

MARIE: Have you forgotten your catechism so soon, my lady?

MYSELF: Never mind the catechism, Marie. It is very vague on that point. It is only another example of the happy faculty which the good brethren had of sliding over a difficulty with high-sounding words. I believe with Lord Bolingbroke, that there is so much trouble in coming into the world and so much more, as well as meanness, in going out of it that 'tis hardly worth the while to be in it at all.

ISRAEL: He had no reason to complain. He had the cakes and ale, if anyone ever did, and ought to have been happy.

MYSELF: Yes, but the cakes became stale and the ale bitter.

ISRAEL: Then he should have made the best of it and not have quarrelled with his fate. He had them and enjoyed them, no doubt, while they were in their freshness. If they lost their zest it was his own fault. As he doubtless came to a conclusion at last, moderation cannot be excelled as a preservative. But he anticipated the present age and lived as we do—too fast. Life is short at best and the attempt to crowd every phase of existence within its limits is a sure suicide of the race.

MYSELF: But think of droning out one, two, three, or nine hundred years as the patriarchs did; though I have somewhere seen an argument to prove that a correct calculation of time would bring their lives within the limits of the allotted three score years and ten. Be that as it may, I do not understand how they could endure life at all. Ours, brief as it is, seems infinitely preferable. What a burden their thoughts must have been! We find ours insupportable even in our continual "shifting change." In the very brevity of our life, lies its only merit. It lasts long enough for one to find out that it is a grand mistake, and that a remedy is hopeless.

ISRAEL: And there appears the truest necessity for a future life. We shall be given time to find the needed remedy. But often we might here if we would. More thought is what we need.

MYSELF: How can you say that? This is preeminently the age of thought.

ISRAEL: Granted. But it is not the right kind of thought. It is a mere surface questioning and caviling over things which it was never meant we should comprehend.

MYSELF: It may be rank heresy to say it, but I do not believe there is anything which the inquiring spirit of man will not lead him to know and understand eventually. Not in this generation by any means. This questioning and caviling at which you sneer is a manifestation of the undercurrent of thought among the people, none the less strong that it is partially hidden, gathering its force for the decisive outburst. Yesterday, men were content to receive the doctrines taught them without inquiry as to their authenticity. To-day, the simplest proposition is liable to denial from every side. Even the pulpit dare not, as it once did, attempt to set forth its teachings without proof. And since, put it in what form you may, every living question of the day turns upon some point in religion, you will readily see what the real issue has become.

ISRAEL: It is the old combat of St. George with the Dragon—a third phase of the struggle of Christianity for existence. Against rationalism now, as against formalism at its birth, and mysticism at the

Reformation. And still it will triumph as twice before.

MYSELF: Yet you cannot deny, that the tendency of the tide is against your view, and towards free thought. There is a gradual entrance of a path along which there is no return to the orthodox creeds. Once begin to doubt and there can never be a reconciliation with the forsaken belief.

ISRAEL: But why leave the safe harbor at all, to try unknown waters? I venture to say you have found nothing better offered you in your search after truth. Faith is more desirable than uncertainty.

MYSELF: Certainly. But what are you going to do with that large class of people to whom faith is almost an impossibility? Do you suppose there is one of them who would be so mad as to prefer uncertainty to certainty, if the choice were his own? Circumstances over which we have no control guide us completely, and shape our lives whether we will or will not. This doom falls on all, but most severely on woman to whom so little is allowed. If life is so unattractive to a man, to a woman it is worth nothing at all.

MARIE: For Heaven's sake, Euphrosyne, don't afflict us with a tirade on women's rights. You never know when to stop when you begin that.

Marie is no respecter of persons, and if she does not like a thing she is perfectly willing to express her opinion.

ISRAEL: You take a very gloomy view of things, and that seems to me the foundation of your trouble. The dark side of human nature has formed the premises from which you have drawn your conclusions. Why not look upon life in its golden tints? Why not rather seek the "heads" than the "tails" of life? There is no better method of obtaining a good which we earnestly desire than by acting as if we already possessed it. Do right because it is right whether there is a witness of our struggles or not. That is the perfection of courage. It is not necessary that others know it, but it is necessary that we do it. There are so many obstacles to the attainment of virtue and so many foes in the way that we cannot afford to be our own enemy.

I can not conceive how anyone can complain of the "burden of life." What more could one ask than to be upon this "shimmering earth," where

"Sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,  
So sweet the daffodils, fair to see;  
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going  
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee."

But the ideal life that lies before us—you remember what Kingsley says is his "lesson for every day"—to make life "one grand, sweet song." And every man's life is a song, harsh or soft as he wills it. But few grand or sweet, I grant you, yet there are songs and songs. Dante's was written in minor chords; Milton's was a Hymn of Triumph; Luther's sounds like a Call to Battle; and Keats'—ah, do you not hear the "sweet bells jangled out of tune?"

Numberless are the discords, yet perhaps the song of many a life that you and I call discordant is divinest melody to that Ear to which even silence is sweet sound. There is no soul but sometime—somewhere—beathes Æolian strains. Every sacrifice of self, every struggle for right, every victory of love is a note of harmony in what else may be a ribald stave. And there are many of these harmonies. The world is full of generous deeds and noble sacrifices. The universal brotherhood that binds us together

teaches to each a lesson that bids fair to show, "That to be saved is only this—salvation from our selfishness."

MYSELF: Now, Israel, if you have "rhapsodized" enough come down to a plain statement of facts. Look at each man individually. Where do you see any of this self-sacrifice, this self-denial, this universal brotherhood? What do you find but a cool disregard for everything except self-interest? One man values another only as he is able to contribute to the advantage of the first. When I look around and see the vanity, selfishness and hypocrisy that sways every man I am perfectly sick at heart, and it is no solace to know, that I myself am no better than others.

ISRAEL: My friend, I think you err here. It is not by particulars you must judge. It is a lesson which the world is slowly learning, that only by generalities must a judgement be rendered, that only what the centuries teach is truth, not the deeds of years. Look upon the whole, not the parts. "Judge no man's life till its close is seen."

MYSELF: And the chief joy of all is that,

"—soon or late shall this befall—  
The gods send death upon us all."

F. E. H.

### What Became of Him.

BY C. V. M.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### DR. MANTER IN TROUBLE.

"What there is about Manter that some folks find it worth while to prate about, and eulogize, from morning to night, why—bless my heart—I can't see it."

"Don't doubt your word a bit, Doc', but someways or 'nother he's gettin up in his practisin. Doc' Manter is so. 'Taint so powerful hard to see that, is't? But I kin just tell you, Doc' Wardlaw, 'taint no manner of use for you to be after tryin to run 'im in the ground now. For all on 'em 'round here o' the poor trash, homesteaders and such like, think he's some, you'd better guess, ef he don't 'scribe tangle-foot. All o' the women brag on him."

"Why, it's as plain as plain can be, Kelly. You see, he artfully commences by propitiating 'the power behind the throne,' prepara—"

"I'll be hung, Doc', ef I know what you're drivin at."

"Well—well I mean that—that he goes around and soft-soaps the women folks with his temp'rance prescriptions first, while he means, you know, to slide around the men with his oily tongue afterwards—work up a big practice—run for a town office."

"Wal, I don't go much on any man that hesn't got the back-bone to take his biters with the next un. Talk o' the— an' he'll come."

If Kelly had reference to Drexel Manter, M. D., it certainly was a very creditable statement. For just as he spoke, the subject of these highly complimentary remarks came into full view and rode directly to the hotel.

Dr. Manter had settled in Tokoma, a little Kansan town noted for the lawlessness and recklessness of its inhabitants, and was favored with a very fair practice as some one was sure to be shot, wounded or to get a broken nose every day. The poor settlers, that had to struggle for their very living, he attended free, prohibiting the use of whiskey in almost every

case.

The best view of the Tokoma plains could be obtained from the brow of a prairie mound or butte, where the Daluma trail crosses the Lamar cattle route. It was to this point that Dr. Manter had found his way in the course of his afternoon ride, five years after his arrival at Tokoma. A sharp turn in the trail brought him to the summit of the mound, at the same time presenting to his gaze one of those grand and almost boundless panoramas that are peculiar to our prairie states.

Before him, and far away to the south, flowed the broad Neosho, winding slowly across the gently heaving bosom of the Chequas prairie, down through the Osage hunting grounds to the dense forests of the Arkansas. Far to the westward the Daluma trail threaded its tortuous way dotted here and there with emigrant wagons in long trains, moving slowly but steadily onward in their toilsome track, while in every direction, the billowy prairie rose and fell in endless undulations, enlivened by the lights and shades of the tall, luxuriant grass, bowing and waving in the wind, chasing each other over the mounds, through the hollows, now here, now there, as fitful as the wind. Now and then as he gazed upon the beautiful scene, the breeze would waft to him the gentle music of the river, only to die away again, softly sighing as it went.

Nestled cosily by the river bank, partially hidden from view by the dense foliage of the timber belt, was the town of Tokoma. Its new buildings, gleaming in the light of the setting sun, seemed very fair and cheerful for a rough, western settlement. So thought Dr. Manter as he turned his horse's head homeward, the lengthening shadows having warned him of the approach of night.

When he was but a little distance from the town he was overtaken by a party of rancheros and Texan cattle drivers. They had just enough "tangle-foot aboard" to incline them to indulge in various little freaks of pleasantry. Observing this, Dr. Manter essayed to let them pass. But they seemed inclined to pick a quarrel with the "milk-sop doctor," and reined up with him.

"You're out cavortin roun' 'bout yer wimming payshunts ern't ye, Doc'? Law'er Mong'n's pooty widdler needs lots o' medicine stuff, 'nd that free. You'd better bet the spunky little ooman does, hey. Specially when thar's a—saft 'sishan round, that wars black board-cluth cuts, keeps his pants out o' his boots, 'nd kin make himself promiskuous most enyway," said Diego, the corral owner, bantering-ly.

As this failed to elicit a reply, he tried again.

"You're rayther fond o' the wimming as drinks cold water. Kelly sez so. Aint you now rally?"

Again there was no answer.

"Wal rally, Doc', you're kinder glum, swashy like. Will yer hev a drop o' biters at Kelly's 'fore your hash? Wardlaw allus used ter."

"No, I thank you, sir."

"Yer won't drink, eh?"

"I prefer not to do so. It's again—"

"Be yer heeled?"

"I don't carry wea—"

"Pass 'im an iron, boys. By—, he's got ter play his card or take a pill this time."

"The c'ral's bust! They're goin o' a