel would shoot the top o' my head off; he's a wheel hoss, I tell you."

Ronald brought him to a stop in the center of the road. "Dave, do you really think we are so degraded as that?" The burly fellow shrugged his shoulders. "We are as good, I reckon, as the general run of our own sort," was his answer, and he smiled so broadly that a brown tobacco quid showed between his big yellow teeth. "but, as the fellow said: 'Dang the sort.' I reckon the burly fellow shrugged his shoulders."

"I didn't know anybody was here." Almighty made us out o' scraps when He was too tired to watch what He was doin'. I reckon we are some better'n a cornfield nigger, but we'd jest be blind to our own imperfections if we didn't admit that thar 's folks as was much higher'n us as we are higher'n tadpoles."

"That is a dangerous philosophy, David," protested Ronald, deeply stung by his brother's words. "If you ever expect to rise in the world, you must remember—keep the idea always before you—that a man is what he makes himself."

"Shucks, thar hain't a word o' that so," grunted David. "Col. Habsbrooke is our big man, an' he hain't what he made hisself. His father owned 600 slaves, an' land enough to start a republic on, an' government bonds, an' storehouses in Atlanta, an' what not. No, the colonel is a sample o' what his daddy done fur 'im; you can bet your sweet life on that! An' as far thar matter, me'n you is jest what Jade Fanshaw has made out'n us. I tell you, blood has got a lot to do with it. Col. Habsbrooke's father fit in the Mexican war, an' the colonel stuck hisself up to be shot at in defense o' his niggers in the civil war, but Jade Fanshaw's daddy before 'im was sent up fur house-breakin, an' instead o' shoulderin' his musket to drive the yellin' Yanks out o' the south Jade hid in the mountains up in Tennessee, an' turned bush-whacker, an' lived on what he could rob from helpless woman an' children. I hope nobody round heer won't find all that out. We've got black eye enough, as it is."

"I always try to forget that," sighed Ronald. "Ah, my Loney!" ejaculated the uncouth philosopher, in a triumphant tone. "but Col. Habsbrooke don't try to forget nothin' his daddy did. Not on yore tin type! I've heard he has his pa's uniform in a big glass case, an' a picture of 'im on a boss in full tilt after the enemy. They say the old feller fit like a tiger cub with one year shot off as clean as a baby's belly, an' a piece of cannon-ball as big as a saucer in his shoulder; they say jest as he was expirin' a feller bent over 'im an' his last kick landed in his bread-basket, an' doubled 'im up like a razor. Ah, come off, you needn't argue with me, Ron!"

the highest rung of the ladder of success." Dave laughed loudly for fully a minute, then he said: "Your ladder would have to be stout enough to hold up all creation, fur the minute you begun to mount all four of them overweights at our house would start after you, an' they'd stick to you, ef they saw you on the climb—they would ef they fell an' smashed the'rsels into a jelly. Huh! I'd 'a' run for president myself long ago, but I don't like the idea o' them three in low-neck an' short sleeves helpin' me'n my wife shake hands in the white house with the whole shootin'-match o' big licks."

Ronald gave up the discussion. His brother's coarse allusion to his mother and sisters failed to appeal to his sense of humor. He was thinking of Evelyn Habsbrooke's patrician features and lithe form—of her exquisite refinement and delicate sympathy. By this time the two brothers had almost reached their home; they could see the sagging roof of their father's house. Half a mile further on in the gathering dusk loomed the white walls and lighted windows of Carnegie. At this point the dull, steady beat of horses' hoofs fell on their ears.

"It's the Habsbrooke gang," announced David. Ronald's heart sank like a plummet. He had hoped to reach home before the party overtook him. He reproached himself for the feeling, but he shrank from being seen by Evelyn and his friends in company with one as ill-clothed as his brother. David stepped to the side of the road and stood open-mouthed, to see the trap and horses pass, but Ronald, without looking back, simply kept on his way. He had made up his mind that he should not doff his hat, as he knew David would, like the peasant he was. He heard a woman's voice singing a plantation melody, accompanied by a mellow bass. He decided that the woman's voice had a harsh quality which could not have belonged to Evelyn's, although he had never heard her sing. The vehicle was just behind him. He heard his brother shouting out a shrill warning, and was turning to see what had occasioned it, when the horses brushed by him, the front wheel of the trap striking the hand which held the basket, dashing it to the ground and scattering its contents over the sand. He heard Evelyn scream out in terror from her seat beside Capt. Winkle, who was driving, and saw her desperately pulling on his arm.

The vehicle drew up a few yards away, and it looked as if the driver was going to offer some apology, but seeing that Ronald was still on his feet, Winkle vigorously applied the whip to the horses and drove on rapidly. David ran up and began to pick up the fallen articles. "By Joe, you had a close shave," he grunted. "I 'lowed once you was a dead goner." [To Be Continued]

Brotherly Counsel. The more nervous a man is the more he tries to say the right thing, and as a rule the more lamentably he fails. It is not always the man who attempts to set him right, however, who covers himself with glory. There is a story told of a certain English curate who was afflicted with a painfully nervous temperament, and whose nervousness was in the habit of affecting his tongue and causing him to make the most awkward remarks when he particularly desired to pay neat compliments to those high in authority or position. It happened one day that he had distinguished himself beyond his wont during the gathering of clergymen at an afternoon tea at the bishop's palace. On the way home a senior curate took him to task for his blunders. "Look here, Bruce," said the senior, decidedly, "you are a donkey! Why can't you keep quiet, instead of attracting everybody's attention by your asinine remarks? You need not be offended. I'm speaking to you now as a brother—"

At this point loud laughter interrupted the speaker, and for a moment he wondered why.—Youth's Companion. One Ahead. Mrs. A— was having one of her houses cleaned preparatory to letting it to a new tenant. Assisting her was a "cleaner," who proved to be very inefficient. Finding a room which was supposed to be in order still very dirty, Mrs. A— swept it herself. Then she said to Bridget, whom she met in the hall: "Why, Mrs. Ryan, I thought you said you had swept the front room, and here I have got a whole dustpan full of dirt out of it." Nothing disconcerted, Bridget responded, with a beaming smile: "Did ye, now, ma'am? I got two."—Youth's Companion. Contrary Effects. "The sermons of that young minister who has the room next to mine are truly wonderful," said the young man boarder. "Indeed?" said the landlady. "Yes; whenever I hear him rehearsing them in his room they keep me awake, but if I happen to be in church when he's preaching, they invariably put me to sleep."—Yonkers Statesman. Seeking the Best Odds. "Professor Hadley says that only ten per cent of the marriages are happy ones." "Well," replied the sweet young thing, "even in that case let us remember that the odds on marital happiness are about ten per cent better than those on a happy spinsterhood."—Chicago Post. Sad Case. "So you suffer from insomnia, do you?" said the physician after the patient had indicated his ailment. "I do, doctor. The only part of me that goes to sleep readily is my feet."—Puck.



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