

articles of uniform which will come into immediate play. But look out—I want the regular army and not the 3-year men. . . . Yours affectionately,
W. T. SHERMAN.

A FORECAST OF GENERAL THOMAS'S ABILITY TO COMMAND.

PITTSBURG, Sunday, June 8, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: . . . Should I on my arrival find the Secretary determined to go outside the army, and should he make advances to me, of course I shall accept. In like manner if he tenders me a brigade I will [do] my best, or if a colonely—ditto. I still feel that it is wrong to ask for anything, and prefer that they should make their own choice of this position for me. You are with General Patterson. There are two A. No. 1 men there—George H. Thomas, Colonel 2d Cavalry, and Captain Sykes, 3d Infantry. Mention my name to both, and say to them that I wish them all success they aspire to; and if in the varying chances of war I should ever be so placed, I would name such as them for high places. But Thomas is a Virginian from near Norfolk, and, say what we may, he must feel unpleasantly at leading an invading army. But if he says he will do it, I know he will do it well. He was never brilliant, but always cool, reliable, and steady, maybe a little slow. Sykes has in him some dashing qualities. . . . If possible I will try and see you in your new capacity of soldier before I make another distant break. If you please, you may telegraph to Mr. Chase simply that I have come to Washington on Taylor's call, but I cannot wait long, and if the Administration don't want my services, to say so at once emphatically. Yours affectionately,
W. T. SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, June 20, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: At last the order is out, and I am Colonel 13th Infantry. I have been

(To be continued.)

asking for orders, and am this moment informed for the present, that inasmuch as Lieutenant-colonel Burbank may enlist my regiment, and as my personal services here are needed, I will forthwith consider myself on duty here attached to General Scott's staff as Inspector-general. I did not dream of this, but it really does well accord with my inclinations and peculiar nature. My duty will be to keep myself advised of the character and kind of men who are in military service here near Washington, and to report to General Scott in person. Porter can tell you what these duties will amount to. . . . I suppose you will soon be here, for from Colonel Burnside I hear [that] all of Patterson's army is on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and no possible movement will be attempted before Congress meets. . . . In haste, your brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

General Sherman remained on duty with General Scott only ten days (June 20-30), and then was given command of one brigade of McDowell's army, which was to move from the defenses of Washington.

He assumed command June 30, and went to work at once to prepare his brigade for the general advance.

CAMP OPPOSITE GEORGETOWN,

July 16, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER: We start forth to-day, camp to-night at or near Vienna; to-morrow early we attack the enemy at or near Fairfax C. H., Germantown, and Centreville; thereabouts we will probably be till about Thursday, when movement of the whole force, some 35,000 men, on Manassas, turning the position by a wide circuit. You may expect to hear of us about Aquia Creek or Fredericksburg (secret absolute). . . .

If anything befall me, my pay is drawn to embrace June 30, and Ellen has full charge of all other interests. Good-by. Your brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

THE NEW MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

I.



SOMETHING must have detained me that evening, since it was nearly midnight when I arrived at the club, and I hate to be so tardy as that, for some of our best members are married men now, who never stay out after one o'clock, or two at the very furthest. Besides, the supper is served at eleven,

and the first comers take all the pleasant little tables which line the walls of the grill-room, leaving for the belated arrivals only the large table which runs down the middle of the room.

As every one knows, ours is a club whose members mainly belong to the allied arts. Of course, now and then a millionaire manages to get elected by passing himself off as an art patron; but for the most part, the men one meets there are authors, actors, architects, and artists on canvas or in marble. So it is that the supper served at eleven every Saturday night,

from October to May, is the occasion of many a pleasant meeting with friends who happen in quite informally. When the week's work is done, it is good to have a place to forgather with one's fellows—a place where one can eat, and drink, and smoke, a place where one can sit in a cozy corner, and talk shop, and swap stories.

I cannot now recall the reason why I was late on the evening in question, nor just what evening it was, although I am sure that it was after Founder's Night (which is New Year's Eve), and before Ladies' Day (which is Shakespeare's birthday). I remember only that it was nearly midnight, and that as I entered the reading-room I was hailed by Astroyd, the actor.

"I say, Arthur," he cried, "you are the very man we want to take the third seat at our table. You must have a bird and a bottle with me to-night, for this is the last evening I shall have at the club for many a long day."

"Are you going on the road again?" I asked, with interest; for I like Astroyd, and I knew we should all regret his departure.

"I'm off for Australia, that's where I'm going," he answered; "thirty per cent. of the gross, with five hundred a week guaranteed. I take the vestibule limited at ten in the morning, and I'm not half packed yet. So we must get over supper at once. Besides, I want you to meet a friend of mine."

Then, for the first time, I noticed the gentleman who was standing by the side of Astroyd, a little behind him. The actor stepped back and introduced us.

"Mr. Harrington Cockshaw, Mr. Arthur Penn."

As we shook hands, Astroyd added, "Cockshaw is a new member of the club."

At that moment one of the waiters came up to tell the actor that the table he had asked for was vacant at last, whereupon we all three went into the grill-room, and sat down to our supper at once. I had just time to note that Mr. Cockshaw was an insignificant little man with a bristling, sandy mustache. When he took his place opposite to me I saw that he had light-brown eyes, and that his expression suggested a strange admixture of shyness and self-assertion.

While the waiter was drawing the cork, Mr. Cockshaw bent forward, and said, with the merest hint of condescension in his manner, "I'm delighted to meet you this evening, Mr. Penn, partly because just this very afternoon I have been reading your admirable essay 'On the Sonnet and its History.'"

I was about to murmur my appreciation of this complimentary coincidence when Astroyd broke in.

"Arthur knows a sonnet when he sees it," he said, "and he can turn off as good a topical song as any man in New York."

"I can't write, myself," Mr. Cockshaw went on; "I wish I could—though I don't suppose anybody would read it if I did. But my brother-in-law is connected with literature, in a way; he's a publisher; he's the Co. of Carpenter and Co."

Just then Astroyd caught sight of Harry Brackett standing in the broad doorway.

"Here you are, Harry," he cried; "join us. Have a stirrup-cup with me. I have n't seen you for moons,—not for 'steen moons,—and I'm off for Australia to-morrow by the bright light."

"Is n't America good enough for you?" asked Harry Brackett, as he lounged over to us.

"Not at the beginning of next season, it is n't," the actor declared. "Electing a President of these United States is more fun than a farce-comedy, and for two weeks before the Tuesday following the first Monday in November you can't club people into the theater."

"That's so, sometimes," responded Harry, as Astroyd and I made room for him at our little table; "and I don't see how we are going to keep up public interest in Gettysburg next fall, unless there's an old-time bloody-shirt campaign. If there is, I'll get a phonograph, and agree to let every visitor to the panorama sample a genuine Rebel yell."

Astroyd caught the expression of perplexity that flitted across the face of the new member of the club, so he made haste to introduce the newcomer.

"Mr. Brackett, Mr. Cockshaw," he said; adding as they bowed, "Mr. Brackett is now the manager of the panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg."

"And I'm going to be buried on the field of battle," Harry Brackett interjected, "if I can't scare up some new way to boom the thing soon."

"I should not think that so fine a work of art would need any booming," Mr. Cockshaw smilingly remarked. "I had the pleasure of going in to see it again only yesterday. It is a great painting, extraordinarily vivid, exactly like the real thing—at least so I am told. I was not at the battle myself, but my brother-in-law commanded a North Carolina brigade in Pickett's charge; he lost a leg there."

"I don't know but what a one-legged Confederate might draw," Harry Brackett soliloquized. "The lecturer we have now is no good: he gives his celebrated imitation of a wounded soldier drinking out of a canteen so often and so realistically that he is always on the

diminuendo of a jag—when he is n't on the crescendo."

"If he gets loaded," said Astroyd, promptly, "why don't you fire him?"

"It 's all very well for you to make jokes," Harry Brackett returned, "but it is n't easy to get a lecturer who really looks like an old soldier. Besides, his name is worth something: it is so short that we can print it in big letters on a single line—Colonel Mark Day. I should n't wonder if he had the two shortest names in all the United States."

"It is a short name," said the little man, as though pleased to get into conversation again. "It is a very short name, indeed. But I know a shorter. My brother-in-law has one letter less in his, and one syllable more. His name is Eli Low."

Harry Brackett looked at the new member of the club for a moment as though he were going to make a pertinent reply. Then apparently he thought better of it, and said nothing.

As the conversation flagged I asked Astroyd if he was going to act in San Francisco on his way to Australia.

"No," he answered; "I go straight through without stopping, but I 've got two weeks at 'Frisco coming home, and I shall play my way back over the Northern Pacific. You know Duluth and Superior are both three-night stands now."

"San Francisco is falling off every year," Harry Brackett commented. "The flush times are all over on the coast. I remember the days when a big attraction could play to ten thousand dollars three weeks running."

"Yes," Astroyd assented; "'Frisco is not the show-town it used to be, though we took nineteen thousand three hundred and forty in two weeks, last time I was there."

"Perhaps somebody will strike another bonanza before you get back," I suggested; "and if there is another boom you can do a big business."

"I came near going out to the Pacific coast last summer," said Mr. Cockshaw, "to look after a chicken ranch I 'm interested in near Monotony Dam. Somehow I could n't find time to get away, so I had to give it up. But my brother-in-law was an old Forty-niner, and he told me he once found a seven-pound nugget in a pocket. He had a claim at a camp called Hell-to-pay."

"I 've played there in the old days," Astroyd remarked promptly. "We did 'Hamlet' on a stage made of two billiard-tables shoved back to the end of the biggest saloon in the camp. But the place experienced a change of heart long ago; it has three churches now, and calls itself Eltopia to-day."

"It was a pretty tough town in my brother-

in-law's time," the little man declared. "He told me he had often seen two and three men shot in a morning."

I had noticed that when Mr. Cockshaw mentioned the strange luck of his brother-in-law's finding an extraordinary nugget in a pocket, Harry Brackett had looked up and fixed his eyes on the face of the little man as though to spy out a contradiction between Mr. Cockshaw's expression and his conversation. So when our little party broke up, and Astroyd had said farewell and departed, taking Cockshaw with him, I was not at all surprised to have the manager of the panorama stop me as I was making ready to go home.

"I say, Arthur," he began, "who is that little fellow, anyhow—the one with the alleged brother-in-law?"

I answered that I had never met Mr. Cockshaw until that evening, and that Astroyd had declared him to be a new member of the club.

"Then that 's why I have n't seen him before," Harry Brackett responded. "Queer little cuss, is n't he? Somehow he looked as though he might be a dealer in misfit coffins, or something of that sort. And the way he kept blowing about that brother-in-law of his would make a stuffed bird laugh. I wonder what his business really is. What 's more, I wonder who he is."

To satisfy this curiosity of Harry's we asked a dozen different men if they knew anything about a new member of the club named Cockshaw, and we found that nobody had ever heard of him. Apparently Astroyd had been the only man there he had ever seen before that evening.

Harry Brackett finally sent for the proposal book, to see who had been his sponsors. He found that J. Harrington Cockshaw, Retired, had been proposed by Mr. Joshua Hoffman, the millionaire philanthropist, and that he had been seconded by John Abram Carkendale, the second vice-president of the Methuselah Life Insurance Company. But we could not ask them about him, because old Mr. Hoffman was on his steam-yacht *Rhadamanthus* in the Mediterranean, somewhere between Gibraltar and Cairo; and Mr. Carkendale was out West, somewhere between Denver and Salt Lake City, on his semiannual tour of inspection of the agencies of the Methuselah Life. And Astroyd, who had introduced him to us, and who might fairly be presumed to be able to give us some information concerning the new member, was about to start for Australia.

"So all we know about him," said Harry Brackett, summing up the result of our researches, "is that his name is J. Harrington Cockshaw, that he is Retired,—whatever that may mean,—that he knows Joshua Hoffman

and John Abram Carkendale well enough to have them propose him here, and that he has a brother-in-law, whose name is Eli Low, who was in California in '49, who lost a leg at Gettysburg in Pickett's charge, and who is now a partner in the publishing house of Carpenter and Co."

And with that information Harry Brackett had then perforce to be content.

II.

THE next Saturday evening I arrived at the club a little earlier. I had been dining with Delancey Jones, the architect, and we played piquet at his house for a couple of hours after dinner. When we entered the club together it was scarcely half-past ten; and yet we found half a dozen regular Saturday night attendants already gathered together in the main hall just beside the huge fireplace emblazoned with the motto of the club. Starrington, the tragedian, was one of the group, and Judge Gillespie was another; Rupert de Ruyter, the novelist, was a third, and John Sharp, the young African explorer, was a fourth; while Harry Brackett sat back on a broad sofa by the side of Mr. Harrington Cockshaw, the new member of the club.

When we joined the party the judge was describing the methods and the machinery of a gang of safe-breakers whom he had recently sent to Sing Sing for a bank burglary.

"The bank almost deserved to be robbed," the judge concluded, "because it had not availed itself of the latest improvements in safe-building."

"When a bank gets a chilled-iron safe, it's a cold day for the burglar, I suppose," said Rupert de Ruyter, who occasionally condescended to a trifling jest of this sort.

"A chilled-iron safe is better than a wooden desk, of course," Harry Brackett remarked; "but the safe-breakers keep almost even with the safe-makers. With a kit of the latest tools a burglar can get into pretty nearly anything—except the kingdom of Heaven."

"And it is almost as hard to get a really fire-proof safe as it is to get one burglar-proof," said Jones. "The building I put up for a fire-insurance company out in Newark two years ago burned down before the carpenters were out of it, although the company had moved into its own office on the first floor, and about half of the books in the safe were charred into uselessness, like the manuscripts of Herculaneum."

"I was never burnt out, myself," Mr. Cockshaw declared, taking advantage of a lull in the conversation, "but my brother-in-law was president of a lumber company in Chicago at the time of the great fire; and he told me that most of the books of the firm were destroyed,

but that wherever there had been any writing in pencil this was legible, even though the paper itself was burnt to a crisp, while the writing in ink had been usually obliterated by the heat."

The hint of self-assertion which might have been detected in Mr. Cockshaw's manner a week before had now totally disappeared, as though he felt himself quite at home in the club already, and had no need to defend his position. His manner was wholly unobtrusive and almost deprecatory. There was even a certain vague hesitancy of speech which I had not noticed when we had met before. His voice was smooth, as though to match his smooth face, clean-shaven except for the faint little mustache which bristled above the full lips.

So soft-spoken had he been that only Harry Brackett and I had heard this contribution of his to the conversation; and under the lead of Judge Gillespie the talk turned off from the ways of burglars to the treatment of criminals, and thus to the rights and wrongs of prisoners. Something that Rupert de Ruyter said started off John Sharp,—usually taciturn and disinclined to talk,—and he began by denouncing the evils of the slave-hunting raids the Arabs make in Africa. To show us just how hideous, how vile, how inhuman a thing slavery is, he was led to describe to us one of his own experiences in the heart of the dark continent, and to tell us how he had followed for days on the heels of a slave-caravan, finding it easy to keep the trail because of the half-dozen or more corpses he passed every day—corpses of slaves, women and men, who fell out of the ranks from weakness, and who either had been killed outright or else allowed to die of starvation.

We all listened with intense interest as John Sharp told us what he had seen, for it was a rare thing for him to speak about his African experiences; sometimes I had wondered whether they were not too painful for him willingly to recall them.

"I wish I could go to Africa," said Rupert de Ruyter. "I know that it is a land of battle, murder, and sudden death, but I believe that a picture of the life there under the equator, a faithful presentment of existence as it is, as direct and as simple as one could make it—I believe a story of that sort might easily make as big a hit as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"And it might do as much good," said the judge. "There is no hope for Africa till the slave-trade is rooted out absolutely. Until that is done once for all, this sending out of missionaries is a mere waste of money."

"Yet the missionaries at least set an example of courage and self-sacrifice," suggested Mr. Cockshaw, timidly. "Of course I don't know anything about the matter personally,

but my brother-in-law was with Stanley on that search for Livingstone, and I am merely repeating what I have heard him say often."

After the new member of the club had said this, I became conscious immediately that Harry Brackett was gazing at me intently. At last I looked up, and when he caught my eye he winked. I glanced away at once, but I was at no loss to interpret the meaning of this signal.

For a while the talk rambled along uneventfully, and then some one suddenly suggested supper. Ten minutes thereafter our little gathering was dissolved. Judge Gillespie and John Sharp had gone up into the library to consult a new map of Africa. Starrington and de Ruyter had secured a little table in the grill-room, and pending the arrival of the ingredients for the Welsh rabbits (for the making of which the novelist was famous), they were deep in a discussion of the play which the actor wished to have written for him. Mr. Cockshaw, Harry Brackett, Delancey Jones, and I had made ourselves comfortable at a round table in the bow-window of the grill-room.

Perhaps it was the pewter mugs depending from hooks below the shelf which ran all around the room at the top of the wainscot which suggested to Harry Brackett mugs of another kind, for he suddenly turned on Jones abruptly:

"And how are the twins?"

"The twins are all right," Jones answered, "and so am I, thank you."

"And how old are they now?" Harry Brackett inquired further.

"Two months," the happy parent responded.

"To think of you with a pair of twins," mused the manager of the panorama. "I believe you said there was a pair of them?"

"I suppose I did suggest that number when I revealed the fact that my family had been increased by twins."

"Well, I never thought it of you, I confess," Harry Brackett continued. "You are an architect by profession, a lover of the picturesque, an admirer of all that is beautiful in an odd and unexpected way; and so I never dreamed that you would do anything so commonplace as to have two babies just alike, and of just the same size, and the same age."

"It is queer, I admit," Jones retorted; "but then this is leap-year, you know, and there are always more twins born in leap-year than in any other year."

"I never heard that before," Harry Brackett declared. "I wonder why it is?"

"Perhaps," said the architect, as he took down his own pewter mug, "it is simply because leap-year is one day longer than any other year."

"Oh!" ejaculated the man who had let

himself into this trap; then he rang a bell on the table, and told the waiter who came in response to take Mr. Jones's order.

"I wonder whether the prevalence of twins has anything to do with the periodicity of the spots on the sun," I suggested. "Almost every other phenomenon has been ascribed to this cause."

"I believe that the statistics of twins have never been properly investigated," remarked Mr. Cockshaw, gently. "I have not studied the subject myself, but my brother-in-law was a pupil of Spitzer's in Vienna, and he was much interested in the matter. He was preparing a paper in which he set forth a theory of his own, and he was going to read it at the Medical Conference in Vienna during the Exhibition of 1873, but unfortunately he died ten days before the conference met."

"Who died?" Harry Brackett asked with startling directness—"Spitzer or your brother-in-law?"

"Dr. Spitzer is alive still," the new member answered; "it was my brother-in-law who died."

"I'm glad of that," said Harry Brackett to me, scarcely lowering his voice, although apparently Mr. Cockshaw did not hear him. "If he's dead and buried, perhaps we sha'n't hear anything more about him."

And it was a fact that although we four, Jones and I, Cockshaw and Harry Brackett, sat at that little table in the grill-room for perhaps two hours longer, and then went back into the hall for another smoke, we did not hear the new member of the club refer again that night to his brother-in-law.

III.

A WEEK later I was sitting in my study, trying to polish into lilting smoothness a tale in verse which I had written for the Christmas number of the "Metropolis"; and in my labors on this lyric legend I had quite forgotten that it was Saturday night. I had just laid down my pen with the conviction that whether the poem was good or bad, it was, at least, the best I could do, when Harry Brackett broke in on me, and insisted on bearing me off to the club.

"I want you to be there to-night," he asserted, "for a particular reason."

But what this particular reason might be he refused to declare. I ventured on a guess at it, when we were on our way to the club wrapped in our rain-coats, and trusting to a single umbrella to shield us both from the first spring-squall.

"I lunched at the club to-day," he said casually, just after a sudden gust of wind had turned our umbrella inside out, "and I heard that man Cockshaw telling Laurence Laughton that he

had never seen a great race himself, but that his brother-in-law had been in Louisville when Tenbroeck beat Molly Macarthy."

"That's why you are haling me to the club through this storm," I cried. "You want a companion to help you listen to Mr. Cockshaw's statements."

"I want you to be there to-night," he answered. "And you will soon see why last Saturday, when I heard that that brother-in-law of Cockshaw's was dead, I gave a sigh of relief. I thought we were quit of him for good and all. But we are not. It was not Wednesday before Cockshaw had resurrected the corpse, and galvanized it into spasmodic existence. Every night this week he has been dining at the club."

"The brother-in-law?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "only Cockshaw. If I could see the brother-in-law there in the flesh, I'd pay for his dinner with pleasure. But that's a sight I can never hope to behold. The man has had too many strange experiences to survive. Why, do you know—but there, I can't tell you half the things Cockshaw has told us now and again during the past week. All I can say is that he has literally exuded miscellaneous misinformation about that alleged brother-in-law of his. No more remarkable man ever lived since the Admirable Crichton—and I never heard that *he* had nine lives like a cat."

I deprecated Harry Brackett's heat in speaking of Cockshaw, and I told him that I thought the new member of the club was a most modest and unassuming little man.

"That's just what is so annoying," returned my companion. "If he put on frills, and lied about himself and his own surprising adventures, I could forgive him; but there it is—the little semicolon of a cuss never boasts about his own deeds; he just caps all our stories with some wild, weird tale of his brother-in-law's doings. It is the meanest trick out. Do you believe he ever had a brother-in-law?"

This query was propounded as we stood before the door of the club.

"Why should n't I?" was my answer.

"Oh, you carry credulity to an extreme," Harry Brackett responded as he shut his umbrella. "Now I don't. I don't believe this man Cockshaw ever had a brother-in-law, alive or dead, white or black. What's more, I don't believe that he ever had either a wife or a sister; and unless he was aided or abetted by a wife or a sister he could n't have had a brother-in-law, could he?"

"If he chooses to invent a brother-in-law to brag about, why should n't he?" I asked. "There's many a man who has written a book to glorify the great deeds of some remote ancestor from whom his own descent was more than doubtful."

"I know that," Harry Brackett responded, as we entered the club and gave our storm-coats to the attendants; "and I know also that there are men so lost to all sense of the proprieties of life that they insist on telling you the latest ignorant and impertinent remarks of their sons of six and their daughters of five. But I hold these to be among the most pestilent of our species—less pestilent only than a man who tells tales about his brother-in-law."

I said nothing in reply to this; but my reserve did not check the flow of Harry Brackett's discourse.

"All the same," he went on, "people have ancestors and they have children, and to boast about these is natural enough, I'm afraid. But a brother-in-law! Why blow about a brother-in-law? Of course it is a novelty—at least I never heard of anybody's working this brother-in-law racket except Cockshaw. And I'll admit that it is a good act, too: with an adroit use of the brother-in-law Cockshaw can magnify himself till he is as great a man as the Emperor of China, who is nephew of the moon, great-grandson of the sun, and second cousin to all the stars of the sky!"

I protested against the vehemence of Harry Brackett's manner, without avail.

"But he's got to be more careful," he continued, "or he'll wear him out; the brother-in-law will get used up before the little man gets out half there is in him. No brother-in-law will stand the wear and tear Cockshaw is putting on him. Why, within a fortnight he has told us that his brother-in-law climbed the Jungfrau in 1853, lost a leg in Pickett's charge in 1863, and went down in the *Tecumseh* in 1864. Now I say that a brother-in-law who can do all those things is beyond nature; he is a freak: he ought not to be talked about at this club; he ought to be exhibited at a dime museum."

I tried to explain that it was perhaps possible for a man to have climbed a Swiss mountain, and to have been wounded at Gettysburg, and to have gone down in the *Tecumseh*.

"But if he was colonel of a North Carolina regiment, how came he on board of a United States ironclad?" asked my companion.

"Perhaps he had been taken prisoner," I suggested, "and perhaps—"

"Shucks!" interrupted Harry Brackett. "That's altogether too thin. Don't you try to reconcile the little man's conflicting statements. He does n't. He just lets them conflict."

We had paused in the main hall to have the talk out. When at length we walked on into the grill-room, we found Judge Gillespie, and Rupert de Ruyter, and Cockshaw already getting supper at the round table in the bow-window. De Ruyter called us over, and he and the judge made room for us.

As soon as we were seated, the judge turned to Cockshaw with his customary courtesy, and said, "I fear we interrupted you, Mr. Cockshaw."

"Not at all," the new member answered, with an inoffensive smile. "But as we were speaking of philopenas I was only going to tell of an experience of my brother-in-law. Twenty years ago or so, when he was warden of the church of St. Boniface in Philadelphia, he met a very bright New York girl at dinner one Saturday night, and they ate a philopena together — give and take, you know. The next morning, when he left his pew to pass the plate after the sermon, he felt a sudden conviction that that New York girl was sitting somewhere behind him on his aisle to say 'Philopena' as she put a contribution into his plate. He managed to look back, and sure enough he spied her in an aisle-seat near the door. So he had to whisper to a fellow-vestryman and get him to exchange aisles."

In some tortured manner the talk turned to churches and to convents. And this led Judge Gillespie to give us a most interesting account of his visit to the monastery on Mount Athos, where the life of man is reduced to its barrenest elements. When we had made an end of plying him with questions, which he answered with the courtesy, the clearness, and the precision which marked his speech as well in private life as on the bench, the talk again rambled on, rippling into anecdotes of monks and monasteries in all parts of the world. Harry Brackett had spent a night with the monks of Saint Bernard in the hospice at the top of the Simplon Pass; Rupert de Ruyter had made a visit to the Trappist monastery in Kentucky; I had been to the old Spanish mission-stations in Southern California and New Mexico; only the new member of the club had no personal experience to proffer. He listened with unflinching interest as each of us in turn set forth his views and his adventures, serious or comic. Then when we had all exhausted the subject, Cockshaw smiled affably and almost timidly.

"I have lived so quiet a life myself," he ventured, "that I do not know that I have ever met a monk face to face, and I know I have never been inside of a convent; but when my brother-in-law was a boy, he was traveling in Brittany with his father, and one night they were taken in at a convent. My brother-in-law was given a cell to sleep in, and over his head there was a tiny cup containing holy water; but the boy had never seen such a thing before, and he did n't know what it was for, so he emptied out the water, and put his matches in the little cup, that he might have them handy in the night."

"When was this?" asked Harry Brackett, feeling in his pocket for a pencil.

"In '67 or '68," Cockshaw answered.

Harry Brackett pulled down his left cuff and penciled a hasty line on it, an operation which the new member of the club failed to notice.

"Oddly enough," he continued, "my brother-in-law saw a good deal of the Breton priests who sheltered him that night, for he was studying medicine in Paris when the war broke out in 1870, and he joined the American ambulance, which happened more than once to succor the brave Bretons who had come up to the defense of the capital. Indeed, he was out in the field, attending to a wounded Breton, at Champigny, when he was killed by a spent shell."

Remembering that Cockshaw had told us before that his brother-in-law was drowned in the *Tecumseh*, I looked up in surprise. As it chanced, I caught the eye of the new member of the club. He returned my gaze in a straightforward fashion, and yet with a certain suggestion of timidity. I confess that I was puzzled. I looked over to Harry Brackett, but he was gazing up at the ceiling, with his pencil still in his fingers.

Then we both turned our attention to the "Gramercy Stew" which the waiter brought us, and which was the specialty of the club. Judge Gillespie and De Ruyter had almost finished their supper when we arrived, and they now made ready to leave us.

"I wish I were as young as you, boys," said the judge, as he rose; "but I 'm not, and I can't sit up as late as I used. Besides, I must go to the Brevoort House early to-morrow morning, for I've promised to take Lord Stanyhurst to Grace Church."

"Is Lord Stanyhurst over here?" asked Cockshaw, with interest.

"He arrived this afternoon on the *Siluria*," the judge answered. "Do you know him?"

"I know his son," replied the new member of the club. After a momentary pause he added: "In fact, we are remotely connected by marriage. He is my brother-in-law's brother-in-law."

Judge Gillespie and Rupert de Ruyter did not hear this, for they had walked away together.

But Harry Brackett heard it, and he sat upright in his chair and cried: "What was that you said? Would you mind saying it all over again, and saying it slow?"

"Certainly not," responded Cockshaw, with no suggestion of aggressiveness — with all his wonted placidity. "I said that Lord Stanyhurst's son was my brother-in-law's brother-in-law; that is to say, he married the sister of the man my sister married."

"Do you know," Harry Brackett remarked solemnly—"do you know that you have the most remarkable brother-in-law on record? A brother-in-law

so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

"How so?" asked the new member of the club, with a stiffening of his voice, as though he were beginning to resent the manner of the man with whom he was talking.

I sat still and said nothing. It was not my place to intervene. Besides, I confess that my curiosity made me quite willing to be present at the discussion, even though my hope of any possible explanation was remote enough.

"I don't want to say anything against any man's brother-in-law," Harry Brackett went on, "but don't you think that the conduct of yours is a little queer?"

"In what way?" asked Cockshaw, with greater reserve.

"Well, in the way of dying, for example," Harry Brackett responded. "Most of us can die only once, but your brother-in-law managed to die twice. First, he was drowned in the *Tecumseh*, and then he was killed at Champigny."

"But that was not—" began the new member of the club, and then he checked himself sharply and said, "Well?"

"Well," repeated Harry Brackett, with possibly a shade less of confidence in his manner, "Well, he was a very remarkable character, that brother-in-law of yours, before he departed this life twice, just as though he had been twins. In fact he died three times, for I'd forgotten his demise in Vienna in 1873, just before the Exhibition opened. His habit of dying on the instalment plan did n't prevent him from putting in his fine work all along the line. I don't suppose that you married the sister of the Wandering Jew or that your sister married the Flying Dutchman, but I confess I can't think of any other explanation. You see I've been keeping tab on my cuff. Your brother-in-law's name is Eli Low, and he is now a partner in Carpenter & Co., the publishers. But he went to California in 1849, and he climbed the Jungfrau in 1853, and he lost a leg at Gettysburg in 1863, and he lost his life by the sinking of the *Tecumseh* in 1864, which did not prevent his being a boy in Brittany a few years later, or his getting killed all over again at Champigny in 1870—although I should think the Prussians would have been ashamed to hit a drowned man, even with a spent shell. And this second demise never interfered with his being president of a lumber company in Chicago at the time of the fire, 1871, or with

his going in the same year to Africa with Stanley to find Livingstone. But he must have scurried home pretty promptly, because in 1872 he was a warden of St Boniface's in Philadelphia; and then he must have flitted back across the Atlantic in double-quick time, because in 1873 he was studying with Dr. Spitzer in Vienna, where he died a third time. So even if he were a cat he would have only six lives left now. In 1876 he seems to have gone to Louisville to see the Fourth of July race between Tenbroeck and Molly Macarthy; and now to-day in 1892 he is a partner in a publishing house here in New York."

To this long statement of Harry Brackett's Mr. Harrington Cockshaw listened in absolute silence, making no attempt to interrupt and seeming wholly unabashed. Once a smile hovered around the corners of his mouth for a moment only, vanishing as quickly as it came.

Now he lifted his eyes, and looked Harry Brackett squarely in the face.

"So you think I have been lying?" he asked.

"I would n't say that," was the answer. "I'm not setting up codes of veracity for other people. But taking things by and large, I can't help thinking that your brother-in-law has had more than his share of experience. I wonder he does n't go on the road as a lecturer—or else I wonder that you yourself don't write a novel."

The new member of the club repeated his question: "You think I'm a liar?"

Harry Brackett made no reply.

Cockshaw continued in a perfectly even voice with no tremor in it. "You think that when I told you all these things that you have amused yourself in setting down on your cuff in chronological order, I was telling you what was not so? Then what will you say, when I assure you that every statement of mine is strictly accurate?"

"If you assure me," Harry Brackett answered, "that your brother-in-law died once in 1864, and again in 1870, and a third time in 1873, all I can say is that he wanted to be in at the death, that's all. He was fonder of dying than any man I ever heard of."

"Mr. Brackett," said the little man, "when I told you all these things, one at a time, about my brother-in-law, I never meant to suggest, and I never supposed you would believe, that they all referred to one and the same brother-in-law. They don't. My wife has six brothers, and I have five sisters, all married now—so I have still eight brothers-in-law surviving."

Harry Brackett rang the little bell on the table, and when the waiter came he said, "Take Mr. Cockshaw's order."