

THE

# Heir of Gaymount:

A NOVEL.

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etc., etc., etc.



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## THE HEIR OF GAYMOUNT.

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### I.

#### WATCHED.

N the night of the 20th of October, 1868, a man wrapped in a cloak came out of a house on the southern bank of the Potomac, and walking cautiously along the front of the mansion in the deep shadow—for the moon shone brightly—disappeared in a sort of conservatory attached to one wing of the establishment.

In a few moments he reappeared, evidently carrying something beneath his cloak, and was about to emerge into the moonlight, when a low breathing behind him made him start. He looked over his shoulder; a large deerhound was silently following him.

"I did not see you," he muttered, "but come on, you are a discreet dog."

And he crossed the sward in the moonlight, making his way toward an enormous oak springing from a knoll in the grounds.

He had not seen another thing. As he went out of the front door of the house a slender female form lightly descended the stairs; opened the door

without noise, and following him, watched all his movements. When he crossed the moonlit expanse, the figure made a circuit, keeping in the shadow of the oaks; glided from tree to tree; kept pace with him thus as he advanced; and finally paused behind the trunk of a large oak, about twenty paces from the one toward which the man seemed to be directing his steps.

Having reached this point, the figure no longer made any movement. Concealed behind the oak, and peering cautiously around the rugged vale, the spy, with eyes which seemed to penetrate the darkness, watched the strange and suspicious proceedings of the man in the cloak.

They were calculated to excite curiosity. Having reached the great tree, growing from the grassy knoll, the man threw his cloak upon the earth, deposited a spade and pickaxe which he had carried beneath it, beside the cloak, and then proceeded to take off his coat and roll up his shirt sleeves. These movements were watched with deep attention by the deer-hound, who at a sign from his mas-

ter had stretched himself beneath the tree. The man then drew forth his watch; held it close to his face—allowing a stray moonbeam to fall upon it—and muttered:

"I calculated the time exactly—it is precisely ten minutes past eleven—the hour has come."

The speaker seized the pickaxe, and raising his eyes, gazed attentively at the huge boughs of the oak above him. The trunk was knotty, gnarled, half denuded of its foliage by the hand of Autumn, and here and there, as at the summit, appeared decayed stumps of boughs, indicating the great age of the oak.

"Let me reflect," muttered the man. '3. D. L. N. W.'—there can certainly be no doubt about that! 'October 20—11: 10—T. T.'—that is equally unmistakable! Come, the thing can be no juggle. I have only to 'dig!'"

His face flushed, and he went straight to a certain spot beneath the tree, and raising his pickaxe began to dig with ardor. So vigorously was the work prosecuted, that in a few moments he had opened an oblong hole with the pick; and then exchanging it for the spade, he began to throw up the loose dirt in a heap on the side of the opening. The work was hard, but the man pursued it with feverish rapidity. Scarcely a sound was heard as the soft loam was shoveled up; and the workman thus engaged in his silent toil, resembled rather a phantom than a human being. Soon the spade was laid down, and the pick resumed. The sharp instrument, penetrating the loam, made no more noise than the spade; the hole grew deeper; the newly-loosened earth was removed like the former; and then it became necessary to descend into the opening to continue the work. The man descended into it, and now only half his body was visible. But the pick continued to rise and fall; the spadefulls of earth to be

thrown upon the pile; and at the end of an hour an opening two or three feet by four or five, and resembling a grave, yawned beneath the oak.

The attention of the man, and the deer-hound also, was so deeply absorbed in this work, that neither observed the slight figure which glided stealthily from tree to tree, ever drawing nearer to the great oak. Then the figure all at once was lost to view beneath the shadow, but suddenly reappeared, by magic, it seemed, behind the very great oak itself. From that place of concealment the burning eyes were fixed immovably upon the silent workman.

His toil continued without cessation, and at every moment grew more ardent. The earth rose from the pit, making the pile beside it larger and larger. The man's head and shoulders only now appeared above the ground. His forehead was streaming with sweat; a hoarse sound issued from his lips; something seemed to drive him to his passionate toil, as a goad drives.

This continued until his head had nearly disappeared. Then a groan of disappointment was heard to issue from the grave-like opening. The resemblance probably struck the man, for he muttered:

"Nothing! After all, I have dug my grave for nothing!"

He rose slowly, and got out of the hole, wiping his wet forehead. The figure behind the tree started, trembled, and seemed about to spring forward. But the design was not carried out. All at once the man uttered an exclamation, and at one bound reached and raised from the ground a dead limb which had fallen from the oak. It was at least six feet in length, and as large around as his leg—but exerting all his strength, the man climbed up the oak, clutching the huge boughs, and dragging the dead limb with him.

He ascended thus, foot by foot, until he reached the point where at a dizzy height grew three dead stumps of limbs in a row upon the trunk. Here he stopped; clung with his left hand to the middle stump; and raising the limb which he had dragged up the tree, with his right hand, applied the butt end of it to the most elevated stump. It fitted exactly; every projection in each precisely adapted itself to the other. The man descended rapidly, still grasping the fragment of the limb; hastened to the opening which he had made in the sward, and laying the limb on the earth, in the direction which the shadow had taken when he commenced his work, proceeded with activity more feverish than before to dig at the spot thus indicated.

"Here is the spot to dig my grave," he muttered, panting heavily, and with a strange smile upon his lips.

A low exclamation issued from the concealed figure, but the man did not heed it. He was working like a giant; the pick rose and fell as by machinery; the shovel threw up the dirt; in an incredibly short space of time the new "grave" had been dug to a depth of more than four feet. The man panted and staggered with his exhausting toil. A savage excitement seemed to have mastered him. He was growing nervous, superstitious—a sombre influence, born no doubt of his lugubrious work, began to steal over him and master all his faculties.

"I will dig forever but I will find it," he muttered in hoarse and furious accents. "It is not his—he lies—it is mine and my wife's and child's. He shall not have it—I'll have his blood first. It is here—it must be here. I will find it or fall and die in this grave that I have dug."

A species of vertigo seized upon him. He raised the pick and it fell, piercing the soft earth to the depth of a foot. It

struck something—the man staggered—the concealed figure uttered a cry, and reached him just at the moment when he fell back fainting in the grave-like opening.

## II.

### GAYMOUNT AND ITS OWNER.

Before proceeding with our narrative, we beg the reader to go back with us to the month of October, 1865.

One morning in that bright month a young man was sitting in a large apartment of a large house, in what is called the "Northern Neck of Virginia," leaning his forehead upon his hand and reflecting.

The old house might have been succinctly described as "torn down generally;" and the room in which the youth pursued his aimless reverie was a fair specimen of the whole establishment. It was decorated with highly ornamented cornices, but part of the rich work had crumbled and fallen; with pine wainscoting elaborately carved, but it was cracked and otherwise disfigured; with a variegated marble mantelpiece, but one end of it had been shattered; and with furniture once of great elegance, but now dilapidated and falling to pieces; the old carpet was in rags; some old presses seemed to topple over; the old sideboard wanted a foot; the old portraits looked out dimly from tarnished frames whose gilt was mouldering. Dust lay on them, and the paint was cracking—you could scarce make out the lace and ringlets. In fact, walls, mantelpiece, furniture and pictures, were all passing. The effacing finger of time had nearly achieved a complete conquest, leaving the apartment a mere relic of past splendor.

It seemed a pity that this ruin should have come on the old house, which was evidently a landmark of the past. You could see that it dated far back—had

come into the world at least a century before, and as plainly had "come to stay." The walls were three or four feet thick; the doors were solid and had never warped; in the great broad windowsills you could fancy the lovers of old generations—when men and women lived superbly, powdered their hair and wore lace and velvet—whispering by moonlight, or scratching their names on the window panes.

In 1865, all that was very dead indeed. The house was going to wreck and ruin, and the grounds around it were in the same condition. Through the windows you looked out on a desolate prospect. There lay before you an extensive park, studded with oak; beyond were slender Lombardy poplars; farther still, long rows of negro quarters, a garden, and stables large enough to hold a hundred horses—but, in one and all of these objects you saw the traces of age and neglect. The oaks and poplars were slowly dying at the top; the garden was desolate-looking; the quarters were mere ruins; the stables "tumble down" and untenanted nearly; and as to fences, a few rails and staggering posts here and there was all.

The old days were long dead, like the men and women who illustrated them, and who were fast asleep under their tombstones. Once upon a time this old house of Gaymount had been the abode of profuse hospitality, and had looked out proudly on a domain of more than three thousand acres. In this October, 1865, it was almost deserted; its owner was a youth wearing a shabby coat; and his estate embraced exactly forty acres.

He was a young man of about twenty-five, slender, of medium height, with dark hair, ruddy complexion, and eyes naturally full, of frankness, good sense, and courage—though at this moment their expression was one of lassitude and discouragement. He wore an old faded

coat, a waistcoat and dingy pantaloons of the same material—a calico shirt in strips nearly—and boots full of holes.

Our poor young man was sitting in an elbow chair, once handsome, but now defaced and rickety; beside a table littered with books and papers, beyond which was seen an old sideboard, (toppling forward,) with glass and some silver upon it; and at the feet of the youth was stretched a large deerhound, gazing into the cheerful blaze made by a few twigs in the great wide fireplace.

For half an hour the young man continued his meditations. The calm and brave mould of the features says much for his energy of temperament; but, at the moment, this energy seems to slumber, yielding almost to despair. His brows are knit together; a weary expression is upon the lips, and a sigh issues from them, which attracts the attention of the hound, causing him to rise, and lay his intelligent head upon his master's knee.

The young man smiles thereat, and slowly passes his hand caressingly over the head of the dog.

Then his lips open, and he mutters in a voice of mingled sadness and bitterness—

### III.

#### WHAT CARTARET SAID TO HIS DEERHOUND.

"You are serving a bad master, Leon, and I advise you, if you are an intelligent dog, to attach yourself to some more prosperous individual. Like master, like dog, old comrade—you will soon be thin, gaunt, hungry, and your very fur, if that is possible, will grow ragged. Lucky dog!—your species don't attach much importance to dress, however. You are unlike men—but stop! you are like them, too, in some thing. You growl and bite, Leon, and are given to tear the comrade who is down."

The deerhound whines and wags his tail, apparently remonstrating against this cynical view of human and dog nature.

"You deny it, then," continued his master, "and no doubt think that I am indulging in ill-natured snarls—that men are better than I make them out. Well, that shows you don't know human nature, old fellow. Men are a poor set, decidedly; I like you dogs better! Why not? You are more faithful and disinterested—at least a young man of my acquaintance, named Edmund Cartaret, has found you so. You wag your tail, Leon—do you know this Cartaret? If so, you also know his present status in the world—that he is the splendid proprietor of a large house, to which is attached an immense domain, consisting of no less than forty acres—that his family was once rich; his father a person of great fortune, until a certain Mr. Tugmuddle ruined him; that the said Edmund Cartaret was adopted by his uncle Henry—went to the wars—came back—found this house and the small patch of ground around it his sole patrimony—while the three thousand acres once belonging to the estate, were in possession of his cousin, Arthur Botleigh—Arthur Botleigh, *Esquire*, I should say, Leon—for is he not the 'head of the family'? Is he not courted, flattered, made much of, as the rich heir, while the insignificant Edmund Cartaret is completely lost sight of? Poor Arthur! Tugmuddle has his clutches on him, they say, and I pity him, for he is a good fellow, and never meant to do me a wrong! What wrong? I am a pauper; but why should I charge that to him? No, I'll not be unjust, Leon—that would be resembling my species too closely; and I am determined, henceforth, to cultivate the virtues of you dogs! That will be 'going to the dogs,' you see—and what could describe my condition better? Here I am in this

year 1865, a poor youth, without respect, and almost without food and clothes; with no money, no credit, only one old servant, and one friend, Guy Hartrigger, —unnoticed, uncared for, sinking into the slough of despond—and yonder, Arthur is drinking his wine, and entertaining his guests splendidly—the true lord of the manor and 'head of the family.'"

The young man paused, and uttered a short laugh.

"Well, so be it—you are left, old fellow," he added; "you are faithful, and though you can't help me, you love me, which is a great deal! Come, give me some good advice, Leon. What is left for the poor son of the gentleman who has ruined himself in charity to his poor neighbors, and the destitute of the whole country? Speak, Leon; I have confidence in your honesty and disinterestedness. We have made the great campaigns together—you followed me everywhere, keeping beside me, and when I was shot once you found me and stood howling by my body, until Guy Hartrigger came and rescued me. That is what I call devotion—if you are a dog only—so advise me! How shall I try to make a living?—for I'll starve if I stay here, old fellow! By the Law? I have no money, and perhaps no brains for that. The Army? Well—but tell me what army? Napoleon's or Maximilian's, Leon? It is a long way to France or Mexico, and I am wholly penniless. Sell my house to obtain means—my old furniture, my old pictures—the home of my father in his boyhood, of his father and grandfather before him? Ah! the very thought cuts me!—and yet, what other course is left? No one will weep except myself. Shall I sell out and go into exile? You wag your tail, Leon. That means 'sell, master, sell—I at least will never desert you'—and I don't doubt the fact, Leon, for you are a dog. Yes, I think you are right, old comrade. Why

stay here and grow poorer and shabbier every day? Better wear out than rust out."

Leon rose and turned his head, listening.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" added the youth.

Leon hastened toward the door.

"There, *you* are going too. If you were a man instead of a dog, I should say that my discourse on poverty had frightened you, or that you had a piece of bad news to tell some intimate friend, and trembled for fear that some one else might forestall you."

#### IV.

#### JUBA.

As Cartaret uttered these synical words, footsteps were heard without; soon the door opened, and entered an old African, grey-haired, in dilapidated clothes, all patched, but with something courtly and dignified in every movement of his person. This was Juba, formerly body servant to the young man's father—now "factotum general" of the son.

Juba held in his hand two letters which he had brought from the post office; but it never occurred to him to deliver them without due ceremony. He went to the old sideboard, took a silver waiter therefrom, deposited the latter upon it, and approaching the young man with an air of great respect, presented the waiter and its contents with a low bow, and the words:

"From the post office, sir."

"A 'local letter' this," said Cartaret, laughing, as he looked at the first. "A dun, no doubt."

And he was not mistaken. It was the village storekeeper's "polite reminder" of his "little bill." He begged to inform Mr. Cartaret, in a flourishing hand, that the account had been due three months—that his terms were *cash*—that he would be compelled, in default of pay-

ment, to place the account in the hands of the law.

"Very well," ejaculated the youth coolly, "there's another human trait for you, old Leon! This gentleman has made a small fortune from the Cartarets—but times have changed. The rich father is dead, and the poor son is a bad customer. His little account has been due three months; he has not been paid—an unheard-of enormity!—instant payment or the tender mercies of the constable! Well, human nature is a charming thing, after all, and there is a large amount of it in the world, or I am very much mistaken."

With that he opened the second letter, which was a most headlong and tremendous specimen of penmanship—such, in fact, as a gentleman might produce, if he expected the train to pass in precisely three minutes, and had a page to fill while waiting for it.

"Ah! from New York," said the young man; and he turned to the signature.

"Frank Lance," he added; "well, I think this will turn out more agreeable."

And with a smile upon his lips, Cartaret proceeded to read the letter. It ran as follows:

"My old and esteemed friend Cartaret:—None of your 'Sirs,' or 'Misters,' or 'Lieutenants' for me, old fellow. Don't Frank Lance remember how you played the good Samaritan to him once?—how you took care of him, befriended him, gave him that old grey horse to ride, and made him yours eternally? Perhaps *you* don't remember that; but Frank Lance does, and is coming to see you. Ere a week shall have rolled onward, the undersigned will make his advance. He comes to beard the young lion in his den, regardless of peril—to entrust his valuable person to the lord of Castle Dangerous—well knowing what he risks, incarceration in a subterranean dungeon, or a death of prolonged agony from tar and feathers.

"But the die is cast—the fatal moment approaches. The traveling correspondent of the 'Bird of Freedom' knows not fear. Be inhuman to him—he will describe all! Tar him,

he will tell the particulars! Bury him deep in your darkest dungeon, and he'll write an account of it on the walls. Hang, draw, and quarter him, and each bleeding morsel of flesh shall turn into a pen and write the details for the 'Bird of Freedom'—circulation 100,000—and now is the time to subscribe!

"Yours truly,

"FRANK LANCE."

"P. S.—Forgot to say I am setting out to travel over and describe the Southern battle-fields for the 'Bird.' Don't send anywhere for me—I don't know how I'll reach you, but I'll arrive—Farewell, rebel!"

Cartaret laid down the letter, and began to laugh. As soon as that expression came back to his face, you could see that it was the natural one—he laughed so well.

"Very good, my dear Lance," he said, "you will be welcome,—I never knew a better fellow."

And he went back, in memory, to the moment of his first acquaintance with the gay New Yorker. Cartaret had been on detached service with a dozen cavalry on the Upper Potomac, when one evening a prisoner, in citizen's clothes, was brought in. On being questioned, he began to laugh, and introduced himself as Mr. Frank Lance, war correspondent of a New York journal, to prove which, he submitted to Cartaret his note book, and some newspaper slips. Sitting by the bivouac fire, the young officer read them, and found them suggestively comic. He read them aloud then, and everybody laughed; whereupon Frank Lance, Esq., exclaimed: "What a jolly set of rebels!" Then he and Cartaret talked long; the young man finding his prisoner a perfect gentleman. In conclusion, he took Lance's parole simply. The prisoner was kept for some days wholly unguarded; and, finally, when he was brought in, the two young men had become almost friends, and Cartaret proved his regard. Finding Lance footsore and sick, he lent him one of his own horses, in order that he might not

be compelled to walk up the Valley,—and then prisoner and horse vanished, only to be re-called subsequently by a message among the "personals" of a Richmond paper, which announced to Lieutenant Edward Cartaret that Mr. Frank Lance had returned home, and that when this cruel war was over, he hoped to meet his friend again. There the whole affair ended, to be recalled by the letter which Cartaret held in his hand.

A slight noise announced the fact that old Juba was waiting respectfully. Cartaret turned his head.

"How is the larder, Juba? I'm afraid the flour and bacon—"

The old servant sighed.

"I expect a friend from the North, Juba, and we must entertain him well."

Juba almost groaned. Then shaking his head:

"There's mighty little left, Mas Edmund. B'iling the last old ham to-day, sir."

"Well, the sheep?"

"Killed the last a month ago, Mas Edmund."

Cartaret knit his brows.

"I really don't see what to do then, Juba. No bacon, no mutton—only a hog or two, and no corn to fatten them, from the terrible drought. Things look blue. There are the ducks Guy will kill; and I think I can shoot a deer. But then bacon and flour are wanting too. I am afraid we are going to starve this winter, Juba."

And Cartaret laughed, but in a rather dispirited fashion.

"Not quite, I hope, Mas Edmund," said the old servant, with an expression of pain almost. "I'll starve, myself, before old master's son shall want. Don't be afeard, sir, we'll have enough for the gentleman that's coming, sir."

And old Juba internally resolved that in African parlance "somebody should

suffer," before the honor of the family was called in question.

Cartaret turned and looked at him, with a smile full of sadness and sweetness. This youth's face was charming at such moments. Taking the head of the deerhound in his hand, he twisted it until Leon's eyes were turned upon Juba, and said:

"I have been abusing mankind, Leon; but look!—there is a human being who don't desert me because I am poor. It really looks as if he were going to stick by me, whether he can make anything by it or not."

"Don't! don't! Mas Edmund," came from old Juba, in tones of deep feeling. "I ain't no such poor trash. I was raised by old master, Mas Edmund!"

"And he made a gentleman of you, Juba!" exclaimed Cartaret.

He extended his hand, which old Juba pressed, and looked at very much, as if he would like to kiss it.

"You are a faithful friend, Juba," said the youth, "but you must not offer me your own bread. The 'bread of exile,' they say, is bitter. But if I, young and strong, as I am, allowed *you* to feed me, the bread would choke me! Come, come, we won't starve as long as there are deer in the woods, and ducks on the river. Now, ask Hartrigger to come and go shooting. If that fails, I'll go to Mexico. But who is that coming? Go to the door, Juba."

#### V.

#### AN OFFICER OF THE LAW.

A light vehicle had stopped before the front door of the house, and this vehicle contained two well-dressed personages, one of whom got out.

"Is Mr. Cartaret at home?" the new comer said to Juba.

"Yes, sir,—that is—he was just now," responded the old servant, in the chill

accents of one greeting a suspicious character.

Steps were then heard in the hall. Juba reluctantly stood aside, and the visitor entered the great apartment.

"Mr. Cartaret?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Pleasant day, Mr. Cartaret."

"Very pleasant, sir."

And drawing forward a chair, he looked with attention at his guest. He was by no means forbidding in appearance. His eyes were keen, but his expression was smiling. Taking in the whole apartment and its contents with one comprehensive glance of the piercing eyes, he drew a bundle of papers from a black satchel; selected a narrow slip from the bundle, and, extending it toward the young man, said, courteously:

"A little matter of business that has probably escaped your attention, Mr. Cartaret."

The young man took the paper, and looked at it. It was an official announcement from the District Collector of Taxes, to the effect that, inasmuch as Mr. E. Cartaret had not paid the amount of tax with which he had been assessed, his plate and wearing apparel would be distressed on and sold, within ten days from date. The object of the process being to enforce payment of the amount of tax, with five per cent. penalty for non-payment, when legally due; also, twenty cents for notice; sixty-five cents for mileage; one dollar and fifty cents for writ of distraint, and three dollars for notice of sale.

"All this seems in regular form," said the young man, raising his eyes, and finding those of his visitor politely fixed upon him. "But there is one thing that I do not understand, sir."

A mild expression of enquiry greeted these words.

"I find myself taxed here," said Cartaret, "upon ten times as much prop-

erty and income as I ever possessed." "Is it possible, sir? You must be mistaken."

"I am not, I assure you."

The visitor looked at the paper.

"Yes, I see; the amount is large.

But, perhaps, you did not give in your list, sir?"

"My list?"

"Of taxable property and income, my dear sir. The law so directs, and publication was made in two newspapers."

Cartaret smiled rather grimly.

"I am too poor to subscribe to newspapers, sir," he said.

The officer of the law looked at him with sympathy.

"That is unfortunate, my dear sir. But on failure to receive the list, the assessor is directed by law to make out one from the best information he can obtain."

Cartaret smiled again, in the same manner.

"Well, I see I am in the wrong," he said; "and that is dangerous in business dealings with you gentlemen of the law. You will distress?"

"It is my painful duty, sir."

"On my plate and wearing apparel? They are not worth much. Here is a specimen of the latter!" and he held up the lappel of his old gray coat. The official surveyed it with a smile of sad sympathy.

"The only coat I have," laughed the young man, and the winter is going to be a cold one."

The official sighed.

"Unfortunately," added Cartaret, "this will not sell for much. See! a bullet has injured the value of the article—or its appearance at least."

And he pointed to a small patch, covering the hole which a ball had made.

The collector looked interested, and took the lappel in his hand to examine

this memorial of the days of struggle, when suddenly a terrific growl behind him caused him to jump at least three feet. This growl proceeded from Leon, who had apparently construed the movement of the stranger in a hostile light, and was about to come to the rescue of his master. And a second incident, at the same moment, tended still farther to arouse the apprehension of the officer. The grinning mouth of the dog met his eyes on one side; on the other he now beheld a gaunt figure, standing in the rear door of the apartment, which figure grasped a long and deadly-looking gun.

The "combination of attractions" was too much for the officer's equanimity. He retreated toward the front door, but Cartaret stopped him.

"I see you are apprehensive of some danger, sir," he said, "but there is none whatever. My dog is not half so savage as he appears, and that gun is not for use against officers of the law. I thank you for your courtesy in the performance of what must be a very disagreeable duty; and I will try to pay the tax—if I cannot, you must distress."

With which words the young man bowed. The District Collector emulated him, and in a few moments the vehicle had rolled away and disappeared.

At the great gate, about a quarter of a mile from the house, a heavy-looking individual, on horseback, met the vehicle.

"Well," said the heavy personage, "did he pay?"

"He was unable to do so," was the officer's reply.

"He insulted you, perhaps?"

"No. I don't mind saying, however, that his big dog, and man with a gun, made me feel rather queer."

"A big dog! A man with a gun! Then he threatened an officer of the law. It is your duty, sir, to report him to the officer commanding this district."



The official looked at the heavy personage, and said:

"You seem to hate Mr. Cartaret."

"Well, I don't exactly love him."

"All right, my friend," was the reply, "that is your affair, not mine, and I have no report to make against Mr. Cartaret. I know a gentleman when I see one—and he is one. Good morning, sir."

With these words the tax-collector cut up his horse, and went on without further words.

The heavy-looking individual uttered something like a growl, and opening the gate, rode in toward the house.

## VI.

### GUY HARTRIGGER.

As the collector disappeared, Cartaret turned toward the man with the gun—Guy Hartrigger—formerly a member of his company, and now his sworn friend and comrade.

Guy Hartrigger was about thirty-five, gaunt, muscular, with a small head, dark eyes, a phlegmatic expression of countenance, and a figure stooping forward, with the air of a huntsman forcing his way through a thicket. He wore an old patched jacket, dingy pantaloons, dilapidated cavalry boots, reaching nearly to the knees, and a cap made of coon-skin, with the tail of the animal hanging down from it. Under his arm he carried a long gun, and it was easy to see that he was familiar with the use of it.

"Well, Guy," said the youth.

Guy straightened himself, until his form was as erect and stiff as a poker, touched his cap with two fingers, and ejaculated:

"Lieutenant."

"What are you fingering your trigger for, Guy?"

"Good game," said Guy, briefly, pointing after the retreating officer of the law. Cartaret laughed.

"The war is over, Guy, and it is illegal to shoot tax-gatherers. Dismiss these notions, comrade. We are not bonny Scots, holding our castle on the marches, but citizens, or at least inhabitants of the Northern part of Virginia. Let us drop this subject, however. As to the officer, he was perfectly courteous. Light your pipe, Guy, and come out on the lawn; I am going to hold a council of war. The time has come when we must form our plans for the future, Guy."

Guy was evidently accustomed to obey orders, without discussing them. He drew from his pocket an old briar-root pipe, filled and lit it, and followed Cartaret. In a few minutes they were stretched on the grass, beneath one of the great oaks, and the young man opened the council in these words:

"Well, the time has come to act, Guy. Let me describe the exact 'situation.' You behold before you, old fellow, a youth of twenty-five summers—or rather winters—with nothing on earth to look forward to, unless he comes to a prompt resolution. I am rusting, and going to the dogs here. I have no career before me—scarcely the prospect of daily bread. What shall I do, Guy? You know my condition. I have a house, and a great park, which came to me in a very singular manner. But you can not eat a house, nor cultivate a lawn easily. So I am forced to cast about me for the actual means of existence. Since the summer, when we returned from the army, we have been living from hand to mouth, you know; but I cannot go on in this way longer, leaving you and Juba to feed me. I must do something, and the present council of war is to determine what. If I had the means of remaining here, nothing on earth would induce me to go. But I repeat, Guy, that I am rusting like a sword in its scabbard; am becoming a mere pauper,

and—what is worse still—hopeless. I hunt, and smoke, and dream—and I am worth more than that, I think."

Guy listened with knit brows, but did not interrupt the speaker.

"What on earth can I do here, Guy?" the young man went on. "I thought, at one time, that I could write a book on the war, which I could sell, and buy land with the proceeds. But I have abandoned it. I had no authorities, and actually no paper to write upon. And what was worse still, a crowd of petty cares dissipated my thoughts, great historian that I am! There is no bread and meat in my house. I have rags only to wear; the law is about to take even those, and in the midst of this I am to compose my grand work on the war. Such is the situation, Guy, or a part of it, my friend. I have another luxury in prospect—the visit of Frank Lance, our New York friend. Ragged, hungry, bankrupt, without a cent in the world, I am to do the honors of Gaymount to a gentleman accustomed to every luxury."

Leon had stretched himself at Cartaret's feet. At these words he uttered a low whine. Guy Hartrigger sent forth a cloud of smoke, but seemed too much depressed to speak.

"What shall we do, Guy—that is, what shall I do?" continued the young man, sadly. "You know the words of the old saw: 'I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed.' Well, I would dig—I would not shrink from it; but the earth to dig in is wanting. Forty acres—even if the trees were gone—what could I do with forty acres? The thought is idle, Guy. I am starving. I must strike out, or I will sink. I am going to leave Gaymount, Guy, if I can find courage, and go to Mexico, and join the army there."

Guy started; then his face flushed.

"I'll go with you, Lieutenant. Give the word." Cartaret smiled sadly.

"And leave Rose Lacy?"

Guy blushed, but shook his head.

"She won't keep me. I'm not a marrying man, Lieutenant."

"And you'll go?"

Guy Hartrigger stretched out a muscular hand, attached to a bony wrist, which wrist emerged from the short sleeve of the jacket, and grasping the hand of the young man, exclaimed:

"To the jumping-off place, Lieutenant! Issue the order. *Your* father was *my* father's best friend. I have tried to be yours. I stuck by you in the war, when I was only a poor private; but I nursed you when you were sick, and got you over the fever, they said, and I'm goin' to stick by you, Lieutenant, to the end."

The face of the young man flushed.

"After all, I'm not alone!" he muttered.

"And you won't be, as long's Guy Hartrigger's above ground!" said his companion. "But how 'll we get down yonder, Lieutenant? I could walk, but —"

"Stop that nonsense, Guy. Why can't I walk? I hate this making me out a worthless, stuck-up, sham 'gentleman,' Guy. I have as good legs and arms as any man I know. I don't think of that, but of the means of subsisting on the way; I see nothing, Guy, but selling out here at Gaymount."

Guy looked desolate.

"It is the only thing I can do, old friend; and it is the best thing too, I think. Why keep up this farce longer, of living in a house fit for a nabob—that is to say, Guy, if the nabob had only a few hundreds, or thousands, to spend in repairs. No; I am tired of rusting away here. Why not strike out like a man?"

"Who will buy?" said Guy, mournfully.

"That man yonder," said Cartaret, pointing to the heavy personage ap-



proaching on horseback. "Tugmuddle, our former overseer;—now money-lender and usurer;—the man who ruined his benefactor, my father, and hates us bitterly—hates the very name of 'gentleman,' and yet longs to set up as one, which he proposes to do by purchasing Gaymount. Here he is."

As he spoke, the personage alluded to reached the spot.

## VII.

### TUGMUDDLER.

Israel Tugmuddle, Esq., of Tugmuddle Hall, commonly called "Old Tugmuddle," was an individual of pronounced character, and a single glance at him gave you a tolerably accurate idea of the man.

He was portly, obsequious, arrogant, with small red eyes, a huge mouth, enormous hands and feet, and a bearing in which deceit and vulgarity were very equally mingled. It was impossible to avoid observing the innate vulgarity of the man; and as to the deceit, it positively oozed from his pores. Some human beings seem unable to hide the evidences of their baseness, displaying it in their very features, so that you may run and read it. Tugmuddle's flabby mouth said: "I am an animal!" The lynx eyes said: "Be on your guard!"

Tugmuddle's biography was uneventful. Commencing life as a day laborer, on the Cartaret estate, he had risen gradually in the social scale; attained to the position of overseer with Cartaret's father; defrauded that gentleman in his returns of produce; lent him money finally, first at six, and then at sixty per cent.; fed thus on the unsuspecting gentleman, flattered him, ruined him—and now was the owner of one of the best estates in the country, on which rose the stately walls of "Tugmuddle Hall,"—new, like its master.

To grow rich is not a crime, but to grow rich as Tugmuddle did, is a baseness. Honor to the prosperity proceeding from honest toil! Dishonor to the luxury which is purchased by ingratitude and fraud. Tugmuddle had thus acquired his property, and so high was his estimate of money, that he regarded his social position as completely assured by the possession of it. Unfortunately for him, he was mistaken. The gentlemen of the neighborhood would not fraternize with him. He was not invited to their houses. When he invited *them*, they found excuses for not accepting his hospitality—and that not in the least on account of his humble origin, but solely because Tugmuddle was a vulgar fellow, who had cheated his old friend and employer, Cartaret. Soon it became quite plain that this social ostracism was final. In spite of his great wealth, his great house, his broad lands, in spite of the fine dinners at Tugmuddle Hall, Israel Tugmuddle, Esq., was "cut."

At this unfortunate result of all his aspirations, Tugmuddle fell into a rage, and spat venom abundantly. As the real cause of his failure to be received among honest people was not very flattering, he discovered a much more plausible theory, and one not unpalatable to many of those who listened to him. You can always gain a hearing if you represent your neighbor as a "stuck up" individual, who thinks himself better than other people; and Tugmuddle's discourse was to that effect on the present occasion. The "bloated aristocrats!"—they would not visit *him*, because he was not one of the "nabobs." Only because he was not born what they called a "gentleman," they were to look down on him, as they did on the dirt under their feet; bow coldly to him, give him the go-by, and never invite him to enter their houses. He had been a poor boy once, and worked his own way up in the

world; and on that account he was not good enough for these fine gentlemen—he was not!

But, alas! Tugmuddle gained few partisans. He was not beloved in the country. He had "ground the bones" of the poor as well as of the rich, and in spite of his highly plausible theory—to which many assented, in the abstract—he could make few persons believe that he was a deserving personage. He was too well known. The manner in which he had ruined Mr. Cartaret, and others, was no secret. So, when he held forth to the above effect, people listened, and rode home laughing.

Then Tugmuddle grew furious. He would humble the "stuck-up" people! He would marry his son to one of their daughters; set him up in one of their old houses. He would show them that he was not to be despised, and that his money was their master! From the moment when he conceived this project, it became his possessing thought, and he looked around him for the young lady, and the house he wanted. The chances of success did not appear unpromising. There lived in the neighborhood a certain Major Vawter, who was Tugmuddle's debtor, bound hand and foot to him; and the Major had a daughter whom Tugmuddle, Jr., had seen at church often, and very greatly admired. Would the Major offer any objection? It was doubtful; but it would amount to nothing. An union of families or an execution would be presented as the alternatives; and Tugmuddle said to himself that a marriage would result. So much for that. And as to the house to be purchased. There was the old Cartaret house,—Gaymount—whose impoverished and despairing master would not hold out very long, if he did not yield at the first rustle of the bank notes. Gaymount!—his son established there! A secret charm was in the thought. At

one blow he would humble the proud class arrayed against him. Better still, he would turn out of the home of his ancestors the son of his old employer, whose memory he hated, as men only hate the persons whom they have wronged and defrauded. Tugmuddle, Jr., the lord of Gaymount. Delightful thought! Cartaret, Jr., wandering in exile. Exquisite picture! Thus Tugmuddle, with the baseness which belonged to his nature, aimed at one masterly blow, to revenge himself on the "aristocrats" who had slighted him, and to force down the throat of the son of his benefactor the bitter draught of exile and poverty.

As soon as he had devised this plan, Tugmuddle essayed to put the latter portion of it into execution, leaving the negotiations for the hand of the young lady, as a matter for his subsequent attention. The first thing was to buy Gaymount; and the worthy rode thither, and offered to buy it. The young man's reply was an extremely cold refusal; and Tugmuddle rode away with a lurking sensation that the youth despised him. For all that he did not give up his project. On the contrary, he pursued it even more vigorously. He laid traps for his enemy, and set his creditors upon him. The village storekeeper was informed by him that Mr. Cartaret was a complete bankrupt. In consequence, the youth was dunned for the amount of his small account. To the district tax-collector, who was disposed to give the youth a little time, Tugmuddle represented the delinquent as insolvent, and about to fly the country; and the result was, the writ of distraint which the reader knows of.

Having thus taken steps to "have the screws put" on his opponent, Tugmuddle retired to his "palatial mansion," and watched the writhing of his victim. He managed to ascertain, in some manner, the effect of his intrigues, saw that the

steady decadence of the youth's fortunes was driving him to despair, and on this morning of October, had come to the conclusion that Cartaret's poverty was such as to render another offer advisable. Probably the rustle of the bank notes would now be listened to.

Such, in brief and hurried outlines, was the heavy personage who approached the friends, as they lay conversing under the great oak; and such the object of his visit.

As he drew near, Cartaret rose, bowed, invited him into the mansion. He entered, and taking the seat offered him, in a few moments came to the point of attack.

\* \* \* \* \*

Conversations between gentlemen relating to the purchase of land, although deeply interesting, doubtless, to the parties themselves, are by no means calculated to interest equally the general reader. Tugmuddle once more proposed to buy the Gaymount mansion and park, an offer which the young man once more declined, and with no greater exhibition of cordiality, or display of hesitation, than on the preceding occasion.

Thereat Tugmuddle, fixing upon Cartaret his little red eyes, under the brow knit together, paused for some moments, and advanced twenty-five per cent. on his offer.

Cartaret, surveying Tugmuddle in the same attentive manner and with a perfectly composed countenance, replied that he did not propose to sell Gaymount.

Tugmuddle raged inwardly, but assumed an oily smile, and said he saw he had a hard person to bargain with, but—well—he would go FIFTY per cent. over his first offer.

The new offer was in like manner declined.

Then Tugmuddle boiled internally;

seemed about to spit forth venom, and appeared, from the expression of his countenance, to have swallowed some highly nauseous draught.

The place was not worth it, he growled now; he was making a fool of himself—he knew that. But come, he had taken a fancy to the property. He was prepared to *double* his original offer, and pay the entire purchase money in CASH! Cartaret coolly declined.

Whereupon Tugmuddle's broad waistcoat was seen to heave. The bony and freckled fist grasping his hat, nearly crushed that article of attire. He felt indeed such an access of wrath at thus failing in his cherished scheme, that his eyes glared for a moment. But in Tugmuddle's character there was another trait as powerful as his baseness—cunning. He saw that he would lose everything by yielding to passion. Therefore, with rage boiling in his heart, and a strong inclination to knock Cartaret down, he assumed a friendly smile, more accurately a grin, and—offered to lend Cartaret money.

"He would take his note of hand simply, without security," he said. "People called him a hard man, but he was better than they supposed, and took pleasure in accommodating anybody, specially the young."

When he made this offer, Cartaret fixed upon him a glance so penetrating, that it seemed to pierce to the inmost recesses of his nature. Tugmuddle saw that glance, and knew what it meant. It meant: "You ruined my father by lending him money, and you will ruin the son—if he lets you." He saw, before Cartaret replied, that he had failed as before. The reply of the young man was a polite announcement that he did not wish to borrow any money.

Thereupon Tugmuddle rose, blurring out: "Well, well, as you choose, sir;" bowed, put on his hat, and departed.

Cartaret was looking after him, when Guy Hartrigger entered.

"You haven't sold, Lieutenant!"

The youth laughed.

"No, I will *give* you Gaymount, if you want it, Guy; but I swear I will put the torch to it before I sell it to that animal. The very sight of him—the very sound of his voice—makes me sick."

#### VIII.

INTRODUCES A NEW CHARACTER, DESTINED TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THIS HISTORY.

An hour after this scene, Guy and Cartaret had reached the banks of the Potomac, and unfastening a small boat, pushed out in pursuit of ducks.

Hunting is generally pursued as an amusement. On the present occasion it was a business affair. The object was to supply the commissary department, in view of the proposed visit of Mr. Lance.

A quarter of a mile from the shore, a flock of canvas-back ducks floated on the ripples of the river, diving, reappearing, darting hither and thither, appearing not to see the boat, but watching it from the corners of their eyes. Guy scarcely took the trouble to look at them: he knew his enemy. In fact, they were already edging away; in a few moments they rose and disappeared. As to the boat, it had been allowed to drop along the shore, toward a body of reeds, growing in the water, and resembling, in their general outline, a species of cape.

Beyond the cape was a small cove, in which ducks were probably feeding; and, lying down in the boat, the huntsmen allowed it to drift on slowly.

The result answered their expectations. A flock of ducks came in sight. The boat glided toward them, and Guy and Cartaret rose and fired into them, right and left, at the same moment. A

whirr of wings was heard. Seven or eight plump canvas-backs fluttered on the surface of the water; the rest had disappeared. Guy reached the former with one stroke of the paddle; broke the necks of the wounded against the gunwale, and then they pushed the boat in among the reeds, to await the arrival of a new flock.

Cartaret sat with his gun lying idly across his knees, and soon fell into deep thought. The scene around him had evidently disappeared completely, and Guy watched him with solicitude, with which some anxiety was mingled.

"Something is bothering you, Lieutenant!" he said at last, in a low tone.

"No," the young man replied, raising his head and sighing; "I was thinking of my uncle, and the curious will he made."

"Tell me about it, Lieutenant."

"Well, here goes for a 'brief narration,' as the book writers say, Guy! My father died when I was a child, you know—his estate was lower down the river, and, as Tugmuddle had ruined him, I was adopted by my Uncle Henry, who was the eldest son, and lived in the family house, Gaymount. Well, my uncle always seemed fond of me, but he was a very passionate man, and in 1860, when I was about twenty, we had a quarrel about politics one day. He had always been an 'old Federalist;' thought secession a great crime, and threatened, if I took any part in it, that he would disinherit me. Well, you know I am not patient, and I did not like to be threatened. I answered hotly, left Gaymount, and heard, in 1862, that my uncle had died suddenly, and left the bulk of his estate to my cousin, Arthur Botleigh. All that came to me was the Gaymount house, and the ground around it, which my uncle's will declared 'ought to remain in possession of one bearing the name of Car-

target.' That was the result of my hot blood, you see,—three thousand acres to Arthur, and forty to me, with the big house on it. Poor Uncle Henry! I cried when I heard of his death, thinking little of being thus disinherited; but to-day I feel the practical result—the will *exiles* me and you, Guy."

Guy grunted.

"Can't we stay here, Lieutenant?"

"No; we would soon be crushed with debt, Guy; and of all the miserable things in this world, debt is the most miserable. I remember my father, and shrink with a shudder from it. Debt means slavery—for the debtor is the mere bondman of the creditor. You don't see fetters on his wrists, and the law does not designate him as a slave, but he *is* a slave in spite of that fact, old fellow. His master, the creditor, says to him: 'Go into that field and plough the ground, for my profit, or to your desk or workshop, and toil all day for me! Dare to refuse, and I will turn your wife and children out on the highway. You are my slave: I am your master. Obey your master, slave!'"

Guy listened with a gloomy expression.

"Well, I don't like that prospect, Guy," continued his friend. "I have lived free, and wish to remain so. I have striven to avoid debt. When a shopkeeper has urged me, with smiles, to buy on credit whatever I wished, I have refused to, for I knew that 'pay day' would certainly come. Then, if I found myself unable to pay my debt—slavery! In spite of all, I have tasted something of that, and I have no desire to drain the cup further, Guy. I can't live here free from debt; then I will try to live elsewhere. In a word, I am going to sell Gaymount, and leave Virginia."

Guy's head had dropped despondingly, as he listened to these mournful words. He seemed to have no reply to

make; and all at once a diversion was afforded him. A large white swan flew down, and lit in the water of the little cove.

"Hist! there is a swan, Lieutenant. Young and elegant eating," whispered Guy. "Try your hand at him."

Cartaret's eyes suddenly sparkled. The huntsman banished the dreamer. He took dead aim and fired.

"Struck!" Guy exclaimed, driving the boat out of the reeds into the cove.

In fact a magnificent white swan, with only a few dove-colored spots upon his wings, was fluttering and plashing violently on the surface of the water, which was discolored by his blood. Guy seized him, and was about to serve him as he had served the unfortunate ducks, when Cartaret stopped him, and said:

"Poor fellow! I don't like the idea of breaking his handsome neck! Suppose we take him home and tame him; you can give him to your sweetheart, Guy!"

"All right, Lieutenant. I'll fix up his broken wing in a jiffy. That's all that is hurt about him."

And Guy drew from his pocket a piece of cord, with which he bound the wing tightly; after which the swan, still flapping the other wing, was secured by his feet to a ring in the boat.

"You said something about a sweetheart," Guy then said: "Not any of *them* for *me*, Lieutenant. And let me advise you to keep clear of them; they're a hard set to deal with."

"What a heathen!" returned Cartaret, laughing. "But you needn't be afraid, Guy. A sweetheart means a wife, after a while, and what would I do with a wife? Just fancy me married; and somebody's papa, perhaps. The thought is tremendous, Guy."

Guy grunted.

"Stranger things have happened; but don't you be anybody's papa, Lieutenant. You take Guy Hartrigger's advice,

and steer clear of the female *sect*. Don't go near 'em. They'll capture you!"

"Now you are thinking of Rose Lacy, old fellow. Is *she* going to capture you?"

"Not if I know myself, she ain't. I'm not a marrying man, Lieutenant."

"Nor I, old fellow. It would be absurd; and I have never been in love. Stop, however, I'm not so certain of that. I think I *was* in love at eighteen or so, with a young lady of eleven. I used to call her my 'little wife,' and she lived in the neighborhood here."

"In this neighborhood, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, at the 'Reeds;' and her name was Annie Vawter. I ought to have been to see her, and the family, since my return. But I have no heart to make visits, Guy, and have not seen my 'little wife.'"

"That's right, Lieutenant; don't hang around 'em."

"And yet I'm lonely," said Cartaret, sighing; "and a wife would do me good, I think, Guy."

He laughed, and added:

"But this is folly. I can't marry. I am too poverty-stricken. No; in thirty days I am going to sell out, and leave my 'little wife' to find some other husband! So, as we settled that important matter, Guy, we can go after some more game."

They returned toward Gaymount just at sunset, carrying swung over their shoulders about a dozen canvass-backs, and the wounded swan.

As they came in sight of the old house, blazing in the sunset, Cartaret muttered:

"How can I ever leave Gaymount? The very thought comes near to break my heart, and yet I must;—yes, I must leave all: the old oaks, the old lawn, the old hillside where I used to play. I can not stay and be dragged down by debt, losing my self-respect daily, slip-

ping gradually into the mire, without an aim, and almost without bread. Rather than live in that way, I would sell a hundred estates. We must go, Guy. I say 'we,' for you'll go with me, won't you?"

Guy seemed to have swallowed something which temporarily choked him.

"To the end of the world," he exclaimed huskily.

"Well, old comrade, get ready."

Cartaret went on, dragging his feet after him, with an expression upon his countenance which made Guy's heart ache. As the last red rays of sunset lit up the lofty oaks, the old building, and the grassy slope, the young man uttered a deep sigh, and muttered:

"It is hard; but I must go!"

"Craik! craik!" said the wounded swan.

#### IX.

#### DEER-STALKING, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

Canvass-back ducks are excellent food, but not sufficient of themselves for the entertainment of a guest. Our hero wished to provide as well as possible for his friend Frank Lance, and on the very next morning set out early to shoot a deer, and supply his larder with venison.

He had caught a glimpse the day before of a magnificent animal among the reeds on the river, and he now proceeded to the spot, hoping to find him there, or in the vicinity. If unfortunate in this, another might be discovered. Deer were by no means scarce in the neighborhood. It is a singular fact, that even to-day, more deer may be found in the thickets of tidewater Virginia—the oldest settlements—than in the Blue Ridge and Valley, settled more than a hundred years later.

For some hours Cartaret was unfortunate, but then Leon's ringing notes

rose above the morning mist, and a fine animal appeared, and then vanished, hotly pursued by the hound. Cartaret did not try to follow. Deer-hunting is an affair of science, not speed. He knew that the game would double,—make for some of the crossings,—and as he had every “stand” in the whole neighborhood mapped in his brain, the young man set out at full speed across the country to head the game off.

He soon reached the “stand” selected, and waited patiently. In half an hour, the distant tongue of Leon, even approaching, indicated the direction taken by the deer. Then a trampling was heard in the thicket; a magnificent animal came in sight, and Cartaret covered him with his rifle and fired.

The game had not been struck. Wheeling suddenly, the deer darted into the thicket again. Leon appeared, and wheeled in like manner,—furious, baying, following the scent;—and the sound gradually receded into the distance.

Cartaret knit his brows, and wiped out his rifle, giving it a thorough examination, and carefully reloading it. He then listened; heard the voice of Leon more on his right, and exclaimed:

“I will have him this time!”

With that he went at full gallop across the country, leaping fences and ditches, leaving Gaymount far on the right, and a smaller house on a hill, to his left. In twenty minutes he reached a sort of table land, open, but surrounded on all sides with woods. He stopped in the edge of these, and looked across the space. A fringe of trees, growing from mossy rocks, concealed a little dell, into which descended a bridle-path. On the trees blazed the red colors of autumn.

Cartaret had not been at the new “stand” more than half an hour, when again the ringing voice of Leon was heard approaching. A voice from

the near thicket reached his ears—he threw himself from his horse, and the deer, panting heavily, appeared in the open space near the fringe of trees opposite. He had not seen his enemy, and paused a moment under a huge forked tree. Suddenly, however, something betrayed his foe, he turned his head quickly in the direction of Cartaret, and standing perfectly motionless, gazed at him through the forks of the tree.

That look was his last.

The rifle rang out, and the deer sprung into the air, falling backward over the rocks, followed by Leon, who appeared for an instant only, then vanished beyond the rocky rampart. Cartaret mounted, and went at a gallop down the bridle-path leading to the little dell, from which his quick ear had caught a cry. In a moment he saw the origin of it.

Beneath the mass of rock, fringed with foliage, over which the wounded deer had fallen, stood a young lady, surrounded by a party of frightened children. Within five paces of her, the deer, shot under the eye, was struggling in the death agony, with Leon growling and tearing his throat. Before the young man could reach the spot, and appear in the character of a hero coming to the rescue of innocence in danger, Leon had put an end to his foe, lay upon him, and was mouthing him.

Cartaret leaped to the ground, and rapidly approached, looking anxiously to see if any one had been hurt. He had evidently interrupted a picnic party, from the baskets, cold fowl, cakes, etc., which were scattered around. The children were pale with terror, and, one and all, grasped the dress of the young lady who, standing erect, with flushed cheeks, and disordered curls, gazed at the deer,—her arm thrown around the children in a pretty attitude of protection.

There was agitation, but no evidence that any one had been injured; so Cartaret smiled.

He then took off his hat; made a bow to the young lady, and was about to offer a polite apology for his part in the affair, when all at once he stopped, and gazed attentively at the damsel.

“Why, here’s my little wife, Annie Vawter!” he exclaimed.

## X.

### THE LITTLE MAMMA.

A bright smile and a pair of blush roses, suddenly blooming in the young lady’s cheeks, greeted the words uttered by Cartaret.

She came to meet him, gave him her hand, and in five minutes they had become the best friends in the world. Cartaret hastened to make friends with the children also; sat down and assisted them in their work, which they now resumed, of weaving wreaths of lady-slipper buds; and he and Miss Annie Vawter compared notes upon the subject of the past and the present.

The *personnel* of the party had been explained in a few words. Annie and her small nieces had come from the “Reeds,” about half a mile distant, to have a “day of sport.” They had been busily amusing themselves; then the rifle had suddenly rung out, and the wounded deer landed in their midst. That was all, said the young lady; they were not very much frightened. And now, why had he not been at the “Reeds” since his return?

The personage asking the question was charming. She was about seventeen, had brown hair which curled naturally, blue eyes, a mouth like a rosebud, and a slender little figure, which never by any chance assumed anything but the most graceful attitudes. When this young lady looked at Cartaret, her

expression was full of frankness and gaiety; when at the children, of maternal solicitude. In fact, the young things uniformly addressed her “Little Mamma,” and it was delightful to watch her protecting air toward the flock.

For two hours Cartaret talked with his “little wife” about old times before the war, completely forgetting that he was very hungry. She had been his playmate and pet when she was a child of eleven or twelve, and he a boy of eighteen; and an affection of that description has frequently a singular charm in it. Annie had evidently kept all her old friendship, and looked at him with eyes full of affection. Cartaret returned that glance with a smile of boyish pleasure. Poor boy! that quick sunshine of the breast, responding to Annie’s, showed how soft and kind his heart was, in spite of his sneers at the world. It was evident that the poor youth only wanted a little love.

Before they knew it, the sun was declining, and throwing the deer over Sir Archy, Cartaret walked by Annie’s side, leading the animal, until they came to the “Reeds.”

It was a plain wooden house, half buried in trees, with a long porch, a green expanse of turf in front, through which a gravelled walk led to a little gate in the palings, overgrown with vines; and on every side were seen neatly-tended flower-beds, beyond which extended a garden as neat; all due, as Cartaret afterwards discovered, to the superintendence of the “Little Mamma.” Entering the house, Cartaret found himself in a low-pitched sitting-room, with plain furniture, an old eight-day clock, which reached to the ceiling, a home-made carpet, a tall, and narrow mantelpiece, with vases of autumn flowers upon it, and beneath, an old-fashioned fire-place, with plain, old-fashioned andirons, upon which a small African

had just laid some sticks, and kindled a blaze.

At one corner of the fireplace sat a tall, dark-haired young lady, of about twenty, sad and sentimental in appearance, reading a romance. This was Miss Ellen Vawter, who looked upon life from the the "Sorrows of Werter" point of view.

At the opposite corner of the fireplace, in an easy chair, sat old Major Vawter, the ruddiest and bluffest of invalids, with his feet resting on a cricket, and swathed in bandages, his neck enveloped in a comfort, and on his old face, an expression half choleric, half jovial.

When Annie entered with Cartaret, Miss Ellen Vawter rose with a sad smile, and coming forward greeted him with languid interest. But old Major Vawter exploded into hearty expressions of delight, mingled with reproaches at his long absence from the "Reeds." It must have been gout that ailed this fine old country gentleman,—he swore in his talk, and denounced the state of the times so vigorously. That he was not a dangerous personage to approach, however, was soon shown by the demeanor of the children. They charged him, climbed upon him, fell over him, kicked the bandaged limbs, and took possession of him, paying no attention whatever to his grimaces and profanity.

They were the children of his dead brother, whom he had adopted and taken to his own home. Mrs. Vawter was long dead, and these, with Ellen and Annie, were the family at the "Reeds;"—once the rest of wealth and hospitality, now poor, and preserved from being uninhabitable by—Annie. Cartaret discovered that fact in about ten minutes. Miss Ellen smiled sadly, and dallied with her romance, as if she wished to return from the drear outer world to that realm of enchantment; while the "Little Mamma" took instant

command of everything, as superior officer. It was she who provided for everybody, and saw that they were comfortable; who set the table, made the tea—who brought order out of chaos, comfort out of discomfort; making father, sister, children—and Cartaret—happy with her smile, and the sound of her voice.

In fact, Cartaret soon found himself following the "Little Mamma" about with his eyes, wondering how one small pair of hands could do all that she did. At one moment the "Little Mamma" was at the sideboard, bringing forth plates; at another she was pouring hot water into the teapot; at another she arranged the snowy napkins; then placed a huge old ham on the table; then flitted out, and reappeared, bearing a cut-glass dish of preserves; then she received the plate of biscuits from the small African at the door; set the chairs to the table; rolled her father's chair to the board, carefully placing the cricket beneath his feet; distributed a maternal smile on the company, Cartaret and children included, and announced that tea was ready.

It was the most charming repast of which the poor, lonely youth had for a long time partaken. Accident had thrown him into this bright domestic family circle,—a strange sunshine seemed to have suddenly poured upon him—a something came to him, he knew not what; he could only find for it that word "sunshine."

Cartaret ate an enormous supper, and remained until ten o'clock; Major Vawter monopolizing the conversation nearly, and dwelling upon the state of the country, with shocking profanity. The children effected a diversion, however, and dragged the "Little Mamma" to the old piano, where, at their command, she sang a ditty, commencing with the verse:

"O, girls dear, did you ever hear  
I wrote my love a letter!  
And though he cannot read,  
Sure that is all the better;  
For why should he be troubled  
With bad spelling in the matter,  
When the meaning is so plain  
That I love him faith—ful—ly!"

This ballad aroused a wild enthusiasm in the children, who were grouped around the "Little Mamma," grasping her dress, and encircling her waist with their small arms, and when she proceeded to sing—

"I wrote it, and I folded it,  
And put a seal upon it—  
A seal almost as big  
As the crown of my new bonnet,"

the general excitement and admiration exploded in delighted cries, amid which evidences of public satisfaction the "Little Mamma" rose, curtsied in prima-donna fashion, and came back to the fire, pursued by her admirers.

An hour afterwards Cartaret had shaken hands with everybody, declined the invitation to stay all night; and with the promise to return soon, had set forth—the dead deer upon the pommel of his saddle—toward Gaymount.

As he rode on, a charming smile, full of sweetness, lit up his whole countenance. In thought he went back to the "Reeds;" but he did not think of the Major, Miss Ellen, or the children. All the way home under the autumn moon he was thinking of the "Little Mamma!"

## XI.

### CARTARET'S DIARY.

"OCTOBER 8, 1865.

"Will wonders never cease in this most curious world? Am I going through a moral metamorphosis? Ten days ago, I was bitter, cynical, blue, misanthropic; and, lo! at present I have adopted the habit of laughing at everything and nothing! Are my affairs more hopeful? Does the sun shine any brighter for me? No! I am as poor as ever, harrassed by creditors, with no supplies for my guest, Frank Lance, who may come at any moment; and in three or four days my poor, old plate, and ragged old clothes will be sold by his

excellency, the tax-gatherer. To 'laugh and be gay' under these circumstances, is unphilosophic—absurd! And yet for all that, I laugh—never was gayer! Singular constitution of humanity! Now I ought, in common decency, to knit my brows and groan, instead of which highly proper proceeding I burst out with a 'Ha! ha!' and never felt livelier.

"Decidedly, I think I am improving, too. I am not near so cynical and contemptuous. A month ago—less than a fortnight ago—I was sneering at everything, denouncing all men, comparing my poor self with my rich kinsman, and growling and grumbling at the world generally. Well, to-day I smile at it. If a beggar comes here I would give him my last penny—I have two or three, I think. It must be the magnificent weather. What an autumn! How superb! The birds are singing, the clouds float along yonder, like white ships on a blue ocean, and the winds are laughing for very joy, I think, in the splendid variegated forest. I'll go hunting. It is impossible to stay in the house on such a day. Shall I look for a wild turkey or a flock of ducks on the river, or go and shoot a grey squirrel in the woods toward the 'Reeds'? I'll go shoot a squirrel; I am tired of canvas-backs. Come, Leon!"

"OCTOBER 12, 1865.

"To-morrow the famous 'ten days' expire, and Mr. Edmund Cartaret being in contumacy, will be proceeded against. His fine plate will be seized, and he will have nothing in the shape of a tea-service. His splendid wearing apparel will be captured, and he will present the picturesque appearance of father Adam, before the venerable mother Eve discovered that they had nothing to wear.

"Well, they'll have to levy. I know how it afflicts them. It is really unfeeling in me to cause these tender-hearted friends such acute distress. Unfortunately I am unable to comply with their demand. I might have done so if I had obtained a purchaser for Gaymount—but property is selling so low now, that I have determined to wait a little. My friend, the 'Little Mamma,' tells me this is very judicious; and it is certainly bad policy to sacrifice property in a mere fit of spleen.

"Thus the sale of Gaymount is deferred, and the plate and clothes must go. Farewell, teaspoons! I laugh, but it grieves me to part with you. Farewell old coat, that has protected me from numerous storms. I feel disposed to get some sentiment on your account, but I can't tell why I am in the absurdest humor as I write. Perverseness certainly is a prominent trait of human nature. Here you are, Mr. E. Cartaret, with ruin staring you in the face; to-morrow the officers of the law are coming to seize your poor, little 'personal property,' and yet in spite of the depressing character of the situation, you are so undignified as to be giggling like a school-girl. Have you quicksilver, my friend, instead of blood, in your veins? Has the air suddenly turned to champagne, or laughing gas? What do you mean, sir, by giggling in the face of the law? The thing is idiotic. Try and groan, Cartaret.

"No, I'll laugh while I can, and take things as cheerfully as possible. The 'Little Mamma' is a good model. And now that I have finished writing, I'll go see old Major Vawter,



and carry the swan with the broken wing, young Miss Annie having expressed extreme delight at securing him for a pet. Am I not visiting the 'Reeds' too often though, I wonder? I have been there every day nearly since the day of my deer hunt. Well, I'll go over this morning, at least, and ask the 'Little Mamma' if they all are tired of me. She is a charming young person, that 'Little Mamma,' but too *petite* to be striking. What a pity she is not taller; I always liked a queenly woman! Come on, Leon."

## XII.

### ADVANCE AND RETREAT OF TUGMUDDE.

Cartaret reached the Reeds in half an hour, carrying the swan before him on the saddle; and as he returned in the evening minus that burden, it is natural to suppose that Miss Annie had entered into her property.

Had the youth demanded whether his visits were too frequent? We do not know; but it is certain that he came back with a flush in his cheeks, and sparkling eyes. In his button-hole was a flower. It had been in Annie's hair that morning!

A somewhat disagreeable surprise awaited him. At Gaymount he found—Tugmuddle. Old Juba was busy doing nothing at the sideboard—one would have said that the old African suspected danger in the direction of the spoons. One of Juba's most rooted sentiments was an extreme contempt for his master's famous overseer.

Tugmuddle had come to make a final offer for Gaymount—his simple calculation being that a young gentleman about to be distressed upon, wanted money, and would do anything to obtain it. This being Tugmuddle's object, he began to talk about the weather; then he glided to the condition of the country, and denounced the North in bitter terms, (Mem.—he had still in his great pocket-book his "protection" from a U. S. officer, with his own oath of allegiance on the back;) then he groaned over the scarcity o' money; lastly, he asked

if Mr. Cartaret "had determined to hold on to Gaymount, or sell?"

"I have determined to hold on, sir," was the reply.

Tugmuddle looked sidewise at the individual who uttered these cool words.

"Cunning," he thought; "that means that he is ready to sell."

"Then it is useless to speak of the thing further, sir," he said aloud. "I merely called in passing. I must get on."

And Tugmuddle rose. Cartaret imitated him, whereupon Tugmuddle paused.

"I take an interest in you, Mr. Cartaret," he said, "and I would like to serve you."

The young man bowed, but unfortunately he caught the side glance of Tugmuddle, and it made his flesh crawl.

"I have known your family, Mr. Cartaret."

The young man fixed a piercing glance upon him.

"You are not friendly to me, but you do me injustice. Your father never distrusted me."

It was an unlucky speech. Cartaret's blood began to heat. His father's ruin through this man all came back to him.

"Let me talk plainly," said Tugmuddle. "You can't live here at Gaymount, sir. There is nothing to support the place, and I have seen the notice of distraint and sale at the post-office. What can you do? Come! I offer you a big price. I have a fancy for this place, and will give twice its value."

From hot, Cartaret had become cold. The voice of this man began to irritate him, savagely.

"Thank you. I will not sell," he said.

"Well, as you please, sir," jerked out Tugmuddle. "Every man is his own master. I have tried to be your friend, as I was the friend of your father—"

The cup ran over. "Ah! the friend of my father, were you, sir?"

And Cartaret's voice was full of such sarcasm that Tugmuddle's wrath was aroused.

"Yes, and lost by him—lost thousands!" he growled, "by trusting to his word."

Cartaret boiled over. His face grew crimson, and a flash so menacing darted from his eyes, that Tugmuddle turned suddenly pale.

"Dare to repeat that!" exclaimed the youth, "and I will answer you with my horse-whip."

Tugmuddle recoiled at this outburst; but the storm had only begun.

"Yes, presume to insult my father, and I will make you answer for it!" exclaimed the young man. "You the friend of my father! You, the man who ruined him—the bloodsucker, the vulgar usurer! You, the overseer first, then the money-lender. Then the cheat—now the wealthy extortioner! My father's friend! Shall I tell you, sir, how you were the friend of my father? You defrauded him while an overseer—not one year but for twenty years. You lent him money at usury, when he was pressed, and became his chief creditor. You kindly gave him time to pay, simply taking a deed of trust for form's sake—and one day, finding that he was ruined, you sold his estate and left him homeless. You call that 'taking advantage of your right'—I call it knavery! Well, my father is dead, sir—I am nearly landless—I have treated you with courtesy heretofore; but utter another word in my presence against the good name of my father, and I will lash you from this house as I would lash a dog!"

With these words, the young man, now mastered by anger, made three steps to the passage, and caught up a horse-whip—his evident intention being to use it on Tugmuddle's shoulders.

A slight circumstance prevented this disastrous event. Tugmuddle had retreated step by step as the youth advanced upon him during the above tirade; and at the moment when Cartaret's hand touched the whip, Tugmuddle's form disappeared through the front door. Tugmuddle was naturally a coward. He had but one idea now—his horse. He reached the animal, and mounted with surprising agility.

"You will suffer for this," he shouted, shaking his fist at his enemy.

Suddenly he struck his heels into the animal, however, and departed rapidly—the explanation of which was simple. Cartaret had seized a gun and cocked it. That sound affected Tugmuddle's nerves disagreeably, and continued to do so until he reached the outer gate.

Cartaret uncocked his gun, and placed it in a corner.

"What a fool I have been!" he muttered. "I have lost my temper, and gained nothing. But the sight of that animal is intolerable to me!"

In fact, Cartaret had committed a decided blunder in a worldly point of view. He had made a bitter enemy of Tugmuddle, who from that moment was bent on his destruction.

As he rode toward the village, Tugmuddle's wrath exploded in violent oaths. Then he quieted down in some measure, and began to utter his spleen in consecutive sentences.

"The stuck-up popinjay! the high-headed fool! He won't sell, won't he? And he will horse-whip me, will he? Well we'll see who gets the better. I'll get my hand on him, the bloated young aristocrat! I'll ruin him, as he says I ruined his father before him—and I'll marry my son to his sweetheart, as they call that girl. Old Vawter owes me more money than his farm can pay—and I've got a deed of trust—a good deed of trust."

Tugmuddle licked his lips. He rolled the words "deed of trust" beneath his tongue as a sweet morsel.

"A deed of trust; and I'll sell him out unless he consents to have my son marry his daughter. I've got 'The Reeds' between my forefinger and thumb—and will have Gaymount! Then I'll join Botleigh's estate of three thousand acres to it—he has shingled it over with deeds to me—Sam Tugmuddle shall marry the young woman—live at Gaymount—and, while this high-headed young bantam is going to the dogs, we—the Tugmuddles—will be the owners of the old Cartaret estate. Yes, I'll have the place—and may be, some day, if we're in the humor, we will invite that old pauper, Vawter, to come and dine at Gaymount with his daughter—Mrs. Tugmuddle."

This prospect afforded Tugmuddle such delight that it nearly restored his good humor. He rode on with more composure, and soon entered the village, where he dismounted and entered the office of Mr. Jinks, Attorney-at-Law, and his man-of-all-work.

In that den the ruin of many persons had been effected; and the object of Tugmuddle now was to take steps to add Cartaret to the number.

### XIII.

#### THE TENTH DAY—CARTARET'S DIARY.

"OCTOBER 13, 1865.

\* \* \* "Well, this is the *tenth day*, and things look rather unpromising. In an hour my friends of the law are coming to capture my spoons and coat—poor old spoons! poor old coat!—to satisfy the tax-gatherer.

"Curious condition of things at Gaymount, where I suppose 'legal process' enters for the first time. In old times they were better off here; but that is not the point. What is, is the fact that I expect every moment to see a polite gentleman of the law appear, and deeply regret the disagreeable necessity of taking off my old spoons and coat and selling them. I laugh—or try to—but it is hard. My poor old worn and worthless silver—this dingy old thing I wear—they are to be taken to the village and sold, and it is probable that my dear friend Tugmuddle will be among the bidders. He will like

to possess the splendid plate, I think, with the Cartaret arms on it; and I confess this hurts me more than all—that *that* man should have these old articles. I am less of what is called an aristocrat than any one alive—I honor an honest man from my inmost heart, and treat him with deference, whatever his origin; but this man is not honest; he is a knave and a common cheat. He ruined my father—would ruin me if he could—and the day has come when he buys the silver of his old benefactor, whom he destroyed, with perhaps the very money that he extorted from that benefactor! Unknown reader of these lines—am I an 'aristocrat' for writing that? Place yourself in my position, and tell me frankly, would you like the cup which your mother drank from to belong to a Tugmuddle? Call it what you will, but my repugnance is natural. My father is dead, and this man ruined him—I, in my turn, am nearly ruined; and while I am in want of bread nearly, this man rolls in his ill-gotten wealth.

"Well, anger accomplishes nothing. Let me not cry out too loudly. The wheel of Fortune must turn in this world, depressing the high and raising the low; but after all, God is yonder, and He is merciful to the poorest of His creatures. I am poor, but honest, I think. You cannot say that, Mr. Tugmuddle. I am not even as much cast down as I think you would like to see me. On the contrary, I am quite serene—I am not certain that I am not gay even. Ten days ago I was gloomy; but something—I know not what—has given me my good spirits back. The thing is absurd, as I wrote yesterday; but so it is, nevertheless.

"I wonder if *she* has anything to do with it—the Little Mamma!"

There Cartaret stopped. The idea seemed to dawn on him for the first time, and his cheeks filled with blood.

At the same moment the sound of wheels was heard on the road without—Cartaret rose and closed his book, ready to meet the officer of the law—when the door was burst open, a hand seized his own, and a loud voice exclaimed:

"How are you, Cartaret, my old and esteemed friend? Here at last!—this side up with care—yours, Frank Lance."

### XIV.

#### THE FAMILY PLATE.

Frank Lance, Esq., was a young gentleman of about Cartaret's age; short and stout of person; broad and ruddy in face, with portentously long, brown side whiskers and mustache, but a bare chin. Wore a little brown hat, balanced on short, curly brown hair; a sack

coat reaching only to the hips, and pantaloon as tight as his skin.

"Here we are, my 'good old rebel!'" he exclaimed. "Just let me get rid of that boy that drove me. Bring in my carpet-bag, Ebony! I'm not a carpet-bagger, though I have got a carpet-bag. There's your money, Ebo. Return whence thou camest, friend, and may joy go with you, and with all the descendants of Ham, to which ancient and respectable family you appear to belong."

Having uttered these words with bewildering rapidity, Frank Lance, Esq., threw some money to the African driver; added, "Remember your promise to vote for me, Ebo,"—and rushed, rather than walked, into the house again, where he once more shook Cartaret's hand violently, and exclaimed:

"Here I am at Castle Dangerous. I am going to stay for a week or more, but I ask no favors. There's my board in advance, landlord."

And he thrust a roll of bank notes upon Cartaret, who drew back in dismay. Thereupon Frank Lance, Esq., burst out laughing.

"Don't you understand?" he cried, "that's the price of the *old horse*! You have forgot the old horse? Well, I assure you, I remember him, my son; he saved my life on that tramp up the valley; and he didn't fall down and die for want of fodder till we got to the railroad. Good old animal—friend of the unfortunate; he was, like his master, my best friend. You were that to me, Cartaret. You lent me one of your two horses, old fellow, like the good one you are; and ever since the old horse fell down and died, he has been riding on *me*! If he were a mare, I would call him my *nightmare*; I would indeed. Well, to end that subject, Cartaret, take the money, or I'll burn it. I can't return the old horse, but I can the value."

Cartaret obstinately shook his head, when, all at once, a noise was heard without, and Frank Lance, Esq., looked toward the door.

"What sound is that?" he said; "every noise here frightens me."

In fact something like an altercation seemed going on at the door. Then old Juba's voice was distinguished, Frank Lance's rattle having ceased:

"Master's got company. Can't see him, sir," said Juba, in accents of frigid ceremony.

"But I must see him, and I will. I am the collector!" was the irate reply.

"Don't know you, sir; can't see master," was Juba's response, in resolute tones.

A growl was heard, from the officer evidently, and he was attempting to push by Juba, when Cartaret went out.

"Come in, sir," he said, "and excuse my old servant, who is not used to legal process."

Turning to Frank Lance, who had followed him into the hall, the young man added:

"This is the deputy-collector come to levy on me, my dear Lance. I have not paid my taxes, and you see the consequence."

"Well, pay them," said Lance, calmly, and he thrust the bank notes violently into Cartaret's hand.

The young man blushed and hesitated.

"Well, I must, I suppose," he said, "but I assure you, Lance, that necessity alone compels me to receive this money."

Cartaret demanded of the collector the amount due, counted out the sum, and then watched the worthy as he counted carefully the bank notes. They were exact, and the collector delivered to him the tax receipt, and withdrew, whereupon Cartaret and Lance returned to the apartment laughing.



Here they were struck with the movements of old Juba. He was going through a performance which the smiling Lance watched with earnest attention, and no little curiosity. Old Juba had in fact taken steps of his own to defeat the legal process. He had ascertained in some manner that the plate was to be seized, and on that morning had stolen a march on the enemy. Enduing his frame in an old great coat, which reached to his heels, and contained enormous pockets, he had placed in these immense receptacles cream jugs, sugar dishes, spoons, forks, teapots,—the most valuable silver, in a word, which Cartaret possessed. In other pockets there he had placed salt spoons and smaller articles. The result was that old Juba, as he now unloaded himself, before the eyes of the young men, placing article after article in their proper position on the sideboard again, resembled an African prince or a wealthy beggar, dispensing from his pockets the contents of a goldsmith's shop.

When Frank Lance, Esq., was put in possession of the facts of the case by Cartaret, he burst into such a fit of laughter, that his chubby cheeks extinguished his eyes.

"Here's your faithful old family retainer!" he exclaimed; "here's your model darkey to put in my new romance when I write it. Go it, old 'un! Here, shake hands. Frank Lance is your admirer, and don't know many white or black like you."

With these words he rushed to old Juba, slapped him on the back, and held out his hand, which the aged African took with a low bow, and an air of deep respect. After which, as he had emptied his pockets, he waited for a moment in respectful silence to see if Cartaret had any orders, and finding he had none, quietly went out of the apartment.

## XV.

FRANK LANCE, ESQ.

Frank Lance, Esq., "Own Correspondent" of the "Bird of Freedom," proceeded to take possession of Gaymount. Within twenty-four hours after his arrival, he had explored the whole establishment, scrutinized the old sleeping apartments, the old pictures, the old furniture, and the old house generally; and his opinion, delivered in a loud and hearty voice, was:

"Queer old rattle-trap! Suggestive and venerable monument of the past! Here's your scene for a first-class romance, my son. Secret closets and ghosts, and terrible tragedies rise before the imaginative eye here. Think what some 'distinguished novelist' would make of this old den, Cartaret. The idea of anything but spectres and banshees, and such beings residing here, is preposterous."

"I never saw any," said Cartaret, laughing, and quite charmed by the gay New Yorker's voice. "You are so accustomed to your fine new hotels, Lance, that you don't know a respectable domestic establishment when you see it."

"A respectable domestic establishment! Phew! I smell a smell of mould, young man."

"You like new varnish and gilt gingerbread, I see."

"There, you are sneering at modern architecture. Is nothing to be sacred? What do you mean by these low scoffs? You Virginians are an abandoned set of people, and perfectly intolerable. Lagging far behind the grand civilization of the nineteenth century;—but I'll keep that fine sentence for my next article in the 'Bird.'"

"I would, Lance; but I have not sneered at anything. It is true I have to laugh sometimes."

"Like a wild Indian,—a barbarian. What do you mean by such views and opinions as I know you have? Will you oblige me, my young friend, by explaining, in an intelligible manner, why you are vegetating here in this outlandish and heathenish fashion, while the world is striding onward? Look around you, and dare to defend yourself. Contemplate the enormities that environ you! Portraits,—silver,—and, as I live, yonder is a genealogical tree on the walls. Tear down that flaunting lie! What do you mean by having a grandfather? Don't you know that grandfathers are offensive to the spirit of the age? To presume defiantly, under the sun of the nineteenth century, to possess—good heavens!—a—a—grandfather!"

Having exhausted himself temporarily, Frank Lance lit a cigar.

"It is the office of friendship, my young friend," he said, "to call your attention to these things, and place your misdeeds before you. Things are not going on in this house as I could wish. What have I seen here? An aged and respectable American citizen of African descent, secreting valuables from an officer of the law; also, well nigh outraging an urbane and highly respectable collector; and yourself, sir, have related to me, with offensive mirth, how your dog and your friend Hartrigger, put a high-toned tax-gatherer in peril of his life, while in performance of his responsible official duties. What do you call that, sir? Heavens and earth! Are we living in an age of law or barbarism? Is this a respectable dwelling-house, in a respectable township, with respectable selectmen and deacons, respectable constables and tax-gatherers; or is it a fortress of the Scottish Highlands, with moat, drawbridge, and portcullis, behind which Sir Rob Roy MacGregor Cartaret awaits his foe?"

Cartaret laughed again.

"In the words of Falstaff, Lance: 'I would your Grace would take me with you! Whom means your Grace?'"

"That villainous abominable misleader of youth," Cartaret, "that young and beardless Satan," responded Mr. Lance.

"My Lord, the man I know,—but to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know."

"Speak, culprit."

"Well—a few words, your honor. The culprit before you was born in Virginia,—he naturally loves it therefore, and perhaps some of its faults even. Had he a grandfather? It is probable: most people have. And he pleads guilty to possessing some old pictures, a little old silver, and even a torn family tree? Is he 'one of the wicked' for that reason? Heaven forbid! He is not responsible. These objects were here when he came; they will be here when he is gone, he hopes, and his affection for them is the result of habit, and not intended to offend anybody. Doubtless, elsewhere in the world there are many houses, with pictures and silver and family trees in them. If their owners derive innocent satisfaction from their possession, why should I think hard of it, or they of me? But this is not all. The unhappy culprit is a defier of the law,—a highland chieftain! Poor chieftain! You make him laugh. His house is old and torn down; one old retainer only remains to him; he is poor, obscure; his means of living precarious; his heart sad, but not unkindly, Lance; his future dreary; and yet he defies everything! Defy the law? What can the poor criminal propose to himself by so doing? He must think of the means of living."

"And what is his plan?"

"You will laugh."

"No; proceed, young man."

"Well, your honor, the prisoner at the bar formed a sort of plan. He has always been 'literary,' and has occasionally written something; so he resolved to sit down and write a grand volume on the war; then he would sell it, and buy some land, and go to work."

"Did he do so?"

"He did not. He had no authorities—was too poor to collect them, or even purchase the paper to write his grand work upon. So the thing was a failure;—the whole matter ended—"

"You are wrong, Cartaret. It does not end there," exclaimed Frank Lance, earnestly. "Why don't you abandon your grand ideas of writing a big volume or volumes, and write some sketches? Listen, my son. I have been fighting the world all my life, and I have found out that to *do* one small thing is better than *resolving* only to do five hundred big things. I make a luxurious living by 'small literature,' my dear Cartaret. Do the same; abandon your grand treatise, and try the truck system."

"Truck? What is truck?"

"Truck is—the small. Only the small in sufficient quantities becomes the large."

"Ah! I begin to see—"

"What your friend Lance is driving at! Well, reflect thereon, my son. No more grand literary dreams. Sit down there and write me a sketch."

"A sketch of what?"

"Of anything. Say of some battle or adventure. Do you know anything worth relating? Have you seen anybody worth seeing? Well, relate the incident, Cartaret, and describe the personage."

Cartaret shook his head.

"Who will buy?"

"The 'Bird of Freedom' will."

"Can I write, however?"

"Try. I have invented a proverb: 'The way to do a thing is—to do it.'"

"An excellent maxim, Lance; and decidedly I will make the attempt. Let me go and take a walk. Perhaps some ideas will visit me."

"Do so; exercise expands the mind. And I'll go storm the den of that wild being, Guy Hartrigger."

With these words the friends parted, and Cartaret set out with Leon for a ramble.

Two days afterwards the young man had written a paper, which Lance declared excellent; and the 'Bird of Freedom,' to which it was sent, seemed to take the same view of it, for he sent the author a check, together with a request to write again.

Cartaret looked with delight on the crisp check, and the paper he had written, in fair round type. Then he raised his eyes, and saw that Frank Lance, Esq., was laughing; whereat he blushed, and threw aside the journal, and Lance laughed louder than before.

"Don't be ashamed, old fellow," he said; "I always make full allowance for papas with their first offspring. You have struck into the right path, my son—continue therein and prosper. Give up all your grand ideas. Come down to small things, above all, to *work*. Do that, and you shall be great, glorious, and happy."

"Which will please you, I am certain, my dear Lance."

"It will; for you are one of the best fellows I ever knew, Cartaret. I have enjoyed myself here to an extent that astonishes me; but my time is up now, and I must go to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Impossible, Lance! You must spend the winter. I want your sunshine."

"There is your vile Southern extravagance. 'Spend the winter!' 'Sunshine!'"

"Well, what is there extravagant in that, my dear grizzly bear? I am lone-

ly, and you cheer me. I compare you to the sunshine, bear, because you make me laugh; and I want my sunshine to continue to beam upon me."

"Impossible, Cartaret! I must go to my work. Some day I will come back, however. And now, before I depart, my son, let me say a serious word. Go on writing, and make money; dig your acres, and do the same. What is needed is *work*. Work, then, patiently and bravely, and don't be cast down. Remember, 'the way to do a thing is to do it; not to merely resolve to do it. That is the dying speech of yours, respectfully, Frank Lance.'"

#### XVI.

#### LEON.

On the next morning Frank Lance, Esq., shook his friend's hand with great vigor, and, followed by Juba, carrying his carpet-bag, set out on horseback for the wharf.

Cartaret reentered the house and looked around him—the place seemed dreary. Lance's departure had left a void in the great old establishment. Some of the sunshine had departed, and all day long the youth was listening for his friend's laughter or gay greeting.

In the afternoon he called Leon, and set out to take a ramble. He wished to reflect. In fact a thousand new emotions had recently come to him. The Little Mamma—well, things had proceeded to a considerable extent with the Little Mamma now. Truck—the small, in literature—why not also in agriculture? After all, could he not remain here at Gaymount, and earn his livelihood—even do more? Perhaps some day he might hope even to ask the Little Woman to come and take charge of things.

At that thought Cartaret blushed like a girl, and wandered on musing. The year was going to its death in a blaze of

splendor. The woods were of every color; the wind was blowing gently, and breathing with delight the fresh air of autumn. Cartaret rambled on until he reached the spot where he had first seen Anne Vawter.

Here he sat down and began to muse, while Leon gamboled around him. His reflections must have been pleasant, for he smiled—and that smile was like sunshine. All at once, however, he raised his head and exclaimed aloud:

"All this is folly! Decidedly I'll never come to good. Here I am idling when I ought to be working. But what work except these poor sketches can I turn to? To digging? I am not too proud to dig; but I see little use in it. What can I do with my poor little patch here? Park included, it is only forty acres."

Leon growled. The young man looked at him, and saw that he was playing with something. He called the dog—Leon approached with the 'something' in his mouth—and taking it from him Cartaret saw that it was a fragment of a newspaper which had probably served to wrap cakes in on the day of the picnic.

He was about to throw it aside, but all at once his eyes fell upon the words, "*A Triumph of Tillage*."

"Here is something that may concern me," he said; and he began to read. The article began:

"About twenty years ago a New York gentleman purchased a small homestead about two miles west of Newark, consisting of forty acres of poor land. It was a rough old farm, with a half ruinous farm house, a large, musty-smelling cider shed, a small, old-fashioned barn, and dilapidated stone fences, overgrown with sumac and briars. This place is now a paradise, and brings its owner eight or ten thousand dollars worth of fruits and vegetables annually—of which, more than six thousand is net profit."

"Why can not I do the same?" Cartaret said to himself. "My land—just forty acres—is new soil, richer than this gentleman's. I make no use of it at present, treating myself *en grand seig-*

*nicur*, to a 'fine old park.' Here, nevertheless, I believe that with brains and energy, and perseverance, I can retrieve my fallen fortunes, and surround myself with comfort, and even luxury. What prevents me? Man has done it, and man can do it! I have Baltimore, Washington, and Georgetown, and Alexandria, for my markets. I know my land will raise fruits and vegetables in abundance. I have only to work—to persevere—to bravely resolve, and resolutely execute—my exertions will result in affluence."

He paused and mused, his face glowing.

"Why not try?" he said. "It is worth the trial. I have the soil—I have oyster shells and bones, and many fertilizers near at hand on the river. I have markets—every thing—but have I the patience, the energy, and the perseverance? I doubt it. I have idled away my life in this lonely old house, in want of food almost; and I am going into exile for want of these very qualities. But time is still left me. There is the opening still for a hard fight with the fate that seems crushing me. Shall I give up in despair when this resource is still left me?"

He looked at Leon. The hound had his eyes fixed on his master, with deep attention.

"No, old Leon," he said, "we will make the attempt. Who knows that Providence has not placed this fragment of paper in my path to change my whole life. Yes, I will work, and see if my poor acres will feed me—even enable me to ask Annie to be my wife."

His face flushed at that thought.

"I will not ask her now," he muttered, "but *then* I will. Something tells me that I have courage and perseverance, if I once start. Yes, I'll work! I am a man, and I'll work like a man. I can lose nothing—and who knows? I may

make my fortune. I may live here at Gaymount yet, with every comfort around me and mine! Heaven smiles and helps the man who is determined to help himself."

And rising, Cartaret returned, with long, elastic strides, toward Gaymount, in spite of the glimmering light in the windows of "The Reeds."

## XVII.

## ESTIMATES—WINDING UP WITH THE ROMANCE OF GUY HARTRIGGER.

"Guy!"

"Lieutenant!"

And Guy's fingers went to his cap.

"The programme is changed, Guy—we are not going to leave Gaymount—we are going to work."

"And not sell, Lieutenant?"

"No."

Guy's coonskin cap rose into the air.

"Hooray," shouted Guy; after which unwonted excitement he grew calm again.

They were seated in Guy's lodge, a stone's throw in rear of the Gaymount house. The lodge was a small mansion of wood, containing two or three apartments; above the roof drooped the foliage of an enormous oak; and you approached it by a path winding across the greensward. It was a pleasant little bachelor haunt. Guy had fitted it up in true huntsman's style, with deer antlers, game-bags, fishing-rods, and foxskins. All around was redolent of the chase, down to the hound stretched before the blaze in the fireplace, and the gun that lay upon the hard couch, over which was thrown a robe made of coonskins, lined with red flannel—the boast and pride of Guy's establishment.

At those words, "we are going to work," Guy looked inquiringly at his commanding officer.

"We are going into the truck business, Guy," continued Cartaret, "that

is, into raising produce for market on the Gaymount estate."

"The estate, Lieutenant?"

"The estate, Guy! You think as I have always made you think, that it is a mere patch of ground—and so it is. But there is a fortune in that patch, if you only go to work on it like men. What men have done, men can do. Listen to this paper first."

And taking from his pocket the fragment of newspaper, Cartaret read aloud the article.

Guy listened with deep attention.

"You see," said Cartaret, "here is the result of brains, and legs, and arms. Have we or have we not these articles, Guy?"

"We have, Lieutenant," was Guy's stentorian reply, turning his coonskin cap in his fingers. "I've got the legs and arms, and you've got the brains."

"Stop, none of that, Guy. Remember one thing, that at these headquarters everybody is a private."

"Eh, Lieutenant?"

"I mean that there is not going to be any talk of your working and my looking on. The firm is Cartaret & Company. Proceeds to be shared. Senior and junior to work and share fairly. Now listen, and I will tell you my whole plan."

Guy looked intently at Cartaret.

"I have been an idler up to this time," said the young man; "I am going to try to become industrious, and I hope well to do. I have been living in cloudland, and I mean to come down to solid ground. I have been planning and scheming, and dreaming how I could buy land, and make money by cultivating it with the old result—ten bushels of wheat, and ten barrels of corn to the acre. What I mean to do now is, to give up all such fancies of adding to my estate, to cultivate what I have, and to make this tract of forty acres

bring me as much as four hundred or a thousand."

"And you think that can be done, Lieutenant?"

"I know it."

"Not cut down the trees of the Park."

"Yes."

Cartaret paused and sighed; then added:

"You touch the greatest obstacle of all to me, Guy; a mere money-maker, a man with no home feeling would not hesitate—nor do I. But to mutilate the old grounds around Gaymount, goes hardest of all with me. You know that out of the forty acres, about thirty are embraced in the park. It is said to be the finest in the whole country, and—I must destroy it! I must cut down the old oaks; I must plough up the fine English turf. Where deer used to roam about, the axe and the plough must enter. I have no choice. Nothing is left me. Either that, or sell my house, to Tugmuddle, perhaps, and have the Tugmuddles lord it here, while you and I are homeless exiles."

Guy half bounded on his chair.

"Don't let that Tugmuddle get the old home, Lieutenant."

"I don't mean to, if I can avoid it."

"Do anything to prevent *that*, Lieutenant."

"Well, I see we agree, Guy; the old oaks must fall, the turf be rooted up."

Guy nodded mournfully.

"So much for that," continued Cartaret; "now for the means. We are in want of everything, down to the axe and the plough to begin. Let me make an inventory. One old shovel plough, with which Juba broke up the garden this spring; one old raw-boned animal, that went in the plough, with rope harness, and a cavalry bridle; and an old cart, with the bottom out; a wagon with three wheels and no hound; and there is the whole stock—rather unpromising.

Even if we worked Sir Archy;—but stop! Sir Archy is blooded stock, and is worth, at least, three horses, for he will bring five or six hundred dollars."

"Don't sell Sir Archy, Lieutenant; he's your old army friend, and it will bring you bad luck."

"Well, the trees will go first, Guy; but I warn you before Tugmuddle shall become the owner of Gaymount, I'll sell Sir Archy, and all else I possess. To come back to the trees. The timber is valuable. I can easily sell it to some of the Northern men in the neighborhood as it stands; they will cut and haul it, and with the proceeds of the sale, we can buy work horses, ploughs, a wagon, and farming and gardening implements generally. If I have good luck in effecting the sale of the timber, we can break up some of the sod before Christmas even. In the Spring, at the first moment we can then go to work again; bring fish, oyster shells for lime, and all the fertilizers we can get, from the river shore; and by May I hope to be able to make a beginning."

Guy listened, but evidently doubted.

"We'll make a botch of it, I'm afraid, Lieutenant."

"No, we'll make a success of it."

Guy listened, anxious apparently to be convinced.

"I am going to try 'book farming,' which everybody in the South laughs at," said Cartaret; "but I am not going to have my head turned by anything, or depend on myself and the books. I will hire a good gardener, who will superintend everything; and in my ground I mean to plant every fruit and vegetable that will sell. The first year I expect to do little; not much the second and third, and afterwards, a great deal. In three years money and labor invested in soil, produce pears, peaches, grapes, potatoes, cabbage, strawberries, celery, and everything that the city markets want. I in-

tend to raise these and more, or make a dead failure;—but I mean to take at least three years to fail in. What I need beside the gardener in the Spring, will be a partner to superintend the shipment of the produce, and help me generally."

Guy suddenly brightened up.

"Take me,—and without a salary, Lieutenant."

"No, that would be starting badly, Guy. The Scripture says, that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and you are no mere laborer, either; you are the 'Co.' of the firm, old fellow. We'll work together, and try to get above water again; and as the 'Co.,' you ought to come and live in the great house with the senior partner."

Guy knit his brows, and shook his head. Then he groaned, and said:

"Don't tempt me to that, Lieutenant. I am in a bad way already. I have been thinking of that—and do you know why?"

"Tell me, old fellow."

"Rose Lacy," said Guy. Cartaret began to laugh.

"What about her, Guy?"

Guy was silent a moment, knitting his brows.

"She's after me, Lieutenant."

Cartaret's laugh was repeated with more gusto than ever.

"Tell me your difficulties, Guy, and about Miss Rose Lacy generally."

"She is a missus," groaned Guy, "a widow, with two red-headed children."

"Then her own head is red, and she is probably not a beauty."

"There's the worst of it, Lieutenant. She's a real beauty, and not red-headed in the least."

"And she is after you?"

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"You interest me, Guy. Come, make a clean breast of it."

"Well, Lieutenant, I'll do that in a

turn of the hand. Ten years ago, when she was seventeen, Rose and myself were sweethearts, and she jilted me. She married Jack Lacy, and then he died, and left her with two children, and nothing to feed them. She rented the little house she lives in, near the toll-gate, with a small garden to it, and there I found Rose after the war. Well, whenever I passed, she looked at me so sweet, Lieutenant, as much as to say, 'Guy, you must n't let old scores stay unsettled. I never meant to do wrong, Guy. I know I treated you badly, tho.' And one day I was weak enough to stop, and she said that to me, crying while she said it. Well, you see, Lieutenant, I never could stand women folks crying. She looked pretty enough as she talked, and the fact is, she's prettier than she was before."

"And you, Guy, like a monster, remained unmoved by all that."

"I'm not a marrying man, Lieutenant. I like my house here, and my bachelor living better;—and it is this house Rose Lacy ought to have, as sure as shooting."

"This house?"

"Yes, Lieutenant; that is, if you are agreeable."

"Continue, Guy. But first this house and all it contains, is your own. Dispose of it exactly as you wish."

Guy knit his brow, as Cartaret uttered these words.

"That settles the matter," he said.

"What? Explain."

"Well, you see, Lieutenant, after I had stopped to see Rose once, I stopped again regular. There was always something that made me go in, in spite of all I could do. One day it was to carry her a letter which she had called to me to ask for at the Post-office; another day it was to drink some fresh buttermilk she held up to me through the window, with a smile on her pretty

face—and every time I went in I said to myself, 'You are making a fool of yourself, Guy Hartrigger. Rose Lacy is after catching you—and in spite of everything you can do she will have you yet.' At last, I said to myself, 'I won't go in again; I am not a marrying man,' and I kept to that, turning away my head whenever I passed, pretending never to hear her when she called out, 'Won't you come in a minute, Guy?'"

"Obdurate monster! Well, how did it end?" said Cartaret.

"It ended by my going in yesterday, Lieutenant. But I couldn't help it. I would have been a monster, as you call me, if I hadn't. The poor thing ran to the door as I passed by, with tears running down her face; and sobbing out her words, told me what made my blood boil. Old Tugmuddle is going to sell her out for rent. She hasn't a cent in the world, or any way to live, not even a shelter this winter over the heads of her children; and all that she told me with her eyes streaming with tears to that degree that when she had got through I began to cry too. 'Well, Rose,' I said, 'as long as Guy Hartrigger is alive you shan't want bread, if you did treat me bad, Rose—don't answer me, but hear me. I've got the best friend a man ever had, and I live in a small house of his that I like better than a big one, for I am not a marrying man, Rose. Now, before you shall want, I will clear out of that house,' I said, 'and if the Lieutenant is agreeable, you can move in.' She cried and hid her face at that, Lieutenant, and would not say yes or no; but if you are agreeable she shall come. Are you agreeable, Lieutenant?"

Cartaret reached out his hand and pressed Guy's.

"Yes, I am agreeable, Guy," he said, "Go and tell your pretty Rose Lacy to move into the house whenever she gets ready."

"With the red-headed children, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, if there are a dozen of them. They shall want nothing as long as we have anything."

Guy's face flushed.

"Much obliged to you, Lieutenant," he said simply.

"But I foresee one thing, Guy."

"What is that, Lieutenant?"

"That Rose will capture you."

Guy shook his head.

"I am not a marrying man, Lieutenant."

"Marrying man or not, you will have too great odds against you, Guy, and you will succumb. You will have against you a pair of eyes, full of 'smiles and tears,' as the poets say—a pair of rosy cheeks, a pair of lips—a woman, in a word; that is to say, more than a match for you, or any other man. You will go under, Guy."

"If I thought that, I'd set out for Mexico, Lieutenant."

"Impossible, old fellow—the order is issued. We are going to begin a campaign here at Gaymount. But don't be down-hearted, Guy. There are worse things than being married. You are a partner, remember, in the firm of Cartaret & Co., and that house is going to make enough to carry out the maxim, 'Pay as you go.' Your proportion will be quite enough, I hope, to satisfy a reasonable 'Co.'—and all that is needed by *Mrs. Hartrigger*, and the two red-headed children."

With these words Cartaret rose, and left Guy to his reflections. No sound issued from his lips. He scarcely turned his head. One would have said that he was overwhelmed, completely dumfounded, by those terrible words, "*Mrs. Hartrigger* and the two red-headed children."

## XVIII.

CARTARET NARROWLY ESCAPES VER-  
TIGO.

In the youth who is the hero of the present history, we have endeavored to place before the reader one of a class much more numerous than the world supposes—the class of idlers with the capacity to perform hard work, if they can only get a clear idea of how to begin.

Energy and idleness were mingled in the youth's character in a remarkable manner. Hitherto the idleness had borne sway over him—the energy was paralyzed. Now he saw a definite object before him; thought he had the ability to achieve it, and like the race-horse, would go "until he dropped."

With a nature of that sort, "the start," as we have said, is everything. Arouse its powers, and nothing is more extraordinary than the speed and bottom displayed—the unslumbering persistence. Obstacles lose their depressing character; or rather they vanish. Such human beings begin the work which lies before them with that most valuable of all convictions—the conviction that they have it in their power to achieve their aim.

Cartaret's hour in the lone woods had given him an aim. He believed that he could do what had been done by another, and asked himself how he could do it. The point necessary was information—he had sense enough to feel the full extent of his ignorance. He, the idler, the hunter, the dreamer, was going to embark in market gardening, fruit planting, truck raising—not as a pastime, but to raise money; not to amuse himself, but to live. And to achieve anything, he must know—the theory and ideas first, then practical experience.

He sat down as soon as he reached Gaymount, and wrote to a friend in Bal-

timore, to send him reliable works upon gardening, the improvement of land, and fruit culture, including grapes. In a few days the works came through the mail, and the young man began to study them.

As he read hour after hour, and far into the night, he became more than ever convinced that he could do something with his few acres. He had laid before him statistics, the results of practical experience, which proved the enormous proceeds to be realized from even a single acre. All that was necessary was *work*. To put into the soil the requisite fertilizers, to thoroughly work it, day after day, to supply the moisture that was wanting, or remove the excess by draining; only to give nature a fair field, and no obstructions. Cartaret laid down his gardening book, after reading to the last page, and said:

"With one acre of earth a man can live and support his family, if they are a dozen in number; can owe no one anything; enjoy health; laugh at the constable!"

From the works on gardening and improvement of the soil, he passed to the small volume on Fruit and Vine Culture. That is to say, he left the subject of the necessities of life to come to that of the luxuries. He was soon deep in the charming study. The profits from fruits were evidently enormous. The dwarf pear, the improved varieties of apple, the peach, the apricot, the nectarine, the cherry; these were in themselves a mine of wealth, a regular source of profit from the spring days, when the nectarine ripens, to the autumn, when the Heath peach first fills with its delicious juice. Last he came to the vine—to the culture of grapes for the table and for wine. Here the results were even more astonishing. The profits realized from wine culture gave him a sensation of the Arabian Nights!

In Missouri a gentleman had planted 3,000 vines in two and a half acres. Five years afterwards they had produced a gross amount of \$23,305 80. Deducting from this the expenses, that is, plants, trellises, labors, and interest on investment, amounting in all to \$3,627. The clear profit on the two and a half acres in the five years had been \$19,678 80; and that, in spite of the loss, one year, of \$1,500 worth of wine, and the failure another year of not less than 2,200 of his vines.

"Twenty pounds to the vine the fourth year is not an unusual crop," said one experienced grape raiser, "and as the vine increases in age, the crop may be increased one-fourth, that is to say, forty pounds. With 1,000 vines to the acre, this would give say, 30,000 pounds. These are worth, in ordinary years, ten cents per pound, *this* year they are worth twenty. The proceeds of one acre would thus range from \$3,000 to \$8,000."

In Illinois an experienced vinedyardist realized from one acre of Concord vines, in their second year, the astonishing *profit* of \$2,400.

In a neighboring State a *profit* of \$3,562 was made from one acre of Delaware vines. In the same State from the same vine, \$3,000 profit was realized from *one-third of an acre*.

Cartaret laid down the volume, and leaning his forehead on his hand, begun to reflect.

"That is really enough to turn anybody's head," he muttered. "It is therefore in the bounds of possibility, that is, not opposed to the *naturam rerum*,—to produce upon forty acres of earth more than *three hundred thousand dollars* worth of grape juice per annum! That seems absurd, and I have a profound unreliance upon figures; but what seems reasonable is, that excellent profits may be realized from wine cul-



ture; far greater profits upon small estates, than what are derived from wheat, corn and tobacco. I'll give it a trial at least, and I will not catch the vertigo. Lie there, my dear producer of vine-de-lirium, with your reports of \$8,000 per acre!—and let me go out and walk, and reflect whether with hard work I can't realize a profit of *eighty* dollars an acre. That will satisfy me for the present; for if I can cultivate thirty acres, I will realize something like *two or three thousand* dollars; and that, under the present circumstances, would be satisfactory."

The young man called to Leon, who had been attentively watching his master, and taking his gun from long habit, set out to walk and reflect. He was getting the grape-vertigo!

## XIX.

## THE ENEMY ADVANCES ON GUY HARTRIGGER.

He turned into the path leading to Guy Hartrigger's lodge, when a sound from the great gate made him turn his head.

A light wagon, drawn by two horses, was seen approaching. Upon this wagon was piled up a quantity of dilapidated furniture—chairs, tables, bedsteads, beds,—and other household effects; and on the summit of the mass, in the middle of the feather bed, appeared the handsome face of a woman, flanked by two little red-headed children, resembling for all the world two young woodpeckers in their nest.

"Rose Lacy and her offspring, as I am a sinner!" exclaimed the young man, laughing. "She has come to capture old Guy, and he is gone."

And hastening on, he reached Guy's small dwelling, which was in a state of wild confusion. Chairs and tables were seen on the lawn. Over a table lay Guy's great fur bed covering; and the

unhappy owner of these objects was sitting disconsolately on the steps, his gun resting across his knees, his favorite hound standing near, wagging his tail, and gazing with sympathy at his master.

Guy's expression was so woebegone, that Cartaret burst into a laugh.

"Well, I see you are taken prisoner, old boy!" he exclaimed; "look! yonder is the enemy, steadily advancing."

"I see her," groaned Guy.

"And you are ready to surrender?"

"Never, Lieutenant."

"Well, I have heard that boast made frequently, in spite of which surrenders continue to take place. If you are not going to lay down your arms, Guy, you appear to have resolved to evacuate your position."

"I had to."

And Guy groaned again.

"She is coming to take possession?"

"Yes, Lieutenant. I couldn't resist—it was no go. I had to give up. Old Tugmuddle, you see, Lieutenant, has been the brute he said he would be. As I was passing Rose's yesterday, he was selling her out for the rent, and she was standing there, crying, with her arms around her children. "Oh! Mr. Hartrigger," she cried out, "see how cruel they are. What shall I do? I have no shelter for my poor little ones, and my heart is breaking!"

Guy drew his cuff hastily across his eyes, as he spoke.

"Well, you see I couldn't stand that, Lieutenant. I am not a marrying man, but I ain't made of rock. 'Stop crying, Rose,' I said to her; 'the situation is not as bad as you think. I have seen my commander. Come and live at my house. He will share with you as long as he has anything, and Guy Hartrigger will do the same.' At that she began to cry worse than before, Lieutenant. It was a real waterspout. 'It is hard—very hard,' she said, sobbing out her

words, 'to have to come to you, Guy. I have treated you badly, Guy. I didn't mean to, but I did it; and I would not let you do this, but for—my—poor—children.'" That's the way she said it, Lieutenant, crying every other word. So I up and told her to stop that way of talking. 'Come, and go to housekeeping in my den, Rose,' I said. 'I can go and lay down in the big house. It's no deprivation, Rose, for I have no wife and children, and I don't mean to have any, for I'm not a marrying man, Rose.' With that I went on my way, and this morning I have moved out."

"Like the gentleman you are, Guy; and here comes your wife and children."

Cartaret pointed, with a laugh, to the wagon which was rapidly approaching.

"See the face of Madam! By George, she is handsome, Guy, and I wonder your heart is so hard."

"I'm not—"

"A marrying man? I know that. But they are the very people who get married. Consider the charms of wedded life; the watchful eye upon all your movements; the close attention to your morals and every bad habit, with a view to your reformation. At present you are a mere wild animal, Guy, prowling about as free as air; a free and independent bachelor, with no one to look after your morals, and mend your shirts. Well, that state of living is sinful, Guy, you will not be allowed to persist in it. You require reformation; and Rose will become your reformer."

"Never, never, Lieutenant. I married? How could I support a wife?"

"I see with pleasure, Guy, that you approve of the moral reform view, and are already making your estimates of expenses. Well, that is the easiest of all. Rose will work and help you, and —"

"Suppose I were to die, Lieutenant?"

"It is unnecessary to suppose that. But Rose would be no worse off than now. She is pretty and attractive; and doubtless a *third* husband would make his appearance. If not, she and her children need want for nothing. She has only to set them up on the nearest fence—the red-headed darlings—and the woodpeckers will fly down and feed them."

Guy grunted disconsolately.

"In conclusion," said Cartaret, laughing, "you are certain to be captured. I see Rose's face better now, and that style of beauty is fatal. She will marry you, old fellow, and you will look back with horror on your present depraved condition. You will be a respectable married man, with an angel to take command of you. You will feel that heavenly presence controlling your habits and elevating you. You will no longer go and come at your own pleasure, wretched bachelor. 'Where are you going?' or, 'Where have you been?' will be the charming substitute. No more, wretched Guy, will you return to your lonely den, to smoke your pipe by the fire, and sleep with your hounds; you will find ready to welcome you the owner of the pretty face yonder, and around the knees of papa will cling, laughing, two sweet red-headed cherubs."

With these words Cartaret chuckled with deep enjoyment, made a bow to Rose Lacy, on the summit of the feather bed, and strolled on, leaving Guy desperate, and tearing his hair.

## XX.

## THE CROSSING.

At the moment when the wagon containing Rose Lacy and her family stopped before Guy Hartrigger's door, Miss Annie Vawter put on a little chip hat, beneath which struggled forth a great mass of brown curls, and, leaving The

Reeds, strolled down the grassy hill toward a little stream which was gurgling between high banks, dotted with the last flowers of autumn.

The balmy air of the Indian summer came laden with the odors of the forest. A dreamy haze was over all the landscape, rounding every outline. Through this mist, mellow and silvery, burned a few lingering masses of crimson, the last flags of autumn still remaining erect, in defiance of the storm winds.

The Little Mamma went along slowly, with her head bent down, and lost in thought. Of what was she thinking? What does youth think of, when the blossoms of seventeen summers only have fallen on glossy curls? Aimless reveries that wander away into the realm of fancy! Fond imaginings that lose the heart in the vague pathways of dreamland.

And the dreams had their charm. They were a novelty to this mere child. A month before and she had never rambled thus; never dreamed any such dreams! But the enchanter had waved his wand, opening her eyes all at once, and the name of the enchanter was *Love!*

She gathered some wild flowers, and made a nosegay, and again strolled on. The stream, a few hundred yards distant, came to her in a mellow murmur. Reaching a mossy rock, she sat down, remained musing thus for nearly an hour, and the subject of her reverie seemed distressing, for she sighed and blushed deeply.

It is the old story, you see, friend, which will go on being narrated to the end of time. Hearts will beat when they are young, cheeks will blush at seventeen, in the year 18065 as 1865. Corydon and Chloe passing in their balloons, or travelling by telegraph, will sigh and blush, in like manner, as they flit by each other.

Annie sat with her head drooping, the brown curls brushing the rosy cheeks. The white neck was just seen above the plain lace collar, which encircled it. She gazed at her poor flowers, picking them slowly to pieces; and that process seemed to distress her deeply, for she sighed.

Then she resumed her walk, going toward the stream. A log was thrown across it from one of the high banks to the other; and a huge mass of rock from which grew a shady tree, ascended straight from the water, on the opposite side near the log.

Annie essayed the crossing, intending to extend her walk beyond. But ill fortune attended her. She had reached the middle of the moss-covered log, and was balancing herself carefully above the water, when her foot slipped, she struggled to regain her equilibrium, failed, and would have fallen into the stream, when—

You, no doubt, comprehend, worthy reader, who came to the rescue? It was a young man who, strolling out, lost in reverie, like herself, had come to the stream, seen her approaching, hidden behind the mass of rock, and who now, at one bound, reached the girl, and clasped her close in his arms.

Annie uttered a cry, with which a dog's bark mingled. Leon had darted in pursuit of Annie's slipper which had fallen into the stream, and seizing the small affair quietly floating away, brought it to shore, just as Cartaret landed his burden on the bank.

—An hour afterwards the young man and the girl were returning toward The Reeds. Cartaret had "crossed the Rubicon." Oh! weak heart of youth. He had determined not to ask her, but he had done so, and she was his own! Was it her blushes, her murmured words, the heart beating against his own, which had overcome his resolution? The in-

quiry was now useless; all that had happened a thousand years before. They were walking, hand in hand, with the winds laughing around them; with the orange light of evening, and the moonlight falling upon them.

At the gate of The Reeds that curious old moon saw something that was pleasant to behold.

It was the face of the Little Mamma, full of tears and blushes, leaning for an instant against the lips of her affianced lover!

## XXI.

### DEBT.

Annie entered The Reeds with a face so red that she was afraid everybody would observe it. But an event had occurred, during her absence, which completely diverted attention from her.

Major Vawter had received a visit from Tugmuddle, who held a deed of trust on The Reeds; and the result of this visit had been to throw the old gentleman into a paroxysm of rage.

When Annie came in, he was seated in his arm chair, fairly boiling over with wrath. He had quite forgotten his gouty feet, which had fallen off the cricket; his face was red with indignation, and he grasped a huge ivory-headed cane, which habitually leaned against the mantelpiece near him, with the air of an individual who would give all he possessed to lay it over another individual's shoulders.

Opposite the worthy, Miss Ellen Vawter, leaning back in her chair, presented a decidedly helpless, not to say dilapidated, appearance, and to her sister Annie addressed the first question:

"Oh! Ellen, what is the matter?"

"The matter!" shouted the old Major; "scoundrelism is the matter! low insolence is the matter. If I was only not a miserable invalid. If I only had the use of my limbs!"

And the worthy old Major discharged a cannonade of expletives, so profane, that it was horrible to listen to him. For fully a quarter of an hour the storm continued to rage, and little was to be gathered from the old gentleman. Then his wrath somewhat moderated, and Annie was able to make out what had occurred.

Tugmuddle had called soon after her departure, and politely requested of Major Vawter the "small amount" which he had lent him;—the "small amount" in question being eight thousand dollars some cents.

To this demand Major Vawter had responded, that he was wholly unable to comply; his crops had failed that year; he had scarcely made bread. Why was Mr. Tugmuddle so pressing? The interest had been paid regularly.

Thereat Tugmuddle had growled, declaring that "the principal was not the interest." But he told Major Vawter that another man would press his claim; *he*, however, would suggest a way in which the matter might be arranged in a friendly way. He had a son, a fine young man, if ever there was one, with a number one education, at a first-class school. He would make him his heir; his whole property would come to him. He had seen Miss Annie Vawter, and was pining away for her. He, Tugmuddle, was a plain man; and he, Major Vawter, was a sensible one; and to cut the matter short, if the young people made a match, he would tear up the deed on The Reeds, on the wedding day, and set up the young couple in life, free of expense.

When Major Vawter, that choleric "old gouty," clearly understood this proposition—comprehended that Tugmuddle was in earnest in offering thus to simply *purchase* his daughter—he fell into such a rage that it nearly terminated in a convulsion. He clutched his stick,



fired off a volley of the most shocking profanity, and consigned the Tugmuddles, senior and junior, to a place too hot to be named.

"To make such a proposition to *him*! To come coolly in this way and offer to *buy* his daughter!—the thing was nothing short of a blank piece of blank, blank insolence! No other man would have *dared* to make such a blank disgusting offer! Blank the blank deed of trust! Blank the whole blank business! Blanked if he would not starve outright, or beg his bread on the highway, before he would sell his daughter to—" any number of blanks.

Thereat Tugmuddle started up in huge wrath. He had never presented an uglier appearance about the mouth and eyes.

"He knew what the thing meant. *He* and *his* were not good enough for the fine Major Vawter! But he would make him know before long that he was a dangerous man to insult. He had The Reeds between his finger and thumb; he had kept his hands off it up to this time—but now he was insulted—he and his son were laughed at. He would sell out under the deed of trust within a month from that time, and people would see which was the best man, he or the old pauper who—"

Tugmuddle dodged. Major Vawter had started up and aimed a tremendous blow at him with his cane.

"Sell and be blanked, you old scoundrel."

Such were the words that followed the retreating Tugmuddle, who hastened to mount his horse and ride away, boiling with wrath.

"To offer to *buy* my little girl, the blank, blank rascal. Annie," said the Major, "I served him right—he'll feel my cane yet."

And with an expiring blank, the old Major drew his child to his bosom.

Annie was weeping, and her heart was heavy.

"Oh! debt! debt!" she murmured.

## XXII.

### IN THE MESHES.

On the next day, Cartaret visited The Reeds, and was received by Annie with the smile which he always, in his heart, compared to sunshine. She was determined that he should know nothing of the terrible cloud which hung above the household; and such was the self-control which the brave Little Mamma had over herself, that Cartaret went away entirely ignorant of what had occurred between Major Vawter and Tugmuddle.

Two days afterwards, however, the discovery was made in a manner exceedingly natural and commonplace. Mr. Jabez Jinks, Attorney-at-Law, and trustee in a certain deed of trust, etc., announced through an advertisement in the county paper that that fine property known as "The Reeds," containing, etc., highly improved, etc., would in four weeks from that time be sold to satisfy, etc., one-third cash, deferred payments to be secured, etc.—and a handbill to the same effect was posted up at the door of the village post office.

Juba brought Cartaret the intelligence, but the young man could scarcely believe it. He had his horse saddled, leaped upon him, and proceeded at a gallop to the little village.

There was the handbill in front of the post-office, as Juba had announced. There on the opposite side of the street was the dingy little building, where dwelt, as the tin sign informed everybody, "Jabez Jinks, Attorney-at-Law."

Cartaret dismounted, and went and knocked at the door of Mr. Jinks' office. As he did so, any one looking into the den of that legal spider would have seen no less a personage than Tugmuddle re-

treat to an inner apartment, leaving the door slightly ajar behind him.

"Come in," said Mr. Jinks, cheerfully, and as Cartaret entered, he rose and bowed.

He was an insinuating little man, with the most affectionate of smiles, but his eyes were so sharp that they resembled needles.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Cartaret. Any news to-day?"

And Mr. Jinks rubbed his hands, holding them towards a fire-place in which there was no fire.

"None; I have called to ask about the sale of The Reeds, Mr. Jinks," said Cartaret.

"An unfortunate business, my dear sir—very unfortunate," said Mr. Jinks, cheerfully.

"Is no arrangement possible?"

Mr. Jinks shook his head.

"None at all, I am afraid, Mr. Cartaret. I am assured by Mr. Tugmuddle that he is pressed to death for the money."

Cartaret's lip assumed an expression not complimentary to Tugmuddle, and he said:

"Is no delay even possible?"

Now Mr. Jinks sat facing the door leading to the inner room, while Cartaret sat with his back to it. Thus Jinks could see Tugmuddle, who was concealed from Cartaret—and at the last words uttered by the young man, he saw Tugmuddle shake his head violently at the crack.

The head of Mr. Jinks shook in unison, and he replied with sad sympathy:

"No delay whatever is possible, Mr. Cartaret."

"No arrangement whatever?"

"I am afraid none at all, Mr. Cartaret."

"Why the thing is infamous, Mr. Jinks!" exclaimed the young man.

"What object on earth can Mr. Tug-

muddle have to force payment of this loan now? The debt is perfectly secure. Major Vawter and his family will be turned out of their house—why, the thing is unheard of! Come, acknowledge, Mr. Jinks, that a hard heart could invent nothing more cruel, or adopt a course more disgraceful."

The face at the door was not a pleasant one as Cartaret uttered these words. Mr. Jinks was much embarrassed.

"Hum!" said Mr. Jinks.

"The law gives Mr. Tugmuddle the right," added the young man, "but his course is disgraceful, I repeat."

Mr. Jinks sighed, then smiled. For want of an answer to make, he twirled one thumb very gently over the other.

"Can nothing be done?" said Cartaret. "You might do something, Mr. Jinks."

"Unfortunately, I am powerless, my dear sir. Mr. Tugmuddle's instructions are positive, and I am only an official person in the affair, bound to comply with his directions."

Cartaret knit his brows. The idea of Annie without shelter made his blood boil, and turned his head nearly. Could he do nothing? Was he to stand by and see this wrong done, when he might be able to prevent it? He reflected for an instant, and his expression became gloomy.

"I must," he muttered.

And raising his eyes, he said:

"I wish to borrow enough of money to satisfy this claim on Major Vawter, Mr. Jinks."

Mr. Jinks glanced at the head. It was moving up and down violently.

"This is a wretched business," Cartaret continued; "it involves the dearest friends I have in the world in utter ruin. I am averse to debt, and shrink from incurring obligation, but I am determined to stop this sale if I can, and I count on your assistance, Mr. Jinks."

Mr. Jinks smiled meekly. The head approved more than ever.

"It will give me pleasure to assist you, my dear sir."

"You may, yourself, be able to lend me the money."

The head nodded vigorously.

"Perhaps I might. What security could you give, Mr. Cartaret?"

"I could give the Gaymount property. It is unencumbered, and I have been offered more than eight thousand dollars for it twice. I will give my bond, payable in two years, by which time I hope to pay back, if not the whole, at least a considerable part of the amount. What do you say, sir?"

Mr. Jinks saw the head saying, "accept," with immense ardor.

"Well," he replied, with a sweet smile, "perhaps I can oblige you, Mr. Cartaret. The Gaymount property is very available from its situation, and the improvements on it. And you are lucky to apply to me at this moment, as I have a little money I wish to invest. Suppose you come back this evening, sir, and I will tell you more about it. Does that suit your convenience, Mr. Cartaret?"

"Perfectly, sir; I will return this evening."

And Cartaret bowed and went out. He had no sooner disappeared than Tugmuddle issued from the inner apartment. His eyes were sparkling with joy.

"Close the matter at once, Jinks," he exclaimed.

"Hum!" said Mr. Jinks, with respectful meekness.

"Don't be afraid, Jinks. It is a mere form. Not a dollar need leave your pocket. Instead of paying out the money, you pay—the deed of trust!"

Mr. Jinks became quite radiant.

"Then the matter is arranged, Mr. Tugmuddle. You will no doubt want a few lines from me, however, on the back of the bond."

Tugmuddle smiled. His face grew, if possible, still uglier from that smile.

"We understand each other, I see, Jinks. Close the business."

And he left the office.

On the same afternoon, Cartaret reappeared at the lawyer's office, and found Mr. Jinks in the same chair, before the same fireless fireplace—with the door to the inner apartment ajar as during the former interview.

"I am glad to be able to inform you that the matter will be arranged as you wish, Mr. Cartaret."

Mr. Jinks had never smiled more affectionately. It was a fatherly old good genius, instead of a lawyer, that Cartaret had apparently stumbled upon. "I can let you have the money, or what is the same, deliver up the deed of trust on The Reeds. Here it is, and here is a blank form. All that is necessary is your bond for eight thousand dollars and ninety-five cents, payable in two years from date, to myself."

Cartaret sat down and wrote the bond, which Mr. Jinks read carefully, and stamped. He then smiled, and after calling two parties from the street to sign as witnesses, delivered the deed, and Cartaret bowed and departed.

As the door closed on witnesses and Cartaret, Tugmuddle emerged from the inner room, seized the bond, scanned it closely, and a savage smile came to his ugly face.

"That will do," he said.

And he laid it before Mr. Jinks on the table. That worthy said nothing, but quietly wrote an assignment on the back of the bond to Isaac Tugmuddle.

Tugmuddle seized it.

"I've got him at last," he exclaimed.

Bursting by Mr. Jinks, he left the office.

Cartaret meanwhile rode out of the village, but soon checking his horse, began to reflect.

"I have done a foolish thing," he said,

## XXIII.

## TRANSFORMATION.

These scenes occurred in the autumn of 1865.

August, 1868, has now arrived, and we beg the worthy reader to return with us to Gaymount.

Is this really Gaymount, however, or is it some other place? It is hard to recognize it. All the landmarks of the past have disappeared. Some enchanter seems to have waved his wand over it, and worked a veritable miracle. The house and its surroundings are so completely changed that the dead Cartarets, if they had risen from their graves, would have rubbed their eyes and turned away incredulous.

Scarce a feature of the former landscape remains to prove its identity. More than two-thirds of the great oaks in the grounds have vanished root and branch; as to the fine old English sward which used to stretch away in an unbroken expanse, that has disappeared with the trees, and given place to trim garden beds. Beneath the eye, as you stand on the great portico, stretch row after row of cereals, vegetables, fruit trees, and trellised grape-vines. The dwarf pear trees are laden with their delicious fruit; peach trees of every variety are borne down by the yellow masses, in spite of their youth; beyond these are seen the grape trellises, with their towering vines of the Delaware, Concord, and Iona—the young vines, now in their third season, neatly pruned and trained, and already covered with rich clusters, which the August sunshine is turning to globes of nectar. Farther still—to pass over the green beds of every variety of garden vegetable—extends a field of verdurous corn, the tall stalks with their silken tassels, covered with crowding ears. Beyond, an acre or two is in heavy grass. The whole is enclosed by excellent fences. Wherever you look on this

"but it was all that was left me." And knitting his brows, he drew forth the deed which he scanned in an absent manner. Then he tore it into four pieces, let the fragments drop in the road, and set spur to his horse—but found that Sir Archy had turned into the road to The Reeds.

"What am I going to The Reeds for?" he said; "to tell them of my grand action and claim their gratitude! No, that would be a poor proceeding, and I will write to Jinks to conceal my part in the affair. The sale is stopped, since the deed no longer exists."

And turning his horse he leaped a fence, and rode straight across the fields towards Gaymount.

Fate had decreed, however, that his agency in the affair should be discovered at once. The small African dining-room servant at The Reeds had been to the village that day, and while returning saw Cartaret pass him, and tear up and drop the deed. Reaching the spot, the youthful monkey picked up the fragments—proceeded on his way—reached The Reeds, and delivering the fragments to the first member of the household whom he met, the Little Mamma, informed her that he had seen Mas' Edmund Cartaret drop the same on his way home.

Annie glanced with astonishment at the pieces of paper, recognized the deed, grew pale, understanding all, and burst into tears. Without saying a word, she went to her room and had a long cry, with which mingled the words, repeated many times:

"Oh, no! he must not! he shall not."

Then she came down and told her father, and while they were still examining the paper, all in agitation—enter Cartaret.

An hour afterwards, he left The Reeds, with a brilliant smile upon his lips.

"No, I have *not* acted foolishly," he said, "I am sure of that."

August morning, from the great Gaymount portico, are the evidences of industry, success, and what follows it—prosperity.

Let us enter the house. All there is changed too. The holes in the cornice have disappeared. The wainscotted walls display not a single crack. The frames of the pictures are repaired. The furniture has entered on a new lease of life. Through the windows, too, you see no traces of the old tumbled down quarters and ruined barn. The quarters are removed or repaired; the barn rebuilt, and shining in its new plank. On all sides, at Gaymount, without and within, you see no longer the old shadow of poverty and neglect; but the bloom and freshness and sunshine of prosperity—the result of toil rightly directed to attain its end.

The old house of Gaymount has entered thus on a new lease of existence. As the sun declines on this August evening, it is the picture of smiling beauty.

And here is some one approaching who smiles like the sunshine. It is a young man in excellent costume—no longer wearing an old dingy grey coat; a youth with ruddy and sun embrowned cheeks, eyes sparkling under the brown felt hat, a step elastic and springy, like that of a man who has business to attend to, and has no time to idle or dream.

Then the crowning marvel appears. A young lady comes out to meet him—a young lady with brown curls, a rosebud complexion, the sweetest smile in the world on her lips, and in her hand—the handle of a baby cart.

The baby cart rolls over the gravel; Cartaret hastens to it, and raises a small something in his arms—the small something clad in a variegated worsted jacket, with two plump little rosy cheeks, full of dimples, crows, laughs, flourishes chubby arms, and seizes the young man by his moustache.

The lady laughs; the gentleman laughs; the baby laughs louder than all. The very sunshine seems to laugh even, as its light falls on the happy group—on Edmund Cartaret, the Little Mamma, and the wondrous baby.

#### XXIV.

#### OPERATIONS OF THE FIRM OF CARTARET & CO.

“Help yourself, and heaven will help you.”

Such had been the motto of Cartaret.

He had resolved, if possible, to make money from his forty acres of clayey loam, and in the fall of 1865, had gone to work with energy.

About twenty acres of the park were cleared of the huge oaks, which for many generations had cast their shadows on the rich turf, and such was the size of this timber, that Cartaret realized from its sale to a Northerner in the neighborhood, nearly one thousand dollars.

Supplied thus with the main thing—the sinews of war—the young man went to work with vigor. Throwing into a corner the old shovel plough, whose woodwork was rotting from the iron, the old cart without a bottom, the old wagon with three wheels, and the old rope harness gone to wrack and ruin, he purchased a new wagon, bright with red and blue paint; new ploughs, new harness, a new cart, harrows, cultivators and seed-sowers; and, lastly, three good horses, together with some corn and hay to feed them.

Then he went to work.

First came the fertilizers.

About the old stables of the once flourishing plantation had accumulated, year after year, a larger and larger mass of well-rotted manure. In addition to this, a portion of the park had become overlaid with a similiar accumulation of leaves, in a state of semi-decompo-

sition. These two sources of wealth were mingled, and thoroughly incorporated with each other. The cleared land was covered with the mixture. Then came the plough.

The stumps were an embarrassment, but Cartaret, Guy and Juba ploughed around them. The young man took his turn with the rest, or rather did half the work. He had resolved to work, and work in earnest.

Meanwhile, other work was going on.

On a spot of about two acres in extent there was a swampy “low ground,” full of muck, and useless. This was drained by a ditch and cross ditches, the brush cut down and piled up, the design being to fire it in the spring, and with the ashes resulting therefrom, to correct the acidity of the damp soil.

The old flower garden, also—about two acres overgrown with weeds—was invaded by the plough, trenched two feet deep, and then sowed in parsnip-chervil, the seed sent by Lance as a present.

By Christmas—up to which time the weather remained open—Cartaret had ploughed all his land, some twenty acres, and saw that little more in the way of preparation could be done, except fencing, preparing bean poles and pea sticks, and attending to his compost heaps. This could be left to Juba and Guy. With the opening of spring it was obvious, however, that an experienced gardener would be required, and Cartaret proved extremely fortunate in securing just the person he wished.

Lance sent him an old German, heavy in figure, phlegmatic in demeanor, and answering to the name of Routzahn. He made his appearance one morning; quietly announced that he was a vine-dresser and gardener by trade, and would be glad to be paid \$800 per annum; his pay to begin when the work began. Meanwhile, if Mr. Cartaret was

willing, he would remain through the winter, and job at no salary.

Cartaret at once agreed to this proposition, installed Routzahn in an out-building, and then, as the snow had come, went to work on his sketches, by means of which he supported his entire household in comfort during the winter.

With the first days of Spring, in 1866, he went to work. The thought of the bond given to Jinks spurred him. Information which he had received, left little doubt of the assignment of the document to Tugmuddle, and something told Cartaret that he was in the power of his bitterest and most remorseless enemy, from whose clutches nothing but unrelenting toil could extricate him.

From that toil he did not shrink, but rather welcomed it as heaven's blessing in disguise, as well as command.

The plough began to run again, and the land was once more turned up, then cross-ploughed, then harrowed, then re-harrowed, then worked over with hoe and rake, until, finally, it was as well broken up and as smooth as a garden.

The drainage had been made perfect; the compost, leaves, muck and ashes had become thoroughly incorporated with the originally good soil; and then Cartaret, Guy and Juba, the whole commanded by Routzahn, went resolutely to work, to plant the fruit trees and vines, which had been procured and were ready, and drill the seeds which were to spring up into the rich and fruitful harvest of vegetables.

Hot-beds, constructed by Routzahn, were already full of plants for early transplanting, — tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, egg-plant, all the vast army of tender edibles, which require forcing even in the temperate zone—and with the first days of rain and sunshine these were transferred to their places of permanent growth, where in the rich soil

they seemed from the first to flourish, promising a rich and abundant harvest.

Cartaret drew a long breath. Nearly fifteen acres lay before him, bursting forth into verdure.

The fruit trees and vines received no less attention.

The loam of the park had a sandy subsoil. In one place, about an acre had the surface soil nearly washed off. This was thoroughly and deeply ploughed, and the whole set out in peach trees.

With grapes he determined at first to experiment simply. The ground had been thoroughly fertilized with leaves, muck and well-cracked bones, and well broken up in the fall, and now furrows, eight or ten feet apart, were run with the shovel-plough, in which, at distances of about six feet, were planted one-year-old plants, stout stakes for trellises, being inserted, at the same time, in order to prevent injury to the roots.

The vines selected were: Delawares, 500; Concords, 200; Ionas, 26. The Delawares and Ionas were for wine and propagation; the Concords for sale as grapes for the table.

One acre was planted in dwarf pears, to be converted subsequently into standards. There were Passe Colmar and Winter Nelis, with a few Flemish Beauties, and Duchess d' Angoulême; the winter pears being the most profitable. The whole planted ten feet apart each way, without crops, as in the case of the vines.

Around the two acres in chervil, were planted thirty additional grapevines—three-year-old layers of the Delaware—and to these, like the main vineyard, were given all the broken bones which could be collected.

These plants set out, the orchard and vineyard were commenced; and soon, in the bright may sunshine, vines, fruit trees and vegetables burst into exuberant life.

With every passing day and hour they grew more luxuriant. Nature developed with the help of her rain and sunshine, the abounding treasures. Summer came, and poured out all her wealth, and then the whole establishment at Gaymount labored from early dawn to dewy dusk in gathering, packing, marking, and forwarding, by railway and steamboat, to the adjoining cities, the rich products of the twenty or thirty acres under cultivation.

There was neither delay nor trouble in disposing of the produce. Cities are omniverous, and greedy of what nature offers, and Cartaret had made his contracts in advance; all that was necessary, was to send his garden crop, and draw upon the consignees.

At last autumn came. All but the winter products had been disposed of, and Cartaret summed up his profits, finding them exceed his utmost expectations.

With the winter produce these were still further increased, and again in the ensuing spring the firm went to work, this time with larger capital, better qualities, and a consequent increase in the amount of produce.

The results of the year 1867 were found thus to far exceed those of 1866. All was now in thorough working order at Gaymount, and Cartaret looked with satisfaction upon the figures lying before him.

We shall lay a few of these before the reader, presenting a very brief resumé of the operations of the firm. This is not a work upon gardening, but a history of the fortunes of Edmund Cartaret, Esq.

We, therefore, sum up briefly, and only state that the firm of Cartaret & Co. made, in the year 1866, from—

2 acres of late cabbages, on ground from which chervil roots were taken in July, 8,400 cabbages.....	\$672 00
2 " chervil.....	400 00
4 " early tomatoes.....	2,400 00

2 acres early cabbages, 13,200.....	560 00
10 " (first crop) early peas.....	724 00
(second crop) cucumbers for pickling.....	1,972 00
Commission and charges.....	\$6,328 00
Working expenses.....	\$5,438 00
	2,106 88

Nett..... \$3,331 12

In the second year, Cartaret & Co. made from—

10 acres, (first crop), early cabbages, 34,500.....	\$1,380 00
(second crop), celery.....	2,835 00
10 " (first crop) early peas, beans, etc.....	709 00
(second crop,) pickles.....	1,970 00
3 " tomatoes.....	866 00
1 " melons.....	175 00
3 " horse radish.....	1,220 00

Expenses.....	\$9,155 00
	3,238 00
	\$5,917 00

Charges.....	\$320 00
Commissions.....	915 50

Nett..... \$4,681 50

In addition to this, the layer grapes in the garden furnished Cartaret with a sufficient number of bunches to make one barrel of wine, without sugar, the Delaware grape making its own; and the pears and peaches, bearing slightly, added—

Pears.....	\$50 00
Peaches.....	75 00
	\$125 00

Thus the result of the operations of Cartaret & Co., for two years, had been—

1st year.....	\$3,331 12
2d ".....	4,806 50
Interest on amount of first year, in savings bank, at five per cent.—two years.....	333 10
Interest on amount of second year—one year.....	240 30

Nett profit..... \$8,711 02

This was more than gratifying; and the profits of the firm in the third year had been so considerable already, that but for an unforeseen misfortune, which had happened to them, they might have regarded themselves as "rising in the world."

The misfortune in question was, the mistake made by the cashier of the savings bank in which their earnings had been deposited. That worthy disappeared one morning without taking leave of anybody. His mistake had been to regard the money in bank as his private property. In consequence of this mistake, Cartaret & Co. lost more than \$6,000—nearly every dollar of their hard earnings—and that at the very moment when the bond given Jinks, for \$8,000, was about to be paid.

When we again visit Gaymount, in August, 1868, Cartaret had been sued on the bond; no further delay in the legal process to recover could be counted on. A decree of sale was about to be obtained, and he had only two or three thousand dollars wherewith to pay the bond for \$8,000, with nearly three years' interest.

In spite of everything, however, Cartaret did not despair. His brave nerve faced the coming peril to Gaymount, and he determined at least to fight to the last.

There were reasons why he should exert himself, as the reader has perceived.

He had married Annie Vawter in the year 1866, and not only the bright eyes of the good wife, but the rosy cheeks of the baby said:

"Work!"

"And please heaven, Guy," said Cartaret, on an August afternoon in this year (1868), addressing Guy Hartriger, "please heaven, I will work, and work through my troubles. My motto is: 'Help yourself, and heaven will help you.' Do you remember Lance—good old Frank Lance? *His* was: 'The way to do a thing is, to do it.' I wish he would come and see us."

"He is here!" said a voice behind them. "This side up with care!"

And Frank Lance—the real old Frank Lance—burst into the apartment.

## XXV.

## THE BABY!

Frank Lance—the real old Frank Lance, Esq.—was clad in the summit of the fashion.

His sack coat reached scarcely below his waist; his waistcoat buttoned to the chin; his coat-sleeves were bags; his pantaloons adhered to the skin apparently. In his hand he carried a low beaver hat; and above his turned down collar rose a ruddy and good-humored face, decorated with bronze mustache and side whiskers;—Frank having visited England, and affecting the “heavy English.”

Cartaret ran toward him like a boy, shouting:

“How are you, Lance? Where on earth did you spring from?”

“From a trap, my son; like the Corsican Brothers, or the fellow in the Black Crook,” returned Mr. Lance.

“But you are from——?”

“That centre of intelligence, commerce and piety, Gotham, my young friend,” said Lance. “Do you know, Gotham? It is the only city in America where a man can live; to reside elsewhere is to breathe. Yes, the humble individual who now addresses you hails from the great city of Gotham, where the bulls and bears are fighting in Wall street; where people are getting run over on Broadway; where, in a word, the last refinements of a grand civilization—but I’ll not deliver a lecture. Enough to say, that I got tired of ‘the town,’ said to myself, ‘I wonder how Cartaret is getting along in his old rattle-trap?’ resolved to know; packed a carpet bag; insured my life in three great companies, each of which has a paid up capital of \$500,000,000, and never contested a policy; embarked in fear and trembling on the railroad; got through with only a smash-up or two; took the steamboat; reached your

wharf; took to my pins, leaving my bag, and here I am.”

“And welcome as the flowers of May, Lance.”

With which words Cartaret again shook hands with his friend. They had not corresponded for a long time. Frank Lance had gone to Europe, two years before, as foreign correspondent, and from that time his friend had heard nothing from him.

All at once, however, Cartaret realized that he was losing sight of the duties of hospitality.

“But I am acting the part of a poor host, my dear Lance,” he said. “You must be starving. Juba!”

“No, I dined on the boat, my friend. It will distress you, as a Virginian, to ascertain that fact, I know; but at present I am incapable of consuming any additional rations.”

“Are you certain?” said the young man, laughing. “Mrs Cartaret will get your dinner in a moment.”

At the words “Mrs. Cartaret,” Frank Lance gave a tremendous start.

“Mrs. Cartaret!”

And his eyes resembled a pair of saucers.

“Certainly, Lance, a good wife always sees to the comfort of her husband’s friends.”

“A ‘good wife!’—‘her husband!’ Look here, Cartaret, are you in earnest?”

“Didn’t you know I was married?”

“Married! You?”

“Married and settled, old fellow. No longer a miserable bachelor, like you, but a highly solid, respectable, and—married citizen. Juba, tell your Miss Annie to come down and see Mr. Lance; and tell her to be sure and bring the baby!”

“The baby!”

And falling back in an arm chair in a collapsed condition, Mr. Frank

Lance stretched out his legs, allowed his arms to drop at his side, and closed his eyes, with the air of a man fainting.

“Certainly, the baby,” said Cartaret, laughing. “Is there anything astonishing about a baby?”

Frank Lance opened his eyes, and returned to consciousness.

“Go on in your depraved course, young man,” he said. “Marry and have babies, as many as you choose, without telling your friends. The Baby—with a big B., no doubt. And who is the party of the second part? I can guess, I think.”

“Here she is,” said Cartaret, laughing.

Annie entered carrying in her arms the source of all this indignation, a little rosy-cheeked, laughing and crowing personage, in a rainbow jacket, with hair in elaborate ringlets, and chubby feet in red socks. The Little Mamma herself was charming, and her smile like sunshine. The brown hair was carried back from the fair temples in profuse masses; the white neck was encircled by a little linen collar, with a plain breast-pin. In every movement of her person, as in the kind blue eyes, and the smiling lips, was that indescribable sweetness worth all the mere “beauty” in the world.

“I am very glad to see you, Mr. Lance,” said Annie, her voice full of candor and goodness. “Here is a little stranger I wish to introduce to you—the baby!”

## XXVI.

Half an hour afterwards Cartaret was escorting Frank Lance through his garden and vineyard. Lance followed with a stupefied air, looking around him as though doubting his eyesight.

“Well, I have only one question to ask you, Cartaret,” he said. “Is this Gaymount, or have you moved?”

“It is the same old Gaymount—with a difference,” was the reply.

“It is a wonder. How did a good-for-nothing Virginian ever accomplish such marvels?”

“By hard work, under the influence of two powerful sentiments, Lance—the dread of debt, that is slavery; and the desire to marry.”

“Debt is a necessity, old fellow—that is my experience.”

“You are wrong, Lance, it is an insanity. The human being who puts himself in another’s power, to enjoy a few luxuries only, is a madman that ought to be sent to a madhouse.”

“Come, that’s absurd, Cartaret. How can people avoid debt?”

“Shall I tell you one great means? By knowing what a dollar is—I have only learned lately.”

“Develope your idea, my son. What have you learned in reference to that same dollar?”

“That it consists of a hundred cents; also of two quarters and one half dollar. A year or two ago I did not believe that. Listen, my dear Lance—drops make up the ocean; ten cent pieces make up the fortunes of Mr. Astor and Baron Rothschild; those gentlemen, or their predecessors, knew the fact, and that is the origin of their wealth.”

“Ten cents! It is nothing.”

“You are wrong; it is everything; that same ten cent piece you throw it away every hour; and in ten hours you have thrown away a dollar. What you do one day, you continue to do on the next day, and when you have thrown away one hundred ten cent pieces, you have wasted ten dollars. Say that takes a month; then in twelve months you have spent uselessly one hundred and twenty dollars, which is the interest at 6 per cent. on *two thousand dollars*, Lance.”

“That is a fact,” said Mr. Lance,



thoughtfully, "who would have said cigars cost the interest on two thousand dollars?"

"To proceed, Lance."

"Then you have not finished?"

"No; I propose to lecture on this subject for at least five minutes."

"Continue, my son."

"Well, to come now to the subject of debt, with which we commenced. There is some check on you when you are called upon to 'pay as you go'—it is 'money in hand,' and sometimes you keep it. Well, open an account at your grocer's, your dry goods merchant's, or elsewhere, and from that moment you *don't* keep your money. Every day you send for a few trifles—you regard them in that light. Well, those trifles—fractions of a dollar to-day, to-morrow, and the next day—have a curious way of turning into an amount of dollars expressed by three or four figures; and then they are *no* trifles. You think you about twenty dollars, and you discover that it is just one hundred and twenty! Add that to what you have spent, in ten cent pieces, on cigars, and you have two hundred and forty dollars, thrown away to all intents and purposes; and that sum is the interest on four thousand dollars. Have similar 'accounts' elsewhere, every head of a household will, and at the end of the year you have spent in trifles—things for the most part wholly unnecessary—the interest on ten thousand dollars, the value of your estate, say."

"Well, you pay."

"Or you can't pay; for remember the above estimate leaves out the heavy *necessary* expenses of your family."

"What then?"

"Debt and the pound of flesh. 'Pay my bond,' says Shylock, whetting his knife, 'I want my pound of flesh.' Well, the pound comes from over the heart, for you have given your bond, bearing interest, or a deed of trust; you are in-

involved, and the interest is not paid; the amount increases, doubles, and your estate is sold one day to pay it. No matter if this is hard—if your estate is worth thrice the money. Your Shylock, in a cutaway coat and a black beaver hat, wants his pound. He sues you, obtains judgment, or a decree of sale, sells for cash, and you are a pauper."

"My dear boy," said Frank Lance, "you feelingly remind me of what I am—that is to say, a miserable spender of ten cent pieces, energetically engaged also in running in debt; and to think that a wretched Virginian should have to impress these truths on a *live* Yankee! I thought I was making a fine impression when I lectured one 'truck,' that is, the small, but here you are teaching your teacher. So the secret of fortune is to keep your ten cent pieces and not run in debt."

"Yes."

"Where are your cigars and juleps to come from?"

"Smoke a pipe, and don't drink juleps—make your own wine."

"Aha! there you are advertising homemade wines. You are a grand lover of your species; you exhaust yourself in giving good advice, and it is all in the way of business."

"Well, I don't dodge the point; don't drink juleps, but home-made wine, and you won't be a drunkard. But my 'grand philosophy' is not a theory or an advertisement, Lance. My father was ruined by debt, and I his son have a mortal fear of it. I never could rest easy, owing anything; and now I am working hard to be free from something of which I will tell you more, soon. Call me 'demoralized' if you choose, Lance; say that I have turned truckster if not huckster. Well, it is true; I am glad to say I make two or three cents clear profit on every head of my cabbage—a noble vegetable, Lance—and as to my invest-

ment, expenses, and profits generally, I will discourse to you, if you think it will interest you."

"It will charm me, old fellow. Let me know all; this is a wonder around me."

"Well, listen then, Lance."

And Cartaret launched forth with ardor upon what had now become for him the most interesting of all subjects. He showed how, by raising early strawberries, he received ten prices in the city markets; peas the same; lettuce the same; tomatoes and every species of vegetables the same. How by assiduous care, he had made his apricots and nectarines precede a long time the very earliest peaches, and had sold the fruit at prices which brought him in a large revenue. How, later with peaches and grapes, and vegetables of all descriptions, he had kept up his receipts by forwarding larger quantities; and now he said, after laying all the figures before Lance, he began to see that peach and grape-raising would double his profits.

"Peaches are a source of great revenue, Lance," he said, "for I sell at three cents apiece both peaches and dwarf pears, which are re-sold by the purchasers at five cents, a profit of 66 per cent., and I can afford to do so, for my own profit, with every expense deducted, is two hundred per cent."

"That is to say, two hundred per cent. on one cent—only *two cents*!"

"No; four hundred dollars; for you don't raise one peach or pear; you raise 10,000. I shall have for sale this year 10,000 easily, and as many pears, young as my trees are as yet. They will cost me, freight to market included, two hundred dollars; I will receive six hundred dollars, and there is a net profit of just four hundred, which is the interest on something like seven thousand dollars—the market value, therefore, of two acres of my soil."

Frank Lance stared at his friend.

"Good heavens, my dear Cartaret!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that your land here is worth three thousand dollars an acre."

"It is worth more, at least that part that is favorable to grape-raising."

"How much?"

"About ten acres; I have five already planted—the southern exposure yonder. Did you ever see finer vines in their third season, Lance?"

"And you expect to make your fortune from *them*? Why have not the people of Virginia done so before?"

"Because they had no motive to do so, Lance; they were planters with great estates. Why should the old Virginia planter, with his ten thousand acres, and his five hundred servants, 'fash his head' about grape-raising, and truck, and all that? He was obliged to raise so much corn and wheat for his immense household; he sold the surplus only, and made his profits from tobacco. That was enough, however, it made him rich. He shipped it to England to his factor; the ship brought back every luxury, velvet coats, laces, and silks, wine, and new books, and plate and jewels if he wished them; he had all that he wanted, this good gentleman with his ten thousand acres. Well, the consequence? Why, that he cultivated only corn, wheat and tobacco; they sufficed for him, and he saw no reason to change his crops. And when his son and his grandson, and his great-grandson succeeded him, they in turn said to themselves, 'Farming is raising corn, wheat and tobacco, and nothing else.' Well, that answered for a season; but the estates began to dwindle. The family divided the estate—*primogeniture* having been abolished—and when the grandson came to the old house, as head of the family, he found the estate no longer ten thousand, but one thousand acres."

"Enough, I think, in all conscience, still."

"Yes, but not when divided in turn. That day came, and the one thousand acres was cut up into four or five portions. Then the eldest son had a grand house, and about *two hundred* acres."

"Well, that is enough still."

"It ought to be, but it is not. Why? Because the owner of the two hundred acres believes as his great-grandfather believed, that the only crops to raise are corn, tobacco, and wheat. Well, he tries to live in that manner, and his hired labor swallows up the whole proceeds nearly. His great-grandfather planted corn, etc. Why should he cease the good old process? Truck?—grape-raising? newfangled notions! all theory! nonsense! And so he continues the old method of agriculture, which, under the present condition of things, is about the same as running a stage line along the railway from Washington to Baltimore."

Lance reflected.

"I begin to take your idea, my son. And that is the reason why the Virginia agriculturists have not raised grapes?"

"One reason—another is a very natural ignorance on the subject; for the fine native varieties have been but recently developed. As for myself, I take no credit for having my views changed more than in the case of others; I have but forty acres, and I must live."

"And you expect to do so by grape-raising? To grow rich even by that?"

"Yes, Lance; by that and raising fruit and vegetables. Shall I go back and try corn and wheat, and tobacco? What did they bring our farmers just before the war? Take corn and wheat—what was the average production? Was it eight barrels of corn and fifteen bushels of wheat? I doubt it; but place it at that. Well, the farmers managed to live on that, but they did not prosper. When the planter at the end of the year

added up everything, he was generally very well satisfied to come out square with the world. Taking all things into consideration, he did not make five per cent. on his investment, even estimating his own supervision, often his labor, at nothing. That much brain work in this country should bring in law, medicine, or commerce—how much? Three thousand per annum. Well, that would bring the average of profit from planting below three per cent."

"Is it possible?" said Lance.

"Yes. The old Virginia system resulted in immense comfort, but it did not result in profit, which is a good thing, however it may be denounced by some. Profit means prosperity, and prosperity means churches, lyceums, academies, schools, railroads, material advancement and happiness. But this is a digression. Such was the sum total of the old system of agriculture, in the past. And do you think even *that* is possible to-day? If you do you are mistaken. Slavery has disappeared, and black freemen are now the laborers—freemen, each of whom costs about two hundred dollars per annum in wages and food, and who are far less efficient than they were before, under the most indulgent masters. The result? The profits of agriculture generally may be represented by the figure 0. Unless you walk after the plough yourself, your land is scratched simply—not turned up. Unless you walk after the harvesters, your crop is half cut only, or they lag, at three dollars a-day. Work partially, or badly done, but wages and food the same. The land producing, from bad culture, one-fourth of a crop, but the cost and support of labor inexorably the same. The result is, my dear Lance, for I bore you, I fear, that in this year 1869 we make about enough to put food in our mouths and pay taxes—in ten thousand cases, not even that."

"And your remedy?"

"Brains, applied to the situation. Try and find whether old Virginia is not good for something besides corn and wheat. There is no fear that they will be neglected; in many parts of the country they pay best; but in others there are things which pay a thousand times better."

"Ah! you return to grapes."

"Vineyards are only one item. Coal, iron, lead, tin, copper, every imaginable mineral; these are bedded under this soil in inexhaustible quantities, which will make gigantic fortunes to the companies which invest in lands containing them. But to come back to agriculture and horticulture. The old system of cultivating thousands of acres is dead; you cannot do it; then cultivate hundreds, or tens, and not only concentrate on your ten acres what you once placed on your hundred or your thousand; but ask yourself what those acres are best adapted to produce. Well, one fact has been ascertained, that a very large portion of Virginia is excellently adapted to vine-raising. The soil, the climate, the proximity to market, are all in her favor; she can compete, with important advantages in her favor, with the South and West alike. The soil and latitude of Cincinnati are not near so favorable, and yet the wine of the Catawba grape raised there is in every market of the world. Why should we not enter the lists, and try to utilize these great gifts of Providence? For my part, Lance, I am going to try. I am going to raise grapes and press them in a barrel, and add sugar when deficient, and let it ferment in a dark cellar, and bottle it, and label it "Gaymount, 1870," or whatever the year is, and sell it. I expect to do so with little profit for one year or two—then, I hope to make money, and even a great deal of it. Up to the present time I have been a gardener; I mean to

turn vine-grower. The profits on vegetables, where you have access to good markets, and pursue the business with system and judgment, not despising small gains each day, are great. The profits on grapes and wine are, however, very much greater; and these it is my resolution to obtain. I must work, Lance. I am not a gay young bachelor like you, but have a wife and child. Worse still, in spite of all my fine sermons about debt, I am hampered by it; it clings like a chain around my limbs, and weighs upon me. To be less figurative, my dear Lance, Gaymount is in imminent danger of being sold. I owe Tugmuddle more than eight thousand dollars."

Lance turned quickly.

"Not the ex-overseer and present usurer?"

"Yes."

"The man you drove from your house?"

"Yes."

Lance's face expressed deep concern. All his smiles had disappeared.

"Tell me about that, my dear Cartaret. Nothing could be more unfortunate," he said.

"You are right, Lance; but it was unavoidable. You shall judge for yourself."

And the young man proceeded to tell his friend how he had fallen into the clutches of Tugmuddle through the assignment of his bond by Jinks—how Tugmuddle had put the bond in his pocket, kept it until it was due, and then instituted suit, refusing peremptorily the sum offered by his debtor in part payment.

That fact had removed any scruples which the youth had against making use, in self-defence, of the "law's delay." He instructed his counsel to retard the proceedings in every manner possible, and this had been duly done, to Tugmuddle's immense wrath and disgust.



All things come to an end, however—even the proceedings in suits in court. The day came at last when no further delay was possible. The case of Tugmuddle, assignee of Jinks, vs. Cartaret, was decided in favor of the plaintiff; judgment was obtained upon the bond, and Cartaret's counsel duly notified him that a decree of court for the sale of Gaymount, to satisfy the bond, was now inevitable, and might be expected at any moment.

"I don't see how it can be paid—this fatal bond," said Cartaret, knitting his brows; "the bank defalcation overturned everything, and all our profits this year scarce make up more than half the eight thousand with the interest."

"I am miserably poor," groaned Lance, "but—"

"Stop!" interrupted Cartaret, "don't imagine for an instant that I would accept one dollar from *you*, my dear Lance. No! I will never drag down my friends; I will fight my way through this, as I have done more than once in what we used to call 'tight places' in the war. With heaven's blessing I'll 'pull through,' Lance."

"Heaven grant it," said Frank Lance, earnestly.

And they tread their way back through the red light of sunset, which illumined Gaymount superbly, and showed them the graceful figure of the Little Mamma standing on the porch with her baby in her arms.

As they approached, old Juba was seen spurring rapidly from the direction of the village. As he drew near Cartaret saw that he had something of importance to communicate.

"What is the matter, Juba?" he exclaimed.

The old man shook his head.

"Mas' Arthur Botleigh's had a fall, sir, and killed himself."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### DRINK.

Juba exaggerated, like news-bearers; but his report was not very far wrong. In fact, half an hour before, the following scene had occurred at the village:

A young man driving a "drag," drawn by two fiery horses hitched tandem, had entered the village, at breakneck speed, evidently unable to control the animals. The young man's countenance was bloated, and he was plainly very much intoxicated. He fell forward, backward, sideways, in a helpless way. Some persons seeing his condition, ran to check the horses. The result was unfortunate. The animals shied violently; the drag was overturned, and the young man falling heavily beneath the feet of the plunging and kicking horses, lay apparently dead in the road.

All this passed in an instant. When the bystanders ran and raised him up, he hung a dead weight on their arms; his eyes were closed, and he was bleeding profusely from severe injuries received in his fall.

He was borne into the post-office, where a physician examined his wounds. They were serious. He had dislocated a shoulder, and a kick from one of the horses had fractured his leg. Half unconscious, moaning, and bathed in his own blood, the unfortunate young man seemed to have received mortal injuries.

An hour afterwards he was taken in a carriage to his small house near the village, and his friends came to ascertain his condition. The report of his physician was not encouraging. A man of sound constitution might have looked forward hopefully to an early recovery. But unfortunately Arthur Botleigh had anything but a sound constitution. Originally rather feeble in health, he had persistently undermined his physical system by a long series of excesses. Thus

his injuries, which a vigorous person would have very soon gotten the better of, were the source of great inquietude to his physician and friends.

Among these friends who hastened to his bedside as soon as they heard of his accident, was Cartaret. He and his kinsman had had little intercourse, and had very rarely even encountered each other, when a distant bow was all that passed between them. Cartaret forgot at this moment, however, every cause of complaint; promptly came to his kinsman's bedside; and it was easy to see that this mark of regard was entirely grateful to the sick man.

Another visitor made a far less agreeable impression. This was Tugmuddle. He came on the morning after the accident, greeted Arthur Botleigh with great coolness, and going to the window where the old physician was mixing a draught, asked in a low voice if there was danger that Mr. Botleigh would not recover his injuries.

The physician did not like Tugmuddle, and looked at him sidewise.

"Can't say," he returned, gruffly.

"Then Mr. Botleigh may recover?"

"Can't say," came in the same tone.

Tugmuddle's face grew red, and he went out of the apartment. As he disappeared Cartaret, who was standing by the bedside, but had taken no notice of the visitor, heard him mutter:

"What do I care? Dead or alive, the estate is mine."

As the door closed, the old physician looked after him, with his under lip thrust out.

"Well, that brute is gone," he said.

And he went on mixing his draught.

A week afterwards the patient was still alive, but burnt up with a terrible fever. Cartaret watched by his bedside, alternating with other friends. What the result would be it was impossible, the old physician said, to form any opinion.

So, his good and bad genius watching him, Arthur Botleigh wrestled with the grim enemy.

The good genius was the old physician—the bad genius was Tugmuddle.

## XXVIII.

### GUY'S RIVAL.

"Lieutenant."

"Guy."

"I don't like that Routzahn, Lieutenant."

Cartaret looked more attentively at Guy Hartrigger, leaning on his hoe. He was frowning, and glancing in a sinister fashion at the phlegmatic Routzahn, who, in the vineyard near by, was carefully clipping the vines.

"You don't like Routzahn, Guy? Why? Come, out with it, old fellow."

Guy blushed unmistakably, and replied:

"He's courting Rose Lacy."

Cartaret stared at his companion.

"Routzahn courting Rose, Guy! What an idea! You must be mistaken."

"No, I'm not mistaken, Lieutenant. The thing is plain, and there's no doubt about it. I've been watching 'em, and he's courting her, Lieutenant, as sure as shooting."

The idea appeared so comic to Cartaret, that he with difficulty suppressed his merriment. Here was a comedy! Guy, the inveterate bachelor—the gentleman so fond of the phrase, "I'm not a marrying man"—growing jealous, suspicious, and directing savage scowls to ward a rival.

"Why, you astonish me, old fellow," he said, assuming a grave expression.

"I know you are an observant man and not apt to be deceived; but are you not laboring under a misconception? Good heavens, Guy, just to think of it!"

"No, I ain't deceived, Lieutenant. He's always hanging around her house,

and sending her the best vegetables we raise. And as I was passing by yesterday, I saw him sitting by Rose, and heard him tell her that just as soon as the grapes were ripe he would bring her some of the best bunches, and the best wine made in North America."

Guy groaned. Cartaret with great difficulty suppressed an explosion. This novel turn of things appeared irresistibly comic to the youth, and the temptation to tease his companion overcame every other sentiment.

"Well, the fact is, Guy," he said gravely, "that Routzahn is a fine fellow, and after all, a match between him and Rose would not be a bad arrangement. He is a German, it is true, but then the Germans are an excellent and most domestic race of people. They work hard, save their earnings, drink beer and wine, and are models of husbands; Routzahn would make Rose a good one, and her little woodpeckers a most admirable papa."

Guy knit his brows.

"That finishes the thing, Lieutenant."

"What?"

"You are in favor of Rose's marrying that fat old German."

Cartaret replied, suppressing his laughter:

"Routzahn is not so very fat, Guy, and not as old as you may suppose. I should put his weight at only two hundred, and his age at forty-five, at most. Now Rose is at least thirty, and a 'lone lorn widow.' Why should she not make Routzahn happy, in return for his exertions in making her comfortable, old fellow?"

Guy assumed an expression, which may be best described as one of high dudgeon.

"Well, all right, Lieutenant, if you approve of it."

"I've got nothing to do with it, Guy,"

said Cartaret, ready to burst forth at the expression on his companion's face. "I make it a point never to interfere in these romantic and gushing affairs. Take my advice, and never thwart lovers. Offer no obstacle to their transports. If Routzahn and Rose are willing, why should we not establish a German colony at Gaymount?"

Guy growled.

"And he only to come here so lately," he said, "to come here and marry Rose, while—"

"While you have known her from her girlhood. Take care, Guy, I begin to think you are growing jealous."

"Me jealous! No, not if I know myself, Lieutenant. Rose can do as she chooses, and take as many presents from him as she wants to. It's none of my business, Lieutenant."

Cartaret burst out laughing, for Guy's expression was overwhelmingly mournful. He was about to drop his tone of banter, but at that moment Routzahn came up. He held in his hand a cluster of half-ripened grapes.

"Goot!" said Routzahn, smiling benevolently, and holding up the bunch.

And he proceeded in broken English to speak of the fine vintage which he anticipated.

Cartaret listened with one eye on Guy, who had resumed his hoe. Guy's countenance expressed an amount of disgust that nearly induced the youth to explode.

Routzahn terminated his discourse, and beamed with benevolent smiles.

"I go now and trink some peer, and zee Rose," he said, "I promise to gif her zum."

With which words he pointed to the grape bunches, smiled still more sweetly, and waddled off in the direction of Rose Lacy's house.

Cartaret retreated in his turn. He had not the courage to remain and face

Guy. As he approached the portico, where Frank Lance was smoking, he exploded into such a fit of laughter that that gentleman feared that he would be seized with a convulsion.

## XXIX.

### THE CRISIS APPROACHES.

September came, and Cartaret with his whole "force" was busier than ever, culling and transferring to the wharf for shipment to market, the abundant produce of his little estate.

Affairs generally remained unchanged. Arthur Botleigh was still confined to his bed, with a terrible attack of fever. Cartaret continued to watch over his unfortunate kinsman, and do all that he could to ameliorate his condition; and still Tugmuddle, hovering around like some ill-omened vulture, awaited the moment when the invalid's constitution would give way, and death ensue; when he—Tugmuddle—would seize on the three thousand acres.

Frank Lance meanwhile lingered at Gaymount, evidently loth to depart.

The gay denizen of cities, the newspaper man of Park row, and haunter of Broadway and Fifth avenue, seemed never to grow weary of this smiling country life, of his rambles through the variegated forests of autumn, of his visits to The Reeds, where he carried on interminable discussions with old Major Vawter, of his arguments with Cartaret, his laughs and talks with Annie, who held him in high favor, and his gambols, romps, and absurdities with the wonderful baby.

To see Frank Lance, Esq., "go on" with that small specimen of humanity, was a striking spectacle to behold. He danced the treasure on his knee, chuckled her up toward the ceiling, made faces at her, causing the small cherub to scream with delight, or lying at full

length on his back on the floor, caused her to sit in triumph upon his chest, and grin with joy thereat. Every day he invented a new name for her. She was already in possession of *fourteen*? In consequence of her habit of falling about in a highly inebriated manner, and doubling herself up, Lance bestowed upon her the euphonious cognomen of "Mrs. Smallweed." In consequence of her great round eyes, peering about as she sat in her small chair, gayly brandishing her rattle, he called her "Little Owlet." In consequence of other reasons, known only to himself, he called her "Mink," "Binks," "Buck" and "Chinquipin,"—winding up with "Lambpig," "Pussy Cat," and "Little Miss Rat."

All this was very *undignified*, no doubt, in Mr. Frank Lance, but the papa, and above all, the *mamma* were not uncharitable. They, no doubt, pitied the bachelor condition of their unfortunate guest, made allowance for his proceedings, and even when they saw him stretched on the floor, the baby reposing with delight on his and her own chest, and kicking out vigorously, they charitably laughed at his absence of "dignity." Cartaret said: "Poor old bachelor!" and Madam Annie, after these scenes, informed her husband with a sweet smile, that "Mr. Lance was one of the most intelligent persons she had ever known."

On that point the reader will form his own opinion. Lance was certainly a gay companion, and the life of the whole establishment. He was an equal favorite at The Reeds, with Guy Hartrigger, with Juba, and even with Routzahn. His joyous temper made everybody smile. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should remain there forever, and when one day he informed Cartaret that he must return to New York, that announcement occa-

sioned a positive outcry from his friend, shared by Annie for self and baby.

"I must go now, my dear friends," said Lance, looking very disconsolate; "but I propose to return to this abode of oppression and cheerless gloom at or before Christmas. Don't try to persuade me to stay now. My Central and Erie stock, and various investments on Fifth avenue, in ocean steamers and the Atlantic Telegraph Company, require my attention at the moment, and I must tear myself away."

Lance rose, and tried to smile, but it turned into a sigh. He then mounted his horse, and went to have a last violent discussion, he said, with old Major Vawter.

On the next morning Mr. Lance did not descend promptly to breakfast. Cartaret went to his chamber, not to bring a smile upon the Little Mamma's face, and found Lance in bed—playing with the baby! The tableau was imposing. Mr. Lance was leaning back on two pillows, holding the baby under both arms, chucking her up, letting her fall, laughing wildly, and throwing the small being into paroxysms of delight.

"Go it, old fellow!" exclaimed Cartaret, "you were born for domestic life. Playing with a baby, when breakfast is getting cold." Frank Lance sprang up.

"Here, take this thing," he said, "I am tired of her."

"How did she get here?"

Mr. Lance looked somewhat confused.

"Well—hum—the fact is—I sent for her," he said, laughing. And proceeding rapidly to make his toilet, he descended to breakfast.

An hour afterwards Mr. Frank Lance had turned his back on Gaymount. Cartaret and Annie stood on the portico, looking sadly after the young New Yorker. Some of the sunshine seemed to depart with him, and they re-entered the house sighing.

The day seemed destined to be a gloomy one. In the afternoon Juba brought from the village a note from Mr. Bland, the young man's counsel. The note stated that Tugmuddle had obtained a decree of court to sell Gaymount, to satisfy the bond, and that an advertisement had promptly appeared in the county paper to the effect that the sale would take place in thirty days from that time.

Cartaret quietly folded up the paper, and reflected for an instant, with a slight color in his cheeks.

"Well," he muttered, "the crisis has come. Let me face it like a man."

### XXX.

#### THE STRUGGLE.

Cartaret had saved about three thousand dollars. The debt to Tugmuddle was more than eight thousand.

It is not difficult to pay a debt of eight thousand dollars with three thousand, if you have a reasonable creditor, and can demonstrate to him that you are reliable, practice economy, and are making profits on your business, which in twelve months will extinguish the whole debt. When, however, your creditor is *not* reasonable, when he hates you, and desires to destroy you, it is *not* possible to pay the debt of eight thousand with seven thousand nine hundred dollars, unless you are able to obtain from some one the additional sum of one hundred dollars.

Cartaret's creditor was unreasonable, and bent on his destruction. He did not want the young man's money in the least—he wanted Gaymount. He therefore intended to use the power which the law conferred on him, to force the sale of the estate, calculating on the presence of few bidders, to buy it in himself, turn Cartaret out, and reign the lord of Gaymount, while the youth

and his young wife and child would go elsewhere—where they could.

Such was the creditor whom Cartaret found himself called upon to face. He had less than half the amount of his bond to offer—the remainder must be obtained somewhere—and the youth courageously cast about him to raise the sum he needed.

He tried twenty times at least, and failed precisely as often. No one around him had money to lend. In vain did Cartaret exert himself to obtain the amount in the neighboring cities, by offering his entire estate as security. The uniform reply was, that the State of affairs in Virginia was too uncertain. The proposed extension of the right of suffrage would render all real estate of doubtful value. Crushing taxes were nearly certain under the proposed new regime. It would afford them extreme pleasure to oblige Mr. Cartaret, to lend him the amount he required on the proposed security, but under the circumstances, they were compelled to decline.

With that answer Cartaret came back to Gaymount, and his wife and child. Debt is nothing to the unmarried man; ruin even merely takes away his luxuries, and drives him to healthful toil. When, however, that ruin is to fall on wife and child too; when those that are nearest and dearest to you may want bread, and a room to shelter them, that is different, and tries the stoutest hearts.

Cartaret realized the whole danger, and looked it bravely in the face; not cast down, but defying it to break his spirit.

"Thank God! if Gaymount is sold, they can not crush me. I have courage and health, and good limbs, and I will work. I will take off my coat, and hold the plough handles, and work for my little family. I am not proud, and I am not cowardly. I have made money

here, and I will make it elsewhere. Leaving Gaymount is different now, for I have my wife and child. I had the courage to cut down the old oaks, and plough up the old grounds. I have the courage now to see all leave me, and go and work for my dear ones, without too much complaint. Meanwhile, I'll go on with everything, and especially with my vines. Come, Edmund Cartaret! show the world you are a man. Face the danger, and dare it. Be a man, and work like one!"

Cartaret was "coming out." The hour of trial crushes the weak, but arouses in the man of true courage and strong fibre the dormant faculties which enable him to look danger in the face, and combat it. Any one who had seen the young man at the moment when our history opened, would have regarded him as an idle dreamer, despondent by nature, and unfit to grapple with difficulty. The test had come, however, and he disproved all that. His courage rose with the strain on him. Instead of despairing he remained cool, collected, and ready to face everything; not a weak dreamer, but a *man*, and a stubborn one.

He sat down and made his calculations. More than five thousand dollars were still wanting. He could not borrow that sum. Frank Lance and his other friends were far too poor to furnish any part of it even; then he must strain every nerve to earn it in some manner—to help himself, trusting that then heaven would help him.

How could he earn five thousand dollars? His winter fruits and vegetables would bring him something toward it, but, after making the most liberal estimates, this resource was seen to be far from sufficient, and he turned his whole attention in the direction of grapes and wine; as he had said one day to Guy, he had studied this subject thoroughly,

He had read volume after volume, written by the most experienced vine culturists, and unless those gentlemen had put themselves to the trouble of writing and publishing elaborate falsehoods, there were enormous profits to be made by growing grapes for the table and for wine. Closing his books, Cartaret had then proceeded logically to ask himself the question: "Have I the soil, the climate, and the requisite experience to make these profits?" He had determined to try, at least, if his soil would grow wine grapes, supplied his want of practical knowledge by engaging Routzahn, planted five acres in vines, concentrated the richest manure thereon, and now in September, 1868, the result had far exceeded his expectations. The vines planted by him had been one year old, two year old, and cuttings; and they had been placed in the ground in the spring of 1866. Thus in this autumn of 1868, they were respectively two, three and four year old plants, and some were already covered with the richest clusters, so rich and heavy, in many instances, as to weigh down the bearing shoots and cover the trellises. All the choice American varieties had been planted under the supervision of Routzahn, whose only fault was a natural preference for the foreign grapes to which he was accustomed. Cartaret's reading had shown him, however, that the attempt to profit from these would result in failure. He needed the home varieties—Catawba, Isabella, Delaware, Ives, Iona, Hartford Prolific and the Salem—and these had been selected, and carefully developed by thorough culture. Those for the table were planted in one part of the vineyard; those for wine—the Delaware, Catawba, Ives, etc.—in another. In the fall of 1867 the yield had been small. Now in the fall of 1868, it was superb, and promised great profit.

Such had been the result of his expe-

riments in grape culture. The great profit now was to utilize this success.

Unfortunately wine could not be forced. Time was necessary to permit the grape juice to ferment, and gain strength and flavor. But Cartaret resolutely resolved to proceed as though he possessed this priceless jewel *time*, and made contracts with wine merchants in the neighboring cities, which promised him great profits.

Having thus laid the foundation for his operations, he went to work, as coolly as though the fatal decree of sale had not been fulminated, and Gaymount was in no danger.

Routzahn was now the head and front of everything—the oracle and master. Gathering and forwarding the late vegetables was left to Guy, Juba and a vigorous hired laborer, with two additional laborers, and the indefatigable Routzahn. Cartaret proceeded under the German's directions to press the grapes and make wine. Sheds and presses had already been constructed; for a long time the pick and shovel had been at work, digging a cave in the side of a knoll, where the wine could be deposited, safe from freezing or turning sour, owing to the equable temperature—now this work was accomplished; all was ready, and Routzahn marshalled his forces for the great process of wine-making.

We have no space for a detailed description of this interesting process, which Cartaret watched with an enthusiasm which he had never bestowed upon vegetables and "truck raising" generally. There was something very different in this work of culling the rich clusters, and expressing their ripe juices—in the wise treatment of the liquid, according to the teachings of the most profound experts; the process of fermentation and barreling up for deposit in the cave. In spite of the danger staring him in the

face, Cartaret had the courage to provide thus for profit in the future—to make wine, put it away, and await the mellowing effects of that time so valuable to him. It was necessary, however, to secure as rapid returns from his vineyard as possible, and he promptly wrote to ascertain what price he could obtain for simple grape juice, like the sample sent. The reply was such as to induce him, thereafter, to forward the juice. Even in that state it returned him a fair profit on the money invested. This determined him to relax his wine-making, in a measure, and look for the moment to quick profits. Routzahn went on with his wine-making, but Cartaret proceeded, with the rest of his force, to gather the grapes for transmission in paper boxes to the cities, or for the production of the simple juice, which was forwarded without fermentation to the wine companies.

Week after week flitted away in this unceasing toil; and then Cartaret summed up the results—that is, the profits. They were encouraging, but not sufficient to ward off the fatal blow from the mailed hand of the law, now raised to strike.

From fruits, vegetables, grapes and wine, he had been enabled to swell his deposits in bank to about five thousand dollars. If he could obtain a very short credit for the rest, he could easily pay the eight thousand dollars due Tugmuddle. In one month he could sell winter fruits and vegetables nearly sufficient to extinguish the debt—but that *one month!*

He felt that he need not expect that month's indulgence from Tugmuddle—not even the delay of a week, a day, or an hour. This Shylock was plainly inexorable. He wanted Gaymount. When asked to surrender his whole ambition, and abdicate his darling revenge, he would refuse at once.

"If I had only this poor little amount

of three or four thousand dollars," muttered Cartaret, "but I can obtain it nowhere. What is going to happen? But one thing that I can see—Annie and I will be turned out of house and home. Well, at least I'll not lose heart. Old Patrick Henry said that 'adversity toughened manhood.' At least I'll fight to the end in this new battle, and 'die fighting.'"

### XXXI.

#### HOW GUY HARTRIGGER ANNOUNCED HIS EARLY DEPARTURE FROM GAYMOUNT.

It was now the middle of October, and that day of fate for so many persons in this world—the day of payment—rapidly approached.

Cartaret kept up his spirits, and faced the coming wave courageously. He worked without intermission, continued to sit up night after night with his sick kinsman, who did not improve, and resolved to do his duty, and trust to Providence.

When a man meets trouble in that spirit, it does not gain much hold upon him. Hot iron throws off water dropped upon it—a resolute soul throws off anxiety and depression. During this trying period Cartaret even enjoyed a little comedy which was enacted before him, greeting the performance with youthful laughter.

The performers in this comedy were Guy Hartrigger, Rose Lacy, and Routzahn.

Guy passed one morning before Rose Lacy's house, and through the open window beheld a spectacle and heard words which threw him into a fever. Routzahn was seated beside Rose, holding the two red-headed children, one on each knee, and to the jealous eyes of Guy Hartrigger it seemed that Rose Lacy's hand was clasped in the right hand of Routzahn.

"It is goot to lif in Faderland, but here is better as nice," said the guttural Routzahn.

And he smoothed the left hand red-headed urchin, gazing at Rose with a smile of deep meaning.

The fair one blushed, and Guy turned red. Then a spectacle followed which ran him wild nearly.

Routzahn deliberately raised his other hand, extended it in the direction of the handsome Rose Lacy, smoothed down with an affectionate caress the hair of the dame, as he had done that of the urchin, and said:

"American frau is burdy."

Thereat Guy retired in disgust and despair, and went and told Cartaret he must leave Gaymount.

"Why?" said Cartaret.

Guy Hartrigger described the scene which he had witnessed, and the young man's spirit of humor nearly overcame him. Guy's departure would be serious, however, and he said:

"Who would ever have dreamed of this, Guy? Why I thought you and Rose were certainly going to make a match."

Guy's head drooped mournfully. He could not even mutter the words, "I am not a marrying man." For some months, indeed, he had not used that formula, and now, overcome at the idea that Routzahn had superseded him with Rose, the secret of honest Guy's heart was revealed.

"Well, Lieutenant," he exclaimed, "I never thought I'd come to knock under to Rose, but the fact is, she's been gradually getting a hold on me, for a year past. She began by mending my old shirts, and sewing on my buttons. Then she told me I must come in every morning and see the children; she had her washing to do, she said, and somebody was needed to keep 'em out of mischief."

"And you went, Guy?"

Guy nodded mournfully.

"What could I do, Lieutenant? The poor little innocents had no one to look after 'em and keep 'em straight; and the fact is, I'm a tender-hearted man, Lieutenant; I could n't help getting fond of the little red-headed devils—hum—that is, innocents."

"I accept of the amendment, Guy. So you began to grow intimate?"

"That's the word, Lieutenant—and would you believe it? The children soon got to call me—"

Guy paused, confused.

"What, Guy?"

"They got to calling me 'pappy.'"

In spite of himself, Cartaret could not restrain a laugh at the speaker's expression.

"Taught them by Rose, no doubt," he said; "but did you never make love to her, Guy?"

Guy Hartrigger blushed unmistakably.

"Well, I don't know—that is, Lieutenant—"

"Enough, Guy; make a clean breast of it. What did you tell Rose one morning, Guy, when you were sitting with the little woodpeckers playing around your knees, and Rose sewing on a button for you, the button wanting on a shirt you wore, which made it necessary for her pretty fingers—"

Guy stared at Cartaret with a sort of stupor.

"How did you know that? You were not passing, Lieutenant."

"No, old fellow," Cartaret replied, "the picture is due to my imagination. I thought it probable that Rose liked you, and had made up her mind to marry you; then, as you said she sewed on your buttons, I thought you might need one on the garment you were wearing sometimes; then, another step brought me to the picture I drew for you—that of Rose's pretty fingers moving daintily

## XXXII.

## HOW MATTERS RESULTED.

The fair Rose was engaged in the prosaic occupation of wringing out clothes. Near her stood a washtub; on the floor played the red-headed children; the lady's appearance, with the trim figure, shapely, round arms, and rosy cheeks, fully accounted for the execution which her charms seemed to have wrought.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lacy," said Cartaret, bowing.

Rose blushed, and dropped a curtsy.

"Good morning, sir; take a seat, sir."

And she began to bustle about, hospitably.

"I only called for a moment, my dear Mrs. Lacy. What pretty children!"

The mother's face lit up.

"They are very good, too, sir."

"But very troublesome, I suppose; why not have some one to aid you in looking after them?"

The laughing eyes of the young man made her color more than before.

"Oh! Mr. Cartaret!"

"You regard me as a friend, do you not, Mrs. Lacy?"

"Indeed I do, sir; as my best friend. What would I ever have done without you?"

"But you have another friend as good, or better, than myself."

"Who is that, sir?"

"Guy Hartrigger."

Rose blushed immensely, and then looked mournful.

"He never comes near me now, sir."

"Because you have driven him away."

"I drive Guy away, sir!"

"He says you do, and yet he is devotedly in love with you."

Rose's cheeks, from resembling her floral namesake, became like carnation. Then an unmistakable pout came to the lips of the lady.

as she sewed on the button; touching your neck, Guy; making you feel queer, Guy; causing you to blush and grow romantic, and think it would not be so bad an arrangement if you could make the fingers your own; also the smiling and blushing seamstress. Come, acknowledge, Guy, that this was what you thought."

Guy groaned.

"Well, I'll make a clean breast of it, Lieutenant. That was what took place, and I thought that. Only I was such a blasted fool, Lieutenant—such a darned and most infernal fool, Lieutenant—that when Rose spoke up and said: 'You will make somebody a good husband, Guy,' I answered her, and told her—yes, I said to her, Lieutenant—"

"What?"

"I said, 'I'm not a marrying man, Rose.' There it is."

And Guy contracted his brows, ground his teeth together, and uttered a groan that seemed enough to shatter all his bulk.

Cartaret with difficulty suppressed his laughter; but in a moment had grown serious again. Guy was plainly very unhappy, and it was probable that this *contretemps* would result in his leaving Gaymount, as he threatened. That would never do, he said to himself, and yet the state of affairs seemed to lead straight to it. What to do? Cartaret reflected for a moment.

"Stay here fifteen minutes, Guy," he said, "and then come to Rose's house. Don't ask me what I intend to do, but obey orders, Private Hartrigger. I am going to break a fixed resolution that I have heretofore adhered to."

"What are you going to do, Lieutenant?"

"I am going to meddle in—a love affair."

And putting on his hat Cartaret hastened to the lodge inhabited by Rose.



"He don't care a pin for me, sir."

"How do you know it?"

"He as good as told me so, sir."

"Guy? I'm sure he never could have been so ungallant. How did it happen?"

Rose raised her apron to her eyes.

"He told—he told me," she sobbed, "that—that—he was not 'a marrying man.'"

"Is it possible?" said Cartaret, with his unfortunate propensity to laugh. "Not one morning when you were sewing on a button for him, Mrs. Lacy?"

Rose turned away in confusion.

"You see I know all, Rose—that is, Mrs. Lacy. Now let me speak plainly, like the true friend you say I am. Are you going to marry Guy or Routzahn? Tell me."

Before Rose could reply, a low, guttural laugh was heard from the door. Cartaret turned round and saw Routzahn, whose broad face was lit up with a cheerful smile.

"I alf one frau in Faderland, oont she goom here soon," said Routzahn.

Cartaret stared, and then exclaimed, joyfully:

"Is it possible, Routzahn? And you to pass yourself off for a gay young bachelor!"

"I dell her," responded Routzahn, nodding benevolently in the direction of Rose.

"Then this whole affair is all right. Good heavens, my dear Routzahn, here is Guy Hartrigger persuaded that you are courting Rose Lacy. I am afraid of you foreign gentlemen. You are all gay deceivers. You make love to the madam here, and drive your rivals half crazy. Why are you and Rose so fond of each other?"

Routzahn smiled.

"I gif her grabes," he said, "oont she pe like mine frau. She marry Mr. Hardrigger, soom day, she dell me."

As he spoke, Guy bounded into, ra-

ther than entered the room. "Is that true, Rose?"

Rose was all blushes, but seemed far from displeased.

"Come on, Routzahn," cried Cartaret, dragging the old German out; and turning his head he said to Guy Hartrigger:

"Forward, Guy! drawsabre! charge!"

As he vanished with Routzahn in tow, Cartaret looked over his shoulder. He saw Guy Hartrigger—but let us retire, and respect the rules of good society.

An hour afterwards, Guy Hartrigger rejoined Cartaret in the garden.

"What luck, Guy? But your face tells the story," said the young man.

Guy was blushing, but exhibited certainly no traces of disappointment.

"What's the result?" said Cartaret. "Are you a marrying man, Guy, or are you not?"

"I'm a marrying man, Lieutenant."

### XXXIII.

"OCTOBER 20.—11: 10—TT.—3 D.L.—  
N.W.—DIG."

Half an hour afterwards, and just at sunset, Cartaret returned towards the house. As he approached he saw, waddling to and fro in front of the portico, a character in this work, to whom we have accorded too little attention, seeing the important part he was destined to play in Cartaret's life.

This character was the swan shot by the young man, when he was hunting that day on the Potomac, and given to Annie for a pet.

The young lady had carefully bound up his broken wing; effected a complete cure; and conciliated his warm regard. When her marriage took place, and she came to Gaymount, the swan accompanied her to her new abode, installed himself as a member of the family, and spent at least half his time waddling gravely about the portico, with

the sedate and dignified air of a portly old gentleman, who has no occupation in life but to look around him, and take his ease. The swan, in fact, was thoroughly domesticated. All his wild instincts seemed eradicated. Only at long intervals did the fancy for an expedition to the Potomac seize upon him; he seemed to grow weary soon of his old companions, and twenty-four hours after these disappearances, he was pretty sure to be seen flying back, to go no more in the direction of his former haunts for whole weeks, sometimes for months.

Petted and fed by Annie, greeted with laughter by the baby, free to roam over the grounds, through the mansion whenever he wished, the dignified fowl led a serene existence, undisturbed by the least cloud, and no doubt looked upon himself as the most fortunate of swans.

As Cartaret approached the portico, on the evening of the scene at Rose Lacy's, the swan waddled out to meet him, and testify his regards. Self-interest, as with human beings, probably had something to do, however, with his friendly sentiments. Cartaret generally brought him grapes, or some other delicacy, and on the present occasion his claims had not been forgotten. His bunch was ready. Cartaret held it out; the swan hastened to him and pecked greedily, and as the young man entered the house, the swan followed, still pecking at the grapes.

Cartaret sat down in the large apartment, having surrendered the whole bunch to the swan, who soon gobbled it up.

Reflecting on Guy's adventure, the youth laughed and fell into a reverie. Fifteen minutes thus passed, when, hearing a pecking noise, he raised his head. The swan had finished the grapes, had roamed around the apartment idly, seen a paper sticking half out from a crevice in one of the old presses, and now amus-

ed himself by attempting to pluck it forth from its hiding-place.

In a few minutes he had succeeded, and the paper lay upon the floor. Gravely lifting it with his beak, he then waddled with it toward Cartaret, and letting it fall beside him, proceeded as before to play with it.

The young man glanced at the paper. It was old and discolored. The fancy seized him to ascertain what it was, and he took it from the swan. He unfolded it, saw that it contained only a single line, chiefly made up of figures, and was about to toss it back to the swan, who was gravely gazing at him, when the singularity of its contents suddenly arrested his attention.

He recognized the handwriting of his uncle, the former owner of Gaymount; but the significance of the document was an enormous puzzle to him. It contained the simple words and figures:

"October 20—11 10—T.T.—3 D.L.—  
N.W.—Dig."

### XXXIV.

#### TROUBLE BETWEEN MAN AND WIFE.

From the evening on which he discovered the singular paper, Cartaret's entire demeanor underwent an extraordinary change, and he seemed possessed by some haunting thought.

Before, he had been buoyant and full of life and activity. Now, all this had disappeared; he seemed to be scarcely the same human being. Something appeared to weigh upon him and crush all his energies. He went about as in a dream. His brows knit together, his eyes fixed upon the earth, his lips muttering unintelligible words. When anybody spoke to him, he started in the strangest manner, gazed at the speaker with vacant eyes, and either answering in a confused way, or not answering at all, went on pondering, knitting his

brows, and muttering as before.

We need not say that this alteration in her husband's demeanor quickly attracted the attention of Annie. The watchful eye of the good wife is the first to see trouble on the brow of her other self. Annie suddenly became conscious that something weighed upon the young man, occupying his mind almost to the exclusion of all else—of his business, and even of herself and his child. In fact Cartaret's absence of mind, and absorption in one possessing idea, could not escape the attention of the most careless observer. His whole character seemed all at once to have changed. He no longer seemed to care for his garden, his fruit trees, or his grapes. Guy Hartrigger consulted him about his shipments, and Cartaret muttered, "All right, Guy; attend to that; you are in command." Routzahn came to give in his report of the progress made in the wine manufacture. "All right, Routzahn," said Cartaret absently, and scarce looking at the German, "you will see that thing go on properly." A friend—one of those kind friends of whom every human being possesses several—sent him the county paper in which Gaymount was advertised for sale, in about ten days from that time. Cartaret read the advertisement, which he had already seen, frowned, muttered something, smiling strangely as he did so, and then slowly tearing a strip from the margin of the paper, lit a pipe with it, allowing the remainder of the newspaper to drop upon the floor, and fell into his singular apathy as before.

In a word, the whole outer world seemed to have disappeared from the young man's eyes. What had interested him most deeply, the subjects upon which he had betrayed the most solicitude, appeared suddenly to have lost their hold upon him. He would sit for hour after hour, gazing with contracted brows upon

the singular paper, studying its contents, endeavoring to make out something that puzzled him—attempting, apparently, to grasp some vague and subtle thought which its cabalistic contents suggested.

Thus day followed day, and Cartaret still remained absorbed in this paralyzing meditation upon some secret subject, of which he would say nothing to any one, not even to Annie, who vainly tried to penetrate the mystery. At first she took no notice of her husband's pre-occupation, rightly thinking that it does not please men to be catechised and made to give an account of everything. But this forbearance soon yielded, not to curiosity, but to anxiety. Her husband was plainly laboring under some secret weight, either of trouble or solicitude, she knew not which; but something weighed upon him. What could his trouble be? Ought he not allow her to share it? She might lighten the weight upon him—help him to bear it, at least. And when she reached that point in her anxious reflection, Annie went straight and asked him to explain all to her.

Cartaret gazed at her with deep tenderness, and the appearance of the young lady was sufficient to move him. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes full of tears, and her lips were trembling. Bending over him as he sat, late at night, in his arm-chair, moodily reflecting, she was an exquisite picture—the angel of the household incarnate in the person of a lovely and loving woman—a girl in years, but a full woman, instinct with the charming grace of maternity.

"It is nothing, my dear Annie; don't be annoyed by my silence," he said.

"Annoyed, Edmund! You do not annoy me; do not use such a word, Edmund. It is trouble, anxiety, that I feel, and on your account—"

Her tears choked her.

Cartaret placed his arm tenderly

around her, and drew her toward him.

"You are making a mountain of a mole-hill, little one," he said with a smile. "Your fancy exaggerates a trifle into a thing of real importance. What are you uneasy about, Annie? I never was in better health in my life. Feel the muscle in my arm. It is as hard as oak, and I believe I could knock down an ox with my fist—all of which is the result of taking my coat off and going to work."

He hugged, and looked at her with the greatest tenderness.

"But—"

"There it comes again."

"Still, Edmund—"

"There is another word precisely synonymous with 'but,' Annie."

"Oh, Edmund! you must not jest with me so. Something troubles you, and you will not tell me. When will you tell me?"

"In a few days. That is a straightforward reply, is it not?"

Her head shrunk on his shoulder.

"You do not trust me," she sobbed.

Cartaret gazed at her with grave tenderness. A good woman likes that expression better than the fiery glance of a lover.

"I trust you as I would trust my own soul," he said; "but I do not tell you, from very love for you."

"It is surely not the sale of Gaymount—"

"No," he said, with a short laugh.

"Something more important still. And now, there, Annie. You make a fool of me—or make me make a fool of myself. I can't explain matters to-night, dear; it is best that I should not; but be easy upon one point. I have no weight either of sin or sorrow on me. I am working out a problem—one I regard of the last importance. My mind is busy; I think I begin to see—something resembling a clue begins to appear. Do not question

me further now; I will tell you in due time."

Annie had lost much of her anxiety—in fact a great load had been raised from her heart by those words, "I have no weight either of sin or sorrow on me;" but to anxiety succeeded a pique now; the woman's thought, "why can't he tell me?"

Cartaret looked at the beautiful face; saw the new expression and comprehended it.

"But your health," said Annie, pouting a little; "you are far less active; what can make you do so?"

Cartaret smoothed with a tender hand the glossy brown hair; drew the forehead down to his lips; as it touched them they wore a smile which made the youth resemble his old self.

"My health, Annie!" he said.

"Yes; why don't you take care of it?"

Cartaret laughed.

"Do you remember the night scene between Brutus and Portia, Annie?—what *she* said, and what *he* said. She chid him for not telling her all his secrets, and wound up as you do. He must take care of his health, and Madam Annie—I mean Madam Portia—and he replied—"

"What?"

"I will give you his very words—'*And so I do, good Portia—go to bed!*'"

Cartaret followed this impertinent speech with a hearty laugh, and the Little Mamma, greatly relieved, also very indignant, pulled his ear with violence, to revenge herself. Thereupon Cartaret added:

"Beware, madam! I will address you in the words Hotspur uttered to his Kate, if you persist: '*Go to bed, Portia.*' There is the baby. I heard her crying distinctly—"

Annie fled from him precipitately at that cunning announcement, for the baby would grow crimson in the face



and choke, if not attended to. She fled—disappeared, and Cartaret was left to his musings.

He drew the paper from his pocket. There the cabalistic document lay before him:

"October 20—11: 10—T.T.—3 D. L.—N. W.—dig."

He began for the hundredth time to study every letter and figure, remained thus silent and motionless for an hour, and then suddenly sprang to his feet.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed. "I am confident I have solved the mystery. And yet—suppose. Well, to-night shall decide!"

### XXXV.

#### THE MESSAGE.

As Cartaret uttered these words, the hoof-strokes of a horse were heard without, and going to the door he found a mounted servant, who handed him a note.

The note was from Arthur Botleigh's physician, and stated the patient had requested that Cartaret might be sent for—he had something to communicate to him. Mr. Cartaret had better lose no time, the old physician added, as Mr. Botleigh was already sinking, and becoming delirious, and it was scarcely probable that he would survive until morning.

Cartaret sent back word that he would come at once; ordered his horse to be saddled, and went up stairs, where he explained to Annie the cause of his night ride. Passing the baby's crib, he bestowed a kiss on the rosy face, and then descending, mounted his horse, and rode at a gallop to the house of the sick man.

Arthur Botleigh was, in fact, gradually sinking, and had become delirious. The injuries received in his fall had been too much for his feeble constitution. For many weeks the skill of his

old physician had kept the destroyer at arms-length, but now the long fever had done its work; all remedies had become powerless; the death of the unfortunate young man was simply a question of a few hours.

Cartaret took the thin hand, burned up with fever, and pressed it.

"Poor Arthur!" he murmured, "he is nearly gone! He does not know me, doctor."

The invalid opened his eyes.

"You are Edmund Cartaret," he said.

"Yes, Arthur. I have come as you requested."

He stopped for pure pity. The sight of the wan face made the heart of Cartaret contract.

"Yes, I sent for you—thank you for coming, Edmund—I have done you a wrong, Edmund."

The words were hoarse and broken. The dying man had plainly summoned his last remains of strength to enable him to utter them. He went on in a low whisper now.

"I did you a wrong. You were nearer to him; the estate ought to have come to you, Edmund. I wish it had—it has ruined me—it made me a drunkard—Tugmuddle—"

Cartaret laid his hand gently on the hot brow of the patient.

"There, don't agitate yourself, Arthur."

"You—forgive—me?"

"From my heart. You have done me no wrong. What wrong? My uncle had the right to make you his heir."

"Yes, his heir; and left you poor. But he did wrong—I have tried to right it. I am in debt—deeply—but my will—I have something to tell you—lean down."

Cartaret leaned toward the dying man. He tried to rise to meet him. The hot lips were at his ear; a husky whisper only issued from them.

Suddenly Arthur Botleigh fell back—dead.

An hour afterwards Cartaret was returning sadly home, leaving the old physician and a servant behind, in the house of the dead man.

"Poor Arthur!" he had said to the doctor, "I pity him from my heart. He sent for me to tell me of his will in my favor, poor fellow! Unfortunately I have seen on record a deed of trust, which covers every foot of his property. To-morrow Tugmuddle will be the master in this house—the will is only so much waste paper."

He reached Gaymount, and gave his horse to old Juba, who was awaiting his return. As he entered the house, he cast a singular glance over his shoulder toward the great oaks on the lawn.

"To-morrow night I'll make the trial, at least!" he muttered. "Who knows?"

### XXXVI.

#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

Cartaret slept late the next morning, as men will after losing their rest, and had just risen, when he heard voices in the hall, especially a loud and sonorous one that seemed familiar.

He put on his dressing gown, opened his chamber door, took two steps in the passage, when suddenly a shout came from below, which shout was to the following effect.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise."

"Frank Lance!" exclaimed Cartaret, joyfully, and he hastened down to greet his friend.

It was that gentleman in person, clad in a splendid new suit of clothes, his coat shorter, pantaloons tighter, side-whiskers streaming more wildly than ever; while the small, white teeth, under the brown mustache, were exposed by a positive grin of joy.

Annie had descended some time be-

fore, and had thus received Mr. Lance, and welcomed him.

"Here you are," he said, as Cartaret made his appearance, "and in all the colors of the rainbow. What a bird-of-paradise of a dressing-gown, my son. But beware of that article. Shun it as you would the plague! I never knew a man who wore a dressing-gown and slippers who prospered. It leads to smoking, idleness, self-indulgence, laxity of morals. The wearer of a dressing-gown is a felon in embryo, and in the way to the gallows."

With these words Frank Lance, Esq., cooled down, and looked toward the breakfast table.

"Ah! my mind is relieved," he sighed; "you have not breakfasted. Bring the baby."

People who did not laugh at Frank Lance were unable to go through that ceremony. You might call his manner *sans-façon*—too free and easy—with some justice, perhaps; but there was such a delightful bonhomie about him, so much laughing good nature, that to have curtailed a single one of his peculiarities, would have seemed a monstrosity. His demeanor, tone of voice, and all about him seemed to say: "I am with friends. I am not afraid of their laughing at, or thinking ill, of me. I love them, and use no ceremony with them."

"Where in the world did you spring from, Lance?" said Cartaret, when they were all seated at the breakfast table.

"I desire to know, before giving an account of myself," returned Mr. Lance, with his mouth full, "why the baby, whose presence I requested, has not been ordered to report?"

Annie smiled behind her cups and saucers, and said:

"She will be down directly; she is not dressed."

"Dressed? Why should she be

dressed up for me, madam? I never knew what she wore in my life, and does not the poet assure me that 'beauty unadorned,' and so forth? But the covenances must be observed, I see. Little Miss Rat—that is my fifteenth name for her—must be decked out in gorgeous apparel, doubtless. And all to meet the gaze of one poor bachelor."

Annie laughed.

"Who knows? You may wait for her, Mr. Lance, and there is everything in making a good first impression."

"Well, that never occurred to me. You are right. Who would have thought of such a thing? Yes, stranger things have happened, and I'll exert myself to make friends now."

With which the breakfast proceeded; soon it ended, and then enter "Little Miss Rat," in her nurse's arms.

The subject of babies possesses, to many readers, but medium interest. Therefore we spare our respected patrons, bachelor portion, at least, for the fathers would be indulgent. It need only be said that Mr. Frank Lance made himself, if possible, more ridiculous upon this occasion than ever before. He chuckled "Little Miss Rat" toward the ceiling, rode her on his shoulder, made tremendous faces at her, asked her a hundred questions, seemed delighted with her crowing replies, and conducted himself generally in a manner far from dignified.

During all which proceedings neither Cartaret nor the Little Mamma could extract a word from him. But in half an hour the interview terminated. The baby was borne off by her mamma; the friends began to smoke, and Frank Lance said:

"Now for the account of myself. But first let me show you something, my son."

So saying, he rushed to the hall without, opened a carpet-bag, which this

time he had shouldered himself, extracted a splendid volume therefrom, and presented it to Cartaret.

"What is that?" said his friend.

"Read the title on the back, my son."

Cartaret did so. The volume declared, in gilt letters, that it was *The Greys and the Blues*, by Edmund Cartaret.

The youth blushed with pleasure, and exclaimed:

"How in the world, Lance ——?"

"Did this great and astounding work ever put on so handsome a dress? I will tell you, my son. I reserved this little surprise for you. If I have done wrong, abuse me, insult me, but hear me first. I will be brief. I won't bore you. Give me your ears. Here is the whole thing."

Cartaret listened with a smile of unmistakable pleasure, holding the beautiful volume half open in his hand.

"I left these headquarters in September, and the commanding officer hereof announced to me at that time that he was hard up. 'Hard up!' Terrible words—words that have so often applied to yours, truly. So I sympathized with the poor young man whose condition they described, and said to myself, 'Let us see if we can't cure the evil in some way.' How to do it was the question; but suddenly a brilliant thought struck me. I had seen in the *Bird of Freedom* a series of papers of considerable interest. I said: 'The *Bird* is a magnanimous fowl; he has made his dinner on these papers; he is gorged; in a good humor; let me go and ask him for the picked bones.' No sooner thought of than accomplished. 'Bird,' I said to him, 'my friend, the author of these sketches, desires to print them in a volume. He's the best fellow in the world; he has increased your circulation, Bird. Give your consent like a good one, and be forever great, glorious and happy!' The Bird laughed. He was smoking a

cigar, was that high-minded fowl, and said: 'With pleasure, Mr. Lance. We propose to make no further use of the articles you refer to.' Then I blessed the noble bird. Observed: 'Let us go and take something.' The Bird did so, partaking moderately of a beverage, imbibed through a straw. We parted. I cut out the articles, pasted them carefully in a brown paper volume; hurried off to a liberal publishing house, and in two hours had made a contract for their publication. Let me enter at great length into the terms of this contract. It was agreed between Frank Lance, Esq., the party of the first part, and his friends, the publishers, the party of the second part, that the said Frank Lance, Esq., the party of the first part, conveyed to the said publishers, the party of the second part—but the contract is long; I believe I will omit it. Enough to say, my son, that everything was soon arranged; the book commenced immediately; I read the proofs day and night. Soon the plates were all done; an edition of 500,000 copies printed, and I have the pleasure of presenting the author with a copy of his own work, and also with a small slip of paper, half printed, half written, the stamp duly affixed and cancelled in accordance with law."

As he uttered these words, Mr. Lance drew forth his pocket-book, extracted thence a paper, and presented it to Cartaret. It was a check on the Mercantile Bank, of New York, for the sum of \$1,000.

Cartaret stared at it in amazement.

"Well, now, I see you are indignant," said Lance. "You are dissatisfied; you repudiate; are ready to declare that I have ruined you!"

"A thousand dollars, Lance!"

"And you expected a hundred thousand! That's always the way with you literary people. But hear me, young

one. I did my best. I was offered ten per cent. on all copies, or one thousand dollars for exclusive possession of the work. I said: 'This splendid production may not *sell*—in consequence, no profits. Cartaret wants his money now. I will take the little check.'

"And you were right a thousand times, Lance. How can I ever thank you enough, old fellow? You are my good genius, Lance."

And Cartaret seized his friend's hand, shaking it vigorously, with beaming smiles. Then his eye wandered from the check to the wonderful new volume.

"Decidedly," he said, "I am a fool. I am as pleased as a child with a new toy."

"No, you are not a fool," said Lance.

"What then?"

"An author, old fellow, which, whatever this world may say, is not always the same thing."

### XXXVII.

#### PRE-OCCUPATION.

Cartaret did not know until long afterwards that the object of Frank Lance's return to the North in September, had been to sell out a few poor little shares of stock which he possessed, for the relief of his friend, having effected which, he had hurried back to Gaymount, to arrive before the sale of the property.

Rightly thinking, with that true delicacy which characterized him, that to reveal this transaction, would be to place Cartaret, unnecessarily, under a sense of obligation, the volatile New Yorker—that "rattle trap" outwardly, with the good, kind heart within—said nothing to his friend of having sacrificed the few shares of stock, and an hour after breakfast, they were walking about the grounds, smoking and talking of a thousand things.

Cartaret escaped from his friend as

soon as possible, to go and pore over the wonderful *Greys and Blues*! What author born ever inspected his first work with indifference? The first offspring in gilt and muslin, like the animated in long dresses and ribbons, has charms for its parent, which the outer world can not understand! So for hours Cartaret remained absorbed in the volume, forgetting everything else. It was only in the afternoon that he began to return to his possessing thought, the mysterious scroll, and the scheme which he had resolved upon.

It was fortunate that Frank Lance was monopolized by Annie and the baby, otherwise the profound pre-occupation of his friend must have excited his astonishment. The events of the morning—Lance's arrival with the wonderful new book—seemed to have only made a ripple run over the surface of Cartaret's mood for a single instant. The ripple disappeared, the surface became still again, the youth wandered about the grounds, with contracted brows, vacant eyes—muttering, and more absent-minded than ever.

Annie escaped from Lance occasionally, and watched her husband with deep solicitude. What was the cause of this strange conduct? She came and joined him and took his arm, and looked up appealingly into his face. He returned her glance calmly, with a sweet smile, smoothing her brown hair as he did so, but he did not open his lips to reveal his secret. This time Annie did not annoy him with questions, or utter a word even. She slowly left him, and went up stairs, and sat down and had a cry, and then prayed for her husband. As for Cartaret, he went on muttering, apparently oblivious of all around him.

Night came, and the young man found himself called upon to perform a most disagreeable part—to conceal his pre-occupation, listen to his friend, and

reply to him, and take his share in the conversation of the little family circle. If the reader has been subjected to this last, he knows how onerous it is. The word *torture* is not inapplicable to it. Who will relieve you of the necessity of listening to that dear friend, with his amiable nothings? What good genius will supply you with commonplaces to prevent your silence from attracting attention? Cartaret could only find a few, and he uttered them in the most unnatural manner. In vain, however, did Frank Lance endeavor by plain questions to penetrate the matter. The youth only smiled in response, uttered a few commonplace disclaimers, and Frank Lance was as much in the dark as before.

"I'll tell you what, my son," said Lance, rising from his seat about nine o'clock; "I believe the appearance of that gorgeous volume, the *Greys and Blues*, has been too much for you. Retire to rest, my young friend! Snatch repose after too much emotion! Remember that authors have written books before, and publishers have published them; that your literary baby is wonderful to you, only because every papa's is to *him*. You'll soon get used to the darling, and behold it without agitation. Go to sleep, my son, and rest yourself, as your friend Frank Lance is about to do."

Lance yawned as he spoke, and Cartaret remembered the claims of hospitality.

"You are right, my dear Lance," he said; "here is your candle. I'll show you your room."

"My room? Don't I know it? I'd like to see anybody take my room from me."

Half an hour afterwards Frank Lance was snoring with enormous vigor. His walk from the wharf, carpet-bag on shoulder, had wearied him; and the

low, melodious thunder proceeding from his apartment, indicated that he had become oblivious of all around him.

Cartaret had returned to the sitting room, where Annie was sewing at a baby dress.

He sat down, and gazed into the fireplace, where a few twigs were singing cheerfully.

For some moments Annie watched him, out of the corners of her eyes. Then she laid down her work, and came and sat on a cricket at his feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

We omit the scene which followed. It is not material to the narrative. The Little Mamma with tears in her eyes, and a voice tremulous with tender anxiety, had besought her husband to confide his trouble to her, and Cartaret had once more refused.

"There, Annie," he said, smoothing the glossy head which drooped upon his knee, "you distress me by distressing yourself thus, and fancying that some weight of anxiety or trouble oppresses me. Again, I assure you, little girl, that I have no such load upon me, strange as that may seem to you. It seems even stranger to you, no doubt, that I do not explain the whole matter to you, but I have excellent reasons for my silence. I am acting for the best, Annie, and if it is any consolation to you, listen, Annie—I will tell you the whole secret to-morrow."

"Why not to-night, Edmund?" she said, looking up and smiling through her tears.

"I have a good reason for not doing so, Annie. Can't you trust me?"

The words went to the heart, and she rose, with the most tranquil smile on her lips.

"Yes, Edmund, in all things; but take care of your health."

"So I do, good Portia—"

"Bad boy. You shall not finish, sir."

"Go to—"

The quotation was arrested by a kiss, and Annie flitted from the apartment. She had surrendered in the struggle to discover her husband's secret; but Madam Annie was a true woman—that is to say, she did not abandon her object—and it will soon be seen that while she was willing to "trust" Cartaret to the utmost, she did not mean to deprive herself of the tender satisfaction of—watching him.

### XXXVIII.

#### THE HOUR ARRIVES.

As soon as Annie disappeared from the sitting-room, Cartaret looked at his watch, and muttered:

"Twenty minutes past ten. It will not be time to start for nearly half an hour yet."

And, replacing his watch, he took from his breast the discolored paper, which the swan had discovered, and to which all his moody meditation seemed traceable. Placing it flat on the table, beneath the tall astral lamp, he carefully scanned its singular contents for something like the thousandth time. There it lay, that mysterious memorandum, in the handwriting of his uncle.

"October 20—11:10—T. T.—3. D. L.—N. W.—Dig."

"Yes," he muttered, "there can be no doubt of it. My explanation, as the lawyers say, 'excludes every other hypothesis.' I am as certain that I have discovered this mystery, as I am of my existence. And now before going to test the matter, let me reflect upon one or two points not cleared up entirely. Why did my uncle make this memorandum? Was it intended for my eyes, or simply for his own? Did he write it and place it in that press, to be referred to for his own guidance, after some time had elapsed; or was the writing designed for me by the eccentric old gentle-

man, who may have trusted to my early developed skill in reading cypher, and wished in this eccentric manner to test it?"

He remained silent for some moments, attentively gazing at the paper.

"Well," he said, at length, "there is nothing to decide the question here. Either may be the fact, but fortunately it is not material. Did Arthur Botleigh know or suspect anything? I thought he sent for me to reveal something; shrunk long from doing so; was about to, perhaps, when he fell back dead. Well, no matter."

He looked at his watch again.

"The time is near," he muttered. "Let me take a last look at the paper. 'October 20.' This is the night of the 20th of October. '11:10.' Yes, there is no doubt what that means. 'T. T.' As little about that, I think. '3 D. L. N. W.—' That can signify but one thing, I am convinced. And lastly, 'Dig,' which, being in the plain vernacular, needs no study to ascertain its meaning. Come, the cryptograph is too simple. Why was not something really difficult thought of? My dear old uncle must have never seen a book on secret writing, or he must have determined that I should not have the least excuse for blundering."

He folded up the paper and carefully deposited it in his breast pocket. Another glance at his watch informed him that the hour was ten minutes of eleven.

"At last," he said, "there is just time to get the tools and reach the spot."

### XXXIX.

"OCTOBER 20.—11:10."

In the first chapter of this veritable history, under the title, 'Watched,' we described the stealthy and nocturnal expedition of Cartaret to the old oak in the grounds, how he wrapped a cloak

around him, supplied himself with tools from the conservatory, stole off, followed by Leon—and Annie—reached the spot pointed out by the cryptograph, dug at the point indicated by the shadow of the dead bough, thrown in the moonlight, failed to find anything, discovered his mistake by fitting to the stump the portion of the bough which had fallen to the ground, and finally, digging at the new spot, found his spade struck something—at which exciting moment, Annie, hidden behind her tree, sprang forward, just as Cartaret, overcome by vertigo, fell back fainting in the grave-like opening.

If the reader has forgotten the details of this mysterious moonlight scene, we beg that he will go back to the first chapter of our history, where we left Cartaret in the pit which he had dug. What follows will then be more intelligible.

The faintness which had seized upon Cartaret when his pick-axe encountered the obstacle, giving forth a dull, metallic sound, speedily passed away. Joy overcame every other emotion, and leaping from the pit, he recognized Annie, caught her in his arms, and exclaimed:

"At last! Oh! yes, at last, Annie. Now you shall know all, my own Annie, and how all my trouble and anxiety was for you!"

The young lady lay upon his bosom, sobbing in his arms.

"Oh Edmund! Edmund!"

There the trembling accents of her voice died into silence. Nothing was heard but the violent scratching of Leon, who had leaped into the pit, and was tearing up the earth with his paws.

"So you watched me, poor dear child!" said Cartaret; "you watched me, followed me, and, no doubt, thought me suddenly deprived of my senses. Oh, no, Annie, I was sane—perfectly sane. I have found what I was

in search of. It is there, within six feet of us! I have not seen it—my hand has not touched it—but I have faith—I believe, and here is the proof that I am right in believing."

As he spoke, he seized the spade, leaped into the opening, and throwing out the earth, spadeful after spadeful, without resting for an instant, finally unearthed an oblong sheet iron box, which he dragged by main force from its position, and deposited on the side of the pit, before Annie's eyes, in the brilliant moonlight.

"There is our fortune, and the fortune of our children, Annie!" he exclaimed, with beaming eyes. "I have faith, as I told you, to believe that. See, now, if my faith was well founded, or not."

And with a blow of the spade he forced off the lid of the box.

As he did so, Annie started back almost at the sight which was revealed.

The box seemed to overflow with gold and silver coin, with which was mingled finely carved plate, jewelry and great rolls of bank notes. On top lay a paper, and this paper Cartaret seized, and tore open, neglecting all else.

The bright moonlight enabled him to read its contents without difficulty.

As he did so, a resplendent smile lit up his countenance.

With Annie clasped to his breast, he held up the paper before her.

"Look!" he said, "you can read, Annie. Was I wrong in believing that I would discover something? This morning we were poor, and overshadowed by coming trouble. Now we are rich, and can defy the whole generation of the Tugmuddles!"

Annie made no reply. The scene had been too much for her. With her arm around Cartaret's neck, she fainted in his arms.

### XL.

#### LEGAL MATTERS.

When Frank Lance came down on the next morning, he found Annie only in the breakfast room, and was informed by the young lady that her husband had ridden to the village at an early hour on business.

In fact, Cartaret had risen soon after daylight, mounted Sir Archy, and before sunrise drew rein in front of the house, in the village, occupied by his counsel, Mr. Bland.

That respectable old gentleman had already breakfasted, and was reading a legal document in his office, attached to the mansion. He was one of those composed and courteous lawyers of the old school, whom nothing surprises or throws from their balance. Helping himself to a pinch of snuff from a black box, which he carried in his waistcoat pocket, he drew up a chair, and said:

"You must have something of importance to bring you so early, Mr. Cartaret."

"Something of very great importance, Mr. Bland," rejoined his client. "I will explain myself, and leave you to judge."

With these words he drew from his pocket the paper found in the iron box, and handed it to Mr. Bland, who put on his spectacles, and examined it attentively. When he had finished the perusal, he turned back and went over it again. Then he rose, and opening a drawer, examined carefully a document, extracted from a package of papers therein. Then he refolded the document, restored it to the package, closed the drawer, and coming back to his chair, said, quietly:

"There is no doubt of the perfect authenticity of this paper, Mr. Cartaret. I have compared the signature and handwriting generally, with a specimen in my possession. I congratulate you.

Where was this discovered?"

"I will tell you as we ride to the Courthouse together, Mr. Bland. Let us attend to that first."

"I understand," was the quiet reply.

"I will go with you, and then you will go with me. Possession is nine points of the law, my dear sir."

And rising, the lawyer called a servant, and ordered his horse.

Fifteen minutes afterwards the old gentleman had cased his legs in a pair of drab leggings, and mounted his steady old riding horse. Cartaret mounted in turn, and they rode off in the direction of the Courthouse, a few miles from the village.

A curious pair of eyes from the dingy office opposite, had watched them; and the curious eyes in question belonged to the sweetly smiling Jinks. As they disappeared he put on his hat and hastened in the direction of Mr. Tugmuddle's. An hour afterwards he returned to the office, and ordered his horse to be saddled and brought to him.

Meanwhile, Cartaret and his grave old legal adviser proceeded in the direction of the Courthouse, reached it, disappeared in the clerk's office, reappeared, visited the sheriff's office, and then remounting their horses, struck into a country road which brought them in an hour to the house of Arthur Botleigh.

It was the day of the unfortunate young man's funeral, and a large crowd had assembled. He had had few friends, but a very great number of acquaintances, and these had come to follow the body to its last resting place.

Cartaret and Mr. Bland reached the gate leading into the contracted grounds, and tying their horses, proceeded on foot over the narrow walk to the mansion.

"If there is any occasion for it, I hope you will act for me to-day, Mr. Bland," said the young man. "It seems

a profanation to think of business in presence of the dead, and I have only yielded to your professional advice—you must represent me."

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Cartaret."

"You think Tugmuddle will come, Mr. Bland, and for the purpose you indicated?"

"There he is, my dear sir, just in time to see them bear out the body."

As he spoke, the old lawyer pointed to two horsemen approaching from the direction of the village.

"The worthy Mr. Tugmuddle," he added, "and my professional brother, Jinks. Come, we had better go into the house, Mr. Cartaret, as you will not be able to attend the funeral."

He took the young man's arm as he uttered these words, and they both entered the mansion just at the moment when the coffin was borne forth to be deposited in the hearse. Cartaret was about to follow it with the rest, when Mr. Bland interposed.

"Your presence is desirable here, my dear sir," he said, laying his hand upon the young man's arm. "Yonder is Mr. Tugmuddle getting off his horse, and my esteemed brother Jinks doing likewise. Business men, Mr. Cartaret. Here they are coming right in."

In fact, Tugmuddle and Jinks entered the gate, a moment after the coffin had passed through it. As the procession began to move, they rapidly came along the walk to the porch of the small house, where they all at once found themselves confronted by Mr. Bland, taking snuff.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said; "this is a very sad occasion."

And inhaling his pinch of snuff with philosophic composure, he added:

"Can I do anything for you to-day, gentlemen?"

Tugmuddle had stopped suddenly at

sight of the lawyer. A vague disquiet was plain to be seen upon his countenance."

"Do anything for me?" he said, almost rudely. "No. I am here to attend to my interests."

"Your interests?"

These words were uttered in a tone of mild inquiry.

"Yes, my own business. I have come to take possession of this house and this estate."

Mr. Bland elevated his grey eyebrows, and looked fixedly at Tugmuddle, upon whose countenance the expression of disgust and vague apprehension of some coming danger grew more observable.

"To take possession of this house and estate, did you say, my dear sir?" said his composed opponent. "There seems to be some misunderstanding in this matter, sir."

"There is no misunderstanding!" growled Tugmuddle, losing his temper.

"This estate is my property. Any one entering here without my consent, is an intruder. I say the property is mine."

"By what right or title, sir?"

"There is my title! You are a lawyer, and know the meaning of that paper."

With which Tugmuddle drew forth a document, which he handed to Mr. Bland. That gentleman put on his spectacles, carefully perused the paper, and then folding it up in a business-like manner, restored it to Tugmuddle.

"I hope you are satisfied, sir? You now know my title to this estate."

Mr. Bland did not move from the doorway.

"You have exhibited to me a deed of trust, my dear sir," he replied, "and the paper is regularly drawn. It covers the entire estate of the late Mr. Botleigh, real and personal, and I have only one objection to make to it."

"What objection?"

"There is a serious flaw in it, my dear sir—a fault that is quite fatal."

"A flaw!—a fault!—what? What objection do you make to that deed?"

"A very simple one," said Mr. Bland, "the objection that the late Mr. Botleigh was never at any time the legal owner of the property named in the deed."

Tugmuddle stared at the lawyer with eyes which seemed about to start from his head. His complexion, ordinarily sallow and muddy, assumed a green tint.

"What do you mean?" he gasped. "This is nonsense! Come, I am tired of this—"

Mr. Bland smiled slightly. One would have said that he enjoyed the interview.

"I am not talking nonsense in the least, my dear sir," he said, "but, on the contrary, the very soundest good sense. I know what I say, and I repeat that the late Mr. Arthur Botleigh, although in possession of this estate, was never at any time the legal owner, or able to encumber it."

Another gasp came from Tugmuddle. He felt some unseen net closing round him. A hoarse growl issued from his lips, and he was about to speak, when the lawyer went on.

"Perhaps I had better explain, without further delay," he said. "It is a simple matter of business, and you are a business man, my dear Mr. Tugmuddle. To the point. The late Mr. Botleigh came into possession of this property, as you are aware, by virtue of the last will and testament of Mr. Henry Cartaret, of Gaymount, which paper bore date the third day of June, 1861. At that time Mr. Henry Cartaret enjoyed excellent health, but in the succeeding spring he took a cold which finally proved fatal. He died in the winter of 1862, very suddenly and unexpectedly; and the only will discovered among his papers was the one which I have men-



tioned, by which he devised his whole property, with the exception of the Gaymount house and the curtilage thereof, to a distant kinsman, the late Arthur Botleigh."

The old lawyer paused. Tugmuddle's eyes exhibited the appearance described as "popped." On his brow could be seen beads of cold perspiration.

"Well—that is interesting!" he sneered in a hoarse voice; "tell me something new."

"I will do so," was the lawyer's reply. "You can scarcely be in possession of the fact I am about to state, my dear sir. I see that your curiosity and anxiety are strongly excited, and I will relieve them. Observe, first, however, that the will of June, 1861, disinherited nearly Mr. Henry Cartaret's favorite nephew—the only explanation of which fact that has come to my knowledge being the young gentleman's disobedience of his uncle's wishes in political matters. However that may be, Mr. Edmund Cartaret was disinherited. Mr. Botleigh came into possession under the will of June, 1861. It is only within a few days—I may say within a few hours—that the discovery has been made that Mr. Cartaret relented toward his nephew. Of the fact there is no doubt, and it is sufficiently shown by a very simple circumstance—"

The speaker paused. Tugmuddle said in a low, trembling voice:

"By what?"

"By the fact that Mr. Henry Cartaret made a second will, in which his whole property, real and personal, goes to Mr. Edmund Cartaret."

For an instant Tugmuddle tottered, and seemed about to fall. His face was livid; his lips writhed; the countenance of the worthy resembled a dirty and very ugly mask rather than a face. Then wrath came to his relief.

"It is a lie! a base forgery!" he shouted.

Mr. Bland smiled.

"The paper is perfectly regular," he said, drawing the will from his pocket. "You are the legal adviser of Mr. Tugmuddle, Mr. Jinks; here, look at it. You will see that it is dated October 15th, 1862, and written throughout in Mr. Henry Cartaret's own handwriting; in addition to which, though it was wholly unnecessary, the paper, you observe, is regularly witnessed—the witnesses died during the war, but their handwriting can be easily proved. I defy you to break the will, my dear Jinks. Look at it."

Mr. Jinks took the paper and examined it with an air of deep melancholy. The heart of that excellent man was deeply oppressed. He was too well convinced of the acumen and honesty of his professional brother Bland to cherish hopes of breaking a will which he declared to be without flaw. As to the cruel fact that it was in the testator's hand throughout, and regularly witnessed in addition, that was scarcely needed. Mr. Jinks felt a profound conviction that there was no hope.

He sighed deeply.

"What do you say to that, Jinks?" said Mr. Bland, with great composure.

"Say it is a lie! a forgery! the work of a felon!" shouted Tugmuddle, foaming, almost.

Mr. Jinks shook his head.

"I would advise a compromise in the matter, Mr. Tugmuddle—"

The meaning of these words was unmistakable. They meant that this will was authentic, and triply-defended against all exception. Tugmuddle saw that he must yield, and burst forth into furious imprecations.

"I say again it is a cursed forgery—a swindle and a felony!" he yelled. "It is a pack of lies got up by that young Cartaret, who hates me. And I am to acknowledge this will—to withdraw my claim on this estate—when I have ad-

vanced to Botleigh on the security of the land more than thirty thousand dollars in good money—in greenbacks. I say he owes me more than *thirty thousand dollars*, and I will be paid. I will dispute this forgery—it is a swindle. I'll spend my last dollar but I will break it. I'll be master here yet, and master at Gaymount too; before ten days roll over I'll sell out that Cartaret and own his house. He owes me upwards of eight thousand dollars—"

Mr. Bland drew forth a paper.

"The debt was paid this morning," he said. "Here is the bond, the only evidence of it, and the regular receipt for the payment of the principal, interest and costs."

Tugmuddle clutched with both hands, as if grasping at some weapon. His forehead streamed with sweat, and his eyes had grown so bloodshot that they resembled coals of fire.

"So that stuck-up young popinjay is to have *my* estate, and owe me nothing!" he shouted. "I am to meet him at every turn and be hated and spurned by him as I was by his father—"

"No—forgiven by him, as you were forgiven by his father before him," said a solemn voice.

And Cartaret, who had witnessed this whole interview from the drawing-room of the house, suddenly made his appearance and confronted Tugmuddle.

"You say I hate and spurn you, as my father hated and spurned you before me," said the young man in the same solemn voice. "You are mistaken, sir. I do not hate you, and I am incapable of spurning any human creature. It is you who hate me, and you have attempted to ruin me. You have spent a long life in defrauding and oppressing the weak; you live to-day on the wealth extorted from my father, who befriended you. You ruined him and the poor

youth whose dead body has just left this house—you tried to add me to the number—to crush me, turn my wife and child into the highway, to gratify your lifelong hatred to my family, by destroying the last representative of it; and here is the result of all your intrigues and your hatred. You have not crushed me. I owe you nothing. You will never enter the Gaymount house, and you are at this moment an intruder and trespasser on *my property*! I forgive you all, sir; but I must say that your face is disgusting to me. This is *my* house, Mr. Tugmuddle—leave it."

Cartaret advanced, as he spoke, toward Tugmuddle, fixing a cold and resolute glance upon him.

As he advanced, Tugmuddle retreated, in silence, with a strange expression on his face. Mr. Jinks followed without a word, and they mounted their horses and rode toward the village.

Tugmuddle had not uttered a sound. His eyes were fixed with a vacant expression on the ground, as he rode beside Jinks. Was he cowed, and completely disarmed, or was he planning some counter-stroke?

They came in sight of "Tugmuddle Hall"—approached the house, and stopped in front of it.

Suddenly some unintelligible sounds issued from Tugmuddle's lips. The next moment he tottered in the saddle and closed his eyes.

"What is the matter, Mr. Tugmuddle?" exclaimed the lawyer, catching him.

"Thirty thousand seven hundred dollars, with interest from 1862!" said Tugmuddle.

With these words, uttered in a dull and stupid tone, Tugmuddle fell forward, and fainted in the arms of his friend Jinks.



## XLI.

## THE CRYPTOGRAPH.

Cartaret was busy all day, and only returned to Gaymount as the sun was setting.

The scenes through which he had passed since morning had been gloomy and fatiguing; but now, as he drew near the old mansion, whose window panes were all ablaze with the crimson light of sunset, his pulse throbbed for joy, and he murmured, as he looked at Gaymount:

"Safe at last! mine and Annie's, and my child's."

His face glowed as he spoke, and he put spurs to Sir Archy, who flew along gayly beneath the great oaks still left standing.

Frank Lance and Annie, with the baby in her arms, were on the porch awaiting him.

"Look, baby! there is papa," cried madam, holding up her treasure, which treasure was crowing and laughing.

"And look, papa, there is baby—that is, Little Miss Rat!" exclaimed Lance.

"Miserable bachelor, you are sneering," Cartaret cried, leaping from Sir Archy, whereupon that highly intelligent animal trotted off to the stable, where Juba awaited him.

"And you are radiant," cried Lance. "Who ever saw such a face? Come, Cartaret, my son, what wonder has taken place? Only last night you were as gloomy and sulky as a hyena; now if they put you up on the house-top, your smiles would light up the surrounding region. What has happened? Has an aged relative left you three million five hundred thousand dollars? Have you discovered that you are the owner of a square mile in the heart of London? Has your stock in the Erie, or Central gone up fifteen per cent.?—or have you seen some gorgeous puff of that stupid

*Greys and Blues?* Come, unbosom. Behold us dying with excess of curiosity. See the mama, and little Miss Rat, otherwise Miss Scrap, in an agony of expectation."

Cartaret uttered a gay laugh.

"There it is—a perfect stunner!" cried Lance. "The art of laughing in that way is not possessed by everybody, and your face, my son, is a perfect bon-fire!"

The young man's countenance was indeed radiant. One must be a very great philosopher, indeed, to be able to conceal every trace of grief or joy; and when one is only twenty-seven, and possesses a wife and child whom his good or bad fortune affects, he is rarely such a philosopher. Cartaret made no pretensions to any such self-control, and uttering another laugh, if possible more joyous than the last, cried:

"In the first place, I want my dinner."

"We waited for you," said the delighted Little Mama.

And they went to dinner, after which the lamps were lit, and seated in front of a blazing fire, between Frank Lance and Annie, Cartaret proceeded to give an account of himself.

He related how he had discovered the will on the preceding night, and ridden that morning to see Mr. Bland—how the lawyer had verified the handwriting—how they had then ridden to the Court-house, where the amount for which Tugmuddle had obtained judgment against him was paid, and all further legal proceedings on the bond for \$8,000 arrested—how they had gone thence to Arthur Botleigh's house, discussed matters with Tugmuddle—caused that gentleman to beat a retreat, and remained masters of the field.

"That is to say, my dear Lance," he added, "I am no longer a poor young man, with only a truck patch. You

have the pleasure of beholding Edmund Cartaret, Esq., of Gaymount, proprietor not only of that lumbering old mansion, but of about three thousand acres besides."

Frank Lance opened his eyes to an inordinate extent. It was difficult to determine which sentiment, astonishment or joy, predominated in him. He sprung up, caused his heels to come into collision in a violent manner, and shouted:

"Send for Little Miss Rat. She must hear this before she sleeps."

"I'll tell her to-morrow, old fellow," said Cartaret; "the most interesting portion of the unbosoming process is about to begin. I have told you the result. I am not mistaken, I think, in supposing that, as soon as your excitement has calmed down somewhat, you will demand an explanation of the manner in which I came to discover the hiding-place of the will. Am I wrong, Lance? At least I am certain that Madam Portia there—Annie, I mean—wishes to know."

Annie blushed at this satirical comment on the curiosity she had displayed, but replied:

"I certainly am dying to hear, Edmund."

"And I, too, Cartaret."

"Well, listen, then. I need not make a very long story of it: and as Annie knows something already, I will address myself to you, Lance, who know nothing whatever."

As he spoke, Cartaret drew from his pocket a paper. It was that which the swan had discovered in the manner already related.

A week ago, my dear Lance," he began, "I was trying to work out the problem how to pay somewhat more than eight thousand dollars with five or six thousand, when chancing to be sitting in this apartment, I heard Annie's swan pecking at something, and disco-

vered that it was a paper sticking from a crevice in the old press yonder. The swan succeeded finally in extracting the paper; began playing with it upon the floor; I took it from him and read it—but here is the actual document."

He handed it to Frank Lance, from whom it was transferred to Annie.

"What gibberish is that?" said Lance.

"If I studied it a thousand years, I never would find the meaning of it," said Annie. The faces of both expressed such astonishment that Cartaret began to laugh.

"Gibberish!" he said, "it is an extremely intelligent and very important document, Lance. A thousand years, Annie? I ought to have discovered its meaning in ten minutes, instead of puzzling at it for days."

"Explain; begin at the beginning," cried Lance. "What on earth does that mean?"

"I will tell you," said Cartaret, taking the paper. "You see it contains only the following words and figures: 'October 20.—11: 10.—T.T.—3 D.L.—N.W.—Dig.' Such was the extremely simple cryptograph which saluted my eyes when I took the paper from the swan. 'What did it mean?' I asked myself, and 'What hand had written it?' The latter query was not difficult to solve. I at once recognized the handwriting in 'October,' and 'Dig,' of my uncle Henry; and as soon as I did so, the inquiry presented itself, 'Why should my uncle make a memorandum in cypher?' The only reply which suggested itself to that question was this: 'My uncle was a man of wealth; he was in the habit of keeping a very considerable amount of ready money at Gaymount, from an inveterate want of confidence in banks; this amount must have been larger than usual in 1861 and '2, as the unsettled condition of the times probably induced him to draw out such sums as he had

on deposit; and the meaning of this memorandum is that he has buried his money to preserve it from thieves, or parties of the enemy, who might visit Gaymount, in some spot which the memorandum was intended clearly to show himself, when peace returned, and he could dig it up again.' You see that this was something like an intelligible explanation of the existence of the paper, in my uncle's handwriting. The next thing was to discover the meaning of its contents—and here an early fondness for secret writing, and some practice in decyphering such puzzles, came to my aid. First, there was the date of something, or the time when something was to be done—'October 20.' The letters and figures indicated nothing, however, and I passed to the figures '11: 10.' This plainly signified 'ten minutes past eleven.'

"Why?" said Lance.

Cartaret drew out a pencil and a slip of paper.

"At what hour does the morning train to Philadelphia leave New York, Lance?"

"At six, thirty."

"Write it down."

Frank Lance took the pencil, and wrote the paper, "6: 30."

"Well, you answer your question yourself," said Cartaret. "Look at the arrangement of the dots between your figures. If six, two dots, thirty, means half-past six o'clock, then, eleven, two dots, ten, means ten minutes past eleven—does it not? In other words, my dear Lance, men write down hours and minutes in that way; and I soon saw that my uncle intended, up to this point in his memorandum, to say that something had been or must be done at ten minutes past eleven on the twentieth of October.' That is plain, is it not?"

"It is at least ingenious. But drive on, my son. You interest me."

"Having proceeded so far," continued

Cartaret, "I asked myself which was meant; that something *had been*, or that something *should be* done at the time here indicated. The word "Dig," at the end of the cyptograph, left no doubt upon that point; you can see that for yourself. Well, then, I had this much, 'Dig, at ten minutes past eleven. on the 20th of October.' Dig where, however? I looked at the writing again, and saw the letters 'T. T.' and I confess that they puzzled me immensely. What place could 'T. T.' refer to? One of the letters might stand for 'Tree;' but what tree? I had never heard of any T. tree. O. H. or P. T. might have meant Oak, Hickory, or Poplar tree; but T. tree was a puzzle, and it paralyzed me for days. At last I did what I ought to have done as soon as I found myself at fault. I went to old Juba, who was born here, and said to him, 'Are there any trees that have particular names in the grounds, Juba? I would not like to cut down those that have family associations connected with them—that old stories are told about, and all that, Juba. Think if any of the old trees have a name.' Juba is extremely intelligent, Lance, and what he wants in brain, he makes up in heart. Whenever the word 'family' is used he seems to understand you perfectly, and he replied at once, 'Well, there's the Trystin' Tree, Mas' Edmund.' 'The *what*?' I exclaimed. 'The Trystin' Tree, sir; that's the name of it; the big oak tree yonder, sir; they used to tell an old story about it, something about your grandmother, Mas' Edmund, and a young gentleman that courted her, and they had a last meeting there; and he killed himself, and they called it the *Trystin' Tree*.'

"I scarcely waited to her Juba out, Lance. I had no longer any doubt what 'T. T.' meant, and the cyptograph was becoming plain. Somebody was to dig in the earth at ten minutes past ele-

ven, on the 20th of October, beneath the 'Trysting Tree.' But the exact spot? The tree is large; it would take a week's hard work to dig up everywhere beneath it. But the paper was not wholly decyphered. There remained the letters and figures, '3 D.L.—N.W.' What does that mean? I said. Part was plain at once. 'N. W.' in the English language means 'North West,' until it is proved to mean something else. But what was 'North West?'—it must be '3 D. L.' What was that? I went to the Trysting Tree, and the mystery was at once revealed. On the northwestern side of the trunk, at a considerable height, were three dead limbs, or rather stumps of limbs, growing in a row, and at nearly equal distances from each other. '3 D. L. N. W.' could refer to nothing else but these limbs, or one of them. I had then read the paper to this extent, 'Dig in the earth at ten minutes past eleven on the 20th of October, beneath the Trysting Tree, at a point indicated in some manner by three dead limbs, or the third of them, on the northwestern side of the trunk of the tree.' That is plain; is it not, Lance?"

"As a pikestaff, my son, after you have explained it," said Mr. Lance.

"Well, I need hardly weary you any further. You no doubt see the whole now."

"Certainly—hum—certainly I see, Cartaret. That is, about as clearly as a blind man, lost in a fog, on the darkest sort of night, sees his way home."

"Is it possible? Well, I will go on and finish my lecture on this simple specimen of cyptograph. I, or somebody, you perceive, was to dig under the Trysting Tree at a spot which the three dead limbs, or the third of them, in some manner indicated. The figure '3' plainly means the third, I said, as otherwise three spots would necessarily be indicated, and I saw I was right in this, be-

cause a large rock was just under the limbs."

"A rock! What had that to do with it?"

"A great deal. Nothing could be buried in a large mass of rock without crevices to dig into. Did my uncle mean 'drop a line from the three dead limbs, and that is the place?' No. You see he would have stultified himself, since the rock immediately beneath made it impossible to 'dig' there. Thus I concluded that '3 D. L.' meant the third dead limb; and there you find me at sea again, and plunged once more into perplexity. How could the third dead limb—obviously the upper one—point to the treasure? I went back over the cyptograph. Something had all along continued to puzzle me in it; the injunction to dig beneath the tree for the unknown something at 'ten minutes past eleven on the 20th of October.' Why on that day of that month, and at that hour of the night? I say 'the night,' because I was satisfied that the treasure had been buried, and was meant to be dug up during the hours of darkness, not in broad day. On the night, then, of October 20th, at a few minutes after eleven, the digging was to take place; and on that night, at that hour, the third dead limb on the northwest side of the Trysting Tree, would indicate the place. When I said that to myself plainly, I suddenly exclaimed, 'Eureka!' and saw everything. I had discovered a new element in the problem—the light of the moon. Shifting with the progress of the month, now pointing to one spot, now to another, the shadow of the third dead limb on this October 20th, at ten minutes after eleven, would point to the hiding place of the treasure."

"Good heavens! just to think that you worked out all that in your own small head, Cartaret! By my soul, the very attempt to follow you gives me the vertigo."

"Want of practice, simply, Lance. I repeat that this cryptograph is by no means difficult. The only really hard part of it was the 'T. T.,' which I had no clue to from ignorance."

"I should have read it 'Tramp, Tramp!' my son; but don't mind my levity; go on."

"Well, I have detailed the process by which I reached conclusion, Lance. As soon as I had satisfied myself, I determined to test the accuracy of my reasoning—all the more as my preoccupation occasioned Annie very serious trouble, and I could not reveal everything to her for fear of causing her bitter disappointment, in case my expectations were not realized. That is the explanation, Annie," said Cartaret, turning to the young lady, "of my persistent silence when you were suffering so much uneasiness. I had not the heart to tell you all, because I was not certain that the hidden object was of value. It is true, I was nearly certain—that I even went beyond the theory of a hidden sum of money, and suspected the existence of a later will of my uncle's, making me his sole heir."

"How did you even suspect that, Edmund?"

"It would be too tedious an explanation to make, Annie. From many things, my uncle's love for me, his placability, his small regard for Arthur. When I left Arthur on the night of the 19th of October, I was tolerably certain that I was right, and that he had sent for me to reveal the truth."

"It is not possible that he knew," said Annie.

"I don't know; the grave covers all that. He may have simply formed the opinion that my uncle had made a new will—that its hiding-place had not been discovered, and that he inherited under an old paper, which my uncle had forgotten to destroy. However that may be, the poor fellow 'died and made no

sign.' But I thought he intended to tell me something, and that something the existence of a later will."

"It is probable, more than probable, Cartaret; but go on," said Lance.

"A few words will end the matter," said his friend. "I discovered the shadow part of the cryptograph on the night of the 19th of October, and as I did so, the message came from poor Arthur to come and see him. Thus the quest was necessarily deferred until the succeeding night, and this proved to be the twentieth of October, you see; what was better still, the moon was shining, to make my shadow."

"And you went there."

"Yes."

"While I, the dolt, was asleep."

"Yes; but somebody was watching me; one of the fair daughters of Eve," said Cartaret, laughing.

"It was from solicitude, and not from idle curiosity in the least, sir."

And Madam Annie pouted in the most indignant manner.

"Very well. So be it. I was watched with tender solicitude—but I was watched. It was about eleven when I stole out, like a guilty thing, and got a pickaxe and spade. A few minutes brought me to the tree. I looked at my watch, and found that it was precisely ten minutes past eleven. There was the shadow of the third dead limb on the sward, and I began to dig, not knowing that the dearest of beings had her eye upon me, from a point near at hand. A bitter disappointment attended my first exploration. I dug down for five or six feet, and nothing was discovered. That was one of the bitterest moments of my whole life, Lance! A profound depression seized upon me, and I was utterly discouraged. Providence came to my relief, however. My eye fell upon a large fragment of dead wood beneath the tree, and quick as lightning came

the thought—"The third dead limb has been broken off since 1862, by some storm. This is the piece. By climbing the tree I can verify the fact, and if I am right, the limb thus reconstructed, will throw a shadow many feet distant from that thrown by the stump." No sooner said than done. I dragged it up to the tree, found the broken ends fit perfectly, slid down again, began to dig again, about six feet from the first hole, taking care to follow the original direction of the shadow, and at the depth of a few feet struck the treasure, just as Annie ran to me, hearing me mutter that I was digging "my grave," and like a true heroine screamed and fainted in my arms!"

"I did not faint at all, sir."

"Well, not wholly—but I did nearly. I was worn out, and the excitement was natural. The box I dug up, my dear Lance, contained the will, a considerable amount of valuable plate, and nearly fifteen thousand dollars in coin and bank notes, which enabled me to pay Tugmuddle the amount of my bond this morning. As to the will, it declares me sole heir of the old Gaymount property, and thus gives me possession of Arthur Botleigh's estate—in all about three thousand acres."

"And this little paper did that!" exclaimed Lance, pointing to the cryptograph.

"Yes; but remember the swan found it. I confess I think of that often, Lance—that this 'dumb animal' has made my fortune; or as I would rather say, given affluence to my little family. I think the fact teaches the value of kindness in this world. I wounded that swan, and might have killed it, but I did not, and I have been rewarded! Moral, my friends: you will never lose anything by doing a kindness!"

## XLII.

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Here we might terminate our narrative, for observe, reader, that we have conducted our hero to the end of all his troubles, and would have nothing more to describe, save a life of humdrum and most uninteresting happiness.

In October, 1865, Cartaret was poor, harrassed by debt, depressed, resolved to sell his house and forty acres, and wander away, a hopeless exile from his native land. Now in this October, 1868, all that appears like a dream to him. He is no longer poor; he is the owner of forty acres, which bring him an ample support, and of three thousand acres in addition. He is no longer harrassed by debt, every obligation has been discharged—the accounts at the village store, the bond given to Links, he owes nothing. He is no longer lonely, depressed; he is joyous, hopeful, happily married, the possessor of a wonderful baby, and certainly entertains not the least idea of emigrating to Mexico, or any other country, but expects, with the blessings of Providence, to live and die at Gaymount.

But Cartaret is not the only personage in our history. There is Frank Lance, whom we do not like to leave in so very unceremonious a manner, and of the movements of this gentleman we proceed to speak briefly.

Three days after the above scene, in which Cartaret unravelled the mental process by which he discovered the meaning of the cryptograph, Mr. Frank Lance mounted Sir Archy, exhibiting unwonted agitation as he did so, and riding off in the direction of The Reeds, remained absent until evening. He was then seen returning, and as soon as he entered, both Cartaret and Annie observed evidences of tremendous excitement in his countenance.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" asked the young man, gazing at him with wondering eyes.

Frank Lance, Esq., threw his hat upon the table, and burst into a joyous laugh.

"The matter is," he replied, in an excited manner, "that somebody else is going to be married and settled as well as Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Cartaret, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lance! It's all arranged."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Annie.

"Is it possible?" cried Cartaret, "not you and——"

"Miss Ellen Vawter? The very same, my son. The attack has been made, and an unconditional surrender has taken place. Behold the future, respectable married man—no longer the miserable bachelor! We are to be united in the bonds of wedlock, my son, at the festive season of Christmas."

To describe the astonishment of Cartaret and Annie at this announcement would be a hopeless task. They stared at Lance with distended eyes, but you could see joy therein as well as astonishment.

"I observe slight indications of mental paralysis in your faces, my friends," said Mr. Lance, "and as I have a sincere regard for you, I will essay to relieve your curiosity. This campaign has been going on, after a fashion, for nearly two years. I reconstructed the enemy, as far back as the autumn of 1865, and when I got back to Gaymount this summer, I renewed the process. The result was highly encouraging. I thought a heavy advance would carry the works. The advance has been made, the enemy's flag has been struck, a reconstructed and harmonious union is going to replace the strife. Frank Lance is to be your brother-in-law, my dear friends! Congratulate him!"

It was not necessary for the gay youth

to make that request. The joy in the eyes of Cartaret and Annie was unmistakable. When he had cooled down sufficiently, Lance proceeded to explain affairs at length. He was engaged to Miss Ellen Vawter, with the full consent of her father; they were to be married at Christmas, and Lance was to come and reside at The Reeds, investing all the means he possessed in the estate, and cultivating it for the family.

"Your example has taught me everything, my son," he said to Cartaret. "I am active, fond of country life; I will work hard, and, perhaps, write some books, too, and a pleasant part of the arrangement will be the vicinity of a place called Gaymount, where Frank Lance, Esq., and his—wife—intend to come often and enjoy themselves!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The scheme was carried out in full.

At Christmas, Frank Lance, Esq., was united to Miss Ellen Vawter, of The Reeds; and at the same time Guy Hartrigger, Esq., was married to Mrs. Rose Lacy.

At both weddings there was a great abundance of excellent wine, and this wine had been made on the estate, and was labelled "Gaymount."

But the festivities did not end there. On New Year's Eve Mr. and Mrs. Cartaret gave an entertainment in honor of the newly-married people, and Gaymount was lit up from top to bottom, and crowded with guests.

The old apartment in which we first saw Cartaret, poor, shabby, plunged in gloomy reflection, was now in a blaze of light. In the centre stood the great old family table, piled up with fruits, wine, and every edible; and around this table, about the hour of eleven, gathered the happy party, full of laughter and enjoyment.

At the head stood Cartaret, with Annie leaning on his arm, and holding

with the other hand no less a personage than "Little Miss Rat," now possessed of the accomplishment of standing upright on her feet, and even taking a few uncertain steps, which generally ended in a tumble.

On Cartaret's right were Frank Lance and Ellen, his wife; on his left, Guy Hartrigger, and Rose, his wife.

At the foot stood Routzahn, hale, friendly and honest-looking; and above the edge of the table near him, rose the calm and intelligent head of Leon, flanked by the inquiring eyes of the swan.

Cartaret raised his glass, in which sparkled the ruby "Gaymount" vintage.

"To the health of Mr. and Mrs. Lance, and Mr. and Mrs. Hartrigger," he said. "The way to do a thing is to do it, Lance; and you see you are a marrying man, after all, Guy. Your health! We all drink to the happiness of the newly married!"

"Oont may dey brosher!" came from Routzahn, in the midst of the joyous clink of glasses, with which mingled the gay bark of the joyous Leon, and the baby's laughter.

FINIS.



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