A TRIBUTE TO THEIR DEEDS

An Imposing Testimonial to Indiana's Soldier Sons.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STATE MONUMENT

The Passing of a Confederate General—A Story of Sherman—Malvern's Ghastly Field—Parking Famous Battlefields.

The colossal bronze figure of "Indiana," which is to surmount the magnificent soldiers monument now being erected in Indianapolis, was cast last week. The bronze casting is an ideal female figure whose dignity of bearing and beauty of form are a credit to the artist, George T. Brewster. Thirty feet in height and several tons in weight—one of the largest and heaviest statues ever cast in America—it will stand in its solitude 300 feet in the air, holding a torch in its colossal hand.

The monument, the corner stone of which was laid August 22, 1889, stands in Circle park, near the capitol building. The ground base, including the approaches, is three feet above the grade of the adjacent street. The terrace, 110 feet in diameter, is twelve feet high and is reached by twenty-four steps seventy-five feet in length. The diameter of the base of the pedestal at the terrace floor is fifty-two feet. Sixty feet above it recedes to thirty-six feet six inches. Here the pedestal is united with the shaft, twenty-five feet in diameter. Ascending, the shaft diminishes to twelve feet six inches at the line beneath the capital, which is twenty feet six inches in diameter and is supported by eagles seven feet high carved in stone. A balustrade of stone projects four feet above the platform or floor of the capital. This platform is reached by an elevator and stairway from the interior of the shaft and from it the surrounding landscape is seen. On it stands the turret, an iron frame covered with copper, eight feet square and nineteen feet high. Upon this a bronze globe eight feet in diameter will be placed and on this the statue, "Indiana," thirty feet high, will stand. The pose of this figure will make a striking silhouette effect against the sky and its expression from every point of view is the elation of victory. In it is combined all that is represented beneath. It is the poem of the monument. The sword, held in the right hand with the point turned down, typifies the power of the army, to which the victory is due; the young eagle upon the head is emblematic of the freedom resulting from that victory; and the torch, carried aloft in the left hand, is the light of the civilization resulting from that victory and that freedom.

There are three astragals. The first is twelve feet beneath the capital, and represents on the four sides of the shaft the years of the Mexican and civil wars, being the heroic periods of the state. The second is seventy-nine feet below the first, and represents the navy at the period of the civil war. The third astragal is twelve feet below the second, and represents the army by illustrations of the arms of the service and other symbols.

Eight feet above the terrace are platforms for groups of "War" and "Peace." The conception of "War" by the architect, as shown in the sketches upon the eastern panel and subpedestal of his model of the monument, begins with low and high reliefs upon the former, culminating in full projections, one being a winged figure, the Spirit of War, bearing a flag and cheering the army in advance and below on to victory; another, a mounted cavalryman, only the head of the horse and the arm of the soldier being in full projection as he charges toward the front. Below, and in advance upon the subpedestal, are the round figures, of some sixteen feet, completing the group, in various poses, charging over the fallen enemy that is being trampled under their feet, while in the front center stands Columbia, with right hand raised aloft, as the inspiration of battle.

The group of "Peace" begins in a similar way upon the western panel, on the opposite side of the monument from "War." In the distance, in low relief, the victorious army is seen marching off the field, while above, projecting from low into high relief, with arm extended into full projection and partly over the group below, is the winged Spirit of War again, offering a wreath as a crown for the victors. In the right rear of the group of round figures, upon the subpedestal projecting below, are soldiers celebrating their triumph by cheering; in their front a union and rebel soldier are fraternizing, the latter in a recumbent position as though wounded or exhausted, and the former offering him succor; on the right front of the group a soldier is sitting upon his plow, to which he has returned, with a sheaf of wheat lying in front, while another returned soldier is embracing his wife farther back. In the front center Columbia again appears, with extended arm and wand, proclaiming peace.

The shaft is 270 feet high. The bronze figure "Indiana" completes the 300 feet. Bruno Schmitz did the architectural work and brought the plaster model with him from Germany. This did not include the Brewster figure at the top. The cost complete will reach $200,000.

Kirby Smith Dead.

The last of the full generals of the civil war has passed away in the death of General Kirby Smith at Suwanee, Tenn. This imposing relic of the lost cause was not yet 70 years old, but for nearly thirty years he had lived in retirement, eclipsed by the cloud which overspread the confederacy.

General Edmund Kirby Smith was born at St. Augustine, Fla., May 16, 1824. He graduated from the military academy at West Point in 1845, and in the war with Mexico was twice breveted for gallant conduct at Cerro Gordo and Contreras. From 1849 to 1852 he was assistant professor of mathematics at West Point; in 1855 was promoted to captain in the Second cavalry and served on the frontier for several years. In May, 1859, he was wounded in an engagement with the Comanche Indians in Texas, and in 1861 received the thanks of the Texas legislature for his services. In January, 1861, he was promoted to major, but resigned and entered the confederate service as lieutenant colonel of a corps of cavalry. In June, 1861, he became brigadier general; in October, 1862, lieutenant general, and in February, 1864, general. He was severely wounded at the first battle of Bull Run. In 1862 he had command of the Department of East Tennessee, Kentucky, North Georgia and Western North Carolina. He led the advance of Braxton Bragg's army in the Kentucky campaign and defeated General Nelson at Richmond, Ky., in August, 1862. In February, 1863, he was assigned to the command of the Transmississippi department, which included Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Indian Territory, and organized a government for that section. His only means of communication was by running the blockade at Galveston, Tex., and Wilmington, N. C. He sent large quantities of cotton to confederate agents abroad, receiving in return machinery from Europe with which he established factories and furnaces, opened mines, made powder and castings for guns, and by these means had made the district self-supporting when the war came to an end, his forces being the last to surrender. In 1864 he defeated General Banks on the Red river, forcing him to make the disastrous defeat that has become historic. In 1866-68 General Smith was president of the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph company and chancellor of the University of Nashville from 1870 to 1875 and after that time became professor of mathematics in the University of the South, at Suwanee, Tenn. He was one of the ablest and most distinguished of the southern generals during the war.

Story of General Sherman

Yes, Joseph E. Johnston had crossed Pearl river on his retreat to the east, and it was known that Sherman would evacuate Jackson and pursue him as soon as possible, says the Sunny South. With great difficulty I had secured from the federal authorities the assurance that my cotton factory would not be burned. But on the night when the evacuation was in progress I learned from reliable sources that a change had been made in the orders and that a torch was likely to be applied to the property at any moment.

I resolved to seek an immediate interview with General Sherman himself, entertaining, however, but slender hopes—especially at such an untimely hour, for it was past midnight—of reaching the presence of the federal chief. I had little trouble in ascertaining that his headquarters was in the —— residence in West Jackson, and before many minutes had passed I was at the front gate of the place, where, to my great surprise, I found no guards to check my progress. The house was quiet and unlighted, so far as I could discern. Somewhat puzzled, I paused for a minute or two and said to myself: "Surely this is not the headquarters of a great United States army."

But seeing no one to inquire of I opened the gate, went up to the house and on to the porch. For some minutes I stood there listening, but I heard no sound within nor was there any guard to challenge my intrusion. Through a shaded transom I caught the reflection of a light. I tried the hall door, found it ajar, pushed it open and stepped inside. The place was silent—there was nothing to indicate occupancy by the military.

"I have come to the wrong house," I said. But observing that a dim light was reflected through the half-open door of a room opening into the hall, I advanced and entered the apartment. It had but a single occupant.

He was sleeping upon a lounge and my steps aroused him. He turned over and looked at me.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I want to see General W. T. Sherman."

"I'm General Sherman. What do you want?"

I explained as briefly as possible. He said shortly in substance that his orders were to spare the factory—that they would be obeyed. He said that he wanted to go to sleep. He stretched himself and shut his eyes, and I walked out and returned uptown. A few hours later the factory was in ashes.

"And you say that General Sherman had no body guard?"

"I say that I entered his room and left it without being challenged; in fact, without meeting a soul except the general himself."

This remarkable incident was told in Green's bank, and the narrator was Joshua Green, its founder and president.

A FAIR SMUGGLER.

Michael Lermontoff in the Strand Magazine.

Taman is the most wretched of all our maritime towns. I almost died of hunger there, besides being nearly drowned.

I arrived very late at night in a wretched telega. The coachman stopped his tired horses close to a stone building, which stands by itself at the entrance to the town. A Black Sea Cossack, who was on guard, heard the bells of my carriage, and cried out, with the sharp accent of a person suddenly waked up, "Who goes there?"

Out came the sergeant and corporal. I told them I was an officer, traveling by order of the crown, and that I wanted a billet somewhere.

The corporal took us into the town. All the houses we tried were already occupied. The weather was cold; I had been three nights without sleep. I was very tired, and our useless inquiries ended by irritating me.

"My friend," I said to the corporal, "take me to some place where I can at least lie down, no matter where it is."

"I know a hut in the neighborhood," replied the corporal, "where you might sleep; but I am afraid it would scarcely suit your honor."

"Go on," I said, paying no attention to his observation.

After much walking through dirty little streets, we at last reached a sort of cabin on the edge of the sea.

The full moon cast its light on the thatched roof and the white walls of my proposed habitation. In the court, surrounded by a sort of palisade, I saw a hut, older and more broken down than the principal one. From this hut the ground sloped rapidly through the court down toward the sea, and I saw at my feet the foam of the troubled waters. The moon seemed to be contemplating the restless element, which was subject to her influence. By the rays of the ruler of the night I could make out, at a considerable distance from the shore, two ships, whose black sails stood out like spiders' webs against the dull tints of the sky. "This will do," I said to myself, "tomorrow morning I shall start for Ghelendchik."

A Cossack of the line was acting as my servant. I told him to take out my trunk and send away the postilion; after which I called the master of the house. I could get no answer. I knocked, but there was still no reply. What could it mean? I knocked again, and at last a boy of about 14 showed himself.

"Where's the master of the house?"

"There is none," returned the child, in the dialect of Little Russia.

"No master! Then where is the mistress?"

"Gone into the village."

"Who will open the door then?" I cried, at the same time kicking at it.

The door opened of itself, and out came a wave of damp steam.

I struck a match, and saw by its light a blind boy standing motionless before me.

I examined the child's face, but what can one make of a physiognomy without eyes? I looked at him for some time, with a feeling of compassion, when suddenly I saw on his lips a cunning smile, which produced upon me a very disagreeable impression. "Could this blind boy be not so blind as he appeared?" I said to myself. Answering my own question I said that the boy was evidently suffering from cataract, and that the appearance of cataract cannot be simulated. Why, moreover, should he affect blindness? Yet in spite of my argument, I still remained vaguely suspicious.

"Is the mistress of the cabin your mother?" I said to the boy.

"No."

"Who are you, then?"

"A poor orphan," he replied.

"Has the mistress any children?"

"She has one daughter, who has gone to sea with a Tartar."

"What Tartar?"

"How do I know? A Tartar of the Crimea, a boatman from Kertch."

I went into the hut. Two benches, a table and a large wardrobe placed near the stove, composed the whole of the furniture. No holy image against the wall—bad sign!

The sea breeze came in through the broken panes of the window. I took a wax candle from my portmanteau, and, after lighting it, prepared to install myself. I placed on one side my saber and my carbine, laid my pistols on the table, stretched myself out on a bench, and, wrapping myself up in a furlined coat, lay down.

My Cossack took possession of the other bench. Ten minutes afterwards he was fast asleep; I, however, was still awake and could not drive from my mind the impression made upon me by the boy, with his two white eyes.

An hour passed. Through the window fell upon the floor the fantastic light of the moon.

Suddenly a shadow was cast where before there had been bright light. I sprang up and went to the window. A human figure passed once more, and then disappeared—heaven knows where. I could scarcely believe that it had escaped by the slope into the sea; yet there was no other issue.

Throwing on my overcoat and taking my saber, I went out of the cabin and saw the blind boy before me. I concealed myself behind the wall, and he passed on confidently, but with a certain cautiousness. He was carrying something under his arm, and advanced slowly down the slope toward the sea. "This is the hour," I said to myself, "in which speech is restored to the dumb and sight to the blind."

I followed him at some distance, anxious not to lose sight of him.

During this time the moon became covered with clouds, and a black fog rose over the sea. It was just possible to distinguish in the darkness a lantern on the mast of a ship at anchor, close to the shore. The waves were rolling in, and threatened, if he continued to advance, to swallow up my blind adventurer. He was so near the sea, that with another step he would be lost. But this was not the first of his nocturnal expeditions; so, at least, I concluded from the agility with which he now sprang from rock to rock, while the sea poured in beneath his feet. Suddenly he stopped as though he heard some noise, sat down upon a rock, and placed his burden by his side. He was now joined by a white figure walking along the shore. I had concealed myself behind one of the rocks and overheard the following conversation:

"The wind," said a woman's voice, "is very violent; Janko will not come."

"Janko!" replied the blind boy, "Janko is not afraid of the wind."

"But the clouds get thicker and thicker."

"In the darkness it is easier to escape the coastguard."

"And what if he gets drowned?"

"You will have no more bright ribbons to wear on Sunday."

As I listened to this colloquy I remarked that the blind boy, who had spoken to me in the Little Russian dialect, talked quite correctly the true Russian language.

"You see," he continued, clapping his hands, "I was right. Janko fears neither the sea, nor the wind, nor the fog, nor the coastguard. Listen! It is not the breaking of the waves I hear. No, it is the noise of his oars."

The woman got up, and, with an anxious look, tried to pierce the darkness. "You are wrong," she said, "I hear nothing."

I also tried to see whether there was not some sort of craft in the distance, but could distinguish nothing. A moment later, however, a black speck showed itself among the waves, now rising, now falling. At last I could make out the form of a boat dancing on the waters and rapidly approaching the shore.

The man who was guiding it must have been a bold sailor to cross on such a night an arm of the sea some fourteen miles across, and must have had good reasons for braving so much danger. I watched the frail little craft which was now diving and plunging like a duck through the breakers. It seemed as though she must the next moment be dashed to pieces on the shore, when suddenly the skillful rower turned into a little bay, and there, in comparatively calm water, effected a landing.

The man was of middle height, and wore on his head a cap of black sheepskin. He made a sign with his hand, when the two mysterious persons who had been talking together joined him. Then the three united their forces to drag from the boat a burden which seemed to be so heavy that I cannot even now understand how so slight a craft could have supported such a weight. They at last hoisted the cargo on their shoulders, then walked away and soon disappeared.

The best thing for me to do now was to return to my resting place. But the strange scene I had witnessed had so struck me that I waited impatiently for daybreak.

My Cossack was much surprised when, on waking up, he found me fully dressed. I said nothing to him about my nocturnal excursion. I remained for some little time looking through the window with admiration at the blue sky, studded with little clouds, and the distant shore of the Crimea, stretched along the horizon like a streak of violet, ending in a rock, above which could be seen the lighthouse. Then I went out, and walked to the fort of Chanagora to ask the commandant when I could go to Ghelendchik.

Unfortunately, the commandant could give me no positive answer; the only vessels in port were stationary ones, and trading ships which had not yet taken in their cargo. "Perhaps," he said, "in three or four days a mail packet will come in, and then something can be arranged."

I went back in a very bad humor to my lodging. At the door stood the Cossack, who, coming toward me with rather a scared look, said inquiringly:

"Bad news?"

"Yes," I answered. "Heaven knows when we shall get away from here."

At these words the anxiety of the soldier seemed to increase. He came close to me, and murmured in a low voice:

"This is not a place to stop at. I met just now a Black Sea Cossack of my acquaintance—we were serving in the same detachment last year. When I told him where we had put up, 'bad place,' he said, 'bad people.' And what do you think of that blind boy? Did anyone ever before see a blind person running about from one place to another; going to the bazaar, bringing in bread and water? Here they seem to think nothing of it."

"Has the mistress of the place come in?"

"This morning, while you were out, an old woman came with her daughter."

"What daughter? Her daughter is away."

"I don't know who it is then. But look, there is the old woman sitting down in the cabin."

I went in. A good fire was shining in the stove, and a breakfast was being prepared which, for such poor people, seemed to me rather a luxurious one. When I spoke to the woman, she told me that she was stone deaf.

It was impossible, then, to talk with her. I turned to the blind boy, and taking him by the ear, said:

"I say, you little wizard, where were you going last night with that parcel under your arm?"

He at once began to moan and cry, and then sobbed out:

"Where was I going last night? I went nowhere. And with a parcel? What parcel?"

The old woman now proved that her ears, when she so desired it, were by no means closed.

"It is not true," she cried. "Why do you tease an unfortunate boy? What do you take him for? What harm has he done you?"

I could stand the noise no longer. So I went out, determined somehow or other to find a solution to this riddle.

Wrapped up in my overcoat, I sat down on a bench before the door. Before me broke the waves of the sea, still agitated by the tempest of the night. Their monotonous noise seemed to resemble the confused murmurs of a town. As I listened I thought of bygone years—of the years I had spent in the north, of our bright, fresh capital; and little by little I became absorbed in my recollections.

About an hour passed, perhaps more. Suddenly the cadences of a singing voice struck my ear. I listened, and heard a strange melody, now slow and sad, now rapid and lively. The sounds seemed to fall from the sky. I looked up, and on the roof of the cabin I saw a young girl, in a straight dress, with dishevelled hair, like a naiad. With one hand placed before her eyes to keep off the rays of the sun, she looked toward the distant horizon and still continued her song.

It seemed to me that this was the woman whose voice I had heard the night before on the sea shore. I looked again toward the singer, but she had disappeared. A moment after she passed rapidly before me, singing another song, and snapping her fingers. She went to the old woman and said something to her. The old woman seemed annoyed. The young girl burst into a laugh. Then, with a bound she came close to me, suddenly stopped and looked at me fixedly, as though surprised at seeing me. Then turning away with an air of indifference she walked quietly toward the shore.

But her maneuvers were not yet at an end. All the rest of the day I saw her at short intervals, always singing and dancing. Strange creature! There was nothing in her physiognomy to denote insanity. On the contrary, her eyes were intelligent and penetrating. They exercised on me a certain magnetic influence, and seemed to expect a question. But whenever I was on the point of speaking she took flight, with a sly smile on her lips.

I had never seen such a woman before. She could scarcely be called beautiful; but I have my own ideas on the subject of beauty. There was a thoroughbred look about her, and with women, as with horses, there is nothing like breed. It can be recognized chiefly in their walk and in the shape of the hands and feet. The nose is also an important feature. In Russia regular noses are more rare than little feet. My siren must have been about 18 years of age.

What charmed me in her was the extraordinary suppleness of her figure, the singular movements of her head and her long fair hair, hanging down in waves of gold on her neck, and her nose, which was perfectly formed.

In her sidelong glance there was something dark and wild; as there was something fascinating in the pure lines of her nose. The light hearted singer recalled to me the Mignon of Goethe, that fantastic creature of the German mind. Between these two personages there was indeed a striking resemblance. The same transition from restless agitation to perfect calm; the same enigmatic words and the same songs.

Toward evening I stopped my Undine at the door of the hut and said to her:

"Tell me, my pretty one, what you were doing today on the roof?"

"I was seeing in what direction the wind blew."

"How did that concern you?"

"Whence blows the wind, thence comes happiness."

"And your singing was to bring you good fortune?"

"Where singing is heard there is joy."

"But what should you say if your singing caused unhappiness?"

"If unhappiness arrives it must be borne. And from grief to joy the distance is not great."

"Who taught you these songs?"

"No one; I dream and I sing; those who understand me listen to me, and those who do not listen to me cannot understand me."

"What is your name?"

"Ask those who baptized me."

"And who baptized you?"

"I do not know."

"Ah! you are very mysterious; but I know something about you!" There was no sign of emotion on her face; her lips did not move.

"Last night," I continued, "you were on the sea shore." Then I told her the scene I had witnessed. I thought this would have caused her to evince some symptoms of anxiety, but it had no such effect.

"You assisted at a curious interview," she said to me with a laugh, "but you do not know much, and what you do know you had better keep under lock and key, as you would keep some precious treasure."

"But if," I continued, with a grave and almost meaning air, "I were to relate when I saw to the commandant?"

At these words she darted away, singing, and disappeared like a frightened bird. I was wrong in addressing this threat to her. At the moment I did not understand all its gravity.

The night came. I told my Cossack to prepare the tea urn, lighted a wax candle, and sat down at the table, smoking my long pipe. I was drinking my tea when the door opened, and I heard the rustling of a dress. I rose hastily and recognized my siren.

She sat down silently before me, and fixed me with a look which made me tremble; one of those magical looks which had troubled my life in earlier days. She seemed to expect me to speak to her, but some undefinable emotion deprived me of the faculty of speech. Her countenance was as pale as death. In this paleness I thought I could see the agitation of her heart. Her fingers struck mechanically on the table; her body seemed to shudder; her bosom rose violently and the moment afterwards seemed compressed.

This species of comedy tired me at last, and I was about to bring it to an end in the most prosaic manner by offering my fair visitor a cup of tea, when suddenly she rose, and taking my head in her hands, gazed at me with all the appearance of passionate tenderness.

A cloud covered my eyes and I wished in my turn to kiss her; but she escaped like a snake, murmuring as she did so, "Tonight, when everything is quiet, meet me on the shore." Then she disappeared, upsetting as she did so my tea urn and my solitary light.

"She is the very mischief!" cried my Cossack, who had been looking out for his share of the tea.

He then lay down on his bench; and gradually my agitation subsided.

"Listen!" I said to him. "If you hear a pistol shot, hurry down as fast as you can to the shore."

He rubbed his eyes, and replied mechanically, "Yes, sir."

I placed my pistol in my belt, and went out. The siren was waiting for me at the top of the path leading down to the sea, lightly clad in a stuff which clung to her waist like a scarf.

"Follow me," she said, taking me by the hand.

We walked down the rugged path in such a manner that I cannot understand how I failed to break my neck. Then we turned sharply to the right, as the blind boy had done the night before. The moon was not yet up. Two little stars, like the fires of lighthouses, relieved the darkness. The agitated waves lifted and let fall in regular cadence a solitary boat close to the shore.

"Get in," she said. I hesitated, for I confess that I have not the least taste for sentimental excursions on the sea. But it was impossible to refuse. She leapt into the bark, I followed her, and off we went.

"What does all this mean? I said, getting angry.

"It means," she replied, making me sit down on a bench and putting her arms round my waist, "it means that I love you."

Her burning cheek was close to mine, and I felt her hot breath on my face. Suddenly I heard something fall into the water. Instinctively my hand went to my belt. The pistol was no longer there!

A horrible suspicion seized me. The blood rushed to my brain. I looked at her. We were far from the shore and I could not swim. I tried to escape from her embrace, but she clung to me like a cat and almost succeeded by a sudden jerk in throwing me out of the boat, which was already on one side. I contrived, however, to restore the equilibrium, and then began, between my perfidious companion and myself, a desperate struggle, in which I employed all my strength, while feeling that the abominable creature was overcoming me by her agility.

"What do you mean?" I said to her, squeezing her little hands so tightly that I heard her fingers crack; but whatever pain I may have caused her she did not utter a word. He reptile nature could not thus be overcome.

"You saw us," she cried at last. "You want to denounce us." Then, by a rapid and violent effort, she threw me down. Her body and mine were now bending over the side of the frail craft, and her hair was in the water. The moment was a critical one. I got up on my knees, took her with one hand by the hair, with the other by the throat, and when I had at last compelled her to unclutch my clothes, I threw her into the sea.

Twice her head reappeared above the foaming waves. Then I saw her no more.

In the bottom of the boat I found an old oar, with which, after much labor, I succeeded in getting to the shore. As I walked back to the hut by the path leading to the sea, I looked toward the place where, the night before, the blind boy had been awaiting the arrival of the sailor. The moon at this moment was shining in the sky, and I fancied I could discern on the seashore a white figure. Filled with curiosity I concealed myself behind a sort of promontory; from which I could remark what was going on around me. What was my surprise, and I almost say my joy, when I saw that the white figure was my naiad! She was wringing the water out of her long, fair locks, and her wet dress clung to her body. A boat, which I could just see in the distance, was coming toward us. Out of it sprang the same boatman whom I had seen the night before, with the same Tartar cap. I now saw that his hair was cut in the Cossack fashion, and that from his girdle hung a large knife.

"Janko," cried the girl, "all is lost!" Then they began to talk, but in so low a voice I could not hear them.

"Where is the blind boy?" said Janko, at last raising his voice.

"He will be here soon," was the answer.

At that very moment the blind boy appeared, carrying on his back a packet, which he placed in the bark.

"Listen!" said Janko; "keep a good watch here; the things you know are valuable. Tell"—(here a name was uttered which I could not catch)—"that I am no longer in his service. Things have taken a bad turn. He will see me no more. The situation is so dangerous that I must get something to do elsewhere. He will not find such another very easily. You may add that, if he had rewarded more liberally the dangerous services rendered to him, Janko would not have left him in the lurch. If he wants to know where to find me, where the wind howls, where the sea foams—that is where I am at home."

After a moment's silence, Janko went on: "Say she accompanies me. She cannot remain here. Tell the old woman that she has done her time, and that she ought to be satisfied. We shall not see her again."

"And I?" murmured the blind boy.

"I cannot be troubled about you."

The young girl leaped into the boat and with her hand made a sign to her companion.

"Here," he said to the blind boy, "that will do to buy a gingerbread."

"Nothing more?" replied the child.

"Yes; take this," and a piece of money fell upon the sands.

The blind boy did not pick it up.

Janko took his place in the boat. The blind boy remained sitting down on the sea shore and he seemed to be crying. Poor fellow! his grief afflicted me. Why had fate thrown me in the midst of this peaceful circle of smugglers? As the stone troubles the water I had brought disorder into these lives, and like the stone, moreover, I had very nearly sunk.

When I got back to the cabin, my Cossack was so fast asleep that it would have been cruel to disturb him. I lighted the candle, and saw that my little box containing my valuables, my saber with silver mountings, my Circassian dagger (given to me by a friend) had all been carried off. I now understood what the packet placed in the boat by the blind boy must have contained.

I woke up my Cossack with a blow, reproached him for his negligence, and fairly lost my temper. But my anger could not make me find what I had lost.

And how could I complain to the authorities? Should not I have been laughed at if I had told them that I had been robbed by a blind boy, and almost drowned by a young girl?

With a vocabulary of 1,000 words a man can transact all the business matters of life; but with a vocabulary of 1,000,000 words he would be at a loss for language when the March wind blows his new silk hat clear down the muddy avenue.