

softness, an unworldliness, brought from the quiet hour in the church.

"My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
Her modest eyes downcast."

She greeted the stranger with a Puritan undemonstrativeness, and as if not exactly aware of his presence.

"I should like to have gone to vespers if I had known," said Mr. Lyon, after an embarrassing pause.

"Yes?" asked the girl, still abstractedly. "The world seems in a vesper mood," she added, looking out the west windows at the red sky and the evening star.

In truth Nature herself at the moment suggested that talk was an impertinence. The callers rose to go, with an exchange of neighborhood friendliness and invitations.

"I had no idea," said Mr. Lyon, as they walked homeward, "what the New World was like."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOOTPRINTS IN WASHINGTONLAND.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ON the original map, now before me, of the Northern Neck of Virginia, "as ordered by his Majesty in Council 11th April 1745 unto the Rt. Hon. Thomas Lord Fairfax the Proprietor thereof," some phenomena appear. Falmouth is on it, but not Fredericksburg, across the river; though the latter was a fairly flourishing village in 1745, it was separated by the Rappahannock from his lordship's principality. Alexandria is as yet Hunting Creek. Belvoir, seat of the Fairfaxes, is marked, but not its neighbor, Mount Vernon—then just built. The county (now Stafford) across the river from Fredericksburg is still King George. The "g" terminating "King" alone marks the spot where another George, aged thirteen, was preparing for a part in history which has made his every smallest footprint last a hundred and fifty-seven years. Some of his footprints are, indeed, conventionalized out of their humanity, like that of Buddha in Ceylon; others are traceable only to eyes of faith, like those of Wesley at Epworth; a good many have been covered up by patriotic idolatry in its zeal to make the great man into "that faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw." But the world is merely trampled under the feet whose print it cannot measure, and only adores. George Washington won from George III. the title "Father of his Country" by taking us from beneath royal feet and setting us on our own; it is a continuance of his work of liberation to trace now his own veritable steps from the mean abode on the Rappahannock to his baronial mansion on the Potomac, and along that "Waggon Road to Philadelphia" (just indicated on the

map of 1745) which became the highway of his triumphal chariot. That which once was Fairfaxland is now historically Washingtonland; but in the absence of critical exploration it has been covered with fables like the ancient charts with their mermaids. These obliterated, I have laid on this map some unpublished MSS. of Washington and others, under which it has become a palimpsest. From this I present portions which add to our knowledge of the real Washington.*

There is a Strother MS. (made known to me by our beloved Virginia historiographer, Dr. Slaughter), in which it is stated that Jane Strother was a school-mate of George Washington. She was the daughter of William Strother, a royal agent, and ancestor of some eminent men, among them Dr. Slaughter himself and General D. H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), remembered by old readers of *Harper*. The Strothers lived on a farm adjacent to that of the Washingtons, across the river from Fredericksburg. When these came thither in 1735, Fredericksburg (laid out in 1727) was just completing its first church, but had no school. The Washingtons would naturally have attended Potomac church, over four miles away, in Overwharton Parish (Stafford County), whose rector was John Moncure. The school first attended by Washington was pretty certainly at

* The unpublished letters of Washington are numerous. I have lately read 140. When the Long Island Historical Society's admirable collection of Mount Vernon letters has appeared, and when Worthington Ford's edition of known (and some unknown) Washington MSS. has been fully issued by Messrs. Putnam, it will be found that Washington has been his own biographer—and his only one.

Falmouth, then the largest and oldest settlement of the region. But before St. George's Church was finished there came to it a learned and eloquent Huguenot, the Rev. James Marye, who built church and school—which he probably taught. There is a Willis MS. (loaned me by Mrs. Tayloe, a descendant of Colonel Harry Willis, founder of Fredericksburg), showing that Lewis, the founder's son, was Washington's school-mate. This must have been after his brief schooling in Westmoreland under Mr. Williams, probably between 1745 and 1748, about which time the family went to reside in the town. The school grew to a famous academy, in which two other Presidents have been educated—Madison and Monroe. It used to stand near the "Gun-ner-y," established during the Revolution, and was afterward used as an almshouse.

A great man, though young, in Fredericksburg, when the Washingtons moved into the town, was Colonel Fielding Lewis. In 1746, when he was twenty, he had married Catharine Washington, cousin of the General, who at the age of sixteen stood godfather to their daughter Frances. Catharine died February, 1749-50, and the young widower was consoled by the love of Betty Washington—rather soon, for George Washington stood godfather for his sister's first child, born February 14, 1751. Betty's pretty face has long been admired in the page of Sparks as that of Martha Washington in her youth—a case of mistaken identity. The founder of Fredericksburg, Colonel Harry Willis, had also married two Washingtons, both named Mildred. One was a cousin of George Washington, the other his aunt. A grandson of the latter, Major Byrd Willis, whose towering form was the most striking figure in Fredericksburg to my boyish eyes, writes: "My father, Lewis Willis, was a school-mate of General Washington, his cousin, who was two years his senior. He spoke of the General's industry and assiduity at school as very remarkable. Whilst his brother and the other boys at play-time were at bandy or other games, he was behind the door ciphering. But one instance of youthful ebullition is handed down while at that school, and that was his romping with one of the largest girls; this was so unusual that it excited no little comment among the other lads."

The families of the neighborhood at that time are so well known that we may pretty surely identify the large girl as Jane Strother, who married Hon. Thomas Lewis, son of the founder of Augusta County, Virginia, January 26, 1749. Their friendship, which began with their a-b-c days at Falmouth, continued through life. The precocious cipherer, drawn from his retreat only by what Faraday described as the strongest force in nature—a pair of black eyes—survived in the surveyor and the soldier. The youth's love affairs will largely remain among the historic unknowables. It is said a young god came as a shepherd to the banks of the Jumna, and each of the shepherdesses who danced to his piping thought she had him for a partner; there may have been similar illusion in the minds of some old ladies after the huge and homely youth on the Rappahannock turned out to be a national saint. Leaving out these, and two or three legendary disappointments, it is certain that Washington suffered deeply from the rejection of his suit by Sally Cary. She was descended from a noble English family (Hunsdon and Falkland), and no doubt there were influences enough to cause the preference for one of the house of Fairfax over a humble surveyor on their magnificent estate. But that she loved him is proved by her preservation of the love-letters from him found among her papers after her death, at an advanced age, in Bath, England. I have heard from a relative of the lady that Martha Washington was always rather cool toward this beautiful Mrs. G. W. Fairfax, of Belvoir; and perhaps not without reason, as not even marriage could cure her disposition to flirt with the young soldier between whom and herself there had been "a thousand tender passages." That he could recall these fondly, as appears by one letter, even after his engagement with Mrs. Custis, renders it but too probable that in the latter affair the love was not romantic. But he was only twenty-six; and he was not a man on whom a wife's loyalty and devotion could be wasted. Under these circumstances a pathetic undertone is audible in the following letter of Mrs. George Washington to her sister Anna, Mrs. Burwell Bassett, of Eltham.

June 1st. 1760

DEAR SISTER

I have had the pleasure of receiving your very welcome and affect^e Letters of the 10th

of may intended to come by Jack and the 23^d by Mr. Bassett who I must acknowledge myself greatly obliged to for the favour of his last visit. I should not have suffered him to go without a letter to you had I not known of the opportunity that now offers and hear I must do myself the pleasure of congratulating you very sincerely on your happy deliverance of I wish I could say boy as I know how much one of that sex was desired by you all. I am very sorry to hear my mamma's complaints of ill health and I feel the same uneasiness on that account that you do but I hope Mr. S[co]tt's prescriptions will have the desired effect—the children are now very well and I think myself in a better state of health than I have been in for a long time and don't doubt but I shall present you a fine healthy girl again when I come down in the Fall which is as soon as Mr. W——ns business will suffer him to leave home. I am very much pleased to hear Betsy continues to grow a fine hearty child....

Mr. Bassett will inform you of the mirth and gaiety that he has seen so I hope I have no occasion to enlarge upon that head in order to induce you to Try Fairfax in a pleasanter season than you did last time. I shall now conclude but not till I have desired you to present my Best good wishes to Mrs. Dawson and Judy in which Mr Washington desires to join. we also beg you will give our Blessing to the dear little children and to Each of them half a dozen Kisses and hope you will not imagine that yourself and Mr. Bassett is forgot by my dear nancy your sincere and Loveing sister

MARTHA WASHINGTON*

Mrs. Washington's longing for a daughter at the moment of desiring for her sister a son may have resulted from her husband's especial fondness for her little daughter "Patsy." (Patsy, it will be remembered, died at an early age, notwithstanding the magic of the "iron ring" which Dr. Craik used to cure her consumption—a medical "survival" attested by an unpublished entry in Washington's diary.) The great athletic hardy soldier, bronzed and weather-beaten before he was thirty, loved to have these little dames nestling at his side. It was so through life. In the most critical week of his Presidency, that in which the British treaty was decided—the second week of August, 1795—Washington went to the house of Randolph, Secretary of State, and played with his little daughters.

The unsatisfied paternal longing of Washington's heart is revealed in these incidents. And the defects of his early environment are revealed in the import-

* This letter is now in possession of Mr. Ferd. J. Dreer, of Philadelphia.

ance he gave to the decorations of life when he was able to command them. The home of his earliest memory, in Stafford, was mean compared with the surrounding mansions of the "gentry"; that in Fredericksburg was in humiliating contrast with adjoining Kenmore, built by Colonel Fielding Lewis on his marriage with Betty Washington. Could aristocratic Sally Cary be expected to pass by Belvoir for such a residence? Hence the grandeur to which Mount Vernon was built from the commonplace house it had been. "I had eight or ten negro carpenters under the care of a worthless white man, whom I had forborn to turn away on account of the peculiar circumstances of his family;—But I suffer so much from his negligence;—by his bad qualities;—and bad examples;—that I find it indispensably necessary to get some other workman to supply his place." "To make even a chicken coop would employ all of them [his carpenters] a week." "I presume Mrs. Washington's Bed Chamber is the same pitch of the other rooms on that floor," etc. There is much about the rooms, the pictures, the ornamentation, in these letters to his superintendent.* There is made visible the baronial largeness at Mount Vernon; its brewery, distillery, pork-house, fish-house, brick-kiln, and what not; its dusky retainers—centennial euphemism for slaves—who bear big names: Hercules, Jupiter, Paris, Cyrus, Paschal. "The death of Paris is a loss, that of Jupiter the reverse." "I would have you again stir up the pride of Cyrus; that he may be the fitter for my purposes against I come home; some time before which (that is as soon as I shall be able to fix on the time) I will direct him to be taken into the house, and clothes to be made for him.—In the meanwhile, get him a strong horn comb & direct him to keep his head well combed, that the hair, or wool, may grow long." Hating foppery of all kinds, he is yet very particular about dress. Probably he had suffered from too much homespun at Fredericksburg. Just before leaving Mount Vernon for his inauguration he writes (10 April 1789) to Major-General Knox: "The Cloth and Buttons which accompanied your favor the 30th ult^o came safe by

* The most important collection (120 in number) remaining unpublished, which passed from the Hon. Edward Everett to the Long Island Historical Society, to which I am indebted for their use.

Col. Hanson and really do credit to the manufactures of this country. As it requires 6 more of the large (engraved) button to trim the Coat in the manner I wish it to be I would thank you, my good Sir, for procuring that number and keeping them in your hands until my arrival." This note, uniting taste with patriotism, dovetails with one which Dr. Emmet has, written sixty years ago by Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, to which is attached a bit of velvet, with the word "Philadelphia" beneath it: "This Velvet, part of the dress suit in which General Washington when President met Congress, and worn when he made his last address to them on retiring from his Public Station—the word 'Philadelphia' placed under it was taken from one of his letters to me.—I present these relics of the Father of my Country to — — as a mark of my high esteem for his character, and my gratitude for his uniform kindness to the being most dear to my heart.—Eliza Parke Custis, Granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. Baltimore, Jan'y 26, 1829."

Edmund Randolph states that besides those who at the organization of the government were desirous of retaining titles and monarchical splendors for their own sake, there were many who consented to some of them because they did not wish the new government to appear with fewer marks of affection than the old. This is on the principle which made Garibaldi, while occupying Naples, insist that the blood of St. Januarius should liquefy as usual. It is certain that Washington yielded to these considerations so far as all those unreal ceremonials were concerned which so agitated the young radicals. "I had seen," wrote John Randolph of Roanoke to his nephew, "the old Congress expire and the new rise like a Phoenix from its ashes. I saw the Coronation (such in fact it was) of General Washington in 1789, and heard Ames and Madison when they first took their seats on the floor of the House of Representatives." Whatever insubstantial pageantry might attend the President at New York or Philadelphia faded at Mount Vernon, whose grandeurs were all substantial. Happily the impression Washington had made on the world was fixed before his "coronation." The monarchy in which he sat at Mount Vernon was one which represented what best men of all nations revered. His correspondence

was loaded with letters concerning colleges, patents, copyrights, arts, agriculture. If he had any public ambition, it was to assist in promoting the culture of the world, intellectually and physically. To the many examples of this already known I am enabled, by the favor of General Morgan, of Pittsburgh, to print a letter to his ancestor Colonel George Morgan, of "Prospect, near Princeton." The letter of Lafayette which it enclosed is as follows:

PARIS *February the 10th.*

The enclosed, My dear General, is a vocabulary which the Empress of Russia Has requested me to Have filled up with indian names, as she has ordered an universal dictionary to be made of all languages. It would greatly oblige her to collect the words she sends translated into the several idioms of the nations on the Banks of the Oyho. Presly Nevil and Morgan of fort pitt, Gen'l. Mullenberg in Fayette county, and our other friends could undertake it for us, and be very attentive in accuracy. I beg your pardon my dear General, for the trouble I give you, but Have been particularly applied to, and cannot dispense with paying great attention to the business.

This goes with so long an epistle of mine that I shall only present you here with my best love and wishes, and am my dear General, your respectfull and tender friend.

LAFAYETTE.

MOUNT VERNON, *Aug't. 20th. 1786.*

SIR:

You will see by the enclosed letter from the Marquis de la Fayette to me, that the Empress of Russia is desirous of obtaining some authentic documents, respecting the languages of the natives of this country, for the purpose of compiling an universal dictionary.

As I have thought no person was more in condition to accomplish that essential service for the republic of letters than yourself, I have taken the liberty of transmitting a specimen of the vocabulary to you, together with a request that you will do me the favor of paying as early and accurate attention to the completion of the matter as your avocations will admit.

Persuaded that a gentleman of your taste for science in general, and particular of your capacity for acquiring the information in question, will enter upon the task with pleasure, I make no apology for troubling you with it.—Nor do I think it necessary to add anything farther, than that it may be expedient to extend the vocabulary as far as, with the aid of your friends, you conveniently can; and that the greatest possible precision and exactitude will be indispensable in committing the Indian words to paper by a just orthography.

With sentiments of esteem and regard,

I have the honor to be Sir

Yr. most obed't. H'ble. ser.

G. WASHINGTON

The admirable advice of Polonius to his son is fairly adopted in the following letter of Washington to a nephew (aged 16), intrusted to me by Mrs. Thomas Moncure, to whose grandfather (George Steptoe Washington) it was written:

MOUNT VERNON, 23^d March 1789

DEAR GEORGE,—As it is probable I shall soon be under the necessity of quitting this place, and entering once more into the bustle of publick life, in conformity to the voice of my country and the earnest entreaties of my friends, however contrary it is to my own desires or inclinations, I think it incumbent on me, as your uncle and friend, to give you some advisory hints, which, if properly attended to, will, I conceive, be found very useful to you in regulating your conduct and giving you respectability not only at present but through every period of life. You have now arrived to that age when you must quit the trifling amusements of a boy, and assume the more dignified manners of a man. At this crisis your conduct will attract the notice of those who are about you; and as the first impressions are generally the most lasting your doings now may mark the leading traits of your character through life. It is therefore absolutely necessary, if you mean to make any figure upon the stage, that you should take the first steps right. What these steps are, and what general line is to be pursued to lay the foundation of an honorable and happy progress, is the part of age and experience to point out. This I shall do, as far as in my power, with the utmost cheerfulness; and I trust that your own good sense will shew you the necessity of following it. The first and great object with you at present is to acquire, by industry and application, such knowledge as your situation enables you to obtain, and as will be useful to you in life. In doing this two other important objects will be gained besides the acquisition of knowledge,—namely, a habit of industry, and a disrelish of that profusion of money and dissipation of time which are ever attendant upon idleness. I do not mean by a close application to your studies that you should never enter into those amusements which are suited to your age and station. They may go hand in hand with each other, and, used in their proper seasons, will ever be found to be a mutual assistance to each other. But what amusements are to be taken, and when, is the great matter to be attended to. Your own judgment, with the advice of your *real* friends who may have an opportunity of a personal intercourse with you, can point out the particular manner in which you may *best* spend your moments of relaxation, much better than I can at a distance. One thing, however, I would strongly impress upon you, *viz.*, that when you have leisure to go into company, that it should always be of the best kind that the place you are in will afford. By this means you will be constantly improving

your manners and cultivating your mind while you are relaxing from your books; and good company will always be found much less expensive than bad. You cannot offer as an excuse for not using it that you cannot gain admission there, or that you have not a proper attention paid you in it. This is an apology made only by those whose manners are disgusting or whose character is exceptionable; neither of which, I hope, will ever be said of you. I cannot enjoin too strongly upon you a due observance of economy and frugality; as you well know yourself, the present state of your property and finances will not admit of any unnecessary expense. The article of Clothing is now one of the chief expenses you will incur; and in this, I fear, you are not so economical as you should be. Decency and cleanliness will always be the first object in the dress of a judicious & sensible man. A conformity to the prevailing fashion in a certain degree is necessary—but it does not follow from thence that a man should always get a new coat, or other clothes, upon every trifling change in the mode, when perhaps he has two or three very good ones by him. A person who is anxious to be a leader of the fashion, or one of the first to follow it, will certainly appear in the eyes of judicious men to have nothing better than a frequent change of dress to recommend him to notice. I should always wish you to appear sufficiently decent to entitle you to admission into any company where you may be—but I cannot too strongly enjoin it upon you, and your own knowledge must convince you of the truth of it, that you should be as little expensive in this respect as you properly can. You should always keep some clothes to wear to church, or on particular occasions, which should not be worn every day. This can be done without any additional expence; for whenever it is necessary to get new clothes, those which have been kept for particular occasions will come in as every day ones, unless they should be of a superior quality to the new. What I have said with respect to clothes will apply, perhaps, more pointedly to Lawrence than to you—and as you are much older than he is, and more capable of judging of the propriety of what I have here observed, you must pay attention to him, in this respect, and see that he does not wear his clothes improperly or extravagantly.

Much more might be said to you, as a young man, upon the necessity of paying due attention to the moral virtues,—but this may, perhaps, more properly be the subject of a future letter, when you are about to enter into the world. If you comply with the advice herein given to pay a diligent attention to your studies, and employ your time of relaxation in proper company, you will find but few opportunities and little inclination, while you continue at an Academy, to enter into those scenes of vice and dissipation which too often present themselves to youth in every place, and particularly in towns. If you are determined to neglect your

books, and plunge into extravagance and dissipation, nothing that I can now say will prevent it, for you must be employed, and if it is not in pursuit of those things profitable it must be in pursuit of those which are [not]. As your time of continuing with Mr. Hanson expires the last of this month, and I understand that Doctor Craik has expressed an inclination to take you and Lawrence to board with him, I shall know his determination respecting the matter,—and if it is agreeable to him and Mrs. Craik to take you I shall be pleased with it, for I am certain that nothing will be wanting on their part to make your situation agreeable and useful to you. Should you live with the Doctor, I shall request him to take you both under his peculiar care, provide such clothes for you from time to time as he shall judge necessary, and do by you in the same manner as he would if you were his own children, which, if he will undertake, I am sensible, from knowledge which I have of him, and the very amiable character and disposition of Mrs. Craik, that they will spare no proper exertions to make your situation pleasing and profitable to you. Should you or Lawrence, therefore, behave in such a manner as to occasion any complaints being made to me, you may depend upon losing that place which you now have in my affections, and any future hopes you may have from me. But if, on the contrary, your conduct is such as to merit my regard, you may always depend upon the warmest attachment and sincere regard of your affectionate friend and uncle.”

These nephews fairly fulfilled their uncle's expectations. They were sons of Samuel, who was five times married! and died at the age of forty-seven. They were taken to Philadelphia to complete their education. There George, at twenty-three, married Lucy Payne, sister of Dolly Madison. Lawrence neglected his law studies under Attorney-General Randolph for love of Miss Emlyn. He was eighteen, she sixteen, and Randolph defeated Cupid by persuading them to wait a year. Five years later Lawrence married Mary Dorcas Wood, of Winchester, Virginia.

Washington suffered many anxieties about the love affairs of the half-dozen young people to whom he was the only father. His early experiences did not enable him to recognize the varied symptoms of youthful passion. He suspected Lawrence of falling into bad habits when he was only falling in love, and young Custis of incipient idiocy. “If you,” he writes Dr. David Stuart, “or Mrs. Stuart could by any indirect means discover the state of Washington Custis's mind it would be to be wished. He appears to

me to be moped and stupid.” The youth was bright enough after he had presently married his charming sweetheart. With his girls he got on better; they—Harriet (Samuel Washington's daughter), Nelly and Betsy Custis—were confidential. He makes careful inquiries in Baltimore about Mr. Parke, Harriet's lover. From Philadelphia he encloses a momentous letter to his agent at Mount Vernon, who must be careful to put it into Betsy's own hands. “Give it to her when she is alone.” Betsy was just nineteen. She married Mr. Law, nephew of Lord Ellenborough, but in later life (see her note above about the velvet coat) changed her name back to Custis.

Our last view of Washington in his Virginia home may be taken from the “privately printed” diary of Amariah Frost, of Milford, Massachusetts, who visited Mount Vernon in June, 1797.

“We arrived at the President's seat about 10 o'clock. The General was out on horseback viewing his labourers at harvest; we were desired to tarry until he should return. . . . We had rum punch brought us by a servant. We viewed the gardens and walks, which are very elegant, abounding with many curiosities. Fig-trees, raisins, limes, oranges, etc., large English mulberries, artichokes, etc. The President returned; he received us very politely. . . . His lady also came in and conversed with us very familiarly respecting Boston, Cambridge, the officers of the army, etc. The son of the Marquis de La Fayette also came into the room where we sat, which was a large entry, and conversed some. . . . The President came and desired us to walk in to dinner. We then walked into a room where were Mrs. Law, Mrs. Peters, and a young lady, all granddaughters of Mrs. Washington. The President directed us where to sit (no grace was said). Mrs. Washington sat at the head, the President next to her at her right. . . . The dinner was very good—a small roasted pigg, boiled leg of lamb, beef, peas, lettuce, cucumbers, artichokes, etc., puddings, tarts, etc. We were desired to call for what drink we chose. He took a glass of wine with Mrs. Law first, which example was followed by Dr. Croker and Mrs. Washington, myself and Mrs. Peters, Mr. Fayette and the young lady, whose name is Custis. When the cloth was taken away the President gave ‘All our Friends.’ He spoke of the improvements made in

the United States. . . . We conversed also respecting his return by the way of Lexington across the country; . . . enquired if I knew Mr. Taft's family, where he put up that night; whether the old gentleman was alive, and added that he was much pleased with the conduct of his daughters, particularly the eldest, which he said appeared to have superior sense and knowledge for one educated in such a country village at a tavern. She appeared to understand considerable of geography, etc.; that she was a very sensible and modest person. Enquired if she was married. I informed him she was. He hoped she was well married. I answered that I

believed she was well married, and that it was to a person of education who was a clergyman. . . . Much more was said, but nothing respecting our present politics."

A significant silence at Mount Vernon concerning the political storm already threatening its repose!

It is a satisfaction to reflect that when the demands of demoralized partisans poured in, that he should return to the political arena and lead them against his old comrades, the great man lay dead amid the garden where all the sunshine of his life was dialled in flowers and fruits and loving hearts.

ANNE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IT was a strange thing, the like of which had never before happened to Anne. In her matter-of-fact, orderly life mysterious impressions were rare. She tried to account for it afterward by remembering that she had fallen asleep out-of-doors. And out-of-doors, where there is the hot sun and the sea and the teeming earth and tireless winds, there are perhaps great forces at work, both good and evil, mighty creatures of God going to and fro, who do not enter into the strong little boxes in which we cage ourselves. One of these, it may be, had made her its sport for the time.

Anne when she fell asleep was sitting on a veranda of the house nearest to the water. The wet bright sea-air blew about her. She had some red roses in her hands, and she crushed them up under her cheek to catch the perfume, thinking drowsily that the colors of the roses and cheek were the same. For she had had great beauty ever since she was a baby, and felt it as she did her blood from her feet to her head, and triumphed and was happy in it. She had a wonderful voice too. She was silent now, being nearly asleep. But the air was so cold and pure, and the scent of the roses so strong in the sunshine, and she was so alive and throbbing with youth and beauty, that it seemed to her that she was singing so that all the world could hear, and that her voice rose—rose up and up into the very sky.

Was that George whom she saw

through her half-shut eyes coming across the lawn? And Theresa with him? She started, with a sharp wrench at her heart.

But what was Theresa to George? Ugly, stupid, and older than he, a woman who had nothing to win him—but money. *She* had not cheeks like rose leaves, nor youth, nor a voice that could sing at heaven's gate. Anne curled herself, smiling, down to sleep again. A soft warm touch fell on her lips.

"George!"

The blood stopped in her veins; she trembled even in her sleep. A hand was laid on her arm.

"Bless grashus, Mrs. Palmer! hyah's dat coal man wants he's money. I's bin huntin' you low an' high, an' you's a-sleepin' out'n dohs!"

Anne staggered to her feet.

"Mother," called a stout young man from the tan-bark path below, "I must catch this train. Jenny will bring baby over for tea. I wish you would explain the dampers in that kitchen range to her."

The wet air still blew in straight from the hazy sea horizon; the crushed red roses lay on the floor.

But she—

There was a pier-glass in the room beside her. Going up to it, she saw a stout woman of fifty with grizzled hair and a big nose. Her cheeks were yellow.

She began to sing. Nothing came from her mouth but a discordant yawp. She remembered that her voice left her at