THE OLD FIVE.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

MISS FARNO was playing on the piano. And, as Miss Farno played well, and her piano was north of the forty-sixth degree of latitude, there is more in the statement than the mere words imply. The United States had not many people north of its forty-sixth degree at that time. The upper part of Maine, above Katahdin, held up one end of the parallel, which, touching the country again on the southern shore of Lake Superior, pushed on westward, through the newly-admitted State of Minnesota, and out into the wild, unnamed territory beyond, as far as the Walla-Walla country and the Columbia River, where, on the coast, it found Astoria, the one romance of the sober old furrier John Jacob, and, bidding us farewell, plunged into the ocean, so called, of peace. Metals open up a country sooner than mountains or furs. While Katahdin and Astoria languished, the southern shore of Superior, rich in iron, and copper, and legends of silver, was dotted with mines at an early date: men will search for ores who scorn to plant and plough, and the pickaxe precedes the spade. Hence, among others, the settlement of Dead River, the ore-schooners, the one steamer, and, finally, Miss Farno and her piano. The steamer was a novelty. On her second trip she had brought Miss Farno, on her third the piano; Dead River now felt itself a town indeed. For all her houses seemed to grow straighter when Miss Farno put white-muslin curtains into the windows of hers; all the little gardens, fenced around confusedly in the woods, seemed to be actually facing somewhere when Miss Farno planted rose-bushes in hers; you could even fancy you saw the streets where now were but cow-paths since Miss Farno said she lived on Huron Avenue, and asked if your street was not Cherokee.

"Somebody has come at last," said Catharine Wells; "I am so glad! I shall go to see her immediately."

So, on the first Saturday after Miss Farno's arrival, Catharine knocked at the cottage-door. It was the most ambitious house in the place, the home of the one resident director of the mining company, John Parr, Miss Farno's half-brother. He was a tired-out city man, who had never had much money, but had only found it out when past middle age, and no longer a buoyant companion for those who had. These last agreed that they "must really do something for Parr," and, after a while, they put him in as resident director at Dead River (owning among themselves a quantity of the stock), with the vague idea that perhaps he might begin over again, and really be somebody up there. Parr had the same thought himself, and packed his possessions with a mixture of importance and self-pity. The pity grew into gigantic proportions during his first year at Dead River; the mines, the office, the store, and the dock, he saw dimly, as through a great cloud of compassion for himself—for himself, as though it was some other person—sadly and wrongfully exiled. He was important enough as far as that went; but who cared about importance up here in the woods? He wrote a number of complaining letters, took to smoking almost constantly, and at last turned about and went at the business with all his might. In his second year he was a curious mixture of the manager and the lazy fine gentleman; but the men at the mines had learned to feel no confidence in any softness he might be supposed to possess as the latter character. John Parr had no idea of asking his sister to visit him at Dead River; the idea was hers. But on principle he seldom objected to anything she wished. So he allowed her to come, and even consented to pay for the transportation of the piano. "You know I am nothing without it, dear brother," wrote Miss Farno. She was a tall, tired, foreign-looking girl, with dark hair and eyes, thin face, and slender, graceful form. She had been everywhere and seen everything, attached as an agreeable and orphaned appendage to various wealthy families; but lately she had felt a little bored by the betrothals which the daughters of these families had made before her very eyes, and their marriage-services, to which she had listened, standing, graceful as usual, enveloped in her bridesmaid's tulle, seemed to suggest certain questions to her mind with unpleasant distinctness. "But I cannot marry a poor man," she said to herself. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you. I will both resist him and flee; for to marry a poor man would make a devil of me, of that I am well aware." Then it was that she wrote to her brother.

"I am glad to see you," said this first caller. "I am Catharine Wells, the school-teacher. I came to see you immediately, because I hope we shall be friends."

Miss Farno, as was said before, was playing upon her piano; she paused, and came forward to meet her visitor.

"You are very kind," she said.

The schoolmistress was a prim little creature, with a very high opinion of herself and her acquirements, fostered and strengthened by conscious superiority over the communities in which she lived. Tried by other scales, her poor little knowledge was, in truth, small enough; but at least it was sufficient to show her, the moment she entered the presence of Miss Farno, that here was something new to her. The mere fall of the stranger's drapery, the tones of her voice, her accent, her attitude, opened a new world to Catharine Wells; herself dark and thin also, but small in person and irregularly featured, with nothing foreign or in the least suggestive of the tropics about her, like the tiny wing of a West-Indian bird in the hair, or the sandal-wood fan, which formed adjuncts of Miss Farno's equipment. The

schoolmistress had the sense to dress always plainly among the cheap fineries of Dead River; but, although neat as a Quaker, she now said to herself, with inward conviction, "Any one might take me for her maid." But, in her own small world, Catharine was as ambitious as Napoleon. Instead of fleeing from this queenly personage, and taking her pleasure among her inferiors, she swallowed her discomfiture, and prepared to win over the stranger to the coveted friendship by a display of her mental powers. As a beginning she quoted Emerson. "Good Heavens!" thought Miss Farno; "have I run into a literary woman up here?" She then assumed her most sweetly incompetent smile, and gently remarked that she read very little; didn't Miss Wells think that human books were more interesting than printed ones?

Catharine stared; then she caught the drift of the remark, and her face fell.

"I know very little of human books," she said, after a moment, almost with humility; "but of course *you* know them, Miss Farno?"

Miss Farno admitted that she did; and she said to herself: "The girl is worth something, after all; an ordinary woman would never have admitted that."

But Catharine never opposed facts; she took them as stepping-stones, no matter how disagreeable they were, for her own advancement. She said to herself, "Some day I will be like Miss Farno;" which would have amused Miss Farno very much could she have known it.

The two girls sat together all the afternoon. There were no other callers to interrupt Miss Farno; her brother had already told her that the schoolmistress would probably be her only companion—"A prim little woman, with an enormous opinion of herself, and about as much real knowledge of the world as a wren," he had said. After a while Miss Farno began to play for her visitor; she played well, wonderfully well, by rare imitative talent, however, rather than any originality of her own. Catharine sat gloomily listening. She had accepted the superiority of Miss Farno's dress, manner, accent, and attitude, by buoying herself with determinations on all sides, like so many cork life-preservers, to become like her, if it were possible; but here was an accomplishment which it would take years if not a lifetime to acquire. "Still I shall try," she thought, as Miss Farno's fingers brought out a yearning strain of passion from the rippling undercurrent of a German nocturne—a strain that rose and fell like a human voice, calling with love and grief, and then dying away, while the undercurrent went rippling on gently, as though nothing had happened. It was as if, on a wide, shoreless, moonlit sea, a voice was heard calling across the water—calling, calling, each time with a deeper passion, until at last it sank under the rippling wavelets, which went on softly playing together just the same, although one lay still and white on the dark water-mosses below. A young German student had taught Miss Farno to play that nocturne; she did not consider him an agreeable teacher, but she had caught the expression from those wild fingers of his perfectly. As she was finishing the last bar—"What is that?" she said, in a low tone. "I have heard it for some time."

Catharine listened; then she rose and peeped through the curtains. "It is as I thought," she said. "Wait a moment." She went out softly through the front-door, ran around the house, and caught the culprit on the spot; as a punishment she brought her in, for it was one of her own scholars, the one with whom she was always a very Rhadamanthus in judgment. "My worst pupil," she said, sternly presenting her.—"Polly, beg Miss Farno's pardon."

The criminal was a sturdy young girl, rather below than above medium height, with a mighty breadth of shoulder and loin, and the arms of a stone-heaver; flaxen hair crowned this bulk, blue eyes, and a face as innocent as a sheep's.

"Are you not ashamed to be caught listening under windows in that way?" said the schoolmistress.

"I wanted to hear the music," said Polly, gazing at Miss Farno with open-eyed wonder; "did *she* make it? I coomed by in a chance, as it wur, Miss Cath."

But, although she made this half-apology to the mistress, her eyes never turned from the lady who "made the music."

"And who is Polly?" said this lady, smiling.

"Polly is a Cornish girl by birth, Miss Farno, although she was brought to this country in early childhood; her father works in the mine, and, as she has no mother, I have the charge of her. But she does not do me much credit, I am sorry to say," said Catharine.

Polly made no further attempt to conciliate the mistress; she went forward slowly, almost reverently, toward the piano, and touched it. "Make it sing again," she said, under her breath; and Miss Farno began to play. Polly stood transfixed with rapture, her mouth half open, her arms crossed over her broad chest. After a while they could hear her breathing heavily.

"That is it; the same sound we heard before," said Miss Farno, pausing and looking at the girl with some curiosity.

"Oh, she does it on purpose," said Catharine. "She never cried like other girls, but just keeps on sighing and sighing in that heavy way."

Polly did not seem to heed the schoolmistress's remark; she sighed once or twice more, looked vaguely around the room, and then came gradually back to common life again. She drew her little plaid shawl around her shoulders, and dropped a courtesy.

"Good-day, leddies," she said, turning toward the door.

"You may come again if you like," said Miss Farno.

"Moight I? Then coom I will," said the girl, her face lighting with pleasure.

She went out, and Miss Farno, at the window,

watched her walk away under the trees down toward the miners' quarter, with the even, steady gait of a young elephant.

"What a tremendous breadth of shoulder!" she said, half in admiration, half in pity. "How old is she?"

"Not eighteen yet. I have had the charge of her for four years, and she drives me almost distracted sometimes."

"She *looks* amiable enough."

"That is the very point, she *is* amiable; I never saw her out of temper in my life. But how can I scold such a great, innocent-looking creature? And her faults are very annoying. If you will believe it, I have not been able to teach that girl simple division in four years! She hardly knows her right hand from her left."

"Pray consider what a space there is between them," said Miss Farno.

"Ah, now you are laughing at me; but I am a teacher, and I like to succeed in my work. Emerson says, you know, that we respect ourselves more if we have succeeded," said Catharine, bringing out one of her neatly-stored little quotations, and delivering it like an expressman.

The next morning Miss Farno found a bunch of wild-flowers on the front-door step, and on the following day a plaited grass-basket full of cool, dewy blueberries, the great blueberries of Lake Superior; then came two beach-agates, and on the fourth morning she caught a glimpse of Polly herself, and the offering the girl had this time was a little birch-bark box full of Indian sugar.

"Come in, Polly," said Miss Farno, from the window. Polly started; but came in, nothing loath. Miss Farno, in a long white robe, was taking her breakfast at a little round table near the open lattice; a black-lace scarf hung from the high comb she wore, and, crossing under the chin, fell over the clear white muslin; there was a red rose in her hair. She was a Spanish lady that morning; but Polly did not know that. She only fell to wondering how long it would take to wash and iron that ruffled white robe. "Polly, is it you who has brought flowers to me, and berries?"

"Yes," said Polly.

"But what shall I do for you in return for so many nice things?"

"I thought you might play a bit," said Polly, calmly; she had no idea of favors, she expected to pay for all she wanted.

"But you need not have brought me all those presents; I would have played for you at any time if you had come."

"I was a-cooming this morning," said Polly. "I thought it 'u'd about pay now."

Miss Farno opened the piano, and began to play. Polly stood in the centre of the room, with her arms laid as usual over her broad breast. She never seemed to care for a seat, and indeed her poise was solid enough for a colossus. She listened silently, and, after a while, two tears stood trembling on the edges of her eyes, dropped, and then rolled unheeded down her round cheeks; she was so absorbed that she did not wipe them away—let them wait till the music ceased.

Miss Farno played on for an hour; then she closed the piano.

"You can come again if you wish, Polly," she said; "but you need not bring me presents for it."

"But I like to," said Polly.

"Oh, very well, as you please. Those little agates are so pretty that I am going to have them set as a shawl-pin when I go back to New York," continued the lady, graciously. But Polly's interest was not awakened; her world was a small one—Dead River and the mine, that was all. Shawl-pins and New York were beyond her ken.

In the afternoons, after school-hours, Catharine appeared; she walked systematically every day for the benefit of her health, and she had decided that Miss Farno must walk too.

"Is there anything to see?" said that lady.

"The forest."

"Anybody?"

There was just that involuntary little pause which a quick woman notices, before Catharine answered.

"No," she said, in a more decided tone than usual. "With the exception of yourselves, there is not a gentleman or a lady in the village."

"Very probably," replied Miss Farno; "but there may be some wandering nondescripts, you know, not without interest. Abraham, I presume, was not in the habit of regarding the sons of Heth as gentlemen, exactly." As she made this sally, she glanced searchingly at Catharine. But the little schoolmistress's face remained unmoved. "There *is* somebody," said Miss Farno to herself.

There was. And on the fourth walk they met him.

"This is Robert Kenrick, Miss Farno," said Catharine, presenting him with formal carelessness. She could not avoid presenting him, since the path was narrow, and he, stopping to speak to her, filled the way. She allowed him to speak two sentences, and then walked on with a rigid little bow, with the intention of leaving him where they had found him chipping a rock with his exploring-hammer. But the man, who was a bronzed, good-looking fellow with a curly brown beard, spoiled her plans with a ready question or two, addressed, not to herself, but to Miss Farno, standing meanwhile, hat in hand, before her, and looking as though he would like, in default of Raleigh's velvet cloak, to cast himself at her feet, that she might walk over him rather than touch common earth. Miss Farno smiled; it was really very well done at a moment's notice—such a look as that. She answered the questions in her soft voice, and took him in rapidly meanwhile. "He is no boor," she said to herself, "but a person who has seen a good deal of the world; dubious in character, no doubt, but not common. A gambler, perhaps, with a taste for mining."

But, on the contrary, it was a miner, with a taste for gambling. Kenrick was the son of a New Eng-

land Congregationalist clergyman; he possessed a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin, the wandering spirit of an Ishmaelite, and a vague interest in ores. He had drifted to California and back, and was now here. His father was dead, much grieved for his son Robert; there was no one left in the little New Hampshire village who cared to know what had become of him; he did not care much himself, but enjoyed life, meanwhile, in his own way; and, for the rest, he was generally whatever people chose to consider him. Kenrick kept on deftly and readily talking to Miss Farno; he showed her some curious bits of ore, and what he thought was a trace of silver; he offered to guide her to a cold spring; he clambered up the rocks after a flower she saw there.

"Do not talk to him," said Catharine, taking advantage of the opportunity for one swift, cautionary whisper.

"Why not? I see plainly enough that *you* like him," answered Miss Farno, in the same tone.

If she had thrust a dagger into the little schoolmistress, she could not have frightened her more; the girl shrank back, turned red, then pale, and, as Kenrick was now near them again with the scarlet blossom in his hand, she walked off to a little distance and pretended to be gathering berries.

"Oh!" she was saying to herself, over and over again, "what *can* she mean? What can she mean? I shall die of mortification. That she should dare to suppose or suggest that I, Catharine Wells, had ever given a thought to that man! I will go back and confront her calmly, scornfully, and, as soon as he leaves her, I will *demand* what she means?"

She went back; but Kenrick was talking of the blossom, with a flood of *à propos* botanical knowledge, which seemed to overflow the path, the rocks, and the whole ravine, and Miss Farno was listening with a touching expression of girlish interest in her dark, well-trained eyes. She did not notice the approach of the schoolmistress, but went on looking submissively up into Kenrick's face, while Catharine stood by silent, much amazed and angry to see the deference she paid him. But the botany could not go on forever; even Kenrick saw that. He gave the flower to Miss Farno, bowed, and walked away; but not until a far turn in the ravine did he put on his hat, having remained all this time bareheaded before her, as before a queen.

"Now," said Catharine to herself, "*now* I shall ask her what she meant."

But something seemed to come up in her throat and choke her; she was afraid to speak lest her altered voice should betray her; she looked down at the juniper-rings, and nervously stirred the blue-green berries with her little shoe. Miss Farno, meanwhile, was arranging the scarlet blossom in her round hat; after a while she said, carelessly enough: "Why do you treat that man so, Catharine? It is easy to see he adores the ground you walk on."

The little schoolmistress's breath stopped. What would this woman say next? "I—I had—I had no idea you were going to say *that*," she answered, making a desperate snatch at her composure; "but it makes no difference, the subject is the same. I have never, in all my life, been so mortified, Miss Farno, as now, when I hear you suppose or suggest that I—I, Catharine Wells—would ever have anything to do with such a man as that!"

"Why? What kind of a man is he?" said Miss Farno.

"A person of very little stability, I fear—"

"If stability is all he wants, *you* can give him that—you have enough for both," said Miss Farno, carelessly.

"Do you think," said the schoolmistress, almost fiercely, "that I would so much as *look* at him—a man of no character, no principles, no station in the world, almost, I might say, no name? Do you think that of me? Do you dare to think it?"

"I do not think anything about it," answered Miss Farno, lightly. "You must not pay so much attention to what I say, Catharine—half the time I mean nothing at all."

"Oh!" said the schoolmistress. She had no other reply ready.

"John," remarked Miss Farno to her brother that evening, "do you want a new study of character?"

"I don't know that I do," replied John; "nobody has any character up here?"

"Catharine has."

"Oh, the little schoolmistress! Anything new about her?"

"I do not know whether it is new or not, but she is in love with Robert Kenrick?"

"What do *you* know about Kenrick, Adele?"

"Not much; I met him to-day when we were walking."

"Adele!"

"John!"

"Well; you must do as you please, I suppose," said the brother, taking up his newspaper with an annoyed frown.

"Of course I shall," replied Miss Farno; "but have I ever done anything in all my life that was foolish or dangerous?"

He made no reply.

"Come, John, you must answer me," she said, crossing the room and laying her hand on his shoulder. "Have I ever been silly, like so many girls?"

"No, you have not, Adele."

"Then you ought to have confidence in me."

"So I have; but—but I wish you would give up this—this study of character, as you call it. Or, if you must have somebody, take up the parson instead."

"I do not care for parsons," replied Miss Farno, moving away, with a smile, "and as for the study of character, John, I only proposed it to *you*. I do not need to study character; I know it already." She went over to the piano, and began arranging the scattered sheets of music; her brother's eyes followed her.

"Adele," he said, after a moment, "you have no idea how well you look to-night, and you would look even better if you would only think seriously of that Larramore affair."

"Do you think so?" said Miss Farno. She went on arranging the music. When she had finished her task, she went toward the door, then paused a moment, candle in hand. "There is not an hour in the day, brother, when I do not think of it," she said, gently. Then she left the room.

"Larramore is a good enough fellow," thought John Parr, with his eyes on the paper, "and seriously taken with Adele. Besides, she needs wealth to make her happy; and he has it. I wonder what made her come up here—a mere waste of time! But women will have their freaks, I suppose."

Polly came regularly once in three days to hear the music, bringing in the mean time her little offerings.

"There must be a certain fineness in her nature somewhere," observed Miss Farno, "although I hardly know where or what it is."

"Oh, some animals like to hear music!" said Catharine; "they will stand stupidly listening to it very much as she does."

"You do not think much of Polly, do you?" said Miss Farno, smiling.

"Literally, I have been obliged to think a good deal of her," said the schoolmistress, an expression of impatience coming into her dark little face, "for she has been under my charge. She can bake and brew astonishingly well in her slow way; but, as for anything else, I might as well talk to a stone."

"Perhaps her mind is as big and slow as her body," said Miss Farno. "Has she friends among the people here?"

"They like her well enough, but she seems to get on better with the men than with the women; all the miners have a smile and a good word for Polly. There is one of them, too, Dick Heath, who is, I think, a lover."

"A small-sized man, I presume?" said Miss Farno.

"Not exactly," said Catharine, laughing; "still, he is by no means as broad as she."

The schoolmistress was far from easy in the company of her new friend during these last days; she was very nervous at first, then she regained possession of herself, and preserved an outward calm. "What did she mean?" she had thought a thousand times. But there always followed Miss Farno's own answer, that half the time she meant—nothing at all! And through it all she held on stubbornly to her first intention of improving herself as much as possible upon this new model, and learning gradually all its acquirements; for she was still convinced that they were acquirements, and not the natural gifts of that sinuous, suave, dark-eyed woman.

A week later they met Kenrick again; this time he was able to render them a service, for a storm was upon them, and they were several miles away from home.

"There is a small cave in the cliff directly above us," he said, hurriedly; "if you hasten, you can reach it before the rain comes."

"We do not mind the rain," began Catharine, loftily. But Miss Farno was already on the rocks, beginning the ascent; it was evident that *she* minded it. Lithe, sure-footed, and long-armed, with Kenrick's aid, in five minutes she was snugly ensconced in the cave, and peeping down to watch Catharine's slower approach. The schoolmistress was coming up almost on her hands and knees; she could not swing herself up by means of the tree-trunks, or take the long steps from rock to rock by means of which Miss Farno had reached the high ledge. Her short feet slipped from perches where the elastic foot of her companion had poised itself and clung; she could not stretch forward and grasp a branch in mid-air like the supple Adele. Kenrick had tried to help her, but she refused his aid sharply; he contented himself, therefore, with keeping near her, and watching her efforts with exasperating calm. She slipped and fell, slipped and fell again; her cheeks flamed. "I wish you would leave me," she said, at last, tears of vexation coming into her eyes. The presence of this man was a grief and a mortification; for had not Miss Farno said—first one thing, and then another, but both of them a degradation? "I feel myself far above him," she said, with decision; and then she lost her footing, and went sliding down a sloping rock with helpless velocity.

Kenrick was with her in an instant.

"You foolish little thing," he said, laughingly yet kindly, "why do you act so?" And then he threw his arm around her, and helped her up the ascent almost without her own volition. True, she moved her feet, but it was the arm behind that carried her along, whether she would or not. "Now, then," said Kenrick, when they had reached the cave, and the schoolmistress was safely seated by the side of Miss Farno, "shall I stay here with you, or go to the village for cloaks and umbrellas?"

The wind was swaying the tops of the trees below them; the great drops were falling; from their high eyrie they could see the dark lake. Miss Farno leaned back comfortably in her rock-angle, and left the decision to Catharine. It was evident that she felt herself equal to any situation, in caves, or rocks, or whatever it might be. The schoolmistress, still exasperated, and with her mind in a tumultuous state, replied with asperity, "Do not dream, sir, of remaining here with us."

"Fortunately, I never dream," replied Kenrick, smiling. "I will go down to the village after your cloaks and umbrellas, then—shall I?"

"No, no; not for the world," said Catharine.

"If I am neither to go nor to stay, please tell me what I am to do, Miss Catharine," said Kenrick, reading her troubles at a glance with an inward laugh. "I am not to stay here, because—you do not like me," continued this bold person with a look that sent the blood all over her face, "and I am not to go to the village, because you think people will talk.—It is a very uncomfortable thing, Miss Farno, to bear such a character."

"It is," replied Miss Farno, quietly; "I have often wondered that men endowed with intelligence were willing to bear it."

Kenrick looked a little disconcerted.

"You do not know the whole story," he said, after a moment.

"Oh, I do not care to know it; they are all alike!" replied Miss Farno, carelessly.

This time he was angry.

"Excuse me, but I doubt if you do know it," he said, with some dignity.

"I wish I could doubt it, too," said Miss Farno. "Go down and get umbrellas, please; but go only to our house, Mr. Kenrick; you will find enough wrappings there for both of us, and in that way the people will know nothing of Catharine's being here."

He bowed, and disappeared over the wet rocks, swinging himself down by the tree-trunks with dexterous hand.

Catharine fully expected that the talk would turn upon him now that he was gone, but, instead of that, Miss Farno began a long description of a Swiss journey she had taken, and all the events that had occurred during a space of two weeks. It seemed interminable to Catharine, and yet she tried to listen, for she said to herself that it was very improving. But herself, for once, seemed to rebel, and would think of nothing but the most unimproving and discordant subjects. After a long while they heard the bushes crack down below, and knew that some one was coming.

"Catharine," said Miss Farno, suddenly leaving Switzerland to take care of itself, and touching the pale cheek next to her, with a smile, "you know you care for that man."

"I do not," said the girl, stamping her foot on the pebbles of the cave.

"You would not marry him if he asked you?"

"Never! I would die first. Why, he is not my equal in any way; how *can* you speak so? Are all the pains and labor I have taken with myself nothing? Are they all to be thrown away?" said the voice, beginning to break down.

"Ah, well, love equals all things," said Miss Farno; "and I thought perhaps— However, I see I was mistaken; forgive me."

There was no time for more; in another moment Kenrick appeared, and behind him the flaxen head of Polly, well drenched in rain.

"I met her, and she would come," said Kenrick; "she said she could take you down, Miss Catharine, better than I could."

"Polly," began the schoolmistress, "there was not the least necessity for you to come. I am surprised—"

"But I *can* carry you easy enough, Cath, while he takes the other lady," said Polly, with cheerful disregard of the reproving tone.

"Yes," said Miss Farno, "we certainly do need two helpers; and I give you fair warning, Catharine, that I intend to take Mr. Kenrick entirely to myself."

This was said gayly. A little dart of pain went through the schoolmistress's breast, followed by a vague surprise and uncertainty; Miss Farno was without doubt descending the rocks with Kenrick in the most familiar and laughing way. But she had little time for thought, for, before she knew it, Polly had lifted her on to one arm, as a child is carried, and was solidly descending the cliff, holding on by the trees, and deliberately choosing each step with the slow majesty of a young behemoth. The schoolmistress remonstrated angrily, but in vain; her feet remained suspended in air, and Polly went stolidly on. In spite of her vexation, she could not help watching, whenever the rocks gave her a chance, the two below, who were swinging themselves down with many gay words and much laughter. But her cup was at its fullest when she arrived in their presence at last on Polly's arm, with her feet hanging down like a baby's. Miss Farno, enveloped in her light, sleeved cloak, was not in the least wet; Kenrick had opened an umbrella, and was holding it over her. They gave hardly a glance toward Catharine; but, seeing that she was safe, they started forward through the woods together toward home. That long walk marked an era in Catharine's life. Fortunately, Polly was a wordless sort of a creature, born without much taste for question and reply; the schoolmistress could think her own thoughts, and she thought them.

On the edge of the town the four came together again in the fine, gray rain.

"Go you in by the straight road with Polly," said Miss Farno. "Mr. Kenrick and I will go around and come in on the other side.—That is what you would like best, Catharine, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the girl, mechanically. She was silently studying their faces: entirely out of her knowledge was the momentary fleeting interest the two felt in each other, entirely out of her world the light conversation gemmed with little meanings which had taken place between them. The schoolmistress, poor thing! was always in earnest.

"I cannot understand it," she said to herself, as she walked homeward, after leaving Polly at her own door—"I cannot understand it."

She changed her wet clothes conscientiously, made a little pot of tea and drank it, and then sat down to Wordsworth, where the marker pointed out the two hundredth page of "The Excursion."

For the next two weeks she saw Miss Farno daily as usual, and daily Miss Farno made some allusion to Kenrick—something quoted which he had said, some chance remark which showed that she had seen him. Catharine listened, but made no reply. The two took their afternoon walks as usual; but they did not meet him. "It is only when I am absent," thought the schoolmistress. She had herself well in hand now; but lines settled nevertheless in her cheeks and at the corners of her firmly-closed little mouth.

It was about this time that John Parr said to his sister:

"I hope you know what you are about, Adele?"

"Perfectly," replied Miss Farno. "I am amusing myself and educating a schoolmistress."

One morning not long after this the two companions started for a distant point which went by the name of the Old Five. It was an old digging, an

abandoned mine, looking like a quarry half-way up the cliff; the diggings were numbered, and this was Number Five. Some rare flowers were said to grow in the vicinity, and on their account Miss Farno had been tempted to take the walk, although it was much longer than their usual stroll. The two girls entered the woods together, and turned northward, following an old Indian trail. Miss Farno's tall, slender figure moved forward with a long step and slight, swaying motion; Catharine followed, with head erect, inflexible little back, immovable as though corseted in steel, and quick, short steps, two to her companion's one. When they had been walking ten minutes they met Kenrick. Catharine looked at him darkly, withdrawing herself instantly into her inmost fortress, and closing all the doors behind her. Miss Farno, however, smiled graciously.

"I am glad we have met you," she said, "for we are bound for the Old Five, and feel a little timid about going alone."

"*I* do not feel timid," said Catharine.

"Ah, you are so far above the little weaknesses of most women," replied Miss Farno, sweetly. "Now I confess my cowardice at once, and ask for help."

"Which a man is proud and happy to grant," said Kenrick.

Catharine said no more, but, taking the lead, she walked on down the trail with a quicker, harder step than usual. Miss Farno followed, the draperies of her long skirt caught up gracefully and thrown over one arm, revealing a pair of slender, high-heeled, city-made boots, while Catharine had only clumsy little brogans that ended at the ankle. Kenrick walked at Miss Farno's side through the low underbrush; for the trail was narrow, the Indians apparently not seeing "the wit of walking and talking at the same time." Catharine could not help hearing fragments of the conversation behind her, but she put her feet down more deeply into the white sand of the trail as she walked, and resolutely refused to turn her head. "She has a tremendous will in that little frame of hers," thought Miss Farno, who had been talking especially for her ears—"like a little steam-tug that is all engine. How steadfast she is to her inflated idea of her little self!" After an hour's walk they left the trail and began to ascend the cliffs, or rather the range of highlands which followed the line of the shore half a mile back from the beach. When part-way up, Miss Farno paused to rest a moment; the Old Five was still some distance above them.

"Look, Catharine! isn't that Polly down below, following the trail?" she called out.

Catharine, who was above her, paused and looked down. Through the open woods below she saw Polly coming along on a slow, regular trot, her hands resting on her hips, her head stretched forward like a race-horse, and holding between her teeth a basket.

"If we were down there, I am sure we should feel the ground shaking," said Miss Farno.

"Polly, Polly!" called Kenrick; "Polly, Polly!"

The girl paused, looked up, and caught sight of them on the rocks; she nodded her head two or three times as a signal to them to wait for her, the basket swinging to and fro meanwhile, still held between her teeth, as a dog would hold it. Then she turned from the trail into the thick bushes at the foot of the cliff; they could hear her crashing through them, and, after a while, her head appeared below, and her strong arms soon brought her to their resting-place.

"Not in the least out of breath either," said Kenrick, admiringly, giving her his hand to help her on to the ledge. But that deep, broad chest of Polly's had room for more breath than he knew.

"I coomed to bring a note, Miss Farno," she said, putting down the basket, and taking an envelope from her pocket. "I met Maister Parr, and he sent me after you with this and the dinner."

"Dinner?" said Kenrick. "Is it in the basket, Polly? Do you know what it is, and whether it is good?"

Polly grinned broadly.

"'Twill be the victuals Miss Farno has at hoom hersel'; so I reckon 'twill do for the likes of you, Maister Kenrick."

"The likes of me, Polly! Why—am I not a fine fellow? Next to Dick Heath, say?"

A deep rose-red covered Polly's face and neck as he spoke; she looked down bashfully, and sidled against the rocks like a great, awkward calf.

Meanwhile Miss Farno was reading the note:

"I had no idea that you were going as far as the Old Five, Adele, and I do not approve of it. I send out Polly with dinner for *four*, as I presume that is your number; and, later in the day, I will come out there myself, with two or three of the clerks, so as to give it the air of a picnic. Allow me to say that you are going too far, to-day, in more ways than one.

"J. P."

Miss Farno was much annoyed. "John does not understand me at all," she thought. But she made the best of it, and quickly threw the glamour of a picnic over the scene, gayly leading the way upward to the Old Five. High up on the side of the cliffs was the old mine, a large excavation cut into the hill, with piles of loose stones, and fragments of rock, on its uneven floor. They found the flowers; they ate their lunch; they drank from the spring; they told stories; and Kenrick sang songs and carved little wooden images as souvenirs for them all. One of these was an old man, grotesquely bent in the shape of the figure five. "I will keep that as a memento of to-day," said Miss Farno. She was very fantastic in her tastes that afternoon; she seemed to be trying her power over Kenrick, for the purpose of tantalizing—whom? The schoolmistress? Kenrick? Or was it herself? At length, after other tasks, she espied a tuft of green high up on the side of the excavation, and was sure it was a fern she had long wished for, the *filix-mas*, whose habitat was given in the botany as "rocky woods, southern shore of Lake Superior." Kenrick started immedi-

ately in quest; the lofty devotion of his manner made the little comedy they were playing together that afternoon a very good one. He bowed low before her ere he went, and craved a token; she took off her little Persian scarf and tied it around his arm. She was sitting on a rock, with Polly at her feet; Catharine stood behind her, leaning against a tree. They all watched Kenrick as he descended into the excavation below, crossed it, and then began to make his way up the cliff opposite them. He reached the spot, plucked the green tuft, waved it in triumph, and then began the descent, but, instead of returning by the way he had come, he began to run down the steep slope, covered with sliding stones which had been loosened from the top of the cliff by the digging down below. After a moment or two he could no longer lift his feet in the moving mass, but began to slide; and it seemed as if the whole hillside was sliding too. The little stones, the great stones, and the flat pieces of rock, came rapidly down behind him, reached him, passed him, and at last, still coming faster and faster, piled themselves against him and flung him forward, carrying him head downward rapidly toward the level base. Miss Farno screamed; Catharine turned deadly pale and clasped her hands; Polly rose, and stood watching. Two breaths more, and he was at the bottom of the slide, but, before he could rise, the great flat stones were upon him, not one or two, but by fifties and hundreds, coming down relentlessly, and piling themselves upon him until the watching women opposite could see nothing save a heap of gray rocks. And still the stones slid down with a dull, rattling sound, and piled the mound higher.

"What shall we do?" said Miss Farno, turning with blanched face toward Catharine.

And for answer Catharine sprang forward and struck her.

"*You* sent him!" she said, with terrible emphasis.

"You acknowledge it then, at last, do you?" said Miss Farno, not heeding the blow; "you acknowledge that you love him, now that he is dead—you miserable little piece of conventionality!"

But Catharine was already over the rocks on her way to the bottom of the digging.

Meanwhile Polly had not changed her attitude; she was leaning over the verge watching attentively; she had not heard this little by-play. Miss Farno joined her.

"He was yore sweetheart, worn't he?" said Polly.

"Oh, no, Polly; not mine, but Catharine's."

"*Ho*, no!" said Polly. "I've seen you and him together too much for that!"

"Nevertheless, she loves him, Polly, loves him dearly," said Miss Farno, sitting down miserably, and covering her face with her hands; that still mound of gray rock made her feel sick and faint.

"The stoones isn't sliding so much now," said Polly; "they'll stop afore long, and then, if he can breathe in there the whilst, perhaps we can get him out. Happen he can help himsel' a little; I'll goo down and see."

She descended swiftly, and found Catharine at the side of the mound lifting off the upper stones.

"Let be," said Polly, holding her back; "you're oonly making it woorse for him, mayhap. If he's goot a crack to breathe through, let him keep it, poor chap! When the stoones stop sliding, we'll goo to work. 'Twur *thy* sweetheart, then, Cath? I didn't know that."

The little schoolmistress, held firmly back in the grasp of the strong-armed Cornish girl, burst into tears and beat her breast wildly.

"Save him, Polly!" she said; "save him! You are so strong."

"I wull," said Polly. "Don't greet, Cath; I'll haul him out for you yet. Coom, now, the stoones are stopping. Cast off."

And then they both went to work, throwing the stones off the pile as rapidly as they could; the schoolmistress threw three to Polly's two; but Polly took the big ones. After several minutes' work, Polly paused.

"Hoosh!" she said. "Likely we can find oot now whether he's alive."

She put her mouth to a crack, and roared his name; then bent her ear to listen. A voice answered, dull, muffled, and weak—yet—a voice! The schoolmistress fell on her knees and offered up thanks.

"Can you help yoursel'?" called Polly, down the crack.

A dull murmur came back.

"What?" said Polly.

Listening intently she made out that his arm was broken, and that he was caught under the trunk of a tree which had slid down with the stones.

"There's the end of it," said Polly, "over there close to the cliff, and t'other end's just beyont him. If I could heft it oop now, he might crawl out a bit. Coom, Cath; let's take off all the stoones we can. —Can you wait a while longer?" she called to the man below.

But Kenrick answered that he could not wait. His voice, too, was perceptibly fainter. Miss Farno was on her way down the rocks to help them; she had seen what they were trying to do. Now it was that the young Cornish girl showed her strength: firmly planted herself, she heaved the great stones off the pile with tremendous rapidity and force, while Catharine toiled at the smaller ones.

"Now, then," cried Polly, cheerily, "take coorage, lad; ye'll soon be out."

But no voice answered. Catharine sank down and covered her face with her hands.

"He's only fainted, perhaps.—Coom, lad; Kenrick, Kenrick! here's yore sweetheart waiting for you," called Polly. This time Kenrick answered, but very faintly. "No time to lose, now," said Polly. "Must heave up the log that's crooshing him. Do you keep on at the stoones, Cath."

She ran over to the end of the tree-trunk that was close to the cliff, and, with her great strength, lifted it a little, stooped, and placed her back under it.

"Polly, Polly!" called Miss Farno from the other side, waving her hands and her feathered hat, "don't

do that. Those loose stones above will slide down and crush you; I can see the whole side of the cliff."

Polly paused an instant; her face, reddened by her position, looked first toward Miss Farno, then toward Catharine.

"I moost take my chance," she called out; "I can't let him dee down there for want of a heft."

Then she gave a mighty lift with her strong back and loins. Two or three large stones fell off the mound, and the smaller ones rattled down with a clatter as the tree-trunk rose slowly into view; beneath it was visible a portion of Kenrick's body. Catharine threw herself upon it and drew him clear.

But, at the same moment, the loose stones on the other portion of the slide, disturbed in their position, rattled down with tremendous force on Polly, and buried her from sight.

Kenrick's right arm was bruised and broken; the Persian scarf was soaked with blood; he was very weak. Miss Farno, crying out loud, watched the rocks slide down on the mound that covered Polly. Catharine, with renewed life in her heart, kept saying, feverishly, "We shall save her yet."

When the slide ceased at last, John Parr had arrived with two of his clerks, and they all went to work at the mound. But this slide had lasted longer than the first one; the rocks lay closer together. After half an hour's work they brought out Polly alive, but dying. Her fair, girlish face was unhurt, but that broad young bulk of hers had been crushed in more places than one, and her arms lay helpless by her side. The most of her suffering was over now; they could all see that death was near. They laid her down; she opened her eyes and looked at them all quietly. Miss Farno took her hand and said a few gentle words.

"You have given your life for another, dear; the good Lord will love you for that, and make you very happy in heaven. And we—we will remember you always, Polly; you are better than we are."

"Oh, no," said Polly, earnestly; "I never was good at all, Miss Cath knows that.—But you'll forgive me now, Cath, won't you? And I'm glad I've saved yore lad for you. I couldn't let him dee in there just for want of a heft."

Her voice failed—she closed her eyes.

"I liked yore music always, Miss Farno," she whispered; "I'm sorry I'll hear no more. But perhaps they'll play oop there." She lay in silence for a moment or two, then she opened her eyes and looked at Catharine. "Give my loove to Dick," she whispered, as the schoolmistress bent over her; "tell him I tho't of him at the last." Then she died.

. . . . . .

Six days afterward Kenrick asked Catharine if she would marry him. He spoke curtly, and said little more than the bare words.

The forlorn little schoolmistress, broken in spirit, had not the strength of mind to refuse, "although I know he does not really care for me," she thought, sadly. Miss Farno had been gone five days. Kenrick hastened the marriage, took his wife away, and, on the whole, throughout a long life, was not unkind to her; but he remained a wandering Ishmaelite to the last. As for Catharine, she adored the very shadow of her husband, obeyed him meekly, and forgot even the name of Emerson.

. . . . . .

A year later a middle-aged husband said to his wife one morning:

"Adele, why do you keep that ugly wooden image on your dressing-table?"

"It is a memento, Mr. Larramore."

"I did not know you were romantic."

"Nor am I; for I married you."

Kane Larramore turned and looked at his wife.

"There are some things better than romance, my dear," he said, quietly.

"I thoroughly agree with you," replied Mrs. Larramore, smiling. "Will you ring for the carriage, please?"

THE NUMBER OF THE SENSES.

"IT knocked me out of my seven senses," said a plain farmer, describing an accident which had left him stunned on the ground.

Was the farmer right in his number? There are many who will speak of seven senses, yet, when asked to enumerate, they tell us only of the ordinary five—sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch, or feeling.

Whence the popular notion of two more?—for surely so wide-spread a notion must have a history. Perhaps it is traceable to the fact that seven, being regarded as a sacred number, is used in the sense of *completeness*, and is intended to mean *all*, whether that all be more or less than seven. Possibly, however, the popular mind, dissatisfied with a limitation of the number of the senses to five, while convinced that it is greater, has taken this method of uttering its protest. If this conjecture be correct, the implied protest is sustained by the fact that the number seven stands authoritatively connected with both color and music, there being seven tones in each musical octave, and, as Newton decided, seven primary colors in the solar spectrum, although, in fact, the colors of the spectrum appear to be scarcely more capable of definite limitation than are the senses, and although Sir John Herschel has added to the violet end an eighth color, which he calls lavender, and while other philosophers have pronounced their number to be beyond limitation.

It is a noticeable fact, however, and not without significance in the question before us, that a more critical investigation of the solar spectrum, since Newton's day, has convinced the majority of scientific men that the number of really primary colors is