

Night and Dawning

By H. M. EGBERT

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"I don't know what to do with myself evenings," sighed Ronald Cray, leaning out of the back window of his bachelor apartment and surveying the gloomy flats around him.

Two months before he had been summoned home from New Mexico, where his power dam had made him famous, to take charge of the engineering department of his company at headquarters. His salary was ample, he had wealth, he was only twenty-five; yet he had managed to make no acquaintances in the big city.

A free life in the West had made him different from the average city-bred young man; he thought the metropolis stiff and its people devoid of interest.

Suddenly, as he leaned out, surveying the huge buildings and speculating how many thousand lives ran on in them, a light sprang into being in the building opposite, on the fifth floor, on a level with his. Behind a drawn shade he saw the silhouette of a man.

He was stooping over a table and, as Cray watched, he saw the shadow of a woman behind him. Suddenly her hand plunged downward. The elongated object in it looked like a poniard. It struck the man in the side of the neck and he rolled over.

The woman stood looking at him for a moment; then, with a gesture of triumph, she flung the poniard out of the window, raising the shade a little. Cray heard a metallic tinkle in the court below. Then followed darkness. He leaned out, astounded at what he had seen and hardly believing it real. How long he waited he did not know. Suddenly his bell rang.

He went out into the passage and saw, standing outside the door, one of the most beautiful women whom he had ever met. She was twenty-three or four. Her eyes gleamed with feverish intensity, her hair was disheveled and her hands were red.

"Save me! Hide me! Help me!" she pleaded.

Cray did not hesitate an instant. He pulled her through the doorway and led her to the bathroom. He filled the



Saw the Shadow of a Woman Behind Him.

basin and washed her hands, drying them on a towel afterward. Then he took her into his spare room.

"You're quite safe here," he said in a low voice. "Nobody saw you come in. You can stay as long as you want to."

She crouched in a corner, glaring at him like a hunted beast. He hesitated, then he closed and bolted the window and withdrew, leaving the door open. It was not till the sun was well up that he heard her moving.

She came forward unsteadily and looked in at him as he sat by the window.

"Where am I?" she cried. "Who are you?"

Cray rose and took her by the hands. "I am a friend," he answered. "You are safe here—safe to come or to go."

She burst into hysterical sobbing. When at last he had quieted her she told Cray her story.

She had met a man in her home in Virginia, three months before. He had asked her to be his wife. Her parents mistrusted him; she followed him stealthily, to learn too late that all that had been said about him was true. He was a gambler, a swindler.

She remembered those three months with loathing. Her horror of him had grown. He had deceived her with a snook ceremony, lied to her—at last

she had learned that he had a wife already.

She had written home, but her letters were returned unanswered. She had nowhere to turn, she was ignorant of any trade, and the man held her by his lying promises. He had almost got his divorce, he said; he loved her; for her sake he would reform, if only she would trust him.

She had waited for him the evening before; then there was a dreadful blank in her mind, and she had recovered to find herself standing over the body. And she had fled wildly for shelter.

Cray patted her hands. "You stay with me until the trouble blows over," he said. "I want a housekeeper. You will be quite safe here. I shall let it be known that you answered an advertisement. When all is ready I will help you to a new life. You trust me?"

She looked at him helplessly. "I am so ignorant," she wept. "I must trust you. I have nobody else."

"You will not regret it," said Cray. And he knew the girl was safe there. Nobody came to call at his little apartment.

As the days passed Helen Ware came to trust Cray absolutely. She cooked for him, mended his clothes, resolutely refused to take the money that he pressed upon her. "I can never forget what I owe you," she would say. But sometimes there would be spells of weeping. "I did not mean to kill him," the girl would moan. "I do not remember anything, except sitting at home waiting for him with bitterness of heart; then I heard him come in and went to him—and I was standing over him with the dagger in my hands."

"Yes. It was a curio of his; some friend from a savage country had given it to him. I must have snatched it from the wall and stabbed him."

As the weeks turned into months, Cray found himself torn between two impulses. He wanted to let the girl go to some scene where she would be able to take up her life anew. And yet—he knew that he loved her. Her helplessness, her charm, the bond between them had created an intimacy that was infinitely sweet. He had been offered a new position in the West. One night he took his courage in his hands and asked her to be his wife and go with him where all memory of the past could be forgotten.

He knew by her looks that she loved him. But she would not.

"It is your pity for me, Ronald, not love," she said, sighing. "I love you, but I can never be your wife so long as this curse of blood lies on me."

"You acted rightly," he cried hotly. "No jury would have convicted you. Helen, dearest, forget it and come with me."

"I cannot," she answered sadly. "I must leave you, and you must forget."

But on the next day something happened which drove all thoughts of parting from their heads. The wife of the murdered man was arrested charged with the crime.

It was known that she had been in the city that day. She had threatened him; the negro janitor identified her as the woman he had seen near the apartment house. And Ronald and Helen watched the unfolding of the grim trial with dismay.

On the evening before the last day Helen spoke to Ronald about what lay uppermost in her mind.

"I cannot let that woman be convicted," she said. "I must go down to the court and offer my confession."

Ronald could not dissuade her. He knew that it was the only possible thing.

And all day they sat in the dreary courtroom listening to the intolerably long summing up. The jury had at last retired. Ronald had persuaded Helen not to speak unless the verdict was "guilty."

It was hours before the jury returned. A murmur spread through the courtroom. The face of the foreman was deadly white. He trembled and looked away from the prisoners straining eyes. "There could be no doubt what the verdict was."

Suddenly Helen sprang to her feet.

But before a word could leave her lips the woman in the dock uttered a shriek and recoiled, clutching at the air.

"Yes, I am guilty," she cried. "He lied to me, deceived me. I learned that he was supporting another woman, who was passing as his wife. I dogged him to his home. I entered after him. I saw him in the hallway, and over his head a dagger hung. It seemed placed there for me. I struck him—and then the other woman came out—and she stands there!"

And she collapsed unconscious upon the floor.

Helen fell into Ronald's arms.

"It is true! It is true!" she cried. "I remember everything!"

The verdict of "manslaughter" was further eased by a mercifully light sentence, and, with the obstacle to their marriage removed, Ronald and Helen went West, where they started upon their new life together.

GRAND MANAN

THE beautiful coast of Maine reaches its climax at Grand Manan, the island of mighty cliffs, near the mouth of the St. Croix river. The magnetic beauty of the island has stirred the admiration of many who have seen it from the deck of passing steamers, but few persons, comparatively speaking, have stepped upon its rocky shores.

Because the agents of the British and American governments when laying out the boundary line between Maine and Canada hugged the west coast of the mouth of the St. Croix during a thick fog, both Campobello and Grand Manan islands are today under the jurisdiction of Canada.

The island of Grand Manan is 20 miles out from the mouth of the St. Croix river.

To the west and north the Maine and New Brunswick shores stretch away into purple indistinctness, while on a clear day the faint line of the Nova Scotia shore is visible 40 miles to the eastward.

"Manan," or "Menan," is Passamaquoddy for island, the word being found farther down the coast in the name of Petit (small) Manan, and the rock islet Manana close to Monhegan.

One traveler has recently said that although the cliffs of Newfoundland and the Labrador are higher, they fall short in impressiveness of certain parts of Grand Manan.

Twenty miles from north to south, varying from four to eight miles from east to west, its whole western coast presents a seemingly unbroken wall of

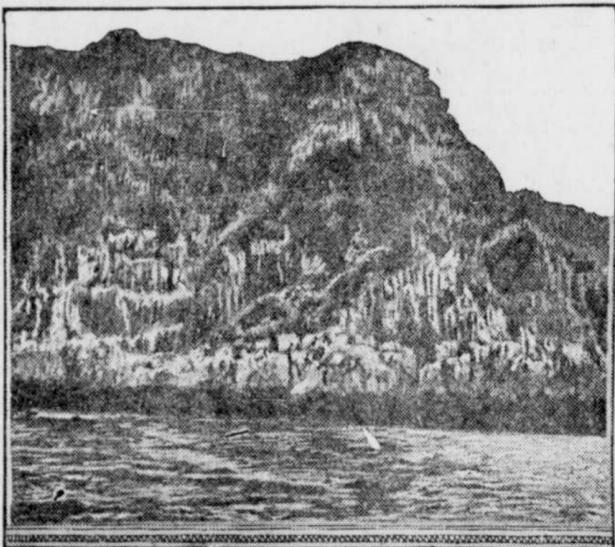
guard over the waters that swirl around its base. "The Bishop" next comes into view, a detached rock at the base of a cliff, in which some have fancied a resemblance to the high church dignitary in his robes of office.

Just beyond the Bishop rises Ashburton head, the scene of two tragedies of the sea.

Beyond Ashburton head is a remarkable stratified rock formation, called in the earlier days the House cliffs, from the resemblance to masonry, but now more generally known as the Seven Days' Work. The strata stands out with wonderful distinctness, the cliff running perpendicularly 200 feet into the air and stretching along the coast for a mile and a half or more, while the presence of iron and copper ores gives an unusual play of color along its whole surface.

Swallowtail, with its lighthouse, next comes into view, the long promontory of rock taking its name from its shape as seen from the higher land where the rock juts out from the main island.

In a very few minutes the steamer is at her dock at North Head. Here is a very sizable settlement, with churches, schools, stores, post office, library and a branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia. While catering to summer visitors is not a business of supreme importance to the residents of the village as a whole, the owners of some half-dozen or more places have seen the possibilities of profit, and in addition to the old hotel, recently



SOUTHERN HEAD

rock, varied in spots by touches of green, where the hardy fir and spruce have gained a precarious foothold, yet with the summit rich with evergreen growth, a rare scene of mingled grimness and beauty.

But as one approaches the northern extremity from the west, headland after headland looms in turn from what before appeared impenetrable cliff, like a succession of crouching monsters held in leash.

A portion of the eastern side is also rocky, ragged and rugged, but the greater part of the coastline on this side is in decided contrast with that of the western side.

Here are located the villages, five in number, North Head, Castalia, Woodward's Cove, Grand Harbor and Seal Cove.

Scattered along the eastern shore are numerous small islands, each with a name of its own, Nantucket, Long Island, Ross Island, Cheynes island, High Duck, Low Duck and others. The principal one of these islands is White Head, containing a fishing population sufficient to warrant a church, school and post office.

For two hours before and after low water it is possible to walk or drive across the bar connecting White Head with the main island. For the remaining 16 hours out of each 24 the inhabitants are shut off from communication with the main island except by boat—save for the telephone cable recently laid.

Wreckage-Strewn Squally Point.

As the visitor to Grand Manan rounds the northern end of the island, on the deck of the steamer which runs from the mainland, he will be greeted with a salute from the foghorn at Long Eddy point, "The Whistle," as it is known to the people of the island.

Just beyond the Whistle Squally point looms up above the rock, wreck age strewn about its foot, sharp as the prow of a cruiser, towering its hundreds of feet into the air, its red walls brilliant in the late afternoon sun, seeming a sentinel standing constant

opened, the visitor may find himself well cared for in the smaller cottages and remodeled homes of fishermen.

Records of Many Disasters. Gannet rock, with its powerful lighthouse, lifts its head to the southward, and the chronicles of the rock with its neighboring ledges are records of disaster, from the wreck of the first brig that went to pieces in 1759 to the total loss of powerful steamships, like the Earl of Warwick in recent years.

The light was first kindled on Christmas eve, 1831.

It is at Southern Head that the climax of the grandeur of Grand Manan's cliffs is to be found. Headland after headland, cliff after cliff, juts out, their heads towering 400 feet into the air, for the greater part of their extent absolutely insurmountable except by the aid of a cable fastened on one of the cliffs years ago, by whose aid the more daring are able to make the ascent.

The red basaltic cliffs glowing in the sunshine, with a patch of green here and there, where some bit of earth has given root to grass or shrub, makes a sight of combined beauty and majesty hardly equaled on the whole Atlantic coast.

At the southern extremity of the island is a peculiar formation, marked on the marine charts as Pinnacle rock, but known to the fishermen as the Old Maid and to the visitors as the Southern Cross. Rising 75 feet above the water, when viewed from certain points, it shows a symmetrical cross.

As one sails past the rocks and looks back on it he understands the source of the fishermen's name, for it takes the outline of a hunchbacked woman.

Grand Manan is not a summer resort in the sense of being crowded with seekers after the pleasures of society. Dances, teas, musicals, form no part of the life of the summer visitor to this island of the sea. A hundred or two genuine lovers of the sublime in nature come year after year and grow more devoted with each sojourn.

HIS SLIPPERY SHOES

RETIRED MERCHANT TELLS TALE OF DIRE DISASTER.

With New Pair of "Boxes" on His Feet He Left the Store, Feeling Important, but Pride Had a Downfall.

"The shoemaker ought to glue a piece of sandpaper on the sole of each new shoe," said the retired merchant. "I bought a pair of boxes for my feet this morning, and thought I'd wear them home to get them broke in. I stepped from the store into the street feeling all dressed up. It beats all what a difference it makes in a man's self-esteem when he is wearing something new. If it's only a necktie that costs 25 cents, he feels chesty over it and is satisfied that it's the finest necktie in the United States."

"When I purchase a clean shave at the tonsorial parlor, I always feel 100 per cent more dignified and am not so approachable as I was before. I expect a certain amount of deference on the part of the proletariat."

"With those new shoes on my feet I realized that I am an important citizen, and my chest was pushed forward, and my head tilted back. Mrs. Wagonseller and Mrs. Binnacle were standing in front of the store. They are the smoothest women in town, and I am proud of their acquaintance. I stepped up with old-school courtesy, lifting my hat and smiling unbragously, and then those new shoes gave me away. They just naturally slid out from under me, with malice aforethought, in the county and state affair, and I sat down on the concrete pavement right between the two women."

"They are perfect ladies in every respect, and they tried their hangedest to look as though nothing unusual had happened, as though their gentlemen friends made a practice of kerplunking themselves down on the sidewalk right at their feet."

"Perhaps if I had got up promptly, and had treated the matter as a joke, they wouldn't have been overpowered. But the jolt I got when I sat down must have unsettled my faculties, for I just sat there looking at those shoes, trying to figure out what object they had in handing me such a deal. I suppose I must have been a humorous spectacle. Anyhow, after writhing around for a minute, trying to keep from laughing, Mrs. Wagonseller uttered a shriek, and then Mrs. Binnacle began to gasp and gurgie like some strong swimmer in his agony, and then they just leaned against each other and let go all holds and yelled with merriment. About forty thousand women came up to see what the fun was."

"I climbed to my feet, having regained my reason at last, and determined to make the best of it, so I explained, as I brushed the dust off my raiment, that my shoes were not equipped with emergency brakes, and while I was explaining the blamed things did another tango stunt and I sat down in the same place with a zeal worthy of a better cause."

"Well, they just simply had to carry some of those women into a rest room and pour ice water over them. I don't see anything so thundering funny in a man having a hand-to-hand conflict with his feet, but I guess I have no sense of humor."

"Before I got those shoes home I had fallen in all the popular styles. There's no sense in making shoes with soles like greased glass, and I am going to write to our congressman and have him introduce some sort of a bill."

"About five hundred people have told me of your ground-and-lofty tumbling on the public streets," observed the hotel keeper, "but nobody said anything about new shoes. They all seemed to take it for granted that you had been blowing your savings for hard cider." —Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Cupid Early at Work.

Sally Lunn relates a story about a fine little boy of nine, who was spending a lot of time at her house. She was puzzled whether he had fallen in love with her, her cooky board, or her own little boy's tool room. Then one day she asked him: "Aren't you in Mary's room at school?" Mary was her daughter, aged eight.

"Yes, I am," he replied.

"I think I have heard Mary speak of you."

"What did she say?" he asked, eagerly. "Did she say I was her feller?"

"No, I don't believe she did."

"Did she say I was trying to be?"

"No, I don't remember that she did."

But the climax of the story came a few evenings later at the dinner table, when Mary startled the family by announcing that she believed she'd marry a lawyer's son, when she grew up, because she thought a lawyer's son would have lots of brains, and any man with brains could make money. And the disturbed parents looked the boy's father up, and found that he was a lawyer!

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