

A BORROWED MONTH.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

EAST.

I AM a painter of landscapes, and my brethren in the craft, as well as all those who delight in the beauties of lake and valley, the grandeur of snowy mountain-peaks, and the invigoration of pure mountain air, can imagine the joy with which I found myself in Switzerland on a sketching tour. It had not been easy for me to make this, my first visit to Europe. Circumstances, which the very slightly opened purses of my patrons had not enabled me to control, had deferred it for several years. And even now my stay was strictly limited, and I must return by a steamer which sailed for America early in the autumn. But I had already traveled a good deal on the Continent; had seen Italy; and now had six summer weeks to give to Switzerland. Six months would have suited me much better, but youth and enthusiasm can do a great deal of sketching and nature-reveling in six weeks.

I began what I called my Alpine holidays in a little town not far from the upper end of Lake Geneva, and at the close of my second day of rambling and sketching I was attacked by a very disagreeable and annoying pain in my left leg. It did not result, so far as I could ascertain, from a sprain, a bruise, or a break, but seemed to be occasioned by a sort of tantalizing rheumatism; for while it entirely disappeared when I remained at rest, its twinges began as soon as I had taken half-a-dozen steps in walking. The next day I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a lotion. This, however, was of no service, and for three or four days he made use of other remedies, none of which were of the slightest benefit to me.

But, although I was confined to the house during this period, I did not lose my time. From the windows of my room in the hotel I had a series of the most enchanting views, which I sketched from early morning until twilight, with an earnest and almost ecstatic zeal. On the other side of the lake rose, ten thousand feet in the air, the great Dent du Midi, with its seven peaks clear and sharp against the sky, surrounded by its sister mountains, most of them dark of base and white of tip. To the east stretched the

beautiful valley of the Rhone, up which the view extended to the pale-blue pyramid of Mont Vélan. Curving northward around the end of the lake was a range of lower mountains, rocky or verdant; while at their base, glistening in the sun, lay the blue lake reflecting the white clouds in the sky, and dotted here and there with little vessels, their lateen-sails spread out like the wings of a descending bird.

I sketched and painted the lake and mountains, by the light of morning, in their noontide splendors, and when all lay in shadow except where the highest snowy peaks were tipped with the rosy afterglow. My ailment gave me no trouble at all so long as I sat still and painted, and in the wonderful opportunity afforded by nature to my art I forgot all about it.

But in the course of a week I began to get very impatient. There was a vast deal more of Switzerland to be seen and sketched; my time was growing short, and the pain occasioned by walking had not abated in the least. I felt that I must have other views than those which were visible from my window, and I had myself driven to various points accessible to vehicles, from which I made some very satisfactory sketches. But this was not roaming in Alpine valleys and climbing mountain-peaks. It was only a small part of what brought me to Switzerland, and my soul rebelled. Could any worse fate befall a poor young artist, who had struggled so hard to get over here, than to be thus chained and trammelled in the midst of the grandest opportunities his art life had yet known?

My physician gave me but little comfort. He assured me that if I used his remedies and had patience, there would be no doubt of my recovery; but that it would take time. When I eagerly asked how much time would be required, he replied that it would probably be some weeks before I was entirely well, for these disorders generally wore off quite gradually.

"Some weeks!" I ejaculated when he had gone. "And I have barely a month left for Switzerland!"

This state of affairs not only depressed me, but it disheartened me. I might have gone by rail to other parts of Switzerland, and made other sketches from hotels and carriages,

but this I did not care to do. If I must still carry about with me my figurative ball and chain, I did not wish to go where new temptations would beckon and call and scream to me from every side. Better to remain where I was; where I could more easily become used to my galling restraints. This was morbid reasoning, but I had become morbid in body and mind.

One evening I went in the hotel omnibus to the Kursaal of the little town where I was staying. In this building, to which visitors from the hotels and *pensions* of the vicinity went in considerable numbers every afternoon and evening, for the reason that they had nothing else to do, the usual concert was going on in the theater. In a small room adjoining, a company of gentlemen and ladies, the latter chiefly English or Russian, were making bets on small metal horses and jockeys which spun round on circular tracks, and ran races which were fairer to the betters than the majority of those in which flesh-and-blood animals, human and equine, take part. Opening from this apartment was a large refreshment-room, in which I took my seat. Here I could smoke a cigar and listen to the music, and perhaps forget for a time the doleful world in which I lived. I had not been long seated before I was joined by a man whom I had met before, and in whom I had taken some interest. He was a little man with a big head, on which he occasionally wore a high-crowned black straw hat; but whenever the sun did not make it absolutely necessary he carried this in his hand. His clothes were black and of very thin material, and he always had the appearance of being too warm. In my occasional interviews with him I had discovered that he was a reformer, and that his yearnings in the direction of human improvement were very general and inclusive.

This individual sat down at my little table and ordered a glass of beer.

"You do not look happy," he said. "Have you spoiled a picture?"

"No," I replied, "but a picture has been spoiled for me." And, as he did not understand this reply, I explained to him how the artistic paradise which I had mentally painted for myself had been scraped from the canvas by the knife of my malicious ailment.

"I have been noticing," he said,—he spoke very fair English, but it was not his native tongue,— "that you have not walked. It is a grand pity." And he stroked his beard and looked at me steadfastly. "An artist who is young is free," he said, after some moments' reflection. "He is not obliged to carry the load of a method which has grown upon him

like the goitre of one of these people whom you meet here. He can despise methods and be himself. You have everything in art before you, and it is not right that you should be held to the ground like a serpent in your own country, with a forked stick. You have some friends, perhaps?"

I replied, a little surprised, that I had a great many friends in America.

"It is of no import where they are," he said. And then he again regarded me in silence. "Have you a good faith?" he presently asked.

"In what?" said I.

"In anything. Yourself, principally."

I replied that just now I had very little faith of that sort.

His face clouded; he frowned, and, pushing away his empty glass, he rose from the table. "You are a skeptic," he said, "and an infidel of the worst sort."

In my apathetic state this remark did not annoy me. "No man would be a skeptic," I said carelessly, "if other people did not persist in disagreeing with him."

But my companion paid no attention to me, and walked away before I had finished speaking. In a few minutes he came back, and, leaning over the table, he said in low but excited tones: "It is to yourself that you are an infidel. That is very wrong. It is degrading."

"I do not understand you at all," I said. "Won't you sit down and tell me what you mean?"

He seated himself, and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Then he fixed his eyes upon me, and said: "It is not to everybody I would speak as I now speak to you. You must believe something. Do you not believe in the outstretching power of the mind; of the soul?"

My ideas in this regard were somewhat chaotic. I did not know what was his exact meaning, but I thought it best to say that it was likely that some souls could outstretch.

"And do you not believe," he continued, "that when your friend sleeps, and your thoughts are fixed upon him, and your whole soul goes out to him in its most utter force and strength, that your mind becomes his mind?"

I shook my head. "That is going rather far," I said.

"It is not far," he exclaimed emphatically. "It is but a little way. We shall go much farther than that when we know more. And is it that you doubt that the mind is in the brain? And where is pain? Is it in the foot? In the arm? It is not so. It is in the brain. If you cut off your wounded foot, you have

the pain all the same; the brain remains. I will say this to you. If it were I who had soul-friends, it would not be that every day I should shut the door on my art. Once it happened that I suffered—not like you, much worse. But I did not suffer every day. No, no, my friend, not every day. But that was I; I have faith. But I need speak no more to you. You are infidel. You do not believe in yourself.”

And with this he suddenly pushed back his chair, picked up his black straw hat from the floor, and walked out of the room, wiping his forehead as he went. I am not given to sudden reciprocations of sentiment, but what this man had said made a good deal of impression upon me. Not that I had any confidence in the value of his psychological ideas, but his words suggested a train of thought which kept me awake a long time after I had gone to bed that night; and gradually I began to consider the wonderful advantage and help it would be to me if it were possible that a friend could bear my infirmity even for a day. It would inconvenience him but little. If he remained at rest he would feel no pain, and he might be very glad to be obliged to take a quiet holiday with his books or family. And what a joy would that holiday be to me among the Alps, and relieved of my fetters! The notion grew. One day one friend might take up my burden, and the next another. How little this would be for them; how much for me! If I should select thirty friends, they could, by each taking a day of pleasant rest, make me free to enjoy to the utmost the month which yet remained for Switzerland. My mind continued to dwell on this pleasing fancy, and I went to sleep while counting on my fingers the number of friends I had who would each be perfectly willing to bear for a day the infirmity which was so disastrous to me, but which would be of such trifling importance to them.

I woke very early in the morning, and my thoughts immediately recurred to the subject of my ailment and my friends. What a pity it was that such an advantageous arrangement should be merely whim and fancy! But if my companion of the night before were here, he would tell me that there was no impossibility, only a want of faith—faith in the power of mind over mind, of mind over body, and, primarily, of faith in my own mind and will. I smiled as I thought of what might happen if his ideas were based on truth. There was my friend Will Troy. How gladly would he spend a day at home in his easy-chair, smoking his pipe and forgetting, over a novel, that there were such things as ledgers, day-books, and columns of figures, while I

strode gayly over the mountain-sides. If Troy had any option in the matter, he would not hesitate for a moment; and, knowing this, I would not hesitate for a moment in making the little arrangement, if it could be made. If belief in myself could do it, it would be done; and I began to wonder if it were possible, in any case, for a man to believe in himself to such an extent.

Suddenly I determined to try. “It is early morning here,” I said to myself, “and in America it must be about the middle of the night, and Will Troy is probably sound asleep. Let me then determine, with all the energy of my mental powers, that my mind shall be his mind, and that he shall understand thoroughly that he has some sort of trouble in his left leg which will not inconvenience him at all if he allows it to rest, but which will hurt him very much if he attempts to walk about. Then I will make up my mind, quite decidedly, that for a day it shall be Will who will be subject to this pain, and not I.”

For half an hour I lay flat on my back, my lips firmly pressed together, my hands clinched, and my eyes fixed upon the immutable peaks of the Dent du Midi, which were clearly visible through the window at the foot of my bed. My position seemed to be the natural one for a man bending all the energies of his mind on a determinate purpose. The great mountain stood up before me as an example of the steadfast and immovable. “Now,” said I to myself, over and over again, “Will Troy, it is you who are subject to this trouble. You will know exactly what it is, because you will feel it through my mind. I am free from it; I will that, and it shall be so. My mind has power over your mind, because yours is asleep and passive, while mine is awake and very, very active. When I get out of bed I shall be as entirely free from pain and difficulty in walking as you would have been if I had not passed my condition over to you for one short day.” And I repeated again and again: “For one day; only for one day.”

The most difficult part of the process was the mental operation of believing all this. If I did not believe it, of course, it would come to nothing. Fixing my mind steadfastly upon this subject, I believed with all my might. When I had believed for ten or fifteen minutes, I felt sure that my faith in the power of my mind was well grounded and fixed. A man who has truly believed for a quarter of an hour may be considered to have embraced a faith.

And now came the supreme moment, and when I arose would I be perfectly well and strong? The instant this question came into

my mind I dismissed it. I would have no doubt whatever on the subject. I would *know* that I would be what I willed I should be. With my mind and my teeth firmly set, I got out of bed, I walked boldly to the window, I moved about the room, I dressed myself. I made no experiments; I would scorn to do so. Experiments imply doubt. I believed. I went down several flights of stairs to my breakfast. I walked the whole length of the long *salle-à-manger*, and sat down at the table without having felt a twinge of pain or the least discomfort.

"Monsieur is better this morning," said the head-waiter, with a kindly smile.

"Better," said I; "I am well."

When I returned that evening after a day of intoxicating delight, during which I had climbed many a mountain path, had stood on bluffs and peaks, had gazed over lake and valley, and had breathed to the full the invigorating upper air, I stood upon the edge of the lake, just before reaching the hotel, and stretched forth my hands to the west.

"I thank you, Will Troy," I said, "from the bottom of my heart I thank you for this day; and if I ever see my way to repay you, I will do it, my boy. You may be sure of that."

I now resolved to quit this place instantly. I had been here too long; and before me was spread out in shadowy fascination the whole of Switzerland. I took a night-train for Berne, where I arrived early the next day. But before I descended from the railway carriage, where I had managed to slumber for part of the night, I had determinately willed an interchange of physical condition with another friend in America. During the previous day I had fully made up my mind that I should be false to myself and to my fortunes if I gave up this grand opportunity for study and artistic development, and I would call upon my friends to give me these precious holidays, of which, but a little while ago, I believed myself forever deprived. I belonged to a club of artists, most of whom were young and vigorous fellows, any one of whom would be glad to do me a service; and although I desired on special occasions to interchange with particular friends, I determined that during the rest of my holiday I would, for the most part, exchange physical conditions with these young men, giving a day to each.

The next week was a perfect success. As Martyn, Jeffries, Williams, Corbell, Field, Booker, and Graham, I walked, climbed, sketched, and, when nobody was near, shouted with delight. I took Williams for Sunday, because I knew he never sketched on that day, although he was not averse to the longest kind of rural ramble. I shall not detail my route.

The Bernese Oberland, the region of Lake Lucerne, the Engadine, and other earthly heavens opened their doors to my joyous anticipations, provided always that this system of physical exchange continued to work.

The Monday after Williams's Sunday I appropriated to a long tramp which should begin with a view of the sunrise from a mountain height, and which necessitated my starting in the morning before daylight. For such an excursion I needed all the strength and endurance of which I could possess myself, and I did not hesitate as to the exchange I should make for that long day's work. Chester Parkman was the man for me. Parkman was a fairly good artist, but the sphere in which he shone was that of the athlete. He was not very tall, but he was broad and well made, with a chest and muscles which to some of his friends appeared to be in an impertinent condition of perfect development. He was a handsome fellow, too, with his well-browned face, his fine white teeth, and his black hair and beard, which seemed to curl because the strength which they imbibed from him made it necessary to do something, and curling is all that hair can do. On some occasions it pleased me to think that when by the power of my will my physical incapacity was transferred for a time to a friend, I, in turn, found myself in his peculiar bodily condition, whatever it might be. And whether I was mistaken or not, and whether this phase of my borrowed condition was real or imaginary, it is certain that when I started out before dawn that Monday morning I strode away with vigorous Parkmanic legs, and inhaled the cool air into what seemed to be a deep Parkmanic chest. I took a guide that day, and when we returned, some time after nightfall, I could see that he was tired, and he admitted the fact; but as for me, I ate a good supper, and then walked a mile and a half to sketch a moonlight effect on a lake. I will here remark that, out of justice to Parkman, I rubbed myself down and polished myself off to the best of my knowledge and ability before I went to bed.

When, as usual, I awoke early the next morning, I lay for some time thinking. It had been my intention to spend that day in a boat on the lake, and I had decided to direct my will-power upon Tom Latham, a young collegian of my acquaintance. Tom was an enthusiastic oarsman, and could pull with such strength that if he were driving a horse he could almost haul the animal back into the vehicle, but if a stout boy were to be pushed off a horse-block Tom could not do it. Tom's unequally developed muscles were just what I wanted that day; but before I threw out my mind in his direction I let it

dwell in pleasant recollection upon the glorious day I had had with Chester Parkman's corporeal attributes. Thinking of Chester, I began to think of some one else—one on whom my thoughts had rested with more pleasure and more pain than on any other person in the world. That this was a woman I need not say. She was young, she was an artist, and a very good friend of mine. For a long time I had yearned with all my heart to be able to say that she was more than this. But so far I could not say it. Since I had been in Europe I had told myself over and over that in coming away without telling Kate Balthis that I loved her I made the greatest mistake of my life. I had intended to do this, but opportunity had not offered. I should have made opportunity.

The reason that the thought of Chester Parkman made me think of Kate was the fact that they occupied studios in the same building, and that he was a great admirer not only of her work, but of herself. If it had not been for the existence of Parkman, I should not have blamed myself quite so much for not proposing to Kate before I left America. But I consoled myself by reflecting that the man was so intent upon the development of his lungs that his heart, to put it anatomically, was obliged to take a minor place in his consideration.

Thinking thus, a queer notion came into my head. Suppose that Kate were to bear my troubles for a day! What friend had I who would be more willing to serve me than she? And what friend from whom I would be more delighted to receive a favor? But the next instant the contemptibleness of this idea flashed across my mind, and I gritted my teeth as I thought what a despicable thing it would be to deprive that dear girl of her strength and activity, even for a day. It was true, as I honestly told myself, that it was the joy and charm of being beholden to her, and not the benefit to myself, that made me think of this thing. But it was despicable, all the same, and I utterly scouted it. And so, forgetting as far as possible that there was such a person in the world as Kate, I threw out my mind, as I originally intended, towards Tom Latham, the oarsman.

I spent that day on the lake. If I had been able to imagine that I could walk as far as Chester Parkman, I failed to bring myself to believe that I could row like young Latham. I got on well enough, but rowed no better than I had often done at home, and I was soon sorry that I had not brought a man with me to take the oars, of which I had tired.

Among those I called upon in the next few days was Professor Dynard, a man who

was not exactly a friend, but with whom I was very well acquainted. He was a scientific man, a writer of books, and an enthusiastic lover of nature. He was middle-aged and stooped a little, but his legs were long, and he was an unwearied walker. Towards the end of the very pleasant day which I owed to my acquaintance with him, I could not help smiling to find that I had thought so much of the professor during my rambles that I had unconsciously adopted the stoop of his shoulder and his ungainly but regular stride.

The half-starved man to whom food is given eats too much; the child, released from long hours of school, runs wild, and is apt to make himself objectionable; and I, rising from my condition of what I had considered hopeless inactivity to the fullest vigor of body and limb, began to perceive that I had walked too much and worked too little. The pleasure of being able to ramble and scramble wherever I pleased had made me forget that I was in Switzerland not only for enjoyment, but for improvement. Of course I had to walk and climb to find points of view, but the pleasure of getting to such places was so great that it overshadowed my interest in sitting down and going to work after I had reached them. The man who sketches as he walks and climbs is an extraordinary artist, and I was not such a one.

It was while I was in the picturesque regions of the Engadine that these reflections forced themselves upon me, and I determined to live less for mere enjoyment and more for earnest work. But not for a minute did I think of giving up my precious system of corporeal exchange. I had had enough of sitting in my room and sketching from the window. If I had consented to allow myself to relapse into my former condition, I feared that I would not be able to regain that firm belief in the power of my mental propulsion which had so far enabled my friends to serve me so well, with such brief inconvenience to themselves. No. I would continue to transfer my physical incapacity, but I would use more conscientiously and earnestly the opportunities which I thus obtained.

Soon after I came to this determination, I established myself at a little hotel on a mountain-side, where I decided to stay for a week or more and do some good hard work; I was surrounded by grand and beautiful scenery, and it was far better for my progress in art to stay here and do something substantial than to wander about in search of fresh delights. As an appropriate beginning to this industrious period, I made an exchange with my friend Bufford, one of the hardest-working painters I knew. His industry as well as his

genius had brought him, when he had barely reached middle life, to a high position in art, and it pleased me to think that I might find myself influenced by some of his mental characteristics as well as those of a physical nature. At any rate, I tried hard to think so, and I am not sure that I did not paint better on the Bufford day than on any other. If it had not been that I had positively determined that I would not impose my ailment upon any one of my friends for more than one day, I would have taken Bufford for a week.

There were a good many people staying at the hotel, and among them was a very pretty English girl, with whom I soon became acquainted; for she was an enthusiastic amateur artist, and was engaged in painting the same view at which I had chosen to work. Every morning she used to go some distance up the mountain-side, accompanied by her brother Dick, a tall, gawky boy of about eighteen, who was considered to be a suitable and sufficient escort, but who was in reality a very poor one, for no sooner was his sister comfortably seated at her work than he left her and rambled away for hours. If it had not been for me I think she would sometimes have been entirely too lonely and unprotected. Dick's appetite would generally bring him back in time to carry down her camp-chair and color-box when we returned to dinner; and as she never complained of his defections, I suppose her mother knew nothing about them. This lady was a very pleasant person, a little too heavy in body and a little too large in cap for my taste, but hearty and genial, and very anxious to know something about America, where her oldest son was established on a Texas ranch. She and her daughter and myself used to talk a good deal together in the evenings, and this intimacy made me feel quite justified in talking a good deal to the daughter in the mornings as we were working together on the mountain-side. The first thing that made me take an interest in this girl was the fact that she considered me her superior, and looked up to me. I could paint a great deal better than she could, and could inform her on a lot of points, and I was always glad to render her such service. She was a very pretty girl,—the prettiest English girl I ever saw,—with large, gray-blue eyes, which had a trustfulness about them which I liked very much. She evidently had a very good opinion of me as an artist, and paid as much earnest and thoughtful attention to what I said about her work as if she had really been the scholar and I the master. I tried not to bore her by too much technical conversation, and endeavored to make myself as agreeable a companion as I could. I found that fellowship of

some kind was very necessary to a man so far away from home, and so cut off from social influences.

Day after day we spent our mornings together, sketching and talking; and as for Dick, he was the most interesting brother I ever knew. He had a great desire to discover something hitherto unknown in the heights above our place of sketching. Finding that he could depend on me as a protector for his sister, he gave us very little of his company. Even when we were not together I could not help thinking a great deal about this charming girl. Our talks about her country had made me remember with pride the English blood that was in me, and revived the desire I had often felt to live for a time, at least, in rural England, that land of loveliness to the Anglo-Saxon mind. And London too! I had artist friends, Americans, who lived in London, and such were their opportunities, such the art atmosphere and society, that they expected to live there always. If a fellow really wished to succeed as an artist, some years' residence in England, with an occasional trip to the Continent, would be a great thing for him. And, in such a case — well, it was a mere idle thought. If I had been an engaged man, I would not have allowed myself even such idle thoughts. But I was not engaged; and alas! I thought with a sigh, I might never be. I thought of Parkman and of Kate, and how they must constantly see each other; and I remembered my stupid silence when leaving America. How could I tell what had happened since my departure? I did not like to think of all this, and tried to feel resigned. The world was very wide. There was that English brother, over on the Texas ranch; he might marry an American girl; and here was his sister — well, this was all the merest nonsense, and I would not admit to myself that I attached the slightest importance to these vague and fragmentary notions which floated through my mind. But the girl had most lovely, trustful eyes, and I felt that a sympathy had grown up between us which must not be rudely jarred.

We had finished our work at the old sketching-place, and we proposed on the morrow to go to a higher part of the mountain, and make some sketches of a more extended nature than we had yet tried. This excursion would require a good part of the day, but we would take along a luncheon for three, and no doubt nothing would please Dick better than such a trip. The mother agreed, if Dick could be made to promise that he would take his sister by the hand when he came to any steep places. But, alas! when that youngster was called upon to receive his injunctions, he

declared he could not accompany us. He had promised, he said, to go on a tramp with some of the other men, which would take him all day. And that, of course, put an end to our expedition. I shall not soon forget the air, charming to me, of evident sorrow and disappointment with which Beatrice told me this early in the evening. The next day was the only one for which such a trip could be planned, for, on the day following, two older sisters were expected, and then everything would be different. I, too, was very much grieved and disappointed, for I had expected a day of rare pleasure; but my regret was tempered by an intense satisfaction at perceiving how sorry she was. The few words she said on the subject touched me very much. She was such a true, honest-hearted girl that she could not conceal what she felt; and when we shook hands in bidding each other good-night, it was with more warmth than either of us had yet shown at the recurrence of this little ceremony. When I went to my room I said to myself: "If she had not been prevented from going, I should never have known how glad she would be to go." The thought pleased me greatly, but I had no time to dwell upon it, for in came Dick, who, with his hands in his pockets and his legs very wide apart, declared to me that he had found his sister was so cut up by not being able to make those sketches on the mountain the next day, that he had determined to go with us.

"It will be a beastly shame to disappoint her," he said; "so you can get your traps together, and we will have an early breakfast and start off."

"Now," said I, when he had shut the door behind him, "I know how much she wanted to go, and she is going! Could anything be better than this?"

In making the physical transfers which were necessary at this period for my enjoyment of an outdoor excursion, I did not always bring my mental force to work upon an exchange of condition. Very often I was willing to send out my ailment to another, and to content myself with being for the day what I would be in my ordinary health. But in particular instances, such as those of Parkman and Bufford, I willed—and persuaded myself that I had succeeded—that certain desirable attributes of my benefactor for the day, which would be useless to him during his period of enforced restfulness, should be attracted to myself. Before I went to sleep I determined that on the following day I would exchange with my brother Philip, and would make it as absolute an exchange as my will could bring about. Phil was not an athlete,

like Parkman, but he was a strong and vigorous fellow, with an immense deal of go in him. He was thoroughly good-natured, and I knew that he would be perfectly willing, if he could know all about it, to take a day's rest, and give me a day with Beatrice. And what a charming day that was to be! We did not know exactly where we were going, and we would have to explore. There would be steep places to climb, and it would not be Dick who would help his sister. We would have to rest, and we would rest together. There would be a delightful lunch under the shade of some rock. There would be long talks, and a charming coöperation in the selection of points of view and in work. Indeed, there was no knowing what might not come out of a day like that.

In the morning I made the transfer, and soon afterwards I arose. Before I was ready to go down-stairs I was surprised by an attack of headache, a thing very unusual with me. The pain increased so much that I was obliged to go back to bed. I soon found that I must give up the intended excursion, and I remained in bed all day. In the course of the afternoon, while I lay bemoaning my present misery as well as the loss of the great pleasure I had expected, a thought suddenly came into my mind, which, in spite of my miseries, made me burst out laughing. I remembered that my brother Phil, although enjoying, as a rule, the most vigorous good health, was subject to occasional attacks of sick headache, which usually laid him up for a day or two. Evidently I had struck him on one of his headache days. How relieved the old fellow must be to find his positive woe changed to a negative evil! It was very funny!

In the evening came Dick with a message from his mother and his sister Beatrice, who wanted to know how I felt by this time, and if I would have a cup of tea, or anything. "It's a beastly shame," said he, "that you got yourself knocked up in this way."

"Yes," said I, "but my misfortune is your good fortune, for, of course, you had your tramp with your friends."

"Oh, I should have had that any way," replied the good youth, "for I only intended to walk a mile or two up the mountain, just to satisfy the old lady, and then, without saying whether I was coming back or not, I intended to slip off and join the other fellows. Wouldn't that have been a jolly plan? Beatrice would have had her day, and I would have had mine. But *you* must go and upset her part of it."

When Dick had gone I reflected. What a day this would have been! Alone so long with Beatrice among those grand old moun-

tains! As I continued to think of this I began to tremble, and the more I thought the more I trembled; and the reason I trembled was the conviction that if I had spent that day with her, I certainly should have proposed to her.

"Phil," I said, "I thank you. I thank you more for your headache than for anything else any other fellow could give me."

A sick headache, aided by conscience, can work a great change in a man. My soul condemned me for having come so near being a very false lover, and my mind congratulated me upon having the miss made for me, for I never would have been strong enough to make it for myself.

The next day the sisters arrived, and I saw but little of Beatrice, for which, although quite sorry, I was also very glad; and after a day on the mountain which I owed to Horace Bartlett, the last man in our club on whom I felt I could draw, I returned to the hotel, and wrote a long letter to Kate. I had informed my friends in America of the ailment which had so frustrated all my plans of work and enjoyment, but I had never written anything in regard to my novel scheme of relief. This was something which could be better explained by word of mouth when I returned. And, besides, I did not wish to say anything about it until the month of proposed physical transfers had expired. I wrote to Kate, however, that I was now able to walk and climb as much as I pleased, and in my repentant exuberance I hinted at a great many points which, although I knew she could not understand them, would excite her curiosity and interest in the remarkable story I would tell her when I returned. I tried to intimate, in the most guarded way, much that I intended to say to her when I saw her concerning my series of deliverances; and my satisfaction at having escaped a great temptation gave a kindly earnestness to my

manner of expressing myself, which otherwise it might not have had.

There were now six days of my Swiss holiday left; and during these I threw myself upon the involuntary kindness of Mr. Henry Brinton, editor of a periodical entitled "Our Mother Earth," and upon that of his five assistants in the publishing and editorial departments. Brinton was a good fellow, devoted to scientific agriculture and the growing of small fruits; a man of a most practical mind. I knew him and his associates very well, and had no hesitation in calling upon them.

At the end of the month, as I had previously resolved, I brought my course of physical transfers to a close; and it was with no little anxiety that I arose one morning from my bed with my mind determined to bear in my own proper person all the ills of which I was possessed.

I walked across the room. It may appear strange, but I must admit that it was with a feeling of satisfaction that I felt a twinge. It was but a little twinge, but yet I felt it, and this was something that had not happened to me for a month.

"It was not fancy then," I said to myself, "that gave me this precious relief, this month of rare delight and profit; it was the operation of the outstretching power of the mind. I owe you much happiness, you little man with the big head whom I met in the Kursaal, and if you were here I would make you admit that I can truly believe in myself."

The next day I was better, with only an occasional touch of the old disorder; and in a few days I was free from it altogether, and could walk as well as ever I could in my life.

I returned to America strong and agile, and with a portfolio full of suggestive sketches. One of these was the back hair and part of the side face of a girl who was engaged in sketching in a mountainous region. But this I tore up on the voyage.

(To be concluded.)

Frank R. Stockton.

CAMPION.

I PLACED a scarlet campion flower
In the wreathed tresses of my head.
"No damosel in hall or bower
Is fairer than my love," he said.

Years after, in a folded book,
I found a withered campion flower,
And paled with that swift backward look
That ghost-seers have at twilight hour.

O withered heart, O love long dead!
"Poor faded flower that shone so fair,
Well suits thy phantom bloom," I said,
"With the white tresses of my hair."

Alice Williams Brotherton.

A BORROWED MONTH. II.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

WEST.

I WILL now relate the events which took place in America, among the people in whom I was most interested, while I, a few thousand miles to the east, was enjoying my month of excursion and art work in the mountains of Switzerland.

On my return to my old associates I had intended to state to all of them, in turn, that I owed my delightful holiday to the fact that I had been able to transfer to them the physical disability which had prevented me from making use of the opportunities offered me by the Alps and the vales of Helvetia. But by conversation with one and another I gradually became acquainted with certain interesting facts which determined me to be very cautious in making disclosures regarding the outreaching power of my will.

No one of my friends was so much affected by my departure for Europe as that dear girl Kate Balthis, although I had no idea at the time that this was so. It was not that she was opposed to my going; on the contrary, it was she who had most encouraged me to persevere in my intention to visit Europe, and to conquer or disregard the many obstacles to the plan which rose up before me. She had taken a great interest in my artistic career, and much more personal interest in me than I had dared to suppose. She had imagined, and I feel that she had a perfect right to do so, that I felt an equal interest in her; and when I went away without a word more than any friend might say to another, the girl was hurt. It was not a deep wound; it was more in the nature of a rebuff. She felt a slight sense of humiliation, and wondered if she had infused more warmth into her intercourse with me than was warranted by the actual quality of our friendship. But she cherished no resentment, and merely put away an almost finished interior, in which I had painted a fair but very distant landscape seen through a partly opened window, and set herself to work on a fresh canvas.

Chester Parkman, the artist-athlete whom I have mentioned, was always fond of Kate's society; but after my departure he came a great deal more frequently to her studio than before; and he took it into his head that he

would like to have his portrait painted by her. I had never supposed that Parkman's mind was capable of such serviceable subtlety as this, and I take the opportunity here to give him credit for it. Kate's forte was clearly portraiture, although she did not confine herself at that time to this class of work; and she was well pleased to have such an admirable subject as Chester Parkman, who, if he had not been an artist himself, might have made a very comfortable livelihood by acting as a model for other artists. This portrait-painting business, of which I should have totally disapproved had I known of it, brought them together for an hour every day; and, although Kate had two or three pupils, they worked in an adjoining room, separated by drapery from her own studio; and this gave Parkman every opportunity of making himself as agreeable as he could be. His method of accomplishing this, I have reason to believe, was by looking as well as he could rather than by conversational efforts. But he made Kate agreeable to him in a way of which at the time she knew nothing. He so arranged his position that a Venetian mirror in a corner gave him an admirable view of Kate's face as she sat at her easel. Thus, as she studied his features, his eyes dwelt more and more fondly upon hers, though she noticed it not. This sort of thing went on till Parkman found himself in a very bad way. The image of Kate rose up before him when he was not in her studio, and it had such an influence upon him that, if I may so put it, he gradually sunk his lungs, and let his heart rise to the surface. He imagined, though with what reason I am not prepared to say, that he could perceive in Kate's countenance indications of much admiration of her subject, and he flattered himself this was not confined to her consideration of him as a model. In fact, he found that he was very much in love with the girl. If he had been a wise man, he would have postponed proposing to her until his portrait was finished, for if she refused him he would lose both picture and painter. But he was not a wise man, and one day he made up his mind that as soon as she had finished the corner of his mouth, at which she was then at work, he would abandon his pose, and tell her how things stood with him. But a visitor came in, and prevented this plan from

being carried out. This interruption, however, was merely a postponement. Parkman determined that on the next day he would settle the matter with Kate the moment he arrived at the studio, or as soon, at least, as he was alone with her.

If he had known the state of Kate's mind at this time, he would have been very much encouraged. I do not mean to say that any tenderness of sentiment towards him was growing up within her, but she had begun to admire very much this fine, handsome fellow. She took more pleasure in working at his portrait than in any other she had yet done. A man, she had come to think, to be true to art and to his manhood, should look like this one.

Thus it was that although Kate Balthis had not yet thought of her model with feelings that had become fond, it could not be denied that her affections, having lately been obliged to admit that they had no right to consider themselves occupied, were not in a condition to repel a new comer. And Parkman was a man who, when he had made up his mind to offer his valued self, would do it with a vigor and earnestness that could not easily be withstood.

It was a long time before Chester Parkman went to sleep that night, so engaged was he in thinking upon what he was going to do on the morrow. But, shortly after he arose the next morning, he was attacked by a very queer feeling in his left leg, which made it decidedly unpleasant for him when he attempted to walk. Indisposition of any kind was exceedingly unusual with the young athlete, but he knew that under the circumstances the first thing necessary for his accurately developed muscles was absolute rest, and this he gave them. He sent a note to Kate, telling her what had happened to him, and expressing his great regret at not being able to keep his appointment for the day. He would see her, however, at the very earliest possible moment that this most unanticipated disorder would allow him. He sent for a trainer, and had himself rubbed and lotioned, and then betook himself to a pipe, a novel, and a big easy-chair, having first quieted his much perturbed soul by assuring it that if he did not get over this thing in a few days, he would write to Kate, and tell her in the letter all he had intended to say.

The next day, much to his surprise, he arose perfectly well. He walked, he strode, he sprang into the air; there was absolutely nothing the matter with him. He rejoiced beyond his power of expression, and determined to visit Kate's studio even earlier than the usual hour; but before he was ready to start he received a note from her, which stated that she had been obliged to stay at home that day

on account of a sudden attack of something like rheumatism, and therefore, even if he thought himself well enough, he need not make the exertion necessary to go all the way up to her studio. This note was very prettily expressed, and on the first reading of it Parkman could see nothing in it but a kind desire on the part of the writer that he should know there would be no occasion for him to do himself a possible injury by mounting to her lofty studio before he was entirely recovered. Of course she could not know, he thought, that he would be able to come that day, but it was very good of her to consider the possible contingency.

But, after sitting down and reflecting on the matter for ten or fifteen minutes, Parkman took a different view of the note. He now perceived that the girl was making fun of him. What imaginable reason was there for believing that she, a perfectly healthy person, should be suddenly afflicted by a rheumatism which apparently was as much like that of which he had told her the day before as one pain could be like another. Yes, she was making game of the muscles and sinews on which he prided himself. She did not believe the excuse he had given, and trumped up this ridiculous ailment to pay him back in his own coin. Chester Parkman was not easily angered, but he allowed this note to touch him on a tender point. It seemed to intimate that he would asperse his own physical organization in order to get an excuse for not keeping an appointment. To accuse him of such disloyalty was unpardonable. He was very indignant, and said to himself that he would give Miss Balthis some time to come to her senses; and that if she were that kind of a girl, it would be very well for him to reflect. He wrote a coldly expressed note to Kate, in which he said that, as far as he was concerned, he would not inconvenience her by giving her even the slightest reason for coming to her studio during the continuance of her most inexplicable malady.

Mr. Chester Parkman's mind might have been much more legitimately disturbed had he known that during the night before Kate had been lying awake, and had been thinking of me. She had heard that day from a friend, to whom I had written, of the great misfortune which had happened to me in Switzerland; and she had been thinking, dear girl, that if it were possible how gladly would she bear my trouble for a time, and give me a chance to enjoy that lovely land which I had tried so hard to reach. And if he had been told that at that very time, as I lay awake in the early morning, the idea had come into my head, although most instantly

dismissed, that I would like to be beholden to Kate for a day of Alpine pleasure, he would reasonably have wondered what that had to do with it.

After I had become acquainted with these facts, I asked young Tom Latham, the oarsman, to whom I supposed I had transferred my physical condition on the day after I walked with Parkman's legs to see the sun rise, if he had been at all troubled with rheumatism during the past few months. He replied with some asperity that he had been as right as a trivet straight along; and why in the world did I imagine he was subject to rheumatism!

Of course Kate was annoyed when she received Parkman's note. She saw that he had taken offense at something, although she had no idea what it was. But she did not allow this to trouble her long, and said to herself that if Mr. Parkman was angry with her she was very sorry, but she would be content to postpone work on the portrait until he should recover his good humor.

When she had retired that night she had determined that, if she should not be well enough to go to her studio in a few days, she would send for some of her working materials and try to paint in her room. But the next morning she arose perfectly well.

If, however, she had known what was going to happen, she would have preferred spending another day in her pleasant chamber with her books and sewing. For, about eleven o'clock in the morning, there walked into her studio Professor Dynard, a gentleman who for some time had taken a great deal of interest in her and her work.

She had usually been very well pleased to talk to him, for he was a man of wide information and good judgment. But this morning there seemed to be something about him which was not altogether pleasant. In the first place, he stood before the unfinished portrait of Chester Parkman, regarding it with evident displeasure. For some minutes he said nothing, but hemmed and grunted. Presently he turned and remarked, "I don't like it."

"What is the matter with it?" asked Kate from the easel at which she was at work. "Have I not caught the likeness?"

"Oh, that is good enough as far as it goes," said the Professor. "Very good indeed! too good! You are going to make an admirable picture. But I wish you had another subject."

"Why, I thought myself extraordinarily fortunate in getting so good a one!" exclaimed Kate. "Is he not an admirable model?"

"Of course he is," said the Professor, "but I don't like to see you painting a young fellow like Parkman. Now don't be angry," he

continued, taking a seat near her and looking around to see if the portière of the pupils' room was properly drawn. "I take a great interest in your welfare, Miss Balthis, and my primary object in coming here this morning is to tell you so; and, therefore, you must not be surprised that I was somewhat annoyed when I found that you were painting young Parkman's portrait. I don't like you to be painting the portraits of young men, Miss Balthis, and I will tell you why." And then he drew his chair a little nearer to her, and offered himself in marriage.

It must be rather awkward for a young lady artist to be proposed to at eleven o'clock in the morning, when she is sitting at her easel, one hand holding her palette and maul-stick, and the other her brush, and with three girl pupils on the other side of some moderately heavy drapery, probably listening with all their six ears. But in Kate's case the peculiarity of the situation was emphasized by the fact that this was the first time that any one had ever proposed to her. She had expected me to do something of the kind; and two days before, although she did not know it, she had just missed a declaration from Parkman; but now it was all really happening, and a man was asking her to marry him. And this man was Professor Dynard! Had Kate been in the the habit of regarding him with the thousand eyes of a fly, never, with a single one of those eyes, would she have looked upon him as a lover. But she turned towards him, and sat up very straight, and listened to all he had to say.

The Professor told a very fair story. He had long admired Miss Balthis, and had ended by loving her. He knew very well that he was no longer a young man, but he thought that if she would carefully consider the matter, she would agree with him that he was likely to make her a much better husband than the usual young man could be expected to make. In the first place, the object of his life, as far as fortune was concerned, had been accomplished, and he was ready to devote the rest of his days to her, her fortune, and her happiness. He would not ask her to give up her art, but, on the contrary, would afford her every facility for work and study under the most favorable circumstances. He would take her to Europe, to the isles of the sea,—wherever she might like to go. She could live in the artistic heart of the world, or in any land where she might be happy. He was a man both able and free to devote himself to her. He had money enough, and he was not bound by circumstances to special work or particular place. Through him the world would be open to her, and his greatest happiness would be to see her enjoy her oppor-

tunities. "More than that," he continued, "I want you to remember that, although I am no longer in my first youth, I am very strong, and enjoy excellent health. This is something you should consider very carefully in making an alliance for life; for it would be most unfortunate for you if you should marry a man who, early in life, should become incapacitated from pursuing his career, and you should find yourself obliged to provide, not only for yourself, but for him."

This, Kate knew very well, was intended as a reference to me. Professor Dynard had reason to believe I was much attached to Kate, and he had heard exaggerated accounts of my being laid up with rheumatism in Switzerland. It was very good in him to warn her against a man who might become a chronic invalid on her hands; but Kate said nothing to him, and let him go on.

"And even these devotees of muscularity," said the Professor, "these amateur athletes, are liable to be stricken down at any moment by some unforeseen disease. I do not wish to elevate the body above the mind, Miss Balthis, but these things should be carefully considered. You should marry a man who is not only in vigorous health, but is likely to continue so. And now, my dear Miss Balthis, I do not wish you to utter one word in answer to what I have been saying to you. I want you to consider, carefully and earnestly, the proposition I have made. Do not speak now, I beg of you, for I know I could not expect at this moment a favorable answer. I want you to give your calm judgment an opportunity to come to my aid. On the day after to-morrow I will come to receive your answer. Good-bye."

During that afternoon and the next day Kate thought of little but the offer of marriage which had been made to her. Sometimes she regretted that she had not been bold enough to interrupt him with a refusal, and so end the matter. And then, again, she fell to thinking upon the subject of love, thinking and thinking. Naturally her first thoughts fell upon me. But I had not spoken, nor had I written. This could not be accidental. It had a meaning which she ought not to allow herself to overlook. She found, too, while thus turning over the contents of her mind, that she had thought a little, a very little she assured herself, about Chester Parkman. She admitted that there was something insensibly attractive about him, and he had been extremely attentive and kind to her. But even if her thoughts had been inclined to dwell upon him, it would have been ridiculous to allow them to do so now, for in some way she had offended him, and might never see him again. He must be of a very irritable disposition.

And then there came up before her visions of Europe and of the isles of the sea; of a life amid the art wonders of the world,—a life with every wish gratified, every desire made possible. Professor Dynard had worked much better than she had supposed at the time he was working. He had not offered her the kind of love she had expected, should love ever be offered, but he had placed before her, immediately and without reserve, everything to which she had expected to attain by the labors of a life. All this was very dangerous thinking for Kate; the fortifications of her heart were being approached at a very vulnerable point. When she started independently in life, she did not set out with the determination to fall in love, or to have love made to her, or to be married, or anything of the kind. Her purpose was to live an art life; and to do that as she wished to do it, she would have to work very hard and wait very long. But now, all she had to do was to give a little nod, and the hope of the future would be the fact of the present. Even her own self would be exalted. "What a different woman would I be," she thought, "in Italy or in Egypt." This was a terribly perilous time for Kate. The temptation came directly into the line of her hopes and aspirations. It tinged her mind with a delicately spreading rosiness.

The next morning when she went to her studio she found there a note from Professor Dynard, stating that he could not keep his appointment with her that day on account of a sudden attack of something like rheumatism, which made it impossible to leave his room. This indisposition was not a matter of much importance, he wrote, and would probably disappear in a few days, when he would hasten to call upon her. He begged that in the mean time she would continue the consideration of the subject on which he had spoken to her; and hoped very earnestly that she would arrive at a conclusion which would be favorable to him, and which, in that case, he most sincerely believed would also be favorable to herself.

When she read this, Kate leaned back in her chair and laughed. "After all he said the other day about the danger of my getting a husband who would have to be taken care of, this is certainly very funny!" She forgot the rosy hues which had been insensibly tinting her dreams of the future on the day before, and only thought of a middle-aged gentleman, with a little bald place on the top of his head, who was subject to rheumatism, and probably very cross when he was obliged to stay in the house. "It is a shame," she said to herself, "to allow the poor old gentleman to worry his mind about me any

longer. It will be no more than a deception to let him lie at home and imagine that as soon as he is well he can come up here and get a favorable answer from me. I'll write him a note immediately and settle the matter." And this she did, and thereby escaped the greatest danger to herself to which she had ever been exposed.

Nearly all Kate's art friends had been very much interested in her portrait of Chester Parkman, which, in its nearly completed state, was the best piece of work she had done. Among these friends was Bufford, whose pupil Kate had been, and to whom she had long looked up, not only as to a master, but as to a dear and kind friend. Mrs. Bufford, too, was extremely fond of Kate, and was ever ready to give her counsel and advice, but not in regard to art, which subject she resigned entirely to her husband. It was under Mrs. Bufford's guidance that Kate, when she first came to the city from her home in the interior of the State, selected her boarding-house, her studio, and her church. More than half of her Sundays were spent with these good friends, and they had always considered it their duty to watch over her as if her parents had appointed them her guardians. Bufford was greatly disappointed when he found that the work on Parkman's portrait had been abruptly broken off. He had wished Kate to finish it in time for an approaching exhibition, where he knew it would attract great attention, both from the fact that the subject was so well known in art circles and in society, and because it was going to be, he believed, a most admirable piece of work. Kate had explained to him, as far as she knew, how matters stood. Mr. Parkman had suddenly become offended with her, why she knew not. He was perfectly well and able to come, she said, for some of her friends had seen him going about as usual; but he did not come to her, and she certainly did not intend to ask him to do so. Bufford shook his head a good deal at this, and when he went home and told his wife about it, he expressed his opinion that Kate was not to blame in the matter.

"That young Parkman," he said, "is extremely touchy, and has an entirely too good opinion of himself; and by indulging in some of his cranky notions he is seriously interfering with Kate's career, for she has nothing on hand except his portrait which I would care to have her exhibit."

"Now don't you be too sure," said Mrs. Bufford, "about Kate not being to blame. Young girls, without the slightest intention, sometimes do and say things which are very irritating, and Kate is just as high-spirited as Parkman is touchy. I have no doubt that the

whole quarrel is about some ridiculous trifle, and could be smoothed over with a few words, if we could only get the few words said. I was delighted when I heard she was painting Chester's portrait, for I hoped the work would result in something much more desirable even than a good picture."

"I know you always wanted her to marry him," said Bufford.

"Yes, and I still want her to do so. And a little piece of nonsense like this should not be allowed to break off the best match I have ever known."

"Since our own," suggested her husband.

"That is understood," she replied. "And now, do you know what I think is our duty in the premises? We should make it our business to heal this quarrel, and bring these young people together again. I am extremely anxious that no time should be lost in doing this, for it will not be long before young Clinton will be coming home. He was to stay away only three months altogether."

"And you are afraid he will interfere with your plans?" said Bufford.

"Indeed I am," answered his wife. "For a long time Kate and he have been very intimate,—entirely too much so,—and I was very glad when he went away, and gave poor Chester a chance. Of course there is nothing settled between them so far, because if there had been Clinton would never have allowed that portrait to be thought of."

"Jealous wretch!" remarked Bufford.

"You need not joke about it," said his wife. "It would be a most deplorable thing for Kate to marry Clinton. He has, so far, made no name for himself in art, and no one can say that he ever will. He is poor, and has nothing on earth but what he makes, and it is not probable that he will ever make anything. And, worse than all that, he has become a chronic invalid. I have heard about his condition in Switzerland."

"And having originally very little," said her husband, "and having lost the only valuable thing he possessed, you would take away from him even what he expected to have."

"He has no right to expect it," said Mrs. Bufford, "and it would be a wicked and cruel thing for him to endeavor to take Kate away from a man like Chester Parkman. Chester is rich, he is handsome, he is in perfect health, and to a girl with an artistic mind like Kate he should be a constant joy to look upon."

"But," said Bufford, "why don't you leave Kate to find out these superiorities for herself?"

"It would never do at all. Don't you see how she has let the right man go on account

of some trifling misunderstanding? And Clinton will come home, and find that he has the field all to himself. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. You must go to Kate to-morrow, find out what this trouble is about, and represent to her that she ought not to allow a little misunderstanding to interfere with her career in art."

"Why don't you go yourself?" said Bufford.

"That is out of the question. I could not put the matter on an art basis, and anything else would rouse Kate's suspicions. And, besides, I want you afterwards to go to Parkman, and talk to him; and, of course, I could not do that."

"Very well," said Bufford, "I am going to see them both to-morrow, and will endeavor to make things straight between them; but I don't wish to be considered as having anything to do with the matrimonial part of the affair. What I want is to have Kate finish that picture in time for the exhibition."

"You attend to that," said his wife, "and the matrimonial part will take care of itself."

But Bufford did not see either Kate or Parkman the next day, being prevented from leaving his room by a sudden attack of something like rheumatism. He was a man of strong good sense and persuasive speech, and I think he would have had no difficulty in bringing Parkman and Kate together again; and if this had happened, I am very certain that Parkman would have lost no time in declaring his passion. What would have resulted from this, of course, I cannot say; but it must be remembered that Kate at that time supposed that she had made a great mistake in regard to my sentiments towards her. In fact, if Bufford had seen the two young people that day, I am afraid, I am very much afraid that everything would have gone wrong.

The next day Bufford did see Kate, and easily obtained her permission to call on Parkman, and endeavor to find out what it was that had given him umbrage; but as the young athlete had started that very morning for a trip to the West, Bufford was obliged to admit to himself, very reluctantly, that it was probably useless to consider any further the question of Kate's finishing his portrait in time for the exhibition.

When I returned to America, and at the very earliest possible moment presented myself before Kate, I had not been ten seconds in her company before I perceived that I was an accepted lover. How I perceived this I will not say, for every one who has been accepted can imagine it for himself; but I will say that, although raised to the wildest pitch of joy by the discovery, I was very much surprised at it. I had never told the girl I loved

her. I had never asked her to love me. But here it was, all settled, and Kate was my own dear love. Of course, feeling as I did towards her, it was easy for me to avoid any backwardness of demeanor, which might indicate to her that I was surprised, and I know that not for a moment did she suspect it. Before the end of our interview, however, I found out how I had been accepted without knowing it. It had been on account of the letter I had written Kate from Switzerland. In this very carefully constructed epistle I had hinted at a great many things which I had been careful not to explain, not wishing to put upon paper the story of my series of wonderful deliverances, which I intended with my own mouth to tell to Kate. It was a subtly quiet letter, with a substratum of hilariousness, of enthusiasm, surging beneath it, which sometimes showed through the thin places in the surface. Of course, writing to Kate, my mind was full of her, as well as of my deliverances, and in my hypersubtlety I so expressed my feelings in regard to the latter of these subjects that it might easily have been supposed to pertain to the first. In fact, when I afterwards read this letter I did not wonder at all that the dear girl thought it was a declaration of love. That she made the mistake I shall never cease to rejoice; for, after leaving Switzerland, I should not have been able, involuntarily and unconsciously, to ward off until my return the attacks of possible lovers.

From day to day I met nearly all the persons who, without having the slightest idea that they were doing anything of the kind, had been of such wonderful service to me while I was abroad; and I never failed to make particular inquiries in regard to their health the past summer. Most of them replied that they had been very well as a general thing, although now and then they might have been under the weather for a day or two. Few of my friends were people who were given to remembering ailments past and gone, and if I had needed any specific information from them in regard to any particular day on which they had been confined to the house by this or that slight disorder, I should not have obtained it.

But when I called upon Henry Brinton, the editor of "Our Mother Earth," I received some very definite and interesting information.

"Everything has gone on pretty much as usual since you left," he said, "except that about a month ago we had a visitation of a curious sort of epidemic rheumatism, which actually ran through the office. It attacked me first, but as I understand such things and know very well that outward applications are

of no possible use, I took the proper medicine, and in one day, sir, I was entirely cured. The next day, however, Barclay, our book-keeper, was down with it, or, rather, he was obliged to stay at home on account of it. I immediately sent him my bottle of medicine, and the next day he came down to the office perfectly well. After him Brown, Simmons, Cummings, and White, one after another, were all attacked in the same way, but each was cured by my medicine in a day. The malady, however, seemed gradually to lose its force, and Cummings and White were only slightly inconvenienced, and were able to come to the office."

All this was very plain to me. Brinton's medicine was indeed the proper remedy for my ailment, and had gradually cured it, so that when I resumed it after my month's exemption, there was very little left of it, and this soon died out of itself. If I could only have known this, I would have sent it over to Brinton in the first instance.

In the course of time I related to Kate the strange series of incidents which had finally brought us together. I am sorry to say she

did not place entire belief in the outreaching powers of my mind. She thought that the relief from my disability was due very much to imagination.

"How," I said, "do you account for those remarkable involuntary holidays of Parkman, yourself, and the others, which were so opportune for me?"

"Things did happen very well for you," she said, "although I suppose a great many other people have had a series of lucky events come into their lives. But even if this were all true, I do not think it turned out exactly as it should have done in a moral point of view. Of course I am delighted, you poor boy, that you should have had that charming month in Switzerland, after all the trouble you had gone through; but wasn't it a little selfish to pass off your disability upon your friends without asking them anything about it?"

"Well," said I, "it may be that if this affair were viewed from a purely moral stand-point, there was a certain degree of selfishness about it, and it ought to have turned out all wrong for me. But we live in a real world, my dear, and it turned out all right."

THE END.

Frank R. Stockton.

THE MAID OF THRACE.

A MAIDEN dwelt in fabled Thrace,
So light of form, so fair of face,
So like the spirit of the dew,
The sunbeams would not let her pass,
Nor yield her shadow to the grass;
They kissed her, clasped her, shone her
through.

And all wild things for her were tame;
The eagle to her beck'ning came,
The stag forgot that he was fleet,
The cruel little pebbles rolled
Their flinty edges in the mold,
And turned their smoothness to her feet.

Whene'er she slept, the birds were hushed;
And when she woke, the lilies blushed,
The roses paled, for very joy.
'Twas whispered that a star each night
Forsook its heaven, and took delight
To be her jewel or her toy.

Whene'er she wept—Oh! could she weep?
Could any shade of sorrow creep
O'er one so born to Pleasure's throne?
Ah me! she drowned the brook with tears,
Her sighs come floating down the years,
She taught the wind its minor tone.

Away from marvels, worship, state,
Her yearning gaze turned, desolate,
To where, beyond a chasm's breach,
Upon a pathless crag, there waved
A far-off blossom that she craved,—
The one, sole flower—quite out of reach.

Since just that prize she could not gain,
Her whole bright world was bright in vain,
And might in vain her love beseech.
With royal bloom on every side,
She broke her heart, she pined and died;—
For oh! that one flower out of reach!

Fanny Foster Clark.