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SAND.

BY J. W. GALLEY.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from last week.)

"Yes, yes," said Miss Alice, suppressing a yawn. "Judith, dear, it is late—let us go to bed."

Norman was abed and in the land of dreams, utterly unconscious that he was to awaken in the morning to find himself famous throughout the house. When he went into "the den" in the morning, Colonel Holten greeted him in his rapid way:

"Ha! Mr. Maydole! Glad to see you looking finely. Letters from home for you," pointing to them on the desk. "I have also received the papers from up your way. They speak very highly of your conduct in the fight with the highwaymen. You should have rest about your wound. We expect you to act in this house as though you were at home—your father would never forgive me if you were to suffer from neglect in a matter of that kind. You should have told us."

"The wound does not signify. I have had it carefully looked after according to Dr. Minnis's directions. It has given me little or no trouble."

"Very good, very good," and he sat down to his absorbing labors.

Norman read his letters. There was a joint letter from the younger children, full of the true inwardness of home, with brief, veracious histories of everything, from the new kittens up to the school holiday owing to a headache of the teacher; also, a letter from a young man friend, telling him the social news, etc., and, more than all, a letter from his mother, in which she worried herself about his wound, which she was glad, however, to hear was not of a serious nature, as far as reported, but she did not altogether rely on reports, and therefore commanded him to tell her all the particulars about it, and not on any account to neglect relating in detail all the circumstances. Then she wrote:

"Your father is much pleased with the praise of your conduct, which he receives from all quarters, regarding how you behaved in the attack on the stage, and I am very proud of you; but, O Norman! be careful not to permit yourself to look upon the taking of a human life as a light thing. I put great faith in you, and I know that you are a prudent boy, but it is so easy to fall into the habit of regarding man-shooting as a common matter, that I wish you to be very much on your guard against such a line of thought. Imagine, when one is so intimately, as I may say, familiar with fire-arms as you are, the tendency is to us them on every annoying or aggravating occasion. Life is easily quenched, but impossible ever to relight. So many generous and bravely impulsive young men, in this and other States, but particularly in California, have been made miserable for life by a too ready use of the pistol, that I dread its influence. Do not understand me—but then I know you will not—to be saying one word against a proper and spirited defense of one's self, or of the public good. In short, all I ask of you is to, as the miners say it, 'go slow.'"

Norman finished reading his letters, and was about to go to work, when Colonel Holten suddenly pushed back the papers on his own desk, and asked:

"What headway have you made with the books, Mr. Maydole?"

"I think," replied Norman, "about all that I can make without some suggestion or new light."

"What's the conclusion?"

"It is, that these books have been admirably kept, but that the business to which they refer has been singularly conducted. Here," continued he, passing across, with his papers in his hand, to Colonel Holten, "is a transcript of what I many call the facts in the case. My conclusion, which I was just about to write out, may as well be expressed in the one word, 'fraud,'" and he passed the papers into the Colonel's hands.

Colonel Holten took the papers, swung around to his desk, adjusted his eye-glasses; Norman went back to his own place, and, save an occasional crackle of a turning leaf of manuscript, a profound silence reigned in the room. At the end of half an hour, Colonel Holten uttered his usual "very good, very good," laid his eye-glasses on the desk, on top of Norman's manuscript, wheeled his pivotal seat half around, and said:

"Do you think you could get more light on this subject if you were upon the ground—or, perhaps I should say, under the ground—at the mine?"

"I am unable to say, or to think what I could do in such a position. I can try it."

"They are a rough set up there. They might handle you very roughly if you sought to antagonize their rules and regulations, 'Miners' Union,' etc."

"I should seek no antagonism outside the proper line of my duty."

"That is just the trouble. We—I mean some heavy owners—want a new deal; but certain fellows in the mine, and of the mine, seem determined that we shall have nothing of the kind. We ought to have a man, or men, there in our interest, but I have no time to go there—I have no time to go anywhere—and my partners are in the same fix. We were drawn into the investment by an old-timer—a very good man, now dead—who, had he lived, could most likely have avoided this entanglement, and saved us from numerous assessments, if he could not have given us an occasional dividend. We have sent expert, book-keepers there, and they, as you see, have kept the books in admirable disorder. We want a man there who will—mark the word!—*tell* see what is done, when it is done, how it is done, by whom it is done, and keep an honest record of the same. We do not care how he keeps his record, whether by single-entry, double-entry, or with a poking-stick in the ashes, so long as he gives us all the facts. Such a man will be delayed, prevented, interferred with, annoyed, aggravated, and bamboozled, if it be possible so to treat him. Now, I have told all, save that we are willing to pay a high salary to such a man, and back him up to the best of our power. What do you think of the situation?"

"I will take it."

"Done! You shall have it. Let us go to breakfast." And as they passed out into the hall, he added, "We will see you fixed for this situation in a few days."

At the morning meal Norman found himself treated with a change of attentions, and he did not like the change. The concentration of the family talk upon his stage ride began to pall upon his taste, and the more distant deference was less pleasant to him than the unstudied former familiarity. But he braved the fire of compliment, and was rather glad when he could retreat in good order to "the den" yet he took note of the fact that Miss Judith seemed, in some unaccountable way, nearer to him than she had formerly been. One other person at the table took note of the same fact.

During a few ensuing days Norman had no occupation, other than the writing of letters to his home, and the occasional copying of important papers for his busy patron; therefore, he amused himself with studies of the city ways and sights, varied now and again by acting as escort to the ladies of the house, sometimes on foot, but more often on wheels, behind the spirited family team.

In one of the leisurely rambles through the streets with the young ladies, he met with a provocation that waked him up. They were laughing and talking pleasantly, with no thought of offense to any one, when they attracted the attention of that very peculiar disgrace which haunts the streets of San Francisco—the hoodlum.

From a crowd of jauntily dressed young men, who stood in front of a cigar shop, with hands tar down in breeches pockets, feet wide apart, cigars set at an elevated acute angle, and hats propped on one ear, Norman heard remarks like these:

"Ah, damme! Gentleman from Snohomish, escawting the Nobhillitay."

Norman's ears not being dulled and dead to street noises, he involuntarily turned his eyes upon the crowd, to be greeted with.

"Aw! High-toned Chinook buck from Webfoot, prancing out with his squaws," exclaimed in execrable tones of the burlesque fashionable.

Norman and the ladies had not altered their pace, but he, with his eyes upon the hoodlum crowd, lost the thread of conversation, while he mentally marked down the location of the tobacco store, the name on the signs, and the attitude of the traditional graven image; and by the time that was all done, he had fully passed the crowd, which now stood in echelon across the walk some distance behind him gibing at him with their untranslatable jargon of exclamations. The young ladies accustomed to pay no attention to noises in the streets, if they noted the rudeness at all, let it go as it came. Norman made no audible remark upon the subject, and to all outward appearance had let it pass, and gone forward with the walk and conversation.

When Norman and his friends passed away, there entered the cigar store a tall, nimble stepping, elderly-young man, wearing a nobby gray plaid suit, high-heeled, stub-toed boots, a new broad-brimmed soft black hat, a fancy colored shirt-front, adorned with large gold stud-buttons, a ceruleous necktie, and a heavy silver vest chain, to which was attached a pendant bright gold model of a horseshoe. His broad trimmed hat sat far enough to one side to show his close cropped, curly hair, and give a striking profile view of his sunburned face and wide-awake expression.

"Gi mme," said he, shoving his hat to the back of his head, and running his hand down into his breeches pocket, as he stepped up to the counter, addressing the disciple of Nicote, "a fust-rate seegar. I don't want no loud old perfumery weed, if ye hear me."

When the salesman "set 'em up" to him with various explanations as to brands, etc., he selected such and as many as he wanted, paid for them, pocketed all his purchase but one, the fist-fed end of which he bit off with his seven teeth, procured a light, and, leaning in an easy attitude against the counter, proceeded to smoke, while he twiddled the golden horseshoe between his thumb and forefinger.

"You ain't the same feller 'at kep' this place three yer ago?"

"No, I pought him out apout dwendy monts ago."

"Wher' is he now?"

"I couldn' told you—he vent avay somvere."

"I reckon he did, if he ain't yer no more," responded the smoker, blowing a fancy fleece of smoke past the corner of his off eye up toward the ceiling.

The hoodlum crowd still hung about the door of the shop, conversing in their slangy drawl, and making chaffy observations on the appearance and character of passing persons in the street, and upon this crowd the man with the horse-shoe seemed to be keeping a half attentive, half careless eye, when his attention in that direction was aroused to that degree that he suddenly threw away his cigar, pulled his hat down to his eyes, and began turning up his sleeve cuffs as he advanced softly toward the door which he reached in time to hear Norman Maydole, Jr., who had just stepped into the crowd, ask:

"Am I mistaken in supposing that I was favored with a few remarks, a short time since, by some person in this crowd?"

"N-a-w! Yer not mistaken. What'r' givin' us, any way," and the speaker swaggered up to Norman with upturned cheek and protruding under jaw.

"Are you the person who made those remarks?"

"Yaws. I am the—"

Norman clutched him by the throat, pushed him away to the length of his long left arm and was making a dismal ruin of his impudent face with the knuckles of the other hand, when the crowd of coyotes piled in on him.

At this juncture of affairs the horse-shoe man opened a galling fire in the rear, shouting, as he did so:

"STAY *with* 'em, Mr. Maydole; I'll take some of it in mine!"

Norman released his now harmless first opponent, and proceed to do some extra fist and promiscuous heavy "sparring." In which he was ably seconded by the man with the horse-shoe, so that by the time the policeman came up on the double-quick there was a comparative cessation of hostilities, caused by a failure of reinforcements on the hoodlum side. Norman's forces, "firm, though few," were, as the night was falling, ready to sleep on the battle-field, if need be; but the inexorable arm of the law led them away, along with a small portion of the opposing party, toward the place where charges are preferred. As they walked along, Norman, having had a moment to breathe, extended his hand to the horse-shoe man, saying:

"Mr. Reese, I am obliged to you, and very glad to see you."

"Well, ef you think I ain't glad to see you," said "Curly," grasping the hand, "you're a little off. Whooh!" he added, throwing his arms out in front of him, and then proceeding to turn down his sleeve-cuffs. "We made it purty d——d hot fer that crowd, ef ye hear me."

Arrived at the police office, the proper officer listened to the charge as made by the policeman, against Norman Maydole and Talman Reese, of that form of misdemeanor called "battery."

"What's 'battery'?" asked "Curly," to whose ear a fist-fight by that name seemed a new sort of offence.

"Fighting. Thumping. Breaking the Peace."

"I didn't break any peace. I was trvin' to keep it from being broke," said "Curly."

"You looked mighty like a man making war, when I sighted you," remarked the policeman with a smile.

"Curly" chuckled an instant, and then said:

"All right; everything goes; but if a feller ain't keepin' the peace when he tries to keep five or six huskies from pilin' onta one man, I'd like to know what you call it?"

"Gentlemen," said the officer, "the charge of battery is filed against you. You may be admitted to bell, pending your appearance, or go into custody." Norman made no remark in the office to any one. He knew the offense was bailable. He intended to give bail, but he was considering in his own mind as to whom, among his few acquaintances in the city, he would send for, and had about concluded to dispatch a messenger direct to Colonel Holten, when "Curly" blundered into a ready solution of the whole matter.

"Can't a feller put up the sends for bail?"

"Yes," briefly answered the officer.

"How much for both of us?—we wasn't huntin' no fight now recollect."

"Twenty-five dollars each."

"Hell, that's nothin'!" said "Curly," placing three golden twenties upon the desk. "There's the c'latteral. Give us a receipt for two, and ten dollars change on the side," said he, in the regular restaurant tone.

The tender was so quickly made that Norman had barely time to utter his remonstrance against the liberality of his friend, when the officer, as he handed the change to "Curly," remarked:

"All right, gentlemen. To-morrow at 9 A. M."

When Norman and "Curly" passed out of the police office into the street, Norman said:

"Let me again express the deep obligation I am under to you, Mr. Reese."

"Well," said "Curly," "ef you like to express it, that's all right; but you needn't loose no sleep over it on my account. I wouldn't a unloaded that little di-cession fer a summer's wages. That's the best thing ever I tumbled to."

"You handle your hands very well, Mr. Reese."

"I hain't no science to amount to nothin', but I'm hell on main strength an' okerdness. One o' them cusses had his gun out on the sly and he was prancin round the outside, tryin' to get a pop at you—I got a show at him where I had plenty of elbow room, and I give him a Joe Gilnter under the lug; he went one way an' his pop-gun the other, an' they both lit on the ground somewhere—I didn't stop to see wher'; and this performance seemed so extremely playful and facetious to him, that "Curly" laughed till he half strangled, and went into a mild fit of coughing.

"When did you leave the road?"

"Oh, I ain't left the road. The agent give me two weeks on full pay to take a little *paseer* on account of us gittin' away from 'Cacho.' I thought 'at I'd come down to the Bay; so I got a free pass down and back, drowl my reserve fun's, and I've been yer two or three days."

"I hope you are having a nice time."

"Bully! The express agent ga' me a letter to the head office, an' told me ef I got strapped, or cuched any way, to go ther'. I was never better fixed in *my* life."

"The agent done right," said Norman.

"He went up to your house at home, and was talking to your father about the company givin you a present of a gold watch, or somethin'; but the old man jist r'ar'd back on his paster' jints, and said, he hoped no son of his wouldn't consent to receive any materel reward for doing the duty of a gentleman.' Oh, I tell ye the old man tuck high Southern ground with him. He did that."

"About the duties of a gentleman, my father is sometimes a little Quixotic."

"A little what?" asked "Curly."

"Quixotic," said Norman, pronouncing in the English style.

"Damfi know what that is."

"It is merely an illustration drawn from the story of the Knight of La Mancha, who used to fight wind-mills."

O-h-h, yes—I know. Old Donky Hoty. The high-toned old rooster who went around gittin' heads put on him. He had the sand, but he didn't pick his fights worth a damn. Old Sanches used to wake me up in the middle of the night laughin' at him, an' that swamper o' his'n 'at rid round after him on the *burro*."

"What Sanches?"

"Oh, an old cabin pard o' mine 'at used to sleep all day, and play *monte* and read all night."

"How did it happen that you fell into this difficulty of mine this evening?"

"Well, I've been kind o' rather more'n half lookin' for you, in a keerless way, ever sence I come down, and I dropped on you this afternoon when you was walkin' with the ladies. I knowed I couldn't chip in then—so I sort o' sauntered along, bein' it was as cheap fer me to go one way as another—having nothing else to do—thinkin' I might git a show to speak to you when you'd git 2hrough with what you was at; not knowin' wher' you put up. Then I seed them fancy ducks cluckin' chin at you, and I got nigh enough to hear part of them remarks about squaws. 'Hell!' says I to myself; 'I won't have no trouble seein' him now;' fer I know'd mighty well you'd come back."

Norman laughed.

"Yes, I did that! So I went in ther', bought some seegars, and was joshin' the Jew, when you riz to that pint o' order 'at bro't on the debate."

Norman laughed again, for the reaction of his feelings gave him an unusual sympathy with "Curly's" breezy buoyancy. After the laugh he asked "Curly" to look into his face and tell him if he could discover any bruise or discoloration.

"Not a speck," said that person, after a brief examination.

"I have received some thumps about the head, and one blow on this side of my face. I propose that we go to a barber's and get washed and brushed."

"That's my idea to a ha'r," responded "Curly;" "and after that I pupposs that we go to a high-tone res'trant and take some grub. Isn't there a Poodle Dog, or a Bull Pup, or some other place wher' they put on style about knee deep?"

"I have not yet been to any such place," answered Norman, smiling, "and I regret that I can not go now, because I left important business unfinished to come back to the row we have just had."

"All right," said "Curly," a little crestfallen, for he had set his heart on having one of those "good times" which are at once the pleasure and the danger of fresh men; "you're able to paddle your own canoe."

After a wash and general outward adjustment Norman said to "Curly":

"Mr. Reese, if you will be good enough to come with me I will pay back to you the cash you are out on this fracas. The other debt I never can pay, but I shall always be ready to do so."

"Oh, d—n the pay! Let her rip till to-morrow at 9 A. M."

"But perhaps I shall not be in attendance at the court to-morrow."

"Well, but we've got to be ther'."

"I think not," said Norman.

Now "Curly" had a secret notion that an account of his arraignment along with Norman before the police court, when publi-hed in the city papers, would be a good card among his horsey friends in the mountains—but Norman had other views of the matter.

"Curly" consented, after solicitation, to go along and get his money; but when he became aware that the whole sum was being returned to him, he got indignant, and asked Norman what he took him for—was it supposed that he was "a quitter, a bump on a log, a wild hog in the tule?" and no reasoning could induce him to accept more than half the sum.

Norman finally planned some other way to repay him in future, bade him a kindly good evening, and hastened away about other matters more important to himself, and not in any way directly concerning Mr. Talman Reese. If moralizing, in fiction as well as in reality, were not relegated to the lumber loft of useless, old-fashioned things, it might be well to note here that Norman made a fortunate escape, not from the hoodlum fight, but from Talman Reese and his own feelings; because, when a man is young and finds a gallant friend who has just stood by him in a hard fought battle, resulting in some degree of victory, the invitation to cut loose and enjoy the fine things of a jolly good fellowship is a terrible temptation. Norman was neither a niggard nor a coldblooded ascetic, but he was, by nature and education, inclined to mind his own business. That is what saved him. The man who cannot be saved in the same way is beyond salvation in this world—and is a case of *quien sabe?* for the next.

CHAPTER III.

When Norman Maydole left Mr. Talman Reese the latter gentleman went his way, while Norman turned his steps and his attention toward the residence of Colonel Holten.

He found the young ladies safely at home, whither they had been accompanied by the neighboring gentleman in whose charge he had left them when he was about to seek some settlement of honors with the coyotes of the streets. The ladies had made of a suspicion as to the true cause of his absence than they had yet confessed, or even alluded to; but when the dinner was dispatched, with the accompaniment of good humor and pleasant conversation—in which Norman took a modest part—there was a move made by the young ladies to repair to the music parlor, a sort of unique apartment devised and fitted out after plans by the Colonel under the advisory supervision of his eldest daughter and his wife. This apartment was a sitting-room, a parlor—a music hall—a children's romping room—all in one. A comfortable place for every one in the household. Judith called it "Liberty Hall." To this room Norman followed the young ladies, but just at the door Miss Alice had excuse to consult Mrs. Holten about some matter, and upon her going to attend to it, Norman found himself alone with Miss Judith.

"Take a seat, Mr. Maydole," said Judith, preparing herself to be seated.

He was about to sit down in the heavy roller-chair next to where he stood, when she said:

"Take *this* chair," laying her hand upon it. "The furniture of this room must be studied to get the comfort of it. Our gentlemen all favor this chair."

Then when he was seated she sat down opposite to him on what ought to have been a sofa, but the furniture man called it by a finer name. The chair in which Norman sat was upholstered with such colors upon its heavy arms and high back, and in such manner, as to contrast with his black clothes, and make him look proportionately larger than when standing up. The general tone and coloring were in his favor, so that, notwithstanding his late tonsiling, he looked about as well as he could hope to look at that date in his existence.

"Do they like music at your home, Mr. Maydole?"

"Yes, everybody in our house plays a little on the piano, sings a little—except—"pausing, he smiled, and added, "The baby; and it makes music which I cannot call singing, exactly."

"That is very pleasant."

"Which—the baby?" very seriously.

"No-o-o-o!" said Judith, laughing. I say it is very pleasant where a whole family join in the same diversion."

"Very pleasant—but noisy at times. We are very noisy people at our house when we are in the sitting-room and all get going—big and little."

"Do you all sing together?"

"Well that depends on what you call singing—we can make a noise all together."

"A satisfactory noise?" assuming a reflex of his serious demeanor.

"Yes. The noise seems satisfactory to the parties performing. I cannot answer as to the satisfaction of outside persons."

"Music hath charms," quoted she.

"Always," he replied, "for ameteurs who are making it."

"I fear you are cynically inclined this evening, Mr. Maydole."

"I hope not."

"Yes, I apprehend something must have happened while we were out walking to-day, which does not add to the comfort of your digestion."

"Not at all," answered Norman, lightly.

"If you mean it, Mr. Maydole, I must believe you; but it would be a great aid to my credulity if you would tell me why you left us to-day."

"I left you to try to punish a man who insulted me," he answered, frankly and deliberately.

"Thank you, Mr. Maydole. I was apprehensive you had gone to punish some one for insults offered to others."

Norman paused a few moments to look steadily into the face of the young woman before him and then said:

"When non-combatants are insulted or sought to be insulted in my immediate presence—I am insulted."

"You did not go back to fight with those men who were making remarks on the street to-day?"

"I did," said Norman meekly.

"Did you fight them?"

"I did," more meekly.

"Did you whip them?"

"Not all of them," he replied, in abject humiliation.

"Were you arrested?"

"I was," with great self-abasement.

"And taken to the police station?"

"Even so."

Then she looked at him as he sat in the arm chair, silent and immobile as the Sphinx, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which, like a contagion, extended to Norman, and he, too, throwing his head back against the heavy upholstery of the chair he sat in, enjoyed himself with the glee of childhood.

"Excuse me, Mr. Maydole," said Judith, wiping her eyes, "my risibles are not under perfect control."

"Entirely excusable," he replied with the placid gravity of a tombstone; "But I fail to see the felicitous humor in this conversation."

"That's where the humor of it is," she said, laughing again.

"I do not think it a very kindly thing to laugh at a fellow from the country."

"Now let us be serious," she said. "Do you expect to fight every person in the city who makes 'aside' remarks which can be construed into intentional insult?"

"Well then, Miss Holten, to be serious—if, indeed, I can be any more serious than I have all along been—I will fight any masculine of the *genus homo*, anywhere, till the last armed foe expires, who intentionally calls me a 'Chinook buck,' or intimates that the ladies in my company are squaws."

She answered by another burst of laughter, and then asked:

"Do you think you can whip this town?"

"I can whip some of it," he replied.

"They will worry the life out of you; you must get used to it—as we all are. We pay no attention to them."

"In the meantime there is a chance for a choice few of them to get used to me," said Norman, looking as if he meant business.

"Why, you might as well try to fight the dogs of Constantinople!"

"Well," he almost sadly replied, "with the firman of the Sultan, the blessing of the Prophet, and a good American revolving pistol, perhaps I could discourage the dogs a little."

She laughed again, and, during her laughter, Miss Alice entered the room, remarking as she did so:

"Whence this hilarity? May I not know?" and she sat upon the sofa beside Judith.

"You *shall* know, Miss Winans; and I will appeal to your sense of justice. This young lady is laughing herself into Elysium over the too forward valor of a young man from the rural precincts. And I am that unfortunate young man.

"Alice, let me tell you before you respond to his appeal. He has entered the field as the knight of Rugby, to do doughty deeds in defense of forlorn damoiselles; and I am laughing for joy."

"Ah! beautiful! splendid!" said Miss Alice, with well-assumed admiration. "Are we to assist when he caparisons his horse, dons his armor, clasps his sword, and buckles on his spurs?"

"Oh, no! He is not of that order of knights. He belongs to the chivalry of the shoulder," said Judith. (And if this writing did not antedate the Pinafore furore, she would have added, with calisthenic illustration, "and this is his customary attitude.")

"Now, by'r Lady, it is a noble court whereof thou speakest, Beshrew me, but they are valorous knights. Mine eyes have beheld them in the lists, where they did mark the doughty deeds of war in historic pictures of the ring. And I have been affrighted e'en with the padded buffeting that sent the palpitated pugilist to grass."

In response to this heroic mockery, Norman simply clapped his long hands enthusiastically, and otherwise sat perfectly still.

"Though no ladies' man, he had seen enough of gir-hood humors to believe that he was being 'joshed' without any adequate reason; but he also knew that this teasing was, in some sort, an admission that he was worth it—people seldom tease sticks.

"Mr. Maydole," said Judith, "I forgot to ask you if the cruel war is over—is it?"

"So far as I am inclined it is. I shall never have nerve again to put up my hands, offensive or defensive."

"Ah, Mr. Maydole, you should read Cervantes," said Miss Alice.

"I have read him enough to know that the Dulcinea del Toboso is too practically proud to look kindly upon the hero of her honor."

"Oh, Sir Knight, that remark is unworthy of you. I am sure you will find no 'ladie faire' of this day who will look unkindly upon a heroic action."

"The assurance is very comforting," he said.

Other members of the family coming in, the evening gradually resolved itself into a family concert, during a portion of which Miss Alice beguiled Norman into a *tete-a-tete* relation of his row in the street and his consequent arrest, whereupon she quoted to him the fighting advice of Polonius to his son, to which he responded:

"Thank you; I have been there—please excuse the slang."

"Ah," said she, a little—a very little—slang, aptly put, is the life of the lexicographer. Language, like jealousy, grows by what it feeds on."

Then she left him to join Miss Judith in a duet at the piano, because Colonel Holten, as well as two or three other parties male and female, who had casually come in, were there to enjoy the freedom of Liberty Hall. There was music, conversation and comfort. The girls all played and sang.

"Now, Mr. Maydole will sing for us," said Judith attracting thereby the attention of Norman, who was earnestly engaged in conversation with the singing visitor's husband.

"Do you sing, Mr. Maydole?" asked Mrs. Holten.

"Yes," answered Judith, "he told me this evening that all of his family could sing but himself—and he could sing a little, too."

Norman made no more ado, but walked over to the piano, and as he passed by where Miss Alice was sitting, she asked:

"Shall I play for you?"

He shook his head, smiled, and passed on.

In Norman's soft voice there was that wierd, pathetic thrill which is often found accompanying deep-cut characters of nervous temperament. He took his seat by the instrument, struck a few notes, and then sang, playing his own accompaniment, guided by his ear, the following song:

What's in the wild hills sighing,
Soft o'er the snows and the pine,
Sighing, sighing,
Afar on the day's decline.

What's in the hut on the hillside?
What's in the cot by the wall?
Hillside, hillside,
There where the snow covers all?

Faintly he sighs while he's dreaming—
Smiles in the visions that come—
Dreaming, dreaming,
Dreaming of childhood and home.

"Father and mother and sister——"
List, he hath something to say—
"Sister, sister,
Sing for me—'Queen of the May.'"

Far is his father and mother,
Far is his sister away—
"Mother, mother,
Pray for me, kiss me, and pray."

Dead in his bed on the hillside,
Dead in his cot by the wall,
Hillside, hillside,
There where the snow covers all,

Green is the trail in the springtime,
Adown by the broad brook's side—
Springtime, springtime,
Green since the miner died.

What's in the wild hills sighing,
So soft through the waving pine,
Sighing, sighing,
Afar in the day's decline.

When he ceased to sing, there was a stillness in the room as dead as the miner in his song. Colonel Holten was bravely, but silently, blowing his nose in his handkerchief, under the delusive impression that he was suddenly attacked with catarrh; the two younger girls had drawn near to the piano, and were looking at Norman with a pathetic funeral expression; Mrs. Holten, being easily moved to tears, was crying; what the rest of the company were doing could not be well ascertained, before Miss Alice remarked:

"Why, Mr. Maydole, where in the world did you get such a horribly sad song?"

"Cut it out of an old newspaper," sententiously remarked Norman, as he come away from the piano.

"Many, many, are the poor fellows who have gone out that way in the history of this State," said Colonel Holten; "but not generally in a spirit so prayerful."

"Who wrote the air to your song, Mr. Maydole," asked Judith."

"I do not know that it ever was written. It sprouted from the red earth. I imagine, in the foot-prints of the pioneer, like other wild-weed flowers that follow our civilization, and beg for a kindly recognition which they seldom get."

"It has the far-away wall of a Celtic sadness—Irish, perhaps," said Alice.

"It may be," said Norman. "I have been told there is a good deal of Ireland in the musical taste of America."

"Ah, well, we cannot tell," said Colonel Holten, "the men of the early mining days were strangely pathetic under all their wild exterior. I have known, among the roughest of them, men who would sit with their feet up on the rough jamb of the smoke-begrimed stone fireplace, in the mining cabin; and, while the long winter rain poured down the hills and roared through the canons, they would whistle and sing at times improvisations, which if written and heralded, might have made fame for the author. And if one had gone to the improvi-atore, lifting the slouched hat from over his eyes, they would have found the tears that welled from the sad source of his inspiration. Yet this man in affrays or at the gaming tables was wild and fierce as a Viking."

"The ballad and the chant," said Miss Alice, "are the children of the scald and the rune. The hearth-stone and the family circle were born of a blazing fire. The most pitiful thing in the Bible is the conspicuous absence of the fireside. Blessed be the wild men of the North, who gave us the scalds, the sagas, and the family circle. Look at poor apostolic Peter beneath the palace, at the kitchen fire on the ground, among the servants, warming his blood to fortify his faith—it sends a cold chill through the whole plan of salvation. Every one knows that Christianity had no people's music—for the psalms and songs were priestly—no hymns, no chants, no conquering measure of martial tramp, till it met the fireside men of the firclad North. The inspiration of our best heart-music is the march of Valhalla and the wail of Valkyrias—love and war."

At the conclusion of this speech Colonel Holten lifted up his voice again and piously asked:

"Miss Winans, what is that style of conversation called?"

"That, Colonel Holten, is a faint echo of what Western barbarians sacrilegiously call 'culchaw.'"

"It sounds," said Norman, "a good deal like what my friend Canutsen calls *folks lewre*."

"Well," continued Miss Winans, perhaps a little piqued at the reception of her outburst, "what I wish to say is: that civil liberty, civilization, or Christianity, is upheld by the family circle, and I hold that there can be no permanent family circle without a fireside—and the fireside comes from the wooded north, where the names of our days come from, and from whence came many good things long since trampled out by Roman legions and priestly prejudice. When the wild miner was whistling tearful improvisations by his storm-rocked ingleside in the mountains, as just now spoken of by Colonel Holten, he was voicing the brave, sad echoes of home—home means a fireside, and a fireside means the north."

Norman clapped his hands, in which applause he was joined by the company, followed by a late but earnest cry of "Hear! Hear!" from Miss Judith.

"Is there not a flavor of infidelity in your philosophy?" asked a pious male visitor, of Alice.

"I am an infidel in some things; but I think the most evil infidelity is a lack of faith in the virtues of one's ancestors."

"Rank paganism," exclaimed Colonel Holten, striking the arm of his chair.

"I care not what it may be called; but I hold that no race of people or nation can abide if it neglects its ancestor. Ancestral love is the staying power of a people. 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,' is a command borrowed from the most ancient of days."

"It is the Chinese law," said Colonel Holten.

"It is an English virtue," said the singing lady visitor.

"It is New England idolatry," said some other voice.

"Yes," said Alice, proudly; "New England is to-day a monument of what may be achieved by the worship of one's ancestors."

"So is China," said Colonel Holten.

"Very good," said Alice; "I ask no further proof. If there is any staying power left on this continent after the last Yankee shall expire, it will be found to speak Chinese."

"Ah, Miss Winans, such doctrines will not do in Iconoclastic California," said Holten.

"Oh, Colonel Holten, how can you say so! The process of ancestral deification is going forward here with great vigor—greater than any State in the Union. The gods of '49 and the Spring of '50 are climbing Olympus with a grave solemnity beautiful to behold."

Alice paused, and Colonel Holten, seeing the trap that was springing upon him, leaned his head back upon his chair, threw his handkerchief over his face, and laughed silently, as it were behind the curtain.

"Perhaps the old sarcasm about the best part of a potato plant being under ground was intended as a foil to your theory," said Mrs. Holten, addressing Alice.

"I have no theory," said Alice. "It is an old story. There is history and Holy Writ for it. It is a square fact. The individuality of the 'self-made' contends against it through ignorance. Power is bred in the bone. A great, so-called, 'self-made man' does not often *know* who his ancestors are, but he has them all the same. Trace such a man back far enough, and it will be found that his power is not self-made, but inherited with the mould of his form, the cast of his countenance, and all the marks which make up his individuality. Accidents are exceptions, proving the rule; but accidents are not perpetuated. It is the rule which survives."

"Darwinianism," said Colonel Holten, from behind his handkerchief.

"I got it from Paul of Tarsus, who recognizes the idea in his description of the Cretans, where he says they were always that way. I got it also from the merciful holy wars of Joshua, the son of Nun, when he was taught by the Deity not to try to convert, but to cut off the unborn unbelievers; and lastly and mostly from the biblically God-given instructions to the Jews, through which they, all over the world, are walking proofs of the indelibility of the type. A struggling man is prompted by his inward inheritance to the firm belief that there is a peer in him."

At this remark Colonel Holten, twirling the handkerchief off his face, sat upright in his chair, as if bracing himself against a lurch to leeward.

"Of such is the new revelation," said he; "and it sounds reasonable; but I wou'd ask what means has a man born in the darkness of Western barbarism of knowing he is a 'joint heir' unto this great salvation?"

"By placing the fingers of his strong right hand upon the pulse in his left wrist, and thus taking counsel of his heart. If the revelation is not in his blood, there is no revelation for him. All inoculation is poison."

Colonel Holten immediately felt his own pulse, quoting as he did so:

"And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

"Good poetry," said Alice, "but not truth. The march of a heart to the grave has no music of its own. The music of the heart never goes to the grave."

"Where does it go?" asked Norman.

"Back to its source; and if that source be in Northern Europe it joins the heroic ghost in Valhalla; or if that source be in the Flowery Kingdom, I suppose it goes squeaking and buzzing 'down the corridors of Time' to an antiquity remote beyond all the gods."

"When our farthest ancestry dwelt in the bone caves——"

"I beg your pardon, Colonel Holten, our ancestry never dwelt in caves."

"No?" replied Colonel Holten, with good-humored interrogation.

"It is a base slander on the race. The Chinaman, the Mongol, the Basque, and the unwritten lost races of narrow heads, to whom the free sweet air is not a necessity, have dwelt in caves and holes, but the full-chested, large-lunged northern people—never."

"You are the most northernly person I ever knew," said Colonel Holten.

"Yet you hate the snow," said Mrs. Holten.

"That is my weakness, Mrs. Holten; but I love the odorous glory of the stately pines—the long-arched gothic silence of the forest in the hills—the shapely strength, the altitude, the power, the individual toothold of the trees—the grand republic of the grateful shade, where all the borrowed essence of the snow in one perpetual unity of verdurous life resists the howling onset of the storms."

"Eloquence!" ejaculated Colonel Holten.

Alice seemed impelled by some unusual motive—some inner excitement. Her action, coupled with the drift of her talk, seemed to say: "I am not muscular like a Venus, nor heir to great wealth, but I have some power." If Norman had any share in exciting her, he seemed not aware of it; but he looked upon her with admiration, as upon a blooded "flyer" whose speed responds to every time-piece on the course.

"Well," said a gentleman visitor rising to go, "man, being reasonable, must go to bed."

"And the subject under discussion will do to sleep on," said Colonel Holten.

"Perhaps you would say it would do better for that than for anything else," said Miss Alice, archly.

"No, it is a tempting subject; but I think, withal, I prefer song to argument; and if you will sing me a good little song I will go straight to bed."

"With all my heart. What shall it be?"

"Anything your superior taste shall select."

She made a little face at him, went to the piano, and sang "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"—which was a popular parlor song of that day.

The company dispersed, each going to his or her several way, and Norman to his own room and reflections. Taking it altogether, he thought he had a pleasant evening, but not a particularly happy time. There seemed to be rising between himself and Miss Judith a confusion of atmosphere through which she was less distinct to his inner sight. The earnest desire he felt to serve her in any way seemed to be of less worth, because she did not appear to value it. He could not see that it was to preserve him from danger, worry, and expense that she made light of his battle in the street. He assured himself that he should act in the same way in a similar case, but he would have been more comfortable if she had taken a serious view of the matter instead of laughing at him. He had yet to learn that the first thing a woman does with a man who attracts her, and is by her attracted, is to manage him; and that such managing does not consist of asking, denying, commanding, condemning, or rewarding, but does amount to getting things done, or not done, as the case may be, while still leaving room to deny having ever had anything to do with it.

If she could laugh him out of his earnest combative resolution, very good—nobody can prove that a laugh has any particular object. Nobody knows what a laugh is any more than they know what a sneeze is—except that each is a great relief in its proper place. This philosophy of laughter and sneezes never having entered Norman's head, he fell asleep in his bed, rather congratulating himself that in a short time he should get back to the mountains and the mountain people, where he thought there was less law and more order.

In the morning, Norman repaired as usual to the "den," where he found Colonel Holten hard at work. He made little disturbance and no remark as he came in, and sat down at his own desk, keeping the silence of the room unbroken save by the noise made by moving heavy calfbound volumes in the hands of Colonel Holten.

By and by, Holten, without raising his head or looking round, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Maydole."

"Good morning, sir."

"I want to talk to you presently."

Then there was more silence, after which Colonel Holten turned an open volume face down upon the desk, laid his

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