MISS VEDDER.

"THEY live across the river, in the Palmer house."

"That old shell?"

"Yes," replied Miss Vedder. "They do not seem to mind its condition; but that is explained by their Southern origin, I think. The old-time Southern country houses always looked dilapidated to Northern eyes; the inmates seemed to be quite indifferent to broken locks and latches and sagged piazzas. But it did not come from want of money; on the contrary, they were the richest people I ever knew."

"She has a curiously unworldly look," said Dwight, in a musing tone.

Miss Vedder came back to personal applications; she spent a good part of her time in coming back. Her tendency was to generalize, to take broad views of subjects, but she found that almost every body else preferred personal applications, and instead of looking at the whole South, for instance, brought the matter down to Fanny Singleton.

"That is because she *is* unworldly," she answered.

Dwight shrugged his shoulders, and sent a spiral of cigar smoke up into the air above his head. He was leaning back in an arm-chair before a cheery little wood fire which lit up the cavernous recesses of the old fire-place, whose fire-dogs were two stiff little Continental soldiers steadfastly presenting arms. Not much fire was needed, since it was still early October, and not really cold. Households that live by rule, and those unpleasant and leathery-hearted persons who are "never cold," would have scorned a fire. But Miss Vedder loved fire-light, and preferred to burn her wood and open the windows rather than to sit with them closed before a dark and neutral hearth. Wax candles burned in the chandelier overhead, their soft light screened by porcelain shades; the room was very clearly lighted, yet there was no glare. There was rich and solid coloring, and plenty of open space; no small tables or floor vases for people to stumble over, no array of knickknacks. It will be seen from the fire and the cigar smoke that it was a parlor given over to comfort; from the lights, that even a plain woman could look well there; from the luxury, that its owner was rich.

"You may shrug your shoulders, but she *is* unworldly, Howell."

"Then she is rarely ignorant."

"No."

"Or a fool."

"Neither."

"The old subject," said Dwight, looking up with a smile. "For how many years, Rachel, have we discussed old subjects?"

"For about twenty-five," replied Miss Vedder.

Dwight put up his hand as if to ward off the figures.

"I was ten years old and you sixteen when we first met, Howell; I am now thirty-five, and you—"

"Never mind me; a man is always young. I still look young."

"Not so young as you might."

"What do you mean?"

"You are not quite straight."

Dwight threw back his shoulders.

"You have grown careless in dress and attitude."

He surveyed himself.

"And you will soon be what is called stout."

"The last I deny," said Dwight, with decision. He left his arm-chair, went over to the long mirror, and looked at himself critically. He had been a fine young man, with brown eyes and hair, strong, well-cut features, a tall, broad person, and an appearance of vigorous health; at forty he impressed one as carelessly dressed and large, and older than he really was, older than many a man of his own age who was lean and active and had taken care of himself. "Oh, I look well enough, Rachel," he said; "you are mistaken."

"You only see the front view," replied Miss Vedder; "the face is comparatively unchanged. But the back view and side view are very different."

"I am glad you acknowledge at least the face," said Dwight, coming back to his chair. "I was always a handsome fellow, and I am now, but you like to put me down." He spoke in his usual half-bantering way, and resumed his cigar. After a while he asked her to play. She put down her knitting, went over to the piano, and played selections from Beethoven and Schumann with remarkable exactness, but with under rather than over expression. She never allowed herself the least personal feeling in her music. "It is a pity you do not sing," said Dwight.

"Yes, I am sorry I do not," she replied, coming back to her seat. "But you like what I played." She spoke affirmatively, and it was true. Howell Dwight entertained the idea that it was his natural delicacy in all artistic matters that gave him his comprehension of classical music, but in reality it was the persistence of his cousin Rachel. It began in childhood; when she comprehended a new passage and enjoyed it, she never rested until he comprehended and enjoyed it also. It was like teaching Shakspeare's plays orally to a person who can not read; the scholar learned more by the teacher's patience than by any effort of his own. Still he learned.

At ten o'clock a maid brought in supper. "Isn't it rather early?" said Dwight, glancing discontentedly at the tray.

"It is ten o'clock, and you have half a mile to walk," replied Miss Vedder, rolling up her knitting.

"What a martinet you are, and always were, Rachel! As I look back, I see nothing but laws and rules."

"Nothing?" said his companion, with a slight touch of feeling in her voice. She was standing up, carving a cold chicken; the fire-light shone on the yellow and blue china, the wine-glasses and tall wine-bottles.

"You are the best woman in the world, and I owe every thing to you," said Dwight, brushing her hand with his brown mustache. She laughed at him for mingling sentiment with cold chicken, and very comfortably they enjoyed the little supper by the fire. Then he started on his half-mile walk to the inn on the beach, where he was domiciled, and all Miss Vedder's dogs went with him down to the turn in the road, where stood old Polly Malone's cabin, with its boards all painted a bright pink; here Bandy Malone came out, and gravely went with his neighbors back to their own gate—a piece of etiquette from which he never varied, although he was now an old dog, and troubled with rheumatism.

The next day the sun shone brightly; here and there a scarlet branch fired the dark green maples, and the thick little leaves of the beeches began to curl at their edges and turn yellow. Dwight came over, and they went out rowing. He had been in the habit of shooting on the hills more or less in the autumn, and of going to the duck shore, a mile or two below. Even now he went through the form of bringing his gun as far as Miss Vedder's cottage. But he had outgrown his taste for discomfort, and having been once really lost on the Balkans, he felt as if he had exhausted that sort of thing. So this morning, after talking a while with Aunt Maria, who, not his aunt at all, but Rachel's, had, however, long ago accepted him as an inevitable nephew, he went out in the row-boat, sitting at the stern and steering, while Rachel rowed. She liked to row; it was her favorite exercise. She had a firm, strong hand, not small, but finely shaped and vigorous. They went down the river some distance, and then came back, crossing the bows of another boat which was going toward the landing. "Good-morning," said Miss Vedder, resting on her oars for a moment. "When you have finished your lesson, will you come and lunch with us, Fanny?"

The young girl in the other boat smiled and nodded assent, rowing on toward the landing.

"What lesson does she take?" asked Dwight.

"A music lesson, from Mrs. Green, the rector's wife."

"The parsonage is inhabited again, then. How many Greens?"

"Only two—madam and her husband."

"So that is the order of naming, is it?"

"He is an able man and a good man; but you will understand what I mean when you see them," replied Miss Vedder.

"The child rows well, doesn't she?" said Dwight, watching the other boat.

Now Fanny did not row well at all; but her slender figure, outlined with clear distinctness, as a figure in a row-boat always is on smooth water, looked girlish and graceful. She tied the boat to the little dock, took a roll of music in her hand, and walking up the road, disappeared among the trees on her way to the parsonage.

"She walks well," said Dwight—"like an Andalusian."

The gait that he admired was yielding and slightly languid; it came from want of strength; yet the young girl's figure was so slender and light that it seemed more like indolence. Her waist was very small, and she was long for her breadth, like the grasses; she conveyed a marked impression of litheness, as though she could wind herself about like a vine, or bend and curve in any direction. She liked easy-chairs and cushions, and was almost always tired.

She stopped at the cottage after her lesson, crossing the parlor with the same yielding step, and sinking into an arm-chair, her roll of music sliding to the floor.

"Tired?" asked Miss Vedder.

"No," said Fanny, smiling. "But Mrs. Green scolds me so!" She threw her head back, and let her straw hat drop by the side of the music.

She was seventeen years old. Her face had a peach-like fairness, her hair was light brown, and she had pearly little teeth, slightly separated from each other in an infantile way; her blue eyes had long lashes, and she had soft, useless little hands, and an especially white, soft, round throat, which always made Miss Vedder think of poor Anne Boleyn's last jest. For the rest, her features were irregular, and any one could see that her beauty was the beauty of youth: at thirty she would be plain. Yet when Mrs. Green remarked that one day, Miss Vedder replied that youth was the time for beauty, so what did it matter? A woman could be attractive and fascinating after thirty, but not beautiful; and a regular profile often became the most wearying thing on earth.

It was a sunny day, and Fanny wore a white dress—a reminiscence of summer which struck Dwight as pretty and peculiar. In truth, it was simply indolence. A woolen dress was lying half made on the table at home, and would continue to lie there until the stern snow drove her to her thimble. She put out her feet to warm

them by the fire, and displayed a little pair of kid boots, well worn and shabby, but made in the extreme of an absurd fashion, the high heel running forward under the instep; she had spent all her spare money for them in the spring when passing through the city. She was a sweet-tempered little creature, seeming to have a secure confidence in the good-will of every body. That her straw hat was shabby and no other forth-coming, that she lived in a forlorn old house across the river, while Miss Vedder had houses and lands and gems and velvets at command, did not trouble her in the least. As for position, was she not a Singleton? As for all else—oh! something would happen.

She trifled with the substantial part of the lunch, took a little fruit, laughed at Dwight's badinage—a sweet, childish laugh—talked of her old Southern home with quick-springing tears, went to drive with them wrapped in one of Miss Vedder's India shawls, came back to dinner with her hair half down, and allowed it to remain so, although Miss Vedder offered the services of her maid and a share of her dressing-room. Miss Vedder always dressed for dinner, so she disappeared, leaving Fanny with Aunt Maria, who, established in her usual corner, was engaged in her usual occupation of knitting tidies. Aunt Maria made them of all shapes, round, oval, square, and oblong; fringed and plain. All her friends had dozens of them; she sent them to all the charitable institutions; the very Indians had received them. If knitting was her occupation, the playing of a voluminous game called solitaire was her amusement; there were fifteen different ways of playing it, and she never went to bed happy unless she had succeeded in "getting them all out." Immediately after the five-o'clock dinner she began, on an especial table appropriated to her use, and as nine was her hour for retiring, she was obliged to be extremely diligent to accomplish her task, often not speaking a word voluntarily during the entire evening, and answering all questions with a distraught air.

There was a room in the wing which had for years been Dwight's whenever he chose to appropriate it. He fully intended to go there now in a moment or two; a coat of his hung in the closet, and different masculine belongings were scattered about comfortably. Yet when Miss Vedder came back, robed in plain black velvet with a little fine old lace, she found him where she had left him, talking to Fanny, Aunt Maria placidly knitting near by. Aunt Maria liked the Singletons; she had disposed of a number of tidies among them, and Mrs. Singleton had taught her a new solitaire. She remarked to her niece that it was great good fortune having them in the old Palmer house, and that certainly Mrs. Singleton was more agreeable than Mrs. Green. Miss Vedder replied pleasantly, but in her heart she had small patience with the drawling, affected little Southern widow, who, with her six children and her poverty, was trying to play at aristocracy in the old house across the river. Her boys were not to seek any ordinary occupation—they were Singletons; some of the professions might eventually have the honor of receiving them. In the mean time they could barely read. She lived in a halo of romance as to her daughter Fanny; according to her account, every body fell in love with the child at first sight. To do the sentimental little woman justice, it was love, and not money, that occupied her thoughts. She had married for love herself, and had adored her husband; they were all rich then, and had time to adore. Things were different now; but Fanny would win the same romantic and chivalrous devotion. And in thinking of this (and talking about it too), mending was postponed, and the dinner forgotten. Miss Vedder related all this to Dwight after Fanny had gone home in the carriage, and they were left alone together by the fire.

"They came here last June," she said, "after your May visit was over. They have taken the house for a year."

"Aren't they going to freeze over there this winter?"

"Oh, it will end in their having wood from here, and Mrs. Singleton will write me a letter thanking me as a queen thanks a farmer's wife! However, Fanny is a lovely child, and I am interested in her, and glad to help her."

"What are you doing for her?" asked Dwight.

"I am having her take lessons from Mrs. Green. She has a sweet voice, and after a while I shall find her a good place in a church choir."

"Why not let me hear her sing?"

"Of course you shall hear her. I will have her here again to-morrow; and the Greens too."

"Will *they* add?"

"Yes; Fanny sings better when Mrs. Green plays the accompaniment. But aunt and I will entertain the clericals; you needn't be afraid."

"I declare, Rachel, you are the best creature in the world," said Dwight, throwing back his head and laughing. Miss Vedder laughed also, and laughed frankly, making no disclaimer against his inference. She had accompanied him through a long list of fancies and love affairs, hearing all he had to tell, never objecting, always interested, giving her opinion when it accorded with his, and saying nothing when it did not. He had now a fair income of his own, but during many years he had been helped by

his cousin, who at her majority had come into possession of a fortune. They were in reality only second cousins, but had been from childhood like brother and sister. Howell had insisted upon paying back what he had borrowed, and Rachel had allowed it because it pleased him to do so; but he never could repay her years of kindness and sympathy, and he knew he never could. Once at twenty-five and once at thirty he had been upon the verge of marrying, but both times had drawn back. Since then he had had many fancies, and still continued to have them, although he had acquired also a fixed belief in the worldliness and hypocrisy of women, and their native tendencies toward deceit. His acquaintance was principally among women of the world and of fashion, who liked him because he was never at a loss, never ill-tempered, and because he never revolted against the little usages and phrases which are the fences of society, although in reality *doing* exactly as he pleased. Lately, however, a change had come: Howell Dwight had begun to perceive in a disgusted sort of way that his opinion was not so infallible as formerly, and that his eyes were not so important. This, however, was only occasionally. Women are so much more merciful than men that they conceal for a long time their opinions as to Corydon's advancing age and girth, but Corydon has no such thoughtfulness for Phyllis grown commonplace and stout.

Rachel Vedder kept her place quietly in society by her cousin's side. Rich, entertaining regularly and handsomely, agreeable, and well-informed, she was a prominent figure in her own circle; as she did not care personally for attention, the women were all her friends. Of course she had suitors; the Vedder fortune was a thing that could not run away. But she did not favor her suitors, and she had none of the common tricks of encouragement while pretending to discourage, which are the bane of almost all women who are really good, and the especial failing of the pious. The Vedder fortune has been mentioned; the Vedder face was equally well known, and Rachel Vedder had it. Her eyes were of a light blue color, and small; her hair, pale flaxen in hue, was of the peculiar sort which separates into lifeless little locks, showing the skin of the head between; her cheeks were broad, her features somewhat heavy, and her complexion, strong and unchanging, while not in the least what is called sallow, was yet yellow, almost of the same shade as her eyelashes and hair. It was said of her sometimes that she "matched beautifully." Brilliantly white, strong, even teeth added an appearance of vigorous health to this plain, quiet face, and the effect was increased by a straight, firm, broad-shouldered form, rather under than over medium height. Certainly Miss Vedder was not handsome; if you sought for an adjective, you would probably select commonplace. Nobody thought much how she looked, one way or the other. She was always richly but plainly dressed, and she had a voice that pleased the ear unconsciously, full of round tones.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Green and Fanny dined at the cottage. It was still comparatively warm weather, and Fanny wore another white dress, and, from some freak, she had tied her hair back and allowed it to flow down over her shoulders, like the sunny fleece of a child; she looked about fifteen. The dress was patched and old; a dealer in second-hand clothes would hardly have given a dollar for her whole equipment; yet the general effect was very picturesque. Mrs. Green entered next, and moved down the centre of the long apartment like a frigate going into action. She was a large, rawboned woman, also with blue eyes and light hair, like Fanny and the hostess, but as different from them as they were from each other. She wore a robe of some light green woolen material, flounced to the waist, and she had a large rosette of green satin on each side of her head, a background for the two orbed prominences of her yellow hair, arched over puff-combs in the style of her youth, and brought down low over the forehead. Broad lace under-sleeves of the fashion known as "flowing" shaded her large hands, and below her strong throat and the beginnings of the collar-bones, like the roots of a tree and the tree trunk, reposed a lace collar and a shell cameo breastpin of imposing size. This lady, after ceremonious greetings, sat down and crossed her feet. They were visible. In large Congress gaiters without heels, there was something about them that fascinated Dwight's eyes, so that he caught himself looking at them almost continually. He studied their pose and their self-respecting calmness. There was a good deal of sole.

In the mean time Miss Vedder talked to the clergyman. Of course the Reverend Abner Green was a small man; yet he was a man of decided opinions, intelligence, and ability. The trouble was that his wife, with her size and her affection, overshadowed him. She was a German, and musical to the inmost fibre; left in her own sphere, the atmosphere of strings and brass, of symphonies and musical ecstasies, she would have been a power. But, borne away into plain American life, she was constantly out of place despite her vehement efforts to accord herself with it. She was that curious mixture of intense romance and fervor combined with minutest attention to the details of domestic affairs which seems peculiar to German women. Her favorite dish was cabbage soup, and she called her husband "my adored."

In spite of this it was, however, impossible to laugh at her.

The dinner moved on through its courses pleasantly. Aunt Maria, who never knew quite what to do with Mrs. Green, kept up a purring little conversation with the Reverend Abner, while Miss Vedder talked to the German wife, who went by the name of Sophia-Charlotte. Dwight chatted with Fanny, save when a wind of general conversation blew for a few moments, and they all talked together.

"Sophia-Charlotte, what was that selection you played last Sunday?" said the clergyman—"Mrs. Blake wishes to know."

Aunt Maria, who did not cherish any violent wishes on the subject, and was afraid some one would write down the title and expect her to remember it, looked frightened.

"It was from Bach, my adored; page twenty-nine in the brown book," replied Sophia-Charlotte.

"We must have some music by-and-by," remarked Miss Vedder. "I want Fanny to sing."

"She shall, she shall," replied the teacher, nodding at her pupil encouragingly. "We do the 'Serenade' now quite nicely—yes, quite nicely."

"Schubert's?" said Dwight, looking at Fanny.

"Yes," she answered; "but I do not like it much."

"Yes, you do," said Sophia-Charlotte, shaking her long forefinger severely at her scholar; "but we shall see—we shall see. You will feel the heavenly fire."

Later in the evening the music began. The German woman played magnificently in the most denuded, strictly classical style; and then Fanny sang the "Serenade." Before she began they all changed their positions a little, as people do after a long listening to music. Miss Vedder moved into the shadow of the bay-window, and Dwight walked to the end of the room, where he stood leaning over the back of a chair.

"*Now*," said Sophia-Charlotte, in an under-tone, as she finished the prelude, "do your best!" She spoke with dramatic briefness, and Fanny, with one quick glance around, obeyed. We all know that "Serenade," and its passionate appealing; it is sometimes called old-fashioned now, but fortunately Sophia-Charlotte knew nothing of fashions. Fanny sang the French words, and sang them as Howell Dwight had never heard them sung before; there was meaning in every note. The German woman, colorless and wooden as she looked, played as if inspired; but nobody noticed her. It was Fanny, with her crimson cheeks, upon whom all eyes were fastened; it was Fanny's sweet voice, dying away and then rising again, to which all listened. She sang with so much intensity that Dwight found himself clutching the chair back with force enough to dent the leather.

It was over. "Ach! mein Herz," said Sophia-Charlotte, letting her hands drop from the keys with a deep, long sigh. Fanny was breathing quickly.

"Oh, I must get some fresh air," she exclaimed, rushing out on to the piazza, and closing the door behind her. But Dwight followed.

"She will certainly take cold," said Aunt Maria.

"Ah, Abner!" sighed Sophia-Charlotte. Her eyes were full of tears; her large hand rested on her husband's shoulder. She always went straight to him when she felt the divine ecstasy of music in her heart.

"Yes, yes, dear," he replied, understandingly. And if they had been as young and beautiful as the Huguenot Lovers, they could not have loved each other more.

Aunt Maria, very uneasy as to night air, wished to call in the truants. Miss Vedder pleasantly but decidedly prevented any interference. The two figures could be seen through the long windows walking up and down the piazza in the moonlight. Presently they came in, and soon afterward Dwight accompanied Fanny home in the carriage.

"No, I think I will not come back to-night, Rachel," he said. "I will send the carriage home, and walk over to the beach from the bridge."

The next day, strolling through the wood, they came upon Fanny, sitting on a fallen tree, surrounded by the younger children, putting the finishing touches to a little cross made of twigs, mosses, and lichens. Her hat was on the ground, the children crowded around her; she looked absorbed.

"Wasn't that a very pretty little thing she was making?" asked Dwight, as, after a few moments' conversation, they passed on. "Quite a poetic idea, wasn't it?"

Miss Vedder had herself taught Fanny how to make the crosses; her parlor always held a few woodland decorations of exquisite workmanship and taste. But Dwight had never noticed them. She now replied, simply, that the cross was indeed very pretty, and said no more.

"The children seemed fond of her," continued Dwight.

"She is a good and affectionate sister," replied his companion, cordially.

The next Sunday, as she sat in her place before the morning service began, Dwight came in and took his seat beside her. He hardly ever came to church; generally but once during his half-yearly visit. The little temple had been beautified by the modern Vedders; it had stained-glass windows, an open roof, and a fine organ. But it was rather an unfortunate little church, after all, since the small country congregation relied

upon the Vedder family to do every thing, and then abused them for doing it. A succession of rectors had vainly tried to enjoy the hospitality of the leading family and be friendly also with the other members of the congregation; but the other members held off, and when winter came, and the Vedders were gone, they had their innings. The Rev. Mr. Green was new to the place, and the spectacle of Sophia-Charlotte at the organ still newer. Miss Vedder had made up the deficiency in the salary, the weather was still pleasant, and active warfare was for the present dormant. The congregation came to church. A ritualistic Vedder had placed the organ on one side of the chancel, and as the chancel was too small for it, the organist and the choir became prominently conspicuous, like a row of scholars on a recitation bench. Fanny Singleton sang in this choir; it was part of her training under Sophia-Charlotte. The seats had been arranged for choristers, but as there were no boys, Fanny had appropriated a corner where the carved wood, arching over her head, gave her the appearance of a very young Madonna in a niche. She had not thought of the appearance; it was the cushioned back which had attracted her. Something troubled her to day; her eyes showed traces of tears. She broke down once or twice in the chants, and seemed glad at every prayer to sink upon her knees and hide her face. Nobody noticed these little changes in her save Dwight (and perhaps one other). And Fanny certainly did not notice any one at all. He could not flatter himself that she was in any way thinking of him.

They were but two hours' journey from the city. The next day Dwight proposed that they should go up and see a collection of paintings which had been placed on exhibition for the benefit of some charity.

"But we have seen almost all of them," said Miss Vedder, somewhat surprised.

"I thought perhaps Fanny might like to go," said Dwight, a little consciously.

"Of course she would," said Miss Vedder, responding to his project immediately; "but not to-day. Let us say Wednesday." She knew that the woolen dress would have to be finished first.

They went. Miss Vedder added the pretty gloves that made the costume passable. Dwight was well dressed that day and in excellent spirits. He led Fanny to all the finest pictures, and listened to her comments. They were but few: the young girl had small appreciation for the works of art before her, and she was far too natural, and too well-bred also, to feign an admiration she did not feel. After a while the sense of being on Dwight's arm, among so many nice people, hearing cultivated accents, brushing rich fabrics, and breathing soft perfumes, began to arouse her. She was an indolent little creature, not often aroused. Rachel, who had been on the other side, disengaged herself and walked behind them, in order not to present too broad a phalanx in the crowded room. After a while she was separated from them, and they missed her; when she came up again they did not see her. They were in front of a painting representing a woman standing alone on a dreary heath; the woman was neither young nor beautiful; she was gazing westward, but there was nothing for her to see. Not a living thing broke the monotony of the heath, and on every side the brown earth met the sky-line solidly and squarely. Yet a dreamy smile lit up her face; plainly she saw something which no one else could see.

> "'Hence in a season of calm weather,
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,'"

murmured Fanny, in a low voice, her face catching for a moment the very expression of the face in the picture. Miss Vedder fell back instantly into the crowd again; they did not see her at all. She was trembling a little. She had a photograph of that picture at home, and had herself written those lines under it, and Fanny had read them. It was some time before she joined them again, and when she did she came from the opposite direction, so that they could see her approach.

"Where have you been so long?" asked Dwight.

"I met some acquaintances," she replied, which was true. She had many acquaintances.

"I must tell you something remarkable, Rachel," said Dwight that evening, as they sat alone over the fire. It was late, but she had waited for this. She felt sure it would come. "You remember that picture of Boughton's—I forget what he calls it—the pre-Raphaelite woman alone on a heath, with that dreamy smile on her face? What do you suppose that child quoted as we stood before it? Those lines of Wordsworth:

> 'Hence in a season of calm weather,
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither.'

The very essence of the idea of that picture, as it has always seemed to me. Think of a girl of sixteen quoting the 'Ode to Immortality!'" He was evidently deeply impressed. After a moment, as if to cover his thought, he added, "But I suppose the Southerners are more familiar with old poetry than we are. I know they are with old prose."

"Mrs. Singleton often quotes Pope," said Rachel, "and Milton too." She spoke in rather a measured voice, adding "and Milton too" as if to make her statement quite

accurate. She was embroidering, and her face was bent over her work. Dwight looked at her and smiled internally. "You dear, good Rachel," he thought, "how little you suspect!" Then he went away, and Miss Vedder sat and thought, her embroidery thrown aside now, her cheek resting on her hand.

Three weeks passed, and still the bright weather lingered. Aunt Maria was surprised to find herself lingering too; they had never staid so late in the country before. The Greens enjoyed the prolonged season of Vedder hospitality innocently, not perceiving the injured air gradually extending over the congregation, nor dreaming of the cold bleakness in store for them. There was music almost every evening in Miss Vedder's parlor, although Miss Vedder herself did not touch her piano. "Mrs. Green plays so much better than I do," she said.

"She *is* like a full orchestra and an organ and a steam-engine combined," answered Dwight.

"She has intense feeling, Howell."

"Perhaps so, but not the sort of face that goes with it," replied the masculine voice.

The little summer inn on the beach had finally closed its doors, and Dwight was staying at the cottage. He seemed possessed by a desire for excursions of all kinds, and Miss Vedder aided him. Fanny was always ready to go, accompanied by small detachments of brothers, and once or twice Mrs. Singleton herself went with them. When there was no excursion, the young girl, stopping at the cottage on her way home from her music lesson, would be easily persuaded to spend the day, or even the night: the old Southern habit of visiting and having visitors made this quite natural to her, however purposeless it might seem to the others. There was hardly a day, therefore, of the three weeks which Dwight did not spend either wholly or in part with her. If the girl had had a trace of worldliness in her the man of the world would have found it out, and lost his interest at once; but it was her uncaring truthfulness, and the real indifference which every now and then broke through her little coquetries, and, above all, the transient moods of sorrow which flitted over her face, that attracted him, piqued him, and lured him on. She was intensely devout, going to every service, kneeling, bowing, making little signs of the cross, and lifting her eyes as reverentially toward the Reverend Abner as though he had been an archangel: at the very time, perhaps, the feather on her round hat would be held in its place by two large white pins, a long rent in her skirt would be plainly visible, and the buttons on her sacque hanging by a thread or gone entirely. Aunt Maria noticed this carelessness and commented on it.

"I must say it seems pleasant to me to see a girl who is *not* thinking all the time about her clothes," said Dwight.

Miss Vedder was now waiting for a confession. For years Dwight had enjoyed all his love affairs doubly because he could relate them in all their windings to her; a man over forty likes the slow analysis and retrospect which the youth of twenty scorns. But this time the confession came in a new guise. It was not a confession exactly, only a hint; Dwight began to turn the conversation when they were alone together toward religious subjects. He and his cousin had been over the ground before, and were of much the same opinions, although the woman, as usual, made her life more consistent with them than the man did. But now he began talking as though they were both in error, going off into long rhapsodies about the wonderful attributes of "an unquestioning belief."

"It took the early Christians into the arena, and held them smiling at the burning stake," he said. "Isn't that better than this?"

"Than what?" said Miss Vedder. "Do you mean the room, the fire, these luxuries?"

"Not exactly; I mean the endless power of such a belief." Then he paused, and with a shade of embarrassment added, in a lower tone, "Have you not noticed a change in me, Rachel?"

"No, I have not," replied Miss Vedder. For the life of her she could not utter the sympathetic response which would have drawn out the whole; she was too deeply hurt. What! were her long years of consistent faith, charity, and good works to be as nothing beside a few signs of the cross, a tear or two, and some transient church-going? Love is never so deceitful as when he puts on a religious guise. It is remarkable what extraordinary holiness is often found in eyes lifted in devotion, if the eyes happen to be of a good color and young.

"A simple, child-like faith seems to me very beautiful," continued Dwight. But his cousin answered not a word.

A perfect Indian-summer morning broke; a last excursion was planned. They were to drive to the top of the mountain to see the brown earth and blue ocean in the golden haze. All the Singletons joined the party in a farm wagon; but Fanny, as usual, was with Miss Vedder and Dwight. An accident happened. On the way home, coming down the mountain, part of the harness broke, and the horses attached to the farm wagon plunged, reared, and then started down the narrow, winding road on a run. The wagon happened to be first; the carriages were close behind. Dwight stopped his own horses with a sudden wrench, threw the reins to Rachel, jumped out, and ran. Fanny, screaming, followed him. Rachel and

her aunt were left alone. Behind, Mr. Green was tying his horse to a tree and helping out Sophia-Charlotte. He then came and helped out trembling Aunt Maria; but Rachel said she would drive her own horses slowly down the hill, as the carriage might be needed. The wagon had gone over the side, two of the children were hurt, and the farmer's boy who drove was bruised; but poor little Mrs. Singleton was injured internally, and beyond earthly aid. At last she was of some importance, for she was dying. They bore her home, and the old Palmer house never looked so forlorn and shabby as it did when, having laid her upon a couch, they all stood about and waited. She had left it all in disorder—poor, careless little lady, her mind taken up with the pleasure of the day; and now when the blinds were thrown open, the forlorn make-shifts and neglect were plainly apparent. But the follies and the efforts and the pride and the dreams of the poor mother were over now; her life, whether well spent or ill, was drawing to its close.

Mr. Green had started to go for the doctor.

"Your ministrations may be needed, my adored," said Sophia-Charlotte, in a low voice; "I will go." She went out, untied the horse, and drove off alone, with the tears dropping down her broad cheeks.

They all thought death would come in a few moments, but the poor mother lingered till dawn. The doctor could do nothing. Fanny knelt by the bedside, her arms around her mother; the two had been companions from the daughter's earliest childhood, and were devotedly fond of each other. In the middle of the night the mind of the dying woman recovered its consciousness, and seemed to become preternaturally clear; they could do nothing with her. She wailed for her children, but most of all for her daughter. "Fanny! Fanny! what will become of Fanny?" was her constant cry, which sounded through the silent house with distressing persistence. Miss Vedder bent over her, and promised to care for all the children. "You are kind, and you mean it," wailed the mother; "but you will grow tired, and other things will come between. It is not the same. Oh, Fanny! Fanny! what will become of Fanny? Nobody knows, nobody understands—"

"Hush, mother," said the girl, caressing her lovingly. "I will do any thing you say." She kissed the wizened cheek next to her and stroked the thin gray hair.

"Fanny! Fanny! Fanny!" wailed the weak voice. It answered all the Reverend Abner's ministrations with the same cry. "The world is hard to girls. I can not die and leave my daughter—I can not. The others are boys, and they can take care of themselves. But Fanny! Fanny!"

Faint dawn came at last, and sharp cold with it; winter was upon them. The small, withered body upon the couch seemed to be already dead, but the soul was still alive. Dwight, sitting by one of the windows, had heard every thing—Fanny's sobs, Miss Vedder's efforts, the clergyman's prayer, and the wail of the mother. As it grew lighter Mrs. Singleton suddenly raised herself up and threw out her arms. "I will not die!" she cried, in a terrible voice. They all started forward. She looked into each face, one by one, with the strange clearness that sometimes comes into dying eyes. "Fanny!" she said again, in a whisper, addressing them all. It was like a last appeal.

"Give her to me, Mrs. Singleton," said Dwight. "She shall be my wife, if you are willing, before the sun rises."

The effect was electric. Fanny shrank still closer to the pillow, like a drenched blossom blown against the side of the house in a storm; Miss Vedder sank into a chair. The words once out, Dwight pleaded ardently. "I have loved her for a long time," he said; and stooping, he took the little hand lying on the counterpane in his. The mother, her strength all gone now, looked at her daughter; Fanny's face was close beside her own on the pillow. Her lips formed the word "Fanny," but she could no longer articulate.

"Yes, if you wish it, mother," replied the girl. A tremor shook her from head to foot as she spoke. But the mother smiled at last, and peace stole over her poor, set, anxious face, which could now close its eyes and die.

They were married then and there, the Reverend Abner reading the service reverentially. The rising sun shone through the windows. In an hour Mrs. Singleton was dead.

The old house was closed; the boys were sent to good schools; Dwight took his wife to the city. Miss Vedder went South for a few weeks; but returning to her winter residence, she formed a kind and steadfast background for the young bride whenever she ventured into society, which was not often, on account of her deep mourning dress. Fanny was a sweet-natured little creature, and her husband made an idol of her. She never opposed his will or wish, but yielded to him in every thing. He said to himself that gradually she would learn to be a woman. He was fascinated with the idea of her youth, innocence, and ignorance of the world. The summer came; they went to the mountains. The autumn began; they came down to the Vedder cottage. The Greens were already gone, driven out by the freezing winter atmosphere of the congregation; Sophia-Charlotte was adjusting herself as well as she could, poor soul! to the ideas of vestrymen's wives elsewhere. Fanny seemed glad to be back in the old neighborhood again. They

all staid together in the cottage nearly three months.

Toward the end of the first month Miss Vedder noticed a change in the young wife; she seemed inwardly excited. A woman reads a woman better than any man can, even though he be the husband, for a woman can deceive any man. Miss Vedder began to observe; she noted what Fanny did, her restlessness and absent answers. Fanny had never in her life told a lie, and did not know how to begin; but she hesitated, and cut off her sentences. Most of the time she seemed to be in the highest spirits; her husband had never seen her so happy. He smiled as he watched her swinging in the great piazza swing or running across the lawn to untie her little boat. She must row or walk all the time now. Generally he went with her, but not always. "How beautiful she is this fall!" he said to Miss Vedder one day as her boat disappeared around the curve. She answered "Yes," but she was not satisfied. Howell, however, did not dream of a doubt; contented and happy, he was beginning to look middle-aged. Contentment at forty-two is dangerous.

One afternoon he went to the city, called by business; he was to be absent two days. That same evening Miss Vedder caught sight of Fanny stealing softly out of the house, wrapped in a shawl. She followed her. At the turn in the road where the cottage was out of sight, and Polly Malone's pink cabin in view, she caught up with her. "Where are you going, Fanny?" she said. The girl shrank back against the fence as if for refuge. There was cold and watery moonlight; they could see each other. "Fanny," said Miss Vedder, following and putting her arm around the slender shoulders, "I am not an enemy; I am your steadfast friend. I will not betray you, no matter what it is, but you *must* tell me all."

A sense of warmth and support in her mere nearness came to Fanny at once; with her quick, impressionable sensitiveness, she turned and clung to her husband's cousin as though she really trusted her. Bandy Malone by this time had come down the road to meet them. He fawned upon Fanny.

"What is this?" said Miss Vedder.

And then, with a burst of tears, Fanny told. Her first lover—her only lover, as she pathetically called him—had appeared in the neighborhood; he was, in fact, staying in Mrs. Malone's cabin. She was engaged to him once, but her mother had disapproved of it, and the engagement was broken; but she was still fond of him, and he of her. "I could not help marrying Howell," she added, with sobs, "when mother looked at me so with those poor dying eyes of hers. She was afraid I would go to Robert, and she had no faith in Robert. Poor Robert!"

"But now that you *are* married, Fanny, what is it you wish to do?"

"Only to see him once more, and say good-by. That is all, Rachel; that is really all."

"How many times have you seen him already?"

"Only four times; in the woods or on the river."

"Will you come home with me now?"

"Not without seeing him."

They looked at each other in silence, one questioningly, the other defiantly, but both with a settled determination.

"Then I will go with you," said Miss Vedder. "Come."

At the gate of the little cabin garden, in the deep shadow cast by the near hill-side, a figure was standing. It did not stir although they stopped.

"Robert," said Fanny, tremulously.

Then Robert Strain came forward. He was a handsome youth, a year or two older than Fanny, but careless in his dress, and with signs of dissipation on his face.

"Mrs. Dwight has come to bid you good-by," said Miss Vedder; "I have accompanied her for the purpose. But it would have been much better if you had called at the house, Mr. Strain." While she thus made talk for them, the two, who were once lovers, stood and gazed at each other in silence; then Fanny gave her hand, burst into tears, and went away with her companion, who, while encircling her with one arm, turned and made a stern and menacing gesture toward the figure at the gate, as much as to say, "You shall never see her again on earth."

Fanny cried all night, going from one fit of hysterics into another. Miss Vedder, dismissing the maid, staid with her and tried to soothe her. At last she gave up speech, and merely held her in her arms, and stroked her hot forehead and falling hair. About an hour before dawn Fanny grew quiet and seemed to slumber; then Miss Vedder stole away to her own room. If she had been almost any other woman, she would have gone to bed, as she was worn with fatigue; but being Rachel Vedder, she would not give up her watch. She would never give it up until Fanny was safely in her husband's charge again. It was now dawn; the sun would soon be up. She heard a step in the hall; it stopped at her door, then went down the stairs lightly as a cat. She sprang forward, threw open the door, and followed. It was Fanny. Rachel, with stern hold, took her back into her room, her own room and Howell's; and there, surrounded by all the tokens of her husband's presence and his love, the elder woman confronted her. The door was closed; they were alone.

"Were you going again to see him, wretched girl?"

"I was," said Fanny, trembling, but at bay. Her eyes were brilliant and feverish;

her dry lips were stretched apart over her little babyish teeth in a way that made Rachel think even then of a little squirrel she had once found dead in the woods.

"You shall never go," she said, determinedly.

"I mean no harm, Rachel."

"No harm! And your husband, Fanny?"

"He was always too old for me," said the young wife, shaking herself free from the detaining arm; "but he is kind and good, and I never intended to wrong him, you need not fear. And who are you that you set yourself as a guardian over me? I am not aware that you have any authority. What is it all to you, anyway, Rachel Vedder?"

"It is this: he loves you, and you shall not make him miserable."

"Well, I have never loved him, and have I made him miserable?" said Fanny, tauntingly. "You know as well as I do how happy he has been."

"He would not be if he knew," said the other woman, feeling in her inmost heart the truth of the wife's words like a knife's edge.

"Are you going to tell him?" said Fanny. "He would never believe you. I can make him believe any thing I please." Then her face changed. "Why should he have all the happiness?" she cried. "You have always spoiled him, Rachel. I am miserable, Robert is miserable. I only ask one last word. Let me go."

"You shall never go," said Miss Vedder, grasping her again. They struggled together.

"What do you care?" said Fanny.

A pallor came into Rachel Vedder's face. "I care this," she answered, steadily: "I have loved Howell Dwight all my life. Is it likely now that I will let you go?"

"Why, yes; why not?" said Fanny. "If you really love him, and if I was once gone, perhaps—"

Then Rachel Vedder lifted her hand and struck her.

It was not a hard blow; the hand's purpose had altered ere it fell. But if it had been the blow of a colossus, it could not have affected Fanny more. That she had been struck—she, a Singleton—was the unforgivable act, and in it was swallowed up the cause. All her mother in her was aroused at once. Deeper feelings were lost in the anger of the moment. At the same time Rachel Vedder was standing overwhelmed with her own self-contempt; never in her life before had she felt such humiliation. She had lost control of herself entirely, and insulted Howell's wife. Fanny, weak and helpless now and sobbing, had thrown herself upon the sofa; Miss Vedder silently and gently undressed her, and carried her to the bed, adjusting the pillows and smoothing the coverings, Fanny all the time turning away from her like an angry child. Miss Vedder then rang for the maid, sent a man on horseback for the doctor, saying in a tone that Fanny could overhear that Mrs. Dwight had been taken suddenly ill, and that the halls must be kept quiet. When all orders had been issued for illness in the house, and the maid had brought in tea for Fanny and gone out again, then Miss Vedder knelt down by the bedside, and, alone with her cousin's wife, implored her pardon. "Forgive me, Fanny," she said, humbly. "I have no excuse to offer save that your words seemed to tear and bruise the inmost feelings of my heart. I lost all control of myself, and I feel ashamed and self-humiliated before you. My child, you are young and tender-hearted; you should be sorry for me, since, even if you do forgive, I can never forgive myself."

Her voice shook; she covered her face with her hand. Fanny turned; there was something strange to her in the sight of this strong, self-controlled woman on her knees, and moved with so much emotion. She realized suddenly that Rachel would remember that blow long after she herself had forgotten it; Rachel had such a way of remembering. With one of the quick impulses which made her so lovable, she threw her arms around Rachel's neck, forgave her every thing, nestled close to her, and then began to cry again so weakly and hysterically that she was soon in need of aid, and a fit subject for the doctor when he stood by the bedside. "In any case I must take her up to the city to-day, doctor," said Miss Vedder, whose face, with the curious immobility which seems to belong to unbeautiful but healthy middle-aged faces, appeared unaltered in spite of her vigil and her past agitation. "It is absolutely necessary."

Fanny was now too ill to pay any attention to this ultimatum; they gave her soothing medicines, and the maids packed the trunks and made all the preparations for departure. A telegraphic dispatch was sent to Dwight saying that Fanny was not well, and that they would be in the city that evening. As the close carriage rolled past the pink cabin of Mrs. Malone, Fanny roused herself from her apathy and looked out. No one appeared.

"He has gone," said Rachel, drawing her down into her reclining position again. "I went over myself to see him. He will not trouble you again, Fanny."

"Let me tell you every thing; it will make me feel better, Rachel," said the girl, twisting the fringes of the shawl nervously. "I would rather do it before I see—Howell."

"Then you are not going to tell Howell?"

"I will if you think best; but I thought perhaps he would be happier if he did not know. There was no real harm done. It seems a pity to disturb him; don't you think so?"

"*You* must decide that, Fanny."

"I do not like to decide things, and you know I do not," said Fanny, impatiently. There was a silence; the elder woman would not speak. While life lasted she would never betray what she knew; to ask her for more was too much.

"Oh, well, then," said Fanny at last, "I will take your own argument—nothing must be done that would make him unhappy. To tell him would certainly make him so; therefore I will not tell him. But I must tell somebody, so as to feel clearer in my conscience, and, Rachel, I will tell you."

When they were safely on the little steamer, and Fanny in a sheltered corner was lying on a couch of shawls with her head in Rachel's lap, the story was told. It was a simple one—a boy-and-girl affection. He was a Southerner, and was mixed with all her memories of childhood and her old home. Her mother had forbidden the engagement, and soon afterward they had separated, as she supposed forever.

"I was very miserable," she said, in a half-sobbing voice; "I used to go to church and pray for him every day. Do you not remember how I used to go to church? It was all for Robert. I always liked attention, Rachel; I could not help liking it; but I did not really try to gain Howell's love—indeed I did not. I used to sing those songs exactly as Mrs. Green taught me to sing them, because I saw they made an impression upon him; and now and then, when there was a good opportunity, I have quoted things I had heard *you* say. But it was only my love of admiration, Rachel; I never planned. It was very easy to impress him. He seemed to have made up his mind to a certain idea of me beforehand. But I never really sought to win him. It would have been just the same with any one else, if there had been any one else there; but there was not. You know how I came to marry him at the last. I could not refuse my dear, dear mother." She began to sob again, and Miss Vedder soothed her with a caressing gentleness, to which Fanny always responded as a thirsty plant responds to the rain.

"Howell is very good to you," said the elder woman, trying to comfort her.

"I know he is," replied Fanny, remorsefully. "Do believe me, Rachel, when I assure you that Robert's coming was a surprise, and that I only wanted to explain all to him, and make him feel more reconciled. We only had a few short interviews, for I was always hurried and afraid, and watching lest somebody should come. But I *was* glad that he cared for me still; I am glad now."

Rachel did not doubt any of these words. But she had her own intentions as to guarding the girl in the future.

By the time they had reached the city, Fanny, relieved by her confession, tired in body and ill, felt an immense desire to be comforted and petted. She let Howell lift her from the carriage, and clung to him with affection and trust. Alarmed by their unexpected coming, he was full of anxiety and questions.

"Fanny was ill," said Rachel, briefly. "I thought it better she should be with you."

He lifted his little wife tenderly in his arms and bore her up stairs. Rachel went alone to her own room.

Life went on with these three for several years longer. Fanny was just the same. The quiet but constant unswerving aid and support which Rachel Vedder gave her supplied what she lacked, and Howell's wife was the ornament of their circle, loved and petted by all. As Fanny had foreseen, but long since forgotten, Rachel never forgave herself for that blow. Her voice was always peculiarly gentle when she spoke to her cousin's wife, and she deferred to all her changing little opinions with unaltering respect. Nothing more was ever heard of the young Southerner in that household; one hand, however, had helped him, controlled him, and given him his career elsewhere.

One more scene—Fanny died. During a severe winter a cough seized her; the Southern blossom faded. Howell was beside himself with grief; every body mourned for the sweet young wife.

One afternoon Rachel was with Fanny, and they were alone; they had never spoken again of the events of that night at the cottage, but had consigned them to that silence which women often keep for each other, in spite of man's maligning, into and through the gates of death itself. But now Fanny had something on her mind.

"Rachel," she said, in her weak, whispering voice, "you see I am to die anyway, and nobody is to blame about it at all. Poor Howell will be so lonely! He has always liked you better than any one in a certain way. Do you not think that if he knew—if I should tell him—perhaps he might—" She paused; her large eyes fixed themselves inquiringly on Rachel's face.

A dull color rose in the elder woman's cheeks. It seemed as if the blood was struggling to show itself for once through that unyielding skin. "No, Fanny," she answered; and even then the surging feelings in her heart could not get to the pale, unmoved windows of her eyes. "Promise me that you will not tell him."

"If you wish it," said the other, disappointed. "But I should so like to repair any wrong I have done, and leave you happy behind me. If he *knew*, Rachel—"

"That he has never known in thirty years proves that he can not know. And even I have my pride, Fanny. I will not be loved from pity. Promise me not to tell."

And Fanny, with a sigh, promised.

Howell Dwight went abroad when his little love was taken from him. He was bitterly unreconciled and inconsolable. At the end of two years he drifted back, and fell into the old ways. Every spring and autumn he came to the cottage, and they lived the old life over again. Aunt Maria still knitted tidies and played solitaire. Howell looked at her sometimes and thought of the young life ended while the old one lingered. He had had himself baptized and confirmed in a despairing sort of way. "She was always so sweet and devout, and seemed to find such comfort in it," he said to Rachel. He spoke of her always as of one exceptionally gifted. Her singing, although she neglected it after her marriage, was in her early youth phenomenal; did not Rachel remember it? Her mind, too, although so childlike, possessed many deep thoughts. And as for her affection— Here his eyes would fill with tears, and he would turn his head away, and gaze out over the water where her little boat and slender figure once made a picture on the silvery surface. After a time he took his place in society again, but not with any interest. He found all the women double-minded and insincere, mercenary and deceitful; his criticisms were scathing.

"You are too severe," said Rachel. "There are mercenary women, but not all are mercenary; and in matters concerning their affections all women can, often must, deceive."

"Not all," answered Dwight, in the old tone she knew so well—the deep, softened tone sacred to the memory of Fanny.

As he grew older he deteriorated somewhat. Always indolent, he grew self-indulgent and cynical. Nobody cared much for Howell Dwight now. What he said, thought, and did was of little consequence. But over one woman he still held unbroken empire, and gradually he grew into the habit of relying upon her more and more. Each one of his faults she saw with clearness, but she never ceased to love him. And although it may seem a strange and even a laughable thing that a woman of fifty should feel her heart beat faster at the sound of a certain footstep, and raise her eyes with inward happiness when a certain figure appeared at the door, the stout, careless figure, too, of a man of fifty-six, still it was a true thing, and sets one to thinking about the possibilities and attained ideals of another world. We need them. At sixty-two years of age Howell Dwight died. His last words were of Fanny. He was buried by her side.

Miss Vedder lived all the year round now in the homestead cottage. Aunt Maria, aged and infirm, lived with her. The old woman was ninety when she died. Her mind was clear. She wept to leave her niece alone. "If you had only married Howell; if he had only known about it; very likely he would have been living now, and you would have had somebody to take care of you, Rachel," she said, during the last night of her life.

Her niece started. "Why, aunt, did you know?" she asked, in a quick whisper.

"Oh yes, I knew, I knew," said the old woman. "Men are like that about young girls always when they get to be toward forty and a little *blasé;* they believe anything. But afterward, if he had *known*, Rachel, he would have married you. It's a great pity." Then her mind wandered, and at dawn she died.

Miss Vedder was left alone.

GARY'S MAGNETIC MOTOR.

WITH an ordinary horseshoe magnet, a bit of soft iron, and a common shingle-nail, a practical inventor, who for years has been pondering over the power lying dormant in the magnet, now demonstrates as his discovery a fact of the utmost importance in magnetic science, which has hitherto escaped the observation of both scientists and practical electricians, namely, the existence of a neutral line in the magnetic field—a line where the polarity of an induced magnet ceases, and beyond which it changes. With equally simple appliances he shows the practical utilization of his discovery in such a way as to produce a magnetic motor, thus opening up a bewildering prospect of the possibilities before us in revolutionizing the present methods of motive power through the substitution of a wonderfully cheap and safe agent. By his achievement Mr. Wesley W. Gary has quite upset the theories of magnetic philosophy hitherto prevailing, and lifted magnetism out from among the static forces where science has placed it, to the position of a dynamic power. The Gary Magnetic Motor, the result of Mr. Gary's long years of study, is, in a word, a simple contrivance which furnishes its own power, and will run until worn out by the force of friction, coming dangerously near to that awful bugbear, perpetual motion.

The old way of looking at magnetism has been to regard it as a force like that of gravitation, the expenditure of an amount of energy equal to its attraction being required to overcome it; consequently its power could not be availed of. Accepting this theory, it would be as idle to attempt to make use of the permanent magnet as a motive power as to try to lift one's self by one's boot straps. But Mr. Gary, ignoring theories, toiled away at his experiments with extraordinary patience and perseverance, and at last made the discovery which seems to necessitate the reconstruction of the accepted philosophy.

To obtain a clear idea of the Gary Mag-