mark fifteen feet high, while the opposite side bears a few wind-wrung trees. The materials are gneiss and schist, banded with quartz—Tuckey's great masses of slate. The eastern fork, about one hundred and fifty yards broad, is a mountain-torrent, coursing unobstructed down its sandy trough, and, viewed from an eminence, the waters of the mid-channel appear convex, a shallow section of a cylinder—it is a familiar shade well marked upon the St. Lawrence Rapids. The western half is traversed by a reef, connecting the islets with the right bank. During August this branch was found almost dry; in mid-September it was nearly full, and here the water breaks with the greatest violence. The right bank is subtended for some hundred yards by blocks of granite and greenstone, pitted with large basins and pot-holes, delicately rounded, turned as with a lathe by the turbid waters. . . .

"The current whirls and winds through its tortuous channels, which are like castings of metal, in many distinct flows; some places are almost stagnant, suggesting passages for canoes. Here the fishermen have planted their weirs; some are wading in the pools, others are drying their nets upon the stony ledges. During the floods, however, this *cheval-de-frise* of bowlders must all be under water, and probably impassable."

Like the members of the Congo Expedition, Captain Burton was somewhat startled by the contrast between the apparently shrunken volume of water at the cataracts and the vast breadth of the lower river. He discards the theory of a subterranean river, and thinks the difference is to be accounted for by the rapidity of the torrent—the effect of abnormal slope deceiving the eye. The distance of the Yellala from the mouth he computes at between one hundred and sixteen and one hundred and seventeen miles, and there is a total fall of three hundred and ninety feet, of which about one-half (one hundred and ninety-five feet) occurs in the sixty-four miles between Boma and the Yellala; of this figure again one hundred feet belong to the section of five miles between the upper and lower rapids—making an average of twenty feet to the mile.

Burton had been warned when setting out that a shipful of goods would not take him past Nkulu, and this was soon confirmed. The "bush-kings" demanded goods worth about fifteen hundred dollars for permission to make a three days' march. It appeared afterward that this exorbitant demand was made at the instigation of Gidi Mavunga himself; and Captain Burton is convinced that a fortnight's delay would have reduced it to normal dimensions. He thinks, further, that all the difficulties of the Nsundi road would have vanished when faced, and that any one who can give the necessary time can penetrate the interior without encountering more than the obstacles usual in African travel.

Under the circumstances, however, there was nothing for him to do but turn back, and so, without further delay, he marched back to Banza Nkaye, and then dropped down the river to Boma. Here a dispatch reached him announcing that he had been appointed her majesty's commissioner to Dahomey, which, of course, brought all projects for the further exploration of Congo-land to an abrupt conclusion.

CROWDER'S COVE:

A STORY OF THE WAR.

IT was no shore-cove at all, but a cove in the mountains, surrounded not by water, but by the wooded sides of near peaks; there was one entrance to it, and one only—a narrow gorge opening toward the west. The spring behind the house began a little brook, which, growing into a mountain-stream, ran chattering down this gorge, where the one road made its way up painfully alongside, crossing the stony bed again and again as if seeking a better footing, but finding it not until at last it reached, breathless, the house-door. Crowder's Cove was far up in the mountains; the peaks seldom suffer level spaces so near their great chins. But this was a chance corner formed by the closely-pressed meeting sides where the great cones are crowded together near the end of their chain, that long chain which begins at Katahdin and ends at Cæsar's Head, Lookout, and Kenesaw, saying, as Alabama's soft name also says, "Here we rest." It was like a little triangular shelf fitted into the corner of a room—as though some cyclop long ago had placed it there, high up under the sky, where he could keep his odds and ends conveniently. The cyclop and his odds and ends were gone, but Crowder had found the shelf, and, seeing it grassy and good for grain, he had forthwith built his house there. He was sitting now on a bench before his door, smoking a pipe.

"A pretty place; but isn't it lonely sometimes?" I said.

"It is full enough of people for me," answered John. "I don't deny that I miss Minerva, now she's gone forever; but it all came because I married Minerva. Then there was Elinor, and Sally, and my black horse Tom. Yes, it all came because I married Minerva—all."

I found out the "all" after a while—a little side-scene in the Tennessee mountains—as follows:

Miss Minerva, a middle-aged, weary teacher, had come down from her Illinois seminary for change of air. Her health was failing, and she had laid nothing by, but sent all to her delicate fading sisters in their New Hampshire home; there was only one left now, pale little Elinor. John Crowder was a rich man, according to mountain ideas, and he was alone in the world, his wife having died some years before. He took all summer to make up his mind, and gave no sign meanwhile, but the night before Miss Minerva's departure he surprised her with a question. Miss Minerva started, trembled, and burst into tears; it was all so strange, so pitifully sad—she had not realized before that she still clung to the fancies of her youth. But the elderly lover assured her that there was no occasion for tears—he did not wish to marry her unless she were quite willing—he could look elsewhere; indeed, perhaps he had been hasty, and perhaps— And here the elderly maiden, hastily burying her fancies forever, consented. Three months afterward she had her sister Elinor resting after her long journey in the large, low south chamber up-stairs; and early in the spring, in order that John might not complain of extra expense, she took Sally Trellington as a summer boarder. Sally was a Southern girl, her good, old-fashioned name told that; Sally, Betty, Patty, and Nanny, have not lost caste so far in the cotton States. She was a big, broad-shouldered, overgrown girl, with a baby face, soft brown eyes, a fresh mouth somewhat large, and a healthy, brown-tinged skin. Her voice was charmingly rich and sweet, and all her words seemed to wear trailing skirts of velvet, they came so slowly from her careless lips, and lingered so softly on the air. (Oh, the sweet voices of the South!) The heavy coils of her hair were golden, and caught the sun-rays; all the better because two or three strands were often loose and hanging down her back. For the rest she seemed to be generally too large for her clothes, and she liked to sleep, and often did sleep twelve hours out of the twenty-four. She was an orphan, and fresh from boarding-school; her uncle had sent her up to the mountains for the summer, not well knowing what else to do with her. There was trouble in the air. "Things will be settled in the autumn," he said; "then I will have her back."

Minerva gave Sally the north chamber; there was only the narrow entry-way between the two girls, and they speedily became friends from force of propinquity, and also from the comical dissimilarity of their ideas and habits, a dissimilarity which amused the quick fancy of Elinor Kent. Sally, however, had no fancies; she did not notice that they were unlike. Near-sighted, and unobservant in mind as well as eyes, she would have walked over a cripple, begged his pardon carelessly, and then, seeing at last what she had done, she would have thrown herself down upon her knees beside him, burst into tears, and proffered all the money she had with remorseful and effusive penitence. But Elinor could have walked blindfold over a regiment of cripples without hurting one of them.

Elinor had a hundred deft little contrivances in her room to hold this and that; the very pins stood in straight rows on their cushion; she could put her hand upon any article in the dark. But Sally! One girl was rich, the other was poor; yet the rich girl's possessions looked like rags, and tatters, and beggar's gatherings, beside the neat belongings of the other. Elinor Kent was small and straight and precise; not a hair was ever displaced; her snowy little linen collar seemed a part of her. If you had come across her in the middle of the Great Desert, riding on a camel, she would have looked just the same. At least, that is what you said to yourself when you saw her. This small New England woman's spirit was at length so vexed within her by the voluminous carelessness of her new companion that she took upon herself the task of setting the strewed room in order every morning before Chloe, the small chambermaid, was let loose in the chaos, and she even began another work of supererogation, repairing the rent clothes.

"Do stand still a moment, Sally," she pleaded, following, needle in hand, the flying muslin skirt whose flounces showed a long rent. And then Sally would stop good-naturedly, and stand leaning on the low fence, singing and calling to the calves, while the quick fingers made her whole again.

"I wonder why I do this," said Elinor one morning, pausing, duster in hand, before the littered bureau.

"I wonder, too," said Sally.

She was lying on the bed, caressing an absurd little flying-squirrel, too young to be anything but a ball of gray down. She had found the little wretch on the ground, where he had fallen by some mischance, and of course she must bring him home, and let him nestle in her warm hand, where he lay curled close, with one little paw holding on by her thumb, fast asleep, and seemingly well content. "Silly Bunny," said Sally, in her cooing voice, "why do you sleep all the time? Why not sit up and eat nuts?" For she had brought in a store of nuts of all kinds for her pet and left him among them in the bottom of a muff-box, a miniature Stonehenge to him, where he would inevitably have starved to death if Elinor had not come to the rescue, and unwillingly administered to the baby nut-cracker warm milk on a bit of sponge.

"Of course I cannot see him starve," she said to herself, wrathfully, "but who wants him to grow? Climbing up the curtains like mad, dropping down unexpectedly on your head, creeping between the mattresses, squeezing himself under the edges of the carpets—that is what he will do! One comfort—Sally will kill him before long; she has tried him with cake, sugar, and pudding, already."

John Crowder did not ride down after the mail that month until the 20th; he brought back a letter for Sally, and a letter and papers for Elinor, besides his own sheaf of weeklies. The girls began to read at once.

"They have fired on Sumter, Minerva," said Elinor, looking up with a pale face; "now we shall have war."

"Will Prarlie has gone down to Moultrie with his company," said Sally, laughing; "I wonder how he likes it there. Lady Prarlie we used to call him."

So the news came up the mountain.

But Crowder's Cove was far away from the little post-office village, which itself also was far away from the railroad. John went on with his planting, and Minerva had lived face to face with care too long to be easily turned from her comforts by anxieties for Charleston Harbor. Sally petted the squirrel, who was growing aldermanic, and only Elinor watched the heavens. When the news came of the battle of Bull Run, she went off by herself down the gorge, and, climbing out on to a rock that overlooked the valley, she sat there for hours, thinking; her senses bewildered and sore as though some one had struck her. And Northern girls all over the country were thinking in the same bewildered way; some, too, were sobbing over a telegram, or a black-edged letter.

Sally cried when she heard that her uncle had gone into the army, cried and cried until her pillow was wet; the great tears splashed through her fingers (for she could not find her handkerchief), and she was a spectacle of moist and bedraggled grief. Elinor, coming in later, found her thus, and, regarding her for the moment as the whole Southern Confederacy, began involuntarily to make ready her weapons, the great principles of that strong Northern faith of hers with which she had been holding stern vigil out on her solitary rock. But Sally did not care for principles, she only sobbed:

"Uncle has gone into the army, Elinor. Oh, I know he will be killed! I know he will be killed!"

"If he is what you say, he could not very well stay out, I suppose," began Elinor Kent, trying to put herself impartially in the uncle's place, but not succeeding very well. "With Southern principles—his State having seceded—"

But Sally did not at all appreciate the herculean effort this New England woman was making to do justice to the motives, mistaken though they might be, of the other side. She only sobbed:

"He will be killed! I know he will be killed!" And a fresh flow of tears ran down, and drabbled her limp collar anew.

"No, he won't," said Elinor, shortly, coming down from the abstract to Sally's small plane of personalities "Take my handkerchief—do. They will make him a secretary or something of the kind; he is too old for active service while they have plenty of younger men."

"Do you think so? Do you really think so?" said Sally, eagerly.

She brightened at once; in five minutes she was playing with the squirrel, in ten her laugh rang through the house. For Master Bunny could climb a tree-branch, now, waddling a little and meeting with many narrow escapes, and all the chairs in Sally's room had branches lashed to their backs for his benefit, and were consequently, although bower-like, useless for their original purposes.

The summer wore on, and even the remote mountain-settlements began to wake. There was still a party there that called itself "neutral;" but from many a highland farm the adventurous spirits rode off down the glens by night, and in the morning they and the best horses were gone, gone to join Zollicoffer or John Morgan. There were even a few "Union men;" but it took all their daylight to wrest a living from their stony fields, and they had no lounging-places where they could hear the news and be inspired. Each man lived with his family high up among the peaks or buried in some wild gorge, and was always at home by nightfall; for the rest, he solaced himself cannily now and then with a moderate drop or two of the "moonlight whisky," for which the mountains were famous, and bothered not about "the flag." John Crowder was neutral. He was neither a Northerner nor a Southerner, he said, but a mountaineer; which is like the Sunday-school boy who declared stubbornly that he was neither a Jew nor a Gentile, but a Presbyterian. Minerva felt that she could no longer deny the existence of war; but it was a far-off darkness, and meanwhile the sun shone brightly down upon her home. If she had sold her birthright for a mess of pottage, at least the pottage was good and strong, and she was not inclined to undervalue it. Only Elinor watched; watched and waited. Think of a hot-souled, feeble-bodied girl, New England through and through, prisoned at such a time in such a place!

The first frosts came. The mortification and bewilderment of Bull Run, the indecisive mountain-fighting in West Virginia, had quenched the first eager expectation of the North, and the people began to realize that a longer and more difficult contest lay before them than they had imagined. They did not flinch, there was no flinching on either side; but they settled down to their task soberly. Sally might remain where she was, her uncle wrote, or she might spend the winter with a cousin in Alabama. Sally decided to stay where she was. Her cousin in Alabama might want her to practise, or, perhaps, to mend her clothes. She decided to stay. John Crowder, still tranquilly neutral, gathered in his crops, while Minerva canned fruit. The two girls, however, were free to do as they chose, and they chose to take long walks back into Cutaway Gap. The trees on the cliffs were gorgeous with colors, the river rushed over the rocks below; at one point they could see the top of the highest mountain of the range, and they often sat on a rock out in the stream, reached by a natural bridge of stepping-stones, and gazed up at the balsam-black peak. That is, Elinor gazed. She tried to make Sally see all she saw up there; but the peak was too distant for Sally's near-sighted eyes, and she did not care about the bald stone ledges where no human foot had ever trod, and where there were gold, perhaps, and silver, and certainly rattlesnakes. In the remote, high-up glens, Elinor thought, might be the hidden stills where the moonlight whisky was made by strange men with pistols and knives in their belts, rough-bearded fellows who rode by night to meet their customers, and required a password of them at the entrance of the cave where their contraband goods were stored. Sally listened as long as the story lasted, and then straightway forgot it all. But one evening there was something which she did not forget. The girls had loitered late on their rock; suddenly they heard the sound of hoofs coming up the cañon; they had never heard anything there before but the birds and the water.

"Sit close," whispered Elinor; "you are so big, Sally. Put your head down; the trees on the bank will hide us, I think."

She was startled; there were no farms in that direction, and no one rode through dark, wild Cutaway Gap for pleasure. They waited; this is what they saw: a man rode by on horseback, supporting a boy wounded and bleeding; the stripling's pale face hung over toward the girls as the strong steed galloped by, into their sight and out again; then there was only the sound of the hoofs, which grew fainter and fainter, until there was nothing but the old rush of the river.

"How could they shoot him?" said Sal-

ly, tremulously—"how could they? Poor boy!"

"Guerrillas, I suppose," answered her companion. "We shall not see armies marching through these mountains, probably, but guerrillas will be shooting each other back and forth from behind these trees and over the tops of these rocks before long."

"Not here?" said Sally, looking fearfully around.

"Why not here as well as anywhere? Isn't there war in the land, child?"

"I never thought it would come *here*," said big, soft-hearted Sally, keeping close hold of her companion's arm as they hastened back to the cove. When they reached the house, Elinor told what they had seen, simply and without comment. John Crowder muttered something about fighting people being all "a pack of fools," but Minerva followed her sister out into the dark doorway.

"Did you notice whether they were our men?" she asked, in a whisper.

"They were not in uniform; of course I could not tell," said Elinor. "But, oh, sister, how wrong it seems for us to be here!"

"I don't know about that," responded Minerva, sharply, veering around instinctively to the defense of her pottage. "If we were at the North we should have to work for our living, and I know what that is. You have but little bodily strength, Elinor, and even mine has broken down; we could do nothing. Besides, there is no harm in our being here; we are neutral."

"Neutral!" echoed the other, with bitter scorn. Then, remembering the elder sister's long toil and pains, she stopped. "Forgive me, Minerva," she said; "I forget sometimes all you have done for me." But her heart was hot within her all the same. When she went to her room that night, she paused a moment at Sally's open door. The girl was asleep, with a smile on her face; and the broad white shoulders, the large, round curves and outlines under the tossed draperies of the bed, and the flushed, soft cheeks, were alike distasteful to her. She could not have told why; but she closed her door irritably, and said to herself, "I am glad I am not a great ox-like thing like that!"

Winter came, and lethargy. There was little suffering in the West during the winter of '61; war was new, and supplies plenty. The South would have liked better guns for her armies and the North better generals for hers; but they shifted and changed about what they had, and drilled bravely. John Crowder was holding his grain for higher prices; his barns were full, and he foresaw a rise. Not much snow fell at the cove; the wind howled down the gorges, and the roads were now frozen in long ruts, now thawed to deep-red mire; this is the Southern mountain winter. Elinor found no great deeds to do in all those long months, despite her great longings, and by January she had worked herself up to such a pitch that she began to plan how she could flee northward through the lines and reach the Ohio River. Minerva would never consent; so Minerva should know nothing about it. But the younger sister studied county maps, asked a quiet question now and then, reckoned over her store of money, and planned to increase it. Minerva had none, she knew; Sally had it, and would have given it freely, unquestioning, but she would not ask it. It seemed to her too much like the spoiling of the Egyptians, which transaction she had never, even in childhood, approved. She took two of a neighbor's girls to teach, and she did plain sewing for the few who wanted it.

"If it amuses you, Elinor, I will not object," said Mrs. Crowder; "but I never intended that you should work here."

"It does amuse me," replied Elinor.

In this manner she trenched and dug her way along toward her object, silently, patient as an ant, and steady as a machine; gaining only an inch or two a day, perhaps, as when she took two weeks to persuade John Crowder that he wanted another horse, and that the blacksmith's white mare down in the village was the one he wanted. She was no horsewoman; in fact, she was afraid of a horse; but she thought she might ride gentle Bess when the time came, the time that should see her doing those great deeds, crossing the lines to her own country and helping on the cause. How she should help she did not know, but she was sure there would be something for her ardent hands to do. "I will try the hospital," she said to herself; "I should like that best."

Suddenly came a stroke that crushed her plans; a fever struck her and laid her helpless upon her bed.

"You have not taken your usual care of yourself, Elinor; you seem to have forgotten lately how little strength you have. I never intended that you should work here," said anxious Minerva.

"Intended! intended! And can *I* have no intentions," thought the younger sister, feverishly.

Sally was forbidden the room. Her overflowing affection and awkwardness, her flying skirts and inconvenient kisses, distracted the poor patient and drove her half wild. "I cannot stand her knocking the chairs about any longer," she declared.

So Minerva gently forbade her entrance, and Sally, retreating to her own room, confided to her pillow that she was a miserable, unhappy girl, that nobody loved her, and that she thought she would like to die and be buried somewhere under a willow. After a while, however, she perceived the spicy odor of gingerbread which Dinah was baking in the kitchen, and concluded to go down and get some. Then the dogs must be fed, and the bird wanted water; and there was Bunny climbing up the curtain, and positively gnawing a hole in it! She forgot all about her griefs, and the sick-room was left in peace. "She is a whirlwind of a girl," said Minerva.

Spring came. The mountains were the same; their evergreen brightens not, neither does it fade; but along the brooks and through the gorges the nut-trees and the oaks put on their fresh foliage, and the early flowers came out. People riding through the lowlands on the east and on the west began to think again of the pink-marble ledges, the gold, the silver, and the iron hidden far within the dark range; but war was in the land, and they said "not yet." Like enchanted princesses the gleaming metals still wait within. "Will the prince never come," they say, "the beautiful, bright Prince of Steam?"

Elinor sat by the window and gazed off down the gorge into the budding lowlands. She was well again, but pale and worn, for she had never once stopped brooding—brooding, well or ill, upon the one subject that filled her heart: "Oh, to do something! to do something for the cause!"

Sally, sitting on the floor by her side, sang "Bonnie Dundee."

"He spurred to the foot of the high castle-rock,
And to the dark Gordon he gallantly spoke,
'Your grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
Or low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!
There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Southland there's chiefs in the North,
There are wild dunnie-wassals three thousand times three,
Will cry "hey for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!"'"

sang Sally in her rich voice.

"You do not care much about it though, do you?" said Elinor, slowly.

"'Bonnie Dundee?'"

"Yes; that is the spirit of it, the defiance and undying determination. Sally, did you care about Donelson?"

For a wave of rage, grief, and surprise, had swept over the entire South when word came that Fort Donelson had fallen.

"Donelson?" said Sally—"Donelson? Oh, yes, I remember now—up on the Cumberland River. But uncle was not there, nor any one I know, Elinor; they are all either in Richmond or Charleston."

"I mean the surrender—in fact, the war as a whole, child. Do you care about it?"

"Of course I do," said Sally, flushing a little. "But you know we are so far away, Elinor, so far away from everything."

"We *are* far away," brooded the Northern girl, gazing off into the blue distant lowlands. "The war is down there. Oh, how I wish, how I wish I could go!"

But, not long after that, the war accommodatingly came up; came up at last to Crowder's Cove.

It was only a fringe of the mantle, a breath of the whirlwind, an edge of the storm; but to John Crowder it was like the judgment-day. Indeed, it was worse, for John had never harbored much fear of the judgment; was he not a solid, respectable farmer? and could any one say aught against him? Nay, would it not be well if others followed his example, especially in the matter of fences and drains?

"Turn out, old man, and give us some horse-feed," called a voice one night, while impatient hands rapped at the doors and windows. "Ah, you are there, are you? Whom are you for?"

John, candle in hand, replied that he was for nobody; he was neutral.

"So much the worse for you, I reckon," said the boy-officer in charge of the party; "small respect have we for neutrals. If you had come boldly out now, and said 'Union,' we should have admired your pluck, and we might even have given you something for

your feed. But, as it is—neutral! Bah! Confound all neutrals, say I.—Go on, men."

The men went on; feed for a hundred horses was soon *en route* down the glen.

The moon was shining, and the three women, gazing from the darkened upper window, noted gray uniforms.

"*Your* soldiers," said Elinor, scornfully, when Minerva had gone down to comfort her spouse, who was loudly lamenting.

"Mine?" said Sally. "Why, I never saw the men in my life before."

"You are the best girl in the world, Sally. But I wish, I do wish, you were—"

"What?"

"A foeman worthy of my steel," said Elinor, drumming impatiently on the window-pane. "Go to bed, you great, sleepy creature; do."

"I know I am big, and I know I am apt to be sleepy," said Sally, deprecatingly; "but I cannot help it, Elinor; and I think it is unkind of you to mention it so often."

"So it is; I beg your pardon."

Sally went back to bed, and was asleep in five minutes; but Elinor sat long by the window, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the open granary-door, its broken lock and hinges shining in the moonlight.

A week later there was an untimely spring-storm; the wind stripped the tender young leaves from the trees, and the rain washed out the newly-planted seeds. In the middle of the storm, in the middle of the night, there came another rapping on John Crowder's door.

"Come out, old man; we've got to levy on your live-stock here. Whom are you for?"

"Say 'Union' this time," whispered Minerva.

"I won't," said John, hastily dressing himself.

He opened the door, and the men tramped in, and filled the house; they were wet and weary, and again demanded whom he was for.

"For nobody," said stubborn John; "I am a neutral."

"Oh, that's the story, is it? I have heard that tale before," said the sergeant in command, sarcastically. "Neutral! Why don't you tell the truth, and come plank out with 'Confederate?' You'd have a better chance, I guess, old chap. Neutral, indeed! I'd be one side or the other, and not on the fence, if I were you.—Go ahead, boys. Find the pitch-pine and light up; give yer half an hour for the job."

The gazing women above saw the lights flashing in the rain while the men went to and fro, driving out the animals and collecting them together, loading their horses meanwhile with as much forage as they could carry. Owing to Elinor's illness, the two saddle-horses, Black Tom and the mare, had been removed to a distant shed behind a clump of trees, that they might not disturb her at night with the sound of their hoofs on the floor of their stalls. This saved them; but everything else that went on four feet was driven off down the gorge before John Crowder's very eyes, and the cove was left desolate.

"O sister, they were our men this time!" whispered Elinor, nervously.

"I do not care whose they are, but one thing I do know—they are thieves," said the weeping housewife.

As for Sally, she had not noticed the uniforms at all; she had staid up-stairs with all the doors locked, and peeped through the blinds, trembling.

John Crowder was furiously angry.

"I've paid dollar for dollar all my life, and now I am robbed, openly robbed, and by men in uniform, too! I'll have the law on 'em, you see!" he said.

He saddled Black Tom and rode down to the village, only to find it half in ashes, and the people sullen, with few words to give him, and little sympathy for his loss.

"You haven't had your house burned over your head, have you?" said one.

"Have you lost two sons killed in battle?" demanded a gray-haired man, sternly. "If not, hold your peace."

But John would not hold his peace. At last he found a lawyer; lawyers are obliged to be sympathetic.

"I want the law on 'em," said John.

The lawyer began to prepare "a statement of grievances."

"Feed for one hundred horses, and all your live-stock stolen, as I understand, feloniously and violently appropriated, by Federal soldiers last night—"

"No; the feed was another time," said John. "They took that a week ago."

"Ah! the same parties, I suppose? Feloniously and violently appropriated, by Federal soldiers—"

"No; the first were Confederates, I tell yer."

"A totally different matter," said the lawyer, throwing down his pen, irritably. "I am surprised that you should complain of such a simple business transaction, sir. If they took the feed, they needed it for military purposes, of course, and you will be paid by applying at department headquarters. You told them who you were, I presume, and they gave you a signed receipt?"

"I told them I was a neutral, and they gave me nothing but sass," said John.

"Neutral! But I might have known it; those mountains are full of the cowardly rascals!" said the lawyer to himself. He was a partially crippled man, and could not go to the war, or he would never have been there at his desk. But he said to himself wrathfully, "Neutral, is he! I'll fix him!" And then he "regretted" that it would be impossible for him to appear in this business, and ordered "the gentleman's horse." There was not another lawyer in the village.

John Crowder rode angrily back up the mountain, nor would he speak a word for two days. Then he began to prepare a statement of grievances on his own account, and in his own cramped handwriting, following the shape of each letter with his tongue, and bending doggedly over his work as the hours came round when he had been accustomed to feed his animals, and reminded him of his loss. His wife, however, wept openly whenever she looked at the empty pens and stalls.

"Minerva, *do* you know where you are?" demanded Elinor.

"Only too well," sighed Mrs. Crowder; "that was Brown Jenny's stall."

"I mean politically, sister. Do you know whether you are a Northerner or a Southerner?"

"The cows had no politics, at any rate," said Mrs. Crowder, with tears.

It never rains but it pours. A few days afterward a party of bushwhackers, disguised and masked, came trooping into the cove at dawn, and burned all John Crowder's full barns.

"Hey, old John," they said, dancing and jumping around him in their fantastic garb, and bellowing in his ears, "it isn't good for you to have so much grain, John; it makes you proud, John, and pride is a sin."

"Are you Confederates or Union men this time?" roared John, his heavy face purple with rage.

"Why, we're neither, brother; we're neutrals like yourself, to be sure!"

But the lawyer down in the village could have told a different story.

Before that day was done, or the smoking barns had grown cold, they heard horses again coming up the gorge.

"There is nothing now for 'em to take, unless they take ourselves," said John, grimly.

The visitors, however, did not wish to take this time, but to leave, and what they wanted to leave was a wounded man, a youth, who rode his horse with difficulty, one foot hanging helpless, swathed in bandages.

"It is that same boy!" said Sally, starting back from the window.

"I would like to leave this young man here for a while," began one of the strangers; "he is badly but not dangerously hurt, and only needs rest and attention. He will pay you for your trouble. May I ask, sir, how this happened?" he added, glancing at the burned barns and the desolation around him.

"You may," said John.

"How, then?"

"Raskills!"

"Federals or Confederates?"

"Both."

"And you?"

"I am a neutral," said John.

"I believe he would maintain that at the stake," thought Minerva, anxiously listening.

"Bah!" said the stranger, "I haven't much confidence in neutrals. Isn't there anybody here with decided opinions of some kind? I would rather trust my nephew to an out-and-out Yankee than to a neutral—so called."

"I am an out-and-out Yankee," said Elinor, appearing at the head of the stairs; but a flying figure passed her.

"And *I* am a Southerner," said Sally, rushing breathlessly out to the stranger's side. "Never fear, sir. I will take care of your nephew my own self, my very own self."

He looked down into her eager eyes and smiled.

"I should know you for a Southerner anywhere," he said.

"Of course you would. I—but look! he is fainting!" She sprang to the side of the other horse; the poor lad swayed, and fell heavily over into her arms.

"I am glad I am big;" thought Sally, exultingly, standing firm with her burden, while the elder man dismounted to come to her assistance. Cameron Halisey was carried into Minerva's spare room, and there the three women tended him. Elinor was the best nurse, but his eyes followed Sally; her Southern accent fell sweetly upon his homesick ears, and her careless ways suited him better than Elinor's strict little rules. It was to Sally he talked, and, as strength came slowly back, the two would sit together at the edge of the gorge for hours. The boy had lost a brother and two cousins in battle, for they had all gone into the army together, clan-fashion; they had died ghastly deaths, and he had seen them die, so perhaps it was natural that he should turn from Northern Elinor, and find comfort in pouring his hopes, his plans, and his ardor into the Southern girl's willing ears. Sally learned much during those days. They talked, and talked, and talked. Elinor often wondered what they could be talking about; *she* had never found Sally either able or willing to hold her own in any long conversation.

At length the time came for Halisey to go; he had received word of some movement, and was on fire to be off. He whistled and sang as he put his arms in order, and twenty times a day he went down the gorge, and waited at the foot of the sentinel-rock, as if expecting some one. His horse was in fine condition, and Minerva had mended his little stock of worn clothes, and furtively added a few articles. "He is a mere boy—not more than eighteen," she said, as if half in defense of her kind deeds. "Why will they let such children go into their army?"

"He can shoot, even if he is a mere boy," replied Elinor, sharply; and then, having asserted her principles, she, too, went off and put something secretly into the little bundle.

One bright morning, soon after this, away galloped young Halisey; no messenger had come, but he would not wait any longer. Sally came back from the gorge, whither she had gone to see him off, with sparkling eyes. "Isn't he brave?" she said. "Twice wounded—for it was he we saw over there in the gap, and now this second time—yet off he goes to join—oh, I forgot. Where is Bunny? It is so long since I have played with Bunny."

Elinor looked after her for a moment, then she dismissed the subject from her mind. "She never means anything," she thought.

That night, while they sat at the supper-table, a face appeared at the open door. "Lieutenant Halisey is here, I believe? What! not in? And I haven't a moment to wait! How provoking! But just tell him, will you, that the Feds will be at Exton some time to-night, or at dawn, and our boys, coming across from the west, are going to pounce down upon them, and bag them all. General B—— is with them, badly wounded; they are tired and fagged, and we shall have an easy catch. They are coming by way of the north road, and will probably camp on Exton Hill; Halisey will understand. Just tell him, please."

He was off again; only a foolish, hot-headed Alabama boy like Halisey himself. An older campaigner would not have called through an open door in that way, and an older campaigner would infallibly have waited for supper, if there was any to be had. But in those early days, before hardship had descended upon the land, the hot-headed Southern boys did not wait for supper.

The party at the table sat silently gazing into each other's faces until the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away. Then John Crowder delivered his usual remark about "fools," finding solace, apparently, in calling even a solitary specimen like that "a pack," and, rising, left the room.

"Oh, dear, I hope nobody will be hurt," said Minerva, nervously looking into the teapot.

"Cameron will get there in time!" cried Sally, springing up triumphantly, unable to keep silence longer; "that is where he has gone. He would not wait any longer for the message; he knew they were coming across country, and he was determined to be in the next skirmish. Good luck to him!"

Elinor sat quietly in her place, with her eyes down; her face had grown slightly paler, and she clasped her hands tightly together under the table. Here was her chance! After long waiting Fate had smiled at last. Exton was only twelve miles away; the tired Federal soldiers were marching thither by the north road; and Bess was in the stable! As soon as she could command her voice and limbs, she rose and went to her own room, pleading a headache. Sally came to her door, as usual, on her way to bed; but the other, busy with her preparations, only called out her good-night greetings, and did not show herself. "She would never suspect anything," she thought; "still I *do* look pale, and she would be wanting to do all sorts of things for me, as usual. I cannot let her in."

When the house was quiet, she stole out, clad in a plain, dark water-proof dress, a black straw-hat tied firmly down with a cord. Lifting a window softly, she crept out on to the piazza and made her way through the moonlight and shadows down to the stable. The side-saddle, which had belonged to Crowder's first wife, hung on the wall; with trembling hands she saddled Bess, and led the gentle creature out on to the grass. Black Tom, the strong, vicious beast, a terror to all the three women, eyed her knowingly, while she labored with the straps, as much as to say, "Oho, young woman, is *that* your game?" She led Bess across the grassy slope of the cove, through the fields and down the gorge, and then, at the foot of the sentinel-rock, she mounted with the aid of a stump and rode away.

It was midnight. The valley lay swathed in silver mist below her, and the peaks round about looked softer and more kind than usual in the still moonlight. She knew the road, and Bess was fleet and gentle; yet her cold hands trembled on the bridle, and she looked back over her shoulder at every step. Behind the trees she knew so well, forms seemed to be lurking, and faces were peering from the corners of the friendly old fences. Is there any beginning or end to the physical cowardice of a woman? Yet sometimes she is great through her very fears. For a man does a bold deed, and is not afraid; a woman does it, and is afraid — yes, even unto death. Which shows the most courage?

After a while a strange thing happened. Intuitive perception and deliberate purpose came into collision and tried their lances against each other's shields. Sally Trellington came into view, riding Black Tom, and bound on the same errand as herself! O woman, didst try to outwit a woman?

Down the glen, over the bridge, and round the curve, galloped Sally, holding on with one hand, and with the other plying the whip, while Tom, the vicious, the terrible beast, with his head stretched forward and ears laid back, dashed madly by. Sally had only a man's saddle upon which she rode woman-fashion, reckless of her unsteady seat; she seemed to cling and grow to the horse with every muscle in her body, with her whole frame.

"Aha!" she cried, "you thought to deceive me, Elinor Kent. But *I* suspected—*I* was watching; and I'll be there before you!"

She had jumped on the horse just as she was, in her white dress; she wore no hat, and her loosened golden hair streamed behind her as she flew by; there was even a rose in the falling braids, gathered and placed there carelessly in the morning. In an instant the other girl's fears vanished; her cheeks burned hotly, she put Bess to her full speed, and galloped after the powerful black, whose hoofs were now thundering down the road ahead. The blood tingled to the ends of her fingers; to be baffled by Sally! Had she not thought and planned for months? Sally had never planned at all. Had she not purpose, principle? Sally had neither. The very horse she was riding had been purchased at her own instigation months before, while Sally was eating red apples and playing with Bunny! She put the whip to Bess, and thought with anguish that, although she was fleet, Tom was strong, and in the long miles his strength would tell. On they flew, now near together, now far apart, now within speaking distance, now out of sight of each other; but the black horse kept the lead. It was a terrible pace to hold down the mountain, where the road was steep and rocky; but they never faltered. They dashed across the brooks and up the ascents, they galloped down the glens and through the gorges, and miles soon lay between them and the quiet cove where they had been girls together and friends.

"Never more friends!" thought Elinor fiercely, clinching her hands and her teeth. But Sally did not think at all even or clinch; she only rode.

They were down the mountain at last—a level piece of road lay before them. The horses had fallen into a regular gallop—the black still in front, but not so far that Elinor could not hear every now and then the gay laugh of the Southern girl borne back on the wind. It was very hard for Elinor; but she had recovered her senses now, and, sitting her horse squarely, she calculated her chances. Tom was strong; but Tom was

also vicious. If he should show his temper now!

He did.

When they came to the little river which they must ford, Tom decided to rest awhile with his legs in the water, and take a good, long, slow drink. In vain Sally coaxed him, in vain she urged; there he stood with his head down, drinking and switching his sides with his long tail; while Bess, thirsting, too, but docile, darted by and took the lead. As Elinor passed, Sally, in her wrath and disappointment, burst out crying—crying aloud with great sobs like a child.

"Go back, Sally," called Elinor, over her shoulder; and she said it not unkindly.

"Never!" cried Sally, brokenly, yet with defiance in her voice; "and I'll pass you yet, Elinor Kent!"

"Now, Bess, do your utmost," said Elinor.

The mare did her utmost—she flew down the valley like a bird; Elinor's heart was beating fast, she had won the race after all. Dear old Tom! Dear, obstinate old Tom! Dear, delightful, vicious old Tom!

But Tom had his little ways. When he had finished drinking and switching his legs with his tail, off he started again, and, biding his time, with a long, low, stretching pace, he came cantering down the valley like a horse going by steam; you could have beaten time for an orchestra by the regular sound of his hoofs. Elinor saw him coming, or rather she heard him, for she would not look back. She threw off her shawl to lighten the load, and gave Bess the rein. They passed through the sleeping post-village like a flash; they crossed the long covered bridge in the echoing darkness, and were out again on the moonlit road; they could see Exton now. Black Tom was close behind, but he was a wise horse, and did not hurry his gait; he knew his speed. More miles were passed, and he was gaining, gaining. Up he came slowly, now his nose, now his shoulders, now his fore-feet, in sight of Elinor's back-glancing eyes; then he stretched himself forward a little as though on the whole he thought he would, and his black head came up even with the mare's quivering nostrils.

The two horses galloped abreast.

How the two riders looked at each other! You would not have known them for girls. With parted lips, set teeth, and pallid faces, they were like avenging Fates. Only their eyes, flashing fire, showed the burning life within. They could not speak. They hardly breathed.

Inch by inch, inch by inch, the black horse gained; until he gradually drew his whole length ahead, and took the lead. Sally, in her joy, bent and kissed his flowing mane more than once.

Poor Bess had done her utmost; but she was a slender little creature, and had seen her best days. Black Tom had muscles of steel.

The clouds, which had been gathering, now partially obscured the moon; they were nearing the cross-roads. Bess still kept close behind; Elinor calculated. Had the Federals reached Exton? Should she gallop straight to the hill or out the north road to meet them? Sally, of course, would turn off to the west. Elinor hesitated a second; then took the north road. It was dark now, and the wind had risen, a storm was coming. She turned her head where a level space between two ridges gave her a view of the town, and behold! camp-fires on the hill beyond. They were there, then; and she had lost five minutes! O rage! In a breath she had turned Bess, and was dashing down the bed of a brook across the fields straight toward the hill; there was an old track there, she knew, and Bess must follow it somehow; she gave her the rein, nor tried to guide her. She *must* save time now; every second counted. "Fly, Bess! good Bess, fly!"

The little band of Federal soldiers, weary and worn, were resting on the hill till dawn; the wounded officer with them was under shelter, waiting for a taste of the coffee over the fire. One comfort—there was no enemy this side of the river; they were safe enough, they thought, except from the rain-storm coming up from the west. But there was something else coming up from the west. They had not counted upon the lightning movements of Morgan's men, who, crossing the country toward Chattanooga, had heard of this little covey of game, and had turned aside to bag it. They were coming along that way when the apparition of Sally in her white dress, mounted on Black Tom, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes blazing, and her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, quickened their pace. She told her story, panting.

"Oh, hurry!" she cried; "get there before her—do! do!"

And they hurried. Their Kentucky horses knew how to hurry; they had not eaten blue grass for nothing.

Sally rode with Cameron Halisey. All she said was "hurry!" He hardly knew her for the same girl. She had burst into full bloom in a night.

And the tired Federals saw a vision also. A white horse galloped into their midst, and the rider, a small, pale-faced woman, cried:

"To arms! They are coming! They are coming!"

But she was just too late; they had already come. The Federals found themselves surrounded, and the bravest of them could only surrender.

At her own request Elinor Kent was sent northward through the lines. "I have long wished to go," was all she said. Sally came and threw her arms around her, and cried, and begged her forgiveness again and again. But Elinor did not speak; she could not.

Oh! Sally was the pride, and the belle, and the glory of Morgan's men that night. Exton woke up and found itself in the hands of friends. Exton did not always know its friends from its foes, but these were gay boys, at any rate, and they held high festival there until noon the next day. Then they rode off toward Chattanooga, sending Sally southward to her Alabama cousin, under the charge of an officer's wife, with a special guard of honor.

And in the Northern papers a few days afterward occurred this item: "Morgan's cavalry surprised and captured two companies of infantry out on scouting duty last week, in Karne County, Tennessee. Among the prisoners was General Blank." That was all.

Elinor Kent served in the hospitals all through the war. Some time afterward she heard of Sally.

"She is married, you know," said her informant.

"To Cameron Halisey?"

"Oh, no; he was only a boy. Her husband is a man of note down there, and Sally is one of the handsomest women I ever saw."

"Rather large, isn't she?"

"Large? Why, she is a Venus of Milo, madam, a real Venus of Milo! Is it possible you did not think her beautiful?" said the informant, thinking to himself how blind this plain little woman must be! Blind? Jealous, perhaps.

"She was very young when I knew her," said Miss Kent, turning away.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XIII.

JENNY'S SUSPICIONS.

ALTHOUGH the affliction from which Miss Jenny Dalton suffered was not one which the visits of general practitioners (or even of physicians) could appreciably benefit, the family doctor was accustomed to call upon her daily in Cardigan Place; and even in the country it had been some source of comfort to her mother that good Dr. Curzon should "look in" and see how matters were going on with the invalid, at least once or twice a week. He was as kind as he was clever, and his kindness, at all events, seemed to do her good. Jenny "believed in him" implicitly, though her faith was by no means lightly won. He never indulged in the commonplaces of his craft, or prophesied smooth things to her. She might get a little better, he told her; but he never held out any expectation of her getting well, which, indeed, if it had happened, would have been a miracle. To a looker-on, her condition seemed not only hopeless, but necessarily unhappy. To move with pain, and often to be unable to move, without assistance, at all; to pass bright summer days stretched upon a sofa, and to lie awake, sometimes in pain, through weary nights; to see girls of her own age busy with their mallets in the croquet-ground, or taking the wholesome kisses of the air on horseback, while she had to content herself with books or lacework—seemed a hard lot. The future, too, appeared to be more full of vain regrets and sad comparisons than the present; it was certain that she would never feel a lover's kiss or know a husband's love.