

# RICH MENS CHILDREN

By GERALDINE BONNER  
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'TOMORROW'S TANGLE', etc.

Illustrations by  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope, Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and she slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unbecoming condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Bernice exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon calls on Mrs. Ryan. They discuss Dominick's marriage difficulties, and Cannon suggests buying off Bernice.

**CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)**  
There was something strange about Dominick since he had come back, something that intrigued her, that she could not satisfactorily explain. She assured herself that he was still angry, but in the deeper places of her understanding the voice that whispers the truth and will not be gainsaid told her it was not that. Neither was it exactly antagonism. In a way he had been studiously kind and polite to her, a sort of consciously-guarded politeness, such as one might practice to a guest with whom one was intimate without being friendly. She tried to explain to herself just what this change was, and when it came to putting the matter in words she could not find the right ones. It was a coldness, a coldness that was not harsh and did not express itself in actions or phrases. It was deeper; it was exhaled from the inner places of his being.

Sometimes as she talked to him she would meet his eyes fixed on her with a deep, vacant glance, which she suddenly realized was unseeing and unheeding. In the evening as he sat reading in the cramped confines of the den she surreptitiously watched him and saw that a moment often came when he dropped his book, and with his long body limp in the armchair, his chin sunk on his breast, would sit with a brooding gaze fixed on nothing. Once, as he was dreaming this way, she said suddenly: "What are you thinking of, Dominick? Antelope?"

He started and turned upon her a face that had reddened consciously. "Why should I think of Antelope?" he said, and she was aware that her remark had startled him and made him uncomfortable.

"For no particular reason," she answered lightly; "you just looked as if you were thinking of something a long way off."

She tried to reassure herself that it all rose from the quarrel. To believe that comforted her and gave her confidence, but it was hard to think it, for not only did her own instinct proclaim against it, but Dominick's manner and attitude were in distinct refutation of any such theory. He was not sullen, he was absent; he was resentful, he was indifferent. And in small outward ways he tried to please her, which was not after the manner of a sore and angry man. On this very Sunday he had agreed to meet her and her family in the park at the band stand at four. She always dined with her sisters on Sunday and if the weather was fine they went to the park and listened to the music. It was nearly a year now since Dominick had joined these family parties, preferring to walk on the Presidio hills and the Cliff House beach with a friend from the bank. But on the evening before he had promised to meet them; been quite agreeable about it, Bernie had thought, when her pleadings and importunities had finally extorted from him a promise to join them there.

She left the dining-room and walked up the hallway to the parlor, her head drooped, anxieties gnawing at her. The little room was flooded with sunshine, and she parted the lace curtains and, throwing up the window, leaned out. The rich, enveloping warmth surrounded her, clasped her, seemed to sink deep into her and thaw her apprehensions that were so cold at her heart. She drew in the sweet, still air, that did not stimulate but that had in it something of a crystalline youth and freshness, like the air of an untainted world, concerned with nothing but the joy of living. The scents of flowers were in it; the mellowness of the earth and its fruits. Peace was the message of this tranquil Sunday morning, peace was in the sunshine, in the sound of bells with which the air was full, in the fall of feet—light, joyous feet—on the pavement, in the voices of passers-by and the laughter, sweet and broken, of children. It was not right for any one to harbor cankerous cares on such a day. The earth was happy, abandoned to the sunshine, irresponsible, care free, rejoicing in the perfect moment. The woman felt the restoring processes that Nature, in its tireless generosity, offers to all who will take them. She felt eased of her troubles, soothed and cheered, as though the enveloping radiance that bathed her held an opiate for jangled nerves. Blinking in the brightness she leaned on the window-sill, immovable, quieted, feeling the warmth suffuse her and dissipate those alarms that half an hour earlier had been so chill and heavy.

ing and confidence increased. She looked very well this morning. Since Dominick's return she had looked haggard and thin. Sometimes she had seemed to see, showing shadowy through her reflected face in the mirror, the lines and hollows of that face when time should have put a stamp on it that neither massage nor pigments would efface. A sudden moment of revelation showed her herself as an old woman, her nose pointed, her mouth a thin, tight line. This morning the glass gave her back none of these disconcerting hints. She was at her best, and as she dressed carefully and slowly, she had the satisfaction of seeing that each added article of apparel increased her good looks. When she finally put on her new hat—the one she had bought in celebration of Dominick's return—and over it tied a white and black dotted veil, she was so gratified with the picture she presented that she was reluctant to leave it and prouetted slowly before the glass, surveying her back and side views, and finally lifting her skirt that she might see the full effect of her lilac petticoat as it burst into sight in an ebullition of pleats and frills.

Walking up the avenue she was bridleing conscious that her brilliant appearance drew its tribute of glances. Many people looked at her, and their sidelong admiration was an even more exhilarating tonic than the sunshine. She walked with a light, elastic step, spreading perfume on the air, her progress accompanied by a rich seductive rustle. Once or twice she passed members of that exclusive world from which she had stolen Dominick. She swept by them, languidly indifferent, her eyes looking with glacial hauteur over their heads. The sound made by her brushing silk petticoats was gratifyingly aggressive. She imparted to them a slight disdainful swing, and lifted her dress skirt daintily higher, conscious of the impeccable amplitude of her emerging lilac frills.

The habit of dining with her own people on Sunday had been one she had never abandoned, even in the first aspiring days of her marriage. It was a sort of family reunion and at first Dominick had been in a not unwilling participant in its domestic festivities. The solid bourgeois respectability of his wife's relations appealed to him. For all his advantages in money and education he was of the same class himself, and while Bernie was, if not a beloved spouse, a yet endurable one, he had found the Sunday gatherings and subsequent helira to the park not entirely objectionable. For over a year now he had been content, pleading the need of open air and exercise, and his sisters-in-law, who had at first protested, had grown used to his absence and accepted it as something to bear uncomplainingly.

The day was so fine that they hurried through their dinner, a hearty and lavish meal, the chef d'oeuvre of Hannah's housekeeping, and, loath to lose a moment of the sunshine, determined to walk down to Van Ness avenue and there catch an outgoing car

to the park. It was the middle of the afternoon and the great thoroughfare lay still and idle in the slanting light. There was something foreign, almost tropical in its vista, in the scene that hung like a drop curtain at the limit of sight—pale blue hills dotted with ochre-colored houses—in the background of deep sky in tint, the foliage dark against it as if printed upon its intense glaring blue, in the sharp lines of palms and spiky leaves crossing stuccoed walls. The people that moved slowly along the sidewalks fitted into this high-colored exotic setting. There was no hurry or crowding

among them. They progressed with an un-American deliberation, tasting the delicate sweetness of the air, rejoicing in the sky and the sun, pausing to look at the dark business of a dracena against a wash of blue, the skeleton blossom of a Century plant, the pool of thick scarlet made by a parterre of geranium.

The three sisters—Hannah and Pearl leading, Bernie and Hazel walking behind with Josh—fared buoyantly down the street. As they passed, they commented on the houses and their inmates. They had plenty of stories of the dwellers in those solemn palaces, many of whom were people whose humble beginnings they knew by heart, and whose rapid rise had been watched almost awe-stricken by an admiring and envious community.

As the Ryan house loomed into view their chatter ceased and their eyes, serious with staring attention, were fixed on the mansion which had so stubbornly closed its doors on one of them. Sensations of varying degrees of animosity stirred in each of them, except the child, still too young to be tainted by the corroding sense of worldly injustice. She skipped along sideways, her warm, soft hand clasped in her Aunt Hannah's decently-gloved palm. Some wave or vibration of the intense feelings of her elders passed to her, and as they drew nearer the house she, too, began to grow grave, and her skipping quieted down into a sober walk.

"That's Uncle Dominick's house, isn't it?" she said to Hannah. Hannah nodded. By far the most amiable and wide-minded of the sisters, she could not rise above the sense of rankling indignation that she felt against the Ryans for their treatment of Bernie.

"That's the biggest house in San Francisco," said Pearl over her shoulder to her parents. "Ain't it, Popper?" "I guess it is," answered Josh, giving his head a confirmatory wag, "and even if it ain't, it's big enough, the Lord knows!"

"I can't see what a private family wants with all that room," said Hannah with a condemnatory air. "There must be whole soots of rooms on that upper floor that nobody lives in." "Don't you fret. They're all occupied," said Bernie. "Each one of us has their own particular soote. Cornie has three rooms all of her own, and even the housekeeper has a private bath!"

"And there's twelve indoor servants," said Hazel. "They want a lot of space for them. Twelve servants, just think of it!"

"Twelve servants!" ejaculated Hannah almost with a groan. "Well, that don't seem to me right." They were close to the house now and silence fell on them, as though the antagonism of its owners was exhaled upon them from the mansion's aggressive birk, like an unspoken curse. They felt overawed, and at the same time proud that one of their number should have even the most distant affiliations with a family too exclusive to know her. The women with their more responsive and sensitive natures felt it more delicately than Josh, who blunderingly expressed one of the thoughts of the moment by remarking:

"Some day you'll live in there, Bernie, and boss the twelve servants."

"Rats!" said Bernie, giving her head an angry toss. "I'd rather live in my flat and boss Sing." Josh's whistle of facetious incredulity died away incomplete, for at that moment the hall door opened and a portly masculine shape emerged upon the porch. Bernie, at the first glance, was not sure of its identity, but her doubts were dispelled by her brother-

proud, unapproachable distinction of the Ryans.

"Don't he look as if he was thinking?" said Hazel in a whisper. "I wonder what's on his mind."

"Probably that Monday's pay-day and he don't know whether he can scratch through," said the jocosse Josh. Bernie did not say anything. She felt the interest in Cannon that she did in all conquering, successful people, and in her heart it gave her a sense of added importance to think that the family she had married into and who refused to know her was on friendly terms with the Bonanza King.

A half-hour later they had found seats in front of the band stand in the park, and settling themselves with a great rustling and preening of plumage, prepared to enjoy the music. Hannah and Pearl were given two chairs at the end of a row, and Hazel and Bernie, with Josh as escort, secured four on the line immediately behind. Dominick had not yet appeared, so the sisters spread their skirts over a vacant seat between them, and Bernie, in the intervals of inspecting the people around her, sent exploring glances about for the tall figure of her husband.

She was very fond of the park and band stand on such Sunday afternoons. To go there had been one of the great diversions of her girlhood. She loved to look at this holiday gathering of all types, among which her own class was largely represented. The outdoor amphitheater of filled benches was to her what the ball-room and the glittering horseshoe at the opera are to the woman of a society. She saw many old friends among the throng, girls who had been contemporaries of hers when she had first "gone to work" and had long since married in their own world and now dragged children by the hand. She looked them over with an almost passionate curiosity, discomfited to see the fresh youth of some, and pleased to note that others looked weighed down with maternal cares. Bernie regarded women who had children as fools, and the children grouped about these mothers of her own age—three and four sometimes, with the husband carrying a baby—were to her only annoying, burdensome creatures that made the party seem a little ridiculous, and had not half the impressiveness or style of her elegant costume and lilac frills.

The magnificent afternoon had brought out a throng of people. Every seat in the lines of benches was full and foot passengers kept constantly coming up, standing for a few measures, and then moving on. They were of all kinds. The beauty of the day had even tempted the more fashionable element out, and the two sisters saw many elegantly-dressed ladies of the sort on whom Hazel fixed her all day, and that evoked in Bernie a deep and respectable curiosity. Both women, sitting high in their chairs, craned their necks this way and that, spying through breaks in the crowd, and following attractive figures with dodging movements of their heads. When either one saw anything she liked or thought interesting she laid a hand on the other's knee, giving it a slight dig, and designated the object of her attention in a few broken words, detached and disconnected like notes for a sentence.

They were thus engaged when Hazel saw Dominick and, rising, hailed him with a beckoning hand. He made his way toward them, moving deliberately, once or twice pausing to greet acquaintances. He was taller than any man in the surrounding throng and Bernie, watching him, felt a sense of proprietary pride swelling in her when she noted his superiority. The son of an Irish laborer and a girl who had begun life as the general servant in a miner's boarding-house, he looked as if his forebears might have been the flower of the nation. He wore a loose-fitting suit of gray tweed, a wide, gray felt sombrero, and round his waist a belt of yellow leather. His collar turning back from his neck exposed the brown strength of his throat, and on lifting his hat in a passing salutation, his head with its cropped curly hair, the ears growing close against it, showed golden brown in the sunlight.

With a phrase of greeting he joined them, and then as they swept their skirts off the chair they had been hiding, slipped in front of Bernie and sat down. Hazel began to talk to him. Her conversation was of a rallying, joking sort, at which she was quite proficient. Bernie heard him laugh and knew by the tone of his voice that he was pretending and was not really amused. She had nothing particular to say to him, feeling that she accomplished enough in inducing him to join them, and sitting forward on the edge of her chair, continued to watch the people. A blonde coiffure some rows in front caught her eye and she was studying its intricacies through the interstices that came and went between the moving heads, when the sudden emergency into view of an unusually striking female figure diverted her attention. The woman had come up from behind and, temporarily stopped by the crowd, had come to a standstill a few rows in front of where the sisters sat. She was accompanied by a young man dressed in the Sunday dignity of frock-coat and silk hat. As he turned to survey the lines of filled chairs, Bernie saw that he had a pale skin, a small black mustache, and dark eyes.

But her interest in him was of the slightest. Her attention was immediately riveted upon the woman, who became the object of a glance which inspected her with a piercing eagerness from her hat to the hem of her skirt. Bernie could not see her face, but her habiliments were of the latest mode and of an unusual and subdued elegance which bespoke an origin in a more sophisticated center than San Francisco. Bernie, all agog with curiosity, stared at the lady's back, noting not only her clothes but a certain carelessness in the way they were put on. Her hat was not quite straight. The comb, which crossed the back of her head and kept her hair smooth, was crooked, and blonde wisps hung from it over her collar. The hand that held up her skirt in a loose perfunctory manner, as though these rich encasings were possessions of no moment, was covered by a not particularly white glove.

Such unconsciousness added the distinction of indifference to the already marked figure. Bernie wondered more than ever who it was and longed to see the averted face. She was about

to lean across Dominick and attract Hazel's attention by a poking finger directed against her knee, when the woman, with a word to her companion, moved her head and let a slow glance sweep over the rows of faces. "Hazel," Bernie hissed across Dominick, "look at that girl. Who is she?" She did not divert her eyes from the woman's face, which she now saw in profile. It was pretty, she thought, more from a rich, unmingled purity of coloring than from any particular beauty of feature. The head with its gray-travelling glance continued to turn till Bernie had the satisfaction of seeing the face in three-quarters. A moment later the moving eyes lighted indifferently, brusquely, as though checked by the imperative stoppage of regulating machinery. Only a person watching closely would have noticed it, but Bernie was watching with the most vigilant closeness. She saw the infusion of a new and keener interest transform the glance, concentrate its lazy, diffused attention into something that had the sharpness and suddenness of a leaping flame. The next moment a flood of color rose clearly pink over the face, and then, most surprising of all, the lady bent her head in a grave, deliberate bow.

Bernie turned, startled—and in a vague, undefined way, disturbed, too—to see who had been the object of this salutation. To her astonishment it was Dominick. As she looked at him, he replaced his hat and she saw—the augmentation of that vague sense of disturbance—that he was as pale as the bowing woman was pink.



Bernie Turned, Startled.

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"Dominick," she exclaimed, "who's that?" "Miss Cannon," he said in a low tone. "Rose Cannon?" hissed Hazel on the other side of him, her face thrust forward, and tense in the interest of the moment, "Bill Cannon's daughter?" "Yes, I met her at Antelope."

"Bernie, did you see her dress?" Hazel hung over her brother-in-law in her excitement. "That's straight from Paris, I'll bet you a dollar." "Yes, I saw it," said Bernie in a voice that did not sound particularly exhilarated; "maybe it is."

She looked back at Miss Cannon who had turned away and was moving off through the crowd with her escort. Then she leaned toward Dominick. His voice had not sounded natural; as she placed her arm against his she could feel that he trembled.

tremulous and cold deep down in her bones. Hazel rose to her feet, shaking her skirts into place. "Let's go on," she said, "it's getting chilly. Come along, Josh. I suppose if you were left alone, you'd sit here till sundown listening to the music in a trance."

Dominick and Josh rose and there was an adjusting and putting-on of wraps. Bernie still sat motionless, her hands, stiff in their tight gloves, lying open on her lap. "Come along, Bernie," said Hazel. "It's too cold to sit here any longer. Why, how funny you look, all pale and shriveled up! You're as bad as Josh. You and he ought to have married each other. You'd have been a prize couple."

Josh laughed loudly at this sally, leaning round the figure of his wife to present his foolish, good-humored face, creased with a grin, to Bernie. "Are you willing, Bernie?" he cried gaily. "I can get a divorce whenever you say. It will be dead easy; brutal and inhuman treatment. Just say the word!"

"There'll be brutal and inhuman treatment if you don't move on and stop blocking the way, Josh McCrae," said Hazel severely. "I want to go out that side and then you are right in the path, trying to be funny."

The cheerful Josh, still laughing, turned and moved onward between the seats, the others following him. The mass of the crowd was not yet leaving, and as the little group moved forward in a straggling line toward the drive, the exciting opening of the William Tell Overture boomed out from the sounding board. It was a favorite piece, and they left lingeringly, Hazel and Josh particularly fascinated, with heads turned and ears trained on the band. Josh's hand, passed through his wife's arm, affectionately pressed her against his side, for despite the sharpness of their recriminations they were the most loving of couples.

Bernie was the last of the line. In the flurry of departure her silence had passed unnoticed, and that she should thus lag at the tail of the procession was not in any way remarkable, as, at the best of times, she was not much of a walker and in her high-heeled Sunday shoes her progress was always deliberate.

Looking ahead of her, she saw the landscape still as a picture under the slanting, lurid sunlight. It seemed to be painted with unnaturally glaring tints, to be soaked in color. The grass, crossed with long shadows, was of the greenness of an aniline dye. The massed foliage of tree groups showed a melting richness of shades, no one clearly defined, all fused in a thick, opaque lusciousness of greens. The air was motionless and very clear. Where a passing carriage stirred the dust the powdery cloud rose, spreading a tarnishing blur on the crystalline clarity of the scene. The sun injected these dust films with gold, and they settled slowly, as if it made them heavy, like ground-up particles of metal.

**(TO BE CONTINUED.)**  
**Wasted Erudition.**  
A physician at a recent convention of railway surgeons in Philadelphia said of a safety device that has averted many railway accidents: "The advantage of this device is now almost universally recognized. Indeed, the railroader who disputes its advantage is as antiquated as the old resident who said: "Education be hanged! That's young Bill Smithers took an engineer's course in a correspondence school and put away a sign on his carriage house, and hadn't no better sense than to spell 'carriage' 'garage!'"—Washington Star.

# POULTRY

FOWLS SUITABLE FOR FARM  
Old Farmer Says He Has Never Seen Anything Better Than Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes.

Many farmers have hobbies and pet theories which sometimes bring them plenty of "experience," but as a rule they look at everything along utility lines, says Farm News. Some farmers have been looking for the best farmer's fowl, have bred almost all breeds in existence, and yet have to confess to failure along these lines. At times he thinks that he has the best bird cornered only to find that it is still at large. A buzz-saw is all right for the purpose for which it was intended, but it can't be used for shaving a man's beard. All these things are very practical in their way, but making them answer for all purposes is very much like corralling a cyclone, something no man has succeeded in doing.

One person wants fowls for the production of eggs, and, therefore, will want the breed whose hens prove to be the best layers. Another wants the best table fowl, and an entirely different breed will be selected. The third man wants a fowl with a certain fancy feather and pays a fancy price for it. A farmer living several miles from town cares very little for fowls of any particular kind, yet he



Columbian Wyandotte Pullet.

will admit that they are an unfailing source of supply in case of emergency in supplying the table, buying the groceries and keeping him out of debt for long intervals.

The farmer's flock should be prolific without sacrificing other qualities. They should be good table fowls. To satisfy this requirement they must be of good size, plump and of good appearance when dressed. They must be hardy and good foragers, as there is much waste food on the farm that can be converted into cash returns by the fowls. The hens must be good sitters and mothers, as many farmers are not ready to buy incubators—although they should do so at once. These are questions that are being studied by the careful, and each individual will have to determine the matter for himself. An old farmer who is now off the active list, but still lives on the farm and raises poultry as a diversion says he visited many poultry shows just to inspect some of the best birds of the new varieties, and he says that he has never seen anything better than the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte varieties for real business stock. He said: "You can tell inquirers that these two breeds are still at the top, and there are enough varieties of them to please any sensible person. As to individual taste, the old Indian said if men were all alike they would all want his squaw."

So many varieties of chickens have been evolved that it seems as if there should be nothing left to be sought or desired in the way of beauty or utility.

# DOULTRY NEWS

- • • Sell all the roosters not needed for breeding.
- • • Don't buy breeding stock that lacks in strength and vigor.
- • • Keep everlastingly and eternally after the lice and mites.
- • • A box of crushed oyster shells should always be kept in reach.
- • • Keep the coops for the small chicks at a distance from the hen house.
- • • Low perches will induce young stock to roost in the poultry house early in life.
- • • The color of the egg shells has nothing to do with the food value of the eggs.
- • • A combination of the heat with lice pests is enough to cause fowls not to do well.
- • • The flavor of eggs and their color depends very much upon the kind of food given.
- • • After the moult a little linseed meal is a fine thing to round out the poultry ration with.
- • • Commence to gather dry road dust and put away in barrels in a dry place for next winter's use.
- • • Sprinkle a little carbolic acid in the hens' dust bath occasionally. After each rain stir the dust and make it fine again.
- • • It is said that if alfalfa hay is used for hens' nests and scattered around the chicken coops the chicken mites will beat a hasty retreat.
- • • When purchasing grit and oyster shell it is best to get by the hundred pounds. There is a great saving in the cost if it is purchased in this manner.

He Stood on the Top Step for a Musing Moment.

in-law's quick sentence, delivered on the rise of a surprised breath. "Bill Cannon, by gum! What's he doing there?" This name, as powerful to conjure with in the city as in the mining camps, cast its instantaneous spell upon the sisters, who stared avid-eyed upon the great man. He for his part seemed oblivious to their glances and to their presence. He stood on the top step for a musing moment, looking down with that sort of filmy fixity of gaze which is noticeable in the glance of the resting eagle. His appearance was a last crowing touch to the