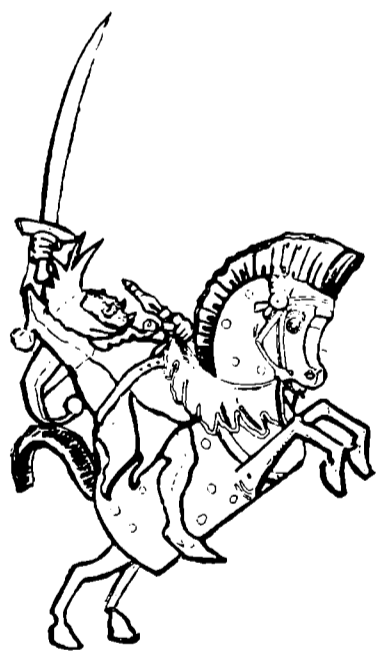


# HARRY FURNISS'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL, 1905.

Written by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, MAX PEMBERTON, GEORGE R. SIMS, H. RIDER HAGGÁRD, Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., Captain ROBERT MARSHALL, E. J. MILLIKEN, BART KENNEDY, G. E. FARROW, DOMINIQUE MONRO, and WALTER KAYESS.



*All the Illustrations are by HARRY FURNISS.*

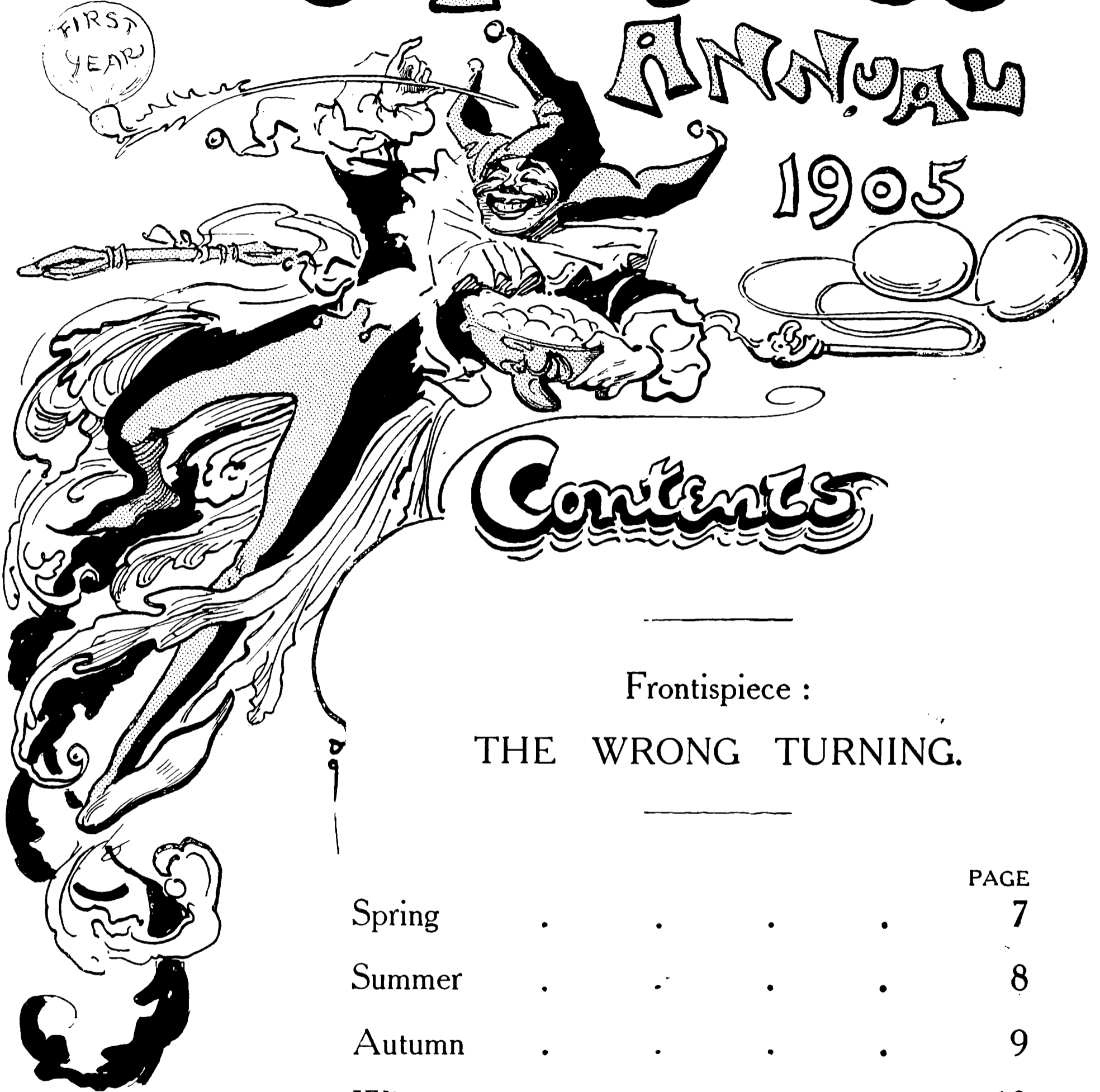
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# HARRY FURNISS'S

## ANNUAL

### 1905



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# A WEDDING GIFT



BY

H. Rider Haggard

FOOTPRINTS—footprints—the footprints of one dead. How ghastly they look as they fall before me! Up and down the long hall they go, and I follow them. *Pit, pat* they fall, those unearthly steps, and beneath them starts up that awful impress. I can see it grow upon the marble, a damp and dreadful thing.

Tread them down; tread them out; follow after them with muddy shoes, and cover them up. In vain. See how they rise through the mire! Who can tread out the footprints of the dead?

And so on, up and down the dim vista of the past, following the sound of the dead feet that wander so restlessly, stamping upon the impress that will not be stamped out. Rave on, wild wind, eternal voice of human misery; fall, dead footsteps, eternal echo of human memory; stamp, miry feet; stamp into forgetfulness that which will not be forgotten.

And so on, on to the end.

\* \* \* \*

Pretty ideas these for a man about to be married, especially when they float into one's brain at night like ominous clouds into a summer sky, and one is going to be married to-morrow. There is no mistake about it—the wedding I mean. To be plain and matter-of-fact, why there are the presents, or some of them, and very handsome presents they are, ranged in solemn rows upon the long table. It is a remarkable thing to observe when one is going to make a really satisfactory marriage, how hundreds of unsuspected friends crop up around one and send little tokens of their esteem. It was very different when I married my first wife, I remember, but then that marriage was not satisfactory. There they stand in solemn rows, as I have said, and inspire

me with beautiful thoughts about the native kindness of human nature, especially the human nature of one's distant cousins. It is possible to grow very poetical over a silver teapot when one is going to be married to-morrow. On how many future mornings shall I be confronted with that teapot? Probably for all my life; and on the other side of the teapot will be the cream jug, and the electro-plated urn will hiss away behind them both. Also the chased sugar basin will be in front, full of sugar, and behind everything will be my wife. "My dear," she will say, "will you have another cup of tea?" and probably I shall have another cup.

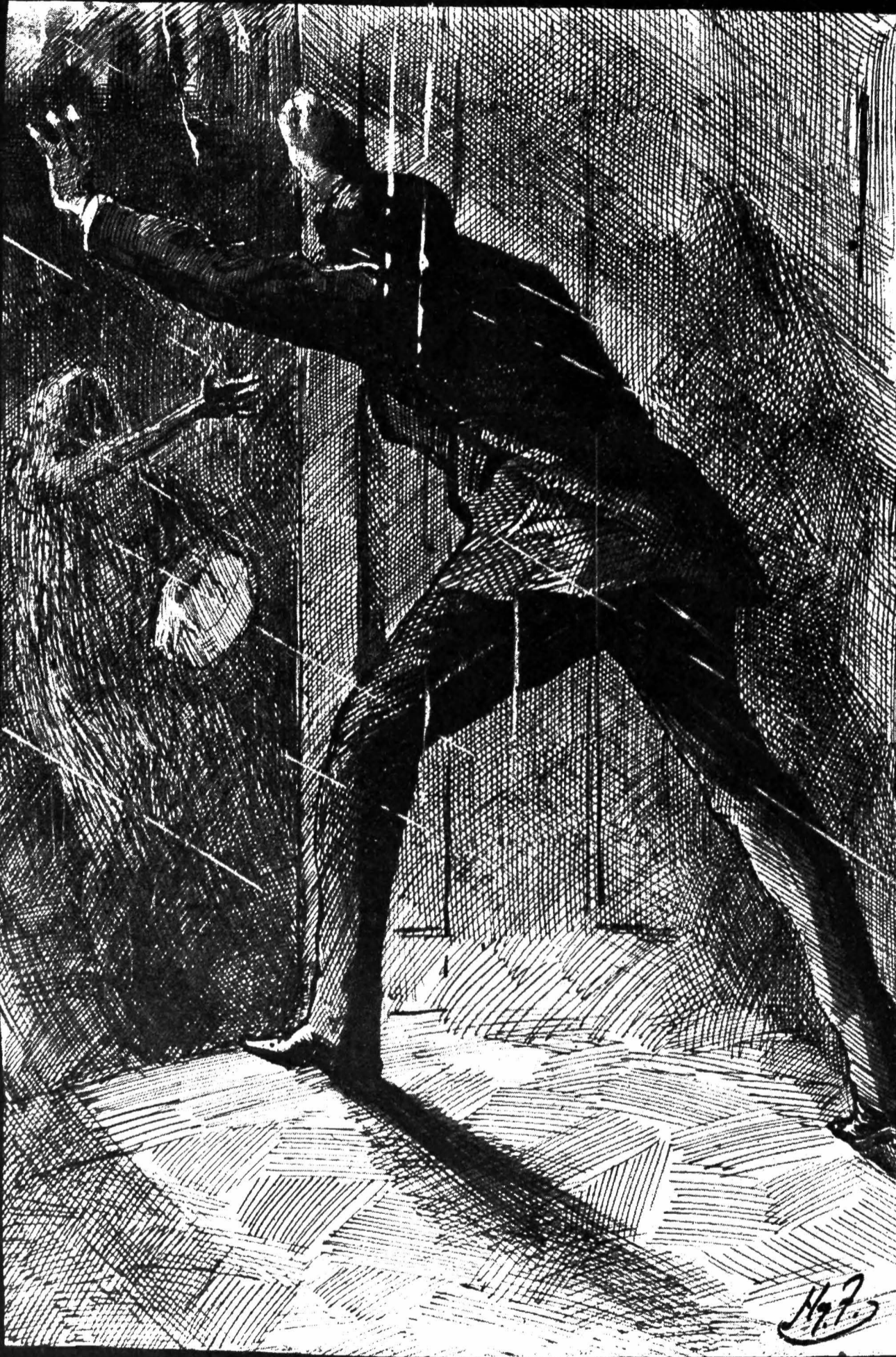
Well, it is very curious to notice what ideas will come into a man's head sometimes. Sometimes something waves a magic wand over his being, and from the recesses of his soul dim things arise and walk. At times they come, at times he grows aware of the issues of his mysterious life, and his heart shakes and shivers like a lightning-shattered tree; and in that drear light all earthly things seem far, and all unseen things draw near and take shape and awe him, and he knows not what is true and what is false, neither can he trace the edge that marks off the Spirit from the Life. Then it is that the footsteps echo, and the ghostly footprints will not be stamped out.

Pretty thoughts again! and how persistently they come! It is one o'clock, and I will go to bed. The rain is falling in sheets outside. I can hear it lashing against the window panes, and the wind wails through the tall wet elms at the end of the garden. I could tell the voice of those elms anywhere; I know it as well as the voice of a friend. What a night it is; we sometimes get them in this part of England in October. It was just such a night when my first wife died, and that is three years ago. I remember how she sat up in her bed.

"Ah! those horrible elms," she said; "I wish you would have them cut down, Frank; they cry like a woman," and I said I would, and just after that she died, poor dear. And so the old elms stand, and I like their music. It is a strange thing; I was half broken-hearted, for I loved her dearly, and she loved me with all her life and strength, and now—I am going to be married again.

"Frank, Frank, don't forget me!" Those were my wife's last words; and, indeed, though I am going to be married again to-morrow, I have not forgotten her. I shall never forget how Annie Guthrie (whom I am going to marry now) came to see her the day before she died. I know that Annie always liked me more or less, and I think that my dear wife guessed it. After she had kissed her and bid her a last good-bye, and the door had closed, she spoke quite suddenly: "There goes your future wife, Frank," she said; "you should have married her at first instead of me; she is very handsome and very good, and she has two thousand a-year; *she* would never have died of a nervous illness." And she laughed a little, and then added, suddenly, "Oh, Frank dear, I wonder if you will think of me before you marry Annie Guthrie. Wherever I am I shall be thinking of you."

And now the time that she foresaw has come, and Heaven knows that I have thought of her, poor dear. Ah! those footsteps of one dead that will echo through our lives, those woman's footprints on the marble flooring which will not be stamped out. Most of us have heard and seen them at some time or other, and I hear and see them very plain to-night. Poor dead wife, I wonder if there are any doors in the land where you have gone, through which you can creep out to look at me to-night? I hope that there are none. Death must, indeed, be a hell if the dead can see and feel and take measure of the forgetful faithless-



“ It was short and shrunken, the figure of a tiny woman.”

ness of their beloved. Well, I will go to bed and try and get a little rest. I am not so young or so strong as I was, and this wedding wears me out. I wish that the whole thing were done or had never been begun.

\* \* \* \*

What was that? It was not the wind, for it never makes that sound here, and it was not the rain, for the rain has ceased its surging for a moment; nor was it the howling of a dog, for I keep none. It was more like the crying of a woman's voice; but what woman can be abroad on such a night or at such an hour—half-past one in the morning?

There it is again—a dreadful sound; it makes the blood turn chill, and yet has something familiar about it. It is a woman's voice calling round the house. There she is at the window now, and rattling it, and, great heavens! she is calling me.

“Frank! Frank! Frank!” she calls.

I strive to stir and unshutter the window, but before I can get there she is knocking and calling at another.

Gone again, with her dreadful wail of “Frank, Frank!” Now I hear her at the front door, and, half mad with a horrible fear, I run down the long, dark hall and unbar it. There is nothing there—nothing but the wild rush of the wind and the drip of the rain from the portico. But I can hear the wailing voice going round the house, past the patch of shrubbery. I close the door and listen. There, she has got through the little yard, and is at the back door now. Whoever it is, she must know the way about the house. Along the hall I go again, through a swing door, through the servants' hall, stumbling down some steps into the kitchen, where the embers of the fire are still alight in the grate, diffusing a little warmth and light into the dense gloom.

Whoever it is at the door is knocking now with her clenched hand against the

hard wood, and it is wonderful, though she knocks so low, how the sound echoes through the empty kitchens.

There I stood and hesitated, trembling in every limb; I dared not open the door. No words of mine can convey the sense of utter desolation that overpowered me. I felt as though I was the only living man in the whole world.

“*Frank! Frank!*” cries the voice with the dreadful familiar ring in it. “Open the door; I am so cold. I have so little time.”

My blood stood still, and yet my hands were constrained to obey. Slowly, slowly I lifted the latch and unbarred the door, and, as I did so, a great rush of air snatched it from my hands and swept it wide. The black clouds had broken a little overhead, and there was a patch of blue, rain-washed sky with just a star or two glimmering fitfully in it. For a moment I could only see this bit of sky, but by degrees I made out the accustomed outline of the great trees swinging furiously against it, and the rigid line of the coping of the garden wall beneath them. Then a whirling leaf hit me smartly on the face, and instinctively I dropped my eyes on to something that as yet I could not distinguish—something small and black and wet.

“What are you?” I gasped. Somehow I seemed to feel that it was not a person—I could not say, *Who* are you?

“Oh, don't you know me?” wailed the voice, with the far-off familiar ring about it. “And I mayn't come in and show myself. I haven't the time. You were so long opening the door, and I am so bitterly cold—oh, so cold! Look there, the moon is coming out, and you will be able to see me. I suppose that you long to see me, as I have longed to see you.”

As the figure spoke, or rather wailed, a moonbeam struggled through the watery air, and fell on it. It was short and shrunken, the figure of a tiny wo-

man. Also it was dressed in black and wore a black veil thrown over the whole head, shrouding it, after the fashion of a bridal veil. From every part of this veil and dress the water fell in heavy drops. The figure bore a small basket on her left arm, and her hand—such a poor thin little hand—gleamed white in the moonlight. I noticed that on the third finger was a red line, showing that a wedding-ring had once been there. The other wrist and hand was stretched towards me as though in entreaty. All this I saw in an instant, as it were, and as I saw it horror seemed to grip me by the throat as though it were a living thing, for as the voice had been familiar, so was the form familiar, though the churchyard had received it long years ago. I could not speak—I could not even move.

“Oh, don't you know me yet?” wailed the voice; “and I have come from so far to see you, and I cannot stop. Look, look,” and she began to pluck feverishly with her poor thin hand at the black veil that enshrouded her. At last it came off, and, as in a dream, I saw what in a dim frozen way I had expected to see—the white face and pale yellow hair of my dead wife. Unable to speak or to stir, I gazed and gazed. There was no mistake about it, it was she! ay, even as I had last seen her, white with the whiteness of death, with purple circles round her eyes and the grave-cloth yet beneath her chin. Only her eyes were wide open and fixed upon my face; and a lock of the soft yellow hair had broken loose, and the wind tossed it.

“You know me now, Frank—don't you, Frank? Oh, it has been so hard to come and see you, and so cold! But you are going to be married to-morrow, Frank; and I promised—oh, a long time ago—to think of you when you were going to be married wherever I was, and I have kept my promise, and I have come from where I am and brought a present

with me. Oh, it was hard to die so young! I was so young to die and leave you, but I had to go. Take it—take it; be quick, I cannot stay any longer. *I cannot give you my life, Frank, so I have brought you my death—take it.*”

And the figure thrust the basket into my hand, and as it did so the rain came up again, and began to obscure the moonlight.

“I must go, I must go,” went on the dreadful familiar voice, in a cry of despair. “Oh, why were you so long opening the door? I wanted to talk to you before you married Annie; and now I shall never see you again—never! never! *never!*”

And as the last wailing notes died away the wind came down with a rush and a whirl, and the sweep as of a thousand wings, and threw me back into the house, bringing the door to with a crash after me.

\* \* \* \*

I staggered into the kitchen, the basket in my hand, and set it on the table. Just then some embers of the fire fell in, and a faint little flame rose and glimmered on the bright dishes on the dresser, even revealing a tin candlestick, with a box of matches by it. I was well-nigh mad with the darkness and fear, and, seizing the matches, I struck one, and held it to the candle. Presently it caught, and I glanced round the room. It was just as usual, as the servants had left it, and above the mantelpiece the eight-day clock ticked away solemnly. As I looked at it it struck two, and in a dim fashion I was thankful for its friendly sound.

Then I looked at the basket. It was of very fine white plaited work with black bands running up it, and a chequered black-and-white handle. I knew it well. I have never seen another like it. I bought it years ago at Madeira, and gave it to my poor wife. Ultimately it



was washed overboard in a gale in the Irish Channel. I remember that it was full of newspapers and library books, and I had to pay for them. Many and many is the time that I have seen that identical basket standing there on that very kitchen table, for my dear wife always used it to put flowers in, and the shortest cut from that part of the garden where her roses grew was through the kitchen. She used to gather the flowers, and then come in and place her basket down on the table, just where it stood now, and order the dinner.

All this passed through my mind in a few seconds as I stood there with the candle in my hand, feeling indeed half dead, and yet with my mind painfully alive. I began to wonder if I had gone asleep, and was the victim

of a nightmare. No such thing. I wish it had only been a nightmare. A mouse ran out along the dresser and jumped on to the floor making quite a crash in the silence.

What was in the basket? I feared to look, and yet some power within me forced me to it. I drew near to the table and stood for a moment listening to the sound of my own heart. Then I stretched out my hand and slowly raised the lid of the basket.

“I cannot give you my life, so I have brought you my death.” Those were her words; what could she mean—what could it all mean? I must know or I shall go mad. There it lies, whatever it is, wrapped up in linen.

Ah, heaven help me! It is a small bleached human skull.

