

The Hercules of Shinnecock.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

"We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so in all nature is love, mortal in folly."—Toulet.

The last miles fell evenly and Dalton had wandered, rather wearily, how much farther was his inn, when suddenly he saw the Hercules of Shinnecock, and knew that he had reached the goal of that day's spin. The Hercules looked down from his repose doubtless frowning—if that carved wood indeed holds the god's heart—that this was but one more of the modern Centaurs whose legs and hoofs evolution had made to wheels—in very truth the Hercules of Shinnecock holds some of the personality of the hero, because a god in the true day of fable.

You know how this Hercules stands facing the inn, over against the meadow and the shimmering bay. All day, and all night he looks down in mighty repose—summers-days of sketching artists who dream of canvases at the next exhibition which shall tell of the changing colors of the little sketch of hill country of Shinnecock; autumn days of golfers, and less athletic folk; winter days and nights when rural possessors of the game time when it stood, before the waves, defying them—bearing proudly the Ohio and its flag of the republic. Do inanimate things then sometimes fall adreaming? Do they indeed sometimes have the nature of the creature the artist has striven to produce? So this great block, carved by a forgotten sculptor, into the semblance of the hero as he was conceived in the Farnesian Hercules—reminiscent not only of its own past, but of all that Hercules knew and saw and did.

A tree overhanging the figure at some hours of the fitting day. "A perfect rural statue," philosophized Dalton in his unceremonious mood, sitting on the bench, while the white mist of another day might have decided this opinion; but now the low moon had taken up the pale twilight—had turned the light of day into a suffused yellowishness.

The dinner was long over; the last guest had gone, and still Dalton sat there, and it was as if he were back in the days of Mr. Dohn's aid to English students of the Greek poets. It was to him as if three might appear suddenly out of the half moon, the priests and the maidens; as if a prayer might go up to the god, as of many a twilight Hercules was besought in the old days on an island in Greece.

"Eh," said Dalton, taking a meditative pull of his pipe.

"The roads were sandy, weren't they?" said the host.

"Yes, they were. You'd had to go to Southampton before you found another tavern. You like to know that this was an inn in 1740 on the spot where you are now?"

But Dalton was not listening. He had left the smoking host, and had strolled across the road and on under the shadow of the Hercules—where the moon shone in momentary—and then, on toward the bay. How still it all was, after the town! How all the world seemed to be in retreat! Would it happen in the course of the cycle of Time, the Father—and the ever aging, yet eternal possessor of us—of the Hercules, that men would come back to the mythology, the folklore, that peopled the sea and the forests and the stretches of meadow, with personalities that were so improbable under this moon, by the lonely reach of bay, and the hills, ranged against a darkish blue which the moon permitted but an occasional ray to pierce.

For a full hour this sentimental fellow—not long out of his office—paced up and down the beach with his pipe in his hand, and regretfully turned back toward the shadowy Hercules.

As he neared it suddenly wakened he let his imagination go. Again he saw that part of the varnished Greeks, vaguely true in his memory of these schoolboy's fancies—between the Hercules and the Hercules, and then rather than rather explanations of the artist. The inn stood quiet, the lights out, the door ajar for the lizard guest, who heitated looking at the Hercules—where the moon shone in momentary—and then rather than rather explanations of the artist. The inn stood quiet, the lights out, the door ajar for the lizard guest, who heitated looking at the Hercules—where the moon shone in momentary—and then rather than rather explanations of the artist. The inn stood quiet, the lights out, the door ajar for the lizard guest, who heitated looking at the Hercules—where the moon shone in momentary—and then rather than rather explanations of the artist.

slope carries your wheel half way up the next.

"I was thinking," she said, "that we have not been introduced." "You ride very well." "Hercules," he said, "you ride very well."

"I do several things well. I ride a horse or a wheel. It doesn't go so badly, Paul says."

"That's he, Phil. Is he worth while?" "I don't know," said she. "He's very handsome."

"He ought to be."

"Why?"

"You needn't go further," said Amelia. "Your father, and your cousin."

"Oh, Paul, isn't he horrid?" "I impressed me as a very good young man."

"Too good."

"But Philip, I take it, isn't?" "He's very strange—our being together—over these hills. Amelia said innocently. "It wasn't nearly so much fun before."

"That is remarkably naïve—er crafty."

"I have lived 18 years, I told you."

"And I 40; we're just of an age, I believe."

She made no answer to this; and now rather than rather explanations of the artist. The inn stood quiet, the lights out, the door ajar for the lizard guest, who heitated looking at the Hercules—where the moon shone in momentary—and then rather than rather explanations of the artist.



HIS VOICE MAY HAVE REASSURED HER, FOR SHE NOW STEPPED OUT INTO THE SUNSHINE.

self, at his very extraordinary conduct. The host came out, and talked to the groom. The rufous-faced gentleman, and this paler nephew followed, and the chase began again. "Well, I never," quoth the landlord loquaciously. There of course was a man in the case, and the Fenells were very fine and all.

"I am going to take a wheel in the moonlight," said Dalton, rising.

"The best advice of an artist," said the host, wondering at the lack of curiosity in his guest.

"I am not an artist," Dalton expostulated.

"You are," observed the host.

"I have never written," said Dalton.

"The best advice never do," observed the host, who seemed to be a man of letters.

"I'll leave the door unfastened," said the host, watching his guest disappear toward the bridge. Then reflecting on the peculiarities of people who have enough money for wheels and excursions, he went in sleepily; and the scene lay still, save for the Hercules. But at last was a footfall near the road, and Dalton returned. The Hercules stood irresolute, while the inn windows, which might have held so many eyes, seemed to watch, and ask why was the Hercules returning? He walked toward the figure, and stopped.

"The coast is clear," he said. But there was a shadow, and then he looked behind the statue, and started, rubbing both eyes. Amelia had vanished, for so he had begun to call her. He whistled and looked up at the statue which seemed to smile derisively. How could she have gone? And was this fair, after all that he had done? Then suddenly the figure seemed to give out real laughter, in the same feminine notes that had been surprised and attracted him.

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"I know. It's been awfully good of you—Mr. John—Jack—Dalton, Amelia."

"You call me Amelia."

"So your cousin Paul had the privilege, and he never did so much for me as you."

"I wish I might do it again, Amelia," said he then.

"He gave him her hand, which he pressed, I fear, for she pulled it away."

"I wish," said he, "that I were fascinatingly wicked—like Philip."

"You needn't say that," said Amelia. "I like you better—than Philip."

"Amelia," he said, retreating.

"What is it, I'll say I met you at the Lexington."

"May I tomorrow?"

"If you don't object to the ride?"

"I don't mind. I detest him. Don't come nearer. There, good night." And she was shutting up the drive. For a moment he hesitated; and then he heard a door opening, shutting.

Turning, he wheeled melancholically back near the Shinnecock reservation, he pressed the buckle of his saddle, and saw that if he were not noticed. He fancied their surprise when they had returned to find Amelia there. The moon sent a last fading glow over the darkening landscape. Several times he dismounted, and sat on a height, and lit his pipe, and dreamed; and finally the sun sent the first ghostly warble of the daybreak, which spread over the hill and sea, the promise of God and love.

"The long time for a chap to sit, sententially, alone in the dark, you'll say, but, then, mighty Shakespeare—whom nobody but the clever Mr. Bernhard Shaw does not question—has said that men and poets and lovers were all the same. At some time we are all mad, or rhyning, or loving; at some time we, too, have been in the mood to sit all night on a moor, awaiting the sun."

Dalton came over the bridge, and under the night Hercules.

"The host said."

"You made a night of it, eh? An artist."

"I'm not an artist; I'm theoretically a broker on Wall street, and practically—"

He looked at the Hercules who knew, "a poet."

"You came back from Good Ground without fading her."

"Of course, she was at Southampton."

"How do you know?" asked the host, suddenly suspicious.

"Hum—I know Miss Amelia Fenell well; she was at Southampton."

The Hercules—there against the meadow and bay, now sparkling under the sun—knew how well; for Great Hercules is a god, who, Fenell's teacher, possesses his images; and a god, of course, knows a man's mind, and what's more, his heart.

Confession by a Mouse.

Miss Clara Evans and a mouse, the one a teacher in a Baltimore public school and the other a resident of the same building, collided while traversing their respective orbits one day this week, and so startling were the notes which ensued that a panic among the children present was the result. They rushed for the door and down stairs in wild confusion, and when they saw them emerge tumultuously into the street promptly turned in an alarm of fire from the nearest box. When the engines arrived the entire neighborhood was filled with excitement and confusion, but Miss Evans managed to explain most of the trouble.

Humors.

The failure of A. T. Hatch, the largest fruit grower in California, has excited much comment in one piece in Solano county, and he has the finest fruit ranch in the state—90 acres in one piece—in Solano county, and from this his profits in some years have been \$250,000. He has a large orchard and plantation to buy more land and plant it in fruit trees. For two years orchards have not been so well as they have been in the past, and Hatch's revenue has been nothing. Interest has accumulated in his business, and he has taken it will now be foreclosed. It is doubtful whether his mortgage loan of \$50,000 will bring over \$50,000, which is the amount of his indebtedness. Hatch was the pioneer in the business of shipping fruit from New York and Chicago, and he was the first to try sending fruit to London.

Hospital.

The dry goods store was explaining the situation to the new drummer he had just employed, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"Our predecessor," he said, "has taken his business all tangled up, and if you get this place you will have a difficult task getting it straightened out. But I'll tell you what I don't know who 'Chow is,' carefully reading the mortgage book, but I'll tell you a bill of goods if I have to hang on to him for a week."

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THE LIFE OF A CONGRESSMAN, Hon. THOMAS B. REED.

For Ambitious Boys.
THE HABIT OF THRIFT, Andrew Carnegie.
BECOMING A DOCTOR, Dr. Austin Flint.
HOW LINCOLN EDUCATED HIMSELF, Jesse W. Weik.
FORESTRY AS A PROFESSION, Gifford Pinchot.
THE LARGEST SALARIES, Carroll D. Wright.

For Ambitious Girls.
TRAINING THE VOICE, Madame Lillian Nordica.
A GIRL WHO BECAME FAMOUS, Mrs. Burton Harrison.
NURSING AS A CAREER, Dr. W. L. Love.
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administration now drawing to a close, crit- ous Hercules" by John Kendrick Bangs. Turkish policy; describes the latest phases of the European situation, with reference to the Franco-Russian alliance; comments on Lord Rosebery's resignation and the resulting complications in English politics—making altogether a most interesting and valuable summary of the world's important doings for the month just passed. A feature of this issue is the first full and authorized account of the great enterprise of the "Early Life of Ulysses Grant." The cover is decorated with one of Potteville's most famous madonnas, specially redrawn by Henry McCarter.

The special features of the December Current Literature are a French Christmas legend, "The Three Lost Masses," by Alphonse Baudet; a Yuletide legend of the East, "The Early Life of Ulysses Grant," by Henry McCarter.

A "Brief History of the Nations and Their Progress in Civilization," by George Park Fisher, LL. D., a new work designed for high schools, is a scholarly production, in which the leading events of ancient, mediæval and modern history are fully presented. However, forces, principles and social life are dealt with, rather than mere facts of dynastic and military history, and the work forms an impressive drama of the unfolding civilization of the world from the earliest historical period to the times of Black and Gold. Although ancient history is fully treated, a larger amount of space is given to the more modern periods than is usual. American Book Company, Chicago.

IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE.

A Dying Man Makes Notes of His Condition.

A man, supposed to be E. L. Bryan of Pittsburgh, Pa., committed suicide in the Kimball house, Chicago, Monday, and while awaiting death made notes of the sensations he experienced after taking a dose of laudanum. He wrote:

"Drank an ounce of laudanum at 6:40 o'clock. After five minutes feel better. Head aching, no pain. I am hungry, but no stomach. Ten minutes—Condition about the same; pain rapid and in wrist; slight pains in region of heart; a feeling of dullness, with more pain in all parts of the body. Note—I will keep up the description of effects as long as possible. Hope it will be of use to medical science. Eyes show change. A feeling of drowsiness comes on. A sort of feeling of intoxication, accompanied by slight pains. Twenty minutes—Pain increasing. Am getting sleepy; have been here for about an hour, though ancient history is fully treated, a larger amount of space is given to the more modern periods than is usual. American Book Company, Chicago.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

The Pocket Magazine, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Nicholas. The Century Company, New York.

Harper's Magazine, Harper & Bros., New York.

The Strand Magazine, The Godey company, New York.

The Pall Mall Magazine, The International News Company, New York.

What to Eat, Pierce & Pierce, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Black Cat, The Short Story Publishing Company, New York.

The Strand Magazine, The International News Company, New York.

The Cosmopolitan, Irvington, N. Y.

Country Club Magazine, New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine, The International News Company, New York.

Scribner's Magazine, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Francis P. Harper, New York: "Walt Whitman, the Man," by Thomas Donaldson. Cloth, \$1.75.

American Book Company, Chicago: "Scott, Foreman & Company, 1877-1896," by William Matthews, LL. D. Cloth, \$2.

Primitivism, by Elizabeth A. Reed, A. M. Cloth, \$1.

F. Tennyson Neely, New York: "Her Response from the Turks," by George Rathbone. Paper, 50 cents.

Year in German," by I. Keller. Cloth, \$1.

A Brief History of the Nations and Their Progress in Civilization," by George Park Fisher, LL. D. Cloth, \$1.50.

The Mastery of Books," by Henry Lyman Koopman. Paper, 50 cents.

F. S. Oglivie Publishing Company, New York: "The Flight to Death," by Luke Leary. Paper, 25 cents.

EMIL MEEHLATH STATIONERY CO., Harper Brothers, New York: "A Rebel-

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