

A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

By Arthur Machen

I.



EDWARD DARNELL awoke from a dream of an ancient wood, and of a clear well rising into grey film and vapour beneath a misty, glimmering heat; and as his eyes opened he saw the sunlight bright in the room, sparkling on the varnish of the new furniture. He turned and found his wife's place vacant, and with some confusion and wonder of the dream still lingering in his mind, he rose also, and began hurriedly to set about his dressing, for he had overslept a little, and the 'bus passed the corner at 9.15. He was a tall, thin man, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and in spite of the routine of the City, the counting of coupons, and all the mechanical drudgery that had lasted for ten years, there still remained about him the curious hint of a wild grace, as if he had been born a creature of the antique wood, and had seen the fountain rising from the green moss and the grey rocks.

The breakfast was laid in the room on the ground floor, the back room with the French windows looking on the garden, and before he sat down to his fried bacon he kissed his wife seriously and dutifully. She had brown hair and brown eyes, and though her lovely face was grave and quiet, one would have said that she might have awaited her husband under the old trees, and bathed in the pool hollowed out of the rocks.

They had a good deal to talk over while the coffee was poured out, and the bacon eaten, and Darnell's egg brought in by the stupid, staring servant girl of

the dusty face. They had been married for a year, and they had got on excellently, rarely sitting silent for more than an hour, but for the past few weeks Aunt Marian's present had afforded a subject for conversation which seemed inexhaustible. Mrs. Darnell had been Miss Mary Reynolds, the daughter of an Auctioneer and Estate Agent in Notting Hill, and Aunt Marian was her mother's sister, who was supposed rather to have lowered herself by marrying a coal merchant, in a small way, at Turnham Green. Marian had felt the family attitude a good deal, and the Reynoldses were sorry for many things that had been said, when the coal merchant saved money, and took up land on building leases in the neighbourhood of Crouch End, greatly to his advantage, as it appeared. Nobody had thought that Nixon could ever do very much; but he and his wife had been living for years in a beautiful house at Barnet, with bow-windows, shrubs, and a paddock, and the two families saw but little of each other, for Mr. Reynolds was not very prosperous. Of course, Aunt Marian and her husband had been asked to Mary's wedding, but they had sent excuses with a nice little set of silver apostle spoons, and it was feared that nothing more was to be looked for. However, on Mary's birthday, her aunt had written a most affectionate letter, enclosing a cheque for a hundred pounds from "Robert" and herself, and ever since the receipt of the money the Darnells had discussed the question of its judicious disposal. Mrs. Darnell had wished to invest the whole sum in Government securities, but Mr. Darnell had pointed out that the rate of interest

was absurdly low, and after a good deal of talk he had persuaded his wife to put £90 of the money in a safe mine, which was paying five per cent. This was very well, but the remaining ten pounds, which Mrs. Darnell had insisted on reserving, gave rise to legends and discourses as interminable as the disputes of the schools.

At first Mr. Darnell had proposed that they should furnish the "spare" room. There were four bedrooms in the house; their own room, the small one for the servant, and two others overlooking the garden, one of which had been used for storing boxes, ends of rope, and odd numbers of *Quiet Days* and *Sunday Evening*, besides some worn suits belonging to Mr. Darnell which had been carefully wrapped up and laid by, as he scarcely knew what to do with them. The other room was frankly waste and vacant, and one Saturday afternoon, as he was coming home in the 'bus, and while he revolved that difficult question of the ten pounds, the unseemly emptiness of the spare room suddenly came into his mind, and he glowed with the idea that now, thanks to Aunt Marian, it could be furnished. He was busied with this delightful thought all the way home, but when he let himself in, he said nothing to his wife, since he felt that his idea must be matured. He told Mrs. Darnell that, having important business, he was obliged to go out again directly, but that he should be back without fail for tea at half-past six; and Mary, on her side, was not sorry to be alone, as she was a little behind-hand with the household books. The fact was, that Darnell, full of the design of furnishing the spare bedroom, wished to consult his friend Wilson, who lived at Fulham, and had often given him judicious advice as to the laying out of money to the very best advantage. Wilson was connected with the Bordeaux wine trade, and Darnell's only anxiety was lest he should not be at home.

However, it was all right; Darnell took a tram along the Goldhawk Road, and walked the rest of the way, and was delighted to see Wilson in the front garden of his house, busy amongst his flower-beds.

"Haven't seen you for an age," he said, cheerily, when he heard Darnell's hand on the gate; "come in. Oh, I forgot," he added, as Darnell still fumbled with the handle, and vainly attempted to enter. "Of course you can't get in; I haven't shown it you."

It was a hot day in June, and Wilson appeared in a costume which he had put on in haste, as soon as he arrived from the city. He wore a straw hat, with a neat puggaree protecting the back of his neck, and his dress was a Norfolk jacket and knickers in heather mixture.

"See," he said, as he let Darnell in; "see the dodge. You don't *turn* the handle at all. First of all push hard, and then pull. It's a trick of my own, and I shall have it patented. You see, it keeps undesirable characters at a distance—such a great thing in the suburbs. I feel I can leave Mrs. Wilson alone now; and, formerly, you have no idea how she used to be pestered."

"But how about visitors?" said Darnell. "How do they get in?"

"Oh, we put them up to it. Besides," he said, vaguely, "there is sure to be somebody looking out. Mrs. Wilson is nearly always at the window. She's out now; gone to call on some friends. The Bennett's At Home day, I think it is. This is the first Saturday, isn't it? You know J. W. Bennett, don't you? Ah, he's in the House; doing very well I believe. He put me on to a very good thing the other day."

"But, I say," said Wilson, as they turned and strolled towards the front door, "what do you wear those black things for? You look hot. Look at me. Well, I've been gardening, you know, but I feel as cool as a cucumber. I daresay you don't know where to get these things? Very few men do. Where do you suppose I got 'em?"

"In the West End, I suppose," said Darnell, wishing to be polite.

"Yes, that's what everybody says. And it is a good cut. Well, I'll tell you, but you needn't pass it on to everybody. I got the tip from Jameson—you know him, 'Jim-Jams,' in the China trade, 39, Eastbrook—and he said he didn't want everybody in the City to know about it. But just go to Jennings,

in Old Wall, and mention my name, and you'll be all right. And what d'you think they cost?"

"I haven't a notion," said Darnell, who had never bought such a suit in his life.

"Well, have a guess."

Darnell regarded Wilson gravely.

The jacket hung about his body like a sack, the knickerbockers drooped lamentably over his calves, and in prominent positions, the bloom of the heather seemed about to fade and disappear.

"Three pounds, I suppose, at least," he said at length.

"Well, I asked Dench, in our place, the other day, and he guessed four ten and his father's got something to do with a big business in Conduit Street. But I only gave thirty-five and six. To measure? Of course; look at the cut, man."

Darnell was astonished at so low a price.

"And, by the way," Wilson went on, pointing to his new brown boots, "you know where to go for shoe-leather? Oh, I thought everybody was up to that! There's only one place. 'Mr. Bill,' in Gunning Street, — nine and six."

They were walking round and round the garden, and Wilson pointed out the flowers in the beds and borders. There were hardly any blossoms, but everything was neatly arranged.

"Here are the tuberous-rooted *Glasgowia*," he said, showing a rigid row of stunted plants; "those are *Squintaceæ*: this is a new introduction, *Moldavia Semperflorida Andersonii*; and this is *Prattsia*."

"When do they come out?" said Darnell.

"Most of them in the end of August or beginning of September," said Wilson, briefly. He was slightly annoyed with himself for having talked so much about his plants, since he saw that Darnell cared nothing for flowers; and, indeed, the visitor could hardly dissemble vague recollections that came to him; thoughts of an old, wild garden, full of odours, beneath grey walls, of the fragrance of the meadowsweet beside the brook.

"I wanted to consult you about some furniture," Darnell said at last. "You know we've got a spare room, and I'm thinking of putting a few things into it. I haven't exactly made up my mind, but I thought you might advise me."

"Come into my den," said Wilson. "No; this way, by the back;" and he shewed Darnell another ingenious arrangement at the side door whereby a violent high toned bell was set pealing in the house, if one did but touch the latch. Indeed Wilson handled it so briskly that the bell rang a wild alarm, and the servant, who was trying on her mistress's things in the bedroom, jumped madly to the window, and then danced a hysteric dance. There was plaster found on the drawing-room table on Sunday afternoon, and Wilson wrote a letter to the *Fulham Chronicle*, ascribing the phenomenon "to some disturbance of a seismic nature."

For the moment he knew nothing of the great results of his contrivance, and solemnly led the way towards the back of the house. Here, there was a patch of turf, beginning to look a little brown, with a background of shrubs. In the middle of the turf, a boy of nine or ten was standing all alone, with something of an air.

"The eldest," said Wilson. "Have-lock. Well, Lockie, what are ye doing now? And where are your brother and sister?"

The boy was not at all shy. Indeed, he seemed eager to explain the course of events.

"I'm playing at being Gawd," he said, with an engaging frankness. "And I've sent Fergus and Janet to the bad place. That's in the shrubbery. And they're never to come out any more. And they're burning for ever and ever."

"What d'you think of that?" said Wilson, admiringly. "Not bad for a youngster of nine, is it? They think a lot of him at the Sunday School. But come into my den."

The den was an apartment projecting from the back of the house. It had been designed as a back kitchen and washhouse, but Wilson had draped the "copper" in art muslin and had boarded

over the sink, so that it served as a workman's bench.

"Snug, isn't it?" he said, as he pushed forward one of the two wicker chairs. "I think out things here, you know; it's quiet. And what about this furnishing? Do you want to do the thing on a grand scale?"

"Oh, not at all. Quite the reverse. In fact, I don't know whether the sum at our disposal will be sufficient. You see the spare room is ten feet by twelve, with a western exposure, and I thought if we *could* manage it, that it would seem more cheerful furnished. Besides, it's pleasant to be able to ask a visitor; our aunt, Mrs. Nixon, for example. But she is accustomed to have everything very nice."

"And how much do you want to spend?"

"Well, I hardly think we should be justified in going much beyond ten pounds. That isn't enough, eh?"

Wilson got up and shut the door of the back kitchen impressively,

"Look here," he said, "I'm glad you came to me in the first place. Now you'll just tell me where you thought of going yourself."

"Well, I had thought of the Hampstead Road," said Darnell, in a hesitating manner.

"I just thought you'd say that. But I'll ask you, what is the good of going to those expensive shops in the West End? You don't get a better article for your money. You're merely paying for fashion."

"I've seen some nice things in Samuel's, though. They get a brilliant polish on their goods in those superior shops. We went there when we were married."

"Exactly, and paid ten per cent. more than you need have paid. It's throwing money away. And how much did you say you had to spend? Ten pounds. Well, I can tell you where to get a beautiful bedroom suite, in the very highest finish, for six pound ten. What d'you think of that? China included, mind you; and a square of carpet, brilliant colours, will only cost you fifteen and six. Look here, go any Saturday afternoon to Dick's, in the Seven Sisters Road, mention my name, and ask for

Mr. Johnston. The suite's in ash, 'Elizabethan' they call it. Six pound ten, including the china, with one of their 'Orient' carpets, nine by nine, for fifteen and six. Dick's."

Wilson spoke with some eloquence on the subject of furnishing. He pointed out that the times were changed, and that the old heavy style was quite out of date.

"You know," he said, "it isn't like it was in the old days when people used to buy things to last hundreds of years. Why, just before the wife and I were married, an uncle of mine died up in the North, and left me his furniture. I was thinking of furnishing at the time, and I thought the things might come in handy, but I assure you there wasn't a single article that I cared to give house-room to. All dingy, old mahogany; big bookcases and bureaus, and claw-legged chairs and tables. As I said to the wife (as she was soon afterwards) 'we don't exactly want to set up a chamber of horrors, do we?' So I sold off the lot for what I could get. I must confess I like a cheerful room."

Darnell said he had heard that artists liked the old-fashioned furniture.

"Oh, I daresay. The 'unclean cult of the sunflower' eh? You saw that piece in the *Daily Post*? I hate all that rot myself. It isn't healthy, you know, and I don't believe the English people will stand it. But talking of curiosities, I've got something here that's worth a bit of money."

He dived into some dusty receptacle in a corner of the room, and showed Darnell a small, worm-eaten Bible, wanting the first five chapters of Genesis, and the last leaf of the Apocalypse. It bore the date of 1753.

"It's my belief that's worth a lot," said Wilson. "Look at the worm-holes. And you see it's 'imperfect,' as they call it. You've noticed that some of the most valuable books are 'imperfect' at the sales?"

The interview came to an end soon after, and Darnell went home to his tea. He thought seriously of taking Wilson's advice, and after tea he told Mary of his idea and of what Wilson had said about Dick's.

Mary was a good deal taken by the plan when she had heard all the details. The prices struck her as very moderate. They were sitting one on each side of the grate (which was concealed by a pretty cardboard screen, painted with landscapes), and she rested her cheek on her hand, and her beautiful dark eyes seemed to dream and behold strange visions. In reality she was thinking of Darnell's plan.

"It would be very nice in some ways," she said at last. "But we must talk it over. What I am afraid of is that it will come to much more than ten pounds in the long run. There are so many things to be considered. There's the bed. It would look shabby if we got a common bed without brass mounts. Then the bedding, the mattress, and blankets, and sheets, and counterpane would all cost something."

She dreamed again, calculating the cost of all the necessaries, and Darnell stared anxiously; reckoning with her, and wondering what her conclusion would be. For a moment the delicate colouring of her face, the grace of her form, and the brown hair, drooping over her ears, and clustering in little curls about her neck, seemed to hint at a language which he had not yet learned, but she spoke again.

"The bedding would come to a great deal, I am afraid. Even if Dicks are considerably cheaper than Boons or Samuels. And, my dear, we must have some ornaments on the mantelpiece. I saw some very nice vases at eleven-three the other day at Wilkin & Dodds. We should want six at least, and there ought to be a centre-piece. You see how it mounts up."

Darnell was silent. He saw that his wife was summing up against his scheme, and though he had set his heart on it, he could not resist her arguments.

"It would be nearer twelve pounds than ten," she said. "The floor would have to be stained round the carpet (nine by nine, you said?) and we should want a piece of linoleum to go under the washstand. And the walls would look very bare without any pictures."

"I thought about the pictures," said

Darnell; and he spoke quite eagerly. He felt that here, at least, he was unassailable. "You know there's the 'Derby Day' and the 'Railway Station,' ready framed, standing in the corner of the box-room already. They're a bit old-fashioned, perhaps, but that doesn't matter in a bedroom. And couldn't we use some photographs? I saw a very neat frame in natural oak in the city, to hold half-a-dozen, for one and six. We might put in your father, and your brother James, and Aunt Marian, and your grandmother, in her widow's cap—and any of the others in the album. And then there's that old family picture in the hair-trunk—that might do over the mantelpiece."

"You mean your great-grandfather in the gilt frame? But that's *very* old-fashioned, isn't it? He looks so queer in his wig. I don't think it would quite go with the room, somehow."

Darnell thought a moment. The portrait was a "kit-cat" of a young gentleman, bravely dressed in the fashion of 1750, and he very faintly remembered some old tales that his father had told him about this ancestor—tales of the woods and fields, of the deep sunken lanes, and the forgotten country in the west.

"No," he said, "I suppose it is rather out of date. But I saw some very nice prints in the city, framed and quite cheap."

"Yes, but everything counts. Well, we will talk it over, as you say. You know we must be careful."

The servant came in with the supper, a tin of biscuits, a glass of milk for the mistress, and a modest pint of beer for the master, with a little cheese and butter. Afterwards Edward smoked two pipes of honeydew, and they went quietly to bed; Mary going first, and her husband following a quarter of an hour later, according to the ritual established from the first days of their marriage. Front and back doors were locked, the gas was turned off at the metre, and when Darnell got upstairs he found his wife already in bed, her face turned round on the pillow.

She spoke softly to him as he came into the room.

"It would be impossible to buy a presentable bed at anything under one pound eleven, and good sheets are dear, anywhere."

He slipped off his clothes and slid gently into bed, putting out the candle on the table. The blinds were all evenly and duly drawn, but it was a June night and beyond the walls, beyond that desolate world and wilderness of grey Shepherd's Bush a great golden moon had floated up through magic films of cloud, above the hill, and the earth was filled with a wonderful light between red sunset lingering over the mountain, and that marvellous glory that shone into the woods from the summit of the hill. Darnell seemed to see some reflection of that wizard brightness in the room; the pale walls and the white bed and his wife's face lying amidst brown hair upon the pillow, were illuminated, and listening he could almost hear the corncrake in the fields, the fern-owl sounding his strange note from the quiet of the rugged place where the bracken grew, and, like the echo of a magic song, the melody of the nightingale that sung all night in the alder by the little brook. There was nothing that he could say, but he slowly stole his arm under his wife's neck, and played with the ringlets of brown hair. She never moved, she lay there gently breathing, looking up to the blank ceiling of the room with her beautiful eyes, thinking also, no doubt, thoughts that she could not utter, kissing her husband obediently when he asked her to do so, and he stammered and hesitated as he spoke.

They were nearly asleep, indeed Darnell was on the very eve of dreaming, when she said very softly—

"I am afraid, darling, that we could never afford it." And he heard her words through the murmur of the water, dripping from the grey rock, and falling into the clear pool beneath.

Sunday morning was always an occasion of idleness. Indeed they would never have got breakfast if Mrs. Darnell, who had the instincts of the housewife, had not awoke and seen the bright sunshine, and felt that the house was too still. She lay quiet for five minutes, while her husband slept beside her, and

listened intently, waiting for the sound of Alice stirring down below. A golden tube of sunlight shone through some opening in the Venetian blinds, and it shone on the brown hair that lay about her head on the pillow, and she looked steadily into the room at the "Duchesse" toilet table, the coloured ware of the wash-stand, and the two photogravures in oak frames, "The Meeting" and "The Parting," that hung upon the wall. She was half dreaming as she listened for the servant's footsteps, and the faint shadow of a shade of a thought came over her, and she imagined dimly, for the quick moment of a dream, another world where rapture was wine, where one wandered in a deep and happy valley, and the moon was always rising red above the trees. She was thinking of Hampstead, which represented to her the vision of the world beyond the walls, and the thought of the heath led her away to Bank Holidays, and then to Alice. There was not a sound in the house; it might have been midnight for the stillness if the drawling cry of the Sunday paper had not suddenly echoed round the corner of Edna Road, and with it came the warning clank and shriek of the milkman with his pails.

Mrs. Darnell sat up, and wide-awake, listened more intently. The girl was evidently fast asleep, and must be roused, or all the work of the day would be out of joint, and she remembered how Edward hated any fuss or discussion about household matters, more especially on a Sunday after his long week's work in the City. She gave her husband an affectionate glance as he slept on, for she was very fond of him, and so she gently rose from the bed, and went in her night gown to call the maid.

The servant's room was small and stuffy, the night had been very hot, and Mrs. Darnell paused for a moment at the door, wondering whether the girl on the bed was really the dusty faced servant who bustled day by day about the house, or even the strangely bedizened creature, dressed in purple, with a shiny face, who would appear on the Sunday afternoon, bringing in an early tea, because it was her "evening out."

Alice's hair was black and her skin was pale, almost of the olive tinge, and she lay asleep, her head resting on one arm, reminding Mrs. Darnell of a queer print of a "Tired Bacchante," that she had seen long ago in a shop window in Upper Street, Islington. And a cracked bell was ringing; that meant five minutes to eight, and nothing done.

She touched the girl gently on the shoulder, and only smiled when her eyes opened, and waking with a start, she got up in sudden confusion. Mrs. Darnell went back to her room and dressed slowly while her husband still slept, and it was only at the last moment, as she fastened her cherry-coloured bodice, that she roused him, telling him that the bacon would be overdone unless he hurried over his dressing.

Over the breakfast they discussed the question of the spare room all over again. Mrs. Darnell still admitted that the plan of furnishing it attracted her, but she could not see how it could be done for the ten pounds, and as they were prudent people they did not care to encroach on their savings. Edward was highly paid, having (with allowances for extra work in busy weeks) a hundred and forty pounds a year, and Mary had inherited from an old uncle, her godfather, three hundred pounds, which had been judiciously laid out in mortgage at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Their total income, then, counting in Aunt Marian's present, was a hundred and fifty-eight pounds a year, and they were clear of debt, since Darnell had bought the furniture for the house out of money which he had saved for five or six years before. In the first few years of his life in the city, his income had, of course, been smaller, and at first he had lived very freely, without a thought of laying by. The theatres and music halls had attracted him, and scarcely a week passed without his going (in the pit) to one or the other; and he had occasionally bought photographs of actresses who pleased him. These he had solemnly burnt when he became engaged to Mary; he remembered the evening well; his heart had been so full of joy and wonder, and the landlady had complained bitterly of the mess in the

grate when he came home from the city the next night. Still, the money was lost, as far as he could recollect ten or twelve shillings; and it annoyed him all the more to reflect that if he had put it by, it would have gone far towards the purchase of an "Orient" carpet in brilliant colours. Then there had been other expenses of his youth; he had purchased threepenny and even fourpenny cigars, the latter rarely, but the former frequently, sometimes singly, and sometimes in bundles of twelve for half-a-crown. Once a meerschaum pipe had haunted him for six weeks; the tobacconist had drawn it out of a drawer with some air of secrecy as he was buying a packet of "Lone Star." Here was another useless expense, these American-manufactured tobaccos; his "Lone Star," "Long Judge," "Old Hank," "Sultry Clime," and the rest of them cost from a shilling to one-and-six the two-ounce packet; whereas, now he got excellent loose honeydew for threepence-halfpenny an ounce. But the crafty tradesman, who had marked him down as a buyer of expensive fancy goods, nodded with his air of mystery, and, snapping open the case, displayed the meerschaum before the dazzled eyes of Darnell. The bowl was carved in the likeness of a female figure, showing the head and *torso*, and the mouthpiece was of the very best amber—only twelve and six, the man said, and the amber alone, he declared was worth more than that. He explained that he felt some delicacy about showing the pipe to any but a regular customer, and was willing to take a little under cost price and "cut the loss." Darnell resisted for the time, but the pipe troubled him, and at last he bought it. He was pleased to show it to the younger men in the office for a while, but it never smoked very well, and he gave it away just before his marriage, as, from the nature of the carving it would have been impossible to use it in his wife's presence. Once, while he was taking his holidays at Hastings, he had purchased a malacca cane—a useless thing that had cost seven shillings—and he reflected with sorrow on the innumerable evenings on

which he had rejected his landlady's plain fried chop, and had gone out to *flaner* among the Italian restaurants in Upper Street, Islington (he lodged in Holloway), pampering himself with expensive delicacies; cutlets and green peas, braised beef with tomato sauce, fillet steak and chip potatoes, ending the banquet very often with a small wedge of Gruyère, which cost twopence. One night, after receiving a rise in his salary, he had actually drunk a quarter flask of Chianti and had added the enormities of Benedictine, coffee and cigarettes to an expenditure already disgraceful, and sixpence to the waiter made the bill amount to four shillings instead of the shilling that would have provided him with a wholesome and sufficient repast at home. Oh, there were many other items in this account of extravagance, and Darnell had often regretted his way of life, thinking that if he had been more careful, five or six pounds a year might have been added to their income.

And the question of the spare-room brought back these regrets in an exaggerated degree. He persuaded himself that the extra five pounds would have given a sufficient margin for the outlay that he desired to make; though this was, no doubt, a mistake on his part. But he saw, quite clearly that, under the present conditions, there must be no levies made on the very small sum of money that they had saved. The rent of the house was thirty-five, and rates and taxes added another ten pounds—nearly a quarter of their income for house-room. Mary kept down the housekeeping bills to the very best of her ability, but meat was always dear, and she suspected the maid of cutting surreptitious slices from the joint and eating them in her bedroom with bread and treacle in the dead of night, for the girl had disordered and eccentric appetites. Mr. Darnell thought no more of restaurants, cheap or dear; he took his lunch with him to the City, and joined his wife in the evening at high tea—chops, a bit of steak, or cold meat from the Sunday's dinner. Mrs. Darnell ate bread and jam and drank a little milk in the middle of the day; but,

with the utmost economy, the effort to live within their means and to save for future contingencies was a very hard one. They had determined to do without change of air for at least three years, as the honeymoon at Walton-on-the-Naze had cost a good deal; and it was on this ground that they had, somewhat illogically, reserved the ten pounds, declaring that as they were not to have any holiday they would spend the money on something useful.

And it was this consideration of utility that was finally fatal to Darnell's scheme. They had calculated and recalculated the expense of the bed and bedding, the linoleum, and the ornaments, and by a great deal of exertion the total expenditure had been made to assume the shape of "something very little over ten pounds," when Mary said quite suddenly:

"But, after all, Edward, we don't really *want* to furnish the room at all. I mean it isn't necessary. And if we did so it might lead to no end of expense. People would hear of it and be sure to fish for invitations. You know we have relatives in the country, and they would be almost certain, the Mallings, at any rate, to give hints."

Darnell saw the force of the argument and gave way. But he was bitterly disappointed.

"It would have been very nice, wouldn't it?" he said with a sigh.

"Never mind, dear," said Mary, who saw that he was a good deal cast down. "We must think of some other plan that will be nice and useful too."

She often spoke to him in that tone of a kind mother, though she was by three years the younger.

"And now," she said, "I must get ready for church. Are you coming?"

Darnell said that he thought not. He usually accompanied his wife to morning service, but that day he felt some bitterness in his heart, and preferred to lounge under the shade of the big mulberry tree that stood in the middle of their patch of garden—relic of the spacious lawns that had once lain smooth and green and sweet, where the dismal streets now swarmed in a hopeless labyrinth.

So Mary went quietly and alone to church. St. Paul's stood in a neighbouring street, and its Gothic design would have interested a curious inquirer into the history of a strange revival. Obviously, mechanically, there was nothing amiss. The style chosen was "geometrical decorated," and the tracery of the windows seemed correct. The nave, the aisles, the spacious chancel, were reasonably proportioned; and to be quite serious, the only feature obviously wrong was the substitution of a low "chancel wall" with iron gates for the rood screen with the loft and rood. But this, it might plausibly be contended, was merely an adaptation of the old idea to modern requirements, and it would have been quite difficult to explain why the whole building, from the mere mortar setting between the stones to the Gothic gas standards, was a mysterious and elaborate blasphemy. The canticles were sung to Joll in B flat, the chants were "Anglican," and the sermon was the Gospel for the day, amplified and rendered into the more modern and graceful English of the preacher. And Mary came away.

After their dinner (an excellent piece of Australian mutton, bought in the "World Wide" Stores, in Hammer-smith), they sat for some time in the garden, partly sheltered by the big mulberry tree from the observation of their neighbours. Edward smoked his honeydew, and Mary looked at him with placid affection.

"You never tell me about the men in your office," she said at length. "Some of them are nice fellows, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, they're very decent. I must bring some of them round, one of these days."

He remembered with a pang that it would be necessary to provide whiskey. One couldn't ask the guest to drink table beer at tenpence the gallon.

"Who are they, though?" said Mary. "I think they might have given you a wedding-present."

"Well, I don't know. We never have gone in for that sort of thing. But they're very decent chaps. Well, there's Harvey; 'Sauce' they call him behind his back. He's mad on bicycling. He

went in last year for the Two Miles Amateur Record. He'd have made it, too, if he could have got into better training."

"Then, there's James, a sporting man. You wouldn't care for him. I always think he smells of the stable."

"How horrid!" said Mrs. Darnell, finding her husband a little frank, lowering her eyes as she spoke.

"Dickenson might amuse you," Darnell went on. "He's always got a joke. A terrible liar, though. When he tells a tale we never know how much to believe. He swore the other day he'd seen one of the governors buying cockles off a barrow near London Bridge, and Jones, who's just come, believed every word of it."

Darnell laughed at the humorous recollection of the jest.

"And that wasn't a bad yarn about Salter's wife," he went on. "Salter is the manager, you know. Dickenson lives close by, in Notting Hill, and he said one morning that he had seen Mrs. Salter, in the Portobello Road, in red stockings, dancing to a piano organ."

"He's a little coarse, isn't he?" said Mrs. Darnell. "I don't see much fun in that."

"Well, you know, amongst men it's different. You might like Wallis; he's a tremendous photographer. He often shows us photos he's taken of his children—one, a little girl of three, in her bath. I asked him how he thought she'd like it when she was twenty-three."

Mrs. Darnell looked down, and made no answer.

There was silence for some minutes while Darnell smoked his pipe. "I say, Mary," he said at length, "what do you say to our taking a paying guest?"

"A paying guest! I never thought of it. Where should we put him?"

"Why, I was thinking of the spare room. The plan would obviate your objection, wouldn't it? Lots of men in the city take them, and make money of it, too. I dare say it would add ten pounds a year to our income. Redgrave, the cashier, finds it worth his while to take a large house on purpose. They have a regular lawn for tennis and a billiard room."

Mary considered gravely, always with the dream in her eyes. "I don't think we could manage it, Edward," she said, "It would be inconvenient in many ways." She hesitated for a moment. "And I don't think I should care to have a young man in the house. It is so very small, and our accommodation, as you know, is so limited."

She blushed slightly, and Edward, a little disappointed as he was, looked at her with a singular longing, as if he were a scholar confronted with a doubtful hieroglyph, either wholly wonderful or altogether commonplace. Next door children were playing in the garden, playing shrilly, laughing, crying, quarrelling, racing to and fro. Suddenly a clear pleasant voice sounded from an upper window.

"Enid! Charles! Come up to my room at once!"

There was an instant sudden hush. The children's voices died away.

"Mrs. Parker is supposed to keep her children in great order," said Mary. "Alice was telling me about it the other day. She had been talking to Mrs. Parker's servant. I listened to her without any remark, as I don't think it right to encourage servant's gossip; they always exaggerate everything. And I daresay children often require to be corrected."

The children were struck silent as if some ghastly terror had seized them.

Darnell fancied that he heard a queer sort of cry from the house, but could not be quite sure. He turned to the other side where an elderly, ordinary man with a grey moustache was strolling up and down on the further side of his garden. He caught Darnell's eye, and Mrs. Darnell looking towards him at the same moment, he very politely raised his tweed cap. Darnell was surprised to see his wife blushing fiercely.

"Sayce and I often go into the city by the same 'bus," he said, "and as it happens we've sat next to each other two or three times lately. I believe he's a traveller for a leather firm in Bermondsey. He struck me as a pleasant man. Haven't they got rather a good-looking servant?"

"Alice has spoken to me about her

— and the Sayces," said Mrs. Darnell. "I understand that they are not very well thought of in the neighbourhood. But I must go in and see whether the tea is ready. Alice will be wanting to go out directly."

Darnell looked after his wife as she walked quickly away. He only dimly understood, but he could see the charm of her figure, the delight of the brown curls clustering about her neck, and he again felt that sense of the scholar confronted by the hieroglyphic. He could not have expressed his emotion, but he wondered whether he would ever find the key, and something told him that before she could speak to him his own lips must be unclosed. She had gone into the house by the back-kitchen door, leaving it open, and he heard her speaking to the girl about the water being "really boiling." He was amazed, almost indignant with himself; but the sound of the words came to his ears as strange, heart-piercing music, tones from another, wonderful sphere. And yet he was her husband, and they had been married nearly a year, and yet, whenever she spoke, he had to listen to the sense of what she said, constraining himself, lest he should believe she was a magic creature, knowing the secrets of immeasurable delight.

He looked out through the leaves of the mulberry tree. Mr. Sayce had disappeared from his view, but he saw the light blue fume of the cigar that he was smoking floating slowly across the shadowed air. He was wondering at his wife's manner when Sayce's name was mentioned, puzzling his head as to what could be amiss in the household of a most respectable personage, when his wife appeared at the dining-room window, and called him in to tea. She smiled as he looked up, and he rose hastily and walked in, wondering whether he were not a little "queer," so strange were the dim emotions and the dimmer impulses that rose within him.

Alice was all shining purple and strong scent, as she brought in the teapot and the jug of hot water. It seemed that a visit to the kitchen had inspired Mrs. Darnell in her turn with a novel plan for disposing of the famous ten pounds.

The range had always been a trouble to her, and when, sometimes, she went into the kitchen, and found, as she said, the fire "roaring half-way up the chimney," it was in vain that she reproved the maid on the ground of extravagance and waste of coal. Alice was ready to admit the absurdity of making up such an enormous fire merely to bake (they called it "roast") a bit of beef or mutton, and to boil the potatoes and the cabbage; but she was able to show Mrs. Darnell that the fault lay in the defective contrivance of the range, in an oven which "would not get hot." Even with a chop or a steak it was almost as bad; the heat seemed to escape up the chimney into the room, and Mary had spoken several times to her husband on the shocking waste of coal, and the cheapest coal procurable was never less than eighteen shillings the ton. Mr. Darnell had written to the landlord, a builder, who had replied in an illiterate but offensive communication, maintaining the excellence of the stove and charging all the faults to the account of "your good lady," which really implied that the Darnells kept no servant, and that Mrs. Darnell did everything. The range, then, remained, a standing annoyance and expense. Every morning, Alice said, she had the greatest difficulty in getting the fire to light at all, and once lighted it "seemed as if it fled right up the chimney." Only a few nights before Mrs. Darnell had spoken seriously to her husband about it; she had got Alice to weigh the coals expended in cooking a cottage pie, the dish of the evening, and deducting what remained in the scuttle after the pie was done, it appeared that the wretched thing had consumed nearly twice the proper quantity of fuel.

"You remember what I said the other night about the range?" said Mrs. Darnell, as she poured out the tea, and watered the leaves. She thought the introduction a good one, for though her husband was a most amiable man, she guessed that he had been just a little hurt by her decision against his furnishing scheme.

"The range?" said Darnell. He paused as he helped himself to the mar-

malade, and considered for a moment. "No, I don't recollect. What night was it?"

"Tuesday. Don't you remember? You had 'overtime,' and didn't get home till quite late."

She paused for a moment, blushing slightly; and then began to recapitulate the misdeeds of the range, and the outrageous outlay of coal in the preparation of the cottage pie.

"Oh, I recollect now. That was the night I thought I heard the nightingale (people say there are nightingales in Bedford Park), and the sky was such a wonderful deep blue."

He remembered how he had walked from Uxbridge Road Station, where the green 'bus stopped, and in spite of the fuming kilns under Acton, a delicate odour of the woods and summer fields was mysteriously in the air, and he had fancied that he smelt the red, wild roses, drooping from the hedge. As he came to his gate he saw his wife standing in the doorway, with a light in her hand, and he threw his arms violently about her as she welcomed him, and whispered something in her ear, kissing her scented hair. He had felt quite abashed a moment afterwards, and he was afraid that he had frightened her by his nonsense; she seemed trembling and confused. And then she had told him how they had weighed the coal.

"Yes, I remember now," he said. "It is a great nuisance, isn't it? I hate to throw away money like that."

"Well, what do you think? Suppose we bought a really good range with aunt's money? It would save us a lot, and I expect the things would taste much nicer."

Darnell passed the marmalade, and confessed that the idea was brilliant.

"It's much better than mine, Mary," he said, quite frankly. "I am so glad you thought of it. But we must talk it over; it doesn't do to buy in a hurry. There are so many makes."

Each had seen ranges which looked miraculous inventions; he in the neighbourhood of the City; she in Oxford Street and Regent Street, on visits to the dentist. They discussed the matter at tea, and afterwards they discussed it

walking round and round the garden, in the sweet cool of the evening.

"They say the 'Newcastle' will burn anything, coke even," said Mary.

"But the 'Glow' got the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition," said Edward.

"But what about the Eutopia Kitchener? Have you seen it at work in Oxford Street?" said Mary. "They say their plan of ventilating the oven is quite unique."

"I was in Fleet Street the other day," answered Edward, "and I was looking at the Bliss Patent Stoves. They burn less fuel than any in the market—so the makers declare."

He put his arm gently round her waist. She did not repel him; she whispered quite softly:

"I think Mrs. Parker is at her window," and he drew his arm back slowly.

"But we will talk it all over," he said. "There is no hurry. I might call at some of the places near the city, and you might do the same thing in Oxford Street and Regent Street, and Piccadilly, and we could compare notes."

Mary was quite pleased with her husband's good temper. It was so nice of him not to find fault with her plan; "he's so good to me," she thought, and that was what she often said to her brother, who did not care much for Darnell. They sat down on the seat under the mulberry, close together, and she let Darnell take her hand, and as she felt his shy, hesitating fingers touch her in the shadow, she pressed them ever so softly, and as he fondled her hand, his breath was on her neck, and she heard his passionate, hesitating voice whisper "my dear, my dear," as his lips touched her cheek. She trembled a little, and waited. Darnell kissed her gently on the cheek and drew away his hand, and when he spoke he was almost breathless.

"We had better go in now," he said. "There is a heavy dew, and you might catch cold."

A warm, scented gale came to them from beyond the walls. He longed to ask her to stay out with him all night beneath the tree, that they might whisper to one another, that the scent of

her hair might inebriate him, that he might feel her dress still brushing against his ankles. But he could not find the words, and it was absurd, and she was so gentle that she would do whatever he asked, however foolish it might be, just because he asked her. He was not worthy to kiss her lips; he bent down and kissed her silk bodice, and again he felt that she trembled, and he was ashamed, fearing that he had frightened her.

They went slowly into the house, side by side, and Darnell lit the gas in the drawing-room, where they always sat on Sunday evenings. Mrs. Darnell felt a little tired and lay down on the sofa, and Darnell took the armchair opposite. For a while they were silent, and then Darnell said suddenly,—

"What's wrong with the Sayces? You seemed to think there was something a little strange about them. Their maid looks quite quiet."

"Oh, I don't know that one ought to pay any attention to servant's gossip. They're not always very truthful."

"It was Alice told you, wasn't it?"

"Yes. She was speaking to me the other day, when I was in the kitchen in the afternoon."

"But what was it?"

"Oh, I'd rather not tell you, Edward. It's not pleasant. I scolded Alice for repeating it to me."

Darnell got up and took a small, frail chair near the sofa.

"Tell me," he said again with an odd perversity. He did not really care to hear about the household next door, but he remembered how his wife's cheeks flushed in the afternoon, and now he was looking at her eyes.

"Oh, I really couldn't tell you, dear. I should feel ashamed."

"But you're my wife."

"Yes, but it doesn't make any difference. A woman doesn't like to talk about such things."

Darnell bent his head down. His heart was beating; he put his ear to her mouth, and said "whisper."

Mary drew his head down still lower with her gentle hand, and her cheeks burned as she whispered:

"Alice says that—upstairs—they have

only—one room furnished. The maid told her—herself."

With an unconscious gesture, she pressed his head to her breast, and he in turn was bending her red lips to his own, when a violent jangle clamoured through the silent house. They sat up, and Mrs. Darnell went hurriedly to the door.

"That's Alice," she said. "She is always in in time. It has only just struck ten."

Darnell shivered with annoyance. His lips, he knew, had almost been opened. Mary's pretty handkerchief, delicately scented from a little flagon that a school friend had given her, lay on the floor, and he picked it up, and kissed it, and hid it away.

The question of the range occupied them all through June and far into July. Mrs. Darnell took every opportunity of going to the West End and investigating the capacity of the latest makes, gravely viewing the new, improvements and hearing what the shopmen had to say; while Darnell, as he said, "kept his eyes open" about the city. They accumulated quite a literature of the subject, bringing away illustrated pamphlets, and in the evenings it was an amusement to look at the pictures. They viewed with reverence and interest the drawings of great ranges for hotels and public institutions, mighty contrivances furnished with a series of ovens each for a different use, with wonderful apparatus for grilling, with batteries of accessories which seemed to invest the cook almost with the dignity of a chief engineer. But when, in one of the lists, they encountered the images of little toy "cottage" ranges, for four pounds, and even for three pounds ten, they grew scornful, on the strength of the eight or ten pound article which they meant to purchase—when the merits of the divers patents had been thoroughly thrashed out.

The "Raven" was for a long time Mary's favourite. It promised the utmost economy with the highest efficiency, and many times they were on the point of giving the order. But the "Glow" seemed equally seductive, and it was only £8 5s., as compared with £9 7s. 6d.,

and though the "Raven" was supplied to the Royal Kitchen, the "Glow" could show more fervent testimonials from continental potentates.

It seemed a debate without end, and it endured day after day till that morning, when Darnell woke from the dream of the ancient wood, of the fountains rising into grey vapour beneath the heat of the sun. As he dressed, an idea struck him, and he brought it as a shock to the hurried breakfast, disturbed by the thought of the city 'bus which passed the corner of the street at nine-fifteen.

"I've got an improvement on your plan, Mary," he said, with triumph. "Look at that," and he flung a little book on the table.

He laughed. "It beats your notion all to fits. After all the great expense is the coal. It's not the stove—at least that's not the real mischief. It's the coal is so dear. And here you are. Look at those oil-stoves. They don't burn any coal, but the cheapest fuel in the world, oil; and for two pound ten you can get a range that will do everything you want."

"Give me the book," said Mary, "and we will talk it over in the evening, when you come home. Must you be going?"

Darnell cast an anxious glance at the clock.

"Good-bye," and they kissed each other seriously and dutifully, and Mary's eyes made Darnell think of those lonely waterpools, hidden in the shadow of the ancient woods.

So, day after day, he lived in the grey phantasmal world, akin to death, that has, somehow, with most of us, made good its claim to be called life. To Darnell the true life would have seemed madness, and when, now and again, the shadows and vague images reflected from its splendour fell across his path, he was afraid, and took refuge in what he would have called the sane "reality" of common and usual incidents and interests. His absurdity was, perhaps, the more evident, inasmuch as "reality" for him was a matter of kitchen ranges, of saving a few shillings; but in truth the folly would have been greater if it had been concerned with racing stables,

steam yachts, and the spending of many thousand pounds.

But so went forth Darnell, day by day, strangely mistaking death for life, madness for sanity, and purposeless and wandering phantoms for true beings.

He was sincerely of opinion that he was a city clerk, living in Shepherd's Bush—having forgotten the mysteries and the far-shining glories of the kingdom which was his by legitimate inheritance.



A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

By Arthur Machen

II.



ALL day long a fierce and heavy heat had brooded over the city, and as Darnell neared home he saw the mist lying on all the damp lowlands, wreathed in coils about Bedford Park to the south, and mounting to the west, so that the tower of Acton Church loomed out of a grey lake. The grass in the squares and on the lawns which he overlooked as the 'bus lumbered wearily along, was burnt to the colour of dust. Shepherd's Bush Green was a wretched desert, trampled brown, bordered with monotonous poplars, whose leaves hung motionless in air that was still, hot smoke. The foot passengers struggled wearily along the pavements, and the reek of the summer's end mingled with the breath of the brickfields made Darnell gasp, as if he were inhaling the poison of some foul sick-room.

He made but a slight inroad into the cold mutton that adorned the tea-table, and confessed that he felt rather "done up" by the weather and the day's work.

"I have had a trying day, too," said Mary. "Alice has been very queer and troublesome all day, and I have had to speak to her quite seriously. You know I think her Sunday evenings out have a rather unsettling influence on the girl. But what is one to do?"

"Has she got a young man?"

"Of course: a grocer's assistant from the Goldhawk Road—Wilkin's, you know. I tried them when we settled here, but they were not very satisfactory."

"What do they do with themselves

all the evening? They have from five to ten, haven't they?"

"Yes; five, or sometimes half-past, when the water won't boil. Well, I believe they go for walks usually. Once or twice he has taken her to the City Temple, and the Sunday before last they walked up and down Oxford Street, and then sat in the Park. But it seems that last Sunday they went to tea with his mother at Putney. I should like to tell the old woman what I really think of her."

"Why? What happened? Was she nasty to the girl?"

"No; that's just it. Before this, she has been very unpleasant on several occasions. When the young man first took Alice to see her—that was in March—the girl came away crying; she told me so herself. Indeed, she said she never wanted to see old Mrs. Murry again; and I told Alice that, if she had not exaggerated things, I could hardly blame her for feeling like that."

"Why? What did she cry for?"

"Well, it seems that the old lady—she lives in quite a small cottage in some Putney back street—was so stately that she would hardly speak. She had borrowed a little girl from some neighbour's family, and had managed to dress her up to imitate a servant, and Alice said nothing could be sillier than to see that mite opening the door, with her black dress and her white cap and apron, and she hardly able to turn the handle, as Alice said. George (that's the young man's name) had told Alice that it was a little bit of a house; but he said the kitchen was comfortable, though very plain and old-fashioned. But, instead of going straight to the back, and sitting by a big fire on the old settle that they had brought up from the country, that

child asked for their names (did you ever hear such nonsense?) and shewed them into a little pokey parlour, where old Mrs. Murry was sitting 'like a duchess,' by a fire-place full of coloured paper, and the room as cold as ice. And she was so grand that she would hardly speak to Alice."

"That must have been very unpleasant."

"Oh, the poor girl had a dreadful time. She began with: 'Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Dill. I know so very few persons in service.' Alice imitates her mincing way of talking, but I can't do it. And then she went on to talk about her family, how they had farmed their own land for five hundred years—such stuff! George had told Alice all about it: they had had an old cottage with a good strip of garden and two fields somewhere in Essex, and that old woman talked almost as if they had been country gentry, and boasted about the Rector, Doctor Somebody, coming to see them so often, and of Squire Somebody Else always looking them up, as if they didn't visit them out of kindness. Alice told me it was as much as she could do to keep from laughing in Mrs. Murry's face, her young man having told her all about the place, and how small it was, and how the Squire had been so kind about buying it when old Murry died and George was a little boy, and his mother not able to keep things going. However, that silly old woman 'laid it on thick,' as you say, and the young man got more and more uncomfortable, especially when she went on to speak about marrying in one's own class, and how unhappy she had known young men to be who had married beneath them, giving some very pointed looks at Alice as she talked. And then such an amusing thing happened: Alice had noticed George looking about him in a puzzled sort of way, as if he couldn't make out something or other, and at last he burst out and asked his mother if she had been buying up the neighbours' ornaments, as he remembered the two green cut-glass vases on the mantelpiece at Mrs. Ellis's, and the wax flowers at Miss Turvey's. He was going on, but his mother scowled at him, and upset

some books, which he had to pick up, but Alice quite understood she had been borrowing things from her neighbours, just as she had borrowed the little girl, so as to look grander. And then they had tea—water bewitched, Alice calls it—and very thin bread and butter, and rubbishy foreign pastry from the Swiss shop in the High Street—all sour froth and rancid fat, Alice declares. And then Mrs. Murry began boasting again about her family, and snubbing Alice and talking at her, till the girl came away quite furious, and very unhappy, too. I don't wonder at it, do you?"

"It doesn't sound very enjoyable, certainly," said Darnell, looking dreamily at his wife. He had not been attending very carefully to the subject-matter of her story, but he loved to hear a voice that was incantation in his ears, tones that summoned before him the vision of a magic world.

"And has the young man's mother always been like this?" he said, after a long pause, desiring that the music should continue.

"Always, till quite lately, till last Sunday in fact. Of course Alice spoke to George Murry at once, and said, like a sensible girl, that she didn't think it ever answered for a married couple to live with the man's mother, 'especially,' she went on, 'as I can see your mother hasn't taken much of a fancy to me.' He told her, in the usual style, it was only his mother's way, that she didn't really mean anything, and so on, but Alice kept away for a long time, and rather hinted, I think, that it might come to having to choose between her and his mother. And so affairs went on all through the spring and summer, and then, just before the August Bank Holiday, George spoke to Alice again about it, and told her how sorry the thought of any unpleasantness made him, and how he wanted his mother and her to get on with each other, and how she was only a bit old-fashioned and queer in her ways, and had spoken very nicely to him about her when there was nobody by. So the long and the short of it was that Alice said she might come with them on the Monday, when they had settled to go to Hampton Court—the

girl was always talking about Hampton Court, and wanting to see it. You remember what a beautiful day it was, don't you?"

"Let me see," said Dalton, dreamily. "Oh yes, of course—I sat out under the mulberry tree all day, and we had our meals there: it was quite a pic-nic. The caterpillars were a nuisance, but I enjoyed the day very much." His ears were charmed, ravished with the grave, supernal melody, as of antique song, rather of the first made world in which all speech was descant, and all words were sacraments of might, speaking not to the mind but to the soul. He lay back in his chair, and said:

"Well, what happened to them?"

"My dear, would you believe it; but that wretched old woman behaved worse than ever. They met as had been arranged, at Kew Bridge, and got places, with a good deal of difficulty, in one of those char-a-banc things, and Alice thought she was going to enjoy herself tremendously. Nothing of the kind. They had hardly said 'good morning,' when old Mrs. Murry began to talk about Kew Gardens, and how beautiful it must be there, and how much more convenient it was than Hampton, and no expense at all; just the trouble of walking over the bridge. Then she went on to say, as they were waiting for the char-a-banc, that she had always heard there was nothing to see at Hampton, except a lot of nasty, grimy old pictures, and some of them not fit for any decent woman, let alone girl, to look at, and she wondered why the Queen allowed such things to be shown, putting all kinds of notions into girls' heads that were light enough already; and as she said that she looked at Alice so nastily—horrid old thing—that, as she told me afterwards, Alice would have slapped her face if she hadn't been an elderly woman, and George's mother. Then she talked about Kew again, saying how wonderful the hot-houses were, with palms and all sorts of wonderful things, and a lily as big as a parlour table, and the view over the river. George was very good, Alice told me. He was quite taken aback, at first, as the old woman had promised

faithfully to be as nice as ever she could be; but then he said, gently but firmly, 'Well, mother, we must go to Kew some other day, as Alice has set her heart on Hampton for to-day, and I want to see it myself!' All Mrs. Murry did was to snort, and look at the girl like vinegar, and just then the *char-a-banc* came up, and they had to scramble for their seats. Mrs. Murry grumbled to herself in an indistinct sort of voice all the way to Hampton Court. Alice couldn't very well make out what she said, but now and then she seemed to hear bits of sentences, like: *Pity to grow old; if sons grow bold; and Honour thy father and mother; and lie on the shelf said the housewife to the old shoe; and the wicked son to his mother; and I gave you milk and you give me the go-bye.* Alice thought they must be proverbs (except the Commandment, of course), as George was always saying how old-fashioned his mother is, but she says there were so many of them and all pointed at her and George that she thinks now Mrs. Murry must have made them up as they drove along. She says it would be just like her to do it, being old-fashioned, and ill-natured too, and fuller of talk than a butcher on Saturday night. Well, they got to Hampton at last, and Alice thought the place would please her, perhaps, and they might have some enjoyment. But she did nothing but grumble, and out loud too, so that people looked at them, and a woman said, so that they could hear, 'Ah, well, they'll be old themselves some day,' which made Alice very angry, for as she said they weren't doing anything. When they showed her the chestnut avenue in Bushey Park, she said it was so long and straight that it made her quite dull to look at it, and she thought the deer (you know how pretty they are, really), looked thin and miserable, as if they would be all the better for a good feed of hog-wash, with plenty of meal in it. She said she knew they weren't happy by the look in their eyes, which seemed to tell her that their keepers beat them. It was the same with everything; she said she remembered market-gardens in Hammersmith and Gunnersbury that had a better show of flowers, and when they took

her to the place where the water is, under the trees, she burst out with its being rather hard to tramp her off her legs to show her a common canal, with not so much as a barge on it, to liven it up a bit. She went on like that the whole day, and Alice told me she was only too thankful to get home and get rid of her. Wasn't it wretched for the girl?"

"It must have been, indeed. But what happened last Sunday?"

"That's the most extraordinary thing of all. I noticed that Alice was rather queer in her manner this morning; she was a longer time washing up the breakfast things, and she answered me quite sharply when I called to her to ask when she would be ready to help me with the wash; and when I went into the kitchen to see about something, I noticed that she was going about her work in a sulky sort of way. So I asked her what was the matter, and then it all came out. I could scarcely believe my own ears when she mumbled out something about Mrs. Murry thinking she could do very much better for herself; but I asked her one question after another till I had it all out of her. It just shows one how foolish and empty-headed these girls are. I told her she was no better than a weather-cock. If you will believe me, that horrid old woman was quite another person when Alice went to see her the other night. Why, I can't think, but so she was. She told the girl how pretty she was; what a neat figure she had; how well she walked, and how she'd known many a girl not half so clever or well-looking earning her twenty-five or thirty pounds a year, and with good families. She seems to have gone into all sorts of details, and made elaborate calculations as to what she would be able to save, 'with decent folks, who don't screw. and pinch, and lock up everything in the house,' and then she went off into a lot of hypocritical nonsense about how fond she was of Alice, and how she could go to her grave in peace, knowing how happy her dear George would be with such a good wife, and about her savings from good wages helping to set up a little home, ending up with 'and,

if you take an old woman's advice, deary, it wont be long before you hear the marriage bells.'"

"I see," said Darnell; "and the upshot of it all is, I suppose, that the girl is thoroughly dissatisfied?"

"Yes, she is so young and silly. I talked to her, and reminded her of how nasty old Mrs. Murry had been, and told her that she might change her place and change for the worse. I think I have persuaded her to think it over quietly, at all events. Do you know what it is, Edward? I have an idea. I believe that wicked old woman is trying to get Alice to leave us, that she may tell her son how changeable she is; and I suppose she would make up some of her stupid old proverbs: 'A changeable wife, a troublesome life,' or some nonsense of the kind. Horrid old thing!"

"Well, well," said Darnell, "I hope she won't go, for your sake. It would be such a bother for you, hunting for a fresh servant."

He refilled his pipe and smoked placidly, refreshed somewhat after the emptiness and the burden of the day. The French window was wide open, and now at last there came a breath of quickening air, distilled by the night from such trees as still wore green in that arid valley. The song to which Darnell had listened in rapture, and now the breeze, which even in that dry, grim suburb, still bore the word of the woodland, had summoned the dream to his eyes, and he meditated over matters that his lips could not express.

"She must, indeed, be a villainous old woman," he said, at length.

"Old Mrs. Murry? Of course she is; the mischievous old thing! Trying to take the girl from a comfortable place where she is happy."

"Yes; and not to like Hampton Court! That shows how bad she must be, more than anything."

"It is beautiful, isn't it?"

"I shall never forget the first time I saw it. It was soon after I went into the City; the first year. I had my holidays in July, and I was getting such a small salary that I couldn't think of going away to the seaside, or anything

like that. I remember one of the other men wanted me to come with him on a walking tour in Kent. I should have liked that, but the money wouldn't run to it. And do you know what I did? I lived in Great College Street, then, and the first day I was off, I stayed in bed till past dinner time, and lounged about in an armchair with a pipe all the afternoon. I had got a new kind of tobacco—one and four for the two-ounce packet—much dearer than I could afford to smoke, and I was enjoying it immensely. It was awfully hot, and when I shut the window and drew down the red blind it got hotter; at five o'clock the room was like an oven. But I was so pleased at not having to go into the City, that I didn't mind anything, and now and again I read bits from a queer old book that had belonged to my poor dad. I couldn't make out what a lot of it meant, but it fitted in somehow, and I read and smoked till tea-time. Then I went out for a walk, thinking I should be better for a little fresh air before I went to bed; and I went wandering away, not much noticing where I was going, turning here and there as the fancy took me. I must have gone miles and miles, and a good many of them round and round, as they say they do in Australia if they lose their way in the Bush; and I am sure I couldn't have gone exactly the same way all over again for any money. Anyhow, I was still in the streets when the twilight came on, and the lamplighters were trotting round from one lamp to another. It was a wonderful night: I wish you had been there, my dear."

"I was quite a little girl then."

"Yes, I suppose you were. Well, it was a wonderful night. I remember, I was walking in a little street of little grey houses all alike, with stucco copings and stucco door-posts; there were brass plates on a lot of the doors, and one had 'Maker of Shell Boxes' on it, and I was quite pleased, as I had often wondered where those boxes and things that you buy at the seaside came from. A few children were playing about in the road with some rubbish or other, and men were singing in a small public-house at the corner, and I happened to look up, and I noticed what a wonderful colour the

sky had turned. I have seen it since, but I don't think it has ever been quite what it was that night, a dark blue, glowing like a violet, just as they say the sky looks in foreign countries. I don't know why, but the sky or something made me feel quite queer; everything seemed changed in a way I couldn't understand. I remember, I told an old gentleman I knew then—a friend of my poor father's, he's been dead for five years, if not more—about how I felt, and he looked at me and said something about fairyland; I don't know what he meant, and I dare say I didn't explain myself properly. But, do you know, for a moment or two, I felt as if that little back street was beautiful, and the noise of the children and the men in the public house seemed to fit in with the sky and become part of it. You know that old saying about 'treading on air' when one is glad! Well, I really felt like that as I walked, not exactly like air, you know, but as if the pavement was velvet or some very soft carpet. And then—I suppose it was all my fancy—the air seemed to smell sweet, like the incense in Catholic churches, and my breath came queer and catchy, as it does when one gets very excited about anything. I felt altogether stranger than I've ever felt before or since."

Darnell stopped suddenly, and looked up at his wife. She was watching him with parted lips, with eager, wondering eyes.

"I hope I'm not tiring you, dear, with all this story about nothing. You have had a worrying day with that stupid girl; hadn't you better go to bed?"

"Oh, no, please Edward. I'm not a bit tired now. I love to hear you talk like that. Please go on."

"Well, after I had walked a bit further, that queer sort of feeling seemed to fade away. I said a bit further, and I really thought I had been walking about five minutes, but I had looked at my watch just before I got into that little street, and when I looked at it again it was eleven o'clock. I must have done about eight miles. I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and I

thought my watch must have gone mad; but I found out afterwards it was perfectly right. I couldn't make it out, and I can't now; I assure you the time passed as if I walked up one side of Edna Road and down the other. But there I was, right in the open country, with a cool wind blowing on me from a wood, and the air full of soft rustling sounds, and notes of birds from the bushes, and the singing noise of a little brook that ran under the road. I was standing on the bridge when I took out my watch and struck a wax light to see the time; and it came upon me suddenly what a strange evening it had been. It was all so different, you see, to what I had been doing all my life, particularly for the year before, and it almost seemed as if I couldn't be the man who had been going into the city every day in the morning and coming back from it every evening after writing a lot of uninteresting letters. It was like being pitched all of a sudden from one world into another. Well, I found my way back somehow or other, and as I went along I made up my mind how I'd spend my holiday. I said to myself: 'I'll have a walking tour as well as Ferrars, only mine is to be a tour of London and its environs,' and I had got it all settled when I let myself into the house about four o'clock in the morning, and the sun was shining, and the street almost as still as the wood at midnight!"

"I think that was a capital idea of yours. Did you have your tour? Did you buy a map of London?"

"I had the tour all right. I didn't buy a map; that would have spoilt it, somehow; to see everything plotted out, and named, and measured. What I wanted was to feel that I was going where nobody had been before. That's nonsense, isn't it; as if there could be any such places in London, or England either, for the matter of that."

"I know what you mean; you wanted to feel as if you were going on a sort of voyage of discovery. Isn't that it?"

"Exactly, that's what I was trying to tell you. Besides, I didn't want to buy a map. I made a map."

"How do you mean? Did you make a map out of your head?"

"I'll tell you about it afterwards. But do you really want to hear about my grand tour?"

"Of course I do; it must have been delightful. I call it a most original idea."

"Well, I was quite full of it, and what you said just now about a voyage of discovery reminds me of how I felt then. When I was a boy I was awfully fond of reading of great travellers—I suppose all boys are—and of sailors who were driven out of their course and found themselves in latitudes where no ship had ever sailed before, and of people who discovered wonderful cities in strange countries; and all the second day of my holidays, I was feeling just as I used to when I read these books. I didn't get up till pretty late. I was tired to death after all those miles I had walked; but when I had finished my breakfast and filled my pipe, I had a grand time of it. It was such nonsense, you know; as if there could be anything strange or wonderful in London."

"Why shouldn't there be?"

"Well, I don't know; but I have thought afterwards what a silly lad I must have been. Anyhow, I had a great day of it, planning what I would do, half making-believe—just like a kid—that I didn't know where I might find myself, or what might happen to me. And I was enormously pleased to think it was all my secret, that nobody else knew anything about it, and that, whatever I might see, I would keep to myself. I had always felt like that about the books. Of course, I loved reading them, but it seemed to me that, if I had been a discoverer, I would have kept my discoveries a secret. If I had been Columbus, and, if it could possibly have been managed, I would have found America all by myself, and never have said a word about it to anybody. Fancy! how beautiful it would be to be walking about in one's own town, and talking to people, and all the while to have the thought that one knew of a great world beyond the seas, that nobody else dreamed of. I should have loved that!"

"And that is exactly what I felt about the tour I was going to make. I made up my mind that nobody should know;

and so, from that day to this, nobody has heard a word of it."

"But you are going to tell me?"

"You are different. But I don't think even you will hear everything; not because I won't, but because I can't tell many of the things I saw."

"'Things you saw?' Then you really did see wonderful, strange things in London?"

"Well, I did and I didn't. Everything, or pretty nearly everything, that I saw is standing still, and hundreds of thousands of people have looked at the same sights—there were many places that the fellows in the office knew quite well, I found out afterwards. And then I read a book called 'London and Its Surroundings.' But (I don't know how it is) neither the men at the office or the writers of the book seem to have seen the things that I did. That's why I stopped reading the book; it seemed to take the life, the real heart, out of everything, making it as dry and stupid as the stuffed birds in a museum.

"I thought about what I was going to do all that day, and went to bed early, so as to be fresh. I knew wonderfully little about London, really; though, except for an odd week now and then, I had spent all my life in town. Of course I knew the main streets—the Strand, Regent Street, Oxford Street, and soon—and I knew the way to the school I used to go to when I was a boy, and the way into the City. But I had just kept to a few tracks, as they say the sheep do in the mountains; and that made it all the easier for me to imagine that I was going to discover a new world."

Darnell paused in the stream of his talk. He looked keenly at his wife to see if he were wearying her, but her eyes gazed at him with unabated interest—one would have almost said that they were the eyes of one who longed and half expected to be initiated into the mysteries, who knew not what great wonder was to be revealed. She sat with her back to the open window, framed in the sweet dusk of the night, as if a painter had made a curtain of heavy velvet behind her; and the work that she had been doing had fallen to the floor. She supported her head with her two hands

placed on each side of her brow, and her eyes were as the wells in the wood of which Darnell dreamed in the night-time and in the day.

"And all the strange tales I had ever heard were in my head that morning," he went on, as if continuing the thoughts that had filled his mind, while his lips were silent. "I had gone to bed early, as I told you, to get a thorough rest, and I had set my alarum clock to wake me at three, so that I might set out at an hour that was quite strange for the beginning of a journey. There was a hush in the world when I awoke, before the clock had rung to arouse me, and then a bird began to sing and twitter in the elm tree that grew in the next garden, and I looked out of the window and everything was still, and the morning air breathed in pure and sweet, as I had never known it before. My room was at the back of the house, and most of the gardens had trees in them, and beyond these trees I could see the backs of the houses of the next street rising like the wall of an old city; and as I looked the sun rose, and the great light came in at my window, and the day began.

"And I found that when I was once out of the streets just about me that I knew, some of the queer feeling that had come to me two days before came back again. It was not nearly so strong, the streets no longer smelt of incense, but still there was enough of it to show me what a strange world I passed by. There were things that one may see again and again in many London streets; a vine or a fig-tree on a wall, a lark singing in a cage, a curious shrub blossoming in a garden, an odd shape of a roof, or a balcony with an uncommon looking trellis work in iron. There's scarcely a street, perhaps, where you won't see one or other of such things as these; but that morning they rose to my eyes in a new light, as if I had on the magic spectacles in the fairy tale, and just like the man in the fairy tale, I went on and on in the new light. I remember going through wild land on a high place; there were pools of water shining in the sun, and great, white houses in the middle of dark, rocking pines, and then on the turn of

the height, I came to a little lane that went aside from the main road, a lane that led to a wood, and in the lane was a little, old shadowed house, with a bell turret in the roof, and a porch of trellis work all dim and faded into the colour of the sea; and in the garden there were growing tall, white lilies, just as we saw them that day we went to look at the old pictures; they were shining like silver, and they filled the air with their sweet scent. It was from near that house I saw the valley and high places far away in the sun. So, as I say, I went 'on and on,' by woods and fields, till I came to a little town on the top of a hill, a town full of old houses bowing to the ground beneath their years, and the morning was so still that the blue smoke rose up straight into the sky from all the roof-tops, so still that I heard far down in the valley the song of a boy who was singing an old song through the streets as he went to school, and as I passed through the awakening town, beneath the old, grave houses, the church bells began to ring.

"It was soon after I had left this town behind me that I found the Strange Road. I saw it branching off from the dusty high-road, and it looked so green that I turned aside into it, and soon I felt as if I had really come into a new country. I don't know whether it was one of the roads the old Romans made that my father used to tell me about; but it was covered with deep soft turf, and the great tall hedges on each side looked as if they had not been touched for a hundred years; they had grown so broad and high and wild that they met overhead, and I could only get glimpses here and there of the country through which I was passing, as one passes in a dream. The Strange Road led me on and on, up and down hill; sometimes the rose-bushes had grown so thick that I could scarcely make my way between them, and sometimes the road broadened out into a green, and in one valley a brook, spanned by an old wooden bridge, ran across it. I was tired, and I found a soft and shady place beneath an ash tree where I must have slept for many hours, for when I woke up it was late in the afternoon.

So I went on again, and at last the green road came out into the highway, and I looked up and saw another town on a high place with a great church in the middle of it, and when I went up to it there was a great organ sounding from within, and the choir was singing."

There was a rapture in Darnell's voice as he spoke, that made his story well-nigh swell into a song, and he drew a long breath as the words ended, filled with the thought of that far off summer day, when some enchantment had informed all common things, transmuting them into a great sacrament, causing earthly works to glow with the fire and the glory of the everlasting light.

And some splendour of that light shone on the face of Mary as she sat still against the sweet gloom of the night, her dark hair making her face more radiant. She was silent for a little while and then she spoke:

"Oh, my dear, why have you waited so long to tell me these wonderful things? I think it is beautiful. Please go on."

"I have always been afraid it was all nonsense," said Darnell. "And I don't know how to explain what I feel. I didn't think I could say so much as I have to-night."

"And did you find it the same day after day?"

"All through the tour? Yes, I think every journey was a success. Of course, I didn't go so far afield every day; I was too tired. Often I rested all day long, and went out in the evening, after the lamps were lit, and then only for a mile or two. I would roam about old, dim squares, and hear the wind from the hills whispering in the trees; and when I knew I was within call of some great glittering street, I was sunk in the silence of ways where I was almost the only passenger, and the lamps were so few and faint that they seemed to give out shadows instead of light. And I would walk slowly, to and fro, perhaps for an hour at a time, in such dark streets, and all the time I felt what I told you about its being my secret—that the shadow, and the dim lights, and the cool of the evening, and trees that were like dark low clouds were all mine,

and mine alone, that I was living in a world that nobody else knew of, into which no one could enter.

"I remember one night I had gone further. It was somewhere in the far west, where there are orchards and gardens, and great broad lawns that slope down to trees by the river. A great red moon rose that night through mists of sunset, and thin, filmy clouds, and I wandered by a road that passed through the orchards, till I came to a little hill, with the moon showing above it glowing like a great rose. Then I saw figures pass between me and the moon, one by one, in a long line, each bent double, with great packs upon their shoulders. One of them was singing, and then in the middle of the song I heard a horrible shrill laugh, in the thin cracked voice of a very old woman, and they disappeared into the shadow of the trees. I suppose they were people going to work, or coming from work in the gardens; but how like it was to a nightmare!

"I can't tell you about Hampton; I should never finish talking. I was there one evening, not long before they closed the gates, and there were very few people about. But the grey-red, silent, echoing courts, and the flowers falling into dream-land as the night came on, and the dark yews and shadowy-looking statues, and the far, still stretches of water beneath the avenues; and all melting into a blue mist, all being hidden from one's eyes, slowly, surely, as if veils were dropped, one by one, on a great ceremony! Oh! my dear, what could it mean? Far away, across the river, I heard a soft bell ring three times, and three times, and again three times, and I turned away and my eyes were full of tears.

"I didn't know what it was when I came to it; I only found out afterwards that it must have been Hampton Court. One of the men in the office told me he had taken an A.B.C. girl there, and they had great fun. They got into the maze and couldn't get out again, and then they went on the river, and were nearly drowned. He told me there were some spicy pictures in the galleries; his girl shrieked with laughter, so he said."

Mary quite disregarded this interlude.

"But you told me you had made a map. What was it like?"

"I'll show it you some day, if you want to see it. I marked down all the places I had gone to, and made signs—things like queer letters—to remind me of what I had seen. Nobody but myself could understand it. I wanted to draw pictures, but I never learnt how to draw, so when I tried nothing was like what I wanted it to be. I tried to draw a picture of that town on the hill that I came to on the evening of the first day; I wanted to make a steep hill with houses on top, and in the middle, but high above them, the great church, all spires and pinnacles, and above it, in the air, a cup with rays coming from it. But it wasn't a success. I made a very strange sign for Hampton Court, and gave it a name that I made up out of my head."

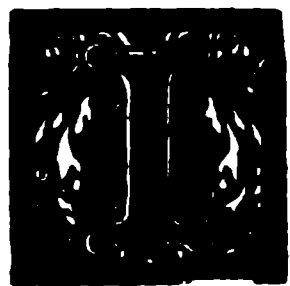
The Darnells avoided one another's eyes as they sat at breakfast the next morning. The air had lightened in the night, for rain had fallen at dawn; and there was a bright blue sky, with vast white clouds rolling across it from the south-west, and a fresh and joyous wind blew in at the open window; the mists had vanished. And with the mists there seemed to have vanished also the sense of strange things that had possessed Mary and her husband the night before, and as they looked out into the clear light they could scarcely believe that the one had spoken and the other had listened a few hours before to histories very far removed from the usual current of their thoughts and of their lives. They glanced shyly at one another, and spoke of common things, of the question whether Alice would be corrupted by the insidious Mrs. Murry, or whether Mrs. Darnell would be able to persuade the girl that the old woman must be actuated by the worst motives.

"And I think, if I were you," said Darnell, as he went out, "I should step over to the stores and complain of their meat. That last piece of beef was very far from being up to the mark—full of sinew."

A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

By Arthur Machen

III.



It might have been different in the evening, and Darnell had matured a plan by which he hoped to gain much. He intended to ask his wife if she would mind having only one gas, and that a good deal lowered, on the pretext that his eyes were tired with work; he thought many things might happen if the room were dimly lit, and the window opened, so that they could sit and watch the night, and listen to the rustling murmur of the tree on the lawn. But his plans were made in vain, for when he got to the garden gate his wife, in tears, came forth to meet him.

"Oh, Edward," she began, "such a dreadful thing has happened! I never liked him much, but I didn't think he would ever do such awful things."

"What do you mean? Who are you talking about? What has happened? Is it Alice's young man?"

"No, no. But come in, dear. I can see that woman opposite watching us: she's always on the look out."

"Now, what is it?" said Darnell, as they sat down to tea. "Tell me, quick! you've quite frightened me."

"I don't know how to begin, or where to start. Aunt Marian has thought that there was something queer for weeks. And then she found—oh, well, the long and short of it is that Uncle Robert has been carrying on dreadfully with some horrid girl, and aunt has found out everything!"

"Lord! you don't say so! The old rascal! Why, he must be nearer seventy than sixty!"

"He's just sixty-five; and the money he has given her——"

The first shock of surprise over Darnell turned resolutely to his mince.

"We'll have it all out after tea," he said; "I am not going to have my meals spoilt by that old fool of a Nixon. Fill up my cup, will you, dear?"

"Excellent mince this," he went on, calmly. "A little lemon juice and a bit of ham in it? I thought there was something extra. Alice all right to-day? That's good. I expect she's getting over all that nonsense."

He went on calmly chattering in a manner that astonished Mrs. Darnell, who felt that by the fall of Uncle Robert, the natural order had been inverted, and had scarcely touched food since the intelligence had arrived by the second post. She had started out to keep the appointment her aunt had made early in the morning, and had spent most of the day in a first-class waiting-room at Victoria Station, where she had heard all the story.

"Now," said Darnell, when the table had been cleared, "tell us all about it. How long has it been going on?"

"Aunt thinks now, from little things she remembers, that it must have been going on for a year at least. She says there has been a horrid kind of mystery about uncle's behaviour for a long time, and her nerves were quite shaken, as she thought he must be involved with Anarchists, or something dreadful of the sort."

"What on earth made her think that?"

"Well, you see, once or twice when she was out walking with her husband, she has been startled by whistles, which seemed to follow them everywhere. You know there are some nice country walks

at Barnet, and one in particular, in the fields near Totteridge, that uncle and aunt rather made a point of going to on fine Sunday evenings. Of course, this was not the first thing she noticed, but, at the time, it made a great impression on her mind; she could hardly get a wink of sleep for weeks and weeks."

"Whistling?" said Darnell. "I don't quite understand. Why should she be frightened by whistling?"

"I'll tell you. The first time it happened was one Sunday in last May. Aunt had a fancy they were being followed a Sunday or two before, but she didn't see or hear anything, except a sort of crackling noise in the hedge. But this particular Sunday they had hardly got through the style into the fields, when she heard a peculiar kind of low whistle. She took no notice, thinking it was no concern of her's or her husband's, but as they went on she heard it again, and then again, and it followed them the whole walk, and it made her so uncomfortable, because she didn't know where it was coming from or who was doing it, or why. Then, just as they got out of the fields into the lane, uncle said he felt quite faint, and he thought he would try a little brandy at the *Turpin's Head*, a small public-house there is there. And she looked at him and saw his face was quite purple—more like apoplexy, as she says, than fainting fits which make people look a sort of greenish-white. But she said nothing, and thought perhaps uncle had a peculiar way of fainting of his own, as he always was a man to have his own way of doing everything. So she just waited in the road, and he went ahead and slipped into the public, and aunt says she thought she saw a little figure rise out of the dusk and slip in after him, but she couldn't be sure. And when uncle came out he looked red instead of purple, and said he felt much better; and so they went home quietly together, and nothing more was said. You see, uncle had said nothing about the whistling, and aunt had been so frightened that she didn't dare speak, for fear they might be both shot.

"She wasn't thinking anything more about it, when two Sundays afterwards the very same thing happened just as it

had before. This time aunt plucked up a spirit, and asked uncle what it could be. And what do you think he said? 'Birds, my dear, birds.' Of course aunt said to him that no bird that ever flew with wings made a noise like that: sly, and low, with pauses in between; and then he said that many rare sorts of birds lived in North Middlesex and Hertfordshire. 'Nonsense, Robert,' said aunt, 'how can you talk so, considering it has followed us all the way, for a mile or more.' And then uncle told her that some birds were so attached to man that they would follow one about for miles sometimes; he said he had just been reading about a bird like that in a book of travels. And do you know that when they got home he actually shewed her a piece in the *Hertfordshire Naturalist* which they took in to oblige a friend of theirs, all about rare birds found in the neighbourhood, all the most outlandish names, aunt says, that she had never heard or thought of, and uncle had the impudence to say that it must have been a Purple Sandpiper, which, the paper said, had 'a low shrill note, constantly repeated.' And then he took down a book of Siberian Travels from the bookcase and shewed her a page which told how a man was followed by a bird all day long through a forest. And that's what Aunt Marian says vexes her more than anything almost; to think that he should be so artful and ready with those books, twisting them to his own wicked ends. But, at the time, when she was out walking, she simply couldn't make out what he meant by talking about birds in that random, silly sort of way, so unlike him, and they went on, that horrible whistling following them, she looking straight ahead and walking fast, really feeling more huffy and put out than frightened. And when they got to the next style, she got over and turned round, and 'lo and behold,' as she says, there was no Uncle Robert to be seen! She felt herself go quite white with alarm, thinking of that whistle, and making sure he'd been spirited away or snatched in some way or another, and she had just screamed out 'Robert' like a mad woman, when he came quite slowly round the corner, as cool as a cucumber, holding some-

thing in his hand. He said there were some flowers he could never pass, and when aunt saw that he had got a dandelion torn up by the roots, she felt as if her head were going round."

Mary's story was suddenly interrupted. For ten minutes Darnell had been writhing in his chair, suffering tortures in his anxiety to avoid wounding his wife's feelings, but the episode of the dandelion was too much for him, and he burst into a long, wild shriek of laughter, aggravated by suppression into the semblance of a Red Indian's war-whoop. Alice, who was washing-up in the scullery, dropped some three shilling's worth of china, and the neighbours ran out into their gardens wondering if it were murder. Mary gazed reproachfully at her husband.

"How can you be so unfeeling, Edward?" she said, at length, when Darnell had passed into the feebleness of exhaustion. "If you had seen the tears rolling down poor Aunt Marian's cheeks as she told me, I don't think you would have laughed. I didn't think you were so hard-hearted."

"My dear Mary," said Darnell, faintly, through sobs and catching of the breath, "I am awfully sorry. I know it's very sad, really, and I'm not unfeeling; but it is such an odd tale, now, isn't it? The Sandpiper, you know, and then the dandelion!"

His face twitched and he ground his teeth together. Mary looked gravely at him for a moment, and then she put her hands to her face, and Darnell could see that she also shook with merriment.

"I am as bad as you," she said, at last. "I never thought of it in that way. I'm glad I didn't, or I should have laughed in Aunt Marian's face, and I wouldn't have done that for the world. Poor old thing; she cried as if her heart would break. I met her at Victoria, as she asked me, and we had some soup at a confectioner's. I could scarcely touch it; her tears kept dropping into the plate all the time; and then we went to the waiting room at the station, and she cried there terribly."

"Well," said Darnell, "what happened next? I won't laugh any more"

"No, we mustn't; it's much too hor-

rible for a joke. Well, of course aunt went home and wondered and wondered what could be the matter, and tried to think it out, but, as she says, she could make nothing of it. She began to be afraid that uncle's brain was giving way through overwork, as he had stopped in the City (as he said) up to all hours lately, and he had to go to Yorkshire (wicked old story teller!), about some very tiresome business connected with his leases. But then she reflected that however queer he might be getting, even his queerness couldn't make whistles in the air, though, as she said, he was always a wonderful man. So she had to give that up; and then she wondered if there were anything the matter with her, as she had read about people who heard noises when there was really nothing at all. But that wouldn't do either, because though it might account for the whistling, it wouldn't account for the dandelion or the Sandpiper, or for fainting fits that turned purple, or any of uncle's queerness. So aunt said she could think of nothing but to read the Bible every day from the beginning, and by the time she got into Chronicles she felt rather better, especially as nothing had happened for three or four Sundays. She noticed uncle seemed absent-minded, and not as nice to her as he might be, but she put that down to too much work, as he never came home before the last train, and had a hansom twice all the way, getting there between three and four in the morning. Still, she felt it was no good bothering her head over what couldn't be made out or explained anyway, and she was just settling down, when one Sunday evening it began all over again, and worse things happened. The whistling followed them just as it did before, and poor aunt set her teeth and said nothing to uncle, as she knew he would only tell her stories, and they were walking on, not saying a word, when something made her look back, and there was a horrible boy with red hair, peeping through the hedge just behind, and grinning. She said it was a dreadful face, with something unnatural about it, as if it had been a dwarf, and before she had time to have a good

look, it popped back like lightning, and aunt all but fainted away."

"A red-headed boy?" said Darnell. "I thought — What an extraordinary story this is. I've never heard of anything quite so queer. Who was the boy?"

"You will know in good time," said Mrs. Darnell. "It is very strange, isn't it?"

"Strange!" Darnell ruminated for a while.

"I know what I think, Mary," he said at length. "I don't believe a word of it. I believe your aunt is going mad, or has gone mad, and that she has delusions. The whole thing sounds to me like the invention of a lunatic."

"You are quite wrong. Every word is true, and if you will let me go on, you will understand how it all happened."

"Very good, go ahead."

"Let me see, where was I? Oh, I know, aunt saw the boy grinning in the hedge. Yes, well, she was dreadfully frightened for a minute or two; there was something so queer about the face, but then she plucked up a spirit and said to herself, 'after all, better a boy with red hair than a big man with a gun,' and she made up her mind to watch Uncle Robert closely, as she could see by his look he knew all about it; he seemed as if he were thinking hard and puzzling over something, as if he didn't know what to do next, and his mouth kept opening and shutting, like a fish's. So she kept her face straight, and didn't say a word, and when he said something to her about the fine sunset, she took no notice. 'Don't you hear what I say, Marian,' he said, speaking quite crossly, and bellowing as if it were to somebody in the next field. So aunt said she was very sorry, but her cold made her so deaf, she couldn't hear much. She noticed uncle looked quite pleased, and relieved too, and she knew he thought she hadn't heard the whistling. Suddenly, uncle pretended to see a beautiful spray of honeysuckle high up in the hedge and he said he must get it for aunt, only she must go on ahead, as it made him nervous to be watched. She said she would, but she

just stepped aside behind a bush where there was a sort of cover in the hedge, and found she could see him quite well, though she scratched her face terribly, with poking it into a rosebush. And in a minute or two out came the boy from behind the hedge, and she saw uncle and him talking, and she knew it was the same boy, as it wasn't dark enough to hide his flaming red head. And uncle put out his hand, as if to catch him, but he just darted into the bushes and vanished. Aunt never said a word at the time, but that night, when they got home she charged uncle with what she'd seen and asked him what it all meant. He was quite taken aback at first, and stammered and stuttered and said a spy wasn't his notion of a good wife, but at last he made her swear secrecy, and told her that he was a very high Freemason, and that the boy was an emissary of the order, who brought him messages of the greatest importance. But aunt didn't believe a word of it, as an uncle of her's was a mason, and he never behaved like that. It was then she began to be afraid that it was really Anarchists, or something of the kind, and every time the bell rang she thought that uncle had been found out, and the police had come for him."

"What nonsense! As if a man with house property would be an Anarchist."

"Well, she could see there must be some horrible secret, and she didn't know what else to think. And then she began to have the things through the post."

"Things through the post! What do you mean by that?"

"All sorts of things; bits of broken bottle-glass, packed carefully as if it were jewellery; parcels that unrolled and unrolled worse than Chinese boxes, and then had 'cat' in large letters when you came to the middle; old artificial teeth, a cake of red paint, and at last cockroaches."

"Cockroaches by post! Stuff and nonsense; your aunt's mad."

"Edward, she showed me the box; it was made to hold cigarettes, and there were three dead cockroaches inside. And when she found a box of exactly the

same kind, half-full of cigarettes, in uncle's great coat pocket, then her head began to turn again."

Darnell groaned, and stirred uneasily in his chair, feeling that the tale of Aunt Marian's domestic troubles was putting on the semblance of an evil dream.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"My dear, I haven't repeated half the things poor aunt told me this afternoon. There was the night she thought she saw a ghost in the shrubbery. She was anxious about some chickens that were just due to hatch out, so she went out after dark with some egg and bread-crumbs, in case they might be out. And just before her she saw a figure gliding by the rhododendrons. It looked like a short, slim man dressed as they used to be hundreds of years ago; she saw the sword by his side, and the feather in his cap. She thought she should have died, she said, and though it was gone in a minute, and she tried to make out it was all her fancy, she fainted when she got into the house. Uncle was at home that night, and when she came to and told him he ran out, and stayed out for half-an-hour or more, and then came in and said he could find nothing; and the next minute aunt heard that low whistle just outside the window, and uncle ran out again."

"My dear Mary, do let us come to the point. What on earth does it all lead to?"

"Haven't you guessed? Why, of course it was that girl all the time."

"Girl? I thought you said it was a boy with a red head?"

"Don't you see? She's an actress and she dressed up. She won't leave uncle alone. It wasn't enough that he was with her nearly every evening in the week, but she must be after him on Sundays, too. Aunt found a letter the horrid thing had written, and so it has all come out. Enid Vivian, she calls herself, though I don't suppose she has any right to one name or the other. And the question is, what is to be done?"

"Let us talk of that again. I'll have a pipe and then we'll go to bed."

They were almost asleep when Mary said suddenly:

"Doesn't it seem queer, Edward?"

Last night you were telling me such beautiful things, and to-night I have been talking about that disgraceful old man and his goings on."

"I don't know," answered Darnell, dreamily. "On the walls of that great church upon the hill I saw all kinds of strange grinning monsters, carved in stone."

The misdemeanours of Mr. Robert Nixon, brought in their train consequences strange beyond imagination. It was not that they continued to develop on the somewhat fantastic lines of these first adventures which Mrs. Darnell had related; indeed, when "Aunt Marian" came over to Shepherd's Bush, one Sunday afternoon, Darnell wondered how he had had the heart to laugh at the misfortunes of a broken-hearted woman.

He had never seen his wife's aunt before, and he was strangely surprised when Alice showed her into the garden where they were sitting on the warm and misty Sunday in September. To him, save during these latter days, she had always been associated with ideas of splendour and success: his wife had always mentioned the Nixons with a tinge of reverence, he had heard, many times, the epic of Mr. Nixon's struggles and of his slow but triumphant rise. Mary had told the story as she had received it from her parents, beginning with the flight to London from some small, dull and unprosperous town in the flattest of the midlands, long ago, when a young man from the country had greater chances of fortune. Robert Nixon's father had been a grocer in the High Street, and in after days the successful coal merchant and builder loved to tell of that dull provincial life, and while he glorified his own victories, he gave his hearers to understand that he came of a race which had also known how to achieve. That had been long ago, he would explain: in the days when that rare citizen who desired to go to London or to York was forced to rise in the dead of night, and make his way somehow or other by ten miles of quagmirish, wandering lanes to the Great North Road, there to meet the "Lightning" coach, a vehicle which stood to

all the countryside as the visible and tangible embodiment of tremendous speed—"and, indeed," as Nixon would add, "it was always up to time, which is more than can be said of the Dunham Branch Line nowadays!" It was in this ancient Dunham that the Nixons had waged successful trade for perhaps a hundred years, in a shop with bulging bay windows looking on the market-place. There was no competition, and the townsfolk, and well-to-do farmers, the clergy and the county families looked upon the house of Nixon as an institution, fixed as the town-hall (which stood on Roman pillars) and the parish church. But the change came: the railway crept nearer and nearer, the farmers and the country gentry became less well-to-do; the tanning, which was the local industry, suffered from a great business which had been established in a larger town, some twenty miles away, and the profits of the Nixons grew less and less. Hence the hegira of Robert, and he would dilate on the poorness of his beginnings, how he saved, by little and little, from his sorry wage of city clerk, and how he and a fellow clerk, "who had come into a hundred pounds," saw an opening in the coal trade—and filled it. It was at this stage of Robert's fortunes, still far from magnificent, that Miss Marian Reynolds had encountered him, she being on a visit to friends in Gunnersbury. Afterwards, victory followed victory; Nixons wharf became a landmark to bargemen; his power stretched abroad, his dusky fleets went outwards to the sea, and inward by all the far reaches of canals. Lime, cement, and bricks were added to his merchandise, and at last he hit upon the great stroke—that extensive taking up of land in the north of London. Nixon himself ascribed this *coup* to native sagacity, and the possession of capital; and there were also obscure rumours to the effect that someone or other had been "done" in the course of the transaction. However that might be, the Nixons grew wealthy to excess, and Mary had often told her husband of the state in which they dwelt, of their liveried servants, of the glories of their drawing-room, of their broad lawn, shadowed by a splendid and an-

cient cedar. And so Darnell had somehow been led into conceiving the lady of this demesne as a personage of no small pomp. He saw her, tall, of dignified port and presence, inclining, it might be, to some measure of obesity, such a measure as was not unbecoming in an elderly lady of position, who lived well and lived at ease. He even imagined a slight ruddiness of complexion, which went very well with hair that was beginning to turn grey, and when he heard the door-bell ring, as he sat under the mulberry on the Sunday afternoon, he bent forward to catch sight of this stately figure, clad, of course, in the richest, blackest silk, girt about with heavy chains of gold.

He started with amazement when he saw the strange presence that followed the servant into the garden. Mrs. Nixon was a little, thin old woman, who bent as she feebly trotted after Alice; her eyes were on the ground, and she did not lift them when the Darnells rose to greet her. She glanced to the right, uneasily, as she shook hands with Darnell, to the left, when Mary kissed her, and when she was placed on the garden seat, with a cushion at her back, she looked away at the backs of the houses in the next street. She was dressed in black, it was true, but even Darnell could see that her gown was old and shabby, that the fur trimming of her cape, and the fur boa which was twisted about her neck were dingy and disconsolate, and had all the melancholy air which fur wears, when it is seen in a second-hand clothes shop in a back street. And her gloves—they were black kid, wrinkled with much wear, faded to a bluish hue at the finger-tips, which showed signs of painful mending. Her hair, plastered over her forehead, looked dull and colourless, though some greasy matter had evidently been used with the view of producing a becoming gloss, and on it perched an antique bonnet, adorned with black pendants that rattled paralytically one against the other.

And there was nothing in Mrs. Nixon's face to correspond with the imaginary picture that Darnell had made of her. She was sallow, wrinkled,

pinched; her nose ran to a sharp point, and her red-rimmed eyes were a queer, watery grey, that seemed to shrink alike from the light and from encounter with the eyes of others. As she sat beside his wife on the green garden-seat, Darnell, who occupied a wicker-chair brought out from the drawing-room, could not help feeling that this shadowy and evasive figure, muttering replies to Mary's polite questions, was almost impossibly remote from his conceptions of the rich and powerful aunt, who could give away a hundred pounds as a mere birthday gift. She would say little at first; yes, she was feeling rather tired, it had been so hot all the way, and she had been afraid to put on lighter things as one never knew at this time of year what it might be like in the evenings; there were apt to be cold mists when the sun went down, and she didn't care to risk bronchitis.

"I thought I should never get here," she went on, raising her voice to an odd querulous pipe. "I'd no notion it was such an out-of-the-way place, it's so many years since I was in this neighbourhood."

She wiped her eyes, no doubt thinking of the early days at Turnham Green, when she married Nixon; and when the pocket handkerchief had done its office she replaced it in a shabby black bag which she clutched rather than carried. Darnell noticed, as he watched her, that the bag seemed full, almost to bursting, and he speculated idly as to the nature of its contents: correspondence, perhaps, he thought, further proofs of Uncle Robert's treacherous and wicked dealings. He grew quite uncomfortable, as he sat and saw her glancing all the while furtively away from his wife and himself, and presently he got up and strolled away to the other end of the garden, where he lit his pipe and strolled to and fro on the gravel walk, still astounded at the gulf between the real and the imagined woman.

Presently, he heard a hissing whisper, and he saw Mrs. Nixon's head inclining to his wife's. Mary rose and came towards him.

"Would you mind sitting in the drawing-room, Edward?" she murmured.

"Aunt says she can't bring herself to discuss such a delicate matter before you. I daresay it's quite natural."

"Very well, but I don't think I'll go into the drawing-room. I feel as if a walk would do me good."

"You mustn't be frightened if I am a little late," he said; "if I don't get back before your aunt goes, say good-bye to her for me."

He strolled into the main road, where the trams were humming to and fro. He was still confused and perplexed and he tried to account for a certain relief he felt in removing himself from the presence of Mrs. Nixon. He told himself that her grief at her husband's ruffianly conduct was worthy of all pitiful respect, but at the same time, to his shame, he had felt a certain physical aversion from her as she sat in his garden in her dingy black, dabbing her red-rimmed eyes with a damp pocket handkerchief. He had been to the Zoo when he was a lad, and he still remembered how he had shrunk with horror at the sight of certain reptiles slowly crawling over one another in their slimy pond. But he was enraged at the similarity between the two sensations, and he walked briskly on that level and monotonous road, looking about him at the unhandsome spectacle of suburban London keeping Sunday.

There was something in the tinge of antiquity which still exists in Acton that soothed his mind and drew it away from those unpleasant contemplations, and when at last he had penetrated rampart after rampart of brick, and heard no more the harsh shrieks and laughter of the people who were enjoying themselves, he found a way into a little sheltered field, and sat down in peace beneath a tree, whence he could look out on a pleasant valley. The sun sank down beneath the hills, the clouds changed into the likeness of blossoming rose-gardens; and he still sat there in the gathering darkness till a cool breeze blew upon him, and he rose with a sigh, and turned back to the brick ramparts and the glimmering streets, and the noisy idlers sauntering to and fro in the procession of their dismal festival. But he was murmuring to himself some

words that seemed a magic song, and it was with uplifted heart that he let himself into his house.

Mrs. Nixon had gone, an hour and a-half before his return, Mary told him. Darnell sighed with relief, and he and his wife strolled out into the garden, and sat down side by side.

They kept silence for a time, and at last Mary spoke, not without a nervous tremor in her voice.

"I must tell you, Edward," she began, "that aunt has made a proposal which you ought to hear. I think we should consider it."

"A proposal? But how about the whole affair? Is it still going on?"

"Oh, yes! She told me all about it. Uncle is quite unrepentant. It seems he has taken a flat somewhere in town for that woman, and furnished it in the most costly manner. He simply laughs at aunt's reproaches and says he means to have some fun at last. You saw how broken she was?"

"Yes; very sad. But won't he give her any money? Wasn't she very badly dressed for a woman in her position?"

"Aunt has no end of beautiful things, but I fancy she likes to hoard them; she has a horror of spoiling her dresses. It isn't for want of money, I assure you, as uncle settled a very large sum on her two years ago, when he was everything that could be desired in a husband. And that brings me to what I want to say. Aunt would like to live with us. She would pay very liberally. What do you say?"

"Would like to live with us?" exclaimed Darnell, and his pipe dropped from his hand on to the grass. He was stupefied by the thought of Aunt Marian as a boarder, and sat staring vacantly before him, wondering what new monster the night would next produce.

"I knew you wouldn't much like the idea," his wife went on. "But I do think, dearest, that we ought not to refuse without very serious consideration. I am afraid you did not take to poor aunt very much."

Darnell shook his head dumbly.

"I thought you didn't; she was so upset, poor thing, and you didn't see her at her best. She is really so good. But

listen to me, dear. Do you think we have the right to refuse her offer? I told you she has money of her own, and I am sure she would be dreadfully offended if we said we wouldn't have her. And what would become of me if anything happened to you? You know we have very little saved."

Darnell groaned.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it would spoil everything. We are so happy, Mary dear, by ourselves. Of course I am extremely sorry for your aunt. I think she is very much to be pitied. But when it comes to having her always here——"

"I know, dear. Don't think I am looking forward to the prospect; you know I don't want anybody but you. Still, we ought to think of the future, and besides we shall be able to live so very much better. I shall be able to give you all sorts of nice things that I know you ought to have after all that hard work in the city. Our income would be doubled."

"Do you mean she would pay us £150 a year?"

"Certainly. And she would pay for the spare room being furnished, and any extra she might want. She told me, specially, that if a friend or two came now and again to see her, she would gladly bear the cost of a fire in the drawing-room, and give something towards the gas bill, with a few shillings for the girl, for any additional trouble. We should certainly be more than twice as well off as we are now. You see, Edward, dear, it's not the sort of offer we are likely to have again. Besides, we must think of the future, as I said. Do you know aunt took a great fancy to you?"

He shuddered, and said nothing, and his wife went on with her argument.

"And, you see, it isn't as if we should see so very much of her. She will have her breakfast in bed, and she told me she would often go up to her room in the evening directly after dinner. I thought that very nice and considerate. She quite understands that we shouldn't like to have a third person always with us. Don't you think, Edward, that, considering everything, we ought to say we will have her?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he groaned. "As you say, it's a very good offer, financially, and I am afraid it would be very imprudent to refuse. But I don't like the notion, I confess."

"I am so glad you agree with me, dear. Depend upon it, it won't be half so bad as you think. And putting our own advantage on one side, we shall really be doing poor aunt a very great kindness. Poor old dear, she cried bitterly after you were gone; she said she had made up her mind not to stay any longer in Uncle Robert's house, and she didn't know where to go, or what would become of her, if we refused to take her in. She quite broke down."

"Well, well; we will try it for a year, anyhow. It may be as you say; we shan't find it quite so bad as it seems now. Shall we go in?"

He stooped for his pipe, which lay as it had fallen, on the grass. He could not find it, and lit a wax match, which showed him the pipe, and close beside it, under the seat, something that looked like a page torn from a book. He wondered what it could be, and picked it up.

The gas was lit in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Darnell who was arranging some notepaper, wished to write at once to Mrs. Nixon, cordially accepting her proposal, when she was startled by an exclamation from her husband.

"What is the matter?" she said, startled by the tone of his voice. "You haven't hurt yourself?"

"Look at this," he replied, handing her a small leaflet; "I found it under the garden seat, just now."

Mary glanced with bewilderment at her husband and read as follows:—

THE NEW AND CHOSEN SEED OF ABRAHAM.

PROPHECIES TO BE FULFILLED IN THE PRESENT YEAR.

1. The Sailing of a Fleet of One hundred and Forty and Four Vessels for Tarshish and the Isles.

2. Destruction of the Power of the Dog, including all the instruments of anti-Abrahamic legislation.

3. Return of the Fleet from Tarshish, bearing with it the gold of

Arabia, destined to be the Foundation of the New City of Abraham.

4. The Search for the Bride, and the Bestowing of the Seals on the Seventy and Seven.

5. The Countenance of FATHER to become luminous, but with a greater glory than the Face of Moses.

6. The Pope of Rome to be stoned with stones in the valley called Berek-Zittor.

7. FATHER to be acknowledged by Three Great Rulers. Two Great Rulers will deny FATHER, and will immediately perish in the Effluvia of FATHER'S Indignation.

8. Binding of the Beast with the Little Horn, and all Judges cast down.

9. Finding of the Bride in the Land of Egypt, which has been revealed to FATHER as now existing in the western part of London.

10. Bestowal of the New Tongue on the Seventy and Seven, and on the One Hundred and Forty and Four. FATHER proceeds to the Bridal Chamber.

11. Destruction of London and rebuilding of the City called No, which is the New City of Abraham.

12. FATHER united to the Bride, and the present Earth removed to the Sun for the space of half an hour.

Mrs. Darnell's brow cleared as she read matter which seemed to her harmless if incoherent. From her husband's voice she had been led to fear something more tangibly unpleasant than a vague catena of prophecies.

"Well," she said, "what about it?"

"What about it? Don't you see that your aunt dropped it, and that she must be a raging lunatic?"

"Oh, Edward! don't say that. In the first place, how do you know that aunt dropped it at all? It might easily have blown over from any of the other gardens. And, if it were her's, I don't think you should call her a lunatic. I don't believe, myself, that there are any real prophets now; but there are many good people who think quite differently. I knew an old lady once who, I am sure, was very good, and she took in a paper every week that was full of prophecies and things very like this. Nobody called

her mad, and I have heard father say that she had one of the sharpest heads for business he had ever come across."

"Very good; have it as you like. But I believe we shall both be sorry."

They sat in silence for some time. Alice came in after her "evening out," and they sat on, till Mrs. Darnell said she was tired, and wanted to go to bed.

Her husband kissed her. "I don't think I will come up just yet," he said, "you go to sleep, dearest. I want to think things over. No, no; I am not going to change my mind: your aunt shall come, as I said. But there are one or two things I should like to get settled in my mind."

He meditated for a long while, pacing up and down the room. Light after light was extinguished in Edna Road, and the people of the suburb slept all around him, but still the gas was alight in Darnell's drawing-room, and he walked softly up and down the floor. He was thinking that about the life of Mary and himself which had been so quiet there seemed to be gathering on all sides grotesque and fantastic shapes, omens of confusion and disorder, threats of madness; a strange company from another world. It was as if into the quiet, sleeping streets of some little ancient town among the hills there had come from afar the sound of drum and pipe, snatches of wild song, and there had burst into the market-place the mad company of the players, strangely be-dizened, dancing a furious measure to their hurrying music, drawing forth the citizens from their sheltered homes and peaceful lives, and alluring them to mingle in the significant figures of their dance.

Yet afar and near (for it was hidden in his heart) he beheld the glimmer of a sure and constant star. Beneath, darkness came on, and mists and shadows closed about the town. The red, flickering flame of torches was kindled in the midst of it. The song grew louder, with more insistent, magical tones, surging and falling in unearthly modulations, the very speech of incantation; and the drum beat madly, and the pipe shrilled to a scream, summoning all to issue

forth, to leave their peaceful hearths; for a strange rite was preconised in their midst. The streets that were wont to be so still, so hushed with the cool and tranquil veils of darkness, asleep beneath the patronage of the evening star, now danced with glimmering lanterns, resounded with the cries of those who hurried forth, drawn as by a magistral spell; and the songs swelled and triumphed, the reverberant beating of the drum grew louder, and in the midst of the awakened town the players, fantastically arrayed, performed their interlude under the red blaze of torches. He knew not whether they were players, men that would vanish suddenly as they came, disappearing by the track that climbed the hill; or whether they were indeed magicians, workers of great and efficacious spells, who knew the secret word by which the earth may be transformed into the hall of Gehenna, so that they that gazed and listened, as at a passing spectacle, should be entrapped by the sound and the sight presented to them, should be drawn into the elaborated figures of that mystic dance, and so should be whirled away into those unending mazes on the wild hills that were abhorred, there to wander for ever more.

But Darnell was not afraid, because of the Daystar that had risen in his heart. It had dwelt there all his life, and had slowly shone forth with clearer and clearer light, and he began to see that though his earthly steps might be in the ways of the ancient town that was beset by the Enchanters, and resounded with their songs and their processions, yet he dwelt also in that serene and secure world of brightness, and from a great and unutterable height looked on the confusion of the mortal pageant, beholding mysteries in which he was no true actor, hearing magic songs that could by no means draw him down from the battlements of the high and holy city.

His heart was filled with a great joy and a great peace as he lay down beside his wife and fell asleep, and in the morning, when he woke up, he was glad.

A FRAGMENT OF LIFE

By Arthur Machen

. IV.



THE evening on which Darnell gave reluctant assent to the visit of the incongruous Mrs. Nixon was, as he himself conjectured at the time, a turning point in his life, fraught with strange consequences. For, on the one hand, he found himself, quite unwillingly, a public personage, and a familiar name to every reader of the evening papers through Mrs. Nixon's strange offices; and, on the other hand, his inner life becomes, from the same date, difficult to follow, a record of many enigmas. Darnell's public career may be dismissed in a few words, and the curious are referred to the files of the various journals for all details of the Shepherd's Bush Scandal. For the unfortunate Darnells found themselves involved in matters singularly scandalous and unsavoury, and the long sentence passed upon the personage who was pleased to call himself "Abraham," and "Father," brought no consolation to either of them. Mrs. Nixon found a home for the brief remainder of her days in a charmingly situated private lunatic asylum, and her husband resumed the place he had been wont to occupy in his niece's esteem. So far the record is plain enough, and, from the external point of view, the end of the story is plainer still; since Darnell and his wife were dead within a year of Mrs. Nixon's call on that hot Sunday afternoon. Mary was ill but for a few days; a severe chill developed into pneumonia of both lungs, and within a month Edward followed her. I suppose that, setting aside the

eccentric episode of Mrs. Nixon's visit, the life of Darnell and his wife might be paralleled with some thousands of lives in all external matters like unto it. On the whole, I should think that Darnell entered on the career of business with an equipment rather under than over the average; certainly, the great majority of the clerks of the present day have received a far better, because more specific, training for the work to which they are called. I imagine that few of us quite realise the absolute stupidity and inefficiency of the old-fashioned school, the quaint and unending labours to which boys were set to acquire information which could neither store the mind nor fill the purse. Even in schools of a higher grade, when once the circle of Greek and Latin was overstepped, all else was a mad chaos, the recollection of which makes one laugh and groan at once. Take the average man in the "forties or fifties," educated at a grammar school, and ask him for his impressions of English history. In nine cases out of ten he will not be able to do more than mutter incoherent particulars about Alfred and the cakes, Canute and his courtiers, and Clarence in the malmsey butt. If his memory be retentive, he may be able to furnish some odd dates of kings and of battles; and, beyond these matters—nothing!

Such being the curriculum in schools of some repute, it is not difficult to imagine how things passed lower down in the scholastic scale, where the one saving grace of good instruction in Latin and Greek grammar was denied; and I have gathered that Darnell's educational experiences in a queer "venture school" in the north of London were indescr-

bably grotesque. In this respect, then, he was probably worse off than the majority of his fellow clerks; in other ways his external life and equipment were much the same as that of thousands of others. He married early in life, as is the habit of his race; he settled down in a cheap house in a small suburban street, and, in a word, was a perfectly typical example of the modern clerk, who goes into business, not because he possesses business instincts or a special talent for affairs, but for the simple reason that no other means of making a living are within his reach.

But what we may call the public life of the ordinary commercial clerk by no means completes the tragedy of his existence. So far from that being the case, I suspect that he is more tragical in his home than in his office, and most tragical of all in those moments when he fancies he is enjoying himself. For one may conceive a man leading, as it were, two lives, and of one making something quite passable, or, indeed, something much more than passable. In all ages it is to be presumed there has been unpleasant work to be done, and there have been men whom necessity has forced to do it; but in all other ages I am inclined to believe there has been some daily escape possible. For example, the lowest serf in the middle ages had a better home to go to after his day's work than has the city clerk of to-day. Our serf lived, doubtless, in a villainous hut which, from many points of view, might compare unfavourably with a modern pigstye, all the more unfavourably, of course, with a neat little house at Clapham, Finsbury Park, or Shepherd's Bush. The serf, had doubtless, a fair chance of being murdered in the night, and might reckon on a high probability of sickening of the Black Death, if he survived cold steel till the morning. To be brief; his days were passed in want, danger and discomfort, and the servile wars of the middle ages inform us, clearly enough, that the class was thoroughly alive to the disadvantages of its position. And yet those who know anything know that the serf, after the hard and perhaps cruel journey for his lord, went at night across the

waste to a better home than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand clerks, who have, for a moderate total of hours, written so many letters, added up so many pages or counted so many coupons, and in the evening return to a comfortable and secure abode, to a sufficient meal, to ample rest.

Perhaps the statement might be made much broader; it is possible that it applies to all of us, or to most of us who live in these latter days. Be that as it may, it is certainly and wholly true of the unfortunates amongst whose ranks stood Edward Darnell. If I am asked for proof of a statement which, I daresay, may wear for many the appearance of violent and nonsensical paradox, I can only give a reason which may still seem paradoxical and nonsensical to a vast number of people who bear some repute for intelligence. Still, the ground is always cleared by definition, and I may begin by saying that by "better" I mean happier, and if anyone inquire as to the meaning I attach to the word "happiness," I must here express my profound conviction that, in the last resort, happiness is wholly and utterly independent of external things. It is not enough to say that it can exist in spite of every material discomfort, that a hard bed, hard fare, and hard work cannot diminish it: we may much more boldly affirm that happiness, as distinguished from the pleasures of the senses, can and does triumph over hunger and thirst, sickness and pain—nay, over the terror of death and death itself. Happiness, in fine, is a purely spiritual condition, a state of the soul and not of the body, and it is because our typical mediæval serf had within him those materials of happiness that our typical commercial clerk has not, that we are able to state with such confidence that the home of the former was "better" than the snuggest retreat at Peckham. Of course, the day's work of the one was by far the happier, also; to drive the plough in the open world is much less remote from the real ends for which men exist, than the mechanical performance of mechanical commercial

duties in a city office. Even in our day, when the accursed schoolmaster is abroad, poisoning all the wells of life, we may encounter in remote places the peasant of the old type; a man, an individuality, who has been taught real knowledge by the spectacle which he always views, a spectacle which ascends from the little flower in the hedge to the bright and awful array of the stars. Listen to such a man, and then travel by a city-bound train any morning of your life; you will apprehend some measure of the gulf between the two types.

But when our serf got "home," when he ceased his daily labour, then, indeed, the gulf becomes vast, intolerable, beyond all computation. It would not be quite accurate to say that this man of another age was happy because he believed in certain set dogmas, expressed in certain set formulæ, which we are either "inclined to believe" or "inclined to disbelieve," or which we are good enough "to accept with such modifications as the clearer spiritual insight of the twentieth century has made inevitable." The case is rather this: that in those earlier days an absolute, unconditional and unquestioning belief in the dogmatic letter proved to be the way to the True Knowledge of the Spirit, which is something utterly beyond any dogma and any letter. It was this Blessed Graal that was then in the world, this Holy Cup that was given alike to peasant and to peer, this great majesty, which will, and does, fill the possessor of it with perfect peace, joy and happiness, though he be slowly perishing in the midst of the most excruciating bodily torments. And, perhaps, it may be useful to point out how the Light of the Graal was, as it were, shed abroad over things both high and low, small and great, so that the whole world was enlightened, and there was no place so dark and secret that it might not enter therein. It was this Light, shed over the material work of building (which man possesses in common with ants, and bees, and beavers), that gave to the world the splendour, and mystery, and glory of "Gothic" architecture; that has left us, as its witness, those adorable sym-

bols, in which the dead stones are indeed transmuted into living stones, discoursing of eternal things. It was the same Light that gave us the wonderful treasure of Plainsong, a music that is more than music (as we now understand the word), that is rather a quickening incantation, the voice of Ineffable Doctrine, a song that speaks to mortal ears secrets that are immortal. It was the same Light that ordered our speech, so that not only the studied work of Literature, but the roughest utterance of the people had its magic and its beauty; and the commonest sentence was by it purged of that commonness which we call vulgarity. It is to be discerned in the tools that a man used in his craft, in the cup out of which he drank; it even conquered for a time the base régime of keeping shop, and so ordered trade that it was carried on for the good of all, and not for the greatest cheating of the greatest number.

For this reason, therefore, because, in the middle ages, there was a certain ineffable Knowledge given to men, the home of the serf was happier and better than the home of the city clerk in our day. Again, it may be said: "Why specify the unfortunate clerk? why not affirm boldly and generally that humanity was happier then than now?" To which I must reply that while I have no doubt whatever that the universal proposition is true, I am concerned to demonstrate the particular, since the person whose life I am, as it were, annotating, had the misfortune to belong to the class in question. And is it necessary to press the contrast home? Some years ago an ecclesiastic of the English Church, who is now a bishop, announced his discovery that existence in the suburbs of London was a state of savagery, that the inhabitants of the said suburbs were, as a mass, barbarians. I do not remember that this pronouncement attracted much attention; there was I think, no debate, or if such debate arose, it was not pressed. In all probability, of those who read the ecclesiastic's words, a great number passed them by as a new variety of the conventional statements of the "miserable sinners" class that the

clergy are expected to make now and then, *ex officio*. Others, and probably the greater number, were scandalised at such a violent untruth, proceeding, not from some dangerous Radical agitator, but from a benedicted clergyman of the Established Church. These latter were so far in the right: the statement is untrue, for the real truth is infinitely worse than the word "savagery" would lead one to suppose. The faults and miseries of the savage state are black indeed (as were the faults and miseries of the middle ages), chiefest among them being, perhaps, the utter disregard of human life, and human suffering; while amongst many savages, the place which religion should hold has been taken by some cruel form of superstition. Doubtless, it is terrible that men should live their lives in hideous terror of the Fetish and of the Medicine Man, for ever oppressed by the thought of a hidden grove in the forest where the ground is red with blood and white with bones, but how much better such a fate, in which there dwells, under dark shadows, truly, some sense of unseen things, than to inhabit this earth, in human form, and to shape one's daily actions by the dread of Mrs. Jones, over the way, and of Mrs. Robinson, round the corner; to shape one's soul by the rule of "what people will say." If we think of it, we shall find in the savage a half-formed, uncorrected man, but yet altogether a man, possessing, sometimes in remarkable degree, the chief heritage of man, which is, undoubtedly, the vision of the unseen and the longing for the unseen, and after all, everything that makes for the beauty, glory and significance of life has existed in various stages of development amongst races that, judged by our standard, were savage, or little better than savage. I need not press the point: it is sufficiently obvious that legend and poetry and rapture, and the spirit that cried "My soul is athirst for God," dwelt first in wild and ruthless hearts; in men who were singularly deficient in the peculiar gift which is named civilization; and Coventry Patmore noted, with his un-failing insight, that at the present day

the beliefs of most savages are more in accordance with true Christianity (he meant with that Light behind the Dogmas that we have called the Graal) than the beliefs of most average persons. And is it necessary to press the contrast, to dwell on the utter, vast inanity of that suburban world in which dwell our letter-copying machines, of whom Edward Darnell was one? Is proof necessary? Then, as I have already said, travel any morning with these men and listen to their talk. Their actual tones, that speech which, when man received it, was made music to the ears, an enchanted, if unnoted song, has become on their lips the detested, detestable twang which we call "a cockney accent," accepting it quite coolly as something rather unpleasant, but quite unimportant, as something which exists in the nature of things, like the east winds in March and wet weather at Henley; just as we accept Gower Street, forgetting that there were once men who had a natural gift called architecture, forgetting that the speech of men is, by nature, a beauty and delight. Listen, then, to the squalid noise which has succeeded to the former music, and then pass from sound to sense, and your mind will be deluged with a torrent of mere ineptitude. In a way, it is like the talk of children; it consists largely of a parrot-like repetition of some one else's thoughts one man discourses in English a little less distinguished than his original, the leading article from the *Daily This*, and the other replies with a bad version of the stale thunder from the *Morning That*; while in a corner you may hear a brisk discussion as to whether rhubarb is a fruit or a vegetable! It is childishness, certainly, but it is almost the childishness of idiots or dotards. Savagery! Indeed, in all things that vitally concern the heart and soul of man Darnell's fellows have fallen far deeper than the deepest savagery, and have come very near to the Godless condition of the brutes.

After all, it is not by any amount of laboured demonstration or accumulated proofs that the true condition of the suburb-inhabiting clerk can be made evident. The truth in this matter (as I suspect is the case in all matters what-

soever), must be felt, not proven; and, as the best way of understanding art is to see it, and then meditate upon it, so, perhaps, that ride in a city-bound train, which I have already recommended, coupled with an afternoon's stroll through some select suburb, would be more illuminative than the most elaborated argument on the mental state of the middle-class commercial worker in modern London. He who will undertake these experiences, will see how a multitude of influences have combined to change a race of sovereign pontiffs into a race of galley slaves. The analogy is imperfect, because by far too weak, but it will serve our turn.

And yet it was from this race, stricken deaf and dumb and blind, that there came a man who recovered, to a large extent, the kingdom and the priesthood, which seem to have been not merely lost (that, alas! is the fate of most of us), but utterly forgotten, as if they never had been. It was in one of those appalling suburbs, more removed from the City of God than the darkest pit of any cave-dwellers, that Edward Darnell was vouchsafed at least a glimmering, if not the perfect vision, of the eternal light. His history was always wonderful to me; wonderful in the mere hints which I first learned of it; and as I grew to know more, and to understand more fully the miracle that had been worked, it became an abiding source of consolation and refreshment. Now, with the passage of years, and the deaths of certain persons who would have had the right to resent any comment on the life of a connection however remote, it has become possible to make public, for the encouragement of others, these notes and records of wonderful achievement.

The task of compilation and annotation has not been an easy one. It will be observed from the very title that I have chosen, that these notes are not, in the ordinary sense of the words, a "Memoir" or a "Life" at all. Indeed, I think such a title as "The Life of Edward Darnell," would have been singularly inappropriate. When a "Life" is announced, it is to be understood that some degree of eminence,

and of eminence of the tangible, demonstrable kind, is to be commemorated, and the reader feels that he is to hear the history of great events; it may be the tale of the Waverley Novels, or it may be such an epical recitation as that which ends with Trafalgar. With such magnificent annals as these, assuredly, I should not dream of linking the career of Edward Darnell, the unimportant city clerk, who was born in Camden Town and died at Shepherd's Bush, whose name will never find a place on any roll where the heroes are honoured; and so it seemed best to abandon at once all pretences to a formal memoir. In the same way the nature of the subject matter, and of the materials at my disposition, has not inclined me to adopt the form that usually obtains with writers of biography. Where a plain statement of facts and events has seemed most to my purpose, I have pursued this method; but, on the other hand I have felt no scruple in using, now and again, the manner of the novelist, for there are certain secrets which can be imparted only by the means of symbols. It is not, I think, generally recognised that all Poetry and all Romance that are worthy of the name are attempts to tell the Truth as to the real nature of men, that Truth which can never be told in any other way.

This is perhaps the point at which it will be most convenient to indicate the nature of the materials I have drawn on. In the first place there are the memoranda of Edward Darnell's conversation, which, for many reasons, struck me when I heard it as deserving to be noted down before it was forgotten; secondly, in a small packet are the letters he wrote me during the brief time I knew him; and thirdly, two manuscript volumes constitute what I suppose I must call his "literary remains," though the circumstances of the writer's life and education made it impossible that his attempts at expression should receive that grace and form which are essential to Literature, properly so called. Before me also are some memoranda of his family history, which are not without a certain signifi-

cance. I have never been able to form any very definite opinion as to the influence of heredity—as to how far character is transmitted—since it has always appeared to me that the data on which such an opinion might be based are not yet available; but it is possible that the blood which Darnell inherited from far-off ancestors was the talisman that enabled him to defy and overcome all the influences of the suburb and the city, and the age in which he was born. For this reason, on the chance, too, that the recital of a somewhat curious family legend, which was attended by a still more curious ceremony, may have helped to modify Darnell's character, I shall insert here all that I have been able to gather as to his ancestry.

There is not wanting a certain note of the picturesque in the documentary evidence on this point, not merely in its nature, but in the manner in which it has been preserved. Among the very few possessions which Edward Darnell inherited from his father, Henry Darnell, is a duodecimo book, which must have been rebound and interleaved late in the seventeenth or early in the eighteenth century. The book itself is an alchemical, or, perhaps, a mystic treatise called *Lumen de Lumine*, written by Thomas Vaughan, the brother of the more famous Silurist, and is dated 1651. The interleaved pages contain here and there writings which to me are quite undecipherable; they are, probably, in some alchemical script of the period. But on the three or four leaves inserted at the end of the book are a number of Latin memoranda, the first of which would seem to have been copied from some older document, possibly from loose leaves, which were afterwards judged insecure. In brief, the history which they disclose is as follows:—

In the year of Our Lord 1645, Edward Darnell was forced at last to abandon the Treasure in the East, and to go forth to fight for the King. He took part in various battles, with varying fortune, and, at last, when all seemed to be lost, came to the western part of Britain, and was there married to Mistress Mary Vaughan, a most beautiful maiden, "sister to the illuminated philo-

sopher, the writer of this book." To them was born one son, named Henry; and Edward, with his wife and child, lived in the fair house which marriage had brought him, on the banks of the River Usk. Edward Darnell, on account of the wars, and of things done therein, was not able to regain the Treasure, but committed the search for it to his son, Henry, in clear Figures. He departed June 24th, A.D. 1670.

Henry Darnell, son of the above Edward Darnell, was born on January 14th, 1650, and married in the twenty-fifth year of his age, Anne Meyrick, of Caermaen. He had one son, Edward; and two daughters, Eugenia and Eirenæa, who died in infancy. Henry Darnell, on three several occasions, set out for the East, seeking what is there hidden, but was forced to return. He left the matter to Edward his son. He died in the sixtieth year of his age.

Edward Darnell, son of Henry Darnell and of Anne, his wife, was born in May, in the year of Our Lord, 1680, and lived for eighty years. His wife was Alice Morgan, of Caerleon, his children, two, were Henry his son, and Eugenia his daughter, who lived all her days in maidenhood. He sought in vain.

Henry Darnell was born on March 3rd, 1712, and remained unmarried for forty years. In 1752, he married Mary, daughter of Richard Ambrose, gentleman, of Lansoar. He had three sons, Edward, Thomas and Henry, all of whom survived him. He repeated that which he had received.

Edward Darnell, son of the aforementioned, was born in 1754, and in 1789 was born his eldest son Henry, who died in the fifth year of his age. In 1791, was born his second son, Edward, and other sons after him. He repeated that which he had received.

This is the last of the formal entries. On the last leaf are the mere names and dates:

Henry, May 3rd, 1832.

Edward, March 1st, 1860.

With one important exception the Edward of my story was not able to supplement to any great extent this brief outline of his family history. He

told me that he had heard from his father that his grandfather had lived extravagantly, and had at last sold the old house, derived from the seventeenth century marriage with Mary Vaughan, to one of his younger brothers, and had ended his days in London a poor man. Henry Darnell, Edward's father, seems to have lived a somewhat vague and unsatisfactory life, always on the point of making his fortune, and generally in Micawber-like straits in waste places and odd corners of London, moving about from lodging to lodging. In the later years of his life he made a somewhat scanty living by engrossing for lawyers, and all his days he seems to have dabbled weakly with literature. A few of his stilted and imitative stories were accepted, and his son showed me the faded, third-rate magazines in which they appeared. Now and again he was assisted by the uncle who had possession of the small property in the West, and it was this gentleman who, surviving to a great age, supported Edward after his father's death in 1874, till he was able to earn his living in the City. Once, when Edward was a child of seven or eight, father and son paid a brief visit to the old man, living all alone in the ancient grey house in the valley of the Usk, and the experience left a deep impression on the boy's mind, haunting all his years with the remembrance of the deep beauty of that silent valley, with the echo of the water falling from the wells in Wentwood, with the voice of the rustling trees in the vast forest, and the hush of the world at the dawn, when the sun rose up out of the Severn. The old great-uncle died soon after Edward began his business life, and the property was bequeathed by him to another grand-nephew, the grandson of his favourite brother, a well-to-do physician in Bristol. Since then the house has again changed hands, leaving the name of Darnell, which, so far as I know, is now extinct.

Beyond these data, the only matter of interest respecting the family history which I learned from Edward Darnell relates to an extraordinary prepossession of his father, and also to the exciting cause of an extraordinary fancy. Henry

Darnell, so his son told me, believed that his seventeenth century ancestor, Edward the First, as he may be called, had in some way discovered a treasure of immense value near his house, which Henry imagined to be somewhere in the Eastern Counties, and probably at Norwich or in its vicinity. On this theory Edward, having made his discovery at the beginning of the Civil Wars, waited for some time in vain, hoping that the troubles might quiet down with the purpose of disposing profitably of his treasure in an England well governed and secure. No doubt both the King and the Rebels were in urgent need of money for their undertakings, and Edward may have been afraid that if the slightest hint of his discovery got abroad confiscation would instantly follow, from one side or the other. But as the times grew worse instead of better, Edward Darnell, a staunch Royalist, living in the midst of violent Puritans, was drawn both by duty and out of regard for his own safety to the King's army, and was finally forced to go into a species of hiding in the West. According to Henry Darnell, the phrase, "on account of the wars and of the things done therein," the reason given for the first Edward's abandoning the treasure, plainly intimated that it had been overwhelmed by the falling ruin of some castle, that Edward knew where the gold was hidden, but weary of adventure, bequeathed the quest of it to his son.

According to the Edward whom I knew, this was the obsession of his father's life, and the chief reason of his want of success. Mrs. Darnell died when Edward was two years old, and so from his earliest years he looked to his father alone, who told him, when he was a mere baby, the story of the buried gold that was to make them rich, and spoke more and more of the treasure, as his son grew more able to understand him. At first the son was as infatuated as the father, and got up every morning in the full persuasion that they would be as "rich as the Queen" by nightfall, but as the years went on, and their life became more and more shiftless and uncertain,

as the lodgings grew shyer and dingier, and the meals worse in quantity and quality, he lost all faith, and sickened at his father's unwavering trust in phantom gold that could not pay the smallest of the many and clamorous bills that all day and every day beat upon their doors, and forced them to fly from one downcast quarter to another still more desolate. His father, he told me, never lost hope for a moment, but as soon as he earned a couple of pounds would leave him alone to the mercy of the landlady for the time being, and betake himself to the Eastern counties, where he pursued his mad and unending researches. For some reason or other, he at last made up his mind that certain vague mounds of earth, situated in the county near Norwich, marked the site of the castle where the treasure had been discovered by the first Edward; and thenceforward he remained at home, trying to think of some means of getting together sufficient money to buy the field in which the mounds stood. With this thought besetting his mind he fell ill, and it was only in the moment of death that he began to repeat to his son the formula which appears to have been handed down in the family.

In the East it was buried, and in the East it shall rise again.

Through the wickedness of evil men, through rebellion that is like witchcraft it was hidden.

When there is war it may not be discovered, but a Great Peace shall remove the Veil.

It is very far off, yet it is near to the land of thy birth.

It is more rich than all the riches of the world —

It was at these words, Darnell told me, that his father became unconscious. He wrote them down immediately, not with any vain hopes of treasure-finding, but as his father's last utterance; and this done he tried to forget the whole story, feeling that the desire of this non-existent treasure had been the cause of most of their misery.

But I have always thought that in the soul of this last Edward Darnell, there was restored, gradually and by slow degrees, the true sense of the old legend propagated so curiously, and for the most part, it would seem, so vainly, by the first Edward, the founder of the family. It would be difficult, or rather impossible, to point out the exact period when the true significance of the *mythos* first began to be obscured; but probably, I should think this process took place between the days of Edward, born in 1680, who "sought in vain," and Henry, born in 1712, who "repeated that which he had received"—the latter phrase hinting at some evacuation of the sacramental meaning of the words, and the substitution of a mere traditional formula. However that may be, I think that at last the treasure was re-discovered, if not altogether in its full glory, at least in part, according to the measure of Edward Darnell's power to receive it.

