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## GLASS DARKLY.

...from a New Year's Sermon.)  
**LIVE THOMPSON** sat in her low un-cushioned seat in the little country church, paying strict attention to the New Year's sermon. It was her habit to pay strict attention to the regular Sunday sermon, but this being New Year day she was wroth in her attention. Her wanderer from the face of acher, the face that had been idly study for thirty years. She was years old when she began the The face had never grown any o her. There were the same ml-circular wrinkles under the the ear nearest her, which she ways seen, and the devious above the eyes continued al the same elevation, except ey had grown inward, tending horizontal ripple above the nd deepening at that point. sermon, to the mind of Olive ion, was "more beautiful" on "ticular day than had ever been

we see through a glass dark- then face to face," he said. lists of our present condition or view; stormy days; have sent ad steel against our windows for the dimness of our glass, not see the sky."  
 Thompson's eyes filled with She remembered the "dust and f weary years. How the storm ath upon the windows of her ring into frosted tablets what ice might have been avenues for

months later Olive Thompson naking apple pie in the pan- the pantry window was up and g of birds came in. Also there in the voice of Joseph, the hired



**TAKE IT; IT IS GOOD.**  
 who was coaxing the new calf to "Take it," he was saying to experienced animal: "It is good," as it; it is good," Olive repeated self in the pantry.  
 "It is good?" asked the old

wrinkled mother knitting in the warm kitchen.  
 "Why, everything, I suppose," Olive answered, still listening with one ear to what Joseph was saying.  
 "It doesn't seem good now, bossy; but it is good, take it."  
 "Olive," said her mother, "it is time to wash the windows. The frost is all off and they look dingy."  
 "I know it," Olive said, "I will do it tomorrow."  
 "Olive Thompson obeyed her mother from a life-long habit, and from religious principle. Was she not her mother's child, and ought not children to obey their parents; old, wrinkled, feeble parents?"  
 In the morning she took her pan



**"IS IT CLEAR, OLIVE?"**  
 of suds and the polishing cloth and stood in a chair to wash the windows. She would begin in the kitchen, she thought, and go clear around to the parlor. She tried to pull out the old fashioned spring of the upper sash, but it would not yield.  
 "Olive," said her mother, "Joseph had better help to wash the windows. He can stand on the ladder on the outside." "Joseph," she called at the door, "come in and pull the spring for Olive." And, "Joseph, polish the glass on the outside, it is too hard for Olive."

Joseph was obedient. He had been "the hired man" for five years. No one would have known he was the hired man except the two women. He might have been the old lady's son and Olive's brother, so kind and true had he always been to these two.  
 Olive stood on a chair on the inside and Joseph on the ladder outside. The features of each were dim through the glass, and the two scrubbed away with soap and polish. What was left of smoke and frost yielded to double persuasion, and Joseph called from the outside: "Is it clear, Olive?"  
 "Olive, scrutinizing closely, called back, pointing to the upper corner. "Just a little more rubbing right there."  
 She did not notice that Joseph was looking into her eyes, and thinking to himself "how clear" they were.  
 He rubbed away at the filmy pane and then called again: "It isn't quite clear down in that corner."  
 Olive polished away on her side watching Joseph's eyes full of a light that shot right through the obscurity and made her remember the text of the New Year sermon—"Now we see through a glass darkly."  
 Around the house went the two, Olive on the inside and Joseph on the outside, and only the last parlor window was left. The morning had sped

away like a glint of sunshine from the pan of water in the chair. Olive had watched this broken bit of radiance, as it played on the ceiling above the table with the album and pictorial Bible on it. It was like a halo above the precious spot. She moved her chair up to the window with a little sigh. Joseph moved his ladder up to the same window on the opposite side.  
 "Let it down from the top, Olive," he said.  
 "I can't," Olive called back, "it sticks."  
 Joseph was on her side in a moment. His fingers just touched hers as they pulled on the spring together, and something which was not unlike a glint of sunshine passed through the two. The spring slipped back and Joseph was on the outside again. Joseph lowered the window to bring it within easy reach of the woman on the other side. Strange he hadn't thought of that before. Standing straight up, Olive on her chair and Joseph on his ladder, the two looked into each other's eyes. There was nothing on Joseph's side and nothing on Olive's side to dim their vision. It was all clear.  
 "But now face to face," thought Olive.  
 The old mother passing by the parlor, smiled, and spoke not a word. From the kitchen she called: "Are the windows all clean, daughter?"  
 "All clean, mother," came the answer, and Olive Thompson recalled the words of the sermon, "Take heart; spring days are coming when the windows will be open to the sky; and we shall see face to face what has always been."

When Autumn dies at last upon her throne Amid the ruin of a regal state, Boreas' clarion trumpets sound her fate, And Winter knows the realm thenceforth his own; Calling his minions in the Arctic zone— And making them through his own greatness great. He journeys forth to his possessions straight, The winds' wild music aye before him blown. A lock of frost he fastens on the land, And makes the air with keepest cold to sting; The waters lie 'neath fetters from his hand; And while his white snows toss and whirl and fling, Robed royally and crowned for all command He proudly cries, "Behold me: I am King!"  
 —William Francis Barnard.

## WINTER KING



CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)  
 Shell flushed crimson; the one wish of her girlhood has been to possess a volume of Tennyson all her own. Yet now that she stands with the treasure in her hand, a strange perversity makes her feel more than half inclined to thrust it back upon the donor.  
 "It is very kind of you, Bob and Meg," she says, in a tone of angry impatience; "but I cannot think of accepting your present. Take it home and keep it until you are grown up—then you will be able to understand it!"  
 "Don't you like it, then?" queries Bob, looking anxious and distressed. "Pa thought you would rather have a book; but I'll tell him to send you a watch instead."  
 This threatened alternative sounds so very alarming that Shell hastens to explain to the children her detestation of watches in general and her unbounded admiration of poets.  
 "What are you making such a chatter and fuss about, Shell?" interposes Ruby, crossing to her sister's side and taking up the volume in dispute. "Oh, only a copy of Tennyson!" with a contemptuous curl of her lip at the plain though handsome binding. "I wonder what induced Robert Champley to send you that? You have not been devoting yourself to his children."  
 "No, I should hope not," answers Shell, with emphasis. "Neither do I want any present—I shall return it."  
 "Return it? What conceited nonsense!" scoffs Ruby. "I suppose he thought some slight acknowledgment was due to you for playing with the children occasionally. If you want to make yourself absurd and conspicuous of course you will return it."  
 On the next morning the Champley household take their departure for the moor. Ruby chances to be near the deserted lodge of the Wilderness when the wagonette—containing the two brothers, the children and the nurse—drives by.  
 She makes a dainty picture, standing in the shade of the chestnut tree in her pale-blue morning dress, and waving her handkerchief in token of adieu. The gentlemen raise their hats and smile, the children shout, the nurse gives a defiant snort, and the next moment they are out of sight.  
 "Two months of freedom!" thinks Robert Champley to himself. "On my return home I must make other arrangements."

## Shell Wilden. A ROMANCE

CHAPTER IX.  
 A week has passed. Shell has grown tired of her self-imposed solitude; the big, bare, echoing rooms have become hateful to her. Even the grounds seem changed and unfamiliar. The certainty that there is no chance of interruption to her lonely musings, at first so delightful, now seems to fill her usually cheerful spirit with a sense of depression. Until robbed of all companionship she never guessed what a sociable creature she was. Happy would she be if even the most inane and common-place caller would come to break the monotony of her endless days! But it is understood in the neighborhood that the family at the Wilderness are away; so from morn till night Shell wanders aimlessly about, with only the gray cat to bear her company.  
 It is evening. Shell is even more desolate than her wont. Susan has asked permission to go into Mudford to make a few purchases, and already she has been absent over three hours. It is now seven o'clock, and the empty house seems to Shell's excited imagination like a haunted place. She fancies she hears hurrying through the passages. A door slams, and her heart stands still with fear. Shell however is not one to give way to morbid feelings, and, rousing herself from her book, she starts on a tour of inspection through the house, shutting all windows and securely barring all doors on her way; then, with a renewed sense of security, she returns to the drawing-room and determines to while away the time with music.  
 Shell is one of those sensitive folk who never play so well as when alone—she cannot pour her whole heart into her music when she has listeners. Now, with the house to herself, she soon becomes lost to her surroundings, and the room echoes to such heart-stirring strains as it rarely falls to one's lot to hear.  
 Suddenly however her music comes to an end, and her heart throbs with terror, for through the empty hall echoes the sonorous thunder of the big iron knocker.  
 Shell's first impulse is to take no notice—to hide herself or to make her escape by some back window; then her natural good sense returns, and she laughs in a nervous manner at her fears and with fast-beating heart advances into the hall.  
 "Is that you, Susan?" she asks, but without unfastening the heavy chain.  
 There comes no answer save a vigorous ring at the bell.  
 "Who is there?" demands Shell, this time in a firmer tone and one more likely to penetrate the thick oak panels.  
 "A messenger from Mrs. Wilden," answers a voice which is somehow familiar to Shell's ears.  
 With trembling hands she shoots back the heavy bolts, and, taking down the chain, opens the door. There she stands—pale, big-eyed, and scared-looking, before—Robert Champley.  
 "Oh, what a fright you gave me!" is her first involuntary exclamation.  
 "A fright! How so? What have I done?" queries her visitor, looking much surprised.  
 "Oh, nothing!" answers Shell, whilst the ghost of a smile flickers round her still colorless lips. "It was my own foolishness; but I was not expecting any one excepting Susan, and your knock frightened me. I suppose I must be getting nervous"—with a self-deprecating little laugh.  
 "Nervous? I should think so!" cries Robert wonderingly. He has taken her hand in greeting, and is trembling in his warm surely you are not alone."  
 "Only for a short time," says Susan, who has just returned, and who, ashamed of her lot, Her visitor is  
 "You ought a house liv eldely."  
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every obstacle as it is presented to her. Her eloquence is so great in advocating a change that one would wonder, to hear her talk, how they have managed to exist so many summers through at the Wilderness without acquiring all the maladies to which flesh is heir.  
 Shell is not present when the discussion takes place, but her indignation when the plan is unfolded to her is unbounded.  
 "You don't mean to say, Ruby, that you are actually thinking of following the Champleys to the moor?" she says, in a voice of such infinite scorn that Ruby flushes uneasily.  
 "What nonsense you talk, Shell!" she returns angrily. "You seem to have the Champleys on the brain. We are going to the moor because mamma is in need of bracing air. Is there anything so very extraordinary in that?"  
 "There is something extraordinary in your having selected the same village," answers Shell decidedly. "If mamma wants bracing air why not take her to the North of Devon?"  
 "Because rooms there would be frightfully expensive; whereas the cottage on the moor is a mere trifle," responds Ruby loftily.  
 This argument is unanswerable, for no one knows better than Shell that their income is not equal to any great additional strain. Feeling that any resistance she can offer will be futile, Shell shrugs her shoulders and leaves the room. Nothing remains to her now but to strike out a separate line of action for herself. She is fully determined about one thing—wild horses shall not drag her to Oakford.  
 When everything is fully arranged and packing is at its height, Shell starts the household.  
 "It will be very awkward having only three bed-rooms," Vi remarks in a grumbling tone, for the more she contemplates six weeks spent away from civilization the less she likes the prospect. "Of course the servants must have one; and then we must all crum into the two others."  
 "Not at all, dear," Ruby hastens to explain. "Mamma and Shell can have the big room, and you and I a little one each; as for Mary, she can do quite well with a chair-bedstead in the kitchen."  
 "How delightful for Mary!" laughs Shell. "It is to be hoped she has a strong liking for cockroaches and crickets."  
 "Now, please, Shell, don't go setting Mary against the arrangement," says Ruby imploringly. "Mamma, do ask her not?"  
 "Don't be alarmed," answers Shell, with a curious little laugh. "I have not the slightest intention of interfering with any of the arrangements at the cottage. They don't concern me in the least, since I shan't be there."  
 "Not be there—what do you mean? Of course you will be there!" declares Ruby, looking very much astonished.  
 "Not unless mamma insists upon it; and I am sure she won't," laughs Shell. "As you know, I have been set against the idea from the commencement, so I mean to remain here—'monarch of all I survey'—and have a right down jolly time of it all to myself."  
 "What rubbish!" cries Ruby impatiently. "Susan is going to be put on board-wages; and she is to give the house a thorough cleaning during our absence."  
 "Well, I can be put on board-wages too; and I certainly won't prevent Susan from cleaning the house. I shan't be out all day long," responds Shell. "Mamma, please make her go. It would seem so odd her not going," urges Ruby.  
 But Mrs. Wilden is too easy-going to oppose actively any of her children. Truth to tell, she rather envies Shell her coming solitude, and even expresses it as her opinion that it is a pity that dreadful cottage was ever taken. This rebellion on her indulgent mother's part is quickly talked down by Ruby, whose constant fear from the beginning has been that her scheme will ultimately fall through. She knows that her mother would rather stay at home; she is fully aware that Violet is groaning in spirit over what she is pleased to term her "coming exile;" so she thinks it wiser on the whole to leave Shell to her own devices, least enlarging on the theme should stir up revolt in other and more important quarters.  
 Then there comes a triumphant morning when, backed up by a vast amount of unnecessary luggage, Ruby carries off her three victims—for Mary can truthfully be reckoned in that cate-

gory—to enjoy the bracing air and scant accommodation of Oakmoor.  
 Shell, as she stands on the doorstep and waves them a smiling adieu, looks the impersonation of mischievous contentment.  
 "Be sure to change the library books the moment you get them, and don't delay a single post in sending them off," entreats Violet earnestly.  
 "And any groceries we can't get there you must send by Parcels Post," adds Ruby.  
 "How the Oakmoor postman will bless you!" laughs Shell as she nods assent; and then, springing on to the step of the cab, she imprudently gives hasty kisses on her mother's troubled cheek.  
 Why does she heave a sigh, notwithstanding the brightness of the morning, as she turns to re-enter the house?

CHAPTER X.  
 A week has passed. Shell has grown tired of her self-imposed solitude; the big, bare, echoing rooms have become hateful to her. Even the grounds seem changed and unfamiliar. The certainty that there is no chance of interruption to her lonely musings, at first so delightful, now seems to fill her usually cheerful spirit with a sense of depression. Until robbed of all companionship she never guessed what a sociable creature she was. Happy would she be if even the most inane and common-place caller would come to break the monotony of her endless days! But it is understood in the neighborhood that the family at the Wilderness are away; so from morn till night Shell wanders aimlessly about, with only the gray cat to bear her company.  
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CHAPTER XI.  
 "Mamma, there is a most enticing cottage to be let at Oakford," cries Ruby, glancing up excitedly from the paper in her hand. "Listen! Oakford. To be let, furnished, charming cottage residence—five rooms, large garden, every convenience, rent moderate, air bracing, close to moor."  
 "Yes, my dear," responds Mrs. Wilden in mild surprise. "Well, what about it? Do you know of any one wanting a cottage?"  
 "I thought it might suit us," replies Ruby, a little crestfallen.  
 "It certainly might if we wanted to go there," asserts Mrs. Wilden with a good-tempered laugh; "but, as you know, Ruby, I have a great dislike to leaving home."  
 "But, mamma, I think you require change of air," persists Ruby with unwonted affection. "You have been suffering so faithfully from neuralgia all spring. I am sure your nerves want bracing. Why not take this cottage for a month or so? Change is good for everybody."  
 Mrs. Wilden shakes her head, but not after a very determined fashion. "What do you say, Vi?" she asks, turning to her niece.  
 "Well, I really don't think I care two straws either way," answers Miss Flower lastly. "If somebody will pack my things I am willing to go, but I couldn't undertake to pack them myself."  
 "Now that just shows how much you need change," cries Ruby eagerly. "Your whole system wants stirring up—before we had been a week on the moor you would be as brisk as a bee."  
 "Should it?" says Violet, with a dubious laugh. "I very much doubt it; but I am willing to try the experiment."  
 Truth to tell, if Violet Flower consulted her own feelings, she would rather remain in her present comfortable quarters; but Ruby having consented to her scheme for visiting the moor if possible, she has promised not to oppose the plan.  
 There is a fair amount of resistance on Mrs. Wilden's part, but her energetic daughter overrules each and