

make, surely the best thing I can do is to keep out of sight and chance of comment. Miss Effie says she will help me when I have determined — and since we have been talking I *have* determined — to make a home for myself."

Gordon looked at her in surprise. In spite of the marks of deep distress upon her face, it had been lighted from within by the new flame of resolution that transfigured her.

Miss Effie, coming in, saw also the expression of Marion's countenance, and, going up to her briskly, put a kind arm around the girl's shoulders.

"Courage, my dear!" the old maid said in her hearty voice. "The hardest thing in all this world is to be true to one's self. If I don't mistake, you have been asking this boy of mine the question why you may not belong to yourself, and *perhaps* he has not been able to answer you. What you are striving for is neither unwomanly nor revolutionary; it is a thousand

times better for you to work out your own experiment in your own way than to let yourself be cramped and choked by mere conventionality. And, after all, who knows but the opportunity that has come to you in this unwelcome fashion may prove a blessing in disguise?"

"You will excuse me from discussing it further," Gordon said stiffly. Just now he was irritated against all the world, including honest Aunt Effie; and his only idea of an appropriate exit from the situation was an exit from the house.

After this, he would let the women manage affairs for themselves; and when Marion should want him again, she must ask twice before he would adventure himself to a like experience. Even his dismay at the fate that had overtaken his old friend, the judge, was subordinated to the thought that Marion was now free to roam unchecked in the dangerous field of modern feminine independence.

(To be continued.)

Constance Cary Harrison.

COLOR AT THE FAR NORTH.

WITH PICTURES FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

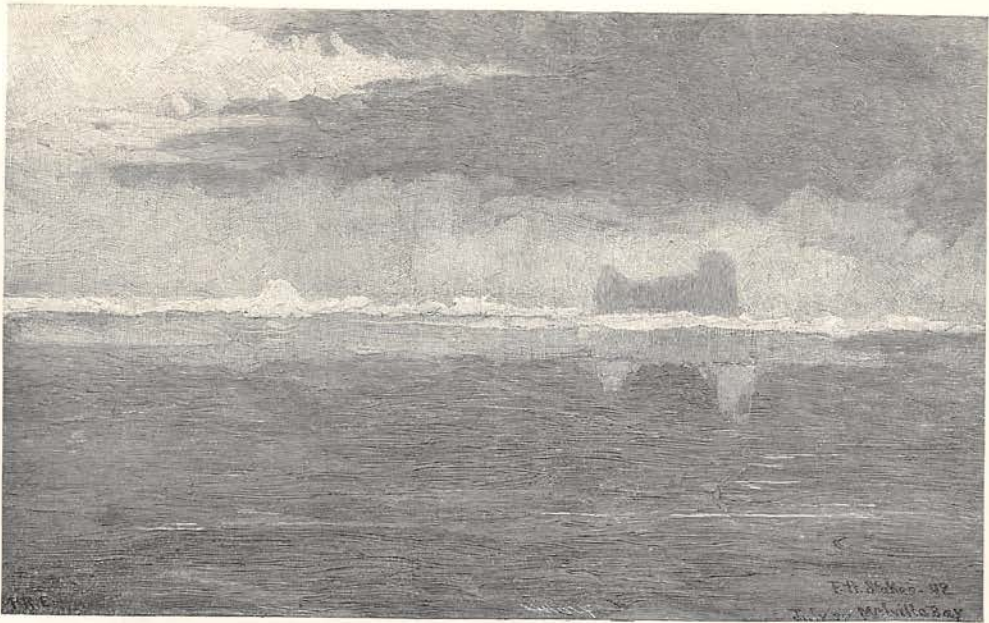


THE members of the Peary Relief Expedition, in their quest after Lieutenant Peary and his party, sailed out of the beautiful harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, in the steamer *Kite*, and a week later, with awe and expectation, I saw the *Kite's* black prow plowing its way at last through Northern waters, and became fully aware that we were finally launched into the regions of desolation; for the sad experiences of so many brave explorers have cast a black pall over this vast expanse of the almost unknown. There are no forests, as we measure them, the birch and willow being only two inches in height, and its meager quota of humanity clings wisely to the sea-coast. Summer is only too brief, and, for the rest of the year, night obscures the sun.

Nevertheless, from an artistic standpoint, we found a land of beauty, with seas and skies of surpassing loveliness. The intensity and brilliance of color impress the beholder as something supernatural. Our sojourn was from the middle of July, through August, and a few days of September — a period when the polar latitudes are teeming with animal, insect, and plant life. Of this brief period only am I qualified to speak; but from the accounts given

by those who have passed through the long, dreaded night season, the phenomena occurring in the heavens are most beautiful. The chief peculiarity of color at the North, so far as my short experience tells me, is that there are no semitones, the general effect being either very black or just the opposite, intensely brilliant and rich in color. In fact, a summer's midnight at the North has all the brilliance of our brightest noon, with the added intensity and richness of our most vivid sunsets, while noon, when the sun is obscured by threatening masses of storm-clouds, is black. Indeed, it is the true land of "impressionism." Appreciating the difficulty of depicting in an adequate manner the true force of these color-changes, I shall endeavor simply to characterize a few of the many we beheld with breathless delight.

On Friday, July 8, we sighted the first evidence of our approach to these strange regions. Far away to the north, the horizon — a band of silver — betokened the presence of an "ice-flow," while the reflection from its surface, called the "ice-blink," threw a fine pinkish mist, bow-shaped, into a setting of dark-gray fog and sea. After this short prelude, our vessel was enveloped in a labyrinth of mist, which lasted for days. On July 12 as if by magic the fog lifted, disclosing Greenland's stately, cathedral-like



AN ARCTIC CATHEDRAL, MELVILLE BAY, 9.30 A. M., JULY 20, 1892.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

crag in bluish purple and silvery blues. Pure white glaciers chiseled beautiful forms through their rocky fastnesses, winding their inevitable way to a sea of dark dun purple, the surface of which was of a peculiarly muddy consistency. The sad color of the water was enhanced by countless phantomlike grotesques in ice, which passed silently by, beautiful in opalescent blues and shades of malachite green, their tops reddish by contrast with the purplish water that surged over their polished bases. Wild fowl uttered harsh cries as they flew, and there were strange blowing sounds as the huge black tail and fins of the whale sprang out clear and distinct from the sea preparatory to a long deep dive. We were opposite Godthaab, where Nansen and his followers landed after their arduous journey across the "Inland Isle." In crossing the Arctic circle we saw the midnight sun for the first time—a sunset, or rather a temporary setting of his majesty, for the rising was almost immediate. Brighter than a brilliant twilight, it was most regal and splendid.

The lonely little *Kite* rose and fell on long heaving masses of imperial purple seas, shimmering and vibrating in interminable borderings of gold, and tones of ruby, sapphire, amethyst, and emerald. Overhead were the same colors in fantastic cloud-forms half-hiding the sun, with the peculiar calm and dignity of aerial creation.

Unusually fortunate as to weather, our way kept bright most of the time, and we anchored opposite Upernavik on Sunday, July 17, at 11 P. M., in perfect calm. The sun ruled supreme,

a disk of golden fire which scintillated and sparkled in myriad hues of gold. The deep, glassy surface reflected back his molten golds. Separating sky and sea, lofty, darker-hued promontories and islands, bathed in gold, stretched away in far perspectives, and colossal icebergs of golden white and rich blues filled sleeping channel and fiord, almost lost in a haze of powdered gold and orange just beneath the sun, and coming out in strong clear blues and greens against jagged masses of purpled peaks in the distance, and dun-colored rocks in the foreground.

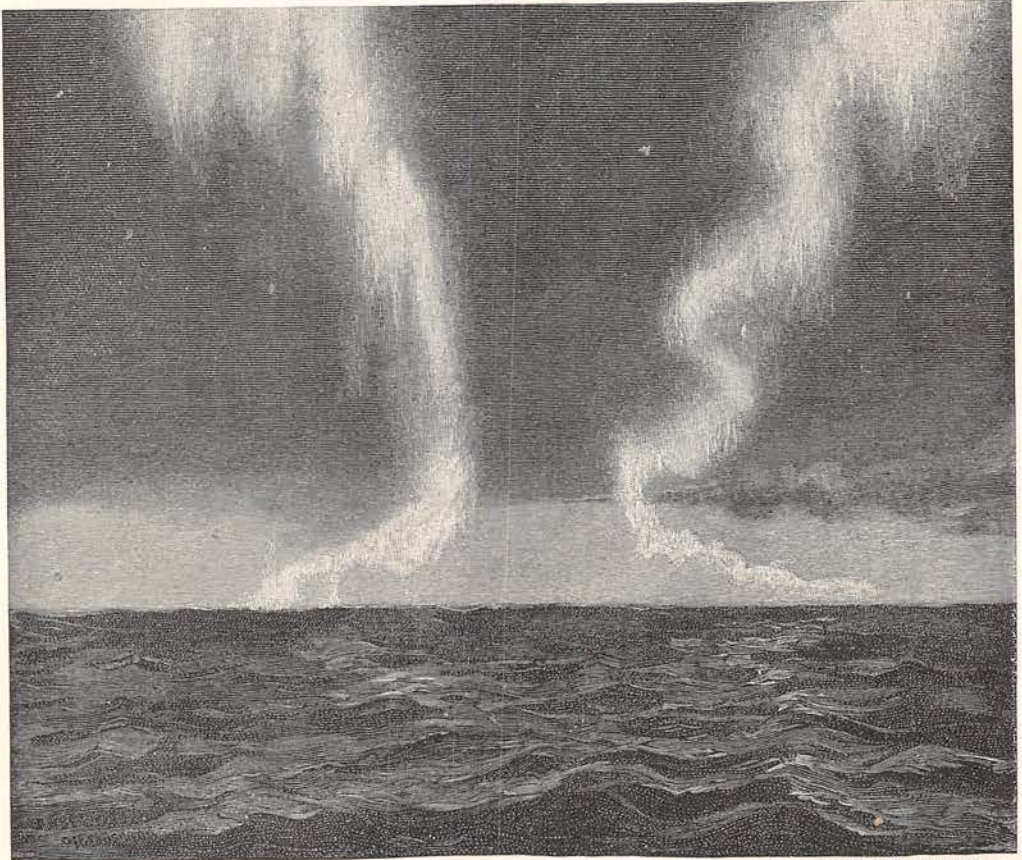
Extremes in color-effects seemed to follow one another more closely in Melville Bay than elsewhere.

I remember one brilliant morning when the measureless ether overhead, a hue of exquisite blue, repeated itself in the perfect mirror of the sea. Far away, on the otherwise clear-cut horizon, a line of pure white ice shimmered its light up through a pinkish, yellow stratum of mist, which bathed in delicate greenish blue an enormous iceberg that strongly resembled an ancient cathedral. In the afternoon the sky, a threatening black, overhung a vast, contorted sheet of white and pink, composed of ice-floe and colossal bergs looming up above its mass at intervals, with deep, black patches of water, the whole carrying the eye to the horizon—a tapering band of deep, rich blue merging into the sky. In the immediate foreground of the ice-floe, near the water's edge, were shallow pools of delicate blues, purples, and greens.

Of the wealth of color in flower, lichen, and

moss; of its curious riches as manifested in insect, shell, and animal life, and of its wonderful limning skill as shown on the great inland ice, ice-cap, and glacier, I have neither

a wizard-like power of enchantment—a distinctive uncanniness that, basilisk-like, both attracts and repels. Great nature's pitilessness broods over it with a force and penetration



AN AURORA BOREALIS SEEN OFF GODTHAAB, 9 P. M., SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

purpose nor pen to write. This new world of color awaits the one who can truly describe it. In all these color-effects at the North there lies

possibly not equaled, and surely not surpassed, in any other known quarter of our globe. It is a land of beautiful and awesome dreams.

Frederick Wilbert Stokes.

IN MID OCEAN.

THOU hast not here the limit of a shore;
 No wing, no star, hints of a beating heart;
 No sail, or near or far, thou seest more:
 Alone, with two infinities, thou art.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.