## THE CLOCK THAT WENT BACKWARD.

A row of Lombardy poplars stoed in front of my great-aunt Gertrude's house, on the bank of the Sheepsoot liver. In personal appearance my continues surprisingly like one of these trees. She had the look of topeless anamia that distinguishes then from fulier blooded sorts. She was talk severe in outline, and extremely thin. Her habiliments clume to her, I am sure that had the gods found occasion to impose upon her the fate of Daphne she would have taken her place easily and naturally in the dismal row, as melancholy a poplar as the rest.

Some of my carliest recollections are of this venerable relative. Alive and dead she bore an important part in the events I am about to recount events which I believe to be without prailled in the experience of mankind.

During our periodical visits of duty to Aunt Certrude in Maine, my cousin Harry and myself were accustomed to speculate much on her age. Was she sixty, or was she six score? We had no precise information; she might have been either. The old lady was surrounded by A row of Lombardy poplars stood in front

age. Was she sixty, or was she six score? We had no precise information; she might have been either. The old lady was surrounded by old-fashioned things. She seemed to live altogether in the past. In her short half hours of communicativeness, over her second cup of tea, or on the plazza when the poplars sent slim shadows directly toward the east, she used to tell us stories of her alleged ancestors. I say alloged, because we never fully believed that

tell us stories of her alleged ancestors. I say alleged, because we never fully believed that the had ancestors.

A genealogy is a stupid thing. Here is Aunt Gertrude's, reduced to its simplest terms:

Hor great-great-grandmother (1599-1642) was a woman of Holland who married a Puritan refugee, and sailed from Leyden to Plymouth in the ship Ann in the year of our Lord 1632. This Pikrim mother had a daughter. Aunt Gertrude's great-grandmether (1640-1718). Sho eams to the Eastern District of Massachusetts in the early part of the last century, and was carried off by the Indians in the Penobscot wars. Her daughter (1630-1776) lived to see these colonies free and independent, and contributed to the population of the coming republic not less than nineteen stalwart sons and comely daughters. One of the latter (1735-1802) married a Wiscasset skipper engaged in the West India rade, with whom she sailed. She was twice wrecked at sea—once on what is now Seguin Island and ones on San Salvador. It was on San Eslavador that Aunt Gertrude was born.

We got to be very tired of hearing this family history. Perhaps it was the constant repetition and the merciless persistency with which the above dates were divine into our young ears that made us skeptics. As I have saild, we took little stock in Aunt Gertrude's ancestors. They seemed highly improbable. In our private opinion the great-grandmothers and grand-mothers and so forth were pure myths, and Aunt Gertrude herself was the principal in all her described and an all the extended of the sail of the sail of the control of the sail of the control of the principal in all the extended herself was the principal in all

mothers and so forth were pure myths, and Aunt Gertrude herself was the principal in all the adventures attributed to them, having lasted

from century to century while generations of contemporaries went the way of all flesh. On the first landing of the square stairway of the mansion loomed a tail Dutch clock. The case was more than eight feet high, of a dark red wood, not mahogany, and it was curiously iniaid with silver. No common piece of furni-ture was this, About a hundred years ago there flourished in the town of Brunswick an horolo gist named Cary, an industrious and accom-plished workman. Few well-to-do houses on that part of the coast lacked a Cary timeplece. But Aunt Gertrude's clock had marked the hours and minutes of two full fcenturies before the Brunswick artisan was born. It was ning when William the Taciturn pierced

the Brunswick artisan was born. It was running when William the Tacitum pierced the dykes to relieve Leyden. The name of the maker, Jan Lipperdam, and the date, 1672, were still legible in broad black letters and fluures reaching quite across the dial. Carr's master-pieces were plebelan and recent beside this ancient aristocrat. The joily putch moon, made to exhibit its phases over a landscape of windmills and poiders, was cueningly painted, a skilled hand had carved the grim ornament at the top, a Death's head transified by a two-dired sword. Like all timepieces of the sixteenth century, it had no pendulum. A simple Yan Wyok escapement governed the descent of the weights to the bottom of the tail case.

But these weights never moved. Year after year when Harry and I returned to Maine we found the hands of the old clock pointing to the quarter past three, as they had pointed who we first saw them. The fat moon hung porpetually in the third quarter, as motioniess as the Death's head above. There was a mystery about the silenced movement and the paralyzed hands. Aunt Gertrude told us that the works haddrever performed their functions since a bolt of lightning entered the clock; and she showed us a black hole in the side of the case near the top, with a yawning rift that extended downward for several feet. This explanation failed to satisfy us. It did not account for the sharpness of her refusal when we proposed to bring over the watchmaker. account for the sharpness of her refusal when we proposed to bring over the watchmaker from the village, or for her singular agitation once when she found Harry on a stepladder, with a borrowed key in his hand, about to test

with a borrowed key in his hand, about to test for himself the clock's suspended vitality. One August night, after we had grown out of borhood, I was awakened by a noise in the hallway. I shook my cousin. "Somebody's in the house." I whispered.

the house," I whispered.
We crept out of our room and on to the stairs.
A dim light came from below, We held breath
and noiselessly descended to the second landing. Harry clutched my arm. He pointed
down over the banisters, at the same time
drawing me back into the shadow.

down over the banisters, at the same time drawing me back into the shadow.

We-saw a strange thing.

Aunt Gertrude stood on a chair in front of the old clock, as spectral in her white nightgown and white nightean as one of the poplars when covered with snow. It chanced that the floor creaked slightly under our feet. She turned with a sudden movement, peering intently into the darkness, and holding a candie high toward us, so that the light was full upon her pale face. She looked many years older than when I bade her good night. For a few minutes she was motionless, except in the trembling arm that held aloft the candle. Then, evidently reassured, she placed the light upon a shelf and turned again to the clock.

We now saw the old lady take a key from behind the case and proceed to wind up the weights. We could hear her breath, quick and short. She rested a hand on oither side of the case and held her face close to the dial, as if subjecting it to anxious scrutiny. In this attitude she remained for a long time. We heard her utter a sigh of relief, and she half turned toward us for a moment. I shall never forget he expression of wild joy that transfigured her features then.

The hands of the clock were moving; they

features then.

The hands of the clock were moving; they

were moving backward.

Aunt Gertrude put both arms around the clock and pressed her withered cheek against it. She kissed it repeatedly. She caressed it in a hundred ways, as if it had been a living and beloved thing. She fondled it and talked to it, using words which we could hear but could not understand. The hands continued to move back ward.

Then she started back with a sudden ory Then she started back wan a The clock had stopped. We saw her tall body swaying for an instant on the chair. She stretched out her arms in a convulsive meeture of terror and despair, wrenched the minute hand to its old place at quarter past three, and fell heavily to the floor.

II.

Aunt Gortrude's will left me her bank and gas stocks, real estate, railroad bonds, and city sevens, and gay Harry the clock. We thought at the time that this was a very unequal division, the more surprising because my coust had always seemed to be the favorite. Half in seriousness we made a thorough examination of the ancient timepiece, sounding its wooden case for secret drawers, and even probling the not complicated works with a knitting needle to ascertain if our whimsical reinitive had bestowed there some codient or other document changing the aspect of affairs. We discovered nothing. There was testamentary provision for our education at the University of Loyden. We left the military school in which we had learned a little of the theory of war, and a good deal of the art of standing with our noses over our heels, and took ship without delay. The clock went Aunt Gortrude's will left me her bank and

with us. Before many months it was established in a corner of a room in the Breede strast,

with us. Before many months it was established in acorner of a room in the Breede straat. The fabric of Jan Lipperdam's ingenuity, thus restored to its native air, continued to tell the hour of quarter past three with its old fidelity. The author of the clock had been under the sod for nearly three hundred years. The combined skill of his successors in the craft at Leyden could make it go neither forward nor backward.

We readily picked up Dutch enough to make ourselves understood by the townspeeple, the professors, and such of our eight hundred and old fellow students as came into intercourse. This language, which looks so hard at first, is only a sort of polarized English. Puzzle over it allittle while and it jumps into your comprehension like one of those simple cryptograms made by running together ail the words of a sentence and then dividing in the wrong places.

sentence and then dividing in the wrong places.
The language acquired and the nowness our surroundings wern off, we settled intelletably regular pursuits. Harry devoted him-

our surroundings worn off, we settled into tolerably regular pursuits. Harry devoted himself with some assiduity to the study of sociology, with especial reference to the roundfaced and not unkind maidons of Leyden. I went in for the higher metaphysics.

Outside of our respective studies, we had a common ground of unfailing interest. To our astonishment, we found that not one in twenty of the faculty or students knew or cared a stiver about the circumstances under which the University itself was founded by the Prince of Orange. In marked contrast with the general indifference was the enthusiasm of Prof. Van Stopp, my chosen guide through the cloudiant of speculative philosophy.

This distinguished Hegelian was a tobaccodried little old man, with a skull can over features that reminded me strangely of Aunt Gertrude's. Had he been her own brother the facial resemblance could not have been closer. I told him so once, when we were together in the Stadthuis looking at the portrait of the here of the slege, the Burgomnster Van der Werf. The Professor laughed. "I will show you what is even a more extraordinary coincidence," said her and leating the way across the hall to the great picture of the slege, by Wappers, he pointed out the flaure of a burgher participating in the defence. It was true. Van Stopp might have been Aunt Gertrude's father.

The Professor seemed to be fond of us. We often went to his rooms in an old house in the Rapenburg straat, one of the few houses remaining that antedate 1574. He would walk with is through the beautiful suburbs of the

Rapenburg straat, one of the few houses re-maining that antedate 1574. He would walk with us through the beautiful suburbs of the city, over straight roads lined with poplars that carried us back to the bank of the Sheepsed and kept the image of Aunt Gertrude constantly in our minds. He took us to the top of the ruined Roman tower in the centre of the town. and from the same battlements from which anxious eyes three centuries ago had watched the slowapproach of Admiral Boisot's fleet over the submerged polders, he pointed out the great dyke of the Land-scheiding which was cut that the ocean might bring Boisot's Zealand cut that the ocean might bring Boisot's Zealanders to raise the loaguer and feed the starving. He showed us the headquarters of the Spaniard Vaidez at Leyderdorp, and told us how heaven sent a violent northwest wind on the night of the first of October, piling up the water deep where it had been shallow and sweeping the fleet on between Zoeterwoude and Zwisten up to the very wabs of the fort at Lammen, the last stronghold of the besiegers and the last obstacle in the way of succer to the famishing inhabitants. Then he showed us where, on the very night before the retreat of the besieging army, a huge breach was made in the wall of Leyden, near the Cow Gate, by the Walloons from Lammen.

nmen. Why!" cried Harry, catching fire from the

eloquence of the Professor's narrative, "that was the decisive moment of the siege."

The Professor said nothing. He stood with his arms folded, looking intently into my

eloquence of the Professor's narrative," that was the decisive moment of the siege."

The Professor said nothing. He stood with his arms folded, looking intentity into my cousin's eyes.

"For," continued Harry, "had that point not been watched, or had defence failed and the been does not been carried by the night assault from Lammen, the town would have been burned and the people massacred under the eyes of Admiral Bolsor and the fleet of relief. Who defended the breach?"

Van Stop replied very slowly, as if weighing every word:

"History records the explosion of the mine under the city wall on the last night of the sleer; it does not tell the story of the defence or give the defender's name. Yet no man that ever lived had a more tremendous charge than fattituated to this unknown here. Was it chance that sent him to meet that unexpected danger? Consider some of the consequences had he falled. The fall of Leyden would have destroyed the last hope of the Prince of Orange and of the free States. The tyranny of Philip would have been robatablished. The birth of religious liberty and of self-government by the people would have been a republic of the United States of America had there been no United Netherlands? Our university, which has given to the world Grotius, Scaliger, Arminius and Descartes, was founded upon this hero's successful defence of the breach, We owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you owe to him our presenc

III.

The rain was splashing against the one evening in the autumn of our third year at Leyden, when Prof. Van Stopp honored us with a visit in the Breede straat. Never had I seen the old gentleman in such spirits. Hetalked incessantly. The goasip of the town, the news incessantly. The goasip of the town, the news of Europe, science, poetry, philosophy, were in d upon and treat d with the same turn tourned upon and treated and to draw light, half cynical humor. I sought to draw him out on Hegel, with whose chapter on the Infinite Complexity and Interdependency of Things I was just then struggling.
"You do not grasp the return of the Itself

"You do not grasp the return of the itsen into Itself through its Otherself?" he said smiling. "Well, you will, some time."
Harry was sitent and preoccupied. His taciturnity gradually affected even the Professor. The conversation flagged, and we sat a long while without a word. Now and then there was a flash of lightning succeeded by distan

Your clock does not go," suddenly remark

"Your clock does not go," suddenly remarked the Professor, "Does it never go?"
"Never since we can remember," I replied,
"That is, only once, and then it went backward. It was when Aunt Gertrude—"
Here I caught a warning giance from Harry.
I blushed, and stammered, "The clock is old and useless. It cannot be made to go,"
"Only backward?" said the Professor, calmly, and not appearing to notice my embarrasement.
"Well, and why should not a clock go backward? Whyshould not a clock go backward? Whyshould not Time itself turn and retrace its course?"

Ho seemed to be waiting for an answer. I had none to give.

He seemed to be waiting for an ad none to give,
"I thought you Hegelian enough," he coninued, "to admit that every condition includes
inued, "to admit that jume is a condition not
have a tradiction. Time is a condition not
have a tradiction. ontradiction. Time is a condition, not by which future follows present present follows past is purely arbitrary. Yes-terday, to-day, to-morrow; there is no reason in the nature of things why the order should not be to-morrow, to-day, vesterday."

A sharper peal of thunder interrupted the

my is made by the planet's revolution on it axis from west to east. I famely you can conceive conditions under which it might turn from east to west unwinding, as it were, the revolutions of past ages. Is it so much more difficult to inserte. revolutions of past ages. Is it so much more difficult to imagine Time unwinding itself; Time on the cbb, instead of on the flow; the Past unfolding as the Future recedes; the centuries countermarching; the course of events proceeding toward the Beginning and not, as

turies countermarching; the course of events proceeding toward the Beginning and not, as now, toward the End?"

"But," Interposed, "we know that as far as we are concerned the—"

"We know!" exclaimed Van Stopp, with growing scorn. "Your intelligence has no wings, You follow in the trail of Compte and his slimy broad of creepers and crawlers. You speak with amazing assurance of your position in the universe. You seem to think that your wretched little individuality has a firm foothold in the Absolute. Yet you go to bed to-night and dream into existence men, women, children, beasts of the past or of the future. How do you know that at this moment you yourself, with all your conceit of nineteenth cantury thought, are anything more than a creature of a dream of the future, dreamed, let us sny, by some philosopher of the sixteenth century? How do you know that you are anything more than a creature of a dream of the past, dreamed by some Hegelian of the twenty-aixth century? How do you know boy, that you will not vanish into the sixteenth century or the twenty-aixth the moment the dreamer awakes?"

into the sixteenth century or the twenty-sixth the moment the dreamer awakes?"

There was no replying to this, for it was sound metaphysics. Harry yawned. I got up and went to the window. Prof. Van Stopp approached the clock.

"Ah, my children," said he, "there is no fixed progress of human events. Past, present, and future are woven together in one inextricable mesh. Who shall say that this old clock is not right to go back ward?"

inture are woven together in one inextricane mesh. Who shall say that this old clock is not right to go backward?"

A crash of thunder shook the house. The storm was over our heads.

When the biinding glare had passed away. Prof. Van Stopt was standing upon a chair before the tail timepiece. His face looked more than ever like Aunt Gertrude's. He stood as she had stood in that last quarter of an hour when we saw her wind the clock.

The same thought struck Harry and myself.
"Hold!" we cried, as he began to wind the works. "It may be death if you-"
The Professor's sallow features shone with the strange enthusiasm that had transformed Aunt Gertrude's.
"True," he said, "it may be death; but it may be the awakening. Past, present, future; all woven together! The shuttle goes to and fro, forward and back—"

He had wound the clock. The hands were

woven together: The state as were together. The hands were whirling around the dial from right to left with inconceivable rapidity. In this whirl we ourselves seemed to be borne along. Eternities seemed to contract into minutes while lifetimes were thrown off at every tick. Van Stopp, both arms outstretched, was reeling in his chair. arms outstretched, was reeling in his chair. The house shook again under a tremendous peal of thunder. At the same instant a ball of dre, leaving a wake of sulphurous vapor and filling the room with dazzling light, passed over our heads and smote the clock. Van Stopp prostrated. The hands ceased to revolve.

The roar of the thunder sounded like heavy In or our of the funder sounded the neavy cannonaling. The lightning's blaze appeared as the steady light of a conflagration. With our hands over our eyes, Harry and I rushed out into the night.

hands over our eyes, Harry and I rushed out into the night.

Under a rod sky people were hurrying toward the Stadthuis. Flames in the direction of the Boman tower told us that the heart of the town was afte. The faces of those we saw were haggard and emaciated. From every side we caught disjointed phrases of complaint or despair. "Horseflesh at tenechillings the pound," and or and bread at sixteen schillings," "Bread indeed!" an old woman retorted; "it's eight weeks gone since I have seen a crumb." "My little grandchild, the lame one, went isst night." "Do you know what Gekke Betje, the washerwoman, did? She was starving. Her babe died, and she and her man—"

A louder cannonburst cut short the revelation. We made our way on toward the citadel of the town, passing a few soldiers here and

tion. We made our way on toward the of the town, passing a few soldiers here and there and many burghers with grim faces under their broad-brimmed felt hats.

"There is bread in plenty yonder where the

gunpowder is, and full pardon, too. Validez shot another amnesty over the walls this morning." An excited crowd immediately surrounded the speaker. "But the fleet!" they cried.

the speaker. "But the fleet!" they cried.
"The fleet is grounded fast on the Greenway "The floet is grounded fast on the urreenway polder. Boisot may turn his one eye seaward for a wind till famine and positience have carried off every mether's son of ye, and his arks will be not a rope's length nearer. Death by plaque, death by starvation, death by fire and muskerry—that is what the Burromaster offers us in return for glory for himself and kingdom

He asks us," said a sturdy citizen, "

or Orange."

"He asks us," said a sturdy citizen, "to hold out only twenty-four hours longer, and to pray meanwhile for an ocean wind."

"Ah, yes!" sneered the first speaker. "Pray on. There is bread enough locked in Pieter Adriaanszoon Van der Werf's ceilar. I warrant you that is what gives him so wonderful a stomach for resisting the Most Catholic King."

A young giri, with braided yellow hair, pressed through the crowd and confronted the malcontent. "Good people," said the maiden, "do not listen to him. He is a traitor with a Spanish heart. I am Pieter's daughter. We have no bread. We ato mait cakes and linseed and ranesced like the rest of you till that was gone. Then we stringed the green leaves from the lime trees and willows in our garden and ato them. We have eaten even the thistics and weeds that grew between the stones by the canal. The coward lies."

Nevertheless, the instinution had its effect. The throng, now become a mob, surged off in the direction of the Burgomaster's house. One ruffica raised his hand to strike the girl out of the way. In a wink the cur was under the feet of his fellows, and Harry, panting and glowing, stood at the maiden's side, shouting definace in good English at the backs of the rapidity retreating crowd.

With the utmost frankness she put both her arms around Harry's neck and kissed him.
"Thank you," she said. "You are a hearty lad, My name is Gertruyd Van der Wert."
Harry was fumbling in his vocabulary for the proper Dutch phrase, but the girl would not

MATERIAN AND ASSESSED AS A STREET AND ASSESSED AS A STREET AND ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET ASSESSED AS A STREET AS A S

conditional and and arrived us through several exceedinally marrow streets into a three-cornered market place, before a brick church with twin spires. "There he is," she exclaimed, "on the steps of St. Paneras."

There was a tumuit in the market place. The conflagration ranging beyond the church and the voices of the Sonnish and Walloon cannon outside of the walls were less angry than the roar of this multitude of desperate men clamoring for the bread that a single word from their leaber's lips would bring them. "Surrender to the King!" they cried, "or we will send your dead bedy to Lammen as Leyden's token of submission."

One tall man, taller by half a head than any of the burghers confronting him, and so dark of

urghers confronting him, and so dark of dexion that we wondered how he could be ather of Gertruyd, heard the threat in si-b. When the Burgomaster spoke, the mob

ened in spite of themselves. What is it you ask, my friends? That we break our vow and surrender Leyden to the Spaniards? That is to devote ourselves to that fate far more horrible than starvation. I have sworn to hold the town; God rive me strength to keep the oath! Kill me, if you will have it so I can die only once, whether by your hands the enemy's, or by the hand of God. Let the enemy's, or by the hand of God. Lot us starve, if we must, welcoming starvation because it comes before dishonor. Your menness de not move me; my life is at your disposal. Here, take my sword; thrust it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you to appease your hunger. So long as I remain alive expect no surrender."

surrender."

There was silence again while the mob wavered. Then there were mutterings around us. Above these rang out the clear voice of the girl whose hand Harry still held—unnecessarily, it seemed to me.

"Do you not feel the sea wind? It has come at last. To the Tower! and the first man there will see by moonlight the full white sails of the Prince's ships."

For several hours I scoured the streets of the town, seeking in vain my cousin and his comtown, seeking in vain my cousin and his com-

own, seeking in vain my cousin and his com-canion; the sudden movement of the crowd oward the Roman tower had separated us. On

every side I saw evidences of the terrible chastisement that had brought this stout-hearted people to the verge of despair. A man with hungry eyes chased alean rat along the with hungry eves chased alean rat along the bank of the canal. A young mother, with two dead babes in her arms, sat in a doorway to which they bore the body of her husband and father, just killed at the walls. In the middle of a deserted street I mased unburied corpses in a pile twice as high as my head. The pestilence had been there—kinder than the Spaniard, because it held out no treacherous promises while it dealt its blows.

Toward morning the wind increased to a gale. There was no sleep in Leyden, no more talk of surrender, no longer any thought or care about defence. These words were on the lips of everybody I met: "Daylight will bring the fleet!"

Did daylight bring the fleet? History says so, but I was not a witness. I know only that be-

Did daylight bring the fleet? History says so, but I was not a witness. I know only that before dawn the gale culminated in a violent thunder storm, and that at the same time a muffled explosion, heavier than the thunder, shook the town. I was in the crowd that watched from the Roman Mound for the first signs of the approaching relief. The concussion shook hope out of every face. "Their mine has reached the wall!" But where? I pressed forward until I found the Burgomaster, who was standing among the rest, "Quick!" who was standing among the rest. "Quick!" I whispered. "It is beyond the Cow Gate, and this side of the tower of Burgundy." He gave this side of the tower of Burgundy." He gave me a searching glance, and then strode away, without making any attempt to quiet the gen-eral panic. I followed close at his heels. It was a tight run of nearly half a mile to the rampart in question. When we reached the

oral panic. I followed close at his heels. It was a tight run of nearly half a mile to the rampart in question. When we reached the Cow Gate this is what we saw:

A great gap, where the wall had been, deening to the swampy fields beyond; in the meat, outside and below, a confusion of upturned faces, belonging to men who struggled like demons to achieve the breach, and who now gained a few feet and now were forced back; on the shattered rampart a handful of soldiers and burshers forming a living wall where masonry had failed; perhaps a double handful of women and girls, serving stones to the dependers, and boiling water in buckets, besides pitch and oil and unslaked lime, and some of them quoting tarred and burning hoops over the necks of the Spaniards in the meat; my cousin Harry leading and directing the men; the Burgomaster's daughter Gertryd encouraging and inspiring the women.

But what attracted my attention more than anything else was the frantic activity of a little figure in black, who, with a huge ladle, was showering motten lead on the heads of the assailing party. As he turned to the bonfire and settle which amplied him with ammentica him

sailing party. As he turned to the bonfire and kettle which supplied him with ammunition his features came into the full light. I gave a cry of surprise; the ladler of molten lead was Pro essor Van Stopp. The Burgomaster Van der Werf turned at

fessor Van Stopp.

The Burgomaster Van der Werf turned at my sudden exclamation. "Who is that?" I said. "The man at the kettle?"

"That." replied Van der Werf. "Is the brother of my wife, the clockmaker Jan Lipperlam."

The affair at the breach was over almost betore we lad had time to grasp the situation. The Spaniards, who had overthrown the wall of brick and stone, found the living wall impregnable. They could not even maintain their position in the moat; they were driven off into the darkness. Now I felt a sharp pain in my left arm. Some stray missile must have hit me while we watched the flight.

"Who has done this thing?" domanded the Burgomaster. "Who is it that has kept watch on to-day while the rest of us were straining fools eyes toward to-morrow?"

Gertruyd Van der Werf came ferward proudly leading my cousin. "My father." said the girl, "he has saved my life."

"That is much to me," said the Burgomaster.
"but it is not all. He has saved Leyden and he has saved Holland."

I was becoming dizzy. The faces around me semed means.

he has saved Holland."

I was becoming dizzy. The faces around me seemed unreal. Why were we here with these people? Why did the thunder and lightning forever continue? Why did the clockmaker. Jan Lipperdam, turn always toward me the face of Professor Van Stopp? "Harry!" I said, "come back to our rooms."

But though he graysol, my hand was night he

eome back to our rooms."

But though he graspod my hand warmly his other hand still heid that of the girl, and he did not move. Then nausea overcame me. My head swam, and the breach and its defenders faded swam, and from sight.

V.

. Three days later I sat with one arm bandaged in my accustomed seat in Van Stopp's lecture room. The place beside me was vacant. "We hear much," said the Hegelian Profes-

We hear inucia," said the Hegelian Professor, reading from a note-book in his usual dry, hurried tone, "of the influence of the sixteenth century upon the nineteenth. No philosopher, so far as I am aware, has studied the influence of the nineteenth century upon the sixteenth, If cause produces effect, does effect never induce cause? Does the law of heredity, unlike all other laws of this universe of mind and matter, operate in one direction only? Does the descendant one scrattlide. the descendant owe everything to the ancestor and the ancestor nothing to and the ancestor nothing to the descendant Does destiny, which may solve upon our exist ence, and for its own purposes bear us far in the future, never earry us back into the past? I went back to my rooms in the Breede strag where my only companion was the silent clock