

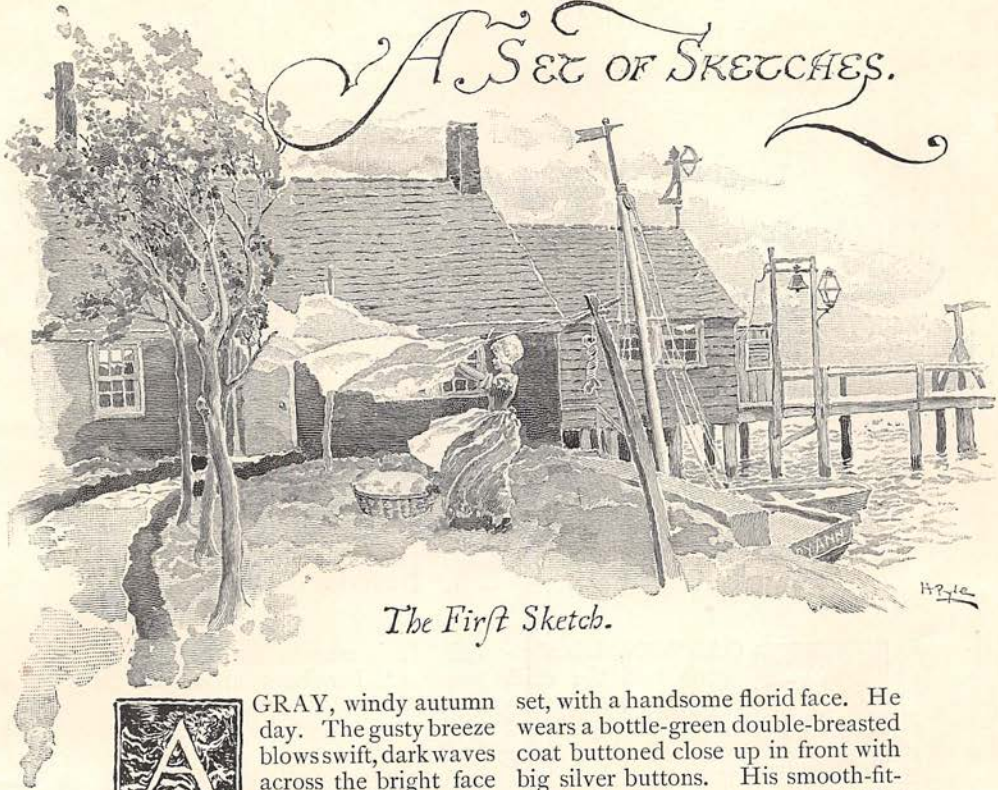


DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

THE RIVALS.

A SET OF SKETCHES.



The First Sketch.



GRAY, windy autumn day. The gusty breeze blowsswift, dark waves across the bright face of the river, which lap and splash against the shore. A long straggling toll-bridge stretches across the water. Two gentlemen on horseback meet at the toll-gate; they come from different ways, and salute with curt coolness, one of them just touching the tip of his cocked hat with the ivory butt of his riding-whip, the other making a sharp return with the forefinger of his gloved hand. Neither of the two speaks to the other; they sit a little apart on their horses, waiting. One of the gentlemen rides a big gray horse, the other a blooded sorrel. The gentleman on the gray horse is tall and thin, with black hair and eyes. He wears a buff overcoat, with double capes at the shoulder, and a double row of big shining metal buttons down the front. A thin close-wrapped rat-tail queue hangs down his back, and he sits very stiff and erect, with his cocked hat tilted a little forward. The gentleman upon the sorrel is shorter and rather thick-

set, with a handsome florid face. He wears a bottle-green double-breasted coat buttoned close up in front with big silver buttons. His smooth-fitting leather breeches are protected by spatterdashes. His hair is reddish, and tied behind by a black ribbon, the tips of which flutter in the wind.

The wooden toll-gate house overhangs the water on one side; on the other it opens upon a little garden. There is a slim young girl in the garden hanging clothes upon a line. The clothes flutter in the wind, and strain at the line. The weather-vane above the house—a painted Indian aiming an arrow—jerks now this way and now that in the sudden gusts. A flock of crows fly with the wind across the gray river.

The wooden-legged gate-keeper comes out of the toll-house to collect the toll. His greasy red waistcoat is the one bright patch of color in the general gray. He wears a knit woolen cap, and over it a frayed cocked hat. A short black pipe is held very tightly pinched between his sucking lips. He knows both of the gentlemen, and touches his hat to them as he takes the toll.



H.P. Le

The Second Sketch.



AGARDEN. It is afternoon, and the chill, gray sky has broken into warm, broad patches of floating blue; the sunlight is mellow in the thin yellow-and-russet leaves. A straight graveled path stretches down the length of the garden, with a trim box border on each side. At the end of the vista of straight, narrow path are two mulberry-trees, a quince-tree, and a wooden summer-house topped by a green weather-vane, which points straight away into the warm sunlight. At every puff of wind a shower of faded yellow leaves falls flicking and rustling; they litter the pathway, and nearly cover the box borders. The flower-beds are tangled with half-leafless plants, and here and there a group of pale autumn flowers wait for the next frost to quench their fading bloom. The warm air is full of the scent of autumn, and the aromatic smell of the box.

A young lady walks with two gentlemen; they are the two who met at the toll-gate. Her face is shaded by a huge broad-brimmed beaver hat topped by a mountain of feathers and bows. She wears a black-silk pelerine over her shoulders. Her face looks out from a cloudy mass of yellow

hair. It is smooth and soft like a peach, and her cheeks are as rich as a peach in color. She shows a dimple at one corner of her cherry lips as she smiles. Every now and then the wind blows a strand of hair across her face, and she puts it back again and again, and every time she does so the rings on her fingers twinkle and sparkle. She talks with the florid gentleman, dimpling and smiling as she speaks, and he, with his hat in his hand, listens, leaning forward a little, and smiling a ceaseless smile.

The tall, dark gentleman does not carry his hat in his hand; he walks with his hands behind him, gripping his gloves, and looking straight before him. His eyebrows are sharpened to a set frown, and he does not seem to hear what the others are saying.

They meet the secretary in the pathway, and he stands aside in the yellow leaves to let them pass. He is a handsome young man, with a thin, sensitive, sallow face, a sharp-cut, delicate nose, and bright black eyes. He looks very plain, even humble, in his simple drab-cloth coat, waist-coat, and smalls, and white-cotton stockings. The florid gentleman to whom the lady is talking answers his salute very affably; the tall, dark gentleman pays no attention to him.

The Third Sketch.



THE yellow sun of late afternoon shines in through the pair of tall uncurtained windows, and lies in two long strips of light across the carpeted floor. The bright, sunlit room is filled with the odor of the smoldering wood fire that still smokes in the fireplace. Around the gaping blackness of the fireplace stands a tall wire fender topped by brass knobs, each of which glistens with reflected light. There are portraits on the wall, and a clock with gilt pillars and a swinging gilt pendulum ticks sharply from the mantel. Tea has been served, and the light twinkles on the blue-china cups and saucers, and burns like a star upon the round side of the silver teacup. There are five people in the room. The young lady of the garden is seated on the sofa, and now she talks to the tall, dark gentleman, who sits near her. She dimples as she talks, and he listens, his lips set in a wide smile. He has a handkerchief spread over his knee, and he holds his tea-cup unconsciously, stirring every now and then at the tea, which has grown cold. The brass tacks of the sofa wink like a hundred stars set in a row.

Beside the fireplace a thin-faced elderly lady in a brocade gown is talking ceaselessly with the handsome florid gentleman. She has a lap-dog in her lap. Her white powdered hair is rolled high up from her forehead, and is surmounted by a lace cap with ribbons. The florid gentleman sits restlessly listening to what she is saying. One leg is crossed over the other, and he twitches his foot ceaselessly. He sits askew upon his chair, his arm hanging over the back of it. His eyebrows are drawn to a frown, and every now and then he glances toward the young lady and the gentleman on the sofa; but the lady in the brocade gown never ceases her talking.

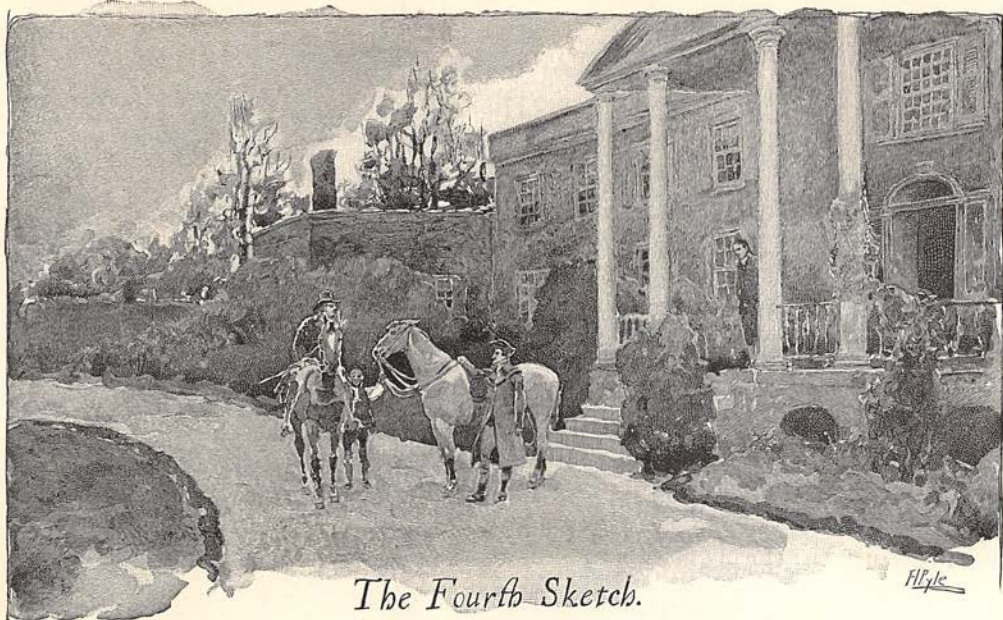
On the opposite side of the fireplace, in a cushioned easy-chair, sits a fat, red-faced elderly gentleman sleeping uneasily. His head hangs a little to one side, and his wig is pushed a little awry. His red cheeks, mottled with purple veins, rest upon the cushioning folds of his fat double chin, into which the band of his white cravat cuts sharply. The cluster of gold seals that dangles from the watch that hangs from his fob rises and falls with his deep breathing, gleaming in the light. Now and then he gurgles in his sleep. He holds a tortoise-shell snuff-box clutched in his fat, pudgy, unconscious hand.

The young lady on the sofa laughs, the handsome florid gentleman glances toward her and bites his under lip, but the elderly lady talks on, a ceaseless flow of words.

The door opens, and the secretary comes in with a packet of letters and papers. The fat gentleman awakens, and takes a pinch of snuff as the secretary delivers the packet to him.



AR/le



The Fourth Sketch.



TWILIGHT. The air is perfectly still, and everything is bathed in a faint, glimmering light. The shadows are dim and mysterious.

The great yellow mansion-house looks out from behind a row of tall white pillars that reach up from the marble-flagged porch to the overhanging roof. A half-dozen steps stretching along the length of the façade lead from the porch to the gray of the graveled driveway. Beyond the roadway a smooth strip of level lawn blurs in the distance into the dark line of a well-trimmed hedge. The house looms big and dark against the bright yellow and steel-gray sky, and the motionless trees cut sharp with branches and wire-like twigs against the frosty brightness. A negro servant walks two horses up and down the driveway in the gloaming; one is a big gray horse, and the other is a blooded sorrel.

They have just begun to light the candles in the house. On one side the windows are dark, but on the other side they glow dimly with the warm yellow candle-light. Suddenly the door of the house opens, and the handsome florid gentleman in the bottle-green coat comes out, followed at a little distance by the secretary. He is drawing on his riding-gloves with vicious tugs and twitches, and his handsome florid face is redder than ever. The secretary beckons, and the negro servant brings up the horses. The gentleman puts his foot in the dangling stirrup, and vaults into the saddle of the blooded sorrel. But he does not ride away; he spurs his horse to one side, and there

sits waiting, tapping his leg impatiently the while with his riding-whip. The door of the house stands open, and presently the tall, dark gentleman appears. He too is drawing on his gloves, but calmly and deliberately, as he slowly descends the porch to the roadway. He carries his ivory-handled riding-whip under his arm. Again the secretary beckons, and the negro servant brings forward the big gray horse. The tall, dark gentleman lays his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, and is about to mount. The florid gentleman spurs suddenly forward.

"Sir," says he sharply to the dark gentleman, "did you speak to me?"

"No, sir," says the other, "I did not speak to you."

"Sir, perhaps you intend to speak to me?"

"No, sir, I did not so intend, sir."

"By Gad, sir, you shall speak to me, sir."

"Sir, do you mean to quarrel?"

"That, sir, is for you to judge."

"Sir, I take you; you shall hear from me."

"Sir, I thank you."

The gentleman on the horse lifts his hat, and the other answers the salute, touching the tip of his hat with the ivory butt of his whip. Then the florid gentleman upon the sorrel gallops away into the glimmer of the twilight. The other slowly and deliberately mounts his horse.

The secretary, in his plain drab clothes and white-cotton stockings, stands upon the top step between two of the tall pillars. He smiles a little bit of a smile, but he does not say anything.

The Fifth Sketch



STRIP of autumn woodland. The yellow, russet, and brown foliage, warm with golden brightness, glows rich in the sunlight against the blue sky. In front of the woods is an open space framed by spindly thickets. The grass is coarse and brown, and sparkles white with frost here and there in the shadows which the sun has not touched. A sparse young beech-tree, with a thin, smooth white trunk, cuts fine lines of white with branches and twigs against the yellow and russet foliage and the blue of the sky above. The air is cold and crisp with the early morning, and is spicy with the smell of frosty woods and thickets.

Two groups of men are gathered in the open space, and a short, stout, red-faced gentleman, dressed in black, and wearing a white bob-wig, is busied over a rosewood box lying open in the grass. The sunlight glints upon the polished brightness of surgical instruments.

Suddenly the two little groups in the open space separate and divide, leaving two gentlemen standing alone facing each other. They stand twelve paces apart without coat or waistcoat, and each holds a long dueling-pistol in one hand. The sunlight strikes with a flash upon the barrels of the pistols. One of the two is the tall, dark gentleman, and the other is the gentleman with the handsome florid face.

The others cluster in a group to one side. One gentleman stands opposite to them. He is dressed in a dandified suit of mulberry, and he holds a fine cambric handkerchief betwixt his thumb and finger. He speaks, and his voice rings clear in the frosty stillness. "Gentlemen," says he, "it is understood that neither shall discharge his pistol until I give the word to fire, and that then you may shoot as it pleases you."

There is no reply; the two gentlemen facing each other stand in their places, each as motionless as a statue. There is a breathless stillness.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

"Ready."

"Ready."

The gentleman in mulberry drops his handkerchief from his fingers. As it spreads and falls he cries in a loud voice:

"Fire!"

There is an instant double report. An echoing report comes bellowing back again from the woods, and two misty white clouds drift slowly away across the meadow. The gentleman with the handsome florid face whirls half round upon his heel, drops his pistol, staggers for a moment, and then regains his balance. In an instant a broad red stain starts out upon the breast of his white shirt. The stain spreads rapidly. He places his hand over the spot. The others hurry to where he stands, and the doctor comes, bringing his box of instruments. They cluster around the wounded man, and he is nearly hidden. He has seated himself upon the grass. The tall, dark gentleman stands in his place, still holding his pistol. His second brings him his coat and waistcoat, and helps him on with them. They talk for a little while together in low tones, and then come forward together to where the others are gathered about the wounded man. The doctor is kneeling beside him upon the grass. There is a great deal of blood, and the gentleman's florid face is pale.

"Sir," said the dark gentleman, "I hope you are not hard hit."

"You have winged me in the shoulder, that is all," says the other.

"Sir, I am sorry for it, but the quarrel was of your seeking."

The florid gentleman winces as the surgeon touches him, and bites his lip. "'T is nothing, sir," says he, "but a scratch."

"Come, gentlemen," says the dark gentleman's second, "call the quarrel off. Sure you are both satisfied."

The dark gentleman reaches out his hand, and the other takes it after a moment's hesitation. He uses his unwounded arm, but again he winces.

"And now, gentlemen," says the dark gentleman's second, "let us drown all ill feeling in a bowl of punch at the Mermaid."





The Sixth Sketch.

H. Pyle



THE parlor of the Mermaid Tavern. The bare floor is sanded with glistening white pewter-sand. The room is bright and clean. A dozen gentlemen are gathered around the table loaded

with glasses and bottles and littered with half lemons squeezed dry. In the midst of all is a big blue-china punch-bowl. The room is filled with the loud noise of talking. Strata-like clouds of tobacco-smoke hang in the air, drawing slowly in the draft toward the chimney. A brisk hickory fire is hissing and snapping and crackling in the open fireplace; the red light winks and twinkles on the shining knobs of the brass andirons. The litter of glass tumblers and bottles, and the blue-china punch-bowl on the table, also catch the light, and wink and twinkle with red sparks. A wooden wainscoting runs around the room; the walls and ceilings are whitewashed. Two windows look out upon the tavern yard, where there are three or four horses, a gig and a fly, standing under the shed. The Thunderbolt coach, with the passengers clustered on the roof, is just changing horses. On the whitewashed walls of the room hang pictures of the late General Washington, of President Adams, and of Independence Hall. A big yellow bill of the cattle-show, two notices of sheriff's sales, and the fall term of court are tacked to the wall beside the door. Over the

mantel, upon which are clustered a group of brass candlesticks, a tray with snuffers, and a flint and steel, is a looking-glass with a lot of cards stuck around in the frame. An almanac hangs beside the fireplace.

The gentlemen are drinking hot rum-punch. They are all very jolly, excepting he who sits at the head of the table. He carries one arm in a sling, and wears his coat buttoned loosely around his neck. It is the handsome florid gentleman, his face still somewhat paler than usual. Every now and then he winces a little in spite of himself, and bites his under lip, but the tall, dark gentleman is sitting close to him, and so he braves it out, making a show of drinking and talking with the others. The little doctor sits on his left; he is somewhat tipsy, his wig is tilted askew, and he rattles with his tumbler on the table.

The landlord opens the door, his round, moon-face shining red in the smoky room. He wears an apron tied around his striped red-and-yellow waistcoat.

"D'ye lack anything, gentlemen?" says he.

"Devil a thing," says one of the gentlemen.

"What news does the Thunderbolt bring down from the country?" asks another.

"Why, gentlemen, 't is very queer news. They say, gentlemen, that Mistress Penelope Ballister ran away last night with Mr. Jenks the secretary."

Howard Pyle.